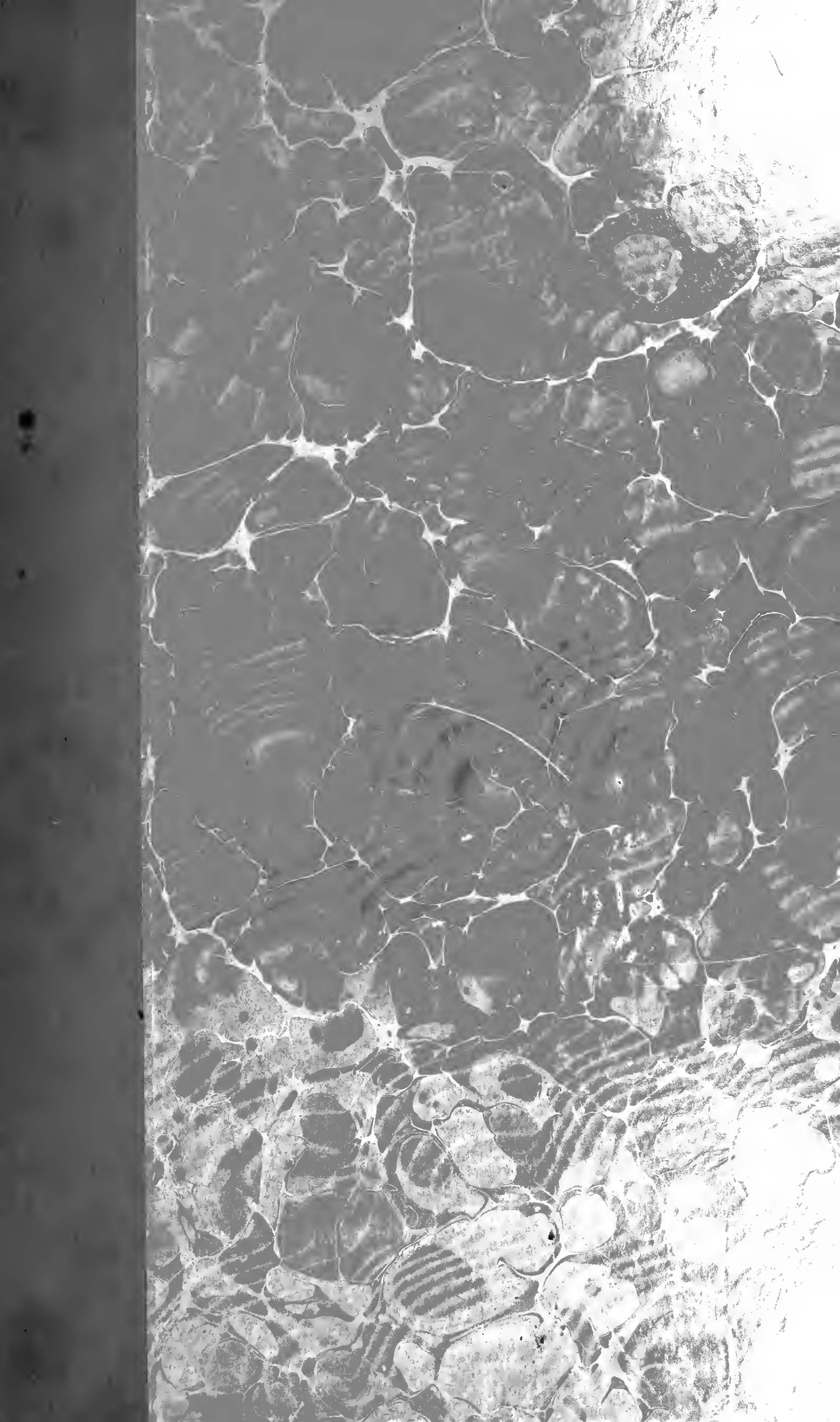

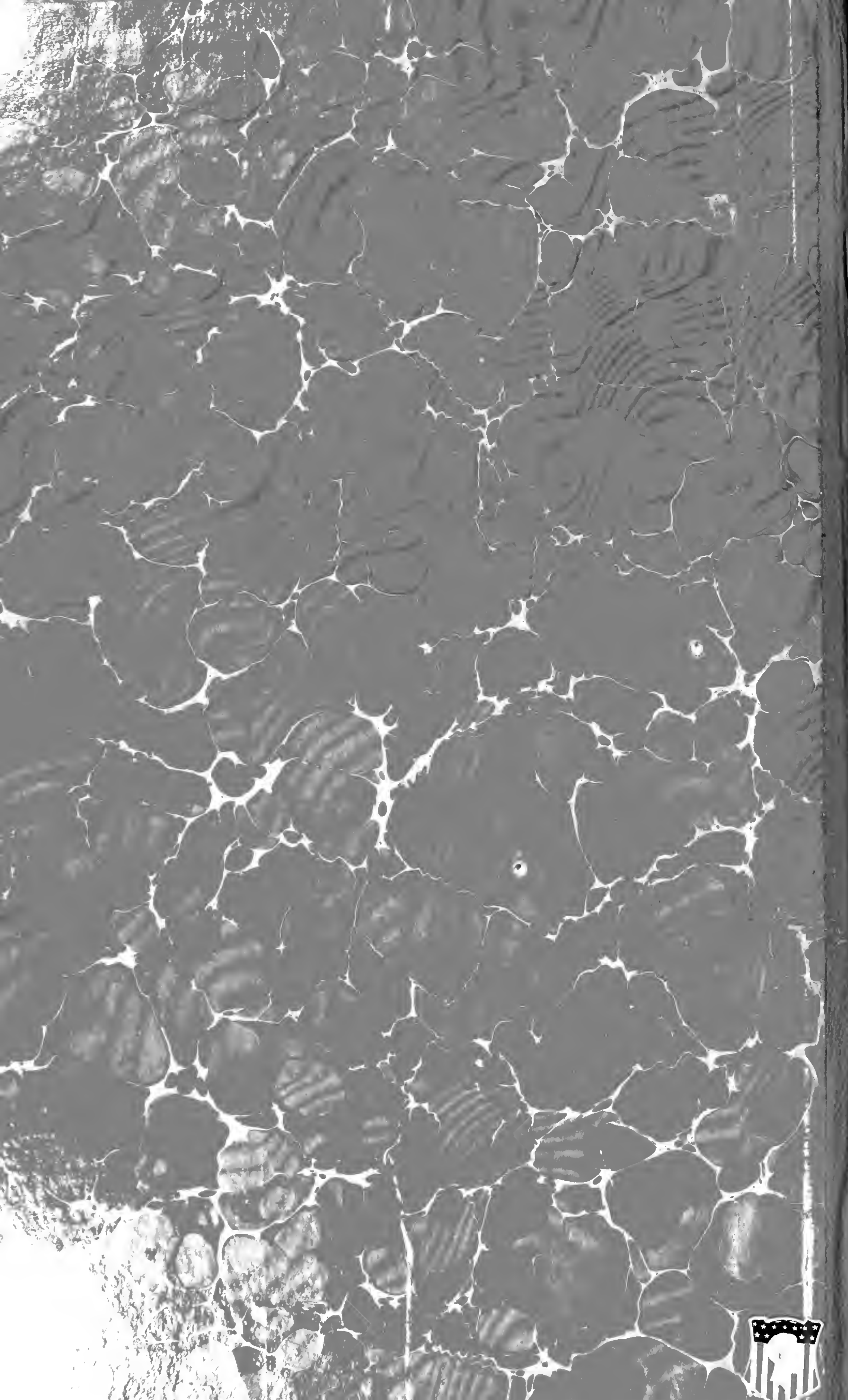

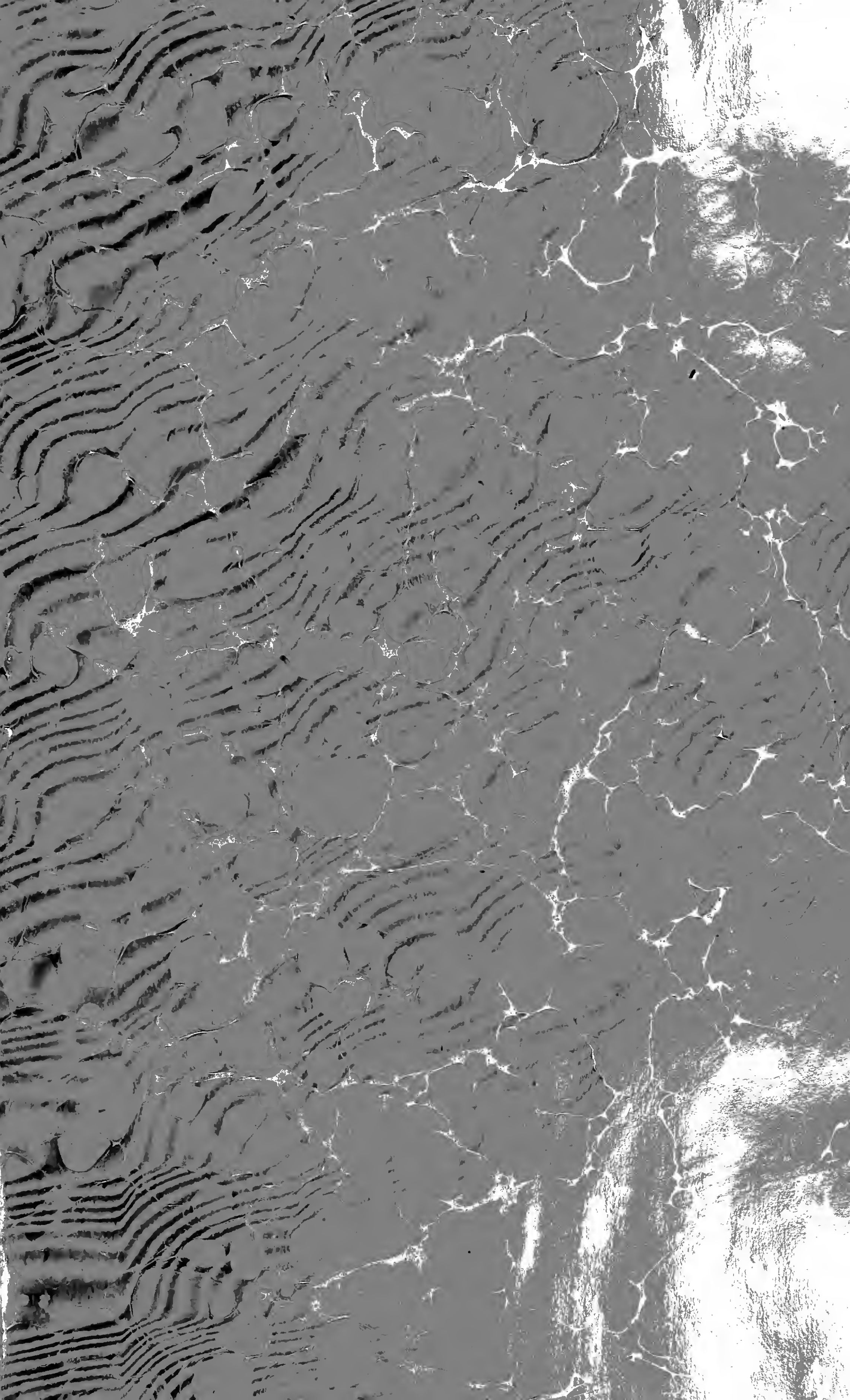

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# The Lincoln Centenary in Literature

SELECTIONS FROM THE PRINCIPAL MAGAZINES OF FEBRUARY AND MARCH, 1909, TOGETHER WITH A FEW FROM 1907-1908

WILLIAM ABBATT
New York
1909

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VOLUME XXIX, No. 18 WEEK OF FEB. 1, 1913

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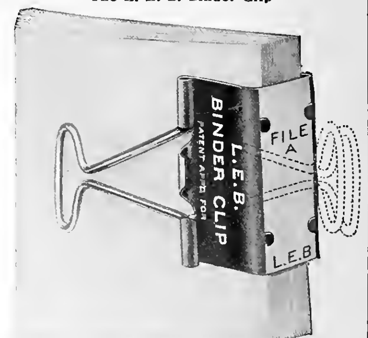


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# "UNKNOWN WORKMAN, AGAINST THE SKY"

GRAHAM TAYLOR

*By a passing spectator*

*Hail, unknown workman, against the sky!*
*Who are you, up there on the tall building?*
*I cannot see your face, or look into your eyes.*
*I pass by on the street far below and wonder who you are.*
*One of many, are you, too, like me, the very center of the Universe?*
*Does the sun shine and the breeze blow, especially for you?*
*Until now, I thought it was all for me.*
*Are you thinking thoughts of your own up there, as you lay the bricks and flick away the mortar from the edges with ringing trowel?*
*Have you a home, wife, children, whom you love?*
*Have you books, flowers, hobbies, for the leisure hours?*
*Is your heart full only of your own affairs—what business have you with affairs of which I know nothing?*
*Can it be that I am no more to you than you are to me—not so much indeed?*
*Nay, you have built a great building in which one day I may be sheltered.*
*You yourself are this moment good for my soul—am I any good for yours?*
*What have I ever done for you?*
*Hail, brother, look down in God's name and forgive my debt—*
*Unknown workman, far up there against the sky.*
*You yourself so much now to me, while I am still nothing at all to you.*

—JOHN PALMER GAVIT in *The Commons*, April 30, 1900.

Is it not time for us all to challenge ourselves with the inquiries which John Palmer Gavit put to himself when he passed by? It was a bricklayer "up there" then. Now it is an iron worker who stands out "against the sky" as we pass by.

"Who are you?" we may still ask, for most of us know him not. The trial of his union officials at Indianapolis has informed us about him. The public accepts the verdict of the jury upon the conduct and character of these convicted leaders after what seems to have been a fair trial. The judge, though apparently convinced of their guilt, was considerate enough not only to tell some of them that they might have had a better defense, but also to ask each one of them for any facts that had not been brought out which might mitigate their penalties.

But that iron worker up against the sky is still unknown. Who he is does not yet appear. The counsel for the National Erectors' Association seems to think that the rank-and-file of him might have shown themselves unlike their leaders had the elections in their unions as hitherto been held in September. He charges that the leaders postponed it until January, because they were afraid of failing to be re-elected and so losing the benefit of the union's funds in their defense. The way in which that unknown iron worker came down with the cash to bail these imprisoned leaders out while their appeal was pending, shows somewhat of the man he is. It does not necessarily prove him to be a dynamiter himself, or that he justifies the use of dynamite in his behalf. But it does show him to be loyal to his officials while under fire.

It must be remembered also that these leaders, however desperately wrong they were, had everything to risk and little if anything to gain for themselves by going to this criminal length. And one who has talked with them all since their conviction reports them as "really believing in dynamite as a means of grace." This certainly removes them from the category of ordinary criminals. Judge Anderson himself said from the bench before sentencing them: "This system of destruction was not carried on for revenge, or in obedience to any other human passion, but was for the deliberate purpose, by a veritable reign of terror, to enforce compliance with the demands of the iron workers upon the open and closed shop question."

That seems to put them in the category of fanatics, who resorted to criminal violence, not for personal ends but to serve what they would call their cause. This does not extenuate their guilt of a crime which involved utter indifference to the destruction of life as well as property. But it does raise these questions: Who are they? Why do they think so? How did they come to the conclusion that this terrorism is the best, or perhaps the only way of serving that fellow workman up there, unknown to us, but not to them? What does this conviction of thirty-eight American citizens, voters in fourteen states, living in twenty-three cities, mean? Does the prompt and successful effort of their fellow workers to raise nearly $1,000,000 to cover their bail bonds imply that they are men like these leaders? If so, why? Why, unknown workman.

"You yourself so much now to me, while I am still nothing at all to you."

That "why," which must be answered by something more than any court verdict, can be answered only by such wide, patient, and impartial inquiry as only a truly national and expert industrial commission can make. Thus only will we find out how the seven years' war between the iron workers' and the erectors' association, or its constituents, has led to such desperate lengths. Thus only may we be informed of the working conditions in that hazardous trade. Perhaps we may learn what the effects of this very hazard may be upon the spirit and temper of these workers "against the sky." Thus too, we may be reminded of the steady nerve, the cool head, the perpetual courage and the never ending risks of these unknown workmen, who dare to work "against the sky." Perhaps when we think of the great buildings they build, which we could not build if we would, and would not if we could, even to shelter ourselves, we may ourselves say, with Mr. Gavit,

"You yourself are this moment good for my soul—am I any good for yours?
What have I ever done for you?"

Some of us, if not all; the nation, if not any of us in particular, may even be led to call up to these brave builders,—and the more when they seem most misguided—

"Hail, brother, look down in God's name and forgive my debt—
Unknown workman, far up there against the sky."

LINCOLN'S DOWN-RIVER TRIP AND THE SLAVE AUCTION

# LINCOLN HALL FOR THE HUMANITIES

There could be no more fitting commemoration of the centenary of Abraham Lincoln's birth and the half-century anniversary of his Emancipation Proclamation than the appropriation for and the erection of Lincoln Hall by the legislature of Lincoln's state at the University of Illinois. He is justly claimed to be one of the founders not only of that university, but of our state university system, for in 1862 he signed the federal land grant act, which made both possible. Years before he had committed himself to the promotion of a system of state universities founded on federal land grants.

The University of Illinois is the largest of the institutions which grew out of this first grant. It was by its charter purposed to apply the natural sciences to agriculture and the mechanic arts—then a new educational project in America. It was known at first, therefore, as "the Illinois Industrial University." But it soon began to outgrow its name by recovering its cultural balance. Emphasis and resources were steadily added to the teaching of the liberal arts.

This more scientific policy now rounds itself out by the dedication of Lincoln Hall to the Humanities. Lecture halls and seminar rooms, libraries and museums will amply equip each branch of these studies, which are grouped in this new $250,000 building. Everywhere its memorial design is carried out. Across the outer walls are graven in terra-cotta scenes in Lincoln's life, from his rail-splitting and rafting to his debates with Douglas and his inauguration as president. Flanking these are inscriptions of his most memorable words, beginning with his protests against slavery in 1854, and ending with his Gettysburg address, which faces his monument in the impressive entrance hall.

But the memorial is to Lincoln's times and compatriots as well as to him. Scattered about are medallion portraits of his great cabinet ministers, the leaders in the army and navy, Congress and the press, together with the greatest sons of Illinois who staunchly stood with Lincoln for the Union, alike at the front and at home.

The teachers in training for Illinois' 500 high schools, for its many more public schools and its scores of colleges; the long front rank of engineers, farmers, miners; the economists, officials and professional people who pass from their homes to their places in the working world through Lincoln Hall or the other departments of the great university, cannot fail to take the impression of the Lincoln spirit—thus reincarnated in art and architecture not only, but in the Humanities taught therein. Perhaps even the state legislators are "building better than they knew" in raising a shrine for patriotism to mark the fall of the bribery and exploitation among them which have shamed the state and the very name of Lincoln.

The dedication on the twelfth of February promises to be memorable in the history of the state, with such men as Bliss Perry of Harvard to speak on language and literature, Prof. Frederick J. E. Woodbridge of Columbia on philosophy, Albert Shaw on the social sciences and their importance to the commonwealth. Perhaps it may ring out to realization the keynote struck by President James in his inaugural, that Illinois needs and shall have a great "civic service university."

THE FAMOUS LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATE
"Is it possible for a nation to endure half slave and half free?"

LINCOLN, SAVIOR OF THE SLAVE

# HAS THE EMANCIPATION ACT BEEN NULLIFIED BY NATIONAL INDIFFERENCE

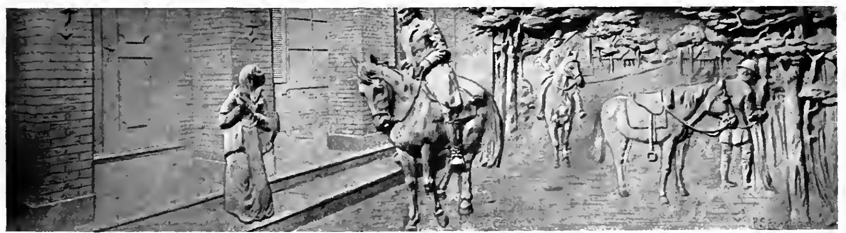
JANE ADDAMS

IN his remarkable book Democracy and Reaction Leonard T. Hobhouse points out a far-reaching reaction in the temper of the times which has, during the last sixty years, gradually penetrated every department of thought and life. He illustrates this by the changed attitude towards slavery, which he asserts is partly traceable to want of concrete acquaintance with the thing itself. Our fathers and grandfathers were nearer to it as they were nearer to many other political abuses; the principles of reform to which they appealed had a very real meaning to them in their struggles, just as today personal liberty means more to a Russian than to an Englishman who has never been without it, and he concludes that "Many principles which they established we have let slip merely for want of imagination enough to realize what the denial of such principles would mean in practice."

Although our very prosperity and political tranquillity were achieved through the efforts of the previous generation of reformers, it is our mood to accept their work with a nod of recognition for its sacrifices but with no sense of obligation to carry on the strenuous task. Does our mood repeat that world-wide yielding to race antagonism, or does it partake of the growing self-assertion of the so-called "superior" races who exact labor and taxes from black and yellow men with the easy explanation of "manifest destiny?"

Scrutiny of reactionary developments are, of course, valuable only as they indicate possible ways of escape, otherwise they were best left untouched. But is it not possible at this fiftieth anniversary of the issuance of the Emancipation Proclamation, that most compelling and far-reaching document of democracy, to seriously test our national trend, using as a touchstone our attitude towards those whose freedom was achieved with such an expenditure of moral energy and devotion?

What have we done to bring to the status of full citizenship the people Lincoln's proclamation raised from the conditions of slavery, who were there-



LINCOLN AS CIRCUIT RIDER

by enabled at once to legitimatize family life and to make contracts, but who inevitably looked forward to the civil and political rights implied in the great document? How far are we responsible that their civil rights are often rendered futile, their political action curtailed, their equality before the law denied in fact, industrial opportunities withheld from them and, above all, that for twenty-five years they have been exposed to the black horrors of lynching? How far has the act of the great emancipator been nullified by our national indifference?

It would be difficult to state just when the tide of indifference set in but certainly we would all admit that the attitude both in the North and South towards colored men has been responsible for strange inhibitions and limitations operating on the spirits of the entire white population. If we would carefully study the souls of white folks to discover the cause of this spiritual bondage, it would not be difficult to find in the South a loyalty to a lost cause, to those who died in its behalf and to those who surviving suffered and dedicated all to it; the necessity for admitting that those who thus died or suffered might appear to be in the wrong, in itself tends to confuse the issue whenever the Negro demands political equality.

Memories of a caste relationship which permitted great intimacy but perpetuated differences in opportunity, blind whole communities to the inconsistencies practised in many parts of the South today. Whenever southern men thoughtlessly brand every black man as a menace to the virtue of white women, they forget the loyal protection given by black men to white women and children during the war while they, the white men, were striving to perpetuate a system involving the continuance of Negro slavery. Conditions of the shameful carpet-bagger and the corrupt political practices after the war are still used by the young South to justify a similar system of political corruption and oppression toward those whom the northerner so unwisely befriended. These, among other things, account for the treatment of the blacks by the white South when education, economic opportunity, civil rights, personal justice and political capacity are in practice often successfully, and apparently conscientiously, denied to the Negro.

But what of the white North, which ignoring the glory of its inheritance, careless of the principles for which the war was fought at such terrible cost, submits to the chains forged, not by the southerner as is often asserted, but by its own indifference. The consequence of such bondage upon the life of the nation can be formulated only when we have a wider and more exact knowledge. What has been and is being lost by the denial of opportunity and of free expression on the part of the Negro, it is now very difficult to estimate; only faint suggestions of the waste can be perceived. There is, without doubt, the sense of humor, unique and spontaneous, so different from the wit of the Yankee, or the inimitable story telling prized in the South; the Negro melodies which are the only American folk-songs; the persistent love of color expressing itself in the bright curtains and window boxes in the dullest and grayest parts of our cities; the executive and organizing capacity so often exhibited by the head waiter in a huge hotel or by the colored woman who administers a complicated household; the gift of eloquence, the mellowed voice, the use of rhythm and onomatopoeia which is now so often travestied in a grotesque use of long words.

Much more could be added to the list of positive losses suffered by the community which puts so many of its own members "behind the veil." It means an enormous loss of capacity to the nation when great ranges of human life are hedged about with antagonism. We forget that whatever is spontaneous in a people, in an individual, a class or a nation, is always a source of life, a well-spring of refreshment to a jaded civilization. To continually suspect, suppress and to fear any large group in a community must finally result in a loss of enthusiasm for that type of government which gives free play to the self-determination of a majority of its citizens. Must we admit that the old abolitionist arguments now seem flat and stale, that, because we are no longer stirred to remove fetters, to prevent cruelty, to lead the humblest to the banquet of civilization, therefore we are ready to eliminate the conception of right and wrong from political affairs and to substitute the base doctrine of "political necessity and reasons of state?"

LINCOLN MEMORIAL NUMBER

Vol. XIII, No. 6 JUNE, 1922

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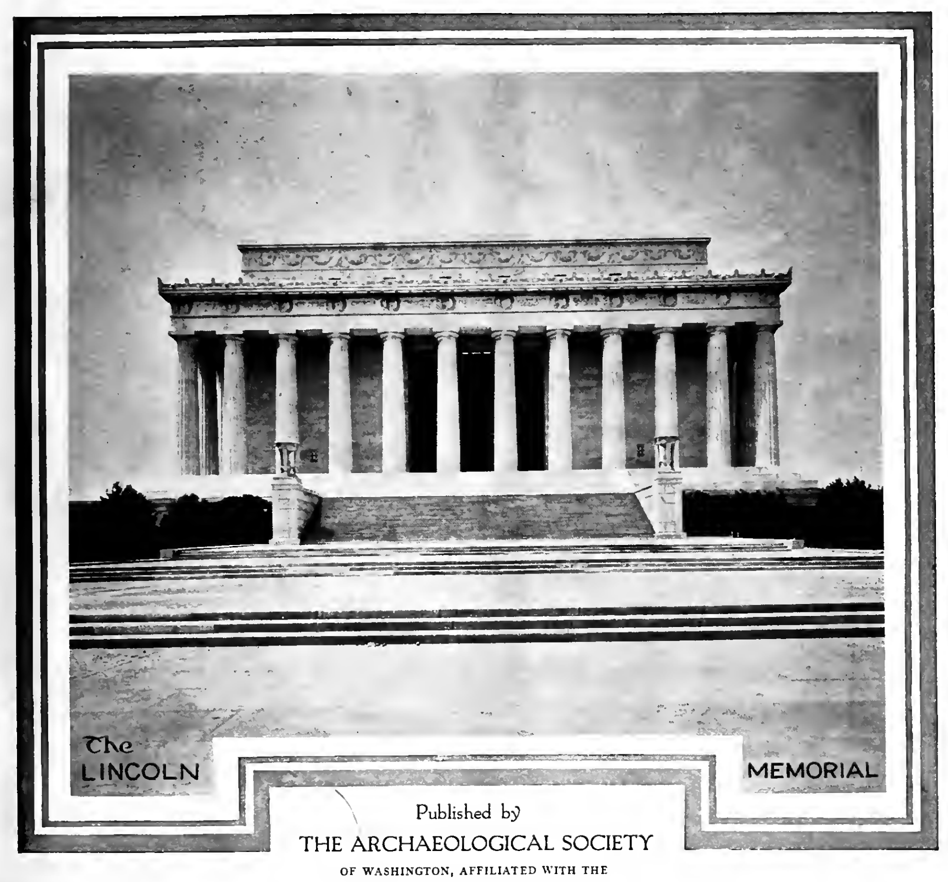


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OF THE
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WASHINGTON D C
DECORATION DAY MCMXXII

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REV WALLACE RADCLIFFE D D

PRESENTATION OF THE COLORS
GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

ADDRESS
DR ROBERT R MOTON

POEM
EDWIN MARKHAM

PRESENTATION
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

ACCEPTANCE
THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

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VOLUME XIII JUNE, 1922 NUMBER 6

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IN THIS TEMPLE
AS IN THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE
FOR WHOM HE SAVED THE UNION
THE MEMORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN
IS ENSHRINED FOREVER.

# ART *and* ARCHAEOLOGY

*The Arts Throughout the Ages*

VOLUME XIII JUNE, 1922 NUMBER 6

# THE MEMORIAL TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN

*DEDICATED DECORATION DAY, 1922*

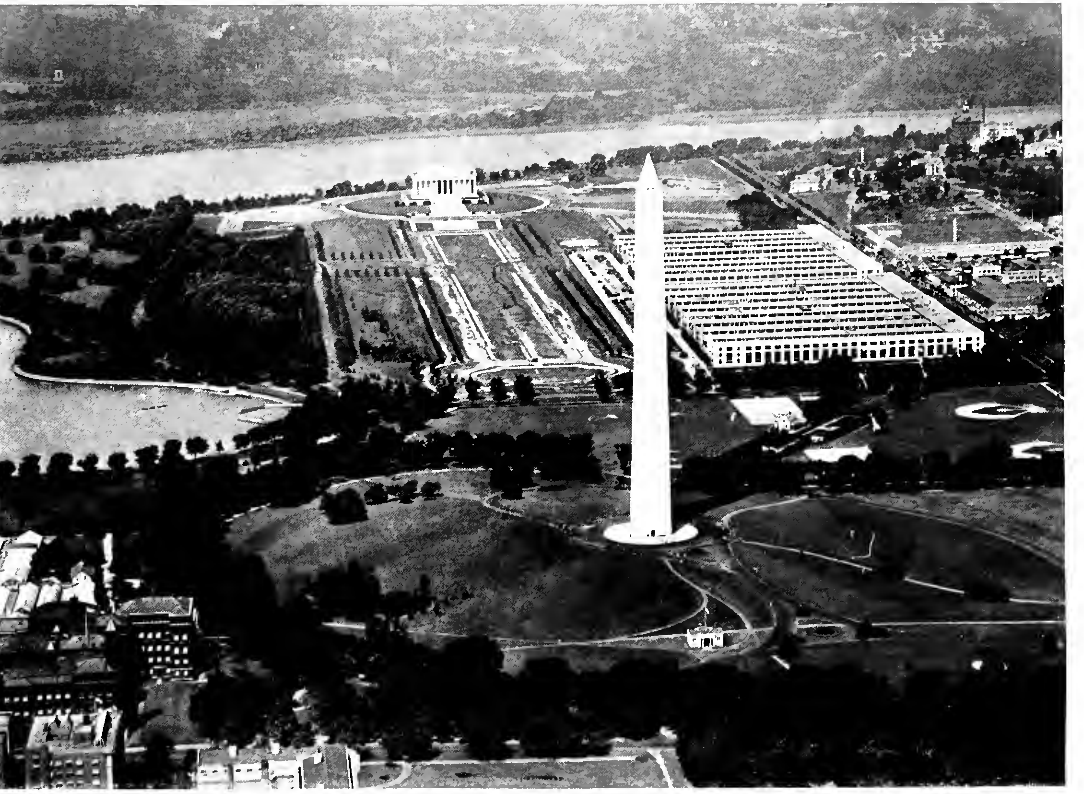
*By* CHARLES MOORE

*Chairman National Fine Arts Commission*

*As I understand it, the place of honor is on the main axis of the plan. Lincoln, of all Americans next to Washington, deserves this place of honor. He was of the immortals. You must not approach too close to the immortals. His monument should stand alone, remote from the common habitations of man, apart from the business and turmoil of the city—isolated, distinguished, and serene. Of all the sites, this one, near the Potomac, is most suited to the purpose.*—JOHN HAY.

THE year 1900, the one hundredth anniversary of the removal of the seat of government from Philadelphia to the newly created city of Washington, was marked by an awakening of the people to the possibility and desirability of making their capital express the power and dignity of the nation. This movement resulted in the appointment, under authority of the Senate, of a commission composed exclusively of artists—two architects, a sculptor and a landscape architect—to study the subject and report a plan, nominally for the improvement of the park system of the District of Columbia, really for the future development of the national capital, including the location and landscape settings of public buildings, the acquisition of needed park areas, the creation of connecting parkways, and the placing of national monuments. In short, the commission were to consider all the projects then contemplated and to present solutions for the many and varied problems in the public mind.

Quite wisely this commission, beginning their task with a serious study of the original plan of Washington, reached the conclusion that the L'Enfant plan of 1792 was the basis for all future work. A century of experience had established both the authority and also the excellence of that plan. L'Enfant, however, dealt with but a fraction of the District of Columbia. He had indeed contemplated, south of what is now Florida Avenue, a city as large as the Paris of his day; but more modern requirements of space had caused a city of less than half that size



The Lincoln Memorial, showing encroachment of the Temporary War Building. Aero View.

to overleap the boundaries fixed by him. Moreover, areas that in his day were under water had been reclaimed from the bed of the Potomac and made a portion of the park system awaiting development.

Also, during the first century of its life the nation had engaged in a great civil war, to test the principles on which it was founded. The conflict developed a new chapter in the history of mankind. The memorials of that struggle were still to be created. Congress had provided for a memorial to the general of the Army who brought the war to a successful conclusion. The memorial to the leader of the people was no more than an inchoate idea or ideal. Such were the conditions confronting the new Commission.

The Commission of 1901, deeply imbued with historic consciousness, brought into their plan the memorials to General Grant and President Lincoln giving to each its appropriate place from both the historical and also the artistic standpoint. At their suggestion the monument in honor of General Grant was made the central feature of the plaza that L'Enfant had designed as an approach to the Capitol from the west. Thus it became, on the plan, the head of the Mall, which area was to be restored to the use for which it was designed—as a park connection between Capitol and White House.

The location of the proposed memorial to Lincoln was one of the problems that the Commission recognized as an opportunity of first importance. Unhesitatingly they reached the conclusion that Lincoln must stand on the main axis of the central composition created by L'Enfant as the chief feature of his plan for establishing reciprocal relations between Capitol and President's House. The reclaimed and then undeveloped area named Potomac Park afforded the opportunity to accord signal honor to Lincoln and at the same time give a reason and a purpose to the development in that park of landscape features of dignity and beauty equal to the finest examples of all time.

Having early reached these conclusions, the Commission set about developing the plan. The fact that the Lincoln Memorial would be a companion to the Washington Monument fixed the type of structure. It must be horizontal, not vertical. It must be placed on an eminence. It must be ideal in conception, not utilitarian. It must have a long approach, corresponding to the Mall but of contrasting character.

Immediately the potentialities inherent in the project began to develop. Located on the bank of the Potomac, the Lincoln Memorial would be a noble termination of a composition greater in length than the central composition of Paris extending from the Palace of the Tuilleries to the Arc de Triomphe; greater even than the distance from St. Paul's Cathedral to Buckingham Palace in London.

The employment of a circular form would afford opportunity to take off roads at any angle (as one bends the arm at the elbow). Thus the then existing plans for a memorial bridge to Arlington could be simplified and modified so that the Lincoln Memorial would form one terminal, with the Custis Mansion as the objective. One driveway from the Rock Creek Parkway and another from East Potomac Park could enter the circle at the most convenient angles. Thus the memorial area would become a point of departure and reunion for the principal park driveways.

The Reflecting Basin. View from the entrance of the Lincoln Memorial.

The development of Potomac Park, with the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial as terminal features, called for a basin of water which should relate the one to the other. Such basins had been devised by Lenôtre, greatest of landscape architects, with whose work L'Enfant had been familiar from boyhood, and the fundamental principles of which he had followed in designing the City of Washington. Versailles and Fontainebleau in France and Hampton Court in England furnished precedents for the Washington work; but the application developed radical differences, not at all to the detriment of the new plan. Nowhere else are the most significant national monuments linked with the most important national buildings.

The Plan of 1901, presented with such wealth of plans, models, photographs, drawings and paintings, was acclaimed throughout the length and breadth of the land and in foreign countries as well. Then followed the long, slow, tedious, thankless work of realization. People of little or no vision would not try to understand. They could not realize that artistry in planning always involves the simplest and most logical solution of the given problem. People who mistook their ignorance for what they called common sense attempted to thwart the development of the plans. Fortunately there were in power a number of men of foresight and determination, who took it upon themselves to stake down the Plan of 1901, so that it could not be changed in essentials.

Congress, however, determined to put an end to the prevailing haphazard methods of dealing with monuments and other works of art for which the Government makes appropriations. With this end in view the National Commission of Fine Arts was created by act of May 17, 1910. Then the act of February 9, 1911, created the Lincoln Memorial Commission, with President Taft as its permanent chairman. Chairman Taft naturally turned for advice to the Commission President Taft had selected for the purpose of giving such advice.

The selection of the site was referred to the Commission of Fine Arts. The chairman of that Commission was Daniel H. Burnham, who had been chairman of the Commission that prepared the Plan of 1901. Naturally the report, after discussing other suggested sites, recommended the one laid down in the Plan of 1901. Also, being required so to do, the Commission of Fine Arts recommended an architect to design the memorial,—Mr. Henry Bacon, known to be in sympathy with the general principles underlying the Plan of 1901. Especially Mr. Bacon was trained in the classical traditions, which had been adopted for the national capital by Washington and Jefferson. The Capitol, the White House, the Treasury, the Patent Office, the old Post Office, the Court House—the enduringly fine buildings of the Government—had been designed in this style; and the Lincoln Memorial should carry on this oldest and best tradition. This Mr. Bacon has done in such manner as to create a building new in form, dignified and noble in proportions and material, and instinct with grace and charm. It is classical in the same way in which the Lincoln's Gettysburg Address and his Second Inaugural Address, on its walls, are classical. The memorial, like the man, "belongs to the ages."

The Lincoln Memorial Commission, on the advice of their architect and with the approval of the Commission of

Fine Arts, selected as the sculptor for the statue of Lincoln, Mr. Daniel Chester French. From a technical standpoint the choice was well-nigh inevitable. To his work Mr. French brought also an historical perspective and a mental equipment which have enriched his creation with the elements of enduring greatness.

In order to insure that the mural decorations should fall into place in the general architectural scheme, Mr. Jules Guerin was commissioned to paint them; for he has preëminently the architectural sense. Of course he has other qualifications in high degree—feeling for color and training in form, perfected in lands that best know and exemplify the word "eternity."

Miss Longman, too, has had her part in the eagles, palms and wreaths that decorate the tablets.

Now as to criticism. No architect, sculptor or painter competent to work on a memorial to Lincoln—it is not to be supposed that those selected were the only competent ones—would have reached the same results; there were more ways than one of solving the problems. Therefore it is to be assumed that opinions as to this or that feature will differ. But it will not do to assume that those other possible solutions had not been considered and rejected by artists who have spent years of study, and who have invited criticism as their work was in progress. Moreover, the Commission of Fine Arts, made up mainly of artists of ability and experience, have exercised watchful care over every detail. That no serious questions as to artistry have arisen is proof positive that designs and execution have been satisfactory to a responsible body of peers of the collaborating artists acting as a jury. Furthermore, the Lincoln Memorial Commission, composed of representative American citizens, has put its seal of commendation on the work as it progressed.

To captious critics the saying of John La Farge is to be commended: "Remember, you do not criticise a work of art. A work of art criticises you."

With the dedication of the Lincoln Memorial the people of the United States have a second memorial of the highest class. It ranks with the Washington Monument among the world's supreme works of enduring art. Both typify worthily the character of men who have played significant parts in the history of civilization. Both represent the highest reaches of art in their day and generation in this country. Both appeal to the highest and deepest emotions of patriotism as exemplified in two lives in which no shade of personal ambition darkens a supreme devotion to liberty and humanity. Both stand in vital relations with those centers from which law emanates, is declared, and is executed. So they take their place as the expression of the national life of the American people.

*Washington, D. C.*

# THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

*Described by the Architect,* Henry Bacon

ON THE great axis, planned over a century ago, we have at one end the Capitol, which is the monument of the Government, and to the west, over a mile distant from the Capitol, is the monument to Washington, one of the founders of the Government. The Lincoln Memorial, built on this same axis still farther to the west, by the shore of the Potomac, is the monument of the man who saved the Government, thus completing an unparalleled composition which can not fail to impart to each of its monuments a value in addition to that which each standing alone would possess.

From the beginning of my study I believed that this memorial of Abraham Lincoln should be composed of four features—a statue of the man, a memorial of his Gettysburg speech, a memorial of his Second Inaugural Address, and a symbol of the union of the United States, which he stated it was his paramount object to save—and which he did save. Each feature is related to the others by means of its design and position, and each is so arranged that it becomes an integral part of the whole, in order to attain a unity and simplicity in the appearance of the monument.

The most important object is the statue of Lincoln, which is placed in the center of the memorial, and by virtue of its imposing position in the place of honor, the gentleness, power, and intelligence of the man, expressed as far as possible by the sculptor's art, predominate. This portion of the memorial where the statue is placed is unoccupied by any other object that might detract from its effectiveness, and the visitor is alone with it.

The smaller halls at each side of the central space each contains a memorial—one of the Second Inaugural and the other of the Gettysburg Address. While these memorials can be seen from any part of the hall, they are partially screened from the central portion, where the statue is placed, by means of a row of Ionic columns, giving a certain isolation to the space they occupy and augmenting thereby their importance. I believe these two great speeches made by Lincoln will always have a far greater meaning to the citizens of the United States and visitors from other countries than a portrayal of periods or events by means of decoration.

Surrounding the walls inclosing these memorials of the man is a colonnade forming a symbol of the Union, each column representing a State—36 in all—one for each State existing at the time of Lincoln's death; and on the walls appearing above the colonnade and supported at intervals by eagles are 48 memorial festoons, one for each State existing at the present time.

I believe this symbol representing the Union, surrounding the memorials of the man who saved the Union, will give to them a great significance that will strengthen in the hearts of beholders the feelings of reverence and honor for the memory of Abraham Lincoln.

By means of terraces the ground at the site of the Lincoln Memorial is raised until the floor of the memorial itself is 45 feet higher than grade. First, a circular terrace 1,000 feet in

The Statue of Abraham Lincoln in the central hall of the Lincoln Memorial.

Bird's eye view of the treatment proposed for the District of Columbia in the plan of 1901. On the main axis stand the Capitol, the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial.

diameter is raised 11 feet above grade and on its outer edge are planted four concentric rows of trees, leaving a plateau in the center 755 feet in diameter, which is greater than the length of the Capitol. In the center of this plateau, surrounded by a wide roadway and walks, rises an eminence supporting a rectangular stone terrace wall 14 feet high, 256 feet long, and 186 feet wide. On this rectangular terrace rises the marble memorial. All the foundations of the steps, terraces, and memorial are built on concrete piling which extends down to the solid rock.

Three steps 8 feet high form a platform under the columns. This platform at its base is 204 feet long and 134 feet wide.

The colonnade is 188 feet long and 118 feet wide, the columns being 44 feet high and 7 feet 5 inches in diameter at their base.

The total height of the structure above the finished grade at the base of the terrace is 99 feet. The finished grade at the base of the terrace is 23 feet above grade, the total height of the building above grade is 122 feet.

The outside of the Memorial Hall is 84 feet wide and 156 feet long.

The central hall, where the statue stands, is 60 feet wide, 70 feet long, and 60 feet high.

The halls where the memorials of the speeches are placed are 37 feet wide, 57 feet long, and 60 feet high.

The interior columns are of the Ionic order and are 50 feet high.

Congress has appropriated the sum of $2,939,720 for the construction of the memorial according to the approved design, including retaining wall and approaches, statue of Lincoln, and steps, but excluding the lagoon construction and construction of roads and walks around the memorial and leading thereto.

Henry Bacon, architect of the Lincoln Memorial, was born at Watseca, Ill., November 28, 1866. He entered the University of Illinois, class of 1888, but did not graduate. From 1885 to 1888 he was in the office of Chamberlin & Whidden, in Boston. In 1888 he entered the office of McKim, Mead and White of New York city, and the following year won the Rotch traveling scholarship, spending two years in Europe. In 1898 he established his office in New York city. He is a fellow of the American Institute of Architects and a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

Statue of Abraham Lincoln. By Daniel Chester French, Sculptor.

# DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH'S STATUE OF LINCOLN

*By* CHARLES MOORE

Emerson claims that a poet is entitled to credit for anything that any one finds in his poetry. So a sculptor is entitled to credit for whatever emotions his statue arouses in the beholder. The problem of the sculptor of a portrait statue is to express to the public that bundle of qualities which make up the character of his subject. His vehicle for such expression is, of course, the physical features of the person; but the modern face is a record of struggle, of emotions, of the whole life of the individual. Moreover, the face of today is mobile. Not only is it the expression of the soul, in the sense of Spencer's Hymn in Honour of Beauty, but it is also the reflection of present attitude towards life. So in the case of a subject like Lincoln, who as a man means different things to different people, the artist has a wise range of emotions from which to draw. The instrument being determined, the sculptor may evoke many harmonies.

What Mr. French has sought to convey is the mental and physical strength of the great War President, and his own confidence in his ability to carry his task through to a successful finish. These ideas are suggested in the whole pose of the figure, and particularly in the action of the hands as well as in the expression of the face.

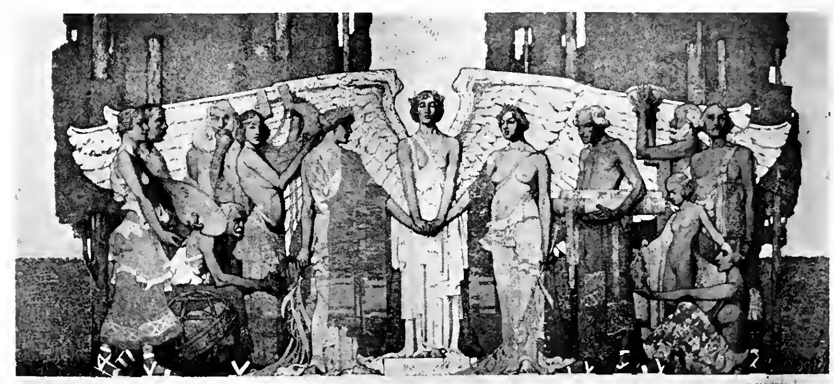
Photographs of Abraham Lincoln go to show that the features in repose made his a homely face. The testimony of those who saw him under the influence of cheerfulness or benevolence is that his face when lighted up was singularly beautiful. In Mr. French's face of Lincoln there is "majestic sweetness"; and the "lips with grace o'erflow." In the single moment allotted to the sculptor, the artist has expressed what is permanent in the character of Lincoln; and, fixed in the marble, that expression has unchangeable duration.

For those who desire to know of the details of construction, it may be saia that the statue is done in Georgid marble; it is twenty feet in height and is composed of about twenty pieces of marble; it was cut in marble by Piccirilli Brothers. It was three or four years in process of construction, and Mr. French worked personally on the marble, both while it was at the marble shops and after it was set in place in the Memorial.

Daniel Chester French, the sculptor, was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, April 20, 1850. His father, Henry Flagg French, was at one time assistant-secretary of the Treasury.

His uncle, Benjamin B. French, was the officer in charge of public buildings during the Lincoln administration. Daniel French studied sculpture under Thomas Ball in Florence. Among his best known works are the Minute Man of Concord, the statue of General Cass in the Capitol, the statue of John Harvard at Cambridge, the group Dr. Gallaudet and His First Deaf Mute Pupil and the Butt-Millet and the Dupont fountains, in Washington; the colossal statue of the Republic in Chicago; the bronze doors of the Boston Public Library, the statue of Alma Mater, at Columbia, the statue of James Oglethorpe at Savannah, and the statue of Abraham Lincoln at Lincoln, Nebraska.

Central Group above the Gettysburg Address, typifying Freedom and Liberty.



Central Group above Second Inaugural Address, typifying Unity.

Jules Guerin was born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1866. He was a pupil of Benjamin Constant and Jean Paul Laurens, in Paris. He was the director of color and decoration at the Panama-Pacific international exposition at San Francisco. He worked with the Senate Park Commission in 1901, in rendering the plans for the improvement of Washington. In 1903 he made the renderings for the restoration of the White House, and in 1909 he made the renderings for the plan of Chicago. For the *Century* he illustrated Robert Hitchens' articles on Egypt and Palestine.

# THE MURAL DECORATIONS

*Described by the Painter*, JULES GUERIN

The two decorations representing Emancipation and Reunion are on canvas, each piece of which weighs 600 pounds and cost $400. About 300 pounds of paint were used. Each canvas is 60 feet long and 12 feet wide. The figures are eight and a half feet high. The decorations were painted entirely by the artist without assistance. There are 48 figures in the two panels. Almost as many models as figures were used. The head of Mr. Bacon, the architect, appears in the decoration on the north wall, the fourth figure in the group at the left of the angel.

The decorations are absolutely weather-proof, the paint being mixed with white wax and kerosene. The wax hardens but does not allow the paint to crack. Chemically, it is similar to the wax found in the tombs of the Kings of Egypt, which is still pliable. The decorations are affixed to the wall with a mixture of white lead and Venetian varnish.

In general terms the decoration on the south wall represents the Emancipation of a race; the subordinate groups represent Civilization and Progress. The decoration on the north wall represents Reunion, and Progress in the arts and sciences.

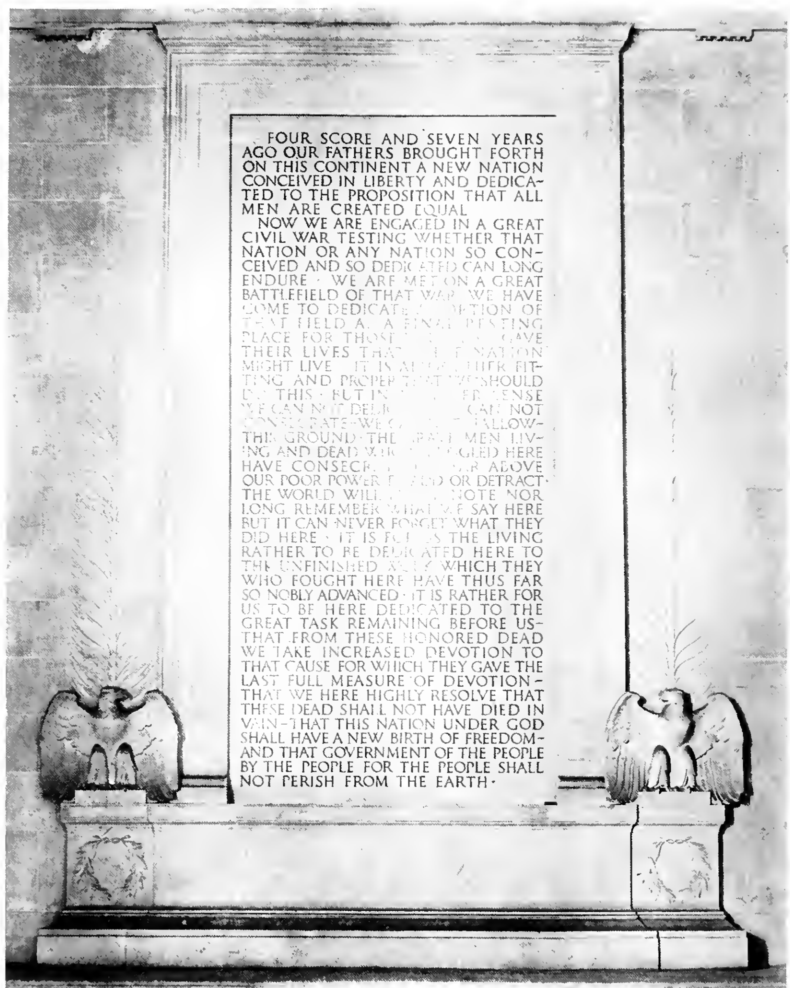
The decorations in the Lincoln Memorial typify in allegory the principles evident in the life of Abraham Lincoln. There are six groups in a grove, each group having for a background cypress trees, the emblem of Eternity.

The decoration above the Gettysburg Address typifies, in the central group, Freedom and Liberty. The Angel of Truth is giving Freedom and Liberty to the slave. The shackles of bondage are falling from the arms and feet. They are guarded by two sibyls.

The left group represents Justice and Law. The central figure in the Chair of the Law has the sword of Justice in one hand, with the other she holds the Scroll of the Law. Seated at her feet are two sibyls interpreting the Law. The standing figures on each side are the Guardians of the Law, holding the torches of Intelligence.

The right group represents Immortality. The central figure is being crowned with the laurel wreath of Immortality. The standing figures are Faith, Hope and Charity. On each side is the vessel of wine and the vessel of oil, the symbols of Everlasting Life.

The decoration above the Second Inaugural Address has for the motive of the central group, Unity. The Angel of Truth is joining the hands of the laurel-crowned figures of the North and South, signifying Unity, and with her protecting wings ennobles the arts of Painting, Philosophy, Music, Architecture, Chemistry, Literature and Sculpture. Immediately behind the figure of Music is the veiled figure of the Future. The left group typifies Fraternity. The central figure of Fraternity holds within her encircling arms the Man and the Woman, the symbols of the Family developing the abundance of the earth. On each side is the vessel of wine and the vessel of oil, symbols of Everlasting Life. The right group represents Charity. The central figure of Charity, attended by her handmaidens, is giving the Water of Life to the halt and the blind, and caring for the orphans.




Tablet in the Lincoln Memorial containing the Gettysburg Address.

# ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS A THEME
## FOR SCULPTURAL ART

*By* Frank Owen Payne [1]

OF MAKING many books about Abraham Lincoln there is no end. We shall not however add with the Preacher, that much study of them is a weakness of the flesh, because there is a perennial vitality of interest in the theme of the "First American" which can not help investing with a charm even a commonplace essay upon him.

To the student and observer of American life, the amazing growth and popularity of Lincoln as a national idol among all classes of our people, South as well as North, is most significant and gratifying. Born as he was in Kentucky, midway between the states which warred in 1861, he belongs, geographically at least, to both sections.

Lincoln has become the embodiment of all that is highest and best in what we are pleased to term Americanism. He has become idealized and idolized as a great national hero. Not having been a churchman, Lincoln is never likely to become canonized a saint by any act of ecclesiastical authority. But it is apparent that he has already been almost canonized in the hearts of his loyal countrymen.

James Russell Lowell, with keen prophetic insight, foresaw the phenomenal growth of Lincoln's fame in popular appreciation, when in his Commemoration Ode, written more than fifty years ago, he said:

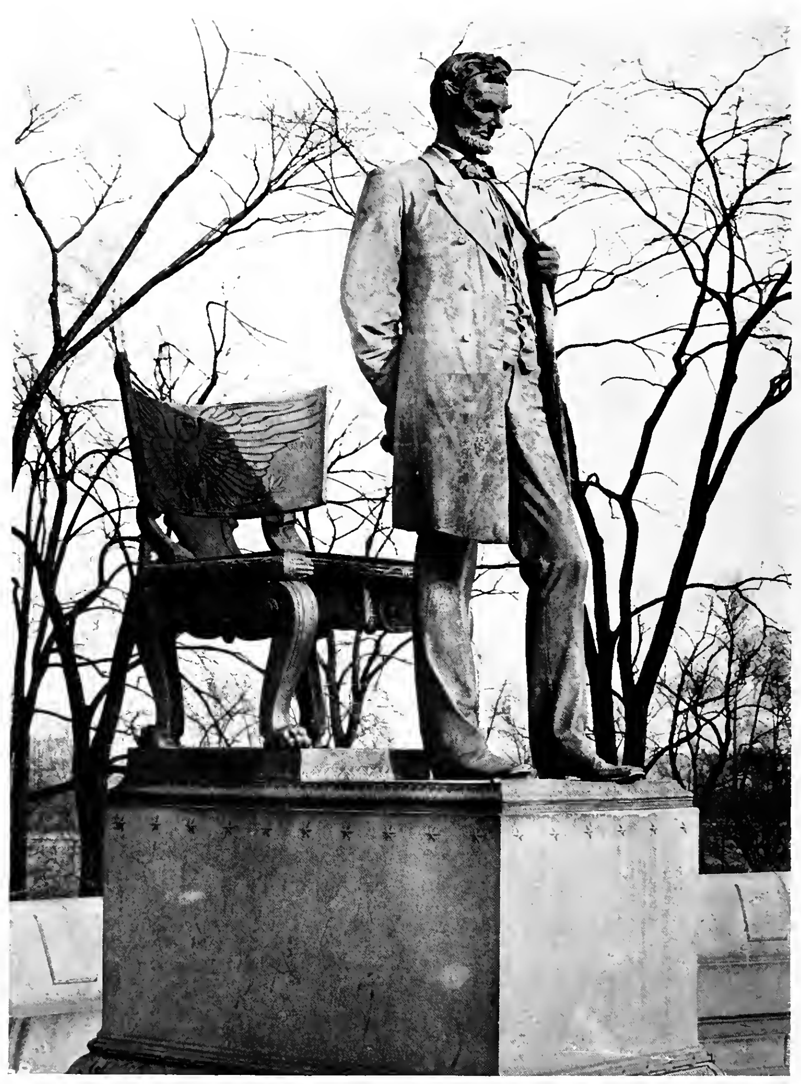
"I praise him not; it were too late;
  And some innative weakness there must be
  In him who condescends to victory
Such as the present gives and can not wait
Safe in himself as in a fate.
  So always firmly he;
He knew to bide his time;
  And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime
  Till the wise years decide.

Great captains with their guns and drums
  Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
  These all are gone and standing like a tower
Our children shall behold his fame,
  The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
  New birth of our new soil, the first American."

So much has been written about Lincoln that it may seem as if there could be nothing new to say concerning his life, his works, or the reach of his influence among men. This is very probably true. Little has as yet appeared in print concerning Lincoln in art. It may not be uninteresting for us to consider some of the more noteworthy memorials which have been erected to him in the fifty odd years since his tragic death. This is particularly timely in view of the completion of the splendid memorial just dedicated in the City of Washington on the Potomac.

Monuments to Lincoln outnumber those of any other of our national heroes. Even the father of his country can not approach Lincoln in the number of his sculptural representations. In February, 1909, *Monumental News* published what was supposed to be a complete list of Lincoln monuments, the number being only *nine*. We have been able to list more than *one hundred* statues and were the medals, medallions, placques, coins, etc., added, the list

[1] Died Feb. 6, 1922. Mr. Payne has frequently contributed to Art and Archaeology.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, in Lincoln Park, Chicago.

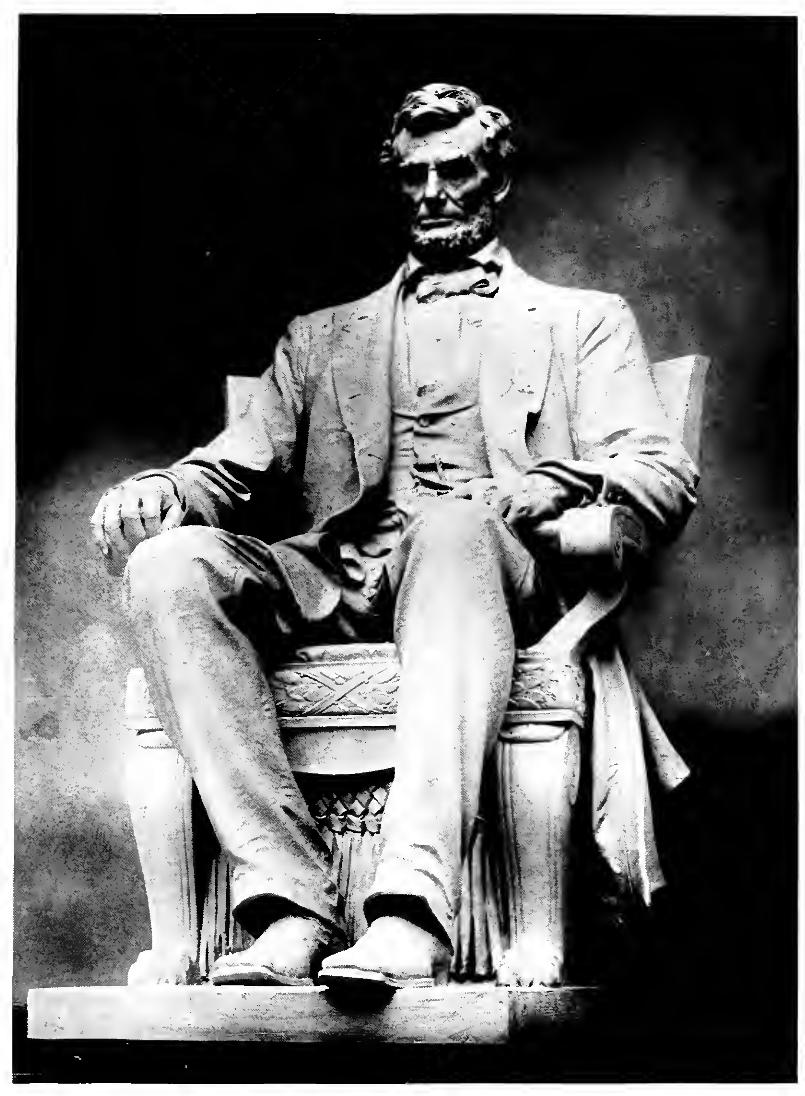
Louis Mayer's convincing portrait bust; one of the most realistic sculptured Lincolns hitherto achieved.

would approximate *one thousand* different works.

Unlike most other subjects of sculpture, Lincoln offers a unique problem to the worker in plastic art. The sculptor has been confronted with a most difficult problem in representing Lincoln's lank awkward figure in such a way as to give to it the dignity and beauty demanded of a monumental work of art. A study of the numerous statues of Lincoln will reveal the fact that the artist has not always been entirely successful in the achievement of this result.

There are sculptors of the very highest rank who have declared it to be their opinion that in spite of the greatness of the subject, in spite of the nobility of his achievements, in spite of the inspiration to be awakened by the contemplation of his extraordinary life, Abraham Lincoln is not a proper theme for sculptural treatment. It is said that J. Q. A. Ward was several times approached with offers of valuable commissions for a statue of Lincoln, but he is said to have invariably declined on the ground that he did not regard the subject as one belonging within the realm of sculptural art. There are several others among living sculptors who have concurred in Ward's judgment. The writer has made investigation among the most noted living sculptors who have not as yet created a statue of Lincoln, with a view to determine why they have never done so. It is a surprising fact that they have one and all declared that it is not due to any inherent difficulty nor is it because of any lack of fitness as a sculptural theme. The reason seems to lie in the fact that these artists have never as yet been asked to execute such a work.

We fancy that it is the ambition of practically every sculptor some day to produce a statue of Lincoln. This is the case with several among the younger artists with whom we have converesd upon the subject. One of the most successful sculptors has assured me that he has long cherished in his heart a conception of Lincoln which he hopes to execute when he has attained to the very highest point of his artistic career. Great as he now is, he regards his conception as far too high for his present rank in the artistic world. It must take a very brave sculptor indeed to attempt the portraiture of Lincoln in these days when there has been so much criticism,—destructive, abusive, vituperative, sometimes,—that it will require no small degree of fortitude to



Weinman's seated statue, which is in the memorial at Hodgenville, Ky., the birthplace of Lincoln. This is greatly admired by Robert T. Lincoln and his family.

venture upon the portrayal of Abraham Lincoln. Yet it is the ambition of practically every sculptor to be able some day to land a commission for a statue of this the most popular character that has appeared in American history. And this is in spite of criticism. Such is the temerity, not to say audacity, with which the artist must approach the subject, especially when he turns it over to the mercies of the unfeeling world for judgment.

Whether Lincoln is or is not a fit subject for sculptural art is beyond the comprehension of the writer. Discussions of this sort must inevitably be relegated to the limbo of ultra-artistic criticism. It is a significant fact that nearly a score of our best known sculptors, many of them artists of note, discriminating taste, and masterly craftsmanship, have rivalled one another in their efforts at delineating the great Emancipator.

The most distinguished among our artists, men like Saint Gaudens, Niehaus, Weinman, Borglum, and French, to mention only a few, have found in the Martyr President a perennial inspiration for artistic creations of the highest order. The powers of the imagination have been well nigh exhausted in the attempt to represent him in unique and characteristic attitudes. He has been depicted in almost every possible and we regret to say impossible pose. He has been portrayed standing, seated, enthroned, equestrian, dying, dead! He has been represented thinking, speaking, praying, judging, pleading at the bar, wielding the axe, and caught in the very act of emancipating the slave. He has been given to us alone, and accompanied with his associates. His gaunt figure and sober countenance have been portrayed in every suitable and unsuitable medium,—in clay, in plaster, in concrete, in wax, in wood, in bronze, in marble. Could plastic art go farther?

Original portrait bust by Douglas Volk after the life-mask made by the same sculptor in Chicago. The most authentic of all Lincoln portraits.

It is not the awkward boy stretched out upon the rude cabin floor with shingle and charcoal, industriously striving to master the intricacies of the "rule of three," that we think of when the name of Abraham Lincoln is spoken. It is not the rail-splitter, not the flatboat man, nor the country store-keeper, nor the itinerant attorney following the peregrinations of the circuit court, that thrills, enthuses, and enthralls us. It is Lincoln the statesman, the president, the liberator of the slave, the preserver of the Union, that we

The Great Medal by Frank Magniadas, struck in Switzerland and presented to Mrs. Lincoln after the death of her husband. The Emperor Napoleon III refused to let this medal be cast in France, where the money had been raised by popular subscription. This photograph was given to the writer by Robert T. Lincoln, who regards it as one of the best likenesses of his father.

would see portrayed in enduring bronze. That is the Lincoln whom we revere. That is the only conception of him which is worthy the homage of mankind. That is his greatest title to human recognition and lasting regard. It is that phase of Abraham Lincoln that shall ever make him the idol of his countrymen. Statues and monuments must inevitably be erected in his honor to the end of historic time.

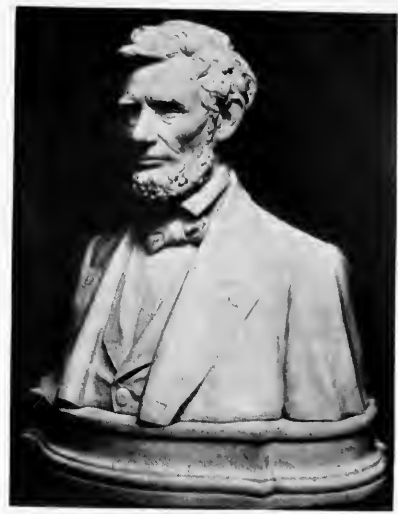
It may not be out of place in this connection to refer to the fact that he has been depicted both with and without a bearded face. Now at the time of his election to the presidency, Lincoln wore no beard at all, and all the earlier pictures of him represent him with a beardless face. It is a well known fact, however, that shortly after his entrance upon the arduous duties of his great office, he let his beard grow, and all later portraits show him with a beard. The familiar story of how he came to grow a beard at the suggestion of a little girl, is too well known for repetition here. Apropos of this fact, it seems to the writer that for historical accuracy at least, all statues of him should be modeled so as to portray him with bearded face. It was thus that Lincoln looked when he delivered his Second Inaugural Address. It was thus that he appeared when he delivered his memorable Gettysburg Address. It was the bearded Lincoln, moreover, who issued the Emancipation Proclamation. It was thus that he looked on that eventful night when the bullet of the mad assassin struck him down. For these reasons it seems to us that only those statues which represent Lincoln with a bearded face, are to be regarded as the most realistic and convincing examples of portraiture.

Some of the artists have given us Lincoln in both aspects. Examples of this are the works of Borglum, Niehaus, and others. But the bearded representations by these artists as well as the well-known statues by Weinman, Saint Gaudens, and French are far superior to any others with the possible exception of Volk's portrait, which was modeled after the life-mask taken in 1861.

In defense of the several representations of Lincoln with the shaven face, it may be said that they attempt to portray him at the time when he was laying the foundations of his unique life and character. They are representative of his early life when he was just as great in reality as he was when he made the whole world ring with his epoch-making deeds as Chief Magistrate of the Union. There is also a sort of glamour about the early life of the great. It is doubtless that quality which lends the chief charm to such artistic creations as Hoffman's Boy

Christ in the Temple. But in the greater part of representations of the kind, there is likely to be an attempt to go too far and to depict a great character in a way quite remote from historic reality.

The poet may say what he pleases about a bird, or a tree, or a flower in general, but when he refers to a lark or a thrush, to a pine or a palm, to a lily or a violet,—he ought to keep quite within the bounds of adherence to scientific fact. The same is equally true in every other realm of art. The painter or the sculptor is at liberty to represent a rail-splitter, a flatboat man, a *hobo*, or a *country gawk* if he choose, but such works ought never to be classed as portraiture and be called *Lincoln!* This sort of crime has already been perpetrated more than once, and one example stands out conspicuously among the colossal artistic blunders of American sculpture.



Bust of Lincoln in Crestelle marble by Charles H. Niehaus. This is the third portrait of Lincoln by Niehaus.

The life mask (there is no death mask), and above all else the numerous photographs are the data on which all reliable sculptural portraiture of the dead must be founded. All other works give the lie to what must ever be regarded as the most authentic data for convincing statues of Abraham Lincoln. Few people of his day were ever more photographed than he was. It is fortunate that there are so many excellent photographs of Lincoln in existence.

In these days of the "Kodak," when snap-shots are common, there are innumerable pictures of everybody. But in the days between 1861 and 1865, wet photography and time exposures were necessary and the cost of a picture was greatly in excess of the present day cost. It is quite remarkable that so many pictures of any one of that day have come down to us. Judged from these varied representations of him, Lincoln was not the "ugly" individual he has been represented to have been. It is from these innumerable photographs, and above all else it is from studies of the life mask made by Leonard Volk in 1861, that the artist is enabled to know exactly how he appeared to his contemporaries. As a result it becomes a less difficult task when it comes to the conception of Abraham Lincoln in sculptural art.

Regarding the personal appearance of Lincoln, we are permitted to quote from an admirable essay which appeared in McClure's Magazine from the pen of Truman H. Bartlett, whose work on the Portraits of Lincoln is well known. The article alluded to is entitled "The Physiognomy of Lincoln." Of the personal appearance of Lincoln, Mr. Bartlett says: "It is the popular belief, the world over, that Abraham

Lincoln was in face and figure, in action and repose, an excessively ugly man. It is doubtful if any human being known to history has been the subject of such complete and reiterated description, by high and low, friend and enemy. The vocabulary employed to describe him includes about every word in common use in the English language, the meaning of which is opposed to anything admirable, elegant, beautiful, or refined. The words used to set forth the physical appearance of this personage, now rated by imposing fame as one of the Great of the Earth, when assembled, have a new and affecting interest."

"From the time that Abraham Lincoln was fourteen years of age, then more than six feet tall and weighing about one hundred sixty pounds, until he was nominated for the presidency, he was locally known by the following pleasing characterizations:—'angular,' 'ungainly,' 'clumsy,' 'awkward,' 'thin,' 'leggy,' and 'gawky.' His clothes and his unconventional movements and manners have received a similar unflattering description."

Opposed to this description stand the personal recollections of such intimate associates as his secretaries, John Hay and John G. Nicolay, as well as many others who have positively declared Lincoln to have been a man of commanding presence. There are also many references to the attractiveness of Lincoln's countenance, to the beauty and expressiveness of his eyes, to the elastic manner of his walk and to his easy, even graceful posture when sitting. All such testimony goes far to prove that he was in no sense the uncouth personage he has so often been said to be. In spite of the vast and growing number of Lincoln statues, so many of which are commonplace when not positively bad, there has been a sufficiently large number of really good works to justify the very highest effort of any artist.

The erection of the noble monument in the city of Washington, where it ranks with the Capitol and the Washington Monument in the excellence of its architecture, is an attempt to honor Lincoln as he deserves to be honored. The best that architecture, sculpture, and landscape gardening can do has been done as a testimonial to the esteem in which a grateful nation regards him. It is the latest but not the last tribute of art to Lincoln's greatness. It will not be the last, for Abraham Lincoln furnishes a perennial theme for the artist as well as for the historian and man of letters. The triumph of democratic principles in the late war will enhance the glory of the great Emancipator wherever in future ages true Democracy shall triumph. For Lincoln was indeed the first ambassador whom the great hitherto unrepresented common people sent as plenipotentiary to the court of world affairs.

# THE SULLY EXHIBITION

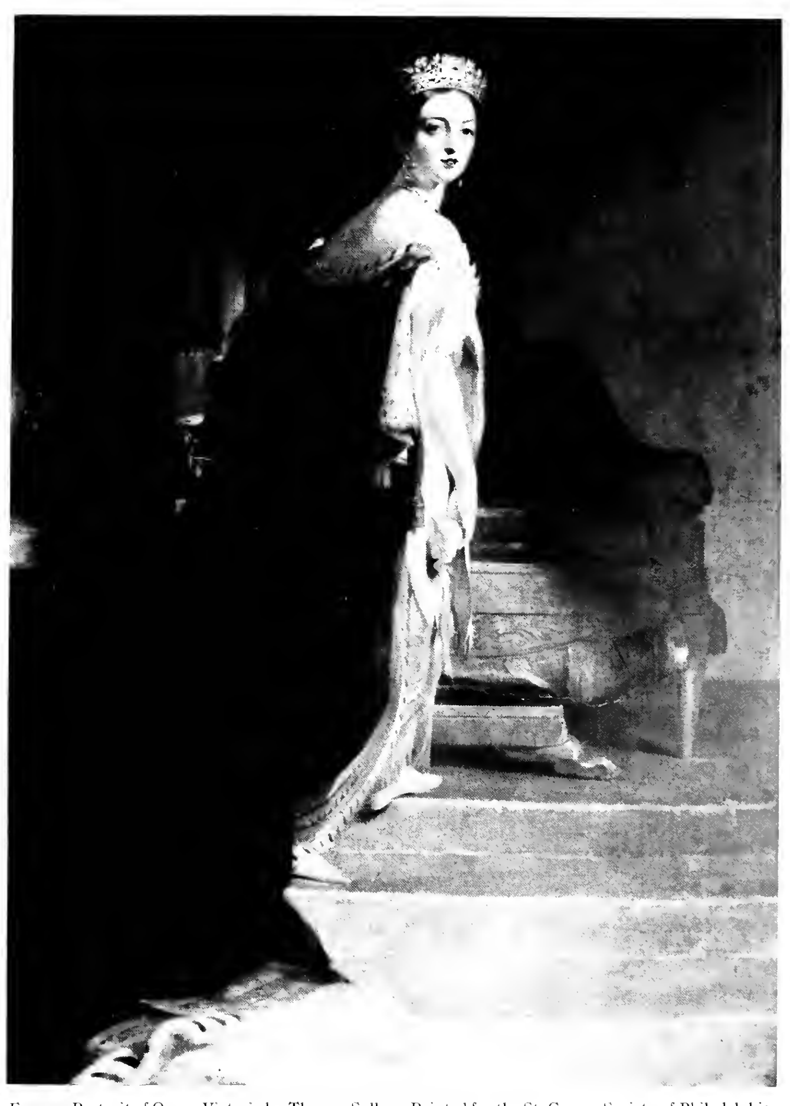
## AT THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS

*By* Harvey M. Watts

IT IS natural that Philadelphia should take great pride in the Exhibition of 235 works by Thomas Sully, 1783-1872, which occupied eight galleries in the historic Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts from April 9th to May 10th, since while other centres and museums such as Washington, Baltimore, the Metropolitan Museum, New York, the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and the Cleveland Museum, Cleveland, Ohio, and above all the Military Academy at West Point, were generous in sending the Philadelphia Academy some of their choicest works by the great protraitist, inevitably the larger number of works came from Philadelphia, representing the very cream of public and private portraiture that derived from the Sully atelier.

Indeed Philadelphia is so rich in the Sully portraits, where he lived for nearly forty-four years continuously and where he, in every sense of the word, was the "court painter" to the City and society, not forgetting his wider range among the men of the army and navy and those in the government of the United States, that Sully enthusiasts point out that the Academy could easily repeat the Sully Exhibition several times over and not keep any of the canvases from the present loan exhibition on the walls. But while the delightfully varied portraits of men and women which rank Sully with the best English portrait painters of the 18th and early 19th century did tell of Philadelphia during one of the most mellow periods of the famous story of Philadelphia and Philadelphians, the exhibition was far from local, being national in scope and almost international, to use a much abused word, in the universal appeal of those presentments of human character that radiated charm from every canvas and aroused interest that was quite intrinsic and not the purely extrinsic appeal because the subject was known or was an ancestor to those who had loaned it, or to their friends and relatives who came to see the famous belongings in a public exhibition.

Philadelphia, moreover, could well take a local pride in this exhibition, which was unquestionably the most brilliant demonstration of American art of the past made anywhere in the country at any time, since such is the continuity of life in Philadelphia, as was made very clear in the Life of Thomas Sully recently published, the joint work of Edward Biddle and Mantle Fielding, that those who today made the exhibition successful were the descendants of the very men who recognized Sully by sending him abroad with a purse in his pocket in 1838 to paint Queen Victoria, or who were associated with him on the Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, or who as gentlemen and ladies or directors and presidents of numerous institutions, were the patrons of the man who lived so comfortably for so many years in a house owned by Stephen Girard within a biscuit throw of Independence Hall and the early memories. This made the Exhibition this year take on a glamour of human interest unusual in retrospective exhibitions of the work of men of other



Famous Portrait of Queen Victoria by Thomas Sully. Painted for the St. George Society of Philadelphia, and still owned by them.

days and in a way this glamour was peculiarly and delightfully Philadelphian. And yet above all this was the brilliant fact that for Sully, the son of an English actor whose father betook himself to Charleston, S. C., in the late 1700's but who himself became in every way a real American, the United States made possible a career that has not been recognized as it should be partly by reason of the greater concentration upon Gilbert Stuart, and, so far as American collectors go, the wonderful outpouring of 18th century portraiture in Great Britain with such names as Reynolds, Romney, Raeburn, Lawrence, Gainsboro, Hoppner and Harlow to conjure with.

The fact is, however, as most of those on the inside know, there is now a veritable craze for Americana. Stuart long ago came into his own and Sully is not far behind him, while the best works of their contemporaries are being eagerly bought up everywhere by discriminating collectors or far-sighted art dealers. If there was any doubt about the position of Sully, the Pennsylvania Academy exhibition dispelled it at once since there is not a gallery in the exhibition that did not, even though what might be called the minor canvases, reach the Stuart level. For instance, take Sully's Andrew Bayard and Charles Chauncey, both amazing canvases with all that is mellow and perfected in the Stuart recipe reaching its culmination in the Bayard, just as it did also in the Jared Mansfield, LL.D., loaned by West Point, which for sheer presentation of character, delightful contrasts in the color of a white-haired, red-faced old pedagogue, professor of Natural Philosophy from 1812–1828 at West Point, might easily be labeled a Raeburn and represent him at his best. Then if one, recalling the social aspect of this great Sully collection, wanted indubitably "the portrait of a gentleman," he turned to that splendid painting of Hartman Kuhn, the name still standing for everything of urbanity and social prestige that a city may give rise to.

Or if the "portrait of a lady" were wanted there were any number to fill the bill, not forgetting Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, or, for the more youthful example, Elizabeth Ashhurst, though the artists have agreed among themselves that the surpassing thing in portraiture was not the astonishing picture of Miss Rebecca Gratz, of whom tradition says that she was the prototype of Rebecca the Jewess, the heroine, at the instance of Washington Irving, of Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe," nor even the poetic and sylphlike picture of Fanny Kemble as "Beatrice," but the study of Mrs. John Crathorne Montgomery, with long golden curls, a white smock and a gorgeous vermilion cloak on her arm, all painted against a typical Gainsboro landscape. But these are only some of the smaller accessories for, of course, the gallery of honor, Gallery "F" at the Academy, housed not only the full length of Queen Victoria but a full length of James Monroe, fifth president of the United States, and of Commodore Charles Stewart, the Commander of "Old Iron Sides" and the grandfather by the way of Charles Stewart Parnell.

Some idea of the splendid range of the Exhibition is shown in that the full lengths exhibited in the other galleries, including Thomas Jefferson, lent by West Point, General Lafayette, lent by the City of Philadelphia, Dr. Benjamin Rush and George Frederick Cooke as "Richard III," all remarkable examples of Sully's art, though one feels that even Victoria, painted ascending the throne as will be remembered and not sitting on it, since the artist told her she was too dumpy a figure to be so

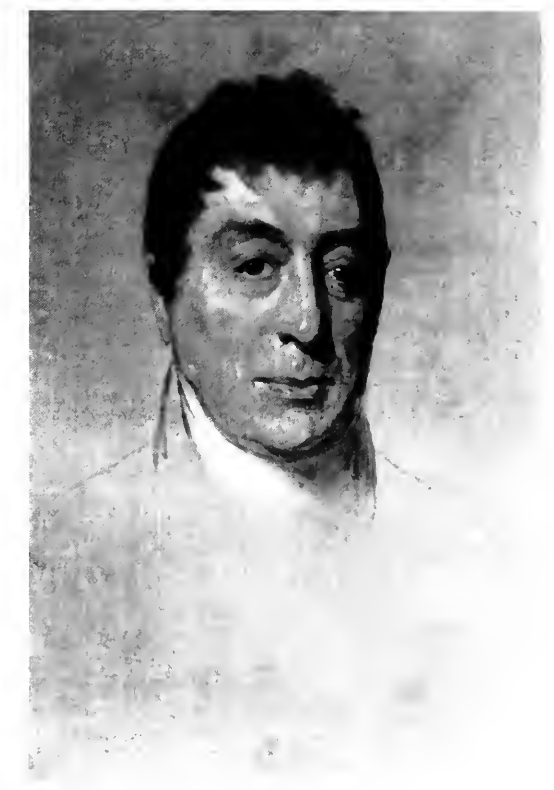
Rebecca Gratz, famous beauty of Philadelphia, believed to have been the prototype of "Rebecca" in Scott's novel of "Ivanhoe." By Thomas Sully.

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, celebrated Philadelphia beauty, whose house was a resort of fashion. By Thomas Sully.

Fannie Kemble as "Beatrice," famous portrait of the celebrated English actress, who married Pierce Butler of Philadelphia.

Mrs. John Crathorne Montgomery, a famous Philadelphia beauty. This portrait is celebrated as one of Sully's most brilliant canvasses.

Thomas Jefferson. Sketch from life made by Sully at Monticello in 1821.



General Lafayette. Sketch from life by Sully, from which was painted the official full length owned by the city of Philadelphia.

depicted—he put it a little more politely but not less decidedly as his "Life" shows—is not as fine a thing as the splendid full length portraits of his American sitters. Indeed portraiture of this class reaches its very apogee in his study of Samuel Coates, a Philadelphia Quaker merchant, painted as President of the Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Hospital, an Institution founded by and built under the direction of Benjamin Franklin.

But all through the galleries there were splendid surprises and a sumptuous pictorial summing up of the life of his own time. If one wanted to know for instance what the distinction that went with the bar of Philadelphia meant all he had to do to realize it was to gaze on the portraits of Horace Binney and John Sergeant, while if youthful good looks count, either the portrait of George Williams Chapman the Ensign, or that of his brother, John Biddle Chapman, represented that kind of thing that is hard to surpass, while if superb human attributes, conveying a sense of tragedy along with a handsome exterior, affect you, the famous painting of Major Thomas Biddle, who died fighting a duel with overlapping pistols with a man he had horsewhipped in a dispute growing out of a political argument, was a case in point. Then, too, as is well known, Sully varied his portraiture, especially in later years by painting, fanciful pictures of children and in these the exhibition was very rich. "Too Much Wind," a delightful study of a child trying to hold on to its hat, lent by Lucien Philips, was a specially fine example, though this *genre* come to its climax in the famous painting owned by the Boston Museum, reproduced in all our art stores, called "The Torn Hat," which is a study of the little son of the painter, Thomas Wilcocks Sully, as an open-shirted red-faced lad; a later portrait of the same son, who also became a painter of considerable note, being one of the features of the exhibition, though the later years added nothing to the good looks of the little boy, who as a fanciful child study compares favorably with Romney's "Bo-Peep" and Reynolds' "Master Bunthorne," or the "Age of Innocence." When it is recalled there were four studies of Fanny Kemble in the exhibition and that the full length of Lafayette was complemented by the bust-size study from real life, painted in 1821, it must be clear that the display was indeed a revelation and went far to answer the question as to whether there is any background to American art before that fatal period, the mid-victorian Seventies, Philadelphia's B. C. (Before the Centennial) and America's B. C. too.

*Philadelphia, Pa.*

# NOTES FROM THE GALLERIES

By Helen Comstock

*The Dreicer Collection at the Metropolitan Museum*

It is said of Michael Dreicer, at whose death last July so many objects of Mediaeval and Renaissance art passed to the Metropolitan Museum, that he took an unusual interest in the collection which he formed. Because his own taste and choice were the determining factors in its making, there is a fine feeling of unity in the group as a whole. Now that the collection is finally open to the public, it is plain to be seen that it was not gathered together indiscriminately, but with evident consideration for the harmony of each piece in relation to the rest.

The paintings in the collection are twenty-four in number and are all of the XV and XVI centuries. Among the portraits, that by Mabuse of Eleanor of Austria, Queen Francis I, is one of the most striking. It was painted by the order of her brother, Charles V, and may have been the very one included in the group for which the Emperor is recorded by Fierens-Gevaert to have paid forty pounds to the painter in the year 1516—"au vif de nostre très chière et amée seur dame Lyénore d'Austriche." The portrait of Francis I, of the Clouet school, is a companion to it and is a brilliant piece of work with its clear, pale flesh tones set off by the clear, bright red of his costume.

The most important picture in the collection is the "Christ Appearing to His Mother" by Roger van der Weyden. This was once the right-hand panel of a triptych, of which the other two are now in the Cathedral of Granada. It was painted sometime during the period between 1425 and 1431, before the painter had finished his apprenticeship in Robert Campin's studio. Also by the same painter is a portrait of an elderly Benedictine monk, whose sensitive and scholarly face seems strangely modern. Roger's great pupil, Memling, is represented by "Portrait of a Man with an Arrow," one of those clear-cut likenesses whose directness of approach and regard for detail stamp it as typical of the best in XV century portraiture.

Among the Italian paintings, the finest is the beautiful profile of St. John the Baptist by Piero di Cosimo. Of the German school there are two particularly interesting examples. The "Three Saints" by Martin Schongauer, portraying Catherine, Dorothea and Anne, is a picture of quaint and naïve charm. Then there is a fine portrait of a young woman, "aged twenty-six," painted by Cranach in 1548. Of the Spanish masters, El Greco is represented by a "Holy Family" and there is also a sumptuously decorative "Madonna and Child with Angels" of Catalonian workmanship.

One piece of tapestry is included, and this is unusually fine. It was made about 1500, probably in Brussels, and depicts four scenes from the Passion of Christ. It was formerly in the Hainauer Collection and is a notable example of the transition period from Gothic to Renaissance.

Among the sculptures, the figure of prime importance is a stone statue of a Prophet, of French workmanship of the second half of the XII century, which probably once held a place over some church portal. In fact, this piece is said to have come from the Cathedral at Chartres, but the many alterations which that structure has undergone make it impossible to determine the point definitely. Of the same period is the carving in wood of the Virgin, a figure whose stately dignity is reminiscent in spirit of Byzantine art. As Gothic art developed the artists began to emphasize the gracious and maternal aspect of Our Lady, evident in the delightful XIVth century statue in painted stone of the Virgin holding the Christ Child on her arm. From the following century, the XVth, is the group in stone of Rhenish workmanship representing the Virgin and and the Angel of the Annunciation. There is a certain mannered stiffness in the rendering of the drapery that is in harmony with the tradition of the preceding century. Quite different in execution is the splendidly realistic "Warrior Saint," a French work of about 1470, which has all the characteristic naturalism of the Burgundian school.

*The Ainslie Galleries in their New Home*

The new home of the Ainslie Galleries at 667 Fifth Avenue is one of unusual beauty and appropriateness. It has the advantage of being especially designed for them, and the lighting, which represents the final word in electrical perfection, offers a combination of effects, so that pictures

*Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

Eleanor of Austria, by Jan Grossaert van Mabuse, 1470–1541.

can be shown in "daylight," in a warm yellow glow, or in certain other lights according to their various needs. Two galleries, hung in dark brown, are for exhibition purposes, while the "Gray Room" offers facilities for showing the many fine examples of American masters to whom this gallery has been especially devoted since its founding in 1885. Pictures by Wyant, Martin, Homer, Fuller, Blakelock, Murphy, Twachtman and many others have been found here in great number, but the one painter in whom they have been particularly interested is Inness.

Among the many paintings by Inness which are now to be seen at the Ainslie Galleries, there are to be found examples that are strikingly typical of his various periods. Some of his earlier paintings of Italy show a distinctly European influence in their firmness, clarity of line, and regard for fine detail, which are entirely foreign to his later pictures. One of the best of these earlier landscapes is "Genzano, Italy," painted in 1847, when the artist was only twenty-two years old. Its subject is a towering hill whose shores are lined with luxuriant foliage, and whose summit is crowned with a group of ruins so beautifully rendered as to be the chief charm of the picture.

In comparison with this early work, one of his landscapes, "That Old Farm," painted in 1893, the year before his death, seems to be that of another artist. It is evident that with time his art became simpler, more mellow, and more spiritual. The quiet yet radiant grays of this lovely landscape, the pale gleam of the moon, the huddled gray forms of the sheep, and the solitary figure under the trees, all have the fine poetic quality which makes his paintings so profoundly moving.

Inness painted only a few marines, so that "Off the Coast of Cornwall" is doubly interesting. In contrast with his idyllic landscapes, the dramatic vigor of his portrayal of this stormy coast shows us an entirely different side of his nature. He has never given us finer movement or a greater feeling of power than here. The picture was painted in 1887 during a second visit to England. He made only a few pictures of that country, which gives to this particular painting still greater rarity.

"Springtime, Montclair" is a "typical" Inness. In subject and treatment it is the kind of picture that comes before our mental vision with the mention of his name. The greens are wonderfully rich and soft, and have the penetrating quality which makes them seem singularly living. The way in which Inness drew a tree, so that it seemed fairly to dissolve into the background and still retain so fine a sense of form, is well exemplified here, and the whole picture has the quiet beauty and poetic charm which are particularly his.

## *Summer Exhibitions*

Although many of the New York Galleries are closed during the summer, there is an opportunity in the vacation season to see a great number of exhibitions all through the east. There are any number of artists' "colonies" through the east, and wherever artists gather together an exhibition is the logical outcome. In Lyme, for instance, annual exhibitions have been held for the last twenty years, and last year a splendid new gallery was opened, designed by Charles A. Platt, and containing a permanent collection of art as well as space for the yearly exhibitions. In Provincetown a new museum was opened last summer, though the exhibition held there was the seventh annual show of the local Art Association. In Newport a new gallery had its "house warming" with the last annual summer show.

East Gloucester has its "Gallery on the Moors" where a number of well known artists exhibit, and the Duxbury Art Association held its fourth annual show last August in the Partridge Academy. The "Nanuet Painters," who work in the beautiful country adjacent to the Tappan Zee, had a traveling exhibition which went from Nanuet to Nyack and Hackensack. Altogether there are plenty of exhibitions to be reported, even when the New York galleries are closed, and in the next two numbers of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY this department will follow the artists in their exodus from town and give some account of their activities and exhibitions.

*Courtesy of Ainslie Galleries.*

Off the Coast of Cornwall, by George Inness.

# CURRENT NOTES AND COMMENTS

## *American School at Athens Notes*

In the May number of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY announcement was made of the offer of his magnificent Library to the American School of Classical Studies at Athens by His Excellency Dr. Joannes Gennadius. An essential condition of the gift was that a suitable building should be erected at Athens for the housing of the Library. In his letter of acceptance, Mr. Justice William Caleb Loring, President of the School's Trustees, added the then necessary proviso that before taking title the Management of the School must have time to ascertain whether the money could be found to enable the School to meet this condition; and Professor Capps, speaking for the School's Managing Committee, expressed the confident belief "that American philanthropy will promptly respond, in generous rivalry, to the challenge of Dr. Gennadius' benefaction."

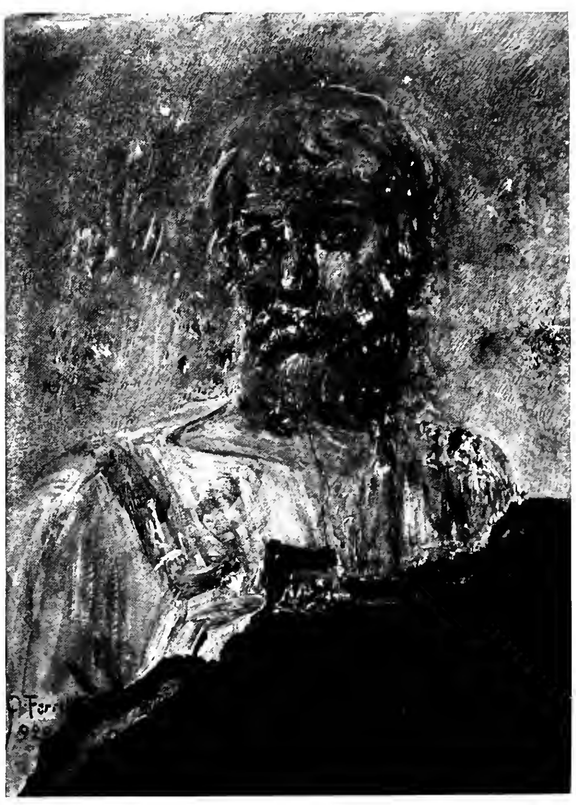
The fulfilment of this hope has come with amazing and gratifying celerity. We are able to announce that funds have been provided for the erection of a noble structure in Athens to house the priceless Gennadius collection, whose acquisition is thus assured to the American School. The Carnegie Corporation, of whose Trustees Mr. Elihu Root is Chairman and whose President is Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, has voted a generous appropriation to cover the cost of the building and the installation of the Library. This is a splendid demonstration, not only of the effectiveness of the parent foundation of the many which Mr. Carnegie established, considered as an instrument of the public welfare in the highest sense, but also of the enlightened manner in which the trust is being administered.

We can announce, further, on the strength of recent advices from Athens, that the Greek Government, not to be outdone by the Carnegie Corporation or by Dr. Gennadius in either generosity or celerity, is using its good offices to provide a site worthy of the Gennadeion. Even amid the distractions of the Turkish War, which Greece is now waging single-handed—as truly on behalf of the Allies as when she fought side by side with them on the Salonica front—the Government of Greece has time to take thought for the things of the spirit. It was during the Peloponnesian War, we cannot help recalling, that the Erechtheum was built. The Greece of today emulates the Greece of the Periclean age.

At the annual meeting of the Managing Committee of the Athenian School, held May 13, Chairman Capps announced that nearly one-half of the $150,000 which is being raised for the endowment of the School, in order to secure an additional $100,000 voted a year ago by the Carnegie Corporation, has been subscribed. The campaign was launched in November last, and every effort will be made to complete the new fund during the coming year. For an institution which has so splendid a record of achievement since it was founded forty-one years ago, and which has recently received such signal endorsement and recognition, the task should not be difficult. No better investment could be found in the field of scholarship and discovery.

The first week of April the American excavations at Colophon were actively begun. The concession was granted by the Greek Government in October last—the first archaeological concession to be made in the Smyrna district since the Greek occupation. The excavation, which is on a large scale, is being conducted jointly by the Fogg Museum of Art of Harvard University and the American School. The former is represented in the field by Miss Hetty Goldman and the latter by Dr. Carl W. Blegen; and a large staff assists them, including Dr. L. B. Holland of Philadelphia as architect, Miss Eldridge of the Fogg Museum, and Messrs. B. D. Meritt, F. C. Fry, and F. P. Johnson, students at the School. The site of Colophon, which lies sbout half way between Smyrna and Ephesus in Asia Minor, has been identified by Schuchhardt and Ramsay, and is regarded as exceptionally promising. Since the town was destroyed in 301 B. C., the civilization which the excavators will uncover will be pure Hellenic.

The American School at Athens will undertake two minor excavations during the summer. The first will be a supplementary dig at Zygouries (see the May ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY), where a search will be made for the cemetery of the Early Helladic period, whose discovery would be of capital importance. The other site is near the summit of Mt. Hymettus, where some sherds of geometric pottery were observed last year by an American student. There may have been a shrine at this high point of Hymettus, and if so it must go back to a very early origin.


Portraits of St. Peter and St. Paul discovered in Rome.

# ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

## *The Portraits of Saint Peter and Saint Paul*

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY has already published a notice in April, 1921, and shown some photographs of an interesting underground tomb with important fresco-decorations, discovered in Rome on the Viale Manzoni. Since then, further researches and excavations have given new information on the subject, which I am anxious to make known to the readers of this magazine.

There seems to be no further doubt that the tomb belonged to a Christian community. The subjects of the pictures decorating the sepulchral chamber are, in fact, Christian. The figure of the Good Shepherd with the lamb on his shoulder is repeated four times; and the peacock with spread tail, the same number of times. The bearded man, seated on a rock and holding up an open book, with a flock of sheep gamboling at his feet, is certainly a symbolical, and not a realistic figure: it is the Christ, represented according to the fundamental idea of Christianity, set forth in the "Sermon on the Mount."

Moreover, twelve large figures of bearded men wearing the *pallium* and white tunics with the red *clavus*, which decorate the walls of the sepulchral chamber remind us of the Twelve Apostles. The two shown in these photographs have aroused a great clamor in the world; and even the newspapers have spoken of these severe portraits to which have been attributed the names of Saint Peter and Saint Paul. One has, of course, to be very cautious in giving two such solemn names to figures painted on the walls of the humble tomb of a certain Liberto Aurelio. However, since they form part of a group of twelve—very likely the Twelve Apostles—and, moreover, since they are the two among the twelve most closely resembling the traditional types represented in many Christian and Roman Monuments as the Apostles Peter and Paul, one may assume, without being very far from the truth, that the humble pictures of this tomb were intended as characteristic of the two Saints. The general diffusion of the art of portraiture and the remarkable height of perfection attained in that form of art during the Roman period easily explains how even a very modest artist might have painted good portraits of people who had lived long before. The types of Saint Peter and Saint Paul must have been taken, in their general lines, from original documents, perhaps even from documents of their own time, for we know that the two Apostles were in direct contact with the Roman people and with the classical world. And these two types having been already accepted in art, many copies were made from them; and the portraits in question may be two of these copies, made at least two hundred years after Saint Peter and Saint Paul had lived. So that one cannot say that these portraits of the Apostles were made "from life," but that they are reproductions of the traditional types accepted in art at that time.

Though the question is in this way reduced to its proper limits, the value of the discovery is not in the least diminished, as this tomb shows us a very beautiful example of the illustration of the Christian doctrines and Christian ideas accepted in the III century, that is to say: at a time when the Triumph of Christianity had not yet taken place.

This monument, besides being of great importance for the history of Christianity, is also of great interest for the student of Roman and Christian art, as pictures, displaying such depth of thought, such skilful execution, and such antiquity, are certainly rare and of high value.

GUIDO CALZA.

## *Dr. K. N. Das Gupta and the Union of East and West in Washington*

A new organization recently formed in Washington has for its object the better mutual understanding between the Indian Orient and other countries of the world. The founder, Dr. Kedar Nath Das Gupta, is already very favorably known here through delightful Hindu plays which he has presented. He is an intimate friend of the great Hindu poet, Dr. Rabindra Nath Tagore.

"The Union of East and West," as Dr. Das Gupta's organization is named, was established in London in 1912 with a view to bringing the noblest and best of India before the West and vice versa. Under the guidance of Dr. Das Gupta over thirty Hindu plays, ancient and modern, were presented in England with excellent success.

Dr. Das Gupta was educated in England and acted as Honorary Secretary in several exhibitions in India from 1904 to 1907. He returned to London in 1908 to create a market for Indian hand-made objects.

## *Trajan Baths Now Fully Excavated*

The Turine Terme, or baths near Civita Vecchia, have just been fully excavated, and another fine monument of classic Roman architecture is added to Italy's archaeological riches. The

original structure covered some 10,000 square yards of ground, and must have been magnificent in the extreme.

The baths were begun by the Emperor Trajan and completed by his successor, Hadrian, and served until the fall of the Roman Empire, or for four centuries. Interesting descriptions of Civita Vecchia are given by Pliny the Younger.

### *Summer Activities of School of American Research*

The School of American Research announces three field expeditions for the year 1922. The first, in collaboration with the Archaeological Society of Washington, will be under the personal direction of Edgar L. Hewett, Director of American Research for the Archaeological Institute of America. The purpose is to inaugurate an archaeological survey of the northern part of Chihuahua, from which region has already been obtained the priceless collection of Ancient American Pottery, shared by the Washington Society and now on exhibition in the National Museum, the Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology, at Toronto, and the School of American Research at Santa Fe. An entire number of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY will be devoted to the Archaeological work in Mexico in the early winter.

The second expedition of the School will be in the Jemez Valley, New Mexico, in charge of Mr. Lansing B. Bloom, assistant director of the school. The excavation and report of the ancient mission of San Diego de Jemez (1617) will be one of the objectives, together with the excavation on one or two prehistoric sites. Six university students will accompany this expedition in the field.

The third expedition will be that to the Chaco Canyon in the fall to continue the excavation of Chettro Ketl and the study of the entire Chaco group, under the direction of Mr. Wesley Bradfield of the Museum staff. An account of the excavations at the Chaco in 1921 will be found in the midsummer number of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

### *Recent Gifts to the San Diego Museum*

The San Diego Museum has received for a period of from two to three years, the valuable art collection of Mrs. W. B. Thayer of Kansas City. The collection includes paintings by George Inness, Winslow Homer, Robert Henri, Jules Guerin, Joaquin Sorolla, J. Francis Murphy, Ernest Lawson, Emil Carlson, and others of equal note; a priceless collection of Oriental shawls, jades, ambers, ivories, lacquer and old silver.

The Museum has also received for a term of years the William Gates Oriental Library, rich in works of art, history, philosophy and religion from the entire Oriental field. Other noteworthy contributions have been an important collection of books of travel, science and history from one of its members, Mr. Frederick Webb; and the extensive collection of Indian basketry embracing many of the finest examples extant of the work of Indians of California, collected and contributed by Mrs. Edith Williams of San Diego.

A new museum of Fine Arts also is to be given to San Diego by Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Bridges, of that city. The new edifice is to replace the Sacramento Building on the north side of the Plaza de Panama, in Balboa Park. The Bridges will not only erect the building, but a relative of the family will contribute paintings and works of art which will serve as a nucleus for the extensive collection which is planned.

### *The XX International Congress of Americanists*

The XX International Congress of Americanists will be held at Rio de Janeiro, August 20–30, in connection with the Centennial Celebration of Brazil. Among the official delegates appointed by the State Department to represent the U. S. Government as well as various learned bodies are Ales Hrdliçka and Walter Hough, Smithsonian Institution; Marshall H. Saville, American Museum of Natural History; William P. Wilson, Commercial Museum, Philadelphia; P. H Goldsmith, Director of Inter-American Division, American Association for International Conciliation; and Mitchell Carroll, Archaeological Society of Washington and School of American Research. The XIX International Congress of Americanists was held in Washington, December, 1915. Members and others who can attend the meeting in Brazil are asked to communicate with Dr. Ales Hrdliçka, Smithsonian Institution, who was General Secretary of the XIX Congress, and who is in charge of arrangements for the American Delegation.

### *Announcement*

At the May meeting of the Board of Directors of the Art and Archaeology Press, Edward Capps of Princeton, N. J., was elected a member of the Board, and Harvey M. Watts of Philadelphia was added to the editorial staff of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

# BOOK CRITIQUES

*Korakou, a Prehistoric Settlement near Corinth. By Carl W. Blegen. Boston and New York. Published by the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, 1921. Pp. xv×139. VII Plates.*

This book refutes finally the theory advanced by Leaf in his *Homer and History* that no Mycenaean settlement would ever be found near Corinth and that the Homeric Ephyra was in Sicyonian territory. Dr. Blegen, with keen scent for prehistoric sites, has discovered a dozen or more that might claim the title, and even since the excavations at Korakou has discovered and excavated one about ten miles from Mycenae called Zygouries (see ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, May, 1922, pp. 210 f.). Korakou was excavated in 1915 and 1916; and the results published in this book,—the manuscript of which was presented for the degree of Ph. D. at Yale—are so important that we hope that some of the other Corinthian prehistoric sites may also be excavated. Korakou is about two miles west of Corinth, close to the sea, two thirds of a mile east of the harbor of Lechaeum, and certainly is not in the direction of Sicyon, as Leaf says. It is one mile more distant than ancient Corinth itself. On this low conspicuous mound successive prehistoric settlements have been found and a ceramic sequence has been established which is the basis for Blegen's new division of the prehistoric period of southeastern Greece after the neolithic age, into Early, Middle and Late Helladic. The Early Helladic (2500–2000 B. C.) is distinguished for the "urfirnis" wares, the Middle Helladic I (2000–1750 B. C.) and II (1750–1600 B. C.) for Minyan and Matt-painted vases. There is no Middle Helladic III to correspond to Evans' Middle Minoan III but Late Helladic I (1600–1500), II (1500–1400), III (1400–1100 B. C.) corresponds to Late Minoan or Mycenaean. Korakou shows that the Mycenaean ware of the mainland is a development of the Minyan under increasing Minoan influence. Supplying evidence which was lacking at Tiryns and Mycenae, Korakou now for the first time definitely establishes the relationship of the mainland fabrics, and has first distinguished a new kind of Mycenaean pottery which is christened "Ephyraean." Especially important is the fact that we have now at Korakou a clearer picture of a Mycenaean's private life than before. We can picture his worship about the baetylic pillar in the megaron type of house with a simple bed raised slightly above the earthen floor, with its storage jars, its querns, its hearth, and its vases. We can see the effects of the invasion from the north, perhaps from Phocis. We can trace the change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The book is beautifully printed with 135 figures (only one or two indistinct), 7 colored plates and a plan of the entire site, a scholarly and ideal publication in every sense of the word, one of the most original works on the prehistory of Greece of recent years.

David M. Robinson.

*The Johns Hopkins University.*

*The Outline of History, being a Plain History of Life and Mankind. By H. G. Wells. Third Edition, revised and rearranged by the author. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1921.*

*The Story of Mankind. By Hendrik van Loon. New York: Boni & Liveright, 1921.*

These two endeavors to tell the Story of Man throughout the Ages naturally invite comparison, and the tremendous popular success that has attended both these works shows how eager the reading public is for books that give the broad outlines of human progress in language that the man of the street can understand. It is natural that these incursions in the field of history should suggest the wisdom of a similar attempt in the realm of science, and Thompson's "Outline of Science" (Putnam's), the first volume of which has already received a warm welcome, will probably lead to the production of similar works in other fields.

Mr. Wells' "*Outline of History*" has recently called forth a broadside from one hundred college professors contained in the bulky pamphlet issued by the National Civic Federation. The words of commendation or half-praise probably more than offset the criticisms, though the latter are more numerous, because they show that while the technical historians will never admit him as a member of their craft, Wells has done more than any historian, living or dead, to spread the knowledge and appreciation of history among the masses. A man whose work sells by the hundred thousand need not be disturbed by the captious criticisms of the historian whose learned and laborious contributions to knowledge sell by the hundred, and he has the happy satisfaction of knowing

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**Entered as Second-Class Matter October 8, 1892, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879.**

*No. 589.* JANUARY 1, 1911. *Vol. L.*

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## *TAKING STOCK.*

It is impossible to measure the influence of a great writer upon the generation in which he lives and works. Certain outward signs there are, in the form of a traceable moulding of public opinion, as shown in the way in which his idealism becomes the acknowledged motive-power of men of action, or in the form of that discipleship which makes the individual the radiating centre of a school of influence propagating his idealism by offshoots and obviously imitative embodiments. These effects are always more or less manifest to the student of literary history and of intellectual affairs in the broader sense, but they fall far short of giving a full account of the matter. They show us the surface-flow of the current of tendency, but they leave the subtler part of its action unrevealed. For it is by its permeation of the sub-soil of human consciousness, rather than by its visible erosions, that the influence of a great writer does its lasting work, making possible some unexpected and rich new product of human sympathy or enlightenment. We recall what Lowell once said of Emerson: "To him more than to all other causes together did the young martyrs of our Civil War owe the sustaining strength of thoughtful heroism that is so touching in every record of their lives." We think also of the example of Cervantes, who "smiled Spain's chivalry away," when he seemed to be doing no more than provide entertainment for his readers, and of Milton, who steeled the forces of puritanism for their warfare of spirit against sense, when he seemed to be engaged only in the poetical elaboration of an outworn mythology, and of Mazzini, who raised Italy from the dead, when he seemed merely to be plotting against principalities and powers in the ordinary way of revolutionary politics.

Such influences as these are slowly exerted, and it is a long while before their results are declared. They work, for the most part, upon minds without articulate power, upon the impressionable minds of the young, quietly but potently, until the time ripens for their translation into deed. When that times comes, the outcome is apt to be surprising, for it is the resultant of innumerable spiritual forces, singly insignificant perhaps, but collectively irresis-

tible, because all are exerted in the same general direction and toward the accomplishment of the same general purpose. We believe that the chief service done by a great writer for his fellow-men is that of thus fitting for action the generation that is growing up, of quickening the sympathies and clarifying the thoughts of the young, who will later have the shaping of the world in their own hands. And this incalculable power to stimulate the imagination and strengthen the will of adolescent humanity is immensely heightened by the fact that it proceeds from a living being, from a voice that issues, not from the tomb, but from a breathing organ of human speech. It is true that the voice must make its appeal to nearly all who heed it through the medium of the printed page, but as long as it is known to be the utterance of a man among men it has from that very fact an added force. The reader who heeds it cannot forget that it is within the bounds of possibility that some favored hour may bring him into the presence of its possessor, to be thrilled by its actual accents, and warmed by the glow of the living personality which is its setting. That faculty of hero-worship which is the attribute of all generous young souls instinctively demands the concrete embodiment of its object; it is a tribute that loses much of its natural ardor when paid to a phantasm.

The sum of all these reflections is that the world is made rich in a very special sense by the great writers who are living in it, and that no heritage of past glories can prevent humanity from seeming impoverished when its intellectual leaders cease from their labors. The observation is especially pertinent just now, when the last leaf has fallen from the tree of genius that flourished so luxuriantly a generation ago, and when the world must face the fact that the accounts of a great literary epoch are practically closed. For it is the simple truth that there is no writer now anywhere alive who is the peer of the half-dozen who have adorned the past decade, or of the score or more who have made splendid the literary annals of the past thirty years. Just as in a commercial enterprise, the first month or so of the new year is needed to settle up the affairs of the old, and prepare its balance-sheet, so in the large matters of a century's intellectual business, it takes about a decade of the new century to clear up the accounts of the old, and make it possible to estimate the achievement of the hundredyear.

Upon this occasion, then, when the twentieth century is just ten years on its way, it may not be unprofitable to take stock in the literary world, to reckon up our quick assets, and to set down what may seem advisable to the score of profit and loss. Some unsettled accounts there must needs be, some overlapping activities, for centuries are artificial periods, after all, and the *Weltgeist* recks little of them. Still, the line between the nineteenth century, which we know in full, and the twentieth, the developments of which we may only surmise, is rather more definitely drawn than is often the case with such arbitrary divisions, and the old stock (to recur to our previous figure) is pretty well disposed of, while we hardly know as yet what are the wares that will take its place upon our shelves.

Among the losses of the recent past we think of such great men as Tolstoy, Björnson, Ibsen, Carducci, and Swinburne. Casting our eyes a score of years yet farther back, we have the vision of such men as Tourguénieff, Auerbach, Freytag, Hugo, Renan, Taine, Tennyson, Browning, Rossetti, Morris, Arnold, Ruskin, Carlyle, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, and Whitman. This is a cursory retrospect only; a more particular one would disclose other losses comparable with many of these. But it suffices for our purpose, which is merely to show clearly that we now live in an age comparatively poverty-stricken as to the richer personalities of literature, and seemingly incapable of holding aloft the torch so long held alight by those giant runners in the race. It is a condition too obvious to call for demonstration; the youth who in 1880 faced the future might count upon the living spiritual guidance of such men as the youth of 1910 look for in vain along the line of the literary horizon. Can it prove possible that these latter-day youth, when they in turn shall have rounded their half-century, will be able to look back during their own lives upon anything like our array of great nineteenth-century figures?

Let us make a comparative and somewhat more detailed survey of the situation. For Russia, we have, in the place of Tourguénieff and Tolstoy, only such men as Andréieff and Gorky. For the Scandinavian countries, we have, in place of Björnson and Ibsen and Drachmann and Rydberg, only such men as Hamsun and Brandes and Strindberg. The case of Germany is better, for the veterans Heyse and Spielhagen remain, and with them there are the younger figures of Hauptmann and Sudermann and Frenssen. But the case of France is depressing, since we may hardly

find substitutes for Hugo and Renan and Taine in such men as Rostand and Anatole France, even throwing in Maeterlinck (as a writer in French) for good measure. And it would be foolish even to hint that any living Italian — say d'Annunzio or Fogazzaro — could be held a worthy successor of Carducci. Spain, indeed, offers us Galdós and Echegaray, fairly equivalent to the best of their predecessors, and Poland makes a finer showing with Sienkiewicz than it could boast at an earlier age. The greatest figure among English men of letters now living is undoubtedly that of Mr. Thomas Hardy, the sole survivor of the company of his peers—and more than peers—who stood shoulder to shoulder thirty years ago. The case of America is the most discouraging of all. We admire such men as Mr. Howells and Mr. James, and hold them in our deepest affection, but they hardly fill the places of the poets we have lately lost — Stedman and Aldrich and Moody — and not at all the places of such seers and singers as Emerson and Whittier and Longfellow and Lowell.

Now that our hurried stock-taking is over, and we are facing the essential facts of world-activity in literature at the present day, we cannot feel altogether cheerful about the situation. The feeling does not arise merely from the fact that the list of the great recently departed vastly outweighs the list of the best that the world of the living has to offer. This fact in itself would be sufficient cause for serious reflection, and we are made still more serious when we compare the two lists more specifically, thinking of the contrast between the two sets of men in the matter of style and the general power of expression, in the matter of intellectual authority, and in the matter of moral weight. When we reinforce the comparison by taking into account the lesser writers, past and present — the men who, while not individually of the first rank, are perhaps collectively more representative of their respective periods than the men of towering genius — we have a still more depressing sense of the general lowering of standards. More often than not, we are offered preciosity and strained effort in the place of style, flippant superficiality as a substitute for wisdom, and a materialistic or hedonistic attitude toward the great problems of conduct instead of a reverent recognition of the moral law and glad submission to its behests. What poets of our day could say with Dante

"In la sua voluntade è nostra pace,"

what opportunist philosophers could be sharers of Spinoza's sublime faith in the good, of Kant's awe in contemplation of man's imperious inner instinct of righteousness?

Yet we may, after all, take heart when we think of the familiar saying about the darkest hour and the dawn, or when we recall Schopenhauer's confutation of the counsels of despair. "Die Quelle, aus der die Individuen und ihre Kräfte fliessen, ist unerschöpflich und unendlich wie Zeit und Raum . . . Jene unendliche Quelle kann kein endliches Maass erschöpfen: daher steht jeder im Keime erstickten Begebenheit, oder Werk, zur Wiederkehr noch immer die unverminderte Unendlichkeit offen." There may be prophets even now growing up among us, in the most adverse environment, who are destined in days to come to hold the world's ear no less compulsively than the greatest of those whose recent loss seems to have left us so strangely bereft of inspiring guidance.

## *CASUAL COMMENT.*

THE BIBLIOGRAPHER'S TASK, like that of the lexicographer, the index-maker, the compiler of almanacs, and many another fashioner of the tools used by other workers in literature or science, is a rather cheerless one. A consciousness of duty performed must often be the chief if not the only reward. In turning the leaves of the latest issue of "The Bulletin of the Bibliographical Society of America," which contains an appended list of "American Bibliographical Publications" and one of "Bibliographies of Bibliographies," one cannot but admire the zeal and self-devotion displayed in the compilation of many of the learned but very restrictedly useful works there mentioned. For example, what return in fame or fortune can be hoped for by the author of a bibliography of writings on paraphysis and hypophysis in the brain of the alligator, or by the enthusiastic aurist who has laboriously compiled a "partial bibliography of recent papers relating to the Eustachian tube"? A little better chance for popular recognition seems probable in the case of another bibliographer who has interested himself in the literature relating to "meals for school-children" and has drawn up a list of references. And when we come to the subject of aëronautics we find ourselves in a domain comparatively rich in appeal to the average reader. A "Bibliography of Aëronautics," from the pen of Mr. P. Brockett, and published by the Smithsonian Institution, is described as reaching to the rather surprising length of nine hundred and fifty-four pages. But not one of these special bibliographical lists can be compared in dryness and technicality with the bibliographies of bibliographies, twenty-five of which are named in the "Bulletin." Especially admirable in these respects is M. Léon Vallée's "Bibliographie des Bibliographies," containing, with its supplement, more than

eleven hundred pages. Another monumental work in the same department is the great "Bibliographie paléographico-diplomatico-bibliographique générale," in two volumes, by P. Namur, published at Liége in 1838. In good truth, there seems to be no sort of book, however remote from ordinary human interests, that cannot be written if one will but follow Johnson's example in the making of his dictionary, and set oneself doggedly to it. Nevertheless, it is not likely that bibliography will ever be one of the crowded professions.

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An eccentric and ascetic classical scholar, of vast learning and striking originality, was removed from our corporeal vision in the recent death of Professor J. E. B. Mayor, of the University of Cambridge. Best known to the world of letters by his *magnum opus*, his erudite edition of Juvenal, he was known to his friends as a vegetarian, a teetotaler, a bachelor recluse, a lover of old authors, and the possessor of one of the finest libraries in Cambridge, all bought with the money saved on food, as he took pride in declaring. On his semi-starvation diet, which he succeeded in bringing down as low as twopence a day, he reached the ripe age of eighty-five and over, having in the strenuous days of his editorial labors on Juvenal proved to his own satisfaction that the less he ate the better he could work. It was only medical intervention that cut short a rather prolonged period of no eating at all. Omniscience was his foible, and he could quote from the classics in a way that might have made old Robert Burton turn green with envy. The specialization of modern science he had small regard for, holding that the man of science could not see life steadily and see it whole. He was fond of lecturing, being a frequent speaker at the Victoria Institute, in London, and he was a pulpit orator of marked originality. His studies in Juvenal of the luxury and corruption of Rome had led him, his friends averred, to adopt the simple life; but he himself denied that even in the worst days of the Empire the Romans were any more addicted to luxury than some modern nations. Whatever the cause, he adopted a mode of life that made him a singularly interesting and attractive figure in the university world in which he lived.

• • •

The heroic end of an unsuccessful periodical is chronicled in an open letter from Mr. C. D. Spivak, 240–242 Metropolitan Building, Denver, Colorado, addressed "to medical librarians and all booklovers." The periodical in question died game, as the following extracts from the letter will show. "The year 1898 will be known in the annals of medicine by an epoch-making event. In that year 'Medical Libraries,' a bi-monthly publication devoted to the interests of medical libraries, first saw the light of day in the city of Denver. For several years it made its irregular and spasmodic appearance, and closed its career in a blaze of glory, A.D. 1902. Its circulation reached the astounding number of 120. What it lacked in quantity it made up in quality. Among its admirers, subscribers, and contributors it counted the foremost librarians of the day—[here a brilliant galaxy of names]. Now comes the proud editor and publisher of said defunct periodical and offers to send to all medical librarians and to all who are interested in freak medical journalism, complete sets of vols. 2, 3, and 4, and incomplete sets of vols. 1 and 5, for the asking. All the said sad editor asks in return is that these, his dear departed ones, be reverently laid out, decently shrouded, adequately coffined, properly epitaphed, securely inhumed, and be unostentatiously gathered unto their fathers in God's acre. He devoutly and prayerfully hopes for their resurrection." Who now will give these "dear departed ones" a reposeful abiding place where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary be at rest?

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The by-products of Dr. Henry van Dyke's industry as preacher and teacher, which have mostly taken the form of poems, essays, short stories, and chapters on religion and ethics, are so considerable in volume that all sorts of extravagant estimates have been formed concerning the annual amount received by him in royalties on his more than thirty volumes of prose and verse. Probably his revenue from this source has now become sufficiently large to render his salary as professor of English literature at Princeton not exactly indispensable to him, and to make irresistibly inviting the prospect of a life free from the irksomeness of regular lectures, weekly faculty meetings, and stated examinations. At any rate the published report of his resignation from the chair which he has held since 1900 — most of that time in connection with the pastorate of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York — need not greatly surprise the world, and to his readers the announcement will bring hope and expectation of an even more rapid succession of books from his pen than hitherto. In enumerating the activities of this versatile pastor-professor, one should not fail to mention his appointment as American lecturer at the University of Paris in 1908–9, when he chose for his subject "Le génie de l'Amérique" and, incidentally, disappointed some of his admirers by not, as they thought, making the most of his opportunity. It will be interesting to note what effect his greater leisure will have on his literary productivity.

• • •

An age of reason in library management was entered upon, in this country at least, as long ago as the formation of the American Library Association — at the centennial celebration of the Declaration of Independence. The mediæval chaining of books and the much more recently prevalent jealous suspicion of library visitors and readers have in our own times given way to cordial and trustful relations between library administrators and library users. In the latest issue of the "Brooklyn Public Library Handbook" one notes approvingly

the extreme liberality with which that library is conducted. Its privileges are open to "any resident of Greater New York or any non-resident in business in the city." Its travelling libraries are delivered free of all expense to any society, club, charitable institution, or similar organization, within the Borough. The library and all its branches are open for the circulation of books every day in the year. Works in several volumes are counted as single books and are lent as such. Special cards, entitling the holder to six books at a time in addition to the two books obtainable on the regular card, are issued to teachers, students, and others engaged in special study. Vacation privileges are liberal. Books for the blind are "delivered through the mail to the nearest Branch Post Office free of charge, and may be returned in the same way." One remnant of bureaucratic unreason, however, still lingers in this admirably administered institution: "No book will be exchanged on the same day on which it is taken out, unless a mistake has been made by the Library assistant." (But "a book may be returned at any time," which is well.) The defense of this regulation is plausible enough, but the fact that some very busy libraries, including the Boston Public Library, permit as frequent exchanges as the borrower wishes, tends greatly to weaken its force. The vigorous growth of the Brooklyn library since its small beginnings of thirteen years ago speaks volumes (some six hundred thousand, we believe) for the wisdom and efficiency of its management.

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THE INCREASING DIGNITY OF COLLEGE JOURNALISM manifests itself from time to time in noteworthy ways, and rejoices those who see in the student periodical a most valuable and efficient school of authorship as well as an institution for the training of administrative and business talent in the publishing field. Not long ago one of the Harvard undergraduate publications (the "Lampoon," we believe) erected a fine building for its own use and moved into it with appropriate ceremonies; and now word comes of the incorporation of the Daily Princetonian Publishing Company, with Mr. Charles Scribner, of the class of '75, Mr. Bayard Stockton, '72, and three members of the senior class, constituting a board of directors, and Dr. Woodrow Wilson, '79, Mr. Robert Bridges, '79, and Mr. Andrew C. Imbrie, '95, as further members of the corporation. The purpose of the incorporating act is to establish a fixed policy for this student daily and to give it the benefit of advisory aid and support from a certain number of directors chosen out of the alumni.

• • •

EMIL REICH, HISTORIAN, ESSAYIST, AND OPTIMIST, Hungarian by birth, cosmopolitan in culture and tastes, and a most stimulating writer on a great variety of subjects, died in London the 11th of December. After receiving his academic training at Prague, Budapest, and Vienna, he devoted himself to that self-education which is the beginning of real wisdom, and which he hoped to acquire for himself in the great libraries of the world. But by the time he was thirty years old he decided that for the true comprehension of history, his chosen study, something besides books was necessary; but he started on those travels which brought him to this country for a five-years' sojourn, and thence turned him toward France for another four years, and to England for twelve, in the course of which he lectured frequently at Oxford, Cambridge, and in London, and was employed by the British government in the preparation of the Venezuela boundary case. His published writings are many, but we shall name here only his "Hungarian Literature," "History of Civilization," "General History," "Foundations of Modern Europe," "Success among Nations," "Plato as an Introduction to Modern Life," and "Success in Life." A breezy, buoyant, optimistic tone characterizes his work and has contributed not a little to his success in letters and in life.

• • •

THE NEWARK MUSEUM ASSOCIATION, which has issued its First Annual Report, was organized in the spring of 1909 "to establish in the City of Newark, New Jersey, a Museum for the reception and exhibition of articles of art, science, history and technology, and for the encouragement of the study of the arts and sciences." Incorporated under the laws of a State that has sanctioned the incorporation of many less beneficent societies, the Newark Museum Association has begun its educational and uplifting work by opening rooms in the city library building, under the active supervision of the librarian, Mr. John Cotton Dana, for the free exhibition of permanent and loan collections of paintings and other art objects, and of such other articles as may properly find a place in the cases and on the shelves of a museum. This movement for increasing the usefulness of Newark's fine, large library building in every legitimate way calls to mind the similar educational activities entered upon years ago by the City Library Association of Springfield, Mass., where, as it happens, Mr. Dana was librarian immediately before his call to Newark, and where a handsome white marble structure has just been added to the library-museum group of buildings. It seems not unlikely that New Jersey may be here somewhat indebted to Massachusetts for a valuable suggestion. Mr. Dana, we note, is the secretary of the board of trustees of the new association.

• • •

THE TRIUMPH OF THE HELLENISTS AT OXFORD, in the recent vote of the Congregation to retain compulsory Greek, after a year of discussion as to the advisability of yielding to the "practical" trend of education and abolishing the prescribed study of the noblest of literatures, will rejoice all true friends to the cause of letters. The Oxford action is of world-wide interest and will exert world-wide influence. Especially will the English-speaking world take note of this momentous decision of a long-vexed question, and will pause in its impetuous eagerness

to substitute what it imagines to be pecuniarily gainful studies in the place of what it is disposed to regard as the mere frills and foolish adornments of elegant culture. Professor Gilbert Murray, it is interesting to learn, favors a certain degree of relaxation in Greek requirements, and would have the schools of science and mathematics relieved from the compulsory study of that language. Further, in answer to the gibe that Greek is a class badge, "So, a short time ago was French," he says, "and, a short time before that, the alphabet. We want Greek to be a class badge no longer." This Oxford decision, retaining Greek and thus causing its retention in the secondary schools, will tend greatly to prevent its soon becoming a mere class badge.

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To discourage book-stealing from libraries any helpful suggestion cannot fail to be always welcome. From Lewiston, Maine, there comes, through the columns of "Public Libraries," an ingenious and original plan for the diminution of unregistered book-borrowing. The librarian at Lewiston writes that with a circulation of about sixty thousand volumes an annual loss of more than one hundred and seventy-five from the open shelves had been sadly noted, until the following preventive device was adopted: "Into the card-pocket in the back of each book is thrust a long card of some brilliant-colored stiff cardboard which extends two inches or so beyond the cover when the book is closed. These cards are stamped conspicuously with consecutive numbers, thereby keeping tally and suggesting method to the borrowers. They also bear the request stamped with rubber type, 'Please exchange this card at the desk.' . . . The long cards effectually prevent anyone from forgetting to register his book, and their vivid color renders them so conspicuous that he hesitates to dispose of them if he is not entirely alone." This plan has so far worked admirably at Lewiston. For further details see the December number of the above-named periodical.

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An extraordinary editorial record has been made, in his busy life of letters, by Sir William Robertson Nicoll, better known, before his knighthood of this year, as Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll. From a speech of his published in "The British Weekly," of which he has long been editor, it appears that in the omniscience and omnipotence of his early prime—that is, in the year 1886, when he must have been about thirty-six years old—he undertook the editorship of some half-dozen periodicals at the same time. They included "The British Weekly," "The Bookman," "The Expositor," "Woman at Home," and certain other publications issued by the book-publishing house with which he is still connected. That he is now content to drive a team of fewer horses may indicate that with advancing years he has become a wiser even though not a sadder man. A continuation and publication of these literary reminiscences of a remarkably busy and successful literary man would gratify his wide circle of readers.

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Library books by special delivery may now be had from the St. Louis Public Library, which has made arrangements with the Missouri District Telegraph Co. to send books by its messenger boys to such card-holders as care to avail themselves of this service. The charge for delivery or return of books within the city limits varies according to distance from ten to sixty cents, and covers simply the cost of carriage. If the innovation meets with favor, the library may institute a messenger service of its own and thus considerably reduce the cost to the card-holder; but such mode of delivery will probably never become inexpensive enough to be other than an emergency service. Strictly speaking, this is really no innovation in the library world. For many years the Philadelphia Library, a semi-public institution, has employed district telegraph messengers to deliver and bring back books, at the member's expense and upon his request. And many other libraries must have had more or less frequent recourse to the same convenient service.

## *COMMUNICATION.*

### LINCOLN AS A STATESMAN.

(To the Editor of The Dial.)

In the review of Goldwin Smith's "Reminiscences," in your issue of December 16, Mr. Smith is commended for his freedom from the "popular rage" with regard to Lincoln on the ground that "Lincoln's chief merit lay in his unfailing honesty." The reviewer maintains that Lincoln was not a statesman, and did not even have an appreciation of the effect of his own position, in its national as well as inter-national bearings. He says: "He [Lincoln] entertained the apologetic and partial reasons which occupied public attention and concealed in part the true force of events. The working classes in England had a more thoroughly correct view of the war than most Americans. The question was not whether we should allow another nation to spring up on the soil of the United States, but whether a slave-holding nation should establish itself at our side with exacting and hostile claims."

In 1858, in the well-known debates, Lincoln laid the basis of his position in a scriptural principle that defeated him for the United States Senate that year and elected him President two years later. That principle found its first great impulse, under our government, in Webster's and Corwin's opposition to the Mexican War's development into a greed for "more space." But neither Webster nor Corwin, appreciating as they did the effect of more territory as a menace to fratricidal strife, dared recognize the real condition of the State as Lincoln did. And while Seward announced the "irrepressible conflict," Lincoln saw in the conflict a principle beyond: *this nation could not endure, one-half free and one-half slave.* This found utterance in 1858. And here we have what our reviewer says Lincoln should have appreciated and did not. When the war came, his position as President was, to *obey the Consti-*

*tution*, suppress the rebellion, defend the union, preserve the government. The war developed the opportunity to issue the Proclamation of Emancipation *without violating the Constitution.* Lincoln was not a soldier; he was a statesman.

Lincoln never believed "a slave-holding nation should establish itself at our side with exacting and hostile claims." He warned us that, if it did, that nation would either absorb the nation to the north or be absorbed by it. The states would continue to be one household, even though a new house must be built and new regulations adopted.

Further, Lincoln announced a principle of statesmanship in 1859, applying it to the impassioned conditions then existing, which any student of Lincoln, contemplating him as detached from the "indiscriminate laudation" that sees little but his honesty or his Republicanism, cannot but appreciate in a Lincoln attitude towards the impassioned conditions uppermost in our present political agitations. This principle appears in a letter of April 6, 1859, declining an invitation to speak at a Thomas Jefferson Birthday function in Boston. The entire letter should be read to appreciate the force of the principle. That principle is that man must be considered above the dollar. It is truer now than it was then: "It is now no child's play to save the principles of Jefferson from total overthrow in this nation."

Littérateurs can profit by a sane study of Lincoln's type of mind and style of expression as much as can those property-intoxicated Republicans who seek justification for their policies and methods by a use of the magic name of Lincoln as a Republican. In the preface to Emerson's "Parnassus," the seer says that poetry teaches the enormous force of a few words. Poetry teaches this as much by its enormous waste of words as it does by its occasional use of a unique word or phrase or verse that charms the ear or mind forever. Lincoln teaches the meaning of a few words as poetry cannot. There must always, of necessity, be more waste than wisdom in versifying. But Lincoln was brief, and his words, "candid as mirrors, gave the perfect image of his thought." Time cannot change their fundamental value to any student of organized society. His Gettysburg address said what was most needed to be said. And it is fortunate that it was said in a "perfectly simple and straightforward way." And, strange as it may seem, the literary quality of pathos is here in its sombre beauty as I have not seen it noticed by the "critics," as it is not in much of his more lauded expressions.

One word more. We should cease trying to *hammer* honesty into the exquisite natures of our budding men in their childhood by the use of the names of Lincoln and Washington. It is as childish for grown-up men to do this as it is to do that other childish thing that Lincoln ridiculed,— doing things "under the party lash that they would not on any account or for any consideration do otherwise." Talk to the children about Lincoln's *shrewdness* more and his honesty less and we will appreciate the force of honesty more,— will realize that he who is single-minded can see what humor meant to Lincoln, and in the new light will feel a new patience and faith, helpful to our children, helpful to our pens, helpful to our citizenship, because we have been born again in new *minds* as well as hearts.

CHAS. M. STREET.

*St. Joseph, Mo., Dec. 23, 1910.*

# The New Books.

## LAFCADIO HEARN'S LAST LETTERS.*

The profound impression made by the publication, four years ago, of "The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn" is deepened and strengthened by the printing of another volume of his letters. Those now given to the world were, for the most part, written to Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain of the Imperial Japanese University, a friend for whom Hearn felt high respect and warm affection. They form a connected series extending from early in 1890, when Hearn first arrived in Japan, to the latter part of 1894. In them he poured out his inmost thoughts, feeling sure of intellectual sympathy whatever might be the subject that happened to engage his attention at the moment.

The charm of these letters is manifold. The wide range that they cover is remarkable, and especially so considering the isolated life that Hearn led. A mind so keenly alive as his and so extraordinarily sensitive would have found food for thought in any environment. That he should crave novelty is not strange. Nor is it cause for wonder that the shyness that held him aloof when in personal contact with his fellows should have as its correlative poignant longing for companionship with friends whom he could recognize as his intellectual equals. Such companionship Professor Chamberlain gave him. In return he let few days pass during the years of his residence in Matsue and Kumamoto without a chat with him on paper.

These outpourings are the fruit of a mind surcharged with thought and impelled by inner necessity to its expression. With delightful absence of self-consciousness the writer tells of the happenings about him, comments upon the curious lore he has picked up, and describes lovely scenes he has chanced upon in his wanderings. From these he turns to thoughts suggested by books he has read, or evoked by memories of past experiences of men and things. Now he discourses upon Balzac and Zola, then upon gothic architecture, or the utility of superstition, or the impermanence of opinions, and anon he recalls a dramatic episode about a Polish brigade in the Franco-Prussian war. Again he is captivated by some Japanese folk-tale, or provoked by the stupidity of the missionaries, or concerned with the rhymes in Provençal

* THE JAPANESE LETTERS OF LAFCADIO HEARN. Edited, with an introduction, by Elizabeth Bisland. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

poetry. But whatever his theme he never fails to exemplify his ideas about letter writing.

"What you say about letters that *coulent de source* I feel strong sympathy with for two reasons. In the first place letters not spontaneous give one the notion that the writer feels a certain distrust in abandoning his thoughts to paper, and consequently has not toward his friend that perfect feeling which casts out fear. The second is that the receiver is also forced into a certain constraint and artificialness in his replies; — then the matter becomes a mere drudgery. Of course there are other cases, — such as the very curious one you suggest, which I take to be ruled by a sort of æsthetic formality, —the reluctance of the artist to be for a moment inartistic, like Théophile Gautier answering a reproach about not writing by the phrase: 'Ask a carpenter to plane a few planks for fun.'"

It is easy to see how this phrase of Gautier's must have amused Hearn, for writing was his chief recreation as well as his life work. His letters to his friends were written with the utmost ease and pleasure. His books, on the contrary, were the product of unremitting effort. "I never write," he confessed to Professor Chamberlain, in a letter describing his method of work, "without painfully forcing myself to it." Every page was rewritten at least four or five times, and one much admired paragraph was recast no less than seventeen times before he could accept it as an adequate vehicle for the expression of his thought. "Composition becomes difficult only when it becomes work,— that is literary labour without a strong inspirational impulse or an emotional feeling behind it." Being written without any expectation that they would ever be printed, his letters have less refined subtlety of phrase than his books, but neither this quality nor that of style is wanting, and they have also the directness and vivacity of the sketches of a master painter. In them his delight in the "physiognomical beauty" of words — to quote his own phrase — finds full vent. Professor Chamberlain's condemnation of the use of Japanese words in Hearn's books called forth this outburst:

"For me words have colour, form, character; they have faces, ports, manners, gesticulations; they have moods, humours, eccentricities;—they have tints, tones, personalities. That they are unintelligible makes no difference at all. Whether you are able to speak to a stranger or not, you can't help being impressed by his appearance sometimes, — by his dress, — by his air, — by his exotic look. He is also unintelligible, but not a whit less interesting. Nay! he is interesting BECAUSE he is unintelligible. I won't cite other writers who have felt this same way about African, Chinese, Arabian, Hebrew, Tartar, Indian and Basque words, — I mean novelists and sketch writers.

"To such it has been justly observed:— 'The readers do not feel as you do about words. They can't be supposed to know that you think the letter A is blush-crimson, and the letter E pale sky-blue. They can't be supposed to know that you think KH wears a beard and a turban; that initial X is a mature Greek with wrinkles; or that "— no —" has an innocent, lovable, and childlike aspect.' All this is true from the critic's standpoint. But from ours, the standpoint of —

The dreamer of dreams
To whom what is and what seems
Is often one and the same, —

To us the idea is thus: —

"Because people cannot see the colour of words, the tints of words, the secret ghostly motions of words: —

"Because they cannot hear the whispering of words, the rustling of the procession of letters, the dream-flutes and dream-drums which are thinly and weirdly played by words: —

"Because they cannot perceive the pouting of words, the frowning and fuming of words, the weeping, the raging and racketing and rioting of words: —

"Because they are insensible to the phosphorescing of words, the fragrance of words, the noisesomeness of words, the tenderness or hardness, the dryness or juiciness of words; — the interchange of values in the gold, the silver, the brass, and the copper of words: —

"Is that any reason why we should not try to make them hear, to make them see, to make them feel? Surely one who has never heard Wagner, cannot appreciate Wagner without study! Why should the people not be forcibly introduced to foreign words, as they were introduced to tea and coffee and tobacco?

"Unto which the friendly reply is, — 'Because they won't buy your book, and you won't make any money.'

"And I say: — 'Surely I have never yet made, and never expect to make any money. Neither do I expect to write ever for the multitude. I write for beloved friends who can see colour in words, can smell the perfume of syllables in blossom, can be shocked with the fine elfish electricity of words. And in the eternal order of things, words will eventually have their rights recognized by the people.'"

Notwithstanding his love for the mere abstract sound of words, Hearn was too much of an artist in their use and too clear a thinker to find satisfaction in the sound if there were even a suspicion of failure to convey the precise shade of meaning intended. The qualities he perceived in them existed for him because he recognized the possibility of portraying the most intangible and evanescent nuances, because he felt their power of suggestion, of connotation, of poetic imagery more convincing than direct statement. Yet he realized also the value of simplicity. "After attempting my utmost at ornamentation," he wrote, "I am converted by my own mistakes. The great point is to touch with simple words."

The letters printed in this volume reflect the varying moods of the writer. The pendulum swings first this way and then that. As he himself says, "they are certainly a record of illusion and disillusion." So many are the themes touched upon that a dozen extracts would not suffice to give an idea of their variety and inter-

Staff.




# The Nati[on]

VOL. XCVIII—NO. 2538 THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1914 Reg. U. S. Pat. Office.


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Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

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way of being put upon a good working basis, it is not out of place to recall that the policy embodied in the two bills is precisely that urged with the hearty approval of President Taft, by Secretary Fisher, who, on succeeding Mr. Ballinger, made it his first business to visit Alaska and thoroughly to study the problem on the spot.

---

The situation in Alaska in respect to the illegal trafficking in liquor among the Indians in the Yukon Valley is a sorry story of the neglect of the nation's wards in that far country. The exploitation of the native, it is a notorious fact, is an almost wholly unchecked evil, save for the efforts of the missionaries and their helpers; and these private agencies for betterment are sadly in need of a helping arm to strengthen them. The depopulation of Indian villages, due to the ravages of drink and disease brought upon them by the white men's vice and avarice, is an undisputed fact, and the Government's officers in the distant districts, such as that of Fort Yukon, make almost no pretence of controlling the law-breakers. Against such odds Dr. Stuck, Dr. Grafton Burke, and their faithful women helpers have worked nobly; and they do not despair, even though they have lost the present cases against the men indicted by their efforts. It is significant that it is the universal belief of the missionaries in Alaska that the best solution of the problem is the creation of an efficient constabulary force, similar to the Canadian force which has accomplished so much in the Northwest Territory under similar conditions.

---

Whatever the final outcome in Mexico, it is evident that very large claims for damages in consequence of the insurrection will be made by American and other foreign residents and property-owners. Some of these will doubtless be grossly inflated, after the good old rule, exemplified in the Cuban claims, of multiplying the actual losses by a hundred. But the perfectly legitimate demands will obviously involve great sums. The claims which the railways will file, on the basis of proved damage, will alone amount to several millions, it is safe to say. When the time comes, it is probable that special conventions will be negotiated with whatever government is finally set up in the country, for the purpose of creating tribunals to adjudge all claims against Mexico, and of providing means of payment.

---

In addition to the usual liability under international law, Mexico has a peculiar obligation, inasmuch as many of the aliens now suffering damage were specially invited to that country by the Mexican Government. This point was clearly made by Secretary Bayard in 1888, when protesting against certain cases of ill treatment of Americans. He said:

> Mexico, in pursuance of a policy of wise development of her material interests, has, by numerous legislative acts and executive decrees, invited foreign capitalists, engineers, miners, and business men of skill and enterprise to unite in bringing into the market the great wealth, mineral as well as agricultural, which remains as yet unutilized in her territory. . . .
>
> It is evidently a matter of the utmost importance to Mexico that the immigrants to be attracted within her borders shall be industrious, thrifty, and law-abiding citizens, and it is no less evident that such persons will not risk their persons or their property where they cannot feel assured that at least some reasonable effort will be made by the authorites to extend to them the protection of the law.

---

Announcement last week of the Canadian Government's programme for the decennial redistribution of Parliamentary seats is of particular interest for the plan initiated of equalizing the population of the various constituencies. The increase in the House of Commons from 218 to 235 members was long ago estimated, as were the specific reductions in the representation of Ontario, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, and the specific gains of the Western Provinces. But whereas the last Liberal apportionment in the several Provinces largely followed municipal boundaries, Premier Borden has recommended that balance of population be now the guiding principle. Some of the discrepancies shown by the 1911 census are glaring. A member from Maisonneuve, Quebec, for example, represented 179,778 people, and one from Stanstead but 9,400; one from West Toronto, Ontario, 105,191, and a fellow-member from North Middlesex but 13,737. The old rule that a greater unit of population should be required for urban than for rural districts, however, will not be utterly disregarded. Since the increase in urban population is so marked it will help keep representation geographical; and it alone is likely to save Prince Edward Island its members.

---

The parcel-post system just instituted in Canada is based on American experience, yet has elements of proper caution. Rates show an increase above ours. For the first three months packages above six pounds in weight will not be accepted, and special charge is made for delivery by city carrier. The principle is laid down that the system must pay its own way, and the Toronto *Mail and Empire* remarks that, "until the service has been in operation six months, it will be impossible to gauge" its financial status. Only 20,000,000 to 25,000,000 parcels are expected, as against our 700,000,000 the first year. But the significant fact is that Canada, after fifteen years of indifference to a subject often urged upon the Laurier Government, virtually duplicates our system. It may be expected that, after adjustments which only time can bring, postal coöperation between the two countries will cover the parcel post, too, and its rates.

---

The election of Henri Bergson to the French Academy was inevitable after the extraordinary impression his philosophy and his personality have produced on academic and public opinion outside of France these past three or four years. Every one of the forty chairs in the Academy has its own distinguished lineage; but it is an odd circumstance that a newly elected member is not supposed to have anything necessarily in common with his predecessor. Thus M. Bergson is elected to the chair vacated by the death of Emile Ollivier, Napoleon III's Prime Minister and the historian of the "Liberal Empire." Inasmuch as a new member invariably makes his salutatory by pronouncing a eulogy on his predecessor's life and works, it frequently means a good deal of "boning up" on the part of the orator. For M. Bergson it will not be presumably very difficult to frame an estimate of M. Ollivier. But how about M. Alfred Capus, the author of light and genial comedies of contemporary Parisian life, who has been just elected to the chair of Henri Poincaré, one of the most profound and subtle of mathematicians? One can sympathize with M. Capus in his attempt to do justice to M. Poincaré's labors in celestial mechanics; but being a Frenchman, M. Capus will do it well.

### WHAT THE PROGRESSIVES ARE DOING.

Despite serious losses in nearly every election since 1912 in which they have put their fortunes to the test, the Progressives are displaying a bold front. They are officially scorning reunion with the Republicans. The rank and file may be deserting in squads, as in Indiana and Iowa last week, but the leaders still insist that they will go on ploughing their lonely furrow. In Nebraska and Kansas they reject all overtures from the Republican enemy, and propose to fight it out on this line if it takes several summers. In Ohio they are planning to nominate a full State and Congressional ticket. At their recent meeting in this city, the sentiment was unanimous for nominating candidates for every office in the State, from top to bottom, as also in each Congressional district, besides having a Progressive put up for the United States Senate. All round the horizon, in fact, Progressive thunderings and lightnings of this kind are to be noted.

As a matter of abstract political right, no one will question the privilege of the Progressives to continue to flock by themselves. Any two Americans, any three tailors of Tooley Street, can form a party of their own if they choose. This is not named among Jefferson's inalienable rights, but it cannot be denied. As it used to be said that each citizen of Boston had his separate system of theology, so every citizen of the United States may have his private political party, if he finds none of those existing to his taste. But, after all, when presumably reasonable men stand together in a given course of action, they must have some motive, some purpose, some goal, which they can state, on demand, whether in their own defence or as an incentive to their followers. It is only fair, then, to ask the Progressive leaders what they hope to accomplish by persisting in separate party nominations everywhere. Those of them who, like Boss Flinn, say that they are simply modern Luthers, doing a sacred religious duty, and can *nicht anders* no matter what the consequences may be, need not be questioned further. An imperative moral obligation is reason enough, when it really exists. But the Progressives are not without their thoroughly practical men, who are not in politics merely for the health of their souls, and who have some definite plan of campaign looking to ultimate success and offices. What is it?

Plainly, their first objective is further to defeat and thwart the Republican party. If its prospects can be made to appear hopeless, the Progressives will soon annex the great bulk of the Republican vote and sweep the field. But sensible Progressives should look at the facts open-eyed. If they do, they will see that the actual annexing is by the Republican party at the expense of the Progressive. As Senator Borah took pains to point out with much detail in his Lincoln day speech, the voting strength of the Progressives has been everywhere waning during the past year, while that of the Republicans has been waxing. Wherever you make the test, Michigan or New Jersey, Chicago or St. Louis, the tale is the same. Consequently, the cool reckoners among the Progressives must be asking themselves what chance there is of forcing the Republican party to surrender to opponents growing demonstrably weaker. Will not the shoe of surrender be put upon the other foot? Does not the plan of the Progressives to go it alone in every State and Congressional district involve putting everything to the touch with the probability strongly in favor of everything being lost?

These questions it is not for us to answer. But there is one consideration which the Progressives never seem to think of, though it is more and more pressed upon the attention of thoughtful students of our affairs, and this we would urge upon the more serious-minded of them. It is that by their course in seeking to establish a separate party, they are doing much to destroy a part of the usefulness of all parties, and are distinctly breaking in our hands one of the historic weapons of government. They are doing this by making the Democratic party virtually immune to punishment for misbehavior. So long as the Republican-Progressive split continues, the Democrats are assured of power. No matter what they do, the division of their opponents will surely enable them to score enough easy pluralities to guarantee their retaining control of Congress and of the State governments which are now in their hands. In a word, the country is deprived, for the time being, of the check on the party in power by the party in opposition.

This is bad for the Democratic party. It is also bad for the nation. At Washington the tendency in Congress just now is to be recklessly extravagant. Special appropriations are piling up in a way which threatens not only to produce a deficit but to make this Congress the most spendthrift on record. Now, under ordinary party circumstances, the Democratic leaders who are alarmed at this log-rolling of money out of the Treasury would have a convincing argument to use with the lavish spenders of the public funds. They could say: "See here, you must go slow. You are surely making the next Congress Republican. The people will be so disgusted with our extravagance that they will turn us out." But to-day this appeal is futile. Democrats in Congress snap their fingers at it. They are confident that the determination of the Progressives to put up separate candidates everywhere will assure them of their seats, even if they act like wastrels. It will be said that the Progressives do not intend this—do not, in the name of party, seek to hamstring government by party. But a man, or a party, is responsible for the indirect as well as the direct results of a policy deliberately chosen. The Progressive rifleman may say that he meant to shoot a bear, but if his bullet actually kills a horse, it is cold comfort for the owner to be assured that it was not aimed at.

### IFS ABOUT LINCOLN.

Two years ago the country had more than a surfeit of assertions that Abraham Lincoln would have been or have done this, that, or the other, if he had then been alive. He would have been a Progressive, surely, but also just as certainly would have remained a Republican, though inclined to join the Democratic party under Wilson; he would have been a Single-Taxer and a Suffragist; he would have been an eager supporter of Assemblyman Jones's bill to abolish poverty and of Congressman Smith's little plan to bring in the millennium to-morrow. All this was so overdone, with so obvious a vote-catching intent, that people soon began to laugh at it, and it was largely given up. If Lincoln *had* come back in 1912, it is pretty certain that he would have disposed of these various hypotheses with some kindly-shrewd epigram or story.

He might have adopted the remark of Samuel J. Tilden, reported by Mr. Stetson: "You cannot state the consequences of what never happened."

In all these imaginary resurrections of the great men of the past, there is always one singular assumption. It is not only that they would be in fullest sympathy with the best movements of the present, but that they would have discarded all the errors and defects which clung to them during their actual lives. Washington was a slave-owner, but those who passionately wish him back again in the war against human oppression always conveniently forget his slaves. Lincoln followed the spoils system. Civil-service reform had not dawned upon the political life of his day. For this he is not to be blamed. No public man can be held guilty of sins that were not accounted sins in his lifetime. But it is plain that if the actual Lincoln were to come back after fifty years, he would have many things to learn, and some things to abandon, before he could become the ideal and infallible leader whose endorsement everybody was so anxious to get a little time since. We allude to this aspect of the matter only to show that it is not so simple and at the same time so powerful an argument as some suppose, merely to exclaim: "If only Lincoln were here, he would agree with me in every particular!"

It is plainly not a subject on which to be dogmatic; yet there is a sense in which we may profitably ask what would be the spirit of Abraham Lincoln in facing present-day questions. The particular decisions he would come to, no man can say; but how he would attack our problems we may be pretty confident, for we know what his methods were. He was patient and he was thorough. His first business he made it to ascertain all the facts in all their bearings. Improvised remedies and patent cure-alls were never to his mind. In the presence of men who professed to have skeleton-keys wherewith to unlock every political difficulty, his attitude was one of amused distrust. When asked to pass upon the dreams of enthusiasts and the nostrums of half-baked theorists, he always acted upon that wise injunction of the Greek philosopher, "Remember to disbelieve."

We may, therefore, be very sure that if Abraham Lincoln were with us to-day he would not be found in the ranks of the hurricane reformers. He would not expect to make this tough old world all over in a day. His advice would be, rather, to look every matter carefully over; to consider the remote consequences of any proposed action before jumping at its supposed immediate benefits; to try out thoroughly the laws we have before rushing to the enactment of new ones; and to remind us that substantial progress is more apt to be achieved by painful inches than by great leaps.

But on one point all may agree. If Lincoln were here again, he would exhibit that wonderful sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men, and that marvellous understanding of their several interests and points of view, which steadily marked his public career. This was among his highest gifts as a statesman, and it is one which every striver in our public life might well covet. The clash of classes in the United States has become more intense and formidable than it was fifty years ago. How to arrive at a just reconciliation of conflicting interests, how to attain a broad national policy out of all the demands of localities and separate interests—that is our great task. And to it we should be thrice fortunate if our political leaders could bring even a small portion of Lincoln's spirit. There is nothing hypothetical about that. His entire sanity, his instinctive and never-failing humaneness, his ability to look before and after with large reason, and his willingness to wait for the full ripening of opportunity—these qualities of the statesman are not abundant at the present day. He was sympathetic, but he did not take it out in mere sentiment. Feeling in him always led to action; and in any large measure of progress he knew that some of the people, some sections, would have to make sacrifice of their special interests. He would have been ready to take as his motto, and so should those who are in the thick of work for progress today, the saying of George Bancroft: "The fears of one class are not a just measure of the rights of another."

## *NOBEL AND HIS PRIZES.*

Mr. Leonard Hwass, one of the two witnesses of Nobel's will, has contributed an article to *Die Woche* of Berlin, in which he raises a question of great interest. Mr. Hwass's story chiefly concerns the wishes of Nobel himself, with whom he had been in frequent intercourse preceding the signing of the testament; and its main purport is that the actual administration of the fund has not been in conformity with those wishes. The Nobel award, he declares, "should never be bestowed as an *honorary* prize, but as a *promotive* prize for the encouragement of new and beneficent work." It was not—such is the substance of Mr. Hwass's contention—as a decoration for those who had succeeded in attaining the pinnacle either of fame or of fortune, not as a superfluous distinction for men whose working days were over, but as a help and encouragement to persons whose lifework was still in the main before them, that Nobel made his remarkable dedication of his fortune; his eye was on genius, indeed, but his purpose was not to bestow upon it the lustre of an honorary award, but to free it from the trammels of economic need.

In support of this contention, Mr. Hwass adduces various circumstances related to Nobel's life, and some utterances of a general nature tending to show that his inclinations lay altogether in the direction of such use of the prizes. One bit of internal evidence taken from the will itself is added to these outside considerations. Mr. Hwass draws attention to the direction in the will that the prizes shall be awarded annually to those persons who, in the various fields, have contributed most materially to the benefit of mankind *during the preceding year*. This would seem quite clearly to imply that the award was expected to go, as a general rule, to persons still in the full exercise of their highest powers, and thus lends support to the idea that it was to be a help to future work rather than a testimonial of past excellence. We will concede that literal adherence to this rule is not practicable, upon any theory of the purpose of the award; but that an effort is made to conform to it as nearly as is reasonably possible may be inferred from the fact that for the year 1912 the peace prize was not awarded, because the committee was unable to discover a person who "within the year has worked most or best for the fraternization of nations, the abolition or reduction of standing armies, or the calling or propagating of peace congresses."

Apart altogether from any question of

the desires or expectations of the founder, the problem of what it is possible to accomplish for the encouragement of genius, or the promotion of great work for humanity, by means of valuable prizes is a puzzling one. To keep in view both the consideration of preeminent merit and that of pecuniary need is in the highest degree difficult, in any field. In physics, chemistry, and medicine, it must be a comparatively rare thing that a man whose actual achievement has been sufficient to mark him out as deserving of an award so extraordinary as the forty-thousand-dollar Nobel prize is not already in a position of assured comfort; though it must be said that in these fields the addition of such a sum to his resources may often make a vital difference in regard to the command of leisure, or of appliances, for work along just such lines as the recipient may wish to pursue. But as soon as the consideration of a candidate's pecuniary circumstances is taken into account, there must inevitably be danger of a lowering of the standard of excellence which it is so desirable that the prize should represent. If, on the other hand, the promise of future achievement, rather than accomplished results, is to guide the choice, the risk of erroneous judgment enters, of course, in a degree that has been wholly absent from the actual history of the awards that have been made. And if one glances at the list of the awards thus far recorded in these fields, one finds that, while some have gone to men whose life-work has been all but concluded, a considerable proportion of them have been won by men in the prime of their powers, to whom the pecuniary aid may reasonably be supposed to be of real consequence.

It is the prize for literature, however, that gives occasion for the most perplexing questions. Mr. Hwass makes a very good point when he draws the distinction between "a dramatist or novelist enjoying a large income" and "a noble-minded lyric poet, who lifts us to ideal heights, and who rarely possesses much of this world's goods." The lyric poet certainly has small chance of making his gift productive of the wherewithal of comfortable living; and on the other hand to give a small fortune, such as the Nobel prize, to a brilliant novelist or dramatist is very likely to be a case of carrying coals to Newcastle. And yet he would be a bold man who should assert with confidence that the golden allurement of a Nobel prize would operate, on the whole, to increase the output of the most precious poetry. No one would willingly condemn a Burns to the dire poverty with which he struggled; but it is impossible to imagine him as writing "To a Mouse," or "Highland Mary," or "Of a' the airts," or "Tam o' Shanter," with a princely money prize either in his mind's eye or in his pocket.

## *TAKING RAILWAY MANAGERS FROM AMERICA.*

There are several points of view from which one might consider the commotion in the English business world, over the selection of an American railway expert as general manager of the Great Eastern Railway of England. Taken by itself, the appointment would scarcely have caused or justified the outburst of indignation in the newspaper and professional comment of London. Our own transportation enterprises have on recent occasions borrowed the services of English engineers, without causing a ripple of professional excitement.

The real basis for the indignant reception of the news in England was not the fact of the recourse to America, but the explanation of his action by the head of the English railway company, who coupled with his announcement the remark that he had been "compelled to go to America to find a man competent to fill the position," because of the "dearth of young and capable railway men in the English railway world." The retort of the London newspapers, that such a statement was a reflection on the methods of the English railway directorates, rather than on the quality of their working staffs, expressed a sentiment very natural, and not wholly illogical. The truth of the matter doubtless lies somewhere between this newspaper statement of the case and the cynical comment of Lord Claud Hamilton himself.

It is no secret that the English railway lines have lagged far behind the American industry in applying the newest principles of economy in operation. But the reason for this slower grappling with the problem lay in the urgent necessity which spurred the American lines to such lowering of the expense ratio, rather than in any necessary incapacity on the part of English managers. When Mr. James J. Hill, followed by the younger railway operators, first introduced, some fifteen or sixteen years ago, such new expedients as the heavier "train-load," the larger freight car, the longer freight train, the heavier rail, and the more powerful locomotives—all with the purpose of reducing the so-called "ton-mile cost"—our greatest railway systems were emerging from bankruptcy. With most of them, there was at the moment so little encouragement, in the outlook for largely expanded gross receipts, that reduced working expenses were a paramount necessity to get back into the field of dividends.

The English railways have at no time had that particular incentive. None of them has had the problem of serving new territory where traffic was yet to be developed. Dividends came with sufficient regularity, year after year; it is not, therefore, as surprising as it might seem, without allowing for this difference in English and American conditions, that the English railway managements should have been far slower than our own in introducing such methods and in creating trained staffs who were competent to apply them. The old methods seemed to the English managements to be justified in their results, throughout the period when the younger generation of American railway men were going through a practical school of education in the new problems of operation.

More recently, however, the question of rising fixed expenses, especially for labor, has become a serious consideration for the English companies. When, therefore, the Great Eastern Railway—which, we believe, has been the first of the great English systems to attempt the general introduction of these particular economies in operation—began thoroughly to canvass the field, it naturally discovered, first, that its own operating staff had been trained in the methods which were prevalent in American railway management two decades ago, and, secondly, that to obtain trained experts for the purpose, recourse to the American railway staffs would be judicious.

The outcome of such a process, if continued, cannot fail to be beneficial to the railway administration of both countries. As for the outcry against an

activity, international investment activities, or the course of international trade—even after the new currency system is inaugurated. The one sure outcome of that system is that our markets will not, as in 1906 or 1907, be driven to the recourse of prodigious import of gold from Europe's markets, whether to support a highly extended volume of trade activity, or to protect our business community against panic. If, for similar reasons, there were to be a somewhat larger average shipment to Europe, in our seasons of dull trade, from the ninety millions worth of gold produced every year from the mines of the United States, that would be no misfortune to any one.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

American Year Book. 1913. Appleton.
Amos, Hosea and Micah. The Bible for Home and School. Edited by J. M. P. Smith. Macmillan.
Backhouse, E., and Bland, J. O. P. Annals and Memoirs of the Court of Peking. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $4 net.
Ball, C. J. Chinese and Sumerian. Oxford University Press.
Bangs, John Kendrick. The Foothills of Parnassus. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Beaumont, Joseph, D.D. Minor Poems. Edited by Eloise Robinson. Houghton Mifflin.
Finot, Jean. The Science of Happiness. Putnam. $1.75 net.
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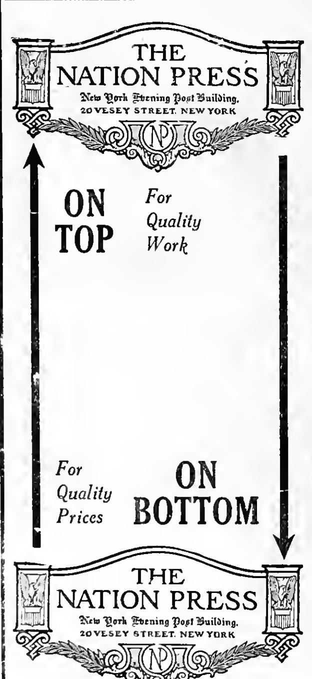


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LINCOLN

## "How I Wrote The Lincoln Poem"

By EDWIN MARKHAM

## The Truth About The Bixby Letter

By WM. E. BARTON (Famous Lincoln Biographer)

## Aviation from the Navy's Viewpoint

By Capt. W. S. PYE, U.S.N.

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

Because Mohammed forbade reproductions of human beings, animals or plants in picture or plastic form, these decorations are absent in all Moslem architecture.

A pronghorned antelope can erect a patch of hair on its back into a fluffy white ball, which, shining in the sun, warns other antelope of impending danger.

Ex-President Harding, speaking at Seattle July 27, 1923, a short time before he died, said, "Fur farming will become as permanent a source of wealth as cotton in the South or corn in the Mid-West."

Though a retrieving game dog is a development of modern times, a Doctor Caius wrote in the sixteenth century of dogs that brought back the "boults and arrows" that had missed the mark.

There were 22,766 accidents in Wisconsin last year, including that of a man who dislocated his toe by catching it in a bed sheet and that of 89 who bumped into doors or furniture.

The custom of wearing long thin shoes with pointed toes became so prevalent in the fifteenth century that Edward IV, in 1462, decreed that only an English lord should don footwear with points more than two inches long.

Johann Warcososky, a seventy-year-old great-grandfather, was fined the equivalent of 50 cents by a Vienna judge for beating his wife.

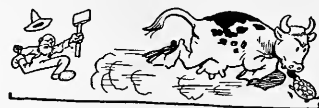
Retiring Grand Master Mitchell of the Masonic Lodge says that a man who doesn't vote becomes a man without a country.

Lady Purdue, a Purdue University hen hatched in 1916, laid her 1,341st egg on September 11, 1925.

George Bernard Shaw's popularity in Germany is so great that it has evoked a new brand of cigar, the G. B. S. It costs eight cents.

There are many shrines and little chapels along some Bavarian roads.

Arab geographers of the ninth century put south at the upper end of their maps.



A cow's tongue was bitten by a huge snapping turtle near Tuckahoe, New Jersey, recently. The turtle refused to release its hold until it had been killed.

An early instance of a strike occurred in England in 1679 when a company of framework knitters and makers of silk stockings agreed not to work for a month in order to keep up their prices.

Al Istakhri, writing in the tenth century, wrote, "The south end of the earth is the Sudan, which borders on no other country; its boundaries are the sea and the deserts."

Some weatherbeaten stone steps still remaining at the gateways of many old-fashioned country houses are relics of the roadless colonial era when the saddle horse was used by both sexes.

A sanctuary to Jupiter crowned nearly all of the Seven Hills of Rome.

Briar root for pipes has become so popular in this country that France is reaping a rich harvest from its exportation. In 1924 its value was 80,000,000 francs.

An American woman, without even a native gun bearer, went alone through the heart of Africa. She was sent by the Brooklyn museum on a social mission which proved highly successful and everywhere she went she received the confidence of the people.

Holland farmers and farmerettes row out to the cow pastures in canal boats at milking time.

A hybrid cross between a leopard and a jaguar in the zoo at Madison, Wisconsin, is larger than either of its parents.

Because French miners brought from the wine districts of the South to the mines in Normandy could not accustom themselves to cider they returned home.

In A. D. 1000 the Norsemen established a republic in Greenland. The remains of their churches are to be seen today. This colony was the first to be established by white people anywhere in the Western Hemisphere.

While some scientists say plants can feel, others say they have brain power, in spite of the fact that no nervous system has been found in them.

Four lions that escaped from circus wagons and mingled with the crowd threw the populace of Jarnac, France, into a panic.

New Zealand farmers have golf courses in their sheep pastures and tennis courts on their lawns; furthermore, they take time to play.

There are 1,400 species of mosquitoes. Those that bite us are females. The males are vegetarian. A mosquito lays from 50 to 200 eggs at a time.

The largest lighthouse lens in the world is in Hawaii. It is nine feet in diameter.

The Louvre has the finest Egyptian collection in the world.

The first accounting was done by cutting notches in a stick. Then came two sticks called "tally," for both creditor and debtor. When the day of settlement came both sticks had to have the same number of notches. Tellers in banks were first known as tally officers.

Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, rejected a king and married a Roman citizen.

Cato was a prohibitionist. He drank nothing but water.

Certain plants under the action of ultra-violet ray will grow faster than in the sun.

February 6
1 9 2 6

Volume 26
Number 16

# The Essence of This Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page this week com-
ients on Longfellow's line—"Learn
o labor and to wait."

Just as we sat down to write
hese notes there came, from Wy-
ming, this letter, written in beauti-
ul script:

"Dear Sir: Would you be good
nough and prepare an extra fine
pirited patriotic issue of THE DEAR-
ORN INDEPENDENT for Lincoln's
Birthday. I will order a subscription
o Miss B—— P——, as a token
f my gratitude toward her, for
er teaching me how to become a
ood American citizen. I have got
ıy citizen papers on January fourth,
926.

"Miss P—— is teacher in natur-
lization and deserves to be highly
raised by all the nations on earth
or her kind words which she has for
ll applicants for citizenship;
vhether they are from England, or
'rance, or Belgium, or Italy, or
'oland, or Russia, or Germany, etc.

"Miss P—— likes to encourage
er pupils to learn by heart the
ettysburg Address of Abraham
incoln and when then one of her
upils is able to recite it, her eyes
lare like stars and she says: 'You
ee, he has said, "the world will
ttle note, nor long remember,
vhat we say here," but his words are not
orgotten, and will never be forgotten.'"

It was rather late notice, but fortunately
he Lincoln issue was all ready when the
etter came. Indeed, the letter came just
n the nick of time to get into it. We are
leased to include this new American with
he old Americans who are represented
n this number.

You will find here this week much ma-
erial of original authority, based on recent
esearch work. It will undoubtedly be filed
way in many homes and publication
ffices and libraries as a valuable addition
o Lincolniana.

Did Lincoln ever write that letter to
Mrs. Bixby? Yes—although no one knows
vhere it is. Facts recently found by William
E. Barton, noted Lincoln biographer,
rove that Lincoln was misinformed when
e wrote the missive; only two of Mrs.
Bixby's sons were killed in battle, not five.
The original letter, once believed to be at
Oxford, was never there. (p. 6)

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nized as probably the greatest poem ever
written about the Emancipator. In his
own inimitable style, Mr. Markham tells
how the poem was conceived, and he inter-
prets some of the more striking lines for
us. (p. 3)

Lincoln's dreams—weird, fantastic and
portentous. They came to him, he said,
before every important event. Some be-
lieve that he knew death was near those
last few days at Washington. As F. L.
Black tells the story, it is hard to feel that
Lincoln was without some sense of
his impending fate. (p. 8)

He slept with Lincoln 67 years
ago, did Lucien S. Hanks, then a
youth of twenty-one. Lincoln was
restless and young Hanks didn't
get much sleep until finally in the
middle of the night he slipped
away to a sofa in another room.
(p. 23)

How did Lincoln really look?
The contrast between two life
masks, one made before he was
President and the other after four
years in office, is a tragedy in itself.
(p. 16)

The "Youth Movement" in
America, such as it is, is choked
by its own loquacity. The Rev.
William E. Stidger, trained and
impartial observer, went to the
Evanston meeting in really hopeful
mood—but see how he came away!
It's an amusing story. (p. 5)

"Burned Spuds," is the title of
an article published in *The Country
Gentleman* for February, portions
of which are here reprinted. The
article is by S. G. Rubinow, aide
to Aaron Sapiro in the organization
of exchanges in Maine and Minne-
sota which collapsed after a short life. (p. 14)

Read the first of a series on aviation by
Captain W. S. Pye of the United States
Navy. It is with the hope of informing our
readers on the true status of the Nation's
air defenses that we are printing the series.
Captain Pye served during the war as Fleet
Tactical Officer on the Staff of the Com-
mander in Chief of the Fleet, and is at
present a member of the joint Army and
Navy Aëronautical Board. He is also a
Gold Medalist of the United States Naval
Institute. (p. 12)

"The Longest Paved Highway in the
World," in the issue of January 2, was read
with interest by thousands. Our good
readers out in Oregon were disappointed to
behold Mt. Rainier pointed out in a caption
as Mt. Hood, and we hasten to state that
Mt. Hood belongs to Oregon and that it is
one of the most beautiful sights to be seen
along the "longest paved highway."

### OUR COVER

*The Lincoln bronze in the public square at Hodgensville, Kentucky, where Lincoln was born. This memorial is the only thing that lifts the horizon of the sleepy little village, which reminds one of the phrase, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?"*

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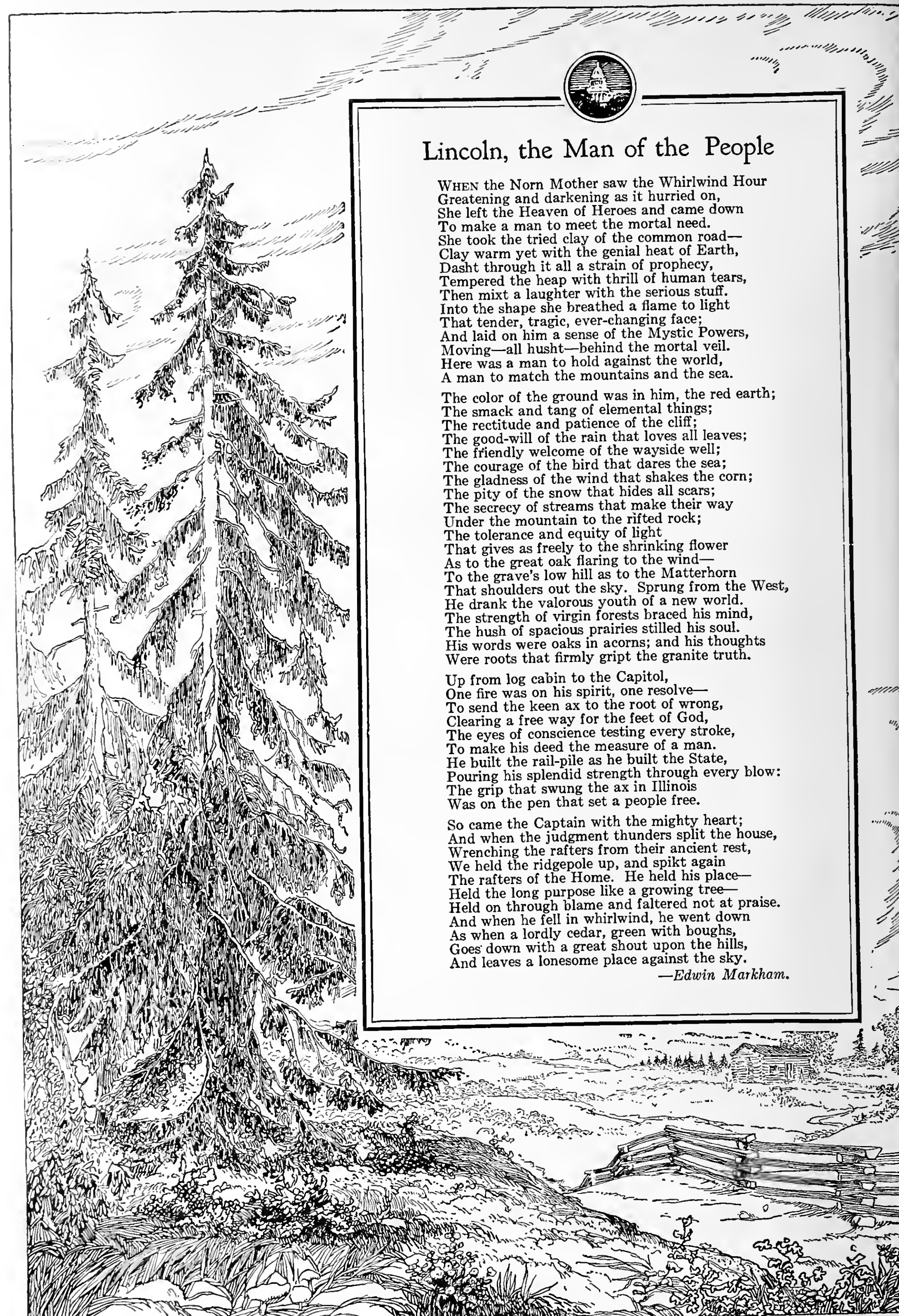


## Lincoln, the Man of the People

When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dasht through it all a strain of prophecy,
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears,
Then mixt a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;
And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,
Moving—all husht—behind the mortal veil.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things;
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Under the mountain to the rifted rock;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the West,
He drank the valorous youth of a new world.
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts
Were roots that firmly gript the granite truth.

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow:
The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
We held the ridgepole up, and spikt again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

*—Edwin Markham.*

# HOW I WROTE "LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE"

*By the Author,* EDWIN MARKHAM

He built the rail-pile as he built the State

Edwin Markham

I AM frequently asked to give an account of the genesis of my three or four best-known poems. This is ıt an unreasonable request. ıd now THE DEARBORN INDE-ɪNDENT is telling me that the ɒry of the Lincoln poem will iterest the American people. I am giving it to THE DEAR-ʀRN INDEPENDENT, and this ɪper in turn will give it to the fır winds of the world.

In 1900, I had left California ɛd was making my home in New ʾork City. "The Man ʾith the Hoe" was sunding over the pnet.

I shall never forget te club committee that ɛtorted from me a ɪomise to write the ɪem—nor ever forget te days and nights sent in the passion of eation—nor ever for-gt that last night when te whole poem flashed ıon me like a sudden ɪvelation. It was a ɪght of exaltation and ɪmility; for in the eep hours of that ɪght I seemed to be tiched by some rush-iɪ wing from the In-ɪible.

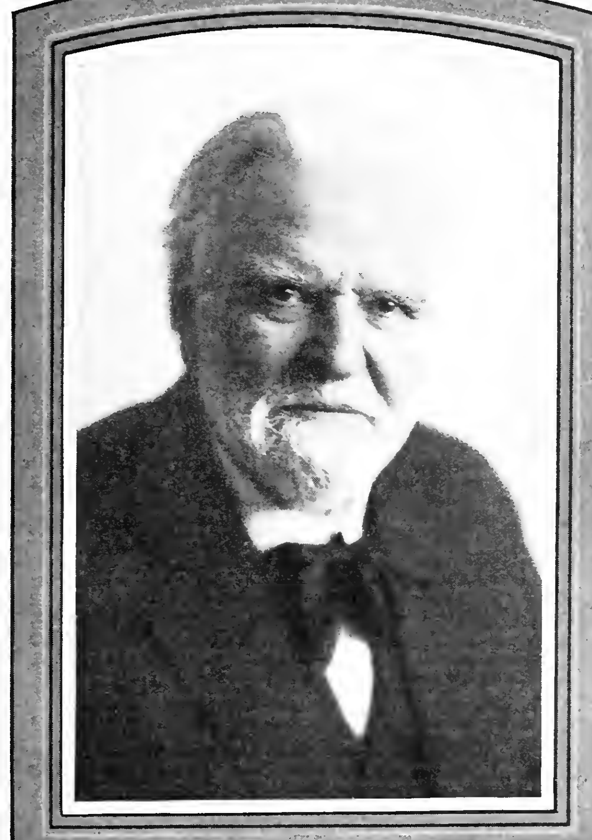
But what was my ɪeparation for the ɪsk?

Why did I turn ıth passionate interest ı the writing of the ɪem?

Many times in my ɛreer I have been en-ɛated—with the prom-ı of a fat purse—to ɪite poems heroizing ɪs or that public char-ɪter.

But I have usu-ɪy declined "the hon-," because I have fre-ɪently felt these per-ɪns to be lacking in ɪid virtue, lacking in e unselfish support of great causes, ɛking in the fine sympathies of ɪmanity—so lacking that they did ɪt stir my imagination, did not excite my pen. Frequently they were mere time-servers, if not plain rogues.

An appeal to me to heroize a certain man who had risen to success without conscience is the basis of my versified satire just completed, a poem which I call "The Profiteer, a Rollicking Rime of This Towering Time." I am hoping that it will some day step forth into the glory of print.



It was altogether different at the sound of the name of Abraham Lincoln. At that sound, my heart leaped up, eager to pay homage to a man truly great. I was all afire with the idea.

Poetry is the daughter of God; and she rises into her high moments only when she is stirred by the heroic virtues of men—their unselfish devotions, their noble ambitions, their lofty achievements. In her high moments, she comes keeping step with the music of humanity.

Why was Lincoln truly great? Not because he sat once in the presidential chair. The matter of importance is not the place a man fills, but how he fills it—not even the achievement of his life, but the spirit of his life.

A man in public life—if he looks on his office as a mere instrument to give him power and glory—is only an empty shell. But if he keeps his petty ego suppressed and looks on his office as a fortunate instrument to enable him to serve the people, to establish justice, to increase good will, then his office becomes an altar of righteousness, a hiding-place of the Almighty.

Lincoln belonged to this higher order of men. I was thinking of him, as well as of Cromwell, when I wrote these lines in my poem, "The Need of the Hour":

"What do we need to keep the nation whole,
To guard the pillars of the State? We need

The fine audacities of honest deed;
The homely old integrities of soul;
The swift temerities that take the part
Of outcast right—the wisdom of the heart.
We need the Cromwell fire to make us feel
The common burden and the public trust
To be a thing as sacred and august
As the white vigil where the angels kneel.
We need the faith to go a path untrod,
The power to be alone and vote with God."

In 1847, five years before my birth, my tall, broad-shouldered father was the captain of a train of covered wagons that journeyed toward Oregon and the sundown seas, creeping out of the Abe Lincoln country, out of the awakening Middle West. Yes, even in that early day, my adventurous folk joined in the great historic march of the home-seekers, a march that rose to a new tide with the news of the wonders in the Far West, a march that was to end only on the ultimate shores of the continent.

Five years after I had left my own dug-out log cradle in our cabin in Oregon City, within sound of the white wind-blown falls of the Willamette—even in that early time, Lincoln's name began to be a household word in our pioneer circles.

My people—always nonconformists and "come-outers"—were abolitionists of course. So they followed with hot partisanship the famous Lincoln and Douglas debates in the late fifties, debates on the problem of extending slavery into the free states. A little later—having moved to California as a child—I frequently heard the heated shibboleths of the time and caught the spirit of the national struggle.

There was one word that swallowed up all other words—"copperhead." To be called a copperhead, a southern sympathizer, in those days, was to be ostracized, scorned, cast out, spat upon.

I remember also how breathlessly my courageous mother watched the eloquent Starr King swing California for the Union.

In 1861 and after—even in our hill-girdled cattle range in Central California—I was old enough to hear the immense reverberation of the Civil War; and always the name of Lincoln sounded through that battle thunder as the deep hope-sustaining note of it all.

When the terrible brother-battles were over and I was old enough to read history, I began to be familiar with young Lincoln's early struggles and triumphs. I saw in his early fortunes a counterpart of my own. Back of him I saw hardy pioneer ancestors, all similar to my own, as pictured by my mother in friendly fireside talks. They were woodsmen and raftsmen and surveyors and trail-makers. And I saw young Lincoln in the wilderness, helping to build log cabins, helping to cultivate the hard, resisting soil, helping to hew down the ancient forests.

> Here is the crashing climax of Edwin Markham's Lincoln poem:
>
> "And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
> As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
> Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
> And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."
>
> This has been called "the most impressive climax in English poetry." It is sometimes said that the only other climaxes of the same order are found in Poe's "Raven" and in Bryant's "Thanatopsis."
>
> In 1922, when the Congressional Committee, headed by Chief Justice Taft, were looking for a Lincoln poem to be read at the dedication of the Memorial Temple to Lincoln erected by the Government in Washington, D. C., they unanimously chose Edwin Markham's poem as the one most powerful among the two hundred and fifty Lincoln poems now in existence. President Harding delivered the address: Edwin Markham read the poem. There were one hundred thousand listeners on the ground, and three million over the radio.
>
> The poem has called out the highest encomiums. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton University, said recently: "Edwin Markham's 'Lincoln' is the greatest poem ever written on the immortal martyr, and the greatest that ever will be written." *The Book News Monthly* proclaimed this opinion: "Edwin Markham undoubtedly stands first among contemporary poets; and his 'Lincoln' and his 'Man With the Hoe' will survive the rack and ruin of time."
>
> These are a few of a thousand tributes; and as they are so remarkable and from authorities so high, we decided that our readers would be glad to have some of the details connected with the original writing of the Lincoln poem. Hence we prevailed on Edwin Markham to tell the story.

Soon I saw him as the tall, stalwart young rail-splitter, saw him in that rude cabin on the Sangamon in wild Illinois—in that cabin with its clay floor, its log walls sealed with mud, its one window-hole covered with an apron, its huge fireplace with its flickering blaze of hickory logs. And I could see young Abe sprawled out before the flaming chimney, pouring over his borrowed book or else ciphering on the smooth blade of his shovel.

At a later period, I saw him as lawyer, as politician, as President, always with his rugged yet glowing spirit, always lighted with humor, always sensitive to justice, always pleading for human rights, always vibrant with tender mercy, a noble compassion.

And now, in our own day, nearly seventy years after, Lincoln stands forth as the all-round man in our history, as the supreme man of the Republic.

And yet this immense personality had in him startling contrasts of experience. He won his path to place and power; and yet he lost precious and priceless things on the way—lost his wonder mother, Nancy Hanks, and his wonder sweetheart, Ann Rutledge.

There were in him also startling contrasts of character. He had moments of great jovialities, Olympian laughters—had moments also of gigantic glooms, Tartarian melancholies. In this regard, he was kindred to the great sons of genius, the great masters of literary expression—kindred to Shakespeare whose dramas sparkle with humor and yet also breathe forth the still sad music of humanity—kindred to Carlyle, whose prophetic pages shake with Rabelaisian laughters and also thunder with the prophecies of utter ruin for the world trampled by the blind hoofs of Mammon.

Lincoln never lost hold upon the practical: he saw that common sense is the highest of all revelations. Yet he joined the men—scattered over the ages—the men who carry an unworldly ideal, the men who have hearts of great compassion, the men who are eager to extend social justice, the men who are willing to suffer for a great cause, the men who are willing to take unprofitable risks for unpopular truths. They are the souls who are in touch with the Higher Power, with the One who watches.

These are the men who create in your breast the high poetic emotion. Hence at the name of Lincoln, my heart leaped singing; and for no recompense, only for my love of this lofty soul, only for the joy of the doing, I promised the poem and plunged with passion into the task.

The call came at the end of 1899, at the end of the nineteenth century. Four grave and reverend seniors, from a rich exclusive New York City club knocked at my door in Brooklyn, my first home in the crowded East.

I was told that their select company were about to have a Babylonian banquet at Delmonico's to celebrate the first Lincoln birthday anniversary in the twentieth century. The rail-splitter whose early rations (Continued on page 2

# Has America a Youth Movement?

## Or Is It Merely the Meanderings of a Contingent of Cane-Carrying Crusaders?

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

IS THERE a Youth Movement in America? Answer: There is not!

I interviewed a dozen of ie keenest editorial and ministerial inds in the press group and the minis- rial group at the Evanston Confer- ice, and unanimously these men greed that there is no actual Youth lovement in the United States.

Stanley High has stated the case r a Youth Movement in Europe, but would be hard put to it to convince iybody that there is a Youth Move- ent in America.

Each year since the war the so- illed Youth Movement of America is been diminishing in spirit and size.

*Made Up Largely of Cane- arrying Crusaders*

At Louisville the Easter meeting was a tumultuous gath- ering, with most of the tumult over the otests of ex-soldiers against war.

The Indianapolis Conference was ilder than the Louisville Conference, id the Evanston Conference was not turbulent as the average meeting of Ladies' Aid Society.

It was made up largely of Cane arrying Crusaders, and not once did e flaming sword of righteous indigna- on over anything seem to be lifted.

About a thousand students were esent and registered, with about ree hundred registered non-combat- its in the galleries. These non- mbatants were largely made up of eachers, teachers, and the curious 10 like to travel during the holidays any spot where something may be ing on.

We non-combatants went with the ea that there would be something ing on; that great international iestions would be discussed with some mmerings of intelligence; that racial iestions would be faced frankly and ndled with ungloved hands; that cial questions would be met with itellectual honesty and sincerity; that mily skeletons would be trotted it and dusted off in this annual thering of the clan.

*What the Negro Girl Said They Wanted*

And, mention- ing Klan—up to Tuesday evening it had not even been whispered. There is not as much frankness in the dis- ssion of this queston as one may find the average annual church con- ence.

About the sanest thing that was d—and the frankest—was said by Negro girl in these words: **"We don't k you white people for social uality. We don't even ask you help us up. All we ask is that u will get out of our way and let us help ourselves up!"**

In fact the conference could well be classed as a Conference for the Con- servation of Conservatism. The youth of our denominational colleges are suffering from three things, according to an innocent bystander who happens to be one of the most brilliant minds in America: "With ignorance of inter- national affairs; with a lack of disci- pline; and with a conservatism that would be a shame to their elders."

Compared with either the Louis- ville or the Indianapolis meeting, this conference was mild and gentle. It would have stood unhitched. It might honestly have been called a "Horse and Wagon" Conference.

There was more talk about a young University of Michigan teacher who went on a hunger strike than there was about the World Court. I heard ru- mors all day Tuesday and Wednesday of this chap's devotion. He had the executive committee worried. One of the prime movers of the conference confessed to me that he hadn't slept one night for thinking about that Martyr who was on a hunger strike. He got me curiously interested in this heroic chap. I pictured to myself a pale, anemic, Lincoln-like fellow, de- voted to an ideal.

*Strange Reason for Going on a Hunger Strike*

I sought him out and found him to be a little round- bellied, tempera- mental boy born in Czecho-Slovakia, who looked like Humpty Dumpty— as fat as a cream puff, with enough superfluous fatty tissue to hibernate all winter. That chap could have gone on a hunger strike for weeks and never have known it. He had enough food stored up to last indefinitely.

When I asked him why he was going on his hunger strike and why he was burdening this harrassed executive committee and making them stay awake nights when world affairs de- manded their immediate attention and unceasing devotion, he said: "They won't let me make a speech!"

"Are you a student?" I asked him.

"No! I'm a teacher of engineering in the University of Michigan."

"Then you have no right to make a speech, for you are not a member of this conference."

"But when the committee sent out their invitations they said that any- body could make speeches, and I want to make a speech! I've just got to make a speech! I'll starve myself to death if they don't let me make my speech!"

Then the tears came into his eyes. That boy certainly did want to make a speech. He was willing to starve in order to get a chance to make a speech.

So far as I have been able to dis- cover, he did not make his speech and he did not starve. But there was more gossip in the lobbies, and more talk in the executive committee over this lad's hunger strike than there was over the question of capital and labor.

I even went so far as to take this boy to lunch, but he steadfastly refused to eat. He was in earnest about that desire to make a speech.

He was a symbol of the whole con- ference.

*The Four Whose Speech-Making Was Barred*

Nearly everybody there had come with that same desire to make a speech. And— most of them made one. A few who were denied this privilege—about four out of the thousand delegates—ex- pressed themselves in the lobbies. What they said was not highly compli- mentary to the committee that had charge of the speech-making, nor to those who actually made the speeches. In fact, I gathered from those devo- tional sessions in the lobbies that all the real speakers had been eliminated by the committee on oratory. These outcast orators, these eliminated elocu- tionists admitted to me and other curi- ous onlookers that much priceless elo- quence was being overlooked.

The only reason why more of them didn't go on hunger strikes was be- cause my friend from Czecho-Slovakia thought of it first and it had lost its originality.

About the only persons who didn't make speeches at that conference were myself, the men who really sat behind the scenes to manipulate the lights and the smoke screens, and the janitor. And even the janitor broke over one afternoon when the session lasted until long past his mealtime, but his speech would not be fit to print in this pious paper.

The most momentous question set- tled at the conference was the decision of one speaker, shouting with a grand gesture of eloquence and a ring of re- nunciation: "Let's not scrap the Church!"

I felt greatly relieved at this. I looked in the newspapers the next day to see if the report-

*Youth Makes a Momentous Decision*

ers had caught its full significance. I expected to see a big black headline across the front pages of the newspapers of the world: "YOUTH DECIDES NOT TO SCRAP THE CHURCH!" But they were not there! The speaker's magnanimous oratory, however, seemed to meet the unanimous approval of the students. I trembled (Concluded on page 31)

# The Truth About the Bixby Lette

## Dr. Barton Believes Lincoln Actually Wrote to Mrs. Bixby, But Thinks That Any Existing Copies Are Forgeries

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

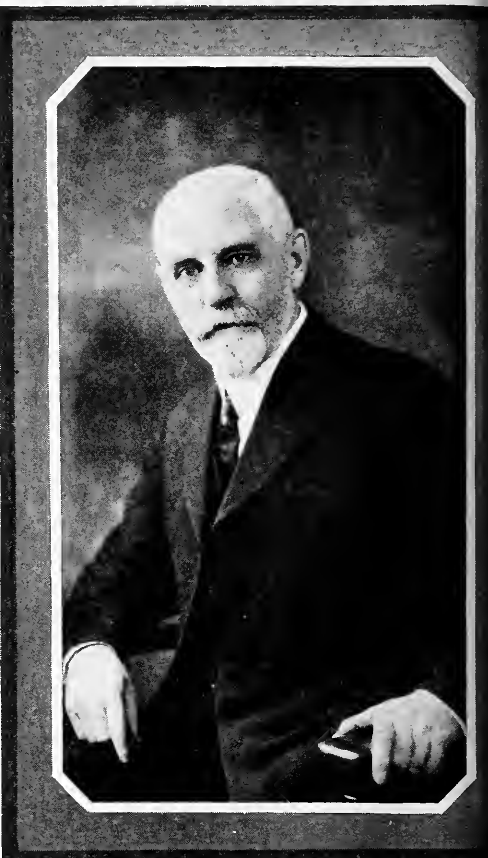
THE letter of President Abraham Lincoln to Mrs. Lydia Bixby, of Boston, extending to her his own and the nation's sympathy in the loss of her five sons given in defense of the Union cause, stands alone in the history of the English language. When President Woodrow Wilson had occasion to write a letter of sympathy to the mothers of the American marines who were killed in the Vera Cruz affair, he conferred with Honorable Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, and both felt unequal to the occasion. By agreement Secretary Daniels, acting with consent and in the name of the President, sent to each of these mothers a copy of Lincoln's letter. Woodrow Wilson was no mean master of the English tongue, and had a just estimate of his own ability to say what needed to be said and say it well. But he confessed his own inadequacy in the presence of Lincoln's letter to Mrs. Bixby.

The question has recently been raised whether President Lincoln really wrote the letter, or whether it was a forgery. Several reasons are given for the doubt.

First, the original cannot be found. It was said to be in the collection of J. Pierpont Morgan, but it is not there. Several persons have claimed to own it, but on examination their copies prove to have been mechanical reproductions. It is affirmed in many quarters that the original is framed at Oxford University in England, either in the Bodleian Library or in Brasenose or Baliol College, but it is not there. Oxford wishes that it were there, and would give much to own it, but the university authorities are compelled to tell American tourists that they have never seen it. F. Lauriston Bullard, of the Boston *Herald*, was recently in Oxford, and his discovery that the Bixby letter was not where he had expected to find it has raised the question of its whereabouts. No answer has come to this inquiry. Lincoln's letter to general Joseph Hooker recently sold at auction for more than $10,000. It would be worth $25,000, probably, to any one who could find the Bixby letter in an attic trunk and who would be willing to part with it. But it cannot be found. Furthermore, the facsimiles vary slightly from each other, and it is doubtful whether they could have been made from the same original.

I am asked to answer the questions raised in this matter, and I am glad to be able to do so.

The text of the Lincoln letter to Mrs. Bixby is genuine. It is supported by a considerable amount of documentary evidence. It was written by request of Governor John A. Andrew, of Massachusetts, on a recommendation of Adjutant General William Schouler. I have examined all the correspondence in this case, and have photostat copies which are before me as I write. Lincoln wrote the letter and the text was published in the Boston newspapers within a week after it was written.



William E. Barton, well-known authority on Lincolniana

I am sorry to say, however, that I am not convinced of the genuineness of any of the reproductions. I have increasing doubt whether any of them are genuine. The story of possible forgery here is an involved one, and my own first judgments have undergone marked change as the result of this investigation. Frankly, I doubt not only the present existence of the Bixby letter, but question seriously whether any of the pretended facsimile reproductions were made from a genuine original. I think them a forgery made for commercial purposes.

But the text of the letter is genuine. Lincoln actually wrote it.

The question does not end there. When I first looked into this matter a good many years ago, I made a rather shocking discovery. So far as I know, my *Life of Lincoln* is the only book that tells the truth about this letter, and in that the story is condens

Mrs. Bixby did not lose five s in the Union Army. Lincoln was m informed. If he had known the tr he would not have written the lett

The information which Adjut General Schouler furnished to Gover Andrew, and which Governor Andr passed on to the War Department w the request that Lincoln write the let to Mrs. Bixby, gave the following the list of her sons, with their re ments and the dates of their death:

"1. Sergeant Charles N. Bix Company D, 20th Regiment Mas chusetts Infantry, mustered in, July 1862; killed at Fredericksburg, May 1863.

"2. Corporal Henry C. Bixby, Co pany K, 32nd Regiment, mustered August 5, 1862; killed at Gettysbu July 2, 1863.

"3. Private Edward Bixby, recr for 22nd Massachusetts Volunte 'He ran away from home, and mustered in the field. He died of wou at Folly Island, South Carolina.'

"4. Private Oliver C. Bixby, ]mpany E, 58th Massa-usetts Volunteers, mustered March 4, 1864; killed before tersburg, July 30, 1864.

"5. Private George Way kby, Company C, 56th assachusetts Volunteers, istered in, March 19, 1864; led before Petersburg, July 1864."

This is the information on basis of which President icoln acted.

Here are the facts:

Cromwell and Lydia Bixby re married at Hopkinton, issachusetts, September 26, 26. She was twenty-five irs of age, having been born 1801. They had six sons and ee daughters. There is a e possibility that there was eventh son, but I think John Bixby second cousin and not a brother. e children, in the order of their ages, ginning in 1827, were Susan, Oliver omwell, Henry Cromwell, Caroline George Way, Charles N., Edward, na L., and Andrew Parker. The last, n in 1849, was named for his ma-nal grandfather.

Cromwell Bixby died December 1854, and is buried at Hopkinton. Mrs. Bixby drifted into Boston, bably with two of her sons, who nt there for employment. They were emakers, working for wages in the ploy of a shoemaking ablishment. Charles l Edward followed s calling; Oliver was a emaker, but some-es called himself a chanic. Henry, too, de shoes, and so did orge. Oliver and orge were married, orge apparently not y happily. Oliver left least two sons and a ghter and has grand-ldren and great-grand-ldren living near Wolf-o, New Hampshire, ere their mother died 1914.

Mrs. Bixby never ned a home in Boston drifted from one ging house to another. nd her in a new place lost every year and ome years she changed re than once. All of homes given in the ectory were in humble ghborhoods. Now and n she lived with her ghter Susan in Provi-ce.

Bearing on the ques-n of Mrs. Bixby's verac-, which, unfortunate-we are under neces-of raising, it must be orded that a few days

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The Lincoln Letter to Mrs. Bixby, of Boston.

DEAR MADAM: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

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after September 17, 1862, Mrs. Bixby called at the office of the Adjutant General with a pitiful story. She said her son had been wounded in the Battle of Antietam, fought on that date, and was in a hospital either in Baltimore or Washington. She had no money to go to him. Adjutant General Schouler related this story, verbally it would seem, to Governor Andrew, and the governor, a most kind-hearted man, drew his check for forty dollars. So far as the record goes, she did not name the son. Of all her sons, only Charles N. was in the battle at Antietam, and neither the casualty reports of the battle nor the monthly reports of his regiment, the 20th, indicate that he was wounded. The 32nd, to which Henry belonged, was at Antietam, but was not in the fight and suffered no reported casualties.

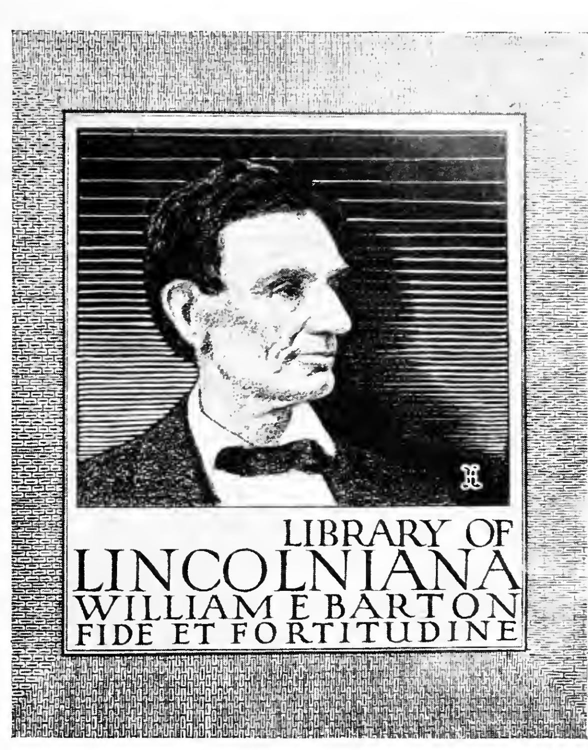
It may further be mentioned that when Mrs. Bixby first got her name in the Boston newspapers, she was receiving assistance "from the Churches and Christian women of Boston."

She may have believed that one of her sons was wounded. It is not certain that she intended to deceive. But I am afraid she did not return the governor's forty dollars.

In that year, 1864, Massachusetts was making a special effort to send a New England Thanksgiving dinner to every Massachusetts soldier. General Schouler wrote a letter for the Boston *Transcript* saying that, while this was well, the good people of Boston ought not to forget that there were families in Boston whose fathers or brothers or sons were in the army, and who were as much in need of Thanksgiving dinners as were the soldiers themselves. He spoke of one woman who had lost five sons, and hoped that she would receive not only a dinner but some coal.

On Thanksgiving morning he visited Mrs. Bixby in person, taking with him not only the dinner, and the order for coal, but a considerable sum in cash which had come in response to his appeal. How much money he had received we do not know, but the *Transcript*, following the matter up, reported that already Mrs. Bixby had been receiving assistance "from the Churches and Christian ladies of Boston." He took her a substantial sum in addition.

But he carried something else to her. It was a letter from the President of the United States, dated November 21, which was Monday, and which reached Schouler on Wednesday. Apparently he took time to copy it for the newspapers, for it appeared in the Boston *Transcript* on Friday afternoon, in the *Advertiser* and perhaps other papers next morning. In the December issue of the *Army and Navy Journal*, which was printed about the (Concluded on page 22)




Dr. Barton's Lincoln bookplate.

# Lincoln's Premonitions of Death

Wood block of Abraham Lincoln's face cut by Paul Honore, based on Volk's original life mask.

## Warned of Assassination, Lincoln Dreamed of It

By F. L. BLACK

DID President Lincoln, in the weeks preceding April 14, 1865, have premonitions that his ship of destiny was about to set sail for unknown seas? One of his friends[1] states that from early youth, Mr. Lincoln had a presentiment that he would die a violent death, or, rather, that his final days would be marked by some great tragic event. Lincoln was a mystic, and was warned by so many to guard against assassination that it was often in his mind, which may explain his sometimes dreaming of it.

In many ways he was also a fatalist and refused consciously to worry about the time or manner of his death, yet the deep impression made on his subconscious mind by reading in his mail and hearing from friends almost daily that his assassination or abduction was being plotted had its effect, and when the gates of subconsciousness had been opened by sleep, out rushed these foreboding dreams. While neither Mr. Lincoln nor Mrs. Lincoln believed in dreams, they were both much impressed and haunted by some of the President's.[2] "It seems strange how much there is in the Bible about dreams," Mr. Lincoln was once heard to remark.

Just after his election in 1860, according to a story he told his secretary, John Hay, he was "tired out" with the excitement created by receiving the election returns and went home to rest, throwing himself upon a lounge in his room.

"Opposite to where I lay," said the President, "was a bureau with a swinging glass upon it; and, in looking in that glass, I saw myself reflected nearly at full length; but my face, I noticed, had two separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one being about three inches from the tip of the other. I was a little bothered, perhaps startled, and got up and looked in the glass; but the illusion vanished. On lying down again, I saw it a second time, plainer, if possible, than before; and then I noticed that one of the faces was a little paler—say five shades—than the other. I got up, and the thing melted away; and I went off, and in the excitement of the hour forgot all about it—nearly, but not quite, for the thing would once in a while come up, and give me a little pang, as though something uncomfortable had happened.

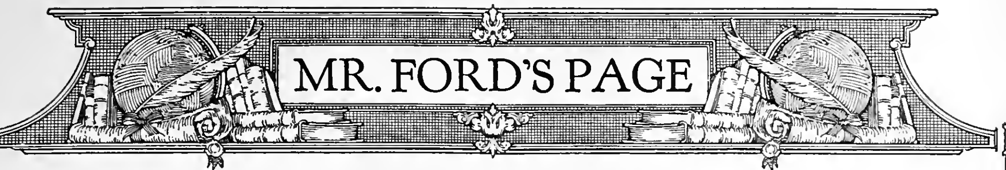
"When I went home, I told my wife about it: and a few days after I tried the experiment again, when, sure enough, the thing came back again; but I never succeeded in bringing the ghost back after that, though I once tried very industriously to show it to my wife, who was worried about it somewhat. She thought it was 'a sign' that I was to be elected to a second term of office, and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that I should not see life through the last term."[3]

The White House has always been a magnet for crank reformers and paranoiacs of all types, and it is doubtful that there has ever been a President whose assassination was not threatened or attempted by some insane person. Mr. Lincoln had lived face to face with possible assassination since his first entrance into Washington as head of the nation, for soon after his election, threats were made that he would never be permitted to take the oath of office[4] and on his way to Washington in February, 1861, for his first inauguration, he and his friends were warned at Philadelphia by Allan Pinkerton, then head of the secret service, that there was a plot to assassinate the President-elect when he reached Baltimore.

The leader in the assassination conspiracy was an Italian fanatic, Fernandino, formerly a barber at Barnum's Hotel, Baltimore, who advocated the assassination of Lincoln to prevent abolition and had gathered around him a circle of secessionist enthusiasts. The plot was discovered by secret service agents, who reported that Fernandino was willing to take any chances to kill Mr. Lincoln and had extravagantly stated, "I am destined to die, shrouded with glory, I shall immortalize myself by plunging a knife into Lincoln's heart." The deed was to be committed at the Calvert street railway station in Baltimore as Mr. Lincoln passed through.

Mr. Lincoln was told about the plot and induced secretly to change his plans so as to travel incognito through Baltimore in the middle of the night and on a different train than he originally intended. (Allan Pinkerton denies [p. 102] the truth of a story that has gained much currency that Mr. Lincoln was disguised in a Scotch cap and plaid.) The conspirators, warned by the news of the President's (Continued on page 28)

[1] Alex K. McClure, *Yarns*, p. 497.
[2] "Rec.," Lamon, pp. 115, 117.
[3] *The Life of Abraham Lincoln From His Birth to His Inauguration as President*, by Ward H. Lamon, James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, 1872, pp. 476-7.
[4] *The Spy of the Rebellion*, Pinkerton, p. 45.




PEOPLE used to talk a great deal about the means by which success may be earned; the emphasis now is on the fruits of success. Once a young man was willing to serve his apprenticeship at discipline and build up a capacity for usefulness; now the temptation is to think first of the pay. That is, where formerly the initial interest was in the individual's investment of energy, experience and industry, now it is in the dividends.

Longfellow's *"learn to labor and to wait"* seems slow to this generation. Still, there have been no substitutes found for learning, laboring and waiting. Knowledge, industry and the ripening of experience and judgment are still the inevitable elements of success. Where they exist, there *is* success.

Learn. Labor. Wait. The man who *knows* will always find more opportunity than the man who does not know. The man who *knows how* will always have a wider way than the man who has to be *told how*. The man who knows *why* will always be a peg above the man who only knows *how*. There is always something to know, whatever the job may be, always more to learn, for that is the way progress is made.

A small group of men were given work with which they were not familiar, and a man who *knows how and why* was put with them to give them all he knew. Did the group welcome this? Only a minority of them. The minority figured that this instruction was making them worth more and was costing them only the effort to learn; they were being enabled to increase their investment in themselves by a little attention. But the others felt that they were being somehow imposed on. They were paid to work not to learn, they said! And these are the men who most frequently look for "raises"!

It simply illustrates the low view men take of themselves. They want their pay to be "raised" but they do not want to elevate their inherent worth. If anyone told them that they were mere draft animals and not minds, they would be insulted; yet by refusing to conduct themselves as minds they simply emphasized their likeness to draft animals.

Not long ago a man went to speak to the younger students at a trade school which was provided by the industry concerned. The school was designed to permit men to rise from the degree of laborer to that of mechanic by teaching them what otherwise they could only learn at cost of time and school fees. He asked one young fellow a question and the lad replied, "Oh, the company does this just to get more out of us." "But," said the man, "when you leave they don't take away from you what they have taught you, do they?"

Under the sway of that peculiar form of unprogressive philosophy which seeks to keep back the workers of the country, this lad failed to see that it was himself who was receiving most.

It is rather sad to see men victimized by this curious method of self-depreciation. Yet that is the stock-in-trade of most of the "labor" doctrine which is being preached today.

*LEARNING, laboring and waiting are the ingredients of achievement. It is strange how reluctant men are to learn in connection with work. Yet it is only thus that work is made to yield its best and imperishable wage. Physical support is the immediate wage of work; mental and moral increase is the preferred profit; while what we call success is the increased capital by which life gains wider opportunity for usefulness. Waiting may better be named the period during which the causes which men set in motion are carried to completion by invisible forces. It is a period to be filled by more labor that continuous completions may fill the future years.*

Learn. Labor. Wait. This combination cannot be beaten because it is rooted in natural law.

Labor is compulsory. All of us must do it. The only labor that is pitiable is that which proceeds without the accompaniment of learning. It is that kind of labor which spells drudgery. Drudgery is witless work, thoughtless toil. Drudgery does not spring from the job, but from the drudge who performs it.

When it comes to waiting, another element enters. Man does not comprise the universe but coöperates with it. When a farmer plants the seed, the matter is then largely out of his hand; the earth takes it up where he left off. Man has certain causes within his control, but when he has given the impulse it is taken up and carried to completion by forces beyond him. We utter the sound with our throat, but the air, as we say, carries it along to another's ear.

This is where man links up with the invisible forces to which are given various names, and of whose existence humanity has never harbored a collective doubt. There is, in the invisible universe, that which takes up what we initiate and fulfills it according to its kind. The seed of desire or faith or action sets forth on its processes under the care of universal law, and arrives at its destined development. Men are planting those seeds all the time. The man who is diligent in the planting of good seed will find after while that he always has something coming to fulfillment, to fruition. And as the period of waiting between is filled with labor, there is no fruitless waiting.

"Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

## *Lincoln*

NO ONE can explain Lincoln. He came out of the invisible, walked up to his task, performed it, and went back into the invisible again. America will always have such a man in such a crisis. We cannot analyze such men but we know the soil in which they nourish their roots. It is the common soil of the earth and the common thought of the race. Nothing can be expected from asphalt and ephemeral "modernism." The one does not offer space enough, nor the other time enough. The majority of our people live far from both, in space and in spirit. They will give rootage to another such as Lincoln when the time of need, the time for his appearing, comes again.

## *The New Method*

ONCE upon a time it was the people who had to be persuaded upon a great issue. Care was taken to give them the facts, the arguments, and observe their reactions. Nowadays the people may go hang. The focus of effort is the legislative assembly. The method is to raise such a racket in the vicinity of the legislature that it will believe the whole country has risen in demand for a certain measure. Woodrow Wilson had a habit which all President's would do well to cultivate: he used to go to his windows and look far across Washington, into The Country—into The United States. Recently the country's only interest in certain questions has been to inform the Government that the noise it hears is not made by The Country.

## *With a Capital "S"*

"FLORIDA Society Chuckles Over Snub" reads the headline. It is a type of newspaper story that requires no effort to believe. It is so like Society! There is honor among thieves, there is charity among the poor, there is sincerity among plain folk, but Society has never claimed, has never been credited with even the elementary social virtues. There is nothing social about Society—it is anti-social as regards itself, and it represents the anti-social elements with reference to human society at large. Society is not a coterie of congenial souls; nor the natural assembly of the cultured; it is not the meeting-place of kindred tastes, purposes or principles. It is not in any sense social. It is full of jealousy, dislike, resentment, vicious antagonisms, insincerity, vulgar ostentation and nervous apprehension. Of course Society will chuckle over a snub!—if someone else has courage enough to administer it. Those with courage enough to administer snubs for cause are not found in Society.

There is need for a new name for that crowd which meets around in one corner of the town and calls itself society with a capital "S." It is not society.

## *Holy Horror!*

THE pot is calling the kettle black. The seller of $1-(and more)-a-gallon gasoline calls the seller of $1-a-pound rubber a robber. The dollar's worth of rubber lasts longer, is worth more, than the dollar's worth of gasoline; under dollar rubber the motor industry has flourished, but under dollar gasoline it is greatly restricted. Not that either of them can be defended. And we are not attempting to defend them. We take the position of the consumer that they are both always too high. But to see the United States, the home of gigantic monopoly, perform such contortions of agony over the one ewe monopolistic lamb of another country is rather wonderful. Let the cartoonist draw Gasoline, Aluminum and Cotton holding up their hands in holy horror over the goings on of Rubber.

## *Burglary and the Bible*

HERE is one by the Rev. B. T. Cornell, that is worth pondering:

"Anyone would be foolish to contend that mere reading of the Bible in public schools would revolutionize the morals of the Nation overnight. It seems equally unwise to assert that it would make no improvement in a generation. The burglary insurance rate is:

$12.00 a $1000 in Boston
$22.00 a $1000 in New York
$27.50 a $1000 in Chicago

"Is there any connection between these figures and the fact that the Bible has been read daily in the public schools of Boston for 65 years, for 22 years in New York, and excludedfor30 years from the schools in Chicago?"

Supposing these statements to have been true at any time, they suggest a connection between private morality and public security.

# The World Court and the People

WHATEVER may have occurred in the Senate before this editorial appears, certain things need to be said and will always be true. Propaganda for the World Court has proceeded unchallenged in this country for a long time. Unchallenged, because the public assumed that disposal of the question of our entering the League of Nations also disposed of the question of our entering the League's Court. In the Court we are under the Law of the League, and that was precisely what the United States did not want.

When, however, propaganda assumed that lack of challenge meant agreement, and Congress was besieged on this assumption, it became necessary to prevent misapprehension by taking up the issue. It is an issue whose statement cannot safely be left to pulpits and women's clubs. This reference is not made in disrespect, but in full knowledge of their susceptibility to unreliable propaganda.

It became necessary to state to the people that the terms of our entry into the Court were set up in the constitution of the Court itself and that platform promises or pulpit prophecies made no difference whatever. Better buy Florida real estate on the rosy say-so of the East Side faker than approve our entry into the World Court on the say-so of men and women whose only authorities are nice little pamphlets that give only half the facts and misstate most of those.

This call to the American people thoroughly to understand what they were doing before they acted has been denounced as everything that a propagandist can think of when cornered.

Anyone who wants the American people to bind themselves to an agreement they do not understand, and which if they did understand they would reject, should be honest enough to admit that this is precisely his purpose. Some feel that it is justifiable to trick the nation into the League. There is not an intelligent supporter of our entry into the World Court who does not know that it would represent our entry into the League by the back door. But he may feel that by sneaking us into the League, unbeknown even to ourselves, that he is doing good by stealth. This is a peculiar form of political immorality to be guarded against.

Now, there are two things which are pretty certain in the controversy. One is that when the people understand that the Court is the bait, hook, line and sinker of the League, they will stay out of it.

The other is, that if the Senate is pushed into the League by the pressure of Big Business (for this matter has become largely the adopted child of international banking) the people will repudiate the Court upon the first occasion that it attempts to exercise its jurisdiction over the United States.

It may be that by the time this editorial appears in print the Court may have been shoved onto the country through the Senate. That will not at all affect the truth and timeliness of what is said here. It remains true whichever way events may fall. And the truth is this: that entry into the Court puts us under the Law of the League; and the first exercise of the Law of the League upon the United States or in the affairs of the Western Hemisphere will result in our repudiation of the Court.

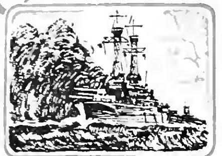
Nothing so drastic as the exercise of the Court's power upon our affairs is contemplated, however. Therein lies the dishonesty of the whole matter. As a great power we shall be immune. We have taken care of that, largely, in the so-called "reservations" which are being insisted upon, but which do not legally reserve. There are no reservations in our adherence to the Constitution of the United States, and there can be no reservation in our adherence to the Constitution of the League of Nations. What is proposed is that we shall enter upon a relationship in which we are not sincere, the purpose of which is to further American financial exploitation of certain countries, although the ostensible reason is righteousness and peace.

There is only one contingency in which the Law of the League would be brought to bear on American affairs in a manner that would compel us to repudiate it, and that would be a desire on the part of the nations to place us in an impossible position where the League could declare us an outlaw nation and order the rest of the world to make economic and military war upon us. It is not inconceivable; it is not impossible. And our insincere entry into the Court would make us deserving of it. It is a possibility to which Americans should hesitate to subject their country.

It is the belief of most thoughtful citizens that the question of the World Court should have as wide and thorough a discussion before the Nation as did Article X of the Covenant of the League of Nations. That is all that this paper is urging. Discussion among the people seems to have been abandoned in favor of paid propagandist pressure on the Senate.

Those who oppose discussion of the World Court by impartial minds thereby confess the weakness of their cause.

# Aviation *from the* Navy's Viewpoint



## Showing the Actual Relation Between "Gadflies" and "Bulldogs" as Protectors

### PART I.

By CAPTAIN W. S. PYE, U.S.N.

ILLUSTRATED WITH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS, U. S. NAVY.

DURING the last several years, especially during the periods in which Congress has been in session, an intensive publicity campaign has been conducted in our newspapers and periodicals with a view to impressing the people of the United States, first, with the importance of aircraft in the national defense, and, second, with the necessity of an Air Service independent of the Army and Navy and under a separate cabinet officer.

The authors of this publicity include many officers of the Army Air Service, a few naval aviators, and certain civilian interests identified with aircraft production. Most of these air enthusiasts are conscientious in their convictions as to the paramount importance of the aëronautical element of national defense and truly believe that the War and Navy departments are not devoting to aëronautics the funds, personnel, or consideration which it deserves.

Many of the more radical, through lack of knowledge or disregard of larger and more intricate problems involved in the conduct of war, have permitted themselves to be misled as to the value of an air force as an independent element of national defense by false reasoning from the extravagant claims for present and future performances of aircraft, and by the results of experiments in bombing ships, which experiments were of a purely tactical character.

Some of those who are most enthusiastic for an Independent Air Service would undoubtedly profit by its establishment. The creation of a new service would insure an increase in rank and pay for most of the officer aviators who are supporting it, and the aircraft producers would be benefited by the increased expenditure for airplanes, which such service would immediately demand. In fairness to naval aviators, it should be stated that although they, too, might attain higher rank and pay in a new service, very few of them favor an Independent Air Service.

The proponents of the Independent Air Service would remove aviation from control of the Army and Navy and unite the Army Air Service and Naval Aviation under the control of this Independent Air Service.

The Navy has consistently opposed the formation of an Independent Air Service because it firmly believes that aircraft are of the greatest importance to the Navy and that an efficient naval air arm can be developed only as a part of the naval service. This active opposition to the Independent Air Service idea has caused its advocates to attack the Navy, and in countering this attack the Navy has been placed in a position which, to many, has made it appear that the Navy is opposed to the development of aëronautics.

The Navy is not opposed to the fullest development of aircraft; in fact the United States Navy has developed aircraft to a greater extent than has any other navy. What the Navy is opposed to is an attempt to reduce its efficiency by wresting its aircraft from it, and an attempt to create distrust in the professional ability of the personnel of the existing agencies of national defense. An attack with such objectives is in itself a serious thing, but more serious when, as in this case, it is based on half-truths, misrepresentation, and fantastical claims.

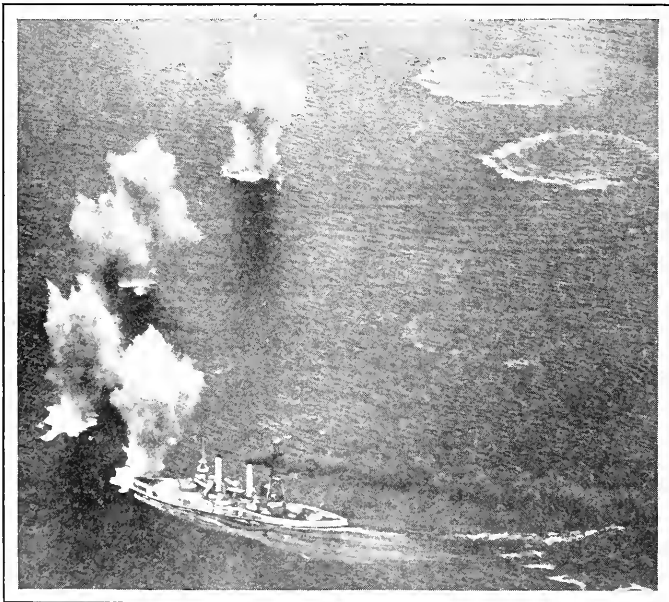
It is easy enough to criticise when no responsibility is attached.

In that part of their propaganda directed primarily against the Navy, the advocates of the Independent Air Service have endeavored to convince the public:

First—that the present and probable future development of aircraft has made the surface combatant ship obsolete.

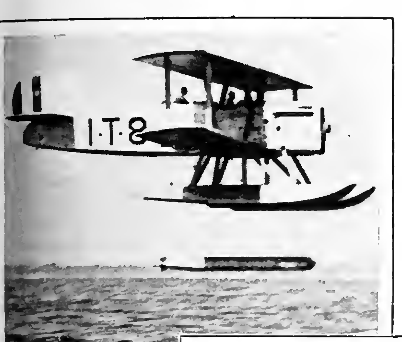
Second—that the Navy is not sympathetic to the fullest development and use of aircraft; is too conservative, and too much engrossed with ships to develop aircraft efficiently.

Third—to attain the greatest efficiency in national defense, there should be organized a combatant air service independent of the Army and Navy under a separate cabinet officer, and that the present Army Air Service and Naval air forces should be branches of this independent service temporarily assigned to duty with the Army and Navy



Shell splashes, photographed during experimental firing at the former *Iowa* while operating under radio control.

For purposes of publicity, sensa-ional statements are valuable. It is ιot strange, therefore, that in this pub-icity the public has been beguiled by antastical claims for the present and uture performances of aircraft, but it s regrettable that persons ostensibly oncerned for the future of this nation hould attempt to influence public



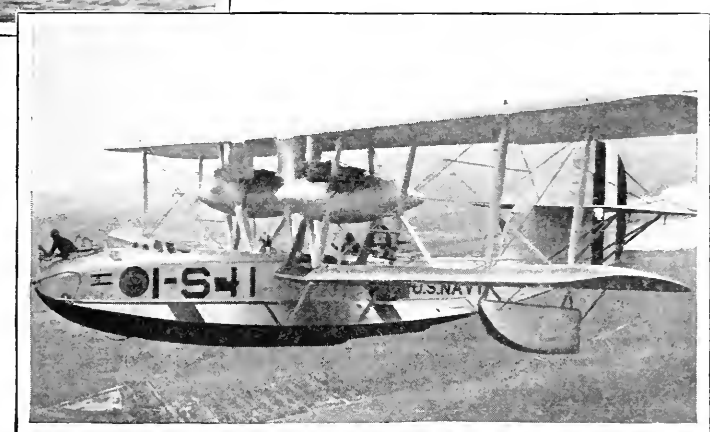

opinion by per-verting the re-ults of bombing ests, exhibiting notion pictures vhich give de-idedly false im-ressions, and pub-ishing statements vhich cannot be upported by rea-on or logic.

Clear perver-ion of the results f bombing tests gainst certain ex-Jerman ships and bsolete American attleships is con-ained in articles vhich have been ublished in many f the leading newspapers and period-cals of the country.

Except for the accuracy tests with ummy bombs against the obsolete Jnited States battleship *Iowa* oper-ting under radio control, the bombing ests which have been conducted have nvolved no difficulties in the operation f aircraft. The Army planes were not llowed to participate in the *Iowa* ests, as the planes were required to go oo far from land to make their partic-pation practicable. The next experi-ents, in which the Army participated t the invitation of the Navy, consisted f attacks with bombs of various eights against ex-German war vessels. t a later date three obsolete American attleships were bombed, chiefly by ne Army Air Service.

The vessels actually sunk by air-raft bombs were these ex-German war essels (a submarine, a destroyer, a ght cruiser, and a battleship), and the bove-mentioned obsolete American battleships. The conditions under which these vessels were attacked no more resembled war conditions than rifle target practice represents an infantry engagement. It was like lion shooting on a clear sunny day with the lion securely tied by each foot.

These experiments were designed to determine the material efficiency of existing aircraft and the effectiveness of existing aircraft bombs against steel plates in the forms of ships. The Navy had a dual object: to determine the effectiveness of the aircraft and their bombs; and to determine how naval construction could be improved to resist the explosive effect of bombs. The Air Service advocates had but one objective, namely, to sink the vessels quickly in order to create a public opinion favorable to aviation.



Three types of airplane mentioned in this article: Upper left—Navy torpedo plane photographed while launching a torpedo. Center—Late model scouting plane. Lower right—Division of navy fighting planes in formation.

The conditions of the experiments denied to these vessels all means of defense. The submarine could not submerge; the destroyer could not steam at high speed on varying courses; the light cruiser and battleships could not change course, use anti-aircraft batteries, or be supported by fighting planes for their protection. These vessels could have been sunk in less time by torpedoes fired from destroyers or submarines or even by mines towed against their sides by lowly tugs.

Furthermore, these vessels, if they had been actual enemy vessels, could have carried out their mission of controlling sea lines of communication without approaching the area within which the planes were capable of operating from a base on shore.

The *Frankfurt*, a light cruiser with very little armor protection, was one of the ex-German vessels sunk. The attacks were made with the lighter bombs first in order to gain information of the damage sustained. Forty-six passages over the target were made by one or more planes either to drop bombs or obtain data for sights. The planes employed were nine Navy F5L, twelve Army Martin Bombers and five Navy Martin Bombers. A total of seventy-four bombs were dropped. Twelve direct hits and several hits close enough to have a mining effect sank the ship, 7 hours and 45 minutes after the first attack. Had the heavier bombs been used first, this time probably would have been less.

Although attention has been drawn to the absence of any possible means of defense, there is no intention to give the inference that vessels cannot be sunk by bombs from aircraft under war conditions. They can be, but the efficiency of such attacks will be very much less in war than in peace.

The motion pictures ostensibly representing the sinking of ex-German ships during the bombing experiments have been put together as cleverly as an animated cartoon, from scraps of films taken at various times and places. A false impression is created by the apparent continuity of the films.

These films, it appears to the Navy, have been prepared purely as propaganda by a certain group of air enthusiasts who desire to belittle the Navy before the public, and to convince the public that surface ships are no longer of any value. The spectacular sinking of these old ships serves a point in publicity for an Independent Air Service.

The films are mis- (*Concluded on page 20*)

# "Burned Spuds"—How It Happene

## When Cooperative Marketing Went Up in Smoke

By S. G. RUBINOW

In *The Country Gentleman* for February. These excerpts published by permission.

WO of the country's biggest and most important coöperative marketing ventures have gone up in smoke. In the ruins of the conflagration, among the débris, are the charred and unrecognizable remains of the plans, hopes and work of three years borne in the minds of a group of men who worked without pause day and night to construct their ideas into practical and profitable business adventures for the Am.rican potato grower.

When I completed the organization and incorporation of the Maine Potato Growers' Exchange in April, 1923, it represented an association of 3,100 growers, a tangible acreage of nearly 60,000 acres pledged to a five-year coöperative marketing program, an airtight legal structure that included the members, thirty-one district local association units, a central exchange, seven subsidiary warehousing corporations, warehouses, storage plants, grading and handling equipment, car linings, registered brands, nation-wide selling arrangements and marketing facilities, and a hand-picked body of trustees, governing boards and the strongest managing personnel that could be found.

What more could be desired to make for success?

At this writing the Maine Potato Growers' Exchange, after two years of operation, is in the process of liquidation. The adventure has proved that the plans of the organizers lacked three solid fundamentals.

Again, I must plead guilty to the charge of having organized and incorporated the Minnesota Potato Growers' Exchange. To that I must admit the fact that I was its general manager for its first and only year of operation.

***Organizations Which Eat Up Much Money***

Can the average business man or farmer appreciate what it means to construct one of these organizations?

Our problem was always lack of funds. In Maine, it is true, funds were not lacking for strictly organization purposes. A local organization called the Aroostook Federation of Farmers, a successful farmers' fertilizer-buying association, not only advanced me organization funds, but also loaned me its offices and its capable manager, Ray C. Gary, who later became the secretary-treasurer of the Maine Exchange.

In Minnesota, organization funds were borrowed from business men, bankers and railroad officials time and again, with no security or promise of repayment. When these borrowings were finally repaid the act so astonished the lenders that they turned the interest back to the Exchange.

These campaigns, starting with nothing and ending up in large farmers' corporations doing business in the millions, require funds for offices, mailing lists, postage, circular letters, house organs, salaries, travel expenses, equipment, meetings, conventions and a thousand and one different but necessary things.

***A Large Number Failed to Pay Their Dues***

I have heard it stated a number of times, by men who ought to know better, that the organization dues or fees which are obtained from members in commodity marketing associations are ample enough to swing the organizations through their primary stages of construction.

A notable article on farmer's cooperative appears in *The Country Gentleman* for February. Its author, Mr. S. G. Rubinow, was associated with Aaron Sapiro in the organization of several cooperative associations, among them the two potato associations named in the article. His experience and frankness are of value to students in search of the facts of cooperation.

Such fees usually range from three to ten dollars per contract. It must be remembered, however, that most of the so-called commodity associations have been organized in a period of acute agricultural depression when the farmers were supposed to be broke or at least not possessing any ready cash.

Fully one-half of Maine's membership failed to pay their five-dollar membership dues when they joined the Exchange. In Minnesota less than 3,000 out of the 14,000 members paid their dues when they signed the marketing contracts of their Exchange.

I have known times in the organization of the Minnesota Exchange when employes of the organization staff and I advanced money out of our own pockets to tide the campaign over. It's not the right way to build farmers' marketing associations.

Farmers should go into their own marketing exchanges not because they have nothing to lose by joining but because they believe that the movement is sound economically and because they want to gain something by joining.

But there were other factors that made for failure.

I don't believe any system of operative marketing will ever survi that makes it necessary for the farm to wait a year before getting the co plete returns on their crops. Theore cally, a seasonal pool for most cro is sound because it averages out t highs and lows of a fluctuating marl and gives the growers of the same var ty and quality of product the sa price.

Practically, however, farmers not in a position to wait a year for th returns. If they were so situated nancially where they could afford wait a year before getting their mon they probably would not need coöpe tive marketing to give them a larg share of the consumer's dollar.

That's factor number one of t bunch that helped burn up both E changes.

Now, after years of organizati and operating experience I must co fess that I don't believe in the iron-cl contract, compulsory method of öperative marketing. People do thir usually because they want to, not b cause they are compelled or forced do so. You can't force deliveries a develop loyalty at one and the sa time. Deliveries to a coöperative m keting association should come v untarily because the members are g ting more than the outsiders. T proof of the pudding is in the eating it. Telling the members that th association is raising price levels for t benefit of outsiders doesn't create coöperative spi or develop coöpe tive marketing. kills it. It kil the Maine a Minnesota Exchanges.

***Will Have to Be Revamped on Other Lines***

The iron-clad contract method ually results in a membership that l awake nights wondering how the co tracts can be broken or in a members that stays awake days breeching co tracts.

It is true that the failures of Minnesota and Maine Exchanges bitter pills to swallow not only for farmers but for those who organiz the exchanges. But neither the farm nor the rest of us must get discourag There is a valuable lesson in ev failure, sometimes greater than in s cess.

The coöperative marketing mo ment is sound. It is practical. It be made to succeed. It will have to revamped along entirely different lir The organizations will have to formed on a voluntary basis, will ha to start carefully and slowly, and gr and build from the ground up, u they reach the peaks of efficiency performance.

# The World HAS BEEN Reorganized

## By Bankers! Here's How It Was Done in Dozens of Countries

By OBSERVER

THIS World Court proposition is only one phase of the activities of international bankers. In the Washington *Herald*, December 30, Senator Beveridge was ported to have written a Senator who in the forefront of the fight against e Court to the effect that *profits of ore than $500,000,000 by bankers and rporations which have loaned money to reign nations will be made the instant e United States joins the World Court the League of Nations.*

My opinion is that this amount is ly a drop in the bucket. I think it ll go far in excess of that. Beveridge probably refers only to those bankers and corporations who are supposed to have headquarrs in America. I think it will easily n into the billions, if we include nkers and corporations of various tions, that is, the international nkers.

***College Professor Does A World Job***

I want to direct your attention to e *reorganization of the world* that has en going on since the Armistice. The Washington *Star* for December carried an account of the fact at one of the most important accomishments of the administration of -president Arturo Alessandri was e formation of the *Central Bank of ile* (Banco Central de Chile), now ing organized on plans drawn up by ofessor E. W. Kemmerer of Princen. It goes on to say that the Kemerer financial mission has had little al sympathy from the politicians of ile—that what it was able to estabh in Chile in the *three months* the mmission was there was due to cking given by the army group at has dominated the Chilean affairs r a year. (Making over a country's nances in *three months* indicates not ly a lot of outside power but a lot inside knowledge.)

***Forcing Federal Reserve Ideas on Chile***

"It is said, and generally believed, that the army leaders who were running affairs in Chile, although President Alessandri and his cabinet were nominally in control, told Professor Kemmerer to go as far as he liked in shaking up Chile's financial affairs and that he would be backed up.

"Politicians were not in high favor with the leaders of the armed forces, and the *carte blanche* given to Kemmerer made him a virtual dictator of Chile's financial affairs for the time being.

"It is apparent that Professor Kemmerer took the army leaders at their word. He soon discovered that they could and would make good their promises to support him over any objections the Cabinet might raise to his proposals. It was but short work for him to prepare plans for the new bank, which is fashioned after the one he organized for Colombia, with certain changes to fit peculiar Chilean conditions.

"One of the principal desires of the Commission was to keep the bank out of politics and the politicians out of the bank. When the Commission submitted its draft to President Alessandri and the Minister of Finance, disputes arose at once over some of the essential features. Alessandri requested Professor Kemmerer so to modify the plan as to place the appointment of the President, Vice President and General Manager of the bank in the hands of the President of the Republic.

"The Commission refused to modify its recommendations on these essentials, causing a deadlock which was broken immediately by the military party, which forced the acceptance of the plan as proposed by the Commission.

"The new institution will be a bank of issue and re-discount, and will have the general features of central banks established in other countries in recent years. While the State becomes a shareholder and furnishes part of the capital, it is in no sense a state bank but a quasi-public institution in which the general community is given representation."

This bank is chartered for fifty years. You will note that it is virtually the same thing as our Federal Reserve System here. We thought at one time that our government was going to be a shareholder in its "Federal" bank, but we find that the government has very little to do with it; it is a bankers' proposition pure and simple and almost entirely controlled by them. The beginning of the bank in Chile probably dates back more than three years ago when an item appeared in the New York *Times* for July 5, 1922, stating that Professor Kemmerer had arrived in Chile *to study economic conditions.*

Professor Kemmerer's record in *Who's Who* shows him as financial adviser in 1901-3 to the U. S. Philippine Commission; in 1917 financial adviser to the government of Mexico; in 1919 to the government of Guatemala; and the list then lengthens into what follows.

***A Jolly Gold-Standard Globe-Trotter***

In the New York *Times* of February 9, 1923, there was a statement to the effect that Kemmerer was appointed on a committee by the *Colombian Government* to reorganize that country's finances and in the New York *Times* for October 9, 1923, is a statement that he resumed his duties at Princeton University after completing the work of reorganizing Colombian finances. In the New York *Times* of November 27, 1923, he describes the reorganization of Colombian finances by the American financial commission.

In the New York *Times* of January 5, 1924, we find that Kemmerer was appointed adviser to the American members of the committee investigating *German finances.*

In the New York *Times* for April 30, 1925, Kemmerer predicted the resumption of the gold standard in France, Italy, and Belgium, following England's action. The close relation between the Federal Reserve System and the Bank of London in the reëstablishment of the gold standard in England is, of course, well known. Secretary Mellon's visit to London and the more recent visit of Benjamin Strong, of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, are also well known.

In the New York *Times* for October 3, 1924, is a statement that Kemmerer would investigate and advise the *Union of South Africa* on the reëstablishment of the gold standard, and in the New York *Times* of May 19, 1925, we find that the Union of South Africa resumed the gold standard, effective at once. There are other places where Kemmerer has been but all the details are not this moment at hand.

***What They Did in Poland***

The latest thing I have is from the Washington *Herald*, December 20, 1925, where Kemmerer sails to aid *Poland*—financial expert to act as adviser to government in difficulties.

"New York, December 19. Dr. E. W. Kemmerer, of Princeton University, American expert on government finance, sailed for Poland on the *President Roosevelt* today. (Concluded on page 25)

EARLIEST known portrait of Lincoln—a daguerreotype in possession of Robert Lincoln, made about 1848.

AN AMBROTYPE, have been made by [...] 1858.

THE noted Hesler portrait, made in 1858.

# How Abraham

By

WILLIAM E. BARTON

ABRAHAM LINCOLN entered public life at a period when the daguerreotype was becoming popular in rural America. Beginning about the time he went to Congress he sat now and then for a portrait, and extending through the time of his debates with Douglas he had many pictures taken. During the Civil War a large number of photographs were made. Frederick Hill Meserve, of New York, has original photographs, or copies made therefrom, of not less than one hundred different sittings. After his nomination for the Presidency, Lincoln sat for several paintings, and there were made of him two life masks in plaster. The second of these, made by Clark Mills a few weeks before Lincoln's death, is so cadaverous, showing so painfully the deep lines of care and grief, that I do not like to look at it. The original is in the Smithsonian Institution, and I have a replica of it, made for me there; but it is more like a death mask than a life mask.

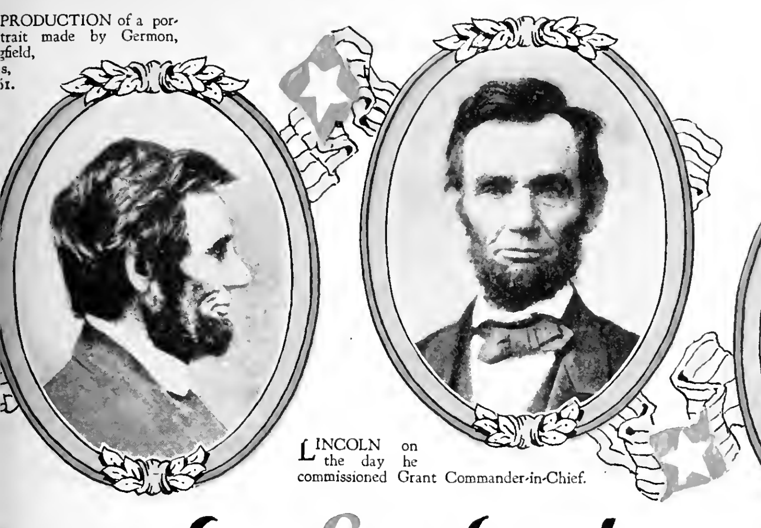
But the Volk life mask is a thing of power. It shows Lincoln as his features were in the spring of 1860 before he had undergone the arduous care of the Presidency. Unlike a photograph, which under time exposure shows the face as it is when the man has tried painfully to look as he is told to look, and his personality has gone somewhere else, the Volk mask shows the undeniable Lincoln. In this I have a personal interest and one which I hope the reader will share.

Leonard W. Volk was a pioneer sculptor in Chicago. That city had none too fine a sense of the value of sculpture even as late as 1893, when Lorado Taft began his most valuable and remarkably successful attempt to educate Chicago's taste in the products of the plastic arts. How Volk found courage to start in this profession in the middle of the last century is a matter of some surprise, but he did it, and succeeded.

Volk was a relative or connection—I think a cousin by marriage—of Stephen A. Douglas, and Douglas, friend of education and the real founder of the University of Chicago, encouraged Volk and helped him to go to Rome for part of his education. In 1858, Volk made a life mask of Douglas, the mask being a means to an end, which was a statuette to be sold for campaign purposes. The Chicago Historical Society has the life mask, and I have one of the busts. In the Lincoln-Douglas campaign, Volk accompanied Douglas on his special train from Chicago to Springfield, and on that trip first met Lincoln. Seeing a possible sale for a similar statuette of Lincoln, he proposed that Lincoln should give him a series of sittings, which Lincoln promised to do when he should be in Chicago. In the *Century Magazine* for December, 1881, Mr. Volk told in interesting detail the story of Lincoln's visits to Volk's studio in the Portland Block, in the spring of 1860. It proved to be Lincoln's last visit to Chicago before his nomination, and the last case he tried before the United States Court—the famous Sand Bar case. Lincoln was in the city several days, and Volk made casts of his face and his chest.

America has two perfect life masks of her Presidents—Houdon's George Washington, and Volk's Lincoln. Although Volk did not realize it, he was a greater master of the mechanics of mask-making than he was a creative sculptor.

Truman H. Bartlett, for a genera-



PRODUCTION of a portrait made by Germon, [...]field, [...]s, [...]1.

LINCOLN on the day he commissioned Grant Commander-in-Chief.

THE Brady portrait of the President, made in 1864.

# ncoln Looked

Bust of Abraham Lincoln from the Leonard W. Volk life mask.

tion a noted sculptor of Boston, made a statuette of Lincoln, which he criticized to me with great freedom. He made Lincoln's shoulders too broad and square, and his form too rigidly erect, so he said.

He first saw the Volk mask in Rome in 1871, Volk himself being then in that city. He asked Volk for a copy, but Volk refused it, and Bartlett did not like Volk very well. He wrote me in 1920:

"Volk had the marvelous good fortune to be connected with Lincoln at a moment of historic importance, but comprehended not the least shadow of what it all meant at any time. Making Lincoln's bust was to him simply a commonplace business, a hasty fact. His was a rapidly made bust, two weeks in the making. He needed the mask to accomplish quickly his scheme to sell the bust as political matter. He was strangely fortunate in making the mask when Lincoln's mind was alert with interest in the process, new to him, and curious as to the methods; hence firm of muscle and without emotion, a rare instance in Lincoln's life, of easily affected character. Volk was a sculptor of narrow sense in what his art implied. The whole event was one of those providential incidents that were so prominent in the life of Lincoln. Volk made at least two marble statues of Lincoln, both very bad, but as good as any other I know. While Volk made the mask as a help in making the bust, and had no just appreciation of the value of the mask itself, yet I must in justice say of Volk's bronze bust of Lincoln that I regard it as the best ever made. It is limited in the scope of its artistic skill, but an honest and sincere impression of Lincoln as Volk saw him; and he saw Lincoln, by rare good fortune, as no other artist ever saw him."

A quarter century or so ago a group of men, who were interested in the preservation of Volk's original, purchased from him the first cast made in the mold taken from the living face of Lincoln, and also the first casts of the hands. The thirty-three subscribers included Augustus St. Gaudens, Richard Watson Gilder, Allen Thorndike Rice, S. Wier Mitchell, J. Q. A. Ward, and other men of note. They presented these casts, duly certified, to the Government of the United States, for deposit in the National Museum. Volk's affidavit was filed with these casts, the date being February 22, 1886. It was stipulated that no casts should be made from these for a period of twenty years, and the privilege of purchasing casts now is properly restricted. At the end of the twenty years the mold was found inferior and a new mold was made. I have the certificate of the Smithsonian that mine is the first cast of the living features of Lincoln made in the new mold.

I am fortunate also in another possession. Mr. Bartlett procured plaster casts of the hands and face after Volk's first refusal, and took them with him to Europe, where he had them cast in bronze by a noted Frenchman. I do not know how many casts Mr. Bartlett permitted to be made from this, not many, and the Massachusetts Historical Society has Bartlett's originals. But there was an earlier set in bronze, made by Volk himself, or under his direction. This was done in the foundry of the Hecla Ornamental Iron Company, using the original plaster models of Volk. The Hecla Company became the Hecla-Winslow Company of Chicago, and then the firm of Winslow Brothers, the Winslows being connected with the company (Concluded on page 31)

*The Man from China* dropped in The Office and remarked that a certain dispatch then appearing in the papers sounded very much like General Feng (he pronounced it "fung"). "It is an error to suppose that Feng is the tool of the Bolsheviks. It is true that he has Russian experts in his army; he would be foolish not to use such experts as he can get. But I think he knows enough about Bolshevism not to be misled by it. Feng, in spite of all that may be said, is a Christian in practice and principle, and that settles the question of Bolshevism. But we have to admit that Russia has made a better bid for Chinese confidence than America or Europe has. We have mostly *talked*, but Russia has *done* something. Russia came up to the scratch the first thing and voluntarily resigned all her Chinese concessions and all her claims to extraterritoriality—a long word which some would like to abbreviate to extrality. We can say what we please about Russia having done this with ulterior motives, but the fact that she has done it makes all talk seem very weak on the part of nations that have done nothing. There is no doubt that it is Bolshevism's policy to utilize centers of friction and disorder wherever it finds them. No use growing angry about it. Bolshevism is only acting with the most accurate consistency. It believes that the salvation of the world depends on the destruction of what it calls capitalistic governments, and whenever it sees enmity growing up against any established thing, it pitches in to increase it. That is perfectly logical. You can't blame Bolshevism for living up to its principles. You can blame yourselves for not understanding what those principles are. But Bolshevism will make no headway in China; the Chinese believe too much in government; I would say that they are biologically, intellectually and socially vastly the superior of the stock which offers refuge to the Bolshevik germ. They are really a superior people, these Chinese, as everyone who knows them will agree. And they are going to get what they demand in this trouble, and what they demand is right. Americans see it that way."

*The Man from Chicago* dropped into The Office. He said that he thought there should be some constructive work undertaken in favor of the coöperatives. I said we had printed a dozen articles by Huston Thompson embodying the essence of his very complete and interesting study of the coöperatives in Europe, and asked where a non-political coöperative authority could be found today. He said it would be hard to find such a one. "Still," said he, "there are some. But they are busy looking after their own coöperative fields. The men who can do are not always the men who can talk. The best argument for coöperative organizations is an organization that is successful—for the farmers. If we only had men of ability who would start out with an honest determination to build up something for the benefit of the farmers instead of something for themselves, I feel that a great deal might be accomplished. But thus far the question has been largely in the hands of men who want votes or money. Financiers have actually shoved selected men into agricultural subjects with no other purpose in view than the political prestige that it would give these men as future candidates. And help for the farmer must be primarily non-political.

"Still, what can you expect? Help for all other kinds of business is political! Who used rate-fixing to help the railroads? The government did. Who fixes tariffs for the steel and sugar men? The government does. The farmer is forced to live among a lot of businesses which are raised to an artificial level by government protection or price-fixing. And the farmer asks why his level cannot be artificially raised too. Either we shall have to raise him, or quit raising the others. It is desirable, however, whatever we do, that we recognize the artificial character of what has been done. I believe in coöperation and I think it is a serious charge against business and financial men that they have regarded the farmer only as a source of revenue. It is a fact that he pays the highest and receives the lowest in every transaction he engages in."

*The Old Choirmaster* came into The Office. He had just made a European tour with a choir made up of rather ordinary people. He believes that the chorus is the best vehicle of the singing voice, except in the case of exceptional soloists. He made a remark that set me thinking, perhaps because it chimed in with something I had always felt but did not express; and perhaps did not express it because of that lurking cowardice which so many of us entertain—the fear of being thought uncultured by our more pretentious neighbors. Well, the Old Choirmaster said that he did not like quartets and had never heard a good one. As he had been hearing them for more than half a century, the remark is worth considering. I never heard a good quartet either. Because there is no such thing, I suppose—that is, no such thing as a quartet, in the sense of being a fourfold unity. I cannot recall a quartet, of the professional sort, which did not impress me as being four highly individualized singers attempting to perform in concert. There is a church in our city which boasts a famous male quartet, but its work is always quite painful to me. I get the impression of four singers each of whom regards the rest as in some way his accompanists. Now, in a chorus, it is different. There are no individuals; there is the human voice in compass and perfection; there are no performers, there is performance. "Singing," says Sir Hugh Allen, "teaches the singer courage, and, combined singing, humility." That is it—there is a humility in a great chorus not found in a quartet. There is a tonal blend in a hundred which is not possible in four. Give me a hundred girls from the shops and a hundred men from the factories, under a plain teacher, and I will make the pomp of quartets look ridiculous. We run to individuals too much in this country. I wish every town had a symphony choir and every city fifty of them.

*The Man from the Next Room* came in with some precious manuscripts from Revolutionary times in his hand. They were sermons preached before the Continental Congress in 1775 and 1776. Fast Day sermons, with reference to local strife and distresses, and rumors that Britain was hiring aliens to fight the Americans, and fears whether disunion among the colonies might not ensue. And with it all, the very familiar complaints that the people of that generation were not so good as those of the preceding one. The world, it seems, has been on the downward path a long time. In 1775 this divine was saying, as we read in his manuscript sermon:

"May it not also be justly said that ye ordinances of public worship & a strict observance of ye Sabbath is a crying Sin at this day & in part ye procuring cause of what we feel and fear? Our Fathers would not bear with such Prophanation of ye Sabbath as is now permitted . . .

"Again, is it reasonable to suppose that there is so much real piety among us as there was among our Fathers in Proportion to the Numbers & ours? They discovered such a Regard for God as to leave their pleasant Habitations & come into a wilderness to serve him; but Such Zeal for God tis not probable is now to be found among the generality of ye inhabitants of this Land.

"Besides, how do Prophaneness, Intemperance, Pride and Covetousness prevail beyond what they ever did among the first Setlers in this Land. Were some of our pious fathers to rise from ye Dead & visit our populous towns & hear ye prophane oaths uttered by Some of our young men, & even by some Children, & see Drunkards gathered together to abuse themselves with what God designed for our Comfort, or reeling about our Streets: may we not suppose that they would be filled with the utmost astonishment & think themselves to be in Sodom rather than in New England?"

It is always a question whether the world is growing better or worse. There are even those who do not agree that increased morality means spiritual betterment. It may be that the world is neither better nor worse, but that there is a constant shifting of emphasis in life.

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DI-2-6

# Aviation from the Navy's Viewpoint

(*Concluded from page 13*)

leading in that they do not show the complete course of events. There is no statement showing the chronology of events prior to the attack. There is no statement of the number of bombs dropped; or of the total time elapsing from the first attack to the actual sinking.

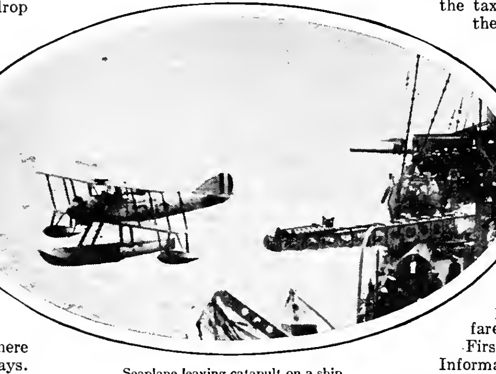
As an example, in the case of the *Ostfriesland* the ship is shown on the surface, next a group of planes appear and drop bombs, and then the ship is shown to turn over and slowly sink. The impression created is that the *Ostfriesland* was sunk by one attack in the course of a few minutes. In this connection the *Ostfriesland* is featured as a modern ship, whereas she was constructed in 1911, had been out of commission for nearly three years, had had portions of her armor removed, and no attempt had been made to insure watertight integrity.

The facts in the case of the *Ostfriesland* bombing, as shown by official records, are: She was first attacked at 12:20 p. m., July 20, 1921. There were six attacks covering parts of two days. Sixty-four bombs were dropped, varying in weight from 230 pounds to 2,000 pounds. Eighteen direct hits were made, with others close enough to have a mining effect. Many of these bombs were dropped from altitudes as low as twelve hundred feet. The ship remained afloat about twenty-four hours after the attacks began until 12:40 p. m., on July 21, 1921, when she turned over and sank.

That portion of the motion picture showing the bombs falling was made at a different time, and is a picture of bombs being dropped from planes over land instead of over the *Ostfriesland*. Close observation will show the ground beginning to appear just before the cut-out is made.

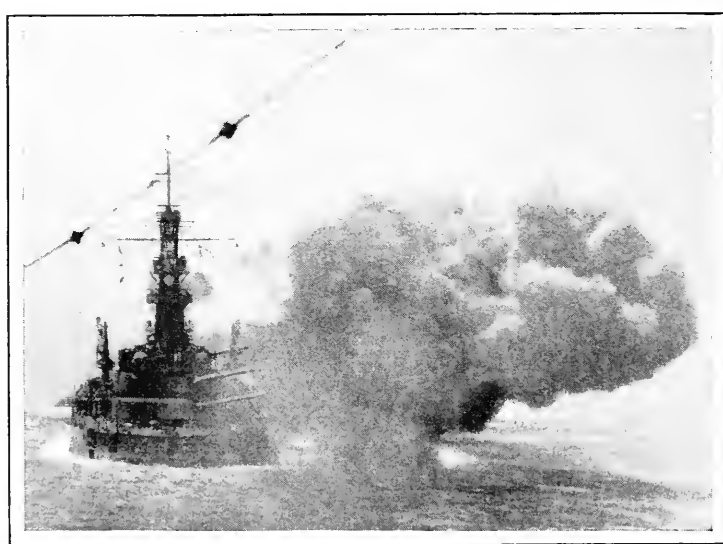
From the results of the bombing experiments the air radicals conclude that as aircraft can sink battleships, and battleships cannot pursue and destroy aircraft, aircraft are superior to battleships in national defense. The reasoning in this is on a par with the following: gadflies can kill bulldogs; bulldogs cannot pursue and destroy gadflies; therefore, gadflies are better protectors than bulldogs.

Air service advocates lay great stress on the fact that at present battleships cannot successfully defend themselves against aircraft. Neither can they defend themselves against submarines or mines, but the destroyer and mine sweeper have proved an effective counter to the submarine and mine. The counter to bombing and torpedo planes probably is the fighting plane, assisted by more effective anti-aircraft batteries.



Seaplane leaving catapult on a ship.

In the conduct of war as in the industrial operations of peace, material must be provided and personnel trained to accomplish definite tasks. Aircraft have definite functions in the conduct of modern war. In the performance of these functions they are indispensable. But the greatest care must be exercised to prevent air enthusiasts from attempting to perform functions for which aircraft are not suitable, considering their limitations.



United States battleship firing a salvo.

Unaware as the public has been of the false logic and misrepresentation contained in the Independent Air Service propaganda, it apparently has been led to erroneous conclusions. The spectacular nature of aviation, its newness, and the veil of mystery with which it has been shrouded, appeal to the public. The appeal to economy made by the sight in motion pictures of a battleship being sunk by bombs from aircraft is also pleasing to the taxpayer. What the taxpayer does not understand is that the conditions of experimental bombing are not the conditions of war, and that surface ships can exercise their power on the high seas without necessarily subjecting themselves to attack from shore-based aviation. The Navy believes that aircraft have an indispensable function in national defense, but does not believe that the surface combatant ship is obsolete.

Aircraft have four uses which may be expressed in general terms, in order of their present probable importance in Naval warfare, as follows:

First: as an element of the "Service of Information," to obtain information concerning the enemy's strength, disposition, and movements. This operation is called "scouting."

Second: as an aid to the control of major-caliber gunfire, called "spotting."

Third: as an element of defensive power to prevent successful enemy scouting; to protect planes engaged in the control of gunfire; and to assist in the protection of ships and bases against enemy torpedo and bombing planes.

Fourth: as an element of offensive power to destroy enemy aircraft, ships, bases, and personnel.

Within an area limited by the radius of action, and under favorable weather conditions, aircraft have no close rival in efficiency as an element of the "Service of Information."

Aircraft have greater speed than ships and consequently can cover greater areas of the sea in a short time. With favorable visibility conditions observers in aircraft, because of their increased altitude, have a greater range of vision than observers in surface ships or submarines and, because of better perspective, can determine the composition and disposition of enemy forces with greater accuracy.

These uses will be taken up in detail in a subsequent article.

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# The Truth About the Bixby Letter

(Concluded from page 7)

first of the month, it appeared on the back page at the bottom of a column, and without a caption. Almost certainly Schouler gave the letter to all of them, sending it Friday morning with a little account of the success of the movement for the providing of dinners.

And it must have been Schouler who furnished another interesting item, and one which raises in my mind a persistent suspicion. I suspect that when he visited Mrs. Bixby *he found one of her sons in uniform* ready to eat his share of the Thanksgiving dinner. At any rate, the Boston papers went to him for a list of the five dead sons, and he gave the same list he had sent to Washington. But the item as it appeared in the Boston papers contained this added piece of misinformation, that *Mrs. Bixby had a sixth son*, who had been wounded but not killed, and who was at Readville hospital, nine miles from Boston.

### *Only Two of Mrs. Bixby's Sons Were Killed*

The only probable way in which it occurs to me that General Schouler could have learned about a son at Readville is in the fact that her son Henry, whom she had reported to have been killed at Gettysburg, had been sent North for discharge a few days before the receipt of this letter, and was discharged a few days afterward. I judge he had reached the camp and hospital at Readville, where the largest of Boston's camps was situated, and that he was well enough to eat turkey on that day, and that Schouler, learning about him, or possibly meeting him face to face, was satisfied with the explanation that this was a son additional to the five that had been reported to him as dead.

But this we know. Only two of Mrs. Bixby's five sons were killed in battle. Charles N. Bixby was killed at Fredericksburg, as she stated, and Oliver Cromwell Bixby was killed at Petersburg, just as she said. Henry C. Bixby was captured at Gettysburg, and the first report was that he was killed, but this was soon corrected. He was alive, and if he was not in sight of Boston on Thanksgiving Day, 1864, he rejoined his mother shortly afterward.

We are ready now to take up the story of Mrs. Bixby's five sons in detail. We will arrange them in the order of their birth.

### *The War Record of the Bixby Brothers*

Oliver Cromwell Bixby was born at Hopkinton, February 1, 1828. His wife was named Watie Roulett. He had a son by a former marriage, who, in September, 1864, was committed by the court to the guardianship of his grandmother, Lydia Bixby, the child being six years old. Watie went to her relatives at Wolfboro, New Hampshire, and was subsequently joined by her own two children, a son and daughter. Oliver enlisted in the 58th Massachusetts Infantry, as stated in the letter of Adjutant General Schouler, and was killed at Petersburg, probably in the Crater fight, July 30, 1864. His widow, Watie, drew a pension until her death in 1914. So far as he is concerned, there are no corrections to be made in Mrs. Bixby's list.

Henry C. Bixby was born in Hopkinton, March 30, 1830. He enlisted in Company K, 32nd Massachusetts Infantry, and was captured at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. He was imprisoned in Richmond, was soon paroled and returned to the Union lines, and honorably discharged, December 19, 1864, less than a month after President Lincoln had written his letter. He may have been, at the very time of the writing of the Lincoln letter, in the camp or hospital at Readville, less than ten miles from Boston. He had been several months in the Union lines, and had had one twenty-five-day furlough since his discharge from prison. He resided after the war at Milford, Massachusetts, and died there November 8, 1876. His record is an honorable one but he did not lose his life in the service, nor is it easy to see how Mrs. Bixby could have thought him dead in October or November, 1864.

Charles N. Bixby was born in Hopkinton, February 8, 1833. At the outbreak of the war he would seem to have been his mother's chief support. His employer made oath that it was his weekly custom to pay his mother $5 or $6 of his $9 wages. He was the first of the Bixby sons to enlist, and was mustered in, July 18, 1861, as a private in Company D, 20th Massachusetts. He was killed in the second battle of Fredericksburg, May 3, 1863, and his mother drew a pension based on her dependence on him.

George W. Bixby was born at Hopkinton, June 22, 1836. He was married. He ran away, according to Mrs. Bixby, and to conceal his whereabouts from his wife he dropped his last name and assumed the name of George Way. He enlisted very late in the war, when bounties were high and bounty-jumping was profitable. His regiment was the 56th Massachusetts, Company B. This regiment, as well as the 58th in which his brother Oliver was killed, was in the Crater fight at Petersburg, one regiment suffering eleven and the other thirteen casualties.

### *Important Evidence in the Probate Record*

George Way Bixby was captured in the Crater fight at Petersburg, and was imprisoned at Salisbury, North Carolina. There, according to the testimony of a fellow prisoner, a member of his own regiment, he deserted to the enemy; and this is the original official record concerning him. But on March 8, 1865, just as the Civil War was ending, a report which came through an unknown source to an unnamed subordinate officer under Lieutenant Colonel Gardiner Tufts, state agent for Massachusetts at the hospital at Annapolis, stated that George Way Bixby had died in prison at Salisbury. The War Department in Washington, and the Adjutant General of Massachusetts were more than willing to believe the latter story. Indeed, when the possibility of mistakes is considered, both these departments are to be commended for their desire to give the benefit of the doubt to every soldier concerning whom there is a charge of this character unsupported by positive proof. So far as military records are concerned, this is all that is known.

But I have discovered important evidence in the Probate record at Worcester. An uncle of these five Bixby brothers died in 1878, and, being unmarried and the last survivor of his generation, his small estate went to his nephews and nieces. A sworn list of these had to be made up, and it shows George Way Bixby alive in Cuba. His brothers and sisters and first cousins did not swear that he was alive in Cuba in 1878 if he had died in a Confederate prison in 1865.

The record that he deserted to the enemy is therefore presumably true and is the probable reason why he fled the country at the close of the war and did not return to claim his share in his uncle's small estate.

### *Poor Homesick Boy! He Was Only Nineteen*

The quest of Edward Bixby has proved still more difficult. He was born in Hopkinton, July 13, 1843, and enlisted under his own name. Under that name he passed his medical examination. But before being sworn in, he obtained access to the muster roll and in the cramped space available wrote the name "Arthur" before his real name Edward. As Arthur E. Bixby he served, first as a member of Company C, 14th Massachusetts Infantry, and then, by the renumbering and reassignment of the regiment, as of Company C, First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery. He deserted, May 28 or 29, 1862.

But are we sure he was the same man, and the son of Lydia Bixby?

Yes, we are sadly sure. I have found in Washington an affidavit of Lydia Bixby, widow of Cromwell, making oath that she was the mother of Arthur Edward Bixby, and declaring that he was under age and had enlisted without her consent.

Poor, homesick boy! He was only nineteen. Had he waited a little longer his mother would have got him out. The order for his discharge was issued, but he had already deserted.

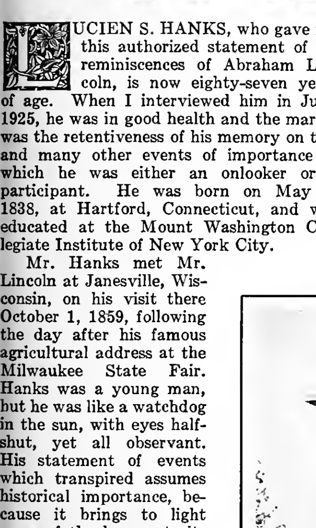
After the war he took to sea, returning in 1871 and living with his mother. By 1878 he had become a strolling cigar maker, a man addicted to drink. He died in a poor lodging house in Chicago, at 114 Madison street, January 4, 1909, and was buried in Waldheim Cemetery by the Cigar Makers' Union. His grave is near that of the hanged anarchists. But not a soul in Chicago of those who attended the inquest, or of those who stood near while the undertaker's assistant read the burial service (for no minister was called), suspected that this scion of six generations of Puritans was one of the five sons of Mrs. Bixby to whom Lincoln wrote his letter.

Did Mrs. Bixby lie?

### *Blundered, but It Was a Beautiful Blunder*

For a good while I made myself believe that she probably thought all her sons were dead. They were all absent when she said they were dead, and she may have believed it. But these men were all able to read and write, and Henry and Edward were where they could reach their mother by mail. She also could write and did. They were not estranged from her and there is no reason to suppose that she was in total ignorance of the whereabouts of her boys. Charles and Oliver were dead, and George, after a record none too good, was and remained dead to her. Three sons were lost to her by the war.

Widows were abundant in 1864, and women were not few who had lost a son, some two sons, and a few as many as three. If Mrs. Bixby capitalized her sorrow and added to its sum total, she was not alone in her indulgence. Grief is often criminally selfish, and sometimes sordid. She was sixty-three years of age, (Concluded on page 24)



# "I Slept With Lincoln"

## Lucien S. Hanks' Nighttime Experience

By LUCIEN S. HANKS

REPORTED BY FRED L. HOLMES

LUCIEN S. HANKS, who gave me this authorized statement of his reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, is now eighty-seven years of age. When I interviewed him in July, 1925, he was in good health and the marvel was the retentiveness of his memory on this and many other events of importance in which he was either an onlooker or a participant. He was born on May 8, 1838, at Hartford, Connecticut, and was educated at the Mount Washington Collegiate Institute of New York City.

Mr. Hanks met Mr. Lincoln at Janesville, Wisconsin, on his visit there October 1, 1859, following the day after his famous agricultural address at the Milwaukee State Fair. Hanks was a young man, but he was like a watchdog in the sun, with eyes half-shut, yet all observant. His statement of events which transpired assumes historical importance, because it brings to light some of the human traits of Lincoln. He was jolly in company with younger people; he was nervous after his speaking efforts and when he slept he was exceedingly restless.

After the incident related below, Mr. Hanks, in March, 1860, came to Madison and was appointed teller of the state bank, which was the first state bank organized in Wisconsin under the general banking law of 1852. In 1865 he was elected cashier and subsequently vice-president. In 1890 he was chosen president and held this position until his retirement in 1920.

* * *

By Lucien S. Hanks

Well do I remember, when as a youth of twenty-one, I first saw Abraham Lincoln—and tried to sleep with him. I could not forget the incident though I were to live to be the age of Methuselah. It is more than sixty-five years ago and yet the event is as indelibly imprinted upon my memory as it was the day of its occurrence.

It was in the autumn of 1859 at the home of my uncle, William M. Tallman, at Janesville, Wisconsin. I was staying there at the time with his son Edgar, a boy a year older than I, and visiting a good deal with his sister "Gussie," about my own age. It was one year after the Lincoln-Douglas debates and Mr. Lincoln had come to Janesville, returning from the State Fair at Milwaukee, to speak on political issues of the day. As I now recall, it was his last visit to Wisconsin.

Mr. Lincoln was a guest at the Tallman home and I remember the impressions when I first met him. He was in the house talking with Mr. Tallman, a well-to-do and prominent lawyer of Southern Wisconsin. When I entered the room and saw him I thought to myself, "What a homely cove he is," an expression the boys used at that time.

"This is Master Hanks," said Mr. Tallman in introducing me.

"Hanks! That's a name familiar to me, my boy," responded Mr. Lincoln. I did not understand what he meant by referring so intimately to the name of "Hanks," but I afterward learned that it was also the name of his mother's family. So far as I know, however, the two families were not related.

Probably it was because of his homely countenance that I remember so vividly his appearance. On that occasion Mr. Lincoln wore a black frock coat, dark stock tie, black vest, thick heavy boots with double soles and his feet were as big as an elephant's. He wore a black slouch hat. I do not know what he carried in the old-fashioned carpetbag he had with him, but one thing was a nightgown, which he wore that night when I tried to sleep with him. He was scrupulously clean in his personal habits and appearance.

There are some other incidents of that evening which I recall. Sometime after the introduction I remember that Aunt Emeline told me I would have to sleep on the sofa that night because of visitors. I had thought the remark had passed unnoticed by others. But when Mr. Lincoln got back from his speech that evening, he touched Aunt Emeline on the shoulder and said: "The boy and I will get along together all right; he and I will sleep together." He had evidently overheard what Aunt Emeline had said to me earlier in the evening.

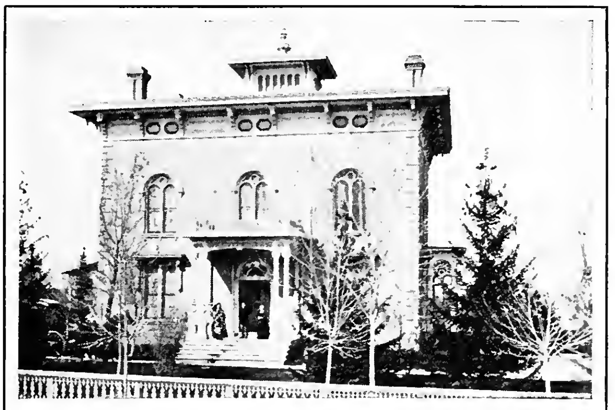
Before the speech Mr. Lincoln visited with the entire family. During the early evening "Gussie" and her mother went into the parlor and "Gussie" sat down on the sofa. Soon Mr. Lincoln went into the parlor and I followed, because I wanted to be near the girl, she was so beautiful, and I was in love with my cousin. Mr. Lincoln bowed to the mother and then sat down on the sofa, beside her.

"Now Miss Tallman, I want you to tell me about your beaux," he said.

"But I haven't any," she quickly responded.

"Are you sure you are telling me the truth?" asked Mr. Lincoln turning toward me with questioning eyes. What a moment that was to me!

In those days the Tallman home was one of the finest residences in Southern Wisconsin. It had been erected early in the fifties from pressed brick brought from Milwaukee. The rooms were large and the house was handsomely furnished. At one side of a wide hallway at the entrance were the sitting and dining rooms and



William A. Tallman home as it appeared at time of Lincoln's visit at Janesville, Wisconsin, 1859.

across the hall was a drawing-room, used only on occasions.

The evening of the visit, while we were chatting in the drawing-room, Mr. Lincoln faced the sitting room and I could see that he was interested in the next room. Finally he spoke what was in his mind.

"Mrs. Tallman, may we sit in the other room?" he asked. The suggestion pleased her. He evidently had the habit of making people feel at home with him. Soon it was time for the address.

Not being particularly interested in politics at that time I did not hear the speech. There was a dance in one of the neighboring houses and I went to that instead. It was about 11 o'clock when I came back. Lincoln had returned and was talking intently with Mr. Tallman. I went to bed—no one paid any attention to me.

I lay at the back of the bed, and believe that I went to sleep. Though I was awakened when Mr. Lincoln came in about midnight I pretended to be asleep. He undressed quickly and came to bed. For about ten or fifteen minutes he was quiet and apparently went right to sleep. He seemed very uneasy. Soon he gave vocal evidences of slumber. His body jerked and twitched spasmodically, and often he touched me. His long legs would be kicking around, the subconscious effect probably of his vigorous speech but an hour or two before. He and Mr. Tallman were strong abolitionists and perhaps their conversation before going to bed had made him nervous. He was very restless. There was simply no sleep whatever for me. I could stand it no longer. I slipped out of bed and went into the hall, where I slept on a sofa the remainder of the night. Lincoln never knew when I left.

In the morning a humorous incident occurred. At the end of the hall, near the stairway leading to the second floor, was a closet supplied with slippers. Everyone was expected to exchange his shoes for slippers before going to bed. By oversight Mr. Lincoln had not been informed of this custom and wore his boots to his room and then set them outside the door. Next morning he was late in coming down. It was nearing train time. Edgar was finally told to call him, but, as he started, Lincoln entered the sitting room. I can see him now. He was minus boots—his blue yarn stockings with white tips being plainly in evidence. Turning to Mrs. Tallman, he smilingly declared:

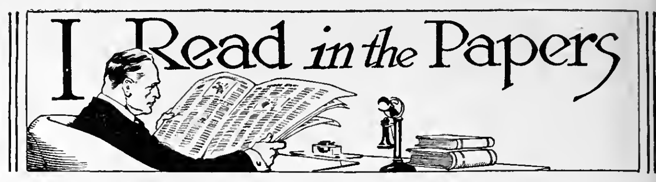
"I can't accuse you, but I have no boots."

Aunt Emeline was a bit mortified. Finding the boots at his door, the janitor had taken and cleaned them, but returned them to the downstairs closet. Lincoln sat down in the sitting room and pulled them on before the entire family.

I went by way of Washington in the autumn of 1863 to visit with Edgar Tallman and then on to my old home at Hartford, Connecticut. While in Washington I met President Lincoln on the street. I knew him the moment I saw him; he was such a homely looking fellow I could not forget him. President Lincoln apparently recognized me as someone he had seen before and stopped.

"I am Hanks, the fellow who tried to sleep with you," I said coming up and shaking his hand. Lincoln laughed, declared that he remembered the incident, and invited me to visit him. But I was in such a hurry to get back to my old home that I did not seize this opportunity.

I was shocked and pained less than two years after when I read in the papers that he had been cruelly assassinated.




—that the widely heralded propaganda that Quebec Province has obtained the bulk of the American automobile tourist travel because of the availability of liquor, thus depriving Ontario of the lucrative tourist business, is without foundation in fact. Figures compiled after the close of the 1925 tourist season showed that 1,342,742 American cars visited Ontario during that period as compared with but 236,103 American cars that went into Quebec. The Ontario Tourist Association has computed the expenditure of American Tourists in that province as about twenty-five million dollars and in Quebec slightly over fifteen millions; the length of stay of the cars was taken into consideration in this estimate. This would suggest that the American citizen and his family prefer prohibition to booze communities when touring Canada.

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew,* Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States,* Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life,* Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States,* Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set, $1. The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

—that although it costs $225 to send two motor truck loads of household goods from Binghampton, New York, to Paterson, New Jersey, as compared with but $62 for a railroad carload, the trucks are obtaining so much business that the railroads have started an investigation. It develops that the $62 rail rate is quite illusory. The railroads require many articles to be crated although the trucks do not and this crating may cost from $75 to $300 and then it costs an average of from $45 to $60 to have them hauled to the station and as much to have them delivered at the destination. Finally the movement of railroad cars is notoriously dilatory at times and the motor trucks are speedy and certain in their movements. Truck movements are directly to the place of destination—to the new doorstep. The New York *Commercial* demands that the railroads devise a method of safely shipping household goods uncrated and bluntly says that if the railroads do not pick up and deliver freight they will lose still more business of every kind.

—that Dr. H. Paul Douglass in a recent report upon "How Shall Country Youth Be Served" has made some significant declarations to the Institute of Social and Religious Research of which John R. Mott, the Y. M.C.A.chieftain, is chairman. Dr. Douglass, who also made the well-known Springfield and St. Louis church surveys, says that much of the so-called rural work carried on in this country by the national character-building agencies for youth is not rural at all. He found the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A., the Boy and Girl Scouts, the Campfire Girls and kindred organizations, were competing for prestige and support in many of the larger places while making little or no effort to reach boys and girls of distinctly rural areas. Dr. Douglass is quite right in affirming that "the good of the boys and girls of America is the end and object of all the work—not the agencies nor their systems, nor their treasuries. The waste of divided effort, the social disaster of such situations constitutes an imperative argument for finding some better way." Perhaps the basic reason for this distressing situation is that America is so rich and the financial supporters of so many welfare organizations have obtained their money so easily and are so generous in their impulses that insufficient scrutiny has been given to the real value of various agencies. It is particularly discreditable, however, that the boys and girls of the country, the richest source of men and women of character and genius of all ages and all climes are being neglected by these organizations that purport to interest themselves in the rural field.

—that the Great Northern, Jim Hill's railroad, will construct what will be the longest railroad tunnel in America, a seven-and-three-quarter mile bore under the Cascade Mountains in Washington. Thus the new tunnel will be over a mile longer than the Moffat Tunnel that is being pierced through the Rockies in Colorado, and twice as long as the famous Connaught Tunnel of the Canadian Pacific. This undertaking will shorten the line more than seven miles, eliminating almost six complete circles of curvature in the track and more than six miles of snow sheds in a region where the total winter snowfall exceeds fifty-five feet. So that it will speedily pay for itself.

—that "Golden Rule" Nash, Cincinnati clothing manufacturer and philanthropist, presented a petition signed by himself and 1,500 of his employes for the parole of John Sydell, who is serving a sentence of 25 years in the state penitentiary for participating in a pay-roll robbery of the Nash Company four years ago.

Sydell has served about three and a half years of prison sentence. During Sydell's incarceration Mr. Nash has had Mrs. Sydell on his pay roll as, he explained, to "take care of her four children," who were left destitute.

Mr. Nash told Governor Donahey that he will give Sydell employment if he is paroled. Sydell was not an employe of the Nash Company at the time of the pay-roll robbery, which netted $8,056. He is alleged to have planned the robbery, though not actually taking part in the holdup. He watched the proceedings from a point across the street, Mr. Nash said.

Mr. Nash said he was not asking for Sydell's pardon at this time, only a parole on which he may be released from prison to aid in caring for his family.

Both Prosecutor Bell and Judge Roettinger declared that it is their personal opinion that robbers and all holdup men ought to be compelled to serve in full their sentences. Neither has received any notice of the filing of the petitions, or of an application by Sydell for parole.

# The World HAS BEEN Reorganized

(*Concluded from page 15*)

"Dr. Kemmerer was invited by the Polish Government, on suggestion of *Dillon, Read & Company;* in announcing his appointment the banks characterized it as a most important step in strengthening the Polish financial situation.

"Poland turned to the United States for a financial adviser, it is said, because most of its financing has been handled in this country and it was felt that America was in a position to give it most disinterested advice.

"Dr. Kemmerer established the *Philippine National Bank* and the *Colombia National Bank.*

"He assisted in drawing up the *Dawes plan* and in banking circles is regarded as author of the statutes of the new *German Reichsbank.*"

If a growing theory is correct that *Dillon, Read & Company* maintains important connections with *Kuhn, Loeb & Company,* you can see this most important connection.

In the Washington *Star* of March 1, 1925, was an account that the bill authorizing the American loan was discussed in the Polish Diet on February 27, and that there were criticisms that the rate of interest was too high, and exceptions were taken to the guaranties of amortization of installments and interest which included both *railroad revenues and sugar duties.* It was argued that the tying up of these two sources of revenue would make it extremely difficult to contract for future loans as virtually all the guaranties Poland could give would be already engaged.

**_Is It Dillon, Read or Kuhn, Loeb?_**

"Premier Grabski disclosed that under the $50,000,000 loan contract with *Dillon, Read & Company* of New York, Poland had bound herself not to contract for any loan in the American market during the coming six months."

In the Washington *Star* for March 10, 1925, was the following item: "Large shipments of gold to Germany, independent of the credits established by the sale of the $110,000,000 American portion of the German reparations loan last fall, will be made within the next few weeks by the New York Federal Reserve Bank acting for the Reichsbank. The exports probably will aggregate $50,000,000."

In the Washington *Star* of March 9, 1925, Seymour Parker Gilbert, agent general for reparations payments, is reported as indicating that during the first six months of operations of the Dawes plan, 570 million gold marks were paid by Germany. Against this amount the Agent General made payments of 454 million gold marks, leaving a cash balance on the Reichsbank of approximately 116 millions.

According to the Washington *Times* of March 11, 1925, there were $152,500,000 of foreign securities sold in the United States during the month of February, 1925. The highest rate of interest was 8 per cent on an issue of $35,000,000 *of Polish Government bonds.*

The New York *Times* for January 21, 1925, Paul M. Warburg is quoted as saying that the International Acceptance Bank Inc., felt justified in hoping a solid structure might rapidly spring up from *the foundation carefully laid* by the Dawes plan. "We may hope to see *king gold* bringing once more under his control the printing presses that had threatened to drown Europe in a flood of paper currency. *The battle in this regard was actually won when Austria, Germany and Hungary were once more placed on a gold basis.*"

**_"King Gold Will Win the Battle"_**

Evidently Warburg felt the importance of the Dawes plan and after expressing his expectations as to the pound sterling he remarked that France, Belgium and Italy probably would determine promptly the new levels on which to stabilize their respective exchanges.

Warburg was making this prediction as to France, Belgium and Italy about the twentieth of January, 1925, while in the New York *Times* for April 20, 1925, Professor E. W. Kemmerer was echoing the same sentiments.

The Washington *Star* of April 10, 1925: "The Federal Reserve Board last night made public the results of a survey on the gold situation throughout the world in 1924, which reveals improvement in the financial condition of world powers which have been seeking to re-establish a gold basis for currency." The article claims that various nations have been considerably improved by a return to the gold standard and "the Board also called attention to increases in reserves carried by other European banks of issue, *none of them more than five years old,* which *represent efforts to shake off the economic results of the World War.* Including that of the Reichsbank, these reserves aggregate almost $400,000,000, representing a gain of $193,000,000 in the last twelve months. The *banks of issue* covered in the figures are situated in *Germany, Esthonia, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Russia, Lithuania, Latvia, Austria, Danzig, Hungary and Poland.* While omitting any reference to France, the Board called especial attention to the gold situation in *Australia,* the *Union of South Africa,* and *Argentina.*"

Is not this an interesting statement for the Federal Reserve Board to make in view of Professor Kemmerer's activities in these various countries?

**_A Secret Dinner with Bolsheviks_**

The Washington *Post* of May 1, 1925, printed an Associated Press dispatch to the effect that American bankers will help develop the Soviet gold field. It does not seem clear just what group of bankers it is, but there was a recent newspaper story of the meeting in New York between certain bankers, including Dillon, Read & Company and the Soviet representatives, which some thought looked toward the recognition of Russia. This dinner was conducted in the utmost secrecy at the Banker's Club, New York, and all information was refused to the American press. To learn the names of those who participated and what it was all about, the Associated Press was obliged to have its Moscow bureau cable back to the United States the account that had been denied the American public but fully cabled to the Bolshevik press in Russia.

The Washington *Star* of June 2, 1925, contains a statement that the new $45,000,000 Argentine loan offered by J. P. Morgan & Company and the National City Company was oversubscribed within an hour. Dr. A. C. Miller, member of the Federal Reserve Board, according to the Washington *Star,* May 24, 1925, lauded America's interest in helping Great Britain return to the gold standard. According to an account in the Washington *Star* June 2, 1925, finance minister De Stefani announced to the Italian Chamber of Deputies that J. P. Morgan & Company had granted a credit of $50,000,000 to a consortium of Italian banks to be used to stabilize exchange. Thomas W. Lamont, of the firm of Morgan, is supposed to have visited Rome in April and talked the matter over and he confirmed the report of the loan from New York.

# The Truth About the Bixby Letter

(*Concluded from page 22*)

in indigent circumstances. Her pension, I believe, was eight dollars a month. I shrink from asking how far she exaggerated her losses.

It remains only to tell the last of her story.

Sick unto death with Bright's disease, she went to Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, and died there October 27, 1878. She had bought two graves in the Maple Grove section of Mount Hope, a cemetery belonging to the city of Boston. The graves are numbered 423 and 424 and have no other mark. She lies in grave 423. So far as I am aware, no newspaper at the time commented on her death, or at that time linked her name with that of President Lincoln.

What did she do with Lincoln's letter?

Perhaps she left it behind in one of her many removals. Perhaps she sold it to the first person who offered her a dollar for it; and if so, it was probably purchased by some curious person who did not himself value it highly. It would be worth many thousands today, but it was not worth much to her. *She could not display it with two husky living sons in the room, whom the letter alleged to be dead.*

So far as we have any reliable information, the letter has never been seen since Thanksgiving morning in 1864, when Adjutant General William Schouler gave it to Mrs. Bixby.

President Lincoln blundered. Governor Andrew blundered. Adjutant General Schouler blundered. But it was a beautiful blunder. It grew out of a ready sympathy and a noble desire to comfort a poor widow in her heavy grief. It was a blunder, but I am glad it occurred.

And it is not a very light thing for a widow to lose three or even two sons.

# How I Wrote "Lincoln, the Man of the People"

(*Continued from page 4*)

were slices of bacon and a hunk of cornbread was now to be honored with a groaning banquet table at twenty dollars a plate. And that famous democrat and friend of the people, Senator Chauncey Depew, was to be the peerless toastmaster.

Would I have the grace and good will to write a Lincoln poem for the memorable occasion? I was assured that I had been "chosen by the club from all the living American poets for this illustrious honor."

Yes, I would be glad to pay my homage to greatness. Yet I told my callers that I had to go out lecture-reading, had to take an eagle-swing over the Middle West. But I would meditate upon the poem all the way, and would return in time to give three weeks to the composition.

I remember that I said: "Gentlemen, for Lincoln I have a deep love and reverence. I will wait patiently upon the Muse: if she gives the poem to me, I will give the poem to you. I cannot promise with certainty."

Immediately on my return from the lecture-readings, I entered my study, plunged into meditation. I visualized Lincoln in the dramatic moments of his life. But nothing came to me out of the Invisible. Yet two immortal lines from Wordsworth swam into my mind:

"The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

I crooned them over for an hour. Why this crooning? Simply in the hope of tuning the mind to a higher vibration, to that higher level where moved of old the consecrated soul of the great commoner. In that hour, two or three phrases flashed out of the cloud of the mind, but the poem did not take form. The day ended, with little or nothing accomplished.

The next day also opened and closed with no poem, nor part of a poem. On the morning of the third day I took down from a favorite shelf a volume of Emerson, and read his essay on the great President. It did not awaken a great emotion: it did not kindle the eye of the imagination. That day also crumbled into nothingness. The next afternoon the anxious committee called on me for news. I told them that the Muse had not yet handed the poem down out of her mystery, but that I was hopeful, courageous, full of faith.

Thus I kept on and on, pondering and waiting, determined not to yield an inch of ground to grim discouragement. Two weeks evaporated and were gone.

Two days now remained before the dawn of the great day, before the fall of the great night, when I must rise in my place and read my ode to Lincoln under the glowing candelabra and among the stately presences of the rich and exclusive club in Manhattan. There is something witching and creative about the night hours; so I determined to sit up that night. I did so: I watched the stars away, but the Muse did not descend to me out of her secret place.

Now only one more night remained. I slept all that day, and then began to watch away another night, the last night on the brink of the great banquet. At midnight, I opened my first volume, *The Man With the Hoe and Other Poems*, and turned to "The Desire of Nations," where I prophesy the coming of the great social deliverer:

"He will arrive, our Counselor and Chief.
And with bleak faces lighted up will come
The earth-worn mothers from their martyrdom
To tell him of their grief.
And glad girls caroling from field and town
Will go to meet him with the labor-crown,
The new crown woven of the heading wheat.
And men will sit down at his sacred feet;
And he will say—the king—
'Come, let us live the poetry we sing!' "

I crooned these lines over, again and again. The heat of them penetrated me as a subtle fire, and seemed to dissolve the cold prose of the mind and to let into it the music of the spheres.

Out of this spheral music the Lincoln poem arose. For at two o'clock, the mystic hour of the morning, the deep hour when churchyards yawn and spirits walk abroad, in that mysterious hour the complete conception of the poem came to me—the conception of Lincoln as the providential man sent into the world for a great crisis of his people, for a great service to the race.

A creative idea flashed upon the long-waiting abyss of the mind. I saw that the Norn Mother, the Divine Mother, the Creative Mother of the universe, must descend into the earth from the Heaven of Heroes to mold this man—not to mold him out of the scarce porcelain from which She makes aristocrats and kings, but out of the tried clay of the common road, out of the clay from which She makes the common people. I saw also that this man of the solid and homely earth must have in him the dear and fondly remembered qualities of the old earth, the labor-place and the resting-place of the countless generations of men. He must have in him the color of the ground, the smack and tang of things, the rectitude of the cliff, the good will of the rain, the welcome of the wayside well, the courage of the bird, the gladness of the wind, the pity of the snow, the secrecy of subterranean streams, the tolerance of the light.

The poem had now leaped into its elemental form. I needed only to add a few details of the man's character, express bis tragic ending, and the poem would be complete. In three hours the poem was finished, having been recopied three times, in my effort to revise and perfect the first draft. In another hour it was typewritten and on its way to the copyright office.

I soon fell into a tranquil slumber, and at six-thirty in the evening I was at Delmonico's with the poem that had been handed down to me out of the hushed mystery and wonder of the night.

*Questions by W. L. S.:*

My good author-friend, William L. Stidger, honors me with an ardent admiration for my Lincoln poem. At this moment, he flashes a few questions into this article for your eye, O patient and generous reader.

"I see, Sir Poet," cries my high-hearted friend, "an opportunity now to do a little psychoanalysis. I wish to search into your secret. I wish to find out for the readers of this article what memories inspired the striking figures and comparisons in your poem. What suggested to you the great metaphor:

" 'The rectitude and patience
of the cliff'?"

That figure, I answer, was suggested by a memory of my earliest boyhood. I was born under a great cliff in Oregon City: and the early memory that clings most tenaciously is the memory of that vast perpendicular rock soaring upward until it is lost in the clouds.

"Good, Mr. Poet, but what experience in the abyss of memories suggested the line:

" 'The good-will of the rain
that loves all leaves'?"

That rose out of my memories of the Suisun Hills, when—while a cowboy on my mother's cattle range—I was caught frequently in some flurry of rain which scattered its bright drops on all the leaves of the trees on the encircling hills. The cedars and oaks and sycamores, all sparkling with raindrops—it was a memory never to be forgotten.

"And now, Poet, I must know about that touching line,

" 'The friendly welcome of the
wayside well.' "

You are wondering whether I had a memory of some wayside well when I wrote the line. I certainly did. It was a well that I had passed a thousand times in my boyhood on my way to Suisun City. It was an open well with a pulley and a rope and with moss-covered rocks. It was a friendly place, where thousands of travelers stopped on the long road to refresh themselves with the cool water.

"That is a beautiful memory, but I am now anxious to know what suggested that tremendous figure of speech in which you ascribe to Lincoln

" 'The courage of the bird that
dares the sea.' "

After leaving my mother's cattle range, I spent years in the Teachers' College in San Francisco; and I frequently journeyed out to the Cliff House, where I would watch the sea gulls flying out to sea. I felt the courage of their daring flight. I may have seen among the rest a stormy petrel taking its venturesome flight over the waste of whitening waves.

"Now, Poet, have the kindness to tell your readers the memory sources of some of the other lines, like

" 'The gladness of the wind
that shakes the corn.' "

The corn figure was another memory of my boyhood on my mother's farm in California. In those early days, I plowed and planted acres and acres of corn; and it was a great joy to note the tasseling of the stalks and to watch the sudden leap of the long sword-like leaves when the glad wind rushed over the green and happy fields. The beauty of the scene had thrilled my young heart a thousand times.

And now, good friend, you are wondering about

"The pity of the snow that
hides all scars";

and your curiosity is keen because you know we didn't have snow in the Suisun Hills. You are right; but later in life I was a superintendent of schools in the Sierras, where there was a yearly fall of snow. Strangely enough, that wild territory in El Dorado County was frightfully seamed and scarred by the miners in the early mining era. Sometimes a whole hillside was swept away by hydraulic power. Winter freshets also left their deep enduring scars. But the first fall of the snow covered these ugly reminders and all was beautiful again: all ugly features were hidden by the pity of the snow.

You are also curious about

"The secrecy of streams that
make their way
Beneath the mountain to the
rifted rock."

Many times in my early outdoor life I have come upon streams, which suddenly disappeared, ran underground for a mile or so, and then as suddenly reappeared. That picture rushed in upon my mind when I wished to tell of Lincoln's habit of holding his tongue, of keeping his own council. He could speak: he also had the power of silence.

You have another couplet in your mind:

"The strength of virgin forests
braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies
stilled his soul."

These lines also rose out of my memories. I lived all my days among the vigorous mountain forests of the West—among oaks and redwoods and cedars. The prairie figure was suggested by the memories of the long silent leagues of prairie that I saw in crossing the American continent.

"This is all excellent, Mr. Poet," cries my friend again, "but what news can you tell of that greatest figure of all, in the last four lines of the poem, where you describe Lincoln in his death as going down like a stricken tree on the high hills. That is unquestionably the greatest figure in American literature."

I am not responsible for your literary opinions, Mr. Critic, but I can with safety answer your question. This figure of the falling tree was suggested to me by a hundred experiences in my romantic boyhood. Many times when looking for lost cattle in the mountains a wild tempest suddenly shook the earth; and I would seek shelter under some live oak tree through whose dense leaves no rain can penetrate. On several of these occasions I have seen a mighty tree give way before the rushing hurricane, and fall with a great shout upon the hills; and whenever I passed that way again where the tree had fallen, I always saw "a lonesome place against the sky." Every tree on those mountains was my friend, was dear to my heart; so when one was hurled prostrate, I could not help but see with wistful heart the vacant place against the heavens.

In the first draft of the poem, this last line was not inserted. But Mrs. Markham—who was also a mountaineer and who had often seen these "lonesome places"—urged me to add the line, for she also had seen a tree fall near her childhood home, leaving a lonesome gap in the forest ranks.

Yes, Lincoln went down in tragic death, but he is even greater in his death than he ever was in his life. For he has risen to become the national ideal, the great spiritual power kindling a great people.

# Medical Quacks of Other Days

EVER since prehistoric days there have been medical quacks. One of the strangest was Anton Mesmer. In Paris, he found prodigious vogue, especially among women. To enter his house was an impressive experience. He had assistants who were claimed to be able to transfer magnetism from their finger tips to patients. If a female patient were in a hysterical state, Mesmer himself, in his robe of silk embroidered with gold, and with his ivory wand, would stroke her eyebrows or her spine and calm her. The Queen of France commended Mesmerism and a pension of twenty thousand francs was offered Mesmer if he could prove that he had made any discovery in medicine and would communicate it to the King's physicians.

Mesmer objected to the latter part of the offer and left Paris. Two royal commissions were then appointed, on one of which Benjamin Franklin was a member. After five months of experiment a report unfavorable to Mesmer was returned, after which Mesmer retired to the country, with a fortune amounting to 340,000 francs. He died in 1815, at the age of eighty-one.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# Lincoln's Premonitions of Death

(*Continued from page 8*)

President Lincoln and his family.

safe arrival in Washington, sought safety in flight and were not apprehended. Mr. Lincoln always regretted his "secret passage" to Washington, for it was repugnant to a man of his high courage. He had agreed to the plan simply because all of his friends urged it as the best thing to do.[5]

Beginning with this plot Mr. Lincoln, according to his secretaries, Nicolay and Hay, was constantly subject to the threats of his enemies and the warnings of his friends.

"The threats came in every form; his mail was infested with brutal and vulgar menace, mostly anonymous, the expression of vile and cowardly minds. The warnings, not less numerous, were faithfully reported to him by zealous or nervous friends. Most of these communications received no notice.

"In cases where there seemed a ground for inquiry it was made, as carefully as possible, by the President's private secretary and by the War Department, but always without substantial result. Warnings that appeared to be most definite when they came to be examined proved too vague and confused for further attention. The President was too intelligent not to know he was in some danger. Madmen frequently made their way to the very door of the executive offices and sometimes into Mr. Lincoln's presence.[6]

"Although he freely discussed with the officials about him the possibilities of danger, he always considered them remote, as is the habit of men constitutionally brave, and positively refused to torment himself with precautions for his own safety. He would sum the matter up by saying that both friends and strangers must have daily access to him in all manner of ways and places; his life was therefore in reach of any one, sane or mad, who was ready to murder and be hanged for it; that he could not possibly guard against all danger unless he were to shut himself up in an iron box, in which condition he could scarcely perform the duties of a President; by the hand of a murderer he could die only once; to go continually in fear would be to die over and over."[7]

John Bigelow, Lincoln's second minister to France, stated in 1865 that he had three years before warned the Secretary of State of plots against the lives of northern statesmen, but that Mr. Seward deprecated the idea in the following terms:

"There is no doubt that from a period anterior to the breaking out of the insurrection, plots and conspiracies for purposes of assassination have been frequently formed and organized. And it is not unlikely that such an one as has been reported to you is now in agitation among the insurgents. If it be so, it need furnish no ground for anxiety. Assassination is not an American practice or habit, and one so vicious and so desperate cannot be engrafted into our political system. This conviction of mine has steadily gained strength since the Civil War began. Every day's experience confirms it. The President, during the heated season, occupies a country house near the Soldiers Home, two or three miles from the city. He goes to and from that place on horseback, night and morning, unguarded. I go there unattended at all hours, by daylight and moonlight, by starlight and without any light."[8]

According to Ward Lamon, marshal of the District of Columbia,[9] Mr. Lincoln made the Soldiers Home about three miles northwest of the White House his summer residence, but refused to have a military escort to and from this place saying that there wasn't the slightest occasion for such precaution. One morning, however, in August, 1862, the President reported that the night before, about 11 o'clock, when riding his horse alone on his way to the Home and near the entrance to the grounds, he was startled by the report of a rifle seemingly about fifty yards away which frightened the horse to such an extent that he finished the distance at breakneck speed. The President refused to believe that he was the target, although he acknowledged that he heard the bullet whistle near his head.

November 1, 1864, the United States Consul at Halifax wrote the Secretary of State as follows: "It is secretly asserted by secessionists here that plans have been formed and will be carried into execution by the rebels and their allies, for setting fire to the principal cities in the Northern States on the day of the Presidential Election."[10]

David Homer Bates, in charge of the War Department telegraph, says that vague rumors of a plot to kidnap or assassinate the President had previously reached the War Department, but had been given little credence until just about this time a photograph of Lincoln had been received by Mrs. Lincoln through the mail which showed red ink-spots on the shirt front, with a rope around the neck.

Ward Lamon, marshal of the District, became so distressed in December, 1864, at what seemed to him Mr. Lincoln's carelessness, that at 1:30 in the morning he wrote the President as follows:

"I regret that you do not appreciate what I have repeatedly said to you in regard to the proper police arrangements connected with your household and your own personal safety. You are in danger. I have nothing to ask, and I flatter myself that you will at least believe that I am honest. If, however, you have been impressed differently, do me and the country the justice to dispose at once of all suspected officers, and accept my resignation of the marshalship.

"I will give you further reasons which have impelled me to this course. Tonight, as you have done on several previous occasions, you went unattended to the theater. When I say unattended, I mean that you went alone with Charles Sumner and a foreign minister, neither of whom could defend himself against an assault from any able-bodied woman in this city. And you know, or ought to know, your life is sought after, and will be taken unless you and your friends are cautious."

During the last weeks of the war, President Lincoln saw Petersburg fall into the hands of Union troops. A few days later he entered Richmond. It was during this trip that Mrs. Lincoln says that she was driving one day with her husband along the banks of the James, when they passed a country graveyard. "It was a retired place, shaded by trees, and early spring flowers were opening on nearly every grave. It was so quiet and attractive that they

[5] *Yarns and Stories*, McClure, p. 487; also *Recollections*, by Ward Lamon, pp. 46-47.

[6] *Abraham Lincoln, a History* by John G. Nicolay and John Hay, published by The Century Company, New York, 1890, Volume X—pp. 286-287

[7] *Abraham Lincoln, a History* by John G. Nicolay and John Hay. Vol. X—pp. 288-289.

[8] *Retrospections of an Active Life* by John Bigelow, The Baker & Taylor Company, 1909. President Lincoln's Second Minister to France. Volume II, pp. 547-48.

[9] *Recollections Abe Lincoln*, p. 266.

[10] *Lincoln in the Telegraph Office* by David Homer Bates, The Century Company, New York, 1907—pp. 296-297.

stopped the carriage and walked through it. Mr. Lincoln seemed thoughtful and impressed. He said, 'Mary, you are younger than I. You will survive me. When I am gone, lay my remains in some quiet place like this.' "[11]

On the return trip from Richmond to Washington, members of the party were much impressed by the tone and manner in which Mr. Lincoln read aloud, two or three times, a passage from *Macbeth*:

" . . . Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further."

Possibly the most startling and gruesome of Mr. Lincoln's many dreams was one he had a few weeks before April 14, 1865, which so haunted him that after working ten days he reluctantly told Mrs. Lincoln and two or three others who were present. Later he referred to it in conversation with others.

"About ten days ago," said Mr. Lincoln, "I retired very late. I had been waiting for important dispatches from the front. I could not have been long in bed when I fell into a slumber, for I was weary. I soon began to dream. There seemed to be a deathlike stillness about me. Then I heard subdued sobs, as if a number of people were weeping. I thought I left my bed and wandered downstairs. There the silence was broken by the same pitiful sobbing, but the mourners were invisible. I went from room to room; no living person was in sight, but the same mournful sounds of distress met me as I passed along. It was light in all the rooms, every object was familiar to me; but where were all the people who were grieving as if their hearts would break? I was puzzled and alarmed. What could be the meaning of all this?

"Determined to find the cause of a state of things so mysterious and so shocking, I kept on until I arrived at the East Room, which I entered. There I met with a sickening surprise. Before me was a catafalque, on which rested a corpse wrapped in funeral vestments. Around it were stationed soldiers who were acting as guards; and there was a throng of people, some gazing mournfully upon the corpse, whose face was covered, others weeping pitifully. 'Who is dead in the White House?' I demanded of one of the soldiers. 'The President,' was his answer; 'he was killed by an assassin!' Then came a loud burst of grief from the crowd, which awoke me from my dream. I slept no more that night; and although it was only a dream I have been strangely annoyed by it ever since."[12]

"Never since he had become convinced that the end of the war was near had Mr. Lincoln seemed to his friends more glad, more serene, than on the 14th of April. The morning was soft and sunny in Washington, and as the spring was early in 1865, the Judas-trees and the dogwood were blossoming on the hillsides, the willows were green along the Potomac, and in the parks and gardens the lilacs bloomed —a day of promise and joy to which the whole town responded. Indeed, ever since the news of the fall of Richmond reached Washington the town had been indulging in an almost unbroken celebration, each new victory arousing a fresh outburst and rekindling enthusiasm. On the night of the 13th, there had been a splendid illumination, and on the 14th, the rejoicing went on. The suspension of the draft and the presence of Grant in town—come this time not to plan new campaigns, but to talk of peace and reconstruction—seemed to furnish special reason for celebrating."[13]

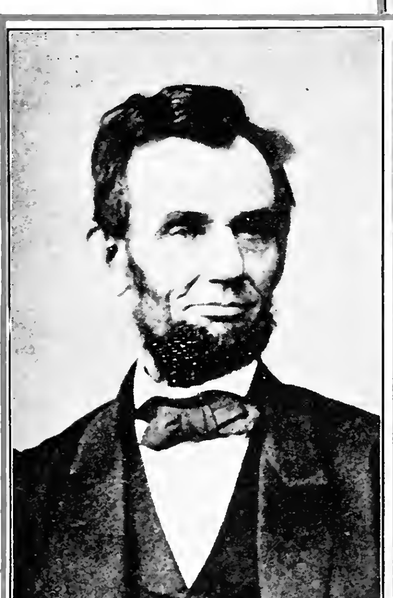
"The day was one of unusual enjoyment to Mr. Lincoln. His son, Robert, had returned from the field with General Grant, and the President spent an hour with the young captain in delighted conversation over the campaign. He denied himself generally to the throng of visitors, admitting only a few friends."[14]

During the morning of the fourteenth, Mrs. Lincoln had accepted for herself and the President an invitation to attend a performance of *Our American Cousin* at Ford's Theater that night and had invited the Grants to be their guests. General and Mrs. Grant had not seen their children for some time and answered that if possible they wanted to take an afternoon train to Burlington, New Jersey, where the children were in school, but that if they remained in Washington for the night, they would gladly accept the invitation.

One of President Lincoln's last letters, written on the morning of April 14, was to General Van Allen who had written "requesting him for the sake of his friends and the nation to guard his life and not expose it to assassination as he had by going to Richmond." Mr. Lincoln answered, "I intend to adopt the advice of my friends and use due precaution."[15]

At the last presidential cabinet meeting at 11 o'clock on the morning of April 14, "The conversation turning upon the subject of sleep, Mr. Lincoln remarked that a peculiar dream of the previous night was one that had recurred several times in his life—a vague sense of floating—floating away on some vast and indistinct expanse, toward an unknown shore. The dream itself was not so strange as the coincidence, that each of the previous recurrences had been followed by some important event or disaster.

"The usual comments were made by his auditors. One thought it was merely a matter of coincidences.



Above—Abraham Lincoln, as photographed five days before he was shot. By Alexander Gardner, Washington, April 9, 1865. Left—Another of Gardner's photographs of Lincoln, made November 8, 1863. These two pictures show in striking contrast the toll exacted from the President in only two years.

"Another laughingly remarked: 'At any rate it cannot presage a victory nor a defeat this time, for the war is over.'

"A third suggested: 'Perhaps at each of these periods there were possibilities of great change or disaster; and the vague feeling of uncertainty may have led to the dim vision in sleep.'

" 'Perhaps,' said Mr. Lincoln, thoughtfully, 'perhaps that is the explanation.' "[16]

After the Cabinet meeting, the President took a drive with Mrs. Lincoln, expressing a wish that no one should accompany them. His heart was filled with a solemn joy, which awoke memories of the past to mingle with hopes for the future· and in this subdued moment he desired to be alone with the one who stood nearest to him in human relation-

[11] *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, by Ida M. Tarbell, Lincoln History Society, New York, Vol. IV, p. 28.
[12] *Recollections of Lincoln*, by Ward Hill Lamon, edited by Dorothy Lamon Teillard, 1911, pp. 114-115.

[13] Ida Tarbell, Vol. IV, p. 29.
[14] *Abraham Lincoln, a History*, by Nicolay & Hay. The Century Company, New York, 1890. Vol. X, pp. 285-286.

[15] *Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln*, edited by Nicolay & Hay, Vol. XI, p. 94.
[16] *Seward at Washington*, by Frederick W. Seward. Derby & Miller, New York, 1891. Also McClure, and Nicolay & Hay, page 274.

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ship. In the course of their talk together, he said: "Mary, we have had a hard time of it since we came to Washington; but the war is over and with God's blessing we may hope for four years of peace and happiness, and then we will go back to Illinois and pass the rest of our lives in quiet."[17]

According to Colonel William H. Crook, one of President Lincoln's bodyguards, he accompanied the President during the afternoon of April 14 to the War Department. He stated that the President was unusually depressed and expressed his belief that he would be assassinated, but that if it were to be done, it would be impossible to prevent it, later adding that he would not attend the theater that night but for the fact that he was expected and his absence would disappoint the people.[18]

David Homer Bates claims, in *Lincoln in the Telegraph Office*, "that Stanton, the Secretary of War, having in mind the numerous threats of assassination which had come to his notice through secret service agents and otherwise, on the morning of the fourteenth, urged the President (p. 366) not to attend the theater that night."

To Mrs. Lincoln who suggested to the President that they decline the invitation to attend the theater that evening he answered that it was necessary for him to have a little rest, and by going to the theater he would escape the crowds of "overjoyed, excited people" who would visit him if he remained at the White House.[19]

General Grant, between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, having remained after the Cabinet meeting, was urged by the President to attend the theater with them that night, but Grant refused saying that he and Mrs. Grant had made arrangements to visit their children, and that Mrs. Grant was "desirous of leaving the city on the four o'clock train."[20]

After dinner that evening Lincoln told Noah Brooks, a newspaper correspondent who had called, that when Grant had decided not to stay and attend the theater, he "felt inclined to give up the whole thing."[21]

Colonel McClure, a friend of the President, says that probably one reason Mr. Lincoln did not particularly care to go to the theater that night was a sort of half-promise he had made to his friend and bodyguard, Marshal Lamon. Two days previously he had sent Lamon to Richmond on business connected with a call for a convention on reconstruction. Before leaving, Mr. Lamon saw Mr. Usher, the Secretary of the Interior, and asked him to persuade Mr. Lincoln to use more caution about his personal safety, and to go out as little as possible while Lamon was absent. Together they went to see Mr. Lincoln, and Lamon requested the President to make him a promise.

"I think I can venture to say I will," agreed Mr. Lincoln. "What is it?"

"Promise me that you will not go out after night while I am gone," demanded Mr. Lamon, "particularly to the theater."

Mr. Lincoln turned to Mr. Usher and said: "Usher, this boy is a monomaniac on the subject of my safety. I can hear him or hear of his being around at all times in the night, to prevent somebody from murdering me. He thinks I shall be killed, and we think he is going crazy. What does any one want to assassinate me for? If any one wants to do so, he can do it any day or night if he is ready to give his life for mine. It is nonsense."

Mr. Usher advised Mr. Lincoln that it would be well to heed Lamon's warning, as he was thrown among persons from whom he had better opportunities to learn about such matters than almost any one.

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln to Lamon, "I promise to do the best I can."[22]

That from Abraham Lincoln the war had exacted a terrible toll in mental anguish, no matter how much he tried not to worry about its awful problems, is shown by the startling contrast between pictures taken of him in 1861, 1863, and 1865 and two life masks made of him, one in 1860, the other in the spring of 1865. St. Gaudens insisted at first that the second was a death mask. "The lines are set as if the living face, like the copy, had been in bronze; the nose is thin and lengthened by the emaciation of the cheeks; the mouth is fixed like that of an archaic statue—a look as of one on whom sorrow and care had done their worst without victory is on all the features; the whole expression is of unspeakable sadness and all-suffering strength."[23]

In view of the President's many weird dreams and seeming premonitions it is not strange that "The Dream" by Lord Byron was among his favorite poems. To Ward Lamon[24] he often repeated:

> "Sleep hath its own world,
> A boundary between the things misnamed
> Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world
> And a wide realm of wild reality.
> And dreams in their development have breath,
> And tears and tortures, and the touch of joy;
> They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
> They take a weight from off our waking toils,
> They do divide our being."

[17] *The Everyday Life of Lincoln*, by Francis F. Browne, published by N. D. Thompson Publishing Co., New York & St. Louis, 1886, p. 703. Also Nicolay & Hay, Vol. X, p. 286.

[18] *Through Five Administrations. Reminiscences of Colonel William H. Crook*, pp. 64-67, Harper & Brothers, N. Y., 1910.

[19] *Lincoln's Last Day*, by John W. Starr, Jr., Frederick A. Stokes Co., pp. 19-20.

[20] *Lincoln's Last Day*, Starr, pp. 34-35.

[21] Starr, *Lincoln's Last Day*—p. 57.

[22] McClure, pp. 498-499. *"Abe" Lincoln Yarns and Stories, Recollections of Abraham Lincoln*, by Ward Hill Lamon, edited by Dorothy Lamon Teillard, 1911, pp. 280-281.

[23] *Century Magazine*, November, 1890, p. 37. Also *Outcome of the Civil War*, by James Kendall Hosmer, in "The American Nation," Vol. 21, Harper & Brothers, pp. 249-250.

[24] *Rec.*—Ward Lamon, p. 122.

## The Dampest Spot

RAINFALL at a certain place in the Hawaiian Islands is said to be heavier than at any other spot in the world. For half a century the world's record for rainfall has been attributed to the town of Cherapunji, in India. This is in the foothills of the Himalaya, about 4,100 feet above sea level. The moist monsoons have condensed rapidly on being forced up the mountain sides and the rainfall at Cherapunji has averaged 426 inches a year. Now come those who dig into such things to find that on the summit of Mount Waialeale, 5,080 feet above the sea, the rainfall averages 476 inches, and that during 1914 and 1918 it jumped to 600 inches, which is, of course, nearly two inches a day. Two inches of rain is equivalent to 129,280 tons the square mile!

## How Abraham Lincoln Looked

(Concluded from page 17)

under its former name. The head of the bronze department was a Frenchman named Jules Berchem. Winslow Brothers went heavily into munitions work during the World War, and when it ended closed out their bronze department. Being personally acquainted with the Winslows, I inquired what had become of their original bronze life mask and hands. They made search in their fireproof vault and found these invaluable articles, and very graciously presented them to me, together with the statement which I have summarized above. But my good fortune went further. I sought out Jules Berchem, of the American Art Bronze Company, and found that he has not only a set of molds of the face and hands, used by him for Volk in certain replicas which he caused to be made, but that he had also Volk's original pattern for the life-sized bust. Once a year on Lincoln's birthday, it became Mr. Berchem's pleasant custom to send me a bronze casting—first the right hand; a year later the left hand; a year later the life mask. And now I am to set up in my new Lincoln room a life-sized bust of Abraham Lincoln "Leonard Volk fecit 1860," the gift to me of Leonard Volk's friend, Jules Berchem.

No one has ever questioned the majesty of Volk's life mask. From 1785 when Jean Antoine Houdon made at Mount Vernon a perfect cast of the features of George Washington, the country waited until 1860 for a like perfect reproduction of the bony formation and muscular development of the face of a President. Richard Watson Gilder wrote a worthy poem about the cast of Lincoln's face, and Edmund Clarence Stedman wrote a noble piece of verse about Lincoln's hand that swung the ax and used the pen, and did both with regal power. Whoever makes a statue of Abraham Lincoln, whether in classic mold as did St. Gaudens, or in commonplace realism as did Barnard, or in friendly democracy as did Borglum, must have one quality in common with all the rest. They all must use the Volk life mask.

## A Million-Dollar Cape

BEFORE the white man came out of his lands to the east of Hawaii and the yellow man journeyed east to reach it, the native Hawaiian got along in sweet content with the fauna and flora of his islands. Of things that flew he knew only three birds, the dove, the mamo and the o-o. The latter was a small black bird with a bright golden feather on each breast. The mamo wore some brilliant red feathers.

Kings and chiefs wore capes and cloaks made from these feathers to show their rank. In the Honolulu museum there is kept in a steel vault a great golden feather cape that belonged to King Kamehameha the First, who flourished about the end of the eighteenth century. It took hundreds of thousands of feathers of birds that never had more than two of these particular feathers at a time, to make the cape, which reached from the shoulders to the knees of the wearer. The cape now is insured for a million dollars.

# Has America a Youth Movement?

(Concluded from page 5)

to think what might have happened if they had decided to do away with the church entirely.

At the time the Evanston Conference was proceeding, another momentous student conference of the Methodist Church South was in session at Memphis. A preacher friend of mine was in attendance. There were five thousand registered students. They too attempted to decide one of the great world-shaking questions. They were discussing the "Amusement Question." Some Desperate Daniel asked whether Dancing might be Permitted in Churches.

A church official arose in the meeting—a Watch Dog of International Morals—patted that body of five thousand students patronizingly on their heads and said: "My boys and girls, you are now getting into deep water. There is a little book called the Methodist Discipline which settles that question, and I fear you are treading on dangerous ground. You had best not discuss that!"

Wow! "Boys and Girls!"

Which reminds me that the only real excitement of the Evanston Conference was when Dr. Ralph Diffendorfer of the Methodist Episcopal Foreign Mission Board in answering a question from the platform, in a slightly patronizing but friendly manner, said: "Now, my boy, just be calm!"

***When the Doctor Said, "Now, My Boy"***

That "My Boy" was just like dropping a pile driver on a ton of dynamite, or playfully hammering a tube of nitroglycerin up against a brick building. There was an explosion.

The conference didn't like that "My Boy" phrase. It was old stuff. They had had enough of it. Would the speaker kindly take it back and tie it up in its Egean stall back in the past where it belonged? Would he please apologize to the conference for such a terrible insult? Would he please banish himself from the platform? And all this was said to one of the men who had made it financially possible for them to be there! But that crowd just wouldn't, and couldn't stand to be "My Boy'd!"

Except the Hunger Strike for the sake of the sacred rights of making a speech, the "My Boy" incident was the most talked-about incident of the conference. Mere matters like the World Court, the Racial Questions that confront the United States, and the question of Social Justice, were more or less subordinated to these two questions as to the inalienable right of every delegate to make a speech, and the question as to whether or not the men of forty years of age or over have any right to call college students "My Boy" in addressing them in a friendly gathering.

When these two questions were fully settled the time was up, the referee's whistle blew, the seconds wiped off the chests of the participants, the Resolutions Committees played hob with War, Peace, the World Court, the Ku Klux Klan, Labor, Capital; a package of Wrigley chewing gum was distributed to each delegate as a fitting souvenir of the conference, and everybody took in the Loop in Chicago. They were somewhat prepared for this hilarious adventure into the regions of the Loop, because they had just been through a series of Loop-the-Loops at the Oratorical Outing in Evanston.

***A Chance to Say Something, But Nothing Said***

Dr. Reinhold Neibuhr said in his speech: "There is a Youth Movement in Europe because Europe is bankrupt. There is no Youth Movement in America, in spite of the morning headlines, because America is rolling in wealth."

Which leads me to say, in conclusion, that the only enlightening moments on the set programs of this conference were those moments when some adult spoke.

If a thousand or more students from colleges all over America know and care as little about the great problems of life, and dare as little about them as this conference disclosed, it is a serious matter.

If this keeps on "we will be in the position of having perfectly wonderful places in which to say something and have nothing to say!" to use an expression of Dr. Hal Luccock.

Such was the conference held in one of the most beautiful church structures in America, the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Evanston, Illinois.

These students did not lack honesty of purpose. Most of them were in earnest and evidenced the deepest kind of sincerity. But, frankly, they did not know what they were talking about. Students who are isolated for four years from actual life and living cannot know. The professors themselves suffer from this isolation. These students were intelligent, they were enthusiastic, and Christian in their spirit. But it was plain to be seen that they were lost for facts.


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# A Dance a Week

## The Badger Gavotte—A Dainty Dance, Simple to Learn

The Badger Gavotte is a dainty dance and because of its ease and variety is a favorite with all who know it. It is extremely simple to learn. It consists of a walk, a slide and a two-step.

Let the couple stand facing the same direction, side by side, gentleman on the lady's left. (This is called the open position.)

Join nearest hands—that is, lady's left with gentleman's right. The gentleman holds the lady's hand, as if helping her to descend from a carriage. That is, the lady places her hand in the gentleman's.

The hands are raised a little in a graceful lift, to about the level of the shoulder. The position shown in the first photograph will give you the idea.

I. Starting position of the dance.

In this position, when the music begins walk forward four steps. Lady starts with right foot, gentleman with left. Count 1-2-3-4.

You might practice this several times just to fix it in your mind before going on.

After your practice, start again: Forward, walk, one-two-three-four. Now face each other, joining both hands waist high and held widely—that is, out toward the side. And continuing with the music, slide, slide, slide, step.

II. Arms extended, ready for the chasse.

The position for the sliding movement is shown in photograph 2.

The sliding movement is in the same direction as the walking movement. But as the sliding movement ends in "step," it will leave the couple in a position to retrace their steps. They are ready to face in the direction from which they came—this time the gentleman with the right foot, the lady with the left.

(There need be no confusion about this change of foot in starting: the point is, each party starts with *the outside foot;* in going one direction it will be the left for the lady, the right for the gentleman; in going the opposite direction these are naturally reversed. Remember—the outside foot.)

Practice that before you go any farther. Join nearest hands, walk one, two, three, four. Face, join both hands, waist high, slide-slide-slide-step.

When you have got this, which you will do quickly, then start back—walk-walk-walk-walk (face and join both hands) slide-slide-slide-step.

Do it over and over again, so that the movement becomes smooth. In walking you might bear in mind to make your step graceful. Make the walking step a smooth gliding movement, the ball of the foot touching the floor first, the heel last. And remember, always start the walking movement with the outside foot. If you omit this you will not be on the proper foot to glide into the sliding movement; you will have to shift, and this will break the rhythm of the dance.

Practice these first two movements. When you feel that you have them pretty well in mind, start out anew. At the end of the return movement (having gone one direction and come back) take the Waltz position and execute eight slow two-steps.

The two-step is simpler than the waltz step though it differs from it only slightly. It is a *slide, close, step.* (Whereas the waltz is *step, slide, close.*)

Then repeat all from the beginning, and continue as long as desirable.

The dance in condensed form is as follows:

### FIRST PART

Metronome 96 4/4 time

Open position, nearest hand joined;

Walk forward four steps: count 1-2-3-4 (1 bar).

Face each other, join both hands, waist high, and slide close; slide close; slide close; step (to the gentleman's left): count 5-6-7-8 (1 bar).

Turn and repeat all in the opposite direction, starting with outside foot as follows:

Walk forward four steps: count 1-2-3-4 (1 bar).

Turn, face each other, join both hands, waist high, and with right foot take, slide close; slide close; slide close; step (to gentleman's right): count 5-6-7-8 (1 bar); 4 bars in all.

### SECOND PART

Waltz position: Execute eight slow two-steps, starting with the left foot; and repeat all from the beginning. (4 bars.)

The position taken for the two-step is the same as that for the waltz and is illustrated in photograph 3

III. Showing position of gentleman's right arm.

Please notice the gentleman's hand in photograph 3. He does not grasp the lady round the waist. His forefinger and thumb rest lightly against the back of her dress. The gentleman need only exert sufficient pressure to guide his partner through the dance. Another view of the same position of the gentleman's hand is given in photograph 4.

IV. Another view of gentleman's right hand.

# Badger Gavotte

MM—96

THE cause of civil liberty must not be surrendered at the end of one or even one hundred defeats . . . . . If there is anything that it is the duty of the whole people never to intrust to any hands but their own, that thing is the preservation and perpetuity of their own liberties and institutions . . . . . I fear you do not fully comprehend the danger of abridging the liberties of the people. A government had better go to the very extreme of toleration than do aught that could be construed into an interference with or to jeopardize in any degree the common rights of the citizen.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 26, Number 37

Five Cents a Copy JULY 3, 1926 $1.50 a Year

INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

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AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER . . Harvey S. Firestone

July 3
1926

Volume 26
Number 37

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

# THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses the apparent increase in the number of young men who choose engineering as a career

Independence Day. On the cover, Independence Hall. It was not a 'scrap of paper' that was signed in that historic Pennsylvania State House one hot July day, 150 years ago. The First Fourth of July was a pretty serious day. Gerald Van der Heyden has caught in his picture the spirit of the place.

The Declaration of Independence did not make America free. *It only expressed the will of the people to BE free.* Actual independence was not obtained so easily as by the signing of a paper. It cost years of war, wounds, death. This year marks the 150th year of American freedom —a new kind of freedom in the story of mankind. (p. 2)

Somebody blundered. General Howe was to march north from New York as Burgoyne came down from Canada; together they were to act as a vise and crush the American forces between them. But somebody blundered. Howe marched off to Philadelphia, leaving Burgoyne to meet his fate alone at Saratoga—one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world. (p. 6)

The English blamed Burgoyne. But letters, recently discovered and here printed for the first time, exonerate him. His plight was desperate. Promised aid failed to come. And at the crucial moment, a seemingly meaningless message came from Clinton, which has puzzled historians for a century and a half. It was in mask code; it is here deciphered. Here is an absorbing bit of history written for the first time. (p. 6)

Another event of the Revolution has never found its proper place in history—Caesar Rodney's heroic ride for the cause of liberty. Rodney's vote was needed if the Colonies were to adopt the Declaration of Independence. But Rodney was home, dangerously ill. (p. 16)

Time plays strange pranks. A signature of Button Gwinnett, an obscure Signer of the Declaration of Independence (ever hear of him before?) is worth more than one of George Washington, because rarer. This story conveys the fascination of collecting the autographs of the Signers. (p. 25)

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer; C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

What's in the immediate future of the Republic? The next fifteen years will see—another war or series of revolutions in Europe that will smash present systems and change the map radically. Militaristic dictators in power. Vast commercial mergers, development and expansion. Progress in science and literature. A crisis in America which may lead to war. Financial slumps, followed by reconstruction and prosperity. Far-reaching social, religious and economic reforms—

These are the predictions of the Reverend Arthur W. Brooks, Episcopal clergyman and astrologer. He has read what the stars portend for the next decade or so. He has read the horoscope of the Declaration of Independence. Many will be interested in this article. (p. 12)

President Coolidge is at last beginning to realize that the World Court is *not* popular in America. Movie audiences and primary voters are making him think. They applaud Borah but not Coolidge, and pro-Court Senators go down to defeat. The President had good cause to remark recently that he 'had no idea' there was so much sentiment against the World Court. (p. 4)

America has no place in the World Court. We are not willing to let European nations, most of them unfriendly to us, tell us when we shall go to war. Our vote in the Court would bring us more enemies than friends. America—Allan L. Benson points out in this article—can do far more toward maintaining world peace *outside* the Court than *inside*. (p. 4)

Congress decreed better babies—by law. It was done at the demand of professional welfare workers and uplift lobbyists. Congress appropriated money and established bureaus and set elaborate machinery in motion. All of which was to result in bigger and better babies. This was five years ago, and the promised benefits are not yet apparent. Aaron Hardy Ulm analyzes the situation. (p. 3)

There are several versions of Lincoln's 'Gettysburg Address.' Dr. William E. Barton, famous Lincoln biographer, explains why. The speech was revised once or twice before its delivery, and at least once afterward. Then in giving the address, Lincoln varied slightly from his prepared copy. (p. 8)

Then there is an article on the Delaware River bridge, largest suspension bridge in the world, which is scheduled to open this week . . . and one on the Statue of Liberty . . . And the dance article this week is of special interest. It contains a dictionary of terms you will be sure to find useful.

In Chats With Office Callers you will find frank discussions of important topics. The people quoted are, for the most part, national figures. As their names are never revealed, they can be as frank as they please, and oftentimes they talk on subjects they would otherwise avoid.

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# The First Fourth of July

CENTURY and a half ago American hands were set to the one irrevocable document of our national history. The Constitution may be amended, but not that. Laws may be repealed, but never that. Unchangeable as a force of nature the Declaration of Independence stands, ancient in its terms, contemporary with every phase of modern progress in its spirit.

It was not the work of Thomas Jefferson; he wrote what the towns and farms were saying; their thought informed his words. The Constitution was the work of lawyers and statesmen, but the Declaration was national and popular in its origin.

The First Fourth of July passed unnoticed; no one knew that it was the Fourth of July. The land was shrouded in deep anxiety. A struggle between government and people had existed for years, deepening at last into war. A year before the First Fourth of July, George Washington had taken command of the American Army on Cambridge Common. Independence was not the issue as yet; the total demand was the reasonable one of British rights for British citizens.

Events compelled the reluctant resort to Independence as the sole available source of political justice. Debate wore on contemporaneously with the fighting, until colony by colony, save one, gave their votes for the fateful step. In the evening of the First Fourth of July the Declaration was adopted by twelve States. On July 5, the President and Secretary of Congress signed the document. On July 6, it was published in the Pennsylvania *Evening Post*. On July 19, Congress ordered it engrossed. It was not fully signed by all the names that now it bears until August 2. And for six months the names of the Signers were kept secret, for they had performed an act of high treason, and, as Franklin said, 'Unless we hang together, we shall hang separately.'

On this one hundredth and fiftieth Fourth of July there are some things which we shall do well to consider concerning that First Fourth of July.

For one: a declaration of independence can only come from people who are already independent in their thinking. Our fathers were independent before they even thought of independence in the political sense. Van Tyne truly says 'the English kings planted the seeds of the Revolution when, in their zeal to get America colonized, they had granted such political and religious privileges as tempted the radicals and dissenters of the time to migrate to America . . . The English government had systematically been stocking the colonies with dissenters and retaining in England the conformers.

The Declaration was adopted July 4, 1776, but not until October 19, 1781, when Lord Cornwallis surrendered was the War of Independence won. The Declaration was but the announcement of conviction, it was not possession of the boon. The Thirteen Colonies struggled thirteen years to possess what they declared to be theirs by right. The Declaration involved 'their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor,' all which they staked, and all which multitudes lost, save honor, and some even that. The First Fourth of July was a day of darkness and doubt, and its successor anniversaries were shrouded in gloom, until out of the darkest hour of despair light suddenly dawned. The American Revolution was not an outbreak of anarchy. It was the opposition of better government to worse. American radicalism differs from other forms extant in that Americanism knows that it possesses within itself the cure of the ills that harass it; it need not destroy itself to effect reform, nor wreck itself to right its keel. *Its principles leave Liberty free*, for there is a radicalism that binds Liberty in chains, and in the name of principle banishes principle from the field.

The First Fourth of July saw our revolutionary radical fathers *in Congress assembled*, holding that *all men are endowed by their Creator* with unalienable rights, that *to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men*, and appealing to the *Supreme Judge of the world* for the rectitude of their intentions they set up such a government for the securing of such rights. That Government still stands and those rights are still secure.

# Uncle Sam and the Baby Crop

## Four Years' Nationalization of the Nursery Brings Indifferent Results

By AARON HARDY ULM

FIVE years ago there raged off and on for a period of twelve months or more a singular national controversy. It was about—among other things—babies. The question was as to how far the Federal Government properly might go in looking after the 'baby crop,' in the manner somewhat of its display of concern for the corn, cotton or pig crop. The storm was quieted with the oils of compromise and postponement. So the question is up again, and before this is published the matter may be disposed of again, for the time being, in a like temporizing way

Congress temporizes with the subject because a bigger problem underlying the baby controversy is in something like a state of suspense. This bigger problem is, broadly, federalization, or the Government's tendency, far-running in recent years, to bring within its supervision more and more of the nation's life.

That tendency was running at its highest when Congress was last torn, in 1921, by the baby controversy. During the preceding ten years Congress had injected a directing hand into many state and local affairs. It did this usually by offering funds to the states in return for the right to say what the states should do in designated quarters.

***Prerogatives Were Sold for Cash***

'You may have this money,' the Federal Government said, 'only by putting up an equal sum for the purposes in point and agreeing for all to be spent under the supervision of bureaus in Washington.' By this easy process such obstacles as Constitutional guaranties of certain prerogatives to the states or the people could be overcome. The states surrendered prerogatives in return for cash—for money paid into the Federal Treasury by their own citizens and thus returned to them in the form veritably of—bribes!

Most of these adventures had to do with things—such as corn and cotton and pigs. Then came the demand that they comprehend people, even motherhood and childhood. The demand was expressed in the so-called Maternity Bill, which was backed by the United States Children's Bureau and militant feminine groups.

In its original form the proposal was, presumably, for an operation in perpetuity, in the manner of most of the 'fifty-fifty' ones by which the Federal Government supplants or coerces the states. There was to be a beginning appropriation of $4,000,000 a year from the Federal Treasury for 'the promotion of the welfare and hygiene of maternity and infancy.' Most of it was to go to the states, or those that would agree to 'match' the sums received, and to submit plans for the sending of all to the Children's Bureau for approval.

An outcry arose against the proposal, on the ground that it was a revolutionary venture in Federal bureaucracy. Congress hearkened to the extent of reducing the appropriation to $1,240,000 a year and putting upon the operation a five-year limitation as to time. Congress also wrote into the act a prohibition against any of the 'services' to be thus rendered to motherhood and infancy being imposed on anyone who might protest. The original bill provided for the rendering of 'free' medical services where needed, a provision that would have given much leeway to those administering the act. This part was eliminated.

***Various Changes Were Made***

The measure as originally enacted will expire on June 30, 1927. Its original proponents urged that it be continued beyond that date. They asked specifically for a continuance of only two years, which was voted by the present House of Representatives. The Senate committee, which passed on the subject, recommended a continuance for only one year. Chief proponents of the measure intimate that if the operation goes on, further continuances will be asked. The hope of many of them no doubt is that it become perpetual, as was originally advocated by them.

Hence, unless Congress refuses to grant any continuance, the subject will be left in suspense, with the probabilities favoring ultimate permanency and elaboration of the project. Such is the lesson to be drawn from the history of similar projects, even that of the Children's Bureau itself.

***Better Hogs But Not Better Babies***

The bureau was set up about fifteen years ago, over protests like those made against the Maternity Act. The argument for the bureau was the same as for this elaboration of its functions. In most sensational form this argument rested on the 'Pigs vs. Babies' comparison.

'The Government spends so many millions for better hogs and nothing for better babies,' said the advocates of the bureau. Opponents countered with the statement that there is vast difference between pigs and babies and that for the Government to meddle with the production of infants might lead to sacred personal rights being invaded.

The Children's Bureau, however, was created, but as a fact-finding and informational body only.

'We shall not be willing to let the establishment of the Children's Bureau mean simply investigation—it must mean power to change things,' said the *Woman Citizen*, the organ of the groups which brought the bureau into existence, not long after the act of establishment was passed.

The purpose of the Maternity Bill was to give the bureau 'power to change things,' among them being ones that are admittedly bad. One of these is a higher maternity death rate that is registered in most civilized countries, another is a higher infant mortality rate than prevails in most countries that are properly comparable with the United States.

Opposition to the establishment of the bureau and later to the Maternity Bill was not on the ground that conditions complained of should not be corrected but on the fear that the thus proposed way of dealing with the problem was faulty and dangerous. Opponents of the Maternity Bill said that to put the bearing and rearing of children under the surveillance of a Washington bureau runs counter to the American principle of individual and local government rights and responsibilities. Senator James A. Reed declared that the measure should have been entitled, 'A bill to authorize a board of spinsters to control maternity and teach the mothers of the country how to raise babies.'

***Machinery of the Maternity Bill***

Advocates of the proposal claimed that the chief purpose was to 'stimulate' State and local activity in the premises—by dangling Federal Treasury funds, with very tangible 'strings' tied to the money, before the states.

Like others of its kind, the measure set up a variegated machine for its own enforcement. The spread between motivation, that is, the Government, and the ostensible objects, that is, mothers and infants who need help, is so elongated, if not so complicated, that it is practically impossible to give a vivid picture of the operation in practice.

Here's a woman, let us say, in Alabama. She is on the way to motherhood, as are around 3,000,000 women in this country at all times. Help for this woman, via the Maternity Act, must trickle, as a rule, through four series of functionaries, as follows:

First—A board (Concluded on page 23)

# Movie Patrons Make Coolidge Think

## Borah as Film Favorite Alters President's Visualization of World Court

By ALLAN L. BENSON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. W. CLARKE

DO WE want larger and more destructive wars, with the United States always in them, or smaller wars with the United States out of all of those that do not vitally concern it?

Whether you know it or not, you answer this question, one way or the other, when you take a position with regard to the attitude that this country should assume toward the World Court and the League of Nations.

Whether you know it or not, you are helping to make wars larger and more destructive and to put the United States into all of them when you favor American membership in either or both of these organizations. You may favor the court because you know President Coolidge favors it and because you have confidence in his judgment.

How much had President Coolidge thought about the matter before he endorsed American participation in the court? How much did he really know about it?

Do you know that after Senator Borah's big anti-court meeting in Chicago last winter the President said he 'had no idea' there was so much sentiment in the country against the court?

Do you know that the President has been amazed at reports he has received about the receptions given by movie audiences to pictures bearing upon the subject of the court? Such is the fact. The President's picture has been flashed from coast to coast, getting hardly a hand. Borah and some of his anti-court associates have come the next moment and received much applause.

The political gentlemen who look after the President's political welfare have reported these occurrences to him and he has thought deeply about them.

Mr. Coolidge has thought so deeply that, according to information that one may get from inner sources in Washington, he is not nearly so enthusiastic as he was about American participation in the court. There are indeed signs that he would not be disconsolate if the refusal of some of the other nations to accept the Senate's reservations should prevent America from becoming a member. You may have noticed that when the American Government was invited to send representatives to Geneva to explain the Senate's reservations, the State Department, on behalf of the President, rather curtly replied that the reservations spoke for themselves and refused to send anybody to try to shed more light upon them. High officials in Washington who believe they know what they are talking about tell this writer that if the President had not rather belatedly discovered the amount of sentiment in this country against the League he would undoubtedly have complied with the request to send representatives to Geneva.

Why not let the nations that so frequently want to fight try the League for a while among themselves before we go in? . . . If this be selfishness, it was selfish for our ancestors to quit Europe and come to America for peace . . . Washington warned us not to become embroiled in the affairs of Europe.

We have made somewhat of a success of civilization in America . . . We are the last people in the world who ought to talk about going into a League. We are too individualistic—too determined to manage our own affairs.

It is doubtful, by the way, whether the other nations will accept all of the Senate's reservations. From their point of view, they will be foolish if they accept the fifth. Ameri-an opponents of the court—the ig ones who are naking the fight n Washington— lo not see how other nations can ccept it. It tipulates that he court shall ot without the onsent of the Jnited States ass upon any ssue that con-erns the United States, or any ssue that the Jnited States nay 'claim' to oncern it. *With hat reservation, he United States ould prevent the ourt from con-idering any ques-ion.* It could ut-erly paralyze the ourt by claiming hat *every* world uestion concerns this country and efusing to give its consent that the ourt consider it. That would be ex-reme action, of course, and probably ould never be taken, but the danger is evertheless there.

Senator Borah pointed this out to a uropean correspondent last winter nd a great howl went up among the uropean friends of the court at his udacity.' The howling has ceased. he Europeans have seen the point. he fifth reservation, if accepted, ould put the fate of the court in merica's hands. For that reason it is ot likely to be accepted. And if it be ot accepted, we shall stay out unless e President and the Senate waive e reservation. It is so strong that e chief opponents of the court never reamed they could get past with it. hey nevertheless decided to try and, their surprise, succeeded.

If the fifth reservation should be ccepted there would be no danger, of ourse, that the court, dominated as it by nations that are more or less un-iendly to us, could do us any damage. e could simply tell them to keep eir hands off cases that concern us.

But there is no likelihood whatever at we should paralyze the court nd prevent it from functioning by aiming that everything concerned us. he business of the court would go on nd we should take part in it. The judge representing America would pass upon many cases that vitally concerned other nations, and sometimes his vote might be the deciding one. His vote would be held against us by those nations that suffered from his decisions. Any good feelings that his votes might momentarily arouse in the nations that benefited from them would soon be forgotten. Among nations friendship is a fragile flower that soon withers. Only the poisonous plant of enmity is hard to kill.

And sooner or later, if we were to go into the court, every pressure, at home and abroad, would be brought to make us enter the League. We could not forever remain half in and half out of world affairs. Once we begin to meddle with things that do not concern us we shall go the limit by going into the League. Is that what we really want?

*What is it that we want?* First and foremost, *we want to keep the United States out of all wars that do not vitally concern it.* It is not our business to govern Europe or Asia. It is our business to govern the United States. The better job we make of it, the better it will be for us and the rest of the world. We can serve neither ourselves nor the world better than by keeping out of wars that do not vitally concern us. The more nations there are engaged in a war, the worse the war is for the world. If wars must continue for a while, let us do our part to make them as small as possible by keeping out of as many of them as possible.

*The whole tendency of the League of Nations is to make every war a world war.* Little nations may scrap among themselves without the big ones getting in, but when the big ones are concerned they go in and pull the little ones in after them. Even Cuba had to declare war against Germany.

It is very fine to talk about settling international disputes in court instead of upon the battlefield, and it sounds well to discuss the sanity and wisdom of gathering all the peoples of the earth within the paper confines of a League of Nations and bidding them be happy ever afterward, but *why not let the nations that so frequently want to fight try the League for awhile among themselves before we go in?*

Economic interests and racial hatreds are stronger than any words that can be written upon paper. Pledging nations to peace in a league of nations is not going to keep them at peace. The League of Nations will be a great success until the economic strains within it become strong enough to cause some of the nations to want to go to war. When that time comes a big crack will run across the face of the League. Two great groups will stand revealed. Each group will accuse the other of violating its obligations to the League. Each group will accuse the other of forsaking the ways of peace to resort to war. The people in each group will believe what their leaders tell them and the truth will not come out for years.

Europe has many problems that we do not understand and with which we have nothing to do. These problems are what make her wars. Each nation, if it should go to war, would like to have our help. We have so many men and so much money that we could be useful. But we (Concluded on page 20)

# New Light on the American Revolution

## Burgoyne's Story of the Saratoga Surrender

By RANDOLPH G. ADAMS

IN RECENT years new material concerning the American Revolution has not been great. Recently, however, the official headquarters' correspondence of Sir Henry Clinton, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, has been brought to America, the fortunate purchase of William L. Clements, of Bay City, to be deposited in the great historical library which bears his name at Ann Arbor. In these fourteen thousand documents new light is thrown on the military history of the Revolution.

Sir Henry Clinton used these documents to write a history of the Revolution. However, so many British military reputations would have been ruined that the publication of his account wa not deemed expedient and the manuscript lies unpublished to this day.

Hundreds of new stories are coming from these papers—for Americans have not had all the sources with which to tell the whole story of the war of independence. Many students of the Revolution feel that Saratoga, not Yorktown, was the deciding American victory of the war, since that battle brought France to our side. Now for the first time we know just how it happened. From the Clinton papers emerges at last Burgoyne's own story of how and why he was defeated.

### *War Office Forgot to Tell Howe*

No one is sympathetic with a defeated general; his country does not wish his excuses and his opponents do not need them.

In 1777 General Howe was still in command of the British forces in North America and his headquarters were at New York. General Burgoyne convinced the British Secretary of War that if he were permitted to lead an army down from Canada, and if Howe were directed to march north from New York to meet him at Albany, the rebellion might be crushed and America defeated.

It was so ordered from the War Office in London. Burgoyne gathered his troops together in Canada and started south in the early summer of 1777. But for the moment the War Office forgot to notify Howe. Unfortunately for the English, about the same time that Burgoyne began his march, Howe took the bulk of the army away from New York. He left Sir Henry Clinton in command at that post with very few troops, so that when the orders came for the troops at New York to effect the junction with Burgoyne at Albany, the greater part of the British forces were down around Philadelphia fighting the battles of Brandywine at Germantown. Howe could not possibly have got away in time to rescue Burgoyne.

Consequently the task fell upon Clinton in New York to gather together such troops as he might and make a desperate effort to sail up the Hudson and meet Burgoyne. The latter commander had no idea at first that the orders had failed to reach Howe and consternation reigned in his headquarters when Clinton's curious cryptic message came through to him, which is here printed in facsimile for the first time. Clinton had to let Burgoyne know that it would be practically impossible for him, with as few troops as he had under him, to do anything—and he wanted Burgoyne to know exactly why. It could be done in a few words, but it was all-important that that message should not be understood if captured by the Americans, who held the ground between Clinton in New York and Burgoyne on Lake Champlain.

The message in Clinton's handwriting to Burgoyne, as it would appear to the casual reader: 'Sir William's move just at this time has been capital.'

It could hardly be concealed from the Americans that Howe had left New York and gone south—but it was necessary to notify Burgoyne that the troops which had been left with Clinton were utterly inadequate to effect the all-important junction at Albany. Clinton thought if he could get this message through in cipher there might yet be time for Burgoyne to save himself by retreating to Canada. He therefore wrote Burgoyne a rambling letter in which he appeared to say that Howe had gone to the south to invade Pennsylvania, and that he, Clinton, had plenty of troops in New York, twice as many as necessary to defend New York, and that he felt perhaps it was not wise at present to attack the New England states. Anyway, he said, the New England states were too weak to do anything. Moreover, wrote Clinton, surely Burgoyne had no need of any diversion and therefore he (Clinton) would send 1,500 of his surplus troops to Howe in Pennsylvania.

### *Clinton's Message in Cipher*

This fake letter is written out in Clinton's well-known hand and initialed by him. Over it, as can be seen by the accompanying pictures, Burgoyne was to lay a mask which makes the letter tell its real story. Of course both Clinton and Burgoyne had the mask, agreed upon in advance. When this mask is used the letter gives quite another mes-

The same message as it reads with the proper mask: 'Sir William's move just at this time is the worst he could take.'

ge than that given above. Instead of the words, 'Washing-n marched the greatest part of the Rebels to Philadelphia' e message becomes, 'Sir William Howe is gone to Chesa-ake Bay with the greatest part of the army.' Instead of linton saying, 'I am left to command here; half my force ay I am sure defend everything here with much safety; shall therefore send Sir William 4 or 5 battalions,' which unds very jaunty and confident, the message the English neral sent appears as 'I am left here with too small a rce.' Moreover instead of reading that the 'New England provinces are too weak to make any effectual efforts against me,' what Burgoyne read through the mask was 'I am left to command here with too small a force to make any effectual diversion in your favor.' Instead of reading that Clinton pposed Burgoyne needed no aid, the unfortunate British mmander at Saratoga had to read that Sir Henry could t possibly come up to help him.

***Blunder Brought Disaster***

In the full letter, which anyone might read, Sir Henry inton writes confidently, 'I own to you I think the business ll quickly be over now (i. e., that America will be deated). Sir William's (Howe's) move just at this time has en capital—Washington's have been the worst he could ke in every respect.' But when Burgoyne laid the mask er this message what he really read was 'I own to you I ink Sir William's move the worst he could take.'

The rest of the story is well known. Burgoyne fought ttle after battle in his efforts to reach Saratoga. Among e Clinton papers is a hurried dispatch he sent through to inton just after the battle at Stillwater in September. rgoyne was fearfully perplexed. He was sure the Americans ght to have run away after the battle, but they did not run ay. This letter has never been published and it is a beautil example of Burgoyne's confusion and alarm. It is almost gible, evidently written after a hard day's fighting.

On the heights above Saratoga Burgoyne was surrounded by the American army under Gates, and was forced to sue for a cessation of hostilities. The Clinton papers contain the minutes of the councils of war he held in reaching the determination to surrender, and also the various negotiations between him and Gates.

On October 17, 1777, Burgoyne and his troops marched out as prisoners of war and threw down their arms. On the twentieth he wrote three letters of defense. The first was to the British Secretary of War, Lord George Germain, apprising him of the disaster. That letter has long been known. It exists in the private archives of Germain's descendants in England. The letter to his superior officer, Howe, informing him of the capitulation, has also been published. Both these letters are extremely well written, temperate and dignified. He could not very well tell Howe what he thought of Germain for delaying the orders, nor could he tell Germain what he thought of Howe for not being at Albany at the appointed time

***Burgoyne Wrote Three Letters***

But on the same day Burgoyne wrote a far more important letter to his old friend, Sir Henry Clinton. To him Burgoyne could write as to an equal without any violation of military etiquette. That letter had never been seen before by historians, until it came to light in the papers now at the University of Michigan. Burgoyne told Clinton not only that his Hessians had failed to fight, but also that his British troops 'had not the complection' for further battle. He insists that Gates had nearly 17,000 men, while he (Burgoyne) was reduced to less than 4,000. As to the failure of Howe and Clinton to make the northward march, Burgoyne wrote the latter: 'Knowing your zeal and activity I am sure the fault is not yours that further and timely co-operation did not take place in my favor.' This is as close as a military man usually gets to a downright statement—but its implication is obvious. He insisted that the men higher up who planned the expedition are going to have to answer for its failure—'I take it upon myself that my orders are my justification. I was meant, as it now appears, to command a forlorn hope, and I have had the misfortune of that situation.'

Five days later Burgoyne wrote three more letters, relating in greater detail the circumstances of his surrender. Again those written to Howe and to Germain have long been public property. They were letters written in a temperate and restrained style. And again the real letter was written to Clinton, and has been buried these hundred and fifty years in the family papers of the British commander. It is worth quoting: 'I seek no pardon—I want only justification . . . Had Sir William Howe enabled you to make the same movement you lately made one month sooner, or perhaps half that time, I believe our junction would have been effected . . . The disagreeable consideration of the German troops with me has been that they are slack mettled enough to undo you, and yet not bad enough to be accused openly. They take care not to be publickly dishonored, but are of no confidence or use where activity or a steady spirit is requisite . . . Upon the whole I commit myself to your candid judgment as an officer and your pity as a friend. If I have been the sacrifice of a minister to assist great purpose, I am content in having kept back from Mr. Washington a force which might have decided the fate of the war, but if the minister lays blame upon *me* for the exertions I have used upon the principle, the spirit & the letter of his orders, I shall hold myself justified in laying those orders before the world and will stake my fame and my head upon the decision. Such ingratitude would not surprize me, I think it would not sink me.'

***Placing the Blame***

It really is in documents such as this that we find the explanation of the American victory. After all, throughout the revolution the British had more troops *(Concluded on page 28)*

# Lincoln's Gettysburg Address

## Several Different Versions Given, and Yet All May Be Correct

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

THE Gettysburg speech of Abraham Lincoln contained these words: 'The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.' He was never more mistaken. Memorable as were the deeds which they did there, his words will long outlive the memory of their deeds. The Gettysburg Address will be printed and recited, and cast in bronze, and translated into foreign tongues for school children to learn and transmit to other children and to other schools, centuries after it will have become necessary to append footnotes to explain whether the Battle of Gettysburg was fought in the American Revolution, or was one of the bloody engagements of the World War. Yet the world came so near to fulfilling the prediction of Abraham Lincoln, it took so little note, and made so small an effort to remember what he said, and it had for nearly two more years so much reason to think of what the soldiers did, it would almost seem that Lincoln came near to being right about it. Even yet there are a number of disputed and unsettled questions about the matter, quite enough to justify our reminding ourselves what he said and how he came to say it, and with what degree of interest and prospect of remembering the world took note of it.

The Gettysburg Address was one of the most conspicuous of the events of Lincoln's Presidency. It was reported at the time in all the prominent newspapers. It was heard by an audience of many thousands, of whom a number are still living. It ought to be very easy to tell the story of the Gettysburg Address, and it is well worth telling. Let us go to contemporary documents, to accounts in newspapers as they appeared at the time, and to the men still living who heard him, and learn what Abraham Lincoln said there, and what note the world then and later made of his memorable utterance.

I suppose there is no one now living who has conversed or corresponded with more persons who heard the address than I, and I have read somewhat diligently the literature of the time regarding it.

As to Lincoln's preparation, I am prepared to prove that he did not make any, but trusted wholly to the inspiration of the moment; that he made hasty preparation on the morning of the delivery of the address; that he wrote it the night before its delivery; that he wrote it on the train be- (Continued on page 29)

*Address delivered at the dedication of the Cemetery at Gettysburg.*

*Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.*

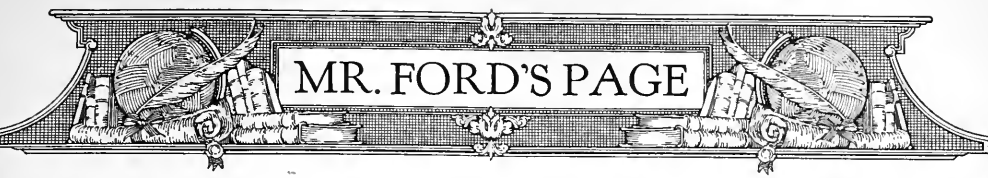
*Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.*

*But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate— we can not consecrate— we can not hallow— this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us— that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion— that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain— that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom— and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.*

*Abraham Lincoln.*

*November 19. 1863*

Facsimile of Mr. Lincoln's autographic copy of the Gettysburg Address, made by him for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Fair at Baltimore, in 1864.



# MR. FORD'S PAGE

AT A recent College Commencement an observer from abroad commented on the large number of men who received degrees in the various branches of engineering. He said it was the first time in his experience that he had seen letters, philosophy and science outpulled in their attractive power upon the younger generation by what he termed mechanics.

But what he conceived to be a new and stronger lure to mechanics was only in appearance, for there have always been more men engaged in the mechanical work of the world than in letters, the arts or pure science. The difference is here: whereas men who formerly devoted themselves to engineering and mechanics went directly to work; nowadays many of them go to school, and the number is so great that it seems to be threatening to swamp the others. But the number of those who devoted themselves to the science and art of mechanics was always greater than the others. Had it not been thus, freedom to follow letters and philosophy would not have been possible to so many.

*THE solid, serious, serviceable work of the engineering and the mechanical world has always attracted the greater number of men set upon careers, but that fact has only recently been recognized, and then only through the increase in college courses in these fields. Whence arises the mistaken notion that this majority choice of engineering is a new phenomenon? It is not. All that is new is that colleges are now teaching what engineers have discovered. This should be said for the comfort of frightened souls who see in the new college trend a new and destructive onslaught of 'Materialism.'*

For a long time it was felt that one who went in for books was entering the 'learned' world, while one who went in for machinery was entering a rather lower plane of intelligence and living. The height of respectability was the white collar and the white hand, and these, incidentally, at the expense of collarless men with calloused hands. It is a position hard to understand until you know that people who held it were ignorant of the vast amount of learning which underlies mechanics, of the incessant research and experiment its development demands, of the precise knowledge of natural law involved in all its processes, and the endless exploration by scientific outposts which every new step entails.

The men who went in for engineering have touched the arts and sciences at every point: they made the printing press and built cathedrals, they burst the bounds of artificial economics and broadened politics, they have made more history than the warriors and greater conquests than the kings. In tardy recognition of their essential place in life, the universities began to *teach what engineers had learned.* The universities do not teach engineers; they relay what engineers have taught the universities. The science is first, the teaching of it second.

It is not by accident, perhaps, that, as our observer from abroad remarked, the candidates for the degrees in engineering seemed to represent a distinct type of character.

The profession attracts a certain type and afterward offers that type, developed and strengthened, as a potent force in world affairs. The engineer type of mind may yet be the remedy for the aberrations of the political and financial types of mind in public affairs. An engineer knows without thinking about it, without any conscious moralism, that nothing which is wrong can ever be right. You cannot violate law and have your machinery work, whether it be made of metal or money or men. The engineer is committed to the creed of Use; everything must be used, everything must have a use; in Use is Life.

The prejudice against engineers as being those who would 'standardize the world' is as ill-conceived as would be a similar prejudice against biologists. Both study to know what life does, how life works, which way life is going, that men may keep step with the mind of the universe. No one who knows anything about life ever thinks of 'standardizing' it in the false sense implied, any more than one thinks of twining the first branches all into one pattern. Our greatest engineer will be like our greatest American philosopher—a pragmatist. The best machine is an affair of easements and allowances bound up in a body of definite purpose and precise relationships, and were human society more like that, freedom would be increased in the world and distress greatly lessened. People who cry out against a 'standardization' simply fail to see that *this* and *now* is the standardized thing, this wobbly system of ours, these inequalities, injustices, unnatural pressures, fatal limitations—these are the 'standardized' things, and the sooner we are rid of them the better.

Engineering means freedom. Men were held to a single spot before the engineer came. By steam and motor car and airplane he has liberated man spatially. He has lengthened man's day with light, increased the limits of man's life through food and sanitation, emancipated man's mind and given him a sense of possible mastery over elements and environment—in short, the engineer found society static and made it fluid. Yet he is now charged by bookish people with being desirous of turning the world into immobile cast iron again!

When engineers begin to bring engineering ethics into banking, into Congress, into municipal government, into social supply, we may expect more liberation in the world.

**'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

## *The Brookhart Bogie*

NO ONE would take the responsibility of declaring Smith W. Brookhart to be either a great economist or a great prophet. So that the attempt to scare industrial America with the rehearsal of his ideas is rather amusing. Certain politicians want to paint Brookhart's portrait in the attitude of Samson pulling down the pillars of the sacred edifice of our economic system. And certain political-business men start out to ring the tocsin of alarm, to summon an imperiled nation to rescue itself from the peril of Brookhartism. Mr. Brookhart happens at the moment to be a vehicle by which the people of his state can express their opinion of regular party politics. It does not necessarily mean that the people of his state regard him as a great statesman. We do not necessarily have a high regard for the stone which we throw at the object of our dislike, and Brookhart is a stone thrown in derision and disgust. Because Iowa finds so little in common with the present coterie government it seeks to emphasize its attitude by showing how small the common ground is. The Administration cast Brookhart out (it caused no great flurry, either), but because the Administration does not want Brookhart, Iowa decrees that Brookhart is just what the Administration is going to get. He is a handy missile, and apparently he does not suffer much breakage in the heaving back and forth.

As to Mr. Brookhart's statement that capital should not hire labor, but labor should hire capital, the form may be somewhat crude, but the essence is in agreement with what modern industry has been saying for some time. Mr. Brookhart is doubtless hazy on what he means by capital and labor. Classification is not so easy as that. There is something that enters between what he would call capital and labor—it is industrial leadership. This has felt the injustice of capital quite as much as has labor. And industrial leadership has developed a very clear conception of the functions of capital as the handmaiden of industry and not its mistress, the servant of industry and not its master. Put into such terms, Mr. Brookhart's thought is not revolutionary at all, nor even socialistic. Industry should use finance for its productive ends, and finance should not use industry for its speculative ends—that is the thought. Mr. Brookhart should clarify his expressions. He should not give reactionary old gentlemen and superficial politicians such sudden frights. That is, he should himself be very much on guard against envisaging himself as an economist or a prophet.

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## *The Root of Evil*

WITH no intent to minimize the wrong that may have been done in the Pennsylvania senatorial primaries, it is nevertheless pertinent to indicate wherein the taint of evil attaches to election funds. Is it to the funds themselves, or the uses to which they are sometimes put? It would seem that money spent to educate the electorate in all the phases of a debatable political problem should be money well spent. Parties and candidates could do much worse than pool their funds, if necessary, in order that this kind of education might be carried on a great scale. It would be to the great benefit of politics generally. But funds spent to debauch the electorate, to 'buy' anything, in the sense of getting for money that which it is immoral to give for money—such funds are a menace to the land. It appears that sometimes the expenditures in behalf of a decent candidate may exceed in amount those in behalf of a less desirable candidate, in which case were it the fund itself that was condemnable the better man would be counted the worse, and the worse the better. Clearly even the right use of excessive funds presents a problem of serious character. Money has such terrible capacity to beget evil! If the money *spent* were money *given*, or its equivalent in service, by an awakened electorate, the outlook would be different. But even decent money becomes indecent when employed in excessive amounts in political campaigns.

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## *Truth at Last*

> 'National Fertilizer Association opposes production of fertilizer at Muscle Shoals at prices lower than those of private enterprises.'
>
> —*Wall Street Journal*, June 9.

HERE it is at last. Muscle Shoals *can manufacture* fertilizer at lower cost than the fertilizer trust *will* manufacture it. Therefore, both the trusts and the Government have cast their votes against the farmer and in favor of extortion. In the above dispatch is the core of the Muscle Shoals problem. The mystery is that it should break into print

## *One More Quarrel Missed*

EVENTS continue to justify the instinctive wisdom of the American people in refraining from entanglement with the present League of Nations. That body is now involved in a quarrel with an American nation—Brazil—which has resulted in the latter giving notice of withdrawal. The difference of opinion leading to so solemn an act is of such nature as to have led inevitably to an appeal to the United States for influence, pressure or judgment, had the United States been in the League. And this appeal would have led to a division between two American nations, or, if not that, to a division between America and the League, contingencies which cannot be contemplated without a sense of their possible serious consequences.

As rupture follows rupture, and misunderstanding ripens into hostile parties in the League, the American who wishes well to his country and the world finds in each event a new occasion for thankfulness that his country is out of it. And this does not mean, as all the propagandists insist, that America is selfishly avoiding her international responsibilities; it means only that America is thankful that whatever power or influence she has is not being frittered away in these internal quarrels of the League which are always big with possible external consequences.

What lies behind Brazil's act is partly known; whether it is a part of a program which will be developed along broader lines by the group of Latin nations can only be surmised. How the League will react to this first defection is yet to be seen. But there can be no doubt that the United States is fortunate in not having had to take a stand with regard to these quarrelsome matters, and that she can reserve her moral force for use in the larger issues when they may arise.

## *Florida Dons Overalls*

HEARTENING news comes from Florida. The people are turning from real estate to land. The plow is replacing the subdivision stake. True prosperity depends not upon inflation of land values, *but upon production.* The state is getting back into production. Florida took a gallant step when she banished the 'binder boys' and other real estate sharpers from her borders. It stopped soaring prices, but it restored the confidence of the nation in Florida's good faith. And now the state goes back to fundamentals. Instead of placing exorbitant values on idle land, the people are extracting real values from active land. The state has unique advantages, not only as a resort place but as a producer of essentials. Florida—in overalls—has a great future

## *United States of the World*

WHAT man has failed to do by ethics, by sermon and by written word the progress of machinery is accomplishing.

Treaties for international amity have proved but scraps of paper; sermons setting forth the right ways for man have brought results far short of the basic ideals; intentions of nation and individual have ended in disappointment and broken visions.

Europe has been a mess of politics between countries divided and subdivided by mountain, river and desert into a multiplicity of peoples and tongues, a tangle of chaotic ways of thinking and acting.

No legal or political conclave has sat with success to bring out order and brotherhood, and no desire on the part of individual nations has resulted in entity. Yet the solution is at hand.

Today the airplane levels mountains and rivers and deserts and man moves on an ocean that comes to every neighbor's back door. Every farmer's field is become a port of entry, and planes cross boundaries and scan adjacent nations at will.

Radio, as well, knows no international boundary, and carries the soon necessity of an international language, and thus international thinking.

The man who shortens the distance between two nations increases their understanding in like proportion, and decreases their likelihood for misunderstanding.

He who can make common a travel between New York and London which will accomplish the distance regularly in a day's space will do more for humanity and the brotherhood of man than all the treaties and all the sermons that have ever been or will be written.

He who can arrange international broadcasting of international programs will bring the world to a complete understanding.

And eventually there will be a United States of the World.

## *We Sign Anything*

READ before you sign. A western professor passed an interesting looking paper about among his students, ostensibly asking for a holiday on a prominent American's birthday. Forty-five students readily signed the paper without giving it more than a passing glance. When the professor read the document to them they discovered that they had also signed a petition to have their right arms cut off at the elbows. It was a good test and one that the students will long remember. Too many sign on the dotted line without reading the text above carefully. Promissory notes and other catches may be hidden in the text of a document. Read before you sign.

# Casting the Horoscope of the U. S.

## Reading the Stars for the Declaration of Independence; What the Portents Are for the Next Ten Years

By ARTHUR W. BROOKS

MR. BROOKS is a clergyman of the Episcopal Church and Vicar of the Epiphany Guild of America, an organization which seeks to promote culture, character and efficiency through a study of all known forces which may have a bearing on temperament and destiny. Mr. Brooks is the author of numerous articles on the astrological aspect of life and is credited with having made important forecasts, based upon his reading of the stars. This article is offered as an illustration of the astrological forecast of the next ten years of United States national history.

EN years in the future! The very thought of having some reasonable and reliable scientific basis for determining the probable trend of the affairs of the world is thrilling. It is not possible to enter into any lengthy argument concerning the merits of astrology, for the allowed space forbids.

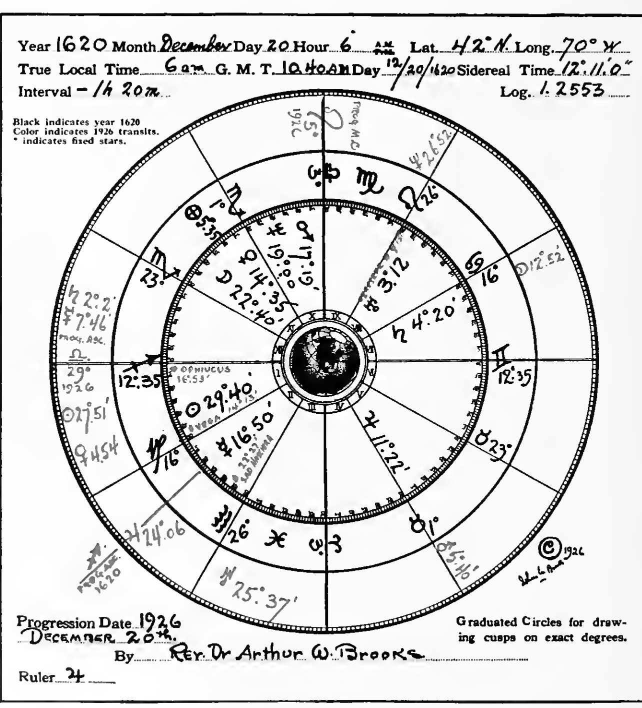
The method of forecasting by this age-old science has been a matter of public information for many centuries. As a clergyman I need not apologize for accepting the values of the science, for many notable 'men of the cloth' have been numbered with the outstanding authorities of the past. Astrology is a study of the planets in their relation to the zodiac and the aspects they form to the sun and moon, as considered by degrees and angles from the earth, with definite laws of interpretation. It has been found by precise investigation that the course of human history corresponds in a most remarkable manner with what is indicated by the movement of the planets, according to these laws. One may naturally conclude that there is some definite interdependent scheme of action at work in the universe, and as the celestial bodies are a part of the whole it is natural to conclude as a working hypothesis that there is some action and reaction between them and the rest of manifested nature. In fact the fundamental basis of astrology is that there is some magnetic interrelation, a sort of radio activity, which is constantly producing changes. Mathematics form the basis of astrological calculations, together with a working knowledge of astronomy and the fixed rules of astrology. Added to this there is the human equation—the ability accurately to judge values and to express these terms in the language of the people. It is simple—if you know how.

Because I have tested this science over a period of years I am willing to let it be known that I believe there is a far greater field for astrology than we usually think, and that it can serve humanity in a peculiar and most appropriate manner. In fact, I am convinced that many costly mistakes both as to national policy and personal matters can be avoided by a knowledge of the future trend which astrology affords, and I anticipate the time when there will be established and endowed an adequate research foundation purely for the study of astrology along the most modern lines of science, and thus provide a channel for guidance. But what of the future?

July the Fourth of the year 1926 marks the 150th year of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the anniversary of the birth of the United States of America as a free and independent nation. We shall therefore consider the horoscope for the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, jointly with the horoscope for the Landing of the Pilgrims and in a general way the Kabbalistic World horoscope, with calculations based upon the future movement of the planets in the zodiac and the principal configurations. To give credence to what will follow in the way of predictions, let us turn over a few pages of history and note the outstanding decisive moments or mileposts in the life of this nation. To do this we must of necessity go back to the Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, December 20, 1620, at six in the morning.

In preparation for this article I have gone over some old astrological manuscripts in which a noted English astrologer, Sir William Lilly, calculated and published the horoscope for this momentous event. It appeared in an old English Almanac of 1649. A brief historical note relates as a fact the displeasure of some of the British nobility, for the astrologer predicted for the new infant America an ultimate severence from English control and their loss of a colony rich in natural resources yet undiscovered.

The years from 1620 to 1776 were years of hardship and struggle. Only fortitude, heroic effort and stability, such as our Pilgrim Fathers had, could have laid the solid foundation of a na-




Dr. Brooks' horoscope of the Landing of the Pilgrims, Plymouth Rock, December 20, 1620, six a. m., treated in this article.

tion now powerful and prosperous. The horoscope for the Landing of the Pilgrims shows just these sterling characteristics and the signature of the stars truly reveal a great destiny. Jupiter, the planet of expansion, is the ruler of that horoscope and the Sun was in Sagittarius and in the ascendant. Mercury was also rising and Venus was in the oriental semidiurnal arc of the chart in Scorpio and in the orb of a conjunction with the moon. The sun and the moon were in benefic aspect. This chart is testimony to any competent astrologer of a great destiny, and what is more, our history coincides with what might have been expected and predicted of this nation.

Jupiter has singularly ruled over the destiny of this people. Peace, prosperity and a new conception of liberty have been our lot. Freedom of expression and the idea of democracy have taken hold upon us and this has swayed every department of national activity. The embryonic nation was created in a religious environment, and notwithstanding the woeful urgings of a few pessimistic prophets of our time, we are yet a religious people with higher ideals and a more practical religious expression in human terms than the majority of foreign nations.

Every important epoch of our history seems to have been under Jupiterian influence. The fact that the three most important events in our early history took place under Jupiter's influence cannot be passed by as mere coincidence. The Landing of the Pilgrims, the Declaration of Independence and the Adoption of the Constitution of the United States took place under strong Jupiterian influence. And it may not be out of place to recall the fact that the Presidents under whom this nation has been most prosperous at home and successful abroad during their respective terms of office were nominated, elected or inaugurated, as far as I have been able to calculate from the data at hand, under strong Jupiter influence. President Coolidge was nominated under the benefic influence of a Jupiter day and at a Jupiter hour.

Sibley, the noted English astrologer, published in London, in 1784, the horoscope for the Signing of the Declaration of Independence. The previous Solar Ingress, June 20, 1776, indicated for Great Britain a pending serious conflict between the mother nation and a colony and the loss of that colony by defeat in a revolution.

That horoscope for the Declaration of Independence predicted a great destiny which included victory in wars and expansion by leaps and bounds; an extensive international influence, commercial and industrial expansion and a heritage which would make her a great power among the nations of the world, and an ultimate destiny to leadership in world peace and disarmament by an original and unique method. This latter is yet to be fulfilled. It is, however, written in our destiny.

Besides these things, the horoscope shows enormous and increasing controlled resources, with fecundity and prosperity abounding among a carefree, happy and contented people.

There is one outstanding feature about the astrological chart for the Declaration of Independence. The moon is in the ninth section near the mid-heavens and in the Sign of Aquarius. Saturn is in the fifth section and exalted in Libra which indicates very strong humanitarian and benevolent qualities both to give out and to attract others to our shores, accounting for our marked generosity in helping disabled and crippled nations with our resources and the magnetic attraction of the nation to multitudes who have come to our shores and who yet clamor to come. But more than this, our contribution to disarmament and universal peace will bring these hopes to actual fruition in due time.

We shall give a few other instances in support of the influence of Jupiter and then pass to the future forecast.

March 5, 1770—British soldiers opened fire on a crowd in Boston, called in history the 'Boston Massacre.' Jupiter transit in Sagittarius 22 degrees forming a conjunction with sun and approaching an opposition to Saturn in the Pilgrim chart. This act was the beginning of what later culminated in the Revolutionary War.

Oct. 19, 1781—General George Washington received the surrendered sword of General Cornwallis. Jupiter transit Sagittarius 16 degrees having left a conjunction with the sun and ascendant in the Pilgrim chart and in sextile aspect to Mars and Neptune. The war ended, with victory for the American republic.

Sept. 3, 1783. Peace Treaty was signed with Great Britain. Jupiter transit in benefic aspect to the ascendant in Pilgrim chart and trine to Jupiter place in the Independence chart.

The War of 1812 was apparently under Jupiter influence. Vital statistics lacking, this cannot be verified and checked up astrologically.

April 25, 1846, President Polk in a message to Congress declared 'War was begun by the act of Mexico.' Jupiter transit leaving conjunction Jupiter in Pilgrim chart and forming a benefic trine to Mercury, showing speedy victory. This war ended when General Scott with only 6,000 men entered Mexico City September 8, 1847. Jupiter in Cancer in benefic aspect to Jupiter and Venus in the Pilgrim chart.

December 20, 1860, the Civil War began with the Secession of South Carolina. Jupiter transit in Leo 26 degrees square to the place of Jupiter in the Pilgrim

Year 1776 Month July Day 4 Hour 3.04 A.M. Lat. 39.58 N Long. 75.10 W
True Local Time 3.04 AM G. M. T. 8.04.40 Day 7/4/1776 Sidereal Time 21.56.52
Interval — 3h.55m Log. .7873
Black indicates year 1776
Color indicates 1926 transits.
* indicates fixed stars.
Progression Date 1926 July 4th.
By Arthur W. Brooks
Ruler ☿
Graduated Circles for drawing cusps on exact degrees.

Horoscope of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, Philadelphia, 3:04 a.m., July 4, 1776. 'Congress sat all night debating.'

chart in opposition to the moon in mid-heavens of the Independence chart. Proclamation of Emancipation by President Lincoln issued under Jupiter transit in conjunction mid-heavens in benefic aspect to the sun in Pilgrim chart. The Civil War ended April 9, 1865, under influence Jupiter transit in conjunction sun in the Pilgrim chart and in conjunction with the part of Fortune in the Independence chart.

February 15, 1898, the Battleship *Maine* was sunk in Havana Harbor. Jupiter transit in benefic aspect to the ascendant in the Pilgrim chart but in near conjunction with Saturn in the Independence chart accompanied by several malefic aspects. An ultimatum was signed 11:10 a. m. April 20, 1898, fixing the blame on Spain. War was declared the following day under influence Jupiter retrograde forming conjunction with the mid-heavens of the Pilgrim chart and several slightly adverse aspects as considered from the Independence chart. This war ended August 12, 1898, under the influence of Jupiter going direct transit the mid-heavens in the Pilgrim chart forming several good aspects.

### *Leo and the World War*

April 6, 1917, our part in the Great World War was cast by a declaration of war on Germany because of overt acts. Leo was in the ascendant at Washington at 1:18 p. m. on that day when this act was signed, with the Sun in Aries and Mars strong and there being several adverse aspects, but Jupiter, our planet of destiny, showed benefic outcome and victory.

The war ended November 11, 1918, under strong influence of Jupiter in benefic aspect to its own place in the Pilgrim chart and with Jupiter in strong aspect with Venus, indicating peace.

I have not given an account of the small fracas with Tripoli in 1801 and with Algiers in 1815, but these, like all other wars, were caused by the overt acts of the nations opposing us, and this may be accounted for astrologically by Mars and Neptune in the mid-heavens of our Pilgrim chart—a nation warred against, but never on a war of conquest.

According to the Kabbalistic cycle method of computation, the earth is under the influence of the Mars planetary cycle, which began March 21, 1909, at 6:13 a. m. and will end in 1944 at the Vernal Equinox. I have computed this cycle with the dependent sub-planetary cycles interlaced and events of history since 1909 coincide in a most remarkable manner with what might be expected. It is therefore reasonable to assume that history will repeat itself while under this cycle.

Let us begin with this current year. Keep in mind that the Mars cycle is prevailing, and that a sub-cycle is considered as a focal influence. This year, 1933, and 1940, Mercury prevails, indicating vast commercial mergers, commercial developments and expansion, progress in science, literature and means of transit, communication and travel, inventions and education. Mercury indicates rapid changes and sometimes reversal of former policy. Several adverse configurations this year indicate a danger of political blunders and misunderstandings, and also changes in ideas and methods of reforms.

Uranus is nearing the end of Pisces. July fifth this planet is 29 degrees and 26 minutes in Pisces and will be retrograde until the end of the year, entering Aries April 1, 1927. In the Pilgrim chart this will form an opposition to the mid-heavens. In the Independence chart it will be forming an opposition to Neptune.

And this portends danger of some serious international misunderstanding which may lead to war, also, some perplexing problems for the President and the Government, and perhaps some personal danger to the Chief Executive.

Neptune is the sub-cycle ruler in 1927, 1934 and 1941, indicating years of crises for the nations, socialistic tendencies and revolts, accompanied by labor and capital disputes and serious costly strikes. Saturn will be in Sagittarius and approaching the ascendant in the Pilgrim chart and approaching an opposition to Mars in the Independence chart. These will be years of crises for our republic. Very little progress will be made by the nations of the earth, and doubtful foreign loans will cause this country grievous trouble and anxiety and probably serious losses. There will be a chaotic situation to deal with. Also, the position of Uranus at this time and the result of its proximity point in each mundane horoscope for the spring, summer, autumn and winter quarters for the next two or three years places the planet either in conjunction, square or opposition to the sun, so that the period from the autumn of 1926 to 1929 in particular will be marked by many changes in the governments of the earth and in political circles of republics, attended by sudden and unexpected complications and many uncertainties in the affairs of statesmen, monarchs, presidents and rulers and even a complete reversal of public policy, political downfall or reversal in the exercise of power. This period will witness the most sweeping changes since the 1914-1918 period of war. The United States will not be exempt, and while we have a unique government with opportunity given the people to change from one election to another, yet this influence will make itself felt in opposing political parties and great confusion will ensue over racial and religious questions.

### *There Will Be Years of Strife*

Saturn is the sub-cycle ruler for 1928, 1935 and 1942. With Mars as the principal planetary ruler and Saturn the sub-ruler in 1914 and again in 1928, it portends a repetition of this dark period in 1935 and 1942.

These years are foreshadowed as years of strife, depression, general misery and want among the people and grave danger of strife and war between nations, and serious industrial depressions at home.

In fact, between 1927-1934 I expect to see several new and unheard-of leaders rising to take their places as dominant factors in the destiny of the governments of the earth. They will be dictators and rule with an iron rod, and being militaristic in nature they will endanger the peace of the world and shatter the hopes and dreams of those who are working for disarmament and universal peace. This will be the influence of Uranus in Aries, and this planet remains in a sign for about seven years.

### *A Period of Reconstruction*

As for the United States of America, Saturn in Scorpio square Neptune from Leo indicates complications for the present administration; danger of serious mistakes in policy; loss of public confidence, attended by criticisms of the President and other Cabinet members and a grave disappointment in some governmental project. This will give cause for attacks by which the opposing party will gain a considerable political advantage. During 1927 and 1928, financial slumps will occur and unemployment will become a serious problem.

The next sub-cycle is that of Jupiter. This will occur in the years of 1929, 1936 and 1942. These will be benefic years, particularly to the United States. As Jupiter is favorable to this nation, I expect these years to bring expansion, reconstruction and good fortune with our share of prosperity. These years will be marked by social, religious and economic reforms of a far-reaching character, accompanied by financial increase and very little unemployment.

As for the nations abroad, it will be a period of reconstruction after previous political and international troubles, with the year 1930 marked by steady progress, changes in mental thought and activity in all departments of life and expansion in industry, widespread construction and laying plans for the future.

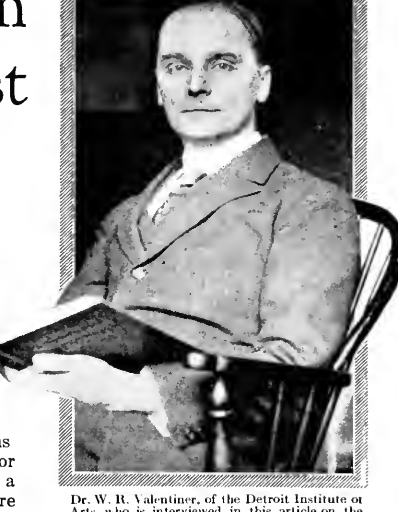
### *Revolutions Will Grip Europe*

In the period between 1926 and 1943, another war or series of revolutions of a sweeping character will grip Europe, the outcome of which will smash the present European system and greatly change the map. After this period there will be begun the organization of a United States of Europe, reëstablishing boundaries similar to those involving the area once known as the Empire of Imperial Rome. England will (Concluded on page 28)

# Originality Is the Aim Of the Modern Artist

## A Painting, He Says, Should Be an Invention, So He Discards Age-Old Modes and Manners

By EUGENE LEUCHTMANN



Dr. W. R. Valentiner, of the Detroit Institute of Arts, who is interviewed in this article on the modernist tendencies of art.

PRACTICALLY every decade brings forth its own artistic sect. In every generation the artist is a mystery, and in none more than in this. I have undertaken to tell what modern artists are about, as they have told it to me.

With the development of the camera as an almost perfect agency for visual reproduction and representation, need for the story-telling picture and the historical painting has been reduced. The frescoes and mosaics of the ancients depict, with truth and fidelity, the customs and manners of their times. The artist of this modern age, however, knowing that he cannot compete with the camera in faithfulness to nature or in the representation of events, modes, and manners, has revolted against what he terms the craftsmanship of the painter.

He no longer seeks to *imitate* on canvas the subject he would paint. He has no desire to duplicate the work of the photographer. His mission, he says, is to produce an original design which has value as an esthetically significant form—something which has given him a moment of esthetic ecstasy to produce, and something which in turn will produce in others a like ecstasy because of its formal purity.

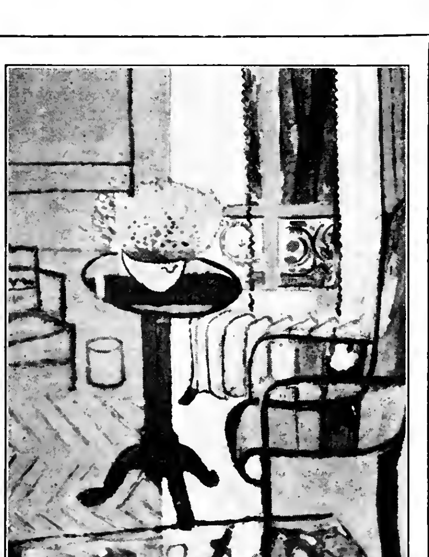
Art, says our modern artist, has nothing to do with life except in its effect on life. Paintings should be inventions. The picture of a chair, though most exquisitely painted, is an imitation of the chair and not a work of art.

In the painting by Mattisse, shown with this article, the chair is seen to be painted with but two legs. The other legs have been sacrificed to form. To have added them would have broken up the sweep of the forms.

The Mattisse was bought at considerable expense by a leading Middle Western museum. At the time of its purchase it aroused much comment, and the debate which marked its acceptance by the board of the museum almost threatened to disrupt that body. It has since been the butt of the humorous element in the art life of that city, but it is hanging on the walls of the gallery and occupies among the moderns a conspicuous place.

The canvas has been called, by the men who favored its purchase, a study in forms They pointed out that the radiator under the window is not used as a radiator in the study but as pure form, and that the entire canvas is a design in which it has its particular place. Through the window the sun streams in, but in revolt against the Impressionists, Mattisse has made his dividing line between sunlight and shade a sharp one, cutting his composition in two, and his forms a solid color, unrelieved by a secondary shade.

As opposed to pure form, which the Cubists have adopted as their main tenet, there are others who express form and rhythm in a composition in which the main elements are things of life, even things of our everyday life. The arrangement of figures in a composition, the subjection of the component forms to the main form of the picture, is the aim of these artists.



Painting by Henri Mattisse, with its two-legged chair, purchased at considerable expense by a Middle Western museum.

Dr. W. R. Valentiner, now art director of the Detroit Institute of Arts, traces the modernist tendencies not so much to the revolt against imitation and photography, as to a natural tendency on the part of the artist, as the representative of his people, to follow the trend of the world affairs and world history.

'One does not expect that an art born out of the soul of the people, and expressing its deepest suffering, shall ingratiate itself through charm and surface agreeability,' he says of the tendency toward the stark and the unsugary in paintings. 'Such an art is in direct contrast with a superficial ideal of taste. That which is born out of revolutions cannot be measured by the petty standards of an art based on luxury. Since the 18th Century there has existed a "society" art that even today dominates wide circles. This conception of art has poisoned the taste of the public and has only an appearance of life. But there is also an art that is life itself—that rises out of the depths like a cry, and in this cry carries the deepest expression of true humanity. So it has been always with the great art of the past, and so it will be again with modern art.

'Let us not be misled if our first impression upon seeing the canvas of a modern is unexpected and not always pleasing. Is not actual experience—and what else is art?—always unexpected and startling? Let us but recall the first appearance of the great artists of the past (*Concluded on page 18*)

# Rodney's Ride for Liberty

## Here Is Told the Story of the Delaware Patriot Who Rose From a Sickbed to Vote for Independence

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

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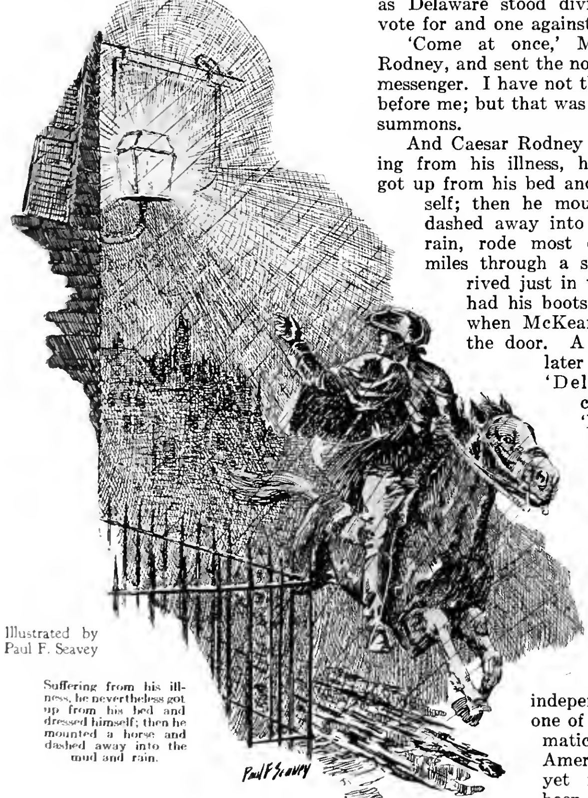
WE HAVE 'Paul Revere's Ride,' by Longfellow, and 'Sheridan's Ride,' by Thomas Buchanan Read; but 'Ceasar Rodney's Ride' remains an unsung epic, unsung because it has never been written.

Caesar Rodney, a delegate from Delaware to the historic Congress which met in Philadelphia, was not present during the long discussions on independence that preceded the formal resolution of July 4, 1776. He was sick with a cancerous affection which deformed one side of his face. His physicians believed him to be on his deathbed; they had prescribed relaxation and rest. The other two delegates, Thomas McKean and George Read, were divided on the question. McKean stood strong for independence; Read, none the less patriotic, opposed it because he did not consider the psychological moment for such momentous action had come. 'Stop talking and act' was McKean's policy; Read preferred a policy of watchful waiting. McKean observed that all of the other colonies would cast a 'Yes' vote. He wanted Delaware to fall into line so the resolution would pass unanimously; but this was plainly impossible as long as Delaware stood divided with one vote for and one against.




Illustrated by Paul F. Seavey

Suffering from his illness, he nevertheless got up from his bed and dressed himself; then he mounted a horse and dashed away into the mud and rain.

'Come at once,' McKean wrote Rodney, and sent the note by a special messenger. I have not the exact words before me; but that was the gist of the summons.

And Caesar Rodney came. Suffering from his illness, he nevertheless got up from his bed and dressed himself; then he mounted a horse, dashed away into the mud and rain, rode most of the eighty miles through a storm, and arrived just in time. He still had his boots and spurs on when McKean met him at the door. A few moments later the name of 'Delaware' was called.

'I vote "Yes,"' the ailing man shouted as, exhausted from his long ride, he sank into his seat. Delaware had been saved. The colonies had unanimously declared for independence. It was one of the most dramatic incidents in American history; yet it has never been dramatized.

On the same day Rodney wrote to his friend, Colonel Haslet, of Dover, an account of what Congress had done. I imagine he did not mention his long ride, for heroes are ever modest, sometimes distressingly so.

'I congratulate you, sir,' Haslet replied, 'on the important day which restores to every American his birthright. It is a day which every freeman will record with gratitude and of which the millions of our posterity will read with rapture.'

A true prophecy! It was a prophetic era or age, however, as many persons were trying to look into the future and trying to give words to their emotions. Rodney was one of these as, after he had been made a brigadier general and the battle of Princeton had been successfully fought, he said: 'While Washington survives, the great American cause cannot die. His abilities seem to be fully equal to the public spirit that called him forth. History does not furnish you with a greater piece of generalship than he exhibited. We shall soon put an end to the dreadful controversy that agitates and distracts us. In return we shall have peace, liberty and safety. Heaven! what a glorious figure in the eyes of men and angels will this vast American world exhibit in its free, independent state. Nothing will then be wanting but better men and wiser measures to make us a happy people.

'I have been perfectly well in health since I left home. I assure you that I begin to play the general most surprisingly. I would not have you suppose I mean the fighting general. That is a part of my duty I have not yet been called upon to discharge. When called, I trust I shall not disgrace the American cause, for 'tis glorious even to die in a good cause.'

After Caesar Rodney became head of the Delaware government, Washington wrote him several letters for supplies urgently needed and for the collection of taxes. Often on the point of disbanding, the army existed on half or third rations, sometimes with only one day of that ahead and no prospect of obtaining more.

'Our magazines,' Washington explained on one occasion, 'are absolutely

empty everywhere, and our commissaries entirely destitute of money or credit to replenish them. We have never experienced a like extremity at any period of the war.'

The hero of the eighty-mile ride promised to do everything in his power. He expected that the flour would 'come high because those termed speculators are as thick and as industrious as bees and as active and wicked as the devil himself.' He doubted whether any of the taxes had been paid into the treasury, but he would get in touch with the treasurer as soon as it was possible and hoped to 'hear from him in a few days and will immediately let you know.'

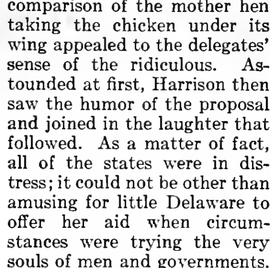
When Rodney was sitting in Congress, the Virginia delegates had such a habit of boasting about their state that the other members called this manifestation 'dominionism.' Benjamin Harrison was probably the worst offender, but Rodney decisively cured him. Harrison often referred to the 'abundant and powerful resources of that meritorious member of our Union,' and he exaggerated otherwise. One day Harrison became truly fearful, introduced a demand for supplies of arms, munitions of war of various kinds, troops and general assistance; he declared the state destitute in nearly every respect. Silence ensued when he sat down. Then Rodney arose. He de-

Caesar Rodney.

plored the melancholy and prostrate condition of his neighboring, extensive and heretofore 'powerful' State of Virginia.

'Let her be of good cheer,' he confidently exclaimed in a loud voice. 'She has a friend in her hour of need. Delaware will take her under its strong protection and insure her safety.'

Delaware was, of course, one of the smallest states with Virginia one of the largest. This contrast and the implied comparison of the mother hen taking the chicken under its wing appealed to the delegates' sense of the ridiculous. Astounded at first, Harrison then saw the humor of the proposal and joined in the laughter that followed. As a matter of fact, all of the states were in distress; it could not be other than amusing for little Delaware to offer her aid when circumstances were trying the very souls of men and governments.



Thomas McKean, who had sent for Rodney when his colleague's vote was required to swing Delaware onto the independence band-wagon, had the distinction of being the only Signer to remain in Congress, without an intermission, from the time of its opening in 1774 until after the preliminaries of peace were concluded in 1783.

Another peculiar fact stands out in McKean's career: he served two states and the nation at the same time. After his appointment to Congress in 1774 he moved out of Delaware and lived at Philadelphia. He was continuously returned to Congress as one of the Delaware delegates, and during a part of the time he also held the office of governor, or president, of the state. By virtue of his residence in Philadelphia, the State of Pennsylvania claimed him as one of its citizens; it honored him by making him chief justice. In 1779 he penned a letter to his good friend, John Adams, and in that communication he mentioned his double capacity, which really was triple through his membership in Congress.

'I had,' he asserted, 'my full shares of anxieties, cares and troubles on the present war. For some time I was obliged to act as President of Delaware and as Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. General Howe had just landed (August, 1777) at the head of the Elk River when I undertook to discharge these two important trusts. The consequence was, to be hunted like a fox by the enemy and envied by those who ought to have been my friends. I was compelled to remove my family five times in a few months, and at last fixed them in a little log hut on the banks of the Susquehanna more than one hundred miles from this place. But safety was not to be found there, as they were soon obliged to remove again on account of the incursion of the Indians.'

McKean was selected to help form a constitution for the State of Delaware.

Thomas McKean.

He was then in Congress but departed immediately after being told of his new duty. A gentleman representing the committee met him and asked him to write the constitution. Although fatigued from his long ride, he consented and went at once to his room in the tavern. There he burned the midnight oil and sat up, according to the story, all night. Having prepared it without a book or assistance of any kind, he offered it the next morning to the house, where it received the great honor of unanimous adoption.

Though the patriot was not a member of the convention which framed the Federal Constitution, he watched the proceedings with interest, observed the character of the delegates and wrote of their activities. In a letter to John Adams he expressed his opposition to constitutional amendments. 'In general,' he averred, 'I dislike innovations, especially in the administration of justice. I would avoid tampering with constitutions of government as with edged tools.'

As governor of Pennsylvania in 1799 he frankly advocated the spoils system of displacing officeholders and installing the victors, practised it extensively and said in extenuation of his acts, 'It is out of the common order of nature to prefer enemies to friends.' He also asserted, 'A dagger ought not to be put into the hands of an assassin,' also, 'I am sorry that I did not displace ten or eleven more.'

In 1807-1808 the governor underwent an impeachment that sprang almost wholly from party rivalry. In his defense McKean avowed:

'No act of my public life was ever done from a corrupt motive nor without a deliberate opinion that the act was lawful and proper within itself.'

When McKean resigned from the

presidency of Congress in 1781, he received the thanks of that body for 'his conduct in the chair and in the execution of public business.' This man of many positions declined, however, to become a candidate for the office of vice-president with Jefferson many years later; his declination was based on both public and private considerations and I presume his age, sixty-six, was an important factor.

Perhaps McKean's most famous remark was made during the deliberations of the

GEORGE READ

convention which framed the Federal Constitution. Noting the trend toward the opinion that the people should be jealous of conferring power on any man or body of men, he cleverly commented that 'we seem afraid to enable any one to do good lest he should do evil.'

The last person to sign the Declaration of Independence was none other than Thomas McKean. There must have been too much confusion at the time. Anyhow,

*Read Was a True Patriot*

he thought that he had attached his name on the second day of August, 1776, when his compatriots formally signed the document; yet no record of such action shows on the journals of Congress. Apparently his signature was not inscribed upon the official copy until 1781, fully five years afterward.

George Read, the Delaware delegate that did not favor independence, was nevertheless intensely patriotic and true blue in his loyalty to the American cause. He considered the Declaration inexpedient at that time, also he believed the instructions from his constituents were insufficient to authorize his vote to be cast as McKean desired. When the matter received the sanction of Congress, however, Read not only firmly and zealously supported it but he also attached his name.

'You have put a halter around your neck,' one of the other Signers laughingly taunted him.

'So be it,' the fearless patriot rejoined. 'I am prepared to meet all consequences of this just act.'

The war made life hard for Read. His home was confiscated by the enemy, his wife was taken captive and he was driven from place to place for six years. In 1777 he and President McKinley, of Delaware, left Philadelphia to go to their homes. McKinley took one route, and Read took another, but McKinley was captured while Read managed to outwit the enemy and escape. It was a gloomy time too, with the army encamped at Valley Forge and destined to undergo that rigorous, heart-killing winter of 1777-1778.

'I own the prospect is rather gloomy,' Read wrote at this time to his friend and compatriot, Thomas McKean, 'but we are not despairing. No man is in a more difficult and unlucky situation than myself. Without any fixed habitation in the state, with little assistance or prospect of assistance, in want of health and ability of body—I will not add mind, though also true, lest I be suspected of seeking a compliment.'

The keynote of that letter was 'we are not despairing.' The fathers of the new nation, or the nation about-to-be, had a high courage that tided them over periods of privation and defeat; if they had not possessed this remarkable fortitude, theirs would very probably have been a lost cause.

Though almost alone, Read openly and vigorously opposed the adoption of the Declaration of Independence on the ground that the time was not yet ripe for such action. If one is inclined to doubt his patriotism, do not forget that Read became one of the most strenuous advocates of independence after the resolution had been passed. And subsequently he introduced a resolution of his own, one that left no doubt of his intense loyalty.

'Resolved,' Read's measure proposed, 'that any one who shall willfully break this agreement shall have his name published in the Public Newspapers as a betrayer of the civil rights of America and forever after be deemed infamous and a traitor.'

Read was especially distinguished as a judge. At the time when he became chief justice of Delaware, the position particularly required a man of integrity. The period after the close of the Revolution was one marked with perplexity and confusion; the laws had been silent amid the din of arms and fighting. So the duty of the judge consisted of reorganizing the whole legal system after the chaos, a task which he performed splendidly.

No blemish, it is said, was ever discovered in Read's public conduct. The epitaph of Matthew Thornton, of New Hampshire, is 'An Honest Man'; George Read's ought to be 'A Just Man.'

Certainly the three Delaware Signers were a group of worthy battlers for the rights of the people.

This is one of a series of articles by Mr. Lowden. In next week's issue he will take up the Signers from Rhode Island and South Carolina.

# Originality Is the Aim of the Modern Artist

(*Concluded from page 15*)

and criticisms of contemporaries, or the events of more modern times, which we or our fathers have witnessed—the early days of the great 19th Century musicians, or of realism and impressionism in France. Their first appearance caused a stir, yet the small circle of early followers quickly encircled the world in the course of one or two generations.

'This latest movement in art has perhaps even more violent adversaries than those who fought against the masters of the Barbizon school or against the Impressionists. Perhaps the conditions of understanding are more difficult than they were in those movements of the past. Only he who does not see the extraordinary break of history caused by the war, by its antecedents and its consequences, can expect that art, this mirror of the nations, will continue in its normal way as it did during the preceding generations.

'The art of the 17th Century went on developing naturalism in portrait, genre, and landscape painting. The art of the 18th Century pushed further the neglect of the spiritual side in favor of the decorative, superficial style of painting. In the Impressionist movement, the art of the 19th Century reached the most perfect rendering of the most external appearance of things. It knew how to project, as if by magic, even air, light, and movement on the canvas. But nothing had remained of the spiritual content, which does not show itself in the outer surface of nature, but seems to lie behind the objects and seems only to look forth here and there as if through a window, from the beyond into the now.

*Art Through the Various Ages*

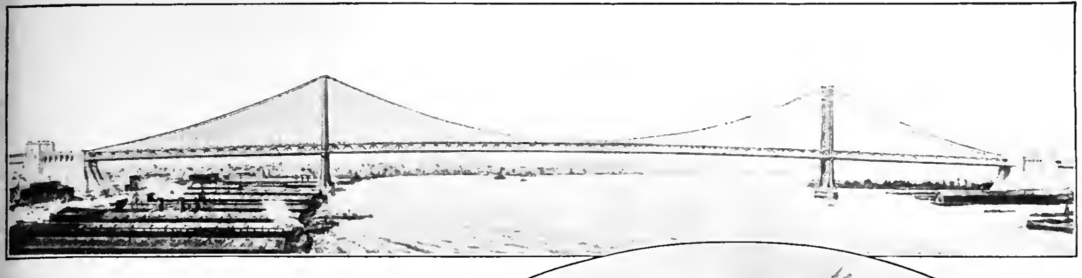
'Assyrian and Egyptian civilizations belong to the periods of abstract art, which were developed into the naturalistic Greek and Roman art. Opposed to this there appeared again for a period of about five hundred years the art of the Middle Ages, with its abstract style. In its place there came once more, for about five hundred years, a naturalistic art which began with the Renaissance, and now seems to have come to its end.

'The great problem of all abstract and spiritual art is to abandon a facile rendering of space, such as is obtained by photographs. Primitive art aims at a strong simplification of the image seen by the eye, in which only such elements are accentuated as express clearly the inner life; for instance, the expression of an eye, of a drastic movement, and so forth. By omitting all superfluous details of the appearance, the essential content of the composition becomes clearer. A certain conventionalization of the form is a characteristic of all abstract, spiritual art. The intention is to impress the spectator with higher spiritual laws. At the same time, a more intense decorative and architectonic character is obtained in this art, for it does not break through a wall as does the window perspective of a naturalistic art.

'Primitive art accentuates the wall and decorates it with colors and rhythms of lines. To designate this conception of form, expressions such as 'Cubism,' 'Futurism,' and so on, have been coined, which, fundamentally, mean nothing. The artist who uses this art of simplification is a true artist or an imitator. It makes no difference to which movement this artist belongs, whether he is an Expressionist, a Cubist or a Futurist. If a true artist, such as Mattisse, or Arthur B. Davies, uses simplification, he will manifest always his personality. Only a superficial spectator doubts the artist who proves his individuality by this very wrestling with the problem of his period.'

Pablo Picasso, one of the leading Cubists, who is at the same time an able painter in the academic fashion, declares that he cannot understand the value of argument regarding the differentiation between naturalism and art.

However, today's art is as clearly defined by these authorities as they define the art of the ancients, of the Barbizon school and the Renaissance, and the art of the Impressionists. It is the more cerebral art of painting with the mind, rather than with the eye.



# Crossing the Delaware, 1776-1926

(C) Detroit Publishing Co. From a 'Thistle' print.

Above—Delaware River suspension bridge, longest in the world. Oval—*Washington Crossing the Delaware, December, 1776.* After the painting by Emanuel Leutze.

By C. L. NORTON

A GREAT steel wire suspension bridge would have meant much to George Washington and the cause of independence in 1776. With a total population in the newly formed United States of 2,810,000 (about as many as are now in the city of Philadelphia alone), it was obviously impossible to have such a bridge even if the justifying need and necessary funds ($32,783,000) had been available—which they were not. Indeed, 150 years ago there was no such thing as steel or galvanized wire; and cables thirty inches in diameter were not only unnecessary but, by reason of that fact, undreamed of.

'These are times that try men's souls,' said Thomas Paine in a letter commenting on the trials of the Colonial revolutionists, written to Washington during the early part of 1776. The words took on added meaning with each month that followed, reaching their peak perhaps on Christmas night of that year when Washington took 2,400 ill-clad and half-starved men, guns, horses and paraphernalia across the swift and treacherous Delaware River that was filled with cakes of floating ice, surprised the reveling Hessians, took 950 prisoners, and succeeded in killing seventeen and wounding eighty of the enemy. This he did at the cost of only two men and four wounded and in spite of a driving storm of snow and sleet that rendered much of his ammunition useless. Then, as a fitting climax to his successful daring, he recrossed the icy Delaware that evening with all his prisoners and captured guns.

Workmen high up on the Delaware bridge, squeezing cable preparatory to wrapping with wire.

The need of bridging these waters has now been met with the erection of the longest suspension bridge in the world, a bridge that is 9,500 feet in length, 135 feet wide, 385 feet high, and with a suspension span of 1,750 feet. This bridge is, in itself, an outstanding example of the progress of the American people during the 150-year period between 1776 and 1926.

On Independence Day, 1926, at Philadelphia, by the pressing of an electric button, this obstacle of the river of 150 years' standing will be overcome and New Jersey and Pennsylvania residents will be enabled to fraternize with the ease and completeness common to the other metropolitan twins, New York and Brooklyn, the two Kansas Cities, the two St. Louises, Minneapolis and St. Paul or Omaha and Council Bluffs.

Beginning that day, workingmen of Philadelphia can drive to the ocean beaches and the truck farmer of New Jersey can reach his Philadelphia market direct—all in one-tenth the time formerly required and one-fifth the expense. Beginning July fourth, 6,000 automobiles an hour can cross the Washington-famed waters, in company with four lines of rail traffic and two 10-foot-wide streams of pedestrians. In this way the social and economic importance of the new bridge will force into oblivion the necessary expenditure of nearly 33 million dollars and force the structure to take its place as the principal factor in the future growth and development of the two cities and surrounding territory.

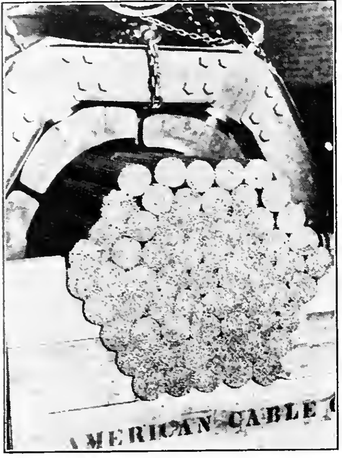
From the engineering standpoint the new Delaware bridge is a 20th Century marvel. It excels in every way all previous records in bridge building. For many years the Brooklyn bridge at New York City held first place in suspension construction. The span of the Delaware bridge, however, is 155 feet longer and its travel capacity much greater. The two finely woven, steel wire cables of the Delaware bridge are 30 inches in diameter (18,666 strands of wire each) as against four cables 15½ inches in diameter for the Brooklyn bridge. These two enormous cables will bear easily, and for an indefinite period, 12,000 pounds of load per lineal foot of bridge. When it is realized that the bridge is a mile and a quarter in length, the magnitude of the load can be but vaguely appreciated.

All of the wire used in the weaving of these enormous cables, if stretched out in one piece, would be 25,100 miles long—sufficient to encircle the earth at the equator and have enough over to stretch from Pittsburgh to New York.

The suspender ropes, extending from the two main cables to the floor of the bridge, number 596. These alone have a total weight of 7,400 tons, while the floor which they support, made of steel and reinforced concrete, adds another enormous dead weight to the main cables. At the abutments, where the bridge floor and cables meet, there was another engineering problem

encountered in the anchoring of the enormous cables, but this was successfully accomplished.

Ralph Modjeski, chief engineer of the bridge, was born in Cracow, Poland, in 1861. His father was Sinnmayor Modrzejewski and his mother's maiden name was Helena Opid. She changed her name



Cross section of cable used in the Delaware River bridge. The cable consists of 61 strands of 306 wires each.

to that of Modjeska upon becoming a citizen of the United States. She made her home in America and attained international fame as a dramatic artist.

Chief Engineer Modjeski was naturalized an American citizen in 1883.

The first large bridge designed and constructed by him was the government bridge at Rock Island, Illinois, over the Mississippi River, which is a double-track railway and highway structure. Then followed the reconstruction of the Bismarck bridge at Bismarck, North Dakota, over the Missouri River, and later the Thebes bridge, over the Mississippi River at Thebes, Illinois. Then followed numerous other structures, the cost of which reached an aggregate of forty million dollars.

Mr. Modjeski was a member of the board of engineers appointed by the Dominion Government of Canada for the reconstruction of the Quebec bridge, the the longest span of any cantilever bridge in the world.

Chain suspension bridges date back to the year 1667, the first, which was erected in China, consisting of 20 chains.

Philadelphia holds a unique place in the history of wire suspension bridges.

***The First Wire Bridge***

The first wire cable suspension bridge in the world was erected in 1816. It was a 'foot bridge across the river at the Falls of Schuylkill above Philadelphia, whose cables were of 6 wires, ⅜ inches in diameter, and so a new epoch of development was instituted. The span of this structure was 408 feet; its cost was $125; a toll of one cent was charged for passage, and only eight passengers were allowed upon it at one time.'

Thus did Philadelphia start 'a new epoch of development' with the erection of the bridge across the Schuylkill and then, 110 years later, extend that development with the erection of the present magnificent structure.

# Movie Patrons Make Coolidge Think

(Concluded from page 5)

neither make nor approve the troubles of Europe. With much that passes for governmental wisdom in Europe we highly disapprove. Why should we take part of the consequences of acts that we do not endorse? We believe the European way of doing things is in many respects a very bad way. When European methods bring hostilities why should we be held responsible for the situation?

We are told that this is selfishness. We are not so much concerned, however, as to whether this is selfishness as we are as to whether it is sense. If it be selfishness, it was selfish for our ancestors to quit Europe and its quarrels and come to America for peace. We have made somewhat of a success of civilization in America partly because we have not followed European ways. Behaving ourselves and minding our own business have helped to make us what we are. Not that we are so much. Not that we are better than anybody else. We are not Pharisees. But we believe in minding our own business and keeping the peace.

Washington was right. He warned us not to become embroiled in the affairs of Europe. Nobody yet has the nerve to say Washington was wrong, but they say times have changed. The affairs of peoples have become so interwoven—and so on, and so on, and so on. The commercial affairs of the peoples of the world have become somewhat interwoven. What of it? Is that any reason why we should pledge ourselves in advance to participate in Europe's wars? What harm can a war in Europe do us except to injure our trade? Is trade worth going to war to preserve?

***War Is a Trade Killer***

What guaranty have we that we could ever preserve our trade by going to war? Going into the Great War did not preserve the trade of any nation that took part in it.

War is a trade-killer for everybody. It kills even the trade of neutrals by killing their customers and impoverishing those whom it does not kill. Furthermore, what about the morality of going to war to preserve trade? Who wants to be killed to preserve somebody else's market—or even his own? What trade-loss can equal a war-loss? Why not take the trade-loss, if one should come as the result of another European war, neither kill nor be killed, add nothing to the national debt, and trust that we shall be able to worry along after the war is over?

What, except the internationalization of capital, has changed since Washington's day? Steamships, submarines, airplanes and dirigibles. Admitted. What do they change? Do they make our position here so insecure that we should try to establish a first line of defense in Europe?

But should we not give Europe the benefit of our 'disinterested advice'? Should we not try to help our transatlantic friends solve their problems?

Every friend of the World Court and the League of Nations thinks so.

But let us look these things in the eye.

In the first place, what do we know about European affairs? How much do we know about the hatreds, jealousies and rivalries that usually cause European wars? Do you know what caused the war between Schleswig-Holstein and Denmark? Bismarck said that only two men ever knew what caused that war and that one of them was dead. What caused the war between France and Germany in 1870? Everybody knows some of the reasons, but Professor Charles D. Hazen in his *Europe Since 1815* said ten years ago that the truth probably would not all come out for many more years.

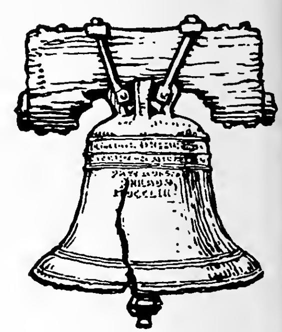
***Europe Wants Nothing But Money***

How much do you know about the involved politics and hatreds of the Balkan States—the tinder-box of Europe? If you were representing America on the League of Nations what could you contribute to the settling of these age-old Balkan animosities? How much could any American do? Do you know that some of the American peace commissioners had to ask where were certain cities and communities with which they had to deal? Do you know that even Lloyd George's geography ran aground? And, furthermore, what reason have you to suppose that Europe wants our advice in the settlement of her troubles? Can you mention any European statesmen who seem to be suffering from an inferiority complex? Do we want the advice of Europeans about the settlement of our problems in this hemisphere? Is it likely that Europeans feel less able to deal with their own affairs than we feel to deal with ours? Europe does not want our advice, disinterested or otherwise.

Europe, in peace-times, wants nothing from us but money and a great deal of it. That is all right, but we might as well get the facts straight in our minds.

We are the last people in the world who ought to talk about going into a League of Nations. We are too individualistic—too sure of ourselves and too determined to manage our own affairs. The Senate's reservations forbid the World Court to tell us what to do—or rather tells it to keep its hands off our affairs. Nobody who knows America can imagine it bending to the decree of the League of Nations. Perhaps we should have more of a world-sense, but we haven't got it. We are a nation of intense nationalists.

The truth as to how we stand on these matters is beginning to come in from the elections. Senator McKinley, of Illinois who voted for the World Court, was recently defeated for reëlection. The two Indiana senators who voted against it were reëlected. Every time the American people have had a chance to vote on this question they have voted for Washington and against whoever represented the other side.



# CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'President Coolidge shows a most amazing lack of staying qualities,' said ***The Man From Washington,*** 'and his own Cabinet feels little compunction in disagreeing with him openly. The President said in a recent speech that he had reduced taxes all he could; next day Mr. Mellon issued a statement flatly disagreeing with the President.

'Then came the now famous dry order, which permitted local officials to act as Federal officers in the enforcement of the Prohibition law. The order was perfectly legal and was entirely justifiable by the circumstances. In a word, Mr. Coolidge did the right thing. But even before the news of it reached the country, the President was a-heming and a-hawing, explaining that he didn't mean it this way or that way, and so on. Somebody in Washington squawked and the President pulled in his order without waiting for the country's reaction to it. In two days the mails began to come in showing that the order was immensely popular with the people. The President was congratulated by the people on his at last taking a stand that promised results. But even before the letters had been posted, the President had pulled in his horns—scared off! It is such things that lower his prestige and give the impression of timidity.

'The dry order was no more than an emphasis of what already exists. Every policeman in every city is sworn to uphold the Constitution of the United States. That puts him in Federal service. The President was creating nothing new. What a glorious chance he missed to stand his ground and fight it out. But he hasn't fought out a single point since he has been in the White House. And people are beginning to suspect that it is because he lacks the stuff to do so.

'At any rate, the President's acceptance of the Mellon rebuke in public and the hasty backdown from the dry order have left a bad taste.'

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'Mental attitude is a funny thing,' said ***The sunburned golfing enthusiast.*** 'Yesterday, for instance, I spent the whole day in the hottest sort of sunshine working like a plow horse and never got tired while my backyard needs attention in the worst way and it makes me actually weary just to think of it. I'll have to figure out a game to play with the lawn mower, hoe and rake; then the necessary task will become attractive.'

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'We always have had a pet lamb, and one year I remember we had seven,' said ***The Farmer-Stockman.*** 'Some of them have become terrible nuisances, follow you all over the place—screen doors don't stop them. I've seen them come right through in an attempt to follow me. The worst part of it is that the other sheep want to follow these pets into the most impossible places. Folks are like that, aren't they? Some become pets and are always going where they are not wanted or doing things they shouldn't do and then the rest think they should follow.'

'How many political parties have we in France?' repeated ***The Former Member of the French Chamber of Deputies*** in response to our query. 'I cannot tell. Ten, maybe, or twenty. I have the exact list somewhere, but I do not remember its number. There are far too many surely. But at that there are not so many as there were before the last election. A large number were—what do you call it?—"swept under" then.

'You see, before the war we were a happy people—too happy. It was easy to earn one's living, and politics was a pastime, a game, pleasant and not a little exciting and full of fun. Men liked to sit in cafés and talk politics and look very wise. As a result we have many politicians. After the war the politicians, to get elected, would make extravagant promises. Each man had to make different promises from his opponents, so each had to belong to a different party. And the man who made the most promises got elected!

'But as time went on the electors began to see that the government could not run on promises alone. The parties of the left would seldom coöperate with those of the right, and concerted action on important matters was almost impossible. And so at the last election the vote swung more to certain parties, and many of the politicians and their parties were dispensed with. Even now, however, we still have too many.'

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'Any actor who thinks he alone is responsible for his success,' said ***The famous Movie Star,*** 'is crazy. I have seen them go up and I've seen them come down; and believe me they come down a lot faster than they go up. I was a long time on the road up. Before I went into the movies I was on the stage, on it, in fact, far longer than I like to confess, for I'm still supposed to be a "juvenile." My father was an actor before me, and my grandfather and my grandmother. A little while before he died my father called me to him and he said, "Son, I'm dying as a good actor should die—broke." And then he added, "And I think you show talent as an actor."

'If that was any gauge I was a good actor, for I was broke, dead broke, a good many years. I've been on top now for a little while and, frankly, I enjoy it. I like to eat regularly. I like the popularity. I like the praise. *And I want to keep it, all of it.* But I'm not foolish enough to believe it depends on myself alone. There are so many things that enter into a successful picture besides the making; there is so much organization—distribution, exploitation, exhibition. Above all exhibition. The man who shows the picture is the one whose hand is on the pulse of the public. *He knows what the public wants.* Out in Hollywood we are away from the rest of the world. We never see our audiences; we only know how they react to our pictures from the box office receipts. And often that is the worst way to learn. It does us a lot of good to get out over the country once in a while and learn a few things first hand. It makes us less cocky!'

'You may say all you like about women smoking,' said ***The Man Who Travels the Country,*** 'but it is not nearly what you think it is, in extent. Far be it from me to give the slightest insinuation that a perfect lady may not smoke—I know some who do. But they are not the most balanced minded persons in the world—if I may put it that way. They don't see their place as women clearly. A few of them like to smoke, maybe, but most of them do it because they are determined to live up to the utmost of this new "personal liberty" stunt. Rolling your own is like rolling your stockings—you can do it if you want to. But that's not what I wanted to tell you. I was down at Washington during the convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution. I happened to be at three of the principal hotel centers used by the Daughters, so that I saw large numbers of them constantly. I did not see one of them smoking. I doubt if we shall ever see, no matter how far we progress, a general adoption of the habit among women who live in unalienized American surroundings.'

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***The Student of Antiques*** threw a new light on the well-known radical, John Spargo, when to our surprise he remarked: 'Spargo is very conservative, you know; and as a matter of fact he is now vastly more interested in ceramics than in economics. He enjoys "digging" and has done some excellent research work in ceramics. He is now preparing a book on the subject. It will be published in a limited edition shortly, and promises to be quite the finest work of the kind that has appeared.'

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'Thousands of young men and women "commenced" during the past month to check two to seven years theoretical training against the vicissitudes of life which do not always proceed according to theory.' ***The Man for Years Out of College*** was talking. 'For most of them the next two years will have some rough going. The world passed very few of them on "credits"—they will have to go after another degree in practical life. The sensible ones among them will join together the lumber of theory with the nails of experience and build a permanent and useful structure, while some will haul their lumber of theory around looking for nails the balance of their lives. Unfortunately, the value of the college training will be misjudged by this latter class rather than by those who have indicated the ability to utilize it. Some college men are failures, but the percentage is much lower than among the others. And college training cannot be accurately judged by the few who fail.

'A college education does not guarantee a man a better living, but it should give him a better life. A college-bred couple living on an ordinary salary should be living a more satisfactory kind of life than if they had less vision, less acquaintance with the better things of life.'

# Bucking the Modern Bucket Shop

## There Is Only One Way: Avoid Shady Brokerage Houses and Speculation

By

GEORGE GARRETT DeMORE

THE difference between blackboard betting on stock prices, which prevailed in the eighties and early nineties, and modern bucket-shop practice is the difference between a gambling chance and inevitable loss through swindle.

The swaggering proprietors of old-time bucket shops were, after a manner, sportsmen. They were content to allow their clients to 'break themselves' through ignorance, greed and misplaced hope. Often they encouraged a few customers to win; it was a good advertisement.

But the coat of arms of the 'Old Oaken Bucket' has descended to a generation lacking even a mixture of sporting blood to atone for the sins committed in the name of finance. In a modern bucket shop the customer has not a ghost of a chance.

The equipment of a bucket shop of the nineties was meager. A blackboard, upon which were quoted the changes in the price of New York securities between the hours of ten and four, a telegraph wire over which the quotations were received, a cashier's cage and a safe of ample proportions, these were all the furnishings needed, though the better-class places provided easy chairs in which the customer reclined while watching the fluctuations of the prices.

The client could either buy or sell at the price quoted on the board. There was no pretense that orders would be executed on the exchange or that actual delivery of the securities would be made.

The commission was one-fourth a point, or twenty-five cents a share. One hundred dollars bought one hundred shares, or a ticket on which was inscribed this amount. If the stock declined three-quarters of a point—seventy-five cents a share—the client was wiped out, twenty-five cents a share being deducted as commission. If the stock advanced three-quarters of a point and the customer called 'closed' before a new quotation came over the wire, he received one-half a point or fifty cents a share, one-quarter on all transactions being taken by the bucketeers.

Operating in this manner, there were no additional calls for margin and the customer could only lose his original one hundred dollars, while his chances for profit were limited to only the advance in the stock, a rise of nine points being equal to $675.

### *Lucky Customers Were Charged Higher Commission*

When a customer showed ability to guess advances and declines, the bucketeer would tack on an additional commission of one-quarter of a point, taking fifty cents a share. In cases of extreme luck or sagacity in picking winners, a penalty of one to three points would be laid down, the stock sometimes having to advance three and one-fourth points before the customer made any profit.

It was a simple game and quickly won popularity. In fact it became so widespread that the stock exchanges of the large cities began to despair of making a profit for themselves and restricted the use of their quotations to members who actually dealt in the securities quoted.

As is known, in ninety out of a hundred transactions in futures on a commodity exchange or stocks on a securities exchange, buying orders cancel selling orders and no delivery is made nor, in the opinion of all parties concerned, is necessary

The old shops had something of romance about them, born of many exciting scenes which have become financial traditions. At least one of the greatest speculators and financiers of the present generation got his start in the old-time bucket shops. But these gambling shops which frankly admitted their purpose were doomed to fall. It came about when the New York Stock Exchange rigidly controlled quotations to keep them from all except exchange members.

The bucket shop passed into financial history only to come back like the traditional Jewish clothing store after the fire—with a new front. This time it donned the dress of the regular broker. In faith the bucketeers even went the honest brokers one better, so magnificent in furnishings were the temples of finance they opened up.

### *Old Bucketeers Later Became Regular 'Brokers'*

The rules of the New York Stock Exchange were somewhat too severe for the new bucketeers; besides, the old-timers, constituting virtually a financial oligarchy, looked askance on the new fly-by-nighters with their showy fronts and did not encourage them to purchase stock exchange seats at $80,000 to $100,000 each. Legitimate finance—to coin a phrase to differentiate between high and low—had the cards stacked in its favor, had early bent the laws to its aid, and was possessed of a regular annual income from the lambs of Wall Street. It had no selfish reason for receiving the new generation of bucketeers with open arms.

But there remained the New York Curb Exchange, the Consolidated Stock Exchange, and even that venerable institution, the Boston Stock Exchange, home of the 'Coppers.' And in any event the good bucket shop did not need to be a member of an exchange to fleece the lambs. All it needed was a pretentious office and a list of 'suckers.'

The offices were purchased as close to Wall Street as possible, some even finding location on the street of magic name. Next, the clerks of investment houses were bribed for lists of customers with good healthy bank accounts and high-grade bonds, preferably government bonds.

With a list of 'suckers' the bucketeer sends out bales of highly decorated and extravagantly worded literature. He advertises in all newspapers and periodicals that haven't live financial editors to checkmate the scheme by showing the rating of the new 'brokerage' concern on past performance under a former name to the advertising office and keeping out of the conservative column the enticing 'come-ons' of the bucketeer.

This is followed up by telegrams and telephone calls. A business man in a city one hundred or more miles from New York is sometimes flattered by being called long distance from Wall Street.

When the orders for stock come in, the bucketeer can operate in two ways. He can purchase the shares through another house, at the same time giving an order to sell at the identical price, and so pocket the customer's money, or he can use the securities as collateral for a cash loan or to play the market. Either is disastrous to the customer.

The bucket shop always encourages the client to buy on a small margin. The thinner his shoe string, the more quickly will he probably be wiped out and the less likely will he be to call for delivery of stocks. Above all else, the bucketeer desires to keep the client from wanting to take his stocks up, for when this is carried on to any extent it calls for a show-down and the bucketeer, if pressed, must go out of business.

The modern bucket shop resembles the mushroom in its seasonal springing up and ephemeral existence. When a 'bull market' period of rising prices has been in progress and the public attention is drawn to the stock market, the bucketeer opens shop. It is his aim to get his customers loaded up with stocks at high prices, and when they fall he can buy them in at cheaper prices and be ready to deliver if called upon and so keep in business until the next 'bull market' and have a greater number of customers than before. Most bucket shops last only one period of rising prices. They can't deliver securities when called upon, in most instances, and become insolvent.

### *Age Is One Test to Apply to Brokerage Houses*

A test of a brokerage company is its age. The mortality of concerns which have operated a decade or more is slight compared with recent comers in the financial world.

If you would stay away from bucket shops, pick the companies dating from before the war and choose only a broker recommended by your banker.

An investor should never buy stocks on a margin. That is the province of the speculator, and few are those with reason or talent to speculate. Beware of the unsolicited letter or telegram regarding securities, and also of the front-door peddler with his limousine or sporty roadster waiting to waft him to the bank with your check.

# Uncle Sam and the Baby Crop

(*Concluded from page 3*)

consisting of the chief of the Children's Bureau, the Surgeon General in charge of the Public Health Service and the United States Commissioner of Education. This board passes on general policies.

Second—The Children's Bureau and that division of it which has to do with administering the Maternity Act. This intermediary passes on 'plans,' collects general data, prepares literature, develops standards, audits the accounts of state agencies and gives general supervision to operations throughout the country.

Third—The state government bureaus designated by the legislatures as connecting links between Washington and district or local agencies.

Fourth—The field forces of state bureaus and, when used, local agencies.

Alabama gets from the Federal Treasury the sum of $25,836.95 a year for this work, or not more than twenty-five cents for each child born in the state.

When the aid finally reaches, if it does at all, the Alabama mother-to-be, or an infant in that state, such may consist of a variety of things. It may be printed advice; it may be a prenatal conference, attended by the mother along with others; it may be a child welfare conference. At these the women or children may be examined. The aid may partake of a home visit by a public health nurse employed under the Maternity Act. It may be indirect aid, in the form, for instance, of attention given to midwifery.

***The Annual Crop of Babies***

Take New York State for more detailed illustration. This state is selected for the reason that it adds to the Federal funds considerably more than required by the Maternity Act.

The staff engaged for the work consists of: A director, an associate director (physician), an executive clerk (physician), 4 physicians, 23 staff nurses (and 24 part-time maternity and infancy community nurses employed from Maternity Act and local funds), 3 county nurses, 2 midwife inspectors (nurses), 1 organizing field agent, 1 office manager, 4 clerks, 8 stenographers, 1 advance agent and 1 chauffeur.

In that state 233,678 infants were born during the year of 1924. Necessarily both mothers and infants have to be dealt with largely en masse. In addition to conferences, campaigns and propaganda in general, there were 10,326 home visits by nurses to give prenatal or postpartum instruction and 37,443 to give instruction as to the care of pre-school children.

The last report covering the item states that all told 595 public health nurses are employed under the act in the country. Approximately 2,500,000 births take place in the country every year. Thus there is one Maternity Act nurse for about every 4,200 births. There are probably about 100 physicians in full-time employment under the act, or about one for every 25,000 births.

Many of both nurses and physicians may represent only transference from other agencies. Before the act was passed Red Cross agencies were employing from 1,300 to 1,500 public health nurses. They now employ fewer than nine hundred.

The forces employed under the Maternity Act are infinitesimal as compared with the number of women who at all times are expectant mothers and that of infants making up the ever-present 'baby crop.'

Only a few of the states have done more by way of funds than is required of them by the act. Just what the effect has been on local community effort is beyond determination here.

When the Federal Government takes up an activity, the inclination of others who might be concerned is to hands off.

One of the big objections to the Federal Government taking an authoritative hand in the promotion of the welfare of the 'baby crop' is that local effort, which naturally when put forth is most effective, may be more stifled than stimulated.

Four of the states—Connecticut, Illinois, Maine and Massachusetts—have refused to have aught to do with the Federal Maternity Act. One, Vermont, accepts only that portion of proffered funds which is offered without 'strings' and thus also operates independently.

When the original fight over the question was underway, proponents of the Maternity

***Infant Mortality Has Not Changed***

Bill charged that 'During the delay by Congress approximately 625,000 babies have died from causes (chiefly preventable) prenatal or connected with childbirth and infancy.'

The implication was that operation of the measure would have saved many, if not most, of those infants. The project has been operating for a period four times as long as that of the 'delay.' How many have been saved?

Available statistics indicate that infant mortality is just about the same as it would be had no Maternity Bill been passed. The rate has gone down a little, just as it was decreasing for a long time before there was any Maternity Act.

The infant mortality rate has gone down as much, probably a little more, in the states that have had naught to do with the Maternity Act as in those as a whole where the act has been effective.

There is no evidence that operations under the act have produced a sum of favorable results which otherwise would not have been achieved, though unquestionably much of the work done under the act has been good and no doubt effective. And, especially in view of the fact that the act

***What Will Become of This Policy?***

has been 'on trial' with renewal necessary to its continuance, the nationalized operations have been carried on circumspectly.

Yet at least one community has revolted against these operations and refused all help offered it via the act.

The people of that community, as do those of the states which have refused to accept this Federal 'aid,' hold that they should and can attend to the problem without interference from Washington.

So the question as it stands is, despite four years' experience with the act, much as it was in the beginning. And the kernel of the question is—

What may come of a policy of Federal Government meddling—via a Washington bureau having power and large funds—with a subject so intimate, so delicate, so local and withal so important to the individual as child-bearing and rearing?

# I Read in the Papers

### Frankau's Joke Fell Flat

The visit to these shores of Gilbert Frankau, Semitic author-lecturer from England who has for some reason of his own retained his war-time title of captain has not been particularly successful in spite of strenuous press-agenting. Heralding his arrival, a New York publishing house sent out the following telegram to various newspapers throughout the country: 'Gilbert Frankau, famous English novelist-publicist, arrives your city———(date). He has been besieged by press in cities visited thus far, as he talks *sensational* copy on international relationship and women.'

A sample of the 'sensational copy' was related in *Time:*

'Last fortnight Captain Frankau traveled to St. Louis. It seemed a good place to proclaim what sound old Tories were thinking over their port in the London clubs. Incidentally, a convention of U. S. booksellers was in session there, to whom Frankau, who maintains that the national significance of his novels has impressed "every one who can read in the British Isles," would just say a word or two.

'But before the moment arrived for the booksellers' toastmaster to introduce the unofficial representative of British Conservatism, that individual was overcome by the occasion. The hospitality had been too perfect. He arose in the midst of another speaker's remarks, waved a glass of ginger ale recklessly aloft and said: "Let's stop all this speech-making! Let's get on with the dance! . . . I'm too full for utterance . . . but there's one thing I'd like to say. It is a trifle strong; illustrating what is wrong with your country. Before I tell it, any ladies not feeling very strong had best come and have some, er, ginger ale."

'No ladies drew near him, however, so Captain Frankau proceeded to relate a "joke" which connoisseurs present declared was ancient, somewhat pointless and entirely offensive.

'In London, hearing this news and wondering how "that little writer chap" bad ever been mistaken in the States for an official Conservative representative, Conservatives were irked.'

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In a recent issue THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT reprinted the following paragraph from an article written by the Rev. Edgar DeWitt Jones, D. D., for the *Detroit News*. The *Detroit News* requested the Reverend Dr. Edgar DeWitt Jones to attend a performance of a current revue, which boasted in its advertising of its high sophistication, and give his impressions of it. Among other things Dr. Jones declared: 'The very clever comedian who "substituted for the village parson" showed a good deal of finesse and was rather funny. Ministers are very human and they make mistakes like other people. Most of the ministers that I know are hard-working fellows, courageous for the most part, and much more tolerant of the frailties of mankind than are their critics. *Still I wonder how long Mr. Shubert and other theatrical managers would last if instead of burlesquing a service in a Protestant chapel, they substituted a Catholic church or a Jewish synagogue. It is truly remarkable how cleverly the stage steers clear of a Catholic priest or a Jewish rabbi and unloads its burlesque on a Protestant preacher ten times out of ten.*'

This called forth a letter to the Editor of the *Detroit News* from a Mr. MacDonald which read as follows:

#### Prohibition

To the Editor: The Rev. Edgar DeWitt Jones, after viewing a frothy revue, among other things was at a loss to understand why a minister was so often caricatured upon the stage, and never a priest or rabbi.

I hesitated to enlighten the Rev. Mr. Jones, being unable to believe that so gifted a scholar and widely traveled author and preacher was honestly ignorant of the cause . . .

As far as my personal observation goes, I have never seen a priest or rabbi make himself ridiculous before the public. Whether they possess it or not, they convey the impression of dignity at all times and are so accorded it. They labor strictly in their own vineyard and are not continuously interfering in other people's business . . .

GEO. F. MacDONALD.
17471 Fairport Avenue.

And this in turn was answered by the Rev. Frank D. Adams, minister of the First Universalist Church of Detroit:

To the Editor: Mr. MacDonald's recent communication, in which he undertakes to explain to the Rev. Dr. Edgar DeWitt Jones why ministers are so often caricatured on the stage, but priests and rabbis never, is not altogether convincing. If Dr. Jones ever asked why this is so, the question must have been purely rhetorical; for I can not believe that he is ignorant of the reason. But Mr. MacDonald's explanation is quite too naïve. He says that priests and rabbis are not caricatured on the stage because they are always dignified, do not make themselves ridiculous, 'and are not continuously interfering in other people's business.' The implication is, of course, that Protestant ministers are often undignified and ridiculous and are continuously interfering in other people's business; therefore, they are made the butt of ridicule on the stage.

The answer is not as simple as all that. Interfering with the business of some people, bootleggers, for instance, will always be part of the job of real ministers. I doubt that even Mr. MacDonald would consent to have them overlook this part of their function. But surely he must know, as Dr. Jones undoubtedly does know, that priests are never caricatured on the stage simply because stage managers and players have been advised that the Catholic Church will not stand for it. If Protestants could get together long enough to serve similar notice upon the Thespians, they would get similar results. As for rabbis, may not their immunity be due to the fact that the show business of today is almost wholly controlled by the people to whom they minister?

REV. FRANK D. ADAMS.
Minister, First Universalist Church.

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew,* Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States,* Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence in American Life,* Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States,* Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

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### The Ballad of the Milk Bottle

A really terrible state of affairs exists in the fashionable West End of London. 'During the past few weeks,' runs a news item in the London *Morning Post,* 'the activities of a gang whose specialty is the stealing of bottles of milk and parcels of dairy produce from doorsteps, in the early hours of the morning, have been causing inconvenience to residents and dairymen in the Mayfair and Belgravia districts.' The situation indeed is such as to have provoked Lucio, the inimitable occasional poet of the *Manchester Guardian,* to take the matter in hand—

My Lady in her robes of silk,
Her sobs she has to throttle—
She cannot have her morning milk
For someone's nabbed the bottle.
'I want my milk!' his Lordship cries,
'The day's ideal commencer!'
'Oh, sir!' his trembling man replies,
'It's gone—it's gone again, sir!'

And then, after describing in his own inimitable way the bewilderment of Scotland Yard and the baffled resources of the entire police force, a light suddenly dawns upon him. After all, the matter is simple enough—

I know who makes the milk vamoose
(For that his special groove is)—
It must be Felix broken loose
From some adjacent movies!

---

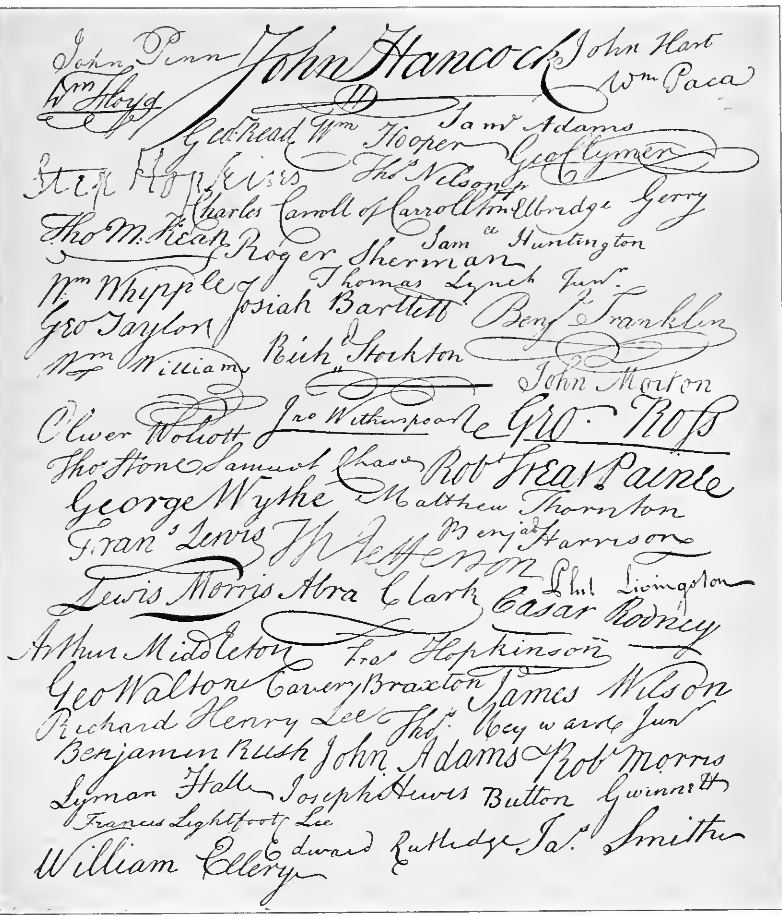
Albert Parker Fitch, a growing college power in this country, told a group of 'Youth Movement' youngsters:

'*You are lovable, but irresponsible and superficial, and, despite all your radical statements, inherently conservative. Your minds are undisciplined and dissipated. You have impressions of ideas,* but not ideas. A little less intellectual conscience and a little more moral conscience wouldn't hurt.'

# Rare Signatures of the Signers

## Big Sums Paid for Autographs of Patriots

By ALICE MacFARLAND




Reproduction of priceless signatures copied from the original Declaration of Independence.

NO HISTORICAL document, not even the Constitution itself, holds so powerful an appeal for the public in general, or for the collector of Americana in particular, as the Declaration of Independence.

It was recognized at a very early date that the signatures of the fifty-six men who affixed their names to that history-making paper 150 years ago would form a valuable collection, and the Reverend Mr. William B. Sprague, of Albany, New York, completed a set of their autographs as early as 1834. A number of others were begun, and when Dr. Lyman C. Draper, of the Wisconsin Historical Society, published his 'Essay on the Autographic Collections of Signers of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution' in 1889, there were twenty-one complete sets in the United States and one in England. At that time, forty-five sets in the making were traced, some of them complete with the exception of the two rarest autographs of all the Signers, those of Thomas Lynch, Jr., and Button Gwinnett.

The latest collection of autographs of the Signers to be completed is that of Charles Francis Jenkins, of Philadelphia, who by the purchase of very fine specimens of Lynch and Gwinnett Autographs finished his difficult and delightful task of bringing together a complete set in December, 1924. Mr. Jenkins then performed a service of value to collectors, and to all interested in the Signers, by bringing Dr. Draper's information up to date, and tracing all the complete sets in existence, in an article published in the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*, July, 1925.

'What is it,' a casual observer of autograph prices might ask, 'that makes the signature of an historical character so little known as Button Gwinnett bring such a price as $22,500, when the letters of George Washington, though valuable, do not seem to be rare?'

There are more than 1,200 examples of Washingtoniana in the Congressional Library alone; the Morgan Collection comprises many valuable letters; and nearly every collector of Americana manages to own an autograph of the Father of His Country. Most of the Signers lived to a ripe old age, and were indefatigable letter writers, but only one letter of Thomas Lynch, Jr., has been found, and there are only thirty-four known autographs of Button Gwinnett in existence.

Thomas Lynch, Jr., who was born at St. George's Parish, South Carolina, was sent as a delegate to Congress in 1776. Three years later he sailed for St. Eustatius, and it is presumed that he was drowned on the voyage, as he was never heard from afterward. The only known letter in his handwriting is in the Emmet Collection in the New York Public Library. Most of his signatures are cut from documents or flyleaves of books. Mr. Jenkins has two Lynch autographs, both to be found in a volume from the Lynch Library. The J. Pierpont Morgan Library, New York, has four specimens of Lynch autographs, the most interesting being a page of thirteen lines of Latin manuscript headed 'Lynch.' Dr. Emmet, in writing of it in 1890, declared it 'the best Lynch known next to the letter' and predicted that it would bring $500 at any time. How many times $500 it would bring today can only be estimated.

Button Gwinnett, whose autograph is one of the rarest and most valuable in American history, was born in England about 1732, and died from a wound incurred in a duel with General MacIntosh, May 27, 1777. He was representative to Congress from Georgia in 1776-77. Among the most interesting Gwinnett items known is his original will, dated March 15, 1777, written entirely in his handwriting, and signed by three witnesses. It is in the Morgan Collection. The set belonging to Herbert L. Pratt, of New York, boasts a Gwinnett autograph which narrowly escaped oblivion. The janitor of the Telfair Academy of Fine Arts at Savannah was about to destroy a basket of old papers when he was stopped by the custodian who, going over the papers at her leisure, discovered a note made out to Gwinnett which contained his endorsement. It was sold in 1914 for $2,800. Last year, at the Thomas sale, a document bearing Gwinnett's signature, separated by a seal, brought at auction $14,000, or a thousand dollars for each letter in his name. This year, at the Manning sale, the Gwinnett autograph, affixed to a deed, brought the record price of $22,500.

The latest Gwinnett item to turn up is one which contains his earliest known autograph, and which has, in addition, an association interest which enhances its

value. It is Button Gwinnett's Bible. For ninety years it had been reposing in Mobile, Alabama, among the descendants of Robert Parker, while autograph seekers combed the state of Georgia in vain. How it came into the possession of the Parker family in the first place is a matter which is not quite clear, although several traditions which have come down through the annals of the family seem plausible enough, and are traced by Charles Jenkins in an interesting little brochure on the subject. Its present owner, Francis L. Diard, of Mobile, unearthed it from a tin box among his packing cases a short time ago. The Bible is a worn old calfskin volume in which a separate Old and New Testament have been bound together. Some of the leaves are loose. Some have been nibbled by mice. It is stained by time. It contains three Gwinnett autographs. The first, on the inside of the cover, written in ink, reads: 'The Gwinnett's Bible 1753.' At the top of the title-page of the Old Testament is a signature which some misguided soul, long ago, inked over—thereby destroying the value of the autograph—but on the title-page of the New Testament is a splendid signature dated 1753, which is the earliest known autograph of the Signer. The volume was offered for sale at auction a short time ago, but the inked-over autograph and the general bad condition of the volume created an unfavorable impression, and it did not reach the price the owner thought it should bring, so it is still in the possession of Mr. Diard. Charles Jenkins is publishing a biography of Button Gwinnett within a short time, and includes the early autograph in the Bible among the thirty-four known autographs in his chapter on the subject.

There were twenty-seven complete sets known at the time of Mr. Jenkins' article, whose history and present whereabouts he traced. Many of them are identical with those given by Dr. Draper. It is unavoidable that items so rare and valuable should find their way more and more into libraries and museums, and that private collectors should be somewhat in the minority. There were, when Mr. Jenkins wrote, ten sets in private hands, the remaining seventeen being in libraries, while since then the collections of Colonel James H. Manning and of Dr. George F. C. Williams have been dispersed.

The New York Public Library has four sets, one of which, that collected by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, is unquestionably the finest in existence. Of the fifty-six Signers, fifty-four are here represented by autograph letters signed, thirty of which are dated 1776 (a great point with many collectors). The other two are documents. And the letter from Thomas Lynch, Jr., dated July 5. 1777, which we have already spoken of as the only Lynch letter known, is in this collection. John S. Kennedy, of New York, presented the set to the Library in 1896.

Simon Gratz, of Philadelphia, recently made a present of his unequaled collection of autographs to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, where it is being cataloged. Here the seventy thousand autographs collected by Mr. Gratz during a lifetime of devotion to his hobby are kept in folders inclosed in fireproof cases and are available to the student. Selecting from the enormous number of duplicates the fifty-six most perfect specimens, Mr. Gratz' collection of the Signers equals the Emmet Collection in the New York Library in every particular except for the Lynch autograph, which is the cut signature most frequently met with. The Historical Society of Pennsylvania has a second set, collected by Mr. Emmet, and presented to Mr. Sprague.

The set in the Congressional Library at Washington was given by J. Pierpont Morgan in 1912. When Mr. Morgan learned that there had been up to that time no collection of letters and signatures of the Signers in our National Library, he hastened to repair the omission.

Other libraries and historical societies which have complete sets are: The Maine Historical Society, the Wisconsin Historical Society, Haverford College, the University of Pennsylvania, and the Boston Public Library. The last mentioned set is formed of cut signatures pasted on a copy of the Declaration and framed. The J. Pierpont Morgan Library has two sets. There is one also in the collection of the Rosenbach Company.

Among the private collectors are: Herbert L. Pratt, New York; George A. Ball, Muncie, Indiana; Dr. George C. F. Williams, Hartford, Connecticut; Louis Bamberger, of Newark; Mrs. Thomas Redfield Proctor, Utica, New York; Charles Francis Jenkens, of Philadelphia; William Ely, of Providence; and the Henry E. Huntington Library at San Gabriel, California.

Last year a very fine collection, that of George C. Thomas, of Philadelphia, was dismembered and each item sold separately.

'What a pity,' some said, 'to break up and scatter to the four winds a collection which has been gathered together so laboriously, so carefully, so lovingly!'

For Mr. Thomas had been to the end of his life constantly changing and improving his collection, always searching for a letter to replace a document, or for one of more pronounced historical importance or earlier date than the one he had. But the justification came when it was evident just how many collectors were waiting for just those items to complete their sets.

The Anderson Galleries, as though in answer to unspoken protests against the breaking up of great collections, often print on the back of their catalogs a translated excerpt from the will of Edmund de Goncourt, which gives the other side of the question.

'My wish,' said M. de Goncourt, 'is that my drawings, my prints, my curiosities, my books—in a word, these things of art which have been the joy of my life, shall not be consigned to the cold tomb of a museum and subjected to the stupid glance of the careless passer-by; but I require that they shall all be dispersed under the hammer of the auctioneer, so that the pleasure which the acquiring of each one of them has given me shall be given again in each case to some inheritor of my own tastes.'

While the scarcity and almost prohibitive cost of Lynch and Gwinnett autographs put them out of reach except to the very few, there is no reason why most interesting collections of their fellow Signers should not be formed. The letters themselves, from a historical standpoint, and from the glimpses they give into the lives and characters of the men who wrote them, are of great interest. Take for example the famous letter by Thomas McKean, the Delaware delegate, to Caesar Rodney's

**Facsimile of a letter in Washington's own handwriting, dated 1793.**

'I clearly understood you on Saturday.—And, of what I conceive to be two evils, must prefer the least—that is—to dispense with your temporary absence in autumn (in order to retain you in office till January) rather than part with you altogether at the close of September.—It would be an ardent wish of mine that your continuance in office (even at the expense of some sacrifice of inclination) will have been through the whole of this ensuing session of Congress—for many—very many—weighty reasons which present themselves to my mind; one of which, and not the least is, that in my judgment the affairs of this country as they relate to foreign powers—Indian disturbances—and internal policy—will have taken a more decisive, and I hope agreeable form than they now bear, before that time—when perhaps, other public servants might also indulge in retirement.—If this cannot be, my great wish is, that your absence from the seat of government in autumn may be as short as you conveniently can make it.

With much truth and regard, I am,

Mr. Jefferson. Your obedient and affectionate servant. G. Washington.'

nephew, which presents the facts concerning the Signing of the Declaration in a quite different light from that which has traditionally been accepted. It was sold in the Manning sale in New York, January 19, 1926. Because it corrects certain errors that have crept into our history, and because it will be of interest to many, it is here quoted in part:

***Delaware's Vote for Liberty***

I recollect what passed in Congress in the beginning of July, 1776, respecting Independence; it was not as you have conceived. On Monday, the first of July, the question was taken in the committee of the whole, when the State of Pennsylvania (represented by seven gentlemen then present) voted against it. Delaware, having then only two Representatives present, was divided; all the other states voted for it. Whereupon, without delay, I sent an Express (at my private expense) for your honored uncle, Caesar Rodney, Esquire, the remaining member for Delaware, whom I met at the State House door, in his boots and spurs, as the members were assembling. After a friendly salutation (without a word on the business) we went into the Hall of Congress together, and found we were among the latest; proceedings immediately commenced, and after a few moments the great question was put. When the vote for Delaware was called, your Uncle arose and said: 'As I believe the voice of my constituents and of all sensible and honest men is in favor of Independence, my own judgment concurs with them—I vote for Independence,' or in words to the same effect. The State of Pennsylvania on the 4th of July (there being only five members present, Messrs. Willings, Dickinson and Morris who had in the committee of the whole voted against Independence, were absent) voted for it; three to two, Messrs. Willings and Humphries in the negative. Uniformity in the thirteen states, an all important point on so great an occasion, was thus obtained; the dissension of a single state might have produced very dangerous consequences.

Now that I am on the subject I will tell you some truth, not generally known. In the public printed journal for 1776, Vol. 2, it would appear that the Declaration of Independence was signed on the 4th of July by the members, whose names are there inserted; but the fact is not so, for *No Person* signed it on that day nor for many days after, and among the names subscribed, one was against it, Mr. Read, and seven were not in Congress on that day, namely Messrs. Morris, Rush, Clymer Smith, Taylor and Ross, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Thornton of New Hampshire; nor were the six gentlemen last named members at that time; the five for P. were appointed delegates by the Convention of that State on the 20th of July, and Mr. Thornton entered Congress for the first time on the 4th of November following, when the names of Henry Wisner, of New York, and Thomas McKean, of Delaware, are not printed as subscribers, though both were present and voted for Independence.

***Courage and Faith***

Here false colors are certainly hung out. There is culpability somewhere. What I can offer as an explanation or apology is; that on the 4th of July 1776 the Declaration of Independence was ordered to be engrossed on parchment and then to be signed; and I have been told that a resolve had passed a few days after and was entered on the secret journal that no person should have a seat in Congress, during that year, until he should have signed the Declaration, in order to prevent traitors or spies from worming themselves amongst us. I was not in Congress after the 4th for some months, having marched with my regiment of associators of this city, as Colonel, to support General Washington until a flying camp of ten thousand men was completed. When the associators were discharged I returned to Philadelphia, took my seat in Congress and then signed the Declaration on parchment.

What a gracious, delightful thing letter writing was in those days! One sees, in spite of wars and rumors of wars, a courtly gentleman seated at his desk, delicate quill in hand and lighted taper nearby, taking sufficient time, no matter what pressing duties surround him, to 'get all his lovely words just right' as one of our contemporary writers would say. The autographs of our time will nearly all be Ls. s. (letters signed) and an A.L.s (autograph letter signed) by anyone will probably in time achieve a certain scarcity, since our great and near great men all hurl dictation at secretaries of keen hearing and much-needed imagination and initiative. A new abbreviation will have to be made to deal with the typewritten letters of the future which, unsigned, are described 'dictated but not read.'

While it is easy to realize and to admit that the times in which we are living are in many ways the most wonderful in the history of the world, with machines to do our bidding, inventions which are changing the world, it is also inspiring to know more of those from whom we inherit our 'background'—those who laid the foundations of the United States of America—and the possession of even a few of their original letters, to decipher ourselves, brings before us, as nothing else can do, the men whose courage and faith gave us our country.

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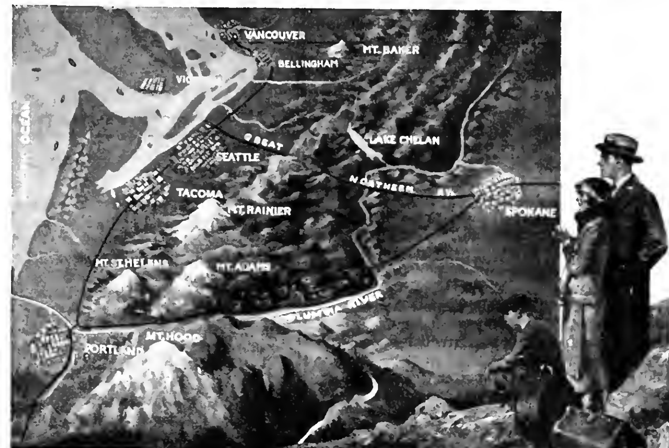


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☐ I am interested in an Alaskan Tour.

*Name*..........

*Address*..........

## Casting the Horoscope of the U. S.

(*Concluded from page 14*)

not be included within this geographic formation, but the greater part of the Mediterranean territory will yield to the political power of a dictator who with an iron rod and sword will compel this thing.

As for the United States of America, our greatest setback is indicated by a strong tendency to serious labor troubles and strife between capital and labor and radical socialistic disorders. If wisdom is used and the policy of justice dictates, steps will be taken by our leaders in politics, finance, industry and labor to prevent serious consequences which this kind of trouble will produce for this republic. If trouble is to be avoided, drastic steps must be taken at once to check the subtle propaganda of the un-American element within our borders, and the agents of the Soviet who are busy fermenting trouble among our otherwise peaceful populace. This year and next are years of decisive crisis which will influence largely the future in this momentous period. It is to be hoped those in power will take to heart the serious consequences caused by delay, and that every genuinely patriotic, loyal son and daughter of the nation will rededicate their all to the high ideals of true Americanism.

## New Light on Revolution

(*Concluded from page 7*)

than the Americans. Moreover, the British troops were better trained, better disciplined and more seasoned fighters than the Americans. In addition, the British were better supplied, more adequately armed and better equipped than the Americans. To all this should be added the fact that during the greater part of the war the British controlled the seas. Besides all these facts, the British won most of the battles of the Revolution. In the face of all this, more than one person has marveled that the Americans triumphed. The answer lies partly in the fact that Britain was fighting three other nations as well as America, partly in the incompetency of Lord George Germain, and partly, too, in the fact that the fates were with America.

The effect of the surrender upon the whole course of the Revolution cannot be overestimated. Although at the same time Washington was being defeated in the battles around Philadelphia, still he was keeping Howe so engrossed that aid to Burgoyne was impossible anyway. The news of the surrender of an entire British army and its commander induced the British to try a peace offensive in the next winter—but during that same winter Franklin utilized the news of the victory at Saratoga to overcome the hesitancy of the French and induce them to join in the war on the side of the United States. No wonder, then, Sir Edward Creasy in his well-known work has classed Saratoga as one of the 'Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World.'

*THIRST is to become a national political issue, it seems. In next week's* DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, *it is pointed out how for years this nation tolerated a mixture of politics and booze, but now it has to deal with a mixture of outlawed booze and crooked politics!*

# A Dance A Week

## DICTIONARY OF DANCE TERMS

(*Continued from Last Week's Issue*)

'CAST OFF'—Means to go below the next couple.

'CHASSE ALL'—(8) Face partner, join both hands and chasse in a circle.

'CHASSE ALL'—Another version as used in the Lancers. (Formation, standing beside each other, marching order.) Ladies pass in front of their partners, slide four steps with the left foot, to the left side, take one step forward with the left foot, and one step back with the right (the last two steps are simply for the music). The gentlemen execute the same steps, with the right foot; slide to right side four steps, and step forward on right foot, and back on left. All return to place in same manner, ending with the forward and backward steps.

'COUPLE'—A gentleman and his partner.

'CROSS OVER'—(8) Walk directly across, ladies inside; then each turn in place (the lady will now be on the gentleman's left). Repeat to place.

'CROSS RIGHT HANDS HALF AROUND'—(8) Four ladies or gentlemen, as the prompter may direct, give right hands across, walk half around, halt; turn, give left hands across, retrace half circle and return to place.

'CIRCLE HANDS AROUND'—(8) All join hands and circle left or right.

'CHASSE ACROSS'—(8) Called when the couples in set form straight lines. Ladies take four steps to left, in front of partners; gentlemen to the right, four steps. Then all forward one step, back one step. Return to place in the same manner, lady passing in front.

'CROSS RIGHT HANDS'—(8) Couples forward, join right hands with opposite. All step to left, stop; drop right hands, turn and cross left hands; all four then step to right; then back to place.

'DOS A DOS' (BACK TO BACK)—(4) Lady and gentleman forward, pass to left of each other; that is, right shoulder to right shoulder; having gone one step past each other, take one step to the right, which brings the couple back to back. Without turning, back around each other and walk backward to place.

'DOS A BALINET'—(16) The leading couples join nearest hands with their partners and lead to the right, pass through that couple, and balance. Two couples are now standing back to back. *Gentlemen contra balance.*

From this position, gentlemen of the leading couples join left hands with partners' left, and right hands with the right hand of the other ladies. At the same time the gentlemen on the sides turn, and join left hands with their partners' left, and right hands with the other ladies. Gentlemen are now facing each other, and should balance. The ladies are standing back to back. Both gentlemen drop hands of the other ladies, and turn own partners with the left hand, forming a circle, ladies facing in. (Gentlemen are now facing out.) Then gentlemen drop hands, turn and stand beside own partner. Half right and left to places.

'DOUBLE QUADRILLE'—Requires eight couples; two couples on each side.

'ENDS'—The head and foot sides of set.

'FIRST FOUR'—The four forming the first and opposite couple.

'FIRST TWO'—Head or first lady and the opposite gentleman. Second Two, head gentleman and opposite lady. Third Two, lady to the right of the first couple, and opposite gentleman. Last Two, lady to the left of the first couple and opposite gentleman.

'FORWARD AND BACK'—(4) Start left foot forward, advance three steps. On the fourth count bring right foot raised to the heel of the left. Starting with right foot, walk back three steps and on the fourth count bring left foot up in front.

'FORWARD AND STOP IN CENTER'—Take four steps forward to the center, and wait for the next call.

More terms used in the Old American Dances will be published in next week's issue.

*Good Morning*, a dance manual of the Old American Dances, compiled for Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford, contains 169 pages of calls, descriptions and some music of the dances taught in the Ford School. Price 75 cents.

Also, there are 20 orchestrations of 11 parts each—25 cents each orchestration, or $4.00 for the lot. Book and music will be mailed upon receipt of price.

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12. Badger Gavotte
13. Waltz No. 2
14. Ripple
15. Ticknor's Quadrille
16. My Queen Medley Waltz
17. Luxemburg Schottische
18. Sea Side Polka
19. Club Quadrille
20. Day Break Waltz

# Lincoln's Gettysburg Address

(*Continued from page 8*)

tween Washington and Gettysburg; and that he wrote it in full before leaving Washington.

As to the manner of its delivery, I am prepared to prove that he delivered it without any use of manuscript; that he held a manuscript in his left hand and did not refer to it; that he held a manuscript in both hands and followed it somewhat carefully, and finally that he was closely confined to his manuscript and read every word of it.

As to the effect of its delivery, I have equally valid proof that the address was several times interrupted by applause and that there was prolonged applause at the close; that there was applause but that it was perfunctory; that there was no applause because people who heard it were disappointed in it, and that there was no applause because the occasion was so solemn and the address so impressive that applause would have seemed profane.

All this evidence I plan to lay before the reader of this article, and some in addition. The Gettysburg Address is so important in American history and literature that we cannot afford not to know all that is to be known about it.

The Battle of Gettysburg was the only notable battle fought on Northern soil. It occurred on July 1, 2, and 3, 1863. On the following day, July 4, General Grant captured Vicksburg and the army of General Pemberton.

Thus simultaneously in the East and West were won two victories, one of which cut the Confederacy in twain along the Mississippi River, and the other made it certain that the Confederate army could not successfully invade the North. From that anniversary of the birth of American independence, the result was assured, and it would have saved much bloodshed if the fact had been as apparent then as now.

At that time there was no system of cemeteries owned by the Federal Government. Seventeen and one-half acres of land adjoining the village cemetery were purchased on behalf of a corporation organized much like an ordinary cemetery association, the trustees being representatives appointed by the governors, one from each state that had soldiers in the Union Army in the Battle of Gettysburg. The cost was apportioned according to the population of the state in the 1860 census. Thus, Illinois, that had only a few soldiers in the battle, and only a half-dozen graves of soldiers killed, paid a much larger sum than any of the New England states which had many more soldiers buried there but smaller population.

The story, as concisely told in the biographies of Lincoln that followed in the first years after his death, may be taken from the able work of Henry J. Raymond, editor of the New York *Times*, which had been almost the organ of the administration: The account of the dedication is appended to the narrative of the battle:

During the ensuing season, a piece of ground, seventeen and one-half acres in extent, and forming an important part of the battlefield, was purchased by the State of Pennsylvania, to be used as a national burying ground for the loyal soldiers who fell in that great engagement. It was dedicated, with solemn and impressive services, on the 19th of November, 1863, the President and members of his Cabinet being in attendance, and a very large and imposing military display adding grace and dignity to the occasion. Hon. Edward Everett delivered the formal address, and President Lincoln made the following remarks:

Then follows the text of the Gettysburg Address, which need not be printed at this point, as it will be quoted later. That was all that one of the greatest of American editors thought necessary to say about it in 1865.

President Lincoln was not invited to speak when the first invitations were sent out. Edward Everett was invited to deliver the oration, at a date originally set for October. He accepted, but asked for more time, and on his account the date was postponed till November 19. This was perilous, but the weather was fine, and Everett had the time he required for a masterly oration, and he used the time to good advantage.

These and other preliminaries having been arranged, formal invitations were sent to the governors of all the states that had soldiers in the battle, to all the members of both Houses of Congress, to the judges of the Supreme Court, to all foreign ambassadors, to Generals Scott and Meade and others, and of course to the President. General Meade declined, partly because he could not well leave the army and partly because he was smarting under criticism for not having followed Lee's army after the battle. General Scott declined on account of his years.

To the surprise of nearly everyone, the President accepted. His acceptance was almost an embarrassment. Opposition newspapers reported that Lincoln was seeking to intrude his candidacy for re-election into a solemn and sacred occasion. Even worse things were said, as to his conduct on the battlefield of Antietam, while soldiers were being buried. There is no reason to suppose that any of the governors or commissioners shared these criticisms, but they were confronted by the unexpected.

Colonel Clark E. Carr, the Illinois representative on the commission, suggested that as the President was to be present, he ought to be asked to speak. The suggestion did not meet with universal favor. Lincoln had never delivered a Gettysburg address, and no one knew just what he would say on such an occasion. Very tardily, about three weeks before the dedication, he was asked to follow 'the address' by Mr. Everett with a few appropriate dedicatory remarks.

The President went to Gettysburg on the preceding day, thus overruling the first arrangements, which were that he should have left Washington in the morning and returned at night. He accepted the invitation of Judge David Wills, the local representative of Governor Andrew Curtin, of Pennsylvania, to spend the night at his house. That night Lincoln was serenaded, and declined to speak; but Seward responded when the band played under his window. Lincoln was painfully aware that he had little to say, and could not afford to waste it.

Never, except during the battle, had Gettysburg been so full. The special train of four coaches which brought the President contained as passengers his two secretaries, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, members of the Cabinet, foreign ministers, officers of the Army and Navy, and others. Longer and more crowded trains from all nearby cities brought a vast multitude of spectators. In the morning there was a procession, but it was not very effective. The people preferred to stand on the curb and see the procession go by rather than be a part of it. The President rode on horseback about three-quarters of a mile from Judge Will's house to the cemetery. He was a very tall man and was furnished an undersized horse.

The exercises were to have begun at eleven o'clock, but the procession was a half-hour late, and Mr. Everett was another half-hour behind. So the ceremonies did not begin until noon. There was music and prayer, and Mr. Everett spoke within three minutes of two hours. Then Abraham Lincoln rose and made his few remarks.

With this rapid outline, we are ready for the testimony of those who heard the address and can tell us about it. First, when did Abraham Lincoln make his preparation?

Ex-Senator Cornelius E. Cole, of California, who was present, returned to his old college, Wesleyan, in June, 1923, and related the true story of the Gettysburg Address as he believed himself to know it. He said that Lincoln made no preparation whatever. Professor John W. Draper, in his excellent *History of the American Civil War*, says that the President rose and said, 'unpremeditatively and solemnly,' 'It is intimated to me that this assemblage expects me to say something on this occasion.'

Honorable Horatio King, in his book, *Turning on the Light*, declares that he saw Lincoln write the address on a long, yellow envelope, as he sat in the home of Judge Wills.

Judge Wills affirmed that Lincoln wrote the entire address in his house on the night before its delivery, and that he accompanied Lincoln when he walked to a nearby house late that night to read it to Honorable W. H. Seward, from whom he received valuable corrections, and then returned to the Wills house and copied on a paper which Judge Wills saw him use, and that from that same paper he read it next day. Honorable Edward McPherson, clerk of the House of Representatives, who lived in Gettysburg, said that after Lincoln retired to his room for the night, he inquired concerning the order of the next day's program, and 'began to put in writing what he called some stray thoughts to utter on the morrow.'

Governor Curtin, according to reliable testimony, declared that on the night preceding the dedication, the President remarked that 'he understood the committee

expected him to say something' and that if those present would excuse him, he would withdraw and make his preparation, and that he did withdraw, but returned and read from the back of a large envelope what he had hastily written, and after some suggestions from those present in the Wills parlor, went back and copied his address.

Ben Perley Poore, in his *Reminiscences of Lincoln*, declared that the address was 'written in the car on his way from Washington to the battlefield, upon a piece of pasteboard, held upon his knee.' The yellow envelope familiar in the Wills house story was seen by certain witnesses on the train. Mrs. Mary Shipman Andrews, in her *The Perfect Tribute*, relates that Lincoln

***A Group of Opinions***

looking across the car at Seward (who, by the way, was not on that train at all) became nervous about his own lack of preparation, and seeing Secretary Seward unwrapping some books, asked for the brown wrapping paper, saying, 'May I have this for a little writing?' Then with a stump of a pencil he labored diligently for hours as the train made its way to Gettysburg.

Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, declared that Lincoln wrote it in full before he left Washington, and that Cameron saw it there. Noah Brooks said that he went with Lincoln to a photograph gallery a day or two before he left for Gettysburg, and that Lincoln took with him and read between the sittings, Everett's address, and said his own was blocked out but not complete, and that it would be short.

Judge James Speed, of Lincoln's Cabinet, said that Lincoln told him he found time to write about half of it before he left Washington. General James B. Fry, who was on the train with Lincoln, declared that he did not see Lincoln doing any writing, and that the interruptions were so many it would have been just about impossible. We have other opinions to the effect that Lincoln wrote the whole address after his return to Washington. Honorable Isaac N. Arnold, who knew Lincoln well, but who obtained his information from Governor Dennison, of Ohio, said that while Lincoln was on his way to Gettysburg he receive his first official intimation that he was expected to speak, and, retiring to a seat by himself, with a pencil he wrote the address.

How did Lincoln deliver the address?

Senator Cole declares that he held no paper in his hands, and he is squarely contradicted by innumerable witnesses who saw him with manuscript in hand, but these witnesses differ as to whether he merely held it or read from it, and whether he held it in one hand or both hands. I have excellent proof for any opinion the reader may prefer.

As to the applause, the Associated Press report inserts the word 'applause' and at the close 'prolonged applause,' but the reporter admitted that he put this in afterward and was not quite sure how often it belonged there. Colonel Clark E. Carr wrote, 'His expressions were so plain and homely, without any attempt at rhetorical periods, and his statements were so axiomatic, and I may say matter-of-fact, and so simple, that I had no idea that as an address it was anything more than ordinary.'

He added that he did not observe any applause during the address and that at the close it was not loud nor long. Mrs. Andrews' little story tells how it was received without applause and the President thought it was not appreciated, but a dying Confederate soldier taught him better, or at least gave him a more comforting interpretation of what Lincoln regarded as a failure.

My own belief is that the President wrote the greater part of the address before leaving Washington, wrote it on a sheet of Executive Mansion stationery, and used ink; that he probably had some additional words on a second sheet which he either lost or discarded, completing in pencil on a second sheet of paper of another sort his first draft. He may have looked it over, and made a few notes on an envelope while on the train, but he did not do much serious work there. He probably wrote his second sheet in pencil in Gettysburg on the night he was there, and he certainly was seen by John G. Nicolay copying the entire document on the next morning, using paper

***Comparison of Various Copies***

without heading, but just such as he was accustomed to use in the White House, and had doubtless brought with him, being the kind of paper he used for the Second Inaugural and other important papers.

These two copies are in the Library of Congress, and I think it was the second of these that he held during the delivery, but that he did not read it closely, though he held it in both hands. Delivering it in this way, he made a few verbal changes from the form he had intended to use, the most notable of these being the insertion of the words 'under God.' These words are not in either of the first two forms, but they are in all the telegraphic forms, even those most inaccurate, and could hardly have been there if Lincoln had not used them; and Lincoln retained those words in each of the three revisions.

I have nine different forms of the address, and five are photostats in Lincoln's own handwriting. Two of these were made before delivery and three afterward. They differ slightly and the changes are interesting, but most of them unimportant. Apparently Lincoln did not say 'our *poor* power' though he had intended to do so, and inserted the word 'poor' in all his revisions, but left it unspoken inadvertently.

Out of these several forms, we may give brief attention to four. We need not include the Associated Press report, for that, by the testimony of Mr. Gilvert, reporter, was only partly a shorthand report, and was checked up later with the manuscript. But we may begin with the report made by Charles Hale, of the Massachusetts commissioners, who was a competent reporter, and who affirmed that he took down the precise words that Lincoln spoke, and these were included in the report of the commission to Governor John A. Andrew. Then we may notice two widely variant newspaper reports, one in the Cincinnati *Gazette*, and the other in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. The latter is of some interest because it was the form copied in the Gettysburg paper. Finally we may take President Lincoln's own fifth and final writing of it, carefully made for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Fair in Baltimore, and reproduced in facsimile in a volume sold there containing many other notable autographs. This has come to be known as 'the standard form' because it represents President Lincoln's thoughtful and deliberate judgment as the form of the address which he would like to be known.

Verbatim report by Charles Hale, of the commissioners representing Massachusetts at the dedication of the National Cemetery—

Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure.

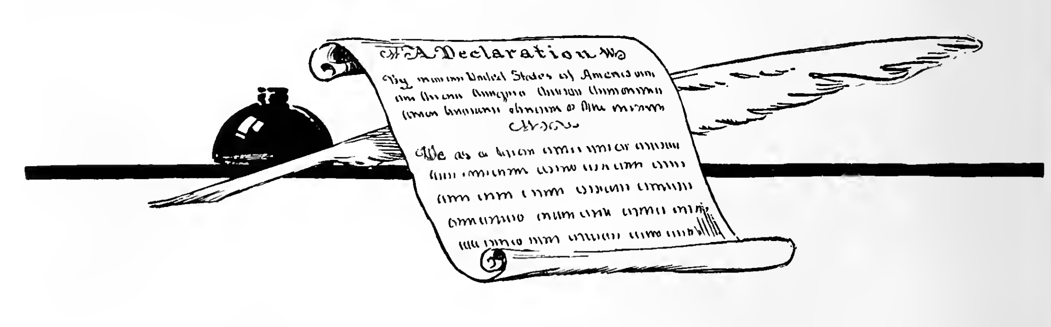
We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or to detract.

The world will very little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated, here, to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolved that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.



Report in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, November 20, 1863—

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing the question whether this nation or any nation so conceived, so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on the great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate it, on a portion of the field set apart as the final resting place of those who gave their lives for the nation's life; but the nation must live, and it is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

In a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground in reality. The number of men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor attempts to add to its consecration. The world will little know and nothing remember of what we see here, but we cannot forget what these brave men did here.

We owe this offering to our dead. We imbibe increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; we here might resolve that they shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the Government of the people, by the people, and for all people, shall not perish from earth.

The same report was in *The Compiler* (Gettysburg), November 23, 1863.

Report in the Cincinnati *Daily Gazette*, November 21, 1863—

Four score and seven years ago our fathers established upon this Continent a Government subscribed in liberty and dedicated to the fundamental principle that all mankind are created free and equal by a good God. And now we are engaged in a great contest deciding the question whether this nation or any nation so conserved, so dedicated, can long remain. We are met on a great battle-field of the war. We are met here to dedicate a portion of that field as the final resting place of those who have given their lives that it might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a large sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, the living and the dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add to or detract from the work. Let us long remember what we say here, but not forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried forward. It is for us here to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us, for us to renew our devotion to that cause for which they gave the full measure of their devotion. Here let us resolve that what they have done shall not have been done in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth offered; that the Government of the people, founded by the people, shall not perish.

The typographical errors are as in original reports.

Lincoln's Final Revision, published in Autograph Leaves of Our Country's Authors' pp. 102-3—

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
November 19, 1863.

Most of the men who remember the address think they remember to have felt at the time that it was a great address, but I think that was not the prevailing impression at the time. This is the way I think the address was received.

The audience was weary when Lincoln began. Most of them had been there three full hours. Many of them had strayed a little distance away. When he rose, there was a shifting of position and a moving nearer, so that the opening sentences were lost on some of those farther away. Then there was a sense of incongruity, the very tall man with a thin, high voice did not instantly register the correct impression on the people. But the voice carried well, and though it was not the rich baritone of Everett, and wholly lacked his graceful gestures and noble bearing, it was heard. Then the people noticed some little oddities of pronunciation, emphasized by Lincoln's effort to speak very plainly. Then they accepted the remarks as a mere recital of what everyone knew, told in the simplest and most commonplace form. And just as they got these impressions fairly well in hand and began to listen, he stopped. He stopped before he seemed to have fairly begun.

I think there was a little perfunctory applause, more for the man than the speech. I am not impressed by the fact that Everett said to the President that he wished his own two-hour address were as likely to live as Lincoln's two-minute speech. Everett knew how to make a graceful compliment. I accept Ward Hill Lamon's statement that Lincoln declared to him that the address 'did not scour.' I think Lincoln felt that he had not made a great speech. I doubt if many others did. Nicolay says, and I think truly:

There is every probability that the assemblage regarded Mr. Everett as the mouthpiece, the organ of expression, of the thought and feeling of the hour, and took it for granted that Mr. Lincoln was there as a mere official figurehead, the culminating decoration, so to speak, of the elaborately planned pageant of the day. They were therefore totally unprepared for what they heard, and could not immediately realize that his words, and not those of the carefully selected orator, were to carry the concentrated thought of the occasion like a trumpet peal to farthest posterity.

Neither Lincoln nor those who heard him suspected how great an utterance they heard that day. Perhaps Lincoln never knew. Yet before he died there was some approach to an appreciation of the merit of what he had said. I can discover no ground for the statement that the English newspapers first pointed out the extraordinary merit of this little speech. There as in our own country the recognition was not immediate. Some newspapers in this country spoke with bitter sarcasm of 'the president's silly remarks,' among them the leading newspaper of Harrisburg, the capital city of Pennsylvania; and the *Register*, in Lincoln's own city of Springfield, was hardly less sarcastic. But a few editors, notably J. G. Holland, of the Springfield *Republican*, immediately declared that the President had delivered a really great address. Everybody thinks so now, but it took the world some time to waken to the fact.


**'A Mixture No Nation Can Stand'—**

In which Allan Benson proves that 'Prohibition' can be discussed from a new angle.

**'The Price-Fixing Association'—**

Mr. Ultimate Consumer will read with interest this article by Huston Thompson on the inside operations of combines and price-fixers.

**'Birth-Control'—**

The second of Father McClorey's articles in which he handles some of the arguments of the 'other side.'

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Tea and talk with this brilliant writer and playwright.

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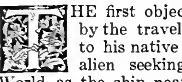
# Liberty Enlightening the World

By FRANK DORRANCE HOPLEY



THE first object to be seen by the traveler returning to his native land, or the alien seeking the New World, as the ship nears the harbor of New York, is the dim, towering outline of Bartholdi's famous statue, 'Liberty Enlightening the World.'

As the ship approaches, the hazy, ghostlike form slowly resolves itself into a clean-cut figure of a woman, with right arm held aloft, bearing a torch. If it be after sundown the light in the torch gleams brightly, and its rays can be seen for miles, a glittering path upon the water.

It was more than a half-century ago that the people of France conceived the idea of presenting to their sister republic across the Atlantic this statue as a token of respect and affection.

It had long been the wish of the French people to make some demonstration of their regard for the United States of America, and many projects had been advanced. A monument of prodigious size, to stand at the gateway of the New World, was urged. At last a committee was formed, and on November 6, 1875, a banquet was held at the Hotel of the Louvre at which the project was formally launched. It was a memorable gathering. Speeches of great fervor were made. The proposed gift was designed to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of American independence.

At the conclusion of the dinner an appeal to the French people for funds was drafted. The appeal touched the hearts of the French people, and money began to come in from all parts of France. Some contributions were large, but the plan was that the fund should be made up through the offerings of the many. A large proportion of the amount was subscribed in small sums; the workmen, the peasants, and the children all contributing. It was in reality, what it was designed to be, a gift from the whole people of France.

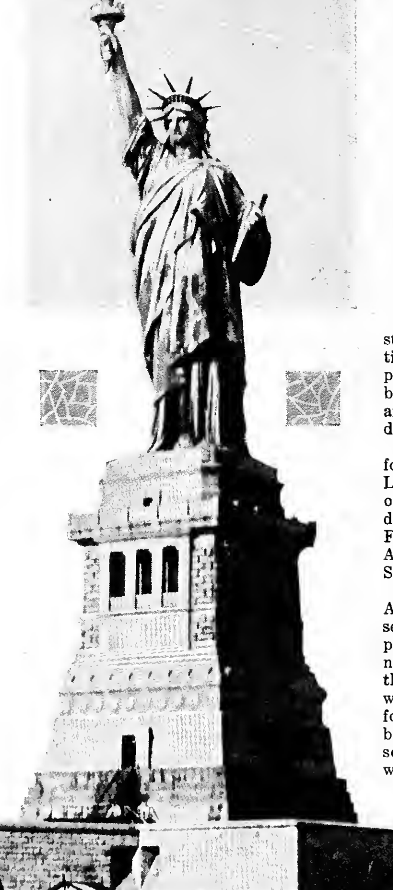
Because of the large amount of money needed, several years passed before the entire sum was obtained. At last, however, the funds were in the hands of the committee.

M. Auguste Bartholdi, a noted French sculptor, was given the commission to construct the greatest statue ever attempted. The first big problem was to select the material for the statue. Carved stone or cast bronze could not be handled safely in such size. It was finally decided to make the statue of *repousse* or hammered copper, which was excellent from an artistic point of view.

An immense shop was built in France especially for the construction of the statue. In it were four plane surfaces, on which the work was carried out.

A model was made, one-sixteenth the size of the proposed statue. After the proportions were worked out to the smallest detail, it was enlarged to one-fourth the size. Then came the full-size model. This had to be made in sections so it could be more easily handled. The quarter-size model was divided into sections, and each one laid off in squares and pointed. Some portions, particularly the drapery, required as many as 300 of these points, with 1,200 extra marks.

Wooden frames were made covered with lath work on which plaster was placed, thick enough to mold into all the inequalities of the model. Measurements taken from a section of the model were increased four times, and carefully molded into shape. Then the carpenters were called in; they fitted frames of wood upon the outside of each section. Sheets of copper, 3/16 of an inch in thickness, were beaten on the inside of these frames with wooden mallets. This produced in bronze copper a facsimile of each section. An iron frame or girder was made for the inside of the statue, upon which the copper sheets were riveted.



The proportions of the statue are amazing. The exact height is 111 feet, and with the pedestal, 151 feet 1 inch. The forefinger measures 8 feet in length, and 5 feet in circumference at the second joint. The finger nail measures 14 inches in length and 10 inches in breadth. The head is 14 feet high. The eye, 28 inches in width. The nose 3 feet 9 inches long. The total weight of the figure is 440,000 pounds, of which 176,000 pounds are in copper, the remainder being wrought iron. Eight persons may stand in the torch, and forty within the head at one time. The torch is equipped with a very powerful electric light, and is 305 feet 11 inches above mean tide.

The site selected by the United States Government for the Liberty statue was Bedloe's Island, in the New York Harbor and a pedestal in keeping with the magnitude of the figure was erected. The cost of the pedestal and foundation was raised through popular subscription by the American people.

Every side of the foundation and of the pedestal is alike. The wall of this vast foundation work is broken only by wide passageways through it, at the level of the ground and a circular vertical shaft in the middle, up which run the stairways and an elevator. At an elevation of 72 feet 8 inches, the walls of the pedestal recede leaving on every side, between them and two large columns and two pilasters, a balcony onto which doors open from the inside.

On Friday, July 4, 1884, came the formal presentation of the Statue of Liberty to the United States. On that occasion M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, president of the American Union, acted for France, and Levi P. Morton, then American Minister, for the United States.

The statue was shipped in sections to America, raised, piece by piece, and the sections put together in their proper places upon the pedestal. It was nearly two years from the day of the presentation, before the statue was dedicated. There it has stood for more than a third of a century, beaten and whipped by the storm, scorched by the burning sun, covered with ice and snow until it seemed like a phantom rising out of the sea. But its message has always been the same; that of liberty, equality and justice.

# BRIEFLY TOLD

MAJOR POGSON, OFFICIAL water-diviner at Bombay, India, sank fifty-three wells on sites in the districts of Ahmadnagar, Sholapur and Bijapur where a shortage of water is most severe. In forty-seven cases water was struck; in four the depth at which it was predicted water would be found has not yet been reached; and in two cases, though the depth required has been reached no water has been found.

AMONG THE JAILS OF long ago was one at Swanage, England, where an inscription over the door read as follows: 'Erected for the Prevention of Wickedness and Vice by the Friends of Religion and Good Order.'

IN CHINA, A TOTAL abstainer, observing the social amenities, delegates his drinking to a servant. When one servant is intoxicated, he is replaced by a sober one.

THE AMERICAN LEGION Convention in Paris in 1927, it is estimated, will cost $15,000,000.

THE RICHEST SILVER mines in the world are at Quanajuato, twelve miles by rail from Mexico City

IMMIGRANTS TO THE United States between 1898 and 1925 included 3,828,282 Italians, 1,370,829 Germans, 1,118,239 English, 851,423 Irish and 438,484 French.

TWICE A YEAR gold bullion lying in the Federal Reserve Bank of New York is dusted and cleaned.

DIAMONDS IMPORTED INTO this country during one month amounted to more than $6,000,000.

'HIRING FAIRS' ARE STILL held in the large country towns of England. All farm laborers and boys gather in the streets of the nearest towns and wait for someone to employ them for the next six months. After the question of wages is settled and a shilling given as guaranty, everyone joins in merry-making.

NINETY-FIVE PER CENT of Iowa's total area is devoted to agriculture; 33 per cent of Georgia's is so used, 30 per cent of South Carolina, 28 per cent of Tennessee, 25 per cent of Alabama, 23 per cent of Virginia, 22 per cent of Mississippi, 21 per cent of North Carolina, 20 per cent of Arkansas, and 15 per cent of Texas.

PRESIDENT MONROE WAS wont to go to market and personally do the purchasing for the White House during his tenure as Chief Executive.

WORDS AND PICTURES describing the first great naval battle in history have been unearthed in Egypt. The battle was between the then uncivilized Greeks and the cultured Egyptians. The Greeks were victorious.

IT IS ESTIMATED THAT two-fifths of Russia's area is covered with forests.

A GEORGIA court of appeals has ruled that husbands driving automobiles do not have to take orders from their wives.

A WIDESPREAD BELIEF that sunspots lessen the heat of the sun during the period of their existence cannot be confirmed, according to meteorologists.

TIDES FROM THE GULF of Mexico affect the waters of the Bayou Mezpique, in Louisiana, more than one hundred miles upstream. The bayou is ninety feet deep at a point seventy miles from its mouth, while the elevation of its banks at that point is only nineteen feet.

THE OLD EXPRESSION, 'robbing Peter to pay Paul,' is believed to date from 1560 when lands belonging to the Cathedral of St. Peter at Westminster were appropriated to repair St. Paul's Cathedral.

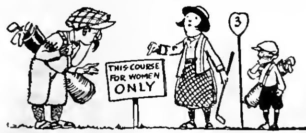
MEXICO HAS SUPPLIED one-fourth of the world's oil for several years.

IN ANCIENT DAYS A person managing to erect a dwelling in one night on common land in Wales was held to be its owner and nobody could disturb his tenure. These abodes were generally raised of peat or turf, and known in Welsh as 'Tai Um-nos' (one-night's house).

A PAPER SAID TO BE more durable than iron has been perfected by engineers of an electrical company.

AMERICAN CAPITAL INVESTED abroad in 1900 was $500,000,000; at the end of 1925, exclusive of Government loans, it totaled $10,405,000,000.

ONE OF THE LARGEST frog farms in the world has been started in Texas. A large lake was drained and fish, enemies of frogs, eliminated. The frogs will supply mid-western and eastern markets.




GOLF COURSES FOR WOMEN only are common in England and Scotland. Feminist desire for complete independence is the cause for the separatist movement.

EVERY SIXTY-FIRST year in Japan is regarded as extremely unlucky, and it is believed that each girl born in that year will either deceive her husband or fail to find one. Last year 300 victims of this superstition committed suicide.

SNAKES LIKE CLASSICAL music but object to jazz, according to the curator of a South African zoo. Cobras glared stonily during the playing of jazz but wriggled and danced when the overture from *Faust* was played.

TEN THOUSAND SEALED bottles will be turned loose in New York Harbor as part of a plan for study of current and tidal changes in the ocean.

CALLS RECEIVED BY THE Chicago Fire Department during one month included requests to rescue cats from trees, requests from persons who had lost keys to their homes and wanted ladders to get in through windows, from one woman annoyed by dust who demanded that the department sprinkle the street and from another who wanted the fireman to paint her flagstaff.

A DARING CALIFORNIA steeplejack who calls himself 'the human squirrel' recently declined a request to remove two swarms of bees from the cornice of the Tulare County courthouse

SALES OF LIFE INSURANCE policies increased 12.2 per cent the first four months of this year over the corresponding period in 1925.

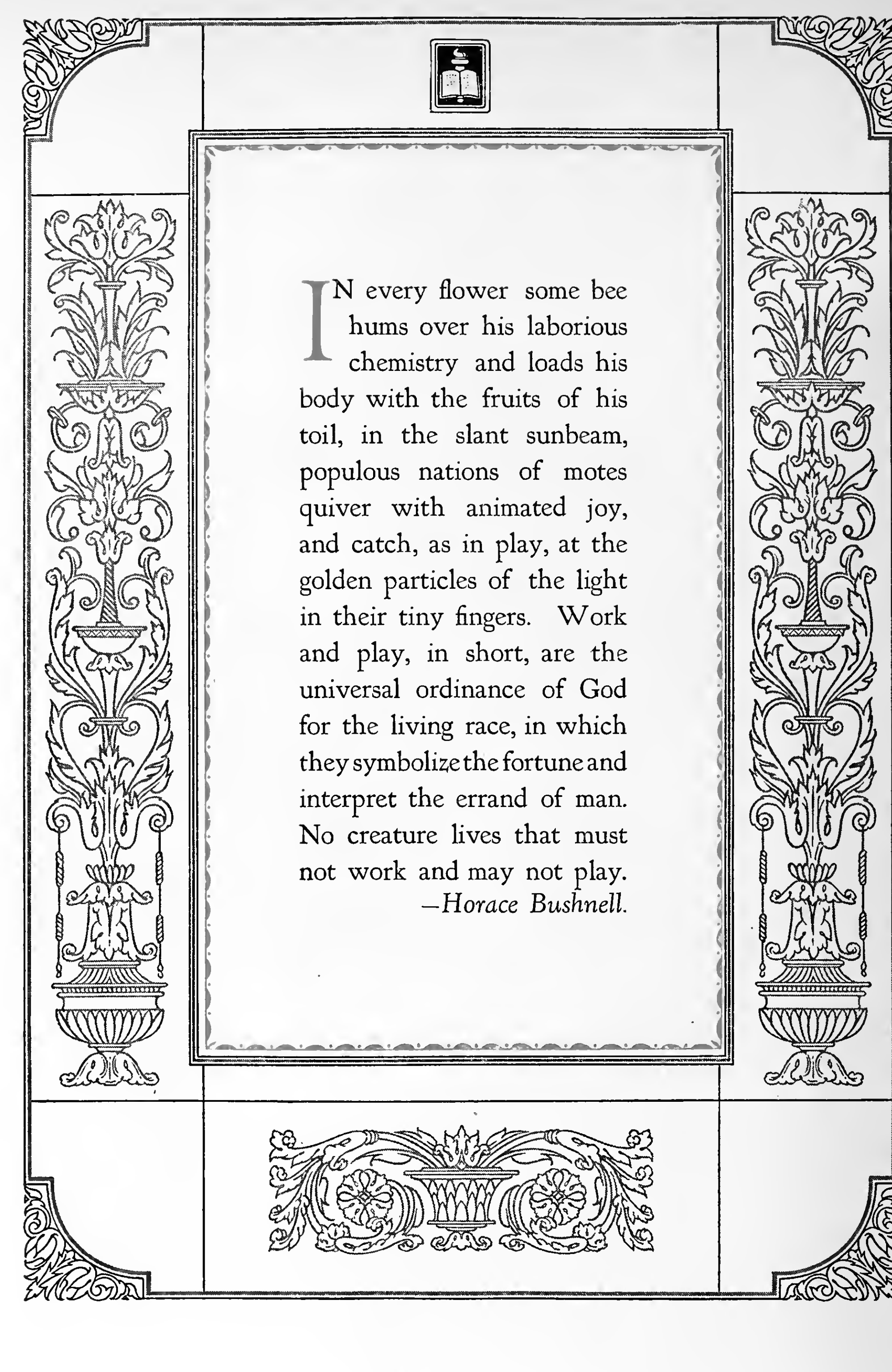
PERUVIANS CARRY SOIL for hundreds of miles in baskets and on pack horses to make productive the terraces they build along the mountain sides. These farms, many of them hundreds of years old, show no signs of soil depletion.

BALSA, A WOOD FOUND in Ecuador, South America, is the lightest in the world. As it weighs only 7.5 pounds a cubic foot, a man may easily carry a large load of it on his shoulders.

THERE IS AN AUTOMOBILE for every 5.8 persons in the United States, and for every 45 persons in England.

FOX HUNTERS IN Rhode Island must now bring in the tongue of each fox killed to claim the five dollar bounty. In the past an ear was sufficient, but as foxes have two ears double bounty was often paid foxy hunters.

SOME FORTY LANGUAGES are spoken in Jerusalem. It is not unusual to find a man who speaks half a dozen languages, and many uneducated persons can converse with ease in two or three tongues.



IN every flower some bee hums over his laborious chemistry and loads his body with the fruits of his toil, in the slant sunbeam, populous nations of motes quiver with animated joy, and catch, as in play, at the golden particles of the light in their tiny fingers. Work and play, in short, are the universal ordinance of God for the living race, in which they symbolize the fortune and interpret the errand of man. No creature lives that must not work and may not play.

—*Horace Bushnell.*

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 27, Number ?

November 6, 1926

Five Cents a Copy

A NEW ENGLAND HOUSE BY THE ROADSIDE

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# To Be on the Safe Side— She Insists on Firestone Tires

Woman has always keenly felt her share of responsibility for the safety of those she holds dear. Woman, today, is true to that heritage —and with use of the motor car her cares extend beyond the home, demanding every precaution for safety in motoring.

Experience shows that tire equipment is a decided safeguard—and that Firestone Full-Size Gum-Dipped Balloons are specially built for safety and sure response.

Gum-Dipping, the extra Firestone process, gives the extra strength for extra flexing strain. The wide, resilient tread with its scientifically designed "safety angles" holds the car from swerving or skidding; so broad and yielding that it makes a "bridge" over ruts and uneven places.

The woman driver finds that confidence in Firestone Tire performance sets her mind at rest. She trusts the tires to respond quickly in an emergency, to hold true and to deliver long, economical mileage. The Firestone dealer will be glad to advise.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER *Harvey S. Firestone*

Vol. 27 No. 3
NOVEMBER 6
1926
Published Weekly by
The Dearborn
Publishing Company
Dearborn - - Michigan

The
DEARBORN INDEPENDENT
CIRCULATION OVER 600,000

Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer; C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

# Peering Behind the McFadden Bill

## A Measure Which Would Perpetuate the Federal Reserve System

*By* WESTERN STARR

THERE is a widespread belief among men who have knowledge of world movements in the broader fields of industry and international politics that there is something like an actual conspiracy among the world's financial magnates to create a financial super-government, to control the social and economic future of mankind. Conspiracy or not, there is little doubt that there now is power in the hands of financiers that, if it be not soon controlled, will enable them, at their own time and choice, effectively to control the world. There is no doubt that, even now, finance has more than half enslaved the world.

The method of this enslavement is, in part, through the usurpation of the sovereign power of the state to issue money; in part, by the perversion of the purpose of money from a medium of exchange to the creation of interest-bearing debt. But the real evil is that, in the present money system, we have an expansible and contractible 'concertina' instead of a currency. Considering the question of a conspiracy, we have vague reports of recent days that the chief financial powers of the world were 'in conference' on the Riviera, the playground of Europe, in August. 'Among those present' were Hjalmar Schlacht, the head of the Reich's Bank of Berlin, Montague Norman, head of the Bank of England, Benjamin Strong, Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, Andrew Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States and ex officio head of the Federal Reserve Bank Board. We are also informed that the representatives of the world's leading banks are accustomed to hold periodical conferences. Considering these indications, there is reasonable ground for a study of legislation pending in Congress relating to our financial program, and its possible bearing on the part American finance may be expected to play in the future, as a factor in world finance. To present all the evidential facts afforded by the record and tending to support the belief in the conspiracy suggested, would require volumes. Yet a brief statement of certain facts, with a rational interpretation, should indicate the necessity for a thorough exposition of the whole subject of our financial system, before further commitment to a policy fraught with incalculable peril to our individual and national welfare.

The existing system of American banking is the outgrowth of a long and painful experience—an experience reaching back to the Revolutionary War—when, in 1781 and 1782, the Bank of North America was established as an agency to finance the thirteen colonies in their war for independence. Since that time, no single public question has absorbed so great a share of attention as the 'money question,' and even now there hangs over it a sort of semi-religious mystery—a superstition that only a few are fitted to speak with authority on the subject. Yet there is in it no mystery whatever, except such as ignorance and misinformation create in any field of thought or science.

In Jackson's time, the whole range of public finance was covered by minds as able, inspired by as pure a patriotism, as our country has ever known. During the war between the states, when the greenback was made to do the work the bankers of the nation had refused to do; when the national banks were created; during the greenback campaigns of the 'seventies,' later, in the silver agitation, followed by the discussions of the 'nineties,' down to the acute struggles over the Vreeland-Aldrich Bill of 1904-5, the so-called 'Assett currency' bill: During this whole 145 years, the money question has been a live source of debate and controversy. On no subject is there a larger body of literature, a richer mine for the student of our history or the philosophy of our institutions.

At every contact throughout our history, the issue on this question has been as to where the power to issue the people's money shall be lodged. The Constitution imposes the duty of issuing money and regulating the value thereof upon Congress as a legislative act and function. The bankers of the land have contended for this power from the beginning. Under the Federal Reserve Bank system, Congress has delegated to the banks this legislative power to issue the people's money and to regulate its value and has made the Government a guarantor of the Federal-Reserve-Bank-system paper notes.

It is proper, here, to consider the heart of the whole problem, and the source of that frantic zeal with which the friends of the Federal Reserve Bank system contend for still further powers and a guaranty of unlimited peaceful possession of their extended powers.

Possessing the power to exercise the sovereign function of the Government to issue money, these banks issue, or withdraw, money (their notes) and credit, by lowering or raising discounts in such volume and at such times as suits their discretion and private purposes. These banks are all private concerns, as declared by Mr. Strong, Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York City, in a statement before the Agricultural Commission.

But the power to issue their notes as money is valuable to these banks, much more by reason of the further power it gives to issue and control the volume of bank credit—or money of account—which is the sole stock in trade of the banks. Possessing this power the banks, considered as a system, a unit, are able to control the amount of money and the volume of credit that is in use at any time; and thereby to affect the market prices of all things, either service or commodity, that are offered for exchange. It is quite clear that the more abundant money is, the cheaper it is in the market; it takes more money to buy things than when money is scarce. And the same principle applies to credit as to money or shoes, potatoes, stocks, bonds, securities, or anything else that is bought or sold on the market.

It can be seen that unless and until the bank system came into possession of this power to control the issue of the people's money—that is, if the Government had retained its power to carry out the mandate of the Constitution to issue money—the bank system would have no monopoly; would have no power to control the movement of prices in the open market, by opening or closing the floodgates of money and credit 'at their discretion.' This is the main prize at stake in the money controversy. There are other trifles as well, but these will be considered later.

With the foregoing as a clearance, consider the present condition of the field. Congress adjourned on July 3, leaving hundreds of bills without action. Among these the so-called McFadden Bill was the most important, if we consider its purposes and the probable consequences of its enactment into law. This bill is a proposed amendment of the Federal Reserve Bank Act of 1913, that created the Federal Reserve Bank system, that began operations in November, 1914. This Federal Reserve Bank Act was the outcome of a persistent drive by certain bank interests to secure legal sanctions for practices that had been denounced by the official report of the Pujo Committee of 1912. This committee had been appointed to investigate the charge that there was a money trust in operation in the United States. There were 'hearings,' at which many witnesses, experts, authorities, bankers, merchants, manufacturers, transportation men and others, testified at length. A voluminous report was submitted, in which the committee said in substance that, in all the essential elements of a trust, there was a money trust that dominated the business activities of the United States. This, in 1912. The subject became a feature of the volcanic political campaign of that year. The result of that campaign demonstrated the hostility of the people to the 'trust' principle, in banking and credit control.

It was obvious that the trust practice must be abandoned, or so disguised as to elude public resentment. The Pujo report pointed out by name the men and banks it deemed responsible for the money trust. Trust practice in credit control was not new to the men who framed the Federal Reserve Bank Act of 1913. They were the same men to a large extent who had framed the Aldrich-Vreeland Act of ten years before. They had practised credit control so effectively and so disastrously to every interest except their own, that the hounds of public opinion were following close upon their tracks and forced them to seek sanctuary under a statute of legitimacy—the Federal Reserve Bank Act.

In May, 1920, on the eighteenth day of that month, at a secret meeting of the Federal Reserve Board and its council, in the City of Washington, it was decided, in their 'discretion,' and over the protest of certain members, to 'raise discounts.' This had the effect of destroying the credit structure of the nation that had been built up during six years of the most intense industrial and economic pressure to increase production. The world knows the result. In 1924, their discretion suggested the necessity of lowering discounts; they lowered them and the world knows that the Progressive Movement, La-Follette and all he stood for, was, for the time being, flooded out by a wave of artificial prosperity that followed. Was this the result intended by this exercise of 'discretion'? Another of the results intended is indicated by certain suggestions from the official head of the Federal Reserve system, Mr. Mellon, who is reported as saying, in the May *Nation's Business* (house organ of the United States Chamber of Commerce): 'A political attack' against the Federal Reserve system must be expected, 'when the time comes for renewal of its charters,' and 'its effectiveness will largely depend upon the particular phase of the business cycle which happens to prevail at the time. If the country is then in the midst of a wave of prosperity, the opposition will be slight.' There are other significant suggestions in Mr. Mellon's statement as reported in the *Nation's Business*, to be considered later. But Mr. Mellon is, as Secretary of the United States Treasury, the official head of the Federal Reserve Board, and, therefore, of the Federal Reserve Bank system. It is something of a question whether Mr. Mellon runs the system, or the system, through Mr. Mellon, runs the Treasury; but either way, Mr. Mellon knows from past experience that, between himself and his board, they should be able to develop a wave of 'prosperity' just when and to the extent necessary to put over the so much desired renewals.

There are two highly important features of this McFadden Bill: one of these is the charter renewals of the Federal Reserve Bank. As is known, the present charters expire in 1934. It is one purpose of this bill—which is an amendment to the Federal Reserve Bank Act—to extend these charters.

Aside from the apparently unnecessary haste in anticipating the expiration of the charters by eight years, it is important to consider the modest demand for what is in effect a perpetual charter—a so-called 'indeterminate' charter. Senator Pepper, in charge of the bill on the floor of the Senate (*Congressional Record*, April 28, 1926, page 8265), said, in answer to a direct question: 'Does it (the Federal Reserve Board) approve the provision giving the indeterminate charter?'

Senator Pepper: 'That has been proposed a number of times by the Federal Reserve Board and is favored by the board in the form in which it is embodied in this bill.'

Another feature of the bill which calls for remark, as illuminating the intentions and ultimate purposes of the Federal Reserve Board and Bank system, is the provision authorizing banks in the system to deal in 'investment securities.' This will be discussed in a subsequent issue.

RENEWING BANK CHARTERS

*Richard Matthews Hallett aboard a vessel with ice-covered decks in wintry weather.*

# A Rolling Stone *Who Became an Author*

*By* JANET MABIE

TO HAVE heard first about Richard Matthews Hallett from his father is admirable preparation for meeting a man who started his career by roaming the seven seas and two hemispheres. This voyaging would make him write fiction if it were in him. Even though they meet infrequently now Richard Matthews Hallett's father is a help and an inspiration to him He calls him, with a deep note of affection in his voice, 'Old Andrews Hallett—the great old fellow.' And it is only necessary, on the other hand, to know Andrews Hallett a very short time to discover what a help his huge son is to him.

Some years ago Andrews Hallett went to a hospital on Cape Cod for treatment which he now calls repair work. When he was well he discovered he did not want to leave the hospital. Instead, he said to the resident physician with high good humor, he would find something to do there. 'I'll earn my board and keep, as a matter of fact, for I guess maybe there are some little things I can do to help here.'

There were two half-finished rooms under the eaves of the hospital barn. He took up what he called his roost there. 'Out of everybody's way but my own,' he explained as he crammed the rooms with books and fragments brought back by his globe-trotting son. Then he acquired, up and down Cape Cod, some antique furniture, 'scraps' he called the pieces. He put what he needed in the two rooms for his simple needs and, because buying antiques for songs amused him, he hired an old barn down in the village for a few cents and stored the rest there, always maintaining that some day he would sell them for pots of money. One night the barn burned, before he could get into his clothes and run the half-mile to where a telephone call had advised him that all his things were being burned up. He arrived breathless, expecting to laugh at being 'burned out of his antiques,' and had to laugh instead because they were all saved.

Promptly at half-past six each morning the patients whose windows faced the barn could soothe their ruffled feelings at being waked so early by the sight of Andrews Hallett emerging from the door, spruce and jaunty, whistling, ready for the day. He made himself indispensable to the physician, a fine, rather silent man who had need of such a companion and helper in his hospital but who had doubtless never suspected as much before. Between the two there sprang up a wordless rapport. Andrews Hallett developed a way of helping out with X-ray patients. Between a boundless gift of quaint wit and humor and a deep, warm sympathy, he calmed fears or, if there were no fears, he soothed nerves. He adjusted mysterious and terrifying contrivances and helped to get the ugly business soon over.

He did offices, too, as purchasing agent for the hospital. And he became to successive patients an ambassador of mercy and good cheer.

Two years and more after this acquaintance began with Andrews Hallett at the hospital on Cape Cod, I met Richard Matthews Hallett, after a reading by Robert Frost in the Memorial Hall at Bowdoin College. A powerful figure he made, with an interesting face, a negligible allowance of sandy hair neatly plastered down, and a voice that in its full volume must have been heard across China's inland sea.

Now the person who introduced me knew nothing of the interval I had spent at the Cape Cod hospital and was in a great hurry besides. So he merely said, 'You ought to know . . . Hallett . . . writes for the *Post* . . .' thrust us at each other and was gone. But there was something in the voice as it said, 'How do you do . . .' (*Concluded on page 27*)

# Lincoln and the Sleeping Sentinel

## The *True* Story of William Scott, Who Was Sentenced to Die

*By* WILLIAM E. BARTON

THE story of William Scott, who was arrested for sleeping on post, sentenced to be shot and pardoned, has become an accepted part of the life story of Abraham Lincoln. It varies in the telling, but this is a popular form of it, quoted from a well-known book entitled *Abe Lincoln's Yarns and Stories:*

There had been a long march, and the night succeeding it he had stood on picket. The next day there had been another long march, and that night William Scott had volunteered to stand guard in the place of a sick comrade who had been drawn for the duty. It was too much for William Scott. He was too tired. He was found sleeping on his beat. The army was at the Chain Bridge. It was a dangerous neighborhood. Discipline must be kept.

William Scott was apprehended, tried by court-martial, sentenced to be shot. News of the case was carried up to Lincoln. William Scott was a prisoner in his tent, expecting to be shot next day. But the flaps of the tent were parted, and Lincoln stood before him. Scott said:

'The President was the kindest man I had ever seen. I knew him at once by a Lincoln medal I had long worn. I was scared at first, for I had never before talked with a great man; but Mr. Lincoln was so easy with me, so gentle, that I soon forgot my fright. He asked me about the people at home, the neighbors, the farm and where I went to school, and who my schoolmates were. Then he asked me about my mother and how she looked; and I was glad I could take her photograph from my bosom and show to him.

'He said how thankful I ought to be that my mother still lived, and how, if he were in my place, he would try to make her a proud mother, and never cause her a sorrow or a tear. I cannot remember every word he said, but every word was kind.

'He said nothing yet about the dreadful next morning; I thought it must be that he was so kind-hearted that he didn't like to speak of it. But why did he say so much about my mother, and my not causing her a sorrow or a tear, when I knew that I must die the next morning? But I supposed that was something that would have to go unexplained; and so I was determined to brace up and tell him that I did not feel a bit guilty, and ask him if he wouldn't fix it so that the firing party would not be from our regiment. That was going to be the hardest of all—to die by the hands of my comrades.

'Just as I was going to ask him the favor, he stood up, and he says to me:

'"My boy, stand up here and look me in the face."

'I did as he bade me.

'"My boy," he said, "you are not going to be shot tomorrow. I believe you when you tell me that you could not keep awake. I am going to send you back to your regiment. But I have been put to a good deal of trouble on your account. I have had to come up here from Washington where I have a great deal to do; and what I want to know is, how are you going to pay my bill?"

'There was a big lump in my throat; I could scarcely speak. I had expected to die, you see, and had kind of got used to thinking that way. To have it all changed in a minute! But I got it crowded down, and I managed to say:

'"I am grateful, Mr. Lincoln! I hope you will believe I am as grateful as ever a man can be for saving my life. But it comes on me sudden and unexpected like. I didn't lay out for it all; but there is some way, and I will find it after a little. There is the bounty in the savings bank; I guess we could borrow some money on the mortgage on the farm."

'Then besides, my pay was something, and if he would wait until pay-day I am sure the boys would help; so I thought we could make it up if it wasn't more than five or six hundred dollars.

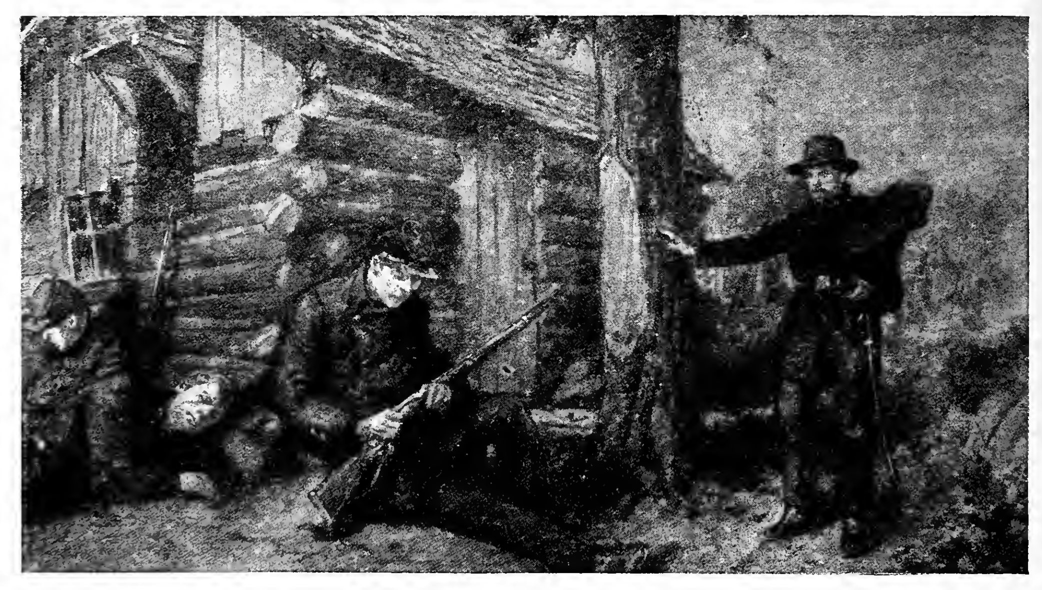
'"But it is a great deal more than that," he said.

'Then I said I didn't see just how, but I was sure I could find some way—if I lived.

'Then Mr. Lincoln put his hands on my shoulders, and looked into my face as if he was sorry, and said:

'"My boy, my bill is a very large one. Your friends cannot pay it, nor your bounty, nor the farm, nor all your comrades! There is only one man who can pay it, and his name is William Scott!

'"If from this day William Scott does his duty, so that, if I were there when he comes to die, he could look me in the face as he does now and say, 'I have kept my



*Between three and four o'clock on Friday morning the captain of the guard found all three of the sentries asleep.*

promise, and I have done my duty as a soldier,' then my debt will be paid. Will you make that promise and try to keep it?" '

The promise was given. Thenceforth there was never such a soldier as William Scott.

This is the record of the end. It was after one of the awful battles of the Peninsula. He was shot all to pieces. He said:

'Boys, I shall never see another battle. I supposed this would be my last. I haven't much to say. You all know what you can tell them at home about me.

'I have tried to do the right thing! If any of you should ever have the chance I wish you would tell President Lincoln that I have never forgotten the kind words he said to me at the Chain Bridge; that I have tried to be a good soldier and true to the flag; that I should have paid my whole debt to him if I had lived; and that now, when I know that I am dying, I think of his kind face, and thank him again, because he gave me the chance to fall like a soldier in battle, and not like a coward, by the hands of my comrades.'

This version deserves to be given in full, because it is one that professes to tell the story in Scott's own language. Other versions, based on the discovery that Scott's mother appears not to have been a widow, relate a very affecting interview between President Lincoln and Thomas Scott, father of the lad.

I first began to investigate this matter between six and seven years ago, and have had three different periods of searching the files of the War Department to learn about William Scott.

William Scott, a native of Groton, Vermont, and a private in Company K, Third Vermont Infantry, was one of three sentinels posted in a hut guarding the Chain Bridge, on the night of Friday, August 30, 1861. The three men were posted because the position was an extremely important one. Only one man was required to stay awake, but all were to be ready for the giving of an alarm if an attack were made or if there was any attempt to run the bridge. The three men divided the night into watches of four hours each. Scott was the third man, and had already had eight hours of sleep, or of freedom to sleep, before he was called on duty. Between three and four o'clock on Friday morning the captain of the guard, making his rounds, found all three of the sentries asleep. He wakened all three, inquired which of the three was assigned to duty at that hour, and finding all agreed that Scott was the man who should have been awake, placed him under arrest. This was about four o'clock, Saturday morning, August 31. For three days Scott remained under arrest awaiting trial. A court-martial was summoned Monday, September 2, to convene Tuesday, September 3, at ten in the morning. Scott was found guilty, and no extenuating circumstances were shown in evidence. He was sentenced to be shot, and the time of his execution was fixed for Monday, September 9. He was pardoned on Sunday, September 8. His record thereafter is supposed to have been good. He was shot at Lee's Mills, near Yorktown, Virginia, April 16, 1862. The wound was in the chest. He died on the following day.

*The pardon was not issued by Lincoln; he was in no necessity of hunting up trouble.*

The laws relating to courts-martial provide that death may be inflicted as a penalty for this offense, in extreme cases and in time of war. It is not known, however, that the death penalty was ever inflicted for this offense during the Civil War, and it is definitely known that it was not so inflicted in the American Army during the World War. Usually heavy guard duty, with a fine of one to three months' pay, was deemed an adequate penalty. We may be sure that if William Scott had been on duty one night through generously standing guard for a sick comrade, the fact would have been stated in the evidence. Scott had full opportunity to introduce such evidence. The laws relating to courts-martial specify that while fatigue resulting from excessive duty is not a defense, it may be regarded in mitigation. No mitigation was proved or attempted to be proved in the case of William Scott. We may safely believe that all such details are the work of the imagination.

On Monday, September 2, a general court-martial was called to meet at Camp Lyon, near Smith's Headquarters, in the vicinity of the Chain Bridge. At least one other case besides that of Scott awaited trial. Colonel B. N. Hyde, Scott's own colonel, was the presiding officer, and Captain E. McK. Hudson, of the 14th Infantry of the Regular Army, was judge advocate. Twelve officers, besides the judge advocate, constituted the detail. All were present. Four of them were of Scott's regiment.

Captain Thomas F. Houre, of the Third Vermont, testified:

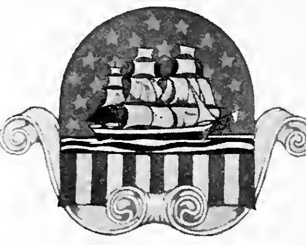
'On the thirty-first of August last I was officer of the Grand Guard which went up the Potomac. and on the morning of the thirty-first I started about three o'clock, to make my rounds; and when I came to the post where Scott and his two comrades were stationed, I found them all asleep. The prisoner was a member of my guard and regularly posted.'

The prisoner then asked his one question:

'What did I say to you after you had waked me up?' (Concluded on page 22)

# This to YOU

An EDITORIAL from the August 14, 1926, number of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT



*THE press states that House of Commons criticism of the United States will cease, on the orders of international bankers. Outbreaks against Americans in Paris will be discontinued by the same orders as soon as the diversion created thereby has served the political purpose. That, plainly, is where we have arrived through the handling of our public affairs—we are under the protection, if not in the custody, of the international bankers.*

*No, patient reader, we are not going to discuss the international debt. We prefer today to discuss YOU. YOU are a somewhat greater mystery than the debt. If we could only understand YOU! If, after reading this, you would write to us and tell us just what YOU are thinking about it.*

*And here is part of the mystery of you. For ever so many years now you have been told by President, Cabinet and Press that the policy of the United States was not to cancel war debts, but to determine the amounts due us, and make the best arrangements for payment that we could. That is what YOU have been told; that is what YOU believed. When you heard that the 'U. S.' was being interpreted as 'Uncle Shylock' throughout Europe, you understood the reason to be that our Government insisted on collecting the debt. It is true that YOU had no greed for that money; you might even have been willing to forgive the debts if you had been convinced that the benefit of such action would have flowed past the bankers down to the pitiful people of Europe. Undoubtedly you would have said: 'Just the principal; not those mountains of interest too.' And if you had chanced to think of the difference between the purchasing power of the dollar which Europe borrowed from us, and that of the dollar we are demanding, doubtless you would say, 'No more value than we lent, not a penny.'*

*HOWEVER, you were not consulted, and Mr. Andrew Mellon does not do business that way—at least, so you were told. The Republican Party told you the debts would be collected. President Coolidge told you that cancellation was contrary to his policy. As long as you understood this, you understood why Europe howled.*

*BUT—just the other day Mr. Mellon told you in letter and statement that this Government was not collecting any war debts at all, except from Great Britain. The war debts of France, Italy and the others have been cancelled. We are collecting only the loans made since the Armistice.*

*Just as coolly as that, Mr. Mellon informed you that everything which you had been told about the loans was not true. And there is not a ripple from the country.*

*The bludgeoning of the good name of the American people goes on overseas. It is the international bankers, the Press says, who are intervening on our behalf.*

*YET not a ripple of astonishment, not a word of protest, not a sound of inquiry from YOU—from the American people. Misled, hoaxed, misrepresented—then publicly told about it—and yet dumb. This is not to say whether Mr. Mellon did right or wrong; it is to say that all the while YOU were being told that one thing was being done, it was really the opposite thing that was being done. And you swallow the fact without even faint protest.*

*There is a reason for your being so placid—what is it?*

*But is it any wonder that our public officials think that they can play with you as they do?*

*Or maybe you are wiser than they, having the deep instinct of the common people that what officialdom may do today means nothing to tomorrow. It may be that Mr. Mellon and Mr. Churchill do not matter after all.*

*But feelings of nation for nation do matter. There are FACTS which all the nations ought to have. These FACTS as they regard the United States have patently been distorted. And there is not an authoritative voice in the country to declare or even to inquire the extent to which the policy of the United States has been pawned into financial control.*

*Why is it that you, John Citizen, have been silent about it? There is a reason. What is it?*

# And This FROM YOU

## A Cross Section *of* American Thought

THE American people are silent on the debt question for one reason only—*they have no forum from which to present their views!* This fact is made plain by the flood of letters received by THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT in response to the editorial, 'This to YOU,' printed in the August 14 issue.

The people are not fooled by the mass of statements and counter-statements about the so-called debt settlements. They are not silent because they have nothing to say. They are silent only because they have had no opportunity for expressing their opinions.

They have been thinking—*and thinking deeply*—on the debt question. They have been weighing the assertions made by American politicians and the assertions made by European politicians. And they have noted the transparent discrepancies in the settlements.

The amazing response evoked by the editorial shows how tense sentiment actually is throughout the country. Scores of letters have been received (and still are being received) from every corner of the nation, from Florida, from Oregon, from Maine, Colorado, California—in short, from nearly every state in the Union.

The letters form a cross section of thought of the American people!

They come from lawyers and from plumbers, from bankers and from butchers, from salesmen, stenographers, laborers, manufacturers, clerks, editors. They come from the groceryman on *your* corner, from the physician in the next block, from the farmer who raises your food. Some of the letters are couched in impeccable English; some are written by illiterates. They arrive at their destination by devious ways, but through them runs a dominant theme that cannot be ignored:

The American people feel that cancellation would benefit international bankers rather than the people of Europe. They feel that the proper time for cancellation would be that moment when these international bankers cancel their private loans.

They feel sharp resentment at the unfair propaganda being carried on both in this country and abroad, impugning as it does both the American character and America's motives.

They resent the fact that there is no way by which they can directly register their attitude toward the debt settlements.

They feel that cancellation would not be in the interests of peace. 'So long as the European taxpayer finds his burdens increased by payment of the expenses of the last war,' writes one correspondent, 'just so long will the rulers be cautious about entering into a new one.'

This writer, Will Atkinson, of

Capon Springs, Virginia, states his views concisely:

'The real question is: Shall the taxpayers of Europe pay the debts due us for money loaned their governments, or shall our taxpayers pay these debts in addition to their present heavy burdens? The cancellation of the debts due us from France, England and other countries of Europe would not be in the interests of Peace, but would tend to bring another war nearer. There is no law to prevent Newton D. Baker or Mr. Baker's clients from contributing whatever they wish, small or great, to the income of the countries who owe these debts to us. In that way they can show their good will to these countries and their sincere desire to relieve them of these burdens. Judging from the noise made in the eastern press there must be many advocates of the cancellation of debts who would be willing to contribute something from their own means to this end. But it is not fair for them to try to force the taxpayers of the United States generally to pay debts which should be paid by the taxpayers of the countries who contracted these debts.

'The United States cannot remit these debts; it cannot cancel any part of these debts without adding to the burdens of our own taxpayers. Make this clear to the taxpayers of the United States and then let them decide whether or not these debts should be cancelled, in whole or in part. My own impression is that any Congressman is inviting his own political death in voting for either the partial or complete cancellation of these debts.'

HOMER STIMSON, attorney of Royse City, Texas, echoes the opinion of many persons when he declares:

'As stated in your editorial, we have been told by President, Cabinet and Press that the policy of the United States was not to cancel our war debts. But did we believe these statements? On the contrary, we had been warned by Senator Borah, Senator Reed and other able statesmen that the proposed debt-settlement plan, if ratified, would result in cancellation of all our war debts, except those owed by Great Britain. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT and other papers proved with facts and figures that we were being committed to a policy of cancellation. So Mr. Mellon's admission now only confirms what we already knew.

'And before the ink was hardly dry upon these debt-settlement agreements our international bankers flooded the country with advertisements offering to the American public immense issues of 7 per cent European bonds—the direct obligations of the same "pauper" nations that have failed and refused to repay to the United States one dollar of principal or interest due upon their war obligations. But from the proceeds of the sale of these 7 per cent European bonds to the American people our international bankers will collect their own private pre-war European loans in full. Our war loans are cancelled; billions of our money is lost; but the international bankers have collected their loans.

'Yes, the citizens have been silent. But they know they have been wronged. And they will follow you and all others who are for "America First" in safeguarding posterity from a like fate.'

The matter of silence on the part of John Citizen is ably discussed by G. D. Fairbanks, office of Medical Officer, Brownsville, Texas:

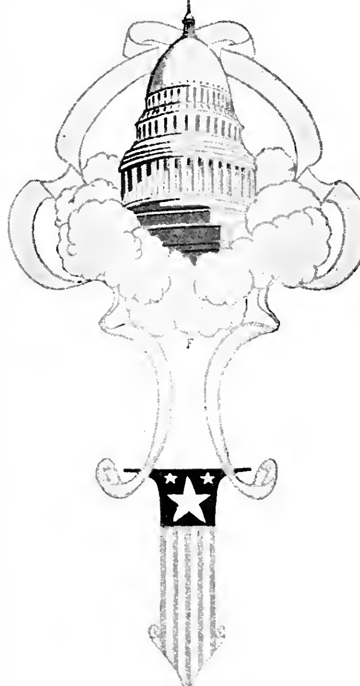
'You gave the answer yourself a little further along in the article,' he declares, 'when you wrote, "However, you were not consulted." The people are not consulted, nowadays, on those questions and we have no vote in the matter, consequently we take no interest. If the people had a vote on important questions, there would be an end to that placid attitude. How different matters would be if we had a vote on important questions.'

F. I. BOGGS, of Dallas, is another Texan who casts a suspicious eye on the settlements:

'Do you think for one moment that we, the common citizenry of this country, take no individual exception to such instances as those set forth in your article regarding our attitude regarding the foreign debt?' he asks.

'When Mr. Mellon and President Coolidge suddenly inform us of actions exactly opposite to things they have been telling us these months are you surprised that we remain dumb? If your father should tell you something diametrically opposite to a truth he had taught you for months, would you not be hurt beyond any sudden outburst?

'I think it a disgrace to our national economic ability that we pay 3½ per cent to 4½ per cent on our own government securities, make foreign loans for a less rate and then charge ourselves enough income tax to help those foreign countries pay interest on our own securities. Certainly this and many other equally vexing facts will be rigidly denied by our international bankers and perhaps Mr. Mellon but bear



in mind their actions mentioned in your article, and I wonder if we would be justified in placing our utmost confidence in them again.

'We who take no active part in governmental affairs, aside from voting, try to believe in all departments of our Government, but being from Texas and witnessing our gubernatorial capers the past two years and those facts and actions relative to our foreign loans make one have a "what's-the-use?" feeling.

'I hope the time is not far distant when we may as a nation return to strict adherence of principle for the nation's good and from the Lincolnistic viewpoint, "The Good of the Common People." Then partisan opinion, as affects international bankers, will be secondary.'

Roy B. McKittrick, an attorney of Salisbury, Missouri, explains the apparent apathy on the part of John Citizen:

'It occurs to me that the reason that John Citizen has been silent about the misrepresentations made by government officials is because he has not been thinking about international bankers, international debts, and has not read Mr. Mellon's statements concerning the international debt. He has merely accepted the statements made in news articles prepared by international bankers, which have been advising that Mr. Mellon's policy is an excellent thing for humanity. He has not discovered that the humanity that the cancellation advocates are helping consists of the international banker.

'To my mind your editorial demonstrates that the gravest injury done the government by the officials making misrepresentations is not merely the loss of the money but the loss of honesty and integrity in the conducting of the government's business. If John Citizen continues to take no notice of officials making misrepresentations, the time will come when either he or his son will be awakened to the fact that people no longer constitute the government.'

A SOMEWHAT different explanation is offered by Clarke L. Foster, of Shawnee, Ohio:

'You ask why John Citizen has not protested,' he says. 'There are several good and sufficient reasons. John Citizen is bewildered by the very immensity of the figures involved. Up to 1914 he was accustomed to think in terms of millions and then only after more than a century of the bandying of the term "millions." Now he is asked to think in terms of billions! The step is too big for John Citizen to make all at once. John Citizen, with his average education, his average income of $1,000, is intellectually unable to assimilate the abstract concept of billions. So in despair he relies upon his "experts" at Washington who presumably know their business.

'John Citizen sees his taxes piling up, but direct taxes are so few and indirect taxes so numerous that he really does not know where to begin his protest. He cannot see how cancellation affects his tax rates.'

A pessimistic strain runs through many of the letters—a 'what-can-we-do?' attitude. Louis H. Dusenbury, of Detroit, exemplifies this in his statement:

'Frankly I do not *know* what is going on. I read your periodical to learn the truth, but very seldom the newspapers because I feel that most periodicals publish biased facts according to the financial control of the paper. I feel that although we are supposed to govern our country through methods of voting, we are not able to select the men we want nor get very thorough information as to their fitness in order to intelligently vote.

'As matters stand now, I see no way of avoiding the present political control, so just stand by hoping that the men selected by a few political leaders will lead the country in the soundest possible manner.'

*(Continued on page 24)*

Lady Cynthia Asquith *Describes*

# Lion Hunting in Society

AMONG the types to be met in London society, none has been so consistently held up to ridicule as the 'Lion Huntress.' What is more natural than the wish to be personally acquainted with the most interesting of contemporary human beings? No one derides the collector of famous pictures. Why this sneer at the collector of eminent fellow creatures?

It is urged that Fame is a fluke, and that the celebrated men of the day are by no means necessarily those most worth meeting. True; but a woman can scarcely be attacked for, to a large extent, accepting the world's verdict in these matters. Surely it would be presumption on her part to ignore the general estimate, and think she should always make her own discoveries?

There is much confusion of thought in these matters, and it seems that the truth is that our feelings toward the individual huntress must depend very largely on the *motive* which inspires the chase.

Is it appreciativeness or vanity? If it be a genuine love of the lion which makes her enjoy his company as an end in itself—why throw stones? No vanity is indicated by this attitude; rather a certain amiable humility, and very likely she will be able to give as well as take pleasure.

On the other hand, if his presence at her table is not its own reward, but is only coveted as a means to an end—perhaps as a feather in her hostess's cap with which to inspire envy—then we can neither expect nor greatly wish her parties to be a success.

* * *

Probably it is the methods of lion huntresses which are objected to rather than their aims. These, it must be admitted, are often lamentably crude.

We are told pride is a sin, but some women show a too Christian lack of it. They will take no refusal; they cannot be insulted; they have a thousand cheeks to turn to the leonine paw.

Then—what may be called the bluff-bait method is employed to excess. The hostess sends out invitations for the same meal to a lion and a lioness—on the strength of which each is asked to meet the other! Perhaps one of them goes, only to find the bait which tempted him *not* on the hook! Can it be wondered at that he growls?

If a woman be deeply interested in an author because she loves his books, nothing is more natural than the wish to meet him and give him her best of food and drink. It is a different matter when the house is strewn with his uncut books, only ordered because she expects him to luncheon! He should be there because of his books, not *vice versa*, as is too often the case. The following story is told of an unfortunate hostess belonging to the second type.

She: 'Do you admire Dante?'

He: 'But he's *dead!*' (Implying, 'Come, come, now, don't *you* pretend to take an interest in anyone you can never hope to entertain!')

A clever lion huntress will never quite 'brown the covey.' She must have some discrimination of her own. If notoriety is to be her only criterion, her dining room will indeed become a strange menagerie.

## Stage Degradation

DOES the risqué drama pay? There is nothing refreshingly novel about the problem. Periodically, New York experiences spasms of virtue.

Criticism of the artistic merits of the undraped and 'sexy' drama creates the suspicion that the New York managers rather hope the agitation will revive interest in this particular form of entertainment, when it begins to pall upon the popular taste.

'If the long-threatened theater censorship is ever forced upon this town,' wrote one reviewer recently, '—and that catastrophe may be closer at hand than most people suspect—we shall know whom to thank for it. Our stage can go no further in self-degradation. This state of affairs cannot continue. The license of the New York stage is fast becoming a national scandal. Plays forbidden in London, Boston, Los Angeles, continue here.

'The so-called play jury was a farce,' declared one theatrical publication, commenting on an attempt to close a show a few months ago. They appear to be produced with but one intent—to make money, and in this, morbid public curiosity being what it is, they succeed beyond the dreams of avarice.'

The attempt came when, despite the lukewarmness of the newspapers, complaints from citizens who had witnessed the objectionable shows began to pour into the office of the District Attorney.

The complaints and the verdicts of the play juries were cleverly met by farce-comedy 'stunts' on the part of managers and their astute counsel. The producers converted the notoriety from the fights into valuable publicity.

How do the producers of these objectionable exhibitions 'get away with them'? A very popular American novelist recently took upon herself to answer this query by a suggestion that such shows depended for their support on the patronage of an element in the population which she denominated 'the dark whites,' as distinguished from those included in the generic term 'average adult normal persons.' It may be that he who travels through Longacre Square and its environs during theater hours may coincide with her contention.

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

THE tribal instinct makes men antagonistic to one another and creates a desire for domination. It has disturbed the world since the day that Ishmael and Hagar were driven into the wilderness. At the present day this feeling is undoubtedly the principal cause of the many misunderstandings which undermine coöperation and obstruct progress.

If all the tribes and nations of the world were to unite in one great movement for the common good, all animated by a desire for true advancement, the world would begin to move in the course for which it was designed. But of course there are such things as misdirected energy and misdirected unity. Just as people unite for a good cause, so may they also unite for one that is the opposite.

Ages ago the people of the earth were of the same mind and the same speech. They held a great convention on the plain of Shinar and in the fullness of their unanimity and strength resolved to build a tower so high that its summit would reach the heavens. But confusion in their speech, and consequently in their aims and objects, came upon them and caused them to scatter into different countries. This was the punishment meted out to them for their presumption.

It is plain that in this period of the world's history unanimity of purpose was not the most desirable thing. It was centralization carried to an extreme, and if it had been permitted would have ended in stagnation. The elimination of local and individual effort would have been as disastrous then as it is now. This was the beginning of properly distributed effort.

In these new conditions jealousies and dissensions arose, and at first there was little unity of purpose except where coöperation meant self-preservation; but there grew up a spirit of healthy rivalry which was much better, although this rivalry was not always pursued along legitimate lines.

As time went on one nation sought to assert its superiority by its scientific knowledge, another by its skill in the fine arts, another by its supremacy in the raising of crops and cattle. But there were others who tried to take a short cut to all these things by force of arms, by seeking to conquer other nations and to absorb their scientists, artists, and industrialists. Rome was an example of this.

*THE lack of cohesion in national effort and in international ideals is our heritage from prehistoric times. Racial feeling is not in itself an evil, any more than is individual opinion or effort. It becomes an evil only when it assumes a negative or destructive form. Each nationality has its strong points as well as its weak, and if this strength is properly directed the weakness will in time disappear. The dream of a 'United States of Europe' will be attained only at such time as swords and spears are discarded for plowshares and pruning hooks.*

After the fall of this mighty empire dissension arose among the various tribes and nations which had been brought under its subjection, and where nations were confined within narrow limits this feeling became the most intense. Insular nations especially have been prone to internal dissension owing to being cut off from direct contact with other countries. This factional spirit has been the curse of some countries since the beginning of time, and has been the greatest obstacle to their advancement.

Europe today is largely made up of the fragments that flew far and wide when the Roman empire went to pieces, and although there are dreams of a 'United States of Europe,' these dreams can never come true until there is a welding process from a much more powerful arm than any that has yet been brought into action. That arm will have to to be one that specializes in plowshares and pruning hooks and not in swords and spears.

The beginning of a second getting together of the nations of the earth took place at the moment Columbus stepped ashore at San Salvador. Practically every civilized nation in the world is now represented on the American continent, and for the most part these nations speak the same language. In North America where they do speak the same language and are animated by common interests and ideals, a prosperity and sense of national security has been built up which is unparalleled in the world's history.

The peoples that are continually wrangling and squabbling with one another in the Old World are dwelling harmoniously side by side in the new, where the tribal instinct has been largely eliminated. But it still exists in quarters where it should not, and will continue to exist until all become true Americans.

If there is present within any nation a unit which does not assimilate the common ideals of that nation, it is bound to be a disturbing factor. It is not necessary that a person lose his national characteristics to make a good citizen in the land of his adoption, because it is from a judicious combination and utilization of these characteristics that this country has been built; but it is essential that he eliminate tribal prejudices from his code before he can fall in line with the great scheme of things.

**'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## *Red Russia Turns Pink*

NOTHING so significant has come out of Russia in recent years as the news that Liebe Braunstein, alias Trotsky, has again been beaten. Once more he is on the outside looking in, as far as the inner councils of the Communist Party are concerned; his capitulation is complete and abject. More important, however, than his personal defeat is the defeat of the things for which he stood. Soviet Russia has come, apparently, to the turning of the road.

Under Stalin it is leaving behind the doctrines of world revolution and pure Marxism. It is inclining slowly toward sanity and rationalism.

It will be another generation, probably, before the details of the mighty struggle which has been going on within the ranks of Bolshevism will be fully known to the outside world. It has been a struggle which held within it the destiny of the Red Revolution, a struggle not only of personalities but of principles. Stalin, powerful secretary of the Communist Party, has been attempting to lead the country from the economic chaos into which it was plunged by Marxism. He has thrust aside at least temporarily the Jewish ideal of world revolution. He has concentrated on building up Russia.

Thus he has advocated the adoption of a modified capitalistic system under the term 'state capitalism,' in the effort to restore the country's ravished industries; he has endeavored to placate the peasants, heavy sufferers under the old régime; he has tried to develop Russia's great natural resources.

At every step he has been violently opposed by the Jewish clique, headed by Trotsky. The doctrine of world revolution, originally theirs, has been their main theme. They have refused to surrender it. Instead of appeasing the peasants, they would confiscate their grain to further the cause. They have warned against 'the danger involved in the growth of a class of rich peasant landlords.' They have formed a fraction, or organized minority, within the ranks of the Communist Party to fight against the will of the majority—a thing which is held black treason in the tenets of Bolshevism.

Through all the struggle there has been no question of real democracy for the Russians. It has been entirely an internal struggle, one confined to the Bolshevist Party. The Russians, numbering millions, are still governed solely by the members of this one party. They have no voice in their own affairs. And so it was by Bolshevists themselves that Trotsky was carried down into defeat. The defeat augurs well for Russia.

## *The Busy Biographers*

AN ASTONISHING discovery has been made by two men of genius who write books for a living. George Washington did not chop down the cherry tree! He did not say, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet.' He did, upon occasion, drink. And there is evidence that he engaged, under due provocation, in the lusty art of cussing. So, having made their cataclysmic discovery, the two gentlemen have proceeded to write 'myth-breaking' biographies, published simultaneously.

The theory has been advanced that the books were written for children. Surely, says one commentator, no adult who can be trusted with a wife, a job and a latchkey entertains the 'myths' thus ruthlessly destroyed. But there is evidence that the authors themselves regard their work seriously. One of them, a fictionist called Woodward, has even essayed to the sensational. Not content with tilting at the commoner 'myths,' he must set his lance against others. Before he is through he has stripped Washington of virtually every vestige of his reputation as a husband, as a soldier, as a statesman, as a patriot, and as a gentleman. His words have moved Nathaniel Wright Stephenson, one of America's outstanding historians, to rebuke. Writing in the New York *World,* Mr. Stephenson says:

> The reader of any penetration, before he is half through, will feel that what he is reading is a book about Mr. Woodward and his views of American history, not a book about George Washington and the rousing story of his triumphant duel with circumstance.

The stir of indignation which has greeted the work is unfortunate. It gives the book publicity it does not deserve, and a position of importance it does not warrant. As a biographer of Washington, Mr. Woodward's book is supremely unimportant. As a book about Mr. Woodward, it is no doubt satisfactory.

### *Main Street Comes Back*

THE American village is regaining its importance in American life. More than twelve million persons—or about one in eight—live in villages or small towns at the present time. For a time the trend was away from the village toward the city; now it is reversed. Main Street is coming into its own. Not only is village life better industrially than it was twenty years ago; it is better socially. With improved methods of transportation and communication, the village has acquired the benefits of a miniature city without its defects.

The village is rapidly becoming an important production center. Certain types of industry can be carried on there far more economically than in the city. A happy combination is struck when agricultural products can be sold locally, and the output of local factories consumed in supplying the farmers' needs. Thus transportation and handling wastes are largely eliminated. Certain industries, of course, may always remain in the larger cities. But many can be carried on successfully in the villages. The present tendency toward decentralization of industry is an important one to the life of the nation.

### *Parties of the Future*

HISTORY is written in the retirement of Herbert Asquith from public life and the leadership of his party. For nearly half a century he has been intimately linked with the destiny not only of his party, but with that of England and the world. Coming first into prominence under that grand old man of Liberalism, Gladstone, he has lived to take prime part in some of the most momentous events of all time. The span of his career coincides with a period of revolutionary world history. And Asquith, now Earl of Oxford, has helped to make much of that history; he has helped to build and to overthrow dynasties. His retirement is a matter of international concern. But it is overshadowed by a question it brings forcefully to the surface.

*What is to become of the once great Liberal Party?* Powerful in England's history, it is pitifully weak in present circumstance. The reforms it forced through are now accepted as everyday matters, but the party itself seems forgotten. In the present Parliament it is an almost negligible factor. Whether it will regain its former strength is problematical.

The fate of the Liberal Party has significance for American politicians. The tendency of Anglo-Saxon countries is toward two great parties. The fall of the Liberals has been attributed to many things: to Lloyd George, to the war, to the Coalition. It is too soon yet to account for it definitely, but the probable truth is that the Liberal Party has slipped because it is no longer liberal. It has been running in lines almost parallel to the Conservative Party. It was inevitable that an opposition should arise, and that the weakest of the two old parties should give way before it.

There is a noteworthy similarity in America. No longer is there any distinct line of demarcation between the Republican and the Democratic parties. Neither can be classed as progressive, or conservative. Yet each party has its progressive wing, its conservative wing, its middle-ground wing. It is a condition that cannot last. Groups within each party are pulling at different directions. Each party's platform must be elastic enough to appeal to voters of widely diverging views. Concerted party action is difficult, because definite party aim is almost impossible.

Interesting possibilities loom. A new party may arise, as it has in England, differing radically from the older ones and drawing its strength from them. The old parties may split into their component parts, progressives flying to progressives and conservatives to conservatives. Or the old parties may abandon their middle-ground policy, one becoming definitely progressive, the other definitely conservative. Whatever the outcome, intriguing developments lie ahead. It looks like a hectic decade, politically.

### *Hail to the Boiled Dinner!*

CERTAIN facetious writers and hack lecturers refer slightingly to that great American institution, the boiled dinner. It is significant that the slurs are not cast by those who have been initiated into the inner circle. And those who disdainfully lift their noses when such plebeian fare is mentioned, declaiming it as coarse food fit only for swine, know not whereof they speak. Certainly it is coarse, and that very fact recommends it to those who are on the search for vitamins and other nourishing things. Homely fare, to be sure, but the food experts and dietitians are swaying back to it because it contains the very essence of life. To a hungry and wearied human there is no more delightful perfume than the odor of boiling carrots, cabbage, potatoes, beets, turnips and all the other things that go into the making of this king of dishes. The news that the cabbage yield of the United States will be thousands of tons greater this year than last will quicken the pulse of every lover of the boiled dinner!

# A Reporter's Memories of ROOSEVELT

## Intimate Tales of T. R. by One Who Traveled the West With Him

By
WILLIAM C. RICHARDS

THE late Theodore Roosevelt had the happy and valuable faculty of landing on the first page of the newspapers and staying there.

Many newspapermen, like many men who disagreed with his policies or his tactics, hated him. Many others loved him. Men of both camps, however, admitted that no one ever understood news values as T. R. did. He simply exuded copy that was bound to be read.

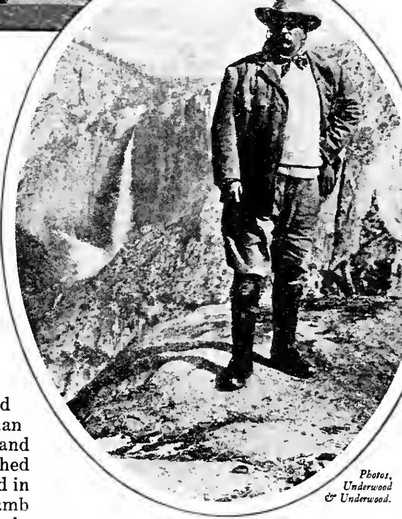
He galvanized state documents. He coined words. If Roosevelt called names at times, he also dripped human interest. His words popped and thundered, and it is a well-established fact that the world is more interested in a lion on a rampage than a ewe lamb lapping water from a quiet brook. When he fought, T. R. never stuck out his tongue; he fought with his fists. Above all he was human.

One night he walked into the pressroom at the White House. The hour was late. He sat down and began gossiping. In an hour or so the rain was whipping down in torrents. Lightning lighted the room. Suddenly the President got up and started to withdraw. A correspondent moved to the window and grumbled disgustedly.

'Look at it; me without a coat and got to walk to the hotel!'

'Wait a minute, Joe, and I'll get you an umbrella and a cravenette,' said the President. He went into his personal quarters and returned with the promised articles.

'Do you know,' the correspondent said later, 'that he would have walked down to the hotel with me if I had said the word.'



Photos, Underwood & Underwood.

*Oval—One of President Roosevelt's favorite recreations—enjoying Yosemite's grandeur.*
*Upper left—From railroad train to 'puncher's steed—ready to enter Yellowstone Park.*

It was Roosevelt's policy to dodge the cities on Sundays when he was campaigning in 1903. He liked stillness on the Sabbath, and he would run his private car into some siding in a small hamlet and go to some obscure but tranquil church. One Sunday morning he reached Sharon Springs, Nebraska. Accompanied by the Senator from Kansas and three other men, he walked across a forty-acre farm of new-plowed ground to a little house of worship. Two pews had been reserved for the presidential party, and every other seat was taken. The service had proceeded only a minute or so when there was the pad of bare feet in the aisle.

When the President started to take his seat again after finishing a hymn, he discovered two little girls standing at the end of his pew. There were no seats for them, and they were picturesque, stockingless figures, about eight and ten, resplendent in dresses and poke bonnets of checked gingham. The President rose, made room for them between himself and the Kansas Senator, and sat down.

The children's eyes roved all over the church. They paid no attention to the man beside them, although no lover could have been more attentive to his sweetheart than T. R. was to the two chicks. He found the hymns for them and held one side of the book for them, although he was obliged to stoop to do so. When there was a prayer, he would turn to the proper place in the prayer book and present it to the children.

They thanked him, but their curious eyes ranged the length and breadth of the pine-beamed nave. At the conclusion of the service he asked the older one if she came to church every Sunday.

'Pop's on the ranch,' she said, with eyes still swiveling in search of somebody. 'We're fifteen miles away, and sometimes he brings us.'

'Did you come for anything special today?' asked Roosevelt.

'Yes, sir. Someone told us the President of the United States would be here today.'

'And can't you find him?'

'No, sir,' replied the child, disappointedly, 'and we've looked everywhere.'

'I am the President,' he assured her.

I wonder how many times that young woman, now in her thirties, has told that story.

If you look at a map of North Dakota where the Northern Pacific crosses the Little Missouri River, you will see a little black dot. That is Medora. There the Rough Rider of Sagamore rode the range and played the cowboy part in his beardless days. When he was campaigning for the Vice-Presidency in 1900 he came back to it. The colonel, then governor of New York, borrowed a puncher's pony and galloped away to the buttes. He rode to the edge of a cliff and there he pointed out the spot where a 'bad

man' once shot the county sheriff and made his escape in a stolen canoe. He did not tell that he, T. R., owned the canoe and that he followed the murderer down the river and three days later brought back his boat, with the killer 'hog-tied' in the bottom. One of the old pioneers told *that* story.

Back in town they called him Teddy. He put his arms around aged people and asked many questions. 'What has become of Willie?' he inquired of one couple. 'Willie' was standing beside them, six feet one, and a hard cowpuncher. T. R. had forgotten that folks have a singular habit of growing up.

Three years later he came back to Medora as President of the United States. He came at midnight. On the station platform was a solitary figure—an eighty-year-old gentleman carrying a barn lantern.

'Hullo, Teddy,' was his greeting. 'The boys be waiting for you in the dance hall.'

That building was a quarter-mile down the road. There was no yip-yipping, no gun play. It was a period of reminiscence. For two hours Roosevelt and his old Western friends talked of the halcyon days. And when they put him on the train, they said: 'Goodby, Teddy. Come again when you can. You know you're always welcome.'

But he never saw that little village again.

The President took a hair-raising ride May 30, 1903, which would have caused a lot of stocks to fall clear off the board if Wall Street had been eyewitness to it. He boarded an impish pony at Laramie, Wyoming, and headed for Cheyenne, sixty miles away, over the very backbone of the Rockies. He had a relay of mounts. Six or seven horses were used during the trip and they were the pick of the section. A cowpuncher escort rode with him, but not the immediate members of his party. They returned to the train and continued on Pullman saddles to a ranch house thirty miles away, there to join the President. He reached the house before his party did, meeting them as they were riding in a hayrack from the station. A tiny cloud of dust was seen on a hill to the west as the correspondents were pulling out from the station for the ranch.

'Here comes one of the cowboys,' said some one.

'Cowboy!' said a puncher. 'That's not cowboy dust. That's Teddy Roosevelt.'

The dust got dustier and in a short space the President was in plain view. Behind him, strung out for half a mile, was the escort, using whip and spur in a vain effort to maintain the pace. A newly laid railroad, minus ballast, lay in his path, but the President's horse cleared it with a clean leap. The chase took on the appearance of a pursuit of a horse-thief. No favors were being shown; no quarter was asked. The punchers were trying to overtake this Easterner, whether he was President or not. The prairie, moreover, was pock-marked with dog-holes, which meant a serious fall if a horse stepped into one of them. Nothing happened, fortunately.

Roosevelt felt car weariness in his muscles the next morning, and he headed a troop of hooting, pistol-banging cowpunchers which rode away to a ranch thirty-five miles distant. At ten o'clock in the evening he returned. One could hear the 'boys' yelling and shooting long before the hotel was reached. The colonel was first to arrive, nevertheless. He threw the bridle over the horse's head, entered the hotel, and bounded up the steps three at a time. The cowboy escort was close up, and as they dismounted one man was heard to say:

*Cowboys trailing Roosevelt's special train out of Hugo, Colorado.*

'If that fellow stays here another twenty-four hours he'll have a lot of us killed. He's too rough for us when it comes to riding.'

Two cowboys from Hugo, Colorado, rode the 100 miles to Sharon Springs in a futile effort to wheedle the President into stopping his train at Hugo on his way to Denver, for a noon meeting.

'Boys, I can't do it,' he said. 'I've got an important speaking engagement in Denver. Well, I will do this. I'll stop the train for a minute.'

When T. R. stepped to the rear platform in Hugo the next morning he was surprised to see only the two punchers he had met the day before.

'We don't want to hear you talk. Look around the corner of the car,' drawled one.

One look sufficed. The platform gate (Concluded on page 25)

*The 'punchers at this little point along Roosevelt's route through Colorado knew that the President would enjoy a meal in regular 'cowboy style.' The photograph bears an autograph of 1903.*

# Negro America, Fifty Years Hence

## Will Be Transformed if the Colored Man Maintains His Progress

*By* NAHUM DANIEL BRASCHER

DEA' Lo'd, hep de white fo'ks and de cullud fo'ks to git 'long 'getth in peace and ha'mony. We has liv'd side by each; we has 'fit, bled an' died 'getth, an' from now on, show us de way, de ri't way to live in peace, in de name of de Son Jesus, Amen.'

Years ago, in a little church in a little town of the South, the foregoing was part of a prayer I heard an old white-haired man making, while all about him were low moans, and fervent 'Amens.'

Those crude words expressed my innermost hope, and I think the hope of the majority of the negroes of America, as well as a large proportion of white people. America is above all lands the country where the chief desire of the people is to live together in peace and harmony.

On the other hand, there are those, of both the white and black race in America, who are constantly seeking to obstruct the cause of better understanding and progress. Nevertheless, we have come from where we have come, the millions of us in darker hue. Whither are we bound? We may well feel able to gauge the future by the past. It is all, in my opinion, working out along the lines of a great plan, like the running of a great clock, with the pendulum swinging back and forth. When there is a backward swing, we see within the shadows, when there is a forward swing, we get a clear-cut picture by the radiance of the sunlight. If we keep within the valley, things are gloomy. If we climb to the mountain top, there is a vision that adds glory to the soul. But we need the shadows to enjoy the sunlight.

Looking back fifty years will help us to look forward fifty years in observing negro life in America. There seem to be too few of us who are willing either to look back or to look forward with vision. We must act in the present, but we must be guided by the past. If the negro has a place in America, let us find it with sympathy and good will.

Our accomplishments are interwoven with all that has happened in our national life. We cannot be separated from it either in theory or fact. A complete separation of all negroes and all whites in all things in America is impossible.

There can be adjustment of all our difficulties, from time to time, with satisfaction to all concerned, in keeping with progress and enlightenment, on both sides of the color barriers.

We can make headway only by using common sense, with due respect for the views of others. There come times when we, of the minority group, are forced to talk low. We may not like it, nor do we like real hot, or real cold weather; but sensible people adjust themselves to the changes from day to day, and in like manner must we adjust ourselves to race relations in America.

To find our permanent place, we must make ourselves acquainted with the facts that lie in the way. Our place fifty years hence will no more be the place of today than today is the place of fifty years ago.

Our first movement into the 'world's work' of America was through a great avenue of sentiment. White people with Christian hearts opened them up, together with their purse strings, and we were *given*—note the word *given*—churches, schools and some work. We established our own fraternities and group organizations, modeled on those of the whites. Having no other pattern but the whites of America, we adopted their ways. We did carry with us, and many of us yet have, certain valuable instincts derived from our native Africa. These gifts of nature must continue to serve us as we travel toward the great goal.

We are spiritual, sentimental and emotional, in qualities that command both praise and blame. We must continue to use these gifts to our general advantage.

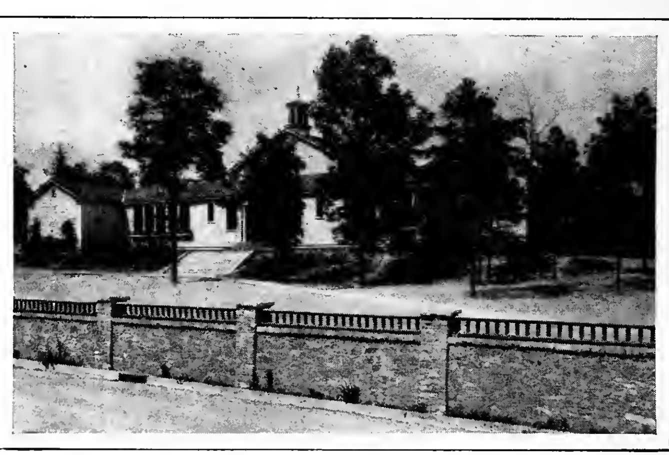
The patriotic record of the negro is testimony to the value of the qualities named. We have used them for the independence, preservation and glory of America. We have done this with a will that has given heart to others.

'That stuff in our make-up has been our sorry curse,' I have heard some of my people say. I can see their point of view, but do not accept it.

The World War marked the beginning of a new epoch in negro adjustment, and the American complex of negro life. Up to 1914, from a period dating back almost fifty years, on matters black there was sentimental toleration or cordial indifference, North; and there was studied calculation, and nursed animosity, South.

Where there were few negroes, there was little or no trouble. Trouble began and parked where numbers dwelt. Hence, with the numbers, the beautiful South developed its own notions, and by superior numbers and main force put them to work and kept them going.

'The white man of the North is no different from the white man of the South, when he has the same problems to deal



*One of the schools in the South for colored children.*

with,' contends the white man from the South. But he is wrong. The white man of the North plys most of his problems of hate under cover; while the white man of the South goes straight to bat, and boasts about it with the grandstands full of people. He advertises it openly.

A study is afforded in the migration in ten years of more than 500,000 negroes from the South to the North. Industrial needs were pressing. Some bright mind jumped at the idea of going South and 'bringing negroes North.' 'We will give you better wages, you will have freedom, you can go where you please, educate your children, live where you please, and vote—be real citizens,' they were told.

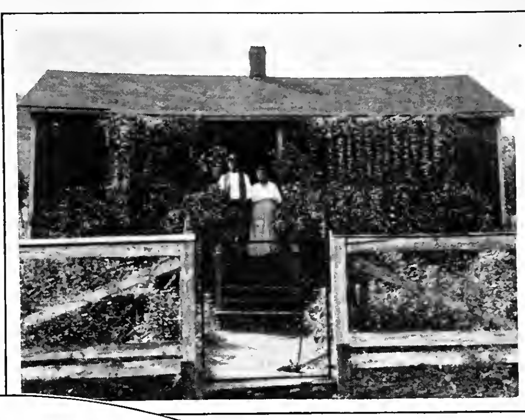
They came, they saw, but did not quite conquer either the white field or themselves. They have proved to be useful but have likewise caused some sorry messes, here and there.

One big employer said to me, when he was changing his workers from white to black: 'We have studied this question carefully. We have tried many nationalities. We are now going to try the negro. It is an economic, not a sentimental matter. The negro has the advantage of speaking our language, and he is a congenial spirit.'

The same man reported a short time later: 'We have several hundred here. The majority of them are giving good service. Some of them will work a few days and quit. Some shirk. But those who work, my, how they can work, and sing with it! Say, that's new to me. Negroes are the only workers I know who take their songs along with their tasks. We are going to keep them permanently, and help them to grow. We intend to give them jobs in the skilled trades, as fast as they measure up. I tell you, I'm really glad of the opportunity.'

Herein entered the labor unions. The majority of them, North, had designed to keep out the negro worker. In the South, they made little headway getting the negro lined up, because a suggestion from the 'big boss,' or the fear of a trick, were deterring influences. Labor unions today, in the North, here and there, are letting down the bars, but industrially the millions of negro workers cannot be regarded as organized.

The attitude of an American President on dealing with the negroes is especially interesting, not only to the negroes themselves but to the whites. I begin with President Cleveland, because he was the first President I remember. President Cleveland exhibited a minimum of racial prejudice in his dealings with the negroes, and had the courage to name a negro as minister to Bolivia,



*Oval—Part of a Southern village with a colored population. Upper—Winners of the first prize in a contest for the beautification of the homes of colored employes of a Tennessee concern.*

although the nomination was not confirmed. He made several negro appointments, however, that were confirmed by the Senate. During the administration of President Cleveland, in the larger cities of the North, discrimination against negroes, as a class, was at a minimum.

President Harrison was from my native Indiana. Nothing in his administration marked him for or against the negro. He was quietly tolerant, and racial problems were not acute in the sense that they are today.

President McKinley had as his sponsor Marcus A. Hanna, a business man of Cleveland. As governor of Ohio, Mr. McKinley had direct dealing with negroes, and as a big business man, Mr. Hanna had several personal acquaintances. Mr. Hanna 'played' the negro in politics, and Mr. McKinley, when elected, made several interesting appointments.

Along about this time, the 'New South' was getting in its heavy work. By grandfather clauses in its laws it was successful in practically eliminating the negro as a factor in Southern politics. There had been up to this time always one or more members of Congress, and two United States Senators. The negro lost prestige and power.

It was during this period that there was a big change going on in the national mind about negroes. President McKinley did not attempt to stem the tide of changing opinion. Personally he was tolerant, but publicly he was discreet, as he imagined it.

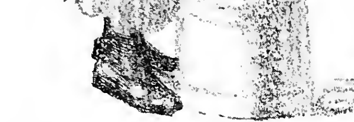
Theodore Roosevelt gave public utterance to opinions concerning the negro, and, though he made some in the South very angry, he stiffened the opinion of thousands of whites, in their favorable attitude toward negroes. Roosevelt insisted upon a 'square deal' for the negro, and while he was President there were many things accomplished for negro America.

President Taft was from Ohio. The attitude of the average Ohioan toward negroes is one of toleration with limitations. These limitations are often determined by segregation measures. This, as might be expected, could easily have been the thought of President Taft, from Cincinnati, hard by Mason and Dixon's line, which, like Banquo's ghost, will not down. Therefore, in President Taft's administration, the color line became (*Concluded on page 18*)

# IN THE OZARKS
## A FREE FANTASIA

BY
CHARLES J. FINGER

DRAWINGS BY
PAUL HONORÉ



*He would, I told him, see things in common use which, in some parts of the world, were in museums.*

GENTLEMEN, hear something of the Ozark country, more especially that part of it in northwest Arkansas, where Paul Honoré and I have been tramping. But that which you are to hear is not of its commercial side.

I say that, because there are people given to fall into a kind of mystical rapture of what is really self-exaltation about places, a reflex egoism, measuring all things by dimes and dollars to the exclusion of everything else. And, as you may have noticed, if you look too closely at a dime, you will blot out the whole horizon; earth, sky, all mankind. Now my contention is that no census ever yet taken served to show the number of men and women who care nothing at all about how many factories or mines or skyscrapers a place has, just as on being introduced to a man they care nothing at all about his bank account, or the size of his hat, or the price he paid for his shoes. But they do care a great deal about his character and the manner of man he is; whether he is a buoyant gentleman or a burglar, a friendly companion or a pirate, a man with an eye to your pleasure or an eye to your pocketbook. In the same way, many men and more women are more interested in the character than the commerce of places.

Indeed, it was because of something said about the character of Arkansas that we took our trip. For in St. Louis we met Opie Read, who is a novelist, somewhat pooh-poohed, it is true, by supercilious young gentlemen who stand in ecstatic admiration of themselves as the illuminati. Yet many may recall a time when *Old Lim Jucklins* and other books by the same hand were as popular as old ballads, or Mother Goose stories. And they were novels which a man could understand and enjoy; not full of sex and sentimentality, not wandering and incoherent and of a sort to leave you miserable and wondering whether you or the writer were weak-minded; but rattling good stories with the subtle qualities of unity and vigor of narration, the characters in them full of naturalness. Reading them, you had the feeling that you had lived among the characters described, and, indeed, some of them were very much like the folk in this same Ozark country.

Naturally, as we talked, something of that was said, at which Opie Read's eyes brightened, and he said: 'Now somehow the people in those parts of the land had a notion that I wrote *A Slow Train Through Arkansas*, poking fun at them, so grew touchily sensitive to the point of having the book taken from the bookstands in the train. But I didn't write it. And of all spots in the land, I like the countryside in Newton County. The people are God's own . . . By the way, is Uncle John still in the land of the living?'

So we talked on and on, Honoré listening, until, because of what he heard, the artist in him began to burn to see a life he had thought no longer existed. He wanted to see the place, he declared. Whereupon I took him by the hand, poetically speaking, and told him that he should indeed see the Boston mountains, leaving his paints and easels, to embark upon a crusade of joy. I promised to show him people of simple and healthy natures leading a life of their own, and not immured among conventions and received opinions. He would, I assured him, learn something of the temper and texture of a world untouched by modern methods. He would be among people who knew how to spin, how to make bread, and how to manufacture their own candles; folk who spent winter evenings, not in sitting each one with nose buried in book, but talking and singing ballads as they made quilts, or burred wool, or sewed harness, or churned. He would, I told him, see things in common use which, in some parts of the world, were in museums. That quite early in his pilgrimage, he found to be true, for he saw and traded for these, which he carried with him, not without pain: a very heavy iron kettle, an earthenware pot, a bow and arrow, some flints, a large stalactite from a cave, and an old book of Holy Roller songs. He contemplated a spinningwheel. But that is getting a little ahead of the tale.

For as Opie Read and I told things to Honoré, we saw in him a growing and wrong impression; and that was a supposition that we described the state of Arkansas, instead of only a picturesque part of it. So we set him right

*He had a memory stretching far back, and as he talked, he sat with chin thrust out, his wrists and knees crossed and foot a little inturned.*

by telling that Arkansas followed state fashions and possessed cities, and policemen, and chair factories, and Rotary and Lions clubs, and banks with surpluses, and hot springs, and national cemeteries, and diamond mines, and stone quarries, and literary societies, and churches, and Mrs. Bernie Babcock, who wrote novels about Lincoln, and filling stations, and mortgages, and a university, and newspapers, and a poet who lived in London whose name was John Gould Fletcher, besides many other things going to make up the tapestry of civilization. But the unique part, we told him, was this interesting thing of which we had been talking, as interesting as the pyramids in Egypt, or the Kalahari Desert in Central Africa. For in that corner of the land the wilderness was not yet tamed, though the tamers were there and at work, and for them I had most hearty respect. Then when Honoré spoke of an automobile, he was greatly moved at hearing me say that our itinerary was one permitting no such vehicle by reason of the wilderness, and that he must either walk, or ride on horse or mule back.

*At the first sun ray the whole world changed. From secret places came the noises of birds in sudden chorus.*

He tried both methods, but what might be called Sorrow Endured made him choose walking for the long trip. For, on the first day, he mounted Prince, an animal large and bony and heavy of foot, whose trotting has a sort of pile-driving decision about it. The ride he took was to the Labyrinth, where are mighty rocks large as two-storied houses, which once were mountain tops, but are now tumbled to the plain as though cast there by warring Titans. So that evening the artist was somewhat abstracted, almost in the manner of one with unrevealed things on his mind. I imagined that the memory of the rifted crags thrilled and haunted him, until he spoke, with pathos in his voice, of the hardness of saddle leather to one accustomed to an automobile cushion. Yet, in the morning, when he awoke he sang, and his was again the old mood of delight.

And we traveled far that second day. We climbed sun-flooded hills to see haze-hung mountains. We went through gorges between dark slopes, where, on the one hand were high hills bare and craggy; on the other, steeps clad with tall pines which bent their heads to whisper about us. We stood on precipitous places from which we looked down into valleys all brilliant green, to see silvery winding streams embroidered with willows. And everywhere there were wild grapevines, some grown to the thickness of a man's thigh and wild roses in great abundance, and tall thistles, and barred and striped grasses of striking beauty, and ferns and fungi of many hues, and lichen-covered rocks, and wild convolvulus, and sensitive plants. Flowers too there were, a vast abundance of them, whole acres of upland turned to gold; velvet-green carpets sprinkled blue and crimson and lemon yellow and lilac, copper-colored tiger lilies, other things flaming and glowing.

Then at evening we found Uncle John. We were resting after a hard climb, and from sheer habit looked through a newspaper we chanced to have, not, be it said, for interest's sake, but because of an idle trick of reading about things which it is worth no human being's while to know. We heard a voice calling cattle, not so far away, so went a few yards to a turn of the road, and there saw a log-built house, with rough stone chimney and light-blue smoke plume slowly drifting in still air. For though the place is far south, it is high above sea level, so nights are chill.

A paling fence, whitewashed, was around the house yard, and an old man stood at the gate, with guardian hollyhocks on both sides of him. His face, lined and wrinkled and the color of ocher, was full of character. There was that matchless dignity about him so often seen in those of sunset years. But he drew himself up in greeting and made a welcoming gesture, at which, suddenly, we seemed to see not an old man, but rather one in his prime, strong and more than six feet high; an Anak of a man. And he was pleased to see visitors—there was no doubting that. For when we spoke of a night's lodging, he said: 'Why, a man's house is made for a resting place,' and led the way in.

Now of that evening's talk very little can be set down. Such things are to be experienced, not to be imagined. There, in the room, were children and grandchildren, a neighbor or two as well. They had sat together thus a hundred times and more. But there was no sign of boredom. Rather was the atmosphere one of lively interest and eager sympathy. And while each had his or her say, the old man was the center of things. He had a memory stretching far back, and, as he talked, he sat half leaning forward, his chin thrust out, his wrists crossed and his feet a little inturned. He told us of a Civil War battle which he remembered, with people hurrying along a narrow road, and darting into the 'sticks' at the sound of guns; of soldiers presently flying in retreat, their horses slipping and sliding on the clay road; of his own boyish wonder at all the stir, not knowing the why nor the wherefore nor the result. 'They could have cut all our throats, had they been minded to. But they were not bad men,' he said.

One of the children said something and the conversation became more general, about how the world advances, about the wonder of the radio, of water witching by means of a willow twig, of man's duty to man, of experience and the everyday stuff of life. And the talk was double-shotted with queer sayings, as: 'You've got to keep your character sound, 'tis like the kettle this stranger carries; once mended always to be patched.' Again, when we spoke of a nation buying things on credit, there was this: 'A pig bought to pay for

later makes a good winter but a sad spring.' And after we had talked about taxes and people without money, with more taxes in the offing: ''Tis hard to shave an egg, and no man limps when another is hurt,' for someone had spoken about the possibility of the Government looking into farm matters. The old man seemed to struggle with good-humored laughter at the thought of 'Washington men' understanding the affairs of men in the mountains.

We were on our way in the early morning in a chill mist, with dew dropping from leaves, and spider webs wonderful with fairy pearls, and white ghost mists in hillside hollows. But, at the first sun ray, the whole world changed with the vanishing mists. Fairyland fled and nature struck a bolder note. Golden light pierced leafy roofs to make strange arabesques on the grass. From secret places came the noises of birds in sudden chorus. Far foliaged mountains were painted purple and rose. All the tall thistles had gone white in the night. And there were laughing streams, and miniature rapids and waterfalls, and metallic-hued lizards that ran out and back in a state of mystery. Once, a lad, tall and sunburned, looked after us gravely. We had not gone far when he took a mouth organ from his pocket and played it, still watching us thoughtfully.

The place we were in was between the town of Jasper, a county seat without a railroad, or electric lights, or telegraph; and the town of Pettigrew. A country, this, in which automobiles have never been, nor can go because of the roughness of the way. Indeed, in places the road is a mere footpath, twisting and turning on the mountain side, running zigzag along steep hills, bending upon itself in most astonishing manner. Sometimes the silence there is so all-possessing that when one stands still there comes a consciousness of the sound of heart beats. Or the quiet is pierced by the musical sound of some distant cock, trumpeting his warrior challenge. Or you sit to rest, to find yourself dropping to sleep, soothed by the murmur of the water-splash.

*A country, this, in which automobiles have never been, nor can go because of the roughness of the way.*

And the people? Well, for one thing they behave gently to their beasts. For another, they are given to hospitality. For another, there is a careful civility to the stranger. I had been reading David Livingstone's *Journals* just before starting, and as I remembered his affectionate testimonials to the natives, their wholesome and invigorating life, their freedom from silly vanity, their toughness and fine working qualities, their naturalness of intercourse—as I remembered what I had read, and how he deplored the change wrought by civilization and the contact with those who were all ulterior motives, I wondered and my companion wondered whether, after all, man gains much with all the intricacies and complications of the busier life.

Suppose you say that the statistics are such and so; that in the backwoods there are illiterates. The truth of that must be admitted, but not with any feeling of scorn for those talked about. For why set mere book-learning on any impossible plane? Why hold the mere reading of a book in the light of a virtue? Why be proud of a mere acquisition of dull facts? For what counts, after all, is not knowledge but character. And a man may have swallowed all of that which school and university offer, yet still be a sorry fellow and poor citizen.

These people, these mountaineers and tamers of the wilderness, these frontiersmen are simple. And kindly. And hospitable. You will not find them indulging in commonplaces, nor in catchwords about flags and frontiers, nor in worn phrases. But know them and you will find them entirely and clearly capable of independence of thought. A lifetime of patient work, of observation, of facing nature in her many moods, of contact with things at first hand, of strict and methodical action—and the result is a sturdy independence and a soundness. Their determination is as was the determination of a Boone, or a Robertson, or a Sevier, or a Bowie. Their unflinching integrity lifts them to zenith high places. Envy they do not know; neither selfishness nor malice.

They are the salt of the earth.

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# Negro America

(*Concluded from page 15*)

emphasized in government departments at Washington, and official segregation of the negro has grown, until today segregation is practised in one form or another in almost every city of America.

It was easy for President Woodrow Wilson to follow in the footsteps of President Taft. He did so most successfully, so that when President Harding took office, racial prejudice and segregation in Government departments was at its peak. Except for the influence of World War conditions, there would doubtless have beeu some bitter clashes.

President Harding was known to many of us. He knew us by our first names, and knew of our work. He was more or less a student of negro life in America. He had the Ohio idea of negro opportunity, and lived up to it.

President Coolidge has a different slant on negro America from that of any other President. President Coolidge has a strong belief in common sense and patience, and it is by these methods that he is dealing with adjustments today. He has always been vigorous, but never threatening. He looks at the viewpoint of the white man of the South, and asks us in groups and individually not to expect too much in a short length of time. He regards it all as a process of evolution.

There are four types of effective negro leadership at this time, outside of the schools and churches. They are the educator, the intelligentsia, the business group and the fraternal group.

Negro America Fifty Years Hence! In that day, counting the future by the past, we will be at least 25,000,000 in number.

A negro farmer or mechanic or laborer is better anywhere if he has education. The same is true of whites.

Fifty years hence, the negro may be more segregated in some locations, even North, but he will have a larger voice in things, and will be in a position to plead his own cause in places that will get a hearing. I do not look for the elimination of prejudice. I do look for an increase of the ideal understanding of American citizenship.

Within the next fifty years, negroes of America will have contributed to art, literature and music to such an extent that there will be a softening of the tone on the inferiority complex. We of the Negro race are working to that end.

# Think what rubber means in a tire chain

This is the new Goodyear Rubber Tire Chain. It will cause you to revise all your ideas about tire chains.

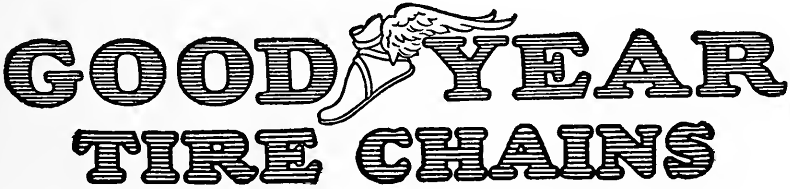
Because the cross links are of *rubber*, Goodyear Tire Chains are noiseless and, instead of damaging the tread, actually conserve the life of the tire.

Because this specially compounded tread rubber resists the grinding action of road wear better than steel, one set of Goodyear chains, under average conditions, will outlast several sets of ordinary chains.

Because the silent rubber cross links naturally lie flat, Goodyear Rubber Chains are much easier to put on. They are also more agreeable to use. Wet street, dry street, snow, mud or slush—all in a day's drive—just leave 'em on.

Because of the unique design of the rubber cross links, an adaptation of the Goodyear All-Weather Tread, Goodyear Rubber Chains provide resistance to skidding in any direction.

Especially suited to balloons. Made by the makers of Goodyear Tires.



# *Where* Eliza *Crossed the* Icy River

## What Ripley, Ohio, Knows About Heroine of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*

By CHESLA C. SHERLOCK

*Oval—Window where signal lights were displayed. Left—Eliza House, Ripley, Ohio.*

'THAT'S the old house up there,' said the conductor of the Chesapeake and Ohio local, pointing in the general direction of a high bluff across the Ohio River. There could be no mistaking his intention, for the stark, bald bluff was topped by only one house. It loomed somber and forbidding, that early spring morning when I first saw it, just as it had for more than one hundred years.

I took a wheezy old ferry over to Ripley, for the railroad runs down the Kentucky side of the river. I think the boat must have been one hundred years old, too. It wheezed and churned and tugged at the light chocolate brown of the storied Ohio, making a mighty business of its humdrum task.

As we wavered across the current, I stood and took in the scene before me. The village of Ripley nestles under this tall and abrupt bluff, almost at the water's edge. I thought of all that it had witnessed in its life of one hundred twenty-five years.

I saw it in those feverish days just after the menace of the British and Indians had been removed—when this muddy stream was the teeming gateway to the promised land for thousands of settlers. I saw the planters of Old Virginia pouring down this highway, many of them settling here on these hills with their possessions.

Then the long lull of comparative quiet until that day in 1821, when a thin and sinewy circuit-rider preacher from Tennessee came across the same river and took up his station on the hilltop and lifted his voice against the human traffic that was still countenanced on the other side.

He was the Reverend Mr. John T. Rankin and he had made his way slowly across his native Tennessee and Kentucky, preaching anti-slavery doctrines as he journeyed and sowing the seed, even in hostile territory. In Ripley he found a more sympathetic ear. It was here that he decided to spend his days, and there, on the hilltop, he built the small, severe brick house which endures even to this strange time as a monument to his work.

Ripley has had its day. It gives one the uncomfortable feeling that it is settling down to the long sleep, alone with its memories and its past. One feels, consciously, the intrusion that a stranger must be. I did not see evidences of recent progress; the houses are all of another day, and the carpenter's hammer has long been silent.

But the houses, ancient and odd as they are, are all inhabited. It just seems to be a village that got caught on the edge of the stream, and there it has hung all these years, as the rest of the world flowed swiftly by on the quick current of progress.

And the people in Ripley are proud of their past, and they will talk to you about it, eagerly and generously. That is, most of them will. One man I met soon after my arrival, a long, thin man with an enormous mouth and a terrible capacity for 'long green' which he 'chawed' in every shade of meaning of that term, denied vigorously, and rather bombastically, that Ripley had any claim at all to fame.

*'Giant's Stairway,' leading up face of bluff to Eliza House.*

'Yeh,' he mumbled, working his jaws to double purpose, 'they calls that the Eliza House all right, but 'taint so, 'taint so! There's no truth to that yarn any more'n I can fly!'

When I asked to know his reasons for such a bald statement, he answered: ''Cause my father lived here all the time, and he never heard a word 'bout it!'

But others in Ripley, among them a banker, assured me that the Eliza legend is not without its foundation in fact. Yes, he thought it was true, and he quoted names, dates and threw in a few anecdotes to prove his point.

Another man, whose family has always lived in Ripley, so he assured me, was positive on the point. 'That is the Eliza House, all right,' he said, and he took me across the street and pointed it out for fear I would miss it. 'That's it, all right. Eliza crossed on the ice right down there in front of the old Collins house, and climbed that bluff to the house where the Reverend John hid her for several days. Then he smuggled her north to a Quaker settlement about nineteen miles away.' There was more to his story, as I later discovered.

So I set out for the house determined to look for myself. On the way, I chanced to pass the school yard where my attention was attracted to a concrete block in which was inserted a bronze tablet. I read:

This Tablet Is Erected to
REV. JOHN T. RANKIN

A Tennesseean by birth who preached anti-slavery doctrines across the State of Kentucky, finally locating in Ripley in 1821. The Rankin house on the hill became a fortress by day and a beacon light by night to the fleeing fugitive.

Many western men call him the 'Father of Abolitionism.' This title is verified by William Lloyd Garrison who, in a presentation copy of his works to Reverend Rankin, inscribed: 'With profound regards and loving veneration of his anti-slavery disciple and humble co-worker in the cause of emancipation.'

There is just one way to get a proper perspective of a hill and that is to climb it!

One-third of the way up this Ripley bluff I was out of breath and perspiring, in spite of the sting and bite of the March gale that all but swept me off my feet. I was then three hundred feet above the town.

I had been informed, when I reached this point, that I would find a stone stairway composed of just one hundred steps, which would take me right to the front door of the Rankin house. But those steps! Surely only a giant might have climbed them a single step at a time; they were in reality a series of ledges made by dragging heavy field stones and placing them one above the other. Some were four or five feet wide and must have weighed a ton or more. This giant's stairway meandered over the face of the bluff, much as the Ohio below me meandered in and around the bluffs. It was fairly easy going until I reached the last two hundred feet, and then it seemed that the stiff upper lip of this hill was going to push me back into the village. I hung like a fly on a wall, the wind snapping my coat tails! I grasped a wire fence by the side of the steps and pulled myself hand over hand, panting and exhausted, to the summit. A broad, flat plain stretched off to the north, and I saw that this old dilapidated house was the remains of a farmstead.

A TREE or two straggled near it, and a clump of tiger lilies were beginning to awake from their long sleep, but for the most part, the plain was swept clean by the wind which moaned and groaned, with all the heaviness of the past, around the old and broken house.

A young wife—very young, and grasping at the tow head of a curious youngster—stared at me with vacant eyes as I asked about the romance of the old house. She did not seem to understand, and she looked helplessly at the heaving floors.

Her husband was away; perhaps, he knew. Perhaps, when he returned he could tell me. Did I used to live here? What was it? Eliza? Eliza? She did not remember anybody by that name ever living here. Besides, I must understand, she had only lived there a short time herself.

But I saw it all. I saw the room up under the roof where the frightened Eliza was hidden for a week or more—the same room in which the lights were placed to signal to the waiting slaves lurking in the Kentucky hills under cover of darkness for the chance to scurry to freedom.

The story goes that Eliza, after she departed from the Rankin house, left her baby in safe hands and made her way to Canada. Then she came back once more to danger. She appeared at the Rankin house one evening and asked the Reverend John to put her across the river. It seems that her mother heart would not be denied, and she would rather risk her own freedom once more, in an effort to recover a child left behind, than rest content in liberty.

It is said that the fighting parson rowed her across the river and that in due time she reappeared with a negro boy, whom she guided to Canada, through the various stations of the 'Underground Railroad.' There she was subsequently joined by her husband, who had also successfully eluded the bloodhounds and the law.

It is not definitely known just how Harriet Beecher Stowe met Eliza, but the popular legend is that Mrs. Stowe came to Ripley and saw the slave girl and heard her story from her own lips.

It is certain that Mrs. Stowe, then Harriet Beecher, was living and teaching in Cincinnati at the time, and that practically all of her novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* was based on authentic records—stories and facts that she gathered during that period. Uncle Tom, himself, was an actual character that Miss Beecher met at this time—a slave living in Kentucky south of Cincinnati. Before Mrs. Stowe died, she wrote a book in which she produced the data upon which her great novel was based.

It does not seem unreasonable that she should have met Eliza and heard her story. Miss Beecher had been scribbling for a few years and had made some headway as a contributor of stories to the magazines. She was busy gathering data for a novel on slavery. The remarkable romantic lure of a young slave girl daring to brave the treacherous ice in a swift current like the Ohio, in an effort for freedom, would draw any writer many miles. And we do not doubt that the story was whispered all over Southern Ohio soon after it occurred.

We do know that the incident became the thrilling climax of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and that it did more than anything else in that great novel to arouse the North to the inhumanity of slavery.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# Lincoln and the Sleeping Sentinel

(*Concluded from page 5*)

The Captain answered, 'When I found them all asleep, I tried to find out whose duty it was to have been awake at the time. They all said it was Scott's, and Scott also admitted it was his duty.'

A member of the court then asked, 'Did you positively wake him, and know that it was his guard?'

An affirmative answer was given, and the prosecution closed.

Scott was asked if he had any witnesses or wished to testify, and replied in the negative.

After mature deliberation on the evidence the court found the accused as follows—

> 'On the Specification, Guilty; on the charge, Guilty.
> 'And the court does sentence him, pvt. William Scott, Co. K., 3rd Regiment Vermont Volunteers, *To Be Shot to Death.*'

Major General McClellan approved the finding and sentence and set the date of execution at Monday, September 9, 'at such hour and place as the Brigade Commander may determine.'

As the date approached for the execution of William Scott, his regiment grew more and more excited. A petition was passed around and freely signed not only by privates but by most of the officers of Scott's regiment. This petition was addressed to Brigadier General William Farrar Smith.

On Sunday, September 8, Major Ridenour from Smith's headquarters went to Washington to McClellan's headquarters and also to the White House. When he left Washington that evening he told the newspapers that Scott was not to be shot.

Next morning Scott's regiment was drawn up, and a pardon was read, issued by order of Major General McClellan, in which it was stated that the President had asked for the reprieve of this young man, since this was the first time the death sentence had been imposed in the Army of the Potomac for this offense, but that it was not expected that the President would intervene in a like case again.

BEFORE long the President's relation to this case assumed a more important aspect. It was freely stated that he issued the pardon, and that not content with issuing it, rode out to the Chain Bridge, and arrived in a cloud of dust as the firing squad was standing ready to fire, and stopped the deadly work just in time.

Now the President was not followed then as now by camera men and reporters noting down every word and act, but certainly the President could not have left Washington on such an errand and the papers not have been full of it. For instance, on the very next day, the President did ride out from Washington to Tennallytown, D. C., and was present when a stand of colors was presented to the Pennsylvania regiments stationed there. Did he get out of Washington and back on that formal and inconspicuous errand in which he was merely an observer and escape the notice of the reporters? He certainly did not. Could he have driven at breakneck speed to the Chain Bridge on the preceding day, and halted an execution, and not have had it mentioned in every Washington paper, and also in the New York *Times*, the New York *Tribune*, the Boston *Advertiser*, the Boston *Journal*, the Boston *Transcript* and other papers in other cities? All these newspapers had special Washington correspondents. The Boston *Journal* had Charles Carleton Coffin, then with the Army of the Potomac. Could it have escaped him?

AS A matter of fact, the newspapers of Washington, on file in the Library of Congress, contain no item concerning the movements of President Lincoln on Sunday or Monday, except as to his receiving the call from Major Ridenour and permitting it to be said that he requested that Scott should not be shot.

The newspapers tell what McClellan did on the day Scott was to be shot. He rode across Long Bridge to Forts Jackson, Runyan and Albany toward Bailey's Cross Roads, and rode back to Washington that night. The Records of the Rebellion tell in detail of the advance of Brigadier William F. Smith with two thousand men from the Chain Bridge toward Lewinsville on the eleventh, with the Third Vermont on the march. We know pretty well what was happening that people were interested in; did so interesting a thing occur as the ride of the President from Washington to the Chain Bridge to pardon William Scott?

That did not happen, we may be sure. The petition was not addressed to President Lincoln; the pardon was not issued by him; he was worrying about his break with General Fremont, and was in no necessity of hunting up any trouble. He knew that the pardon of Scott was attended to, and he let the matter alone. It had not come before him in official form; there was no occasion for him to do any of the spectacular things which are credited to him.

When we consider the whole situation we see how discourteous, foolish and perilous it would have been on President Lincoln's part to have ridden to the Chain Bridge to stop this shooting. The case had never come officially before the President. It was handled by humane and competent officers whose very desire to save Scott had caused them to ask the President's informal assistance. It was settled, as it ought to have been, by General Smith of the brigade and General McClellan commanding the army, and McClellan went off about his other business knowing that the matter was properly settled. Now, suppose that President Lincoln, knowing all this, and knowing that the army officers had already told the Washington papers that Scott was not to die, had put on a movie-stunt on Monday, riding to the camp when he knew or could have learned McClellan was not there, and advertising that he, and not Brigadier Smith or General McClellan, was the friend of soldiers. When McClellan got back to Washington that night he would have been furious, and with good reason.

Lincoln had frequent occasion to overrule military authorities when they refused mercy. He certainly did not insult them when they had shown mercy.

*Peruvian jar representing human figure.*

# Museum of the American Indian

THE Museum of the American Indian, in New York, had its inception more than twenty-two years ago, when its present director, George G. Heye, began the systematic accumulation of objects pertaining to the American Indian. A representative gathering of earthenware vessels from prehistoric Pueblo ruins in New Mexico was the first important collection. From this the collections have so greatly and so rapidly increased that they have already outgrown the new building. Owing to the limitations of space it has been necessary to present to the public view only small synoptic series of objects illustrating in an admittedly meager way the culture of the Indians they represent.

The director and founder of the museum, George G. Heye, is not the type of man one usually associates with the painstaking collection of Indian relics. He does not wear thick, horn-rimmed spectacles. He is neither hollow-chested nor stoop-shouldered. He is over six feet tall and weighs more than two hundred pounds. Round-faced, and smooth shaven, he resembles rather the successful go-getter type of business executive portrayed in advertisements, than a collector of antiquities.

Mr. Heye is a native of New York City. Upon graduation from the School of Mines at Columbia University in 1896, young Heye went West. While engaged in an engineering project in Arizona, he became interested in Indian relics. His interest soon developed beyond the craze for collecting things common among most visitors to that section of the country. From the first, he was fortunate in having the active interest and aid of his mother, the late Marie Antoinette Heye, who subsequently financed some very valuable expeditions in South America. The profitable researches of Dr. Marshall H. Saville, of Columbia University, in the archeology of the Andean and coast regions of South America, from Southern Ecuador northward to Darien, were made possible by her coöperation.

As the years passed, Mr. Heye's inter-

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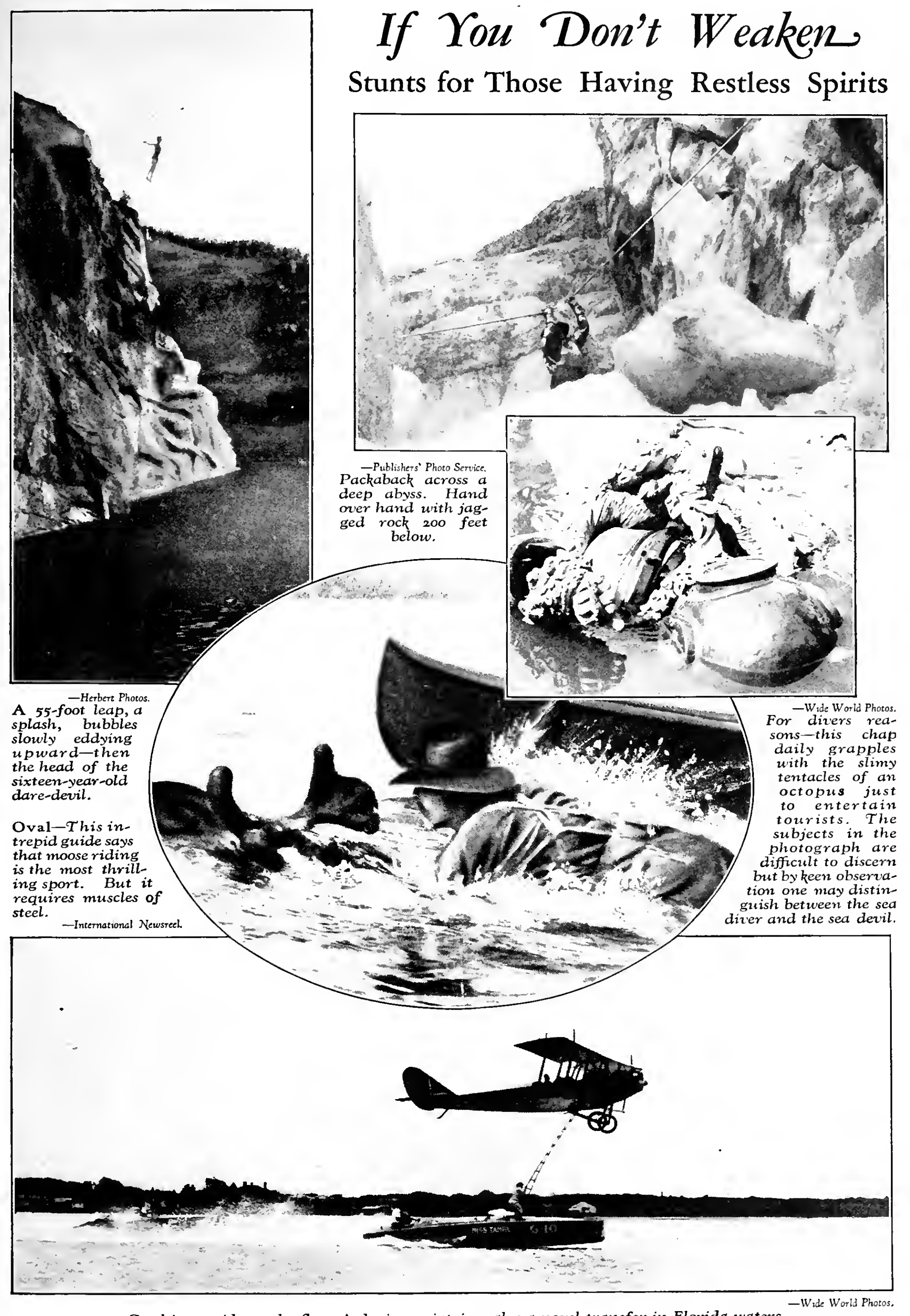


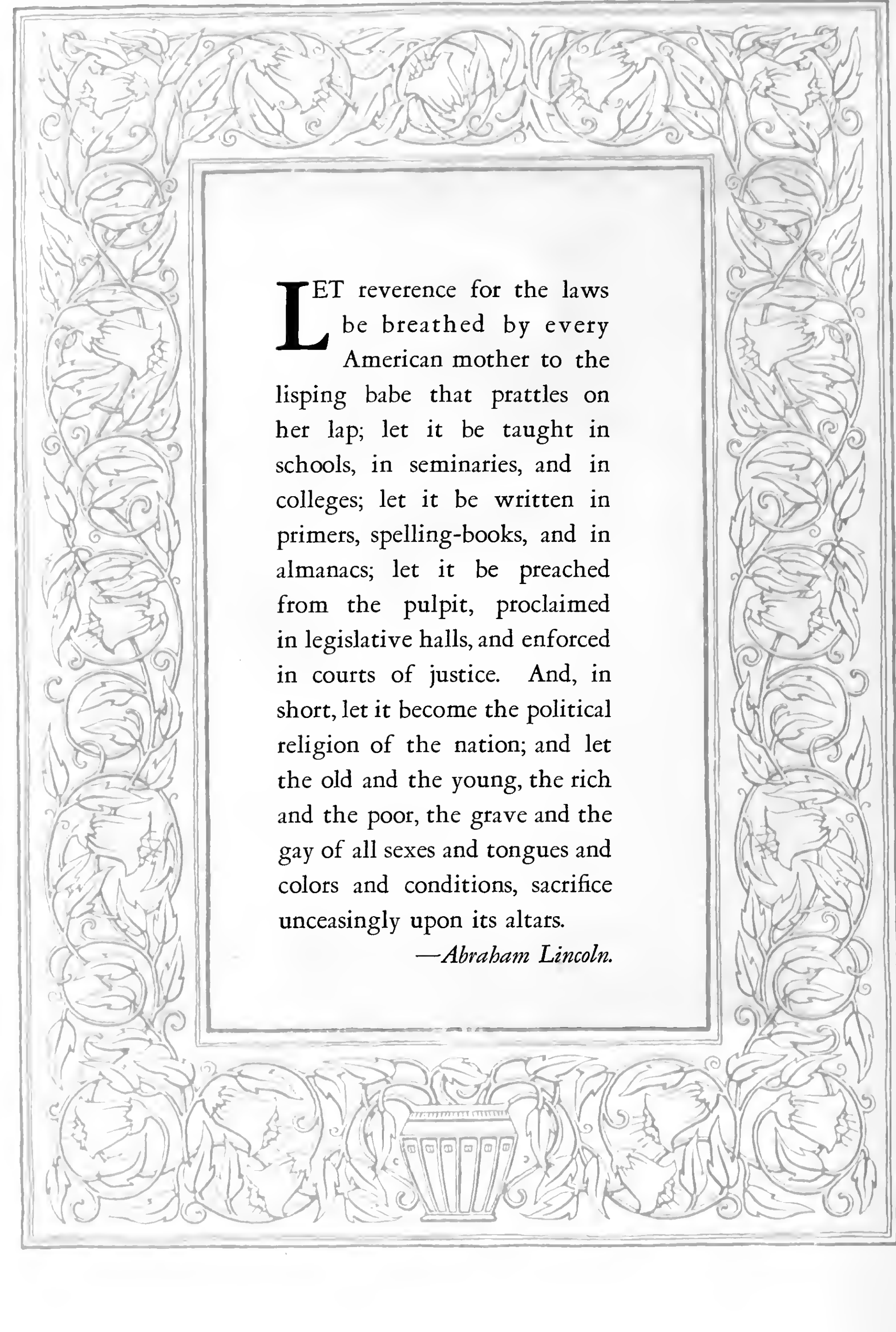
—Publishers' Photo Service.
*Packaback across a deep abyss. Hand over hand with jagged rock 200 feet below.*

—Herbert Photos.
*A 55-foot leap, a splash, bubbles slowly eddying upward—then the head of the sixteen-year-old dare-devil.*

*Oval—This intrepid guide says that moose riding is the most thrilling sport. But it requires muscles of steel.*
—International Newsreel.

—Wide World Photos.
*For divers reasons—this chap daily grapples with the slimy tentacles of an octopus just to entertain tourists. The subjects in the photograph are difficult to discern but by keen observation one may distinguish between the sea diver and the sea devil.*

—Wide World Photos.
*Catching a ride on the fly. A daring aviatrix makes a novel transfer in Florida waters.*



LET reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling-books, and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation; and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions, sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

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The *Nation* is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Hammond Lamont, Editor; Paul Elmer More, Associate Editor.

*Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.*

*Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York. Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.*

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No.6 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., February 18.

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LINCOLN AND THE NEGRO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following quotation from your editorial article of February 18, "The Negro Problem in Foreign Eyes," in the opinion of some of your readers does injustice to Lincoln, whose views on most subjects were much more sane than those of his followers:

> For Lincoln to see those same poor black creatures who swarmed about him when he reached Richmond after its fall, whose pathetic, hysterical joy over their savior from slavery he curbed with such wise and kindly advice—to see these fellow-citizens now set apart in trains, street cars, and all public places, by an iron caste, would appall the greatest apostle of democracy.

In his opening speech at the fourth joint debate, Charleston, Ill., in 1858, Lincoln says:

> I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of bringing about in any way the social and political equality of the white and black races—that I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of making voters or jurors of negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor to intermarry with white people; and I will say in addition to this that there is a physical difference between the white and black races which I believe will forever forbid the two races living together on terms of social and political equality. And inasmuch as they cannot so live, while they do remain together there must be the position of superior and inferior, and I as much as any other man am in favor of having the superior position assigned to the white race.

After reading this clearly expressed opinion—which one feels sure is shared by the great majority of us in all parts of the country—one doubts greatly if Lincoln would be "appalled" by the sights so feelingly described in your editorial.

The extreme ante-bellum views of a few Southerners, and the negro worship which has attached to the *Nation* the nickname of the "color blind" journal, are equally obnoxious to the settlement of the momentous race problem which faces this country.

L. M. PASSANO.

Boston, February 23.

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# Notes.

Lawrence Lewis has made a study of the advertising announcements in the original *Spectator*, which was one of the earliest magazines to carry them, and has written a book on the subject, which will be published this spring by Houghton Mifflin Co., under the title of "The Advertisements of the Spectator; being a study of the Literature, History, and Manners of Queen Anne's England as they are reflected therein, as well as an Illustration of the Origins of the Art of Advertising, with an Appendix of representative Advertisements now for the first time reprinted." Prof. George L. Kittredge furnishes an introduction.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce a volume of essays by Prof. Guglielmo Ferrero, under the title of "Characters and Events of Roman History." They are the lectures recently given by Professor Ferrero at the Lowell Institute and elsewhere. From the same publishers are to come at an early date "The Negro Problem—Abraham Lincoln's Solution," by W. P. Pickett; "What Have the Greeks Done for Civilization," by Prof. J. P. Mahaffy, and the "Memoirs of Baron Frénilly.

Kipling's new book, "With the Night Mail," to be published soon by Doubleday, Page & Co., has for sub-title, "A story of 2000 A. D., together with extracts from the contemporary magazine in which it appeared." The main story tells of the aerial trip in postal packet, "162" from London to Quebec in one night. The accessories are advertisements of airships, rules of the air, and other such matter from a contemporary magazine.

Two interesting volumes of memoirs are promised by John Lane Co.: "The Last Journals of Horace Walpole," edited by A. F. Steuart, and "Maria Edgeworth and Her Circle in the Days of Bonaparte and Bourbon," by Constance Hill, who has written so entertainingly of Fanny Burney's circle.

Walter G. Travis is revising his book on "Practical Golf," and Harper & Bros. promise the new edition in time for the spring revival of the game.

A sixth series of "Shelburne Essays," by Paul E. More, comes from G. P. Putnam's Sons. In this volume there is a departure from the earlier issues, in so far as the essays, as shown by the sub-title, "Studies of Religious Dualism," are connected in theme, and in fact form the links of a single argument. The subjects are: The Forest Philosophy of India, The Bhagavad Gitâ, St. Augustine, Pascal, Sir Thomas Browne, Bunyan, Rousseau, Socrates, The Apology, Plato.

A "Vest-Pocket Guide to Paris," compiled by Leonard Williams, is published by Doubleday, Page & Co. This little volume, only 3½ inches by 2¾, can be carried about without inconvenience and consulted without conspicuousness. The map is in sections arranged on successive pages. The ordinary sightseer will in this small compass find all that he needs.

In "Some Southern Questions" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), William Alexander MacCorkle, late Governor of West Virginia, has brought together six public addresses on the race question, the elective franchise, Southern industrial development, and the attitude of Southern thought to the conditions and tendencies of the times. The chief impression made by the book is that whenever Gov. MacCorkle speaks he gives his audience a display of the pyrotechnic oratory for which the South was once famous. It suggests the sparkling gush of a Roman candle, bombs of rhetoric popping forth in quick succession amid a haze of glowing diction. Nearly every page presents an example. We are asked to contemplate "a broken and impaired Constitution, which has unloosed from its Pandora's box the foul vultures of coming woe, which are always ready to flap their wings above the dying body of a free people." Nevertheless, the South is all right:

> The will-o'-the-wisp and the glow-worm light our flag at night under the palms of Florida, and by day its folds are touched by the sweet airs ladened with the incense of the orange and magnolia.

Still, there may be trouble ahead. "Along the shores of the Pacific will boil with fervid heat the great caldron of the world's selfishness and greed." Therefore, it behooves us to be careful.

> In this solemn hour, when you are booted and spurred and ready to face this crisis in your country's life and this epoch in the world's history, I implore you to cherish in your inmost heart the true ideals of the republic.

Fortunately, we are well equipped for any ordeal, for "here are the most exalted civilization, the purest Christianity, the most advanced science, the most absolute civil freedom which the world ever saw." Indeed, it is well for the world that this should be so, for "under the earth-hunger of to-day justice among the nations can only relume her torch from the shrine of virtue glowing in the heart of the great Republic of the West." Incidentally it appears that Gov. MacCorkle favors "broad political liberty for the negro," while no one can "adhere to absolute social and racial separation" more earnestly than he does. He thinks a large navy desirable and he believes that "Manila can easily become, and will become, the distributing centre of the Eastern World." But he thinks the powers which the Federal government has assumed in the Interstate Commerce act are extremely dangerous. Although Gov. MacCorkle's oratorical style may belong to a past age, his political views are decidedly modern. His account of them exhibits him as a Southern imperialist of the school of Stephen B. Elkins.

"Modern Constitutions" (University of Chicago Press) is a collection of the fundamental laws of twenty-two countries, with historical and bibliographical notes, by Walter Fairleigh Dodd. The work is well done and it supplies conveniences for which students of political institutions will be grateful. In addition to the constitutions of European countries and those of the Federal governments established in the British Empire, the work includes those of Mexico and three South American countries. Japan is the only representative of the Orient, but current events indicate that it will not stand alone in future editions of this work. It is safe to say that the present century will witness a great expansion of the area of constitutional law.

A second edition has been issued of Prof. Frank M. Anderson's "Constitutions and

other Select Documents Illustrative of the History of France" (Minneapolis: The H. W. Wilson Co.). The work covers the period 1789-1907, and in view of the influence which France has had upon the social and political reconstruction of Europe during the past century, it may be fairly regarded as a key to modern history. The new matter in this edition has been judiciously selected. It includes important documents relating to the recent separation of church and state in France.

"India through the Ages" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), by Flora Annie Steel, is a picturesque sketch of the history of the country from the earliest times to the Great Mutiny. It has this attraction that the author, long a resident in the land, is thoroughly imbued with its spirit. Evidently she is also familiar with the early literature of India. While the book is not easy reading—so much is compressed into a single small volume—it will be to many a revelation of ages and people full of interest and romance. The numerous stories of chivalrous and patriotic deeds with which the narrative is lightened bring out vividly the personality of Indian men and women of past days worthy to rank with the world's heroes. Babar, the founder of the Mogul Empire, for instance, who was poet, painter, musician, astronomer, who knew "the names and habits of every animal, bird and beast," who left to posterity an autobiography of himself, his thoughts, his acts, his failures, his successes, of high value as an historical record, and who at the same time was a great warrior when only in his teens—where can his parallel be found in classic or modern history? The chief interest of the history lies naturally in the first two of the three parts into which the work is divided, the ancient and middle ages; the account of the third or modern age is disappointing. It is little else than a statement of facts in which emphasis is laid more upon the mistakes of the English governors-general than upon the good they accomplished. But it affords abundant evidence that the British rule brought peace to a land which had been for centuries desolated by wars and massacres. Help in tracing the course of the events narrated is to be found in the seven maps of the country at different periods from 231 B. C. to the present time.

"Daybreak in Turkey" (Boston: The Pilgrim Press), by James L. Barton, D.D., is an eminently timely and readable statement of the various causes which have brought about the present conditions in the Ottoman Empire. There is a personal touch throughout which adds much to its interest; for the writer has been engaged in missionary work in Turkey, and for the last fourteen years as foreign secretary of the American Board has been in constant communication with intelligent men, natives and foreigners, living in nearly every part of the land. He begins with a brief description of the country, its government, the different races which inhabit it, and their relations to each other. Then follows an account of the work of the American missionaries, the first of whom, Pliny Fisk and Levi Parsons, landed in Smyrna in 1820. They were instructed to keep ever in mind "the two grand inquiries": "What good can be done?" and "By what means?" And the story shows how intelligently and successfully these inquiries have been answered by these men and their successors. To those who think that the work of the foreign missionary is simply to found an American Protestant church among people utterly unfitted for such an institution, it will come as a revelation to learn that almost from the very beginning the single aim of the men and women sent out by this society has been the moral and intellectual uplift of Turk, Kurd, and Armenian, mainly by educational means. The concluding chapters are upon the diplomatic relations of Turkey with other countries, the standing of missionaries, American rights, general political conditions, and some of the noteworthy incidents connected with the granting of the constitution. While we recognize the necessity of giving scant treatment to many subjects in a volume of less than 300 pages, we are surprised that some of the most important features of the Macedonian question should be ignored and that apparently there is no mention of Servia and the Panslavic movement. In the account of the Sultan there is no reference to the fact that a little band of servitors in the palace exercise an influence over Abdul Hamid greater than that of his ministers. Ten illustrations add to the attractiveness of the book, but its value would have been increased by a map giving the different missionary stations and principal educational institutions as well as the political divisions.

"A Short History of Scotland," by P. Hume Brown (Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd), is a convenient and readable summary of Professor Brown's larger work in three volumes. This abridgment is obviously intended for younger students—preëminently a narrative account told in the clearest and simplest language, copiously illustrated, and attractively put together. Like everything else that has proceeded from the pen of the Historiographer Royal of Scotland, it is a model of accuracy and sanity. Some readers may take exception to it on the score of proportion, grudge the space devoted to mediæval battles, and to the multitude of familiar though unsubstantiated stories and legends in which Scottish history abounds, and wish instead for a fuller account of the development of national institutions. Others, turning to smaller points, may wonder why the three or four pages allotted to Flodden Field omit all reference to the movement which really made the battle decisive, the bold march of Surrey to the North on the eve of the fight, which put the English army between the Scots and their homes. But for our own part, we are not disposed to question the author's judgment in matters of this sort. He not only knows his Scottish history, but also the needs and aspirations of its younger students far better than most of his critics; and we cannot forbear to add a personal expression of opinion that the tendency to return to the "drum and trumpet" style of history, at least in the schools, which characterizes this and other very recent works, is unquestionably good, in view of the excesses of the modern craze for the study of constitutional questions and "sources." Prof. Hume Brown's book will probably not find many readers in this country, as those who are interested in Scottish history at all are qualified to study it in works of a more advanced character, but we do not hesitate to predict for this admirable manual a long and successful life in Great Britain.

Neo-scholasticism, after fifteen years of rapid progress on the Continent, has at last gathered power enough in England to get its "Principles of Logic" written there by George Hayward Joyce, S. J. (Longmans, Green, & Co.). A generation which has forgotten Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas will thumb with dumb wonder this book, which is the thirteenth century speaking, with its own grammar, the words of the twentieth. It accepts as its starting point the scholastic philosophy and its ecclesiastical factors, God, the world, and the human soul; and, while presenting the traditional logic of this *Weltanschauung*, it gives a running criticism of its enemies from Descartes to the Oxford humanists of this day hour. Of the two parts of the work, the first lies beyond praise and censure, being a slightly modernized, dogmatic restatement of the orthodox "Logic of Thought." The second part, however, has certain attractions for the student of logic, and perhaps also for the critic of human nature. Here is no longer simple scholasticism, but neo-scholasticism, the tardy scion of Doctor Angelicus wrestling with science of the revolt, striving to make its every utterance pendent to Roman metaphysics, and yet hoping to keep in running order its engines of research. The Applied Logic that comes of this cannot be briefly described; but it may be imagined from two fundamental positions which the neo-scholastic takes. Touching the open-mindedness which the investigator must preserve, Father Joyce puts some religious and scientific beliefs beyond *liability* of correction. "When once absolute certainty has been attained," he says, "then the supposition of contradictory evidence becomes an absurdity." It would be cruel to ask Father Joyce how he discovers anything to be absolutely certain; for to that he could make but one answer, without an appeal to faith, and that answer is: "By proving all supposedly contradictory evidence absurd." Unfortunately, the writer does not cite a single scientific fact confirming his view. Then there is the second thesis, that no rules can be laid down for the search after truth, all so-called rules being mere common-sense. The early Cartesians reproached the scholastics for dismissing experimental method thus curtly; but Father Joyce has not changed or improved upon his Thomist predecessors' lame defence, which was that, in an infinitely complex universe, nobody can reckon with all contingencies by formula. Writing for beginners, Father Joyce is clear, simple, and lavish with illustrations. The student prejudiced against mediæval Latin cannot do better than turn to this book for an exposition of the subtlest, most closely knit, most treacherous of Occidental philosophies. And, if he will keep an eye open for sophistries, he will learn much about the art of clear thinking that is not to be picked up in the schools of the renaissance.

The usual "helps" of teachers' Bibles contain a good deal of obsolete material, and, owing to the numerous subdivisions, information is often hard to find by those most in need of it. It was a happy thought of the Rev. Jesse Lyman Hurlbut to combine in his "Handy Bible Encyclopædia"

(Philadelphia: John C. Winston Company), under one alphabetical arrangement, both concordance and subject dictionary, biographical and geographical material, a dictionary of Biblical antiquities and customs, descriptions of the books of the Bible, and translations and versions. The result is a convenient reference volume, compact in compass, in which the general reader may find readily the location of an important verse, the various passages on a particular subject, or definition and description of an obscure phrase or topic. The work is designed for popular use, but will be found convenient by almost any Biblical student.

"The Illustrated Bible Dictionary," edited by the Rev. William C. Piercy (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is a cumbersome and heavy volume of nearly a thousand pages, covering the usual ground of dictionaries of the Bible, and treating a large number of titles briefly, with many illustrations. The space allotted to important subjects is altogether too meagre. The point of view is decidedly conservative, and scant courtesy is allowed to critical opinions now generally received.

The thirty-first issue of the standard annual reference book of Kürschner has been brought out by Dr. Heinrich Klenz, under the title "Kürschners deutscher Literatur-Kalender auf das Jahr 1909." It contains eight portraits of leading writers, and in its two thousand columns prints a wealth of the latest data concerning authors and their works. It brings down all the details to the first of last October.

The complete works of Wilhelm von Polenz, who at the time of his death was one of the most attractive literary figures in the ranks of Young Germany, and who gave evidence of his mature judgment in his last work, the remarkable volume on America, "Das Land der Zukunft," are being published in eight volumes by F. Fontane & Co., Berlin, with a preface by Prof. Adolf Bartels.

A selection from the letters of Schiller's wife, edited by Ludwig Geiger, is being published under the title "Charlotte von Schiller und ihre Freunde" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.).

Beginners in the Russian language and literature will be helped by the new addition to the series known as Sammlung Göschen, under the special title, "Russische Literatur: Auswahl moderner Prosa und Poesie mit ausführlichen Anmerkungen und Akzentbezeichnung," by Dr. Erich Boehme. The selections are mostly short extracts from Gorky and other modern writers. Included are two manifestoes of the Czar. The explanatory notes, in many cases including literal translations, are very copious.

The third volume of the "Geschichte des deutschen Buchhandels," written, like the second, by Dr. J. Goldfriedrich, tells the story of the book trade during the classical period of German literature, the period of reprinting (1766-1804). The period is personified by Philipp Erasmus Reich, the reorganizer of the Weidmannsche Buchhandlung in Leipzig, and the Vienna reprinter, Johann Thomas von Trattner. Other men of the period are Immanuel Breitkopf, the printer and type-founder, inventor of modern music printing, Friedrich Nicolai in Berlin, J. G. Cotta in Stuttgart, Goethe's and Schiller's publisher, and others whose names still live in the firms founded by them. The rejuvenation of the German literature, the growing reading habit, and the technical development of printing go hand in hand; literary almanacks and popular calendars abound; we see the beginnings of the cheap popular literature; the first encyclopædias are published, circulating libraries come in vogue as adjuncts to the bookstores.

In a well-condensed and entertaining work (Berlin: Karl Curtius), Joh. Fr. Wilhelm writes flatteringly of "Amerikanisches Geschäftsleben," discussing the American workman's world, the preparation of the American business man, American managers, their office and factory organization, methods of sale and business monopolies, the superiority claimed for American machinery, and the relation of trusts to socialism. To the author, "business" is the paramount idea with the majority of Americans, and Americans succeed in business partly because of their greater mobility and the extent to which they move freely from one end of the country to the other, and partly because their methods, for the most part, are superior. No other country, in its public day and evening schools, and its private "business colleges," offers such opportunities for youth to start in business in a practical way, and no other country accomplishes as much through almost perfect systems for dividing labor and economizing time and energy in both office and workshop.

While the Germans are felicitating themselves over the lucky agreement reached between Germany and France, the French continue their fun at the expense of Emperor William. "Le César Allemand devant les siens et devant ses alliés" is the title of an illustrated volume, just issued at Paris, containing a hundred cartoons, with French text, reproduced from German, Austrian, and Italian papers.

Under the title "H. Taine: Pages Choisies," Prof. Victor Giroud of Freiburg in Switzerland, the author of an "Essai sur Taine," which was crowned by the French Academy, is publishing a selection from the writings of Taine. The first part contains principally letters; the second, early writings from 1853-1864. The whole is to be completed in five volumes.

Among French books which treat of current literature, we may note a posthumous volume of Albert Sorel, "Notes et portraits" (Paris: Plon). It contains a lucid study of Maurice Barrès, among other contemporaries; the sober, judicious thought of the author may here be found without fatigue, in a way to inspire confidence in his long historical works, since he so well understood those younger than himself. Jules Bertaut publishes a sort of university extension course on another interesting side of contemporary literature, "La Littérature féminine d'aujourd'hui" (Annales politiques et littéraires). Alphonse Séché edits yet another anthology, "Les Muses françaises" (Paris: Louis-Michaud), entirely devoted to French women poets of this twentieth century—about a score of names, of whom the best known are Mesdames Daudet, Delarue-Mardrus, Lucie Félix-Faure-Goyau, Rosemonde Gérard (Rostand), F. Gregh, Gérard d'Houville (Henri de Regnier), Daniel Lesueur, Catulle-Mendès, (Comtesse) Mathieu de Noailles, H. Vacaresco, René Vivien. Those who find pleasure in literature in the making will like the rather expensive two volumes (15 francs, Blaizot), "Lettres de J. Barbey d'Aurevilly à Trébutien"; this predestined correspondent of geniuses is the Trébutien of Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin.

At the instance of the Commissioner of Education, President Hadley of Yale has investigated the facilities for advanced study and research in the offices of the Federal Government at Washington. His findings, just published as a bulletin of the Bureau of Education, clear much of the ground around the proposed national university. It is clear that, were all of Washington's twenty-six Federal libraries, together with all her museums and laboratories, put down on a campus and turned over to a faculty and students, there would be a fair equipment for such an institution. Advanced students have long been received in various bureaus and given every opportunity that does not infringe upon official work. But the undertakings of the Government must first be considered; and, whereas in 1901 there were accommodations for not more than 272 students, to-day less than 160 can be favored. The enormous increase of department activities under President Roosevelt has crowded the bureaus so that there is no bench, desk, or chair left for the learner. The bureaus cannot be transformed into colleges, unless Congress doubles their floor-space and equipment. Even if room were provided, two much more serious difficulties remain. President Hadley points out that the presence of students generally reduces the administrative efficiency of a bureau:

> The labor of student assistants is, as a rule, neither very efficient nor very easy to handle. An untrained man employed at $500 rarely does half as much work for his chief as the trained man at $1,000. The work of supervising two $500 men takes a great deal more of the time and strength of the higher official than the work of supervising a single $1,000 man.

Moreover, only the most advanced investigators can work more profitably in a bureau than in an ordinary graduate school:

> Certain bureaus are first-rate training places *for some men*. The student who has chosen his line of life, and has had his preliminary theoretical training, can often spend *his last year of study* with great advantage in immediate connection with the chiefs under whom he is going to serve; and if his promotion depends upon his success in doing the work they want, it will furnish a stimulus to him and a help to them. But where these conditions are absent—where the man's promotion does not depend upon the chief under whom he is studying, where his studies are not being turned to a particular form of government service, or where he is deficient in the necessary theoretical training—the case is reversed. By all means let the government offices accommodate as many special students as their facilities and appropriations will admit; but let these students get their theoretical training elsewhere if we wish to secure the maximum efficiency and economy from the educational standpoint, as well as from the administrative one.

In brief, the trend of modern education and government is away from a national university which shall make classrooms of the offices where the nation's business is conducted. Though the United States Forest Service, for example, welcomed the neophyte for seven years, it found neither

our trees nor the neophyte benefited by the arrangement.

The announcement in the press dispatches that Representative Samuel W. McCall had accepted the presidency of Dartmouth has proved incorrect. In a letter published February 25 he declines the honor, and says, among other things:

> The work which I am trying to do was not entered upon by accident, and if I have not pursued it with success it at least is not because my vows were lightly taken. And since I did not lightly take it up I cannot, in what I believe to be a very grave crisis, drop it easily and shift to something else. I may be accomplishing little of value, but I happen to be on the battle line and I should indeed be a sorry soldier nicely to weigh causes and to decide at this moment to step out of the ranks.
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> This is not the place for political discourse, but perhaps I should say to you that the crisis I referred to is in my opinion full of peril to our institutions, and how soon the movement is to begin toward sanity and safety I do not know. I am far less concerned by particular theories than by general methods of government—methods which have been carrying us swiftly toward a condition under which limitation upon governmental power would be done away with and favoritism and caprice of an autocrat would take the place of constitutional restraint. And some chance barbarian as an autocrat might overturn our temples and do more harm in the direction of uncivilizing the country than all our colleges together could possibly repair.

At the annual meeting of the New England Association of Teachers of English, to be held March 20, the Committee on Aids in Teaching will report on "A Class-Room Weekly Paper" (W. S. Hinchman, Groton School), "The Use of Specimens in the Class-Room" (F. W. C. Hersey, Harvard), and "Debating Clubs" (W. S. Hinchman). Prof. G. P. Baker of Harvard will give an address on "The Educational Theatre."

Ipswich and Woodbridge are to celebrate the centenary of Edward FitzGerald's birth on the 27th and 28th of this month. What will that quiet spirit feel beneath the drums and tramplings of fame?

John Boyd Thacher, formerly a member of the New York State Senate, and Mayor of Albany, died in that city February 25, at the age of sixty-one. He was born in Ballston and was a graduate of Williams College. He was a collector of autographs, rare books, and historical manuscripts. His collection of autographs, more than 25,000 in number, is said to be one of the most valuable in this country; and he also had many fifteenth century first editions, as well as manuscripts and papers on the French Revolution. His published works include "The Continent of America: Its Discovery and Its Baptism" (1896); "Charlecote: or the Trial of William Shakespeare" (1896); "Little Speeches," "The Cabotian Discovery," "Christopher Columbus: His Life, His Work, His Remains" (3 vols., 1903-4); "Outlines of the French Revolution Told in Autographs" (1905).

On February 26 the Rev. Dr. Theodore Ledyard Cuyler, the well-known Presbyterian clergyman, died at his Brooklyn home in his eighty-eighth year. He was a graduate of Princeton College and of the Princeton Theological Seminary, and from 1860 to 1890 was pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church in the city where he died. He was prominent in public life, and, in 1856, helped to organize the Republican party. As a writer, his pen was indefatigable, his contributions to the magazines and newspapers having been calculated at more than 4,000. Besides these, he published a number of books: "Stray Arrows," "Cedar Christian," "The Empty Crib," "Wayside Springs," "Right to the Point," "Thought Hives," "God's Light on Dark Clouds," "Pointed Papers," "Heart Life," "From the Nile to Norway," "Newly Enlisted," "The Young Preacher," "How to Be a Pastor," "Stirring the Eagle's Nest," "Christianity in the Home," "Beulah-Land," "Mountain-tops with Jesus," "Help and Good Cheer," "Recollections of a Long Life—An Autobiography" (1902), and "Our Christmastides" (1904).

George Selwyn Kimball of Bangor, a writer on life in the Maine forests, died March 1 at Waverly, Mass., aged sixty-two. He was author of "Piney Home" (1904), "Jay Gould Harmon" (1905), and "The Lackawannas on Moosehead" (1907).

The Rev. Daniel March, for many years a Congregational clergyman at Woburn, Mass., died in that city March 2, at the age of ninety-two. He was the author of a number of religious books, including: "Night Scenes in the Bible," "Walks and Homes of Jesus," and "From Dark to Dawn."

James A. Le Roy, secretary to William H. Taft in the Philippines, and later American consul at Durango, Mex., from August, 1903, to March, 1907, died February 28, in the military hospital at Fort Bayard, New Mexico. Mr. Le Roy had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the history of the Philippines, and with the present state of affairs there, and contributed many articles on these matters to the *Nation*.

From Pau comes the report of the death of the Marquis de Saint Yves, who was born in Paris in 1842. Under the name of Saint Yves d'Alveydre, he published a number of books, including: "La Mission des Juifs," "La Mission des souverains," "La Mission des ouvriers," "La France vraie," and "Le Poème de Jeanne d'Arc."

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## A ROMANTIC POET REVIVED.

*Joseph and His Brethren: A Dramatic Poem.* By Charles Wells. With an Introduction by Algernon Charles Swinburne and a Note on Rossetti and Charles Wells by Theodore Watts-Dunton. The World's Classics. New York: Henry Frowde.

If cheapness of form and authority of sponsors can bring a book to its public, then "Joseph and His Brethren" has at last come to its own. Wells has indeed been for many years a kind of cult among a certain class of Englishmen, but in this country he has remained practically unknown. His story is peculiar. He was born in 1800. At the Edmonton school he became acquainted with Tom Keats, and through him with the poet Keats and the little circle then dreaming mighty things in London. Practical jokes were part of their poetical life, but a jest of Wells's, by which he personated an imaginary lady, "Amena," in love with Tom Keats, went too far. The discovery of the hoax had on the consumptive lad a pitiable effect, and in his elder brother, the poet, aroused immitigable wrath—he did "not think death too bad for the villain." Then, having been "cut by Keats and his group," Wells determined to let them see that "he too could make a mark in literature." The result was a volume of "Stories after Nature," published in 1822, and characterized by Mr. Watts-Dunton as "of a fascinating remoteness not to be found . . . elsewhere, save in metrical composition." No copy of this book, we believe, is now known to exist in this country, and only three or four in England. Two years later he brought out his drama—dramatic in form, but not for the stage—of "Joseph and His Brethren," which, like his prose, fell utterly dead from the press. After this he wrote a novel, "Gaston de Blondeville," which never found a publisher, and considerable verse which he destroyed in manuscript. He lived many years in France, dying in 1879.

Most of this information is given by Mr. Watts-Dunton in his really delightful "Note" prefixed to this volume, and with it an account of the place held by Wells in the creed of Rossetti and his circle:

> No young poet at one time dared show his face at 16 Cheyne Walk, or at Madox Brown's great studio in Fitzroy Square, or at Westland Marston's midnight gatherings by Chalk Farm, or at Lady Duffus Hardy's At Homes, who could not utter the Shibboleth. The so-called Pre-Raphaelite poets, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, John Payne, Philip Marston, Theo. Marzials, and Edmund Gosse himself, *had* to read "Joseph and His Brethren" in order to exist. Carefully and anxiously was the copy at the British Museum thumbed by many an aspirant to poetic fame.

Mr. Watts-Dunton tells a vivid story of a long conversation about the poem with Rossetti, then living with William Morris at Kelmscott, and his own journey forthwith to the British Museum.

Some of the mysterious potency of the hardly-accessible perhaps passed away when the book was reprinted in 1876 with revision from the author's hand. Swinburne heralded the publication with a laudatory essay in the *Fortnightly Review*, which was taken over as an introduction to the new edition, and again serves the same purpose for the volume now before us. Mr. Watts (now Watts-Dunton) called attention to the work in a signed communication to the *Athenæum* (April 8, 1876), which has been incorporated in the introductory paper on "Rossetti and Charles Wells." But copies of the second edition (1876) are to-day rare in England and can scarcely exist at all in America. The new reprint from the Oxford Press will for many readers afford the first acquaintance with a poem noteworthy for its historical associations and highly interesting in itself.

Hugo, Victor. Poèmes Choisis. 1822-1865. Putnam. $1 net.
Jebb, R. C. The Characters of Theophrastus. Translated from a revised text. Macmillan.
Jordan, David Starr, and Kellogg, Vernon L. The Scientific Aspects of Luther Burbank's Work. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1.75 net.
Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia 1752-1755, 1756-1758. Edited by H. R. McIlwaine. Richmond, Va.
Key, Ellen. The Century of the Child. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Kipling, Rudyard. Puck of Pook's Hill. Doubleday, Page. $1.50.
Lang, Andrew. Sir George Mackenzie, King's Advocate, of Rosehaugh, His Life and Times 1636(?)-1691. Longmans, Green. $4.20 net.
Lee, Jennette. Simeon Tetlow's Shadow. Century. $1.50.
Levering, Julia Henderson. Historic Indiana. Putnam. $3 net.
Loisy, Alfred. The Gospel and the Church. Translated by Christopher Home. Scribner. $1 net.
Lynde, Francis. The King of Arcadia. Scribner. $1.50.
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were unavoidable, due wholly to the character of Pittsburgh's chief industries.

Is this the case? When Miss Eastman began her work, superintendents, claim agents, and general managers assured her that 95 per cent. of all accidents were due to the carelessness of those injured. Investigation showed her, however, that only 28.54 per cent. of the 410 deaths, about which accurate information could be obtained, were due to unavoidable causes, such as two explosions, which killed 19 men, and apparently could not have been prevented. Taking 132 cases for analysis in which the victims were at fault, we find that in 22 cases "carelessness" was ignorance, in 13 cases youth, in 8 cases drunkenness, and in 4 cases physical weakness. Of the other cases considered, 13.65 per cent. were due to fellow workmen, 11.95 per cent. to foremen, and 35.85 per cent. were attributable to the employer's negligence, as indicated by the breaking or falling of scaffolds, chairs, ladders, planks, floors, etc. "Some of these defects," Miss Eastman says, "prove inexcusable neglect," but others are due to the speed and pressure of the work; and she reaches a conclusion every one must be reluctant to accept, that "there can be no absolute standard of safety here, for no employer can keep his equipment in perfect repair every day in the year."

As to the results of the accidents, nearly one-half of the people killed were married men, regularly supporting families; three were women, supporting others, and 265 were single men of all ages. Of all the 526 killed only 19 per cent. left no "private economic problem" to be faced. As to the compensation, Miss Eastman has this to say:

> Thus out of 304 cases of men killed in a year's industrial accidents in Allegheny County, all of whom were contributing to the support of others, and two-thirds of whom were married, 88 of the families left received not one dollar of compensation from the employer; 93 families received not more than $100, a sum which would cover reasonable funeral expenses, but would not replace any of the lost income; 62 families received something over this $100, but not more than $500; 61 families received more than this, some few as much as $3,000, but most of them under $1,000. In other words, 181 families, or 59.5 per cent., were left by the employers to bear the entire income loss, and only 61 families, or 20 per cent., received, in compensation for the death of a regular income provider, more than $500—a sum which would approximate one year's income of the lowest paid of the workers killed.

Taking six men, totally disabled for life, at random, Miss Eastman found that the total loss, based on earnings and expectation of life, was $123,065, and the total compensation only $520. As a result of her study, she feels that her facts would justify legislative interference for the purpose of reducing the number of preventable accidents and for adjusting more fairly the economic burden entailed by them. She does not, however, believe in the employers' liability principle, so vigorously urged of late by Mr. Roosevelt, but suggests a policy of uniform compensation for all industrial accidents, except those due to wilful misconduct. Whether her opinion on this point be accepted or not, it is obvious that the facts she has set forth will call fresh attention to the gravity of the evil, and must lead to a readjustment of many ideas hitherto held as to the best method of attacking the problem.

## *REGENERATING THE COUNTRY SCHOOL.*

A quiet revolution is stirring in the country school. The institution is struggling hard to lose its wild, chaotic variety. Only the other day, no two districts had like text-books, like desks, or like courses, save by pure chance. Many a village read four brands of American histories in as many classrooms, and let First Street fill its copybooks with vertical handwriting, while Second Street slanted its letters, as Heaven ordained. Against such perfect home rule, rebellion has been brewing ever since the large cities proved its wastefulness. To-day ten States have commissions searching out the causes of the wretched condition of schools in villages and the countryside; and these commissions are putting the blame upon the bric-à-brac equipment and lack of unified management. At least ten more States have advanced to the point of clearing away these obstructions. Small or poor districts are rapidly being consolidated. The county is displacing township and hamlet as the educational unit. Prof. Edward C. Elliott, in a digest of recent school legislation compiled for the United States Bureau of Education, names another group of ten States which, within the past two years, have created text-book commissions to compel the use of uniform books and to prevent rapid change.

But these are only the beginnings. So long as the country school employed its own teacher and taught what the neighbors liked, it remained a beggarly, uncertain thing, now losing a good schoolma'am because she would not eat the fried mush where she was requested to board, now getting a miserable pedagogue because he was the constable's cousin. Professor Elliott's digest, however, shows that in these two matters also small communities are rapidly surrendering autonomy. The State is giving the crossroads more money and exacting, in return, more power over instructors and courses. Since October, 1906, no fewer than twenty-six States have materially increased their school funds and adopted more liberal rules of distribution. Minnesota has agreed to furnish each of fifty consolidated rural schools with ten acres of land for buildings and lessons in agriculture; and pupils are transported from house to school at the State's expense. Ohio, a pioneer in this system of transportation, has centralized schools in 157 townships. Connecticut is not especially radical in offering aid to schools in all her towns having a valuation of less than $1,000,000. Everywhere there is the inclination to bring all save the largest communities within the circle of State support. The price of this favor is central supervision, generally through a county official. Seven States have gone further by ordering annual meetings of county school officers and making attendance compulsory, thus insuring more active coöperation.

With difficulty the city-dweller catches the import of these almost unnoticed changes. But let him recall that two Americans out of every three live in farmhouse or small town; he will then see that the policy of centralization must end in bringing good educational facilities to more than 50,000,000 people who have been more or less deprived of them. For the fact is that, in spite of our excellent urban schools and colleges, our rural schools have been heroic without becoming efficient. American farmers and villagers have made pathetic sacrifices to educate their children, but only too often the reward has not measured up to a tithe of the effort. And all because of too much home rule—or rather too little State control,

for our communities have not been so vehement in asserting their own local rights as the commonwealths have been in denying their obligations. The folly of independence has, however, had its day. With the extension of good roads and trolley lines, larger and larger areas will bring their pupils together under one roof; and the county high school, an ambitious experiment to-day in the West, will cease to be a dream. Wonder-working, however, need not wait on these rural improvements. By trebling its annual school funds many a State can bring about the fairest transformations for which country-life commissions are clumsily striving. Through the regeneration of the country school along lines already laid down, the social life will be quickened.

The cry for Federal aid, which must be expected whenever something new is proposed, has, of course, been lustily raised. The Wisconsin Legislature started it when it invited Congress to establish a national school system. And the idea has been taken up by numerous educators whose real wish is a much more laudable one—namely, to increase the usefulness and power of the Federal Bureau of Education. Every such suggestion, it need hardly be said, is a mere evasion. Few States are too poor to educate all their children properly, and there is probably not one today that is spending for rural schools as much as it can and should.

## ENGLISH NOVELS AND ENGLISH LIFE.

Looking back at the leading Victorian novelists, Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, George Eliot, Kingsley, Charles Reade, Mrs. Gaskell, and Meredith, one is struck by the sustained optimistic note of their work, even when they are painting depressing or sordid aspects. Thomas Hardy is the only novelist of rank who lays insistent stress on the melancholy and tragic elements inherent in the web of human life. Victorian optimism reached its high-water mark in the sixties, but the generation that found expression in the late eighties showed itself conscious that its robust fathers, while attacking manfully the appalling social evils bequeathed from the first half of the nineteenth century, had superadded many of their own making. The cheerfulness of the prosperous middle-class Briton became conventionalized in the novels of Besant and Rice, whose bustling humor and domestic sentimentalism were derived no less from the popular example of Dickens than the painful gray realism of George Gissing was a logical development of Dickens's work as social reformer. The middle-class Englishman was, however, as unwilling to accept Gissing's depressing pictures as the upper-class Englishman was unable to assimilate Meredith's brilliant wit and spiritual nobility; and the two most significant novels of twenty years back, "Demos" and "One of Our Conquerors," can scarcely be said to have affected the British mind. To-day our middle-class audience, constantly recruited from below, is more accessible to new ideas, but if a George Eliot appeared now among us, she could not look for earnest moral and spiritual support from our enormous villa public, occupied chiefly with social appearances, and politically consolidated by fear of the labor movement and the spread of Socialism.

Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose novels are as well known in America as here, has inherited the moral Victorian earnestness of the sixties; but the reason of her wide popularity is probably that the impressive façade of her works gives the public right of entry to the society of our wealthy, fashionable, upper-middle, official governing class. Written with intellectual breadth and much insight into character, and typically English in the tone of their class bias, these novels betray the internal struggle between the moral purpose of the preacher and the intentions of the artist. Her serious, lofty-minded, and brilliant statesmen heroes, such as William Ashe, and her accomplished, high-souled, and patriotic heroines, such as Diana Mallory, are in truth personifications of an ideal upper-class Englishman and Englishwoman. Though proud of the standard of integrity of our public life, we are uneasily aware that a solemnity of moral purpose has always served us as the cloak to cover our pursuit of national advantage. And the imposing moral banner that is held aloft in Mrs. Humphry Ward's clever novels is perhaps dangerously pleasing to the middle-class Briton, who is already too prone to ignore the spectacle of our gaunt and sullen industrial system, and to congratulate the peoples of India and Ireland on the beneficence of our rule. No generation can keep healthy without the stimulus of sharp criticism, and it is some small consolation that we have satirists and critics among us as acute as George Bernard Shaw, H. Belloc, G. K. Chesterton, and H. G. Wells. We shall not speak here of Mr. Shaw's and Mr. Chesterton's novels, which are of small importance beside their work in drama and the essay. Mr. Belloc's two satirical novels, "Mr. Burden" and "Mr. Clutterbuck's Election," though savagely bitter in their exposure of fresh currents of greed and financial corruption in our political life, have enough truth in them to make Mrs. Humphry Ward's contemporary pictures seem a little too much like mellowed Victorian tapestries.

A new generation is knocking at the door, and while it is clear that we cannot live on the traditions of Victorian liberalism, the indeterminate battle waged between vested interests and social reformers does not seem to bring into being the new party that is wanted for social reorganization. Imperialism and the Federation of the Empire are, no doubt, based on grand ideas, but it is difficult to detect any renovating force for the Englishman at home in tariff reform, and, perhaps, a war with Germany. The American reader must understand that our Victorian literature reflected the energy and the impetus of the new ideas and social forces by which the English people swept from the countryside into the big towns, 1820-1860. A counter movement is now growing more and more imperative for the national health, but the forces of landlordism and capitalism combined have hitherto blocked the way to the reorganization of rural life.

This prelude is necessary to explain the real bearing of the finely wrought pictures of English society presented to us by John Galsworthy. In "The Country House," this novelist has made an absolutely truthful and brilliantly executed study of the old-fashioned landed gentry's life, and the unwritten laws of its pursuits, habits, tastes, prejudices, and ideas. He treats sympathetically all the typical characters he introduces, such as the well meaning and obstinate squire, Mr. Horace Pendyce; the sound and hearty rector, the Rev. Hussell Barter; the exquisite and gracious English lady, Mrs. Pendyce; her son, George Pendyce, the clubman and man of pleasure; Sir James Malden, "a Justice of the Peace, a Colonel of Yeomanry, a keen Churchman, who is much feared by poachers," etc. In the provincial insularity of these country gentlemen's ideas, their relations to the tenant farmers and the villagers, who, "with the exception of two bad characters and one atheist, were also believers in the hereditary principle"—you have the key to the caste system of rural England, and the immense power still wielded by the land-owning aristocracy. In "The Island Pharisees," an earlier and less artistic novel, Mr. Galsworthy has analyzed with much subtlety the ruling ideas that govern English "good society," its ideal of "good form," its contempt for intellect, its mental self-complacency, its individuality and kindness of heart, its practical love of comfort, its genius for compromise. The portrait of Antonia, the charming English girl, is a triumph of delicate drawing, and we may here note that our author, in contradistinction to his cool intellectual scrutiny of men and women, shows

be no doubt that the popular verdict would be a decided negative.

Whether the popular verdict is right or not, I am not discussing here; but I venture to call attention to the substantial unanimity of that verdict. Sir Harry Johnston dismisses this view of the case as "provincial"; rather an inapt epithet for him to apply to the deliberate conclusion of practically a whole nation.

E. L. C. MORSE.

Chicago, March 1.

### LINCOLN AND THE NEGRO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A few days ago I read with interest your editorial article of February 18, on "The Negro Problem in Foreign Eyes." You will agree with me that it is the truth alone to which we must look to set us free from prejudices and differences, the whole truth, got only by considering the testimony of both sides to our controversy.

Perhaps no American could have had a stronger desire to be the well-accepted head of a whole people than Abraham Lincoln. When you put the issue of the "War between the States" (to use a Southern term) on the basis of a war waged by "those who gave their lives for the liberty of the slave," are you not, by implication at least, doing Lincoln an injustice? He professedly waged war "to preserve the Union," which he said was his great purpose to maintain, whether "all free," the more desirable, and in agreement there with highest Southern sentiment; or "all slave," the less desirable. I am sure that those biographers of Lincoln who are considered the least favorable to his memory have taken pains to show that he was no hypocrite, as Dr. Goldwin Smith has laboriously and unwittingly made out, in order to reconcile the theory of a war for negro emancipation and the above-mentioned strongly expressed views of the President. I hold the memory of Lincoln in high regard, and I do not believe I dishonor his memory when I remind you of the fact that his Emancipation Proclamation was regarded by him as a necessary or desirable war measure, designed to bring the protracted conflict to a speedier close, a result to be desired by patriots; although that particular measure might have resulted in a slave uprising and massacres, after the manner of some of the islands in the West Indies. Violent radicals of the John Brown type might have hoped for this extreme; yet it was averted, not by "lash-torn flesh and mutilated face," but by the close and even affectionate relations between the vast majority of English masters and their African slaves lately redeemed from the lowest strata of uncivilized existence. Lincoln probably foresaw this. Again, the Emancipation Proclamation applied only to those portions of the country without the control of the Union arms; and Lincoln expressed very forcibly his belief in race supremacy, that, as between the black and the white, there could not be coequal races dwelling together, and that he preferred the control to be in the hands of the white race.

Sir Harry Johnston would solve the race question theoretically in the way he proposes in London or New York; but would he do differently in practice in Louisiana or Georgia? I live in Maryland, and should vote against the locally advocated disfranchisement of negroes, because it is not needed here to uphold Lincoln's view of the necessity of white supremacy. In the far South, as to the black African, or in California, with reference to the yellow Chinese, it is considered necessary for the race in control of our national and State governments.

MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS.

Baltimore, Md., March 6.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The correspondent in your issue of March 4, criticising your editorial of February 18 on the race problem, does, I think, both Lincoln and the *Nation* an injustice. Lincoln's sentiments regarding the negro, as disclosed by the citation from the Lincoln-Douglas debate, were certainly not of the higher and nobler kind, and it would seem, superficially at least, that the correspondent is right and the *Nation* wrong in the contention at issue. But, in the light of conditions when Lincoln made the speech and the subsequent developments from the time of Lincoln's death, it is manifestly unfair to assume that Lincoln's views would not have undergone a change. These debates took place in 1858, before the notion of negro citizenship had thoroughly dawned upon the great masses of the American commonwealth, and before Lincoln was elected to the Presidency.

The negro problem, stated tersely, is this: Shall a man physically, intellectually, and morally the equal of other men be denied equal treatment because his skin is black, or because his ancestors had been oppressed? It is unlikely that Lincoln, the emancipator, would have answered the foregoing question in the affirmative.

CHARLES S. DUKE.

Chicago, March 7.

## Notes.

Besides the works recently mentioned by us in special notes the Oxford University Press has the following titles on its spring list: Hobbes's "Leviathan," edited, with introduction, by the late W. G. Pogson Smith; "Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century," Vol. III, 1685-1700, edited by J. E. Spingarn; "Specimens of Middle English," edited by J. Hall; "Roger Bacon's Works," edited by R. Steele (hitherto unpublished); Dante's "Convivio," translated by W. W. Jackson (Oxford Library of Translations); "The Forerunners of Dante: a Selection from Italian Poetry before 1,300," edited by A. J. Butler; "The Englishman in Italy: An Anthology," edited by G. H. Wollaston; "Aristotle's Poetics," a revised Greek text, with critical introduction, translation, and commentary by I. Bywater; "Plato's Theory of Ideas," by J. A. Stewart; "The Cults of the Greek States," Vol. V, by L. R. Farnell; Theophrastus, edited by H. Diels, Euripides, Vol. III, edited by Gilbert Murray, and Cicero, "Orations" (another volume), edited by A. C. Clark, these three in the Oxford Classical Texts; "The Origins of Christianity," by the late Charles Bigg, edited by T. B. Strong; "The Sikh Religion, its Gurus, Sacred Writings and Authors," six vols., by M. A. Macauliffe; "The Aitareya Aranyaka," edited by G. A. B. Keith (Anecdota Oxoniensia, Aryan series); "Law and Custom of the Constitution," Vol. I, by Sir W. R. Anson (new edition); "Tudor and Stuart Proclamations," edited by Robert Steele; "The Rhodian Sea-law," edited by W. Ashburner; "Historical Essays," by the late Henry Francis Pelham, edited by F. Haverfield; "The English Factories in India, 1624-1629, A calendar of Documents," by William Foster; "Ionia and the East," lectures by D. G. Hogarth; "A Collection of Pieces in Prose and Verse in the Irish Language," printed in facsimile from the manuscript in the Bodleian Library (Rawlinson B. 502), with introduction and notes by Kuno Meyer; "Gray's Poems," edited by W. Bang; "Memoirs of Shelley," by Thomas Love Peacock (with Shelley's letters to Peacock), edited by H. F. B. Brett Smith; "Shelley's Prose in the Bodleian," edited by A. H. Koszul; "De Quincey's Literary Criticism," edited by Helen Darbishire; "Milton Memorial Lectures read before the Royal Society of Literature," edited by P. W. Ames; "Poe's Poems and Critical Essays," edited, with life, by R. Brimley Johnson; "Author and Printer," by P. H. Collins (popular edition); "An Illustrated Guide to Westminster Abbey," by Francis Bond; "The Edicts of Asoka," edited by Vincent A. Smith; "Aristotle's Criticisms of Plato," by J. M. Watson; and "The Odyssey," printed in Proctor Greek type.

George Allen now announces a final volume of the great Library Edition of Ruskin's Works, consisting of a Complete Bibliography, a Catalogue of Ruskin's Drawings and MSS., Addenda and Corrigenda, and a general Index.

The *Athenæum* reports that important letters from J. S. Mill are likely to be given to the public.

"The Ancestry of Abraham Lincoln," by J. Henry Lea and J. R. Hutchinson (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is an excellent piece of special genealogical investigation. Many points of the family history in the United States were in doubt, and the President characteristically said it was "the short and simple annals of the poor." The English line had long baffled investigation. It was known to begin in Hingham, and the name of the emigrant to New England was known, as well as that of his father; beyond that nothing definite, until by a discovery not unlike that which established the Washington line, a chance finding of papers in a chancery suit, solved the problem. This suit left the father of the emigrant in rather straitened circumstances—probably one of the leading motives of his removal and that of two brothers to New England. The line of descent is then traced to New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois, affording a good example of the manner in which New England has spread into the West. The value of this volume rests upon the fact that it is the work of trained investigators, who have carefully weighed their evidence, and who have not hesitated to mark what is doubtful or misleading. The many errors of other writers are corrected, and some of these errors were more than curious. While the style is at times pitched in a high key, no unreasonable claims are made. In England the family were "ostensible yeomen, with a dominant strain of gentle blood in their veins"; in America, they were plain pioneers, with fine in-

herited traits. The book is handsomely illustrated, and is in every sense worthy of its object.

Vols. V and VI of the "Works of James Buchanan" (J. B. Lippincott Co.) cover five years, from 1841 to 1846. In the first period Buchanan was in opposition, a critic in the Senate of Capt. Tyler's administration, and an authority on international questions. In 1845 he entered the cabinet of Polk as Secretary of State, and thus became identified with the Texan policy of his chief. He was still very local in his interests, and had a really better knowledge of what Pennsylvania expected of him than what national concerns required. He was opposed to a national bank, and fought the policy of distributing among the States the revenue from public lands. He professed to be opposed to a high protection tariff, but incidental protection on the products of his own State could hardly be too high for its prosperity The proposition to frame a horizontal tariff, in which a uniform rate of duty was imposed on all articles, was ridiculed, and the pauper labor of Europe was introduced as a serious political argument in favor of higher duties. In Texas he saw an ally, for he believed Texas would be another sugar producing State, and in the cause of incidental protection "sugar and iron are indissolubly connected in interest." For Tyler he had a moderate contempt, "a President without a party," and he clearly indicated his growing dislike of Van Buren, who was confidently thought to be the coming man. This opposition to the leader of his party never became open. In the Department of State he encountered some pressing questions. Congress had determined that Texas should immediately be annexed, and it remained only to arrange the details, and throw the real burden on other departments, as war with Mexico was inevitable. As for slavery, the negroes would flock to Mexico where there was no racial objection to them, and this would draw off the possible dangers hanging over the country. "All Christendom is leagued against the South upon this question of domestic slavery"—and Texas was to be the outlet to relieve the pressure! On the Oregon question, much discussion passed between Buchanan and Pakenham, and the important notes on both sides are printed in this volume, though in the equally important and more delicate intercourse with Mexico Slidell's dispatches are omitted. While robbing Mexico of Texas, Buchanan sought to educate the Californians, still foreigners, to annexation. "It would be difficult," he wrote to Slidell, "to raise a point of honor between the United States and so feeble and degraded a Power as Mexico," and he thought the behavior of the Texans "one of the grandest moral spectacles which has ever been presented to mankind." Unfortunately, Buchanan was without a sense of the humorous, and when he does undertake to be light, the result is heaviness. Mr. Moore includes the foreign affairs paragraphs in Polk's messages, and prints not a little that is trivial and of neither personal nor political consequence. The accuracy of the text is noticeable.

A leading fact in the history of South Africa in recent years is the progress of the natives. There have been remarkable economic and social changes among them, as well as the awakening of a wide-spread desire for education, independent churches, and a larger share in the government. This awakening, together with the labor question, has brought about a new order of things; and perplexing race problems are to be solved. To give information in regard to the present conditions and to aid in the adoption by the different colonies of a uniform and progressive policy toward the natives, the South African Native Races Committee has published a volume entitled "The South African Natives: Their Progress and Present Condition" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). It is largely a collection of facts derived from the reports of commissions appointed by some of the colonial governments. The subjects treated are occupations, land tenure, taxation, administration, legal status, education, and churches. The chapter on administration was written by Sir Godfrey Lagden, chairman of the Inter-Colonial Commission on Native Affairs of 1903-5. The largest space is given to education, and the general impression left is very encouraging, especially from the introduction of manual and agricultural instruction in the schools, the establishment of institutions for the training of teachers, and a college for the higher education. The Ethiopian movement is described in the chapter on churches, its principal aim being to secure for Africans an independent, self-supporting church. The treatment of the different subjects is remarkably fair and temperate, the difficulty of finding ready solutions for the various problems presented being always acknowledged, and helpful suggestions, rather than criticisms, being offered. The work has a value for all who have to deal with a similar condition of one race ruling another of a lower grade of civilization, but vastly superior in numbers. None can read it without feeling with the committee that prepared it that in South Africa "the outlook is hopeful."

Two slender volumes give us F. B. Sanborn's reminiscences of "Bronson Alcott at Alcott House, England, and Fruitlands, New England (1842-1844)," and of "Hawthorne and His Friends." They are put together in a rambling fashion, but reproduce the atmosphere of those transcendental days, as no one else now living can do. The Torch Press of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has printed the books in excellent form.

Morris Hillquit's "Socialism in Theory and Practice," just published by the Macmillan Co., is a fair example of the new tone now getting into the better socialistic books. The note of defiance is less heard, that of persuasion, at times almost of compromise, is more pronounced. When, for instance, Mr. Hillquit enumerates the transitional measures to be adopted between the present régime and the perfect state, he is on ground of rational debate. The initiative, the referendum, public ownership, etc., are to be accepted or rejected for no à priori reasons, but as each is, or is not, expedient. As a reaction against the extreme individualism of the middle nineteenth century, this tendency is wholesome; but like all reactions, apart from any consideration of final constitutional changes, their advocacy seems to most judicious minds to run to irrational excess. When Mr. Hillquit, however, passes from questions of transitional expediency to his socialist ideal, there enters, as always, an entirely different set of questions. Society has passed successively through slave-holding and feudalism, to industrialism, and is now struggling through this stage to socialism. That some change will occur in the near future is quite possible; but according to the law of analogy, to which the socialist appeals, it would be to a new order of leadership taking the place of the present "captains of industry," not to a uniform equality. And by the same argument, the change in moral standards would be to a new form of more or less suppressed egotism, and not to a state in which there is no motive for selfishness. In one section Mr. Hilquit reflects particularly the common weakness of his school. When he comes to the question of payment for labor, he simply says that "socialists do not offer a cut and dried plan of wealth distribution." Yet it is just here that the real psychological crux occurs: what conceivable plan of distribution will maintain a degree of content sufficient for the working of any communistic scheme?

In May, 1888, a little party, including John Addington Symonds and his daughter Margaret, visited Vescovana, where the Countess Pisani lived and managed what was left of the estate of the ancient Venetian family. She was the daughter of Dr. Julius van Millingen, the physician who attended Byron at Missolonghi, and she had married Count Almorò Pisani in 1852. The visit gave rise to an intimate friendship, and this to a charming book by Miss Symonds, published in 1893 under the title of "Days Spent on a Doge's Farm." A new edition of this work now comes from the Century Co., revised by the author and embellished with a number of new illustrations. It is an interesting account of Italian country life and gives a picture of an unusual woman.

"The Magic Casement" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is a taking name for an anthology of fairy poetry, and Alfred Noyes has brought together a good volume of verse from Shakespeare to several substantial writers still alive. There is a common prejudice against the insertion of the editor's own work in such books; it savors somewhat of pushing one's self uninvited into illustrious company, but it is hard to find fault with a procedure which gives us so elfin a poem as Mr. Noyes's "Sherwood," with its dancing close:

> *Robin! Robin! Robin!* All his merry thieves
> Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves;
> Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
> In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

"Deutschland unter den Kulturvölkern," by Dr. P. Rohrbach (Berlin: Buchverlag Hilfe), of which the second edition has followed rapidly on the heels of the first, is a patriotic and yet critical discussion of the political relations of Germany to its neighbors. While pointing out the prominent place and even leadership of Germany in international politics, the author freely and frankly dwells on the weaknesses of its foreign policy.

It is generally held by Jewish and Christian scholars that the Sanhedrin trial of Jesus, as described in the Gospels, was not in accordance with the Jewish law of the time, and the facts in the case are well set forth by Walter M. Chandler in "The

vasive flippancy, and its essential triviality. It has, however, the distinguishing merit of being consistently amusing and absolutely sweet and wholesome. On this account, if on no other, it would deserve a word of special recognition and commendation. Trifling as is the story—the romance of a middle-aged bachelor with a pretty typewriter and the mischief made by her foolish brother—it nevertheless serves to exhibit the fine technical skill of Mr. Fitch as a theatrical craftsman. It is a pity that so much ability should not be employed to better purpose. The leading character is exceedingly well played by Charles Cherry, an admirable light comedian.

On March 22, "An Englishman's Home" will be produced at the Criterion Theatre in this city.

Beerbohm Tree is soon to make a notable production in London of "The School for Scandal." He tried to secure the coöperation of John Hare, but was not successful. He purposes to play Sir Peter himself, and has engaged Irene Vanbrugh for Lady Teazle. The Lady Sneerwell will be Ellis Jeffreys.

Robert Hichens's comedy, "The Real Woman," which has just been produced in London, does not seem likely, judging from the current reviews, to create any sensation. It aims at a contrast between the frivolous and the serious life. A lovely woman of fashion, Lady Arden, impelled by the impulse of the moment, leaves a merry supper party after the opera to visit an East End slum where an injured boy is dying. In the presence of pain and suffering the best womanly part of her is revealed, and an earnest young tenement worker, seeing in her a ministering angel, declares his passion for her. Then he learns that he had been an object of ridicule in her intimate set, and had been made the subject of a thoughtless bet. He is deeply wounded and indignant, but soon discovers that Lady Arden has experienced a change of heart, although she is not in love with him, but with his bosom friend, in whose favor he retires.

## Music.

*Papers and Proceedings of the Music Teachers' National Association.* Third Series. Published by the Association. $1.60.

Once a year, the Music Teachers' National Association meets, and the papers read on these occasions are subsequently printed as "Studies in Musical Education, History, and Æsthetics." The last meeting was at Washington, on the last three days of 1908; twenty-five papers were read, and these, with the "Proceedings," make a volume of 330 pages. In the opening paper, following the address of welcome, Frederic W. Root refers with justifiable pride to the "wealth of interesting material" contained in the first two volumes of this series. The third is even better; from it one can obtain a clear view of the present condition of musical culture in this country and of the powerful forces which are at work in its behalf.

So far as vocal instruction is concerned, Mr. Root feels gratified that the old vagary of "Italian method" is practically retired; yet the preposterous claims still made about new and revolutionary discoveries in voice training show that there is need of further growth of intelligence. In pianoforte teaching, there has been a decided movement from "mere keyboard sport" to a kind of practising and playing which involves the mind as well as the muscles. A quarter of a century ago the only one of Beethoven's works which pupils had heard of was the "Moonlight Sonata," as Constantin von Sternberg remarks in his "Report of Piano Conference." He claims for the piano teacher a large share of the improvements since made. The influence of opera and symphony concerts is great and good, as far as it goes; but "it bears no comparison with the influence which the piano teacher exerts." He has taught the parents the value of music as well as the children; he has helped to create an audience for good music.

One of the best papers in this collection is that on the works of Edward MacDowell, written by one of his Columbia University pupils, W. H. Humiston, who is a good writer, as well as a musical scholar. His article is not merely a review of the works of the greatest of American composers, but it includes instructive comparisons of revised editions with old ones, and throws light on a number of points not dwelt on in previous articles on MacDowell. Few of his admirers know that at one time he wrote a number of pieces—excellent ones, too—under the pseudonym of "Edgar Thorn," to assist a helpless woman who had once worked for his family. Mr. Humiston also prints an interesting extract from a letter by Mr. Baltzell, editor of the *Musician*, to Mrs. MacDowell. Mr. Baltzell, on visiting, a few years ago, his native city, St. Petersburg, was nettled to hear the masters of the new Russian school make light of American music. He thereupon sent for copies of MacDowell's first three sonatas and sent them to the eminent composer, Glazounoff.

> The effect was—as I expected—a complete reversal of the previous opinion, and praise was expressed on all sides in a most generous and enthusiastic manner.

Another eminent American composer, George W. Chadwick, director of the New England Conservatory in Boston, is a contributor to this volume. In a paper entitled "The Curriculum of a School of Music" he discusses Wagner's plan for an ideal high school of music and its suitability for American conditions. This paper contains many valuable suggestions as to the functions of a true teacher, the need of allowing for individual peculiarities of students, the desirability of suppressing the unfit, and of raising funds for the talented pupils because "it seems to be almost invariably the case that the musically gifted student is without means to pay for his education." Mr. Chadwick agrees with Wagner's fundamental proposition that a music school should be, first of all, a school of singing. Prof. Charles H. Farnsworth contributes a valuable paper on school music in Berlin, Paris, and London. It is worthy of note that one series of music books much used in German schools has on it the name of Lowell Mason, the American pioneer of school music, with that of the German editor.

That the American music teachers—some of them, at any rate—are far from being buried in pedantic practices, oblivious to present tendencies in music, is shown by several papers in which the harmonic innovations of Debussy and Strauss are discussed. David Stanley Smith wittily remarks that in examining some recent Debussy songs, he fancied he saw the composer "turning over the leaves of one of those rigid French text-books on harmony and making a list of all the rules and conventions contained therein, with the sole purpose of wantonly breaking these rules."

O. G. Sonneck, the indefatigable, judicious chief of the division of music in the Library of Congress, supplies much interesting information on the inside working of that institution. Six persons are now engaged in the music division, and it is largely due to the liberal, broad-minded attitude of the chief, Herbert Putnam, that that division of the Congressional Library now exceeds the collections in the Lenox in New York, the Newberry in Chicago, and the Boston Public. The Washington Library's collections included, on July 1, 1908, 500,587 volumes, pamphlets, and pieces of music.

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Our operatic repertory is becoming more and more international. Italian, French, and German opera we have always with us. Paderewski's "Manru" was a sample of Polish opera. A Russian opera, by Tchaikovsky, is to be launched before the end of the season. A few weeks ago a Bohemian opera, "The Bartered Bride," was successfully produced at the Metropolitan; and now the Manhattan has provided an opportunity to sample the new Flemish school of composers, who are trying to revive the glory of the Netherlands of a few centuries ago, when that country was the world's musical centre. In 1896 there was produced at Antwerp, under the name of "Herbergprinses," and in the Flemish language, an opera of which the music was composed by Jan Blockx, to a libretto written by Nestor de Tière, one of the leaders of the Flemish literary movement. It proved so successful that it was promptly translated into French, and in that version it was heard in a num-

ber of cities. It was well worth producing in America, although it cannot be called a masterwork. The power of creating new melodies, which is of paramount importance in opera, is not strongly developed in Blockx, but he has helped himself to some effective national airs, and he is a master of orchestral coloring. The hero of the opera is a young composer who competes for a prize and wins it; but the announcement of his victory comes just as he has been stabbed by a rival for the affection of a dissolute woman known as La Princesse d'Auberge—the French title of the opera. There are some fine spectacular effects.

The New York Philharmonic Orchestra is to be increased to one hundred players for the two special concerts to be given under the direction of Gustav Mahler, on the evenings of March 31 and April 6, at Carnegie Hall. For the first concert, the Schumann "Manfred" overture, Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, the "Siegfried Idyll" and the overture to "Tannhäuser" are announced. These works have never before been conducted in New York by Mr. Mahler. For the concert to take place on April 6 he will present a Beethoven programme. It will begin with the "Egmont" overture, to be followed by the Ninth Symphony. In addition to the augmented orchestra there will be for the final movement of the symphony the Bach Choir of Montclair, comprising two hundred and fifty voices under the direction of Frank Taft, and a quartet of soloists to include Mrs. Rider-Kelsey, Janet Spencer, and Daniel Beddoe.

The opportune discovery of two violin concertos by Joseph Haydn has been made just before the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of his birth. J. G. I. Breitkopf, son of the founder of the Breitkopf & Härtel firm, had, somewhere about the middle of the eighteenth century, put to one side a quantity of manuscript music, and it was among this that the parts of the two works in question were found. In a supplement to a thematic catalogue drawn up by the firm in 1769, the concertos were indicated, but until now were regarded as lost. They were written between 1766 and 1769 for Luigi Tomasini, leader of the prince's band at Esterhaza, and in a catalogue in Haydn's own hand the one in C is marked as "fatto per il Luigi." Haydn greatly admired this violinist's style of interpreting his music.

A cheap edition of the works of Brahms, which he himself often begged his publishers to issue, is at last to gladden the hearts of his admirers. N. Simrock of Berlin announces that, beginning next month, those of the Brahms compositions that are published by him and by B. Senff, will be issued at about one-half their present price, in a Simrock Volksausgabe, which will also include the copyrighted works of other composers, among them Dvorák, Rubinstein, Bruch, Goldmark.

Proof of the increasing interest in Germany in American music may be seen in the fact that G. Schirmer of this city is issuing a special catalogue for that country of "Ausgewählte Compositionen" by Americans, among them Chadwick, Bartlett, De Koven, Hadley, Homer, La Farge, Loeffler, MacDowell, Parker, Shelley, Schindler, Brockway, Huss, Klein, Joseffy, Liebling, and Whiting.

# Art.

## THE SPRING ACADEMY.

In reporting the National Academy last autumn we pointed out the prevalence of what may be called exhibitionism, or the false values consciously or unconsciously put into a picture destined to attract attention amid a multitude of other pictures, rather than in a private chamber. The exhibition now holding in the Fine Arts Building in West Fifty-seventh Street displays less of this militant trait, but still too much of it for our taste. There is less manifestation of explosive force, less exploitation of method, but still, as one glances through the three galleries, one feels the lack of any idea dominating the collection as a whole, and individually most of the pictures have the same lack. So often one says, "That is a good bit of painting, but who could possibly want it as a companion in a private room?" If this feeling is analyzed, it will commonly reduce to a perception of the fact that the picture in question is simply a skilful combination of lines and colors without any moral meaning, without any real interpretation of life, and that, lacking these, it has little power of retaining interest.

There are exceptions which only emphasize the general rule. Sargent's full-length portrait of Miss Vanderbilt, besides the supreme mastery of the brush which he always shows, has a grace that adds an interpretative value to youth. The hands are rather carelessly done, and the lower part of the figure has no indication of anatomy, but as a whole the picture suggests that refinement of the eighteenth-century English painters who refashioned life according to their ideals. Something of this same quality is found in two portrait groups (Nos. 222 and 232) by Lydia F. Emmet and Ellen G. Emmet, of which the latter especially, two young women, is marked by a scheme of translucent colors delicately harmonized. As a contrast with these may be mentioned Irving R. Wiles's near-by figure of Mlle. Gerville-Reache as Carmen, a brilliant work in yellow and red possessing almost every quality except a controlling taste. How clearly the fault here is a lack of idea, not of skill, may be learned from his Quiet Corner, a swift sketch where cleverness is the only quality needed, a "stunner," to use Rossetti's favorite slang. Among the other portraits we can only stop at H. R. Butler's Miss M—— of Los Angeles, somewhat strained and unpleasant in face, but notable for the masterly manner in which the gown suggests the figure without any illegitimate straining or wrapping; in contrast, J. M. Lichtenauer's Portrait of Mrs. Walter Scheftel, where the green drapery is deliberately drawn to suggest the figure, but with ill success; a Portrait (No. 157), by Cecilia Beaux, piquant in face, but showing a harsh scheme of reds; William H. Hyde's Portrait of Bishop Potter; and a Portrait of Carleton Wiggins, by J. C. Phillips, which has what is almost universally lacking, character in the countenance.

Among the figure groups and fancy portraits, two stand out preëminently for their moral values. The Saltus medal has been well bestowed on George De Forest Brush for his Family Group, consisting of mother with child on her lap and, sitting behind her, a boy. It is in Mr. Brush's usual style, but he has been more than usually successful in instilling the very spirit of the family into the design without falling into what has seemed at times almost a sham idealism. The triangular composition of the figures is itself significant of an inner harmony. The other picture we had in mind is the Lemon Girl by Charles W. Hawthorne, notable for the blending of yellow lemons, the dull yellow of the bowl and shawl, and the duller yellow of the girl's face; still more notable for the poetry of poverty, if that phrase will be understood to-day, that envelopes the whole. From these the interpretative value extends in diminishing degrees through W. T. Smedley's Two Dutch Dolls, Charles A. Winter's conscientious but strained Pandora, to such hideous manifestations of unreflecting realism as John Sloan's Making Faces, such flaunting ugliness as Albert Herter's Mary of Magdala, such pink inanities as William Cotton's Calypso, and such bar-room photographs as Harry W. Watrous's "Some Little Talk."

As a transition from human to inanimate nature we may take the group of paintings that attempt with more or less success to win picturesque effects from the city. Best among these are two bits of New York: one, by C. C. Cooper, giving a glimpse of the train yards at Grand Central Station, with the usual romance of blurring smoke and steam; the other a view of Washington Square, by W. J. Glackens, in which a green 'bus in the foreground makes a pleasant contrast with the bright red houses beyond the Arch.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the landscapes in general display the same lack of interpretation, of moral values, if the phrase will be accepted, as the portraits. It is a fair criticism that most of these artists while at work had in mind the making of a picture which by its manifestation of energy or bold method should hold its own in the terrible competition of the galleries. In some cases this descends to sheer brutality, as in Charles Rosen's winter scene in which an Old Willow sprawls its boughs across the white background in lines of merely hateful ugliness. The effort to reproduce nature in her crud-

est, most intrusive nakedness is painfully evident. It is scarcely conceivable that any one should care to own and look constantly at a scene so devoid of human meaning. There are other snow scenes of the same class, though none so exaggerated as this, and there are one or two sea scenes in which a tempestuous mess of colors is devised for the same expression of inhuman energy. In the same category, if on a lighter scale, is Hélène F. Metcalfe's Villa Torlonia, in which that small and secluded fountain, by means of rather crudely applied colors, is made to look almost like a bit of wind-stirred sea. Better every way, but still lacking the final transmutation of art, are a number of landscapes over which we must pass with undue rapidity: E. C. Clark's Over the City, in which a burst of sunset from behind a cloud scatters an explosion of light over the sky, a brilliant study; E. W. Redfield's Harbor of Boulogne, large and spacious, but laid off in tiresome horizontal strata; Cedar Hill, by the same artist, a fine study of snow in the foreground with a long look into the distance, but not exactly comfortable; The Golden Moon, by Paul Dougherty, a view of ocean and rocks bathed in a rich golden light, excellently painted with a bold stroke that does not lapse into mere daubing; The Valley, by C. F. Ryder, in which height, a difficult effect, is obtained by setting the hill behind a row of bare poplar trees, but which is marred by the harshness of the greens; Northern Coast of France, by the same artist, showing a really noble slope of land up to a lighthouse in the far horizon; and W. Ritschel's Lifting Clouds, in which the land, foreshortened to a narrow strip, still conveys the look of distance, and by its glinting light leads the eye into a mysterious distance. But of all the landscapes the two by Ben Foster, Early Moonrise and Morning After the Rain, conveyed to us the finest impression of the healing charm of nature, seemed to us most capable of bestowing the true quietude of mind and of winning us to comfortable companionship. Early Moonrise obtained the Inness gold medal, and deserved it; but the Morning After Rain was almost more seductive, with its hillside of pure green and its grayish white curves of cloud. We have necessarily passed by many paintings worthy of remark, but to these two landscapes we would point as embodying most perfectly the interpretative and, in the broader sense, moral values which as a whole the exhibition lacked.

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In art the Oxford University has three titles on its spring list: "Decorative Design," by A. H. Christie; "The Stone and Bronze Ages in Italy," by T. E. Peet; and "Bushman Paintings," reproduced from tracings by Helen Tongue and Dorothy Bleek.

From Curtis & Cameron of Boston we receive a portfolio of fifteen photogravures (price $5) of E. A. Abbey's Holy Grail frieze in the Boston Public Library. The pictures come out well in the process, and give a good notion of the romantic charm which has attracted so many sightseers to the originals. These Copley Prints might well be framed for hanging in a library or hall.

Twenty-four years ago Copenhagen resolved to erect a new City Hall. Fifteen prominent European architects competed, and the task fell to Martin Nyrop, who began building in 1892 and was not done until thirteen years later. What he has achieved is told, in word and picture, in the artistic folio published by F. Hendriksen under the auspices of the municipality. "Kobenhavns Raadhus" (August Bangs) is a worthy literary memorial of one of the most original and most interesting modern European structures. The volume describes the architectural details, of design, construction, and expense alike, minutely and with a wealth of superb illustrations. It is more useful than many other similar studies because Nyrop has broken with tradition and evolved a new effect, in which classical hints and modern tendencies are admirably fused. Unconventional without being inchoate or falling into the extremes of novelty, the structure, upon which nearly $1,500,000 has been spent (apart from the approaches and site), well repays the foreigner's attention. Unfortunately for English readers, the text of the descriptions is in Danish. There is, however, an English index.

The excellent collection of colored reproductions of old masters that has been published under the title of Galerien Europas by E. A. Seemann, Leipzig, will in the future appear in the form of monthly instalments. In addition to the four colored plates which each issue will bring, there will also be a descriptive and critical letterpress, discussing problems of art. The last five instalments are filled with reproductions from the paintings in the Alte Pinakothek in Munich.

Seven large marble bas-reliefs have been discovered on a farm two miles and a half outside the Porta Maggiore, Rome, between the Via Prenestina and the Tiburtina. They are admirable specimens of Greek or perhaps neo-Attic art, and together form a magnificent circular base over twelve feet in circumference. They represent dancing figures, maenads or Bacchantes, of which illustrations are given in the current number of *Notizie degli Scavi*. Their discovery at this point, however, has raised the question whether they may not have been carried and secreted there, but the president of the Roman Archæological Society, Prof. Giuseppe Tomassetti, states that in studying the history of the Vicolo Malabarba he had found that an important temple of Bacchus once stood in this neighborhood, impressing its name on the surrounding land, which was known in the years 987, 999, and 1010 as the *fundus Bacculi* and *Bacculas*, as records in the archives of Santa Prassede prove. This statement gives rise to the hope that the statue for which this foundation was designed may now be found.

At an auction in the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries in this city March 11, Jacob Maris's The Dome, Amsterdam, brought $9,000. Other high prices were: Adolph Schreyer, The Raiding Party, $7,250; B. J. Bloomers, Children on the Beach, $5,200; Ziem, Canal la Giudecca, Venice, $8,000; J. B. C. Corot, Morning in the Valley, $5,000; Marie Dieterle, Cattle at the Pool, $5,000. On March 12, at a sale of paintings belonging to Cottier & Co. of New York, these prices were paid: Millais, Little Miss Gamp, $6,250; Diaz, A Girl and Her Dog, $9,000.

At an auction at Christie's, London, February 27, N. Maes's Portrait of an Old Lady, with black dress and white ruff and cuffs, brought £2,152.

Following the great success of the exhibition of pictures by Sorolla, there will be an exhibition of the paintings of Ignacio Zuloaga at the museum of the Hispanic Society, March 21 to April 11. There will be a private view March 17 to 20.

An exhibition of bronzes by Barye will be held at the Grolier Club till March 27.

Raphaël Collin, after a protracted contest, has been elected to the Académie des Beaux-Arts in place of the late M. Hébert.

We have to record the death of two French artists: Raymond Balze, at the age of ninety, a pupil of Ingres, painter of historical subjects; and the Comte du Passage, at the age of seventy, a cavalry officer by profession, who studied sculpture under Mène and Barye, and produced a number of statues, including a successful Jeanne d'Arc.

News comes of the death of Madame Henriette Ronner at the age of eighty-seven. She was born at Amsterdam, being the daughter of J. A. Knip, a well known painter of animals and landscapes. Her first work to attract much attention was La Mort d'un Ami, exhibited at Brussels in 1860, a picture of a hawker with a cart drawn by two dogs, one of which lies dead. But her favorite subject was the cat, which she painted in a variety of styles.

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## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Al Ghazzali, the Confessions of. Translated by Claud Field. Dutton. 40 cts. net.
Allen, William H. Civics and Health. Ginn. $1.25.
Barrett, Eaton Stannard. The Heroine. Henry Frowde.
Blackwood, Algernon. John Silence: Physician Extraordinary. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.
Bourgeois, Émile. Le Secret du Régent et la politique de L'Abbé Dubois. Paris: Armand Colin.
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*By Albion Harris Bicknell, a modern American painter, still living. From a painting in the State House, Boston*

Vol. CIII. No. 6 LINCOLN NUMBER February 7, 1918

## Congratulations from Our Readers

FROM A MAINE MINISTER

The "combined" paper is a good one and I rejoice that we now train under one banner. LEAVITT H. HALLOCK.

ONE GREAT CONGREGATIONAL PERIODICAL

Congratulations on the merger. Some things profit by organic unity and the great Congregational periodical is one of them. It is a big trust of the best kind and the kind of a trust to be trusted. We congratulate ourselves not on any part that we have had in it but on its promise of increased usefulness to the denomination as a whole. May this merger emphasize our heritage and help forward the spiritual unity of all Christian creeds in the co-operation but not the death of the splendid principles on which we are built and which are more vital to the world today than ever.

*Keene, N. H.* W. O. CONRAD.

FROM A FORMER EDITOR OF THE ADVANCE

It is some years since I saw the monumental statue of Faith which stands on a pedestal well above the sacred soil of Plymouth; but might not such strong love for the New Congregationalism, and its new organ, stir the granite of the statue, that, Galatea-like, she shall awake to life, and quitting her pedestal, shall desire a flying machine so swift and so strong that she can easily fly to the Golden Gate, and go all over our land to see the progress of our faith and order, close at hand.

A. R. THAIN, D. D.

*National Home, Wis.*

FROM THE PRESS

It seemed a most natural thing in these days of unions of various kinds that this one should take place. It will be a great husbanding of resources which will enable the publishers to utilize the good of both papers, and make one second to none on the North American continent, and for that matt r, in the world. If a denomination cannot unite its own forces what could it be expected to do if organic union took place with other denominations.—*The Canadian Congregationalist.*

The consolidation of *The Congregationalist* of Boston, and *The Advance* of Chicago, two Congregational journals, is one more step in the movement toward consolidation that has been so marked a feature of religious journalism in recent years. Thirty years ago the religious press was broken up into great numbers of small papers, tenaciously sectional and polemically sectarian. They were very generally mouthpieces of local points of view. The cost of publication was trivial as compared with the present day, and they were horn, breathed out an existence of only a few years, reflected a single editor's point of view, and died when the editor tired of his job.—*The Living Church.*

The tendency to combine among religious journals, which has had frequent illustration in recent years, has back of it an altogether sound and wholesome instinct. The religious newspaper of today, if it is to accomplish the great work to which it is called, must have vision and outlook, and concern itself with world news and world problems and world progress. It must have something of the cosmopolitan instinct and spirit, and provincialism and narrowness will most effectually rob it of any far-reaching usefulness in the service of men or the bringing in of the kingdom. A narrowly denominational paper, or one confining itself almost altogether to the interests and activities of a local constituency, is today something of an anachronism, and continues largely on its record of usefulness in the past.—*The Christian Guardian (Toronto).*

The editors of the journal thus enlarged and enriched have before them one of the most inspiring tasks committed to men. Here are six thousand or more free churches in which they may reasonably expect to find not only financial support for the organ of their denomination, but quickened response to living words and the fruit of such response made manifest in action. The ideals of religious journalism are such as stir the l art and should make one humbly grateful for the privilege to assist in making them real. This privilege for *The Congregationalist and Advance* is greater and more compelling than ever before. The *Christian Register* extends its best wishes to a contemporary admirably equipped for the work which religious journals are trying increasingly to do together.—*The Christian Register.*

May your new venture in journalism be a splendid success. It is a just cause of congratulation that it has been brought about. One national paper will stand for the unifying of our many interests. Sincerely yours,

EDWIN W. BISHOP.

*Porter Church, Brockton, Mass.*

## The Congregationalist's War Relief Fund

### Returns to January 30

| | |
|---|---|
| **Enrollments** | 2,026 |
| **Total Amount Pledged Weekly** | $170.49 |
| **Total Cash Receipts** | $31,642.38 |

**Contributors to the Fund**

*2,018 names already printed*

Sedgewick, Miss C. C., Lenox Dale, Mass.
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Kenosha, Wis., First Cong. S. S.
Hallock, Mrs. M. P., Nucla, Col.
Davis, William C., Falmouth, Mass.
Spearfish, S. D., Cong. Church.

## Inter-Church War Work Congress

There is need of a war-work clearing-house of information and suggestions for the Protestant churches of Chicago. So far as possible this need is being filled by the Chicago War-work Committee, by:

(1) Advising ministers and churches of church war-work being done.

(2) Undertaking to prevent duplication, friction and unprofitable efforts.

(3) Indicating objects from time to time that should receive emphasis from the churches.

(4) Urging a general co-operation of all agencies without limiting initiative.

(5) To uncover and present new needs to the churches.

(6) To urge loyal, persistent and intelligent maintenance of the local church life and church institutions likely to be imperiled by the pre-occupation of war times.

Mr. Oliver R. Williamson of *The Continent*, chairman of the committee, announces that plans are under way to hold an Inter-Church War Work Congress on the afternoon and evening of Feb. 22, in the new Y. M. C. A. auditorium, the gathering to be addressed by leaders of national reputation. Registration fee covering cost of supper will be $1.00. The minister and one active layman from every Protestant church in Chicago and suburbs will be asked to attend.

## Outstanding Events

**For the Week ending Thursday, Jan. 31**

**The Food Proclamation**

The President issued a proclamation in which he calls for a more intensive effort on the part of our people to save food in order that we may supply our associates in the war. He declares that a reduction of wheat and wheat products amounting to 30 per cent. is imperatively necessary to provide the supply for overseas and calls upon wholesalers, jobbers and retailers to limit their purchases and sales to 70 per cent. of the amount used last year. Mondays and Wednesdays should be observed as wheatless days each week and one meal each day as a wheatless meal. Tuesday should be a meatless day and one meatless meal should be observed each day, while in addition Saturday should be a day without pork. He further says: "I am confident that the great body of our women who have labored so loyally for the success of food conservation . . . will take it as a part of their burden in this period of national service to see that the above suggestions are observed."

**Secretary Baker's Report**

In answer to criticisms voiced by Senator Chamberlain of Oregon and others, the Secretary of War appeared before the Senate and in a long speech drew a picture of what has been accomplished in preparation for effective war. He said that the advice of experts from the Allied nations had been asked and their wishes followed, that early this year 500,000 American troops would be in France and that a million and a half were under arms and would be sent as fast as possible. Secretary Baker will appear again before the Senate for further examination in regard to points of importance.

**Russia and Its Neighbors**

The leaders of the Russian Government continued negotiations with German and Austrian representativ , in regard to terms of peace. The confiscation of great sums of money deposited in Moscow by the Rumanian Government was ordered. The Russian leaders interfered actively in Finland with a view to substituting for the Finnish Revolution such a form of government as Russia now has. The Russian *de facto* Government appointed as consul in New York an American, Mr. John Reed, under indictment in New York for treasonable utterances in the suppressed *Masses* newspaper.

**Changes in the War**

Chinese troops embarked for the front in France. The Italians in two brilliant attacks drove the Austrians out of mountain posts nearest to the Venetian plain, straightening out a dangerous salient and capturing more than 4,000 prisoners. Germany declared that large sections of the Atlantic, covering the steamship lanes from both North and South America to Europe, a e prohibited zones for commerce. Reports of great strikes in Germany were permitted to pass the censor.

**The Coal Situation**

Great storms and cold seriously hindered the distribution of fuel. New England was in special distress, Boston being reduced to three days' supply of coal, and it became necessary to refuse permission for sales of fuel to office buildings and further to shorten the hours in which many of them were allowed to open.

Succeeding *The Recorder*, founded 1816; *The Congregationalist*, 1849; *The Advance*, 1867.

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Volume CIII. February 7, 1918 Number 6

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## The Talk of the Sanctum

**A Lincoln Number this Week**

How would our greatest American think and act if he were down in Washington today?

Turn over four pages and read If Lincoln Were Here, by the distinguished historian, Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard.

On page 179 is a resume of the latest addition to the great legion of books on Lincoln's life.

An English View of Lincoln is there among the editorials and you have already noted the statue reproduced on the cover.

**What Are the Boys Writing Home?**

The mails must be bringing to many homes in the big *Congregationalist and Advance* household letters from sons and brothers in camps, cantonments or overseas, full of interest to persons outside the family. The sentences in these letters that reveal the deeper experiences and thoughts of the soldiers, or of those in the process of becoming soldiers, or those working with and for them at the front, help to lighten up the darker aspects of this great world tragedy. We have no desire to intrude upon the privacy of any home but we should like to publish, from time to time, a column made up of sentences and extracts from letters, the recipients of which are willing to share with others for the common good. Single sentences or short paragraphs are what we have in mind. Address SOLDIERS' LETTERS, *The Congregationalist and Advance*.

**The Circulation Man Says:**

There's a big difference between a push and a shove. Not having space enough here to give a detailed definition of both, we will say that a push is power steadily applied and that a shove is not. A shove is quickly done and quickly over. *The C. and A.* has a very hopeful feeling these days. We are enjoying a *push*.

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# WHAT THE CHRISTIAN WORLD IS DOING

### Baptists Out for a Special Million

A CONFERENCE of 120 Baptist leaders, principally laymen, has recently been held in Chicago with a view to raising a million dollars by the last week in March to satisfy the excess needs of the denomination in consequence of the war. Money was not the initial purpose of the meeting. A smaller gathering at Cleveland, in December, had considered the question, "What is the duty of the Christian Church in general and of the Baptist denomination in particular in view of the world situation created by the war?" The laymen seemed so interested and the discussion continuing through four different sessions was so animated that the outcome was an elaborate set of resolutions emphasizing specific aims bearing upon greater service to the church and the nation. The second meeting in Chicago reiterated the purposes affirmed in Cleveland, with all the force that the sixscore Baptist business men could put into the statement. The three months' campaign will be pushed after the fashion of the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. drives and it is believed that the wonderful spirit of energy and consecration exhibited at these gatherings will eventuate in things far beyond the financial goal. The million is to be divided thus: $150,000 to camps and cantonments; $300,000 to foreign missions, and the balance to home missions and ministerial relief. The names of the six original leaders of the movement stand for much in the business world. They are: F. W. Ayer of Camden, N. J., George W. Coleman of Boston, Edward H. Haskell of Newton Center, Ambrose Swasey of Cleveland, Elmer B. Bryan and Ernest D. Burton of Chicago.

### President Wilson on Sabbath Observance in Army and Navy

**An Order Issued Jan. 22**

*"The President, Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy, following the recent example of his predecessors, desires and enjoins the orderly observance of the Sabbath by the officers and men in the Military and Naval Service of the United States. The importance for man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest, the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors, a becoming deference to the best sentiment of a Christian people and a due regard for the Divine Will demand that Sunday labor in the army and navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity. Such an observance of Sunday is dictated by the best traditions of our people and by the convictions of all who look to Divine Providence for guidance and protection, and, in repeating in this order the language of President Lincoln, the President is confident that he is speaking alike to the hearts and to the consciences of those under his authority."*

(Signed) WOODROW WILSON.

### The Missionary Leaven in Awakening Spain

WE cannot measure the importance of any line of Christian work altogether by the number engaged in it or by the numbers of those who may be listed as its results. The American Board maintains but five missionaries in Spain; of these two are supported by the Woman's Board of Missions at its School for Girls in Barcelona. There are only thirty Spanish workers, including preachers, teachers, and Bible women; and six organized churches with 227 communicants and 1,400 adherents. In the whole of Spain with its population of 19,000,000 the Protestants, children and all, will not exceed 10,000. The numbers seems almost negligible; yet the influence of these who stand for religious freedom is a factor to be reckoned with in connection with the present spread of the spirit of democracy in Spain. Thousands admit in their hearts that Protestantism is the purer religion; when the long expected overturn of autocracy comes to pass and religious liberty is really a fact and not a fiction in the land, a multitude will come forth to confess the faith they have secretly cherished. Missionary work in Spain is not an effort to wean men away from one form of religion to another. They are already weaned away. It is an open secret that of the nineteen millions of the people of Spain scarcely two million are genuinely interested in the Roman Catholic church. They go through the accustomed forms on three occasions: at infant baptism, marriage and death—to avoid legal difficulties and social ostracism. But at heart they are without a religion, practically infidel. Mission work for them is an effort to awaken a hunger for a vital faith and then to supply that hunger. It is cause for rejoicing that here and there such a vital faith is appearing and is bearing its unanswerable witness.

### Democracy and Home Missions

THE increasing spirit of co-operation as a means of the expression of Christian democracy was at the fore in the annual meeting of the Home Missions Council in New York, Jan. 15-17. With this meeting the Home Missions Council begins its second decade of service to our common Protestant work. The challenge of the problems presented by the war to a united Christian Church made the sessions of the Council in large attendance and earnest interest more significant than ever. "Democracy must save, not merely be safe," was the stimulating principle of thought and action. The speeding up of industry with a readjustment of populations, the new importance and the new prosperity of the farmer, impending changes in the industrial order, the awakened community consciousness, an intensified national spirit—all received careful attention by Christian leaders. Special interest centered in the group meetings on the Country Church, Field Survey, Church Building, and Home Mission Propaganda and Promotion, as well as in the Joint Conference with the Council of Women for Home Missions.

Mr. William Beahan, a layman member of the Euclid Avenue Church, Cleveland, and assistant civil engineer of the New York Central Railroad, told the satisfactory story of Negro labor on his railroad lines. The duty of the united church in our Northern cities to the 300,000 to 500,000 Negro immigrants was practically pointed out through the recommendation of the Negro Committee, based on the special investigation of Detroit as a city typical in the problems raised by the new comers. Rev. H. W. Pilot, Director of survey work for the Baptists, told of the practical aggressive programs, not merely surveys, as worked out among Baptist churches in cities East to West.

Through several of its secretaries, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America made evident its close relation to co-operative Christian activities. Speaking for the General Wartime Commission of the Churches, Prof. W. A. Brown pleaded not only for co-operation in wartime activities but for the building of a great spirit and purpose that should be competent to mold the Christian thought of the world against the day of a sheathed sword. A telling statement was that "the most significant thing of our day is that moral, social, and political leadership is passing into the hands of national labor leaders." The Home Missions Council took itself more seriously than ever. For the accomplishments of its great objects in the practical expressions of a new day of Christian

faith, it adopted a budget large enough to prosecute its several interests, daring to go so far as to include provision for a new Executive Secretary who shall prosecute the varied tasks to which the Council pledges allegiance.

### The Methodist Goal for Ministerial Relief

THE Methodists of the northern states in 1912 entered upon a campaign to raise five million dollars for its retired clergy. Later the objective was raised to ten millions and still later to twenty millions. Over ten millions have now been subscribed. This includes the accumulations of several different organizations within the church, principally the Methodist Book Concern. The entire campaign in the United States is under the management of Rev. Dr. Joseph B. Hingeley of Chicago and it is predicted in Methodist circles that the entire objective will be accomplished within five years. When this result is secured a Methodist preacher who shall have continuously served the church for thirty-five years and has good standing, for instance, in the New England Conference will be entitled on retirement to one-half the average cash salary of the churches in the conference. This would at the present time amount to $18 for each year of his effective service, or $630 in annual pension. The preacher with fifty years to his credit would be entitled to $900. A like proportion attaches to other terms of service. Inasmuch as about one-half of the objective has now been secured, the minister who applies for this pension this year would be entitled to about one-half of the amount. The widow of a pensioned clergyman will be entitled to three-quarters of this pension for the number of years she may have been his wife.

DR. JOSEPH B. HINGELEY

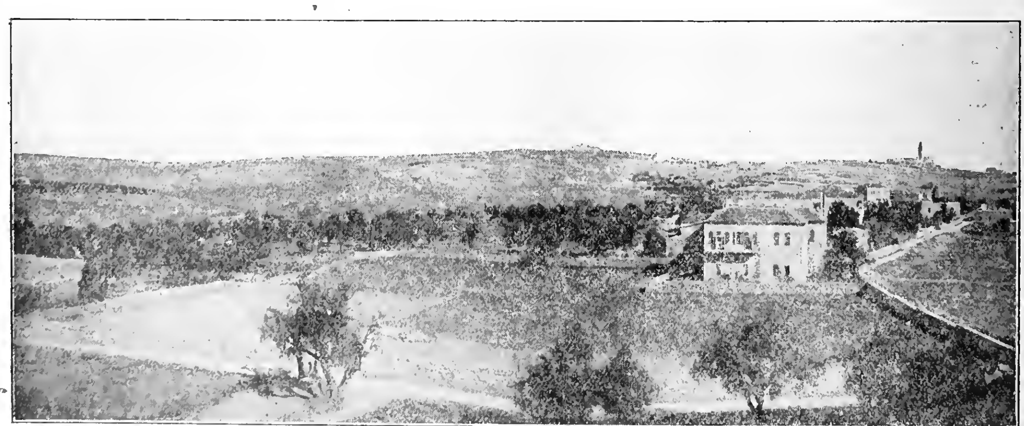
### American Initiative and Energy at Work in Palestine

THE recent gift of $50,000 by Mrs. James B. Nies of Brooklyn, N. Y., to the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem comes at a time when the future of the Holy Land is an object of interest and thought on the part of Christians the world over. It shows that while statesmen and business men are looking toward the future betterment of the Holy Land on the material side, Christian scholars are more keenly alive than ever to the desirability of preserving its spiritual pre-eminence in the thought of Christendom, and of drawing forth from the soil of Palestine still more treasure that will corroborate and illuminate the biblical records and throw light upon the customs of the past. The announcement of this gift was one of the most noteworthy features of the recent meeting of the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis in Philadelphia, which is one of several learned societies that hold their annual meetings in conjunction with one another during the Christian holidays.

### Fruitful Labors for Nearly Twenty Years

THE American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem, under whose direction this gift of $50,000 will be expended, was founded in 1900 under the auspices of the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, and is affiliated with the Archæological Institute of America, which maintains an annual fellowship in the school, besides giving assistance in times of special need. As long ago as 1895 the late Prof. Joseph Henry Thayer of Harvard, a high authority on New Testament studies, set forth the desirability of having such an institution in Palestine. Through the efforts of a competent committee the first annual director was sent to Palestine in 1900 and from that time up to the entrance of Turkey into the war a representative has gone out each year from some American college or theological seminary to supervise the work of regular and special students on the ground. The co-operation of thirty or more universities, colleges and seminaries have made possible this modest beginning of what will doubtless prove a most important institution for linguistic, archæological and historical research. American visitors to Jerusalem have enjoyed the library and in other ways have been glad to avail themselves of the facilities offered by the school. Its output of work has been most creditable, and if further funds were at its disposal it would be in a position, after the war, to carry on a far reaching work. The chairman of the American Committee is Prof. C. C. Torrey of Yale.

But even with the equipment now available through this gift of Mrs. Nies which provides a permanent home a new impetus for carrying on the work is afforded and the chances for important discoveries are alluring, since the field for research in Palestine has thus far been but partially explored, when compared with investigations that have been going on in Egypt and Greece for many years.



WHERE AMERICAN SCHOLARS WILL CARRY ON THEIR PALESTINIAN INVESTIGATIONS

The recent capture of Jerusalem by the British lends interest to this picture of the plot of ground in Jerusalem owned by the American School of Oriental Research, on which it will erect, as soon as conditions permit, a $50,000 building as headquarters for the important work of archæological and historical research. The territory reproduced in the picture is a short distance north of the city wall and in reach of the road shown at the foot of the picture leading to the Gate of Herod. The plot acquired by the school starts from this road, its boundaries being shown by the stone walls. Its area is about two acres. The building crowning the hill is a German hospice, in the construction of which the German Emperor had a lively interest.

# EDITORIAL

## Spiritual Leadership During the War

Rev. Joseph H. Odell's article entitled Peter Sat by the Fire Warming Himself, to which the editor of the *Atlantic* gives the leading place in the February issue of that always interesting monthly, is an interesting and brilliant but undiscriminating attack on the Christian ministers of America.

This able journalist, whose vivid descriptions of life in the cantonments many of us have enjoyed in the *Outlook* and other magazines, burns with indignation because the ministers of the country lacked in his judgment the insight into the menace of the war-policy of Germany and the courage to denounce it seasonably and strongly. They ought to have foreseen the effects upon the German character of the teachings of Wellhausen, Harnack, Wendt, Ritschl, and other men who tried to "squeeze every possible trace of the supernatural from the Old and New Testaments." As Germany, when once it began to strike for world power, perpetrated atrocity after atrocity, "the preachers of America, who had all the facts on their library shelves and in current periodic literature, never uttered an indictment loud enough to cause the male members of their churches to foozle a drive in their Sunday morning foursome at the Country Club."

Proceeding, Mr. Odell declares:

> Sometimes one is forced to question whether the ministry has ever really studied the life of Jesus of Nazareth. In the elements which make up a courageous manhood Cromwell is a shadow compared to Jesus. Do you think that Jesus of Nazareth would have been neutral in word and thought while Germany was raping Belgium, distributing typhus germs through Siberia, instigating and guiding Turkey in the slaughter of the Armenians, tearing up treaties and rending international law, assassinating Edith Cavell and Captain Fryatt, sinking hospital ships and acting generally on all highways of the world like a carefully organized band of demented fiends? Do you think he would have remained placidly silent, absorbed in multitudinous schemes of ecclesiastical procedure? If not, then why were you so scrupulously neutral, so benignly dumb?

Still further, Mr. Odell claims that moral and spiritual leadership during these three years have passed to the laity in the person of such writers as Lord Bryce, H. G. Wells, J. M. Beck, Frank H. Simonds and Ian Hay Beith, and other laymen, while all the important movements bearing on the preservation of freedom, like the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A., have been taken out of the hands of the clergy and assumed by lay organizations.

This we trust gives a fair, though necessarily condensed view of an article which the managers of the *Atlantic* are taking pains to circulate among the churches.

The American ministry as a whole is not guilty on the main count of Mr. Odell's slashing indictment. Because they have not rushed into print, it does not follow that multitudes of ministers from the moment Germany lifted the mailed fist have not denounced in public and private the rape of Belgium and the invasion of France. Some of them have not paused to write magazine articles but have joined the army or navy and are preparing themselves to do their duty with gun and cannon.

As Germany has gone on to alienate the public opinion of the world through the sinking of the Lusitania, through instigating the Armenian massacre and similar deeds of shame on land and sea, the ministers of this country as a rule have not been one whit behind the laymen of their congregations in holding up to opprobrium such flagrant violation of the laws of God and man. And when at last the United States was forced into the struggle it was the ministers not only of the great city churches, but of many a little church at the cross-roads, who pointed out in sermon and address the justice of the cause to which we have committed ourselves, the great fundamental principles of liberty and humanity that were jeopardized by German ambition and intrigue.

The ministers dedicated the flags, prepared the rolls of honor, heartened the enlisted and drafted men, put their shoulders to the Y. M. C. A., Red Cross and Liberty Loan drives. The fact that these drives have registered such wonderful success is due to the lining up of the churches and ministers behind them, just as the very existence of the Y. M. C. A. and the Red Cross is due to the Christian Church and the Christian ministry, which nourished them, started them on their beneficent way and stand ever in the background to serve them as occasion demands.

The book which on the whole best represents the Christian sentiment of America respecting the war, and which is charged with patriotic feeling from cover to cover—"The Challenge of the Present Crisis," was written by a minister, Dr. Harry E. Fosdick. Dr. George A. Gordon's "The Appeal of the Nation," can hardly be charged with lacking the prophetic note, and there have been other utterances by eminent ministers—Dean Hodges, Dean Brown, Dr. Van Dyke, Dr. Cadman and President King for example—which have sounded the same high call of duty and honor. We wonder in this connection if Mr. Odell has happened to see anything from the pen of Dr. N. D. Hillis bearing upon this subject. We wonder if he has seen such trenchant declarations of ecclesiastical bodies as that put forth by the Federal Council of Churches at Washington in April, 1917 and by the Congregational National Council at Columbus in October, 1917.

If some were slow in discerning the one paramount issue which has now come to overshadow every other issue, if they felt that the materialistic basis on which the life of all the nations had been for decades grounded, was responsible in part for the outbreak that now threatens civilization, that attitude did not make them any the less ready to follow President Wilson's lead when at last the die had to be cast.

To imply that such men are lacking in courage, to compare them to the cowardly Peter snuggling up to the fire, is to do injustice to men who have never failed to exhibit the self-forgetful and prophetic spirit. They know something of the mind of Christ and of the drastic demands of his gospel.

It is a comparatively easy thing for a right minded man to flame with indignation over wrong and to give vent to his righteous anger in quick hot words. It is not so easy for men who would follow Jesus Christ to the very end to reconcile the vast enginery and methods of modern warfare with the entire scope of his teachings and example. If war meant the immediate apprehension and execution of the leaders of the military party in Germany that would be one thing, but because war seems to call for the killing of thousands of German young men whose greatest crime is a blind subservience to the state in which they have been schooled from childhood, men who believe that God made these young men, and that Christ died for them, are not to be pilloried if they come to the acceptance of this method only after long mental and spiritual travail. But with few exceptions, to this decision they have come as the only alternative in sight to the spread of tyranny and cruelty throughout the world.

With certain points in Mr. Odell's article we are in hearty agreement. His emphasis on the need of simplifying the message of the Christian religion, on doing away with useless ecclesiasticism and competitive denominationalism, and on getting down to reality is admirable.

We wish, as he wishes, that we had more prophets among us, more men of courage, insight and leadership capable not only of summoning the nation to arms, but of keeping alive while the mighty physical conflict goes on, the great enduring spiritual ideals of Jesus Christ. But let us not ignore or berate the prophets who to the best of their ability are declaring the counsel of God unto this generation, and who are as eager as their critic to interpret aright this world calamity and to turn it to spiritual account.

## The English View of Lincoln

No reversal of personal judgments in the history of the world has been more striking than the change of view by which Abraham Lincoln has become one of the great heroes of the English people and is accepted by them as one of the great statesmen and writers of the world. Even the unfortunate controversy which has

risen over the presentation of his statue by Americans for a site in London has brought out new tributes and even a desire that both statues should be sent. It may be worth while to consider some of the reasons for this change of view, from prejudice often reaching the point of dislike and finding utterance in sneers at the backwoods statesman and the rail-splitter, to a quite unstinted admiration.

Aside from the current of events, which has brought the causes which Lincoln fought and died for to the front, there are three traits of his character which especially commend him to the English mind. The first is sincerity. Lincoln was in the best sense of the word a straightforward man, as well as perhaps the shrewdest and most far-seeing politician of his generation. His refusal to take a case for the defense in which he had convinced himself that his would-be client was guilty is an instance of this straightforward desire for the companionship of truth.

Another quality which commends itself to the British mind is Lincoln's simplicity. It was the simplicity of the wise man, which is strong enough to cultivate openmindedness. It showed itself in his continual accessibility to the public. He never lost touch with the plain people and he knew their minds as few statesmen have done in the history of the world. It gave him that touch of sympathy which made him everybody's friend. This quality showed itself also in that wonderful style which was the amazing product of his experience of life and of the law. The Englishman is not subtle, he recognizes the power of greatness which has no need for concealment and requires no study of ornament to make its meaning clear.

The appeal of Lincoln's magnanimity is strong with a nation which in its dealings with the people of its worldwide empire has shown that it had learned the lesson which the revolt of its American colonies taught—the lesson that the best interest of the guardian is in the happiness of those whom he guards and governs. We all feel the power of Lincoln's forgiving. We see him running risks of personal loss and criticism in the appointment of men like Stanton to the most responsible place in his cabinet and Hooker—who had been threatening a dictatorship—to the command of the Army of the Potomac. With him personal wrongs or enmities never stood in the way of the Nation's need. By these qualities Lincoln is still a vital force both in his own land and the land of his fathers which has learned to reverence him.

## A Month of Suffering

In the annals of our generation the January that is just ended may go down to those who follow us as the suffering month. If not quite world wide, the distress it brought has affected the whole of the northern temperate zone, in which are the largest land masses and the greatest number of people with whose woes and joys we are in sympathetic contact. From China and Siberia to Germany and England and across the Atlantic to Canada and the United States it has been a month of sorrows. For all, or nearly all these lands are at war and January has brought against them all alike the armies of the cold in the fourth year of the conflict.

The climax of suffering for him who is called to endure must always seem to be found in his own special and peculiar trials. We know that other people are in distress with a less vivid apprehension than that which our own suffering brings us. It is the perspective of human experience which makes all the foreground big. We know through the newspapers that there is snow in Rome, where snow comes seldom, and that the passes in the Alps through which supplies come to the Austrian invaders are deep with drifts. But these facts are far in the background with the man who comes downstairs on a bitter morning to shovel a path out to the road. We hear that coal in Italy costs seventy or eighty dollars a ton, when coal can be bought at all. But that sorrowful fact in the experience of our ally is far in the background of our attention as we watch the fast dwindling heap in our own coal bin, or entreat the fuel director or the coal man to come to our relief.

We have heard men grumble in other years over the discomforts of a January thaw; but the discomfort and defeat of this January have been that there was no thaw. Economizing fuel seems an unfair game when all the advantage of the situation is in the hands of Jack Frost in his most alert and persistent mood. In the annals of the American people the whole month will be set down as one of suffering in that most primitive of experiences, the mere fight not to be frozen in our shelters or so benumbed that we are unable to do our work. Children turned away from unheated schoolhouses had the choice between frozen streets and uncomfortable houses. The poor and aged suffered and the thin-blooded everywhere. It was a testing as well as suffering time. It tried our defenses, froze and burst our water pipes, tested our tempers, showed us that annoyance and delay and discomfort are sometimes harder to endure than greater trials.

When we look beyond the foreground of our own experience, what a picture of suffering the world presented in these January days! It was starvation time, or near to that, for millions. There has been no such time of bereavement since the hordes of Asia broke through and turned Europe into a shambles in the days of Atilla the Hun. The fierce testing of cold and want, of grief and hope deferred, had come upon the peoples. Our share is little in comparison with what others have endured and must endure until the welcome day of peace arrives and through long and trying days of resettlement that must follow. Are we bearing this trial of our faith and nerves successfully? Are we as brave as stricken France, as cheerful as Italy, as steadfast as Belgium, as dogged as Great Britain in present endurance that peace may come and may remain?

## Saloons vs. Schools

We are asked to offer constructive criticism upon the Administration's management of the war if we criticize at all. With the modesty characteristic of a Chicago man here is the real article.

The Fuel Administration gave us five holidays hand running and has set the stage for nine more. The ramifications of the order are multitudinous. At this writing it is proposed for an indefinite time to have only one session of school a day in all our Chicago schools and like regulations are apparently to be adopted in other cities. Any one who employs the output of the public schools know that many of the young people that come to our offices from these schools are pitifully lacking in the basic things of education. It is proposed, because there is a shortage of fuel, to further curtail the training of our youth, but to leave the saloons open and allow them to use fuel for their damnable business. The saloons are still running in the city of Chicago from five o'clock A. M. to one o'clock A. M. five days in the week, and there are six or seven thousand of them.

Graham Taylor states the case as follows:

"Closing the schools should be a last resort. It breaks the habits of the child. It disturbs family life. It is the height of poor economy. In my district we receive thirty calls a day from families unable to obtain coal. The children of these families are bundled up and turned out upon the street with the closing of the school. There are no play spaces, no centers for them. Delinquency is promoted. The fact that in the face of this closing of the school for purposes of fuel conservation, the saloons are permitted to remain open and heated is ridiculous. All men and women of Chicago interested in the welfare of its children should rush to remedy this situation. If it should continue any length of time it would result in a complete demoralization of the child's life—for a period. It will also bring juvenile tragedies, as it is already bringing them. The child's clock is the school hour. Without it the child is at a loss. The schools should be opened. The saloons should be closed. It is not a matter of general anti-saloon feeling. It is one of concern with the highest community interests."

What is true of Chicago with its six or thousand saloons is true in the same measure of Boston, New York, Cleveland and other cities. If it is so easy for the Administration to pass a drastic measure concerning the

working hours of the poor, why not likewise with the saloon business? Some of us had begun to believe that our national conscience was getting sensitive concerning the iniquity of this traffic, but if we permit our schools to be closed while the saloons remain open, it will be good evidence that we have gone beyond feeling in this matter. Is it not time for the Administration at Washington to act against the saloon? R. W. G.

## St. Louis Conference Results

Behold how good and how pleasant it is for Congregational field and office secretaries of all our societies to get together in midwinter fellowship, and how promising it is for them to plan so harmoniously and with such enthusiasm to work together for the cause of the Pilgrim faith and the achievement of our high aims and purposes for the Kingdom, as they did in St. Louis last month. The report of this meeting appears on another page.

The plans approved for immediate united evangelistic effort through all our churches, culminating at Easter, and the great Every-Member Drive toward the goal of more and larger gifts for missions call us to go forward with heartiest enthusiasm and most earnest endeavor. The special efforts of the year should vitalize and advance every kind of church work and bring us nearer all the goals of the Tercentenary Program.

## The Parables of Safed the Sage

### The Parable of Crumbs and Bubbles

Now I was meditating on the things that seem to be Trivial and how when they are many, they become an Heap so that they Block the Amenities of Life.

And I listened and I heard the Patter of Little Feet, and I stopped my work, and the daughter of the daughter of Keturah ran into mine arms, and pulled my Beard, and kissed me upon both cheeks and once beside, and she said:

Grandpa, on this day I am Three Years Old, and behold there hath been given unto me a Doll, and a Cake with Three Candles thereupon.

And I said unto her, It was a glad day when God sent thy Mother to us, and another glad day three years ago when He did send thee; and behold the years have gone so fast that when I hold thee in mine arms, I know not if it be thee or thy mother.

And she said, Grandpa, Behold it Snoweth. Take me out that I may behold the Snow.

So I took her out, wrapped in her Double Garments, and she rejoiced in the Snow. And she beheld how it came down in her face in what she called Little Bubbles, for they melted straightway, and how it fell upon my coat in what she called Little Crumbs.

For it is on this manner that she fitteth the words that she knoweth to her New Experiences, and oft do I marvel at the way in which she findeth a word for the thing she hath not known. And I considered her use of the words Bubbles and Crumbs of Snow. And we went within the house, and watched through the window, and we saw the Snow strike the window in Bubbles, and fall outside in Crumbs. And the Crumbs and the Bubbles were both Very Little Things.

Now when the morning was come, Behold the Snow was piled at my door in a Great Drift. And I listened, and behold there were no Trains, and I waited, and behold there were no Mails. And certain of my neighbors had no Coal and could not get it.

And I considered, and said, Behold the Crumbs of Snow and the Bubbles of Snow that fell in the face of the Little Maiden, and on the Overcoat of her Grandfather. How small were they one by one, and behold they Stop the Trains.

And I considered that it is even so with many things in life that are small in themselves, but when multiplied they become Habits that men cannot break, or Grievances that rend Friendships Asunder, even as Great Drifts are made of Bubbles and Crumbs of Snow.

## In Brief

John Calvin thought that any agency which existed for the purpose of working for the heathen was "needless if not impertinent." The impertinence of the Garden City Foreign Missions Conference would have appalled him.

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Those who have been following the issue at Colorado College between the trustees and Prof. Edward S. Parsons will be interested in the summary elsewhere printed of developments in the controversy since our last allusion to the matter. The progress of events only makes more clear the wrong done to Professor Parsons and we shall be surprised if the committee of the American Association of University Professors now investigating the case does not favor his reinstatement.

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A minister of our acquaintance has just passed the sixtieth milestone, but that fact in no way abates the ardor of his desire to go to France. He has easily passed the medical tests, but he fears that a mild disability sometimes called "Anno Domini" will bowl him out. We have known ministers not endowed with war-like propensities who have suffered with the same disease. We hope they will bear the consequent results as philosophically as this cheery sexagenarian who says he proposes to accept the fortunes of war whatever they are and at least be a "happy warrior."

✠ ✠

Remember that next week is Father and Son week. The Y. M. C. A. does well to promote its observance throughout this country and among the boys at the front, as it is doing. Read Mr. Richards' article on another page and wherever we are, let us do all that we can do to link together in closer comradeship and sympathetic understanding all the fathers and sons of our churches. It was a happy thought that the week when we celebrate the birthday of Lincoln, whose heart was so warm and true not only to his own boys but to all boys, should be dedicated in this war winter to fathers and sons.

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We have not yet come very near the edge of famine—or of real self-rationing—when Mr. Arthur Williams, Federal Food Administrator, in praising the ration card for the "New York's Honor System for Food Saving by Voluntary Rationing," says that meals should be cut to three main courses—soup, fish and roast, or oysters, soup and roast, with a dessert that does not contain too much sugar or wheat. If the 100,000 members he predicts do not get any nearer fasting than this their abstinence will be a mere healthful form of dieting which would seem extreme luxury to hundreds of millions on both sides of the Atlantic.

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English mail drifts rather irregularly on to our desks of late, but it is all the more welcome when it does come. In the budget which arrived one day last week were several letters from well-known Christian leaders, whose point of view will interest our readers. Prof. James Stalker of Scotland, writing from Edinburgh, says: "Crowds of your sailors in blue with the names of your states in gold on their caps are perambulating Princes Street and making a fine impression on the sympathetic passers-by." A similar note of admiration is struck by Mr. F. A. Atkins, prominent in journalistic circles in London: "*The Congregationalist* is always welcome, and so are your American soldiers. I get a sort of thrill as I see them here and there."

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From London also comes this word from Dr. E. Griffith Jones, a former chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, and now superintending the various lines of work that center at Whitefields, the great central mission carried on for so long by the late Silvester Horne. "The military situation just at present is pretty difficult and tense, but we are looking forward to better times as soon as America can assert her full power in the field, which will be spring time next year, earlier, I hope, sooner than later. We shall hold our own in the West until our numbers are overwhelming and then the effect of the heavy exhaustion of German manpower is sure to make itself felt and Peace will be in sight. It is a worrying time, but we must not let all our efforts prove abortive by a premature or unworthy peace."

# If Lincoln Were Here

## *His Message, Policies and Methods for Today*

By Albert Bushnell Hart
*Professor of Government in Harvard University*

If Abraham Lincoln were here today we should receive him not as a centenarian with attenuated body and flickering memory, but as the keen, strong, powerful man who left his country untimely when but fifty-six years of age. We mean Lincoln in the high tide of his broad ocean of a mind, experienced as a plain citizen and professional man, typical of the vigor of the frontier and the author of finished thoughts which place him among the world's greatest. We should hail him as the wise President tried by four years' experience as the Moses of the people; as a statesman enlarged by the disappointments and the triumphs of a great national war. Were Lincoln our counsellor in this day of danger and confusion, what would he say to Congress, to the President, and to the American people?

### WOULD CARRY ON A VIGOROUS WAR POLICY

We know what he would say to Congress because we know what he did say to Congress when it was his mighty task to confront a war which was forced upon him against his wishes and hopes. He would advocate war as he advocated it in 1861, on his clearly stated belief that "this issue embraces more than the fate of the United States. It presents to the whole family of man the question whether a constitutional republic or democracy—a government of the people by the same people—can or cannot maintain its territorial integrity." He would insist now as then that "no choice was left but to call out the war power of the government; and so to resist force employed for its destruction, by force for its preservation."

*Photo. by H. W. Gleason*
LINCOLN STATUE BY ST. GAUDENS IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO
*Which is being illuminated every night and to which hundreds go*

He would tell Congress also to make broad preparation, without too much nicety as to details, and to place big responsibilities in the hands of the President. Before Congress could meet in July, 1861, he was engaged in war preparation. "These easures," he said, "whether strictly legal or not, were ventured upon, under what appeared to be a popular demand and a public necessity; trusting then, as now, that Congress would readily ratify them." It took even Lincoln a little time to learn that big wars require large provision; but less than three months after war broke out he called for four hundred thousand men and four hundred million dollars.

Lincoln, alive, would again ask for a great navy, and a vast provision of arms, clothing and munitions of war; and he would thank Congress for the efforts of its committees to make sure that those great supplies had been carefully and efficiently applied. From his own experience of political and sometimes incompetent officials he would welcome the present system for the provision and training of officers; so that the country might not be dependent now, as it was in 1861, on officers no more skilled than the raw levies of troops.

### WOULD SEEK THE ABLEST ADVISERS

To the President, Abraham Lincoln could give the fullest counsel, based on the most intimate experiences. He would bid his successor surround himself with a Cabinet of men of high abilities. He would tell him that Seward and Chase who were after himself the ablest men in the Republican party, were put into the highly responsible places of Secretary of State and Secretary of the Treasury; where their great abilities and their success as men of initiative and originality in policy, reflected brilliancy upon the head of the administration. He would recall the pains he took in filling the two military departments of the navy and the war. He would relate how when Secretary Cameron proved insufficient for the burdens of the war department, he looked over the country and selected as the best man for that critical post, Stanton, a Democrat, personally hostile to the President, and up to that time a bitter critic of his parts and policies. He would show how Stanton, with all his roughness of temper, proved the unyielding backbone of the military service.

How would Lincoln look upon the present exercise of tremendous powers of government by our national executive? Doubtless he would smile and tell a good story to illustrate his own difficulties, and with a warning drawn from his experience. He would question whether his suspension of ***habeas corpus*** at the beginning of the war was necessary; he would describe the vexation brought to him by the use of that measure to silence or to punish critics of the administration or of the war, who proved to have more influence as martyrs than as prophets. He would recall how he allowed the occasional closing up of newspapers, and the arrest of people who had committed no offenses—how sometimes for the public good, temporary injustice must be done. On the other hand, how sharply he followed up Vallandigham and others who by their speeches urged the people to give up the contest.

### WOULD KEEP IN CONTACT WITH THE PEOPLE

How would Lincoln carry on the enormous business of the White House? Being Abraham Lincoln, he would never allow anything to cut him off from that contact with all sorts of people which was the breath of life to the Civil War president. Lincoln was cruelly overworked, because he gave so much time to old acquaintances and officers back from the front, and friends of men sentenced to death for desertion, and mothers of wounded soldier boys. That was where the giant got his strength, by touching the ground from day to day. Lincoln had, and would have again, special friends, cronies and confidants, but, like his successor, he would make up his own mind,

come to his own decisions, and carry out his own purposes.

How would Lincoln act toward the military men over whom he stood as Commander-in-Chief? He would select the generals for their supposed power to command till he came if possible on another Grant—"I can't spare that man; he fights," said he. How patient he was with the earnest but slow! What a power he was to invigorate the patient and swift! "Fret him and fret him," said he, "hold on with a bull-dog grip and chew and choke as much as possible." How human he was in the midst of his military brethren, how shy of his own judgment, which was sometimes superior to theirs in questions of strategy! How interested he was in the rank and file! How his great heart took in the million bayonetted defenders, how he was struck to the heart by their defeats, how he rejoiced over their victories!

As President also Lincoln would have his way with Congress—more now perhaps than when he had that other chance, for Congress in those days was more inclined to read the President's war messages than to heed them. Lincoln had in his mind a tremendous passion to get things done. He was something of a centralizer himself, and would have applauded the modern method of concentrating responsibility, both by suggesting laws and by creating a machinery to carry them out, which is a triumph for the present administration. Perhaps he would make a few suggestions about the need of placing responsibility on the heads of departments and then holding them accountable for carrying out the details. Lincoln liked to give a free hand to the secretaries; but if they were not up to the standard that he had set in his own mind, he knew and practised the only remedy.

What would Abraham Lincoln say to the American people? He would say that the present war is like the Civil War—a struggle to establish not national supremacy but national principle; to free the world of great obsessions. In 1861, several million people thought that chattel slavery fitted in properly with a democratic community. They were on the wrong track; and so they realized at the end of the war; none of their children want to return to that abandoned road.

WOULD LEAD THE WAY TOWARD THE WIDEST FREEDOM

Lincoln would again become a great leader toward a better way now, when part of mankind has convinced itself that the best way for human beings to carry on the world is to turn power and responsibility over to a small group of self-designated autocrats. They passionately worship a great Juggernaut that they call the State, under whose wheels they fling themselves. Lincoln believed in 1861 that all races of men were capable of taking care of themselves without the intervention of an owner. Today he would equally believe that all races are capable of self-government without the aid of monarch, or class, or military caste. He would bid us fight to make democracy safe, not only in this country but wherever men desire to have a part in their own affairs. He would quote his own words: "When the white man governs himself and another besides, that I call despotism."

Lincoln would be a melancholy man today. It was he who said, "Slavery has somehow an infinite capacity to make me miserable." Would not the woes of Belgians and Servians, Armenians, Poles and Bohemians trodden under the feet of merciless conquerors rouse a like spirit of sympathy and protest? Would not his heart bleed with the helpless white bondmen and bondwomen from Belgium and France as it did for the deported Africans?

As he looked on the woes of this war, and the dangers of his country, would he not revive that splendid organ peal of his second inaugural, with its magnificent assurance of the dignity and uprightness of human nature?—*"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."*

## Lincoln

By NEWTON I. JONES

*From his seat on the near hill's summit he saw the ebb and flow*
*Of the tide of battle, fiercely waged, upon the plain below.*
*And at times his hands grew weary as he held on high his rod;*
*But his brave companions stayed them up, for it was the rod of God.*
*And thus his hands were steady till the setting of the sun.*
*The cause that he loved had triumphed and his mighty work was done.*
*And now in the depths of human hearts, themselves the walls of fame,*
*Is chiseled, never to be effaced, the martyr Lincoln's name.*

# What Other Editors Are Saying

A STRENUOUS WINTER

A very plain duty faces the community this winter, owing to the scarcity of doctors and nurses caused by the war. That duty is not to be ill more than can be helped. Economy in household management and elimination of food waste are going to be preached by twenty thousand women volunteers throughout the country, at the instance of the Washington authorities. A secondary crusade might be one urging people to forget their nerves, to scorn neurasthenia due to under or overwork, to eat neither too much nor too little, to go to bed betimes and rise at cock-crow, to be more enthusiastic disciples of the didactic Mr. Shonts and duly save the lives of their fellow-travelers in the subway by uncrossing their feet, to drink only distilled water and eat only cooked fruits and vegetables, to avoid unnecessary strokes of apoplexy induced by parlor politics—in short, so to live in sterilized security that they will avoid every disease or accident not classed by the insurance companies as a direct "act of God," and so spare our medical and hospital services for use at the front. Naturally, the fact that all joy of living at all, if living carelessly be prohibited by patriotism, will disappear under such a *régime*, may serve the added purpose of driving adventurous souls, accustomed to risk their lives daily by eating and journeying, to enlist and die at the front rather than succumb to premature valetudinarianism.—*New York Evening Post.*

STRANGE PRIVILEGE OF BEER

Attention has been called by the *Chronicle* to the serious and startling impolicy involved in restricting, for purposes of shipping economy, such socially valuable imports as sugar, fruit, pulp for paper, and timber for furniture, and not touching the enormous mass of materials—1,500,000 tons a year required by the brewing industry to make beer.

The British working class is to banish from its tables the banana and the apple, the tomato and the orange, those fruits whose importation has done more, perhaps, than any other addition to its dietary to improve the health of its toiling members; to stint itself of sugar, one of the very cheapest and best foods available to it for supplying warmth and energy; to be stinted of paper, which from the school upwards is the medium for nearly every kind of enlightenment; to have the prices of its furniture, its tobacco, and its whisky all raised; while beer is still allowed to make the full demand on the shipping resources of the nation.—*The Messenger of the Presbyterian Churches, New South Wales.*

# Fathers and Sons

## *Cementing the Ties Between Them*

**By Rev. Thomas C. Richards**

"The Prodigal Parent," half-pathetically and half-tragically Charles Dickens christened his father. If the witness of judges, social workers and probation officers is true, it is the prodigal parent who is more often to blame for juvenile delinquency than any other single cause. Prodigal fathers are not restricted to the stratum of the submerged tenth or the tenement house district. The millionaire is quite as apt to be the prodigal father. When he has paid his boy's bill, sent him on to school and immersed himself in business—he thinks he has done his duty. Some of the saddest, rudest awakenings have come to such fathers, who have gone into a far country and neglected their boys.

A wealthy business man came to a Congregational minister with this confession: "I have robbed my children of the best things. Of course I have educated them, provided them with automobiles and every other kind of amusement, given them an opportunity to travel and introduced them to society, but still I have cheated them. When I was a boy, back in the country town, my parents brought me up to go to church. Even after I was prosperous and negligent of the church, the moral values and the moral stamina that I imbibed stayed with me. My children have not been brought up to go to church and have not had the slightest religious atmosphere. Now they are grown up they have no foundation for morality, no great *ought*, no sense of God. They have not the foundation or background to their life that I had. While I thought I was giving them the best, it is a bitter revelation and realization to me now that I have cheated them out of the thing which would give moral sanctions and the moral imperative to life. What can I do? What shall I do?"

> **Father and Son Week**
>
> *Under the leadership of the Y. M. C. A. the Father-and-Son week is to be nationally observed during the week of Lincoln's Birthday, Feb. 10-17. Proclamations and messages are being issued by governors and mayors. Churches, industries and civic organizations are co-operating in this effort to re-emphasize the real comradeship which should exist between father and son. Especially will this message be carried to the camps and cantonments and over to the boys of Pershing's army as a patriotic measure. Sunday, Feb. 10, will be set apart to Write-to-Father, and the next Sunday will be Fathers-Visit-the-Camp Day. Every effort will be made in the meantime to conserve and strengthen this great home tie in every way.*

Alongside of that confession let me put the heart-rending appeal of a modern prodigal son.

A college man, "Ted" Mercer, stood before a vast gathering of men and said: "I plead with you fathers in the name of the Holy God to lead a Christ-like life in the presence of your sons and if you have any doubts keep them to yourself.

"My father was a brilliant man, and prided himself on being a disciple of Herbert Spencer. In that atmosphere and under that influence I was brought up. My home was a home of culture. I went into society and learned to lead a cotillion. I went to college and there was nothing to hold me and so I preferred to be rotten instead of green. I went dead wrong. My father was disappointed and disgusted. His pride was touched because I had disgraced the family. Father called me into his office. I shall never forget that night. With tears streaming down his cheeks he said, 'I have talked to you and pleaded with you, I have given you money and here you are leading this dissolute life. It is bringing a stain on the family life and I can't stand it. The door of this house is closed to you forever. I want you to leave town.'"

"Ted" Mercer left town with a thousand dollar check which his father had given him. It was soon worse than wasted. In rags on the streets of Trenton he begged for money for another drink. He slept like many another drunk on the park benches. Finally he brought up as many a derelict has done at the Water Street Mission in New York City and found Christ and his lost manhood.

The newspapers got the story—a college graduate, a well-known Southern family, a man who had lived at the White House as a small boy—and put his picture in the paper. His father saw it and telegraphed his boy. When that father saw that boy upon whom he had not put eyes since he disowned him and drove him from home, he put both arms around his boy and with tears streaming down his face he cried, "My boy! my boy! for God's sake forgive me!"

The last thing that father said before he died three years later was, "Tell my boy, Ed, it was the change I saw in his life and not his profession that found me. Tell him I die a Christian."

* *

In striking contrast with these prodigal parents, turn to another picture, which shows the splendid possibilities of a father's mighty influence in the life of his son.

"My father was my chum and the influence of my father was the biggest influence in my life."

The speaker wore a Phi Beta Kappa pin. He had studied at Berlin and Göttingen. He had held some strong pastorates and was now being inducted as pastor of one of the notable New England churches. He was a scholar, a prophet and a man every inch of him.

"No other man, I ever knew, walked so closely with the Lord Jesus Christ as my father. He measured as nearly up to the Master as mortal man could. One day I found my father just at dusk on his knees in the barn near the feed box. I asked him what he had been doing. He told me that he had been praying for me and that every day, since I was born, at that hour he had prayed for me.

When he was a young man he had taught school for several years in Haddam and Chester, and other towns on the Connecticut River. He had saved money to enter Yale College to prepare himself for the Christian ministry. Just as he was ready to enter college a mortgage and interest became due on his father's farm. The home would be sold under the hammer. He, the oldest son, took all the savings of those years and saved the home. So he began earning again and went into a business life, later marrying. Before his first child was born, he devoted that child, if it was a boy, to the ministry. That compelling love, the propulsion of his dedication I accepted after that explanation in the barn. Many temptations have come to take me from the ministry, but my father's influence held me. He was and is the mightiest spiritual force in my life."

* *

In a recent story the author says: "Nature made him a parent, but he had never trained himself to be a father."

> **Charles Dickens to His Youngest Boy**
>
> *Try to do to others as you would have them do to you and do not be discouraged if they fail sometimes. . . . I put a New Testament among your books for the very same reasons and with the very same hopes, that made me write an easy account of it for you when you were a child. Because it is the best book that ever was, or ever will be, known in the world; and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature who tries to be truthful and faithful to duty can possibly be guided. . . .*
>
> *You will remember that you have never at home been harassed about religious observances or mere formalities. I have always been anxious not to weary my children with such things before they were old enough to form opinions respecting them. You will, therefore, understand the better that I now most solemnly impress upon you the truth and beauty of the Christian religion, as it came from Christ himself and the impossibility of your going far wrong if you humbly but heartily respect it. The more we are in earnest as to feeling it, the less we are disposed to hold forth about it.*
>
> *Never abandon the wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers night and morning. I have never abandoned it myself and I know the comfort of it. I hope you always will be able to say in after life that you had a kind father. You cannot show your affection for him so well, or make him so happy as by doing your duty.*

There ought to be a university extension course in every church on "Being a father." Fathers assert their authority and forget the responsibilities and obligations that go with fatherhood. Some things every boy has a right to expect of his father. He has a right to comradeship. His father ought to be interested in the things which the boy knows. The father must supply the common ground, the boy cannot.

Every boy has a right to the knowledge of himself and of his manhood and no human being is more responsible for his obtaining this knowledge in sane, clean fashion than his father. When a class of young men were told some things straight about purity and impurity one of them burst out impulsively, "Why didn't some one tell us this in our early 'teens?"

Every boy has a right to a square deal. It is not right for a boy to be shut up with a harsh command because his father can't answer him. But a square deal means this also. "I'm mighty glad, Dad,"

*(Continued on page 191)*

# Mrs. Brown's Church

## *A Kansas Story of Courage and Achievement*

**By Jessie Wright Whitcomb**

*SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS*

*The trustees of a run-down Kansas church are about to sell it when Mrs. Brown comes to the rescue. She is deeply interested in the welfare of the town and after buying the church begins to devolve plans to put new vigor into it. She organizes a Sunday school and goes to work to make the opening meeting a real success. By enlisting the help of some alert young townspeople and of a few students from Washburn College, she secures teachers for her classes and a leader and singers for the choir. True to Mrs. Brown's expectations children and grown-ups flock to the church the first Sunday and the end of the day sees the school well organized and the lessons under way. Mrs. Brown and her ingenious niece and nephew then devolve a plan of having church gardens in order to raise money to support the work of the church. The school children are interested and eagerly grasp the opportunity of doing something to help the Little Stone Church on the Hill.*

### CHAPTER VI.

"It's too bad you came over, Molly," was the greeting she received from Granny Griggs the next day when she entered the old lady's room.

"Why? Don't you want to see me?"

"Not on that particular business. Sit down while I tell you about it. Dave told me he had heard a rumor that the man that rented my little store down on First Street near the river was selling liquor. I didn't doubt it; for Remick—it is Remick you know who has looked after my three little places for the last ten years—isn't worth his salt when it comes to seeing into anything. And it would be just like him to rent the place to some one who would do that. And what I was going to ask you to do was to see if you thought there was anything in the rumor."

"Well?"

"Well; the place was raided last night and the tenant was run in."

"Wasn't the little house next door one of your places, too?"

"Yes. This man had them both. But he was a month behind on the store rent last rent day and more still on the house. So Remick got him out of the house but let him stay on in the store. I wish he hadn't; anyone but Remick could have seen what was the matter."

"I suppose the house and the store are both in poor shape and have a bad name."

"I have no doubt they are dirty, but Remick is supposed to keep things in good repair, and as for the bad name, I don't know whether that would matter much in that neighborhood or not."

"I came in to get your advice about the marketing of our little church gardens products. Something will have to be done about it."

"Well?"

Mrs. Brown laughed at the old lady's careful mockery of her own tone.

"Well; suppose I go in and clean your premises up; put up a few signs of green stuff to sell on certain days and hours, and you let us have it a little while for cleaning it and making it look desirable, while we figure out some plan that will give you your rent, and the youngsters their market, and the church the money. It won't be long until we think of the right thing."

"I should say I would let you!" beamed Granny Griggs. "It has bothered me more than I could tell you, to think of those two little places looking like sin and being ill thought of; the other place is in a better neighborhood and is all right, I suppose. It would do me good to have them cleaned up and looking self-respecting. How will you go at it?"

"I'll take Mrs. Hickey and four of her friends she selects, and with some disinfectants and cleaners and a good bonfire, we can fix up both places in no time at all."

"All right; I'll pay for any material, and whatever you have to pay your women. And I'll tell Remick you are to have the handling of those two places for a while. I don't know exactly why, Molly, but I have spent a good bit of time thinking about that neighborhood and the people in it and what they do and how they live. I wish I really knew."

"All right, Aunt Kate, I'll bear that in mind and come home with a lot of real newsy news for you when we have cleaning Bee number two."

That was why on the day Mrs. Brown and the enthusiastic women from the Brick-yards descended on the ex-joint and empty house on First Street Mrs. Brown did some visiting and let her helpers do the cleaning. Both the store and the house were undoubtedly dirty—the back room of the store and the built-in refrigerator heinously so—but both buildings were in excellent repair.

Mrs. Brown first made acquaintance with two women who had come out with the evident intention of watching the progress of events. They were such cheerful, wholesome looking women that Mrs. Brown warmed to them at once.

"If such nice looking women as these live here," she thought, "I wouldn't mind the neighborhood myself!"

"What are you going to do?" asked one of the women.

"Going to get the house and store as clean as scrubbing can make them, fix up the back yard of the house, and have it so almost anyone would like to live in it!"

"We wanted to rent it last time it was vacant, but the store made it undesirable; it has always had a bad name since we have known anything about it."

"It will be fine now and the store will only be rented to a straight tenant, if it is rented at all. We are going to sell fresh vegetables there for awhile."

Then she started in on her tale of the Little Stone Church on the Hill, a story that proved so interesting that quite a number of other women gathered from somewhere to hear the whole thing over again. Something about Mrs. Brown's story caught the imagination, and interested comments and questions were fired back and forth. Their different names were told and one would have thought that Mrs. Brown was surrounded by a group of old friends. She took them in where the cleaning was going on and introduced the Brick-yard ladies, to every one's satisfaction.

"Now, Mrs. Petro, that's the house you two ought to have, seeing the store is to be so nifty and you always hankering after it," remarked one woman to one of Mrs. Brown's first two friends. "Mrs. Petro and Mrs. Lake are just wonders," she added to Mrs. Brown in a confidential aside. "They have means—they have—each one's got a nice little pension—they're sisters, and they can pretty near live on them together. We couldn't worry along without Mrs. Petro in this neighborhood. Any of us ailing, in she comes and does for us, always chirking us up and helping. Oh, she's that kind and good! Her sister's got a weak ankle so she don't wander much, but if one of us has to go up town, for a little shopping, say, we just leave the baby or little kids with her, and they're just naturally improved when we get back; and, oh, how they love her. We don't none of us want to lose Mrs. Petro or Mrs. Lake from our midst!"

The house had been cleaned first and looked very attractive. It was a green story and a half cottage with a comfortable little porch at the front and back. Both the living room and kitchen were cheerful, sunny rooms and the one good room and cubby hole upstairs were pretty and quaint with their sloping ceilings.

"Why don't you rent it, Mrs. Petro?" asked Mrs. Brown. "We will take good care of you, and the store will never be anything but a credit from this on."

"Done!" said Mrs. Petro amiably. "We had given up our place, because it's so bad, and have been looking for a week."

Because of that it was a very grand report that Mrs. Brown had to give Granny Griggs.

"Oh, Molly, you're a woman after my own heart!" beamed the old lady when she heard the joyful news. "I'll tell you what, Molly, if you keep on with your notion that your church is to do something for 'others,' and have a worthwhile interest outside of itself, you just let it shoulder that neighborhood! I read a lot about this personal touch and brothering and sistering people, and settlement ideas. Now, here's your chance."

"Aunt Kate, you have brought it to the surface, the something back in my mind I have been trying to get hold of and that kept slipping away! That is the very thing; we'll have a district nurse, a sort of neighborhood mother, and pay Mrs. Petro to make a real business of what she has been doing all along because she is that sort of a woman."

"Yes," broke in Mrs. Griggs, "and if you can get these gardens on a permanent basis, and other reliable ways of getting some steady income, we could have the weak-ankle one who doesn't wander keep a sort of day nursery or little kindergarten."

"To be sure; actually made to order."

"But how about the money, Molly?"

"Aunt Kate, I have looked over all the gardens carefully and you would be surprised at how much actual cash it seems to me they'll bring.

Granny Griggs rang her little bell. "I want Kate," she explained, and Katherine herself came to the door.

"Tell me again, Kate," said her grandmother, "what you said you had to do in your sociology class. I want Mrs. Brown to hear."

"Why," smiled Katherine, "different ones of us have to do different things, and I

have to make a survey of some neighborhood."

"Of all things," exclaimed Mrs. Brown with sudden understanding.

Then they went into the whole matter with Katherine who was all attention. "It is simply too lucky for words," she said fervently. "I just dreaded it and didn't know which way to turn. You see these city surveys that are being made have sort of stirred things up; and we have had two or three pretty good expert talks about directing our energies, to some extent, toward those who needed the interest we could give—'in our midst,' you know."

"Enough, Katherine; you've said enough," said Mrs. Brown solemnly. "Between you, you have pulled the whole submerged inspiration up out of chaotic darkness into the light."

Mrs. Brown's telephone was busy for a while that night, and judging from the satisfied expression on the lady's face, with satisfactory results. The first vegetables were to go the next day, which was Wednesday. Wednesday was also the regular day for the Washburn girl's Y. W. meeting; it always came at twelve o'clock in their room in the Library building. The connection might not have been apparent to anyone else, but it was to Mrs. Brown.

Although the only vegetables ready were lettuce, radishes and onions, it was a fine supply of well washed bunches carried in in the car. Because school was still holding, the only one who went with the car was a boy not in school, named Dan Travis. Mrs. Brown had never known Dan but she was quite enthusiastic over his level-headedness, even before she got to town and still more so before the selling was over. As soon as they reached the store he told every child he could catch hold of to run tell the folks at home that the nicest looking lettuce and onions and radishes ever seen were over at the store. As every one had been talking for two days about this very event there was no delay in the gathering of the clans. They could have sold more, had they had it to sell. The money gathered in was nearly all nickels but the women were loudly praising the size of their nickel's worth.

"Pshaw, Mrs. Brown," said Dan regretfully; "this didn't last long enough; if they are going to buy this way any of the fellers could come in early and sell out and get back to school, too."

That noon Frances Piper introduced Mrs. Brown to an audience of college girls in their Y. W. room, saying that she would put the finishing touch to a series of talks they had been having on welfare work. Mrs. Brown wasted no time in theorizing. She told briefly the story of the little church and of the Griggs store and cottage; of Mrs. Petro and Mrs. Lake and of the work they hoped to have each one do. "Now," she said, "if you girls want to take on some actual work, as I understand is quite the thing nowadays if a college is in or near a town of any size, you might find just what you want to do there. Although it is not by any means a criminal or vicious neighborhood it is a neighborhood where many mothers are poorly equipped for their job, where children all the time are without the mental and moral stimulus that would help make something of them, where there are always a few families temporarily in actual want of clothing or food, and where friendliness is always needed. Now if you cared to go to work in that neighborhood you could take over the coaching of the nurse and the near-kindergartner. Those women have only a natural and not a trained fitness, and a little scientific help might mean a good deal. We expect to pay for their services. Better yet, the store building, if you could devise a method for taking it over, could be used as a neighborhood center—at least for the children. You could carry on an afternoon Sunday school with the best results, for your survey will show you, I think, that almost none of them go to any Sunday school at present. If you could get help from any of your men friends you might find it possible to give the boys gymnastic classes on certain evenings or something in the way of entertainment or story-telling. Girls' sewing classes might be appreciated. Of course I realize that the college year is nearly over, but a large enough proportion of you live in Topeka to make it possible for you to carry this on during the summer months, with no very great drain on any of you."

"What would you suggest as a means of raising the rent? It would be a pretty steady tax every month," asked a girl in the audience.

"I would suggest this; and whether it would work or not I do not know, but it has worked in other places. That is a poor neighborhood with not a very enviable reputation. Property deteriorates rapidly, and tenants are not reliable. Find out who owns the properties; your survey will do that, and then go to those owners asking for the small sum from each that would give you the rent, on the ground that what you are to do will make it a desirable neighborhood and will directly result, through prizes offered and instruction, in better kept houses and lots, and more contented tenants."

"I believe it will go through," whispered Frances Piper emphatically. "I think it is the dandiest scheme!"

*(To be continued)*

# Washington in War Time

## *In Defense of Patriotic Disinterestedness*

**By Our Special Correspondent**

That was a most interesting hour in the hearing before the Senate Committee on Manufactures when Mr. Babst, president of the American Sugar Refinery, was testifying. The contrast was striking between the keen, self-poised, courteous, thoroughly informed man of big business on the stand and the chief inquisitor of the committee that has as much practical knowledge of the production and distribution of sugar as it has about editing *The Congregationalist and Advance*. It was a contrast in personality, temper, intelligence, grasp, motive and character—and all in favor of the man who had opportunity to prove that he placed patriotism above profits, and was devoting his great talents to the service of his country, regardless of results to the vast interests of which he is the directing head.

This man represents a large body of patriotic business men who are gladly sacrificing their private interests in the service of the government in its prosecution of the war. Washington is a center of activity for these leaders of big business—men who could not be hired, whom nothing but patriotism could induce to do what they are doing. They are to be found in the Council for National Defense, the Red Cross, the Food and Fuel Administrations, the War Export Trade Bureau, the Shipping Board, and other similar departments. Never before in history has such a body of expert volunteers been enlisted from business and professional and scientific ranks. The people ought to know that they are here at work from morning till night, without other compensation than the comfort of a good conscience and a consciousness of duty performed. And when these men are unjustly attacked the people should resent it and give honor where honor is due. It is high time that the public reward for patriotic disinterestedness should be appreciation and not suspicion. I suppose, however, that this taint of our human nature—the tendency to suspect evil and credit it in others—will be one of the last sin-streaks to be eliminated by divine grace.

THE CAPITAL'S SOBER SECOND THOUGHT

With regard to the famous suspension order of Fuel Administrator Garfield, Washington opinion soon settled down to the conviction that somebody had to be a government "goat," and that this unenviable lot fell to Dr. Garfield by force of circumstances. That Washington had a fit there is no question. The Senate went rabid, and the House was not far from it. The talk was so rabid indeed that it caused smiling reference in many quarters to language intended for home consumption. Common folk were dazed by the suddenness of it all. The President valiantly backed up his official—as he needs must do since the ultimate authority rested in the White House—using the words "absolutely necessary" more times in his brief public statement than his fine rhetorical sense would permit did he not deem it "absolutely necessary."

The cabinet was ingenuously non-committal, all save Mr. McAdoo, who by not granting the port embargo asked to make the suspension order most effective in moving coal seemed willing to thrust upon Dr. Garfield some responsibility that belonged to himself as the director of railroads—since it is plain enough that the basic difficulty is transportation, and that there is coal enough if cars can be found to haul it from mines to needed points. It is easy to put the entire blame and burden on the Fuel Administrator, but in fact it is Director McAdoo's business to move the freight and render further stoppage of manufacture unnecessary.

That is Washington's sober second thought. But for a time poor Dr. Garfield caught it from all sides. It was said that he had caused the nation to commit suicide; done more injury than all the submarines; showed what came from putting a theoretical college president in a place that should have been filled by a coal operator; besides all sorts of objurgation. So ran the current of capital criticism. For in truth Dr. Garfield had hit the nation's pocket in the attempt to keep its body from freezing and the armies and allies from being starved into surrender.

But I noted carefully one thing—and I call your readers to witness. Not one of Dr. Garfield's critics, either in Congress or

editor's sanctum or operator's office or country store, proposed a practical substitute plan for the admittedly abrupt and radical one that threw people into a panic. Now, until some sapient man rises up and tells what might and could and should have been done that would have been wiser and better, I submit that it would be only fair to suspend judgment as to the wisdom or unwisdom of the order that did what had to be done at once—put coal into the bunkers of ships that must sail with supplies for "over there," and into the home coal bins where without it sickness and death must overtake a defenseless people.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE

Put yourself in Dr. Garfield's place. More goods being made every day than could be handled by the railroads; miles of freight cars on the tracks blocking everything; coal mines shut down because no cars were to be had to carry away the coal already mined; people freezing, ships tied to the docks for want of fuel, the country's transportation system in a clutter and block and hopeless tangle—and the whole complicated mess thrown upon Dr. Garfield's shoulders. What would you have done? Well, be charitable at least. Such reflections caused a reaction here in favor of a harassed but resolute officer, willing to be sacrificed for doing the only thing that seemed to offer a way out. Read his statements carefully, and see if there is not sense in the conclusion that all should share alike, employer and employed, and all be willing to do some of the sacrificing that is involved in war.

The people know now that we are at war—and the shock had to come in some way. Better in this way than by the loss of a battle with a hundred thousand of our boys going down to their death because we did not supply them and the allies with what was needed.

WHY SNEER AT THE COLLEGES

By the way, it will not do to sneer at college men as doctrinaires. Our government would be poorly off today without them. As for our men of big business, the war is bringing many of them out in fine light, and the country has reason to be proud of them as a whole. Meanwhile, I am convinced that the true American spirit does not demand a "goat," and will not allow any one unjustly to occupy that elevation.

Washington is in distress over accommodations for the needed additions to the clerical force of the government. At least twenty thousand more stenographers and typists and clerks of all kinds are wanted, and there are no places now for hundreds already here. More than that, the prices have been inflated, and certainly profiteering has been practiced on all hands. Congress manages the District, and does it exceedingly poorly, beyond question. Huge dormitories are now projected, and an expenditure of $25,000,000 for housing is talked about, as well as protection against shark landlords and dealers.

Historic St. John's Church on Lafayette Park was filled with a company of genuine mourners on the occasion of the funeral of Major Gardner of Massachusetts, who was buried with full military honors. The House of Representatives wished to honor him by having the services in the Chamber where he so long had his seat, but Mrs. Gardner preferred the church endeared by sacred association. No death of a soldier since the war began has so affected public men here, and a feeling that it was perhaps due to preventable causes has spurred some members of the House to seek measures to improve physical conditions, particularly in some of the southern cantonments. It is felt that excuses should no longer excuse when lives are in the balance.

ENTRE-NOUS.

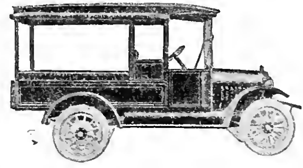
# Adventures of an Army Chaplain's Truck

**By Frederick Morse Cutler**
*Coast Artillery Chaplain*

I am only a half-ton truck with a four-cylinder engine, not an automobile aristocrat, but one of the common folk, as it were, yet my Chaplain finds me useful every day of his busy life. Patriotic Episcopalians, who sensed the Chaplain's needs more promptly than did his fellow-Congregationalists, generously purchased me and placed me freely at his disposal; they indeed went further and provided a fund for my maintenance during the first two months of the war, until descendants of the Pilgrims should have time to catch the spirit of Miles Standish and "do their bit." My first duty was exciting—I helped the Chaplain learn to drive me; as, however, he displayed ordinary intelligence and did not usually make the same mistake more than two or three times, I suffered less violence than I expected. When finally he was able to convince his good wife that it was safe for her to ride with him, he at the same time brought assurance to my iron heart. Then came the days of mobilization when Boston's asphalt, super-heated by the July sun, took the imprint of marching feet; and I was in constant demand to carry baggage from home to armory and from armory to wharf.

On the day of the regiment's farewell parade I made my bow for the first time to the Boston public and trailed along behind the Hospital Corps as evidence that the spiritual and moral needs of the soldiers were to be heeded as well as their physical necessities; while I was advertising the Chaplain's department, I was also serving as an ambulance, and once the Surgeon called on me to transport a soldier who had injured his foot.

Coast artillery was to be my game, and I soon found that my regiment would divide up and scatter among seven different forts. Some of the posts were on islands in the harbor, where I could transport my Chaplain and his fellow-workers only to the nearest wharf; others were on the mainland and accessible to me. My Chaplain was an itinerant, visiting two different posts each Sunday, indeed sometimes reaching three in a single day; and, believe me, he kept me busy. You know that army regulations make church attendance voluntary. My Chaplain being wise in his generation, knew that men were more likely to come Sunday morning if they had received friendly attention from him Saturday afternoon; so from the very first I found myself hard at it on "the



day before" running errands and, yes, I must confess, even "joy riding." You should have seen the results on Sunday.

You should not think of my Chaplain as a mere preacher and psalm singer; no Chaplain could be that and "hold his job." The regiment called on him, and on me, for every sort of work. I have been a member of a moving picture enterprise wherein my Chaplain and his co-workers in the Army Y. M. C. A. performed the more responsible part and they called on me to carry films from place to place wherever the need was greatest; and sometimes arrangements broke down leaving an audience with no pictures—then how I had to hustle over to some neighboring picture house and beg or borrow (I never stole) films. When it was noised abroad that the Red Cross had sweaters for shivering soldiers (the autumn came suddenly before we were ready for it), we learned that thousands of men were all applying at the same time and the rule was, "First come, first served." So I went over with the requisition myself; naturally my coast artillery were first of all to be supplied—why shouldn't they be? They always stood by me and of course I looked out for them.

Patriotic "summer people" were soon to close their seashore homes for the season and determined to give the soldiers a good time while they could. This gracious courtesy appealed to me as something fine; so on the appointed day I had myself cleaned up and polished—I was going to help all I could. There were some swell automobiles in the procession which took our soldiers to the party, but I was assured that the happiest and proudest group of all were the twelve men who rode up the hill in me.

One day the Surgeon sent to my Chaplain for help. Generally you send to the doctor for aid, but because my Chaplain had me, he was the one of whom assistance was requested, the doctor himself asking it. A man, a civilian, had fallen from the railroad train and been severely cut and injured, and I was the nearest ambulance for miles around; so off I went, utterly disregarding all speed limits—I can go pretty fast, too, when I get warmed up. Bloodstains are a grewsome thing, but one might as well be proud of them if one can. We got the man to the hospital so quickly and so comfortably that his injuries healed by "first intention"; and I obtained my bloodstain. You know that spot on the floor of Holyrood Palace in Edinburgh, the stain which they have been repainting every year for several centuries and exhibiting as the blood of a murdered man? I, too, have my stain and may yet be tempted into painting it a deeper crimson. Seriously, I hope with all my heart that I may never feel any more blood drops on my olive-drab body. The Surgeon was so pleased with my work that he asked my Chaplain for me twice more within a month.

My Chaplain received much valuable help from the officers of the Army Y. M. C. A.; they were a fine set of Christian men and "right on the job." So I did a lot of running for them when I was not otherwise needed, and it is hard to see how the Association could have gotten along without my aid. Of course the religious work was really one, whether my Chaplain did it or the Y. M. C. A., and I was always glad to help.

# WITH THE CHILDREN

## The Longfellow Lump

By Ethel Bowen White

There was really nothing quite so nice as spending the day, the entire day, from early morning till late, very late, in the afternoon, with Aunt Lovinia.

No one lived in quite such a remarkable house! No one had quite such remarkable things!

Helen and Harry loved the Japanese sewing table fitted with its innumerable carved ivory bobbins, its stilettos, its needle cases and its thimbles.

They loved the lacquered desk with its secret drawer and its sliding panel; they loved the sheets of note paper left in it long, long ago by their great-grandmother. Very thin paper it was, paper with golden edges and decorated in the upper left hand corner with dainty enameled sprays of pinkest, prettiest rose buds and tiniest, greenest leaves. Helen and Harry never wrote upon these sheets, oh! dear me, no, for there were only a very few of these precious sheets remaining; but it was pleasant to lift them gently to one's nose, pleasant to inhale the fragrance which always came to remind one of the dear, old-fashioned flower garden; the flower garden with its green box hedges, and its altogther charming summer house.

Aunt Lovinia often told stories of that wonderful old flower garden and of great-grandfather who had built that summer house, when he was just a boy, with his own hands. Aunt Lovinia told of games played with her cousins amongst those carefully-shaped, brightly-colored flower beds, each outlined with its own box hedge, hedges over which one could not jump! Games of Hide and Seek and of "Snap Dragon," the wildest game of all; when each child, with the exception of one, would pick a white blossom from off a stately hollyhock, when they would snap off with their sharp little finger nails first two petals, then the long piston, when they would fold the remaining lower leaves neatly together—and there in their hands would be little Old Ladies wrapped in tiny white shawls! Old ladies with the funniest, fanciest, greenest bonnets upon their strange little heads! One child alone would pick a deep red hollyhock blossom and fashion it into a little red Lady. She would be called the Dragon Witch; then One, Two, Three, and away they would rush—all those little, white-shawled Old Ladies—followed by the Crimson Dragon Witch, and oh! woe betide the one whom she should overtake—straightway within the castle walls she would be imprisoned, within the castle which was none other than the summer house built so very long ago by great-grandfather when he was just a boy!

Needless to say Helen and Harry were very good upon these wonderful visiting days. (It's much easier to be good when one is far away from home, having a perfectly scrumbunicious time!)

But the day of which I want to tell you was different, altogether different from other days spent with Aunt Lovinia. In truth it wasn't spent with Aunt Lovinia.

Helen and Harry were left by Mother at Aunt Lovinia's door exactly as they had always been left. Aunt Lovinia had given them each a hug and each of them a kiss exactly as she had always done. They had peeped into all the drawers of the sewing table and were just starting on the secret drawer of the lacquered desk when bang, bang went the brass knocker on the big front door!

Aunt Lovinia was called away for the morning to the home of a sick friend.

That left Helen and Harry alone till luncheon time; alone in the remarkable house with all the remarkable things about them! and the remarkablest part of it all was that she didn't say, "Now be good and don't get into mischief!" That was because—well, it couldn't have been because Aunt Lovinia had never had any Helens or Harrys of her very own; it must have been because she thought they were the most remarkable children in all this entire world of ours.

They stood in the shuttered bay window waving Aunt Lovinia out of sight, then they returned to the secret drawer and the sliding panel; gently they opened the delicate old hand-painted china case which held the gold pen used by their great-grandmother so many, many years ago; gently they replaced it.

Suddenly Harry spied something he had never seen before; there it stood on the table! Evidently Aunt Lovinia had meant to surprise them today, just as she had often done before when they had not seen her for a whole summer's vacation!

"Goody! Goody, Helen!" cried Harry. "See the little old box with the little old key to it! Aunt Lovinia put it there for us to look at! Come, on let's unlock it!"

"All right, let's; it must be the jewel box she's told us about," murmured Helen.

Softly the small key turned in its lock, softly the small hinges opened. Before them lay a mahogany box filled with carefully wrapped treasures each in its own bit of soft blue tissue paper and white cotton wool.

"We'll take turns undoing them!" whispered Helen, "so's they'll last a long, long time."

"All right, I'll be first!" breathed Harry, unfolding the first package. "My, how fine! A beautifully carved silver comb, the kind lady portraits wear in their back hair!"

"A breast pin all made of tiny red coral roses fastened together by golden wire!" purred Helen.

"That's nothing, here's a whole golden pencil with a big purple amethyst glittering on the top of it!" bragged Harry.

"A teenty weenty knife, only one inch long! It opens, too, just like a real one and it has a mother-of-pearl handle!"

Paper after paper was unfolded, each holding costly trinkets of bygone days; each was tenderly laid upon the lacquered desk. As the last small square package was undone Helen and Harry both said, "Oh!" for there before them lay a square lump of sugar!

"It's a joke; Aunt Lovinia put it there for a joke. It's for us to eat!" laughed Harry giving the lump one loving lick with his small red tongue. "My, but it's good, Helen; I'll let you put all the things back in the box if you'll let me have it." Thereupon Harry gave one more lingering lick to the luscious lump.

"Stop, Harry! Stop!" came from Helen. "Suppose, just suppose it isn't a joke! Suppose Aunt Lovinia likes that lump of sugar and wants to keep it herself!"

"Don't be a silly," replied Harry, "Aunt Lovinia has plenty of sugar, besides who ever heard of wrapping up a piece of sugar in blue tissue paper and keeping it locked up in a jewel box with real gold pencils and silver combs! Of course it's a joke!"

"Well, then, even if it is a joke, please don't eat it, Harry! I say *please don't!*"

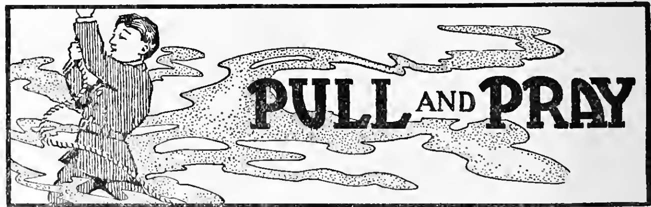
"All right; to make you happy, I won't."

At that moment Aunt Lovinia walked in, beaming: "What good children! I'm glad you found the Jewel Box; I hoped you would! I was in such a flutter I forgot to tell you to open it, but I see you have examined everything for yourselves! That's the way! After luncheon I'll tell you all about everything, but I want to tell you right now about that famous Lump of Sugar; in some ways I treasure that more than anything else!"

Harry gave Helen one frightened look. Was Aunt Lovinia going crazy?

"You know how Aunt Lovinia has always loved Longfellow's poems more than any others in the world. You remember how often we've read together The Song of Hiawatha, Evangeline and The Children's Hour?

(*Continued on page 177*)




The minister's boy was all alone in the house when he saw the smoke and flame that told him the church was on fire. Without wasting a minute he ran out, took down the key from the nail where it was hung in case of a fire, and opened the front door. There dangled the bell rope. The church bell was the fire bell, too.

"This is my father's church," cried the boy. "It mustn't burn up. It mustn't burn up."

So he took hold of the bell rope and began to swing the bell and ring out the alarm of "Fire, fire!"

He thought, too, "I'm going to ask God not to let father's church burn up." So, every time the rope slackened in his hands he uttered a word of a prayer, and then he gave his energy to another good strong pull on the rope. Such was the order till the firemen arrived, first a pull on the rope and then a whisper of prayer, and it did the work, too, for the firemen saved the church.

You will read in the Bible that faith without works is dead. Boys and girls can learn that as well as grown-ups. The next time you want God to help you in some hard matter, don't forget that the pull and the prayer make a combination that saves the day.

Frederic Kenyon Brown.

*Worcester, Mass.*

"Well, once I was invited to go to tea with the daughters of Mr. Longfellow, in their beautiful home upon Brattle Street in Cambridge. Upon the saucer under my tea cup was this lump of sugar! This self-same lump of sugar, my dears." Aunt Lovinia's eyes twinkled as she continued: "When no one was looking I slid the lump into my Sunday-best handkerchief. I decided then and there to keep that lump of sugar all my life to remind me forever of that most delightful occasion."

"But didn't it spoil your cup of tea not to have any sugar to sweeten it?" questioned Harry.

"Dear me, no; to be sure the tea didn't taste quite as good, but just consider how that lump of sugar has sweetened my life. You see it was Mr. Henry Wadsworth *Longfellow's* house, my dears! You understand it was given me by the *daughters* of Mr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow!"

A loud sob from Harry made Aunt Lovinia jump! First she looked at Helen, who sat very straight, with feet crossed and hands folded; then back again to Harry whose tousled red head was rising and falling tumultuously from his shaking arms, upon which it attempted to rest.

"Why, Harry, dear! Whatever is the matter? Do tell Aunt Lovinia! Perhaps she can help!"

"I licked the lump! I licked the Mr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow lump and I licked it—twice!" wailed poor Harry. "And—and I would have eaten it all up only sister asked me *please* not to. She said perhaps it wasn't a joke, perhaps you wanted to keep it! Oh! Oh! Oh! Suppose I'd eaten the whole of the Mr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Lump!"

Aunt Lovinia looked very tired as she answered, "A joke! No, Harry, dear, it wasn't a joke! I never even dreamed before that it might be taken for a joke! I will forgive you, for you have taught your old Auntie a great lesson. We must none of us ever laugh at the treasures of any one else! No matter if the people are little children with a rag doll or great big grown-ups, like Aunt Lovinia; so long as people love something and treasure it, whether it is a lump of sugar or something big like a—a church—we must always respect them and their treasures, even if we don't entirely understand them. Now guess what we're going to have for desert?"

"A big, soft, squashy, chocolate layer cake; four layers high!" flashed Helen.

"Good guess, only it's *five* instead of four this time!" chuckled Aunt Lovinia, leading the way to the dining-room.

# Combating the Fantastic in Religion

## *Far-Reaching Work in the Missouri Mine Country*

**By Emma A. Kautsky**

Way down in southwest Missouri is Joplin, the center of one of the leading zinc-producing regions of the United States. So greatly has the rapid growth of this city been due to the abundant

A TYPICAL HOME IN THE ZINC PRODUCING REGION

yield of the zinc mines that the people call it "The town that jack built." Would you have spelled it with a capital J? Perhaps it is important enough to be capitalized, but "jack" is the name commonly given to the resin-colored ore as it comes out of the mines.

Joplin is divided into the East Side and the West Side. West Joplin is the progressive part of the city, and East Joplin, for various reasons, finds it hard to keep step. In the latter district The Congregational Home Missionary Society is putting forth its efforts. Almost all nationalities have a few representatives here, but most of the people are Americans many generations removed from alien soil. In our East Joplin Church School there are three real American boys, and it is the proud boast of their parents—good, law-abiding citizens—that they are of pure Cherokee descent.

One of our greatest difficulties is due to the primitive beliefs of the people. Intense emotionalism is considered evidence of a deep religious nature. The Spiritualist Temple is located two blocks east of the Congregational church. The Apostolic Faith has a strong following. These people do not favor an educated ministry. All inspiration must come directly and speedily. Their preachers are not supported by the people, but boast that they make a living during the day and preach at night. Under extreme inspiration they speak in unknown tongues—a babble unintelligible to any one. They believe in healing by the laying on of hands. The Holiness sect is also popular. The adherents pride themselves on their illiteracy. Some of them can neither read nor write, but they say: "If God wants me to read the Bible he can make me able to read it." "The Latter House of Israel" gathers unto itself followers who zealously climb their family trees to find some trace of connection with the lost tribes of Israel.

Other hindrances are the three D's—Disease, Drink and Divorce. Under the first of these, tuberculosis exacts an awful toll. It is the form known as miner's consumption, for which there is no cure. It usually takes a man during his best years and leaves a young wife with a family of dependent little ones. The death rate from tuberculosis is said to be higher here than in any other county in this country. The second "D" does not bring comfort, even though Joplin is generous and willing to divide with Kansas and Oklahoma, her dry neighbors. But the saddest things of all are the wrecked homes and severed family ties. Many men and women have been married for the fourth or fifth time. Early marriages are sanctioned and there are many separations.

CONGREGATIONAL BIBLE SCHOOL AT EAST JOPLIN

Much is being done for East Joplin through an excellent system of public schools. The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. are using the ounce of prevention, and are training young men and women in Christian character and service. The Boy Scout work is producing telling results among the younger boys.

The East Joplin Congregational Church consists of a faithful group of men and women, not large in number but so consecrated that they have caught the vision of great opportunities for service right here. The activities of the church are carried on by various organizations. The Ladies' Aid deserves more than honorable mention. It is the right hand of the church in helping to defray current expenses, and is untiring in the effort to reduce the loan from the Church Building Society. It is less than two years since the Woman's Missionary Society was organized. It is not a large society, but it is an interested one. Apportionments are being met in full, and within the current year two missionaries have been remembered with useful gifts. Last, but not least, is the important place of the Church School.

The East Joplin church cannot afford to limit itself to former efforts. Its position demands an ever-enlarging program to meet the great needs of the community life. No one can measure the good which might be brought about by a well-conducted Daily Vacation Bible School. The church has ample room for such a work in its plant, and we hope to accomplish it before long.

# Congregational Workers in Conference

## *National Gathering at St. Louis*

The Annual Midwinter Conference of Congregational missionary secretaries was held in St. Louis, Jan. 19 to 23. Those present included the office and field secretaries of the Home Missionary Society, the superintendents of state conferences, the Church Building Society, the Sunday School Extension Society, the Education Society, the American Missionary Association, the American Board, the Woman's Missionary boards, the Board of Ministerial Relief and the National Council and the directors of the Church Extension Boards.

It was an important gathering to plan in sectional groups and in general conference for the work of the coming year. It marked a distinct advance in harmonious and increasingly effective co-operative effort. Those present faced the big tasks that Congregationalists have taken up with confidence and adopted practical plans for their accomplishment.

Weather conditions delayed greatly the beginning of the sessions. Boston and New York delegations were seventeen hours late, and those arriving from Chicago were from six to eight hours late. These delays necessitated the rushing of the program to make up for lost time. An innovation was that of beginning a day early for the purpose of discussing the apportionment and kindred topics. The gathering was large and representative, and the meeting place secured by the St. Louis brethren was well adapted to the work in hand.

### A FINE PIECE OF TEAM WORK

Reporting for the stewardship plan, Secretary Scudder showed that the conferences of Northern California, Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Missouri, New Hampshire, New York, Ohio, Oklahoma and Texas had carried out the program of publicity advised by the National Council, and had published the records of the giving of these conferences. The plan of stewardship on cards were put in the hands of every member of the churches in these conferences. Since these states have over 400,000 Congregationalists, one-half of the members of our denomination have had in their possession this material.

This is the finest piece of teamwork ever done by our superintendents and Conference Boards, and has made each member face the record of his own state and his own church. In addition, the Conferences of Vermont, Oregon, Idaho and North and South Dakota have circularized all their pastors and churches regarding this matter. To every pastor and church in the United States has gone out from the National Council office a letter carrying the statistics of the giving of that church and full announcement of the benevolent plan of the National Council. Other states are planning to cover their churches as soon as possible. A committee was appointed to suggest the next step in pressing the stewardship campaign through the state conferences, the associations, the local church membership and the Young People's Organizations.

### THE RISING TIDE OF BENEVOLENCE

Higher standards of giving was the next topic discussed, and the state conferences reported in order the goals they had set before their states, indicating that if the campaign is vigorously pushed we may expect much better things in the benevolences of 1918. The apportionment committee of the Commission on Missions, through Dr. Warner, presented a standard method of computing the apportionment of the states as well as of the local churches. This was recommended to the states for trial, and each state as its name was called gave through its representative its judgment of the apportionment and its intentions for 1919.

This was a unique procedure, and met with hearty satisfaction. Discussions were also held as to the use of uniform percentages, of the division of funds for our national societies, the relation of the women's work to the apportionment, the publishing of lists of the local associations with their apportionments, and the whole question of the relationship between the National Council, the Missionary Societies and the State Conferences in the circularization of the churches, the distribution of literature and the pron o-tion of plans of campaign, with a view to the unification of methods and the saving of expense. The A nuity Fund Campaign and Tercentenary plans and methods of approach to the c. urches were also set forth.

### PAUSING FOR REFRESHMENT

The Sunday meetings were times of spiritual uplift. At the afternoon hour a discussion of Professor Fosdick's book, "The Challenge of the Present Crisis," was held, and in the evening addresses were made by Secretaries Beard and Cady.

At the Monday meetings the problems ever with us, relating to the apportionment, the increasing of salaries, recruiting, immigrant work and women's organizations were discussed, Superintendents Shelton, Powell, Hopkins and Heald, and Secretaries Burton, Beard, Sanderson and Miss Woodberry taking part.

### THE SECTIONAL CONFERENCES

Simultaneous sessions were held by the field representatives of the Education Society under the leadership of Secretary Sheldon at which Dr. Weston gave a special survey of the literature now published by the society.

### THE FINDINGS

The findings of the committees appointed by the conference and voted by it recommended a stewardship campaign before Dec. 1; the recognition of state officers in all special benevolent campaigns a d the giving in each state of a 15 per cent. apportionment to the W. H. M. U., and in 1918 a campaign of evangelism to culminate at Easter, and a nation-wide Every-Member Canvass on Dec. 8 to get from every one of our members a subscription for current expenses and benevolences.

Thus did the conference set before the denomination worthy goals of service and with strong determination secretaries and superintendents girded themselves to realize them.

### AN EVERY-MEMBER DRIVE

The last two days of the conference were given to meetings of the directors of the Extension Boards and to gatherings of the state superintendents, the home missionary and the educational men to talk over the problems peculiar to each group. One big general meeting of all the representatives was held on Wednesday at which the Committee of Nine selected for the purpose presented a plan of campaign for this year. The tentative name given to this campaign is The Every-Member Drive. The reason for the plan was set forth as follows:

> The goals of advance set forth in the Tercentenary program were chosen as a fitting celebration of an anniversary. World events since their adoption compel us now to think not less of the commemoration of the Tercentenary but much more of the war and its issues in a changed world. We need, our churches need and crave vision of what God is doing for humanity and of what he waits now to do through his church. Our Tercentenary program fits the time unless perchance it should have been more b ld and compelling.
>
> In view of the larger plans already put forth by our Mission Boards and under the stimulus of the great programs adopted by other denominations, it was felt that there should issue to our churches from the midwinter meeting a definite, bold, challenging program for this year. The church must now break away from her conventionalized methods, must develop, organize and mobilize all her resources to meet the measureless tasks of the new era of human history into which we are now passing. It is further believed that we were never so well equipped for the execution of large plans as now, because of our present effective national and state organization.

The under-lying principles of the drive were announced to be the largest possible use of the present organization, the attempt to carry through but one program and that one for this year to be the attainment of the two million dollar goal in our benevolences. It is expected that the program will be carried through by the national and state organizations now in existence.

### THE YEAR'S SCHEDULE

The following suggestions are given for the largest effectiveness of the plan: That from now until Easter the deepening and extension of the reality of the Christian experience and the reaching of those not yet evangelized be the chief business of every church; that on the second Sunday of December there be carried into effect an Every-Member Canvass in all our churches, for current expenses and benevolences, a canvass conducted after weeks of preparation so that the most may be made of it.

The schedule for the progress of the work is as follows:

Feb. 1. Preparatory work begun.

May 1. State organization completed.

June 1. Association organization completed.

Summer. Association committees trained.

Oct. 1. Every church enlisted and organized.

Nov. 24, Dec. 1, Dec. 8. Preparatory sermons.

Dec. 8. Canvass to be made.

Dec. 31. Reports to be in state offices.

Jan. 10. Reports to be in national offices.

Never before have our denominational leaders undertaken a campaign with such unanimity of purpose, with such enthusiasm, and with so great a feeling of solemnity and responsibility. This was the spirit manifested in the whole meeting. Heretofore at such gatherings there were lines of cleavage but ..t the meeting this year it became evident to all that our problem is one and unitedly we have set ourselves to solve it; henceforth there is to be neither foreign nor home missionary men amongst us, we will not again set

the North over against the South, nor the missionary man over against the educational man but we are all one in Christ Jesus our Lord to the end that the Congregational churches may be the most efficient possible in helping to bring in the Kingdom.

## Conference Notes

St. Louis Congregationalists, headed by Dr. S. H. Woodrow of Pilgrim Church and Acting Supt. J. P. O'Brien of the Missouri State Conference performed the part of hosts and masters of local arrangements for the secretaries' conference most acceptably.

The conference furnished an opportunity for the local workers in religious education in both Chicago and St. Louis to hear some of our national leaders in gatherings arranged for the purpose. In St. Louis Dr. O'Brien and other leaders had the representatives of the Education Society meet with the Committee on Religious Education for luncheon. In addition a largely attended evening meeting was held at Compton Hill at which there were sectional conferences led by Drs. Littlefield, Fisher and Bailey and addresses were made by Dr. Gammon and Secretary Sheldon.

At Chicago one of the most representative meetings in the interest of religious ednecation held in a long time convened at Rogers Park Church. The night was one of the coldest of the year and the transportation facilities poor yet the attendance was very large. Dr. Littlefield led in a conference on the work of the young people in our churches. Both these gatherings are indicative of a new interest in religious education on the part of the denomination and both were the result of painstaking work, the one in St. Louis by Dr. O'Brien and the one in Chicago by the State Committee on Religious Education led by Rev. J. W. F. Davies.

R. W. G.

## Two Boston Events

The Boston Congregational Club concluded last Monday evening a satisfactory year under the administration of Pres. George E. Brock, formerly chairman of the Boston School Board. The newly elected secretary is F. A. Gaskins who takes the place of Theodore Stevenson, now on duty in the Paymaster's Department at the Charlestown Navy Yard but still in attendance in uniform at each meeting of the club. Rev. B. A. Willmott, pastor of Immanuel-Walnut Church, Roxbury, was chosen president for the next year. The main speaker, after the usual business had been transacted, was Rev. George A. Brock, formerly mayor of Lockport, N. Y., and now charged with the superintendence of Congregational interests in the Empire State outside New York City. Dr. D. L. Ritchie of Nottingham, England, spoke briefly and the blessing was asked by the new pastor of Eliot Church, Boston, Rev. P. G. Macy.

On the next evening a hundred substantial representatives of the large sisterhood of churches in and about Boston assembled in the Old South Church for the annual meeting of the Congregational Church Union. The principal address was by Rev. B. A. Willmott, who emphasized the strategic importance of city work today. These churches which are receiving some assistance from the Union spoke through their representatives, Rev. David Fraser for the West Somerville Church, Rev. Mark W. Williams for the Shawmut Church, Boston, and Mr. William H. Spokesfield for the Islington Church. The present board of officers, headed by Henry T. Richardson, Esq., was re-elected. The Union now controls property worth well on toward half a million dollars. Within the last year title to the Congregational property at West Somerville and at Payson Park, Belmont, has passed into its hands and the new arrangement whereby Shawmut Church is being aided provides for the safeguarding of that valuable property by the Union. On the modest income of $6,000 a year, none of which goes to salaries of officials, the Union accomplishes a wonderfully varied and valuable work.

## The Latest Lincoln Book

The very latest book on Abraham Lincoln does not profess to be a biography but is rather a collection of reminiscences and anecdotes. The title, *Latest Light on Abraham Lincoln* (Revell. $2.00 vol.), fairly indicates the special mission of the volume. The author, Ervin Chapman, LL. D., is naturally and manifestly proud of his own acquaintance and connection with the great President—who would not be? He tells us how he made one hundred stump speeches for Lincoln's first election, and shows us how he looked, a picture of the badge he wore and the ticket he voted. Some readers will find these matters interesting. He does, however, in these two handsome volumes, also give us a number of interesting pictures of Lincoln and some new, actually new information, notably in regard to events preceding the second election. The Lincoln presented here is largely made in the image of author's mind—a Lincoln of piety and gentility with few traces of abounding humor. It is not a work of good proportion and balanced judgments, not an ordered history but a scrap-book. But then, scrap-books have their uses and their place on the shelf.

Revell — *From "Latest Light on Abraham Lincoln"*

LINCOLN AND HIS FAMILY

## Hymns of Patriotism

During the coming months there will be many occasions when hymns expressing patriotic sentiment will be especially in demand. An admirable collection for this purpose, published by the Pilgrim Press is worth calling to the special attention of our readers. It is named *Selected Hymns of Patriotism*, is printed on pages of hymn-book size, with words and music, and can, if desired, be placed in the regular hymn-books of the church, or may be used as a supplement. It contains words and music of such new hymns as "America and Her Allies," by Washington Gladden, "Your Flag and My Flag," by Wilbur Nesbit, with music by Grace Wilbur Conant, "American Army Hymn," by Allen Eastman Cross, first published in *The Congregationalist*, "Hymns for the Airmen," by Mary C. D. Hamilton, as well as the old familiar hymns, "Faith of Our Fathers," "O God Beneath Thy Guiding Hand," Kipling's "Recessional," Whittier's "Our Father's God," Katharine Lee Bates' "O Beautiful for Spacious Skies," "America," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "The Star Spangled Banner," "The Marseilles Hymn," etc. There is also a brief and timely "War Litany." The price is moderate; $3.50 per hundred.

## War-Time Philosophy

The following interesting philosophic dissertation is said by the London journals to have been printed by some of the British soldiers in France and circulated by them among their comrades in the trenches.

"Don't worry; there's nothing to worry about.

"You have two alternatives: either you are mobilized or you are not. If not, you have nothing to worry about.

"If you are mobilized, you have two alternatives: you are in camp or at the front. If you are in camp you have nothing to worry about.

"If you are at the front you have two alternatives: either you are on the fighting line or in reserve. If in reserve you have nothing to worry about.

"If you are on the fighting line, you have two alternatives: either you fight or you don't. If you don't, you have nothing to worry about.

"If you do, you have two alternatives: either you get hurt or you don't. If you don't, you have nothing to worry about.

"If you are hurt, you have two alternatives: either you are slightly hurt or badly. If slightly, you have nothing to worry about.

"If badly, you have two alternatives: either you recover, or you don't. If you recover, you have nothing to worry about. If you don't, and have followed my advice clear through, you have done with worry forever."

## The Laws of Harvest

*International Sunday School Lesson for Feb. 17. Mark 4:1-8; 14-20.*

The text that we study today is commonly known as the Parable of the Sower. It would be far more accurate to name it the Parable of the Soils. For the central truth in the lesson is not the sower or the seed but the character of the soil into which the seed falls, conditioning its growth and determining the harvest. Jesus had been teaching the people the truth concerning the Kingdom of heaven; he desired to make them aware of the way in which their own minds determined the degree in which the truth would yield results.

HOW THE STORY WAS TOLD

Imagine the shore of the lake, with the crowd on the beach, dressed in the soft colors of the Orient, eager and responsive for the most part, curious or antagonistic, in little groups. Then fancy the boats of the fishermen with their dark brown sails showing the wear of the weather. Now one of them is pushed off from the shore. Let us imagine that it is Peter's boat. Fifty feet out it is stopped and anchored. Jesus is sitting in the stern as a rabbi would sit teaching. His voice could be heard to better advantage now and there was no danger of crowding. Down from a village higher up in the hills a path ran through a sloping field to the shore. This field had been prepared for sowing, and even as Jesus talked a man was walking across it with steady, swinging stride, scattering the seed from a rough basket held on his arm. The whole story was being told by the sower while Jesus made it into a parable for the people. This may seem to be fanciful; but all three narratives use the definite article, making the picture vivid. They do not say, "Behold, *a* sower," but, "Behold, *the* sower." It is most natural that Jesus should himself use a gesture, pointing out the figure of the man in plain sight as he told the people that the results of his teaching would be conditioned by the minds into which it was received.

BUT WHAT IS THE KINGDOM AND THE TRUTH?

Before we turn to the detailed study of the four kinds of soil it will be profitable to sum up our idea of the nature of the Kingdom of God about which Jesus was talking. What does it mean to us today? We are constantly using the words; but do they correspond to anything real in our own minds and in the motives that govern us in our daily conduct? The Kingdom of God is often defined as "the rule of God in all the life of men." Another way in which to define it is in the terms of the Lord's Prayer, "thy Kingdom come," that is, "thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven." Surely the will of God for each one of us and for all mankind is that which issues from perfect love and goodness, just as a father's true design for his children is determined by his unselfish love. Another way of putting it is to say that the law of complete love to God and to man sums up the meaning of the kingdom of heaven. The actual meaning of these familiar sentences in their application to our daily duties must be clear before we are ready to appreciate the meaning of the lesson.

THE TRODDEN WAY

What is it that makes our minds and hearts incapable of quick appreciation

**The Lesson Outline**

1. THE SCENE OF THE STORY (vs. 1, 2).
2. THE WAYSIDE MIND (vs. 3, 4, 15).
3. THE SHALLOW MIND (vs. 5, 6, 16, 17).
4. THE PREOCCUPIED MIND (vs. 7, 18, 19).
5. THE FERTILE MIND (vs. 8, 20).

and firm response as we are brought face to face with the challenge of the teaching of Jesus? Familiarity is one cause. Some one said recently that he wished he might hear the twenty-third Psalm and the fourteenth of John again, because he knew all the words so well now that they did not even jar up an idea as his mind slipped easily along their track. How can we get a fresh statement of the meaning of Christ's message and a new sense of its meaning for our own everyday life? The deadening effect of the commonplace and routine activities of life is another hardening influence upon us. How can we so plan our work that we can do the detailed duties and also see the vision of the Kingdom of heaven? Old habits beat the ground of the mind into hardness. How shall we break up the surface of such a mind?

SHALLOW SOULS

How quickly we sometimes respond to the appeal to the emotions, registering a great decision with no adequate estimate of its practical meaning! This is one of the dangers which we face whenever we are placed under the spell of a great ideal passionately presented. Young people are especially subject to peril at this point. They fly impetuously at an ideal and lack the staying power to stand under the pressure of a heavy burden while they walk the dusty ways of toil.

But is it not better to have the courage to rise to an instant decision, even rashly made, than to be dull in the presence of the appeal of the ideal?

What suggestions can any one make as to ways in which the shallow life of the day is to be deepened? Some one has said that only two ideas fill all the horizon of the average American, namely, the day's job and the night's amusement? Is this a fair judgment? How can the better and the ennobling influences of the community be brought home to all the people, for example, the schools, the library, the benevolent work, the religious activities? This is a practical question deserving careful discussion.

AMONG THE THORNS

The bramble bushes had been burned but the old roots were in the ground. So there was no chance for the grain to win in competition with the hardy shoots of the thorns.

This, of course, stands for the mind that is so possessed by the roots of old ideas that the new truth concerning the Kingdom has no fair chance to grow. What are some of these old and tenacious ideas that fill the mind of the average person and cramp and crowd the ideal of the Kingdom when it strives to make progress? Among those that occur immediately are the selfish interests of life which are in conflict with the altruistic ideals of the Kingdom. There is a true place for self-development in the Kingdom of God; Jesus defined it in the familiar words: "And for their sakes I sanctify myself." This is the right balance between the self-centered and the unselfish activities. Whenever the field of life is filled with self-regarding motives the ideals of the Kingdom are crowded out.

May the same be said of envy, hatred, dishonesty, uncleanness in thought and deed? How are we to deal with this problem of the choking thorns? Discuss the meaning of the counsel of Jesus relative to the tares in Matt. 13:24-30. How far shall we apply this in dealing with the problem of the Kingdom and its conflict with evil in a local community?

GOOD SOIL FOR GOOD SEED

Let us note carefully the fact that the larger part of the field was good soil for the good seed. Unless it had been so the farmer would not have prepared it for sowing or wasted his seed upon it. In hearing the reports of reformers we are sometimes inclined to think that the world is far more evil than good and that after all the most that we can expect to do is to get a slim crop from some neglected corner by the fence. But as a matter of fact the majority of the forces at work in the world are good. God is not left in the minority to struggle in a losing battle against evil. There is far more good than evil in the vast majority of men. Let us give our brethren credit for as much as we claim for ourselves when we are dealing truly with the resources and ideals of our own hearts.

So we come to the truth that it pays to scatter the seed of the Kingdom. Some of it will be lost—far more than ought to be; but the most of it will spring up and bear fruit. So we can sow in hope. The world is not "going to the dogs"; it is on the way slowly to its divinely destined end. We have no right to surrender the universe to the devil and claim at the same time to be sons of God. We cannot feel any thrill of pride to belong to the defeated forces of the universe. And we do not belong there unless we put ourselves there in blind defiance of the facts.

The fact that the yield is different in different parts of the field is suggestive. We have no right to expect the same measure of fruitfulness from the life of every Christian. Some there are who are hundred per cent. souls; and their comrades are proud of them. Then there are others who return but thirty; and we must reinforce them. Then there are some who must be rated at thirty per cent. only; those we must rally around and hearten. As for ourselves, we must be increasing our per cent. of harvest every year. What are some of the means by which we may be able to do this?

Ozora S. Davis

*Chicago Theological Seminary.*

# THE HOUR OF PRAYER

## How Shall We Think of God?

### Comment on the Midweek Prayer Meeting Topic for Feb. 10-17

BY REV. JOHN R. NICHOLS, D. D.

Scripture Passage. Heb. 8:1-13; Acts 17:22-31.

*Question Fundamental.* Nothing is more important than a sane, rational, ethical and spiritual conception of God. Our philosophy of life and our point of view on every question is dependent upon our idea of God. If we cherish unworthy notions of God we shall think meanly of man and everything pertaining to him. In unfolding the Christian philosophy of life Paul found it necessary to tell the Greeks how they should and how they should not think of God.

*A Reverent Approach.* We need to approach this subject with reverence and humility. In this realm arrogance and self-confidence border on profanity. In a sense we are all agnostics in the presence of this question. That is, God transcends all our theories and knowledge.

*An Unfolding Process.* We have come to our conception of God by a slowly unfolding process. We know God partly by revelation and partly by discovery. The revelation of God which comes to man as a spiritual being is enlarged and corrected by the growth of knowledge. Israel's conception of God in its early history, was corrupted by many pagan conceptions. The later prophets affirmed a God of righteousness and justice. Jesus added to the world's knowledge of God the idea of Fatherhood revealed in self-sacrificial love, and the growth of knowledge in recent years and a stricter interpretation of the Christian spirit have humanized and socialized the conception of God held by the Christian Fathers.

Certain truths are essential to a right conception of God. If we are to be true to the Christian standard, as revealed by the spirit in modern life, we should think of God:

(1) *As a Personal Spirit.* All vital religion depends on this. Unless there is a God "who knoweth our frame" we worship blind force and address our prayers to a principle. Under such a conception worship, if it persists at all, will be degrading rather than uplifting.

(2) *As a Power Working for Righteousness.* Modern thought makes its chief emphasis at this point. God is not a passive, quiescent being who has finished the work of creation and is now watching the process of redemption with complacence; but God in Christ is *now* reconciling the world unto himself, and is with man in his struggles for character, faith and better world conditions.

(3) *One Who Works by Law.* God is a being who works by law and not by caprice. Man can go about his task with confidence and count on results, by learning God's ways and working with him.

*A Father and Friend.* The chief significance of a Christian revelation lies here. As another has well said: "Since Jesus lived God has been another and a nearer being to man." Since God is for us what matters it who is against us? Christianity brings us into a joyous sense of comradeship with God through Jesus Christ, who has called us friends and who is establishing in the world a fellowship of friendly men. The fullness of God is revealed in him who loved us and gave himself for us.

## Closet and Altar

### THE ROMANCE OF THE COMMONPLACE

*Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not.—Gen. 28:16.*

There is no place today which is the place of our feet in the paths of duty and suffering but it has been the place of His feet as well, and all the air about it is full of His patience and His victory. Live dutifully, obediently, resolutely, and you shall do all you have to do in remembrance of Him; you shall make life one whole sacrament, and, if your faith and understanding be really awake, this hourly sacrament of His life shall be like the sacrament of His death—no memorial only, but communion, too.—*George Adam Smith.*

You young men and women have this task before you: you have to transfer to God's garden the romance and glamour that once belonged to the battlefield.—*W. Kingscote Greenland.*

The fragrance of the trees, the songs of birds,
The blossoming flowers 'mid the mountain grasses,
All whisper to the soul who waits to hear,
Saying, "God passes."

The treasure of the sea,
The fruits of the fields,
These also praise. The village smoke confesses,
As heavenward its columns slowly rise,
"'Tis God that blesses."
—*Japanese Christian Poet. Name Unknown.*

If our likeness to God does not show itself in trifles what in the name of common sense is there left for it to show itself in? For our lives are all made up of trifles. The great things come three or four of them in the seventy years; the little ones come every time the clock ticks.—*Alexander Maclaren.*

Use, then, all golden, silver, and ruder vessels as sacramental. Every table to us should be the table of the Lord, every cup and platter as consecrated, every indulgence as part of a eucharistic feast.—*W. L. Watkinson.*

*Thou hast dealt bountifully with us, O God, and our hearts return to thee in gratitude for all thy lovingkindness. We thank thee for unexpected mercies, like sunlight through the cloud; and the common, daily blessings that require our praise. Thanks be unto thee, our Father, that thou art ever with us and that we are not left without a refuge for our heart's desire of home and love. For our spread table and secure repose; for peace and strength and hope; for comfort in distress and courage to venture and strength to overcome; for the fellowships of home and work, the opportunities of knowledge and the beauty of the earth; for thy call to service and the great example of our Lord, we bring our glad thanksgiving. Help us to live as becometh thy dear children and give us a part in thy great work. Amen.*
—*Isaac Ogden Rankin.*

## The Church in Action

### Comment on the Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting Topic for Feb. 17-23

BY PARRIS T. FARWELL

What My Church Is Doing. 1 Thess. 1:2-8 (May be led by the Pastor).

*The Worshiping Church.* By "my church" we will understand the local church, to which I belong. Its first duty is to gather the people together for the cultivation of the spiritual life. Worship, real worship, the summoning of old and young into the presence of God, for the satisfaction of the soul's hunger and the development of God consciousness is the first and greatest service of the church in any community. We need to receive repeatedly the summons that turns our thought from material things and reminds us of the supreme fact of our relationship as sons of God. We need the interpretation of life in terms of the spirit. We need the call to repentance and the promise of forgiveness. We need the ever renewed vision of the Kingdom of God. This is the great service of the church in any community. Never more than now, was this work necessary that we may be kept from the sway of selfish passions and may see our task in the light of the law of Good Will.

*The Teaching Church.* My church, also, not only calls us to worship, but it declares to us the mind and will of God. It is the great and splendid task of the preacher to minister the mind of God to the minds of men. We need to be told, over and over again, what is the will of God for human life. The greatest textbook in the world on "the way to live" is the Bible. And my church is all the time teaching the lessons from that book. The preacher is a teacher and it is his high task to lead the minds of men as they confront the great problems continually arising. The Bible school is an essential part of the work of my church and it cannot be too heartily and generously supported. Here the church begins with the youth, teaching to them the eternal principles of right living.

*The Church Serving the Community.* My church is also a power for righteousness and for kindly helpfulness in the community. Directly and indirectly it inspires and promotes every charitable organization, every good cause in the town or city. The workers in all organized charities have had their first training in the church. The workers who are the backbone of Red Cross work and Y. M. C. A. and college settlements are from the church. In hospital or asylum, by the sick bed, or in the home of poverty and suffering it is the outstretched hand of church-trained men and women which gives relief.

*The Missionary Church.* But my church reaches out beyond my city or town. It stretches out its helping hand to carry the word of God to pioneer towns, to lonely settlements all over our own land. And it reaches over the seas to other lands. My church is helping to build churches and schools and hospitals in Japan and India, China and Africa and the Islands of the Seas. My church has a share in bringing the coming of the Kingdom of God in every part of the world, wherever there are human beings.

# IN THE CONGREGATIONAL CIRCLE

## Church History in Miniature 1917

Reports for the past year from all over the country are making such large demands upon our space that we shall have to publish them on the installment plan. Although "Synopses of Preceding Chapters" are omitted, new readers are urged to start in right here.

A bit of research has brought to light a happily consistent set of phrases which recur in these reports with gratifying frequency. To avoid repetition, we have compiled a small, representative annual meeting vocabulary which we can highly recommend.

"The treasurer's report showed all bills paid and a balance on hand."
"Unusual progress in all departments."
"Marked increase in benevolences."
"A most encouraging state of affairs."
"1918 promises great things."
"Fine supper served by the ladies."
"Beautifully framed Honor Roll hangs in the vestibule."

"Most { significant / encouraging / gratifying / prosperous / successful } year in the history of the church."

No richer treasures of vocabulary ever come in our church news budget than these —the records of a year well spent and tasks well done. May every church have occasion to use them over and over again!

### Systematic War Work

Brookline, Mass., Leyden, Dr. H. G. Hale, pastor, has distinguished itself by its systematic devotion to Red Cross activities and other forms of war relief work. Every week for an entire day the chapel has been for many months now the scene of busy labors on the part of the women, while one evening a week the men have put in an appearance in creditable numbers and given several hours to industry bearing upon the preparation of material. Thousands of different pieces such as sponges, bandages, hospital sheets, ambulance pillows and knitted articles have been made ready for their destination across the seas, nor have local needs of a similar sort been overlooked. A noteworthy increase has been registered in the benevolences, the total aggregating over $7,000, of which over $3,000 went for Y. M. C. A. work and other special war undertakings, the remaining sum being divided between home and foreign missions. The Womans' Union with its large membership is a strong spiritual and practical agency. The church's roll of honor of those who are giving themselves to some form of war work includes 23 men and 2 women.

### The Community Spirit

Boxboro, Mass., Rev. G. M. Missirian. Reports indicate a perfect co-operation between church and village. A $100 liberty bond has been purchased. There are 103 Red Cross members. One women over 80 has recently knit 20 pairs of socks. Sums have been contributed to Y. M. C. A., The Camp Library Fund, Halifax sufferers, and Armenian Relief. The school children gave $33. The pastor, speaking in neighboring towns in behalf of the Armenians, raised $400. For the first time, several Catholic families in the town gave generously for the support of the church. The pastor's salary was increased.

### From New Haven

New Haven, Ct., Church of the Redeemer, Rev. R. M. Houghton. Membership of 538. Director of Religious Education reported an average Church School attendance of over 100 out of a membership of 172. It is hoped that a new Parish House may be built in the near future. A C. E. Society was organized, and a fund of $55 transferred to its treasury from a former society long deceased.

The Woman's Association reports after its first year's work 200 members, 10 committees, and contributions of $1,500. The women have met weekly for Red Cross work.

The Welcome Hall Committee, which has charge of the Mission of the Church, reported a good year of service. Under the direction of a large number of efficient workers there are meetings at the Hall every day in the week. The center of Christian service there is in the Sunday school, 267 members. There are eight clubs and classes which meet at other times during the week, with a membership of 372. The people at Welcome Hall themselves have shown wonderful generosity in their gifts to different Christian activities. Play-Ridge Cottage at the shore was at the service of Welcome Hall for five weeks, giving a vacation or an outing to more than 800 people. The work of Miss Whittlesey, the friendly visitor, in calling upon the 412 families on her list cannot be tabulated. The blessings of such a ministry must be measured by other standards.

The Sunday school and Boys' Club work, and the Sunday evening service are under the direction of Mr. Warren W. Pickett, a student in the Yale School of Religion.

One notable occasion of the year's work was on Oct. 28, after the Building Fund Committee had made a canvass of the Parish for pledges. An appeal was made from the pulpit for an additional $10,000 and the amount was pledged by the congregation present.

Twenty-six men are in national service. The pastor has been released for 6 months beginning April 1 for Y. M. C. A. service in France.

### Radii of the Circle

All the churches seem to be drawing their seven-league boots on.

* *

Only one out of all those annual meeting reports was really complete. It told what they had for supper.

* *

The ladies of one church call their organization a "Working Band." What other kinds are there these days?

* *

A New Year's Party of 15 men, 15 axes, two teams and one boy resulted in 11 cords of wood in the church coal bins.

* *

Members of a Men's Class recently undertook to present a pageant called "The Ancestry of David." We hope there were parts enough to go round.

* *

While you are installing a new motor for the organ some day, why not put one into the parsonage back yard and build a little garage around it?

* *

"I have had a rather close relation to men of the army and navy," writes a minister. He merely has four brothers in the navy and two in the army and is himself doing work at the training camps.

* *

It is a great thing when a church that has passed into the downtown category can maintain such a hold on its former attendants that they are moved to return in large numbers whenever an occasion of unusual significance occurs. At the installation of Rev. Charles Talmage over Old First, Charlestown, Mass., the other evening, resident members were asked to rise. Fully one-half of those present remained seated.

### The Pastor Reports

Winchester, N. H., Rev. S. G. Wood. "The outstanding event has been the organization of a Young People's Society. Without any prompting from me they are openly promoting the privilege of every Christian to join the church, an attitude the reverse of five years ago. The Society has a service flag of its own, with eight stars and another just rising. Our vestry is the headquarters for the French War Relief work of the ladies of the town. The children have taken no small part in war charities, some going without their Thanksgiving dinner and some without their anticipated Christmas celebration in order to give to the starving "over there." In point of missionary offerings we stand among the first 13 churches of the State. We are above our minimum apportionment. The Every-Member Canvass has become an institution with us; everybody likes it. A mission study group has begun work, and another for young people is in prospect. We are taking up the Tercentenary Correspondence Course on Sunday evenings.

### Our Largest Church

Brooklyn, N. Y., Tompkins Ave., Rev. J. P. Huget. Total amount raised in 1917, $70,197, of which $30,135 went for benevolences, $10,610 was added to the permanent fund, and $29,452 remained for local expenses. Membership on Jan. 1, 3,774.

### A Church in Seven-League Boots

Steubenville, O., First, Rev. J. S. Heffner. Forty-three members have been received into the fellowship of the church in nine months. This means an increase of nearly 30 per cent. in the membership. A complete budget has been worked out and the finances have been increased by one-third. The Women's Association recently pledged $250.

The church school has been completely reorganized, graded lessons have been introduced throughout the school, graded worship is a special feature and all the teachers are expected to be members of the teacher-training class which meets every Wednesday evening. A Community School of Religious Education has been organized. The pastor is the head of this school which meets in the Y. M. C. A. Building every Friday evening and includes teachers from all the Protestant churches of the city.

Stereopticon views are shown at the Sunday evening services, and moving pictures will be exhibited at least one evening in each week. The Brotherhood of the Church took a religious census which has greatly facilitated the growth of membership and has fostered a community spirit which is a valuable asset to any church.

### Reports without Supper

Cleveland, O., Kinsman-Union, Rev. C. L. Parker. The customary collation was dispensed with as a war measure. New members added, 54. Sunday school enrollment, 571. Amount raised for current expenses was $600 more than last year. Total membership 100 per cent. larger than five years ago when the present pastorate began.

### A 50 Per Cent. Leap

Peoria, Ill., Plymouth, Rev. J. A. Schmink. The Sunday school has been wholly re-organized and carefully graded, the enrollment has increased 50 per cent. and the actual attendance doubled. The largest sum in many years was raised for home expenses! There have been 31 additions.

### Five Credits

Anamosa, Io., Rev. Ernest Evans. Forty accessions during the year, 23 of these on confession of faith; the apportionment for all benevolences more than paid up; a young

## THE WAR-TIME LEAGUE OF INTERCESSION

Readers of *The Congregationalist and Advance* and their friends are asked to enroll themselves in a comradeship for daily prayer, to be known as *The War Time League of Intercession*. It is hoped that through it hundreds and perhaps thousands will agree touching the things that they shall ask of God.

The pledge is as follows:

*I promise to try to take daily not less than two minutes for earnest, thoughtful prayer in behalf of some or all of the following specified ends, as well as any other objects that may properly be linked with these:*

1. That God's will may be done in and through this war.
2. That if it e his will victory may come to the United Stat and its Allies.
3. That the bodies of th se dear to us may be preserved on land and sea and in the air and that their souls may be kept pure amid the special perils of their calling.
4. That all who labor for the moral welfare of soldiers and sailors may be helped and blessed in their ministrations.
5. That those in prisons and hospitals, and victims of massacre, exile and deportation may have grace given them to bear their sufferings.
6. That those in positions of authority in all the nations may have given them day by day wisdom and power, by means of which they shall lead their peoples in ways of righteousness and truth.
7. That we may be able to bring to our sister nations with which we are allied timely and prevailing help.
8. That we may be enabled still to love and forgive the nation with which we are at war, that it may experience an entire change of mind and heart, be delivered from the lust for power and deserve once more the respect and trust of the civilized world.
9. That all the nations participating in or touched by this world-wide warfare may repent of their waywardness and worldliness and by their sufferings and sorrows be chastened and transformed to the end that a new international order shall come into being.
10. That God will speedily and signally manifest himself anew to the world, making his presence and his power felt and recognized by all his children.

Signature ....................

Address ....................

Please sign this pledge and keep it in a conspicuous place, sending at the same time a postal card stating that this has been done to *The War Time League of Intercession, The Congregationalist and Advance*, Boston, Mass. The names will not be published, but the number of signers will be given from week to week.

Two cards on which this pledge and its specifications are printed as above with blanks for signature will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp. In quantity they can be had at the rate of $1.00 a hundred.

The signers of the card may choose his own time for his two minutes of waiting on God daily. Undoubtedly he will have many companions simultaneously engaged in this highest of all functions if the time selected be between six and eight in the morning or twelve and one at noon or six and eight in the evening.

The number of persons enrolled in this League up to and including Jan. 30 is four hundred and seventy-three.

## The Issue at Colorado College

In order to bring the history of the unfortunate episode at Colorado College, Colorado Springs, to which we have several times referred down to date we summarize the more recent developments.

It will be remembered that last summer Dean Edward S. Parsons, for nearly twenty-five years professor of English literature at the college, and a leader in its intellectual and spiritual life, was summarily dismissed by the Trustees. He applied to the American Association of University Professors for an investigation and in due time it appointed a strong committee consisting of five men on faculties of various Western institutions. That committee is now at work and will take sufficient time to make its examinations thorough and its findings respected. This examination, it is understood, will relate not only to the case of Professor Parsons, but to the question of the present administrative basis of Colorado College.

The dismissal of Professor Parsons was followed by strong formal protests of the Colorado State Conference of Congregational Churches strongly supporting him and calling for his reinstatement, by numerous expressions from influential persons in church and educational circles all over the country, deprecating the summary action of the trustees and its consequent ill effect upon the life of an institution dear to many Christian people and historically associated with Congregationalism, and by agitation by many in the undergraduate student body in the interest of Dr. Parsons's reinstatement. Almost all the older members of the faculty have also been arrayed on his side.

Various negotiations and hearings have taken place. On Nov. 16, 1917, the trustees met and considered a large body of resolutions adopted by various organizations in favor of the so-called Hall Arbitration plan, which is described in our issue of Oct. 25, p. 558. The faculty, the alumni and Dean Parsons were willing to accept this plan, but the trustees turned it down and substituted the following:

1. The suggestion of the choice of a distinguished educator to act as a mediator, investigating fully the situation and making recommendations for the wise settlement of the controversy. The trustees themselves named the members of the committee to choose the mediator—Mr. Hornbert of the trustees, Dean Cajori of the faculty, Mr. Argo, the president of the Alumni Association.

2. The authorization of a committee of seven, the president, three trustees and three members, to recommend changes in the fundamental law of the college.

The statement of these plans was prefaced by a resolution which said that the trustees considered their action dismissing Dean Parsons an entirely justified one, that they had a "continu d willingness to grant him further hearings"—a remarkable statement when it is remembered that they have never given him any hearings. Such hearings as they are willing to give him in the future are well described by Professor Woodbridge in his letter entitled "President Duniway's Camouflage," in the *Nation* of Jan. 17. "Hearings before a court which has already condemned him without specific charges, sentenced him, carried the sentence into execution and now affirms its sentence is just."

Dean Parsons, acting on the advice of the American Association of University Professors, refused to be a party to the proposed mediations, but said he hoped the faculty and alumni would accept it, and promised to consider most carefully any proposal which might be its fruit.

## W. B. M. I.

Mrs. William Spooner of Oak Park led the devotional service of the Woman's Board of the Interior at the meeting in Chicago, Jan. 25. Miss Mary Denton of the Doshisha School, Kyoto, Japan, was the speaker of the morning. She told of the self-sacrificing work of the Japanese pastors, urging us to trust the Japanese church and its pastors; of the crowded condition of the school, of the Sunday school work done by the girls, of the necessity for departments in cooking and music, of the need of a larger chapel and in most glowing terms of the work done by Miss Annie L. Howe of Kobe. She said: "The work done by Miss Howe has not been equaled by any other work done by any man or woman in Japan."

At the close of Miss Denton's address, Mrs. Moore reported the meeting of the Federation of Woman's Boards which was held in Garden City and Mrs. Lee the Conference of Congregational Secretaries held in St. Louis and the all-day meeting of the women of St. Louis in connection with this conference.

## Fathers and Sons

(*Continued from page* 172)

said a college senior, "that you said to me once, 'You can't say, I won't, to me, young man.' "

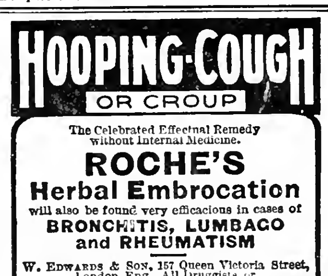
Every boy has a right to a sympathetic hearing and to his father's confidence, so that on crucial questions, or personal questions he shall say to himself, "I'll ask Dad, he knows."

When a young fellow entered Amherst College some twenty years ago, his father said to him: "My boy, I don't want you to get into trouble, but if you ever do, remember that your dad is the best friend you've got in the world. Send for him or let him know." That is the ideal relationship.

Many a father would give his life to save his boy—risk his own life to win what was dearer still to him. But will you live for your boy as well as die for him? Will you live pure, speak true, and right wrong for his sake? For his sake will you sanctify yourself? He needs not so much an argument as an atmosphere. The "home ties will hold" when the boy gets away from home if they are genuine and sincere.

## Be Patient, Friends

The Circulation Man say: Nearly everybody is working under serious difficulties these days, editors, managers, clerks, printers, mailers, railroad help, p st-office employees, and even you, gentle reader. It's war-time. For awhile at least papers may not reach you on time as before. We are sorry but we know that after a moment's thought you will be patient.



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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY


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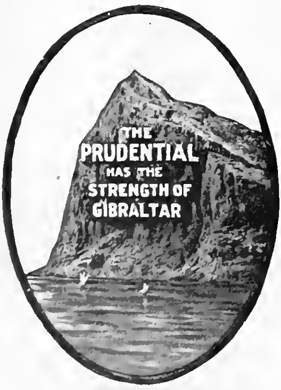


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Drawn by E. V. Nadherny

They Sang of America—"Sweet Land of Liberty"

"AND DRILLED WITH THE LITTLE BRIGHT FLAGS AS THEY STOOD UP AND REPEATED THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE"

iite population about them with a kindred ignorance. For there 1 be no doubt that if an Englishman or Scotchman of the year 00 were to return to earth and seek his most retrograde and de-rilized descendants, he would find them at last among the white d colored population south of Washington. And I have a fore-ding that in this mixed flood of workers that pours into America the million to-day, in this torrent of ignorance, against which at heroic being, the schoolmarm, battles at present all unaided men, there is to be found the possibility of another dreadful paration of class and kind, a separation perhaps not so profound t far more universal. One sees the possibility of a rich indus-ial and mercantile aristocracy of western European origin, minating a darker-haired, darker-eyed, uneducated proletariat om central and eastern Europe. The immigrants are being given tes, I know, but that does not free them, it only enslaves the untry. The negroes were given votes.

That is the quality of the danger as I see it. But before this digestion of immigrants becomes an incurable sickness of the ates many things may happen. There is every sign, as I have id, that a great awakening, a great disillusionment, is going on the American mind. The Americans have become suddenly lf-critical, are hot with an unwonted fever for reform and con-ructive effort. This swamping of the country may yet be checked. ey may make a strenuous effort to emancipate children below teen from labor, and so destroy one of the chief inducements immigration. Once convince them that their belief in the periority of their public schools to those of England and Ger-any is a delusion, or at least that their schools are inadequate the task before them, and it may be they will perform some ift American miracle of educational organization and finance. r all the very heavy special educational charges that are needed the immigrant is really to be assimilated, it seems a reasonable oposal that immigration should pay. Suppose the newcomer were sently to be taxed on arrival for his own training and that of y children he had with him, that again would check the inrush ry greatly. Or the steamship company might be taxed, and left settle the trouble with the immigrant by raising his fare. And nally, it may be that if the line is drawn, as it seems highly robable it will be, at "Asiatics," then there may even be a drying p of the torrent at its source. The European countries are not nlimited reservoirs of offspring. As they pass from their old onditions into more and more completely organized modern in-ustrial states, they develop a new internal equilibrium and cease secrete an excess of population. England no longer supplies any reat quantity of Americans; Scotland barely any; France is ex-au ted; Ireland, Germany, Scandinavia have, it seems, disgorged early all their surplus load, and now run dry. . . .

These are all mitigations of the outlook, but still the dark iadow of disastrous possibility remains. The immigrant comes to weaken and confuse the counsels of labor, to serve the pur-oses of corruption, to complicate any economic and social develop-ent, above all to retard enormously the development of that na-ıl consciousness and will on which the hope of the future nds.

THE EDUCATIONAL ALLIANCE

these doubts of mine to a pleasant young lady of New who seems to find much health and a sustaining happiness ettlement work on the East Side. She scorned my doubts. ildren make better citizens than the old Americans," she said e one who quotes a classic, and took me with her forthwith to see the central school of the Educational Alliance, that fine imposing building in East Broadway.

It's a thing I'm glad not to have missed. I recall a large cool room with a sloping floor, tier rising above tier of seats and desks, and a big class of bright-eyed Jewish children, boys and girls, each waving two little American flags to the measure of the song they sang, singing to the accompaniment of the piano on the platform beside us.

"God bless our native land," they sang—with a considerable variety of accent and distinctness, but with a very real emotion.

Some of them had been in America a month, some much longer, but here they were—under the auspices of the wealthy Hebrews of New York and Mr. Blaustein's enthusiastic direction—being Americanized. They sang of America—"sweet land of liberty"; they stood up and drilled with the little bright pretty flags; swish they crossed and swish they waved back, a waving froth of flags and flushed children's faces; and they stood up and repeated the oath of allegiance, and at the end filed tramping by me and out of the hall. The oath they take is finely worded. It runs:

"Flag our great Republic, inspirer in battle, guardian of our homes, whose stars and stripes stand for bravery, purity, truth, and union, we salute thee! We, the natives of distant lands, who find rest under thy folds, do pledge our hearts, our lives, and our sacred honor to love and protect thee, our country, and the liberty of the American people forever."

I may have been fanciful, but as I stood aside and watched them going proudly past, it seemed to me that eyes met mine, triumphant and victorious eyes—for was I not one of these British from whom freedom was won? But that was an ignoble suspicion. They had been but a few weeks in America, and that light in their eyes was just a brotherly challenge to one they supposed a fellow citizen who stood unduly thoughtful amid their rhythmic exaltation. They tramped out and past with their flags and guidons.

"It *is* touching!" whispered my guide, and I saw she had caught a faint reflection of that glow that lit the children.

I told her it was the most touching thing I had seen in America.

And so it remains.

Think of the immense promise in it! Think of the flower of belief and effort that may spring from this warm sowing! We passed out of this fluttering multiplication of the most beautiful flag in the world, into streets abominable with offal and indescribable filth, and dark and horrible under the thunderous girders of the Elevated Railroad, to our other quest for that morning, a typical New York tenement. For I wanted to see one, with practically windowless bedrooms. . . .

The Educational Alliance is of course not a public institution; it was organized by Hebrews, and conducted for Hebrews, chiefly for the benefit of the Hebrew immigrant. It is practically the only organized attempt to Americanize the immigrant child. After the children have mastered sufficient English and acquired the simpler elements of patriotism—which is practically no more than an emotional attitude towards the flag—they pass on into the ordinary public schools.

"Yes," I told my friend, "I know how these children feel. That, less articulate perhaps, but no less sincere, is the thing—something between pride and a passionate desire—that fills three-quarters of the people at Ellis Island now. They come ready to love and worship, ready to bow down and kiss the folds of your

*(Continued on page 1215.)*

# "MY BEST KENTUCKY REEL"

By JAMES BUCKHAM

"To my friend, Hon. Grover Cleveland, I bequeath my best Kentucky reel"
—*Will of Joseph Jefferson, codicil dated October 27, 1904*

DEAR friend, I nevermore shall hear
  Your shout above the rushing stream,
Nor see your struggling captive leap
  Where rainbows o'er the rapids gleam.
But, ah! for sake of old lang syne,
  For sake of friendship long and leal,
Take, with a comrade's lasting love,
  My best Kentucky reel.

How oft your ardent eyes have said,
  "Ah me! how beautiful and rare,
With music in its silken click,
  And graven with such loving care!"
You never said, "I'd like it, Joe;
  I envy you from head to heel;"
But, Grover, well I knew you craved
  My best Kentucky reel!

And now it's yours, fond friend and best,
  Your undisputed own for aye,
To sing to you beside the stream
  Through many a bloom-white April day—
To sing, I fain would think, of me,
  When soft thoughts o'er your spirit steal,
And you can hear me prating of
  My best Kentucky reel.

I pray you treat it well, old chum,
  And keep it oiled and polished bright,
And never lay it damp away,
  Though you come weary home at night.
I've held in trust, I give in trust,
  A very masterpiece of steel.
So cherish lovingly, dear friend,
  My best Kentucky reel.

God speed you, fellow fisherman,
  Beside the roaring brook,
And many a crimson-spotted trout
  Send surging up to try your hook.
Oh! would that I could still stand by,
  Or with the net in triumph kneel,
While o'er the brawling turmoil sings
  My best Kentucky reel!

But I have said my last farewell
  To all the streams I used to know,
Content, if you will sometimes stop
  And think a while of angler Joe,
Lie on some bank we used to love,
  And let old memories o'er you steal,
Meanwhile a tear, that shall not rust,
  Dries on my best Kentucky reel.

## THE UNDAUNTED SPIRIT OF RECONSTRUCTION IN SAN FRANCISCO

AS A BIT OF ADMIRABLE BRAVADO THREE HUNDRED MEMBERS OF THE SAN FRANCISCO MERCHANTS' ASSOCIATION HELD THEIR ANNUAL BANQUET ON THE NIGHT OF JULY 25 IN THE DEVASTATED ST. FRANCIS HOTEL, WHICH WAS WRECKED DURING THE EARTHQUAKE

## TEN THOUSAND ANGRY BASEBALL "FANS"

AS HIS DECISIONS HAD SERVED TO AROUSE A BASEBALL CROWD TO VIOLENCE, NATIONAL LEAGUE UMPIRE JOHNSTONE WAS OFFICIALLY REFUSED ADMISSION TO THE NEW YORK POLO GROUNDS ON AUGUST 7, WHEN HE WAS TO HAVE UMPIRED A GAME BETWEEN THE NEW YORK AND CHICAGO TEAMS. HE DECLARED THE GAME FORFEITED TO THE CHICAGO NINE BY A SCORE OF 9 TO 0. THE FORFEIT WAS SUSTAINED AND NO GAME WAS PLAYED MUCH TO THE CROWD'S DISGUST. IT WAS A UNIQUE EVENT IN BASEBALL

## A CONTEST FOR RIGHT OF WAY—THE OFFENDING COUDERT BRIDGE AT OYSTER BAY

A CURIOUS AND INTERESTING SITUATION HAS ARISEN AT OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND. MR. F. R. COUDERT OWNS A PIER WHICH EXTENDS FROM THE SHORE FRONT OF HIS PROPERTY ACROSS THE BEACH AND INTO THE WATERS OF THE BAY. THIS STRUCTURE, IT IS CLAIMED BY THE OYSTER BAY AUTHORITIES, INTERFERES WITH THE PUBLIC'S RIGHT OF WAY ALONG THE BEACH, SINCE IT IS TOO LOW TO PERMIT OF THE PASSAGE OF WAGONS AT HIGH TIDE. THE FEUD BETWEEN THE PROPERTY OWNER AND THE AUTHORITIES CULMINATED ON AUGUST 8 IN A DETERMINED ATTEMPT OF THE HIGHWAY COMMISSIONERS TO DEMOLISH THAT PART OF THE BRIDGE WHICH, IT WAS ALLEGED, INTERFERED WITH THE RIGHTS OF THE PUBLIC. WHEN THE ATTACKING PARTY, ARMED WITH AXES AND CROWBARS, ATTEMPTED TO ACCOMPLISH THEIR WORK, IT WAS FOUND IMPOSSIBLE TO MAKE IT THOROUGHLY EFFECTIVE, OWING TO THE FACT THAT MRS. ELIZABETH COUDERT HAD ESTABLISHED HERSELF ON THE SEAWARD PORTION OF THE BRIDGE AND INSISTED UPON REMAINING THERE. AT THE MOMENT OF WRITING, THE HALF-DEMOLISHED BRIDGE IS STILL IN A STATE OF SIEGE

# THE OTHER SIDE OF LINCOLN

### By MAJOR JOSEPH W. WHAM, U.S.A.

COLONEL INGERSOLL, in his wonderful lecture on Lincoln, said: "As soon as a great man dies, the world commences to smooth the wrinkles out of his character, and keeps on until there is nothing left but a steel-plate engraving. It has done this with Washington, and is now diligently doing the same with Lincoln." The result obviously being to produce one-sided men—all good or all bad, all mercy or all cruelty, all tyrant or all liberal. Who thinks of the lowly Nazarene as the hero of heroes, walking right on to an ignominious death, hurling thunderbolts that are more terrible to-day than ever before, rather than apologize for aught that had been said, or lower his standard for a single instant; or of the "meek Moses" as the imperial, and sometimes imperious, leader in war, religion, and law; or of Marcus Aurelius as other than a moralist? The colonel then contributed his share to a one-sided Lincoln in these words: "He was the only man who, though clothed with absolute power, never abused it except on the side of mercy." I thoroughly indorse this sentiment, but in doing so I do not forget that the great iron-hearted man sent soldiers to the firing-line to die by the hundred thousand, and citizens to prison "without due process of law," that the Union and liberty might live. However, when I relate the following well-corroborated incident, the doctrinaire will throw up his hands in holy horror, though the incident at once illustrates the mental grasp of Lincoln, and an exalted determination to save the Union and liberty at any cost; though one was then disrupted and the other in a fair way to be temporarily lost.

#### A MYSTERIOUS ORDER

On the overthrow of the great rebellion I was, on the recommendation of General Grant, in whose Volunteer Regiment I served, appointed a lieutenant in the regular army, and joined my command in the great West, on the edge of the Llano Estacado. Captain Holcomb, a gallant and worthy soldier, a most interesting gentleman, with whom I served at a lonely frontier post, told me the following story on the authenticity of John L. Scrips, one of the founders of the Chicago *Tribune*, a brother-in-law of Holcomb, and the man who wrote Lincoln's biography for the first Lincoln campaign. Lincoln, early realizing the tremendous struggle that must ensue before the great rebellion would be subdued, saw clearly that the North must be held in line, even if it required the temporary overthrow of liberty to do so. He, therefore, sent for General Scott and said, "General, have you an officer in the regular army who will obey orders without question—without asking the 'reason why'?" The General thought for a moment and then said, "Yes. Martin Burke." Lincoln then said, "Please send him to me." Captain Burke was telegraphed for, and in a few days reported in much bewilderment at the White House (for no explanation had been made by General Scott) looking anything but a hero as he stood in front of the tall, angular, and swarthy President. His uniform, well-worn and somewhat awry; his gray hair tousled; his shoulders stooped; his form bent, but behind the steady eye, his quiet and firmly set lips, there was adamant. "So you are Captain Burke?" said Lincoln, at the same time surveying him from head to foot with his quick, penetrating eye. "Yes, sir" (saluting). "General Scott tells me that you will obey orders without asking questions." "Yes, sir," (saluting). "Captain Burke," Lincoln said slowly and impressively, "I am going to put you in command of Fort Lafayette, which stands in the mouth of Hudson River. You are to go there and stay, never, as you will soon see, for obvious reasons, coming ashore, even for a moment, lest some sheriff or other civil officer get service on you and compel the production or release of some or all of the prisoners which I may be compelled to confine there. All prisoners sent there will be confined by my authority and released by my order, and while there must be treated with the utmost care, comfort, and courtesy, but by no means allowed to escape. They will be released at once on swearing allegiance to the Union, and complying with other formal matters which will be attended to through the War Department. No sheriffs or other civil officers must under any circumstances be allowed to land at the fort. Strictly obey these orders and look to me for protection."

Thus was coolly and deliberately constructed, constituted, and organized the great American Bastile, and, paradoxical as it may seem, paradoxical as it really is, by the great liberator, the great defender, the great martyr in the cause of human liberty.

To illustrate by a typical case which actually occurred in my own town of S. A citizen of much influence had been from the very commencement of the war a strenuous supporter of the Confederacy, and had by his course—making speeches, hurrahing for "Jeff Davis," etc.—discouraged enlistments and encouraged desertions. He and others like him scattered all over the North were keeping up a damaging fire in the rear, so some of them were arrested, with the result that the fire in the rear measurably ceased. For it was decidedly unpleasant to turn in at night, and find yourself in the morning thundering on and on toward the rising sun at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Usually the fast train did not stop at S., but one night it did. Twenty or thirty minutes after the train had gone it was discovered that the "citizen" was also gone. It was afterwards recalled by the neighbors that two gentlemen alighted from the train and walked quietly up town, on the opposite side of the street, from "the citizen's" office, that they turned at the first corner, crossed over, walked down the other side, and that "the citizen" went with them, but it was all done so quietly and quickly that no one, not even his family, for some time realized that he went as a prisoner. This sort of thing all over the North had a very quieting effect, and was equal to the best days of Fouché.

#### BURKE'S ECCENTRICITIES

Captain Holcomb said General Burke was matter of fact in the highest degree. He never for one moment exercised the slightest discretion. All orders were alike to him—to be obeyed literally. Cold and impassive as an iceberg on duty, he was warm-hearted as a woman. On a most frightful winter's night an order was received to release a certain prisoner. General Burke sent for Captain Holcomb, who was officer of the day, and, handing him the order, told the Captain to execute it. Holcomb explained, it being near midnight, that there would be no boat going ashore before morning. Meantime, if a man was turned out onto a barren rock, he would certainly freeze. When, with *seeming* absolute indifference, the General responded, "But, Captain Holcomb, there's the order! My *God*, Captain Holcomb, *there's* the order!" Captain Holcomb in some way saved the man from freezing, but obeyed the order. He expected the General to refer to the matter at breakfast, but to him the incident was closed. The Captain was fond of telling of Burke's many eccentricities. Among other things, that he never wore a uniform except at monthly inspections. "He was eternally," said Holcomb, "walking about inside the fort in a long, well-worn dressing-gown and skull-cap, inspecting guards, guns, bastions, embrasures; in short, everything from the kitchen to the equipment."

#### A CRUEL IMPRISONMENT

It was to this fort that General Stone, after being ordered out of bed at midnight, placed in close arrest, and refused communication with any one, was hurriedly dispatched and immured. To all questions as to why he was arrested, no answer was at *that* time or *ever* returned. For one hundred and eighty-nine days he begged, and pleaded, and demanded in the name of mercy and outraged justice, for a copy of the charges and specifications; for a speedy trial; to be brought face to face with his accusers; but the only answer to his wailing plea was the ceaseless pounding of the surf on the sand dunes of the lower Hudson. To the repeated demands of the Congress for the cause of General Stone's arrest and imprisonment, no satisfactory answer was ever returned by Secretary Stanton or General McClellan, either orally or in writing. Lincoln said, "I know nothing of the facts," and, therefore, did not interfere. That he was responsible the universal world will do him the justice to at once repudiate. That Stanton, the Carnot of his age, or General McClellan, then the most-talked-of man in all the world, was, staggers belief. Then who was? The only answer is an echo. For whoever caused this terrible injustice seems to have most thoroughly covered his tracks. However, Stone's life was not wholly ruined, for he found under a foreign flag higher honors and emoluments than he would probably ever have acquired under his own.

Fort Lafayette was, near the close of the great rebellion, abandoned and burned, or burned and abandoned, I am not certain which. When passing the old ruin, as I frequently did, in going to Sandy Hook, to pay the small detachment then there, I said to myself, it is all in the purpose, the aim, the end in view. Charles the Fifth constructed a bastile with which to subvert the liberties of men. Lincoln constructed a bastile with which to conserve the liberties of men. On the ruins of one arose the liberties of France, on the ruins of the other arose the liberties of America, stronger than ever, and more enduring than the rocks that hold in leash the waters of the great North River as they flow on to the "deep and dark blue ocean."

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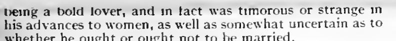

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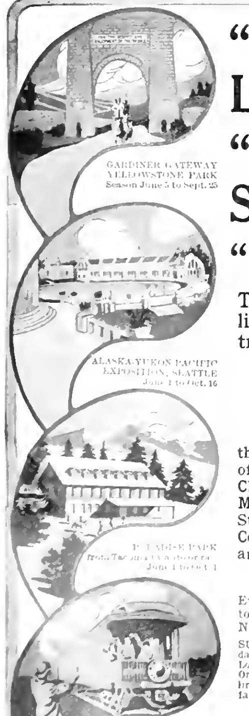


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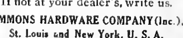

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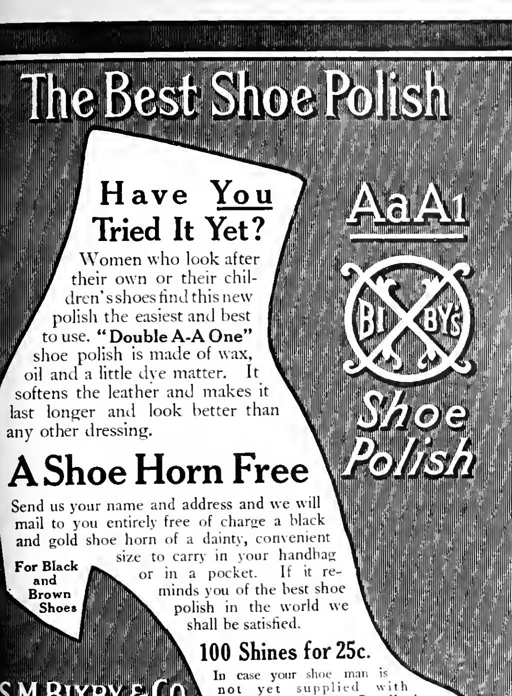


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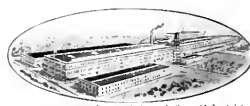

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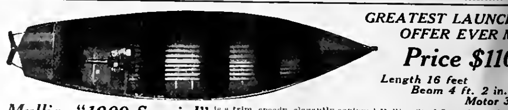

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***Mullins "1909 Special"*** is a trim, speedy, elegantly equipped Mullins Steel Launch—with a guaranteed speed of 9 miles an hour—improved 3 H. P. Two Cycle Reversible Engine and Mullins Silent Underwater Exhaust. Mullins Patented Steel Construction like torpedo boats with large air chambers like life boats, insures speed and absolute safety. Our complete Catalogue of Launches, Motor Boats, Marine Engines, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats gives complete specifications of the "1909 Special" and full particulars regarding our entirely new line of 1909 Models designed by Whittelsey & Whitaker of New York—the most successful naval architects in America. When you want your boat you will want it at once, not three months later; so write today for our Catalogue.

*W. H. Mullins Campany, 119 Franklin Street, Salem, Ohia*

FISHING GUIDE, a reference book for the lovers of the Sport, Free provided you send name of *your* Hatter.

**BLUM & KOCH**
86 Fifth Avenue
New York

Among Correct Dressers **Blum & Koch Straw Hats** are most favored

"The Straw Without a Flaw"

The 1909 Catalogue of

# COLLIER ART PRINTS

contains 132 illustrations of the works of Maxfield Parrish, Howard Pyle, Frederic Remington, Jessie Willcox Smith and other foremost American artists. A feature of the book this year is a series of full-page pictures and intimate sketches of the artists themselves.

**For 15 cents we will send you this Book prepaid and Rebate the 15 cents with your first purchase of $1.00 or more.**

This book is a thing of beauty and of educational value—too valuable to send free—but when you realize that it contains Gibson reproductions, 27 Remingtons, and Maxfield Parrish's beautiful Arabian Nights and Wonder Tales Prints, Edward Penfield's Animal Pictures for the Nursery, Jessie Willcox Smith's Pictures of Children—132 in all—it is certain you will want the book and some of the pictures as well. Mail 15 cents in stamps. Address

PRINT DEPT., P. F. COLLIER & SON, 413 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK

# Collier's

*Saturday, June 19, 1909*

Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. *Cover Design.*

With the Eye of the Mind. *Frontispiece. Painted by Frederic Remington*

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*P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirteenth St.; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. For sale also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. Copyright 1909 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, $5.20 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, $6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, $7.80 a year.*

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.


# ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 8

## COLLIER'S ADVERTISING COLUMNS AND SOME FIGURES

In this number of Collier's there are 197 advertisements. Each one, from the little 4-liner which costs the advertiser $10.00, to the beautiful color page for which the advertiser pays $2,400.00, has its own part to play in present day commerce. Whether or not *you* answer any of the advertisements, you are nevertheless in some way affected by them.

Hundreds of persons, skilled in their various crafts, have had to do with the preparation of these advertisements, and the total cost to the advertiser for their work has been well up in the thousands.

To place these 197 announcements in your home and in the homes of half a million other subscribers, these advertisers have paid Collier's a total of more than $22,000.00.

Every one of these announcements of merchandise news (for advertising really is merchandise news) large or small has its influence upon the Collier half million. Many thousands of letters will go to the advertisers represented in this issue from Collier's readers in every state of the Union and in foreign countries as well, who want further information regarding the goods advertised, the places where they can be purchased, etc.

Consider that as a direct result of advertising in this one number, Collier's readers will spend say $300,000 (and this is only an average of 75c per subscriber) to secure the various benefits advertised. Then you will more surely appreciate how careful Collier's must be that none but honest manufacturers and merchants are admitted to our columns and that the claims they make for their goods are in every way reliable. With everyone represented in this issue you may deal with that feeling of security and satisfaction that you have when you buy from a man with whom you are personally acquainted.

E. C. Patterson
*Manager Advertising Department*

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"Why you get your money's worth when you buy advertised goods"

**BALTIMORE, MD.**

• **The Rennert** E. $1.50. Baltimore's leading hotel. Typical southern cooking. The kitchen of this hotel has made Maryland cooking famous.

**CHICAGO, ILL.**

⁝ **Chicago Beach Hotel** 51st Blvd. and Lake Shore. American or European plan. An ideal resort for rest or pleasure—only 10 minutes' ride from the city's theatre and shopping district—close to the famous golf links, lagoons, etc., of the great South Park System; 450 large, airy rooms, 250 private baths. There is the quiet of lake, beach and shaded parks, or the gayety of boating, bathing, riding or driving, golf, tennis, dancing, music and other amusements. Table always the best. Orchestra concerts add to the delights of promenades on its nearly 1000 feet of broad veranda, which overlooks Lake Michigan beach. Write for illustrated booklet.

**NEW YORK, N. Y.**

⁝ **Broadway Central** Hotel. Only N.Y. Hotel featuring American Plan. Our table the foundation of enormous business. A.P. $2.50. E.P. $1.

**WHY PAY EXTRAVAGANT HOTEL RATES?**
⁝ **CLENDENING APARTMENT HOTEL** 198 W. 103 Street. Select. Homelike, Economical. Suites of Parlor, Bedroom and Bath $1.50 daily and up. Write for booklet B with map of city.

⁝ **Latham** 5th Ave. and 28th St. New fireproof hotel. Very heart of New York. 350 rooms, $1.50 and up. With bath, $2 and up. H. F. Ritchey, Manager.

**SUMMER RESORTS**

**ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.**

• **Chalfonte** ATLANTIC CITY. The one suggests the other; one of the world's most famous resorts; one of the world's most attractive resort houses. The best place for rest, recreation, and recuperation. Write for reservations to The Leeds Company. Always Open. On the Beach. Between the Piers.

**NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.**

• **The Clifton** Directly facing both Falls. Just completed and up-to-date. Open winter and summer. $4 to $6. American Plan. Booklet on request.

**CAPE COD, MASS.**

**Spend Your Vacation on Quaint Cape Cod**

**Ideal for vacations—seashore, woods, country, fishing, boating, bathing**

Send for free beautifully illustrated book.
A. B. Smith, G.P.A., Room 183, New Haven, Conn.
**New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.**

For the benefit of our readers we have classified the various hotels in the United States and Canada according to tariff in their respective cities. One asterisk (•) will be placed opposite the advertisement of the hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage demanding the best of everything. Two asterisks (⁚) indicates the hotel which appeals to those who desire high-class accommodations at moderate prices; and three asterisks (⁝) indicates the hotel which appeals to commercial travelers and those requiring good service at economical rates.

COLLIER'S Travel Department, 426 West Thirteenth Street, New York City, will furnish, free by mail, information and if possible booklets and time table of any Hotel, Resort, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.

**Special Information about Summer Resorts**

Write us where you want to go and we will advise you the best route and where to stop.

Information regarding tours to any part of the world will be furnished free upon request by letter to COLLIER'S TRAVEL DEPARTMENT 420 W. 13th Street, New York

**Alaska-Yukon Exposition—**
A series of escorted tours leave New York, Boston and Philadelphia during July and August, including also Colorado, Yellowstone Park, Canadian Rockies, etc.—Limited membership—Leisurely travel—Send for circulars.
THOS. COOK & SON, 245 Broadway, NEW YORK, also Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, etc.

**AROUND the WORLD CRUISES**
By S. S. Cleveland, 18,000 tons, brand new, Oct. 16, '09, from N. Y., and Feb. 5, '10, from Frisco, $650 and up. 12th Annual Orient Cruise, Feb. 5, '10, $400 up, by Ll yd S. S. "Grosser Kurfuerst," 73 days, including 24 days Egypt and Palestine.
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York.

**EUROPE** Send for booklet. Best Way to See Europe at Moderate Cost. J. P. GRAHAM, IDEAL EUROPEAN TOURS, Box 1055-K, Pittsburg, Pa. — THE IDEAL WAY

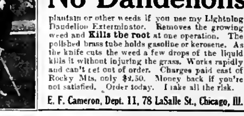
"The Underwear of a Gentleman" represents the greatest degree of Summer comfort—coolest, longest wearing, most satisfactory summer underwear made.
**Loose Fitting Knee Drawers Coat Undershirts**
$1.00 and more the garment
**Pajamas**
$1.50 and more the suit
of special fabrics, Nainsook, Pongee, Linen and Silk.
*At leading shops everywhere throughout the country. Style book about the "Underwear of a Gentleman" free on request to* Dept. W
**GOTHAM UNDERWEAR CO., 93-95 FRANKLIN ST., NEW YORK**

$1 **BREATHE-RITE** $1

If you have any regard for your personal appearance, or your health, you should wear a **BREATHE-RITE** brace.
The **BREATHE-RITE** brace holds the body gently but firmly erect, whether walking, sitting or standing. It corrects round shoulders and strengthens the back. Made of white, washable elastic fabric. The ideal summer brace, weight two ounces. *A blessing for growing boys and girls.* One size fits anybody.
**You Can't Breathe Wrong with BREATHE-RITE**
Sent prepaid anywhere on receipt of price—One Dollar.
BREATHE-RITE MFG. CO., Room 1013, 45 W. 34th St., N. Y.
*Send for descriptive folder. Money back if not pleased*

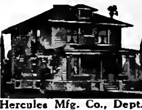
**SUCCESS HAND VACUUM CLEANER $15**
In one operation, cleans, sweeps and dusts. No pipes, no wires or other installation. Ready for instant use. Weighs only 8 lbs. Lasts in continuous use for years. Unconditional refund if not wholly satisfactory. **Agents and dealers wanted.** Our proposition is a whirlwind for business. Our agents making big money. Write quick for discounts and full selling plan.—Hutchison Mfg. Co., 331 Wood St., Wilkinsburg, Pa. (Greater Pittsburg).

**POWER In The A. B. C. AUTO** — AHEAD OF ALL OTHERS
Power to go up the steepest hills or run at 30 miles an hour. Yet Simple, Practical, Safe and Durable. Easy to operate—not complicated—no repairs. The most perfect type of reliable, low-priced automobile, 16 to 35 h. p.; air or water cooled engine; 2, 3, or 4 passenger bodies. Solid or Pneumatic Tires. Write today for FREE Catalogue. Address A. B. C. Motor Vehicle Mfg. Co., 3938 Morgan St., St. Louis, Mo.



**No Dandelions,**
plantain or other weeds if you use my Lightning Dandelion Exterminator. Removes the growing weed and Kills the root at one operation. The polished brass tube holds gasoline or kerosene. As the knife cuts the weed a few drops of the liquid kills it without injuring the grass. Works rapidly and can't get out of order. Charges paid east of Rocky Mts. only $2.50. Money back if you're not satisfied. Order today. I take all the risk.
E. F. Cameron, Dept. 11, 78 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

**A GREAT NEW INDUSTRY**



Manufacture concrete building blocks and make money. Demand is practically unlimited. Big profits on small investment. Machines $16.25 up. Artistic face designs, face down. Free catalog.
Hercules Mfg. Co., Dept. 215, Centerville, Iowa

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Rebuilt by Us. Let's Prove It To You
THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE 345 Broadway, New York
Branches in All Large Cities.

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*$1.25 Express Prepaid*
Half morocco, with title in gold. With patent clasps, so that the numbers may be inserted weekly. Will hold one volume. Sent by express prepaid on receipt of price. Address COLLIER'S, 416 West 13th Street, New York

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Our Hand Book on Patents, Trade-Marks, etc., sent free. Patents procured through Munn & Co. receive free notice in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN
MUNN & CO., 363 Broadway, N. Y.
Branch Office: 625 F St., Washington, D.C.

## [illegible]OTOGRAPHY

[illegible]MS DEVELOPED, 10c PER ROLL, ALL [illegible] Nos. 1 and 2, 3 cts.; 2½x4¼, [illegible] 4x[illegible] 5 cts.; Velox Post Cards, [illegible] attention to amateur work [illegible] methods give our customers [illegible] ever had. To demonstrate this [illegible] offer: send us two of your [illegible] as samples without [illegible] expense. As originators of [illegible] we want to show [illegible] Eastman Kodak [illegible] Asbury Park, N. J.

EXPERT [illegible]-FINISHING PROMPTLY by mail. [illegible] Courteous service. Film [illegible] postpaid. Enlarging a specialty. [illegible] promptly, postpaid, upon receipt of [illegible] Write for sample print and prices. Ro[illegible] N. Main St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

GET BETTER NEGATIVES, BY MY PROCess of deve[illegible] 6 exposure film, any size, free [illegible] results," price list and sample Velox print free. Se[illegible] postage. Pollard, Lynn, Mass.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS, 8x10 BROmides [illegible] A 12½x16½ bromide free with a $[illegible] printing, developing, etc. Work guarantee[illegible] D. 25th St., W. Cleveland, O.

FREE TO AMATEURS, ONE 11x14 GENUine hand colored [illegible] enlargement worth $1.00, with every $2.00 order for four 11x14 enlargements from your films or plates. Single enlargements, 50c each. Photo-Art Specialty Co., Dept. C, 1931 Broadway, New York.

STEINHEIL LENSES GIVE PERFECT PICtures. Have one fitted to your Kodak. Liberal allowance for old lens. Send for Catalogue. Herbert & Huesgen, Sole agents, 311 Madison Ave., New York.

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FOR 25c WE WILL DEVELOP AND PRINT one roll 6 expos. (any size). Give us a trial order to show the superior quality of our work on your next film. Satisfaction guaranteed. Velox Pr't'g Co., 717 6th Ave., N.Y.C.

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BUILD A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN, AND escape salaried drudgery for life. We teach the Collection Business; a limitless field with little competition. Few opportunities so profitable. Send for "Pointers" today. American Collection Service, 51 State St., Detroit, Mich.

GOT ANYTHING TO SELL? ADVERTISE in the classified columns of Farm Life magazine and reach 750,000 farm folks in the rich, central west. 20c per line, cash with order. Minimum ad five lines. Maximum ad twenty lines. Forms close 25th of month preceding date of issue. Address Farm Life, 1322 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., Desk D.

## HIGH-GRADE SALESMEN

SALESMEN WANTED. SALESMEN TO SELL large and complete Line of Souvenir Post Cards as side line. Good commission and best line in the country. Alfred Holzman Co., Chicago, Ill.

SALESMEN: BEST ACCIDENT HEALTH policy. Old line, $1000 death; $5 weekly; $100 emergency. Costs $2.00 yearly. Seal wallet free. Liberal commission. German Registry Co., 265 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo.

SALESMEN WITH ESTABLISHED TRADE TO sell "Barth" Jacks for autos, wagons, traction engines, etc., to retail hardware, implement and auto supply dealers. Barth Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

WANTED: TRAINED BUSINESS MEN, BY every concern in the country, for every line of work—salesmen, executives, office men, correspondents, stenographers—who are efficient, who are producers of results instead of items of expense. Sheldon methods of business and sale have helped 39,000 men to better positions and larger earnings. Method and proof are given in The Sheldon Book—free on request. Sheldon, 1708 Republic Building, Chicago.

WE WANT A LOCAL REP. IN EVERY CITY, [illegible], salesmen visiting mfg. towns to call on jobbers and [illegible], with the best line of advtg. post cards yet produced. [illegible]endar and Advtg. Novelty men preferred. Big coms. [illegible] reorders. Com. Colortype Co., 31 River St., Chicago.

## CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

GET A GOVERNMENT JOB AND GOOD PAY. We prepare you. Full instruction for all examinations. Small cost. Easy terms. Ask for catalog 15. Intercontinental University, Washington, D. C.

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS—EXAMINAtions held soon in every State. Circular 3340, giving full particulars as to salaries, positions, dates of examinations, sample questions, previously used, etc., sent free by National Correspondence Institute, Washington, D. C.

## PATENTS

PATENTS AND TRADE-MARKS PROCURED. Our Hand-Books for Inventors and Manufacturers mailed on request. Patent and Trade-Mark Causes. Beeler & Robb, Patent Lawyers, 74-76 McGill Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS SECURED. INVENTOR'S POCKET Companion free. Send description for free opinion as to patentability. W. N. Roach, Jr., Metzerott Building, Washington, D. C.

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DON'T LET YOUR PATENT LIE IDLE. WE'LL ma[illegible] and manufacture your article ready for marke[illegible] show you what we can do for you. Don't [illegible]ay. [illegible] & Mfg. Co., R. C. Nashville, Tenn.

## MANICURING

[illegible]RE YOU GIVING PROPER ATTENTION TO the care [illegible] and hands? Send four cents in stamps [illegible] "Manicuring," tells just why, what t[illegible] and how to use it. The [illegible]ver Co., T[illegible] B'way and 37th St., N. Y.



# SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS CLASSIFIED

## A Short Story to All Amateur Photographers

In the Fall of 1905 an advertisement appeared in Collier's on films developed and printed through the mail, and from that one advertisement the situation has developed to the extent that it is to-day; and that advertiser is using these columns in this issue. They are successful because they are delivering the goods to amateur photographers in better shape and at a lower price than local firms. Their business depends on your reorder and your reorder depends on the satisfaction of the first order. Surely these advertisements are worthy of your investigation. To their offers the usual Collier's guarantee as to reliability applies.

## AGENTS WANTED

DON'T FOOL AWAY YOUR TIME ON DEAD ones. Wake up! Davis agents doing better than ever. Our special advertising propositions appeal to the pocket-book. Valuable premiums with each 50c sale. 100% profit. No middleman's profit. Get our illustrated catalog and profit-sharing plan. Davis Soap Co., 22 Union Park Ct., Chicago.

AGENTS—MEN AND WOMEN, WE MANUfacture hosiery—replaced free when hole appears. Easy sales. Large profits. First reply obtains agency your city. Triplewear Mills, Dept. P, 724 Girard Ave., Phila., Pa.

AGENTS. PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c, portrait pillow tops 50c, English Art Plates $1.00. 30 days' credit. Samples and free catalog. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290-152 W. Adams St., Chicago.

AGENTS MAKE BIG PROFITS AND QUICK sales. We have several hundred new designs in "Novelty Sign Cards." Also two sizes Changeable signs. Cat. free. Climax Novelty Co., Mfrs., Dept. D, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED—LIVE, HUSTLING, ENergetic agents to sell Thurman Portable Electric Vacuum Cleaner for Homes, Stores, Hotels, Office Buildings, Schools, etc. Clean cut business with big profits. Write today. General Compressed Air and Vacuum Machinery Co., 4436 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS, MEN OR WOMEN, A MANUFACturer and wholesale dealer in household specialties, general merchandise, will start you in profitable bus. in your home. M. C. Farber, Dept. A, 225 Dearborn St., Chicago.

AGENTS: NEW AUTOMATIC CURRYCOMB and other self-sellers. Big demand. First applicants control unlimited sales. Large profits. Write for proof and trial offer. Clean Comb Co., Dept. C, Racine, Wis.

AGENTS TO SELL EUREKA STEEL RANGES from wagons, for cash, notes or time payments. Wonderful money maker for live men. Send for 31 page catalogue. Eureka Steel Range Co., 316 Chestnut St., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS—MAKE BIG MONEY TAKING SUBscriptions to "Popular Electricity," the new illustrated magazine. Nearly everyone is interested in electricity, and this magazine is written so they can understand it. You can secure subscriptions simply by showing people the magazine. Send for sample copy and full particulars. Popular Electricity Pub. Co., 1210 Monadnock Blk, Chicago.

TAILORING SALESMEN WANTED TO TAKE orders for our Guaranteed Made to Order Clothes. Suits—$10 up. No capital required. Write today for Territory and Complete equipment. Address Warrington W. & W. Mills, 173 Adams St., Department 222, Chicago, Ill.

BIG MONEY CAN BE MADE BY MEN AND women selling our Hold Fast Paper Clips to Offices, Banks, etc. Send $1.00 for 15 boxes. Retail them for 15 cents per box, a gilt edge profit of $1.25 on the fifteen boxes, or over 8⅓ cents per box. Money refunded if you do not make good. These Paper Clips are the best made. Once tried always used. Sell the same customers again and again. Cutter Tower Co., 307 Hathaway Bldg., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY TO sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Good commission paid. Immense profits earned. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Company, No. 40 Bar St., Canton, O.

AGENTS—14 TOOLS IN ONE, MADE OF TEMpered steel. Most useful tool ever invented. Lightning seller. Big profits. Nothing like it. 150% profit. Everyone has use for it. Write today for terms. Novelty Mfg. Co., 45 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING OUR new sign letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Easily put on. Write for free sample and particulars. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 66 N. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED TO HANDLE THE MOST satisfactory water filter; modern design; one minute convinces; big profits; reserved territory, sample Fibre Disk free. Jones Mfg. Co., 243A6 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

STOP, WOMEN AND MEN. HURRY! SEVEN new useful fast sellers. 30 others to select from. Big profits. Write for particulars and premium offer. Fair Mfg. Co., Box 196, Racine, Wis.

PATENTED KEROSENE INCANDESCENT Burner. Attachable to any lamp. Produces 70 candle-power light, saves 50% kerosene; ready seller everywhere; agents protected. F. W. Gottschalk, 99 Chambers St., N.Y.

PHOTO PILLOW TOP, PORTRAITS, FRAMES and sheet pictures at very lowest prices. Prompt shipments. Catalogs and samples free. Rejects credited, 30 days' credit. County Portrait Co., 71 Potomac Ave., Room 96, Chicago.

ACTIVE AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLing "Aladdin," the newest, most simple, perfect and practical kerosene Mantle Lamp. American invention. Saves its cost in few months, light excelled only by sunlight. Unlimited Money-Maker. Free particulars. Mantle Lamp Co., Dept. C. C., Chicago; Portland, Ore.; Winnipeg, Can.

BUSINESS MEN AGENTS FOR CITIES AND counties are desired. The most satisfactory and successful self-heating flat-iron. Iron needs no pipes nor wires—sells easily. Thousands in satisfactory use and dozens of agents making big successes. Address Imperial Brass, Chicago, Ill.

TAILORING AGENTS—START YOUR OWN business at our expense. Your opportunity for a big success handling our complete line of Fall tailor-made suits from $10 up. Satisfaction our reputation. Money making possibilities. Samples and traveling case furnished. Moll Tailoring Co., Dept. A, 158 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

BIG MONEY FOR LIVE AGENTS HANDLING our Patented Pen Wiper, wanted in every office and on every desk. Sample by mail, 15c. Mascot Specialty Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

YOU CAN MAKE EXCELLENT PAY AS OUR gen. or local agent. Household necessity saves 80%. Good territory open. Permanent bus. in your home town. Write. J. M. Pitkin & Co., 3 Pitkin Block, Newark, N. Y.

SALESMEN TO TAKE ORDERS FOR GUARanteed custom tailoring. Popular prices. Sample line and co-operation given right parties. Write for particulars. Majestic Tailors (Fit-U Best), 161 Market St., Chicago.

WONDERFUL INVENTION; AGENTS COIN money selling Canchester Incandescent Kerosene Lamp—burns with or without mantle—10 times brighter than electricity, gas, acetylene, at $\frac{1}{10}$ cost. Burner fits all standard lamps—saves 75% oil. No trimming wicks. Outfit furnished. Canchester Light Co., 28 State, Chicago.

500% PROFIT, SOMETIMES MORE, TO Agents and Mail order Dealers selling Mexican Jumping Beans, the world's greatest natural curiosity, and the Sacred Mexican Resurrection Plant. Write today for our special import prices. Liberal samples of both for 25c. Francis E. Lester Co., Dept. C6, Mesilla Park, N. Mex.

AGENTS—STRONG PROFITABLE SELLER. Tom B. Burnett's marvelous moderate priced mattresses. Built from finest Texas Cotton, guaranteed thirty years. Big profits. Tom B. Burnett, Dept. B, Dallas, Texas.

EASY-QUICK-SALES. 100% PROFIT. GREATest selling $1.50 article ever invented. A necessity that sells at sight in homes, stores, offices and factories. Large seller at shore and mountain resorts. Great chance to take vacation and earn big money at same time. Goodson Mfg. Co., 1 Point St., Providence, R. I.

IDEAL LAMP FILLERS. LAMPS FILLED INstantly without removing burner or chimney. Agents wanted—large profits. Samples A 12c, A and B 25c by mail. Harry O. Mayo & Co., B157 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

MANAGER WANTED IN EVERY CITY AND county to handle best paying business known; legitimate, new, permanent demand; no insurance or book canvassing. Address Phœnix Co., 45 West 34th St., New York.

AGENTS, 65% PROFIT SELLING OUR HANDY Tool, 12 articles in one. Lightning seller. Sample free. Thomas Manufacturing Company, 236 Barney Block, Dayton, Ohio.

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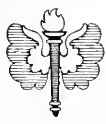
# Editorial Bulletin

*Saturday, June 19, 1909*



*Next week's issue will be the Fiction Number for July and will contain the following stories:*

## The Guest That Tarried

By

SIR GILBERT PARKER

*Here is a tale of a brave community at work on the immense acreage of the North. There is seldom published a short story so carefully wrought as "The Guest That Tarried." It leaves a lasting impression, like that of a well-rounded novel, as if one had lived with the folks therein that come and go, had known them a long time and grown fond of them from old acquaintance and long-time association. The story is rich in atmosphere, through which a half-dozen hearty, song-loving, Irish temperaments flicker and scintillate and shed kindliness. The wise but over-worked doctor, the bewildered Methodist minister, the sudden, unexpected millionaire, are a few of the characters that contribute life to this little community drama. The ne'er-do-well, with a golden voice and fifteen years of vagabondage, redeems himself and repays the kindness of all that time by an act of absolution complete and daring. With the same act of self-sacrifice that made the little hero of "The Story of an African Farm" famous, the vagrant of this tale pulls out his wrecked life as if by fire.*

## Buddha's Eye

By

JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

*"Buddha's Eye" is the tale of a ruby—a sinister stone which carried its Oriental traits to England.*

*At one time it was an eye in the forehead of Buddha ("a standing-up Buddha, not a squatting-down one") and powerfully attracted two Englishmen, who were caught by its gleam in the dusk of a Hindu temple. From that instant it becomes the pivot of events. Rolling to the feet of Lord Bray's great-grandfather, it poisons the fate of the Borrolds. Through several generations their respectable blood runs riot.*

*Along comes Milly the dancer—Milly with the single passion for jewelry—who sees the ornament on the neck of the Countess, and "all the other passions, human ones, that she ought to have had and didn't, got twisted in that direction."*

## Bread Upon the Waters

By

PAUL ARMSTRONG

*This story, with all the speed of the "city room" and curt journalistic contact, runs two men through the news mill.*

*A city editor, "bloodless as the stinging sleet," thrusts an assignment at a young reporter who is haunting him for a job. This brings the two for a short time together, but they soon veer apart.*

*Subsequently, the "yellow wave" hits the city "like a hot wind." Each man meets it according to his make-up—one carried in full sail before it, the other attempting to stem it.*

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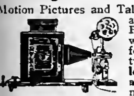

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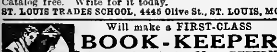
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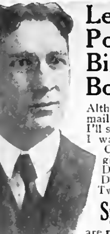
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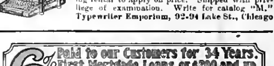


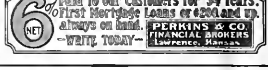
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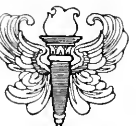
Painted by FREDERIC REMINGTON

*"Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind."*
—ALEXANDER POPE

# Collier's

*The National Weekly*



P. F. COLLIER & SON, *Publishers*

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

*June 19, 1909*

### Self-Respect

PRESIDENT TAFT is a solid man. The country believes him to be like GROVER CLEVELAND, substantial, dependable, rock-like in his regard for the sacredness of his given word. Mr. TAFT knows what his campaign promises were. If those promises were not sufficiently substantial to hold him now to the keeping of them as a matter of good faith to the whole public, he can not be held by considerations of private esteem. If he is not stirred by motives of public welfare, still more futile would be any consideration that pertained to him as a man among men. And yet those subtle things which determine a man's standing among his immediate fellows, those aspects of his bearing by which those who see him every day take his measure, the estimate which is expressed in unconscious deference or lack of deference, that impression of a man which is acquired by those who are near him, through close observation and daily conduct, which is expressed less in the words of the tongue than in the shading of the voice—these things do, after all, go to a man's foundation rocks. No man can afford to ignore these things—not even one so fortunate as the President in the predisposition of the public to think well of him. If President TAFT will read the tariff debates in the Senate, particularly if he will read those passages in which his promises of a reduction downward are alluded to as a reason for lower schedules by Messrs. BEVERIDGE and DOLLIVER on the one hand, and scorned on the other hand by Messrs. ALDRICH, LODGE, and the majority who are actually making a revision that is *not* downward—if President TAFT will read those passages, he will not anywhere find a word of overt disrespect; but he will be conscious, through page after page, of a spirit that can be expressed in these words: *His* promises? Shucks!

### The Test

IT IS PRESIDENT TAFT, not the Senate, that must make good to the people. The Senate made no promises. President TAFT must either veto the tariff bill or prove to the people, face to face on the public platforms where his promises were made, that the tariff bill which he signs is a substantial revision *downward*. And this proof can be made by no long compilations of confusing figures, by no devil-and-stump hippodrome of how the maximum will reduce the differential, and the ad valorem will sit on the minimum's neck. There is but one test clearly intelligible to the plain people to whom the promise was made: whether Mrs. John Smith, frugal housewife in Spokane, gets her sugar next year *cheaper*; whether Farmer Williams of Lyon County, Kansas, buys the lumber for his barn next year substantially *cheaper*; whether the underclothes, the stockings, the woolen winter suits, and the other items that make up ten million household budgets are, next year, substantially *cheaper*. This, and this alone, will make the difference, when Mr. TAFT makes his next trip among the people, between a friendly sea of faces, or a justly indignant one.

### Not Downward

LET THERE BE NO MISTAKE about the facts. In the Senate the tariff is not being revised *downward*. The people will know this a few months hence by the prices they pay. But it is important they should know it *now*. Not only is the revision being made upward in the sense that twenty-five per cent is greater than ten per cent, as in one of the cotton schedules; in more devious, cunning ways the figures are being raised—in ways that make it possible for Mr. ALDRICH to throw smoke around the facts, and by sublime bluffing confuse even many members of the Senate. He has at his command several tariff experts, skilled in intricacies, intimately familiar with all the court decisions on tariff cases. It is these men, as Senator LA FOLLETTE has repeatedly pointed out, who are really writing the tariff. They are able to so change the terminology of the Dingley bill, to so classify the schedules, to so word the law, as to get the maximum of upward effect with the least appearance of raised figures. They know just what language must be so interpreted by a court as to give the very highest protection. Finally, Mr. ALDRICH proposes now, as an incident to the new bill, to take all tariff cases out of the jurisdiction of the regular United States courts, to create a special customs court, and to pack that court with the very experts who are now writing his bill for him. Mr. ALDRICH is fond of these star-chamber experts. When he was engineering the Dingley bill through the Senate he had one who was secretly in the pay of the woolen manufacturers, but officially clerk to the Senate Finance Committee.

### The Bogy

MR. TAFT need not be frightened at the bogy of delay. Very soon after his veto a chastened Senate, freed from the Aldrich autocracy, would give him an honest revision. Mr. TAFT should not be the man to be swept off his feet by tales of palpitating prosperity straining at the leash. Better two weeks of delay now than ten years of tribute.

### Shorter and Uglier

THE MORE ENLIGHTENED among Uncle JOE's friends, while admitting most that this paper has from time to time said about him, have claimed for the Speaker certain old-fashioned personal virtues of straightforwardness and veracity. We are compelled to doubt these extenuations. In an article in the June "Century," to which Mr. CANNON's name is signed, we find this sentence:

> "A New York publisher conducts a campaign against the Speaker and the House rules, and at the same time sends his confidential agent to the Speaker's friends with a demand for an appropriation of $50,000 from the Federal Treasury for his own pet project."

By "a New York publisher" Mr. CANNON means the publisher of COLLIER'S; "his own pet project" is the Lincoln Farm Association. The inference intended is a new variation of an old falsehood. Last fall, when Uncle JOE was deep in a desperate fight for reelection, the Hoopeston (Illinois) "Daily Chronicle," and others among his partizan papers, brought to his defense the stupid invention that COLLIER'S had offered, for $1,000, to print a laudatory article about the Speaker, giving Uncle JOE himself as the authority for their story. Subsequently, CANNON said he had been misquoted. About the same time one of Chairman TAWNEY's papers, the Winona (Minnesota) "Republican-Herald," accounted for COLLIER'S opposition to CANNON and TAWNEY by saying that these gentlemen had "declined to assist COLLIER'S in looting the United States Treasury in the interest of COLLIER'S private graft." It is true that COLLIER'S has criticized Mr. CANNON's political course pretty steadily for the past three or four years. It is true that the publisher and the editor of COLLIER'S are associated with the Lincoln Farm Association, which undertook to raise, by popular subscription, $250,000 to place a memorial on the farm where LINCOLN was born, at Hodgenville, Kentucky. This association did petition Congress about a year ago for $100,000 to add to the $150,000 already raised, because it had become apparent that, owing to the association's refusal to accept more than $25 from any one private subscriber, the entire sum could not, as a matter of time, be raised early enough to complete the memorial for the Lincoln centenary, last 12th of February. COLLIER'S did not vary its course toward Mr. CANNON while this petition was pending. The naïveté of our failure to do this was suggested to us at the time by many of Mr. CANNON's friends, as it is frankly pointed out by Mr. CANNON now. As a matter of fact, the two articles of ours at which the Speaker has taken most offense were printed the same month when the Lincoln Farm Association's petition was pending before Uncle JOE's Appropriation Committee. It had not occurred to us that it was necessary to keep editorial silence about Mr. CANNON in order that a patriotic association might get a hearing before the House of Representatives. Apparently it had occurred to Mr. CANNON to purchase immunity from criticism with the funds of the United States.

### An Obituary

THE FAITHFUL SERVANT in a republic is said to be a rare thing; but is not gratitude for loyal service unusual also? At any rate, it moves the heart to read such a tribute as Dr. HENRY G. SPOONER of Stanton, Florida, paid to his "mammy" in the obituary notice which he wrote for her:

> "Aunt TINA JAMISON, beloved wife of MACK JAMISON of Stanton, Florida, died early this morning of apoplexy. Tired as her old feet were, she never failed to do her duty. In washing a dish or roasting a joint of meat, she took infinite pains, and no horse or cat or dog left in her charge ever suffered for water. Aunt TINA was of the type of the old-fashioned colored woman, fast disappearing from the face of the globe, who reared the children and tenderly guarded their infancy. For four generations she worked for the writer's family, but never failed once to keep her word. GOD bless her."

She kept faith, and did what came to her hands to do with infinite pains! This is a tribute which would equally well fit the tombstone of a particularly good king.

### One Man

NEVER A CLASS DRIFTS out of New Haven on graduation day but sings the song:

> "Good by, Charley, we must leave you,
> Good by, Charley Dean."

His name isn't Charley. It is HENRY P. WRIGHT. But he is Dean of Yale, and has been for twenty-five years. This Commencement the singing will have a new and deeper accent, as he ends his active life with the close of June. There are few of the thirty thousand graduates that do not have a personal fondness for Dean WRIGHT. He is reserved, shy, sensitive beyond most, but every inch a man. And somehow, without the poor instrument of words, he has been able to express a tenderness of heart, a vigor and justice of discipline, that won the respect and then the hearty liking of the thousands of young men that have passed through his office. Because of his manifold and intimate duties, he has been in closer personal relation to the student body than any other person on the campus. He knew the demerits of the men, their lapses in scholarship, their tardiness, absences, escapades. He believed in men. He was in harmony with his work. There was no loss in "waste motion," in friction, in ill-aimed blows. Every hour of his working life was fertile in results.

### Books of the Day Before Yesterday

ONE BRIEF PARAGRAPH in the accounts of GEORGE MEREDITH'S career recalled the fact that a single year, 1859, saw the publication of four mighty books: "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Adam Bede," "A Tale of Two Cities," and "The Virginians." What year since has equaled this record for permanent worth? This is the season when women, making up their lists to take away for summer reading, eagerly post themselves on books of the day and the late best sellers. To women who spend their summers in seaside and mountain hotels it probably doesn't avail much to speak a word for the books of the week before last. Only a few persons, anyhow, read books for acquaintance with noble minds, or have the intellectual independence to choose their reading according to their own tastes. Unhappily, most people choose their reading largely as a social matter, with as sharp an eye to the current fashion as in choosing their clothes, in a panicky fear lest they be found not well posted on what other people are talking about. This, in books as in everything, is fundamentally the case of persons who, having no standards of their own, are feverishly eager to be like the great majority and agreeable to it. Is that woman, who insists upon lightness and amusement to leaven her summer, sure she has exhausted the possibilities of "Miss Kilmansegg and Her Golden Leg," whose quality may be guessed from the distinction that it is best among the humorous poems of an author who wrote the best pun in the English language? If children are not led to like good books in their youth, they will never acquire the habit later on. Persons who like the disjointed remarks in this editorial will find much more in a similar vein in FREDERIC HARRISON'S "Choice of Books."

### The Month of the Blistered Nose

WHEN THE TENNIS PLAYER begins to wind fresh tape on the handle of his racket every few days and the one who wears glasses pulls a sweat-band low on his forehead, summer is running her furnaces chock-full. It is a time when five hard sets of singles will test the stamina of the best-seasoned. (Who was it, in the credulous past, that said tennis is a young lady's game!) To acquire color—pale-brown freckles, smooth tan, or blistered red—there is no outdoor laboratory like the tennis court. Here one abandons his hat, loosens his shirt collar, and plunges about in the thinnest of clothes—wind and sun have their way with him. Saturday afternoon, early, is the time to enjoy tennis. If one plays on grass, there is the sweet-hot odor of it floating close under his nose, and there is no strong breeze, such as usually springs up later in the afternoon, to drive it away. In the early afternoon a dirt court is liveliest, the gut in the racket "pings" most musically, and the balls are never "dead." And, best of all, the sun pours down upon face and ears and neck most generously. Sweat will prevent the sort of blistering that comes to the swimmer. And when the match is finished, in sweater and wide hat, it is a pleasant thing to sit by, in intimate gossip with a late opponent, and watch the later comers chase the elusive tennis ball and get friendly with the sun.

### Open-Air Theatricals

EVEN IN OUR THEATRICALS we are rediscovering the outdoors. Not only has PERCY MACKAYE'S "The Canterbury Pilgrims" been played in the open air at a score of colleges and elsewhere this spring, but the Yale undergraduate dramatic club is preparing scenes from "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Miss MAUDE ADAMS is going to act SCHILLER'S "The Maid of Orleans" in the Harvard Stadium, and many towns have presented or are going to present historical pageants. Even settlements and unacademic dramatic clubs have acquired the pleasant habit now, and working girls enact "Twelfth Night" on a Dedham lawn, while boys convert a grove in Riverdale, New York, into Titania's abode. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility, if this keeps on, that some one of our playwrights may turn poet and write a modern mask. When the extreme simplicity of the open-air stage is considered, especially at night, darkness and foliage serving as flies and wing pieces and back-drop and "atmosphere," and when the enormous aid to the amateur actor of natural setting in creating a sylvan or poetic mood is borne in mind, one is astonished only that the revival of open-air theatricals has been so long in coming. Why give "The Deestrict School" in a stuffy town hall, when you can give "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" just as well on the edge of a real grove, of a warm June evening? Why serve only strawberries and melty ice at your charity lawn party, when you might more charitably offer a charming play? Have any amateurs tried ROSTAND'S "The Romancers" out-of-doors? One doesn't need the Bohemian Club's grove of redwoods for a stage. A corner of John Smith's lawn, between the beach and the syringa bushes, can become a Forest of Arden, ringed by the darkness and touched with SHAKESPEARE'S magic wand. And what small town is so poor in tradition that it has no story of Indian massacre or pioneer caravans that might be reproduced after the manner of the English historical pageants?

### Divorce

AN AGGRESSIVE AMERICAN HEROINE with an insatiable appetite for freedom and a genius for selfishness is presented by Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD in her latest novel, "Marriage à la Mode." This heroine, having led a wilful girlhood, secures a Dakota divorce from her English husband for these reasons: That he did not love her very much, that he married her for her money, and that he was shilly-shallying with an old sweetheart. A good many Americans of feeling will agree with all English of sensibility about the validity of this excuse for so serious an offense against public welfare as a divorce, particularly since there was a child in question. But while we recognize the arraignment Mrs. WARD tacitly brings of intrinsic selfishness in American women, we wonder not a little why she fails to condemn the equally offensive selfishness of her Englishman, who crossed the Atlantic, at the bidding of his mother, for the purpose of securing a rich American wife, needed to repair the ruined fortunes of the English house. And by what conjuring with the virtues is she able to make the woman detestable and the man pathetic, when each was basely and cruelly self-centered? Apparently our standards differ. Americans are romantic. They detest the idea of a mercenary marriage; and it takes a stern morality to look upon this romantic quality as a fault. This insistence upon romance is at the bottom of no small proportion of American divorces. When love flies out of the window the expectant and sentimental American, who hates failure, sorrow, patience, dulness, and resignation, looks about for some avenue of escape from an untoward destiny—and often finds it. That this appetite for happiness is inordinate there is no denying; that such ideality, which must decorate life even at the cost of personal integrity, is wild and extravagant, all must admit; but at least the chill offense of the marriage for money seldom is ours. Not to defend our tolerance of divorce, how can Mrs. WARD, that rigid moralist, ask us to sympathize with a mercenary hero, who sinks marriage to a mercantile transaction? Here, it appears, the English cousin differs substantially in his point of view from us, and if he is frankly amazed at our domestic facility, we are sincerely surprised at the *sang froid* with which he confesses to the venal motives which frequently prompt his courtship.

### Of the Dead, Nothing but Good

THERE DIED IN BUTTE the other day one of the last of an almost extinct race—the old-time frontier gamblers. Of them little good has been written. Now and then some churchman, seeking the salvation of the mining camps and disheartened by the barren soil, was given such moral help as the fraternity was capable of, and riotously of its substance. Singularly enough, these men of the cloth have borne the only eloquent written testimony to the white charity of the gambler. In the pages of fiction he was the central figure in evil brawls and plots. Yet truth compels the statement that this product of a fiercer civilization had qualities, other than marksmanship, that commanded no mean respect where he was best known. Perhaps because the fraternity was wholly bad, as a rule, did these better men of their class stand out as strong leaders in the forces that moulded our frontiers into cities and States. Alert and keen they were, as men who survived a time when the pomp of power and the kingdom of men were both represented by the six-shooter. Their business was, until a few years ago, lawful in many of the Western States. Legislators haggled over stud-horse poker, faro, roulette, and fan-tan, and the tax these games should pay. When frontier society got to the point of derby hats, four-in-hands, and polished shoes, the gambler asked no place in the social order. In the changing fashion he felt the indignity of his calling. Outlawed, he fought pitifully for his ancient rights; but his race was run. He was a part, nevertheless, and, outside of his calling, a not unworthy part, of those courageous, dynamic forces which finally became abiding communities; and in a world where virtue is often comparative, and where surely it shines the more brightly for its evil setting, let us pay him that meed of praise. At least he looked his victim in the eye, defended by no greater barrier than a three-foot table. Perhaps he was no worse than the man of our own time who, secure in the deepest labyrinth of organized society, takes, under form of law, toll from the food and clothes of the poor, or the one who lures to financial distress by flaring advertisement the dupes of this foolish world.

# Alaska in 1959

By
WALTER
E.
CLARK
Recently appointed
Governor of Alaska

*A Glance at the Future of a New Empire*

NO MAN can tell what Alaska will be in fifty years. Violence is done to the best tenets of journalism by this observation, when it is considered that the subject assigned to me calls for some views, opinions, or beliefs as to what may be expected o transpire in Alaska between now and 1959. Even the ub reporter seldom introduces his "story" with such a tatement as, "There was no news at the City Hall to lay," and forthwith writes a column, for his city editor aturally expounds, perhaps with profanity, the elemenary rule that the writer should not "play down" his ubject. "No man can tell," nevertheless, will do. It is ntended to convey the impression, not of a barren subject, ut of possibilities so vast that the powers of adequate—r, at least, accurate—prediction are baffled. Alaska is natural empire of extensive proportions to which the yes of adventure and capital alike are turning. The ntelligent old men who are living in 1959 will be able o say that they "knew" fifty years before that a wonlerful development of natural resources was on the way.

### A Land of Vegetables and Flowers

THE inertia of public opinion is very great, and the geographical and other misconceptions of Alaska, which are legion, are difficult to overcome. Apologies, then, o the exclusive circle of the truly well-informed, while it s remarked that the northern empire which was acquired by the United States in 1867 is not coextensive with that region which immediately surrounds the poles of the earth. It is singular that the popular notion of Alaska peoples the greater part of the Territory with Eskimos, clothes at least its northern area in perpetual snow and menaces navigation with icebergs. Of course, it is now pretty generally understood that white men are carrying on great mining and fishing industries in Alaska. Certainly it is not as well known that vegetable and flower gardens as far north as Fort Egbert are being cultivated with much success. It is fairly well known that there is a great and growing commerce between Alaska and the States. But how many thousands of intelligent persons know that all of the Alaskan ports except those of Bering Sea are open in winter as well as in summer? Not many. Under the circumstances one hesitates to tax the popular mind with the preposterous truth that the winter climate of Alaska's capital is as mild as that of Washington, District of Columbia, and that January weather is perhaps less severe in the Tanana Valley, which is in the very heart of the Territory, than in Montana and the Dakotas. Such a blizzard as attended the inauguration of President Taft at Washington three months ago has seldom been known in Juneau, or Sitka, or Wrangell, or Ketchikan.

It is easy to learn the truth about the geography and the climate of that great territory which, immediately following the purchase from Russia forty-two years ago, was known as "Seward's Folly," and it requires not much gift of prophecy to foretell that in the next half-century there will be an enormous development of natural riches in that part of the world. It is not so easy, and I have not the inclination, to predict what the political status of Alaska will be in 1959. Several eminent statesmen of the old school see constitutional or social objections to the admission of outlying Territories to the privileges of Statehood. Some of them even object to the organization of Territorial forms of government. If these objections are overruled by the statesmen of a new generation, it will be no more surprising than was that reversal of old traditions, now approved, which resulted in the acquisition of Hawaii, of the Philippine Islands, and of Porto Rico. Statehood for Alaska is surely not a question which need engage our attention at present. There are those who hold that a fully organized Territorial form of government for Alaska is not a legitimate issue at this time, although there are others who declare that this northern possession of the United States should immediately be organized as a Territory, with a Legislature elected by the people, as in Arizona and New Mexico. Avoiding this discussion, which has no place in an article which deals with the commercial possibilities of a great region during the next half-century, we may devote ourselves to a consideration of what is in prospect for the progress of Alaska along commercial and industrial lines.

On this subject the imagination runs riot in a territory which covers more than 586,000 square miles, and is approximately as large as all of the United States lying east of the Mississippi River, if we subtract the areas of Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, North Carolina, and West Virginia. At present the industrial and commercial activities of Alaska are being carried on within the Territory by perhaps thirty-five thousand white people. Exception will be taken to these figures; there are those who estimate the white population to be not more than thirty thousand, and there are those more enthusiastic, but certainly less accurate, who place the number as high as sixty thousand. The Federal census of next year will tell the story.

### Commercial and Mineral Wealth

RELATIVELY to the population, the ocean and inland water commerce of the Territory is large. The shipments of merchandise and precious metals between the States and Alaska and between Alaska and foreign countries has already approximated $50,000,000 in a single year. In the fiscal year 1908 the merchandise shipments alone amounted to $26,875,373. The growth of this commerce has been steady, year by year, and on the whole it has been surprisingly rapid. Prior to 1903 the customhouses were not required to make separate reports on shipments of goods to and from Alaska, but in the fiscal year ending June 30 of that year the merchandise shipments in both directions between the Territory and the States was $19,454,724. The gain in five years was $7,420,649. Adverse factors have been encountered from time to time, such as a reduced catch of salmon, and the decline in the price of copper, which made the operation of certain mines in southeastern Alaska temporarily unprofitable. Nevertheless, the commerce of the Territory has increased in varying degrees year by year, and it has almost always accompanied the inauguration of new industrial enterprises or the enlargement of established projects. In the statement of these figures no account is taken of the shipments of precious metals. The gold shipments are, of course, very large, for within the last three years the annual production of gold in Alaska has been larger than that of any Territory or State except one.

By far the largest product of this Territory is gold, although the output of the fisheries has been, and still is, enormous. Probably the relative importance of these

*Street scene in Sitka*

*Where but a few years ago there were mere tent-pitched camps along the shores of the Alaskan archipelago and through the Yukon Valley, there stand today thriving cities that resemble in their rapid growth the towns that sprang into being when Oklahoma's hospitable prairies were released to the westward course of empire*

*Skagway's latitude is south of St. Petersburg's and Christiania's*

*Dawson City, on the banks of the mighty Yukon*

[illegible] the same in 1959. The [illegible] last few years that [illegible] strikes are made in [illegible] Alaska's gold output will certainly [illegible] thoughtful judgment is [illegible] the production of gold [illegible] than it has been since [illegible] been no great discovery [illegible] wide stampede to Nome [illegible] to be expected, for the [illegible] Nome is now the thirty [illegible] to the geographers as a [illegible] The discoveries that have [illegible] Valley excitement of 1902 [illegible] character, but highly significant [illegible] What justifies the [illegible] of the Alaska mining in[illegible] scientific but absolutely convin[illegible] what we now have, coupled with a [illegible] that the surprises of the past [illegible] at intervals during the next twenty [illegible] years.

### The Vast Wealth of Gold

T[illegible] by those who know this northern [illegible] is that "the surface has only been scratched." N[illegible] it be otherwise in a period of not much more than two decades in a country covering hundreds of thousands of square miles. Some of us earned less than low wages by mining the beach gravels close to the surf at Nome in 1900, but few of us surmised what riches were held by the unpromising tundra at our backs. Two or three outfits with drills prospected for a short time on the tundra and were [illegible] at while they did it. They found no prospect worthy of no[illegible] was discovered only a few years later that an ancient beach-line, blanketed by the frozen muck of the tundra, was richer in gold than the sands of the present beach. A little later a second beach-line, a few hundred yards farther from the sea, was discovered, and then a third which yielded large returns. These discoveries are cited to encourage a more general belief that Alaska gold will be found for years to come in places where its presence now is least suspected.

Precious metals have been found in Alaska from the southernmost extremity of the panhandle to the shore of the Arctic Ocean. The geologists think they know about what to expect in large portions of this area, their conclusions being based upon a series of valuable reconnaissances and surveys by the United States Geological Survey. These conclusions in given instances have been upset, for even the science of geology may err. There are many well defined areas in which it is demonstrated that the gold-bearing gravel is of low grade [illegible] where no rich spots are [illegible] for. If one insists upon having a [illegible] to what will be going on in [illegible] in 1959, it is not hazardous to [illegible] gravels will be made to give up [illegible] by methods of mining which [illegible] outlays of capital and extensive [illegible] for handling a maximum yardage [illegible].

[illegible] of the frequent discussion as to [illegible] is really a "poor man's country." [illegible] of discovery is not restricted, [illegible] mining laws might be im[illegible] who has no money [illegible] in his grub-stake may [illegible] not be robbed of [illegible] Somewhat re[illegible] capital have been invested [illegible] and railroads are [illegible] new fields. [illegible] mines and rail[illegible] to oppress the poor [illegible] owner, but it is [illegible] that the rates on [illegible] building or [illegible] subject to [illegible]

### High Wages for Labor

[illegible]

has arisen or may arise in the Alaska mining fiel[d]. The general statement, subject to possible exception, [is] justified, however, that labor in Alaska is well rewarde[d].

### Population, Mines, and Fisheries

ENTHUSIASTS will say that Alaska's people will num-ber ten millions within the next half-century. O[b]viously no warrant exists for such a prediction. No suc[h] number will ever be supported by the activities of th[e] mines or of the fisheries or of the forests, and the problem therefore, becomes one of the soil. Of the soil more wi[ll] be said later. The subject of the fisheries may be dispose[d] of briefly with the statement that the output of canne[d] salmon has for many years been valued at from $7,000,000 to $9,000,000 annually, and that the industry [of] packing and shipping other kinds of fish has grow[n] rapidly within a comparatively recent period. The fis[h]ing industry will certainly suffer in the future unle[ss] the wise precaution is taken to replenish the stock [of] fish. Some encouraging progress has been made in th[is] direction within the last two or three years, but no[t] enough to allay entirely a feeling of uneasiness lest th[e] supply of salmon be seriously depleted at a day no[t] distant in the future. It is, by the way, an examp[le] of superlative Alaskan enterprise that halibut in a fres[h] condition taken from Territorial waters are being shippe[d] to markets south and east, even to the very shores [of] Massachusetts Bay. What may not happen in fift[y] years!

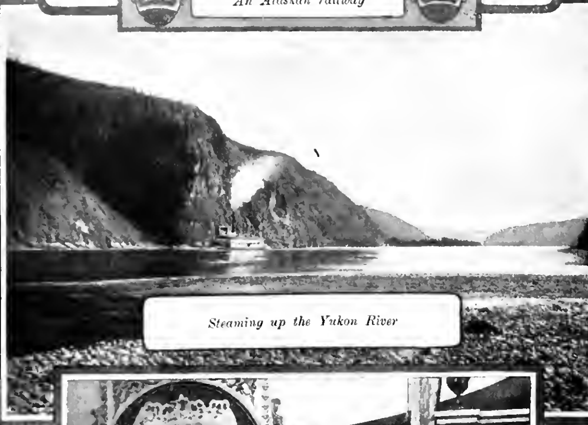
Fifty years hence the forests of Alaska will, it is con[-]ceived, be producing an abundant wealth. They are pr[o]ducing now enough for the needs of the people in th[e] wooded parts of the Territory, and th[e] lumber business is capable of larg[e] expansion. Proper conservation [of] this great natural resource was en[-]sured years ago when Congress enacte[d] a law forbidding the shipment of lum[-]ber out of the Territory, and th[e] Forest Service exercised an abundan[ce] of caution, under the circumstance[s] when it established several vast natu[-]ral reserves. It is not to be claime[d] that the Alaskan forests compare i[n] absolute value with those of Wash[-]ington and Oregon, but their usefu[l]ness to the people of the Territory ca[n]not be measured. The tracts of heav[y] timber are not very large, althoug[h] the total area is extensive. Some [of] the largest trees are found in almos[t] inaccessible regions in the southeas[t]ern archipelago; but the supply [is] large enough to meet the needs of th[e] people for ages to come. One of th[e] most promising resources of south[-]eastern Alaska is the abundant ma[-]terial for the manufacture of woo[d] pulp. Enormous water-powers ar[e] waiting to be harnessed; and the tim[e] may come—perhaps before 1959—when Alaska will supply all of th[e] print paper required by all of the new[s]publishers of the United States. The lumber industry in Alaska a[t] present is of considerable proportions; an[d] it is not the less important because, bein[g] limited by the non-export law, it is devel[-]oping strictly in proportion to the demand of the local market.

### A Great Future for Agriculture

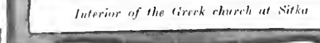
IN TRYING to anticipate the developments o[f] the next fifty years, it is necessary to estimat[e] the possibilities of agriculture. Judging fro[m] the progress of the last decade in this depart[-]ment of Alaskan activity, it will not be necessar[y] to wait much longer to predict with confidenc[e] what may be wrought in the next half-century. Ten years ago comparatively few persons eve[n] in Alaska knew that it was possible to raise a fine garden vegetables there as are raised any[-]where in the world. Now there are gardens i[n] nearly every settlement south of the Arcti[c] Circle, and truck gardening for profit is not a[n] uncommon business. Some of the finest garden[s] of vegetables and flowers to be found anywher[e] in the North are in Fairbanks, a town situate[d] near the geographical center of Alaska. In th[e] mean time, the Department of Agriculture is experimenting in the Territory with cereals and an effort is being made to develop a hard[y] wheat which will surely ripen before earl[y] frosts come in the fertile valleys of the Tanan[a] and the Sushitna.

Three years ago I visted a homestead farm [a] few miles from Fairbanks, and was impresse[d] with the intelligent optimism of the Norwegia[n] proprietor. The date was about August 2[?] and so rapid had been the growth of hi[s] crops during the midsummer period of a[l]most constant sunshine that his harvest tim[e] was at hand. Indeed, this farmer already ha[d] reaped a small field of barley, and the ye[l]low sheaves of grain, hard and fully mature[d] were stored in his barn. Almost every variet[y] of the common vegetables was growing luxuriantl[y] and weeks before he had sold cabbages and oth[er] green products of his farm in the Fairbanks ma[r]ket. Cattle may graze among luxuriant grasses [in] southern Alaska, and even in central Alaska; near t[he] coast stock has wintered without artificial shelter a[nd] with no serious loss. One may reasonably doubt th[at] farming will ever be the prime industry in Alaska, b[ut] the idea is not to be dismissed that the soil of a Ter[ri]tory whose oldest towns are below the latitude of [St.] Petersburg will, before 1959, be the chief support of [a] hardy and frugal, though not unthrifty, people.

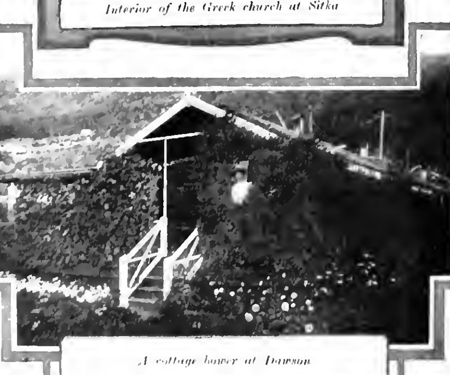
An Alaskan railway



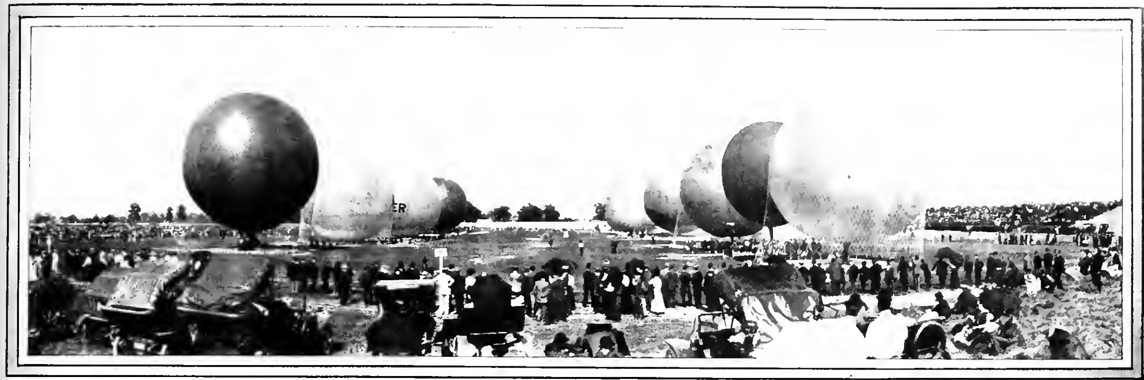
Steaming up the Yukon River



Interior of the Greek church at Sitka



A cottage bower at Dawson



**Start of the National Balloon Race at Indianapolis**

*Six balloons, racing for the distance trophy of the Aero Club of America, and three others, competing for the Endurance Cup of the Indiana Aero Club, set sail from Indianapolis on June 5. The balloon "Ohio" of the Endurance Contest came down in Brown County, Indiana, on the evening of June 5; the "Chicago" in Allen County, Kentucky, at 1:30 P. M. June 6, and the "Indianapolis" soon after at Westmoreland, Tennessee. The "Indiana" remained longest in the air of the entries in the distance event*

# Westchester's Pageant

THE Westchester County Historical Pageant, rendered by a number of writers and artists, including Tudor Jenks, Gouverneur Morris, Violet Oakley, and others, was enacted at Bronxville, New York, on May 29. A special performance was also given on May 31 for Governor Hughes and other distinguished guests, including Mayor McClellan.

The seven episodes of the pageant, divided into scenes, formed an epic of Westchester's history: and these events, as the Prologue argued, while peculiar to Westchester County, are illustrative of the whole development of the American type.

In the open air, among the trees, the pioneer struggles and dangers were represented in a primeval setting—Indians and white men crept through the foliage upon each other's trails.

The first episode depicts the figure of Adriaen Block at The Hague before the Prince of Orange, 1614, petitioning for his charter to trade in New Netherlands; and the second scene gives the arrival of Jonas Bronck and subsequent purchase from the Indians of "The Bronx."

Episode two dramatizes the fate of Anne Hutchinson's colony of religious fugitives, massacred by the Indians; and the vengeance of Captain John Underhill, which quickly fell upon the tribe of Wampage.

Episode three takes up the settlement of Yonkers, in the patronship of Colen Donck, and the later encroachment of English Puritans from Connecticut.

*Governor Hughes and his staff, in the central box, witnessing the State performance of the Westchester County pageant*

*The arrival of Jonas Bronck, who purchased "The Bronx" from Chief Tackamuck, in 1639*

The fourth episode is concerned with the French—the Huguenots who fled from France and founded New Rochelle—showing their quaint ceremony of presenting the annual fatted calf to John Pell, Lord of the Manor, and their twenty-mile march to church at New York on communion Sundays.

### Scenes of the Revolution

THE first suggestions of the imminent Revolution appear in the "Election on the Green," episode five. In 1733 Governor Crosby deposed Justice Lewis Morris from the Supreme Court. The voters of Westchester County reelected him over the Governor's head, and also over the crafty disqualification of the Quaker ballots.

Episode six gives four scenes from the Revolution as it "crossed and recrossed Westchester County." A meeting of the Provincial Congress on horseback, which appropriates its funds to the Continental Army, is followed by the reading of the Declaration of Independence from the steps of the White Plains Court-House. The Battle of White Plains comes next, wherein General Washington is represented, and finally the capture of Major André.

The last episode is in the years of peace, and clusters around Washington Irving. An imaginary company of famous literary men is gathered at "Sunnyside"—Holmes, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Bryant, Cooper, Poe—when Rip Van Winkle appears among them, with "Heinrich Hudson and his mystical crewe."

*The reading of the Declaration of Independence from the steps of the White Plains Court-House*

### The Book of the Words

THE booklet in which the lines of the actors were published, as well as descriptive paragraphs explaining and illuminating the various scenes, contains also a poem—"An Invitation to the Pageant"—by Richard Watson Gilder. Miss Violet Oakley, designer of the pageant, contributed the historical introductions and the prologue.

The different episodes and their divisions were interspersed with musical numbers, harmonizing with the time and scene under portrayal—Dutch folk-songs, old battle hymns, and psalms. The costuming was as faithful as it was picturesque.

Among the patrons of the affair were Governor Hughes of New York, Mayor McClellan of New York City, Mayor Warren of Yonkers, Mayor Howe of Mount Vernon, and Mayor Raymond of New Rochelle. The Colonial Dames of New York and the Daughters of the Revolution also assisted. The various committees of details and arrangements numbered almost a hundred people.

This is the first of the three celebrations in which the State of New York will participate during the festival year of 1909. The Lake Champlain Tercentenary will be observed in July, and the end of September will bring the third and culminating Hudson Fulton memorial.

# "A Fool's Bargain"

*Secretary Seward's One-Hundred Per-Cent Investment for Uncle Sam, which is no Longer a Joke*

By RICHARD LLOYD JONES

[illegible] in Yukon

St. Mary's Lake, Montana

*"All ye icebergs make salaam,*
*Ye belong to Uncle Sam."*

Seattle in 1879

Skagway will be a greater city than Stockholm

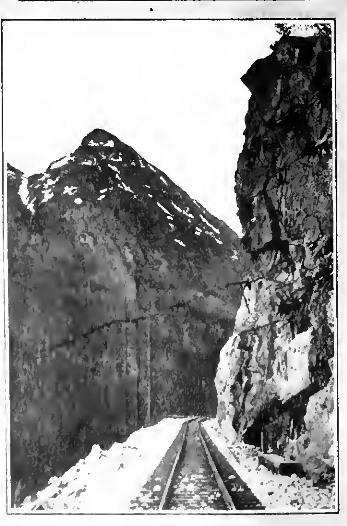
Seattle in 1909

Why seek foreign Alps?

WHILE angry debates of Reconstruction were engaging the politicians "on the hill" in Washington in 1867 the Department of State was quietly negotiating a treaty, the importance of which is just beginning to dawn upon the American people. Secretary Seward thought he saw real military and commercial advantage in the acquisition of Alaska. The heroic Cassius Clay, then United States Minister to Russia, was sure of it. Russia was eager to turn over to the United States her American possessions, that our Pacific defenses might be carried northward and married to her own Asiatic fortifications at the point where the waters of the Arctic and the Occidental Seas caress. This was the Czar's dream. To Secretary Seward came an Arctic vision of great commercial reward in the development of vast seal and fish industries. People who had been there had reported to him that the country in all particulars was much like Norway and Sweden. Scandinavia had great cities, cultured capitals, valuable commerce, a proud and industrious people, and happy homes. Would the great country through which flows the mighty Yukon some day parallel this? It might take centuries, perhaps; but the great unseen things have ever been the world's most [illegible] boon. Concluding some friendly diplo[illegible] Secretary Seward offered to the St. Pe[illegible] [illegible]nment $7,200,000 for their "Russian America" [illegible] against the whole world's unbelief at [illegible]

### Make the Treaty To-night

O[illegible] 29 Mr. Seward sat [illegible] with his family when [illegible] I have a despatch [illegible] cable," said Mr. [illegible] The Emperor gives his [illegible] if you like, I will [illegible] up on a treaty." [illegible] Seward [illegible] till to[illegible] [illegible] of light fell [illegible] shadowy lawn [illegible] these solemn [illegible] centuries was [illegible] the low north[illegible] rays fell upon [illegible] what that night [illegible] coupled the name of [illegible] The pre[illegible] ever [illegible] worthless land



Porcupine Mountain, Alaska

forsaken region," whose crops were "icebergs"—a country where the

*"Stately polar bears*
*Waltz around the Pole in pairs;"*

where the ground was "frozen six feet deep in summer"; the streams were "glaciers"; "it should be named 'Walrussia'"; the fish were "only fit for Eskimo food"; it was "Seward's folly" and his "polar bear garden"; it was "a fool's bargain"; "Oh, the shrewd Russians," etc., etc., etc. But the great Secretary only smiled, for was not Jefferson laughed at when he bought from Napoleon more than half of the country we now so proudly possess, and was not Columbus ridiculed when his timid little ships set out upon unknown seas?

In the half-century that has passed since the Senate ratified that treaty, this "Icicle" has produced a wealth exceeding $350,000,000, or nearly one hundred per cent per year on the "fool's" investment. Frenzied finance run riot indeed! And the pick and the plow have as yet barely pin-pricked its wonderful surface. Is there, then, room for amazement that the Alaska commissioner for the Lewis and Clark Exposition, at Portland four years ago, should have reported that his task was hopeless—that it would take an exposition in itself to even adequately intimate the sure future of Seward's purchase?

Alaska's exhaustless storehouse of precious metals was the lure that drew the argonaut, as did California in '49 and Nevada in the winter of '50. Seattle grew great from this argonautic traffic—from swapping picks and pans and warm woolen garments for bags of fresh-washed nuggets. Its rapid growth and perfect stability have fastened upon its people the chronic affliction of inflammatory enthusiasm. There is not a child in Seattle that can speak a two-syllable word who will not throw down his hat and fight for either Seattle or Alaska. When, therefore, the Alaska Exposition idea struck this Puget Sound port, something had to happen.

### A Twice-Hyphenated Show

NEWSPAPERS, clubs, commercial houses, lodges, the men in the street, the schools, and even the churches, instantly took up the idea. The first suggestion of a hundred-thousand-dollar exposition soon expanded into a quarter of a million, and this became a million, and this million has now been multiplied by ten. In such a comprehensive plan Dawson hurried to claim a place. Indeed, the whole British territory of Yukon knocked for admission. The plan expanded into the Alaska-Yukon Exposition. If this were to be a Yukon show, why should British Columbia not have a chance to advertise its broad and fertile Fraser Valley? Already the exposition was international. Then Tacoma, Spokane, Portland, and Vancouver felt that they must share with

Seattle in demonstrating their claims to posterity. The fruit fields of the wonderful Yakima Valley must come in. So also must Idaho and Montana. Oregon, too, had her picturesque story to tell. California followed. Apparently, only time limitations prevented the representation from reaching coastwise down to the kingdom of the old Incas, who in the days before the Spanish settlement of Peru used to hold great expositions, to which large crowds came long distances. The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition thus, with commendable hospitality, extended its welcome to any State or Territory that wished to exhibit its present and foreshadow its future resources—that was striving to go ahead. It crossed the Rocky Mountain States and expanded its purpose to include even all the Atlantic Coast States that would participate. Like all of Seattle's projects, it grew amazingly.

### The Pioneer Platoon Marches North

THUS the Alaska Exposition expanded into a twice-hyphenated name and continued to enlarge its plans even after it could no longer further encumber its name. In trying to specifically define its primary objects, the directors of the fair have announced this threefold plan:

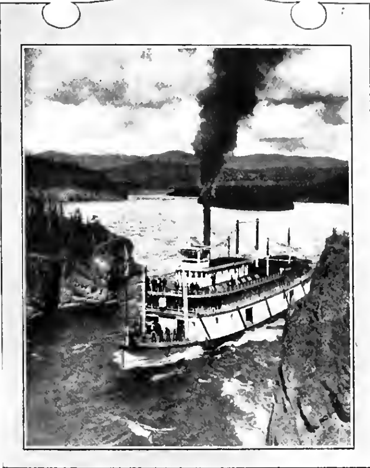
First—To exploit the resources and potentialities of the Alaska and Yukon Territories in the United States and the Dominion of Canada.

Second—To make known the vast importance of the trade of the Pacific Ocean and of the countries bordering thereon and to foster it.

Third—To demonstrate the marvelous progress of Western America, where, within a radius of 1,000 miles of Seattle, 7,500,000 persons live who are directly interested in making the exposition the true exponent of their material wealth and development.

Every State and Territory and Province that advertises its hospitable climate, wonderful resources, and contented people at this twice-hyphenated fair will do its utmost to persuade every visitor that his greatest future is linked with theirs. That is the constructive spirit of the Seattle Exposition.

The people of these great Pacific lands have a fanatical faith in real *things*—a wholesome and contagious optimism. The course of empire still takes its western way, the pioneer homesteads are closing in, dissolving the settler's isolation into neighborliness. But the real significance of the Seattle fair lies in the fact that it is the pivot on which the pioneer platoon wheels right and accepts the North star



*For nearly two thousand miles steamers ply up and down the Yukon River*

*Where Seattle plays*

as its pilot of fortune. It takes a stout heart to face a wilderness. They were not a timid folk who made Plymouth Rock a precious part of history—there was sinew in the arm that split rails along the banks of the Sangamon, and hero stuff in the plowman who tore the wild grass roots in Dakota's wind-swept stretches. They were militant men who first blazed the trails through to the Puget Sea—scouts of progress who ventured the treacherous Chilkoot Pass—and they will be State-makers who carry the plow and the harrow on to the Yukon meadows.

The hills of Massachusetts, the prairies of Illinois, the treeless stretches of Dakota, and even the rugged Montana lands, became hospitable in time. With insistent promptness, Alaska will make her Statehood claim. The "Walrussia," so ridiculed fifty years ago, is just beginning to receive proper appreciation. Its capital lies south of St. Petersburg's parallel, with a climate more hospitable than that of New Hampshire or Maine. In its mountains and river banks are stored probably the world's richest deposits of gold and silver. The largest copper mine in the world is now being developed north of Valdez, and a railroad is building through the Chugach Mountains to release the ore. The coal and petroleum wealth of the Territory is reported to exceed that of all the States, while the lumber of Alaska is practically inexhaustible. The real future vitality of the Territory, however, lies in its agriculture. The winters are undeniably long and cold. But so they are in Saskatchewan and Vermont. The summers, though short, are hot, and ripen astonishing crops of wheat and short cereals. The Territory is as sure to be as populous as Scandinavia or the northern half of Russia, and it is very sure to be even greater than these, in that it will be the greatest wealth-producing country that is washed by a Polar sea. And to this industrial invoice should be added the picture value of Seward's purchase. The White Mountains are New Hampshire's biggest asset, for each summer season they double the Granite State's population. Experienced travelers unhesitatingly assert that Alaska offers the most picturesque tourist trips in the world. With the invasion of extensive railroads, and the multiplication of river and coastwise steamships, a real impression may be made upon America's annual hegira to Europe. With our Yosemite and Yellowstone Lakes of Kootenay, Columbia River and Puget Sea, Banff, the mighty Yukon, and the Alaskan Archipelago, why need we so persistently seek foreign Alps or time-worn Pyrenees?

Alaska and the Yukon, through this exposition, emphasize Pacific Coast possibilities everywhere. The exhibits will be arranged as are all fairs of this kind. The Cascades and Geyser Basin form the general decorative scheme, around which are sunken gardens and the exposition buildings in well-arranged groups. In front of the United States Government Building stands the exposition monument—gaudy feature of the show, towering eighty feet in glittering splendor, covered with Alaskan and Yukon gold. In frivolous relief,

*Out of nature's mighty forces we are building great empires*

*Driving the new Pacific extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad through to the Puget Sea*

the exposition will have its Pay Streak, which will correspond with the Midway of Chicago and the St. Louis Pike.

Two physical features of the fair give it distinction. First, it was complete in every particular, with all exhibits in place, on June 1, the opening day. Second, with rare good sense, it is largely created for permanent uses. Being placed on the campus of the University of Washington, these 350 acres, lying between Lakes Union and Washington and in full view of the Olympic and Cascade Ranges, are embellished through skilful and artistic parking. To all this the great Exposition Auditorium, the Fine Arts Building, Machinery Hall, the Power-house, the Forestry Building, the Washington, Oregon, and California State Buildings, together with several other State and foreign buildings, are made permanent purposely to benefit the University. A most praiseworthy idea and an object-lesson in interstate fraternalism that ought to be emulated whenever possible.

To the exhibits of gold and copper, wheat and lumber, machinery and apples, warships and strawberries, should be added the sixty-six conventions that go to Seattle this summer to consider problems ranging from prison reform to national conservation; from the prevention of tuberculosis to woman suffrage. By no means inappropriately, most of these conventions are of a scientific and engineering character. It's a big job to tame the rugged half of a mighty continent! The Rocky Mountains and the Pacific States are the world's great engineering schools to-day. To conserve and utilize a river's mighty force and not destroy its possible future value for navigation is a vital ethical issue in Oregon, Montana, and Alaska, and it should be no less so in Wisconsin, Arkansas, or Illinois.

### A Land of Libraries and Colleges

THERE is nothing dead or dormant about the country this exposition represents. The cities claimed within the reach of a thousand miles are all growing and trying hard to grow. The booster's club is everywhere. Not to be a booster is to be a "tory," and there are no tories. They think *things*. Spokane will tell you she is the twenty-fifth city in size in the United States! Oregon will shout at you through a megaphone the fortunes that her orchards can create! Tacoma is as proud of her docks as Cologne of her cathedral. There is no chance in that great open-hearted, happy, hustling, booming country to launch a Ferrero sensation over so dust-laden an issue as Cleopatra's complexion. Theirs is a great big fortune-seeking life; and fortunes, after all, make libraries and museums and colleges and foster literature and art. The high snow-capped mountains, the big trees, broad rushing rivers, huge rocks, leaping cataracts, fragrant flowers run riot, the great big wonderful out-of-doors in-

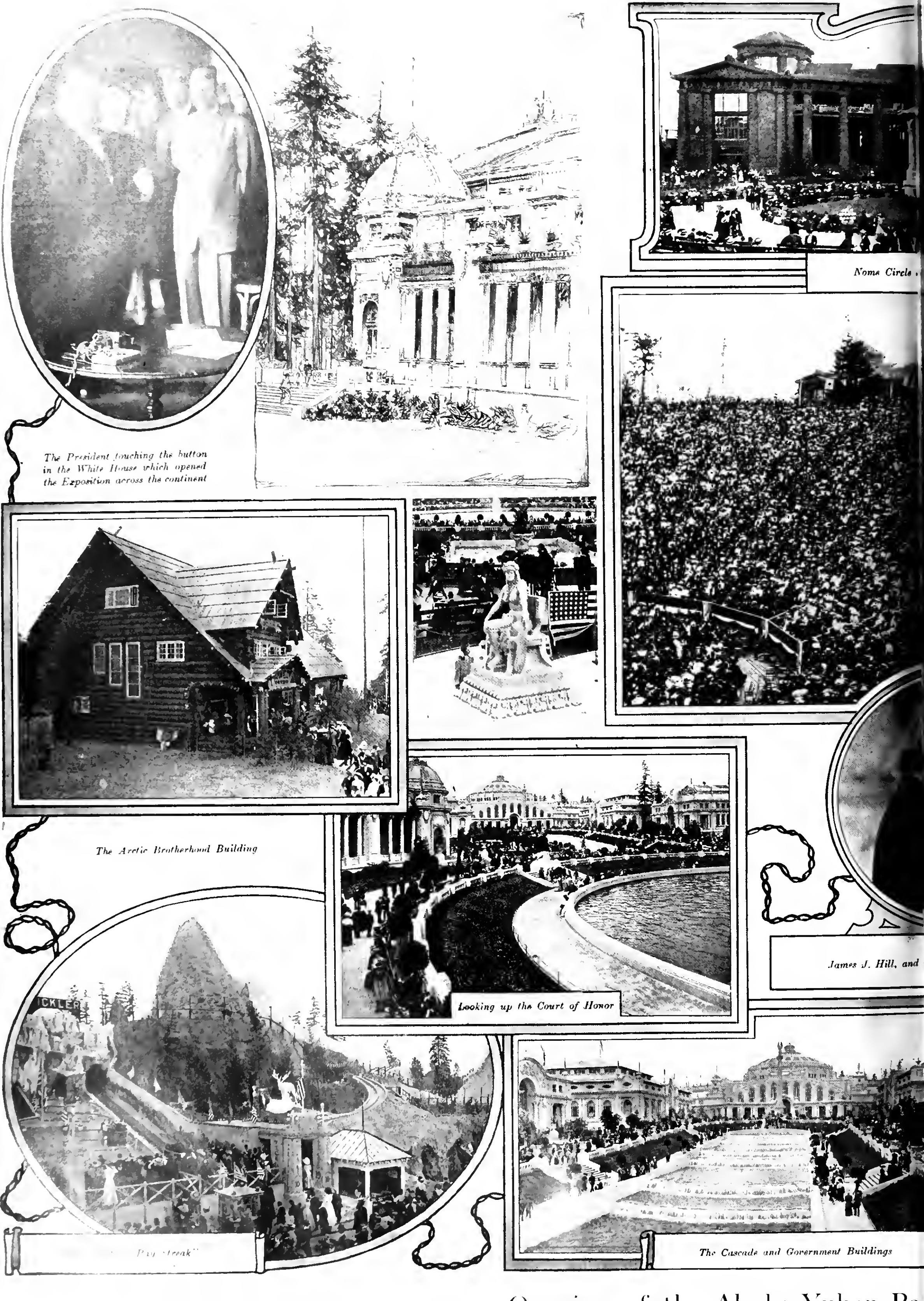
*Where Seattle works*

toxicate! They formulate themselves into great human equations. They make and they unmake men. It is a teeming world—all new and building. And it is there, all the way from the Bay of Magdalena to Nome, and to it every earnest, big-hearted soul is welcome. That is the spirit of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.

Thus does it differ from other centennials and fairs. It is not an exposition of past achievements—a display of things done—over which the spectator is supposed studiously to ponder. This is the demonstration of fifty years to come, the exposition of opportunity. For this reason the majority of visitors to the Seattle Exposition will differ from the "World's Fairites" of other staff-and-plaster shows. To this hyphenated fair come homeseekers rather than sightseers—they who have read of the marvelous returns realized from the cultivation of small holdings of fruit lands in Washington and Oregon, where property is valued as high as $2,500 an acre and where the rewards for soil cultivation ofttimes go as high as $1,000 an acre. They are coming who have heard of Montana's wonderful awakening, of the amazing growth of her agricultural wealth. And it is these sure builders that will put the star for Alaska upon the blue field of our flag.

All this—and fifty years ago the chiefest thought for this wonderland was forts. How wasteful of time, energy, money, and life were these barricaded guns when compared to a beet-sugar plant, a ten-acre strawberry patch, a hungry saw-mill, or a smelter's flaming stack. The powerful force of peace is commerce. It is to-day our safest guaranty of comity and friendship with the Orient. Let Russia make hospitable her Siberian shores and we will indeed clasp hands across the Bering Straits and unite in an invincible control of the north Pacific seas. In view of this stupendous prospect, this patriotic panorama, no one longer expresses surprise that the great Secretary Seward smiled when the Russian Minister announced his Czar's willingness to part with this treasure of the North for less than two cents an acre.

To-day, with gratitude and pride, we celebrate this bargain, and in our uncurbed praise of Seward we hasten to forget that through stupidity and blindness we ever heaped upon him an unkind epithet.




*The President touching the button in the White House which opened the Exposition across the continent*

*Nome Circle*

*The Arctic Brotherhood Building*

*James J. Hill, and*

*Looking up the Court of Honor*

*"Pay Streak"*

*The Cascade and Government Buildings*

# Opening of the Alaska-Yukon-Pa

...ry Building

...heard him speak

The gong which sounded on the Exposition grounds when the President touched the button in Washington

The Fine Arts Building

The fountains and waterfalls

The Court of Honor

The crowd in the "Pay Streak"

...xposition at Seattle June 1, 1909

# Kentucky Honors Lincoln

*Adolph A. Weinman's Statue of the Emancipator President Unveiled in Lincoln's Native Town*

WHILE the Old Dominion and the Buckeye State have always prided themselves on the Presidents they have given to the nation, Kentucky is just beginning to realize that as the mother of Abraham Lincoln she has a claim upon birthright distinction that no other multiple of Presidential sons can ever shadow or diminish.

It was not, however, until after the Lincoln Farm Association had been organized by a group of patriotic men in New York for the purpose of conserving and caring for Lincoln's birthplace, in the very geographic center of the Blue Grass State, that Kentuckians realized their own lamentable tardiness in properly honoring their greatest son. Appreciating the fact that Kentucky had left the Lincoln birthplace shamefully neglected for the people of other States to care for, Mr. Robert Enlow, the grandson of the Lincolns' nearest neighbors a hundred years ago, introduced in the Kentucky State Legislature of 1906 a bill calling for an appropriation of ten thousand dollars to be expended in setting up in Hodgenville, Lincoln's native town, a worthy memorial monument. But the law makers of Boone's commonwealth unappreciatively amended the bill to call for but one-quarter of that amount.

Ex-Congressman David Smith, of the Fourth Congres

... part of the State

... inadequacy of ... closing day ... appropriation of ... were put ... Governor ... determined ... commissioned the ... New York ... This statue ... critic ... to judge ... memorial. Da...

... First Neighbors

T... ...tion were last ... centennial on the ... national significance ... Hodgenville for the un-

veiling ceremonies of the already famous Weinman statue of Lincoln. It was distinctly a Kentucky day. The sons and daughters and the grandsons and granddaughters of Lincoln's first neighbors were there, not by hundreds, but literally by thousands. It was a prophetic day, for it signaled the coming of a people into the full appreciation of that which was their own. They came by buggy, mule-back, and iron tire. They came by special trains from over the State, until all the town's switches and sidings were crowded and the main track completely choked. The little town's population of a thousand multiplied to twenty times that for this one day. It was the State's just acknowledgment of its pride in its great Emancipator President.

For days prior to the unveiling, the women of Lincoln's native town were busy sewing rod rings on flags, festooning tricolored bunting on the court-house walls, and wreathing flowers for the school-children to bear. The while the men folks stood round and "calculated." And when the day came, praise to the industrious ladies, there was not a detail in arrangement or program that was not perfected.

Among the specials that rolled into Hodgenville that perfect summer day was the long Pullman train of the Louisville Chamber of Commerce, carrying its distinguished citizens, among whom were Governor Willson, Colonel Henry Watterson, Chief Justice E. C. O'Rear of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, Rabbi Enelow, Hon. John M. Atherton, Hon. Edward J. McDermott, and Judge George DuRelle of the United States Court, all of whom participated in the unveiling exercises. To this train was also attached the private cars carrying Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, his family and his friends. A great crowd had gathered at the station to cheer the arrival of these

*Col. Henry Watterson delivering the eulogy and unveiling address*

*Veterans of the Blue and the Gray in line together*

distinguished guests. A long procession of school-children, all in white, each carrying a wreath of roses and headed by a local band, acted as escort to the carriages from the depot to the Court-House Square. Before the veiled statue stood a picturesque company of "Union" soldiers, veterans of both the Blue and the Gray. As the procession approached, the battle-scarred veterans opened their ranks to let the children pass, each one carrying to the base of the pedestal and depositing there a floral wreath, singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" as they marched. One little fellow cried to put his flowers "at the feet of Mr. Lincoln," and he was promptly lifted up to the plinth that he might do so.

Over the statue were draped two huge flags lightly bound together by a silken cord. After Judge O'Rear

(Concluded on page 28)

*The procession was led by companies of school-children bearing flags and flowers*

# The New World of Trade

## II
## *Fair Trade and Foul*

By
SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

*The first article of this series, "The Art of Advertising," was published in the issue of May 22; the next, "Traps and Pitfalls," will appear July 24*

*Where the seller hires the printed word as his agent, the buyer must needs go warily or have the worst of the bargain in the case of plausible offers*

IN ONE of his essays Stevenson half-humorously laments the fact that humanity is not all of one consistent piece. If bad men were wholly bad, and good men unexceptionably good, how simple would existence be! Carrying the hypothesis into the field of business, "if honesty were as easy as blind-man's-buff" (to quote the same philosopher) the determination between good and bad advertising would be as definite as the direction, in the unnatural history book, "How to tell the toucan from the pecan." Under such millennial conditions, magazines and newspapers would be able—supposing that they were willing—to exclude all that is dishonest or deceptive from their pages. As it is, a number try. A very, very few, by the exercise of eternal vigilance, approximately succeed. Many others, while pretending to high standards, will accept anything which is not too obviously crooked holding to the letter of their obligation to the public while blinking the spirit. The great mass of publications, however, take what they can get, and shrug off the responsibility. "It's between the advertiser and the purchaser," they say.

#### Safety Lies in Discrimination

THEREFORE, as a measure of self protection, the purchasing public must judge of every advertisement individually. Ability to derive from the printed word some estimate of the honesty of the advertiser and of the goods advertised is the surest defense against being swindled. Fortunately, nine-tenths of all advertising done is reasonably straightforward. What are known as the "national advertisers"—the soaps, the foods, the musical instruments, the household furnishings, the typewriters, the cigars, the weapons, the motor-cars and razors and cameras—offer a certain definite bargain, expressed in terms as attractive as is compatible with fair representation. "Your money's worth" is almost invariably at the core of this class of merchandizing. On the other hand, there are a few easily definable classes, which may be set down, at once, under the heading "Swindles," and so dismissed: promises to cure or relieve, by mail, any disease, malformation, or abnormal physical condition, whether the method be by drugs, diet, mechanical appliances, medical treatment, baths, or "health foods"; mining, industrial, commercial, or real estate propositions holding out the lure, whether guaranteed or not, of high percentages on an investment; definite offers of salaried or guaranteed employment on any basis requiring the payment of money from employee to employer. Of this latter class I shall treat in another article. Quackery, both medical and financial, has already been exposed in past issues of this weekly. There remains to be considered the great mass of general advertising which fills the American prints and covers the American billboards.

Exaggeration, it may as well be admitted, is the keynote of business exploitation. That inheres, I think, in our national character. We are enthusiasts, optimists, "boomers," by nature and by the impulsion of our overstrained nerve-centers. We speak and think in capital letters, and, subconsciously, we allow for that not unamiable trait in our estimate of our fellows. There is no attempt at wilful deception in such phrases as "Best in the Market," "No Other Kind so Good," "Unrivaled," "Finest in the World," "We Defy Competition." These are recognized as the merest trade formalities, expressing a sort of conviction, perhaps, but certainly carrying none. Indeed, so much have they become the commonplaces of exploitation that one wonders if they are not wasted energy. If I am to take my magazines seriously, there are at least a dozen builds of motor car, each of which is admittedly, undeniably, defiantly, the acme of mechanical achievement. The thing reduces itself to an absurdity.

Beyond the reasonable limits of inflated verbosity is the specious super-claim, if I may coin the word, put forth on behalf of some article which, while sound and valuable in itself, can not substantiate the statement. Food manufacturers and soap dealers are peculiarly susceptible to this form of temptation. They fall to advertising their worthy goods as if the panacea of ills or the springs of eternal youth inhered therein. Then there is the ingenious advertiser who, seeking to imply value in his goods which they do not possess, so plausibly words his little preachment as to render it incontrovertible as to specific statements, although in purport and effect it constitutes false representation.

#### Four Grades of Advertising

REPRESENTATIVE specimens of four grades of advertisements are presented in the illustration herewith. The writing-paper advertisement (A) embodies exact honesty, nor is it the less persuasive for that. Every claim is reasonable. One looks in vain for the superlative degree, and finds a pleasant sense of relief in its absence.

Any letter that is worth careful wording is worthy of fine paper.

Any letter that carries a hope ought to be on paper that wins a welcome. Any letter that pleads a chance for your goods or services demands a paper which makes friends with the reader's eyes and his sense of quality

OLD HAMPSHIRE

Esterbrook

Ask for "Esterbrook's" and you get the best pens easiest writing, longest wearing. Backed by a half-century's reputation. At all stationers.

Blooker's Cocoa

45 Hudson Street New York

GINSENG

*The ad which is strictly fair and the superlative ad which is harmless are quite distinct from the one founded on false hypotheses*

Now compare this with B, the Esterbrook Pen copy. I daresay the pen is quite as good as the paper: the advertisement of the pen is by no means as good as the advertisement of the paper. It claims too much. "Best," "Easiest Writing," "Longest Wearing." Conceivably there are other pens in existence that are the equal, in some one respect, of the Esterbrook article. Still there is no fundamental misrepresentation here: the purchaser gets the first-class article which he expects. It may be regarded as a sample of the harmless exaggeration to which about nine-tenths of our honest and reliable advertisers are prone. Example C goes a little beyond the limits of what is permissible to honesty. Let us assume that Blooker's Cocoa is a perfectly sound, pure beverage, as I suppose it is. When it begins to exploit itself as "Food for Brain and Muscle" it gets on a false business basis. It is no more brain food or muscle food than peanuts or popcorn or Camembert cheese. In the instance of the "Ginseng" advertisement (D), the words are more nearly truthful than the purpose is honest. Probably it is literally true that 'one acre of ginseng somewhere—in China, perhaps—is "worth $25,000 and yields more revenue than a hundred-acre farm." But the whole affair is essentially fallacious, and the little paragraph is pregnant with misfortune and trouble for the innocent who regards it as gospel. What it doesn't say is the important part. No hint here that ginseng requires years of culture before it becomes marketable, that no little technical skill is required to bring it to maturity, and that the expense and the hazards of raising it are almost prohibitive. Of course, if that were explained in the advertisement, Mr. Sutton would not sell his goods. Hence he enthuses vaguely over acreage and a large income, and lets the unwary purchaser stand the loss while he pockets the profits.

#### Concerning Correspondence Schools

IN PRINCIPLE, absentee educationalism is sound enough, though in studying educational advertising the wise man goes warily. Languages, for example, may be taught by the phonograph. But there are limits to the possibilities of pedagogy by mail. The International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, which offer to make a man almost anything he wishes to be, overshoot the mark badly in certain particulars. It is not impossible that they should teach by correspondence certain features of chemistry, of architecture, or of mining engineering. It is wholly impossible that they should make a man a chemist, an architect, or a mining engineer by process of mail, and when they propose to do that they are simply angling for "easy money."

In the accompanying illustration (E) I have grouped together various types of the "Learn How" advertisement, verging from the arrant fake to the concern that attempts to give some return for the outlay. Common sense applied to these offers will reveal the inherent weakness. We may assume that certain subjects can not be imparted by mail—aerial navigation, boxing, or Arctic exploration, for example. As yet, so far as I am aware, no long-distance academies promising to perfect pupils in these lines have yet been established. But one of the best-known magazines prints the advertisement of a man who offers to teach horse-training through the postal system. Not less essentially absurd is the pretense of teaching music, illustration, or cartooning, and reporting or short-story writing by mail. A certain dismal proficiency of a mechanical kind, indeed, may be attained on the piano by means of a curious contrivance fitted to the keys, but any genuine musical achievement through this medium is impossible. And certainly no human being can teach any other human being, by letter, to perform on the violin except in such a manner as unwarrantably to increase the sum total of human suffering. The elementary difficulty of tuning without the presence of an instructor to correct deficiencies of ear is insurmountable. All this class of instruction is fraudulent. Of course those which pretend to give lessons "free" are doubly fraudulent, and the "guaranty" of success, as in the case of the United States School of Music, is a triple-plated swindle. As to the promise of efficient instruction by mail in illustration, cartooning, and writing, it is enough to say that these "academies" are conducted by persons of no professional note or eminence: that, under their system, no proper individual attention can be given to the pupil, and that, although in the aggregate they spend tens of thousands of dollars yearly in obtaining thousands of pupils, not in one single instance can any of them adduce a case of a first-class journalist, short-story writer, artist, cartoonist, or illustrator who owes his success to their methods. Nor are the "professors" themselves expert in the arts which they profess to teach. As an instance of an extreme type, the Press Syndicate of Lockport, New York, is run by a mail-order faker named Heacock, who is not above taking the money of a wholly illiterate person on pretense of making a successful journalist of him.

#### Some Correspondence Fakes

CAN the real estate business be taught by mail? Real estate dealers assure me that it can not, though certain principles may be imparted. Whether it can or not is unimportant to the National Cooperative Reality Company (F). The catch line, "local representative," is merely a set trap. Through that promise they snare ambitious innocents, charge them $25 for a long and tedious course in real estate, and leave them at the end, mulcted and seeking in vain for the promised position as "special representative." The Cross Company (G) per-

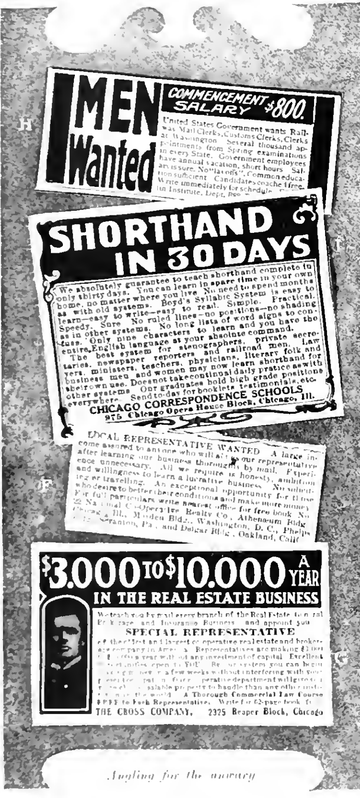
*Long-distance mis-education*

[illegible] of the same promise [illegible] of Rochester, New [illegible] in the assertion, [illegible] "candidates coached [illegible] can be supplied by the [illegible] representations are false [illegible] expert. Shorthand can [illegible] So the advertisement [illegible] is not wholly an attempt to [illegible] but it is designed to [illegible] representations. "We absolutely guarantee [illegible] complete in only thirty days [illegible] guarantees to do nothing of the sort [illegible] Chicago Correspondence Schools" [illegible] is a sham.

### Legitimate Advertising

IN THE [illegible] there are three legitimate correspondence [illegible] enterprises exemplified. The two language [illegible] advertisements are slightly, though harmlessly [illegible]; that of the University of Chicago [illegible] is simply and exactly honest. Study of the foregoing various exhibits, good and bad, will suggest certain formulas, set out in the next column, for the guidance of those who wish to purchase education in the open market.

Testimonials, indeed, can probably be produced by most of the mail-pedagogues. For, out of thousands of pupils, there are sure to be, by the law of averages, a few who, through natural aptitude, will attain to a modest success, and for whose success the correspondence school will proudly claim the credit. If Mark Twain had begun




*Angling for the unwary*

[illegible] mail-order college of journalism, his genius [illegible] probably have survived. Presumably, no postal [illegible] of fine arts could permanently have crippled [illegible]'s pencil. But not one man in a thousand [illegible] gets anything from these institutions, except [illegible] experience of having his mind stretched [illegible]. Postal [illegible] of rigid and unyielding formulas [illegible] of success has already [illegible] the advertising race-track tipsters [illegible] a race, gave out as a [illegible] every city, thereby [illegible] somewhere. The [illegible] correspondence schools are not [illegible] promise everybody [illegible]

### [illegible] Washing Machines, and Free Gifts

C[illegible] thousands of local [illegible] question of a [illegible] of the comm[illegible]

[illegible] dinner sets when [illegible] "free" [illegible] I asked [illegible] offer to look."

[illegible] widely circulated [illegible] kind which sells for [illegible] at that price must bribe

*The policy of honesty*

its subscribers with premiums to take it. On every hand the word "Free" blazed forth. "Free" dinner sets, "free" cut-glass, "free" gold rings, "free" watches, "free" rifles, "free" accordions, "free" typewriters—but the biggest and most extravagant offers were in chinaware.

"Those swindlers have spoiled the market for honest dealers," said the china merchant. A typical example is the advertisement of the American Supply Company (K), in which a "handsome dinner set" is promised to any one selling four pounds of baking-powder—"Our plan 784" in parenthesis. There's the catch, the parenthesis. "Our plan 784" is a myth. It doesn't exist. It's a mere blind for a scheme whereby the four pounds of baking-powder is so mixed up with other merchandise that one must purchase a ten-dollar bill of goods before receiving the premium, which turns out to be much inferior to the one represented. The Hagood Manufacturing Company works the same game, with $30 as the cost of being fooled. So does the Pure Food Company (M), the price here being $12. All the rest of the "free" offers in the illustration involve either hard and underpaid work, or the purchase of goods at far above their real value. The "Beautiful Presents" of Stimson & Colby (N) are to be won only by peddling tooth-powder, though the advertisement specifically states: "You do not have to sell anything." The jewelry novelties, hatpins, etc., for selling which one may be blessed with various gifts (O, P, Q, etc.), are the veriest trash, turned out at ten cents a dozen or

> **Formulas Applicable to a Consideration of Correspondence Schools**
>
> 1. *Satisfy yourself that the correspondence school is conducted by competent instructors.*
>
> 2. *If a guaranty is offered, or a position promised, hold the advertiser to a definite statement of such guaranty or offer before making any payment.*
>
> 3. *Do not attempt to learn by mail (unless you can afford to spend money upon profitless amusements):*
>
> (a) *Any fine art—music, painting, sculpture, illustrating, cartooning, drawing (other than mechanical drawing or designing), or professional writing.*
>
> (b) *Any trade or profession wherein personal oversight and instruction and correction are essential; such as railroading, plumbing, engineering, chemistry, architecture, hair-cutting, or watch repairing.*
>
> 4. *If earning capacity is promised as a result of a correspondence course, demand references to well-paid employees who have obtained positions through taking the course, and do not be satisfied with half a dozen. Demand a hundred names. Out of the thousands of "graduates" which a correspondence school must have in order to pay for its advertising, there should surely be hundreds of successful ones. Otherwise how can you reasonably expect to profit by the instruction? Can you afford to pay for tuition in an institution which turns out ninety per cent of failures?*

thereabout. The most impudent, because the most specific, fake of the lot is the Queen Washing Machine (R). "Absolutely Free. . . . We want to give you one of these famous Queen Washing Machines absolutely free, to be yours forever, for what advertising it will do for us in your neighborhood." That sounds like a definite, if almost incredible, offer. But disillusion descends upon the innocent housewife who sends for the washer. She finds that, in order to get the "free" machine, she must buy another at just twice the regular price. That is, the concern is trying to sell two washers on pretext of giving away one.

To the expert eyes the word "Free" in an advertisement is a danger signal. Alas for the rarity of Christian charity, something is not given for nothing in this hard world! Outside of samples or advertising matter, articles exploited as "free" will prove to be attainable only by harder work than would be involved in earning the money to buy them at a store. One surprising exception I must note, the "free" offer of the E. J. Schuster Company (S), which promises to give away foreign stamps to the number of two hundred, "collected by missionaries," to any applicant. This it actually does, and more: for—wonder of wonders!—the two hundred proves to be an understatement, and the stamps, while including many duplicates, nevertheless are of good variety and no little interest. The plan is, as the concern states in its circular, to stimulate, in the recipient, a desire to become a collector, and to purchase specimens from the devisers of this curious method of enlarging business.

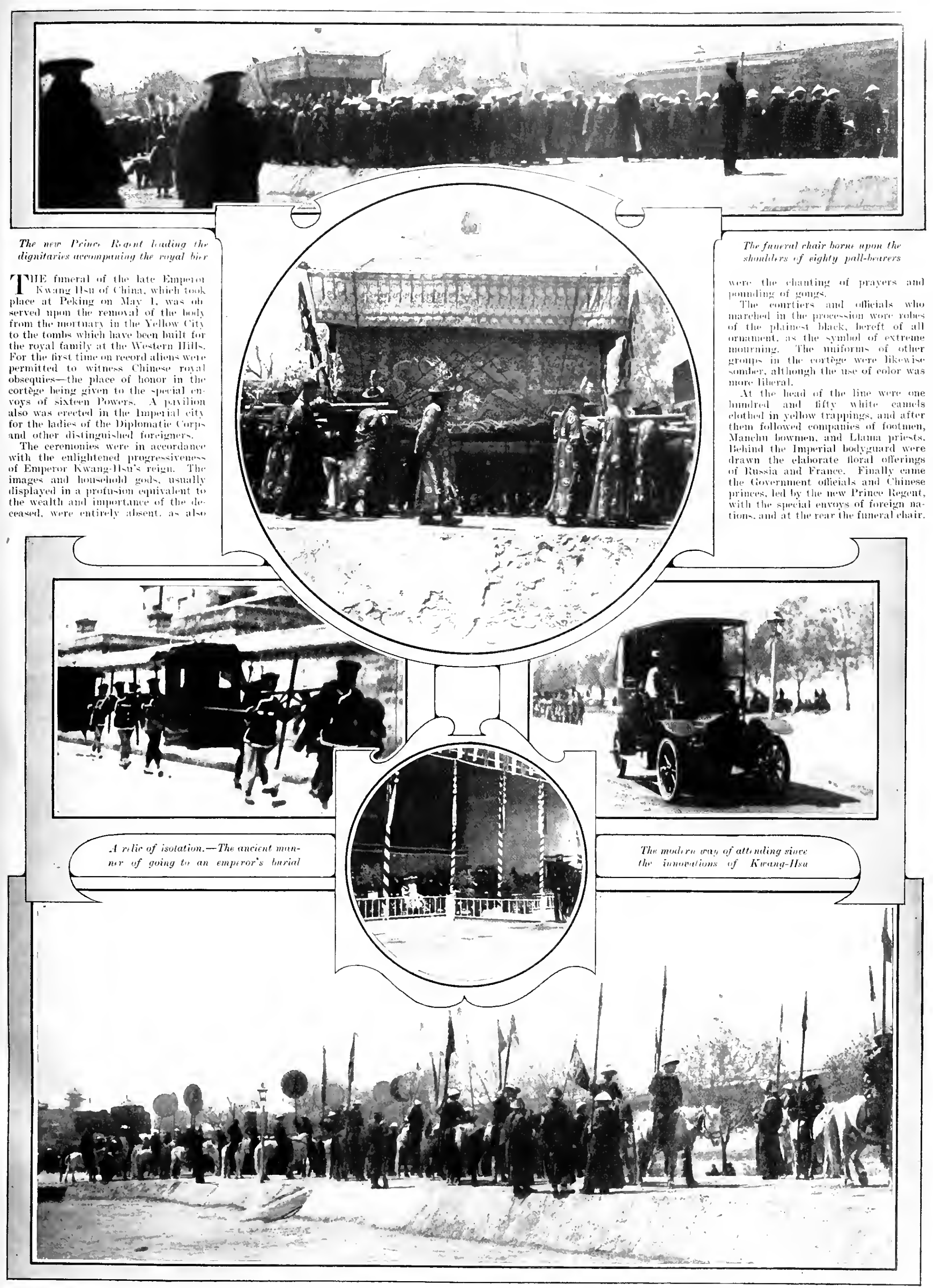
"Once burned, twice shy," is an apothegm the truth of which is peculiarly applicable to those who buy goods from advertisements; that is, to the very public which the advertiser wishes to reach. Hence the reputable advertiser, with a sound article, fears, not the honest competition of dealers in his own line, but the dishonest competition of advertisers in his own line *or any other line* if they use the same mediums employed by him. The quack exploitation of Swamp Root or Duffy's Malt Whiskey on one page of a publication will decrease the selling chance of the Chickering piano or the Globe-Wernicke cabinet on the adjacent page. If you have been cheated at one counter of a department store, you are not likely to return to some other counter. Thus, to the possible purchaser of sound goods who has been "stung" by a quack advertisement, other advertisements in the same medium cease to have "pulling power," if, indeed, they do not exercise a positively repellent force. The scope of influence even extends in some degree beyond the particular publication to all publications. One advertisement based upon false pretense detracts from the selling power of all advertisements.

### Tell an "Ad" by the Company It Keeps

WHEN the Thermos bottle was first announced in the advertising pages of the magazines, I found a friend of mine laughing over what he termed "the rawest fake yet." The advertisement which so amused him was literally truthful. Every claim made in it could be substantiated; as my friend afterward found out by experiment. By questioning him, I arrived at the reasons for his mental attitude. In the same publication with the Thermos announcement were the advertisements of a guaranteed income for life from rubber stock, a panacea

*(Concluded on page 26)*

*The "free offer" fakes*



*The new Prince Regent leading the dignitaries accompanying the royal bier*

*The funeral chair borne upon the shoulders of eighty pall-bearers*

THE funeral of the late Emperor Kwang-Hsu of China, which took place at Peking on May 1, was observed upon the removal of the body from the mortuary in the Yellow City to the tombs which have been built for the royal family at the Western Hills. For the first time on record aliens were permitted to witness Chinese royal obsequies—the place of honor in the cortège being given to the special envoys of sixteen Powers. A pavilion also was erected in the Imperial city for the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps and other distinguished foreigners.

The ceremonies were in accordance with the enlightened progressiveness of Emperor Kwang-Hsu's reign. The images and household gods, usually displayed in a profusion equivalent to the wealth and importance of the deceased, were entirely absent, as also were the chanting of prayers and pounding of gongs.

The courtiers and officials who marched in the procession wore robes of the plainest black, bereft of all ornament, as the symbol of extreme mourning. The uniforms of other groups in the cortège were likewise somber, although the use of color was more liberal.

At the head of the line were one hundred and fifty white camels clothed in yellow trappings, and after them followed companies of footmen, Manchu bowmen, and Llama priests. Behind the Imperial bodyguard were drawn the elaborate floral offerings of Russia and France. Finally came the Government officials and Chinese princes, led by the new Prince Regent, with the special envoys of foreign nations, and at the rear the funeral chair.

*A relic of isolation.—The ancient manner of going to an emperor's burial*

*The modern way of attending since the innovations of Kwang-Hsu*

*A part of the procession, and above, the ladies' section of the Diplomatic Pavilion*

# The Funeral of the Late Emperor of China

# Comment on Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

ABOUT Senator Bailey there are many opinions. To us he occasionally seems far too ingenious at finding good reasons for doing wrong things. We sympathize with Colonel Watterson when he points out that while Bailey "*speaks* in favor of putting the steel barons in prison, he *votes* in favor of putting them in palaces." Bailey did vote for a tariff on iron ore. He voted likewise for a duty on lumber. For another specification to support the charge that many of his acts play into Republican hands, he took the floor of the Senate to repudiate the Denver Democratic platform and sneer at it. Nevertheless, any close observer of the Senate can say without reservation that, intellectually, Bailey is a very big man. He makes few speeches prepared in advance; but occasionally he rises in a debate and throws a quick big light which illustrates the distance between his head and the average level of thought in the Senate. One out of scores of examples is this paragraph upon the moral aspects of protection:

"I never have gone beyond the basic proposition that this Government has no right to take a dollar I have earned and give it to some one else, even if it does build up the business of the country. I do not believe that you can build a great and enlarging industrial fabric upon a foundation of injustice. I think every time you pass a law which takes the money I earn and gives it to some other man who did not earn it you perpetuate a foul injustice. No industrial system, though it be as broad-based as this continent, and though it should rear its splendid head until it reached the sky, can be permanent and sound if it is based upon a wrong. I denounce any law that takes what one man earns and gives it to another under the shallow and selfish pretense of building up a general prosperity. Unless all moral laws are at fault, no real prosperity can come out of any system founded upon an injustice to the humblest of our fellow citizens."

You can't get away from that. It may be that we must have Protection. Perhaps it is a necessity arising out of present expediency. Maybe we must look upon it like the social evil, as a thing that can not be abolished until the present state of society changes radically. But no man who values clear thinking should ever let himself forget that, fundamentally, it *is* a moral issue.

### That Honor Roll

FROM a Texas friend, under date of June 6:

"Why do you make an honor roll of Democratic Senators who want to keep a high tariff on lumber to build our houses and barns, when I voted the Democratic ticket because it promised free lumber? I paid $4,000 for lumber for my buildings, and ten per cent of it, or $400, was tariff graft that the United States Treasury didn't get, but the lumber barons did.

JOHN DOOSELY."

You read us loosely, Doosely. Further speeches and votes have made additions to that roll of Democratic Senators who are voting and speaking for protection. It is now longer than the roll of Democrats who stand by the party's ancient principles. The Democratic Senators who voted *for free lumber*, in accord with the Democratic platform, are:

Alexander S. Clay, Georgia; Charles A. Culberson, Texas; James B. Frazier, Tennessee; Thomas P. Gore, Oklahoma; Charles J. Hughes, Jr., [illegible] Francis G. Newlands, Nevada; Thomas H. Paynter, Kentucky; [illegible] Maryland; Benjamin F. Shively, Indiana, and William J. [illegible]. If any other members of the Senate than these are [illegible] Democrats, we should like to know the reasons.

### And Even Thou, Tillman

SENATOR TILLMAN, speaking of the amount of iron ore in the United States:

"I [illegible] interested to discover that [illegible], we have also got a [illegible] in South Carolina."

And so Tillman voted in favor of a tariff on iron ore. That Washington citizen had a good sense of perspective who proposed that the nation build on the banks of the Potomac a monument one mile square at the base and ten miles high in honor of General Winfield Scott Hancock, the man who first said: "The tariff is a local issue."

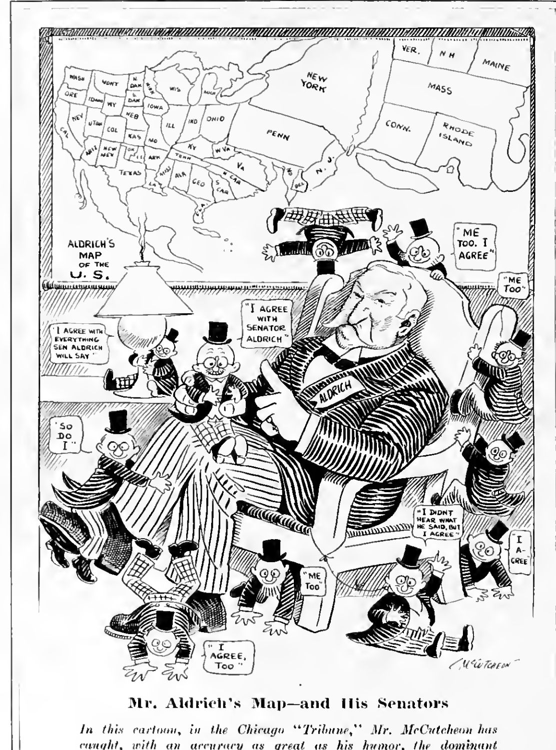
### Looking Out for Number One

THIS passage occurred in the course of a debate in the Lower House:

"MR. SISSON—Will the gentleman tell this House what would become of the smoking factories and humming looms in New England if the South should manufacture all of her vast product?

"MR. CALDERHEAD—Do not be uneasy for a moment about New England. She has taken care of herself from the day the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock until now, and she will take care of herself until the end. Do not be uneasy about that."

Congressman Calderhead spoke truly. In the Senate Committee on Finance, which is making the tariff, a Rhode Island Senator, Aldrich, is the all-powerful chairman. Out of thirteen others in all, two more come from New England—Lodge of Massachusetts and Hale of Maine. They will look after New England! By virtue of the tariff which they make, the rest of the country will pay tribute to New England for the next ten years. It will be as truly tribute and nothing more as was the gold that Solomon exacted from the Canaanites; or as was the tea tax, because of which New England led the revolt from the mother country nearly a century and a half ago. For a pictorial representation of this editorial, see Mr. McCutcheon's cartoon on this page.




**Mr. Aldrich's Map—and His Senators**

*In this cartoon, in the Chicago "Tribune," Mr. McCutcheon has caught, with an accuracy as great as his humor, the dominant aspects of the way the present tariff is being made in the Senate*

### From the Heart

THE Hon. Joseph W. Fordney of Michigan is a powerful member of the Ways and Means Committee, which has charge of making the new tariff in the Lower House of Congress. Probably he would not speak so frankly if he were making a prepared speech; the following remark was taunted out of him in the course of an acrimonious debate:

"If I had my way about it I would not make a change in the Dingley law by the crossing of a 't' or the dotting of an 'i.'"

### A Sigh for the Past

SENATOR NEWLANDS of Nevada, explaining how Taft might yet secure revision downward, assuming that the President would rather bring about this result without vetoing the bill:

"I can understand how the President of the United States, with his judicial temperament, would hesitate to force upon Congress his views upon a complicated piece of legislation, but I have not the slightest doubt that the President desires to fulfil the pledges of the Republican Party made to the country, and to fulfil his own pledges made to the country, and that he will hesitate to do nothing within his power to accomplish a very simple thing—the reduction of excessive duties. . . . While, therefore, the President, with his peace-loving and judicial temperament, may not be disposed to force prematurely upon Congress his views regarding this question, I have no doubt, when he realizes that his own party is in danger of repudiating party promises and his own pledges to the people, he will take action.

"The power of recommendation [by special messages to Congress] is one of the most valuable powers contained in our Constitution. It is the power given to the leader of a great party elected to the Presidency of the United States to indicate to Congress [by special messages] what he regards as appropriate legislation. It is the only way in which the attention of Congress and the country can be focused upon needed reforms. *That power* [of special messages] *was availed of by Mr. Roosevelt; and I undertake to say that if it had not been for the free exercise of that power by him not a single one of the reform measures of his administration would have been adopted.*"

At this point in Senator Newlands's speech, Mr. Aldrich became very restless, interrupted Senator Newlands, and, after some parliamentary sparring, secured an adjournment until Monday.

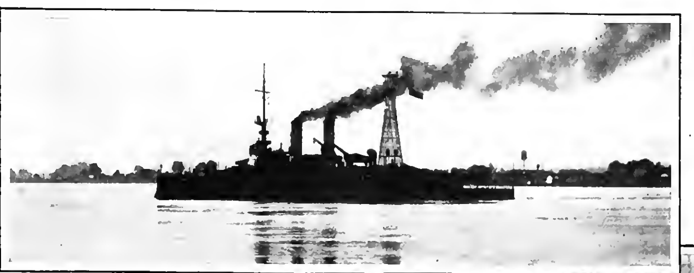
# What the World Is Doing

## *A Record of Current Events*

FRANCE, Turkey, and Asia Minor have faded from the headlines, and the inhabitants are doing the day's work in place of participating in a storm center.

The English situation is summed up bitterly, with some of the malice of impotence, by the London "Standard":

"The Government tacitly and stubbornly refuse to provide for the urgent necessities of naval and military defense, while the House of Commons is occupied with the passing of a budget conceived at once clumsily and vindictively in the interests of a class. His Majesty's Ministers have turned representative institutions into a mockery."



Germany's Count Zeppelin has flown 850 continuous miles in his dirigible balloon, and thereby proved that airships will be a factor in warfare. Straightway our Signal Corps busies itself in plans for the creation of a fleet of war balloons to act as a coast patrol.

The Georgia strike is settled in favor of the white firemen. The Philadelphia trolley men win their dispute at every point.

The temper of our statesmen grows acid with the heat. Penrose and La Follette clash, while the wilted, crowded Senate fights out the tariff items, article by article, with cotton one of the severest skirmishes.

Degrees are fluttering out to the earnest youth, boys and girls, in the thousand colleges, fitting schools, "finishing" schools, and grammar schools of our educating land.

Then follow the honorary titles sprinkled as holy water on the eminent sons of the Republic. Like the ancient order of knighthood, our captains of finance, wise lawyers, and far-seeing statesmen arise from the touch of the pedagogue, indued with a new mission. The railroad king becomes a master of literature, and the deft manipulator of rebates rejoices in the tinkling letters of the law.

The amusement places—the White Cities, Pay Streaks, Luna Parks—festoon themselves with electric lights and necklaces of bulbs, and hammer in the last plank of the scenic railway. The voice of the barker is heard in Dreamland. Airships drift along on the upper tides. Rockets splash the night with red. Summer is upon us. The gipsy millionaires, care-free wanderers, foot-loose waifs, arise and go from here: on the other side the world they feel they're overdue.

### A Holy Convocation

A THOUSAND long-suffering brewers, who have been enduring the slings and arrows of Anti-Salooners, the wrath of fanatics, the ill-timed jests of clergymen and cynics, met for a little well-merited relief from persecution in Atlantic City on June 2. The occasion was the annual convention of the United States Brewers' Association. Away for a few brief hours from critics and enemies, these misunderstood men listened to the pounding waves and discussed the crape-lined future. They resolved many things. Among others, they resolved to put dives out of business. "Hereafter brewers will refuse to sell beer to persons whose places are under the ban of other brewers."

We hope they will. It will be a change from recent and long-established custom. There has long been an agreement among the associated brewers not to do business with a saloon-keeper who is in debt to any brother brewer. The financial status of New York liquor dealers, for instance, has been looked into each week, and a secret typewritten list of liquor dealers in trouble sent out by the Brewers' Board of Trade to the members. They were ready enough and competent to act together when a gluttonous self-interest was operative. But when one of them tossed away a noisome liquor dealer, who was trafficking in saloon girls, there was ever a plenty of welcoming outstretched arms for the man with his dirty money.

Granted that they have consented at the imperious demands of the public to extend their trade agreement, which is swift to act when their pocket is touched, over the domain of public decency, how do the Association members purpose to prevent non-Association brewers from taking over the rejected trade? That is no academic question, when you have companies like Bernheimer & Schwartz and Jetter grinning over the ramparts.

Julius M. Liebmann, the retiring president, is a clean, conscientious man and citizen with a sincere desire to purge his trade. He is not at his best in public address, as he is apt to overstate his side of a discussion. He said:

"The more our industry prospers the less will drunkenness prevail in our country. The era of temperate habits began with the impetus our trade received from the revenue system; nothing short of prohibition or local option can end it."

John A. Koren, whose knowledge on the liquor question is almost the widest of any person in the United States, said:

"No one understands so well the art of evoking social hysteria as the professional anti-saloon agitator."

For the unclean saloon he suggested as remedies, among others, a statutory limitation of the places of sale, a discrimination in licenses that will favor the sale of malt liquors as opposed to the whisky trade, and provisions to deter "a few men from monopolizing liquor licenses."

**Mississippi Honors Her Battleship**

*The U. S. S. "Mississippi," the first modern battleship to navigate the Mississippi River, steamed up to Natchez, where a great demonstration was held in her honor on May 22. The city of Natchez presented a punch-bowl to the vessel and also an American flag, which was captured from a Federal gunboat during the Civil War*

**The Commission to the Negro Republic**

*The deputation sent by the United States to Liberia to study solutions of "the problem"—The commission and the American Minister on the Legation steps in Monrovia, Liberia*

### Cobo in Caracas

THE brilliant reception which Caracas gave to the new Colombian Minister, Señor A. V. Cobo, must have called from the bosom of President Reyes, the Colombian dictator, a glad sigh of relief. Cobo was quite too lively a neighbor to be comfortable in so quiet a little capital as Bogota. Last January, when Bogota began rioting over the treaty recognizing the independence of Panama—history moves slowly up the Magdalena River and over the mule trails to Bogota—Señor Cobo became Minister of War for thirty-six hours, cleared the streets, and put the place in order. It was said then that there were only two real men in Bogota — Reyes and Cobo. The former, however, is old and tired. Cobo is neither. He was freely talked of as the next President. In Caracas he will have plenty to do to continue the *entente cordiale* on which the two vivacious little Republics have just agreed—and from President Reyes's point of view he will be quite safe.

### Curbing the Joy Riders

DRIVING recklessly, William Darragh, chauffeur, ran down and killed a thirteen-year-old boy on a New York street. On June 4 Darragh was sentenced to imprisonment for not less than seven years. The statute under which he was reached reads:

"The killing of a human being, unless it is excusable or justifiable, is murder in the first degree when committed by an act imminently dangerous to others and evincing a depraved mind, regardless of human life, although without a premeditated design to effect the death of any individual."

The judge who sentenced him said: "The next man who comes to the bar of this court charged with this offense may pay the penalty with his life."

### Neglecting Rural Schools

MR. ROOSEVELT'S Commission on Country Life, which obtained much publicity because of its findings on neglected farmers' wives among other items, devoted time to the rural schools of the United States. It found that here, too, neglect was widespread—from Maine to Michigan. One of the reports to the commission deals with New York State:

"The entire system is at fault. The control of the schools is so decentralized that there is no control. The central board at Albany decrees the educational requirements of teachers, but it is an ignorant trustee, indifferent to these requirements, who has the hiring of the 'schoolmarm.' The Board of Education recommends the duties of the School Commissioner, but he is to all in-

# You Should Read This New Bond Book

## "The World's Greatest Industry"

Every investor, small or large, should ask for our New Bond Book.

It tells some facts, now too little known, about the most attractive bonds that we know. The book is written after fifteen years of experience in selling these particular bonds.

They pay **6** per cent interest—a higher rate than can now be obtained on any large class of bonds equally secured.

They are secured by first liens on valuable farm land. Some are tax liens—Municipal obligations.

They are serial bonds, so afford opportunity for either long or short time investments.

They are issued in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000, so they appeal to both small and large investors.

They are by far the most popular bonds that we sell. You will want some of them when you know all the facts.

Send us this coupon or write us a postal. Please do it now.

*Troubridge & Niver Co.*
(Established 1893)
**Municipal and Corporation Bonds**
**First National Bank Bldg. CHICAGO** | **50 Congress Street BOSTON**

*Gentlemen:*—Please send me your new Bond Book, "The World's Greatest Industry."

Name ____________________
Town ____________________
State ____________________ 34

**Send for this beautiful 100-page Book *"Modern Bathrooms"***

If you want your bathroom to be a model of comfort, luxury and hygiene, send to-day for "MODERN BATHROOMS." It will prove an invaluable aid in your selection of sanitary, practical bathroom fixtures—the kind that look best—last longest and cost no more than the ordinary kind.

"MODERN BATHROOMS" explains by text and illustration the equipment of many bathrooms, gives many valuable suggestions for arrangement, decorations, tiling and tells you how to ... the best sanitary system at a minimum expenditure. If you contemplate building a new home, or remodeling the bathroom in the old, this book should be your guide. Send for your copy today.

*Enclose 6c postage, give name of your architect and plumber (if selected).*

STANDARD SANITARY MFG. CO., Dept. 38, Pittsburgh, Pa.

**The "SIMPLO" Automobile**

Cook Motor Vehicle Co.
1062 N. Broadway
St. Louis, Mo.

**Water Supply for Country Houses**

LUNT MOSS COMPANY
Boston, Mass.


tents and purposes responsible to no one but the county politicians who slated him for the office. The Board of Education outlines the graded system and issues uniform examinations, but it is the teacher, a sovereign without interference, who conducts the school and marks all papers. It is a matter of her own conscience whether she labors long and devotedly or writes letters to her 'beaux' to fill up school time.

"The great stumbling-block in the way of improvement has been and still continues to be the fathers and mothers of the very children who are cheated most in the name of education. Country people present a curious inconsistency in their attitude toward education. No people have sacrificed more to send their children away to high schools and colleges. Yet toward the school at their threshold they are indifferent.

"The present inspection of rural schools in many counties is a sham. The law requires one yearly visit to each school by the School Commissioner. There are schools in which a commissioner has not been for from three to six years. More than that, they have been known to evade the request to visit a school reported to be in a shameful condition. The commissioners are at best politicians. They take no stand which will threaten their reelection or promotion. If the schools are not what they should be, the inspectors attribute it to irrevocable circumstances. The form of register-keeping must be a useless system of filing, else the failure of graded classes would come to the ears of the commissioners. Attendance is most irregular. Neither the truant officer nor the teacher enforces the law. So far the joint political influence of these insignificant commissioners has been strong enough to thwart every reform bill yet proposed by Commissioner Draper or high school principals.

"It is a singular travesty upon the State's generosity in training teachers for public-school work to note an increasing inefficiency among rural teachers. The very system of free education has stamped all its shortcomings upon the rural teacher. The normal schools and training classes have trained for and interested teachers in the graded schools of towns and cities alone. This was a natural sequence of the rapid growth of towns and the subsequent demand for teachers. Those who had established good records as rural teachers hastened to secure full credentials and have likewise been drawn into the towns. Meanwhile the salary paid rural teachers has risen sufficiently to attract into the field girls who dislike teaching cordially. The salary is higher in relation to time and effort expended than sewing, clerking, or domestic service. Any girl who has attended a few sessions at a normal school or has secured a training class certificate at a neighboring high school may obtain a district school and receive for her services from $300 to $400 a year. Although the pecuniary advantage is now with the rural teacher who boards at home rather than with the graded teacher, social and professional reasons continue to draw the better qualified teachers to the towns.

"The true solution is centralization of school management, coupled with an effort to bring trustees up to some conception of their duties. Instead of the planning lying solely with the Board of Education in Albany, the inspection with the county politicians, the financing with the local trustee, and the conduct of the school with the teacher, these functions should be unified. The School Commissioners as now elected and ordained should be stricken out, root and branch. Instead, an inspector, qualified by experience in teaching, should be chosen and made responsible to a joint board of local trustees and the Board of Education. As soon after the district elections as possible the retiring and newly elected trustees and clerks should be called to the county-seat on a date arranged by the Department of Education. This convention should be presided over by a representative of the State Board of Education. The inspector should be elected for one year by these assembled trustees."

These emphatic and vivacious statements do not apply everywhere and in all cases. All School Commissioners are not mere politicians, and inefficient executively.

Rural school teachers, in many instances, are more inefficient than their predecessors. But it is not a safe generalization to state that as a class they have deteriorated in recent years.

The "centralization bill" at Albany has not been killed by the School Commissioners alone. There is an entirely honest sentiment against centralizing power at the State Capitol, in addition to the opposition of "interested" persons.

But the main points of the indictment hold true, in the opinion of certain fair-minded experts. Definite and searching reforms are needed and will be urged till they are attained. Better supervision will be demanded till it is had.

### The German Invasion

TWO more items have been added to England's pack of worries. She finds her army in a woful way, and she discerns a lack of fellow-feeling in the United States. Many times Earl Roberts has sat cool under fire, but the Teuton invasion is too much for even his imperturbable nerve. "Bobs," Son of Battle, cried out to the House of Lords, in a recent "Strength of the Army" session:

"We have no army. We have neither an army to send abroad nor an army to defend the country at home. While we are all sitting here and taking things so easily and so comfortably, *danger is coming nearer every day.*"

The English journalists turned themselves loose on this scene, and one man embroidered the affair thus:

"The noble lord; bronzed, taut-figured, with voice sharp, almost metallic, with the rap of soldierly command in it—an old man now, but the fire in his blood and yet something of the ring of despair in his tone. He dreaded the future."

The London "Spectator" is grieved by our general indifference to England's peril.

"It would be little short of a national disaster [to the United States] if the command of the sea were to be lost by Britain and to pass into the hands of Germany. The statesmen of Washington would rather see the command of the sea in almost any other hands than those of Germany.

"Germany, if she once obtained the command of the sea, would be quite out of the reach of any American pressure."

"But," says the "Spectator," "the ordinary American journalist sometimes shows an astonishing ignorance of foreign affairs. Like all ignorant people, the journalists in question are very suspicious of friendly expressions of feeling which they do not understand."

### The World's Fair of the Northwest

AT FULL speed and with no friction, Seattle opened her World's Fair on June 1. President Taft in Washington touched a golden key and shot a transcontinental spark to Puget Sound. The banners blew, the fountains leaped, the great guns thundered from the battleships down the bay.

The American people always enjoy this sort of show—a Chautauqua, a political convention, a World's Fair. To have plenty to look at and listen to, to be part of a happy crowd, to trail along with a guide-book or a note-book—there you have the native-born citizen when fulness of joy is possessing him. An exposition is an extemporized university.

Part of what the Fair will do is to prove that Alaska is a good thing.

This Exposition reveals a country devoted to more sorts of life than snow and wild adventure. It shows a land fertile in minerals, fisheries, grains, and fruits.

The Seattle Fair is a partial and local answer to some of our modern problems. In the Northwest there is a cure for unemployment, for poverty, hunger, disease. For a hundred years to come men will find work there and a vigorous life.

James J. Hill helped to open the Fair. His talk, as often, showed an imaginative lift. He said:

"The greatest service to the nation, to every State and city to-day, would be the substitution for a term of years of law enforcement for law-making. There are four great words that should be written upon the four corner-stones of every public building in this land with the sacredness of a religious rite. These watchwords of the Republic are equality, simplicity, economy, and justice."

### What a State Might Do

THE latest statistics in the report of the New Hampshire Forestry Commission state that over 800,000 acres of land, once improved and cleared, have since 1880 been abandoned to grow up in brush. If New Hampshire had been the municipality of Zurich, Switzerland, this land would have been taken under some form of the doctrine of eminent domain, planted with trees, and in the later generation have become an asset for its people. The people of Zurich once found themselves without the timber needed for its maintenance, for the building of its homes, and took this wise step. To-day, when the expense of operation is paid, the property yields to the government of that city something over fifteen dollars an acre.

What would be the opinion of the generation of New Hampshire citizens thirty years from now of the work of their forebears if they should find themselves possessed of several hundred thousand acres of white pine, planted and managed by a

**Shoe Laces**

They are the best money's-worth because they easily outwear two or more pairs of other shoe laces. Being tubular in the center they slide freely through the eyelets, and are doubly reinforced to withstand the strain at this point.

It is worth something too, to always have nice-looking shoe laces. *Nufashond* are all silk and retain their lustre and beauty. And the bow is always neat and attractive because it does not crush in tying.

You don't need to simply take our word for these things. Every pair of *Nufashond Shoe Laces* is

**guaranteed for 3 months**

25 cents per pair at all shoe and dry goods stores, and haberdashers. Sold only in sealed boxes. If your dealer hasn't *Nufashond Shoe Laces*, we'll send them to you postpaid on receipt of 25 cents.

Write for our illustrated booklet that tells about *Nufashond Shoe Laces* and shows our full line of shoe laces at every price.

Our 10c tubular laces for high shoes are guaranteed for 6 months.

**Nufashond Shoe Lace Co.**
**Reading, Pa.**

**Brighton**

**Knee Drawer Garters** — **FOR SUMMER**

cool as gossamer — on or off at a touch

*The new idea*—ventilating web that cools the skin at every movement; no chafing or soil of perspiration. *The new fabric*—unyielding as leather, agreeable as the softest silk. *Adjustable* to any leg. *Nickel trimmings, 25 cents. Gold plated, 50 cents.*

**PIONEER SUSPENDERS**

Lightweight webs for summer; all lengths; our guaranty band on every pair. *50 cents a pair.*

*Both should be at your dealer's, if not, we will mail them on receipt of price.*

**PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY**
**718 Market Street — Philadelphia**

**In One Year this Clock Will Return You $36.50 on an Investment of $3**

if you keep it running. To do so you must drop a dime in the small slot at the top each day. If you miss a day the clock stops, then you must rewind with another coin. The 20th Century banking invention. Used in quantities by banks to increase deposits. A handsome desk and mantel ornament, gun-metal and copper finish. Holds $30.00 in dimes, can be operated also with nickels or pennies. Start saving now. **Teach your child to save.** Sent express prepaid anywhere in United States, together with our advertising plan, which is a tremendous money-earner, on receipt of money order for $3.00. Send to-day and be first in your neighborhood to own one.

**Bank Clock Mfg. Co., Beacon Bldg., 6 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.**

Representatives wanted. Territory not taken assigned to those only who can guarantee results. Special opportunity for school and college students.

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

*All Day Speed*

Ordinary heavy-action typewriters so draw upon the operator's energy that her speed diminishes as the day's work progresses.

**Monarch** *Light Touch*

conserves the operator's energy—leaves a balance at the day's end. Monarch all-day speed results in increased production, decreased cost of typewritten work, per folio. A Monarch equipment means economy. Let us give you a demonstration of Monarch Light Touch and other Monarch advancements.

NO THREE O'CLOCK FATIGUE

*Write for Illustrated Descriptive Booklet*

The Monarch Typewriter Company
Monarch Typewriter Bldg., 300 Broadway
New York

Canadian Offices: Toronto, Montreal
*Branches and dealers throughout the world*

**2000% PROFIT**

Here's an opportunity, in a clean legitimate business, to clear 2000% on an investment of 7 cents, day after day. The

**EMPIRE CANDY FLOSS MACHINE**

will do it for you. For five years it has made this big money for others at street fairs, race-tracks, summer resorts or anywhere a crowd collects. A pound of sugar makes 30 five-cent packages of candy floss, which sells like hot-cakes in a blizzard. If interested ask for catalog 10

Ask for special catalog for pop-corn, peanut roasters, ice cream cone machines, all winners

Empire Candy Floss Machine Company
Fisher Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

**Speed! I Guess Yes!**

**$375 $450** —And economy, too, in the

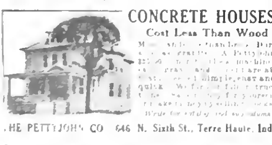
**Black MOTOR RUNABOUT**

Travels any road ... through mud, 2 to 25 ... per hour. 30 miles on one ... of gasoline. Engine ... h-p., 2 ... air-cooled. Chain drive gear— ... No tire troubles. Safe, re... Also Top Motor Buggies ... Write for free book No. A66

Write Today

BLACK MFG. CO., 124 E Ohio St. Chicago

**CONCRETE HOUSES**
Cost Less Than Wood



... A Pettyjohn ... simple, easy and quick ...

THE PETTYJOHN CO. 646 N. Sixth St., Terre Haute, Ind.

NEW BOOK FREE

... PATENTS ... Washington, D. C.

**WE WANT YOU TO TRY**

Patton's Sole-Proof Floor Coatings. We want you to know how beautiful and how serviceable they are—how very different from any other colored varnishes you may have used. Although made especially for floors, they make splendid finishes for interior woodwork generally and for tables, chairs and all sorts of furniture. Make linoleum look like new.

With the Sole-Proof Graining Outfit, even an amateur can get natural wood effects on all sorts of surfaces.

are sold in ten colors by reputable retailers whose business existence depends upon the quality of their wares.

**FREE SAMPLE**—Write for beautiful color card and booklet and if you enclose 10c in stamps to cover packing and postage, we will send sample can—enough to finish a chair.

PATTON PAINT CO.
216 Lake St.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

**Who Wants "Bonnie Boy"**

This is "Bonnie Boy," hitched to the "Governess" cart, one of our famous Tony Pony vehicles. The children in the cart are having the most fun! They can't spill, for the carts are so built that tipping over is impossible. "Bonnie Boy" is city broken and doesn't mind an automobile, a street car or a railroad engine the least bit. Won't scare at anything.

and this Beautiful Cart?

**The Tony Pony Line** 36 styles of children's vehicles—the most fashionable patterns on the boulevards of all the large cities. We have 150 imported Shetlands to select from. We send the Tony Pony outfit complete—pony, harness and cart. Write for illustrated catalog.

MICHIGAN BUGGY CO., 12 Office Bldg., Kalamazoo, Mich.
We also make the Reliable Michigan line of pleasure vehicles.


competent State forester, properly accountable to the people, in place of the nearly one million acres now shorn of forest and abandoned by the plow?

It is within the constitutional power of the legislative branch of the State Government of New Hampshire to seize this land, plant it with trees—with white pine for the advancing generation, and with spruce for the remoter descendants.

An issue of bonds, to pay the expenditure necessary for the condemnation, reforestration, and guardianship of the growing forests, and redeemable at stated intervals by the sale of the lands back to the people, under definite restrictions to insure the preservation of the forests, would probably reimburse the State for its work. It could then be provided that only a certain portion of the growth should be cut in any year, that the trees of small girth should be spared, and that all the danger of fire caused by allowing the waste to remain within the forest should be prevented by compelling the timber harvesters to remove it and burn it.

Dr. Hale, during the recent winter, in one of his addresses, offered the suggestion that towns become the owners of forests just beyond the village limits, as has been done in Zurich. This would act as a supplementary reforestration to that of the State—which would obviously apply only to the larger areas. It might be wiser to begin the work by degrees, testing its success gradually. But three things are certain—the State of New Hampshire has the power to do this service for the next century; it will return the forests to all but the mountain-tops; the desolated lands will become an asset, while now they are unproductive.

### A Strike That Petered Out

SANE public opinion was too much for the striking postmen of Paris, who have returned to work. Now that the Government has properly enforced its sovereignty and established the fact that a State employee is a public servant, without the privilege of taking action that is detrimental to the community, it is to be hoped that the grievances of the employees may be swiftly redressed and a permanent solution agreed upon. The favoritism in appointments which has prevailed must be checked, otherwise it will continue to act as an irritant. Outbreaks will be recurrent till the system is purified.

The London "Times" is no fleering radical sheet, but it has editorially stated:

"Public opinion was also captured to a great extent by the strikers, who were known to have some genuine grievances which ought to have been redressed long ago. But these grievances are now admitted and, there is reason to believe, will be removed in a regular manner, so that the public will not again pardon an attack upon its interests which can only retard real reformation."

The French Government has published statistics to the effect that of the nine million French workmen, nine hundred thousand only are unionized, and that less than three hundred thousand belong to unions affiliated with the General Federation of Labor.

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## The New World of Trade

*(Concluded from page 20)*

patent-medicine, a fake electric railroad, and other offers which he knew to be swindles. The vacuum bottle embodied a principle new to him; therefore, *seeing it in juxtaposition with false claims, he assumed, by primary logic, that is was itself fallacious.* Herein lies a principle of advertising too little considered: that the atmosphere and environment surrounding an advertisement affect the public belief in it. An advertisement is judged by the company it keeps.

Honest competition the shrewd advertiser may even welcome. Take the instance of tinned pork and beans. Van Camp recently began a tremendous campaign on this article. At about the same time Heinz & Company were preparing to go in for the same kind of exploitation. The Van Camp people were disturbed; wondered, at first, whether they would not better "let down" in their expenditures. The matter was referred to the representative of their advertising agent who had made a statistical study of the consumption of baked beans.

#### Beans and Coffee

"NOT at all," said he. "Our canvas shows that only ten per cent of families use baked beans and only four per cent use canned pork and beans. What we want is to educate the public on beans. Teach them to eat beans, to think beans, to dream beans. There's ninety per cent of possible bean-eaters who are falling short of their potentialities. We need not less bean advertising, but more bean advertising. Our competitors in raising the bean to its proper status in the world of edibles are helping to sell our product as well as their own."

And so it proved. The only kind of rivalry which Van Camp need to have feared would have been the publication of some bean substitute or fraudulent bean, which would have led people to mistrust the very name of the vegetable. Unquestionably the sale of coffee has been greatly injured by the fallacious and alarmist "warnings" issued by the coffee "substitutes" in a widespread campaign; warnings which inspire the belief that coffee is a dangerous drug instead of being, as it is for the vast majority of people, a valuable article of food. That sort of "danger signal" exploitation is, from a business point of view, unfair and dishonest.

Obviously, the advertiser who plays fair with his public is handicapped in competition with the advertiser who plays foul. Compare the advertisement of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts with that of the school which offers to make actors by mail. The "American Academy" is a legitimate and high-grade school, but why should the aspiring elocutionist go to the expense of coming to New York and taking its course when the same publication which carries its announcement informs him that he can "Learn to be an actor by mail." In that dim and shadowy realm of advertising, the "classified," where dubious, dishonest, and reputable advertisements shoulder each other like all sorts and conditions of men in a mob, the tares are so thickly mingled with the wheat that distinction between the two is often difficult. The two classes are exemplified in the four paragraphs of the accompanying illustration:

**THE PERRY TIME STAMP OF**fers to the live dealer or agent a substantial opportunity. One demonstration will convince any business man of its merits. Price $20.00 and a good legitimate profit for you. Your chance to build up a solid business. Write to-day for particulars. Stromberg Electric Mfg. Co., 23 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.

**WE OFFER EXCELLENT TERMS** and protected territory to men capable of representing us. The Sun Typewriter at $40 is the standard of its field. Sun Typewriter Co., 817 Broadway, New York.

**WANTED**—Capable agents to handle new, high-grade, up-to-date articles; lightning sellers in all homes, offices, stores, shops; $3 to $10 daily guaranteed. Promotion assured. Thomas Mfg. Co., 1302 Home Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

**$11.00 WILL START BUSINESS** yielding big monthly income. Pleasant work during portion of spare time. Profits pile up while you sleep. Particulars from Premium Vending Co., Lewis Block, Pittsburg, Pa.

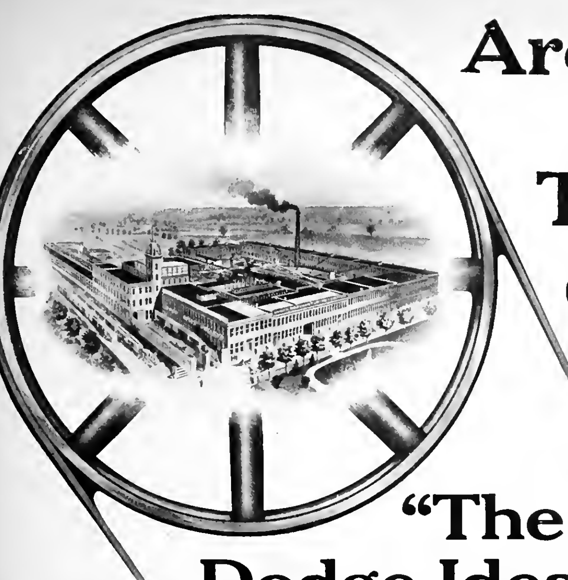
Both of the upper offers are genuine and honest. A man knows what he is going into when he answers them. The two offers below are an attempt to sell goods on false pretenses. The Thomas Manufacturing Company does not and will not guarantee $3, $10, or any other sum daily, nor can it assure promotion. On the face of it, the Premium Vending Company's offer is fallacious. If installation of their machines piled up big incomes, there would be no necessity of selling them at $11 or $1,100. Yet these four advertisements get an equal showing in the "classified lists," the good with the bad. What chance to attract agents has the honest offer of employment as against the fake guarantee or the lure of the "big monthly income"? Isn't the publisher of these advertisements playing fast and loose with his advertisers, as well as with his reading public?

Reform comes from within sometimes. In the parallel below is exemplified a "change of heart" on the part of a concern which formerly advertised honest goods dishonestly and now advertises them honestly.

**MANUFACTURER'S OFFER.** $50 to $150 per week and upward positive. Representatives wanted everywhere to operate salesparlors for the best, most rapid selling Men and Women's Dress Shoe known. Reply quick. Kushion Komfort Shoe Co., Lincoln, W., Boston, Mass.

**ESTABLISH A GENERAL AGENCY** in your locality. We have a shoe that sells on sight. Every man and woman a possible customer. Write to-day. Kushion Komfort Shoe Co., 11 W. South Street, Boston, Mass.

The old form is above, the new below. In the old the "manufacturer's offer" was made to appear like a salary offer to representatives, whereas it was only a method of selling shoes to agents. No salaries were paid to agents. No sales parlors were opened. The figures given, even regarded as commission earnings, were extreme. All this is cut out of the new advertisement, which, with the exception of the harmlessly exaggerated "We have a shoe that sells on sight," is beyond criticism. That the reformed offer pays would seem to be indicated by the fact that this "copy" has been widely used. Perhaps in time the public and the publications will be educated to such a point that every dealer with honest goods to sell will find that he can best do business on a basis of simple truth, leaving the field of glittering mendacities to the quack, the stock swindler, and the bunco artist.



# Are You Losing Power In Transmission?

CAN you answer this positively yes or no, Mr. Manufacturer?

If you are in doubt, there is danger that a big loss is going on right under your eyes that you have not discovered or have attributed to another cause.

Perhaps you are not looking for a loss of power in the right place. You are careful to economize in your engine room and in the operation of the machines which make your product.

But how about your "roadbed of power"—what is happening there?

Let us answer this question for you. We will do it gladly—give you accurate and truthful advice based on a quarter of a century's study of power transmission. The overcoming of thousands of power transmission difficulties in the world's greatest plants of all descriptions.

Write describing your equipment. We will advise you fairly and frankly regarding your requirements, telling you what power machinery will best meet your needs—how it can be most efficiently and economically installed and maintained.

## "The Dodge Idea"

represents the one perfect type of power transmission machinery—standardized excellence. It embodies these special Dodge features:

Interchangeability wherever possible, the split feature in transmission equipment, the splendid economy of self-oiling bearings, friction clutches to control departments independently.

Here are some of the famous Dodge appliances for power transmission — Dodge "Independence" Wood Split Pulleys—perfect balance—100 per cent gripping efficiency. Dodge "Standard" Iron Split Pulleys with interchangeable bushings to fit all shaft sizes. Dodge Adjustable Shaft Hangers, Pillow Blocks, etc., with self-oiling bearings. Dodge Split Friction Clutches, etc.

Being made in halves, Dodge appliances can be mounted on the shaft or removed in a few minutes without disturbing other equipment already in place.

## Write for our Catalog

**—and our special plan for guaranteeing delivered prices on Dodge goods, giving you an exact price on transmission machinery, complete, laid down in good condition at your nearest freight station. If you want this information, be sure to mention the fact when you write.**

## Our Magazine "The Dodge Idea" Free to You For Six Months.

A magazine of practical help and interest, covering about everything worth while on the subjects of shaftings, bearings and general power distribution.

A complete compendium of millwrighting and mechanical transmission of power. If you are even remotely interested in this subject, we want you to receive this magazine. Just send the coupon.

# Dodge Manufacturing Co.

**Largest in the World**

**Power Transmission Engineers and Manufacturers of the Dodge Line Power Transmission Machinery**

**Main Office and Works: Station F 2, Mishawaka, Indiana**

**Branches and District Warehouses: Boston; New York; Brooklyn; Philadelphia; Pittsburg; Cincinnati; Chicago; St. Louis and London, England. And Agencies in Nearly Every City in the United States.**

We carry large, complete Stocks at all Branches for immediate delivery. For quick service, communicate by long distance telephone with branch or agency nearest you.

**Dodge Mfg Company**
**Station F 2**
**Mishawaka, Ind.**

Gentlemn:—Without obligation on my part, I will be glad to receive your magazine, "The Dodge Idea" for a free six months' subscription.

I am connected with..............

..............................
(Here give firm name)

In the capacity of..............
(Here give position you hold)

My name ..............................

My address..............................

# PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

in the light weight lisle are for men who care for *comfort* and *style* in dress.

The *comfort* of wearing suspenders that don't tug on the shoulders like the rigid back kind —and the *style* of having trousers that hang perfectly regardless of the wearer's position.

Light, medium and heavy weights. Guaranteed by makers. *Sold by all good dealers or by mail direct.* Price 50 cents.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
1718 Main Street
Shirley, Mass.

## Low Fares to Seattle

**$62** for round-trip between Chicago and Seattle for the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition via the

**CHICAGO MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY**

**$62** also for the round-trip between Chicago and Tacoma, Portland, Victoria or Vancouver.

Tickets on sale May 20 to September 30. Return limit October 31. Stop-overs.

*Descriptive folder free.*

F. A. MILLER,
General Passenger Agent, Chicago

*Instead of Court Plaster*

*"Paint it with New-Skin and forget it"*

**For a Cut or Scratch**

Clean the wound thoroughly. Then paint it with a coat of *New-Skin*. The *New-Skin* will dry into a tough, flexible film under which the wound will heal rapidly without further attention.

**For a Hang-Nail**

Trim the hang-nail close with sharp manicure scissors; then coat it with *New-Skin*, applying a second coat after the first has dried, if necessary. After that the hang-nail will not bother you and will proceed to cure itself.

**For Split Lips**

Flatten out the lip with the fingers and touch it lightly with *New-Skin*. Hold the lip flat for a moment until the *New-Skin* dries. There will then be no further annoyance and no further temptation to bite or touch the lips.

*New-Skin* is good for Burns, Blisters, Callous Spots and Chafed Feet.

Dept. J, NEWSKIN COMPANY, NEW YORK

For sale by druggists everywhere, 10 and 25 cents, or sent by mail. Stamps taken.

## Summer Comfort

The Same Collar You've Always Worn—Only WATERPROOFED

One of the many reasons why Litholin Waterproofed Linen Collars and Cuffs increase in popularity is that, no matter what the weather may be, or the conditions, they hold their shape, and, if soiled, can be wiped white as new with a damp cloth, in a minute. That cuts out the expense of the laundering, a weekly item which counts heavily in the long run. So, you get style, and save, and have no imitations. Genuine Litholin Goods in RED boxes—look for the trade mark.

COLLARS 25c. CUFFS 50c.

Keep this Ad for future reference

THE FIBERLOID COMPANY
DEPT 3 7 WAVERLY PLACE NEW YORK


had concluded his address on the Kentucky pioneer and Miss Florence Howard had recited effectively "The Blue and the Gray," Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm, a sister of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, pulled the silken cord, and the flags fell apart, dropping gracefully into the arms of the six little girls who were stationed by the pedestal to receive them.

As this heroic bronze image of the martyred President looked out upon the scenes from whence he came, an impressive silence spread over the vast crowd in the Court-House Square. Then, like a rocket, a great cheer went up and the cheers spent themselves spontaneously into the singing of "America." It was one of those lofty moments crowded with inspiration and deep emotion. But in perfect harmony with the spirit and character of the living Lincoln, the moment was not without its humiliating humor. The local band that had done so proudly with "Dixie" and "My Old Kentucky Home" and a military heel-and-toe promenade polka, veered leeward toward the reef and broke hopelessly upon the rocks in the second stanza of the national anthem.

In concluding the exercises, Judge DuRelle, one of the commissioners, accepted the work from the sculptor with words of appropriate appreciation. In turn, Governor Willson accepted the work from the commission on behalf of the Commonwealth and solemnly entrusted its care to the citizens of Hodgenville, by whom, through their Mayor, it was received.

Kentucky's happy recognition of pride in her greatest son was nowhere so well epitomized as in Colonel Henry Watterson's unveiling address. Himself a Kentuckian and a Confederate veteran, he voiced the spirit not of the border State alone, nor yet of the South, but of all the States, when, referring to Lincoln and the Union, he said: "We owe its preservation to his wisdom, to his integrity, to his firmness and his courage. As none other than Washington could have led the armies of the Revolution from Valley Forge to Yorktown, none other than Lincoln could have maintained the Government from Sumter to Appomattox. All of us are Unionists now."

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## The Side Doors of the City of Churches

THE officer of the law was lounging easily near the "side entrance," his elbows planted back of him in a restful position upon the iron window-guard, his club dangling listlessly from his wrist. We took a similar attitude under a big gilt brewery sign across the street. It was Sunday afternoon, and we were doing the saloons about the Hamilton Avenue ferry in Brooklyn. Two of us were Manhattan newspaper scribes; the third, be it confessed, was a public-school teacher.

"Another one of those poor deaf and dumb, blind, and stringhaltered 'cops,'" quoth the pedagogue. "Look at him—too sleepy to turn his head!" At that moment a limply, struggling figure was flung out at the very feet of the officer, and a big man in a white apron appeared for an instant at the doorway. The loafers up and down Hamilton Avenue guffawed. The white-aproned man appeared for a second time and shoved a second "drunk" violently into the street. The policeman exchanged a word with the "barkeep," and, walking over to the edge of the sidewalk, poked the prostrate wretch in the ribs with his club. "Move on there!" came from the lips of authority. The bum staggered in a zigzag toward us, and ended by falling headlong into the open door of the saloon at our back. The "cop" returned to his *post of duty*.

In a large rear room of the saloon we found the "bouncer" and another, a middle-aged and rather pleasant-appearing fellow, industriously drawing beer at a small bar. Through an excess of caution, or some other motive equally superfluous in the saloon business in New York City, the proprietor was not serving drinks in the main barroom that day. The school-teacher placed three nickels on the sudsy copper sink over the spigots and ordered a "short" lager beer: "Make it three," added my fellow-journalist, shrewdly calculating on the plainly suggested five-cent limit. *They* were of gentlemanly "shortness" in comparison with the great urns of splashing yellow stuff that was set out to the herd. The big barkeep rang up the cash register, and, talking pleasantly to us the while, mechanically served a ragged man who was so drunk he could scarcely hold himself up by the slippery bar-rail. The poor fellow spilled half of it on his clothes, wobbled for a moment, and slid to the floor. "T'row that ——— out, too, Jake!" commanded the smaller man disgustedly.

# Of Course you wear a cap

It is the badge of the out-door life for the good dresser, be he man of leisure, business man, professor or President. But what a difference in caps! The swell cap is the

# HEIDCAP

It is the finest cap in the country. It has the lines and the "kick." It makes you look a thoroughbred.

Good haberdashers in the larger cities sell

**THE HEIDCAP $1.00, $1.50, $2.50**

If yours doesn't—or *anyway*—send for the Cap Book. It shows the cap styles followed by the knowing.

Frank P. Heid & Company
DEPT. B, PHILADELPHIA

For "going-away" time—

# VELOX Post Cards

Just slip a package or two in your vacation outfit, along with your Kodak films, and send home pictures that tell the story.

NEPERA DIVISION,
EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

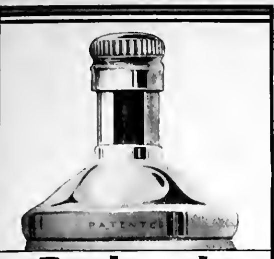
**EASIEST, HANDIEST, QUICKEST COMPUTER**

It does its work perfectly at any angle—can rest on any desk or on book alongside figures you wish to add. A wonder as a saver of time and errors. Capacity, 9,999,999.99. Save time and money—write us today if you'd like to try a

**RAPID COMPUTER ADDING MACHINE**

Every merchant, dealer, bookkeeper and clerk who requires quick, accurate footings should own one and prove for himself its worth and economy. Users call it the "little magician." Let us send one for your inspection. Sale price only $25, sent C. O. D. Money back if it doesn't suit. Get free catalog and detailed description.

RAPID COMPUTER CO., 2075 Tribune Bldg., Chicago




# Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
# Tooth Powder

Cleanses, beautifies and preserves the teeth and purifies the breath

Used by people of refinement for almost Half a Century

Try It On
**BAKED BEANS**

They are made far more digestible with

# LEA & PERRINS
**SAUCE**

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Soups, Fish, Steaks, Roast Meats and many other dishes are improved by its use.

It Aids Digestion.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agts., N. Y.



## Adjustable Shelves
## Sliding Doors

Here is the one sectional bookcase that suits all sizes of books. You can have one row on one side and two or three on the other. This is the Danner Sectional Bookcase.

The case is in double sections. It doesn't look like a sectional case. The double section means better designs.

This is the one sectional case with sliding doors—doors which are always out of the way, open or shut. The doors run on rubber tired casters. They never jam. They are noiseless and dust-proof.

### The One Sectional Case You Can Sweep Under

See how it stands up from the floor. This is the sanitary feature so popular now in desks.

No other case has a consultation leaf to rest heavy books on while simply referring to them.

We make Danner Sectional Cases in all styles and wood finishes. Plain or leaded glass doors.

Here are four separate and immensely valuable features you'll find in no other sectional case on the market. Don't you want our catalog?

THE JOHN DANNER MFG. CO.
21 Holland St. Cantoo, O.

**DANNER** SECTIONAL BOOKCASE



# WIRELESS

gives you more genuine entertainment than anything you have known yet. IT IS NOT necessary to know the code. You can catch messages from any of the [illegible] U. S. Government and Commercial Wireless Stations with apparatus costing no more than $1.50. Complete sending and receiving outfits from $5.00 up. Send TO-DAY two-cent postage for our wonderful 128-page electrical cyclopedia containing all about wireless, diagrams, instructions, etc.

Electro Importing Co., 86c West Broadway, New York
*"Everything for the Experimenter"*




"Jake" obeyed with alacrity. We followed him in time to see the "bum" literally thrown under the feet of the people hurrying to the ferry.

In eleven contiguous blocks in this vicinity we counted seventy saloons, all of them doing business. The one we had visited first was typical. "But," it will be contended, "this is one of the vilest sections of the city."

The next Sunday two of us inspected an entirely reputable section in the Sixth Ward. In the second saloon we visited we saw two little boys, neither of them over ten years of age, served with beer. The same saloon exposed no license and further violated the law by having the front windows entirely screened off. This is not a composite picture, but a real case.

Before our investigations were completed I had drawn a map showing the location of every saloon in the Brooklyn Heights and Red Hook section, and had

*Saloons on Brooklyn Heights and Red Hook*

personally investigated saloons in every ward. In this area of 2,300 acres I found 794 saloons, or one to every 290 people. All of them, or practically all of them, are selling liquor illegally every Sunday of the year. I am convinced that a majority of them are at the same time breaking laws other than those concerning Sunday closing. The most aristocratic "café" on Fulton Street is as guilty as the lowest saloon on Hamilton Avenue or under Brooklyn Bridge. All break the same laws and defy the same complacent public.

It is as a defier of law that the saloon is most menacing. The organized and aggressive liquor interests play too big a part in the making of legislators and legislation. When legislation is unfavorable to itself the saloon, through the deliberate connivance or indifference of its creatures on the bench and in the city departments, contrives to obtain comparative security in the breaking of law. Hence the futility of most excise prosecutions.

It is a deplorable fact, too, that the friends of law enforcement lack efficient organization and real aggressiveness, and, above all else, are they wanting in practicality. Two years ago a Brooklyn clergyman visited an objectionable saloon near his church, ordered beer, dipped his cuffs deep into the foam, and the next day hysterically demanded of a grinning magistrate that his linen be submitted to a chemical analysis. Even with less ludicrous evidence it is ordinarily next to impossible to overcome the "burden of proof" demanded by a "party" magistrate for the conviction of his friend, the saloon-keeper-defendant.

May the present national anti-saloon agitation stir New York at least to the point where good citizens in and out of church may find themselves banded together for the enforcement of our excise laws.


A PLEASING DESSERT

always wins favor for the housekeeper. The many possibilities of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk (unsweetened) make it a boon to the woman who wishes to provide these delicacies for her family with convenience and economy. Dilute Peerless Milk to desired richness and use same as fresh milk or cream.—*Adv.*



# "ANSCO"
# FILM

***The Film that Lifts Amateur Photography from Guesswork to the Realm of Artistic Achievement.***

WITH Ansco Film you can achieve the greatest possible success that your equipment will allow. The Ansco Film gives you not merely a photograph—but an artistically correct rendering of your subject—line for line, shadow for shadow, tone for tone.

The latitude of the Ansco Film is a revelation to the photographer—be he novice, amateur, or advanced. The marvelous pencilings of nature in light and shade—all the numberless gradations which the eye unconsciously catches—can be depicted with unerring fidelity by the Ansco Film. This is what makes successful photography.

Even if your judgment be inaccurate as to proper timing, the great latitude of the Ansco Film aids by giving you an unusually wide range, reducing to a minimum your losses.

The Ansco Film is the highest type of film. It has that fineness of grain of the emulsion so necessary in producing a well-balanced negative.

The speed, combining with the latitude, permits of snap shots, time exposures, interiors, portraits, flash-lights—all the various branches in which the amateur is interested. More than this—the Ansco Film will render harmonious *color values*, presenting chromatic balance truly wonderful. This is especially noticeable when prints are made on Cyko paper, with which you get as truthful a reproduction in monochrome as is possible without special apparatus for orthochromatic work.

Ansco Film fits any camera; exposure numbers always register; non-curling.

*Independent dealers everywhere carry full line of Ansco Film, Cyko Paper, and pure, carefully prepared photographic chemicals. If other dealers will not supply you, do not blame them. An agreement with their manufacturer forbids them. Look for the ANSCO sign.*

**YOURS FOR THE ASKING:** A complete photographic library in two volumes, teaching the art of making prize-winning pictures. Write for it, or ask your nearest dealer.

**Ansco Company, Binghamton, N. Y.**



# ACME QUALITY

PAINTS ENAMELS THE ACME QUALITY KIND STAINS VARNISHES

## Paints and Finishes
For the Home

At this time of the year there are many little jobs of painting and finishing about the home that anyone can accomplish successfully by following the Acme Quality plan.

*Now* is a good time to repaint the floors, to refinish the woodwork, to brighten up the furniture, to redecorate the walls, or to enamel the bathroom.

Acme Quality Paints and Finishes are put up in convenient form for ready use and easy application—just tell your dealer what you want to do and insist on goods bearing the Acme Quality trade-marked label, for—if it's a surface to be painted, enameled, stained, varnished or finished in any way, there's an Acme Quality Kind to fit the purpose.

**Acme Quality Enamel (Neal's)**
Gives that smooth, beautiful, sanitary enamel surface so easy to keep bright and clean. In white or dainty tints.

**Acme Quality Kalsomine**
For walls and ceilings. Mixes with *either* hot or cold water. Flows freely, covers with one coat and does no show laps

**Acme Quality Porch Furniture Enamel**
For finishing porch and lawn chairs, settees, swings, flower stands, rail ings, etc. Imparts a tough, durable finish and prevents rust and decay.

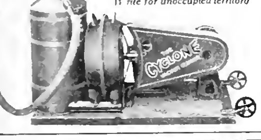
For example, a treasured old chair or other piece of furniture that is badly marred and scratched can be made as good as new. Simply refinish it with Acme Quality Varno-Lac—a stain and varnish combined that imparts the elegant effect and durable, lustrous surface of beautifully finished oak, mahogany or other expensive woods.

### Acme Quality Text Book

The Acme Quality Text Book tells just how to get best results. It is an encyclopedia of paints and finishes, covering every phase of home painting. Tells what to use and how to use it. Free to any address on request.

ACME WHITE LEAD & COLOR WORKS
Dept. P, Detroit, Mich.

IN DETROIT—Life is Worth Living

THE


CYCLONE

VACUUM CLEANER

Cleans Everywhere and Everything

Special attachment for hardwood floors

With a broom you can't get all the dirt. You can't get the dust that is ground in.

The Cyclone Vacuum Cleaner takes up all the dirt and germs. Cleans carpets, floors, upholstery, walls, curtains, etc., thoroughly and without dust or dusting. In getting all the dirt it removes the germs that are continually breeding in the dirt not gotten out by the broom.

The Cyclone requires no mechanical skill. Anyone can clean with it. Not a third of the effort of sweeping and takes about one-tenth the time. There is nothing about the machine to get out of order. It will last a lifetime.

**The saving on carpets will pay for the machine**

Don't be deceived by the extravagant "just as good" claims of the host of imitators. Get the Cyclone—the machine that works, that is made for the home and sold at a home price.

**Write for a Free Book**

and the name of our nearest representative. He will bring the Cyclone to your house and show you in your own home how thoroughly it cleans. Write today.

**The Cyclone Vacuum Cleaner Company**
104-114 Blaisdell Ave., Bradford, Pa.

*Agents wanted*
*Write for unoccupied territory*

# Welch's Grape Juice

has the richness and the flavor of full-ripe, fresh-picked Concord Grapes. It is made by a process which transfers the juice from the clusters to the bottles unchanged in any way and is so pure that physicians prescribe it.

Welch's is put up in the heart of the great Chautauqua Grape Belt under ideal conditions and sold only under the Welch label.

If your dealer doesn't keep Welch's, send $3.00 for trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha. Booklet of forty delicious ways of using Welch's Grape Juice free. Sample 3-oz. bottle by mail, 10c.

**The Welch Grape Juice Co.**
Westfield, N. Y.


# Brickbats and Bouquets

*Kind Words and Bitter Spoken by Editors, Subscribers, and Readers, Regular and Occasional, About Collier's*

"CHARLESTON, W. VA.

"The fight you have been making for fair dealing in the courts between the corporations and the people is worthy the support of all good men, and I hope you will keep it up. The chances for justice to the plain people when fighting the rich corporations are growing less by leaps and bounds, and I tremble to think where the tendency will lead, unless the people can be awakened to their rights by such courageous journals as COLLIER'S. GEORGE BRYNE."

✠

"HOUSTON, TEXAS.

"*Resolved*, That the directors of the Houston Business League wish to express in a formal manner their appreciation of an editorial which appeared in COLLIER'S on March 6, 1909. In giving editorial endorsement to the efforts which Houston has made and is making to place and keep its municipal affairs on a high plane of efficiency, COLLIER'S has helped in a substantial manner. The directors of the Houston Business League feel that a vote of thanks should be extended to the publishers of COLLIER'S, and the secretary is authorized to so notify them.

"GEORGE P. BROWN, Secretary."

✠

"SACRAMENTO, CAL.

"COLLIER'S short stories are always first-class and written by the best authors.

"E. L. PORTER."

✠

"OMAHA, NEB.

"Who pays for this standing advertisement attacking Senator Cummins of Iowa—Aldrich or Joe Cannon? This is the first time I have ever written to any editor criticizing an article—I know better than to do it. But you seem to invite brickbats, and here is a pressed bat of full size, made in Omaha, the market town.

"WILL A. CAMPBELL."

✠

"ALLANDALE, R. I.

"I greatly admire the individual or corporation who can get ten cents per head from so many people in exchange for copies of that conglomerate mass of illustrated advertising, side-issue matter, and fiction, known as COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

"ALFREDO COULTON."

✠

"ANDOVER, MASS.

"I have always had the greatest possible admiration for COLLIER'S, both in regard to business policy and literary ideals.

"H. WILMOT BLACK."

✠

"BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

"If COLLIER'S continues the consistent policy of its life so far, I shan't quarrel, even if I am accused of having COLLIER'S form all my opinions for me. Your editorials are the best; your stories are as good as the best; your attitude toward contemporaries of all grades and classes is noble, and is unique at least in being so outspoken; your work against quack doctors, patent-medicines, gold brick and gold mining schemes, United States Senators, and other public parasites and nuisances is unequaled and invaluable. No other paper has learned so well as you that it pays to defend the people's interests, and, under this high principle, your influence must grow immeasurably as the years go by. GEO. S. BROWN, M.D."

✠

"Taking into consideration the virile, talented men it has assembled in its editorial rooms and the widening scope of their influence, COLLIER'S seems destined to become a permanently potent factor in our national life. May the spirit of its brave, clean old founder live on in COLLIER'S. May it continue to represent all that is pure and square and valiant in the citizenship of the Republic!"

—Butte (Mont.) *News*.

Buy A *Guaranteed* LEATHER BELT

You can't afford to buy unreliable belting that nobody backs up—

Reliance belting is guaranteed and if it *should* go wrong we make it right—

We can afford to guarantee it because we spare no pains or expense in the making—

We cut it from the choicest center stock of No. 1 Packer hides—no shoulders or belly—oak tanned by the long process.

Skilled hand labor and the most improved machinery combine to turn out a flawless product. For instance, currying, cutting and selecting—all particular work—is done by experts *by hand*.

Scarfing, feather edging, joining are done by modern machines that work with infinitely greater exactness than the most practiced hand.

But that's only a single one of many points that go to make the name

**RELIANCE**

mean so much on a belt. We can't tell you all the others here, but write us and we'll go into details and advise you what size and ply belt will do your work most effectively.

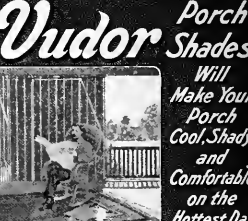
We also manufacture four other brands that are equally as good as Reliance for specific purposes.

Don't experiment with belts. No mill man or manufacturer can afford to. It means fearful loss before you get through. Specify Reliance—the guaranteed belt—and save needless expense and trouble. Write for book today and learn more about Reliance superiority.

**Chicago Belting Co., 16 South Green St., Chicago**



*Vudor* Porch Shades Will Make Your Porch Cool, Shady, and Comfortable on the Hottest Day.



They keep out the glare and the heat of the sun yet leave the porch airy and breeze-open.

Vudor Porch Shades are made of wide strips of linden wood, firmly bound with strong seine twine and are artistically stained with weather-proof colors. They last for years. Vudor Porch Shades cost from $2.25 up, according to width, and a porch of ordinary size can be completely equipped with them at a cost of from $5 to $10.

**Write for Booklet and Name of Local Dealer**

We will send you free, upon receipt of a postal card request, the beautiful Vudor booklet, fully describing and illustrating, in actual colors, Vudor Porch Shades and Vudor Re-enforced Hammocks. With the booklet we will send you name of dealer in your town.

**HOUGH SHADE CORPORATION, 229 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.**



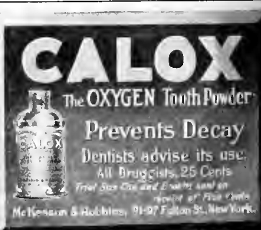
**This is a Real Automobile on High Wheels**

We ask experts to read our catalog and take our cars apart to discover how we could improve them. And we ask you to send us your name and read our catalog to understand why we have spent so much time and money to make the Schacht the highest standard high-wheel automobile in the world. You should not risk buying any car of this type before investigating the differences in money-worth values. Write us for the book.

THE INVINCIBLE **SCHACHT**

**Schacht Mfg. Co., 2735 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O.**

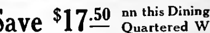







Save $17.50 on this Dining Table in Quartered White Oak

Retail store price, $32—our Comepackt price $14.50—you put the finished sections together yourself. A few minutes easy work without tools saves you over half on




Over 100 other handsome pieces in our new catalog—all GUARANTEED. Write today.

*Extends 8 feet.*

**International Mfg. Co., 613 Edwin St., Ann Arbor, Mich.**



AS YOU change from heavy to light underwear in hot weather, so you should lay aside close, unventilated shoes and put on cool, comfortable, ventilated shoes. You will know what foot comfort is when you

**Wear E. C. Ventilated Shoes in Summer**

STYLE No. 1
Ventilated Oxford in TAN and BLACK.
Sizes and Prices
9-2 for girls and boys $2.00
2½-6 for women and youths $2.50
6-12 for men . . . . . $3.00

Men, women and children find them of the greatest comfort. E. C. VENTILATED SHOES are the only common-sense shoes for the whole family in hot weather. They will relieve many a foot ill caused by close shoes.

STYLE No. 2
TAN GRAIN
Sizes and Prices
4-8 Infants' $0.85
8 2 Children's $1.00
2 6 Girls and Boys' $1.25
6 12 Men's $1.50

Made over the most up-to-date lasts, of the very best material and in the most careful manner. Look for the trade mark—E. C. VENTILATED SHOES—on the sole. Ask your dealer for E. C. VENTILATED SHOES. If he cannot supply you write us and we will ship them prepaid upon receipt of price. Address Dept. I for circular.

ENGEL-CONE SHOE COMPANY, EAST BOSTON, MASS.



Music For Hot Weather

complete with 12 Finest Records for only $5.50

Dept 67 Chicago

We Supply the U. S. Government.

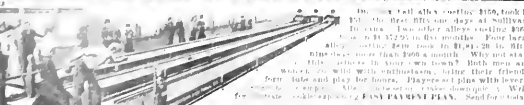
Prices Cut in Half

Our large new 101 page Band Instrument catalog Sent FREE. Write to-day.

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO.
163 E. 4th St., Cincinnati; or
295 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.



HOW YOU CAN EARN $300 OR MORE A MONTH



Two box ball alleys costing $150, took in $[illegible] the first fifty one days at Sullivan, Indiana. Two other alleys costing $365, took in $1,372.95 in five months. Four large alleys costing $910 took in $1,[illegible].20 in fifty-nine days, more than $400 a month. Why not start in this business in your own town? Both men and women go wild with enthusiasm, bring their friends, form clubs and play for hours. Players set pins with lever—[illegible] Write for [illegible] EASY PAYMENT PLAN. Send for it today.

AMERICAN BOX BALL CO., 305 Van Buren Street, Indianapolis, Indiana

*IF IT ISN'T AN EASTMAN, IT ISN'T A KODAK.*

# For old and young there is fascination in photography—a fascination that becomes a lasting satisfaction for those who spell camera, K-O-D-A-K.

**For more than twenty years, Kodak has been first in photographic progress. It was first to offer the advantages of film photography, first to offer the advantages of daylight loading, first to offer the advantages of daylight development, first to offer the advantages of**

# KODAK

## ORTHOCHROMATIC FILM.

Kodak film has the orthochromatic quality (the quality which renders true color *values*—does not show blue as white nor red and yellow as black) in a far greater degree than any other film. Kodak film does not curl, and is remarkable for its non-halation properties.

We have made glass plates for almost thirty years; we have made films for twenty-five years; we have made transparent films for twenty years; we have made orthochromatic films for nearly seven years; we have made non-curling film for six years. To say nothing of our superior facilities and factories, we have a manufacturing experience that money cannot buy.

The picture depends upon the film far more than upon lens or upon camera. Load your camera with Kodak N. C. Film, the dependable film, the film which is not an experiment.

Look for N C NON-CURLING on the Box and "KODAK" on the Spool End.

**EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,**
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

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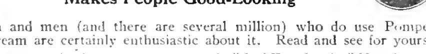
Read These



# RARE LETTERS!

**Revealing How Pompeian Face Cream Makes People Good-Looking**

Women and men (and there are several million) who do use Pompeian Massage Cream are certainly enthusiastic about it. Read and see for yourself.

**Note:** These unusual endorsements were sent to the "Good Housekeeping" Magazine, a publication, noted for its discriminating class of readers. From the many letters received we reproduce a few (exactly as written except the underscorings). Obviously, we are not at liberty to publish the names of the writers of these unusual endorsements. But upon request we will give names and addresses.

## What Women Say:

Pompeian Massage Cream has marvelous cleaning qualities. I have seen a woman go to her room *looking haggard, weary and worn*, and issue therefrom a short time after looking *as if she had discovered the bloom of youth*, the skin was so rosy, and the tired lines so much less observable. Mrs ——, Detroit, Mich.

Because I like to be *clean "cell deep"* I like Pompeian Massage Cream. The first time I used it I was as startled as at my first Turkish bath. Mrs ——, Everett, Mass.

Pompeian Massage Cream certainly works wonders for one who uses it perseveringly. I have fairly scoured my skin with soap and water, then after using Pompeian Cream was able to rub off what looked like dirt. It *gives one a sense of freshness and cleanliness* unequalled by anything I have ever used. Mrs. ——, Bristol, R. I.

I have used Pompeian Massage Cream with gratifying results. I know it will remove all facial blemishes, smooth out all lines and wrinkles, and *is an absolutely necessary article on the toilet table of any refined woman.* Mrs. ——, Columbia, Tenn.

I went out with my sister one morning and saw one whole side of a front window of a drug store decorated with nothing but Pompeian Massage Cream. We purchased a supply. She writes to know if I am still growing young, which, of course, I am. *It is one of the luxuries of my life.* It goes so far as to make me feel at peace with all the world. Mrs ——, Orwell, N. Y.

I have *used Pompeian Massage Cream for three or four years* and could write volumes on its excellent qualities—space, however, forbids. Miss ——, Detroit, Mich.

Pompeian Massage Cream *leaves the skin soft, cool, and velvety. My husband uses it always after shaving.* We began its use through advertisements in Good Housekeeping. Mrs. ——, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Pompeian Massage Cream is *excellent for the skin, giving it a soft, healthy look.* Miss ——, Masonville, Canada.

We have used and like Pompeian Massage Cream. It is an excellent article and *does not need the use of powder after its use.* Mrs. ——, Omaha, Neb.

## What the Men Say:

We have used Pompeian Massage Cream in our family for some time, and all are equally pleased with its beneficial effects. My son who is just beginning to shave, was greatly troubled with his face until some friend *recommended him to try Pompeian Massage Cream after shaving*, and the trouble disappeared entirely after its use and has not returned. My young daughter has been troubled with freckles for some time, but since using the cream they are hardly to be noticed. Mr. ——, Denver, Col.

The skin feels *delightfully refreshed after the use of Pompeian Massage Cream*, and *looks clean and healthy.* A 50c jar lasts a long time. Mr. ——, Denver, Col.

---

I am approaching forty-eight years of age, and it is a difficult matter to convince any of my customers or friends who do not know my age that I am that old. They guess my age at not more than thirty-five. And I attribute my youthful appearance to the use of "Pompeian Massage," and one massage a week does the business, and the massage treatment enables me to shave once a day, whereas, before I began using the massage, three shaves a week was all my face would stand for. If this unsolicited testimonial of the merits of Pompeian Massage will avail you anything for publication I authorize you to use it. W. H. Hoffman, Cincinnati, O.

I find your cream to be *very good after a shave.* It makes the face feel better and *does away with the stinging, itchy feeling.* I have procured a couple of bottles. W. A. McNell, Richmond, Va.

I state with pleasure that *I have been using your massage cream a very long time*, and heartily recommend it to all, as I think it is the best made and the best ever will be made. I think a *gentleman's cabinet is not complete without it.* It is very refreshing and healing, *especially when a man shaves.* It instantly relieves that sore and itchy feeling. I am more than pleased with it. Chas. J. Hromatka, 928 Perry St., Allegheny, Pa.

**Note:** Last 3 endorsements taken from the hundreds of unsolicited ones on file in our office.

# Pompeian Massage Cream

**"PROMOTES GOOD LOOKS"**

Pompeian Massage Cream is the largest selling face cream in the world, 10,000 jars being made and sold daily. 50c, 75c or $1 a jar, sent postpaid to any part of the world on receipt of price if dealer hasn't it. 50,000 dealers sell Pompeian. 40,000 barber shops use it.

## Get a Trial Jar and Book

**Cut off Coupon NOW Before Paper is Lost**

This special trial jar affords a generous supply, with which you can try out for yourself the wonderful pore-cleansing qualities of Pompeian Massage Cream. You can also discover its almost immediate effects in giving a natural, fresh, healthy glow to the skin. A wonderfully improved complexion will be yours through the steady use of Pompeian Cream. The illustrated book is an invaluable guide for the proper care of the skin. Send 6c. in coin or stamps. U. S. stamps only.

**THE POMPEIAN MFG. COMPANY**
3 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio
"Library slips saved (one in every package) means magazines and books earned."

CUT OUT ALONG THIS LINE, FILL IN AND MAIL TO-DAY

The Pompeian Mfg. Co.
3 Prospect St.
Cleveland, Ohio

*Gentlemen:* Enclosed find 6c. Please send me one copy of your famous illustrated massage book and a special trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name ....................................

Address ....................................

....................................

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## The Evenings at Any Summer Resort

And the character of the social life there are very important in their influence upon your holiday. At the

## Thousand Islands
## Adirondack Mountains
## New England Seashore

there are high-class hotels frequented by refined people, with evening dances, parties and concerts, at which all visitors of refinement in the settlement—whether guests of the hotel or not—are made welcome.

**Let Us Suggest a Vacation Trip**

If you will tell us the number in your party, the length of time and amount of money you desire to spend in connection with your holiday, whether you want continuous traveling or not, and give some idea of your taste regarding surroundings, amusements, etc., we will propose one or two trips for your consideration, with complete information. Address New York Central Lines Travel Bureau, Room 784, Grand Central Station, New York, or Room 448, La Salle Street Station, Chicago.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES
"America's Greatest Railway System"

---

# 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We will ship you a **"RANGER" BICYCLE on approval, freight prepaid** to any place in the United States *without a cent deposit in advance*, and allow ten days free trial from the day you receive it. If it does not suit you in every way and is not all or more than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere else regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will *not be out one cent.*

**LOW FACTORY PRICES** We sell the highest grade bicycles direct from factory to rider at **lower prices** than any other house. We save you $10 to $25 middlemen's profit on every bicycle—highest grade models with Puncture-Proof tires, Imported Roller chains, pedals, etc., at prices no higher than cheap mail order bicycles; also reliable medium grade models at **unheard of low prices.**

**RIDER AGENTS WANTED** in each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1909 Ranger Bicycle furnished by us. **You will be astonished** at the *wonderfully low prices* and the liberal propositions and special offers we will give on the first 1909 sample going to your town. **Write at once** for our *special offer.*

**DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our catalogue and learn our low prices and liberal terms. **BICYCLE DEALERS:** you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

**SECOND HAND BICYCLES**—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at **$3 to $8 each.** Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

**TIRES, COASTER BRAKES,** single wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at **half the usual prices.**

**DO NOT WAIT** but write today for our *Large Catalog* beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. **Write it now**

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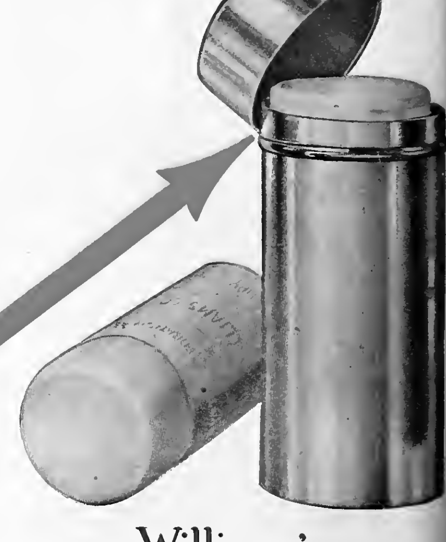

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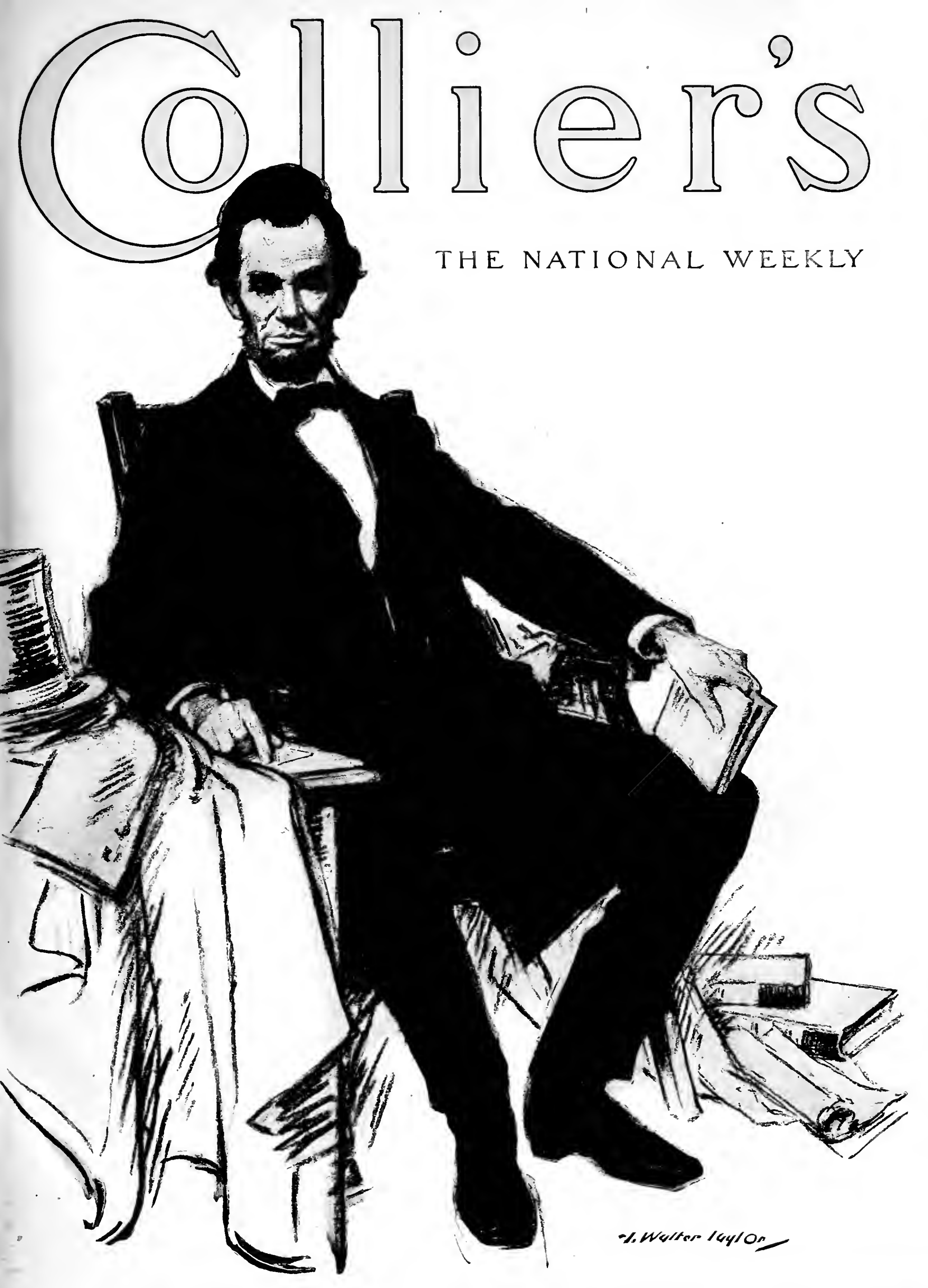


VOL XXXVIII NO 20
FEBRUARY 9 1907

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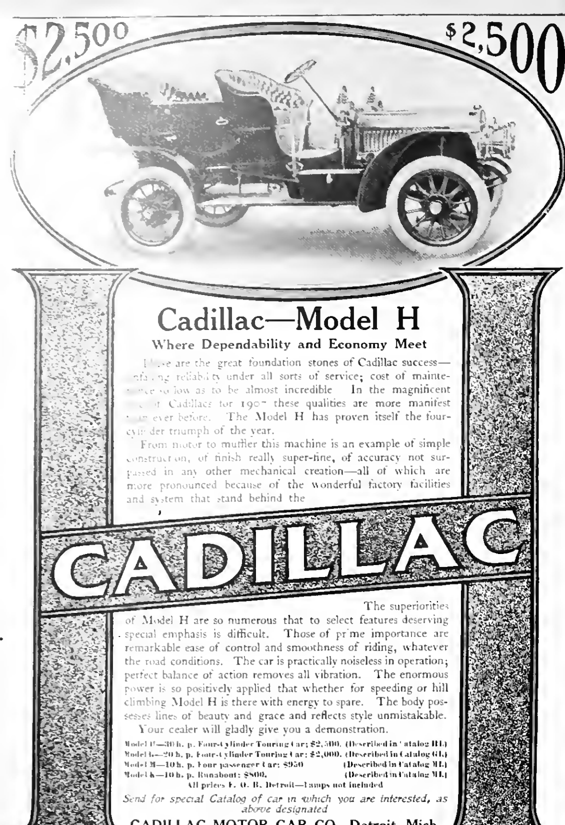

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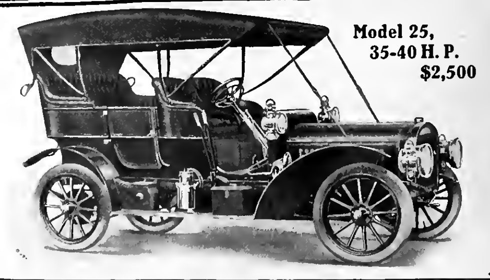

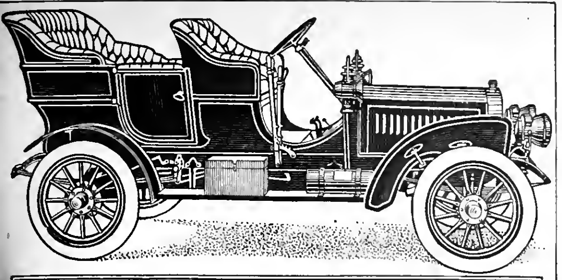

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He was sitting on the driver's seat of a Mitchell Model F, proudly extolling the virtues of his car to his professional brothers.

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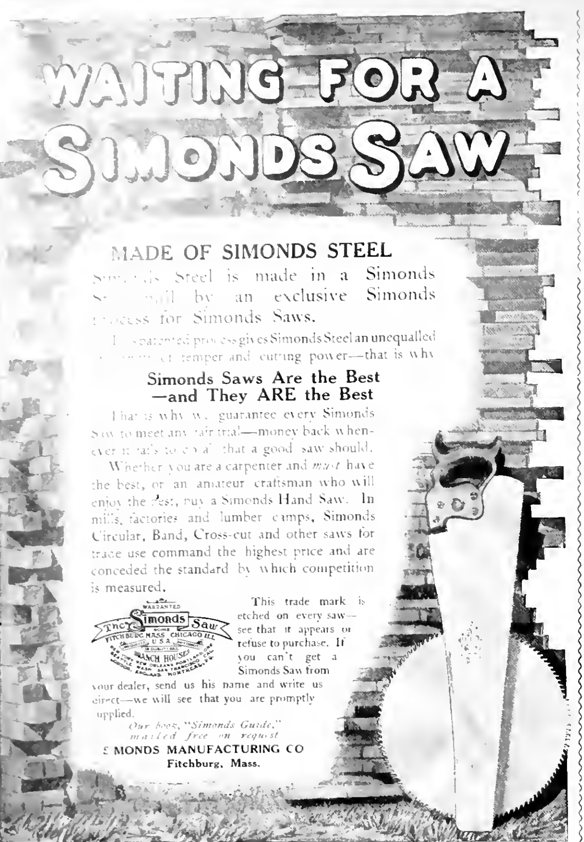


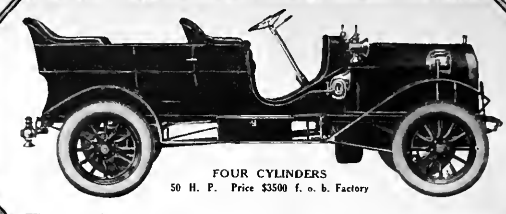

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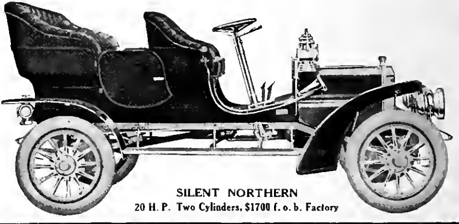

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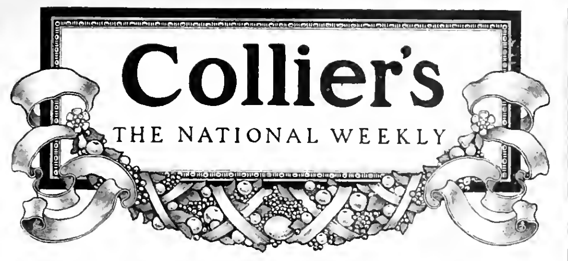


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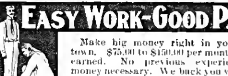


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I Pay $25 for the rare half dollars of 1853, $40 for the Stellas of 1879, $200 for the 1880, $80 for the gold dollars of 1875 and $50 for the three dollars 1875, $25 for dimes 1894 m. m. S. $1 to $250 each for the Territorial coins 1849 to 1861, and from $1 to $... for thousands of other rare coins, stamps and paper money. Send a stamp for an illustrated circular; it may lead to wealth and independence. Address the most reliable coin dealer. 18 years at the present location
CERTAIN COINS WANTED
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NO ADVERTISER WHOSE HONESTY THE PUBLISHERS HAVE THE LEAST REASON TO DOUBT WILL BE ALLOWED IN THESE COLUMNS. SHOULD, HOWEVER, OUR READERS DISCOVER ANY MISREPRESENTATION, A PROMPT REPORT THEREOF WILL BE APPRECIATED

[illegible] years' labor a perfect [illegible] an hour, good hill [illegible] Success Auto Buggy [illegible] Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

WE MAKE METAL [illegible] AND BATTERY BOXES for [illegible] Garage Floor Pans fitted [illegible] and description. Hayes Mfg. [illegible] Detroit, Mich.

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BURLEW Detective Service, Established 1888, Denver, Colo., Box 392. Answers inquiries concerning the West; Industrial, Mining Stocks; Agriculture, Dry Farming, Irrigation; Missing People; General Information. Full fee one dollar ($1.00). Unless answer satisfactory, fee returned.

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***Advertising rate $2.50 per line.***

***5% DISCOUNT FOR CASH WITH ORDER***

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416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

*Please enter order for ______ lines, ______ times, in your Classified columns, under appropriate heading. Enclosed find $______ in payment.*

*Signed__________*

(Attach copy to this order.)

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AGENTS WANTED. Insurance. Tea and Coffee Solicitors, Canvassers, anyone earning less than $50.00 weekly wake up. Our attractive soap and toilet article combinations with valuable premiums sell for 35c. Cost agent 10c. to 15c. Sample prepaid 35c. One agent sold 66 boxes first day, profit $13.20. Crew Managers wanted. Davis Soap Co., 22 Union Park Ct., Chicago.

DO NOT ANSWER THIS UNLESS YOU MEAN BUSINESS. Send 25c. for sample and offer. Will extend credit to reliable and worthy agents. Address The King Mfg. Co., 1 Washington St., Room 31, Boston, Mass.

CORRESPONDENCE solicited for sale of workmen's leather gloves and gauntlets. All territory in United States west of Chicago; small towns especially. Write Continental Glove Co., Duquesne Way, Pittsburg, Pa.

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DEAF OR HARD OF HEARING persons find lip reading simple, easy, practical; oral or mail; terms easy. Bank and other references throughout the U. S. Address C. L. Lipmann, P. O. Drawer 2618, Boston.

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FRESH FISH. Have a Perch Fry. Treat your friends. Lake Perch, "The sweetest fish that swims," skinned and dressed, headless, ready for the pan, no further trouble to prepare for cooking. Solid meat, no waste. 8 lb. basket, $1.00—5 lb. basket, 75c., express prepaid. No shipments made to points south of the Ohio River. Wisconsin Fishing Company, Green Bay, Wis.

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1000 POST CARDS $6.00; 500, $4.00. Made to order from any photo or print with your imprint on each as publisher. Workmanship guaranteed. Goods delivered within 10 days. Rich Photo Process Co., Dept. A, 28 East 23d St., New York.

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## TYPEWRITERS OFFICE SUPPLIES

TYPEWRITERS. All makes. Big bargains now in machines. Positively Rebuilt with latest improvements. Best visible writer made, at great reduction. Factory rebuilt. Guaranteed like new. Every machine warranted one year. Rebuilt Typewriter Co., 29 Dearborn St., Chicago.

FOYER TYPEWRITER RIBBONS sold direct from factory to you, for every make of Typewriting Machine any color, record or copying at $4.00 per dozen, express prepaid. If you have never used Foyer Ribbons send One Dollar for three full length trial Ribbons "on approval." Give them the hardest test and you will find same equal in every respect to the best you have ever used. If not entirely satisfactory return at our expense and your money back—instantly. Chas. A. Foyer & Company, 92 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

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HAVE YOU EVER ADMIRED ONE OF COLLIER'S COLORED PICTURES? Have you ever wished that you had a copy to hang on your wall? Probably we have a print of that very picture all ready for you to frame. Send 10 cents for a catalogue with 160 miniature reproductions of Collier's best pictures. C. W. Stevens Co., 410 West 13th St., New York City.

"BEAUTY IS POWER," and you should know how beauty may be cultivated and retained under almost any condition. A beautiful woman can always charm and entertain. My booklet tells you many helpful things. It's free. Mme. Des Rochers, Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

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F. FOY, BOX 24, DES MOINES, IOWA

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stopped; "3-in-One" oils everything right, locks, clocks, hinges, sewing machines, typewriters; generous free sample sent by G. W. Cole Co., 152 Broadway, New York.

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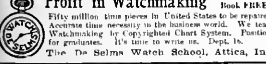
The De Selms Watch School, Attica, Ind.



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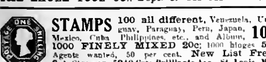
THE EAGLE TOOL CO., Dept. C, CINCINNATI, O.



## STAMPS

100 all different, Venezuela, Uruguay, Paraguay, Peru, Japan, Mexico, Cuba, Philippines, etc., and Album, 10c. 1000 FINELY MIXED 20c; 1000 hinges 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. New List Free. C. A. Stegman, 5940 Cote Brilliante Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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Generous sample "3-in-One" for your sewing machine; oils perfectly, won't gum, collect dust, turn rancid; lasts long; free from acid. Write G. W. Cole Co., 152 Bdwy., N. Y.

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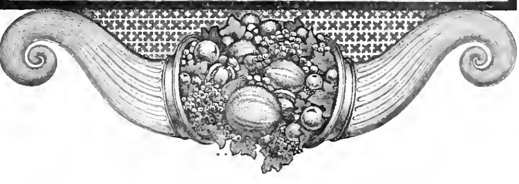
WANTED in every county to sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife

Good commission paid. From $75 to $300 a month can be made. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Co., No. 40 Bar St., Canton, O.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S


# EDITORIAL BULLETIN



NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1907

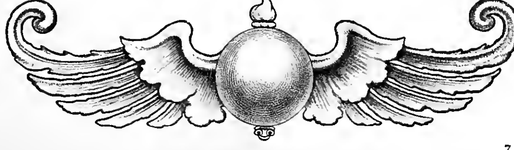
¶ A year ago this week the Lincoln Farm Association, which was organized to make a national memorial and historic park of the farm upon which Abraham Lincoln was born, made its first appeal to the American people. Collier's believes that in this anniversary number nothing of wider interest to its readers could be published than a brief review of the first year's work of the Association, and such stories as emphasize the human side of the nation's great hero, whose memory the Association proposes to honor. In our Lincoln Number, a year ago, we pictured by photograph the actual condition of this historic little farm as it looked at the time when this new patriotic association acquired it for national uses. In this issue we try to picture the farm as it may be developed by this Association. The Association to-day has a membership of over twenty thousand patriotic Americans, whose average subscription has been a little over $1.40. The subscriptions and applications for membership have been increasing with each succeeding month, which is both a hopeful and a wholesome sign, until we find the close of the first year of the Association bringing into its treasurer's office an average of about $1,000 a week.

¶ The Lincoln Farm Association, because of this growing interest on the part of the American public in this patriotic movement, has reason to believe that with the country's unprecedented prosperity at this time membership will increase in this Association so rapidly that the close of the second year of the Association will find the treasury of the society possessed of, approximately, one million dollars. This is the hope of the Board of Trustees.

¶ With this money the Association proposes to make this national park express in every way, through its forests, its tilled fields, its monuments, its historic log cabin, and its beautiful historic museum, the frontier life of the yeomanry who paved the way for our larger national life and into which Abraham Lincoln was born.

¶ All this must be completed and in readiness within two years from this week, when the centennial of Lincoln's birth will be celebrated on the grounds. The Lincoln Farm Association proposes to make this centennial celebration one of the most significant and inspiring events in American history. To accomplish this, they must appeal to the patriotic sympathies of every American citizen. That the Association may be purely democratic, and receive the support of all the people, rather than the wealthy few, subscriptions are limited to $25.00 and membership is given to those who subscribe as little as 25 cents By sending any amount ranging within these sums, as a subscription, to the treasurer of the Lincoln Farm Association a certificate of membership will be issued in the name of the subscriber and promptly forwarded. The certificates of membership, as described on page 13 of this issue, are handsomely engraved from steel plates, bearing a portrait of Lincoln, a picture of the log cabin in which he was born, and the White House as it appeared when he occupied it; it also bears the autographs of the officers and trustees and the seal of the Association.

¶ To become a member, send your name and address, plainly written, with contribution, to Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, Treasurer of The Lincoln Farm Association, 74 Broadway, New York City.



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Mention Collier's 2-9-'07

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is a term which means charging a battery while the battery is giving off current. The Apple Ignition System works on this principle. The Apple Battery Charger furnishes a current for charging storage batteries at the same time and rate that the batteries give off current, thus increasing the battery's efficiency, lengthening its life, and saving charging expense incurred otherwise.

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Vol. I. 35 Easiest Pieces, $1.00
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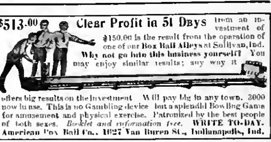
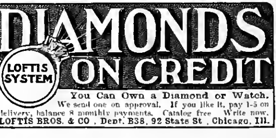
*Send for list of contents*

ARTHUR P. SCHMIDT, 120 Boylston St. BOSTON



## $513.00 Clear Profit in 51 Days from an investment of $150.00

$150.00 is the result from the operation of one of our Box Ball Alleys at Sullivan, Ind. Why not go into this business yourself? You may enjoy similar results; any way it offers big results on the investment. Will pay big in any town. 3000 now in use. This is no Gambling device but a splendid Bowling Game for amusement and physical exercise. Patronized by the best people of both sexes. *Booklet and information free.* WRITE TO-DAY. American Box Ball Co., 1027 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.



## DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

LOFTIS SYSTEM

You Can Own a Diamond or Watch. We send one on approval. If you like it, pay 1-5 on delivery, balance 8 monthly payments. Catalog free. Write now. LOFTIS BROS. & CO., Dept. B38, 92 State St., Chicago, Ill.

## SIMPLE PATENT FOR SALE OUTRIGHT

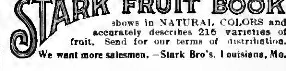
A durable, convenient and timesaving apparatus for holding a hose to shower weak and aching joints on horses. Every stable is waiting for one. The metal parts complete weigh ten ounces. There are eighteen millions of horses in the United States. It's the natural and humane treatment for lame and sore horses, leaves no mark nor blemish, can be accomplished while the horse is feeding. For particulars, write Will J. O'Donnell, 5 Atlas St., Rochester, N. Y.

## No Money

Just ask for a generous trial bottle; "3-in-One" cleans and polishes all veneered and varnished surfaces; saves old furniture. Write G. W. Cole Co., 152 Broadway, New York.

## PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free report as to patentability. Illustrated GUIDE BOOK and WHAT TO INVENT with valuable List of Inventions Wanted sent free. ONE MILLION DOLLARS offered for one invention; $16,000 for others. Patents secured by us advertised free in World's Progress; sample free. EVANS, WILKENS & CO., Washington, D. C.



## STARK FRUIT BOOK

shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes 216 varieties of fruit. Send for our terms of distribution. We want more salesmen.—Stark Bro's, Louisiana, Mo.

## HEIRS WANTED for unclaimed estates in America and foreign countries. HEIRS

In our office we have a book with thousands of names who have been advertised for. Yours or your ancestor's name may be among them. We have a number of those books just published, including Chancery Courts of England. Price, $1. postpaid. INTERNATIONAL CLAIM AGENCY, Dept. C, 2453 5th Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

## Get Ready for Washington's Birthday

A good Court Wig, 75c. Fine high grade wig, $4.00. Mustache Mask, 15c. ORDER NOW. The demand will be large. Send 4c in stamps for "The Art of Makeup" and our large catalogue. B. TRADEMORE & CO., Toledo, O.

## Rust

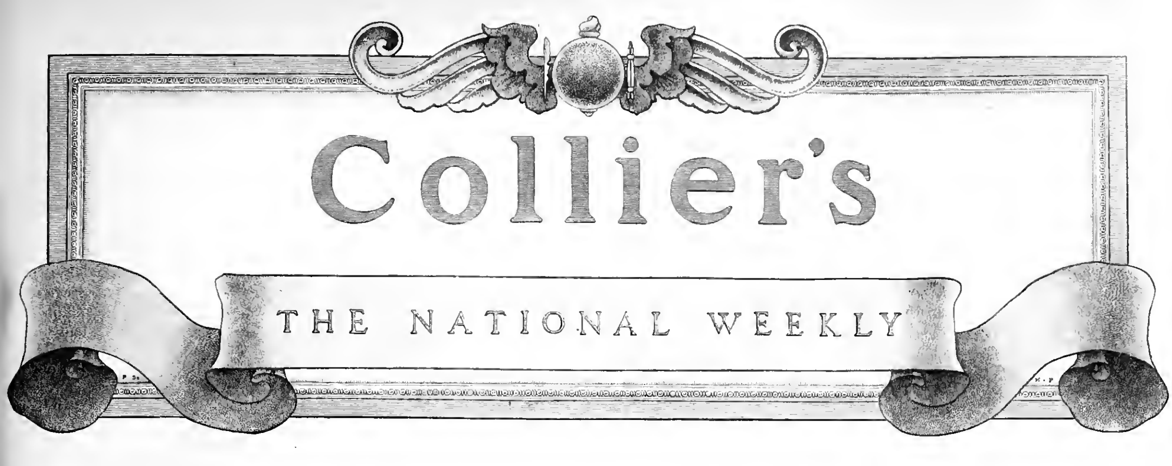
positively prevented by "3-in-One" on anything metal indoors or out; keeps everything bright; oils everything right; free from acid; free sample. G. W. Cole Co., 152 Broadway, New York.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

[illegible] PLOTS AGAINST THE GIANT — PAINTED BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

[illegible] A band of uncouth dwarfs surrounded [illegible]




LOOKING BACKWARD at men who have greatly lived is ever one of the strengthening privileges of those coming after. Those who have risen to high occasions become the models of the future. And no better model has been set before a country, in all history, than those with which America is blessed. Among the leaders most eminent in the story of our continent LINCOLN more than any other is called upon in reference to the deeds and principles of our day. What LINCOLN by supposition would have done is an allegation that ever carries weight; and this is because he stands to every mind for wisdom, charity, and devotion; for no party, no section, no ambition; for all that meant virtue, measure, and reality; for nothing that meant egotism, noise, cruelty, or haste. "A great man," said the eloquent JEREMY, "is affable in his converse, generous in his temper, and equally removed from the extremes of servility and pride." And another philosopher calls him greatest who is most resolutely right, calmest in storms, and cheeriest under the heaviest burden. This, indeed, is another and a nobler view than the one which pays tribute to

LINCOLN IN 1907

"the greatest chief
That ever peopled hell with heroes."

It is a view of greatness which grows stronger with the freeing of mankind. It is a view to which the appreciation of LINCOLN is largely due. His was a spirit of morality. It was humble. He saw this little world by the landmarks of eternity. LINCOLN'S poetry and humanity of vision equaled his clear thrust of mind: they are part of that image which lives in the heart of man.

LINCOLN'S FARM will be dedicated to the public in 1909. Those acres on which the child ABRAHAM first saw the day will be turned over to the nation just one hundred years from the time when he was born. The preparation of this tract for its memorial purpose might have been accomplished by a few men, or one, who happened to have wealth. It is far more fitting that it should be accomplished by the men and women and children of all our States, and we invite especially the participation of those from whom a quarter of one dollar is a mighty gift. And let these silver pieces come from Maine and California, from South Carolina and from Louisiana.

IN MEMORY

"May one who fought in honor for the South
Uncovered stand and sing by LINCOLN'S grave?"

He was of the South as much as of the North; of the East as of the West; of to-day as of the period in which his body lived. His childhood home, tended and visited by his people, will be an expression of our affection and a monument forever to the services which he was permitted in sorrow and devotion to perform.

THE JOURNALIST, poor dear, is usually conceived of by his compeers as MACAULAY conceived of BROUGHAM: "a kind of semi-Solomon, half-knowing everything, from the cedar to the hyssop." In contact with every shade of opinion all the time, a genial skepticism about the absolute is his natural mood. It is characteristically American also, this freedom from certainty, and has been often expressed by the most American of her poets, by EMERSON in one way, by WHITMAN in another. Says WALT:

APROPOS OF NOTHING

"Maybe the things I perceive, the animals, plants, men, hills, shining and flowing waters,
The skies of day and night, colors, densities, forms, maybe these are (as doubtless they are) only apparitions, and the real something has yet to be known."

All this may seem remote from the topics of the day, but even in journalism there exists the human soul, which loves to stretch itself occasionally, and strut about, and flap its wings. Hence this irrelevant declaration that writers may be fallible, not only individually, but even in their awful entity. Indeed, anybody who disagrees with us on any point has only to read this paragraph with attention, and peace should be restored to him.

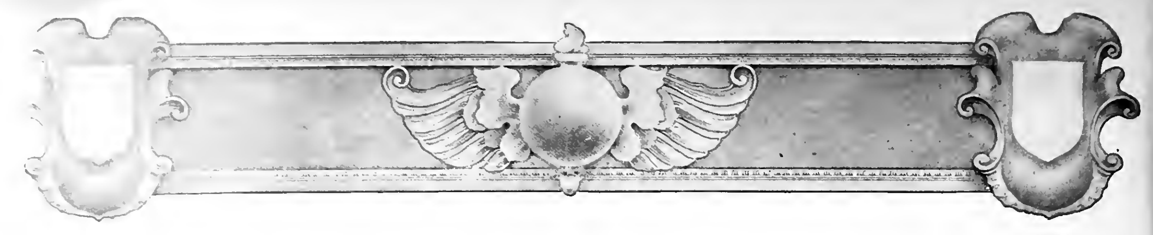
OF A BILL introduced into the New Jersey Assembly by ARCHIBALD S. ALEXANDER, the title, now complicated, would be more definite and full of meaning thus: "An act to provide for the return of goods stolen from the policy-holders of the Prudential Insurance Company." The original bill was a "sneak," passed in 1880, which took away from the policy-holders of the Prudential their right to vote, and vested in the stockholders that control over the surplus which Mr. DRYDEN and his friends have used to their great enrichment. Mr. ALEXANDER'S bill, should it become a law, would simply restore to the policy-holders their charter right to vote. It would not, unhappily, restore to them the millions which the DRYDENS and the WARDS have taken from the surplus. Let every New Jersey policy-holder in the Prudential keep a vigilant eye on this bill. An amiable Speaker has already started it on the way to somnolence by referring it to the Committee on Banking and Insurance, notorious for its habit of serving DRYDEN and the Prudential alone. But the Prudential policy-holders can get the bill before the House for a hearing if each will write to his Assemblyman. An active fight on this bill would give Uncle JOHN something to occupy his mind in odd moments, when he is not busy earning either his $65,000 salary from the Prudential or his $5,000 salary from the United States.

STOLEN GOODS

SHONTS GOES; STEVENS remains. SHONTS, railroad promoter and manipulator, with his thoughts naturally running on the stock-market; STEVENS, engineer, professional enthusiast, his thoughts running on excavation, track-laying, and problems of construction. It is no secret that these two men of wholly different types did not get on well together. The workers in rain and sun looked on SHONTS when he came to the Isthmus as the curious native of out-of-way places views the occasional tourist; STEVENS, with his Grant-like doggedness and his Lincolnian way of telling a story to ease a situation or to make a point, was going and coming among them every day. Other engineers may question whether or not STEVENS is a great engineer, but in the way he turned demoralized battalions into a confident army and brought order out of chaos he showed the qualities of leadership which a crisis or a mighty enterprise requires. With the plant established, the need of more than a purchasing agency at home has passed. What a Cabinet position was to friend MORTON the chairmanship of the Isthmian Canal Commission was to THEODORE SHONTS. Both passed on to the "higher up" of their lexicon. The "higher up" of STEVENS'S lexicon is to finish the job on this line if he has to remain through ten all-the-year-round equatorial summers. Affairs which are professional and expert the public must trust mainly to an expert. On STEVENS'S shoulders the responsibility for success or failure is now squarely placed. The guerdon of success will be enduring fame. There were but two continents to cut; and DE LESSEPS cut the other.

STEVENS IN COMMAND

"I REPEAT," screams LAWSON, "I reiterate," "I advise unqualifiedly," "as President of Trinity and as an individual"—I, the man who exposed life insurance, the confounder and confuser of the System, I, LAWSON—"I advise unqualifiedly the purchase of Trinity at any figure below 65." And hundreds of



**SLEIGHT OF HAND**

[illegible] their accumulation from the savings banks [illegible] LAWSON is the prince of advertisers. The widely [illegible] copy of Frenzied Finance is reaping its harvest. [illegible] say that where there is a buyer there must [illegible]. These savings-banks lambs know not who was [illegible] bought from. Their purchase was made through [illegible] an impersonal exchange invented to conceal such [illegible]. They do not know, and never think to inquire, who is the skeptic so disdainful of LAWSON'S frenzied advice as to sell his Trinity before it reaches 65, before, indeed, it reaches 40. Could the seller be TOM himself? Perish the thought! Yet the fact that LAWSON is the president and chief stockholder of Trinity sticks unpleasingly in the most lofty and unsuspecting mind. Also, Trinity is a copper mine that does not produce copper; and its entire staff of employees is a $10,000-a-year superintendent and two $3-a-day watchmen, one by day and one by night, faithful and vigilant in the duty of keeping people out of the mine, the while TOM waves them grandly in, to the stock.

**HOT AND COLD**

STOCK-MARKET intricacies are not for minds so guileless as ours; but even our brain lingers over LAWSON'S further proclamation: "Buy Amalgamated. Buy it quick. It's on its way to 150. Buy it. Buy it quick." How long ago is it since those flaming advertisements read: "Sell your stock now, before it is too late. Bear in mind, when Amalgamated sells at 33, I have warned you"? Which time were you telling the truth, TOM? And whom are you working for now? There would be more humor in this narrative if there were less tragedy. Those advertisements would not be printed if they were not profitable; and they would not be profitable unless there were many of simple faith who believed "Frenzied Finance" utterly and look upon the author as a deliverer. LAWSON has generous emotions. Does he ever recall this letter that came to him in the mails one morning?—"You will observe by the postmark . . . my present . . . residence. You probably knew that before, as the press has had much to say about me of late. I trust you . . . are satisfied . . . when you observe the hell you have caused others. . . . When I first wrote you about the Amalgamated stock, I was an honest, prosperous man. . . . I had never committed a crime. . . . Relying upon what you said publicly, . . . I committed acts which I now know to my everlasting sorrow I should not have committed. . . . The rest is the old story. My wife and children are disgraced and oppressed with poverty, and I am serving a five years' sentence . . . buoyed up only with the hope that I may live to face you . . . that you may see the wreck you have wrought." It is a desperate game you play, old friend, with human hearts and souls as counters, with credulity and misery as twin necessities in the show. You big gamblers have fun and make money, but, ah, gentlemen, the wretchedness you cause!

**THINK OF THIS**

A NATION UNEQUALED in diplomacy, by giving us a San Francisco school problem, may have had in mind the solution of problems of its own nearer home. The Chinese elephant is not responding as readily to the little Japanese *mahout* as Westerners suppose. China has the same object in employing Japanese teachers as Japan had in employing European teachers forty years ago: to arm herself mentally and physically for self-defense against outside meddling. Although she lacks Japan's solidarity for applying the knowledge gained, her statesmen are quick observers, as alert in setting two strong neighbors one against the other as ABDUL HAMID of distressing memory. To them Tokyo's ambitions are not more philanthropic than Berlin's. When the out-[illegible] a generous Japan returning the Newchwang cus-[illegible] before the expiration of the eighteen months' [illegible] Portsmouth Treaty in April, the Dowager Empress, [illegible], might drop an eyelid over the fact [illegible] a closed port through the winter months. [illegible] across the straits are making Korea the [illegible] immigration across the borders, where Japanese [illegible], and adventurers, taking the law into their hands, [illegible] settling wherever they please. Hitherto [illegible] China has meant simply that a foreigner might reside in one section of the town itself. In the opening of the new ports of Manchuria the Japanese demand the right of free residence and travel, which is a blow at the heart of China's ancient policy.



**A LOOK AHEAD**

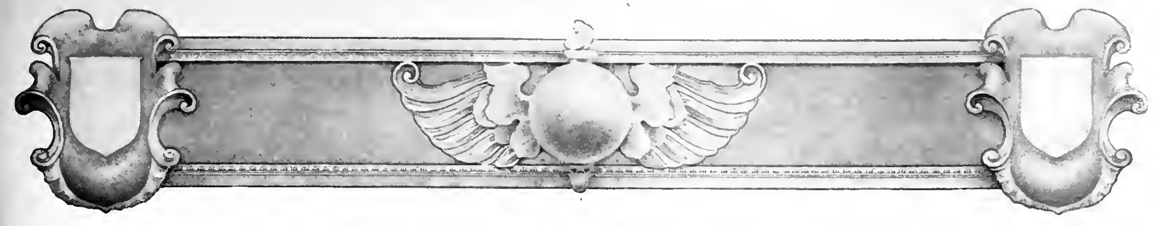
AMERICAN EXPORTS to Manchuria, a serious factor to our Southern cotton mills, exceed those of any other country. JOHN HAY had them in mind. The Japanese manufacturer aims to replace our product with his. Whereas the Russian went with a military escort and a brass band and settled down to ease and his samovar, the Japanese wears rubber-soled shoes and sets the roots of a permanent trade interest into the soil. As the spoils of war the victors have taken over whatsoever concessions the Russians had received. Many were granted by local officials without authority of the Peking Government, which refuses to recognize them. While Europe talks of the "yellow peril" and Continental nations continue in practise to glare across their borders, friction seems inevitable between the Chinese and the Japanese, who are far less alike than the French and the Germans. The open-door policy, now carried a step farther, means plenty of room for the Japanese to enter. Surely no American or Canadian emigrants are to compete with them. If our Pacific Coast will not permit the overcrowded Japanese to migrate eastward, shall we play dog in the manger to the westward? When China turns to Russia and France and Germany for support, Japan turns to an America desiring a permanent treaty solution of the San Francisco school question, and to an England desiring relief from an embarrassing position between titular and natural ally. Those who think of Japan's increased military and naval strength as directed against the small vantage point of the Philippines forget her rich, unwieldy neighbor. A headless China, following the death of the Dowager Empress, may mean a China in convulsion. Japan proposes to be ready for any emergency; yes, and for any military opportunity.

**WATCHDOGS**

TO BE A SPARTAN in Congress requires ingenuity. Merely rising to protest against the increase of members' pay has ceased to make a dramatic impression, because the public is beginning to see that the pay of Representatives and Senators is too low to satisfy the men the country needs at Washington. A better method has been devised by a group of Representatives who have solemnly protested against voting the annual appropriation for the support of the Government Indian school at Carlisle. These careful guardians have decided that Carlisle, with its 1,025 enrolled students, its excellent band, and its formidable football team, is a luxury. Carlisle graduates are enervated by their training. The young red brother and sister should be taught to plant beans, hoe corn, repeat the alphabet, and count to a hundred. The rest is vanity. Besides, Carlisle is too far away from the reservations to make the education it offers most effective. How seriously can these arguments be taken? We unfold the advertising bulletin of a Florida university and read that prospective students may enjoy summer recreations throughout the winter, "and one may hear the singing of mocking-birds, and welcome the south wind blowing up warm from the Gulf or ocean laden with salt air or the odors of the pine woods." What is sauce for the goose is not likely to kill the gander. Carlisle is the Indian school least deserving to be closed.

**TRAVEL**

"IF WE COVET to enjoy great riches and delights," said HERMANNUS KIRCHNERUS to His Fellow Academicks at Marpurg, "and desire to be beautified with these so singular ornaments of learning, we must needs undertake forraine journeyes." The advice of the Noble Scholler is no less pertinent in 1907 than it was in 1593. In this season of migration no Northern trunk is checked to a Southern station without bringing to someone breadth of view. To many it is a first break from harness. Self-imposed duty may have kept them at home. A certain pair, on a belated silver-wedding voyage around the world, worried all the way, despite reassuring cables. When they returned it was to find a son improving the business which the father had established and to find a daughter's children thriving without a grandmother.



Then the two "happy old fools," as they announced themselves after the revelation, started out again; and most likely are going yet. If you have the money for a trip proposed, however long or short, your indispensability in office or house will probably be cheerfully and altogether disproved.

FEDERAL LAW prohibits lottery gambling in this country, despite the fact that Harvard, Yale, and Princeton once profited by it. Government licenses lotteries in Germany, Austria, Italy, Mexico, Honduras, and other countries. Is it wonderful that in our immigrant population are many purchasers of tickets? Possibly, also, native Americans do their share. The Louisiana Lottery Company, banished to Honduras, still sells in the United States not less than $200,000 of tickets for its monthly drawings. The German and Austrian land lotteries, the Mexican National, and possibly a score of others, more or less authorized and more or less supervised by foreign states, have agents here, and the total annual traffic reaches many millions. The punishment for dealing in lottery tickets is severe. The transmission of tickets or drawing lists through the mail is a crime, but the business goes on, among the causes being the shrewdness of the agents, the willingness of express companies to connive at illegal shipments, and the eagerness of the public for this kind of gambling. Printed lottery tickets and plates are found in possession of a great printing house, but prosecution fails when the firm proves that it was merely filling an order. Customs officers at Mobile, Tampa, and other ports seize a consignment of $500,000 in tickets. The lottery company cancels the issue and puts out a new set; and entire suppression of the evil seems far away.

**LOTTERIES**

THE PRESS HAS MORE LICENSE than its freedom demands or its conscience deserves. Who ever saw a retraction in a newspaper? Who ever saw a paragraph to the effect that Mr. X——, whom yesterday we slaughtered, turns out, on investigation of the facts, to be an upright citizen? The press, doing its work under ten-hour pressure, acts as if it were as accurate as Brooks's Elementary Arithmetic. The journalistic policy, as a matter of office routine, of turning every protest, without an editorial consideration, immediately over to the office libel lawyer, to wait the years which must elapse before it reaches its place on the court calendar, constitutes an immoral and malevolent relation between a human being and his oppressor. It is said to be "good business"; but might not a more generous policy appeal to a sufficient number to be "good business" also?

**A NEW PLAN**

SCORNING MODERN CIVILIZATION, the "Lancet" has cast an eye of ruthless reform upon the harmful, unnecessary Broom. It must go! It is the picnic-ground of bacteria, a rendezvous for bacilli where germ calls unto microbe and a thousand diseases frisk among the straws. Put one straw of any well-used broom under the microscope, and you will behold a revel of life which resembles Broadway on election night. If not brooms, what? Shovels? Impractical. Feather dusters? Fatal. What then? Vacuum removers! Simple yet comprehensive. Every laborer's hut shall be provided with one of these patent dust-absorbers, the Municipal Dust Bin shall turn on the steam and the microbes shall be sucked into the vortex of eternity.

**BESOMS**

FROM

## LINCOLN'S GRAVE

*Read by Maurice Thompson, once a Confederate soldier, at a Harvard Phi Beta Kappa reunion*

HE was the Southern mother leaning forth,
At dead of night to hear the cannon roar,
Beseeching God to turn the cruel North
And break it that her son might come once more;
He was New England's maiden, pale and pure,
Whose gallant lover fell on Shiloh's plain;
He was the mangled body of the dead;
He writhing did endure
Wounds and disfigurement and racking pain,
Gangrene and amputation, all things dread.

He was the North, the South, the East, the West,
The thrall, the master, all of us in one;
There was no section that he held the best;
His love shone as impartial as the sun;
And so revenge appealed to him in vain,
He smiled at it, as at a thing forlorn,
And gently put it from him, rose and stood
A moment's space in pain,
Remembering the prairies and the corn
And the glad voices of the field and wood.

WHILE THE HALO is cut from the sainted broom, a Berlin professor of anatomy promises miracles of patchwork upon the human body. Dr. POSNER of Berlin University is the Luther Burbank of surgery. The time is coming—not yet but imminent—when any union surgeon in good standing will be able to graft an artificial arm or leg on the human body. "In the future," says Dr. POSNER in the learned "Gartenlaube," "surgeons will find no difficulty in attaching a beheaded head to the trunk, provided the operation is carried out expeditiously enough." This idea of harmless decapitation arouses infinite conjecture. There are too many rich men with poor heads, light heads, unsatisfactory heads. What a relief it will be, for a fee of one million marks per capita, to be able to exchange one's head for the sensible poll of some wholesome peasant who, for his part, would rather have money than brains! And what a chance for Madame Peacock, when her beauty fades, to effect a change of head with dimpled Mary Smith, her serving maid: except that no woman created in the image of EVE would trade a pretty head, though the transfer fee were all the stocks of Goldfield.

**HARMLESS**

PUZZLED AND UNHAPPY children all over this broad land grind weary hours away multiplying by 3.1416. By the time lost with this perplexing decimal, children are held back a year from graduating. Explaining it, thousands of teachers waste tens of thousands of hours. Bookkeepers, statisticians, accountants, put millions of dollars' worth of time into it. Greater than its drink bill is the nation's 3.1416 bill. "Wherefore, be it resolved," ran the records of the Brother Jasper Debating Society, "that henceforth and hereafter the circumference of a circle be 3 times and not 3.1416 times its diameter." To the Power, who, at one bound, plucked the thorns from the spelling-book—and scratched them in again—we commend this matter. He will make it right.

**EXTRAVAGANCE**

WHO IS THE MOST ENVIED and bediamonded among men? The hotel clerk. Who runs away with our heiresses? The hotel clerk. Who gets the straightest tips on the stock market? The hotel clerk. Whose pride goeth not before destruction, and whose glory is never dimmed? The hotel clerk's. So runs the accepted catechism. Now, a truth-seeker in Chicago rises to say that the average hotel clerk's chance in life is a trifle less than nothing. He can't marry, for he is compelled to live in the hotel, and his wages won't pay his wife's board. Even as a bachelor he finds it hard to save money. When he reaches the age limit—not a high one—he is displaced by a young man. There are then three things for him. He may become night clerk in a country hotel, a job that he rose from years before; he may be put in charge of a check-room, and look to tips for most of his pay; or he may try to get other work, using up his savings meanwhile, and end his life in the almshouse. Not a cheering conception, and practically useless to the humorist.

**HOTEL CLERKS**

# THE RUINED CITY

*Effects of earthquake and fire on the houses in the business section of Kingston, Jamaica*

[illegible] L[illegible]ne, Kingston, the morning after the earthquake and fire. In the street may be seen the charred remains of many wagons [illegible] the burning of these which greatly impeded the removal of the dead and the salvage of stores from the warehouses

(See page 21)

# THE LINCOLN FARM ASSOCIATION

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SINCE that strong yeoman pioneer, Thomas Lincoln, moved his family across the Ohio into the almost unbroken wilderness of Indiana, the little farm in the heart of Kentucky on which Abraham Lincoln was born has been left in a state of neglect. Since the days when little Abraham played around the cabin door near the famous rock spring that lies in the centre of the one hundred and ten acres which his father claimed, this historic ground has been transferred by title but three times. A year ago last August this "little model farm that raised a Man" was placed on sale at auction on the court-house steps at Hodgenville, the neighboring town, to free it from the entanglement of a protracted litigation between a private estate and that of a religious society that had tried to acquire it. At the time the Commonwealth of Kentucky directed this public sale it was discovered that this historic spot was coveted by at least two large mercantile establishments, both of which were planning to exploit it for commercial ends. To prevent this, and believing that this birthplace of the "First American" should forever belong to the American people, one of the publishers of COLLIER'S bought the farm under the auctioneer's hammer, and at once interested a group of representative American citizens in forming a national association for the preservation of this ground.

This group of citizens, acting as a self-appointed board of trustees, organized the Lincoln Farm Association, which was promptly incorporated under the laws of the State of New York. The title to the Lincoln birthplace farm was transferred to this association, and the program for enlarging the membership of the society was at once begun.

Rather than make it possible for a few men of great wealth to contribute large sums to the development of this national shrine it was decided to receive into membership in the society any one who contributed to the general fund of the association as small a sum as twenty-five cents, and to limit all contributions to twenty-five dollars—thus making the great memorial to Lincoln represent the tributes of all the people, whom he loved and served, and not that of a privileged few.

### *Endorsed by Statesmen*

THE purpose and plans of this new patriotic society that was to make this Kentucky farm, almost in the centre of population of the United States, a worthy companion of Mt. Vernon in the affections of our countrymen were placed before the President of the United States and his Cabinet, one of whom was one of the organizers of the society. All gave it most enthusiastic and hearty support. The scheme was then laid before members of the United States Senate and House of Representatives, Governors of States, men of letters everywhere, and educators of national fame. With their unqualified endorsement, a year ago this week the Lincoln Farm Association, through the pages of some of the most prominent weekly and monthly publications and the newspapers throughout the country, appealed to the American public for members. The response was immediate and generous. Subscriptions came in from every State in the Union—North and South, East and West. To every subscriber the Association issued a handsomely steel-engraved certificate of membership, bearing a portrait of Lincoln, a picture of the log cabin in which he was born, the White House as it appeared when he occupied it, the autographs of all the officers and trustees, and the seal of the Association. The names of these members are filed in card catalogues and classified by States. When the list of members has been completed and the constructive work of the Association has culminated in the centenary of February 12, 1909, this list will be preserved and guarded in the Historical Museum, which will have been erected on the farm, as the honor roll that built the Lincoln Farm Memorial.

During the year the trustees of the Association have placed the farm under the personal charge of a competent caretaker, who lives on the ground. They have sent Mr. Jules Guerin and Mr. Guy Lowell, two of America's foremost landscape architects, to survey the ground and plan its development, and they have purchased the cabin in which Lincoln was born from the speculators who took it from the little knoll where it originally stood and exploited it as a side-show at various fairs and international expositions. This cabin was found stored in a cellar at College Point, on Long Island, New York. The Pennsylvania Railroad provided a special car, which Mr. John Wanamaker decorated with flags and the national colors. The Governor of Kentucky sent to New York a special squad of State militiamen to escort the old weatherworn logs, Lincoln's old Kentucky home, back to its native soil. Its ride to Louisville is historic. It rested a day under military guard at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Altoona, Pittsburg, Columbus, and Indianapolis. Thousands of citizens came to see and begged the privilege of touching the sacred pile. Mayors of cities and Governors of States paid eloquent tribute to the rude timbers that first sheltered the sad humorist of the Sangamon. And when at last the special train that bore it, brilliant in red, white, and blue, crossed the Ohio into its native border State it was met at the Louisville depot with martial music and military honors. It was carted through the city's streets and placed in the city's park, where Colonel Henry Watterson and Adlai E. Stevenson, former Vice-President of the United States, made the formal orations welcoming back to its native soil the cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born.

The most cordial cooperation has been pledged by many of the surviving commanding generals of the Confederate Army, and the Grand Army of the Republic has officially endorsed the work of the Association, and empowered its commander-in-chief to call upon its upwards of six thousand posts to lend their aid in giving publicity to the work and to enlisting all patriotic citizens as members of the Association.

On the 12th day of February, 1909, the nation will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth. On that day the Lincoln Farm Association will dedicate the birthplace farm to the American people. The principal address will be made by President Roosevelt, and the nation's most distinguished representatives, North and South, will take part in this dedication and centennial celebration. No national park within our vast domain can emphasize our national ideals and our abiding union as will this birthplace farm.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

December 11, 1906.

My dear Mr. Collier:

I gladly accept your invitation on behalf of the Lincoln Farm Association to make an address on the farm, and at the log cabin itself in which Lincoln was born, on February 12, 1909; the one-hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth, and therefore one of the most significant events in American history. As Mark Twain has well said, this little farm is "the little farm that raised a Man;" and I count myself fortunate that it has happened to me to be able as President to accept the invitation to make the address at such a place on such an occasion.

Sincerely yours,

Theodore Roosevelt

Mr. Robert J. Collier,
Chairman Executive Committee,
The Lincoln Farm Association,
74 Broadway, New York.

### *The Lincoln Centenary*

IT will symbolize to our posterity the strong heroism that left the New England hills and the fertile valleys of Virginia, self-sufficient in their needs, to hew a nation out of a wilderness. It lies in the neutral State that in our great crisis was torn by its loyalty to all the stars on the flag. It will forever be a monument to our union rather than to our lamentable differences—and it will be the most signal tribute ever paid by the American people to the nation's greatest servant in its hour of greatest need. Is it not a cause worthy of the cooperation and aid of every living soul who is proud to be an American? If this be so, the Board of Trustees invites you most cordially to join the Association by sending to its treasurer, Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, at 74 Broadway, New York, any sum from twenty-five cents to twenty-five dollars, and they urge you to invite your friends to join. It is to the American people that the Board of Trustees must appeal. By 1909 the Lincoln Farm Association should have a membership of half a million loyal Americans. If the American people will themselves make this possible, the Lincoln centenary will be, indeed, one of the most significant events in the nation's history.

# A BATTLE OF THE GIANTS

### *THE FIRST MEETING BETWEEN DOUGLAS AND LINCOLN AT OTTAWA, ILLINOIS*

## By FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

ON FRIDAY the 20th of August, 1858, every turnpike, cross-road, and country lane leading to Ottawa, Illinois, was alive with travelers journeying on horseback, in wagons, and afoot, under clouds of dust and a burning summer sun. All sorts and conditions of conveyances were included in the straggling processions. Here a clumsy hay cart lumbered forward, its merry crowd of young straw riders laughing and singing as they bumped along over the ill-made roads; here a canvas-covered ship of the desert jolted its solemn family party, children's faces staring from its cavernous entrance, and a stovepipe protruding from its roof; here a couple of short-legged urchins, innocent of shoes or stockings, proudly bestrode a shaggy old farm horse, guiding it by a bit of rope tied loosely around its neck; here a market wagon loaded with men and provisions towed a buggy accommodating the women and babies of the farm; and here, there, and everywhere trudged dusty men and barefoot boys and girls, converging from all points of the compass toward the county seat of La Salle County.

Ottawa was better prepared than most of the Circuit towns for such an invasion, for the sessions of the Supreme Court were held there twice a year, when all the countryside made it a market, but the limits of its hospitality were soon reached, and long before the vanguard of the approaching army arrived upon the scene its accommodations for visitors had been completely exhausted.

### *Waiting for the Fight*

BUT if the inhabitants of Ottawa were at all alarmed at the prospect of having to provide for the advancing hosts, their fears were soon relieved. One by one the wagons drew off on the prairie as they approached the town, groups of pedestrians congregated about them, and by nightfall the sky was lit up by their camp-fires, the smell of cooking mingling with the smoke. It was a good-natured, friendly crowd that occupied the bluffs and spread itself over the fields, greetings were exchanged, hospitality proffered, provisions shared, and wherever two or three were gathered together the subject of conversation was the coming struggle between the Big and the Little Giant, for Douglas and Lincoln were matched to meet in debate the next day.

For months Illinois had been watching the rival Senatorial candidates fighting at long range, but no one except a few lawyers who had witnessed their occasional contests in the courts had seen them pitted against each other, and the prospective meeting had aroused unprecedented interest and no little speculation as to its result. To the enthusiastic adherents of Douglas the outcome was not in doubt. No one, in their opinion, compared with the little Judge, who had proved himself more than a match for the ablest Senators in Washington, and it was their belief that it would not take him long to "chaw up Abe Lincoln or anybody like him." The partizans of Lincoln were not without misgivings for their favorite, but they put on a bold front, retorting that the Little Giant would find that he had bitten off more than he could "chaw" by the following evening, and the fact that he had not been overanxious to accept the challenge of his opponent lent force to their assertions.

The first light of dawn on Saturday morning showed picketed horses grazing at the limits of their tethers, kitchen utensils piled around the smoldering fires, men and boys sleeping out in the open or under improvised shelters and women resting inside the hay carts buggies and emigrant wagons. Before the sun had fairly risen, however, the campers were astir. Newcomers could be seen approaching in distant clouds of dust, and before long the advance guard of the invaders began pouring into the town.

In the centre of the public square stood the Circuit Court-house.

The Douglas procession, over a mile long and headed by the [illegible] band, met the Democratic candidate and escorted him to the Geiger House, his advent being announced by a roaring salute from two brass twelve-pounders [illegible] centre of the town and shortly after [illegible] special train of seventeen cars arrived from [illegible] Joliet, and the surrounding country, its pa[illegible] [illegible] waiting crowd [illegible] of cheer[illegible] [illegible] gal[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] that hour [illegible] [illegible] to a [illegible] band

wedged in the crowd blared defiantly at each other. Almost more interesting than the paraders with their flags and banners were the pedlers and fakers who fought their way in and out of the throng, shouting their bargains and displaying wares the like of which many of the country folk had never seen before, and at which they stared in fascinated wonder.

Only a small proportion of this mighty assemblage could by any possibility hope to hear the speakers. Meanwhile something very like a free fight was going on, for the speakers' platform, having been carelessly left unguarded, had been stormed by the audience and the Reception Committee was vainly striving to regain possession. Again and again the intruders were ejected, but others swooped down upon the stand every time it was cleared. Finally some of the more adventurous invaders clambered to the roof and, dislodging some of the boards, let them down on the heads of the officials, and this brought matters to a climax, for the marshal, who had been galloping about the town all morning, organized a guard which restored order.

On the platform chairs sat the members of the reception committees, the chairman, the moderators, and the reporters, among whom were Robert R. Hitt, official stenographer for the Chicago "Press and Tribune"; Horace White, representing the same paper; Chester P. Dewey, of the New York "Evening Post"; Henry Villard, of the New York "Staats-Zeitung," and Messrs. Binmore and Sheridan of the Chicago "Times."

### *Douglas Was Defiant*

IT was half past two in the afternoon before a great shout announced the arrival of the champions, and a short, stout, but powerfully built man forced his way through the crowd and, stepping to the edge of the platform, bowed gracefully to the cheering multitudes. There was confidence in every line of Douglas's strong, clear-cut, clean-shaven face; confidence and complete self-possession in his every movement—confidence and determination in the glance he cast at his awkward rival, who, accompanied by his host, Mayor Glover, and the Congressional candidate, Owen Lovejoy, clumsily acknowledged the genuine burst of acclamation which greeted his appearance.

No time was wasted in introducing the speakers. Neither of them required such a formality, and yet it is improbable that a majority of the spectators had ever seen either man before. Certainly Lincoln was not personally well known to many men in Illinois outside of the Eighth Judicial Circuit, and Douglas had spent far more time in Washington than he had in his own State during the last six years, while the population was increasing by leaps and bounds. Douglas's reputation was, however, national in its scope—every one knew his record—while Lincoln was comparatively unknown. Such were the advantages and disadvantages of the combatants as Douglas rose and, with a brief reference to the vast audience confronting him, plunged at once into an argument attacking Lincoln and the Black Republicans as Abolitionists in disguise. Almost from his opening words the speaker assumed an air of superiority, stating his facts in a convincingly authoritative tone and belittling his adversary's political pretensions and generally treating him with such marked condescension that many of Lincoln's friends, watching his dark, homely, careworn face, began to fear that he had displayed more courage than wisdom in courting comparison with so brilliant a rival. Douglas was not slow to press his advantage, and, encouraged by the laughter of his auditors, he proceeded to attack his opponent's doctrines.

### *Douglas's Great Mistake*

"LET me read a part of them," he continued contemptuously. "In his speech at Springfield to the convention which nominated him for the Senate, Lincoln said: '*A House divided against itself can not stand. I believe this Government can not endure permanently half Slave and half Free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the House to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become lawful for all the States—old as well as new—North as well as South.*' "

The words were scarcely uttered before a spontaneous burst of cheering rent the air, swelling to a mighty shout of approval and admiration from thousands of lusty lungs.

For a moment Douglas stood disconcerted by the unwelcome demonstration, but, almost immediately recovering his self-possession, he savagely attacked the interrupters.

"I am delighted to hear you Black Republicans!" he roared. "I have no doubt that doctrine expresses your sentiments, and I will prove to you now that it is revolutionary and destructive of this Government!"

From that moment, however, the orator changed his tactics, indulging in no further personal comments and devoting himself to serious argument and pointed questions until he again fixed the attention of his hearers and, regaining his confidence and good temper, closed his speech to a burst of well-earned cheering.

Then Lincoln slowly rose from his chair and faced the expectant multitude, presenting a contrast to his opponent almost as painful as it was apparent. His long, lank figure was clothed in garments as rusty and ill-fitting as the Judge's were fresh and well made. His coarse, black hair was disheveled, his sad, anxious face displayed no confidence, his posture was an ungainly stoop, his manner was dejection itself. For a moment he gazed over the audience as though at a loss for words, and when at last he began speaking another disappointment chilled his supporters' hopes. His voice was unpleasantly high pitched, penetrating, and almost shrill, and his opening sentences, commonplace enough in themselves, were uttered hesitatingly, as though he were groping for words. Finally he took a note-book from his pocket and asked permission of the audience to read part of a printed speech he had made in 1854.

"Put on your specs!" called some one in the crowd, and the audience roared, expecting a smart reply. But no repartee came from the man whose reputation as a wit and a jester was supposedly assured.

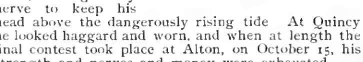
"Yes, sir, I am obliged to do so," he responded gravely. "I am no longer a young man."

The disappointment of the speaker's friends was plainly visible, but even as they strove to conceal their embarrassment their champion began to retrieve himself. Still speaking slowly, but with gathering energy, he gradually straightened to his full height, his voice lost something of its rasp and gained in volume and quality, his eyes

brightened, his face became more animated, his gestures freer, and his words commenced to flow more easily. Little by little the hopes of his supporters revived and all signs of restlessness disappeared, the audience listening silently and with growing interest, for Lincoln's voice, carrying much further than his opponent's, reached the very outskirts of the crowd. Those who had come expecting to be amused by anecdotes had reason to feel aggrieved, however, for no funny stories or drolleries of any kind fell from the speaker's lips, yet the vast assemblage listened quietly to every word he spoke. It was no sudden burst of eloquence or any trick of declamation which won that tribute of respectful silence, and yet the man was eloquent with his earnest sincerity, his simple logic, his clear analysis, his orderly presentment of intelligent argument. With steadily increasing force he spoke directly to those before him, his wonderful eyes seeking individuals in the crowd and holding them enthralled until each hearer felt himself the one distinguished and specially addressed. There was no escaping him; he appealed personally to all within sound of his voice, meeting his adversary's arguments with a clarity and simplicity of statement that all could grasp, until he dominated the audience, swaying it to his will. Then slowly, almost imperceptibly, he passed to his peroration, his sentences ringing out boldly and defiantly and arousing a tumult of cheering that died down only to burst out again, swelling to shout after shout of frenzied approbation as he closed.

With half an hour at his disposal for reply, Douglas struggled hard to stem this tide of popular approval and regain his lost advantage, but in vain. At the close of his rejoinder the audience applauded and then—as though by common consent—stormed the platform and carried his opponent off upon their shoulders, five thousand men struggling to share in the ovation.

Thus ended the first battle of the Giants, but six others remained to be fought. At Freeport, on August 27, before another mighty audience, Lincoln forced his opponent to answer the question which split the Democracy and shattered his hopes of the Presidency forever. By the time Jonesboro was reached, on September 15, Douglas had lost his jaunty confidence and began striking out right and left. At Charleston while Lincoln was speaking he could not keep his seat, but paced nervously up and down the platform behind his adversary, watch in hand. At Galesburg, on October 7, he was visibly alarmed and fighting hard. Meanwhile the contest upon which he had entered so light-heartedly was draining his purse and his strength. To pay for the special train which carried him about the State and to meet other heavy campaign expenses he was mortgaging his property and straining every nerve to keep his head above the dangerously rising tide At Quincy he looked haggard and worn, and when at length the final contest took place at Alton, on October 15, his strength and nerves and money were exhausted.



Eight votes was the margin of his victory—a victory that cost him eighty thousand dollars and the Presidency, while Lincoln returned to the Eighth Circuit and the practise of the law with a total outlay of less than a thousand dollars and a national reputation, destined within two years to sweep all opponents from the field and to place him forever in the hearts of his countrymen as "The First American."

# LINCOLN IN THE WAR OFFICE

## *PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SECRET CIPHER OPERATOR UNDER SECRETARY STANTON*

**By ALBERT B. CHANDLER**

I THINK those who personally knew Abraham Lincoln will never tire of thinking of him and talking about him. His kindly and unpretentious nature, and his plain, simple, and friendly ways and manners, as well as his absolute integrity of purpose and breadth of mind, so far in advance of his time, more and more command the admiration, veneration, and affection of all those whose privilege it was to know him while he lived—and of those, too, who did not know him, but who have learned most concerning his career as a citizen, and as a politician of the highest type, and as President of our beloved country during the period of its greatest peril. In the midst of difficulties and dangers that comparatively few realized at the time, and which threatened the distruction of the government, his rare wisdom and surpassing skill and diplomacy are more and more clearly revealed as the years go by.

I was one of three cipher operators, in Military Telegraph service in the Old War Department Building, whom Mr. Stanton's secretary used to call the "Sacred Three." Charles Tinker and Homer Bates were my coworkers in this important and confidential duty. Much of the time I alone occupied the room adjoining the office of the great Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton. This was often spoken of as the President's room, for it was to it that he came nearly every day, as he said, "to get rid of his persecutors." But be had another reason for these visits, which frequently occurred in the early morning, less frequently during the day, and often in the evening. In one of the top drawers of my desk I kept the carbon copies of the war despatches. This was known as the President's drawer. To it he came at all hours to review the latest news from the field. His constant anxiety for the various armies was the main object of his spending so many hours in the War Department telegraph office, and the talks that he had there with the telegraph boys and Major Eckert, their Superintendent, seemed to afford him genuine diversion.

Mr. Lincoln's anxiety to prevent the sacrifice of life that it was in his power to save, on several occasions brought him to the telegraph office alone, late at night, to assure himself that a despatch ordering the reprieve of a soldier condemned to be shot was promptly and properly transmitted. It was apparent that the tendency of his mind was to believe every one innocent of wrong intention unless evidence to the contrary was entirely clear; and even then his disposition was toward clemency. While we of that historic office survive we shall celebrate more feelingly, I believe, than most men, in our own minds if not in a public way, the memory of a towering genius now so universally recognized as worthy of the deepest gratitude of his countrymen, and the anniversary of whose advent has become a national holiday no less revered than that of the immortal Washington.

Mr. Lincoln's fondness for story-telling, and the extent to which he indulged it, are well known, and have not, I think, been overstated. His sense of the ridiculous was exceedingly keen, his memory surprising, and his power of illustration and even of mimicry was often demonstrated in the use of very simple, funny and sometimes undignified stories.

I recall one day when he had just seated himself at a desk with the latest messages before him when he heard a newsboy on the street crying: "Here's yer Philadelphia Inquiry." He mimicked the peculiar pronunciation and tone of the boy, and then said: "Did I ever tell you of the joke the Chicago newsboys had on me?" Replying negatively, he related: "A short time before my nomination I was in Chicago attending a lawsuit. A photographer of that city asked me to sit for a picture, and I did so. This coarse, rough hair of mine was in a particularly bad tousle at the time, and the picture presented me in all its fright. After my nomination, this being about the only picture of me there was, copies were struck to show those who had never seen me how I looked. The newsboys carried them around to sell, and had for their cry: 'Here's your old Abe, 'll look better when he gets his hair combed.' "

On the evening of August 7, 1863, while I was alone in the office, Mr. Lincoln came in, bringing a long message, which he had written with his own hand, addressed to Governor Seymour of New York. He sat down at the desk and carefully revised it, and then called me to sit by him while he read it, so that I might understand it and see that it was properly transmitted. He explained to me something of the occasion of it, and about a special messenger having come down from New York with a long argument from Governor Seymour, urging among other things that the draft should be suspended until the United States Supreme Court had decided as to the constitutionality of the draft law; and he told me a funny story about a Boston minister who had been drafted, and the criticism that he made upon that method of recruiting the army. He then mentioned a bright saying which he had recently heard during the riots in New York, in which the Irish figured most conspicuously, as follows: "It is said that General Kilpatrick is going to New York to quell the riots, but that his name has nothing to do with it."

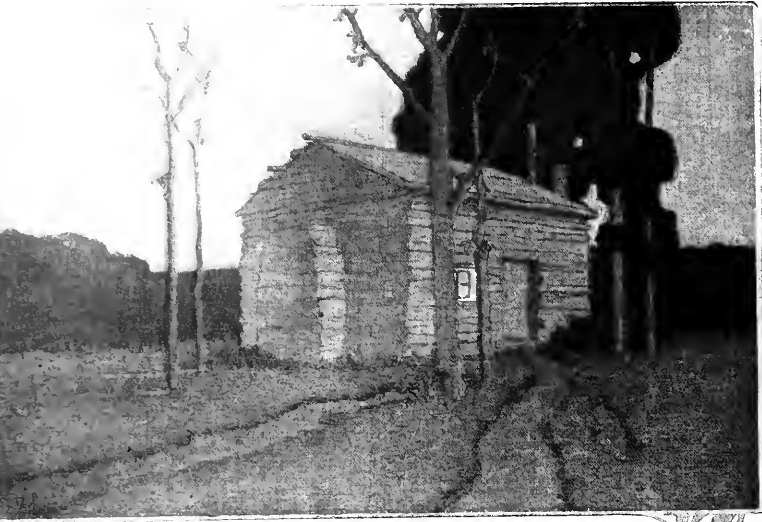
### *Men Do Much for Flattery*

A FRIEND of mine in New York City asked me by letter to obtain for him a good picture of Mr. Lincoln with his autograph upon it, so I got a couple of photographs recently taken of him and one evening handed them to him, repeating the request of my friend and remarking that I supposed he was frequently annoyed by similar applications. He said: "Well, I suppose you know that men will stand a good deal when they are flattered a little." I smiled doubtfully, and he said, without giving me time for a reply, and while writing his name on the pictures: "You haven't learned that yet? Well, you needn't remain any longer in ignorance of it, because it's so."

It had so happened for several days that Major Eckert had been out whenever the President came into the office. Coming in one day and finding the Major counting money at his desk, Mr. Lincoln remarked that he believed the Major never came to the office any more except when he had money to count. The Major declared that his being out when the President happened to come in was simply a coincidence and reminded him (the Major) of a story: "A certain tailor in Mansfield, Ohio, was very stylish in dress and airy in manner. Passing a shopkeeper's door one day, the shopkeeper puffed himself up and gave a long blow expressive of the inflation of the conceited tailor, who indignantly turned and said: 'I'll teach you not to blow when I'm passing,' to which the shopkeeper instantly replied: 'And I'll teach you not to pass while I'm blowing.' " The President said that was very good, very like a story which he had heard of a man who was driving through the country in an open buggy and was caught at night in a pouring shower of rain. He was hurrying forward toward shelter as fast as possible; passing a farmhouse a man, apparently struggling with the effects of bad whisky, thrust his head out of the window and shouted loudly: "Hello, hello!" The traveler stopped and asked what was wanted. "Nothing of you," was the reply. "Well, what in the devil do you shout hello for when people are passing?" angrily asked the traveler. "Well, what in the devil are you passing for when people are shouting hello?" replied the inebriate.

The only occasion on which I knew Mr. Lincoln to use a profane word was on receipt of a telegram from General Burnside, then in Greenville, Tennessee, announcing that he expected a portion of his command to be at Jonesboro at a certain time. Eagerly looking over the map to see the position of the force under Burnside's command, it seemed to him that the portion referred to was marching away from instead of to the rescue of General Rosecrans, as ordered. Mr. Lincoln reread the despatch, thinking there must be some mistake, and repeated to himself: "Jonesboro, Jonesboro, damn Jonesboro!" and he immediately addressed a telegram to Burnside, saying: "If you are to do any good to Rosecrans it will not do to waste time with Jonesboro. It is already too late to do the most good that might have been done, but I hope it will still do some good. Please do not lose a moment."

During my knowledge of him, Mr. Lincoln always dressed in plain black, his clothes sometimes showing wear. I think I never saw him wear an overcoat—instead of that he wore an ample, plain but peculiarly figured gray shawl, and his usual way of disposing of it as he entered the office was to hang it across the top of the inner door, which was nearly always standing open, so high as to be out of the reach of a man of ordinary height. When sitting at his desk writing briefly he sometimes assumed a half-kneeling, half-sitting posture, with one knee on the carpet. When composing at some length it was his habit to look out of the window and apparently unconsciously scratched his head, particularly his temples, often moving his lips in whispers until he had his sentence formed, when he would put it on paper. He wrote slowly but quite legibly, taking care to punctuate accurately. His spelling was faultless, which is not true of all great men, even those of education, and yet on two or three occasions he asked me while writing as to the use of one or two "l's" or "t's." He rarely erased or underlined, and his diction, so peculiar to himself, always seemed to me the perfection of plain, simple English. He sometimes read aloud, and on one occasion I remember his reading to me at some length, rather slowly and thoughtfully, and purposely mispronouncing certain words, placing the accent on the wrong syllable and the like. He was at this time sitting opposite me beside the large table on which I was writing, his chair leaned back against the wall, his legs crossed, one foot resting upon the round of his chair and the other suspended in space. During this reading he stopped occasionally to remark upon the subject of his reading—a detailed description of a battle—and one of his remarks I remember was upon the meagreness of adjectives in the language to express the different degrees of feeling and action.



THE LOG CABIN IN WHICH ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS BORN

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SAINT-GAUDENS'S STATUE OF LINCOLN

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE FARM AS IT WILL LO

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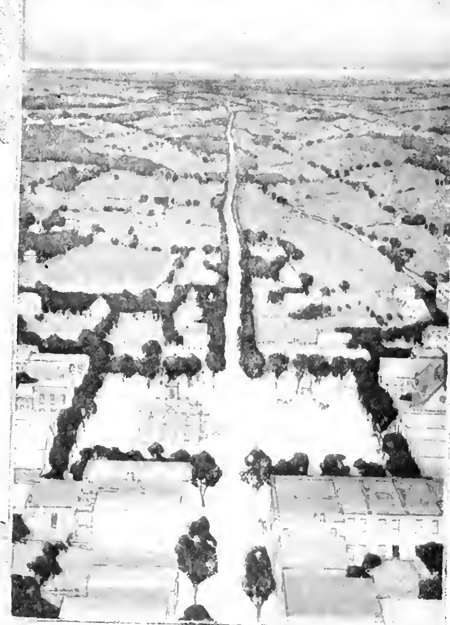
PROPOSED HISTORICAL MUSEUM TO BE BUILT ON THE FARM

THE CONTEMPLATED IMPROVEMENTS ARE MADE



ROAD FROM HODGENVILLE TO THE FARM

# A Little Ripple of Patriotism

*Clancy and Casey, doughboys at liberty, falling in with others of their kind, attend the theatre, where there is somewhat of a falling out*

## By Rowland Thomas

### Author of "Fagan"

"WANT passes, eh? Twelve-hour passes? H'm," says the Captain. Me and big Terry Clancy and three or four others was standin' up in front of him with three months' pay in our blouses, lookin' pleasant and harmless for a fare ye well. "H'm," he says, "you're a fine bunch. Can you remember you're in Maniller now, not Samar?"

"We can, sir," says Terry.

"H'm. Take your mouth out fr'm under your chin, Clancy," says th' Old Man. "It looks better. H'm. Well, go along with ye, and if ye get into trouble ast the Lord to have mercy on your crazy heads, f'r ye know well by this time that I won't," he says.

And with that he signs the passes, an' that's where he let us all in for it. Yes, sir, me and Terry and th' Old Man and the Regiment and the Little Brown Brothers and the C. G. all had ours comin' right then, on'y we didn't know about it—not yet. We thought we was just homeward bound, and we wanted a little fun with Maniller to make up for the deeprivations of the Samar campaign. Well, we got it all right.

"H'm," says the Captain, dealin' us the passes, "I'm sorry f'r Maniller, but ye have earned a little reelaxation. Don't forget you're f'r guard to-morrer, Casey," he says to me, an' we saluted an' started out.

Terry and me clumb into a two-wheeled chicken-coop-wagon outside the Barracks, and th' horse not bein' only boy's size, allee same Fillypeener, the pair of us lifted him by the slings and we just naturally wandered on tiptoe down to the New Bridge. They give you the biggest schooner of San Magill f'r your peseta there. New Bridge is th' name.

We had some beers, and then we went across to Mrs. Smith's and got a steak that never seen a tin can, and then we went back to the New Bridge and met up with some more of th' Army. There was an Engineer't could deal himself the coldest hand of talk I ever bucked up against, and two Coast Artillerys, and a Marine, an Irishman named Schleimacher that Clancy remembered helping to stuff a jade idol into his blouse up in Peking. Maybe there were others. I don't remember.

Some way I don't remember a whole lot of things about that day. The beer was cold, and along in the middle of th' afternoon my thoughts got to herdin' close an' it was more'n I could do to cut some of th'm out of th' bunch an' read the brands on th'm. There must 'a' been strays around, for all of a sudden I got to cryin' about dear old mother an' the little cabin home. I was born in Springfield, Massachusetts—in a tenement—and I pulled my freight for Arizona soon as I could walk. But I sure was cryin' about that thought, whoever it belonged to, and the Engineer ast me what the trouble was and I told him.

"Gentlemen o' France," says he. I ain't quotin' him exact. I'm no college graduate. "Gentlemen o' France and Ireland, what say you to charterin' a couple of wagons, large glad wagons with rubber tires, and carryin' our brother out to refresh his [illegible] on the emerald sunburnt turf of th' Luneta [illegible] band [illegible] sweet [illegible] and [illegible] watches the sunset [illegible]"

[illegible] swallowed down a line [illegible] better and it fazed [illegible] He was a warm [illegible] that Engineer [illegible] Terry was game.

[illegible] he says [illegible] he says [illegible] that [illegible] band concert [illegible] with ye [illegible] he wanted.

[illegible] two horse [illegible] for the Luneta [illegible] civilian clerk in [illegible] that Irishman Schlei[illegible] up on the box. We [illegible] but th' Engineer [illegible] he says. Otherwise [illegible] so he kep' [illegible] attracted a lot of atten[illegible]

By the time we got out there by the beach th' air had cleared up my head, and I sat up and begun to take notice. And about the first thing I noticed hard was Terry. He'd quit talkin', an' there was a helluva disdainful look on that two-foot face of his, and he took off his hat to the flagpole when we went by it, second trip round. I'd ought to have stopped the game right there. There's two kinds of Irish, if y'ever noticed, common wild ones that generally has the luck to meet Old Trouble when she comes marchin' down the street comp'ny front, and the fancy kind that can recruit a whole bunch of trouble right in th' middle of Paco bone-heap. Terry's that last kind, and when he gets low-spirited and patriotic and full of beer it's time to break for the tall and uncut.

Well, the band kep' on a playin', an' the sun kep' on a settin', and we kep' drivin' round and round that mangy bunch o' grass, and Terry kep' on gettin' glummer and glummer. After a while he says to me: "Look at th' pretty ladies, Casey, all the pretty ladies in white dresses an' talcum-powder. An' spot the gay young grafters in th' morgidged rigs. You and me can't speak to th' likes of them, Casey. We're nothin' but soldiers. That's all, just soldiers gettin' it in the neck for fifteen-sixty per. Oh, hell!" he says, and spits hard and straight at a swell native in white clothes that was waitin' for us to go by. "Look at him with shoes on like a white man! There ain't a ripple of patriotism in the whole damn outfit. There's th' old flag flyin' up above th'm, an' they never look at it. Just ride around and flirt with each other and let natives walk around with shoes on, like white men. They make me sick. I'm on'y a common soldier, an' I suppose th' Army is th' on'y place f'r lads like me—" he says, ready to cry, an' th' Engineer butted in to change the subjick.

"So say our long-suffering parents and sweethearts," he says.

"Pontoons," says Terry, talkin' from about an inch above his stummick, "you're a lively lad with your head an' your tongue, but ye' lack dep'. I never seen ye' before, an' I never want to see ye again, f'r I know ye lack more dep' 'n any man I ever met. There's moments in th' life of a real man ye couldn't no more understand 'n a Chinese storekeeper. An' this is one of th'm," he says, pullin' his hat down over his eyes.

He didn't say no more, but when the nigger band struck up th' Umpty-deé-he-hee-*heé* music to show it was all over now Terry got up slow and stiff and threw a chest and squeezed his hat to his left breast and stood there in the rig, lookin' considerable like some gen'rals you an' me've seen. He kep' on standin' there after the music had stopped, and after a while it got tiresome and th' Engineer told the cochero to sigue ahead.

"*Hindi!*" says Terry. "Don't you believe it. You're like all th' rest," he says to us, plumb disgusted. "You call yourselves soldiers, an' all you think about is just chow. *Chow*, at a moment like this! You ain't got a ripple of patriotism in ye, the whole bunch, big enough to grease a twenty-two cartridge—" and he made us drive up and down th' Malecon twice in th' moonlight before he'd go to supper.

While he was chowin' he kep' gettin' grumper and grumper, and after supper, when th' Engineer wanted to be gettin' back to quarters—he was livin' over'n old Santiaygo—Terry just busted loose.

"Pontoons," he says, "I t'ought you was a man. You're big enough f'r one. Run away an' join the Naytional Guard. Go an' be a pinkety-pink Vol'nteer an' tell th' nursery sergeant not to wake you up without your p'rmission. Go an' dog-rob f'r a c'mission. Go an' do this an' do that," he says, thinkin' up a whole lot of different places for th' Engineer to go to—till fin'lly he got so ugly we took him into the New Bridge again and bought him a drink to calm him down.

It didn't do no good. He kep' one eye on the door an' th' other on the Engineer, and slung hot air till you wouldn't think a big guy like that would've stood for it. But th' Engineer just grins.

"Gentlemen," he says, "gentlemen and friend Clancy—there's a hard-hearted son of Plymouth Rock commands the comp'ny that'll be roundin' up all the little devils to check roll-call six times a day before he's been dead a month. He'll mult me a month's pay f'r missin' Retreat to-night—not that the pleasure of meetin' you ain't worth the price," he says to Terry, "but I might just as well miss Taps now and get a month in th' jug besides. What's the use of freedom without money? To-night we have both, and we'll pour them out like blood to soothe the feelin's of a friend whose heart is sad to think that the flag which floated o'er his cradle now decks the schoolhouses of the brave but eelusive Fillypeeners."

Terry's mouth sort of hung open when the Engineer struck his pace, but he brightened up quick as he got onto the drift of it. "Ye read my feelin's like a padre," he says to him, "an' I like your build. If you was on'y in th' comp'ny it's many a fight we'd have had together—an' we may have one yet. Here's lookin' at ye! You're a soldier, you are, *and* a gentleman. Here's how!"

Of course, we had a beer on the Engineer then, and two on the Coast Artillerys, who'd been sayin' little all day, but drinkin' hearty. The poor devils get that way, bein' stationed mostly near big cities like Portland, Maine, and Guam, where chanstes are few since the Christian Temperance women got their stranglehold. And then our A. O. H. friend Schleimacher sets them up an' says: "Fellers, a sailor like me—"

"Don't you miscall yourself, you're more of a soldier than a heap of th' muts I'm herdin' with," says Terry, takin' a sling at us, "but ye *do* loot like a sailor," he says.

"I'm a soldier at sea all right," says the Marine, "for I'm seasick as an army transport ev'ry trip. I was talkin' when you butted in. A sailor like me don't have many look-ins for what you might call refined amusements. Cavité's mostly cock-fights an' drill. So I moves we all go to a nigger theayter, where there's sure to be plenty doin'."

We went, victoriers an' all, and Old Trouble must a been howlin' for joy to see us comin' along. When we got there there was a big crowd outside, and we was wedged up against one of th' stands where the girls

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"My thoughts got to advancing and I went to sleep"

sell bananas and cigarettes and such truck. One of th'm—a pretty good-lookin' girl she was, too—smiles at Terry, and he opens up a conversation, an' fin'lly he says to me: "'Tis a long time since I've et a hard-boiled egg, an' I'm goin' to have one if they're fresh *Frescoes?*" he asts, pointin' to the eggs. "*Wavoes frescoes?*" *Fresco* means cool in common bamboo Spanish, but he was usin' a private Castilian brand of his own. "*Wavoes frescoes?*" he says. "Is the eggs cool?"

"*Como helados, chiquito mio,*" says the girl, laughin'. "Like ice, my honey-bunch," she says.

"Give me two then, and keep the change," says Terry. "You're a neat little gu-gu. *Dos!*" he says, holdin' up his fingers.

He broke one of his eggs—an' he dropped it quick. "Ye little merrocker-leather daughter o' sin and shame," he says to the girl—I ain't quotin' *him* exact neither—"ye little two-f'r-a-cent bunch o' calicker," he says, mixin' in some other words on th' side, "bein' a lady, I can't say what I think of you, but it ain't such a helluva much—and don't ye grin at *me!* I might 've *et* that! If it had on'y known enough to *peep*," he says to us, "it needn't never have got boiled *alive*. *Wavoes frescoes!* Damn a country where a pretty girl will lie to you f'r a cent. I'll keep th' other one till I'm a whole lot hungry," he says, slippin' it into his pocket.

He kep' on mutterin' to himself while he was squeezin' up to the little window—and a good tight squeeze we had. Y'see old Ma Trouble had c'llected a special crowd f'r th' occasion, but we never noticed that. We just hiked ahead, and having had plenty of money—though little of it was left by that time—we bought a box and went in.

Maybe you've never been in a gu-gu theayter. The floor is the ground, an' that's the orchestray. Then around that runs a row of boxes without any fronts or back or tops or sides, and behind them is the balcony. Well, we swell guys pikes up to our box and starts in to be the real things. In one of them theayters you want to sit with your hat on till the curtain rises, and smoke cigarettes and look at the women. That was easy for us, an' th' Engineer gets up a two-handed game of eyes with a chocolate-colored dame that begun to look entanglin'. But Terry broke it up. "Cut it out," he says. "She'll be over here in a minute, sittin' on your lap while she steals th' buttons off'n your coat. Ye can't trust any of th'm. *Wavoes frescoes!*" he says.

And right there old Ma played her joker. That drayma we'd come to see was called "Kabapon"—but you don't *sabe hablar Fillypeener*. "Yesterday, To-day, and To-morrer" was the name, an' th' first act was Yesterday. That was Spain. There was nothin' much doin' f'r a while, just foolin' round a good deal like that Greaser show they used to have in San Antone, talkin' slow an' keepin' your hand on your knife. But after a while a priest come on, one of th' Friars, an' they knocked him down in th' first round, and then they kicked him all over the stage and sat on him and raised a rough-house with him for fair.

They'd just tossed him out of sight when a lot of Spanish soldiers come on, and the shootin' began. Well, sir, the Fillypeeners cleaned them Greasers out f'r keeps, an' th' little leadin' lady grabs the Spanish flag and rips it up the middle and walks on the pieces. The house went wild at that, an' while they was clappin' and shoutin' the sun of Fillypeener liberty began to rise at th' back of th' stage. It was a shaky old sun with three K's on its face, like freckles. I see Terry fumblin' in his pocket, and then, just as th' sun is gettin' fairly up, somethin' puts the poor thing's eye out and th' curtain falls quick. "*Wavoes frescoes!*" Terry says, like he was talkin' to himself.

Well, sir, things livened up something wonderful just about then. All th' natives in th' audience, and there was about a thousand of th'm, began to yowl like cats and crowd toward our box, and half a dozen Spaniards was yellin' "*Bravvo el Americano,*" and some Americans that was scattered round through the place was sayin' nothin', but movin' up at th' double.

"Nothin' doin', boys," Terry yells, standin' up, and a big man he looked. "Scat!" he says to the natives. "*Sigue Dagupan*, you *Kittykattypunanos*, before I chew you up," he says, and made like he was goin' to jump down among th'm.

They scatted all right, and we pulled Terry down, quiet enough, on'y his shoulders was twitchin' under his blouse. "Casey," he says to me, "I always took the Fillypeeners for Catholics till I seen th'm maul that padre. God help th' next one I lay foot to."

"I mistrust this is one of th' seditious plays we read about," th' Engineer whispers to me, "and I reckon To-day will be worse than Yesterday for the big man We'd better get him out of here."

"His patriotism is sure ripplin' lively," I says.

"An' did ye ever read a po'm," says the lad, "about a pebble dropped in th' middle of th' ocean, an' the ripples it'll kick up?"

"I never read po'try," I says, "but if Terry ever drops down in that crowd there'll be something kicked up for keeps." An' then the crowd quieted down an' the curtain went up f'r th' second act.

"'Bein' a lady, I can't say what I think of you, but it ain't such a much!'"

To-day was us, th' Americans. A little gen'ral with pompydoor hair walked round on th' stage f'r a while, and *hablared* to his crowd, and then six men in khaki came in, carryin' th' flag, and th' other gang began to shoot th'm up. It wasn't very pretty to watch, on'y we didn't have time to look much. Th' Engineer and me had one of Terry's arms, and Schleimacher was tryin' to keep a hand over his mouth and not get bitten, f'r the talk he was tryin' to make was fierce. We held him all right till th' Americans was lyin' round the stage dead and picturesque as hell, an' then th' little girl grabs th' flag, and you could seem to hear th' audience draw a long breath.

I didn't think she'd dare to do it, an' th' audience didn't neither, but sure enough she spits on it an' tosses it on th' floor, and then—well, old Terry just brushes th' Engineer and me out of his way and steps up on the rail of the box and makes his little speech. "Boys!" he yells, "remember Balangiga an' th' rest of th' coward's tricks they've played us. That's the flag," an' he hops down to the floor.

"Come on," I yells to th' Engineer, "if he gets on that stage it'll be murder," and down we jumps.

It was like slippin' off a ford into quick water. I never did like a fight in a house, and this was the noisiest one I ever struck. The women was screechin' and th' men howlin' and th' boys behind us was laughin' and shoutin' and bangin' every head that came their way, and some fool began to let off a gun into th' roof. But th' Engineer and me just kep' on down th' aisle after Terry. Just as he reached th' musicians the curtain came down, but he picked up a little fiddler and tossed him into the rotten old cloth like a sack of beans, and went through th' hole after him onto the stage.

But it stopped him up enough so't the Engineer and me climb through right behind him. We piled onto him just as he was makin' a rush f'r a bunch of th' actors, and there was a good lively mix-up f'r a few seconds. Men began to come through the curtain in a dozen places, and the racket in th' house outside doubled up. I don't know just everything that happened, f'r th' minute Terry gave in a bit we drug him out the back way and cut up an alley. We didn't stop to find out where Schleimacher and th' Artillerys was, and I s'pose them victoriers is there yet waitin' for their money. And I'll bet there never was no To-morrer in that drayma.

We got out onto the corner where there's a saloon, and then we stopped a minute to listen. Same as always, th' minute Terry couldn't do any more harm he was gentle as a child. "There's patriotism around all right," he says, cockin' his head toward the racket back at th' theayter, "on'y it needs somebody to stir it up. I'll bet anybody five to one in beers that somebody gets hurt out of this before it's done," he says, as an extry loud howl and a ripple of shots went up fr'm the theayter and a patrol-wagon came ting-tingin' down the street. "I make it beer," says Terry, "because I'm thirsty."

"Take you," says th' Engineer, "an' we'll step in here and pay up one of th'm now." So we stepped in there, and sev'ral other places, till we sort of got th' habit, and I reckon we traveled all over Maniller and had beers with about half th' Army. Th' last thing I remember Terry had got patriotic again an' was sayin' a po'm about th' flag. Then my thoughts got to advancing in regimental formation and I went to sleep.

The dinky little guard-mount march was goin' next mornin' when I woke up, so I knew something was wrong, and when I reached f'r my rifle I found I was in th' guard-house and Terry was poundin' his ear on a bunk beside me. My head felt like a carabao had walked on it, and I yelled to the sentry for some water.

"There's th' ice-water over'n the corner," he says, lookin' in through the bars. "You sure ain't forgotten this quick."

"What did we do?" I asts him, gulpin' down about a quart in one swaller.

"What didn't ye do?" says he. "Pers'nally ye did up three of us while we was puttin' ye in th' cooler here. Ye came home singin' in a carrermatter 'bout 3 A. M., an' Terry wanted th' cochero to come in an' kneel in front of th' flagpole and have his head cut off. And you was tryin' to borrow a bay'net f'r him. Generally I guess you'll get to remember most all you did before th' Old Man gets through with you. He's had a squad of policemen *and* an orderly fr'm headquarters call to see him this mornin', and fr'm what they said I should judge you'd tried to bust up the little old Civil Gov'ment and clean up the L. B. B. Don't be bashful about th' water," he says. "It's all for you."

While I was sloshin' ice-water over my head Terry woke up, and we sat on th' edges of the bunks and talked it over. Neither of us felt real affectionate. We was still talkin' when the guard came and took us out to th' orderly-room, up in front of th' Old Man.

"H'm," he says, swingin' back in his chair. "Do ye want to call any witnesses to prove ye didn't do it?"

"No, sir," we both says quick. We'd known him f'r some time.

"H'm. That's lucky f'r you," he says. "I don't mind havin' men try to run my guard at three in th' mornin'," he says, talkin' to the ceiling like an old friend, "nor tryin' to murder a coachman on my parade-ground, nor blackin' the eye of the sergeant of the guard. H'm. Ye've got to expect these little pleasantries fr'm soldiers, of course," says he. "H'm. But when I have to drive away six policemen before breakfast who've come to arrest two of my men f'r assaultin' several hundred natives an' wreckin' a theayter, I've got to draw th' line. There's eddy-toryals about them men this mornin' in all the native papers, *and* th' *Cable News*. A brutal attack on peaceable, well-disposed Fillypeeners, and on hundreds of th'm at that, is an assault to the foundations of gover-ment which I can't overlook. H'm."

"She spit on th' flag, sir," says Terry.

"The Colonel wanted those men for a G. C. M. this mornin'," says th' Old Man, "to say nothin' of the civil authorities wantin' th'm f'r sedition and treason and

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[illegible] Manilla. We must try to make it flow in a gentle, steady stream. H'm. If you let it fly in chunks it closely resimbles anarchy," he says, "'specially in Maniller. H'm. Sentry, march these men to the parade-ground and see that they pluck the grass, all the grass, between the stones, tie it in bundles of fifty stalks, neat bundles, and place them at the foot of the post flagstaff. H'm. And, Sentry, see that after depositin' each bundle they retire twelve paces and salute the flag before resumin' work. After you have cleaned the parade," he says, "I may be able to find some other work f'r you. If ye feel y'r patriotism flaggin' just tell the sentry and he will bring you in to

hyener," says Terry. "I'll make y'r face over when I get a chanst."

"Intimidatin' a sentry in the discharge of his duty," says Skinny, but he shut up, far as talk went. On'y he made a bugle of his nose an' begun to hum little tunes through it, an' then th' crowd begun driftin' out on th' verandas an' caught on, an' all you could hear was that whole damn parrot-faced battalion blowin' through their noses, Umpty-deé-he-hee-*heeé*, he-he-*heé*-hum-hum-*hum!*

Terry and me said nothin' an' picked busy f'r a while, but about the fiftieth bundle the hot stones an' th' sun an' yesterday's beer an' the crowd loafin' in the

"He picked up [illegible] fiddler and tossed him into the rotten old cloth like a sack of beans, and went through th' hole after him"

me, and I will try to revive it. H'm. You understand, Sentry?"

"Yes, sir," says the sentry. His mouth was twistin' up on him on th' Lootenant's an' everybody's but just us an' th' Old Man'. He on'y looked sort of surprised. "[illegible] any jokes round here I ain't noticed?" he says. "I [illegible] a joke. H'm. You seen any, Clancy?"

"[illegible]," says Terry, pretty sick.

The sentry grinned all th' time he was marchin' us [illegible] an' the news [illegible] quick an' they was grins to [illegible] all the way. An' then the sentry begins to [illegible]

"You've skipped a stalk on y'r left flank, Clancy," [illegible] "Tie them in neat bundles of twelve stalks, [illegible] fifty paces an' salute th' flag."

"[illegible] Skinny," says Terry. "He said bundles [illegible] I heard him m'self."

"Bundles [illegible] an' fifty paces," says Skinny. "You [illegible] him if ye don't believe me. Wouldn't [illegible]"

"[illegible] laugh while ye've got a place f'r it, ye

cool verandas an' ev'rything else all got holt of my temper to once. "You're an ornament to th' Service," I says, tryin' to crawl into the shadder of th' pole. 'Twas about a mile long an' an inch wide.

"Stow y'r face," says Terry, tyin' a bundle with a thumb big as three of it.

"I'd like to tell you what I think of you," I says, "on'y I can't think of it. How's y'r patriotism ripplin' now?" I says. "Looka th' flag, th' dear old flag, floatin' up above y'r crazy head."

Terry swallers hard. "Casey," he says, "I let ye in f'r this, but—" He picks up his little bundle an' carries it to th' foot of the pole. Then he falls back an' salutes. Then he comes over to me—an' his face was blossomin' into a grin. Yes, sir, they was a hole in them rugged features of his you could've shoved a blanket roll into. "Oh, Casey," he says, "Casey man, if th' Old Boy soaks it to us this way f'r what *we* done, wouldn't ye, oh, wouldn't ye just like to see what he'd do to that theayter if he was runnin' this town?"

An' thinkin' of *that*, I grinned too.

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# KINGSTON

## A PERSONAL NARRATIVE BY A VISITOR TO THE ISLAND WHO WAS ON THE MAIN STREET OF THE CITY WHEN THE EARTHQUAKE CAME, AND WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO ESCAPE

A MAD dash down the streets with buildings toppling and crashing in front of me at every few steps, a horrible vision of maimed and burnt and bleeding bodies, and a choking sensation as if I were inhaling red-hot cinders in air devoid of oxygen—these are my chief recollections. The ghastly sights and sounds and smells of the catastrophe have left an ineffaceable impression on my mind. It seems to me even now a miracle that I escaped.

I had been in Kingston for about ten days, living in the lovely suburb of St. Andrews, about five miles from the town proper, and only a stone's throw from King's Gate, the house of the Governor, Sir A. Swettenham. The weather had been perfection itself until Monday the 14th of January, when a peculiar sultriness filled the air and the heat became intense. But as I had some shopping to do I took the trolley car for town and got off at Harbor Street, the chief business street of the city. I went into the principal store, the Metropolitan House, and, while buying some laces, had a chat with Mr. Nathan, the proprietor. Ten minutes later Harbor Street lay in ruins, the Metropolitan House had crashed to the ground, Mr. Nathan lay dead, and all but four of the employees and tourists in the store were buried under the mass of débris.

### *The First Sensation of Earthquake*

I HAD left the store hastily in order to keep an engagement for tea at the Myrtle Bank Hotel, and on the way to that picturesque structure I met Dr. Henry Beagle, an English physician who was staying at the Constant Spring Hotel, six miles out of town. We walked along together and fortunately chose the middle of the street. We had just passed the post-office when, without even a warning rumble, the houses on both sides of the street began to tremble visibly, and an instant later crashed down about us with a fierce rattle like the crunch of many anchor chains. The ground began to burn with such an intense heat that the soles of our shoes were scorched. Then it began to split open into dozens of narrow crevasses, from which spouted streams of water.

How strangely one acts and feels at such an unexpected crisis. I remember that my first sensation was not one of fear, but of amazement. We both stopped stock still and looked at each other.

"Explosion!" I cried.

"Earthquake! Make for the water!" the doctor shouted back.

Then the real horror began. For while through some miraculous chance neither of us had been hit by the falling bricks and stones at the first shock, they kept coming down like hail, until at the end of a few minutes they were several feet deep in the street. Progress was nearly impossible. The doctor seized me by the hand, but my feet were suddenly pinioned and I pitched headlong, losing his grip. At that minute, as the sun was totally obscured by the clouds of dust that came from the antique buildings, I could not see my hand before my face. There I lay alone on the ground in total darkness, while the frantic screams of the wounded and dying filled the air. I was up in an instant, for I knew that lying there meant being trampled to death. My hip was slightly injured by the fall.

A second shock brought down more bricks, and the darkness grew even more intense. I was nearly choked to death, as all the oxygen in the air was absorbed by the terrific dust. My throat and lungs were scorched in a futile gasping for air.

My one idea, I recall, was to find the doctor again, and I staggered onward calling his name. I thought that together we had a better chance of reaching a place of safety.

"Doctor! Doctor!" I cried again and again; and after an eternity I heard what seemed a response from a distance. As the darkness cleared away a bit he stumbled toward me over mountains of hot bricks.

He had fallen a moment after I did and wrenched his ankle, but in the excitement he did not notice the pain until later. He grasped me firmly by the wrist, and together we ran along Harbor Street, which stretches its length parallel to the water at a distance of about five hundred yards.

"Make for the water and look out for the fire!" he managed to articulate. In mad haste we fled over the irregular piles of débris massed many feet high in the street. We stumbled and fell at every half-dozen steps, but recovered ourselves and kept on with the one idea of escape in our minds. How we ever managed to do what we did I do not see when I think of it now.

We had to crawl through coils of live wire, which if touched meant instant death. We were clutched at by the dying in their agony and the mad in their insane frenzy of fear. Wailing children clung to my skirts. They were naked, and their poor little bodies were bathed in blood. Imprecations, groans, and prayers arose on every side.

At one corner a group of five women were standing, locked in each other's arms and quietly praying. At another a man was laughing, insanely, coolly adjusting his collar and tie. We passed a woman, an American, mourning over her young son who lay dead before her. Everywhere hysterical people were hunting wildly for their kin. The horrors of the sights we saw in that terrible half-mile run I shall never forget—people with crushed skulls, their brains strewing the bricks; men and women wounded in every imaginable way crawling helplessly about seeking succor; people lying peacefully in the calm of death. All around were the native women raising their arms up to heaven and crying:

"De Lord Jesus Christ has come; de Lord Jesus Christ has punish dis wicked land; de Lord God has show what his power can do!"

At one place we were forced to make a detour to avoid a horse and carriage which lay completely crushed with its occupants and driver underneath a fallen house. But even then the horror was not at its fullest height. The fire had not yet started, and there were many wooden buildings standing which had survived the shock, and some people who, though caught under the fallen buildings, were still living and but slightly injured. When the fire, which burst forth almost immediately, came, these poor creatures, helpless in their imprisonment, were burned to death. We saw their blackened bodies still smoldering, in positions of agony, two days later when we again traversed the ruins of Harbor Street.

All this time we were running for our lives, panting with the agony of thirst. I remember looking with greedy eyes at a street faucet which we passed, but the doctor dragged me forcibly along, crying:

"Don't give up now! We are near the end!"

The misery about us was so wholesale that we were powerless to do anything for the suffering of others. Those who were able were running wildly in every direction, but we had an objective point in view. It was the wharf of the Royal Mail Docks, where we knew there was a steamer lying. We turned down one street to get there and ran about three hundred yards, only to find it so blocked with ruins that egress was impossible. We were forced to retrace our steps to that fatal Harbor Street again, and to run down the next street. By this time I was so bruised by the sharp stones and exhausted by loss of breath that I stumbled and almost fell continually, and had it not been for the doctor I think I should have given out. But we finally managed to reach the dock, and boarded the steamer *Naparima*. She was from Glasgow, Scotland, and bound for Port Limon, West Indies. We did not care, however, whither we were bound so long as we were off Jamaica soil. We were, I am sure, the first people to find a refuge from the stricken city, for it was fully an hour later before small boats were seen taking refugees out to the *Arno* and *Port Kingston*, the two other steamers lying in the harbor.

The captain of our vessel was badly hurt on the head with a stone. The doctor attended him, and also another man, a pitiful creature who came on board so dazed with his wounds that he did not know what he was saying. Instead of asking to have them dressed he demanded:

"Can nobody let me have a pair of slippers?" reiterating it again and again.

### *The Beginning of Fire*

WE put out into the harbor about a quarter of a mile and anchored there. Presently a small boat came out to us with three guests from the Myrtle Bank Hotel, which had utterly collapsed. They were Mr. and Mrs. Gaspard Lemoine of Quebec and Mr. Ernest Ling of New York City. Mrs. Lemoine escaped in her stocking feet and wearing her husband's duck coat and a petticoat. She was taking a bath at the time of the catastrophe.

I do not think that twenty minutes had passed from the time the earthquake occurred, at 3.25 P.M., until we boarded the *Naparima*, but already the flames had broken out in the heart of the business district where there were so many stores of combustible spirituous liquors. The fire spread in every direction until the whole city was ablaze. A more hideous yet beautiful sight I never beheld. As it grew darker the whole world seemed on fire, and from our vantage-point we saw flames of every imaginable hue—green, yellow, orange, and purple—while the sound of exploding magazines and dynamited houses crashed upon our ears, with the occasional ping of a pistol shot as some soldier sent a looting negro to his doom.

When we had been on board but a couple of hours a launch steamed alongside, and a young officer shouted up to ask if there were a physician on board. The doctor at once responded, in spite of his injured ankle, and spent the greater part of the night setting arms, amputating legs, and sewing up the wounds of the maimed who had been brought on board the other ships in the harbor. None of us went to bed that night, but we sat on deck, watching with fascinated horror-stricken eyes the ever-growing fire which raged in the doomed city. About every two hours or so the ship would shake and tremble with another shock—I think that there were eleven all told during the night—and we never knew from one moment to the next whether a tidal wave would follow, or an eruption break out directly under us. As it was, the whole conformation of the harbor was changed, former charts were useless, and the ship listed shockingly to port.

Dawn broke at last, and looking around I saw huddled in a corner a tiny native boy who had followed us clinging to my dress. The poor little child knew not whether any of his family were saved, but had simply followed us blindly on board, looking for a place of refuge. At daybreak the doctor again left to attend to the wounded, and Mr. Ling and Mr. Lemoine went on shore, where they were fortunate enough to secure most of the luggage left at the Myrtle Bank Hotel, although during the repeated shocks it had completely collapsed. About five o'clock in the afternoon we were called upon to go to the dock and pump water on some coal

NO PLACE FOR A CIRCUS

At the time the earthquake visited Kingston a Cincinnati circus was giving performances under canvas on the old race-course just outside the city. Four or five thousand refugees rushed out in this direction and camped about the track. Every time a lion roared, however, the refugees became panic-stricken, thinking it was another earthquake, and many would flee in terror. In order to pacify the people the animals were escorted to a different location. The photograph shows the circus wagons, containing lions and tigers, and the elephants, passing through the outskirts of the town, escorted by the Jamaican police

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRANDENBURG

[illegible] had [illegible] what [illegible] After walking [illegible] of a car [illegible] I found [illegible] Laen in [illegible] inevitably [illegible] was in a state [illegible] grass under an [illegible] servant of the [illegible] were leaving [illegible] the purpose of [illegible] In the morning [illegible] This was fortunate, as [illegible] at any price, all the [illegible] the ground.

### [illegible] Cuba on a Cattle Boat

C[illegible] had been entirely cut off [illegible] and other places, and no food [illegible] was restored. My sole [illegible] the island at the earliest possible [illegible] were reports that the entire place [illegible] sinking into the sea. The recurrent shocks, [illegible] ceased, seemed to confirm this frightful [illegible]

Early in the morning I managed to secure a mule for what remaining luggage I had, and started for the town, [illegible] to get away anywhere at any price. Arriving at the Atlas wharf I tried to book for New York on two German boats in the port, but they were already [illegible] to the gunwales. At last after several hours I found out that there was a cattle ship leaving for Cuba that afternoon, and several of us decided to leave on her, in spite of the fact that she had been declared unseaworthy and had put into Kingston for repairs. Then it suddenly occurred to me that I had left what jewelry remained to me on the [illegible], a mile or so away. Being unable to secure a boat of any sort to take me over, I was again forced to take that frightful walk along Harbor Street, where the stench of burning bodies in every sort of fantastic shape was so overpowering that I could scarcely breathe. The city was under martial law, and one was allowed to go nowhere without the Governor's passport, which I had neglected to obtain. However, through the influence of a friend, I managed to get a tug and was taken out to the [illegible] and then over again to the Atlas wharf.

Another gruesome sight which made me close my eyes for fear of seeing more while paddling to and fro from steamer to shore was dead bodies floating in the water, a prey to fiercely eager shark and buzzard, who fought for their possession.

Our cattle boat left about five in the afternoon, and when we boarded her we thought we were on a pirate ship, so fierce and wild were the officers and crew. They all walked about the decks with blankets on as uniforms, shrieking and growling in a barbaric tongue. The quarters which we occupied were where the calves are usually kept. The trip between Jamaica and Cuba is always a rough one, and was then particularly dangerous on account of the changed condition of the ground beneath the sea. Our boat was very small, and, having no cargo, she dipped and rolled with a rotary motion that made us think every moment would be our last. The machinery was rotten and the heavy sea kept sweeping continually over the bows, while the waves reached the rail on the starboard side every few minutes. The hold was full of water, which rattled and roared with an ominous sound, and we never thought that we would reach Cuba alive. It took us two days to do so, although the usual trip consumes only about sixteen hours.

As we passed Port Royal, that wicked old-time city of buccaneer fame which stood at the entrance of Kingston Harbor, all that met our eyes was the roofs of houses, which were resting placidly on the surface of the water, while only the tops of the palm-trees nodded when dashed upon by the incoming waves, so low had the city sunk in the sea.

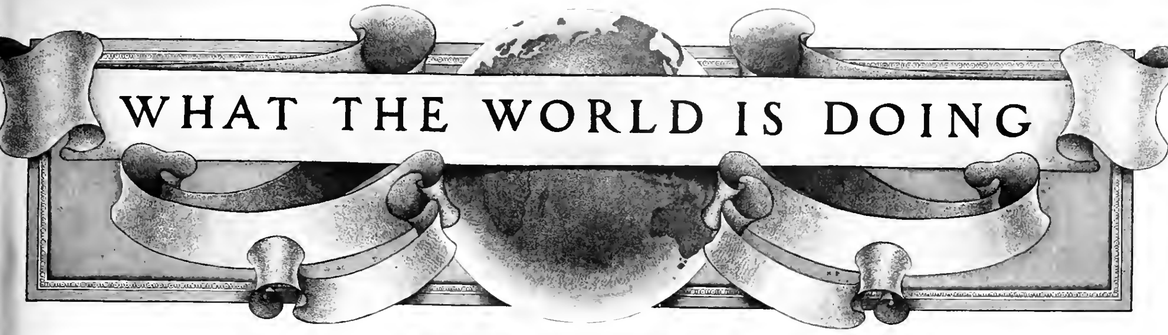
### *A Voyage That Was a Nightmare*

UPON our arrival at Santiago we were bombarded with questions by the reporters, for we were the very first to bring any sort of news from the stricken island, and the news we gave was cabled all over the world. Once in Cuba we felt safe, but the shock to our nerves had been so severe that we felt the sooner we left the tropics the better. We made for Havana, and took the first steamer we could catch for New York. But we first left word in Santiago for relief boats to be despatched to Kingston as quickly as possible with food and medical supplies, as the population was starving and dying of thirst. The shock had burst the water mains, and there was a woful lack of medicine and surgical appliances when we left, owing to the damage done to the barracks and the hospital.

The trip home was one long nightmare. Again and again I dreamed that I heard the dreadful groans and saw the soul-sickening sights of that Harbor Street horror. And the stench of the burning corpses on the funeral pyre of their stricken city seemed forever in my nostrils.

TH[illegible] MONGOLIAN PERIL: ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF A JAPANESE TRYING TO BREAK INTO A SAN FRANCISCO SCHOOL

[illegible] that Japanese [illegible] to her public school. On this case the Federal Government will base an action, [illegible] Miss Mary Agnes Deane, principal of the Redding Primary School, to let him in. She is firmly refusing [illegible] rights are being looked after by United States Attorney George Clark and Mr. D. S. Richardson, foreign secretary [illegible] system are being "watched over" by Mr. L. J. Walsh and Mr. Aaron Altman, of the Board of Education




## WORK FOR CONGRESS

THE high-pressure days at the close of Congress are at hand. A bill that failed to pass last summer could go over to the short session, but those of the thirty-three thousand bills in the two houses that do not pass now will be dead.

The chances of two of the measures included in the list of desirable legislation in last week's COLLIER'S have faded practically to the vanishing point. The opponents of the canteen in the army have proved so utterly impervious to argument and experience that it seems hopeless to try to overcome their opposition by any such short and ready method as an amendment to an appropriation bill. A separate repeal bill at this stage of the session would of course be out of the question. It looks, therefore, as if the only thing to do would be to carry on a long campaign of education for the next ten months, and then rely on the enlightened common sense of a majority of the Sixtieth Congress. Commissioner Leupp's plan for the protection of the Indians by the creation of corporations to hold their property is in a similar position, although not for the same reason. There is no fanatical opposition in that case, but merely the spirit of conservatism that wants time to get acquainted with a new idea.

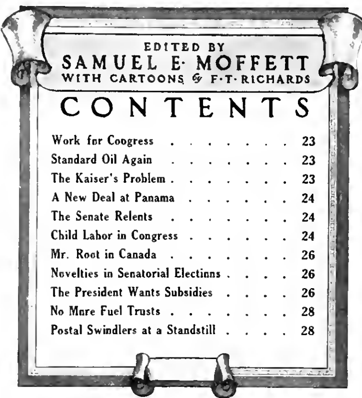
One measure that should have been included in the list last week is the bill (H. R. 17,838) for the prevention of child labor in the District of Columbia, with the Beveridge amendment excluding the products of such labor in mines and factories from interstate commerce. This has the endorsement of the National Child Labor Committee, and while it is not perfect, it would free thousands of the nearly two million children who are now chained to a mind and body stunting servitude.

A new bill of transcendent importance is Senator La Follette's (S. 8,013), reserving from entry and sale the mineral rights to coal, oil, gas, and asphalt on or under the public lands of the United States. This measure, which is described more fully elsewhere, is in the Senate Committee on Public Lands.

The beet sugar and tobacco interests continue to keep the Philippine Tariff bill locked in the Senate Committee on the Philippines, and nothing but a determined expression of popular feeling can release that measure of justice and national honor from the grip of sordid greed.

The bill according citizenship to the people of Porto Rico is in the power of Speaker Cannon, whose views upon the capacity of our island wards for self-government do not accord with those of President Roosevelt.

The situation with regard to the Appalachian and White Mountain Forest Reserve bill is similar. One would think there would be no opposition to a measure of such transcendent national importance as this.


EDITED BY
SAMUEL E. MOFFETT
WITH CARTOONS BY F·T·RICHARDS

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There are over a hundred national forest reserves west of the Mississippi and not one east of it. The Western reserves are worth at least $300,000,000—a hundred times the total appropriation asked for the two in the East—and are increasing in value at the rate of ten per cent a year. The destruction from floods in the region fed from the Southern Appalachians has been six times the amount of the cost of both reserves in a single year. But Speaker Cannon is afraid we can not spare three millions for prevention.

The Railroad Employees' Hours of Labor bill (S. 5,133) is undergoing a siege from a powerful railroad lobby which insists that there is no room for improvement in the present system, under which trainmen and despatchers are worked until they fall asleep at their posts.

## STANDARD OIL AGAIN

THE investigation into the methods of the Standard Oil Company which the Interstate Commerce Commission has been carrying on for nearly a year has ended with a report which will certainly bring down upon the Commission a stern condemnation from Chancellor Day of Syracuse University. Practically every charge made by Henry Demarest Lloyd and Miss Tarbell has been confirmed, not from loose gossip, but from sworn testimony. The Commission finds that "the ruin of its competitors has been a distinct part of the policy of the Standard Oil Company in the past, systematically and persistently pursued," that its motto has been "destruction of competition at any cost," and that this policy has been pursued "without much reference to decency or conscience."

The great bulwark of the trust now, the report holds, is its pipe line system, which is buttressed against competition by the refusal of the railroads to allow rival lines to cross their rights of way. Although the new rate law makes pipe lines common carriers, the method of having reasonable rates defined only after specific complaint does not meet the situation, and the Commission thinks it may become necessary for the Government to "fix in the first instance the rates and regulations for the transportation of this traffic."

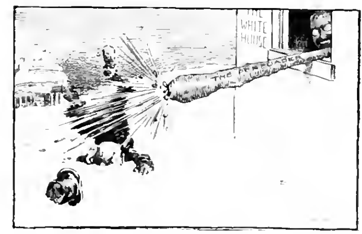
## THE KAISER'S PROBLEM

OF the three parties whose coalition defeated the Government in the late German Reichstag the Centrists, or Clericals, and the Poles came out of the elections of January 25 in undiminished, and even slightly increased, strength. The Poles, who had only sixteen seats before out of the entire membership of the Reichstag, won eighteen on the first ballots this time, with five more chances on the second. The Centrists, who had ninety-nine places before, eighty-eight of them carried on the first ballots, won eighty-nine on the first trial this year, with thirty-one second ballotings to come. But the third party of opposition, the Socialists, met with a staggering and utterly unlooked-for defeat. It carried only twenty-nine seats on the first ballots against fifty-five at the same stage in 1903. The Socialists are contesting ninety-two seats on the second ballots, but there seems hardly a chance that they will come within twenty votes of their former strength of seventy-nine. But this does not mean, as so many oversanguine conservatives have hastily concluded, that Socialism is losing its hold on the German working people. The popular vote for the Socialist candidates seems actually to have increased. What has happened has been that the excitement of the campaign has brought out reserves that the other parties were never able to bring to the polls before.

Although the Socialist check naturally has been gratifying to the Emperor and Chancellor Von Bülow, the position of the Government is still extremely precarious. Of the 237 members returned on the first ballots the Centrists, Socialists, and Poles, who brought on the former crisis, elected 136, a majority of 35 over all other factions combined. To these should be added ten Independent Alsatian Centrists and one Dane, raising the forces naturally in opposition to 147 and their majority to 57.

To overcome them the Government will have not only to win the great bulk of the second elections, but to patch up a crazy quilt of discordant factions. The only solid nucleus of an Administration party on the first ballotings was composed of forty-one Conservatives, ten Imperialists, twenty National Liberals, and two members of the Landowners' Union—seventy-three in all. The rest of the places decided at that time were scattered among six members of the Radical People's party, one of the Radical Union, one of the Middle Classes' Association, three of the Reform party, four of the Economic Union, and two of the German People's party. Von Bülow's hope of relief from dependence upon the Centre has been disappointed. Unless he can settle his differences with that party he may yet, like Bismarck, have to buy his ticket for Canossa. The Centre will have again, as it has had heretofore, the

The Resolution




The Amendment

—TWO PHASES OF THE RECENT FORAKER BROWNSVILLE RAID—

greatest solid block of votes in the Reichstag. The Chancellor must look longingly at that formidable phalanx, whose support would free him from the necessity of bargaining with half a dozen trifling groups.

## A NEW DEAL AT PANAMA

***Chairman Shonts takes his leave, and the contractors prepare to dig***

THERE is every reason to believe that by the time the Panama Canal is finished we shall have found the right men to dig it. We have already made considerable progress through the list of those who are not the right men, and therefore must have come that much nearer to the one we are after. The latest to decide that he was designed for another sphere of usefulness is Mr. Theodore P. Shonts, Chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission, who sent in his resignation, to take effect March 4, because he had received the more tempting offer of president of the Interborough-Metropolitan Company, controlling all the underground, surface, and elevated street railways in the county of New York. His departure was borne with fortitude, because it was felt that Chief Engineer Stevens, who had done the work of four wheels on the Panama coach, would be able to bear the added responsibility of a fifth.

As Mr. Shonts goes out, the contractors are coming in. After investigating the records of the various bidders the President decided that Mr. William J. Oliver, who had put in the lowest bid in conjunction with Mr. Anson H. Bangs, would be satisfactory, but that Mr. Bangs was impossible, owing ostensibly to his lack of assured financial standing, but also, it is understood, to his association with Gaynor, now under a prison cloud, and to his own failures to carry out previous Government contracts. The conclusion was reached, therefore, that Mr. Oliver should be allowed to make good his bid, but that he would have to drop Mr. Bangs and secure at least two satisfactory partners.

## THE SENATE RELENTS

***Congressmen are to have more pay, and now other deserving public servants are after it, too***

THE Senate has shown that if it can be firm it is not wantonly cruel. Although it would not raise Congressional salaries when the House had tried to shirk the responsibility, it did not grumpily hold out against the increase after the popular branch had taken the lead. A few Senators objected. Some admitted that the salaries were too small, but said they could not conscientiously vote to increase their own pay during the terms for which they had been elected. Nobody mentioned the strongest argument against the increase, which was that if Congressmen were left, like their constituents, to bear the full brunt of the high cost of living they might be prodded into doing something to the trust-breeding tariff which was largely responsible for it. On the final line-up the proposed increase, beginning with March 4 of this year, was carried by a vote of fifty-three to twenty-one.

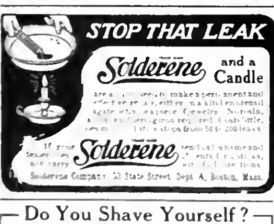
One prediction of Senator Nelson's was abundantly verified. He said that if the proposition should be adopted, "the Senate would be flooded with applications for increase of salaries by every clerk and every mail carrier, by all the officials in the consular service, and practically by every man in the service of the United States." The House, having voted that its own pay ought to be raised, was unable to resist the argument that fourteen foreign ministers who had been getting $7,500 a year each should have $10,000, and that increase was accordingly voted. The House Committee on Post-Offices and Postroads provided in the Post-Office Appropriation bill for salary increases to railway mail clerks, carriers, and clerks in first and second class offices, amounting in all to about five million dollars a year. This is exclusive of the salaries of carriers on rural free delivery routes, which are expected to go up by about two millions a year. One comprehensively liberal bill introduced in Congress, but not likely to pass, increases the salary of every person in the public service, civil or military, by twenty-five per cent. Undoubtedly the pinch of the increased cost of living, which has so distressed members of Congress, has been felt still more keenly by employees in small-salaried positions.

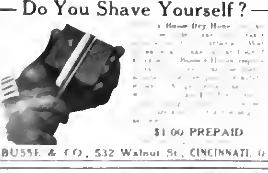
## CHILD LABOR IN CONGRESS

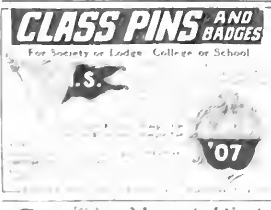
***There will be an investigation, at least, and perhaps something stronger***

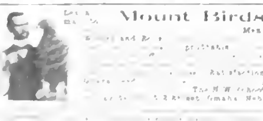
THAT something will be done about child labor is assured by the passage in the House of the bill already passed by the Senate authorizing the Secretary of Commerce and Labor to investigate and report on "the industrial, social, moral, educational, and physical condition of women and child workers in the United States wherever employed, with special reference to their age, hours of labor, term of employment, health, illiteracy, sanitary or other conditions surrounding their occupation, and the means employed for the protection of their health, person, and morals." This investigation [illegible] a body of facts as a basis for future legislation.

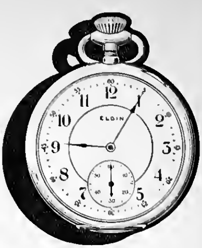
But without waiting for that there is a prospect that positive action may be taken at this session under that inexhaustible interstate commerce clause of the Constitution. A bill to regulate the employment of child labor in the District of Columbia having come over from the House, Senator Beveridge proposed an amendment forbidding any carrier of interstate commerce to accept for transportation across a State or Territorial line, or within any Territory, the product of any factory or mine in which children under fourteen years old were employed or permitted to work, when offered by the owners, agents, or employees of that establishment. In an able speech Mr. Beveridge



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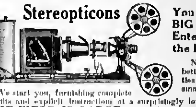

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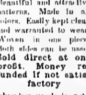

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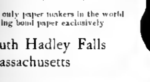


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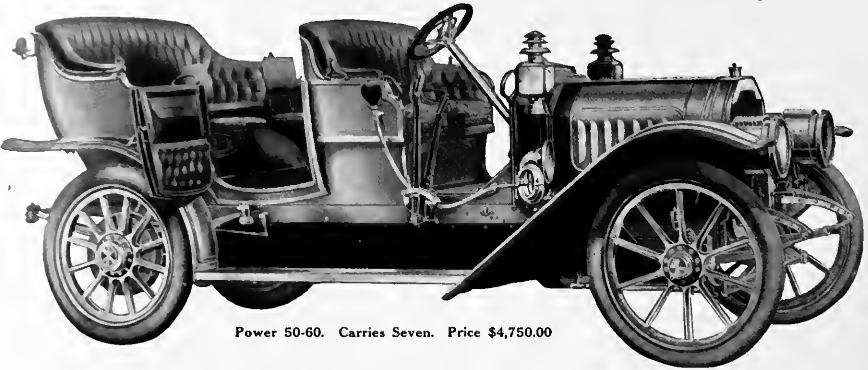
# The Car De Luxe



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**Read this explanation carefully**

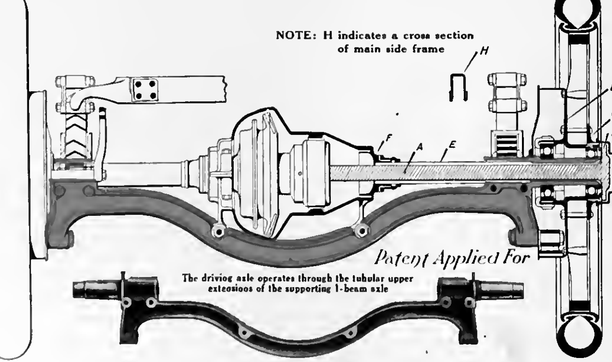
THERE have been two types of rear axle—the I-beam with double chain drive, and the floating axle with shaft drive. The former has the good features of strength and rigidity, but the chain drive is objectionable. The latter permitted the shaft drive, but was lacking in strength.

Study this cut and see how the De Luxe axle—found in The Car De Luxe only—combines the good features of both I-beam and floating axle, and at the same time eliminates all the objections of each,—a marvel of inventive skill—the most important development in motor car construction since the universal adoption of vertical cylinders.

The portion shown in ***red*** is a solid nickel chrome steel forging, in I-beam section, extending from outside to outside of rear hubs, supporting the entire weight of the car.

Resting on this forged axle at the center, where it is curved downward to permit of proper alignment of driving shafts, is the differential case. The driving shafts (A) which transmit the power from the differential to the rear wheels, extend out through the tubular ends of the I-beam axle and engage the hubs of the wheels. The clutch section and the axle are one solid forging of nickel chrome steel. This clutch section—a flange 5 ¼ inches in diameter, has teeth in its periphery (B) (circumference) which engage corresponding notches in the hub flanges (C) and (D).

Notice that the ***brake-drum*** and ***hub-casting*** are in ***one piece*** (D) on which the ball races are anchored, taking all strain off the wheel bolts. Note, also, that the brake-drums are ***directly over*** the inside ball races, so that in braking there is no torsion as there is when the brake-drum is ***inside*** the ball races.




The driving axle operates through the tubular upper extensions of the supporting I-beam axle

Covering the drive shafts between the differential and the inside shoulder of the I-beam axle, are compression sleeves (E), which at their outer ends abut against the shoulder in the I-beam axle and at their inner ends are threaded into a thimble (F) having connection with the differential housing.

That is the construction of the new De Luxe rear axle—found on The Car De Luxe only.

Now see, in addition to its strength, how convenient it is. The differential housing is divided horizontally and the upper half may be removed and the differential taken out without in the least weakening the axle on which the car rests. Then, by removing the hub cap (G) the drive-shafts may be withdrawn without taking the wheels off the axle or disturbing the bearing adjustments, the car still resting firmly on the ***I-beam axle.***

That is ***one*** feature of ***The Car De Luxe***—a car that is luxurious in every detail. Everything that enters into its construction is of the very best quality, and of the best construction both as regards materials and methods and workmanship. Nickel chrome steel is used throughout in every place where its strength can serve to advantage. The entire frame is of this material.

The bearings are of the famous ***imported*** Hess-Bright type—positively the best and most costly bearings made.

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The Car De Luxe will be exhibited at the Chicago Automobile Show, Feb. 2 to 9

# The Wife of Abraham Lincoln

## Of Whom We Read So Little Today and Know Less

By William Perrine

A Daguerreotype of Robert S. Todd, Never Before Reproduced

IT WAS once said of Abraham Lincoln, shortly after he had been made President of the United States, that probably no one else who had ever held the office could have been less attractive in a woman's eye. In the course of his campaign for election, when it was reported that he had been praised by an enthusiastic Republican girl, some of the opposition newspapers had compared it jocosely to the scene in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," when the beautiful Titania, under the spell of the magic potion, kisses the long ears of poor Bottom. Perhaps there has never been an extremely homely man more conscious of his external disadvantage than Mr. Lincoln was of those defects and irregularities in both face and figure that usually deprive men of feminine admiration. Yet there is ample evidence that not only was he easily susceptible in his early manhood to the charms and influence of women, but that he indeed entered zealously, if not gracefully, into more than one courtship.

It has been generally agreed by those who had direct or personal knowledge of Lincoln's early life after he reached the years of manhood, and by those who have investigated and compared the various sources of information about it, that his first experience as a lover presents the evidence of a romance—perhaps the only one that really reached his heart. At the age of twenty-four he was living in the little pioneer town of New Salem, Illinois, on the Sangamon River. It was a rude, primitive settlement, and it was here that he became captain of the local militia, carried on the functions of a postmaster by personally delivering letters to his neighbors from his hat, displayed his prowess with his fists by thrashing the champion bully in that part of Illinois, argued cases before the local Justice of the Peace, and started in politics as a candidate for the Legislature. He was so poor that he scarcely had one suit of clothes; he eked out his livelihood by doing any chores or odd jobs that fell to him among people who were mostly as poor as himself.

The most important among these was the keeper of the village tavern, a frontiersman who had come up from South Carolina and who was known as James Rutledge. He had a daughter, Ann, who has been recalled as an example of grace and beauty, and also, with less hyperbole, as a nice, red-haired schoolgirl; and subsequently Lincoln became a boarder in her father's tavern. But there had been another denizen of New Salem who had courted her, and who, after having been engaged to her, went to New York State in order to return to Illinois with his mother and kinsmen. As he failed to come back her friends told her that she had been deceived, and then Lincoln is represented as hoping that the way had been opened for him.

IT IS a tradition that they were betrothed after she was convinced that she had been deserted, but that the distress which she had suffered was so grievous as to impair her health and finally to throw her into a brain fever. The illness was fatal; before she died she is said to have called repeatedly for Lincoln, and he was brought to her bedside and left with her alone before she became unconscious. There is no doubt that the effect of her death upon him was harrowing and that indeed it nearly overthrew his mind. The disposition to that aberration of gloom or melancholia which often was noted of him in later years took complete possession of his thoughts. He had to be watched closely lest he might do physical harm to himself in the midst of his great grief. He was unable for several weeks to apply himself to any of his customary tasks, and when at last he had again become himself in mind it was thought not only that his face seemed far older than his years, but indeed that sorrow had set upon it a lifelong mark. A quarter of a century afterward, when he had become famous, he was heard to remark that he "loved the very name of Rutledge."

But whatever may really have been the degree of his attachment to Ann and of the poignancy which he felt over her death, it was not more than a year or two before his heart was again longing for love. Lincoln was far from being a bold lover, and in fact was timorous or strange in his advances to women, as well as somewhat uncertain as to whether he ought or ought not to be married.

The next young woman that attracted his attention was Miss Mary Owen, of Kentucky, who made her appearance in New Salem in 1836 while on a visit to her sister. Lincoln seems to have won her esteem but not her affections, and indeed his courtship was entirely wanting in ardor. When he wrote her a letter of proposal he had more to say in it about his poverty and his shortcomings than about his love, and he had even expressed some doubt previously as to whether he would make the sort of husband with whom she would be most happy. On this point "Friend Mary," as he called her, apparently had little difficulty in agreeing with him when she declined his offer. "Mr. Lincoln," she said many years afterward, when she had become a matron, "was deficient in those little links which make up the chain of woman's happiness; at least it was so in my case. Not that I believed it proceeded from a lack of goodness of heart, but his training had been different from mine."

But soon after the time when she declined his suit he wrote a letter to a friend in which he congratulated himself on being out of the "scrape," ungallantly expressing the opinion that she was an old maid large enough to be "a fair match for Falstaff," and that she and her sister had wanted to capture him against his will.

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, From an Original Negative Made in 1861

THE next regular courtship ascribed to Lincoln began soon after he was thirty years of age. At that time there had arrived in Springfield a Kentucky girl of twenty-one, who was regarded with much admiration—according to the standards of education and social taste which then prevailed in the little town—as an accomplished belle. She was a daughter of Robert S. Todd; her family included some of the best-known of the pioneers in the Blue Grass State, and she had been educated with some care. People who had seen little of the world outside of Kentucky and Illinois were disposed to view her as an example of aristocratic breeding, and to marvel over her culture as a student of French. At Springfield she made her home with her sister, who was the wife of Ninian W. Edwards, a son of the Governor of the State; and it was not long before both the graces and the imperious temper of Mary Todd gave her a distinctive place in the social life of the town. Lincoln, whose own place in it, so far as his kinsfolk were concerned, was very much inferior to hers, was nevertheless among those who were welcomed to the Edwards household; and his interest in her conversation gradually became deep and earnest.

MISS TODD'S stature was short, her figure plump, her face round, her manner spirited and her tongue lively. She behaved, it was thought, as if she delighted in being admired, but there was often a touch of arrogance in her deportment and of sarcastic raillery in her speech. Her love of display and authority was strong. Long afterward her sister thought that she was the most ambitious woman she had ever known, and recalled how, even in her girlhood, she had said that she was destined to marry a President.

The story which Joshua F. Speed, who was Lincoln's most intimate friend at this time, once told as to the courtship, and which William H. Herndon, who was for many years Lincoln's law partner and afterward the chief biographer of his private life, gave ready credence, is remarkable in some respects. It seems that Lincoln asked Speed one evening to take to Miss Todd a letter in which he informed her that, after great deliberation, he felt that he did not love her sufficiently to warrant her in marrying him; that his friend threw it into the fire, and that he then insisted that it was the duty of Lincoln to go to her personally, tell her that he did not love her, and then, saying as little as possible, leave at the earliest opportunity. The advice was accepted; and several hours afterward the two men again met each other. Lincoln related to him how Mary Todd had burst into tears, wringing her hands as if in agony.

"To tell the truth, Speed," he said, "it was too much for me. I found the tears trickling down my own cheeks. I caught her in my arms and kissed her." Speed told him that he had acted the fool and that his conduct was tantamount to a renewal of the engagement. "Well," drawled Lincoln, "if I am in again so be it. It's done and I shall abide by it."

"The Bridegroom was Absent, and Miss Todd Sat Nervously Toying With a Bunch of Flowers"

FINALLY the couple agreed on the evening of New Year's Day, 1841, as the time for the marriage rite. According to Herndon the home of the Edwards family was carefully prepared for the event and the guests; the furniture was all arranged, and a supper was spread. But when the hour for the ceremony came the bridegroom was absent, and Miss Todd sat nervously toying with a bunch of flowers. Two hours passed, and then messengers, who had been sent out over the town to hunt up the absentee, returned with the report that he could not be found. It is represented that Miss Todd in great despair retired to her room, the guests withdrew, and Lincoln's friends at daybreak found him somewhere in a piteous frame of mind.

There was talk that he was insane and there was fear that he might do away with himself, but after a few weeks his condition began to improve. "I am," he then wrote, "the most miserable man living. If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family there would not be one cheerful face on earth." Speed took him on a trip to Kentucky to rid him of his melancholia, and the letters which he wrote indicate that his nerves had, for the time being, all gone to pieces. At length he returned to Springfield and took up again the practice of law. But in a short time a lady who was a friend of both Miss Todd and himself succeeded in bringing them together in a spirit of reconciliation, the courtship was renewed, and after only a brief preliminary notice to a few friends they were quietly united in marriage by the Reverend Charles M. Dresser on the fourth of November, 1842, in accordance with the rites of the Episcopal Church. It was said that the bridegroom did not present a happy appearance, and more than a quarter of a century afterward Ward H. Lamon as well as Herndon recorded some [illegible] stories and bits of gossip as to the morbidness and sing[illegible] of his conduct on the evening of the ceremony.

If it is to be believed, as Mrs. Lincoln's sister beli[illegible] as she has been credited with having said, that even [illegible] Mary had declared that she would marry some [illegible] would become President of the United States, there w[illegible] in the circumstances of the new husband's life to [illegible] that she had made a choice likely to result in gr[illegible] that purpose. Stephen A. Douglas, who had paid [illegible]

attentions to her, gave far more promise of a dashing success that might lead to such a goal. Lincoln was still so poor that he had to adjust his living expenses with severe economy. Thus the couple had no rooftree of their own to live under. "We are not keeping house," wrote Lincoln several months after the marriage, "but are boarding at the Globe Tavern, which is very well kept now by a widow lady of the name of Beck. Our room and boarding only cost us four dollars a week."

Not long afterward their first son was born, to whom the name of Robert Todd, his mother's father, was given, and who is still living after a conspicuous career as Secretary of War and Minister to England. Mrs. Lincoln was looked upon by some of her husband's friends as being a plucky little woman in caring for his domestic affairs, and sometimes she spoke of him as if she felt much pride in him, despite his extreme homeliness. She would talk of his features and his stature with good-humored admiration, and would insist that he fully deserved to be called "Honest Abe," as he even then was in Springfield. "The people," she said on one occasion, "are perhaps not aware that his heart is as large as his legs are long."

Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Edwards, the Brother-in-Law and the Sister of Mrs. Lincoln

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM PAINTINGS IN THE LINCOLN HOME AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, BY COURTESY OF A. S. EDWARDS

### In the Years Before Lincoln Became President

AFTER his marriage he continued to advance not only in his professional life but in political life also. His wife urged him to take a larger part in public affairs, although his own ambition had been set in that direction before he married her. In fact when they first engaged their room at the Globe Tavern, Lincoln was turning over in his mind the question whether he should be a candidate for a seat in the National House of Representatives. Consequently it was greatly to her gratification that within only a little more than four years after their marriage he was elected to Congress, having defeated so conspicuous and popular a candidate as Peter Cartwright, the celebrated leader of Methodism in the West. He served a single term at Washington and did little that attracted more than ordinary notice. At one of the two sessions which he attended he had his wife with him, and while there they were boarders in the same house with the most notable of the Abolition leaders or sympathizers who were then to be found in Congress—Joshua R. Giddings, of Ohio.

In the greater portion of the twelve years which followed, between the retirement of Mr. Lincoln from Congress and his election to the Presidency of the United States, he lived at Springfield, his time for the most part being engrossed in the practice of the law and in Illinois politics. Most of what is known of his domestic life during this period did not begin to be recorded until the years succeeding his death, and it is made up largely of gossip over trifles, as to temper or temperament, or a magnified interpretation of things which would have been totally forgotten had not his posthumous greatness caused everybody who had the slightest "recollection" of any peculiarity on the part of him or his wife to come forward in response to the eager curiosity of millions. For Mrs. Lincoln did not figure at all in the public eye outside of Springfield. The home life of the couple was simple: Mr. Lincoln's habits and tastes were entirely averse to social pretense or ambition, and his wife rejoiced in his advance in public favor. Probably the first that the nation at large knew of her was when the news came to him at Springfield that he had been nominated for the Presidency by the National Republican Convention at Chicago, and when, leaving his friends and carrying with him the dispatch, he quietly said that there was a little woman down at his house who would want to hear of it.

### Mrs. Lincoln's Advent in the White House

LESS than a year afterward Mrs. Lincoln entered the White House, unknown personally to all the men and women who were active in the social life of the National Capital. She was considered somewhat unfortunate in being placed there as the immediate successor of Miss Harriet Lane, President Buchanan's niece, whose fine grace and tact had been warmly admired and acknowledged by even the enemies of her uncle. It was now well known throughout the country, from what had been learned of the new President's domestic life, that he had no interest whatever in the doings of society, and consequently there was much curiosity as to his wife's manners, the extent of her influence over him, and her fitness to sustain a comparison with Miss Lane as a social administrator in the White House. But many of the women from the South who had long maintained in Washington an aristocratic system were preparing to go to their homes, uncertain whether they would ever return; most of them who did not sneer at the advent of Mrs. Lincoln treated it with an ironical smile, or with condescending pleasantry, and there were numerous expressions of disgust over the prospect of a complete downfall of the old régime. Moreover, among the women who came to the front with the change in the Administration there were few who were qualified by experience to take the places of the accomplished dames and belles that had surrounded Miss Lane. In the midst of the unrest and rancor which filled the atmosphere of the Capital it was a time when the wife of the President peculiarly needed every advantage that sympathy could give her. She not only had to face a situation which would have tried the temper and taxed the resources of a more serene and far more capable woman, but she also had to bear all the prejudices which her husband's plain speech and awkward manner had excited against him among people of fashion.

Mrs. Lincoln was found to be unprepared for the tasks of her new situation as regarded her knowledge of the peculiarities of the social situation, and she had some difficulty in making real friends. Her perplexities, coupled with some resentments, led her into blunders or placed her under the influence of persons whose advice was not judicious. She thoughtlessly bestowed marked attention on several ladies whose husbands were not in political [illegible] with Mr. Lincoln, and showed a want of clever [illegible] in her treatment of the wives or the daughters of public men who were. Several days after her entrance into the White House, at the first reception there under the new Administration, she enjoyed with intense and eager animation not only the splendor of the scene, but also the compliments which were showered upon her by the multitude of statesmen, officers and diplomats who were curious to see her on a social occasion. The East Room was crowded; for two hours and a half the new President was obliged continuously to shake hands, and Mrs. Lincoln, standing next to him on his right, with flowers in her hair and attired in a magenta brocade with diamonds, was evidently solicitous of making a favorable impression. By one friendly eyewitness it was said that she was "always amiable and dignified," by another observer that she was "a handsome, matronly lady," and by still another that she was "frank and lively."

Mr. Lincoln himself, often good-naturedly thrusting out one hand to a gentleman and the other to a lady at the same time, was viewed with much wonder because of his height, his strangely-rugged face, his awkward manners and his ill-fitting clothes. But it seems to have been generally agreed that his wife gave no signs of being shy or timid, and that she was not likely to be embarrassed at any time for want of readiness in speech, although in the opinion of the judicious her manner was too quick or restless and her laugh too frequent.

### Shadows of the Civil War Fall Upon Her

MRS. LINCOLN'S enjoyment of such scenes did not last very long. Public enemies of her husband sometimes included her in their threats and objurgations. For example, some wretches sent her a crude painting which represented her husband with his feet chained, his body tarred and feathered and his neck encircled with a noose. The problems of the war, which soon engrossed his attention during most of the hours of every day and night, deprived her largely of his society. Ambitious or worldly women began to pass criticisms on her conduct and her companions. The young Miss Kate Chase, afterward Mrs. Sprague, with her superb aspirations, looked forward to the day when her widower father, the Secretary of the Treasury, might succeed Mr. Lincoln and when she herself would take the place of Mrs. Lincoln; the two women could not get along together in the performance of White House functions, and from that time the troubles of Mrs. Lincoln began to increase. Probably no other woman who has lived for four years in the White House has had more of them and also fewer friends. The "court" which she had fondly dreamed of reigning over proved to be a bitter disappointment; she became somewhat unpopular, and in the midst of her tribulations death robbed her of her second son—the boy Willie, whose name her husband could scarcely mention afterward lest he should break down in his great grief.

It was charged by people who did not like Mrs. Lincoln that she was too prone to seek consolation and comfort from spiritualists, particularly after the loss of her son; that she gave too much encouragement to the visits of actresses, estimable as these ladies were; that she conducted parsimoniously the receptions which were substituted for the State dinners which the Lincolns abandoned; that she did not sufficiently weigh her words in conversation about public men, as, for instance, when she spoke of the Secretary of State as "that Abolition sneak, Seward," and that she did not fully sympathize with her husband in his anti-slavery sentiments and policy. Two of her sisters and their husbands were among the Confederates, and this fact had an effect in raising some prejudice against her among highly-zealous supporters of the Union.

In most of the last two years of Mr. Lincoln's term there was little or no active social life in the White House. Long after the death of Willie Lincoln it continued to be regarded as a place of private mourning. Indeed by many persons in the North it had been felt that at a time when the very existence of the Government was at stake, and when every battle was darkening thousands of homes with sorrow, it was not only improper but also wrong that there should be dancing, feasting or other diversions in the White House. Thus, bitter criticisms had been passed upon both the President and Mrs. Lincoln by religious men and women in the North for an elaborate entertainment and reception which was given in the winter of 1862, although largely at the instance of Secretary Seward as a stroke of social politics. It was held by those who condemned it to be selfish and unpatriotic in view of the hardships and sufferings which Union soldiers were undergoing in camps and hospitals, and Mrs. Lincoln was publicly satirized in verses that bore the title, "The Queen Must Dance." But the fact was that she could not escape criticism whatever course she took. When she gave receptions she was chided on the one side for thoughtless vanity or levity, and on the other—when she gave none at all—for narrowness or tactlessness. The President had little time or thought for such questions, and he was seldom known publicly to express an opinion on them. If he referred to them a half-sad, half-jocular smile was said to have spread over his face, as if he felt how foolish it was for people to give the slightest concern to them in the midst of the cares and toils of the great struggle for their National existence.

It was the last days of Abraham Lincoln that were among his happiest. The end of the war was at hand, and he had begun to look forward to a time of cheer and rest. Much of his thought was taken up with the part which he would soon be called upon to play in the pacification of his countrymen. On the eve of the fall of Richmond he had been at City Point with Mrs. Lincoln; they journeyed back to Washington in a steamboat, and when the Capitol came into view she said to him, "That city is filled with our enemies."

But instantly and somewhat impatiently he checked her. "Enemies! We must never speak of that."

### The Supreme Woe of Mrs. Lincoln's Life

A FEW days afterward, on the afternoon of Good Friday, Mr. Lincoln was observed to be in fine spirits. He invited General Grant and his wife to go with him to the theatre that evening; he believed that the worst of the great strain, which had long worn his mind daily and nightly, was now a thing of the past, and when he went with Mrs. Lincoln on a drive he chatted with her, in an unusually animated mood, of the past and the future. "I have seen you thus," she said, "only once before; it was just before our dear Willie died."

Afterward she recalled some of the things which he told her in that hour of gladness. "Mary," he said, "we have had a hard time of it since we came to Washington; but the war is over, and with God's blessing we may hope for four years of peace and happiness, and then we will go back to Illinois and pass the rest of our lives in quiet. We have laid by some money, and during this term we will try to save up more, but shall not have enough to support us. We will go back to Illinois, and I will open a law office at Springfield or Chicago, and practice law, and do enough to give us a livelihood." Five hours afterward the bullet of the assassin was fired into his brain.

Mrs. Lincoln was shocked by the death of her husband to such a degree that she seemed to be helpless for weeks afterward. It was difficult to persuade her that it was her duty to leave the White House. Indeed, President Johnson and his family, it was said, could not move into it at the time when they had expected it to be ready for their occupation, and it was a month after Mr. Lincoln's body had been carried away that she left the mansion. Johnson had sent word to her, however, that she might remain there as long as would be agreeable to her and disclaimed any intention of hastening her departure. From all over the North there came to her innumerable messages of sorrow and consolation; she was exhorted by pulpiteers and the press to bear up under her great woe and to realize that the heart of the nation was with her; and rich men promptly volunteered to raise a fund of a hundred thousand dollars for her support. President Lincoln's friends estimated that when he first went into the White House he was worth about seven thousand dollars; he had been obliged to borrow money in anticipation of his first quarter's salary, but as his habits had been simple it was supposed that when he died he had saved half or more of the annual salary, which was then twenty-five thousand dollars. The widow soon informed her friends as to her fears that she would not have enough to live on, and Congress in its first session after the assassination granted her Mr. Lincoln's pay for a full year.

From time to time, however, there were reports of her conduct and utterances which the public noted with peculiar concern. She declared that Mr. Lincoln was "the best man who ever lived on earth," that she "idolized" him, and that her grief had been so uncontrollable that she had been obliged to bury herself in solitude.

"In my great sorrow," she wrote to one of her correspondents at about this time, "how often have I prayed for death to end my misery!"

But her prevailing mood, as the country saw it, tended toward querulous and reproachful lamentation. She thought that she had not been properly treated; she formed plans which seemed to be undignified for increasing her income, and she could not understand why the many public men who were so solicitous as to the memory of her husband should not be more concerned about her own welfare. "True friends, in these overwhelming days of affliction," she wrote, "I find to be very rare."

### How She Yielded to Injudicious Counsel

IN THE autumn of 1867 Mrs. Lincoln was induced to put on exhibition and for sale in New York a variety of habiliments and trinkets. These were advertised, and the public was invited to inspect them, as a collection of things that had been associated with her life in the White House. The sale, which took place in a Broadway showroom, was bitterly criticised. Save some lace, shawls and jewels most of the articles were old or commonplace and were compared by visitors to a display in a cheap pawnshop. The high prices which were put upon them were absurdly disproportionate to the intrinsic value, but it was represented that Mrs. Lincoln was in need of the money and that they had a historic and patriotic interest to the public. The effect of these transactions on the public mind, however, was exceedingly painful.

The House in Springfield, Illinois, Where Mrs. Lincoln was Married, and Where She Died

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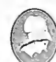


# The Results of The Emmanuel Movement

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18)

anger are great enemies to sleep. If we look no further than our own rest and comfort the command "let not the sun go down upon your wrath" is full of wisdom. An English clergyman who lived to be a hundred and five years old was frequently asked the secret of his longevity. He would reply, "I have made it the rule of my life never to think of anything disagreeable after nine o'clock at night." Painful thoughts not only postpone sleep, they also disturb it. After lying awake for hours we fall into a troubled sleep, then something awakens us like a pistol-shot in our ears. What was that? the old anxiety, the insult I received yesterday, the fear about tomorrow. The last thoughts we have at night are among the most important we ever think, because they frequently remain with us in some form during our sleeping hours and determine the complexion of our waking consciousness. If we go to sleep with fearful, petulant, angry thoughts at night our sleep is likely to be poor and we awake dispirited and depressed in the morning. And if our last thoughts are of purity, peace and salvation our sleep will be sweeter and deeper and we are likely to awake strong and calm. That is, I believe, one reason why nervous and irritable people almost always feel better at night than in the morning. I have observed a marked change in a good many such persons after they had learned to control their thoughts.

### The Conditions Requisite to Normal Sleep

THE methods of putting one's self to sleep are innumerable, but so far as they are mental they amount to this: the inhibition of painful, exciting, disturbing thoughts and the suggestion of sleep either directly or through vague and pleasing images. I have found useful the mental imagining of the slow oncoming of night, the fading of the light, the deepening of the shadows, the still, cool evening. This I often follow up by positive suggestions of dullness and drowsiness, of the falling of the eyelids, of the sense of sleep stealing over every part of my body. Complete physical relaxation is also very necessary. No one knows how to relax herself better than a cat, and no animal can fall asleep more easily. But observe a cat tense and alert at a mousehole. In that attitude and in that state of mind she would never sleep. Functional insomnia we have almost ceased to fear because we find that it can nearly always be controlled in a short time. If the case were severe and of long standing I should, of course, go carefully into its origin and history, and I should do my utmost to remove its physical causes, which may be eye-strain, defective teeth, auto-intoxication from faulty digestion or elimination, the use of tea, coffee or alcohol, or the abuse of tobacco. I should try to induce my patients to spend much time outdoors and, if possible, to sleep in the open air. But, apart from all this, I should depend much on my own explanation and suggestion.

About two weeks ago a lady came to me suffering from the effects of a surgical operation, a condition which would be diagnosed as post-operative neurasthenia. Her principal trouble was insomnia. She found it difficult to go to sleep before twelve or one o'clock, and she awoke almost invariably between four and five and slept little after that. A careful physical and neurological examination revealed nothing more than I have indicated. She had suffered a very severe shock at the time of the operation, which occurred about a year ago. At that time her mind and nerves would not let her sleep, and this habit, once formed, had persisted, and apparently there was no other cause for her insomnia. I told her this plainly and assured her that there was now no reason why this condition should persist, and that I would give her suggestions which would in all probability insure sound sleep from that very night. With the aid of a metronome and a few soothing words I obtained the necessary degree of abstraction, when I gave her a few positive suggestions. She went to her hotel so sleepy that she could hardly undress, and slept for nine hours. I repeated this process twice to insure the formation of the habit, and then instructed her how to give herself suggestions. These have worked as well as my own and I anticipate for her no further trouble. I do not mean to imply that all cases of insomnia are so easily controlled, yet this experience is not an uncommon one. Sleep, Dubois says, is like a pigeon: pursue it and it flies from you; keep quiet and do not trouble about it and it will alight on you. Again, he says that lying awake a while in the night is not injurious to any human being provided his thoughts are pleasant. What harms people is not losing a little sleep but the anger and agitation they feel over lying awake. The less anger and agitation you feel, the less sleep you will lose.

### The Harmfulness of Narcotic Sleep

POOR sleepers are fearfully exposed to the danger of acquiring the drug habit. It is natural for such persons to seek some relief from their misery, but victims of functional insomnia never find permanent help in the use of drugs. The plain truth is that no drug at present known to medicine can procure natural sleep. The narcotic sleep induced by sedatives is in a sense antagonistic to natural sleep, in that the longer the drug habit continues the more profoundly the nervous system is affected by it, and the more difficult sound and refreshing sleep becomes.

NOTE—Doctor Worcester will continue his account of the results accomplished by The Emmanuel Movement in the next (the February) issue of The Journal. The treatment followed in cases of ordinary alcoholism, of the more dreaded dipsomania, of the habitual use of morphine or of cocaine, and of perversion and degeneration, will be carefully described and illustrated by typical cases. Owing to the pressure of Doctor Worcester's regular work it will be impossible for him to answer any letters.

# The Wife of Abraham Lincoln

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

Thurlow Weed, on behalf of those Republicans whose parsimony in Congress, it was charged by some of their opponents, had forced Mrs. Lincoln to make the sale, wrote with a vehemence which was unusual to his cautious pen and which, it is believed, he afterward regretted. He declared that proper arrangements would have been made for her maintenance if she "had so deported herself as to command respect," and even intimated that the things which were sold were illicit gifts from Government contractors. He gave emphasis, too, to a charge which was long talked of among the people everywhere the sale of some of Mr. Lincoln's raiment.

### Charles Sumner as Her Champion

BUT there were not wanting stout defenders of her acts. Men who felt that her errors of judgment and speech were exaggerated, or that, in any event, they should be condoned or forgotten in loyalty to the memory of her great husband, strongly rebuked her critics. This sentiment was heard and felt on the other side of the Atlantic, and was echoed back in stirring tones of rebuke.

The "London Telegraph," in condemning what it called the slanders to which she had been subjected, said:

"Mrs. Lincoln is entitled to more than respect from the American people. They owe to her reverence for her very name's sake. If fifty thousand swords were to have leaped from their scabbards to avenge the slightest insult offered to Marie Antoinette, a million of American hands and hearts should be quick to relieve the wants of the widow of the Emancipator; and if this deplorable tale of her wants could be true, which we decline to believe, the American public wants no stimulus from abroad to take such an incident at once from the evil atmosphere of electioneering and to deal with the necessities of Abraham Lincoln's family in a manner befitting the National dignity."

But this, Congress was slow and reluctant to do. Mrs. Lincoln had gone to Europe and in 1869 was living in Frankfort-on-the-Main. Charles Sumner heard that she was in need, and he at once resolved that as a United States Senator he would address himself persistently to the task of softening the hearts of his colleagues in her favor. A bill was introduced which provided that there should be paid to her by the National Government a pension of five thousand dollars a year. Most of the Senators received the proposition coldly or indifferently. In the first session of the next Congress it was again laid before them, but for more than a year all attempts to bring it to a vote were futile. Finally a bill which granted three thousand dollars a year went to the Senate from the House, but the Committee on Pensions unanimously agreed that it should be reported adversely.

Sumner, however, would not consent to abide by the action of the Committee. Time and again he demanded that the question should be submitted directly to the Senate. At length he overcame the dilatory tactics for quietly smothering it, but the majority was only eight. Mrs. Lincoln, who was then living in London, wrote to him, when she heard the news, that words would be inadequate to express her thanks for all the goodness he had shown her.

### The Last Days of Her Clouded Life

BUT after her return from Europe Mrs. Lincoln manifested strongly those symptoms of mental disturbance that had been noted in her conduct for some time previously. She bemoaned the extravagance of the times, chided every one who wore jewelry in her presence, and shut herself in the room which she occupied in the Springfield house of her sister, Mrs. Edwards. She would complain that she was very ill, would inform visitors that they might expect to see her dead the next day, and would then astonish them with the size of her meals. She fancied that gas was a mysterious creation of the devil, and would use only the plainest tallow candles for lighting her room. "I'm on fire, burning up; just feel of me!" she would exclaim, even when her temperature was normal. One of her fears was that knives were hacking her to pieces. "Just feel that gash in my shoulder," she would say despairingly. "I don't think I can stand such wounding long." Her once full figure began to dwindle away; her face became very thin, and she would so darken her room in daytime that every ray of light was excluded from the windows while she waited, she said, for the angel of death.

At last she became very sad and very gentle. Around her wandering mind there seemed to gather the shadows of a softly-sombre twilight. But she could no longer control her movements, and there was fear that she could not safely be left alone. It was necessary to take her into court, and there it was agreed by all who were concerned that there should be guardianship of her person and her interests; and, unmurmuringly, she was led away, amidst the tears of the spectators, to an asylum. At her death, on the sixteenth of July, 1882, she was sixty-three years of age. Long before that time the harsh judgments that had been often passed upon her by some of her countrymen were softened and recalled. It began to be seen that there would have been only kind and generous thought for her, years before, had her impaired reason and its causes been generally known; and when it was learned that she had been laid away by the side of her great husband, under the stately monument at Springfield, there was many a prayer throughout the nation that peace might be hers and that their souls might be reunited in the bliss of eternal rest.

# The New Sunshine Neighborhood Circles

By Cynthia Westover Alden

*Founder and President-General of the International Sunshine Society*

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

This is indeed a Happy New Year to Sunshiners. It is true we never worked so hard in our lives as during the year 1908, but we were never quite so happy in our lives as 1909 finds us. We are full of ideas, too, and we have lots of new leaves to turn over. On the first leaf I am going to keep a record of the new Sunshine circles, which are to be called THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Neighborhood Circles. We will begin with number one, and every now and then during the year I will announce the number organized. The forming of these circles grows out of the pathetic postscripts on many of the letters received at headquarters, the substance of which is: "I wish I could belong to Sunshine, but there is nothing going on in my neighborhood."

Now, there is no neighborhood anywhere that can't be made sunshiny if a little thought and trouble are put into the making of it. Form a LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Sunshine Neighborhood Circle. That's a long name, but it will be a very important organization. It costs nothing to join Sunshine or to form a circle. You will not be expected or requested to contribute money, and hints and instructions as to how you can help scatter sunshine will be given in this column each month, and by occasional, personal letters from headquarters.

Every housewife—every woman—who reads THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL should belong to a Sunshine Neighborhood Circle, this circle to be made up of her neighbors. These good members can plan their work while on their little visits which they pay to each other as they run in and out for a daily chat. You need only ten members. Men belong as well as women. And the children! Well, I told you not long ago how they were getting ahead of the seniors in Sunshine work. When your circle gets too large it would be a good plan to divide it and make a junior and a senior circle.

### How to Organize Circles

NOW, this is the way to become organized. Write the following letter to me, and just as soon as you send in the ten names for your membership your circle will be enrolled here at headquarters. Select some appropriate name and you will soon be working under it for Sunshine.

*My Dear President-General:*

We wish to join the International Sunshine Society, promising to pay our initiation fee in the form of some one act carrying sunshine into another life within one month from date.

Then you adopt the following paragraph as part of your Constitution to guide you:

OBJECT—To incite members to the performance of kind and helpful deeds, and thus bring the sunshine of happiness into the greatest possible number of hearts and homes.

I shall report to you the number of your circle and you will be interested in knowing how you stand in the enrollment. Thus, if you were the first to form a circle you would be Circle Number One of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Sunshine Neighborhood Circles.

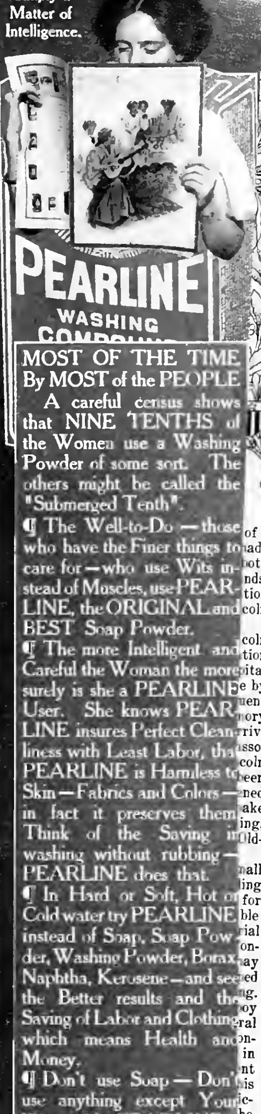
You are not to hunt sorrow nor any special work to do, but to hold yourselves in readiness to answer, as far as possible, any call that comes to you for help. It makes no difference to what church the person in need belongs; it makes no difference whether he is black or white, young or old, rich or poor. You are to ask yourself these questions: Does he need my service, and can I help him? A good Sunshiner was never known to show the "white feather." That's the reason you find the Sunshine Army doing all kinds of queer things; that's the reason Sunshiners report having done acts of kindness which nobody else ever thought of.

Remember that you are not to give away that which you need, nor are you to give your time and help when in doing so you make a great sacrifice. All we ask is that you make an effort to pass on the good things in your possession for which you have no further use, and that you make an effort to lend a hand in making others happy; doing all you can for others without taking from your own interests or those of your loved ones. Our Sunshine does not ask for a gift that carries with it a sacrifice. We believe that if the surplus in this world were to be carried over to the deficit side this world would be all sunshine and cheer. But it is the bad distribution that bothers us.

### Little Kindnesses All Count

THERE is Mrs. Loraine with her big family of children. She has no sewing-machine, and sits up night after night sewing by hand to keep the children neat. If there were a Sunshine Neighborhood Circle there Mrs. Slater, who has a machine, would call a sewing-bee, at which Mrs. Loraine would be chief guest, and they would make up piles of things. Do you see what I mean? If not write to me at 96 Fifth Avenue, New York, Sunshine Headquarters.

NOTE—In addressing Mrs. Alden regarding Sunshine matters will our readers kindly bear in mind that invariably a stamp should be inclosed for a reply? Otherwise, Mrs. Alden has to answer correspondents at the expense of her work.

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# The Actress: A Romance of the Theatre

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

"Lean on me, [illegible]

"Meurice, it's [illegible] my legs [illegible]

Rhoda [illegible]

[illegible] I set my teeth [illegible] nce. Oh [illegible] ar of music [illegible] harmony [illegible]

I'm sorry. Have [illegible]

I tried it [illegible]

Oh, Meurice [illegible] poor Sir William — how he ——"

Behaved outrageously, my dear. He [illegible] ght at the inn. He is [illegible] Rhoda. Even the [illegible] care for [illegible] sometimes, and Sir William may [illegible] music. Why, tonight I thought I [illegible] drag through my scenes. It seems [illegible] times, that women, who are weaker [illegible] should work so hard, don't you think so, [illegible]rice?"

[illegible] had never advanced this theory before to [illegible] one. I had never thought of it, but I was [illegible] for the protective quality of a man, for [illegible] thing stronger than myself, to rest me.

[illegible]urice became reproachful. "Nestling, your [illegible] Can you speak ill of it?"

"No, I won't. But can't you, don't you, hate [illegible]? It has exhausted me."

"Oh, art is a cruel mistress!" — airily, this.

"But shall I not give it up, Meurice, when we [illegible] married? What will my husband say, that's [illegible] I want to know, to his wife's earning her [illegible] living?"

"Money, pooh! What is that? Throw it to [illegible] swine!"

"[illegible] probably shall!" which the composer didn't [illegible]. "But leaving you at night, toasty and warm [illegible] fire, while I go to my work, how will that [illegible] Meurice?" I waited anxiously for his [illegible]. It was as though my future hung upon it.

"[illegible] shall be awaiting you at midnight. We will [illegible] of the play, and I shall do my latest music [illegible]."

[illegible] could not answer. There was a pounding in [illegible] head and in my heart, there was a surging [illegible] me like a protest of angry seas, like the up[illegible] of an earthquake. It was all so queer; I [illegible] arguing from the wrong standpoint; Meurice [illegible] my place and I was in — whose? I don't [illegible] know how long this went on. I know that, as we [illegible] to Rosemary Lane and I saw from away [illegible] Mrs. Erskine's beacon light in the hall — the [illegible]ous light," she called it — my composer, [illegible] without warning, without the mightiness of deep [illegible], tilted up my chin and tried to kiss me. [illegible] I brought my hands against his breast [illegible] force new to me and pushed him back.

"[illegible] don't!" I cried. "I hate you! It's my [illegible] not yours. I love some one else. I have [illegible] months, but I didn't know it. I never can [illegible] any one in the world but that one man, and [illegible] the use in going on? I'm sorry; oh, I'm [illegible] but what's the use of trying? for I love [illegible] love him, I ——"

[illegible] carried me, running, to the door, which [illegible] held open by anxious Mrs. Erskine, and [illegible] to the floor as it banged shut. I didn't [illegible] I'm not that kind. Mrs. Erskine extin[illegible]ed the light, and we were motionless in the [illegible]ness; we heard the composer knock once [illegible] the door, then after a pause turn to go.

"[illegible] me to bed," was all Mrs. Erskine said. [illegible] undressed me, brought me a sleeping-[illegible] and kissed me good-night.

[illegible] for a long time quietly, at peace with the [illegible]ts which had been so long warring within [illegible] acknowledged my defeat, and it was sweet.

## XII

[illegible]EEP without a twitch of the limbs; a [illegible]ping of the sunlight up the Venetian [illegible] until it reached my face, an imperious [illegible] through the window, a woman's voice, [illegible]ly recognized as that of Mrs. Wallace.

"Sleeping, ma'am," [illegible] in an accent that [illegible] a maid. A commotion on the stairs, [illegible] some one stopping her. [illegible] Mrs. Erskine above the maid's: [illegible] then an exclamation [illegible] and after that [illegible] deep [illegible] awoke me.

"[illegible] Jane Kenton," this from Mrs. [illegible]

[illegible] from Mrs. Erskine.

[illegible]

[illegible] you are back in England?"

[illegible] I [illegible] with [illegible]

[illegible] word and keeping lodgers."

[illegible] with a Mr. [illegible] by every one [illegible] know. I [illegible] and to say I'm Mr [illegible] name.

[illegible] I had rather [illegible]

[illegible] William

Kenton is her father. Think of their being within a stone's-throw of each other; but he must never know. Thank goodness, he goes away today. And then the worst — she wouldn't leave him — your Mrs. Erskine — no, lived on with him after she learned the truth until he died. She held her head high through it all; never pleaded for forgiveness to Sir William after the man was dead, never wrote to him, never touched the allowance he so magnanimously made her. And now we find her here, raising fine dogs ——"

"Well, and what else?" I sandwiched.

"What else? Rhoda, have you gone mad, too? What did you do to my poor nephew? All night on the piano, 'discords because his heart was sore'; but we can have more of this afterward, now you must pack your things."

"What for?"

"For leaving. I am here for Meurice. I had expected to act only as peacemaker; now I find I have a more Spartan duty."

"But I'm not going."

"Not going? I have told you where you were."

I rose and pulled a dressing-gown about me. I felt the necessity of fighting on my feet. "Dear Mrs. Wallace," I began, "I know you want to shelter me because I may be of your family ——"

"Precisely," said Mrs. Wallace.

"But, believe me, I shall never be. I can't go into all that now; but I don't love Meurice, and you mustn't urge a reconciliation. It's over."

"But, my dear, I can't let you stop on in this place."

I looked at Mrs. Wallace in rebuke. "The biggest thing about you English is the minding of your own affairs; it is where the universal theatre and the British race join hands. Now, this is no concern of mine; I love Mrs. Erskine, and she is a good landlady; therefore I stay on."

There was a finality about this speech which brought Mrs. Wallace out of her chair. She lost none of her dignity in her retreat; she would have termed it a withdrawal.

"I fear this must be good-by, Miss Miller."

I nodded in assent.

I remember afterward that I didn't take my tub; there was a feverish laving of my face, and as I was finishing my hair a big trunk was bumped against my door. I opened it suddenly on Mrs. Erskine and the maid; the latter vanished down the stairs.

"Moving, Mrs. Erskine?" I said.

"My name is Waite — Mrs. Waite," was her low response. "I want to tell you all about it."

"Come in and tell me if you want to, but if you don't ——"

My landlady shut the door and leaned against it, speaking without a pause: "I did run away and marry him. My father was opposed to him, and I was wild and headstrong. We went to France and had two almost perfect years. I wrote often to my father for forgiveness; it was terrible, knowing him in England and unhappy, while there was so much joy in my life; that was my only grief; but he never would relent. Then my — my husband, I thought he was, you know, went into quick consumption. We moved South that the end might be easier. Three months before he died my father came to me. He had proof, positive proof, that Charles had a wife in an asylum for the insane in England; so he had made the journey to take me home. I wouldn't go; the man was dying; and then Father cursed me and went back alone. Charles never knew that he had been to see me; I told him nothing. It was for him to speak, and finally he did. I stayed on as nurse; but almost immediately upon his confession came the news from the authorities that she had gone before him. We were married on the day he died. That is all."

My friend still leaned against the door, impassive. I cleared my throat. "Then you wrote Sir William?"

She shook her head. "No; he is a man all principle. But I grew homesick; so I came here to be a little near, and yet far enough away never to pain him. We live in the North. I suppose my secret has ceased to be one now. Emma Wallace certainly will write him."

She stopped speaking and waited. Thoughts, varied and fragmentary, raced through my brain. Mrs. Wallace would not tell him — my friend was wrong. And yet, why should not some one tell him — and soon — before he left the inn? He had grown to see things differently, as he had himself declared. "He had not yet generally admitted it," I repeated, recalling his own words.

"What?" queried my friend.

Then I realized that she had been looking at me rather longingly, so I rushed into her arms.

"I was afraid," she said; "yet somehow I knew you would stand by me." At this her voice grew shaky and mine severe. I assumed the generalship for once.

"Get out my park dress" (fastening shoes); "I'm going for a walk."

"Rhoda! Where?"

I was irritable. "Oh, just a walk. Can't a girl go for a walk?"

"Not to Meurice, my dear?"

I laughed. It sounded strange, but I was glad to laugh again. "Button me up."

"Shall I go too, child?"

"Good me, no!" I shrieked. "I want to be alone."

"Oh, I beg pardon, dear!" My landlady was [illegible]. "Well, the world wags on, [illegible] doggie 'tails, the dears!"

"[illegible] with me" (snapping out a quick [illegible]). "I [illegible] that I can sell it." I [illegible] "Frederica," who had come in.

"They don't [illegible] her, she is sold."

"All the better. I just want a bait. I mean a [illegible]," and I was flying down the steps.

The Mission was some distance off, and as I came up to the door there stood Sir William telling the landlady he had had a good night's rest, and a good, late breakfast, and that he now would walk afar.

"Do you want to buy a dog?" My inquiry was not led up to by certain expressions that I had decided on. But things shape themselves just so. I was a humble instrument and nothing more, that day.

"Bless me," replied Sir William, "what is it?"

"I heard that you were at the inn, and I thought I'd try to see you before you left. Mrs. Wallace" (a cough here) "doesn't care for dogs. It's a nice girl one."

Sir William lifted the puppy by the neck, and she licked his face; a baronet was nothing to "Frederica." "She is rather a nice little thing," commented the pleased baronet. We had started to walk along toward Mrs. Wallace's, which lay beyond Rosemary Lane. "But I don't know what the stablemen would say if I brought home a puppy."

"There are grown-up ones, also, where I live," I pursued; "they're for sale, too. Won't you turn off and see them?"

"Oh, I wouldn't have an old one. They care only for the master they have left behind. To tell the truth, we haven't had a dog about since ——" Sir William hesitated. "Well, I had a daughter once who was very fond of dogs. I kept hers till they died, and then I lived on with my memories."

I was touched, but relentless. "It's a lady who breeds them at my house; she is quite poor, and it would be a great act of kindness if you would buy one. Do come and see them."

"Oh, I dare say I might. I suppose this little one will do; how much?"

I gazed at the puppy closely, affecting great astonishment. "Why, this one's 'Frederica.' She is sold; how stupid I should have brought her to you! But there are others." I seized Sir William's arm, endeavoring to steer him toward the way that led to Puppy Villa. But he showed an inclination to choose the other path.

"Sold, eh? Ah, well, I'll take that as an omen. Won't you go on to Mrs. Wallace's, Miss Rhoda?"

I was desperate; I dropped my eyes. "I never can go there again, Sir William."

"What's that you say?"

"It's off."

"You don't mean ——" and Sir William walked with me toward Rosemary Lane, his keen eyes twinkling and his lips relaxing into smiles.

I did not tell him "all," and I painted myself in the blackest colors, but he waved my faithlessness aside.

"Better for you, my dear young lady. That piano, you know, all the night. Shockin', shockin'."

We were in Rosemary Lane, approaching the little gate which led directly to the kennel yard. My heart was beating so hard I was surprised Sir William didn't hear it. Almost there and yet, just ten feet away from the gates he brought himself up with a start. "Bless me! I've walked along without taking notice, and my poor friend is waiting for me."

I dragged him five feet nearer, while the other five feet I walked alone. I swung open the gate, and with puckered lips framed my plea, for my anxious mind could devise no further light deception.

"Go in," I breathed.

I don't know what the old man saw in my tense face, but his own resolved into wondering lines, and yet unquestioning he passed into the yard. She was kneeling on the earth, puppies tugging at her apron, and one squirming little fellow held to the ground while she vigorously brushed his coat. There was a glisten of tears on her face, but her mouth was bravely clenched. If that father had halted an instant in his walk I believe he would have turned away again, but on he went like a machine, and when he was quite close to her she looked up, rose to her feet, and walked to meet him. There wasn't a sound until within reaching distance, when they both held out their arms, each one dropping a puppy yet never knowing it.

"Janie!" he cried.

"Father!" she sobbed out.

I went away and had my breakfast, which was luncheon, in the pantry, so that they might not find me for a long time.

All this fell on a Thursday; and on the following Monday I came up to town and put my photographs on the mantelpiece of a room in my club; so that became my home. Sir William had stayed on at Puppy Villa, for he couldn't stand his daughter out of his sight. His things had been sent over from Mrs. Wallace's place, together with a large bunch of forget-me-nots from Mrs. Wallace to Mrs. Erskine-Waite (that's our compromise), and a note stating that she and her nephew were going to the Continent, which was a great relief to us all.

My dear landlady couldn't manage to get all of the dogs crated before Monday. It was so like her to refuse to go to the home she had not seen for quite ten years until the dogs went, too. Even I was asked. I was not to be crated, I was to be adopted — with papers, if you please, most legal. I had to invite Bella down on Sunday to hear the offer from Sir William's own lips, or she never would have believed it. Of course, I hooted at it — a polite hoot — but I let it be understood that it would be as easy to make me into a tamale as an Englishwoman. Finally Mrs. Erskine-Waite abandoned the idea, on condition that I would visit them at least once a year, and accept a pear-shaped pearl. She gave me the dog "Aary" as a present, also, and she packed my trunks herself. When I came to unlock them at my club the first thing greeting me was the heart-shaped frame with Aaron, a little mouldy, but still in it. I put them back of the heart-shaped pincushion, which had gone traveling with me, too, because I had stopped deceiving myself about whom I loved.

I admitted in the long hours of the night, before I could grow accustomed to the motor-'buses screaming along Piccadilly, that I had always loved him, and that I had written to him because I loved him, and that strangely enough — I loved him all the more because he was loving Hester, and buying her farm for them to live on. My work I still loved, I still venerated. It was my present, it was my future, and I was thankful that there was a place for me in the theatre and that I was needed there. Frederica still loved

CONTINUED ON PAGE 49

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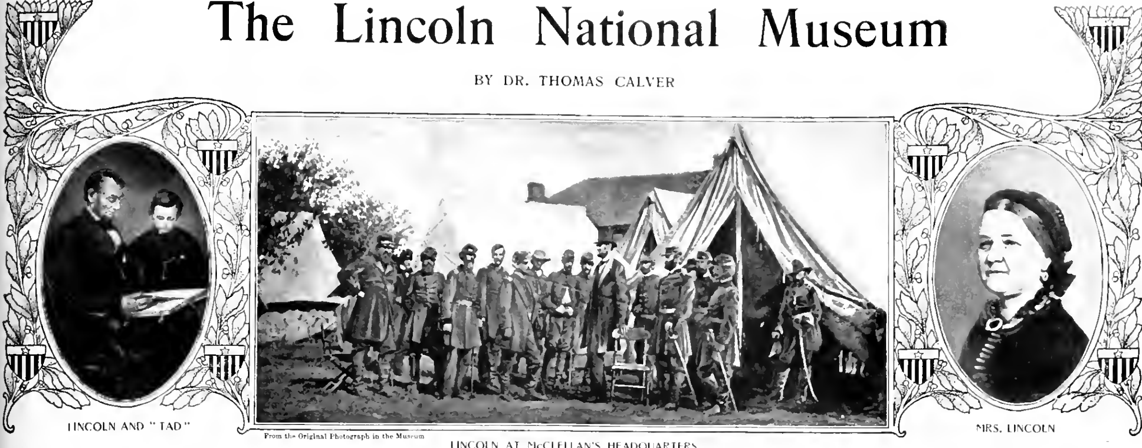
# The Lincoln National Museum

BY DR. THOMAS CALVER



LINCOLN AND "TAD"

From the Original Photograph in the Museum

LINCOLN AT McCLELLAN'S HEADQUARTERS

MRS. LINCOLN

NO NOBLER immortal soul was ever harnessed to the encumbrance of mortality than that of him who was, successively, the frontier prairie farmer's boy; the strenuously studious youth; the eloquent and successful advocate; the noted member of the national Congress; the President of the United States of America; the savior of his country, and the martyr in its cause—Abraham Lincoln. As that soul looked through the sad and speaking eyes beneath the thoughtful brow it seemed to sorrow for all humanity and the necessity of its being a part thereof, as well as perhaps for the predestined tragic ending of its connection with mortal life, of which it seemed to have a distinct premonition.

As true as it is that Abraham Lincoln was the greatest man of his day, and his service to his country unsurpassed in accomplishment of far-reaching results for its good in that day, in the present and in the wonderfully promising future, so true it is that no great man has ever had the distinction of having collected and preserved, in perpetuation of his memory, a more perfect, if as complete, an aggregation of all those little mementoes and reminders that were connected with his life in its various stages, and with his deplorable death and the scenes which followed because of his assassination, mementoes, too, of obsequies throughout the nation, and the pursuit and fate of those who had conspired to take his life, as is to be found in the Lincoln Museum in Washington.

This collection seems the more wonderful when we learn that it was not made at the instance of the powerful servants of the nation, with their great resources, aided by many minds and hands and liberal appropriations by Congress, nor by the members of an association banded together with enthusiasm in the pursuit of their labors, but by a modest and unassuming man, of limited means and almost entirely unaided, who loved and worshiped the character and personality of Lincoln living, and devoted his life and all his energies to create the most effective monument possible to the memory of Lincoln dead.

The man whose work of a lifetime has resulted in this marvelously perfect collection is Osborn H. Oldroyd, and the Lincoln Museum is one of many good things which the Buckeye State has given to the nation, as he was born and educated at Mount Vernon, Ohio, and there spent his youth until the War of the Rebellion called forth the nation's patriotic volunteers in defense of the republic and its flag, and he enlisted and served throughout the war in Company C, 20th Ohio Infantry. Upon his return to civil life he lived for a time in Columbus, then was appointed assistant steward of the National Soldiers' Home at Dayton, and after serving two years in that capacity was appointed steward of the Ohio State Insane Asylum at Dayton, where he remained five and one half years. In 1873 he removed to Springfield, Illinois, the home of the martyred President, with a view to the better prosecution of his work of collecting mementoes of that grand man, and as soon as he could make arrangements to that effect he rented the Lincoln homestead, and there for the first time arranged his collection, which had already attained considerable importance, for exhibition to his friends as a Lincoln museum.

BRADY'S PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN

Upon the acquisition of the Lincoln homestead by the state of Illinois as a gift from Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, made at the instance of Mr. Oldroyd, the latter was appointed its custodian, and remained there as such official until 1893, when he was removed upon the advent of a state governor of contrary political faith, having made many repairs to the property during his occupancy both as tenant and custodian, restoring house and grounds, so far as possible, to the neat and attractive condition which was its characteristic when Abraham Lincoln lived there with his family.

Soon after removing his collection from the Lincoln mansion he was invited by the Memorial Association of the District of Columbia to bring it to the Capital city of Washington, with a view to its purchase by the government, and public exhibition as an eloquent tribute to the martyred President, whose memory they were most desirous to perpetuate. Upon arriving in Washington Mr. Oldroyd found that the association had rented for him the house in which Lincoln died, where, after many necessary repairs had been made, the Museum was again established and opened to public view, and it finally induced Congress to make an appropriation for the purchase of the building, with a view to its permanent occupancy by Mr. Oldroyd and the Lincoln Museum.

As the collection is yet private property a small admission fee is charged, for the purpose of providing means for heating and lighting the building, and for the care and protection of the many rare and valuable articles constituting the Museum; but the Memorial Association is making renewed efforts to induce Congress to provide for its purchase, in order that it may be placed on free exhibition, and it is confidently hoped that it will soon succeed in its laudable undertaking.

Mr. Oldroyd is a born collector, and as a boy was noted for his collection of specimens of natural history; but when as a very young man, while conducting a small stationery and periodical business in Mount Vernon, his admiration for the coming President began, he dropped all other collecting and gave all his leisure and energy to the accumulation of news items, pictures and political cartoons connected with the man who was to be the incentive to the labor of his lifetime. These early gleanings are in the Museum, and greatly assist the mind in forming a proper conception of the public estimate of the character of Lincoln before he became President, and serve as a fit introduction to the souvenirs of his life and death as the chief magistrate of the nation.

During the collector's service in the army of nearly four years he improved every opportunity to add to his store of jottings of pen and pencil connected with the beloved President, and when he returned to civil life his efforts to procure mementoes of the grand life that then had been terminated were renewed and redoubled with ceaseless and untiring energy. From that time to the present no labor or correspondence has been too continuous, no journey too long and no expense too great in his estimation which might enable him to make important additions to his collection.

The Lincoln Museum is now domiciled in the house in which Abraham Lincoln died, No. 516 Tenth Street, Northwest, between E and F Streets, directly opposite the building which was

INTERIOR VIEW IN THE MUSEUM

THE LINCOLN MUSEUM

ROOM IN WHICH LINCOLN DIED

O. H. OLDROYD, FOUNDER

formerly Ford's Theater, where he was shot a few minutes past ten on the night of April 14, 1865. Approaching this house from F Street, one of the principal thoroughfares of Washington, we see on the north side of the high steps, fastened to the iron railing, a sign, which informs us that "Abraham Lincoln died in this house, twenty-two minutes past seven A.M., April 15, 1865." The house is a modest three-story and basement brick edifice, and was owned and occupied by William Peterson at the time of the tragedy, and his family then conducted a lodging-house here. It was one of his lodgers who, upon hearing the commotion in the street after the shooting had occurred and the assassin had escaped, rushed to the door, and seeing the stricken President being brought across the street, directed the carriers to bring him into the house of which he was an occupant.

After climbing the steps and ringing the door-bell the visitor is admitted into a hallway leading past the double parlors to the rear room, to which Lincoln was carried and where his death occurred. The walls of this hall are almost completely covered with portraits of him at various periods of his life, in steel engraving, photograph and lithograph, and similar pictures of groups of which he is the central figure, the collection comprising two hundred and eighty-six portraits besides the groups.

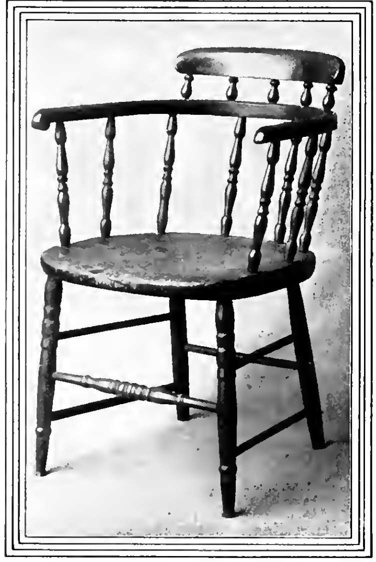
Turning to the left, entrance is gained to the room which was the front parlor of the house, where are some of the most interesting articles in the Museum, including a black-locust rail split by Abraham Lincoln in 1830, taken from the fence around his father's house, as certified by John Hanks, and attested by Governor Oglesby in 1860, five years before the President's death; also the flag which draped the theater-box, and in which the assassin's spur caught as he jumped, tearing the flag and causing him to fall on the stage in such a manner as to break his leg. The rent made by the spur is plainly seen, and the spur which made it is hung against the wall near the flag. Thus are seen together the two articles which seem to have been employed by an unseen agency to bring righteous retribution, because if the assassin Booth had not broken his leg it is probable that he would have successfully accomplished his escape.

Here are also oil-paintings of Mr. Lincoln made in 1842 and 1863; several groups of which he was one, including the President and his cabinet; Lincoln studying at night by the firelight in his father's cabin; a corrected draft of the immortal Gettysburg speech; different receptions at the White House, including his last one; scenes in Springfield, Illinois, including Oak Ridge Cemetery and the Lincoln Monument; the Globe tavern, where Lincoln boarded when he was a brilliant and popular lawyer, and where his son Robert was born; the proclamation of freedom, dated January 1, 1863; scenes on the night of the assassination, and photographs of places connected with the history of the capture of Booth, a large photograph of the log cabin built by Lincoln and his father in 1831 on Goose Nest prairie, near Farmington, Illinois, and one of an interior of this cabin, with the remains of an old spinning-wheel [illegible] Lincoln's mother. It was [illegible] Lincoln's father died, in [illegible] mother enjoyed the realization of her hopes of greatness for her son, as she lived here until after his election as President of the United States, and [illegible] term.

Here [illegible] representing Lincoln [illegible] Washington [illegible] 1861, [illegible] Hanks, [illegible] who taught [illegible] and spelling [illegible]

In [illegible] valuable [illegible] and cards [illegible] deeded, [illegible]

ing John Wilkes Booth; a lock of Booth's hair, a piece of his crutch and pieces of the burnt barn in which he was shot, and of the porch on which he died; pieces of the ropes by which the conspirators were hanged, and many valuable books belonging to the Lincoln family, including the family Bible—over one hundred years old—which Lincoln's mother read to him when a boy, and which yet bears on its cover the autograph of Abraham Lincoln, written when he was nine years of age.


LINCOLN'S OFFICE ARM-CHAIR

Other interesting mementoes too numerous to particularize are in this front room. Leaving it for the back parlor, there are found in that room an equally interesting medley of relics, including pictures of different kinds illustrating scenes connected with the assassination, the flight of Booth and Herold, and the arrest and trial of the conspirators.

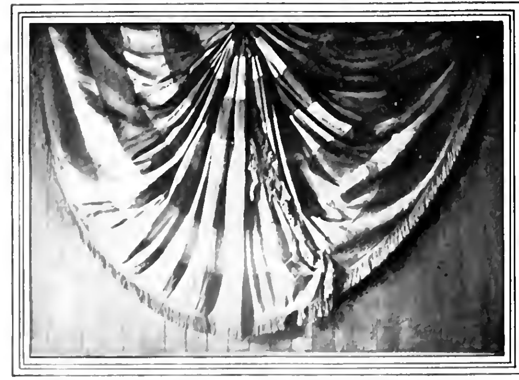
In this room is also an original theater-bill of Ford's Theater on the night of the assassination. The play was "Our American Cousin," in which, as presented at Laura Keene's Theater on Broadway, New York, Joseph Jefferson and E. H. Sothern were first brought most prominently before the public as masters of the dramatic art, the former as Asa Trenchard and the latter as Lord Dundreary. Here is also an original photograph of Lincoln's visit to the headquarters of Gen. Geo. B. McClellan after the battle of Antietam, which has been loaned to this magazine to make a photolithograph therefrom, and herewith presented.

At the rear of the hall before mentioned is the room in which Abraham Lincoln died, and which is preserved as it was at the time of his death, excepting that the bed and other furniture and the pictures on the walls have been removed and the room converted into a gallery of pictures representing his death and scenes connected with his life, and a museum of relics in glass cases. Among the pictures is a large crayon of the death scene, which, although not historically correct as to the persons present at the time of Lincoln's death, is valuable because it presents excellent likenesses of the distinguished persons who visited his bedside from the time he was brought here to the time of his death. A more faithful sketch of the death-bed scene is one that was made by an artist in this room on the morning of the President's death, from information furnished by persons present at the moment of dissolution, and from photographs of all those then in the room, giving the position of each person as nearly as it could be fixed from memory.

In the rear of the room which was the scene of Mr. Lincoln's death is the former servants' room, now the library, which contains over one thousand volumes of biography of Lincoln and books relating to the Civil War; five hundred newspapers and three hundred and twenty magazines containing articles relating to Lincoln's life and death; three thousand five hundred newspaper clippings; hundreds of printed and manuscript sermons delivered at the time of the funeral, and many books and pamphlets that belonged to Mr. Lincoln; also touching original letters addressed to, or written by, the beloved President, who was never too busy to show his love of the country's soldiers, then battling for the preservation of the nation, his pity for their sufferings and his sorrow for their death.

Back of the library is a recent addition to the building, which contains the cooking-stove last used by the Lincoln family in the homestead at Springfield; a stand made from the sill of the house in which Lincoln lived in 1834, with lines engraved thereon that were written for it by the poet Whittier; a walnut cradle in which the Lincoln children were rocked, often by the hand of their father; black haircloth sofas and chairs bought by Mr. Lincoln and used by him to the time when he left Springfield for Washington, in 1861; a what-not made from a walnut bedstead presented by Mr. Lincoln to a friend in Springfield; a wheel from the family carriage; wooden dining-room chairs; a wooden settee on which Mr. Lincoln rested on his porch; his office desk, and his wooden office arm-chair, in which he sat when he wrote his first inaugural address, a photolithograph of which is herewith reproduced. Here are also statuettes, engravings and photographs, including Brady's famous photograph of Lincoln, which is considered the best likeness of him at the time immediately preceding his death. An engraving of it accompanies this article.

The limits of this article prevent more than a suggestion of the various mementoes contained in the Lincoln Museum, which comprises over three thousand valuable relics; but it is thought that enough have been mentioned to show its value and its wonderful completeness in view of the fact that most of the Lincoln-family possessions were destroyed in the great fire in Chicago.


FLAG WHICH DRAPED THE BOX IN THE THEATER WHEN LINCOLN WAS SHOT

The Ford International Weekly

# THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois.

By the Year $1.50 | Published Weekly | Dearborn, Michigan, April 11, 1925 | 25th YEAR No. 25 | Single Copy Ten Cents

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the statement that our generation moves at too fast a pace. (p. 7)

AARON SAPIRO has not, at this writing, sued THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, though he has induced practically every newspaper in the United States to say that he has. The delay in getting the truth well aired in court makes it necessary for us to print now and again a little of the overflow. This week we print some interesting facts about the plan to control American cotton. If the word "Jew" occasionally occurs, it is because Jews are scattered freely all along the line of the plan. (pp. 4 and 15)

WHEN the body lies horizontally the heart has less pumpage to do than when the body stands up. Mr. Edison long ago found that out. His cat-naps are heart rests. Always ready to share with others the wisdom he has won from experience, Mr. Edison says some mighty sensible things about rest and sleep. (p. 2)

FORBES-ROBERTSON as he is at his fireside. Chitchat about American audiences, noted actors, Bernard Shaw as a rehearsal director, and dainty drawings of the house and Bedford Square, make a readable sketch. (p. 3)

THE absorbing narrative of the John Wilkes Booth Myth proceeds in this number. Thus far the known facts of the assassination of Lincoln and the flight of the murderer have been dealt with, to furnish a background for the strange claims which afterward arose. The article this week describes in detail, from the words of eye-witnesses, the dramatic capture made at the Garrett farm. (pp. 11 and 14)

EVERY little while someone starts up the idea of a universal language. We have had Esperanto and Volapuk, and numerous other manufactured tongues. But all the while there was a universal language slowly but surely making its way through all countries and races and becoming the master tongue of the world. It is the English Language. The mystery of language is very great, of our language in particular. It is really worth everyone's while to consider the facts presented in this article. (p. 10)

MAYBE you have noticed our resurrection of McGuffey's readers in the last few numbers. The old schoolmaster's maxims live because they are eternally true. Besides, they are interesting as illustrating the method of the Father of the Modern School Reader. (p. 6)

AN AUTHORITATIVE sports writer says that the Davids, or little fellows, have it over the big fellows or Goliaths, in the sports game. Bantams have grit and endurance. A pretty chesty article for all short men to read. (p. 9)

AND a lot of miscellany: The first Bible printed in America, and where the Easter Palms come from. (p. 12) Postal employes' increase. (p. 6) Strange happenings in the Pacific which are changing the peaceful temper of that ocean. (p. 5) Story of Hudson's Bay Company. (p. 13) Editorials, Briefly Tolds, I Read in the Papers. (pp. 8 and 16)


## What Edison Thinks About Sleep

## Forbes-Robertson Interviewed

## Sapiro and the Cotton Industry

## Pacific Ocean—A Transformation

## Postal Salaries and Postal Rates

## Does Size or Build Make Athletes?

## Is It to Be English or Esperanto?

## The Capture of Lincoln's Assassin

## First Bible Printed in America

## Romance of Hudson's Bay Traders

# "O Sleep! It Is a Gentle Thing"

## How Much Sleep Do You Require? Edison Takes All He Needs

By ALLAN L. BENSON

SLEEP has been called the sister of death. According to Edison it would be more nearly accurate to characterize it as the brother of life. Sleep makes no strength but gives the strength that is in us an opportunity to accumulate. Steam must accumulate in a boiler before it can be made to drive an engine.

Edison is always pictured as a man who goes short of sleep and the world has long wondered how he does it. The answer is that he does not do it. Edison always gets all the sleep he needs. Except in the old days, when he used to drive himself during the final period of an invention, nobody has ever seen him look tired. He can go to sleep in a minute and wake up in a second. At midday, he will go to sleep at 12:40 o'clock and leave a request to be called at 1 o'clock. Lay a hand on his shoulder at 1 o'clock, and he is up in an instant, wide-awake. His eyes never have to take time to open. Even after several hours' sleep, his eyes, he says, are perfectly clear and light as feathers, the moment he awakens.

Edison sees in every man two men. There is the man of flesh and bones who is of no importance except for the fact that he carries around the real man—the intellect. Which of these two men is it that needs sleep—or do they both need it? I take it that Edison believes pure intellect never wearies—that it could work on and on forever without feeling the slightest strain. But in man intellect works through matter; and matter, pushed too hard, undergoes chemical and perhaps other changes, the results of which we call fatigue. It is then the less important man—the physical man—who becomes weary and must be rested.

### *The Burden Put Upon the Heart*

What is it that bears so hard upon the physical man that after sixteen hours of consciousness he must seek rest in unconsciousness?

"Chiefly," said Edison, "it is the burden put upon the heart by keeping the body in a sitting or standing position. When a man is up and about his heart is always working against gravity. It must take his blood when it gets to his feet and raise it, between five and six feet, to the top of his head. Gravity is pulling against the heart all the time, but the heart must keep on. During the course of a day, this is equivalent to the lifting of several tons.

"When we lie down, a great burden is instantly taken off the heart. The great pump within us need then no longer lift; it has but to stir the blood, as it were, and keep it moving in level channels. That is why one can rest without sleeping. Merely to lie down gives the heart an opportunity to decrease its drafts upon our vitality. It is like decreasing the current going to a motor when some of the load is taken off.

"But we do not fully rest unless we become unconscious. That is because we do not know how completely to relax so long as we are awake. One cannot rest well when he is asleep unless he relaxes equally well. Rest and relaxation bear a definite proportion to each other. I have always been able to relax almost instantaneously and, I should say, completely. I do not know exactly how I do it. Of course, I know I turn my mind off the moment I lie down. That is the main thing. One cannot sleep and plan, or sleep and worry, at the same time. If one wants to do a good job of worrying he should keep awake. Worrying is always a sign of a lack of poise or a lack of intelligence. It is more destructive, perhaps, than anything else we do.

### *Never Take Your Work to Bed With You*

"I suppose that relaxation begins with a healthy body and continues as a matter of habit. If one hasn't the habit, the thing, therefore, is to go about it at once to acquire it. Never take your troubles or your work to bed with you. Lie on your back in such a manner that there need be not the slightest strain upon any muscle in your body. If you feel a strain anywhere, move your body a little. Assume such a position that not a single muscle will have to tighten to hold you where you are. And, when you have done this, close your eyes and shut off your brain. If you are in good condition, you will be asleep before you know it.

"If you are not in good condition, find out what is the matter and remedy it. If your stomach is complaining, do what it wants you to do. There is no use arguing with a stomach. All that a good many persons need to do to sleep better is to get away from the trough. They eat too much. They are stuffed with poisons of their own manufacture.

"Some persons do not sleep well because they do not take enough exercise. Absurdly enough, some of those who take the least exercise eat the most food. What right has anyone to expect to sleep who stuffs and loafs? We should always remember that sleep is the natural thing. It is not something that we have to coddle and coax to bring about. Live right and it will bring itself about. Inability to sleep is always a sign of bad habits."

Edison, however, does his sleeping in a very different way than most of us do it. He does not go to bed at 10 or 11 o'clock at night and stay there until morning. He sleeps several times during the 24 hours, his various naps ranging from 20 minutes to an hour. He takes a nap in the middle of the day, another perhaps during the latter part of the afternoon, another one during the evening, and goes to bed around midnight or a little afterward. He has always had a cot in an alcove in his laboratory. It has nothing on it but a dark woolen blanket. I have seen his white head on that cot many a time; his eyes closed; his great brain "turned off." After 20 minutes or so, his assistant, Mr. Meadowcroft, would lay his hand on the "old man's" shoulder, and he would get up instantly and stalk off toward his desk as if he had just thought of something important that he wanted to do.

Edison's cat-nap sleeping may seem like a piece of nonsense, but he considers it high wisdom and the reasons he gives for thinking so are very compelling. Edison's idea is that it is not well to push fatigue too far, and that it is, therefore, well to rest just before one becomes too weary. Almost everyone knows what a painful feeling comes when he stays up just an hour or two too late. The extra hour or two seem to do more harm than the sixteen that went before them. All of which comes under the head of excessive strain; and excessive strain is exceedingly harmful to the human system, particularly to the heart.

Human beings have always had the ability to reach out in the dark, as it were, and lay their hands upon wisdom, even when they did not quite understand the wisdom after they had laid hold of it; and they have done this in the matter of the danger of excessive fatigue.

How many generations of women have been told that "beauty sleep is what you get before 12 o'clock"? If there had not been some truth in this statement it would not have persisted throughout so many generations. The grain of wisdom in it lies solely in the fact that if one retires an hour or two before midnight he is more likely to avoid excessive fatigue. The "Early to bed and early to rise" rhyme was also apparently based upon the knowledge, gained from experience, that the last two hours of a long day are the hardest to endure.

### *Taking a Nap in the Middle of the Day*

When Edison invented the electric light and noted the phenomenon that later led to the radio, he swept into the ash can all of the old couplets about going to bed with the chickens and rising with the lark. Even if it shall kill us, we are never going to bed early again; early in the old sense which, on the farm, meant 7 or 8 o'clock in the evening. There is too much going on in the evening and too little from 4 to 7 o'clock in the morning. Even farmers' families now sit up and listen to music, thousands of miles away, until long after midnight. I sit in my home on the Hudson above New York and hear a station in Miami, Florida, read telegrams at midnight from farmers in Maine who pay to a telegraph company the price of a bushel of potatoes to let the Florida station know that the "concert is coming in fine on the loudspeaker," or to ask if some of the Florida climate cannot be sent to melt the snowbanks of Maine.

We are not going to stay up until morning, but we are going to stay up awhile—too long to get much beauty sleep or health sleep before midnight. Since such is the fact, it is highly necessary that we understand the basis of solid truth that underlies the old admonition about the superior value of sleep gained before midnight. Edison has this basis and builds his house of health upon it. What we need to do is to form the habit of sleeping a few minutes before we have opportunity to become overtired; taking two or three cat naps between morning and midnight, and then lying down for about seven hours of good sleep. Whoever has tried it knows what an enormous amount of rest one can get in 20 minutes during the day. One rises with the feeling that he is fit for anything.

Of course, it all seems very absurd now to talk about the rank and file of the population taking a 20-minute nap in the afternoon and another one early in the evening. Whatever is new is likely to seem absurd. But whatever is best can, within reason, be done. If it be good for Edison to take two naps during the 24 hours in addition to his night's sleep, why might it not be just as good for everyone else? And if the natives of semi-tropical countries can afford to shut down business for three hours during the heat of the day, and the English can afford to serve tea and cakes twice a day to their office employes, why, if it were considered advisable for the public health and happiness, might not ways be found to give everybody in the United States a half-hour's sleep in the middle of the afternoon?

It would not be necessary for stores to kick out their customers at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, close the doors and post signs thereon: "Quiet, please; we are sleeping." All of the clerks need not retire to their rest rooms at the same time. But it is not plain to me why the greatest factory in the world could not shut down for half an hour each afternoon and let each man sleep on the floor beside his machine. A soft floor will do for half an hour for anyone who is tired. Edison has slept on one many a time.

The people who live longest in this world are, as a class, those who take care of themselves. Taking care of one's self does not necessarily mean doing as most others do; it is more likely to mean not doing as most others do. But no one can take care of himself who does not get enough sleep, or who permits himself to drive on after the limits of safe fatigue have been reached.

### *Much Nonsense Written About Dreams*

I asked Edison about dreams.

"I never have any," he replied. "I presume there has been more nonsense written about dreams than upon any other one subject. I do not know whether it is true or not, but I have read that Napoleon used to believe in them. There may have been rare instances where a dream foreshadowed something that later took place, but, in my opinion, most dreams are caused by nothing but auto-intoxication. If people would get the poison out of their systems and keep it out they would dream less and rest more.

"It seems almost as if the little peoples who constitute the cells of which our brains are formed become groggy from the poisonous fumes that circulate in the blood of auto-intoxicated persons. Perhaps something like that is sometimes the explanation of grotesque dreams."

Edison realizes well enough, however, that the last word will not have been said about dreams until the last word shall have been said about the laws governing the operation of the human mind. Strangely enough, the most important thing about man is that which we have begun to study last—his mind. We have been at it barely 20 years. We started late because it is, perhaps of all human subjects, the most baffling. A brain can be taken out and looked at, and a heart can be put on the scale and weighed, but the mind is invisible and can be touched only with one's imagination.

As much can be said about electricity, yet Edison and others have hitched it to the world's business and made it work. The rapid progress that is being made in the study of psychology gives reason to hope that the young men and women of today will, before they have become old, know a great many interesting things about dreams. Edison already knows, from his study of psychology, that the thoughts we repress in the daytime often bob up when we are asleep, sometimes a little twisted, but nevertheless the same thoughts. He also knows that worry and everything else that gives rise to troubled sleep is productive of dreams—usually unpleasant ones.

### *Does the Soul Leave the Sleeper?*

Some persons believe that, on rare occasions, the human soul quits the body for a time during sleep and returns to it before the body awakens. Such an explanation was once given to me of a dream that a friend of mine had, years ago. He dreamed that he was looking down upon himself as he lay upon his bed sleeping. He seemed to be merely an intelligence floating in air, and from the air he looked down upon his sleeping body. He saw himself as plainly as he ever saw anybody else. He saw the covers rise and fall as he breathed. The thing was so vivid that it awakened him.

I asked Edison what he thought about this dream and the theory that the man's soul might have left his body for a time.

"Well," he replied, "I don't know anything about the soul. There may be such a thing but I have never been convinced of it. Is the man still alive?"

I replied that he was, though the dream occurred years ago.

"Well, you see there was nothing prophetic about it," he added. "Dreams don't mean anything, so far as the future is concerned."

Edison then commented upon the extreme rapidity with which the mind works when the body that contains it is asleep.

"You remember," he said, "the story told by DeQuincey, the opium eater. He balanced himself upon the edge of his bed in such a manner that he would roll off on the floor the moment he went to sleep. Yet in the brief moment that was required for him to fall from the bed to the floor he had dreams that covered great periods of time."

Edison sleeps but does not dream. He is deaf as a post (almost), but gay and happy because enough is always going on within his own skull to keep him entertained.

# *Fireside Chat With Forbes-Robertson*

## Great Shakespearean Actor Thanks Americans for Giving Him a "Rest"

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

SITTING one side the hearth in the dining-room at his home in Bedford Square, London, I found it almost impossible to believe that my host, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, was born in the year 1853. Never can there have been a younger old man; he appeared to me much the same as he was the first time I met and talked with him, I won't say how many years ago. The hair is tinged with gray and there are lines which are the footprints of time. Otherwise, what change? There is the same alertness; the same mellow voice; the same acute eyes; the same geniality. The sun streamed in full upon his face, as the limelight used to do, and I could scarcely believe that it was more than half a century ago that he first faced the footlights. Verily, the gods keep young those whom they love.

A comfortable and a cosy room; hung with interesting and often remarkable pictures; delightful, Old World furniture.

As I sat down I glanced at a capital likeness of Sir Johnston that hangs over the mantleshelf:

"There you are," said I.

"Yes, that was painted in San Francisco in 1885, when I was on my first visit to the States, playing lead to Mary Anderson; it's a fine, very fine bit of work; by an American painter, Collins, who died young. A very good piece of work. I've spent a great many happy years in America. For something like twenty years, from 1895 on, I was there almost all the time. They made me very happy there; such genuine kindness and true hospitality."

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's house in Bedford Square.

Our conversation was vagabondish, switching from one topic to another as chance words or allusions led us; swopping yarns and memories of the past and now and again touching upon today.

"I was over in Germany in 1898, playing Hamlet and Macbeth at the Royal Theater, Berlin. It was very pleasant. The Kaiser was very friendly and cordial to me; I found him charming; a very cultivated man. Who would have suspected him of becoming what he did become? The same trip I went to Hannover—yes, it is a charming city—and to Hamburg, another beautiful place."

"Have you found any great difference between American audiences and ours?"

"Yes; I have. The Americans are quieter; not so demonstrative; very attentive. There's far less of that strolling in late and rushing out early that there is here; and no chattering. When I was a young actor it used to be very bad in London; I don't know what it's like now."

"I wish you did know," I said, "for our sake. I don't think, though, that things are much improved. I had my toes severely trodden on the other evening halfway through the first act, by a fat man who was annoyed because I was not pleased!"

"Yes, I found American audiences extraordinarily attentive; much more so than they are over here. In Germany, too, they were very good. The gallery and the pit here can be absolutely cruel. If Americans don't like you or what you're doing, they don't yell at you; they just freeze you with silence."

"Then it's a frost! Do you think the kinema or broadcasting will hurt the theater?"

"Unless very carefully controlled I'm afraid wireless may hit the theater—a bit. Especially in the country. It will take something wonderfully fine to get provincials out of their armchairs, when they can sit at home and listen to the best from London. Yes, it will have to be very carefully handled. The kinema—the pictures—well, I really don't know. Of course, there's always been a cry that the legitimate stage was being killed by something or other. But it's still alive! It used to be burlesque that was the villain; then it was musical comedy, and so on. But so long as the legitimate stage is true to itself it needn't worry about its rivals."

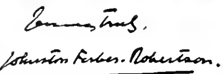
"The old Gaiety burlesques didn't hurt anyone," said I, "and they were awfully good fun. Not even when Teddy Royce burlesqued Irving so delightfully in 'The Corsican Brothers.'"

"Irving was sensitive to burlesque. He had many mannerisms that were easy to imitate; walk, voice, gestures, and so on. But he had great magnetism; you were compelled to watch him. He was a great man and could have made a name off the stage—he'd have been a fine prelate, or a successful diplomat: he was a wonderful judge of men. And so generous, so kindly, always."

"His funeral in the Abbey was very impressive."

"Yes; it was. I had a good deal to do with the arrangements. It was necessary to cremate him, because the Abbey authorities cannot dig deep, for fear of disturbing the concrete foundation. By the way, one of the French actors, Le Bargy, I think, representing the French theater, came ready prepared to deliver an oration over the grave—as they do in France—but the Dean would not allow it, which I think was a pity."

Somehow or other we skipped over from London to Dublin, and I reminded Sir Johnston of the story told of one of Irving's appearances in that dear, dirty city on the Liffey. At the end of the performance the great actor delivered one of his elegantly phrased speeches of thanks. Laying his hand upon his heart, he said: "I would I had a window in my chest that you could see the feelings of my heart." A kindly voice from the gallery inquired: "Ah, sure, and wouldn't a pane in your tummy do as well?"




"The Irish audiences are full of fun and wit," said Sir Johnston, "I remember an amusing story about Helen Faucit,* when she was playing in Dublin. It was the gossip that Sir William Wilde—his wife you remember was known as Speranza, the Irish poetess—the father of Oscar Wilde, admired Miss Faucit with considerable ardor. At the theater one night it was obvious that his emotions were very deeply stirred by her acting, and a voice called out: 'Don't cry, Willie, she'll have you yet.'"

"Now I'm going to ask you a very personal question. Who is the actress you best liked playing with; who helped and inspired you most?"

"My wife," was the prompt reply, "Gertrude Elliott, you know—"

"Yes, I know, I knew her before you did. Sister of Maxine Elliott."

"Yes, she's been my best partner on and off the stage. I first acted with her in the stage version of Kipling's 'The Light That Failed,' she was Maisie and I was Dick Helder. Then long after she was Cleopatra to my Julius Caesar, in Bernard Shaw's play, which he wrote for me."

We got talking about the place held by acting among the arts:

"It holds a high place, I think," said Sir Johnston. "I can't agree with those who say that it's not really an art. Higher than that of the instrumentalist and the singer, who interpret music, which is comparatively simple. But the actor does not, as is often said, actually create a part; but he does—what shall I say?—well, he often *adds* a great deal to it. I'm not talking, of course, of the average modern play, in which there is little character drawing as a rule, but of the great dramatists. The actor's mentality, his personality, his physical gifts or defects, count for a lot, come in so much. What? Oh, yes, a great part, Hamlet for example, grows as one acts it again and again; you're always finding something new, something more, getting some new light. Dramatists? Bernard Shaw? He's delightful to get on with in every way. Have you seen Saint Joan? Not! Well, you go! It's wonderful. The epilog and the tall hat and frock coat? Why, I find it uplifting, stimulating. It has impressiveness and great nobility. And amazing justness and insight. He sets the point of view of the Catholic church, and that of the feudal lords, fairly before you; makes the best of their cases; absolute fidelity to truth; no prejudice. There's one scene where three men sit round a table, twenty minutes or more, talking, never moving; but it holds you tight. A very great play; you *must* see it."

"Shaw's a bit of a martinet at rehearsals?"

"He's kindness and helpfulness itself; and tact. I've known most of the great producers, as they call them now, Charles Reade to Bernard Shaw; Shaw's the best of them all. He knows exactly what he wants and exactly how to get it. Charles Reade? A wonderful man. Hot-tempered, warm-hearted, very kind. I first met him when he engaged me to act in his play, "The Wandering Heir." Mrs. John Wood, a most lovable and beautiful character, with just a touch of the beauty of devil in her, and that fine old actor Edmund Leathes were playing the leading parts, which Ellen Terry and I took up when the play went on tour. What an actress!"

"I shall never forget Ellen Terry, Irving and you in 'Much Ado About Nothing' at the Lyceum; in 1882, I think."

"Yes; it was a splendid production. Ellen Terry and Irving drew out the very best from each other then. Yes, you're right, I painted for Irving a picture of the famous church scene. It's in the Players' Club in New York now."

"The Players'! Isn't it a delightful place?" I said, memories crowding in of many joyous hours spent there in the long ago. "It was Joseph Jefferson's house, wasn't it?"

"No, no; Edwin Booth. He bought the place and filled it with beautiful and interesting things—lived on the top floor himself—and gave the rest to his fellow players. He was a charming man as well as a great actor, and not a bit spoiled by his popularity. Yes, indeed, I owe a lot to America; many splendid friends and—it is entirely thanks to the American playgoing public that I was able to retire when I did, and—rest."

Bedford Square, London. (A typical old-fashioned London Square.)

"There's Lady Forbes-Robertson," I said as I looked at a charming portrait on the opposite wall.

"Yes, painted by Hugh Rivière, son of Briton Rivière, the famous animal painter." As I drew his attention to a striking portrait, painted with vigor and grip, he explained: "That's my father, John Forbes-Robertson, the art critic. I painted it—"

Then—at any rate on my side—a most reluctant "Goodby."

* Afterward Lady Theodore Martin. She acted with Macready in many of his Shakespeare productions.

# World Cotton Control by Sapiro Plan

## Evidence That Many Minds Worked Together to Tie Up Farmer

PROPONENTS OF THE SAPIRO PLAN OF Cooperative Marketing have declared that there is no connection between the cooperative associations organized under this plan by Aaron Sapiro and the international ring of Jewish bankers who control the money of the United States. Herewith is presented the confessed scheme of a Jewish banking corporation of New York to take over the cotton crop of Texas through the Sapiro Plan Cooperative Marketing Association there, control that crop and market it.

It is a strange coincidence that the manner in which they propose to do this is precisely the method by which the cotton-futures gamblers can make the most money. Here is proof of the statement previously made in these articles that the Sapiro Plan of Cooperative Marketing is merely a scheme whereby the international banking ring may come into control of the agricultural wealth of the United States.

### By ROBERT MORGAN

World Control of Cotton is now a fact of Jewish enterprise. This article indicates how it is done. Another bit of evidence comes from Europe. In February, this year, the British Government was considering legislation that would exclude from Britain multitudes of alien Jews now swarming there. In protest against the proposed legislation, Nathan Laski, J. P., told the Home Secretary the following facts about *Jewish control of the British cotton industry*. He said that 90 per cent of the Indian cotton trade was in the hands of Jews. That 95 per cent of the Egyptian cotton trade of Manchester was in the hands of Jews. That 98 per cent of the Near East cotton trade was in the hands of Jews. That 99 per cent of the Constantinople cotton trade was in the hands of Jews. That all of the Syrian and most of the Moroccan cotton trade was in the hands of Jews. That 50 per cent of the cotton trade with South America was in the hands of Manchester Jews. That the Bradford export system was introduced by German Jews and is now controlled by their descendants.

These statements were made by a Jew as an argument that the Jews are of great benefit to Great Britain and, therefore, should be allowed to come in any numbers.

THE Associated Press carried, October 10, 1924, an illuminating dispatch beginning as follows:

"NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—Financing of a large percentage of the cotton crop handled by the Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association again will be undertaken by a banking group, headed by the Seaboard National Bank, and Goldman, Sachs & Co., by means of a revolving credit, not to exceed $10,000,000 at any one time, it was announced Thursday. Banks in San Francisco, Chicago, Philadelphia, Providence, R. I., and Houston and Dallas, Texas, are members of the group. The association, which was financed last year in the same way, expects to handle more than 200,000 bales of this season's crop."

On the day before this dispatch was printed by the newspapers of Texas, Henry I. Bowers, a member of the private banking-house of Goldman, Sachs and Company, appeared in Dallas, making the announcement, through the press of that city, that these Jewish bankers, *who are members of the stock and cotton exchanges*, would finance the Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association to the extent of a loan of a "revolving credit" not to exceed ten million dollars.

The Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association is organized and operated on the Sapiro Plan, and is tied up with the Texas Farm Bureau Federation. Aaron Sapiro provided the plan, the method of organization, the legal advice, the coöperative law which the Texas legislature passed, and, up to October 16, 1924, was intimately connected with the association.

We have thus presented to us in Texas the clearly defined picture of a firm of Jewish bankers, prominent members of the international financial ring, lending money to a coöperative agricultural marketing association organized, dominated and directed by a Jew. None of this money is to go to the aid of cotton-growers who are not members of the Sapiro-controlled Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association. The cotton-planter of Texas who is not a member of this association cannot get money from any of the banks that are in this scheme; he cannot get money from any banks which are dominated by the Jewish banking ring; he cannot get money from the government with which to hold his cotton until he is offered a fair price for it.

I have said that the cotton-planter cannot get money from the government with which to carry himself and his cotton until such time as he can get a price for it which will pay him a fair return on his production costs. Lest there be any doubt as to the truth of this statement, allow me to quote from an address by W. B. Yeary, secretary-manager of the Cotton States Protective League, delivered at Midlothian, Texas, July 5, 1924:

"When the Reserve Banking system was established, the law said the reserve banks must rediscount notes of member banks given them by their customers and adequately secured. The agents of the Reserve Banks publicly announced that there was no better collateral than cotton, and, if the farmers desired to market it slowly, or to hold it for better prices, and wished to borrow money on it to do these things, if the member bank to which the farmer applied did not have the money, the Reserve Banks would be glad to take up the note, rediscount it, and carry it. This made every member bank able to aid farmers to do as the manufacturer, the merchant, the public-service corporation and others had been doing and still do. This was the cotton-planter's first opportunity to be a free man since the Civil War. * * *

"*But—Wall Street cotton gamblers and banker gamblers went to Congress in the spring of 1920 and asked for an amendment to the bank act which would permit Reserve Banks to refuse to rediscount notes for 'purely speculative' purposes, in order—these gamblers said—that they could check speculating in stocks and bonds.* Congress amended the act as requested by the Reserve Bank Board. This board met at once and defined farmers holding their staple farm products for a price as 'purely speculative,' and notified member banks that *they would not rediscount notes secured by cotton* if the cotton planters were holding that cotton for a better price, as it was 'speculating' for the farmer to do this. If this amendment ever was applied to stock and bond speculation, no one ever has heard of it."

Thus, by means of the Sapiro Plan and of the refusal of the Reserve Bank Board to lend money to the cotton-planter on his crop, the Jewish banker has come into control of a large part of the Texas cotton crop. But before we consider further the position of the Texas cotton-planter, let us look for a moment at the details of this "revolving credit" into which the Sapiro Plan association has led its members. Quoting again from the Associated Press dispatch which I mentioned at the beginning of this article:

"The new agreement provides that credits under it shall be made available through acceptance by members of the bank groups of drafts drawn by the Texas (Farm Bureau Cotton) Association. These drafts may be drawn up to May 1, 1925, the maximum total amount that may be outstanding at any one time being limited to $10,000,000. All drafts drawn under the agreement will mature not later than July 1, 1925.

"The American Exchange National Bank of Dallas is trustee of the group. Cotton in shipment to or stored with the Houston Compress Company, of Houston, or other warehouses approved by the managers of the banking group, will be security for the credits.

"*The orderly marketing of the cotton crop is provided for, the Texas Association having agreed that, so long as there shall be outstanding any drafts under the agreement, all the cotton acquired from its members during the 1924-25 season will be sold at a minimum average monthly rate of 10 per cent of its estimated cotton receipts for the season.*"

The italics in this last paragraph are mine. The Associated Press does not emphasize its statements because it does not consider it a part of its duty to warn farmers of this country of the pitfalls laid for them. To this open confession of the close connection between the international banking organization and the Sapiro Plan coöperative associations, Mr. Bowers, member of the firm of Goldman, Sachs and Company, as mentioned above, adds the following:

"After having seen the various branches of the cotton coöperative at work in Texas, I return to report in New York that I am one hundred per cent satisfied and pleased with the efficient management, soundness and good faith of *one of our most successful customers.*

"Cotton coöperation in Texas has sold cotton orderly, according to its expressed purpose during the past few years, when *the individual might well have held for higher prices and a bank would not have blamed the holder.* But to do so, even at a seeming advantage, would have violated one of the sound principles upon which coöperation is founded, and, of course, I am most favorably impressed with this evidence of the good faith of this farmers' organization."

Again, the italics are mine, and I must add that no matter how favorably impressed Mr. Bowers and the private banking house of Goldman, Sachs and Company find themselves, the spinners of cotton and the future gamblers in cotton are even more favorably impressed, for the whole scheme is one whereby these bankers, these spinners, these cotton exchange gamblers benefit, and the farmer, as is usual in the Sapiro Plan coöperative marketing associations, holds the sack.

Shortly after the Intermediate Credit Banks were established, the secretary-manager of the Cotton States Protective League wrote to Eugene Meyer, Jr., then managing director of the War Finance Corporation, asking him how and for what purposes loans would be made on cotton and other staple farm products. To this inquiry, Mr. Meyer replied:

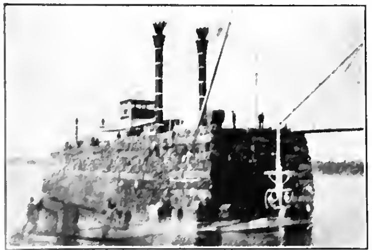
"You will note that the Corporation is authorized to make these advances only for the purposes of affording emergency relief in connection with the raising and marketing, *in an orderly manner*, of agricultural products and livestock. It is not empowered to lend money under any circumstances for the purpose of holding products in anticipation of an advance in price."

Just why any cotton-planter should wish to borrow money on his cotton except "for the purpose of holding it in anticipation of a rise in price" is not clear, but here we have Mr. Meyer, another Jewish gentleman, aligned with Mr. Sapiro to support the "orderly marketing" shibboleth of the Sapiro Plan coöperatives, and trying to compel the planter to dump his cotton when, to whom, and at whatever price the agents of Sapiro command. On the other hand, we find Messrs. Goldman and Sachs, and other members of the ring of international bankers, quite ready and willing to lend money—which should be provided by the Intermediate Credit Banks through the Reserve Bank System—exclusively to those cotton planters who are members of the Sapiro Plan coöperative associations. This money, as advised by Mr. Meyer, is to be loaned only for "orderly marketing," that is to say, for the unloading of 10 per cent of the cotton handled by the Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association each month, so that the spinner may be assured of the lowest possible price all the year round, so that the cotton-futures gambler may have his way made clear for him, and so that the Jewish banker may draw interest from the farmer as a reward for compelling that farmer to sell the product of his labor at little or no profit. It is as reasonable that the farmer should have the right to refuse to sell when the price is too low as the spinner to refuse to buy when it is too high.

It would seem to be a pertinent question to ask why the spinner, the speculator, the cotton-futures gambler should not pay this interest, instead of the farmer, but, in the Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association, Sapiro Plan, as in other similar organizations, the farmer is the last man to have anything to say regarding the disposal of his own property. It is as reasonable that the farmer should refuse to sell as that Mr. Meyer should refuse to give him credit.

The Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association was formed late in 1920, as a direct offspring of the Oklahoma Cotton Growers' Association, first of the state-wide Sapiro Plan cotton associations, which came into being in June, 1920. Texas produces approximately 25 per cent of the cotton crop of the United States. In 1919, when cotton sold at 29 cents a pound for December in New York, immediately following the World War, with the visible supply placed at 4,817,000 bales, an estimate placed the 1920 crop at 12,500,000 bales. As a matter of fact, the 1920 crop totaled 13,879,916 bales, and

(Concluded on page 15)



The old Mississippi River steamer *America* carrying a record load of cotton from the plantations to New Orleans for sale.

Baled cotton waiting to be passed through the compress shown in the background to be made more compact for shipment.

# What Has Happened to the Pacific?

## Sea of Peace No Longer—New Dangers Arise

By HARRY H. DUNN

WHAT has happened to the Pacific Ocean? Prior to September, 1923, that is to say, before the great earthquake which nearly wrecked Japan and shocked the whole civilized world, the Pacific was the most tranquil, as well as the most dependable of Neptune's gardens. The shipmaster, clearing his boat from San Francisco or Hongkong, Manila or Iquique, knew with certainty just what currents would carry his hull, what winds would fill his sails, and just where he would encounter both currents and winds. Today, much of this certainty has been replaced with mystery. New and strong currents appear suddenly, unexplainably, either flowing in directions contrary to known currents, or converting formerly quiet bits of sea into millraces. Points of rock are found to have risen where only deep bottoms existed a year ago. Shoals have piled up at harbor mouths where ample channels are marked on all the charts, and old shoals have thickened until, in some instances, they have formed small islands and bars.

Pack ice and huge floes, as well as the largest bergs ever seen in the Pacific, appeared suddenly far to the south of their usual limits in the North Pacific, and far

Coast-guard cutter *Bear* in the ice off Point Barrow, in the Arctic. Officers of the *Bear* report icebergs farther south and in unusual positions to which they appear to have been carried by new currents in the Pacific Ocean.

to the north of their regular range in the South Pacific. Trading ships, whalers, fishing vessels and coast-guard cutters, from both Japan and the United States, have been compelled to pass the winter of 1924-25 frozen in where before had been clear water. The coast-guard cutter *Bear*, heroine of more than a score of summers in the Arctic, reports ice farther south, as well as thicker and more closely packed ice fields, than ever before in her log. Icebergs of large size appeared in the harbor of the Pribilof Islands, a spectacle not remembered by even the oldest Indian in the islands. In South American waters, heavy icebergs appeared as far to the north as the fortieth parallel, according to reports to the Chilean Government. Pack ice has been heavier in the Strait of Magellan in the winter of 1924-5 than ever before since steamships, using this dangerous waterway, have been keeping records of its conditions.

Along the Pacific coast of California, Lower California, Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Ecuador, Peru and Chile, new and strong currents, setting toward the land, have been reported during 1924. These currents never have been reported before, and set directly across the known currents—which are parallel to these coasts—apparently taking in some measure the place of these north-and-south currents. Scores of wrecks have been recorded in the past year on the Pacific coast of the United States and Central and South America, virtually all of them attributed to new and uncharted currents, which never before had bothered navigators in these waters.

Similarly, new currents have appeared around the Hawaiian Islands, in the sea near Tahiti and other islands of that group, and particularly in the northern waters of the Philippines. New shoals and bars have appeared in the mouths of Chinese rivers, and Australia reports a notable decrease in the depth at the entrances to some of her harbors. Marine experts, navigators and harbor masters of the Island Continent have not been able to offer an explanation of these changes, other than to refer to them as "results of the Japanese earthquake." Navigators who have been in the habit of following certain well-charted "paths" along both coasts of the Pacific, and setting their courses across it, according to supposedly well-known currents and winds, now have to pick their ways at certain spots on both the eastern and western shores, follow new channels into certain harbors, and keep constant watch, when on the high sea, for new currents which have borne some ships many miles off their courses.

Reports from the masters of more than 300 vessels to the governments of the United States, Australia, British Columbia, Japan, Chile, Peru, and other Central and South American countries show that the western ocean has become, within twelve months, a puzzle to mariners. It appears to have changed from the most "pacific" of seas to the trickiest, since the Japanese earthquake in September, 1923. The hydrographic survey, and the coast and geodetic survey, of the United States Government are now working on new charts of the bottoms and currents of coastal waters on the Pacific. Similar departments of the Australian, Japanese, and Chilean governments are engaged in the same operation, but so far the deep-sea charts are being changed by the various transpacific shipping companies only on the reports of their master mariners as to new currents, new winds, and new shoals.

To the setting up of new coastal currents was due the wrecking of seven American destroyers, with damage to four others, on the rocks at Point Arguello, on the coast of Central California, on the night of September 8, 1923. Such new "streams in the sea" are charged with the crashing of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamer *Cuba* on a reef off San Miguel Island, also on the California coast, at approximately the same date. The *Cuba* was a total loss, as were seven of the destroyers, but the crew of the freighter and some two million dollars in gold in her strong boxes were saved. The steamer *Concepcion*, belonging to a South American corporation, was wrecked on the rocks off the port whose name she bore, in Chilean waters, by another new current, set up, overnight, as it were, by the disturbance which wrought so great a change in the Pacific.

These were merely outstanding disasters due to the new currents, the upthrust of new shoals and reefs, and, in northern waters, to stronger winds and greater ice fields. According to all the reports to which the writer has access, there were 147 accidents to shipping on the Pacific in the year between September 1, 1923, and the same date in 1924. By accidents, I mean disasters which were attributable to the elements only, and not to mistakes of navigation or other human errors. Remarkably few of these resulted in loss of life, but the majority did present heavy property damage.

Indications are that the greatest change in oceanic currents due to the Asiatic seismic disturbance is an alteration of the regular, well-charted north-and-south currents, to east-and-west currents, that is, eastbound on the American side of the Pacific, and westbound on the Asiatic side. This means that currents which hitherto bore ships safely alongside these coasts, now tend with powerful thrusts to throw vessels on the land. As an old shipmaster, who for more than fifty years has operated a sailing vessel on the Pacific, said to the writer:

"I used to know every course on the Pacific; now, I don't know where I am going or when I'll get there."

The old north-and-south currents remain, but appear

Fur-trading vessel caught in the ice far south of the usual range of heavy ice on the Alaskan coast, in 1924, and compelled to remain in the North all winter, for the first time in her history of more than twenty years in the Arctic.

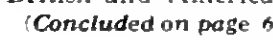
to have been either submerged, or to have lost their former strength and volume. Even the Japan Stream is believed to have been altered to some extent by the disturbance in the floor of the Pacific. A tidal wave, probably born in this wide "river in the ocean," swept a limited section of the west coast of Lower California, early in September, 1924, about a year after the Japanese earthquake, doing heavy damage to the town of San Jose del Cabo, causing some loss of life and destroying a considerable quantity of small shipping. This wave is now believed to have originated in a further sinking of the sea bed, following the deeper and more widely spread sinkings caused by the Asiatic quake.

According to Captain T. J. J. See, director of the United States Naval Observatory at Mare Island, California, the Japanese earthquake was caused by the seepage of water through the bottom of the Tuscarora Deep, due to tremendous pressure, and the impinging of this water on the molten magma of the earth beneath the crust of this globe. The Tuscarora Deep, a submarine gorge off the coast of Japan, was known to be more than five miles in depth, prior to the Japanese quake. Less than a year after the quake, the Japanese warship *Manchu* failed to find bottom with a line six and one-quarter miles long, or about a mile longer than any line ever before needed to reach the bottom of this great canyon in the sea floor. With this tremendous movement of the submarine crust of the earth, the Pacific Ocean changed overnight into the greatest of the world's marine mysteries.

If, on the other hand, the Japanese earthquake was caused by a slipping of a mile or two in the sloping floor of the sea, as suggested by Dr. A. C. Lawson, head of the geological department of the University of California, instead of by submarine seepage, as Captain See claims, the result to the remainder of the Pacific, both the bed and the surface, would be the same. Both scientists attribute the strange changes in currents, climate, winds, shoals, and other formerly well-known phenomena of the western ocean to the Asiatic seismic disturbance, irrespective of what may have been the original cause of the earthquake.

It is believed, by these and by other seismologists and geologists, that the changes in the Pacific were not caused entirely by the one quake which shook Japan with such force. They believe that there were a number of submarine earthquakes, possibly eruptions of sea-buried volcanoes, and similar disturbances, in both the Northern and the Southern Pacific, following the Japanese temblor. Some fifty captains and mates on ships plying the Pacific have reported localized disturbances which they felt as earthquakes, while their ships were at sea. These disturbances, according to a series of reports made by captains of merchant ships to their companies, seem to have followed two rather distinct belts across the Pacific. The more southern of these belts seems to extend from the Equator southward to about the thirtieth parallel, approximately the latitude of Sydney, Australia. This belt is thus some 30 degrees in width. The northern belt appears to extend from about the fifteenth parallel of north latitude, near which line Manila is located, northward to the sixtieth parallel, which passes through Bering Sea. Thus, the northern belt is some 45 degrees in width, or rather more than half again as wide as the southern belt.

Indications are, though official reports of the soundings are not available, that the great trench in the bottom of the Pacific off the coast of Peru and Chile has deepened considerably since the Asiatic earthquake. Tidal waves have been reported from this coast, with some landslipping in the coastwise Andes, and a wide range of changes in the currents alongshore. Twelve new currents, virtually all of them setting inshore, have been reported to the Chilean and Peruvian governments, according to official reports of masters of British and American and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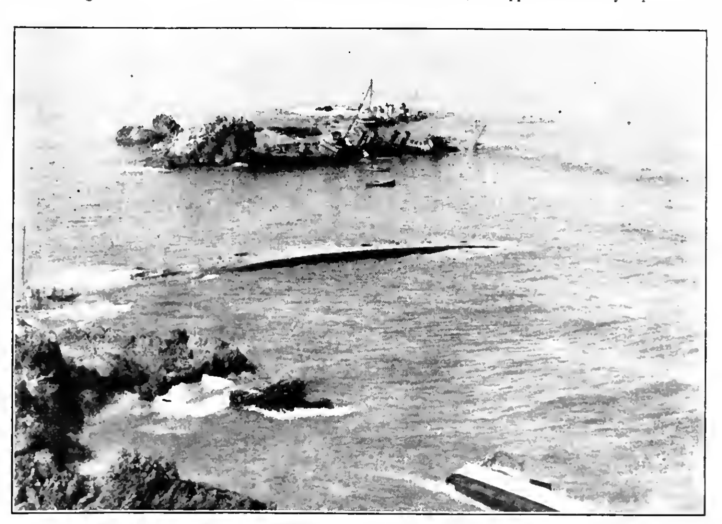

Five of the American destroyers as they appeared laid on the rocks at Point Arguello, on the California coast, shortly after the Japanese earthquake. New and uncharted currents of tremendous power, set in motion by the Asiatic seismic disturbance, are believed to have been responsible for this disaster to the destroyer fleet.

# Postal Men Get Increase

## Bill to Provide Funds Also Raises Postal Rates

By BURT M. M'CONNELL

IN THE passage of the Postal Bill a victory has been won for a principle which has been compromised somewhat on its application. Last year, it will be recalled, the President vetoed the bill for raising the salaries of all postal employes in the classified service. He conceded the point that the high cost of living warranted higher salaries but felt obliged to veto the proposed increase because the bill did not provide the money for it, amounting to some $68,000,000.

Soon after Congress convened last December it began to play football with the Postal Bill, while Post Office employes, from the Goddess of Liberty to Puget Sound, trudged through blizzards to deliver the mail. The Senate failed to pass the bill over the President's veto. Then it wrote a bill of its own, fully aware at the time that all revenue-raising legislation must originate in the House of Representatives. The House properly rejected this measure, and adopted the Kelly Bill. The Senate amended the House bill, and substituted its own rates—which would have raised perhaps half the revenue needed. The House rejected this, also. Finally, when it seemed that Congress would adjourn without taking action on the Postal Bill, several conferees from the Senate and House met behind closed doors and evolved a measure that not only provided for increased postal salaries but for higher rates on virtually everything except first-class matter. This was satisfactory to the Senate, the House, and apparently to the President, for he signed it. Or did he realize how utterly impossible it was to expect anything better from Congress?

Thus culminates a fight for higher pay, begun several years ago by postal employes when the increased cost of living bore heavily upon them. The added expense to the nation will be approximately $68,000,000 a year. At the time the bill was passed, it was estimated that of this amount, about $60,000,000 would be raised by increasing the rates, but while Congress made the new rates effective for only eight months of the calendar year, the salary increases are retroactive to January 1.

On this basis, the additional revenue for this year will probably not be more than $40,000,000; the balance of $28,000,000 necessary to pay the increased salaries must come from other funds in the Treasury. But there is no widespread complaint from the public, now that this great army of underpaid workers has received an average raise in salary of $300 a year. Heretofore the inadequate pay not only has been a hardship on the postal employes, but in various ways it has operated as a handicap to the service. Seldom, if ever, in the history of this country has there been such a show of public opinion in favor of a similar claim. Practically everybody agrees that postal employes have for years been entitled to more pay. The chambers of commerce which opposed the measure probably did not realize that this $68,000,000 will be spent for food, clothing, homes, automobiles, radio sets, marriage licenses, and so forth.

The Postal Bill is only a temporary measure. It is a compromise; a makeshift. There is no pretense that the rates are equitable or scientific. In fact, the old rates may be restored within a year, while the increases in salaries remain. But whatever the results of the new rates may be, there will be general satisfaction now that postal workers are to receive less niggardly treatment at the hands of the greatest business organization in the world—the United States Post Office. Meanwhile, a special joint committee of Congress is to work out a permanent schedule of rates before Congress meets next December.

A considerable portion of the additional revenue is to be raised by higher rates on parcel post matter. This has the farmer, who ships his butter and eggs to customers by parcel post, up in arms. While the parcel post service was established for the farmer, the Post Office Department has ascertained that less than 10 per cent is so employed. The new rates, therefore, will not be a burden on this class of mail users. Besides, the farmer and other users of this service should remember that it has been responsible for a portion of the Post Office Department's deficit, and that even under the higher rate, parcel post matter will be carried at lower rates than express matter. The general public, in adjusting itself to the higher charges, should remember that postal rates have hitherto been virtually at the prewar level, while there has been an average increase in the cost of almost everything else of at least 60 per cent.

The Post Office Department, like Topsy, has "just growed." In 1900 the department spent $107,000,000. Last year its expenditures were $567,000,000. Much of this tremendous increase is due to the constantly increasing expense and the various forms of service, voluntarily undertaken by the government without regard to cost, in an effort to be of greater service to the people.

For example, the sole purpose of the Rural Free Delivery system was to benefit the farmer. No one imagined that it would ever pay for itself. The cost was assumed by the government in the same spirit that it assumed the cost of river and harbor improvement, of state aid in the building of highways, and the creation and upkeep of National Parks. In this case, it was a donation to the agricultural interests. The first appropriation for this service, twenty-seven years ago, was $40,000. Last year the Rural Mail Service cost $87,000,000. Yet, while the parcel post runs up a deficit of approximately $30,000,000 a year, and the Rural Mail Service costs $87,000,000, no one wants to see either service abolished. They are a great aid to the rural districts. Business is helped, and the country generally approves of this form of indirect taxation.

Although a committee will endeavor to fix equitable [illegible] scientific postal rates before Congress meets next December, this will be difficult, if not impossible, unless the Post Office Department adopts a businesslike system of conducting its vast operations. At present, the department performs services for other governmental departments and Congress for which it receives no revenue whatever. Last year, according to the Postmaster-General's report, these services were performed at an expense of $13,000,000. There is no one feature so much abused as the franking privilege. Senators and Congressmen actually send out hundreds of tons of campaign speeches and other political documents each year. Not only are these franked speeches transported at the public's expense, but the taxpayers of the country are called upon to pay for the paper and printing. There are hundreds of tons of other documents, a large percentage of which are never even opened, franked out of the government departments each year.

An analysis of the department's operations shows that in addition to its losses on purely business transactions, such as special delivery, postal cards, money orders, and so on, there is lost each year from $6,000,000 to $20,000,000 on free delivery of newspapers within county limits. Approximately $27,000,000 is lost on foreign mail and special mail services, and last year the department spent $10,000,000 promoting star routes. With the $87,000,000 expended by the Rural Mail Service, this makes a total of more than $140,000,000. Had many of these public services been performed by the Department of Agriculture, the Department of the Interior, or any other department of the government, they would have been paid for out of the public funds, but having been performed by the Post Office Department, they were paid for almost wholly out of postal revenues.

In view of the above, the real question seems to be whether the increased cost of operations in the Post Office Department is necessary. This will be decided by the joint committee heretofore mentioned within the next eight months. Meanwhile, the postal worker receives an increase in salary. Even with their present wage increase, postal workers are underpaid. Not one of them should be asked to work for less than $2,500 a year, if he is to keep himself and his dependents in comfort.

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The chief salary rates of the new bill are:

Postmasters: first class, $3,200 to $8,000; second class, $2,400 to $3,000; third class, $1,100 to $2,300; Post Office inspectors, $2,800 to $4,500; Assistant Postmaster, second class offices, $2,200 to $2,500.

Under the new salary rate, clerks in first and second class offices and letter carriers in the city delivery service, who are divided into five grades, will receive salaries ranging from $1,700 to $2,100; railway postal clerks will now be paid from $1,900 to $2,700, and special clerks now earn $2,200 or $2,300. Laborers in the railway mail service receive $1,500 and $1,600. Rural mail carriers, who received from $720 to $1,800 a year, receive the same salary under the new bill but, in addition to the salary provided, the rural carrier, to quote the new bill, "shall be paid for equipment maintenance a sum equal to four cents per mile per day for each mile or major fraction of a mile scheduled." Also, "each rural carrier assigned to a route on which daily service is performed shall receive $30 per mile per year for each mile said route is in excess of 24 miles, and each rural carrier assigned to a route on which triweekly service is performed shall receive $15 per mile for each mile said route is in excess of 24 miles."

Village carriers are now paid $1,150 to $1,350. All pay increases are retroactive to January 1 of this year.

The new postal rates, which go into effect April 15, are as follows:

Private mailing cards and souvenir post cards, 2 cents each. The publisher's second-class mail rate on reading matter is the same as before—1½ cents a pound. The rate on advertising matter remains 2 cents a pound in zones 1 and 2, 3 cents a pound in zone 3, and 6 cents a pound in zones 4, 5 and 6. The new rate for zones 7 and 8 is 9 cents in both zones.

The new rate on religious, educational, scientific, philanthropic, agricultural, labor or fraternal magazines, not published for profit, to all zones for both reading and advertising matter is 1½ cents a pound.

Those who are in the habit of sending single copies of newspapers and magazines will find that the new rate of postage on publications entered as second-class matter, "when sent by others than the publishers or news agent," shall be two cents for each two ounces or fraction thereof for weights not exceeding two ounces, and for weights exceeding eight ounces, "the rates of postage prescribed for fourth-class matter shall be applicable thereto."

Third-class mail will not include merchandise, which formerly was fourth class. The new third-class rate is 1½ cents for each two ounces up to eight ounces, except on books, catalogs, seeds, and so on, not exceeding eight ounces, on which the rate is 1 cent for each two ounces.

All matter over eight ounces which is not included in the other classes is now fourth class. The basic rates remain as at present. The new bill, however, adds a flat 2-cent service charge to each package, and provides a "special handling" charge of 25 cents that is optional. This entitles such mail matter to the same expeditious transportation, handling, and delivery accorded to mail matter of the first class. There were no such provisions under the old law.

Changes have been made in money order, C. O. D. rates, and charges for special delivery packages.

# McGuffey's Maxims

**Little Tales of Conduct From the Famous School Reader of the Last Generation**

## THE CRUEL BOY PUNISHED

1. AN idle boy was one day sitting on the steps of a door, with a stick in one hand, and a piece of bread and butter in the other. As he was eating his bread, he saw a dog lying near him, and called out, "Come here, fellow!"

2. The dog, hearing himself kindly spoken to, arose, pricked up his ears, wagged his tail, and came up.

3. The boy held out his piece of bread and butter, and as the dog was about to take it, the naughty fellow struck him on the nose with the stick, which he had in the other hand. The poor dog howled, and ran away as fast as he could.

4. The cruel boy laughed heartily at the trick he had played. At this moment, a man on the other side of the street, who had been watching him, called to the boy, and showing him a half-dollar, asked him if he would like to have it.

5. "Yes," said the boy, "to be sure I would." "Come and get it, then," said the man. The boy ran to him, and stretched out his hand for the money, when the man gave him such a rap over the knuckles with his cane, that he roared with pain.

6. "Why did you do that?" said the boy, grinning and rubbing his knuckles. "I did not hurt you, or ask you for money."

7. "Why did you strike the poor dog just now?" said the man. "Had he hurt you, or asked you for bread? I have served you just as you served him."

8. The bad boy hung his head, and seemed very much ashamed; and I have never heard of his playing any cruel tricks since.

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# What Has Happened to the Pacific?

(Concluded from page 5)

Japanese steamers plying to and from the ports of those South American countries. Extremely deep areas of the ocean usually are associated with nearby regions of mountainous land frequently disturbed by volcanic and seismic activity. These deep areas in the Pacific, for example, are along the coast of Japan, on the southward line of the Aleutian Islands, around the Philippine Islands, around the Hawaiian Islands, and off the west coast of South America, with a district of rather deep water off the coasts of Washington, Oregon, and California. The shores of all these so-called "deeps" are volcanic, and it is probable that the bed of the great Pacific Ocean, largest body of water on the globe, has undergone, and is even yet undergoing, a topographical change which is having a great but little-known effect on its currents.

The normal and well-known ocean currents, of course, constitute a system of circulation for the unequally heated waters of the sea, which also drifts in the same general direction as the great wind systems of the earth. The tides—which apparently have little to do with the ocean currents except in bays and river mouths—are due to the disturbing attractions of the sun and the moon, which cause two movements of the sea daily. Now, however, merchant ships crossing the Pacific, and approaching the mainland on either side, find themselves suddenly and unexplainably ten to twenty miles off their courses, their movements accomplished by uncharted currents in a few hours. The destroyers which went ashore at Point Arguello were at least five miles off their courses, and the steamer *Cuba* was some seven miles out of her course. These two disasters first called attention to the changes in the Pacific, changes which are of the greatest importance, not only to the merchant marine, but to the navies of the world as well as to the entire sea-borne commerce of the western ocean.

# Mr. Ford's Page

IT IS frequently said that this is a rapid age, that we are living too fast, that the speed required of people today is destroying all the values of life. The impression is conveyed that the people of this generation are breathless, excited, nervously tense, and driven beyond endurance. It is conveyed by people who have a reasonably quiet sort of life, by professional men who write from the studious quiet of book-lined libraries, by reformers who possess no balancing experience with life at first hand.

Clear thinking would be greatly assisted if an analysis were made of the facts, from the angle of this charge of driving intensity. A summing up of the situation would yield something like this: more things are being done today than ever before, but they are being done in less time and with less effort and with a consequently wider margin of leisure for all the people.

Middle-aged people have seen a number of changes. They have seen the working day greatly shortened. The younger of us remember when 10 hours was the standard day. Those a little older can recall when the working day extended as long as 12 hours. And there are men alive today who lived when the working day was anywhere from 12 to 17 hours. In any portion you may select of "the good old days" for which people sometimes sentimentally yearn, the leisure allowed the working man was hardly enough for eating and sleeping. And yet the only verdict we get on the greater freedom, the longer leisure of men in the present time is the verdict that men are more terribly driven today than they ever were before, that they have less time to live, and that modern industry has robbed them of their human birthright.

Repugnant as it is to most of us, in this creative generation, to appeal to past records, it is sometimes necessary if only to give us the vivid background against which to estimate present conditions. The time we select is the year 1832, the place, the most socially enlightened at that time of any industrially developed nation, namely England. The occasion is the examination of certain persons in the British House of Commons. The conscience of the people was waking: the gaunt fact of industry without any admixture of the saving element of moral responsibility was making its way into sensitive minds. Among many, one Samuel Coulson was examined, and his testimony was simply a repetition of hundreds of others. He had children at work in the mills.

Q. "At what time in the morning, in the brisk time, did those girls go to the mills?" A. "In the brisk time, for about six weeks, they have gone at three o'clock in the morning, and ended at 10, or nearly half-past, at night."

Q. "Had you not great difficulty in awakening your children to this excessive labor?" A. "Yes, in the early time we had to take them up asleep and shake them, when we got them on the floor, to dress them, before we could get them off to their work; but not so in the common hours."

Q. "What was the length of time they could be in bed during those hours?" A. "It was near 11 o'clock before we could get them into bed after getting a little victuals, and then at morning my missus used to stop up all night, for fear that we could not get them ready for the time."

Q. "Were the children excessively fatigued by this labor?" A. "Many times; we have cried often when we have given them the little victualling we had to give them; we had to shake them, and they have fallen to sleep with the victuals in their mouths many a time."

Adults were compelled to work 16 hours a day at this period. It is almost unbelievable that men could be content to make such conditions for their fellow men, and equally unbelievable that human strength could withstand such conditions. Yet it did. People beginning in the mills at six or seven years of age, lived to long life there, and knew nothing else.

But reform came. It came through a better kind of business man coming in to organize the working day. The professional reformers, that is, those who talked about the badness of the existing conditions but were not possessed of sufficient managerial or business ability to change them, doubtless did their part; but the main part was done by business men, like Robert Owen, who saw that the method which the greedy employer regarded as good business was bad business.

That is one place where the whole philosophy of class war is wrong: it assumes that wrong conditions are the deliberate creation of managers. They are rather the proof of the lack of managerial ability on the part of managers. The remedy is not to do away with managers, but to get real ones. Every oppressive situation, in any sphere of activity, is due to a lack of organizing, directing ability. The mill managers of 1832 were just as sleepy in their minds as were the mill-hands of that period. It only needed the arrival of one or two wide-awake human beings, born managers, to give the whole situation a twist that changed it.

To anyone interested in the root-beginnings of these things, it is always wonderful to note that when what we call morality comes into business, it always comes by the gate of good management

It seems, perhaps, that 1832 is quite a distance in the past. Yet, in point of achievement it is likely that the distance between today and 1932—or seven years hence—is really greater than the distance between this year and 1832, which is 93 years. And in a less period than that, indeed, in very recent years, the leisure of the people, the margin of life, has greatly increased.

And not only has the leisure increased, but the means to use and enjoy it. Empty leisure is not desirable from any point of view. Indeed one of the problems of the times, as many people see it, is the problem of leisure. The people have more spare time than they know what to do with. One of the recognized tests of character is the thing that a man does when he has nothing else to do, the thing he thinks about when his mind is free to roam. The time that is free from engagements of a pressing kind has greatly increased in extent, and goes on increasing. Yet with the increase of leisure, the great extension of spare time, there comes the plaint that we are living in a too fast age under a driving pressure.

With the facts concerning hours of labor before us, and the fact of increasing leisure open to all the people, the source of the sense of haste and pressure must be found elsewhere than in industrial conditions. It is altogether probable that the pressure is not that of labor but of ideas. People are thinking, can hardly escape thinking of more things today than entered the mind of the most alert and learned fifty years ago. The commonplace of daily thought now ranges through realms that would have seemed miraculous to the wisest man a few years ago. Wonders that would have turned the world upside down even 25 years ago are today accepted as new toys for amusement—witness the radio and flying.

It may be that this multitude of newness, this avalanche of wonder that has plunged upon mankind, has generated a nervous tension. And yet this seems hardly the true explanation since mankind seems to have developed a protective indifference to most of these things; mankind refuses to become overexcited about the greatest discoveries. Probably, however, the constant beat of unaccustomed ideas, the bewildering variety of them, the instantaneous method by which all, from the highest to the lowest, are made aware of them, has an effect, a cumulative effect, which we interpret as tension. The magnetism of the vast thinking mind has probably enthralled us more than we are aware.

*A GENERATION that has more leisure than any of its forbears ever had is described as being too fast. A generation that makes its living more easily than any preceding one has done is described as being driven. How is this contradiction to be accounted for? Perhaps it is the steady beat of new ideas upon the mind. Perhaps it is the fact that more people are now free to do more things and are doing them. Whatever it is, people who have more spare time than people ever had before get the sense of whirlwind pressure, and repeat the common criticism that "we are going too fast." Yet people live longer than ever before, live with less effort, live on a higher plane. Is it possible that this common saying about our rapid pace is just another thoughtless mob-suggestion? Think it over.*

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*Published by*
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.

E. G. LIEBOLD Vice-President and Treasurer.

C. B. LONGLEY, Secretary.

W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-fifth Year, Number 25, April 11, 1925.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois.

Address all communications to The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

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## Editorial Sense

"RECONSTRUCTION" days are upon us, and the newspaper that makes its fight for right rather than circulation, for Americanism rather than communistic experiment, for character rather than sex slush, will find the great public rallying to its banner. That newspaper will prosper best which serves best."—*R. C. Snyder,* Norwalk (Ohio) *Reflector;* President Associated Ohio Dailies.

At first glance it seems that the famous curtain speech "that's all there is, there is no more" is applicable to Mr. Snyder's summarizing of the sphere of newspapers. He might have expressed one more thought, which, however, is implied: "and the editor who wants to serve best will say 'I am the public, what do I want to see in the newspapers?'"

Mr. Snyder's utterance is significant because he is the official representative of a press that has a tradition of influence and service. He speaks from a position of familiarity with both the business and editorial concerns of the newspaper. It is frequently the case that editorialists fail to understand the problems of the business office, and that circulation and advertising men fail to understand the ideals and principles of the editorial force. But this utterance has both sides in view, and the conclusion is that the paper which serves the enduring elements in the community is the paper that will be served by the patronage of the community.

This does not always *seem* to be the way it works out. The writer has in mind a city where the noisiest of the newspapers seems to be the most successful. Its red headlines and its shouting appeals are seen everywhere in the downtown district. Staid citizens shake their heads over the astonishing invasion of the journalistic field by this sheet which frankly assumes that men and women are interested only in the two or three elements of life which are capable of the greatest degradation. But the fact is, that paper is the only one in the city that is losing money. It seems to overshadow the whole field. But in reality it does not. Its only hope lies in spoiling the newspaper taste of a sufficient number of persons to make its work profitable.

But, a combination of editors on the plain platform of American decency, a declaration of independence against the wire propaganda that steals newspaper space for the dissemination of un-American ideas, a widespread editorial practice of newswriters in putting themselves imaginatively into the home to which their papers go, this would be sufficient to swing the whole situation.

It is intensely significant and highly promising that the President of the Associated Ohio Dailies should say with such forthrightness—"That newspaper will prosper best which serves best."

## Is Great Britain Scrapping Free Trade?

IN EXPLAINING his new trade policy in the British House of Commons recently, Mr. Baldwin repudiated any suggestion that his government was departing from free trade. Nevertheless, free-trade Britain is clearly growing anxious. One of the first acts of the MacDonald government, it will be remembered, was to abolish the McKenna war measures, known as "The Safe-guarding of Industries [illegible]" Mr. Baldwin in his recent election addresses, while emphasizing the fact that he would abide by the country's decision against protection over a year ago, announced his intention of introducing "analogous measures to help industries sore hit by unfair competition." These analogous measures have now been explained in a statement of policy issued by the Board of Trade.

The situation is a curiously interesting one. There is to be no revival of the Safe-guarding of Industries Bill, no blanket measure of any kind. The way of it is simply this: Any industry which feels itself sore pressed "by unfair competition" can appeal to the Board of Trade for protection. If the Board of Trade considers that the industry has a *prima facie* case it will appoint a small committee of disinterested persons to inquire into the matter and if this small committee reports back favorably to the Board of Trade, the minister of the Board will introduce a special bill into the House of Commons for the help of that special industry.

The result of this will be, that there will be no general debate in Parliament on the whole policy, as a policy. Debates will be limited to the case of a particular industry, and the whole question will be dealt with from an emergency point of view. The effect of such policy will be that no individual case will amount to a sufficient violation of free trade, so that the country will always have free trade even when it gets a general tariff.

Of course to say so much is to count without the overwhelming free trade sentiment throughout the country. In the difficult industrial period through which Great Britain is passing every great industry will, almost inevitably, be tempted to seek relief through an appeal to Parliament. This would mean a rapid succession of special bills, the consumption of a vast amount of parliamentary time, and the riveting of the attention of the whole country on the question of protection versus free trade once again. How long any government could last in the storm that would arise it is impossible to say.

Mr. Baldwin is counting upon the existence of several factors in his favor. The chief of these will undoubtedly be the trades union element in the parliamentary Labor Party and throughout the country. As a party, labor stands emphatically for free trade, but as trade unionists, any individual member of the party would find it difficult to oppose a policy, ostensibly temporary, which claimed to be the only way of salvation for the particular industry in which he was interested.

But the British Premier knows he must pilot his ship with care, for Protection was the rock on which it was wrecked little more than a year ago.

## Aaron Again

SPEAKING in Temple Meshkan Israel, at New Haven, Connecticut, Aaron Sapiro said, concerning the articles about him in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT—"There are hundreds of uneducated farmers who believe every word of them. I know that to be true because I have overheard them talking of me."

"Uneducated" is good, coming from the Farmer's Friend. They may have been uneducated when they signed on Mr. Sapiro's dotted line, but they speedily learned a number of things.

## The Spy

ACCORDING to a London message, three subjects especially occupy the attention of the spy today. They are aviation, poison gas, and naval designs.

These three things indicate the trend of research and discovery in modern war equipment. By the almost unanimous consent of the nations, the development of aircraft is the matter that is being most closely watched.

If anyone takes the trouble to keep an eye on the world's news, it will be seen that there is almost as much talk about one nation spying on another as there was in the months preceding the World War. So "jumpy" did certain countries become as to the system of espionage that was alleged to be going on, that there developed a state of nerves in some countries which caused some people to see airships cleaving the skies in the lonely watches of the night and strange men with fierce mustaches and foreign accents making sketches around fortresses or purloining blue prints from the shipbuilding yards.

To find out just what a potential enemy may be doing has become more or less of a fetish in modern times. But the nation that had the most perfect and baffling secret service in the last war was whipped. And the United States, which had hardly any such service, was able through its young men to get all the information it wanted.

After all, whether in peace or war, there will always be sufficient Might to defend the Right.

## What About the Shoals?

MUSCLE SHOALS continues to attract public attention and inquiries are continually being received as to the present status of the big work. Mechanically it steadily progresses toward completion; but politically it is still a muddle.

Three occurrences of importance may be noted as having recently been brought to view. The first is that Congress, apparently apprehensive of what Secretary Weeks might do during the adjournment, passed a strong resolution urging the President not to permit the Shoals to become an adjunct of the power trust, and to that end recommended a commission of three members to guard the public rights in the Shoals. The second occurrence is that the President did not adhere to the recommendation as to the number to be appointed, and added two more for reasons which do not seem clear. So that there are now five members, with, it is said, Secretaries Hoover and Weeks hovering in the background as ex officio influences.

The recommendation of the House was made under the war-time power which the President still possesses to dispose of the Shoals, which power it was feared that Secretary Weeks might usurp for the service of the power trust when Congress was at home on vacation. There was clearly distrust as to what might be expected from that gentleman. The President should by this time be aware of the extent of his powers in the matter, and should prevent Mr. Weeks horning in too officiously.

Latest of all are dispatches from Washington which state that Secretary Weeks is again busy with bids and that he has authority to make arrangements for the use of power on 30-day revocable contracts. What all this means, insiders may well guess. It certainly seems to be contrary to the express intent of the House in its resolution to the President.

There are no bids for Muscle Shoals. Only one *bona fide* bid was ever made, and only one was ever considered by Congress. The rest were fog and camouflage, deliberate plays for confusion in hope of a day when a man with the corporation viewpoint, like Mr. Weeks, could do as he wished with the property. Muscle Shoals is already an accusing monument of political stupidity. It is due to become a much more serious accusation against politics if the Weeks plan of procedure obtains White House favor, as it seems now to be doing.

## Is the Earth Too Small

THERE was once a man, says tradition, who worried himself to death because he read that the fuel supply would be exhausted in so many million years, and there are people today who give themselves no end of trouble about things equally remote.

Doubtless there are certain parts of the earth's surface where there are more people to the acre than there ought to be, but there are vast areas where men cannot be found.

On this continent, without going any farther, there are yet considerable areas that are lying idle or that are only partly developed, and in South America there are millions of square miles the possibilities of which have scarcely been scratched. In Brazil, for example, there are immense unexplored regions, the possibilities of which cannot yet be gauged. In the Argentine and in Mexico, countless acres, which are at present given over to the grazing of cattle, will in time be put under crop; and in Peru it is asserted that vast stores of copper lay hidden in the Cordilleras, millions of tons of timber stand in the forests awaiting the axe, while great quantities of oil are still untapped.

The great continent of Africa is also undoubtedly a land of the future. Cecil Rhodes' dream of a Cape to Cairo railway is not yet realized, but the work is under way, and hundreds of miles of country have been linked up.

It is increasingly being recognized that a more equitable distribution of the human race is desirable, but this must come about in a gradual and natural manner, not by any sudden disturbance of present conditions.

## Settled

THE important assignment given to Brig.-Gen. Mitchell should do much to neutralize the harmful impression diligently made in recent months that the defense departments of the government penalize men who zealously endeavor to improve the machinery of defense. The Mitchell controversy might have been more effective than it was had all these matters of personality been avoided. The good that was achieved came in spite of it. With it now being clear that there is no desire to "punish" Mitchell, or to deprive the air service of his experience, a regrettable by-product of the recent discussion may be permitted to drop into oblivion. We Americans are grown too wise to make martyrs out of men who do their duty.

# It Isn't Size or Build That Counts

## Showing That the Davids in Sport Often Get Ahead of the Goliaths

By PAUL MACDONALD

Cyril Walker, weighing less than 120 pounds, lightest among professional golfers, won the 1924 open championship over a course where only the giants and their long drives were admitted to have a chance.

WHEN Paavo Nurmi arrived in this country Americans were astonished. They had expected to see a powerful athlete, a giant of a man, with big legs, a mighty chest and bulging shoulder muscles and biceps. What they saw was a man of ordinary size and build, a man who did not differ in appearance from several million men that live in the cities, towns, villages, hamlets, and on the farms of their native land. This young man from Finland, hero of the 1924 Olympic Games at Paris, the greatest distance runner of his day, is of medium height and build, with average arms and legs. He resembles most of the men you pass on the street or that pass your house every day and evening.

Some were disappointed in Nurmi's appearance. They had pictured a superman in build as well as in athletic feats, for it has long been the mistaken belief that the stars in various sports are men of giant physique. This impression has prevailed so long we take it for granted that only the boys of big bone and much muscle have a chance to become great athletes. However, if you will look over the list of stars you will discover that many of the great athletes were little men.

Surely no one believes that a little fellow has a chance in football. The game, it seems, demands men that are big and strong. It calls for weight, strength, and speed, but there is Frank Hinkey of Yale. If you have not heard of Frank Hinkey you will hear of him sooner or later, if you are interested in football, for Hinkey was the greatest end that ever played the game. Some critics insist that Frank Hinkey was the greatest football player of all time, all positions considered.

Hinkey never weighed more than 145 pounds when he played football. He was called the "Shadowy End" because he was the smallest man, and the thinnest, playing football in his day. What makes his work on the gridiron all the more remarkable is the fact that Hinkey played in the days of close formation and mass attack. Weight and brute strength were the two important factors in the game at that time. Few football players weighed less than 200 pounds and it was always a wonder how Hinkey ever made the varsity eleven. He not alone made it but he played football of a better quality than any other man. Small as he was none of the giants that Yale opposed ever got around Hinkey's end. He hurled them all back, tackling men that weighed nearly twice as much as he.

William T. Tilden II is undoubtedly the greatest tennis player ever developed. Tilden is more than six feet in height but he is thin. If you saw Tilden you would never take him for an athlete.

Gerald Patterson, of Australia, is one of the best players in tennis. While not so good as Tilden he is one of the finest in the world. Patterson is a giant of a man. To see him you would guess he must be a powerful athlete.

Tilden and Patterson played a match of three sets a few years ago. Tilden won the match and when it was over both players walked into the clubhouse locker rooms. Patterson slumped down into a chair, completely exhausted. Tilden, whistling and still fresh, was putting away his racquet. Patterson had spent his last ounce of reserve energy while Tilden still had plenty of reserve left.

Tilden has frequently gone through gruelling matches and left his opponent strength spent. Few persons understand how he manages it. Nearly always the opponent is heavier and stronger than Tilden. The reason is simple enough. Tilden does not waste an ounce of energy. He never exerts himself when he does not have to. He is careful with every step he takes and makes every one of them count. Years ago he realized that he did not have the strength most of his opponents had and that if he wanted to remain on top he would have to be careful of his energy. He could not afford to waste any strength. He must conserve all he had and use his head to make every stroke count.

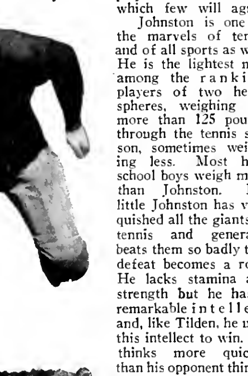
Eddie Collins is not impressive physically. He is small, tight and awkward. Yet he is regarded by many as the greatest second baseman of all time, a wonderful hitter and fielder and the most intelligent man that has ever played the position.

Tilden hits a tennis ball harder than any man who ever played the game. One time I asked him how he managed to get so much force behind the ball. His answer was simple enough:

"It is all in timing. I throw my entire weight behind the racquet at the exact instant it meets the ball."

That is why Tilden can hit a tennis ball twice as hard as most men who are twice as strong as he. The trouble with them is that they use their strength through the entire swing of the racquet. Most of it is expended before the racquet meets the ball and while they use a mighty swing it is that much wasted energy, for when the racquet connects with the ball there is little behind it. Tilden reserves his strength until the instant that racquet and ball meet; then he turns loose his stored energy.

Tilden does not use his terrific drive all through a game. His "cannon ball" service comes infrequently and his terrific shots are sprung at the psychological moment, when his opponent is off guard, or when the situation is such that Tilden can score by use of the shot. The man who tries to smash every ball throughout a match slows up, first gradually and then rapidly. At the end of the match, when he needs a smashing drive to gain or hold an advantage, he is unable to get force behind the ball because he has wasted his strength.



"Little Bill" Johnston is one of the smallest men that ever played tournament tennis but the United States has produced only one tennis player his superior.

"Little Bill" Johnston, the freckle-faced phenomenon from the Pacific Coast, is the second best tennis player in the world. Only Tilden is superior. He was king of the tennis kingdom until Tilden developed. While Tilden always manages to defeat Johnston he insists that Johnston is really a better player, a statement with which few will agree.

Johnston is one of the marvels of tennis and of all sports as well. He is the lightest man among the ranking players of two hemispheres, weighing not more than 125 pounds through the tennis season, sometimes weighing less. Most high school boys weigh more than Johnston. But little Johnston has vanquished all the giants of tennis and generally beats them so badly that defeat becomes a rout. He lacks stamina and strength but he has a remarkable intellect and, like Tilden, he uses this intellect to win. He thinks more quickly than his opponent thinks.

Irwin Uteritz played varsity football for three years and never fumbled a punt or missed a tackle. He always got his man and the man always outweighed Uteritz, sometimes by 75 pounds.

A few years ago Irwin Uteritz, of the University of Michigan, was the best quarterback in the Middle West. It is doubtful if he had an equal anywhere, all things considered. Uteritz, in three years of play at Michigan, never fumbled a punt and never missed a tackle. Few backs could compare with Uteritz on defense. He always got his man. He tackled clean, hard and sure, always throwing the runner toward the runner's goal, a trick that not many men playing football ever really master. He was a splendid field general, the best in the football history of a university famous for great teams and players. But in the three years that Uteritz played football he never weighed more than 140 pounds. His weight was generally 135. I have seen Uteritz repeatedly throw men weighing from 50 to 75 pounds more than he weighed as though they were little boys. The reason Uteritz could do this was because he timed himself perfectly. He also had accurate direction. He had the genius of pace. He tackled the same way that Tilden makes his "cannon ball" shot in tennis.

The man who wrote "by might they triumphed" was not referring to sports. If he was he was not well acquainted with sports. In sport they triumph by mind rather than might. It is not the use of weight and power in sport that wins but the use of the mind.

William Keeler was one of the smallest men that ever played baseball. They nicknamed him "Wee Willie" when he began playing ball and he carried his nickname through life. He was so small that few managers would give him a second look and yet he was one of the greatest outfielders the game has known. He realized he could not hit a ball far so he made up his mind to hit the ball through or just over the infield. It was Keeler who, when requested by a newspaper to write an article on how to become successful as a batter, wrote this memorable reply:

"Hit them where they ain't.
"Willie Keeler."

No ball player ever hit as many singles as Keeler. None of the good hitters of the game ever made so few doubles, triples, and home runs. Still, Keeler got more than 200 hits in eight different seasons of his career and among all the ball players in history only Ty Cobb was able to equal or better that performance. Keeler was also the greatest hit and run man in all baseball. He worked this play oftener and was more successful with it than any rival.

Keeler, knowing that he lacked power at bat, depended upon his intelligence. He made a study of all pitchers, got an intimate knowledge of their style and so trained himself that he was able to meet the ball by using a short chop. He went through several seasons without ever striking out and he struck out less times than any player on record. All he tried to do was hit the ball to some unoccupied spot, to hit it safely, and this he managed to do often. He did not do it by strength, for he lacked strength. He did it by constantly studying pitchers and pitching and by his timing. He was the greatest of all scientific batsmen.

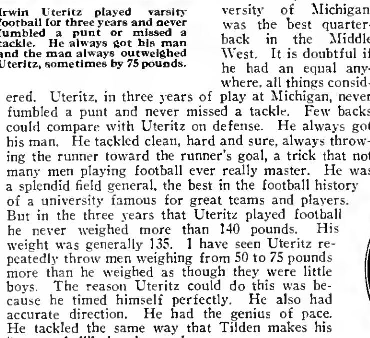
Eddie Collins never had more than one equal or superior as a second baseman. Opinion is fairly divided as to whether Napoleon Lajoie or Collins was the best second sacker of all time. Lajoie was a magnificent specimen of manhood, a man of remarkable physique, supple, easy, smooth, the personification of physical grace. Collins is small. He lacks ease and grace. He is awkward and for several years no one thought him big or heavy enough to make good in the major leagues. His was not the build that one looks for in second basemen where the fielder has to take his bumps from base runners. He developed into the king of second basemen. He also rapidly developed into a great hitter.

Collins is a fine fielder and a fine hitter for the same reason—intelligence. As a fielder he studied batsmen and base runners. He found out where to play for them. He discovered their characteristics and took advantage of them. As a batsman he studied pitchers. He was content to hit the ball. He was never a long hitter but a sure hitter and dangerous with men on bases when the pitcher makes an extra effort to fool the batter.

The National Open Golf Tournament of 1924 was opening at Oakland Hills, near Birmingham, Michigan. Driving out to the links on the morning of the tournament was little Cyril Walker. To the other passengers of the automobile he observed:

"Gee, it would be glorious to win this tournament. Just think of what it means to the winner! Fame and fortune! The golfer who finishes in first place is made. But it is not for a little fellow like me to win. This Oakland Hills course is built for long drivers. The men with weight and strength, who can wallop the ball for long distances, are the men that will be up in front."

Cyril Walker, weighing about 120 pounds, seemed to be making an accurate prophecy. The open championship of 1924 was being played over a course that gave an advantage to the golfer who could drive the ball a long way. On that Monday morning, as the tournament opened, little Cyril Walker was quite forgotten as a long list of famous golfers walked to the tee and drove off. The tournament ended Friday afternoon and in the fading light one of the contestants was lifted high on the shoulders of several of the conquered and given a mighty cheer by the others. The golfer who sat high on the shoulders of his fellows and waved his cap in response to the ovation was little Cyril Walker, open golf champion of 1924, lightest of all that field that included the mighty swingers of the game.



William Keeler was so small that they nicknamed him "Wee Willie." He could not hit a ball far but he became the greatest scientific batsman baseball has known.

Strength has its place in golf but the mental attitude counts for more. Cyril Walker, knowing his limitations as a driver, devoted himself to putting and the championship was decided on the greens instead of on the fairways.

De Hart Hubbard, holder of the intercollegiate and Olympic broad jump championships, is the smallest and the lightest man that ever held the broad jump title. All the other great broad jumpers were big and strong men if not actually giants, but most of them were giants.

The men mentioned here were picked at random. There are many others to compare with them, men that are not big but of average build and many of them below average. The highest honors in sport are for those of keen intellect rather than those of deep chest and bulging muscle. In sport the mind comes first, the body second.

# Esperanto?—No, English Is Tongue

## Long Sought International Language Was Growing Quietly All the Time

By DUNCAN M'CONNELL

THE World Language idea, long a subject of eccentric agitation by zealous propagandists, seems to have been clothed of late with unwonted dignity and consequence, by action of associations of international scope.

In a recent article in the *National Geographic Magazine* on "The Battleground of Languages in Western Europe," A. L. Guerard says:

"An international language is needed to make communications easy among those teeming millions who, whether they like it or not, are all members of the great economic society of nations. It will respect the independence and the pride of all existing dialects; it will not abolish, but transcend, frontiers. It will be the symbol of the new industrial and democratic civilization, which cannot be forever bound by the capricious historical lines of another age."

Undoubtedly the need thus expressed is a real need. Undoubtedly the imposing organizations which are seeking a remedy are dealing with a condition which demands remedy.

***A Language Spoken by Many Nations***

Yet, while governmental and scientific bodies seem indeed to be looking directly at the question, they seem also to be looking away from the solution. They all seem to expect that, some world-genius will devise or invent an Inter-Speech, and that this will immediately be learned by all as a new tune is whistled, adopted by all like the telegraph or the airplane.

*The International Language of the future, already to an extraordinary extent the International Language of the present . . . a language not of theory, but of practice, is here in the English speech.*

It requires no agitation, no argument, no propaganda—it requires only that the great fact, one of the greatest events in the whole history of languages, be calmly recognized by men and nations.

To aid calm recognition of this fact, and not with any intention of advancing a mere theory or extolling a mere linguistic hypothesis, we may consider first of all the efforts for an artificial international speech, since the artificial speech seems to be first in the deliberations of most theoretical students. Then we may mention different actual languages which have been recommended because of their expressional merit as worthy of coronation and homage by races of less perfect idiom. Then we may review the factual history of the languages of mankind, and the record of the rise of English.

For we can now unhesitatingly say that English has a wider spread among peoples of different speech than any Volapük or Esperanto. Indeed it has a wider spread than the Latin of the Middle Ages, or the Greek of Alexander's Empire, or the French of old periwig diplomacy.

As a racial language, as the speech of many individual nations, English has long held its vast plurality of use among the languages of the world. But in addition, as an international speech, it does and will fulfill all the requirements prescribed by Mr. Guerard, as quoted above.

The effort to produce a language to meet these requirements has been made by scholar after scholar since the philosophers of the early seventeenth century ceased the exclusive employment of Latin, and issued more and more of their works in their native living tongues.

Though Latin was passing from scientific use because of its fixed and "dead" character, some profound men imagined that a new philosophical speech could be created out of other dead materials. The name of the great philosopher Leibnitz is found among those who endeavored to develop a univeral written or picture language of symbolic or artificial characters, under the formidable name of Pasigraphil.

By the time the next century had arrived, Latin had passed not only out of use as an international language of science, but out of fashion as the language of diplomacy. The French "Encyclopedist" group, in their general reaching after universality of view, considered the need of an encyclopedic international speech. The principles then laid down by Faignet are regarded as including the fundamental theory of all later efforts for an artificial world-speech. Projects for a new language were included among the myriad plans for world rejuvenation bandied about in the French Revolution.

***Tried Volapuk and Then Esperanto***

The nineteenth century was the season in which many universal languages developed from humble origins to pretentious maturity, then dropped and declined and decayed. One man invented a new musical speech, and taught others to sing it! During these years the grand new science of modern philology was developing, though associated with many theories of language which have since been outgrown. In the spirit of the time Schipfer in 1839 presented his "Communicationssprache" or "Inter-communication Language." This appears to have been the first definite and complete creation of a new speech.

Schipfer, however, was only one of many such creators of idiom. These have been counted until the count is lost. Some world-tongues were simple and apparently frail. Some were comprehensive, but more difficult than any language living or dead. One, called the Blue Language, required nine volumes of grammar.

There was usually a tendency on the part of the inventor to base his creation on his native speech, or on one of the dead classical languages. This produced in each new creation a special unfitness for the very purpose of international speech.

A different course was followed, and a livelier dis-[illegible]n created by the German prelate, Mgr. John Martin Schleyer, who in 1879 presented "Volapük"; and the Russian physician Zamenhoff, who in 1885 introduced Esperanto, with some indebtedness to the "Neo-Latin" of Courtonne of Paris.

Monsignor Schleyer took one step which shows that he had some true vision of the tendencies of language, even at that time. Though himself a German, he was acquainted with perhaps fifty languages, and refused to be local or insular in his linguistic thought. He affronted the national pride of German philologists and roused the patriotism of French linguists by basing his proposed world-speech upon English. He showed, indeed, his fundamentally Germanic training by elaborating a precise and rather abstruse grammar, but as a medium of expression of thought his Volapük rested upon English.

But Volapük, as a manufactured tongue, was subject to alteration by means similar to those which brought about its creation. While it was rising, rivals rose—the production of these linguistic nationalists whom we have mentioned. One new language came forward on a basis of Latin. From the other side of the Rhine developed Novicow, which was based on French as Volapük was based on English. This was not all. The adherents of Volapük, rejecting the Latin and French fabrications, still reserved the right to improve Volapük itself. There was a call for a simpler grammar, and new languages began to develop from the original. Dr. Schleyer had not only taught his pupils a "made" language, but he had taught them how to make others. In a few years the discord among the adherents of Volapük was as great as the Babel of pre-Volapük days. The language broke up in many languages, and universal communication was lost in misunderstandings expressed in ways mutually confusing, according to the use of improved or unimproved Volapük.

Dr. Schleyer had drawn national and international attention by reaching out to English for the basis of his new language. And the Russian Zamenhoff, when he signed the name "Dr. Esperanto" (hopeful) to his first communication, reached far outside of the Slavic linguistic family for his new speech.

He sought for his vocabulary words which were found in as large a number of languages as possible. The language was promoted in an international spirit, so that scholars of the first rank in London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna gave it their support as an "auxiliary" tongue.

Esperanto reached an interesting development before the war. The interest in Esperanto itself was not diminished, but men could see the temporal weakness of any artificial language. It has no guaranty of permanence.

***The Speech of Southern African Tribes***

Capable of quick hothouse growth are some of these artificial languages: but as soon as they are taken from the hothouse to face the outer air of reality, or as soon as a new bloom is developed in another part of the conservatory, their period is ended.

The war gave all language students some new insight into the psychology of speech, and the psychology of artificial languages. No war speech was made in Esperanto, because it was a peace language. But no peace speech which attracted any universal attention was made in Esperanto. Woodrow Wilson talked of peace in English. The great and grave transactions of those years were the transactions of nations, not of societies, and the tongues were mother tongues. Two incommunicable persons might learn swiftly to communicate on small matters in Esperanto or the Idiom Neutral—but when the peoples stood face to face with fate they spoke the languages which it had been their fate to learn. And thus the homes and schools of the Allied Nations made peace with the schools and homes of the Central Powers.

We shall mention now the suggestions of far-traveled scholars that some far-away living language be selected for neutral communication, that we choose some language merely because of its excellence as a medium of expression. There are some who have maintained that the most complete languages in the world are those belonging to the Basuto family, the tribes of Southern Africa. These languages have a very high degree of word-change or inflection, so that the most intricate shades and divisions of thought find a ready and unmistakable expression. But even if all is conceded for the Aamazulu tongues, we need never expect to see the western nations deserting their literature and their traditions for the glib speech of unlettered barbarians.

Among the languages of Europe much admired by outsiders, the modern Polish must be remembered. Some have declared that this noble Slavic tongue, built upon interesting harmonies of consonantal sounds, is the most perfect medium of human expression. Yet all will admit that to the person of Latinic or Teutonic speech Polish is difficult to pronounce and difficult to acquire. It will be and it should be learned by more Western Europeans and Americans, for the glory of its literature makes this an accomplishment which will bring much joy. But its greatest admirers do not expect Polish to become the world's international speech, though they may well insist that it is worthy.

The proposals for artificial international languages, and the proposals that some language be elected to an international post, have been based upon theories of speech, and not upon the facts in the history of races and tongues.

It is not the simplicity of a language which spreads it afar, else long ago, in the Persian Wars, the simple Persian would have been adopted in Athens instead of the difficult classical Greek.

It is not the powers of expression of a language which spread its power, or in that same era the wonderful expressiveness of Greek would have secured its adoption in Persia.

A language is the medium of expression of a nation or a group of nations. The prestige of a language partakes of the prestige of the peoples using it. Even so, the development of a certain dialect to a supreme place within a nation is always the result of the eminence attained by the people using this dialect.

The Greeks of pagan times listened to their political orators, read their classic poets and historians, ignored the Alexandrian and Palestinian folk who used the simpler Hellenistic Greek. But when the early church arose, with the New Testament in its hands, written in Hellenistic Greek, the pagan language passed away with the pagan gods. The Greek of today is based on the once-ignored Hellenistic dialect which is the original of the Christian Scriptures.

The Greek language was the first living speech to "transcend frontiers," when the military genius of Alexander carried his Macedonians through many empires, and his interpreters rendered into Greek for him the thoughts of many subdued nations. The Greeks, while proud of their speech, were not wholly unconscious of the significance of alien sounds, for even Homer has Sanskrit words for articles of commerce. However, it was Alexander's dream to carry Hellenic culture into all the world, for he wished to be a worthy pupil of his pedagog Aristotle as well as the dominant master of all kings.

***When Rome Was Empress of the World***

Had the young giant lived for forty more years, to complete threescore and ten, we might have had an international speech in the third century before Christ. But of that godlike dream we have only a few names upon stones in the Persian desert, and a few Alexandrians scattered among the world's cities from Libya to India.

When Rome rose over Italy the urban tongue of Rome prevailed above Oscan and Umbrian and the rustic dialects. The pre-eminence of the Roman language might have declined to nothing like the prestige of the Roman arms; but with the decline of the dignity of the imperial city the language remained as the voice of a presiding church.

There was no scholarly society which made Latin understood in Britain and in Syria during the days of Roman imperial power—it was not by resolutions of any international-language club that Latin continued to be understood in Spain and in Poland through the Middle Ages. The prestige of the empire, the prestige of the church, were first—then followed the prestige of the language which these powers employed.

For centuries all things united to hold Latin pre-eminent. The old Empire had been the symbol of all power, while the Church was the symbol of all wisdom. Therefore wisdom and power had their utterance in Latin: the decrees of rulers, the laws of states and cities, the edicts of courts, the charters and deeds of land, and the writings of all men who would be deemed wise. Latin was pre-eminent in the world at large. But the nations still saw other tongues developing in power as Rome's dialect had developed in Italy. The success of King Alfred made the Middle Saxon of Winchester paramount in England; the accession of Hugh Capet of Paris made the French of Paris supreme in France.

In every country of Europe the dialects struggled like feudal princes, for dominance. But the triumphant dialect became interprovincial, interurban, just as Latin remained international. Prestige might be conceded, for a longer or shorter time, to one form of speech, just as prestige was yielded to Swabian German in the time of Frederick Barbarossa, and prestige has since been allowed to Saxon German since the publication of Luther's Bible. But the pre-eminence of a form, or a language, was held only as long as the pre-eminence of those who used it.

Thus it came about that when the division of the Christian churches arose, the Latin language might continue in full power among all who adhered to the Latin body, but some new international speech might arise for wider communication. Now were witnessed, as we have seen, efforts by Leibnitz and others to fabricate a language for philosophy and science. The efforts all failed, and ended in all philosophers and scientists writing in their various mother tongues.

While philosophy might proceed without an international speech, statecraft demanded one. And now there was arising in Europe a power which proclaimed the spiritual faith of Rome, but did not always bind itself in political alliances with other nations of the same church. It was the wondrous fortune of France to have in Louis XIII a stammering and futile monarch, while it possessed in Richelieu a supremely cogent and powerful prime minister.

***French as the Language of Diplomacy***

In the King Richelieu gathered up the greatness of France, in France he gathered up the greatness of Europe. For all the years of his regime and for the first great years of Louis XIV Europe moved or stood still, made peace or war, according to what was done or planned or threatened by Paris. Without doubt the French masters meant to dominate Europe, and without doubt all Europe admired while it feared. So treaty makers and statesmen, kings and ambassadors, set down their plots and counterplots, their alliances and federations, in the language of Richelieu and Louis XIV—"the French of diplomacy."

In every court the power of France was felt, and in every capital the language of France was spoken. Kings of Prussia who spoke German imperfectly, like

(Concluded on page 13)

# The Pursuit and Capture of Booth

## Flight of Lincoln's Assassins Ends at Garrett Home—Fourth Article

By F. L. BLACK

SAFETY at last! What more welcome sight to John Wilkes Booth, the mad avenger of fancied wrongs, than three Confederate soldiers!

They were officers of the Lost Cause returning home from the surrender. At Winchester, Virginia, on April 21, 1865, Colonel John S. Mosby, among the bravest of Confederate officers, had surrendered his command and disbanded his forces. Three of his staff, Captain Willie S. Jett, Major M. B. Ruggles, and Lieutenant A. R. Bainbridge, were making their way homeward three days later, when they arrived at the Port Conway ferry and came face to face with Booth and Herold.

Captain Jett in his testimony at the conspiracy trial said he was on his way to Caroline County, Virginia, in company with Ruggles and Bainbridge when at Port Conway he saw a wagon on the ferry wharf. A young man got out of it and asked to what command they belonged. Ruggles said, "We belong to Mosby's command." The young man then said, "If I am not inquisitive, may I ask where you are going?" Captain Jett replied, "That's a secret."

A man with crutches then got out of the wagon and one of the soldiers asked him to what command he belonged. He replied, "To A. P. Hill's corps." Herold said their name was Boyd; that his "brother" had been wounded below Petersburg, and asked if they would take him out of the lines.

The party then rode up to a house there, and having tied their horses, they all sat down. After they had talked a very short time, Herold touched Captain Jett on the shoulder and said he wanted to speak to him. He went with the captain down to the wharf, and said, "I suppose you are raising a command to go South?" adding that he also would like to go. The captain replied, "I cannot go with any man that I don't know anything about." Herold seemed much agitated, and then said. "We are the assassinators of the President." Captain Jett was so much confounded that he did not make any reply. Ruggles was near, and was told the news. Booth then came up, and Herold introduced himself and Booth. It was testified by Captain Jett that Booth had "J. W. B." tattooed on his hand.

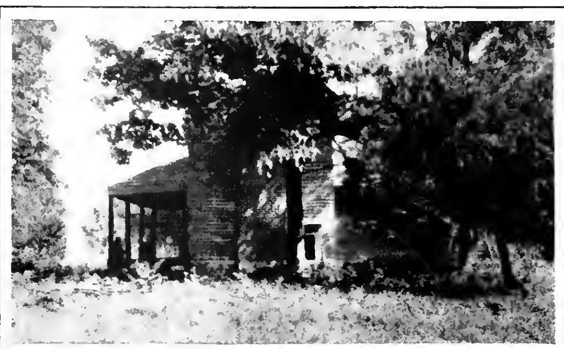
When the party crossed the river, Booth rode Ruggles' horse. Herold was walking. Captain Jett rode to Port Royal and asked a woman there if she could take in a wounded Confederate soldier for two or three days. She at first consented; then afterward she said she could not. Booth was finally left at the house of Richard H. Garrett. Bainbridge and Herold went to a Mrs. Clark's, and Ruggles and Jett to Bowling Green. The next day Herold came to Bowling Green, spent the day, had dinner, and left in the evening, and that was the last Captain Jett saw of him, except the night that Booth and Herold were captured when he recognized Herold as the man he had seen with Booth.

Herold said he wanted the officers to help get Booth farther south, but they refused.

According to Major Ruggles' narrative in *The Century*, January, 1890, "The ferry (between Ports Conway and Royal) was owned by a man named Rollins, but the scow was run—that is, poled across—by a Negro. The scow was on the other side of the river when we rode up."

In a signed statement addressed, "To the Editor of the New York *Herald*," in 1865, Richard Garrett said: "This man, whom I and all my family looked upon as Mr. Boyd, a wounded Confederate soldier, was taken at once into my house. He supped with my family, and slept that night in one of my upper rooms, in which my sons, John M. and William H., and two smaller children slept. He breakfasted with my family the next morning and remained in the house and yard, most of the time reclining upon the grass in the yard, my little children often being with him. He had very little to say and seemed to be suffering, we thought, from his wound.

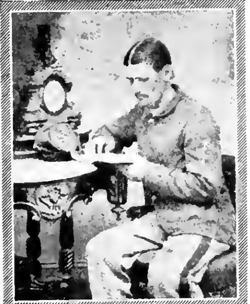
"After breakfast that morning my eldest son, John M., rode to a shoemaker's, about one mile from my house, to have his boots repaired, and while there he met a gentleman of the neighborhood who had obtained by private means a newspaper from Richmond (there being no mails to our section), and this paper had in it an advertisement offering a large reward ($150,000, I think) for the capture of Booth, the murderer of President Lincoln. After my son's return, and while at the dinner table, he spoke of having seen this paper containing the advertisement. This man, who was at the table, remarked that he would not have been surprised if half a million dollars had been offered, but that he had heard that the man who committed the act had been arrested between Baltimore and Philadelphia, and was now in Washington. He having before this told me that he was a native of Maryland, I then asked him if he had ever seen the man Booth who was charged with the offense. He said he had seen him once. He saw him in Richmond about the time of the John Brown raid. I asked him if he was an old or young man; he said he was rather a young man.



Recent views of the Garrett house. The place on the porch indicated by the arrow is where Booth died.

"I had never heard of but one Booth as an actor, and thought it was Edwin Booth. My younger son, who was a mere youth, remarked, 'I wish he could come this way, so that I might catch him and get this reward.' He turned to him and said, 'If he were to come out, would you inform against him?' My son, laughing, said he would like to have the money. The man took all this coolly, and showed nothing like excitement upon the occasion, and caused no grounds of suspicion in any of our minds that he was the man who had done the act. Some two or three hours after dinner, two men on horseback, with a third man riding behind one of them, rode up to my gate on the main road. The man who was riding behind got down and came to my house, while the other two men rode on toward Port Royal. When this man came to the house the man who was here introduced him to my son, John M., who was in the yard, as Mr. Boyd, his cousin. They walked up the road from my yard, and seemed to be in earnest conversation.

"Very soon after this the two men who had passed on horseback returned, riding very rapidly—one of whom was Lieutenant Ruggles—and said to the men who were here, 'The Yankees are crossing at Port Royal, and you must take care of yourselves the best way you can,' and rode off immediately. I was a short distance from my house, where my laborers were at work, and on coming to the house I saw these two men going off toward the woods. Soon after getting to the house, one of the men, who proved to be Herold, returned to my yard. My son and I said to him we should not be surprised if those forces were in pursuit of him and his friends. He said: 'Oh, no, we have done nothing to make them pursue us'; but that he had heard that some Federal soldiers who were stopping the night before at a place called the Trap, between here and Bowling Green, had had their horses stolen, and he expected these forces were sent down from Fredericksburg to endeavor to capture the thieves. Soon after this the Federal forces passed the road by my house, and went on toward the place at which the horses were said to have been stolen.



Boston Corbett, the sergeant who shot Booth. A photograph by Brady taken soon afterward.

"After the forces passed, Herold went to the woods and brought his friend back to the house. They took supper with my family, and, after supper, I, feeling ill, went directly to my room, and my sons and these two men went to my front porch. My son said they seemed to be very uneasy, and that they said they were anxious to get a conveyance to Orange Courthouse, at which place they heard there were a good many Marylanders who were endeavoring to get west of the Mississippi River, and that they wished to go with them. They asked my son if he knew of any conveyance they could get that evening to go part of the way. He told them there was a colored man living nearby who had a horse and carryall that he hired out at times. They endeavored to get it, but the man was away from home. They then offered my son $10 to carry them about twenty miles on the way. He told them that he could not go that night, but that if they wished to go next morning he could take them. They proposed sleeping in my house that night, but my son objected, as he thought from their excited manner there was something wrong about them. They then proposed sleeping under my front porch; but he told them we had bad dogs, and they might be annoyed by them. They then asked if we had not an outhouse in which they could sleep. He told them there was fodder and hay in the tobacco house, and they could go in there if they liked.

"They went in there, and after they did so my two sons, having heard Herold say, 'We should like to get the horses we saw you riding this evening,' and fearing they might get up in the night and take their horses and go off, my sons concluded to take their blankets and go into a cornhouse, between the tobacco house and stable, and guard their horses; and my youngest son fearing, as these men were heavily armed, that if they attempted to take the horses they might have great difficulty, and might probably get shot, concluded he would take the key to the house and lock the door outside, so as to prevent them coming out if they wished to. This is the reason why the door was found locked when the officers went to the house. About two o'clock a. m., I was awakened by the violent barking of my dogs. I arose from my bed and went to the window, and I found the house surrounded by armed forces. I drew on my pantaloons, and, without waiting to put on any other dressing, I opened the door to my end porch, and when I did so three men rushed in and one of them put a pistol to my head and said to me, 'Are there not two men in your house?' I said no; that there were two men here last evening; that they went to the woods when you were passing, and afterward returned and got their supper, and I did not know at that time where they were. I had gone from my supper to my sleeping room, and did not know where they had slept.

"The officer said I was not telling them the truth, and called for a rope and said they would hang me. Being thus rudely treated, I no doubt appeared scared and affrighted. About this time my son, John M., came to the door and said to the officers that these men were in the tobacco house. They put me under guard and carried my son with them to the tobacco house, and made him go in and try to bring the men out. When he went in he addressed Booth as 'Mr. Boyd,' as the officers said, and told him there was a large force surrounding the house, and he had better surrender. He ordered my son out, and appeared to be drawing a pistol, and he ran out. The officer then parleyed with the men inside for some time, when Herold expressed a wish to surrender, and Booth said to the officer that the man in here wishes to come out. The officer told him to hand his arms to one of them, I believe to my son at the door, and to come out. Booth said the man had no arms; they were all his, and they would not be delivered up. Herold then came out, and Booth refusing to surrender, Colonel Conger ordered the house fired to force him out. When he gave these orders Booth said to him, 'Don't destroy the gentleman's property; he is entirely innocent, and does not know who I am.' The house was then fired, after which Sergeant Corbet shot Booth, and he was brought out and died on my porch.

"It was not until after Booth was shot that we were told who he was; we had no idea that they were the murderers of the President. When the forces passed my house they went to Bowling Green and got Jett, the man who brought Booth to my house, and he told them that he left Booth at my house. When he came here I asked him why he brought that man to my house and left him here as a wounded Confederate soldier, and had brought so much trouble upon me. He said he wished to get clear of him, and left him at the first house he came to after leaving Port Royal; that he had told the officers when they came to Bowling Green, that he had left him with me as a Confederate soldier, and that I was not apprised who he was. I told him to make that declaration to an officer in my presence. He made it to Lieutenant Dougherty, who was the officer in command of the regular forces. Colonel Conger being a detective, but in command, I understand, of the expedition.

(Concluded on page 14)

# The Story of Eliot's Bible

## The First Bible Printed in America

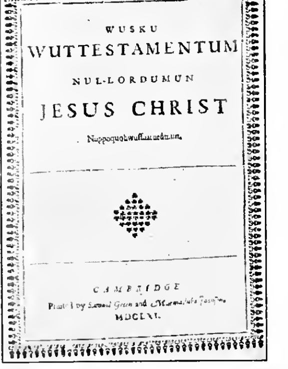
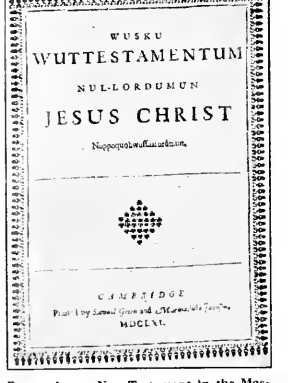
By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

IN THE early days of New England the spread of the Gospel among the Indians was a major concern of a large group of Englishmen who formed the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Indians." This corporation had as two fine representatives the Rev. John Eliot and the Rev. Abraham Pierson.

The Rev. John Eliot arrived in New England in 1631 and became the first preacher at Roxbury. This "Apostle to the Indians" was distinguished by a fervent piety, a real love of learning, and a burning enthusiasm for evangelization. Eliot assisted in the preparation of the metrical version of the Psalms which appeared in the Bay Psalm Book of 1640, the first book from the press in America north of Mexico.

Eliot's study of the Massachusetts Indian language enabled him to preach to the Indians in 1646. In 1649 Eliot wrote to Winslow: "I do very much desire to translate some parts of the Scriptures into their language, and to print some Primer wherein to initiate and teach them to read."

The Primer printed in Cambridge in 1653 has entirely disappeared and so also has disappeared entirely the second edition of 1662, of which 1,500 copies were printed. Genesis and Matthew were separately printed in 1655 but both have vanished as though never issued. Eliot completed his translation of the Bible in 1658 and the progress through the press will be traced below.

WUSKU

WUTTESTAMENTUM

NUL-LORDUMUN

JESUS CHRIST

Nuppoquohwussuaeneumun.

CAMBRIDGE

Printed by Samuel Green and Marmaduke Johnson.

MDCLXI.

Extremely rare New Testament in the Massachusetts Indian language, 1661.

Abraham Pierson wrote a Catechism for the Connecticut Indians, called "Some Helps for the Indians . . . . To Know the True God . . . . ," printed by Green in 1658-1659. Only a single copy has survived. The Indians were evidently not careful preservers of books, or possibly perused them too devotedly.

Both Pierson and Eliot received financial support from the society in England. An Indian college was located in Cambridge "in a house built strong and substantial of brick, at the expense of the Corporation in England, . . . cost between £300 and £400." On account of the dearth and death of Indian "scholars" this building "was taken to accommodate English scholars and for placing and using the Printing Press belonging to the College."

This press used for the printing of the Bible in the Indian (Algonquin) language was quite certainly that first press brought to the colonies north of Mexico, by the Rev. Mr. Glover and the press upon which Stephen Daye printed in 1639 "The Freeman's Oath" and an "Almanack," and, in 1640, the Bay Psalm Book.

The printer who began to print in the Indian language was Samuel Green who arrived in New England in 1630 with Governor Winthrop. As early as 1652 the project of printing the New Testament in the Indian language was discussed with the Corporation in England. In 1654 a special grant of £20 further for type and paper was granted to Green and this material arrived in 1655. Again in 1658 a further appropriation of £20 was made. In this year appeared Pierson's translation of the Catechism for the use of the Indians in the New Haven District. In 1659 a version of the Psalms appeared also from the press of Green.

In 1659 one hundred and four reams of paper were received toward printing the New Testament from the Corporation in England and further hundreds of reams were provided by them later. To them Green sent a specimen sheet which was acknowledged in a letter dated from London, April 28, 1660. This reads: "Conserning youer Printing the New Testament in the Indian Language, a sheet whereof you haue transmitted to vs, wee concurr with youerselues therein, and doe approue of that prouision you have made for printing the same conceiueing and offering as our judgments that it is better to print fifteen hundred than but a thousand; hopeing that by incurragement from Sion Collidge, with whom we haue later conference, you may bee enabled to print fifteen hundred of the Ould Testament likewise. . . .

"Wee haue out of our desire to further a worke of soe great consernment [printing the whole bible in the Indian language] agreed with an able printer for three yeares vpon the tearmes and conditions enclosed. Wee desire you at the earnest request of Mr. Johnson, the printer and for his incurragement in this undertaking of printing the bible in the Indian language, his name may bee mentioned with others as a printer and person that hath bine instrumentall therein; for whose diet, lodging and washing wee desire you to take care of."

The New Testament was completed quite early in 1661 and from Matthew to John was the work of Samuel Green. An Indian apprentice, who received the name James Printer, assisted Green, and late in 1660 Marmaduke Johnson arrived from England to act as printer. The names of Green and Johnson are thus associated with this first Bible of the New World.

Directions were given in September, 1661, by the commissioners of the New England Colonies acting for the English Gospel Society that two hundred of the New Testaments were to be bound "strongly, and as speedily as may bee with leather or as may bee most serviceable for the Indians; and deliuer them forth as you shall haue direction from any of the commissioners for the time being of which keep an exact account that soe it may bee seen how they are Improved and disposed of; alsoe, wee pray you take order for the printing of a thousand coppyes of Mr. Eliotts Catichismes which we vnderstand are much wanting amongst the Indians, which being finished, Receiue from the Presse and dispose of them according to order aboue-said."

The Old Testament was three years in the press, appearing finally in 1663. Some copies bear a dedication to Charles II.

The total cost of the Bible in 1,000 copies, with an extra 500 of the New Testament, an edition of the Psalter, two of Eliot's Catechism, and an edition of Baxter's Call to the Unconverted, together with some bindings, was estimated by Isaiah Thomas (in 1810) at £1,200 sterling.

Marmaduke Johnson, it must be recorded, acted unwisely in making love to Green's daughter, "alluring . . . . and drawing away her affection without the consent of her father," being "a direct breach of a law of the colony," so Isaiah Thomas states. What was more serious was that Johnson had a wife in England, and the errant printer was ordered "to go home to her." However, he remained and later becoming free married another girl.

A second edition of the Eliot Bible was printed in 1685 in Cambridge by Samuel Green. A second edition of the New Testament in 1680 was brought out by Eliot with the assistance of John Cotton of Plymouth.

The Bible as printed by Green and Johnson is a fine specimen of printing, an ornament and credit to the early American press. Some twenty-odd copies of the New Testament have been located and are accounted among the great rarities of any library of Americans. Thirty-nine copies of the Bible were located in 1891 by Dr. Wilberforce Eames in his "Bibliographic Notes on Eliot's Indian Bible," a fascinating account of the great work. At least four more are now known. One copy in the J. P. Morgan Collection belonged to the Rev. Thomas Shepard, a New England graduate of Harvard in 1653, and preacher in Charlestown from 1659 until his death in 1677. This copy bears the inscription, "ye gift of ye Revd. Translator." A fine copy today would bring two thousand dollars in the auction book market, and an association copy, like the one mentioned, would bring more.

The Massachusetts tribes for whom this book was printed are no more and only one or two scholars can read their language. The word "mugwump" was taken from the Bible by Secretary Trumbull, of the Connecticut Historical Society, and was adopted into the vernacular, one of the few traces of its influence. A few copies of the Bible, of John Eliot's famous Indian tracts, and of these catechisms remain as a monument to the Indians and to their inspired and devoted servant, John Eliot, one of the choicest souls of early American history.

THE

HOLY BIBLE:

CONTAINING THE

OLD TESTAMENT

AND THE NEW.

Translated into the

INDIAN LANGUAGE

AND

Ordered to be Printed by the Commissioners of the United Colonies in NEW-ENGLAND,

At the Charge, and with the Consent of the

CORPORATION IN ENGLAND

For the Propagation of the Gospel amongst the Indians in New-England.

CAMBRIDGE:

Printed by Samuel Green and Marmaduke Johnson.

MDCLXIII.

Title-page of the first complete Bible published in America. This was in the Indian language by John Eliot. The next complete Bible was in German in 1743.

# Easter Palms From Bordighera

By MRS. HALLIE HOGG

AMONG the beautiful towns of the Italian Riviera, Bordighera stands out with distinction, owing to the plantations of date palms which are cultivated extensively here. On the eastern side of the ridge, where they are sheltered from the westerly winds and exposed to the heat of the sun, they flourish luxuriantly and come to full perfection. They are not cultivated for their fruit, as in the oases of Tunis and Algeria, nor yet for their beauty, as in the other towns of the Riviera, but primarily for their leaves. They are a most profitable kind of property, as hundreds of thousands of these are exported to the Catholic countries of Europe and particularly Rome for Easter, and are also supplied for the Jewish Pascal ceremonies in September.

A plantation of stately palms.

They are of all sizes, from patriarchs with a burden of 300 to 400 years, and 100 feet high, to mere nurslings of a few years. In September the beauty of their graceful fronds is marred for utility. The leaves are then prepared "alla Romana"; they are tightly rolled and bound round the trees, to bleach them, as the white palms of Easter are twice as valuable as the green leaves. Two or three weeks before Easter, they are unbound and cut down, ready for exportation. In July, the shorter and blunter leaves are prepared "all'Ebrea" in the same way for the Jewish ceremonies in September. The time involved is shorter as the shade required is a yellowish green.

As far back as 1584 the privilege of providing palms for the Vatican for Palm Sunday and Holy Trinity services was granted by Pope Sixtus V to Captain Brescia, a resident of San Remo. Since then the cultivation of the palm has been transferred to Bordighera, and although the inhabitants of Bordighera, generally, engage in the business of supplying palms to the rest of Europe, the descendants of Captain Brescia still hold the monopoly of supplying them to Rome.

This privilege was granted for important services rendered during the erection of the obelisk in Piazzo San Pietro, Rome. Contrary to the orders of the Pope for silence, at a critical moment when the ropes were slackening, the captain cried out, "Wet the ropes." This being done, the obelisk was safely raised to its present position. The Swiss Guards, obedient to their orders, brought the man before the Pope, but, instead of punishing him, the Pope promised to grant any request he might make. First asking for and receiving the Pope's blessing, he then asked for the right to supply palms to the Vatican for himself and his descendants, which request was also granted in perpetuity.

# The Story of Hudson's Bay Company

## How the Company Explored New Lands and Developed New Prospects

By D. M. LE BOURDAIS

*The first installment of this article appeared in our last week's issue.*

SPACE does not permit of even a recital of the many stirring and interesting events of which the company's history is filled during its first century. Prince Rupert remained governor until his death in 1682, whereupon the Duke of York, brother of King Charles, became the second governor. Upon his accession to the throne as James II, he in turn was succeeded as governor of the Hudson's Bay Company by Lord Churchill, afterward famous as the great Duke of Marlborough. The latter having been more or less active during the Revolution in driving his gubernatorial predecessor from the throne of England, the company did not suffer any curtailment of its privileges, as might have been expected in view of its Stuart antecedents, when William of Orange came to the throne, but rather was successful in having its charter confirmed by parliament.

Until 1763, when the Peace of Paris forever put an end to the aspirations of France in Canada, the Hudson's Bay Company was subject to attack by agents of both New and Old France by land and by sea. Thus the company's forts on the Bay—Prince of Wales, at the mouth of Churchill River; York, on Hayes River, three miles south of the mouth of Nelson River; Severn, on the river of the same name; Albany, also on the river of the same name; and Moose, on James' Bay at the mouth of Moose River—were in turn captured by the French, recaptured by the company's officers and the process repeated in some cases many times over.

Radisson and Groseilliers, after four years' service with the company following the granting of the charter, complained of the treatment accorded to them and returned to the allegiance of the French crown. During the next ten years it was Radisson's fortune to capture for his new masters a number of the forts which had formerly been erected by him for the Hudson's Bay Company. As he had some time previously married the daughter of Sir John Kirke, one of the incorporators of the company, he was eventually induced, however, to change his allegiance once more and again to enter the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company. After a number of further trips to the Bay he retired to live out the remainder of his life in London; apparently, from certain entries in the company's minutes, at times far from enjoying that degree of prosperity which might have been expected of one who took such a prominent part in the organization of the great Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay.

There were times, however, during the wars with France when the company was none too affluent, times when money must be borrowed to send out ships which frequently fell into the hands of the enemy; there were times when French traders succeeded in intercepting the Indians on their way to the Bay and the cream of the fur trade was diverted to Montreal and Quebec. From 1686 until the Treaty of Utrecht concluded hostilities in 1713, the company suffered serious losses. The brothers LeMoyne, particularly Pierre, surnamed D'Iberville, by a series of overland expeditions from New France and also by sea, more than once virtually drove the company from the Bay. The treaty provided for the return of the forts, but claims made by the company for financial recompense were without avail.

***The Rise of the North West Fur Company***

The first four decades of the eighteenth century were years of peace and prosperity for the company's posts on Hudson Bay; but attack was soon to come from another quarter. Secretive as had been the company's policy with regard to its profits and operations, knowledge became diffused as to the valuable nature of the concessions which it held, and others became desirous of obtaining similar privileges for themselves. The principal point of attack against the company was that its charter had been granted in consideration of its undertaking, among other things, to prosecute a search for a passage to the south seas. Even at this time very little was known regarding the extent of the territory which King Charles had signed away; and the common impression among geographers was that the western ocean was not far distant from Hudson Bay and it was generally believed that a passage would eventually be found leading through to Far Cathay and the countries of the Orient. Consequently there was much outcry against the company for its failure to conduct these explorations.

The company's interests were menaced also from another quarter. French explorers from Montreal were advancing into the interior and erecting forts at strategic points. In 1732 De la Verendrye, an explorer of Three Rivers, had established a post on Lake of the Woods, and in the years following he and his sons had extended their explorations from the Missouri River to Lake Winnipeg and as far west as the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. During this time the Hudson's Bay Company had slumbered peacefully on the Bay in the expectation that the Indians would travel hundreds of miles to bring furs to its forts. But the effects of such competition were beginning to be felt.

These considerations led the company in 1769 to commission one of its employes, Samuel Hearne, to undertake an expedition of discovery into the interior and also to locate if possible the whereabouts of the "Far-Off-Metal-River," of which the Indians had spoken and from which they apparently obtained supplies of native copper. A narrative of Hearne's travels would fill volumes; suffice it to say that he discovered the great river now known as the Coppermine and traced it to the Arctic Ocean in the summer of 1771, being thus the first white man to reach the Arctic Ocean overland.

In the meantime, New France had passed into the hands of the British; and the power of the monopolists of France being removed, a new impetus was given to the fur trade of the towns on the St. Lawrence. The suppression of the Jacobite uprisings had resulted in the emigration to North America of numbers of adventurous Scottish Highlanders of good family. Many of these had settled in Canada and some of them had become well established in business in Montreal.

Monopoly rule does not lend itself to initiative; so when the official monopoly of New France ceased its control the great machinery of the French fur trade—forts, voyageurs, traders—was left without a head. But not for long. The shrewd Scottish traders were not slow to seize their opportunity. At first these new traders operated independently of one another; but they soon realized that the most effective means of meeting the competition of the century-old Hudson's Bay Company was by coöperation. Accordingly an organization known as the North West Company was formed, of which the moving spirits were Joseph and Benjamin Frobisher and Simon McTavish, of Montreal.

Trading headquarters were established at Grand Portage, west of Lake Superior, and other independent traders were invited to join the company. The Nor'-Westers, as they were called, rapidly extended their trade over the entire Northwest. They recognized the explorer as the natural precursor of the trader; and within a quarter of a century partners and agents of the North West Company explored more of the Northwest, including Rupert's Land, than had the Hudson's Bay Company in a century and a half.

Alexander Mackenzie, one of the Nor'-Westers, descended the great river which now bears his name and explored it to the Arctic Ocean in 1789. In 1793 he crossed the Rocky Mountains and, traversing what is now the province of British Columbia, reached the Pacific Ocean, the first white man to cross the continent by land.

David Thompson, an astronomer and surveyor, who had first been in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company and found his opportunities too limited, was taken into the service of the Nor'-Westers and for them pursued his explorations to the mouth of the Columbia River, but found himself too late; for the Pacific Fur Company, owned by John Jacob Astor, of New York (represented, it is true, by ex-Nor'-Westers), had built Fort Astoria just two months previously. He built a fort farther up the river, however, and intercepted their trade. Simon Fraser, another Nor'-Wester, descended the Fraser River, the chief river of British Columbia, in 1808. Stewart, Quesnel and other members of this enterprising organization are commemorated in the nomenclature of the prairies and the Pacific slope.

The boundary line between the British possessions and the United States having been defined west of Lake Superior, it was discovered that Grand Portage was in American territory. The North West Company accordingly removed its headquarters to a new location at the mouth of the Kaministiquia River, which was called Fort William in honor of one of the chief partners of the company, William MacGillivray. Here the "lords of the lakes and forests," as they are called by Washington Irving, met annually to divide their profits and to hold high revel. Many tales are told of the bacchanalian orgies which were held by these boisterous spirits when they were gathered together after spending months in lonely trading posts or on arduous exploration trips.

***When Simpson Became Governor-in-Chief***

The Hudson's Bay Company now strained its every effort to meet the fierce competition of the vigorous Nor'-Westers. Clashes between the rival traders were common, and on more than one occasion blood was shed. Both companies plied the Indians with liquor, and even drugs, in the ferocious fight for trade. If the rivalry had been longer continued it doubtless would have destroyed not only the companies but the fur trade as well, to say nothing of the Indians, who had by now come to be dependent for their sustenance on the traffic in furs. The Hudson's Bay Company had always maintained a paternal attitude toward the Indians and had encouraged them to conserve the fur-bearing animals by buying skins only when killed at the proper seasons. But the methods of the Nor'-Westers would speedily have exterminated the fur-bearing animals.

There is not space to go into further details of this bitter feud, nor can any account be given of the ill-fated Red River settlement, around which the contest waged so fiercely, save perhaps to state that it was the sanguinary climax which developed out of the Nor'-Westers' opposition to the latter project, which for the first time forced the rival companies to realize that their only hope lay in fusion. In 1821 an arrangement was effected whereby the newer company was absorbed by the Hudson's Bay Company.

There is no doubt that the addition of the new blood was of great value to the old company, but it will be realized that it was no easy matter to reconcile the various members of these two hostile organizations so lately engaged in bitter strife and to induce them to work together toward a common objective. The man for the task was at hand, however, in the person of George Simpson, governor-in-chief of Rupert's Land since the previous year. He was a natural executive, vigorous and energetic, and undoubtedly the greatest officer the company had developed in its history of more than a century and a half. During his régime of almost 40 years the company reached its zenith. He found the company shaken and torn, fighting strenuously to retain a foothold in the great territory covered by its charter, while its rivals controlled the trade over an area much greater in extent and fast increasing. He left the company the undisputed lords of the fur trade from Labrador to Alaska and from Oregon to the Arctic Ocean; for in addition to the enormous area which the company held under its charter, it obtained from King George IV in 1821 a license for 21 years, which was subsequently renewed for a further similar period, granting it the exclusive right to trade with the Indians in the territories not included in the original charter, thereby extending its sway over all of what is now British Columbia and part of the states of Washington and Oregon. It was not the fault of the Hudson's Bay Company that much of the latter territory is not now part of the Dominion of Canada.

In 1867 the Dominion of Canada came into being as a result of the federation of the provinces of Canada and the British colonies on the Atlantic. It was the hope of its founders that it should one day extend from coast to coast; but no such consummation was possible so long as the rights granted to the Hudson's Bay Company by King Charles that day in May nearly two centuries before remained in effect. Negotiations were accordingly begun by representatives of the Canadian Government with a view to the transfer of the territorial rights of the company to the Canadian people. Eventually an agreement was reached in 1870 whereby the company surrendered its territory and rights of government in Rupert's Land for £300,000, and the right of the company to retain one-twentieth of the land within the Fertile Belt, as well as certain blocks of land surrounding its trading posts or forts. There were a number of other lesser considerations.

Thus as "true and absolute Lords and Proprietors" the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay passed from the stage, but as merchants and traders they probably do a greater business now than ever before; thriving cities have been built on the sites of many of their former trading posts; and the latter have in turn been supplanted by huge modern department stores filled with costly and varied merchandise from the four corners of the earth.

## *Esperanto?—No, English Is Tongue*

(Concluded from page 10)

Frederick the Great, were masters of French and aspired to be French authors. Even in the days of George III, ruler of England and of the German Kingdom of Hannover, communications between members of the royal family were often written in French. French was a "court language" throughout Europe because it was a diplomatic language, and it was a diplomatic language because of the magnitude of its masters.

There are some who have still contended that French should remain as the language of diplomacy. Without doubt it would have so remained, and its empire would have been vastly extended, if the history of the European colonies since the days of Louis XIV had been different. If France had retained New France and Louisiana, preserving the vast expanse of Canada and the princely domain of the American West; if she had held fast to India, if she had sustained her whole power in Europe, the world would be different in aspect, and different in speech. But the men of English tongue have succeeded to her domain in many regions, and also to the domains of many others. For the English have followed Spaniard and Hollander in South Africa, the American has trailed after the Spanish pioneers through the far Southwest; German Africa becomes a chain of British dependencies—even Turkey sees Cyprus and other colonies change the Crescent for the Crosses of St. Andrew and St. George.

And what linguistic result comes from these and from other international events? What could be expected?

And this, after all, is why English, even now, is a world speech. It is the speech of problems and of destiny. For years before the war many Germans and French, watching the Rhine from opposite sides, studied both languages. A few years before the World War, because of larger contacts in the world outside, contacts of understanding or of rivalry, the English climbed to pre-eminence among living languages in the schools of both Germany and France. Today there is no question of the leadership of English among modern tongues studied in French and German schools. This fact demonstrates wisdom among the parents, teachers and students.

***The World Now Under Sway of English Language***

It requires only a glance at the globe to realize how much of the world now lies under the sway of Anglican speech—it is not a question of Europe alone, but of every other continent and portion of the world. So in Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Holland, as well as Germany and France, in Africa as in Asia, the speaking of English is an accomplishment everywhere craved and admired by those not to the language born.

There are some, still clinging to old traditions of diplomacy, who do not realize the meaning of the fact that when the nations of the whole world gathered at Versailles, to make a treaty of greater significance than any previous bond of peoples, they discussed the question of the language of that instrument. And there, in the most conspicuous theater on which such a drama could be enacted, the English language assumed a role equal to that which France had so long played. The Treaty of Versailles, the Treaty with Poland, both bear the express declaration that the English and French texts shall alike be deemed authentic. And in sessions of the League of Nations today, English ranks with French as the language of the deliberations.

# The Pursuit and Capture of Booth

(Concluded from page 11)

"These are the facts of the case; those in regard to the burning of the barn were learned of my sons, who were present. The subject of the murder of the President having been talked of at church the day before Booth came to my house, I condemned it publicly in unmeasured terms."—RICHARD H. GARRETT.

John W. Garrett, an ex-Confederate soldier and one of the sons of Richard Garrett, testified at the trial of John H. Surratt:

"I saw Booth ride up to our house on Wednesday with Jett and Ruggles—I do not remember the date. Herold came next day in the afternoon. Booth was very lame. He said that he had broken his leg. Booth slept in the house the first night and remained about the house next day. I saw him at dinner. After dinner some Cavalry came along and he and Herold left the house for a short while.

"They came back and after supper he and Herold went to the barn and staid there until the Cavalry came."

What was occurring back in Washington during this spectacular flight? What was the government doing to capture Lincoln's murderers?

Stanton, Secretary of War, on the morning of the fifteenth, had wired Colonel (later General) L. C. Baker, head of the Federal Secret Service: "Come here immediately and see if you can find the murderer of the President." Colonel Baker rushed from New York City accompanied by his cousin, Lieutenant L. B. Baker, also of the Secret Service. Handbills (already described) offering rewards and giving descriptions were issued, and Lieutenant Baker sent into lower Maryland to distribute the bills and look for clues.

At the same time, under the direction of Major-General C. C. Augur, infantry, cavalry, and detectives were dispatched into lower Maryland. Detectives under Lieutenant Alexander Lovett, after calling several times at the home of Dr. Mudd, obtained the story of Booth's and Herold's stay there. Another detective party under Major James R. O'Beirne went down the Potomac to Port Tobacco on the eighteenth, and meeting Major John M. Waite of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry they decided to explore the Zekiah Swamps, described so graphically by Major O'Beirne: "The swamps tributary to the various branches of the Wicomico River, of which the chief feeder is Allen's Creek, bear various names such as Jordan's Swamp, Atchall's Swamp, and Scrub Swamp. These are dense growths of dogwood, gum, and beech, planted in sluices of water and bog. Frequent deep ponds dot this wilderness place, with here and there a stretch of dry soil, but no human being inhabits the malarious expanse; even a hunted murderer would shrink from hiding there. Serpents and slimy lizards are the only living denizens. Not even the hunted Negro dared to fathom the treacherous clay."

The colored man who had seen Booth and Herold near the Potomac, reported his suspicions to some of Baker's detectives and was brought to headquarters. Baker at once requested a detachment of cavalry, which was sent to him under the command of Lieutenant Edward P. Doherty. Calling in Colonel E. J. Conger and Lieutenant L. B. Baker, of his force, Colonel Baker, according to the story given in his history of the Secret Service, published in 1867, told them that he had information that Booth and Herold had crossed the Potomac at the same time, pointing out with a pencil the place on a map where they had crossed and where he, Baker, believed they would be found. (See Baker's History of the Secret Service, published in 1867.)

The story as told from the reports of Lieutenant Doherty—Official Records Series I Vol. 46, Part 1, p. 1317—and the signed statement of Colonel Conger and Lieutenant L. B. Baker sent to Secretary of War Stanton, is that the troop proceeded down the river to Belle Plain where they disembarked about 10 o'clock the evening of April 24 and marched toward the Rappahannock, arriving at Port Conway about 2 p. m., Tuesday afternoon. Questioning the ferryman, Rollins disclosed the fact that Booth and Herold had been there the day before. Pictures of Booth and Herold were shown him which he recognized but stated that Booth had no mustache. Rollins claimed that Booth offered him $10 to take them on to Bowling Green, fifteen miles away but that in the meantime three Confederates had come up and that Booth's attention was turned to them.

Rollins said that one of the Confederate officers, Captain Jett was courting a lady whose father kept a hotel in Bowling Green and that the party had gone in that direction. At six in the evening the expedition was ferried across and moved on to Bowling Green. About midnight Captain Jett was routed out of bed and compelled to lead them to the assassins, twelve miles back to the Garrett place, where they arrived about 2 a. m.

The events at the Garrett barn have already been told by Richard Garrett, the father. They are, however, given more in detail by the officers of the expedition.

Seizing both Garrett boys the officers took them to the barn, compelling one to enter and demand the surrender of the fugitives. Young Garrett went in and, according to the testimony of Colonel Conger given at conspiracy trial, came out very soon and said:

'This man says, "Damn you, you have betrayed me," threatened to shoot me.'

From *Harper's Weekly*, May 20, 1865.

**Ruins of Garrett's barn and outhouse near Port Royal, where Booth was shot.**

"I said to him, 'How do you know he was going to shoot you?'

"Said he, 'He reached down to the hay behind him to get his revolver, and I came out.'

"I then directed Lieutenant Baker to tell them that if they would come out and deliver themselves up, very well; if not, in five minutes we would set the barn on fire.

"Booth replied: 'Who are you; what do you want; whom do you want?'

"Lieutenant Baker said, 'We want you, and we know who you are; give up your arms and come out.'

"I say Booth; for I presumed it was he. He replied, 'Let us have a little time to consider it.'

"Lieutenant Baker said, 'Very well'; and some ten or fifteen minutes probably intervened between that time and anything further being said.

"He asked again, 'Who are you, and what do you want?'

"I said to Lieutenant Baker, 'Do not by any remark made to him allow him to know who we are; you need not tell him who we are. If he thinks we are rebels, or thinks we are his friends, we will take advantage of it; we will not lie to him about it, but we need not answer any questions that have any reference to that subject, but simply insist on his coming out, if he will.' The reply was made to him, 'It doesn't make any difference who we are; we know who you are, and we want you; we want to take you prisoners.'

"Said he, 'This is a hard case; it may be I am to be taken by friends.'

"Some time in the conversation he said, 'Captain, I know you to be a brave man, and I believe you to be honorable; I am a cripple. I have got but one leg; if you will withdraw your men in line one hundred yards from the door, I will come out and fight you.' Lieutenant Baker replied that we did not come there to fight; we simply came there to make him a prisoner; we did not want any fight with him.

"Once more after this he said, 'If you'll take your men fifty yards from the door, I'll come out and fight you; give me a chance for my life.' The same reply was made to him.

"His answer to that was, in a singular theatrical voice, 'Well, my brave boys, prepare a stretcher for me.'

"In the meantime, I requested one of the Garretts to pile some brush up against the corner of the barn—pine boughs. He put some up there, and after awhile came to me and said, 'This man inside says that if I put any more brush in there he will put a ball through me.' 'Very well,' said I, 'you need not go there again.' After a while Booth said, 'There's a man in here wants to come out.' Lieutenant Baker said, 'Very well; let him hand his arms out, and come out.' Some considerable talk passed in the barn; some of it was heard, some not. One of the expressions made use of by Booth to Herold, who was in the barn, was, 'You damned coward, will you leave me now? Go, go; I would not have you stay with me.' Some conversation ensued between them. . . . It was not heard; we could simply hear them talking.

"He came to the door and said, 'Let me out.' Lieutenant Baker said to him, 'Hand out your arms.' The reply was, 'I have none.' He said, 'You carried a carbine, and you must hand it out.' Booth replied, 'The arms are mine, and I have got them.' Lieutenant Baker said, 'This man carried a carbine, and he must hand it out.' Booth said, 'Upon the word and honor of a gentleman, he has no arms; the arms are mine, and I have got them.' I stood by the side of the Lieutenant and said to him, 'Never mind the arms; if we can get one of the men out, let us do it, and wait no longer.' The door was opened, he stuck out his hands; Lieutenant Baker took hold of him, brought him out, and passed him to the rear. I went around to the corner of the barn, pulled some hay out, twisted up a little of it, about six inches long, set fire to it, and stuck it back through on top of the hay. It was loose, broken-up hay, that had been trodden upon the barn floor. It was very light and blazed very rapidly—lit right up at once.

"I put my eye up to the crack next to the one the fire was put through, and looked in, and I heard something drop on the floor, which I supposed to be Booth's crutch. He turned around toward me. When I first got a glimpse of him, he stood with his back partly to me, turning toward the front door. He came back within five feet of the corner of the barn. The only thing I noticed he had in his hands when he came was a carbine. He came back, and looked along the cracks, one after another, rapidly. He could not see anything. He looked at the fire, and from the expression of his face, I am satisfied he looked to see if he could put it out, and was satisfied that he could not do it; it was burning so much. He dropped his arm, relaxed his muscles, turned around, and started for the door at the front of the barn. I ran around to the other side, and when about half round I heard the report of a pistol.

"I went right to the door, and went into the barn and found Lieutenant Baker looking at Booth, holding him or raising him up, I do not know which. I said to him, 'He shot himself?' Said he, 'No, he did not either.' Said I, 'Whereabouts is he shot—in the head or neck?' I raised him then, and looked on the right side of the neck, and saw a place where the blood was running out. I said, 'Yes, sir, he shot himself.' Lieutenant Baker replied very earnestly that he did not. I then said, 'Let us carry him out of here; this will soon be burning.' We took him up and carried him out on the grass, underneath the locust trees, a little way from the door. I went back into the barn immediately to see if the fire could be put down, and tried somewhat myself to put it out, but I could not; it was burning so fast and there was no water and nothing to help with. I then went back. Before this, I supposed him to be dead. He had all the appearance of a dead man; but when I got back to him, his eyes and mouth were moving. I called immediately for some water, and put it on his face and he somewhat revived and attempted to speak. I put my ear down close to his mouth and he made several efforts to speak, and finally I understood him to say, 'Tell mother I die for my country.' I said to him, 'Is that what you say?' repeating it to him. He said, 'Yes.'

"They carried him from there to the porch of Mr. Garrett's house and laid him on an old straw bed, or tick or something. By that time he revived considerably; he could then talk in a whisper, so as to be intelligently understood; he could not speak above a whisper. He wanted water; we gave it to him. He wanted to be turned on his face. I said to him, 'You cannot lie on your face,' and he wanted to be turned on his side; we turned him upon his side three times, I think, but he could not lie with any comfort, and wanted to be turned immediately back. He asked me to put my hand on his throat, and press down, which I did, and he said, 'Harder.' I pressed down as hard as I thought necessary, and he made very strong exertions to cough but was unable to do so—no muscular exertion could he make. I supposed he thought something was in his throat, and I said to him, 'Open your mouth and put out your tongue, and I will see if it bleeds.' Which he did. I said to him, 'There is no blood in your throat; it has not gone through any part of it there.' He repeated two or three times, 'Kill me, kill me.' The reply was made to him, 'We don't want to kill you; we want you to get well.'

"I then took what things were in his pockets, and tied them up in a piece of paper. He was not then quite dead. He would—once, perhaps, in five minutes—gasp; his heart would almost die out, and then it would commence again, and by a few rapid beats would make a slight motion. I left the body and the prisoner Herold in charge of Lieutenant Baker. I told him to wait an hour if Booth was not dead; if he recovered, to wait there and send over to Belle Plain for a surgeon from one of the gun-ships; and, if he died in the space of an hour, to get the best conveyance he could and bring him on.

"I stayed there some ten minutes after that was said, when the doctor there said he was dead."

(A knife, pair of pistols, belt, holster, file, pocket compass, spur, pipe, carbine, cartridges, and bills of exchange were shown to the witness and identified by him.)

The bill of exchange was on the Ontario Bank, Montreal branch, for £61 12s 10d, made payable to John Wilkes Booth.

The orders had been to take Booth alive, if possible, and Sergeant Boston Corbett of the Cavalry Detachment, who shot him, when reprimanded explained in his testimony that, "I saw him (Booth) make a movement toward the door. I supposed he was going to fight his way out. One of the men, who was watching him, told me that he aimed the carbine at me. He was taking aim with the carbine, but at whom I could not say. My mind was upon him attentively to see that he did no harm, and when I became impressed that it was time I shot him. I took steady aim on my arm, and shot him through a large crack in the barn."

After making certain Booth was dead they sewed him up in a saddle blanket. An old Negro living in the vicinity had a horse. To this was harnessed a ramshackle wagon. The corpse was tied with ropes around the legs and made fast to the wagon. In this rickety vehicle the body of John Wilkes Booth journeyed back again to the Potomac River.

Herold and the body were loaded on the steamer *Ide,* carried to Washington and placed for safe-keeping on a gunboat.

*About 1872 John St. Helen asserted that he was John Wilkes Booth. His story will be discussed in the next installment.*

# World Cotton Control by Sapiro Plan

Concluded from page 4

210,606 bales were imported. In this year of 1919, there was an organization by the department of agriculture in the South urging the farmers to hold their cotton. The result of this was that cotton prices advanced $35 a bale, and later advanced $45 a bale more, until the spinners closed their mills and set up the cry of "poor trade."

In 1924, with the world at least nominally at peace, and with the lowest visible supply in many years, cotton declined $35 a bale on an estimate of a 12,500,000-bale crop, the same estimate on which it had risen a total of $80 a bale in price five years before. In 1924, however, there was no agricultural organization to sustain the farmer in the South; he could not get money from the reserve or intermediate credit banks; he was unable to hold his cotton, and the *orderly marketing scheme of the Sapiro Plan Texas Farm Bureau Association was operating full strength.* Instead of giving the farmer the benefit of such an advance in price as would follow his holding of his cotton, the Sapiro Plan association agrees with the Jewish bankers of New York to dump a minimum of 10 per cent of the cotton it handles every month on the market, irrespective of price offered or of prospective demand in the months to come.

Meanwhile, the Texas cotton-planters who are in the Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association will be paying interest on ten million dollars borrowed by the Sapiro Plan association, not to help them to live until they can sell their crop for a sum sufficient to show a profit on the cost of production, but to help them market a crop at prices which Jewish bankers, the future gamblers, the spinners, and the Sapiro-controlled Gentile masters of the cotton association dictate.

Yet the Sapiros, the banking ring, the Sapiro Plan coöperative associations, and the newspapers subsidized by Jewish advertising, have denied repeatedly that the Jewish financial powers had any connection whatever with the Sapiro Plan of coöperative agricultural marketing. Out of the mouths of Goldman, Sachs and Company at last comes the truth of the whole scheme, a truth which has been repeated in these columns ever since the investigation of the Sapiro Plan coöperatives was inaugurated.

If the price of cotton were made stable, or even reasonably so, there would be little or no gambling in cotton futures, for the gamblers interested in future dealing would have no price-variant on which to bet. It would not be to the interest of these gamblers—many of whom are interested closely in the schemes of the Jewish ring of international bankers—either to "bull" the market to higher price levels, or to "bear" it to lower figures. The cotton-planter and the spinner then would have the opportunity to come together on a price which would leave the producer a fair profit on his production costs, and the spinner a reasonable price on which to base his ultimate sales price. Nothing could be further from the desires of the cotton speculators or the bankers than

An old-time cotton market on the banks of the Mississippi River, in the days before the Jewish domination of the industry, when the planter fixed the price and time of sale of his cotton.

this condition of stability in the price of cotton, or of any other staple crop. The Sapiro Plan coöperative marketing associations play directly into the hands of these bankers and speculators. They played into them in the prune districts of California, the wheat fields of the State of Washington, the bean farms of Central California, and now they are playing into them in the cotton plantations of Texas.

From the point of view of the international banker, it would be a calamity for the farmer and the consumer to get together to such an extent that the farmer would receive his costs of production and a reasonable profit on his crops, because this would create a surplus of money in the agricultural districts; farm mortgages would be paid off in place of being renewed, and there would be money in these districts to be loaned to any who might need it, without calling in the aid of the Jewish bankers. A surplus of money in the hands of the farmers of America would make for lower interest rates, and for "idle money"—which are as much desired by the bankers as are the visits of the boll weevil by the cotton planters.

The majority of the schemes which have been used to thwart the farmers of America from coming into direct contact with the consumers of their products, and thereby fixing their own prices for their non-perishable crops, have been fostered and carried on by Jewish bankers and their Gentile business associates. They have found that the Sapiro Plan coöperative association, which takes from the farmer all control over his product, is an ideal medium through which to work against the farmer, while appearing technically to be aiding him, just as Goldman, Sachs and Company make it appear that they are assisting the member of the Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association to market his crop. As a matter of fact, by this loan, these banks are forcing the member of the Sapiro Plan association to submit to the dumping of his crop, at a regular average amount a month, at prices approved of by the Jewish bankers and by the other exploiters of American agriculture.

These bankers are not so particularly pleased at the opportunity to lend ten million dollars, because that is a comparatively small sum in the total value of the production of America's farms. What they are pleased with is the "orderly marketing" plan of Mr. Sapiro, and the fact that they can lend this money and still dictate to the farmer that he shall not use it to support himself until his cotton can be sold at a profit. All the Texas cotton-planter has to do is raise his cotton, pay the cost of production, deliver it to the Sapiro Plan association,

> COOPERATIVE MARKETING ASSOCIATIONS, the majority of which are organized and operated on the Sapiro Plan, have started a movement to obtain control of the agricultural industry of California through control of that state's department of agriculture. A resolution calling upon the state legislature to submit to the electors in 1926 a constitutional amendment creating an agricultural council to govern, direct, and control the state department of agriculture was adopted by a convention of representatives of these cooperative associations at Sacramento, December 10, 1924.
>
> The plan calls for a council of nine members, to be appointed by the governor for *terms of twelve years*, three being appointed every four years. This council, which is proposed to be selected from members and officials of the cooperatives, would appoint the director of the state department of agriculture, and thus take that department completely out of the control of the state government, and the people, and place it in the hands of the ring which dominates the agricultural cooperative marketing associations in California. The pretext under which the scheme is being presented is that it "will take the department of agriculture out of politics."

pay interest to the alien banking ring, and take whatever he is paid when his cotton happens to be in the 10 per cent lot which is to be unloaded in that particular month. The speculating will be attended to by the cotton-futures gamblers, the alien bankers, and others who have assisted in throwing and tying up the farmer. And the money with which they speculate will be in large part furnished by the interest which the farmer has paid on that ten million dollars!

The international bankers do not want the price to be profitable to the farmer, else he will pay off his indebtedness and will contribute no more interest to their coffers. Therefore, the future "speculators" and the international bankers work together for "orderly marketing," and Aaron Sapiro furnishes the plan, the organizations, and the contract-bound farmers to insure it.

Look closely at the agreement by which the Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association (Sapiro Plan) has bound itself to Wall Street. More than 200,000 bales of cotton are to be handled, on a revolving credit of $10,000,000. This is, roughly, $50 a bale. This means that enough cotton must be sold, and must keep on being sold throughout the term of the contract, to keep this figure down to $50 or less a bale for the whole lot. To assure the money powers that this will be done it is specifically stated that "all cotton acquired from its (the Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association) members during the 1924-25 season will be sold at a minimum average monthly rate of ten per cent of the estimated cotton receipts for the season." That is to say, on a basis of 200,000 bales handled, 20,000 bales must be sold, willy-nilly, regardless of price, cost of production, desires of the owner and producer, or anything else except the demands of the controllers every month.

This means, also, that approximately one million dollars or more of the ten million will be returned to the "revolving credit" every month during the time the contract runs. It is one thing to borrow ten million dollars for ten months and repay it all at the end of the ten months, but quite another thing to repay the ten million at the rate of one million a month, so that the million paid in every month may be re-loaned to some other fellow immediately. This is the form of financiering on which the salary-loan shark companies, and similar schemes, are conducted.

Let us remember, too, as in the case of the other Sapiro Plan coöperative marketing associations, that *every member of the association is bound to pay his share of the interest on money borrowed by the association, and of the principal, too, if need be, whether or not he himself ever has used a cent of the money, or even made application for a loan.*

As usual, the newspapers of Texas are failing to publish the truth of this deal, or even the truth about the operations of the Sapiro Plan coöperative marketing associations in that state.

This muzzling of the press has accompanied the organization and operation of every other Sapiro Plan coöperative with which the writer has come into contact. A number of independent cotton-planters, business men and other responsible persons in Texas have been endeavoring, ever since the Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association was formed, to present the truth of this situation to the people through the press of the state, but have been unable to persuade the newspapers even to investigate conditions, far from publishing anything concerning the association. Yet when the Jewish banking ring appeared in the field with its ten million dollar revolving credit scheme, these newspapers gave columns of space to articles laudatory of it and of the Sapiro Plan!

The summarized truth of the Texas situation is just this:

The Jewish banking ring has offered to lend to a Sapiro-Plan coöperative cotton marketing association—and to no one else—ten million dollars, on the guaranty that a certain amount of cotton will be marketed at a fixed average rate per month.

The Sapiro Plan cotton association has bound its members, the supposed free men of Texas, to deliver all their cotton to it for five years, and to sign away all their right and interest in the time of sale or price received for that cotton.

Here is the most brilliant example the writer has yet uncovered of the manner in which the Jewish financial organization, working with and through an association organized, dominated and controlled by another Jew, is exploiting the American farmer. Thus, out of Texas comes the confessed truth of the charge, made frequently in this series of articles, that the international banking ring is endeavoring to obtain control of America's agricultural production, to exploit it for the profit of that ring.

Deep-sea steamers and sailing ships tied up at the wharf at New Orleans, waiting to load export cotton for shipment to Europe and the United Kingdom.

# Things in the Making—STEEL PENS

## By FRANK DORRANCE HOPLEY

THERE is, perhaps, nothing more commonly used by everyone than the steel pen. While in the business office the typewriting machine has supplanted the pen, to a large extent, it is still used by the individual. Millions of pens are sold every year, and yet the people who buy them have not the slightest idea how they are made, how long it takes to produce one, or the process through which this bit of steel must pass before it is ready for the market.

It is a long stretch of imagination from the blazing lump of steel to the fine-pointed, delicate strip, which is inserted in the holder.

The steel is first rolled into great sheets, many feet square, and then is cut by a machine into strips about three inches wide. This steel is very brittle and could not be worked without danger of breaking. To overcome this difficulty the steel is now annealed; that is, the strips are heated to a red heat and then allowed to cool very gradually. When cold, the brittleness has disappeared and the steel is soft enough to be easily worked.

The strips of steel are again rolled to get them to the required thickness, or rather thinness. If the average person were asked, "How thin is a pen?" the majority could not tell. In reality, the average steel pen is not thicker than a thin sheet of letter paper.

The blank pen is now cut out of the thin, flat strip. On this the name of the brand or maker is stamped. Next the pen is molded in a form which combines gracefulness and strength. The rounding of the pen enables it to hold just the right amount of ink and to distribute it more gradually than could be done with a flat blade.

Did you ever wonder why there was a little hole in the end of the slit? This serves to regulate the elasticity, and also facilitates the running of the ink. If it were not there the ink would come in drops, and the paper be spattered and blotted.

Now the pen must be hardened again, for with a pen made of soft steel no one could write. It must also be tempered.

The pen is heated to a cherry red and it is then plunged into some cool substance, such as water. At once a change occurs in the quality of the metal. It goes suddenly from a soft, lead-like substance to a brittle, springy one. The temper of the steel must now be drawn, else it would be too brittle.

The man who does this must have a sense of colors. He must not be color blind, for the drawing process, as it is called, consists of heating the pen until it reaches a certain color.

The first color that appears is that of straw. This changes rapidly to a blue. The elasticity of the metal changes with the color, and it may be fastened at any point by the instant plunging of the pen into cold water. An expert can tell by the exact shade of blue of the pen, just what the elasticity of the steel is.

The polishing of the pens is done by putting them into revolving barrels, which contain sand or sawdust. To be sure that they are absolutely smooth, they are afterward ground against a revolving emery wheel.

The last, and one of the most important mechanical operations is slitting the pen point. The machine which accomplishes this is of special design and construction, with very delicate parts. It is called a shearing machine.

Now comes the final burnishing, and, in some cases, lacquering, to prevent rust.

The pens are then ready to be sorted, boxed, and packed for shipment to the ends of the earth.

# BRIEFLY TOLD

**"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. The set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.**

Wine sold for three cents a quart in the early Roman Empire days.

The distance around the boundary of the United States is 13,156 miles.

Arabs cast trees into their bitter inland seas as Moses bade his people do. The salt crystallizes about the boughs and the bitterness of the waters grows less.

The six marshals of France at the present time are Joffre, Foch, Petain, Lyantey, Franchet d'Esperey, and Fayolle.

Conrad had the choice of at least three languages for his novels—Polish, French, and English. He chose English, and though he wrote letters in French, he left the French translations of his works to others.

Miners in the Tahoe National Forest working a gold mine, 3,000 feet below the lava cap of the Sierra peaks, came across an old flood deposit in which were the tangled logs of a group of sequoias in a perfect state of preservation.

A portrait of President Harding adorns the new one-and-one-half-cent stamp designed for use on third-class mail matter under the new postage rates. A one-half-cent stamp carrying a profile of Nathan Hale will be sold to take care of those who have on hand a supply of the old one-cent stamps.

Haydn, the musical composer, to present proof of his eligibility to Oxford University, submitted a musical cross-word puzzle, a composition which, read backward or forward, up or down, from its beginning or end, was always a melody with an accompaniment.

Forty-two youngsters, three, four and five years old, sleep, play, and eat under expert care in a day nursery maintained in connection with the University of Chicago, while their parents go on with classroom courses or research work.

Ten per cent of the people in the country buy for cash; 30 per cent buy on credit, and 60 per cent make their purchases upon the installment plan.

With a roar heard five miles away, an oil well came in near Beaumont, Texas, drenching the owner of the land, a poor Negro, and his eleven children, some of whom played gleefully in the dark, heavy fluid, which had taken them to wealth at the rate of $2,000 daily.

A slaughtered camel with its stomach opened in the Sahara indicates that the Saharan has killed his camel to get a little green water to keep him alive; and unless the act was recent the body of the man will be found not far away.

An American woman, divorced from an alien husband, has the right to have her American citizenship restored, according to a ruling of Judge Morton in the Federal Court in Boston.

Leif Ericson's "Vinland" was Virginia, according to a new method of interpreting astronomical observations made by Ericson.

Pedestrians have the right-of-way over motorists outside the central traffic zone in Los Angeles. One afoot desiring to cross a street at any intersection not under police control signals his desire by holding up his hand to approaching motorists.

Two fighting-planes collided a mile in the air at Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas, recently. The pilots leaped, fell swiftly for hundreds of feet, opened their parachutes and floated down side by side to safety, while the two ships hit the earth with thundering crashes and burst into flames.

Jewelry robbers in 1924 increased 50 per cent over 1923.

A luxuriant floating hotel is to be made of the *Itsukushima*, the Japanese battleship which gained glory at the siege of Port Arthur.

The speed limit of the snail is half a mile a week.

No females, either animal or human, are allowed on the Athos peninsula in Eastern Macedonia, Greece, to which the patriarch of Constantinople, head of the Greek church, has retired. Eggs and milk for the monks to eat and drink must come from across the border of this monastic republic.

General Grant's father-in-law presented Grant and his wife with a Negro boy slave for a wedding present.

The necks of giraffes in Uganda, Africa, are so long that they become entangled in the telegraph wires.

Rum-runners on the Kentish coast have an organized illicit traffic in spirits, conducted by men who make large profits evading the high British duties.

Massachusetts State Prison at Charlestown has been in use 129 years, and a new one is proposed, to cost $2,000,000.

The largest hen's egg ever laid weighs 6¼ ounces and measures 10 inches in circumference. A white leghorn, owned by E. B. MacArthur, Hayward, Colorado, did it.

The heart of Nurmi the runner is much smaller than that of the ordinary individual and beats, under stress, from 44 to 49 times a minute. An ordinary heart will beat from 80 to 100 times a minute under stress.

Of the 180 carillons in the world, 134 are in the Netherlands and Belgium. Of the eleven carillons destroyed in the World War, but three have been replaced.

The Egyptian *Gazette* estimates that only 1,000,000 Egyptians can read and write, out of a population of 14,000,000.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# "I Read in the Papers—"

***I read in the papers*** that a Detroit clergyman of unusual vision and power protests that "Rain" is unfair to missionaries, that the missionary of the play is not typical, that there are hundreds of missionary statesmen, missionary doctors, missionary teachers and saints and farmers of whose existence the author of "Rain" seems to be wholly unaware. As the story of a churchman who sets out to save a fallen woman and ends by losing himself, it fails to rise to any height achieved by others who have essayed that theme, of which "Thais" is the greatest. And so on. A most just criticism and much needed.

But what of it? This thing is flaunted in the face of Christian America every week—and it is only one of many—for no discoverable purpose unless to destroy public respect for Christianity. Well, why do not the ministerial critics say so? This one is quoted as saying in the course of his sermon, "A play which does not make a minister a freak, or religion a chance for a laugh and a sneer, is, in the long history of the American stage, the exception and not the rule."

Certainly. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT said that some years ago. Look at "Rain" and you will see that the producer is Sam H. Harris. It doesn't matter who the author is. Authors to get their plays on the stage must get past the Jewish producers, they must pander to the Jewish producers' anti-moral and anti-Christian purposes. You can get almost anything on the stage that makes a saint out of a Jew peddler or a lecherous hypocrite out of a Christian. And the Americans and Christians pay for it! They pay the bills and the Jew producers roll up the profits.

Now, what good is it for men like this minister (who are horrified at mention of the Jew, for they consider it "racial prejudice")—what good is it for them to play delicately around the edges of the situation? The facts are before their eyes; why don't they tell the people what they are? Sam Harris stages every night a virulent attack on the Christian missionary. And Americans let Sam Harris go and criticize the "stage." Take the velvet out of your mouths, gentlemen, and let spades be spades.

***I read in the papers,*** almost continuously these days, matter concerning Count Karolyi. It is more than strange how a foreign radical can command attention from ocean to ocean in the American press. No American's legitimate interest could command anything like the extent of Karolyi's publicity. I wonder why? I wonder if American editors ever stop to wonder why? I wonder if American editors ever wonder what would happen if some day they should conclude to shut down on that sort of stuff? The intention plainly is to play horse with the government and draw it into the mess of falsehoods that have been thrown around the case. The method of the alien is to invent falsehoods calculated to arouse the American's sense of fairness. The United States Government permitted Countess Karolyi to come in, in spite of her record; it also permitted the Count to come in, because of the Countess' illness. And what it receives in exchange is abuse and an organized attack through the American press. But the worst feature of the affair is that Americans see nothing sinister in it. They take it as "news."

***I read in the papers*** that President Coolidge has decided to try to enforce prohibition at the liquor sources. That is, he will guard the liquor stocks and watch the coast and boundaries, and let local authorities take care of the local situation. So far so good, if it means anything. The drum-fire of the press campaign against prohibition is beginning to have its effect in some quarters. The mental fatigue which such campaigns are planned to induce is setting in. There is need, on sound national grounds, for some authority to sound a new note, namely, that *the way out is ahead.* Prohibition in its present form may not be final. But government partnership in the business of alcoholic debauchery will never return. The best discussion of the history of prohibition that I have ever seen is in volume 4 of the series published by THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, "Aspects of Jewish Power in The United States." In prohibition we seem to be repeating some of the experiences of the Abolition of Slavery. Lincoln wanted to emancipate the slaves by purchase. His plan would probably have prevented or greatly shortened the Civil War. There are still millions of dollars' worth of privately owned liquors and wines in the country, and the owners are trying to get their investment out of them. Could the government buy this stuff or, failing to buy it, place it under military guard, much of the present difficulty would be removed.

***I read in the papers*** that Sir Arthur Keith says the brain of man is steadily decreasing in size. The modern man has no pressing problems, according to Sir Arthur, such as the primitive man had to face. He buys his clothes, food, automobiles, radio sets, philosophy, patent medicines, news, and so forth, instead of making them himself, as Australopithecus probably did.

If he wants light or power, he hires electrical engineers to construct great dams, harness rushing rivers to generators. If he feels the need of shelter for himself and his affairs, he hires an architectural engineer to run up a few miles of steel skyscraper. If he wants to go somewhere in a hurry, he hires an airplane. Naturally, having everything taken off his hands this way is making man, personally, small-brained and relatively dumb.

No getting round that. But who furnishes the brains to make the automobiles, philosophies, medicines, radio, engineering and architectural works and airplanes? And who furnishes the brains by which the need of these things is felt? And who furnishes the brains to use them? There is no getting round this either, and it leaves Sir Arthur Keith somewhat up in the air.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

February 13 1909 HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. Price 10 Cents

***His Majesty Issues a Royal Warrant of Appointment to the President of The Aeolian Company***

THIS distinguished honor follows the purchase of a Weber Pianola Piano by Emperor William two years ago. The instrument was installed in the Royal Palace in Berlin upon His Majesty's express command. A few days later word was received that he desired to retain the Pianola Piano permanently and had ordered that a bill be sent.

The Court of Prussia is one of the most conservative in all Europe in respect to the issuing of Royal Appointments. It is altogether impossible for a firm which does not actually deserve this honor to obtain it. His Majesty's action is therefore a most important and signal recognition of the Pianola's merits.

It is known that the Kaiser is accustomed to play the Pianola Piano with much enthusiasm and delight, and that furthermore his appreciation is shared by the other members of the Royal Household. It is customary not to issue an Appointment sooner than five years after a purchase. That the President of The Aeolian Company was accorded this honor within two years after a Pianola Piano had passed into His Majesty's possession is the best evidence of the complete satisfaction which it has given to its eminent owner.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL LIII New York, February 13, 1909 No 2721

Painting copyright, 1905, by John Stanton Palmer

# ABRAHAM LINCOLN

## FROM A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT

THIS PORTRAIT WAS PAINTED AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, IN THE SUMMER OF 1860, BY GEORGE FREDERICK WRIGHT, ONE OF THE FIRST ARTISTS TO PAINT LINCOLN. IT REPRESENTS MR. LINCOLN IN THE OPEN, WITH A STORM BREAKING. HE HOLDS A ROPE WITH UNTWISTING STRANDS, EMBLEMATIC OF THE DISMEMBERING UNION. THE PICTURE IS OWNED BY JOHN STANTON PALMER, OF STONINGTON, CONNECTICUT

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. LIII. — No. 2721

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

THIRTY-SIX PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 13, 1909

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4 00 a Year, in Advance

[illegible] subscribers in the United States, Mexico, [illegible] the Philippine Islands, Guam, and Tutuila, [illegible] Cents Extra. Foreign postage, $1 50

[illegible] New York Post-office as second-class matter

HARPER & BROTHERS

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

LONDON: 45 ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

George Harvey, President, Franklin Square, New York, N. Y.
Frederick A. Duneka, Secretary, Franklin Square, New York, N. Y.
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# Comment

### Lincoln

ONE of the delightful things about LINCOLN was his freedom from cant. He never set out to "set an example." He lived his life simply and naturally, thought out and spoke the thought that was in him, did the work he found to do, and let his example shift for itself. By consequence it is one of the great examples, one of the great inspirations, of human history.

It is fit to encourage any one in his opinion of humankind that humanity loves LINCOLN as it does. He was not pretty, not handsome, not graceful, not originally refined, not accomplished in the matters that belong to what is known as liberal education. There never was a homelier hero nor one less embellished with decorative endowment of any kind. But the great heart of humanity and the great heart of LINCOLN are two that beat as one. Just now on the hundredth anniversary of his birth there is an exceptional volume of writing about him. There will be less about him in print for a few months to come—a little less—and then the steady current of LINCOLN literature will flow on again. His story, and his stories, are always being told, and then told over again and over, with such variations or inventions as the busy minds of the writers for the public press are able to supply. Really, we Americans have to go back all the way to King DAVID to find an historical character of equal popularity. And the basis of popularity in both men is the same—they were both so incorrigibly human! Our ABRAHAM was a much less faulty man than DAVID, far better controlled and regulated, but they were alike in that they were both great captains with great and gentle hearts, putting their trust in the Lord, drawing all men unto them, striding unconquerable through difficulties, dangers, reverses and mistakes to victories that could not be denied them and a sure place in the love of mankind.

And they both joined the gift of articulate expression to the gift of effectual action. DAVID played the harp, and was accounted good at it. If LINCOLN had ever learned to play the fiddle, there was that in him that would doubtless have got out of a fiddle somewhat of what it held. DAVID lifted up his voice, and the sound of it still endures among the treasures of living language. A few short deliverances of LINCOLN [illegible] to enthrone him among the masters [illegible] speech. Scholars dissect his letters [illegible] to discover the secret of his style, [illegible] where he learned his use of words. [illegible] DAVID? Who taught HOMER? Who [illegible] SHAKESPEARE? LINCOLN had the same [illegible] tireless caught voices from the [illegible]. The common technique of ex- [illegible] had learned and in a good school. [illegible] read the Bible and Shake- [illegible] to speak, and spoke so as to [illegible] learned to know words and how [illegible] his mind thought great [illegible] heart felt what a great heart [illegible] the common words shaped [illegible] him in forms of simple [illegible] art; oh, yes, a little art, but all [illegible] current of inspiration. [illegible] words that make his great [illegible] the tones that are behind them, [illegible] in the Gettysburg address, in the letter to Mrs. BIXBY, in portions of his great addresses. How the tone gets behind the words is a question that belongs, not to rhetoric, but to magic. Somehow, what is in the mind and in the heart can be put into words, but the doing of it greatly is so rare and so inexplicable as to be a kind of miracle that leaves the doctors of letters perplexed and dumb.

God gave him understanding. When all is said of LINCOLN, it comes to that. They tell us that his four years' study of campaigning made him a great master of the art of war. He was a lawyer, a politician, a leader, a statesman; the balance of his faculties was always maintained; his sense of proportion and of values was never amiss. He knew men and understood their relations to one another, both what they were and what they should be. That is all. He understood, and used his understanding for unselfish ends.

### All Doubts Dispelled

The report comes from Panama that the engineers designated by President ROOSEVELT to advise Mr. TAFT about the canal approve the lock system which they recommended originally. Their verdict was based upon an exhaustive examination consuming, as near as we can make out, about half a day. Mr. TAFT benevolently acquiesced and, in a speech to the Red Cross Society, announced that ships would pass from sea to sea before January 1, 1915. So that settles that.

### The Anti-Japanese Agitation

Up to this writing conservative influences in California have availed to defeat all anti-Japanese legislation, and seem likely to succeed in that purpose to the end. Governor GILLETTE is opposed to all of the anti-Japanese bills, and would use his veto if any of them should come to him. The anti-alien land bill and those prohibiting aliens from being directors of corporations and restricting them in residence districts at the option of boards of supervisors have, so far, failed to pass either house of the California Legislature, though the vote on the latter bill in the Lower House was close. The separate-school bill, called by President ROOSEVELT "the most offensive of all," passed the Lower House on February 4th, 46 to 28. It is declared that this measure cannot pass the California Senate, and is in no danger of becoming a law. Nevertheless, since it is the expression in a new form of the same purpose that made trouble two years ago, when it was under advisement by the Board of Education of San Francisco, it is worth looking over in its present form. The bill reads:

> Section 1,662 of the political code is hereby amended so as to read as follows:
> W 1,662—Every school, unless otherwise provided by law, must be open for the admission of all children between six and twenty-one years of age residing in the district, and the Board of School Trustees of City Board of Education have power to admit adults and children not residing in the district, whenever good reasons exist therefor. Trustees shall have the power to segregate children of filthy or vicious habits or children suffering from contagious or infectious diseases and also to establish separate schools for Indian children or for children of Mongolian or Japanese or Chinese descent. When such separate schools are established, Indian, Chinese, Japanese, or Mongolian children must not be admitted into any other school, provided that in cities and towns in which the kindergarten has been adopted or may hereafter be adopted as part of the public primary schools, children may be admitted to such kindergarten classes at the age of four years, and provided further, that in cities or school districts in which separate classes have been or may hereafter be established for the instruction of the deaf, children may be admitted to such classes at the age of three years.

Of the proposals contemplated in this bill, President ROOSEVELT said in a message, two years ago, that

> to shut them (the Japanese) out from the common schools is a wicked absurdity, when there are no first-class colleges in the land, including the University and College of California, which do not gladly welcome Japanese students, and on which Japanese students do not reflect credit.

Senator PERKINS of California does not consider the proposed law wicked, but gives temperate expression to the local sentiment in California about it, as follows:

> The people of California, in their attempt to secure regulation of Japanese attendance in their schools, do not desire to do anything that will disrupt general treaty policies with Japan. The question as to whether Japanese should be admitted to the schools and universities of the State should be left, in my opinion, to the school boards and the regents of the colleges. In the case of the higher schools and universities, I do not think there has been or would be in the future any objection to having Japanese students.
> In the lower schools, however, the objection has been that there were often Japanese children much older than the American children, and the former often kept back the latter because they knew little English and had to be taught slowly. The people of California are right on the question. The right to furnish separate schools for Japanese, as well as for other Asiatics, should be given to the individual school authorities of the State as a police provision.

### The School Questions

The fact that the same legislative body that rejected the anti-alien land bill and the other anti-Japanese bill, passed the separate-school bill, indicates that the California legislators have extra forcible convictions about this last bill. If one accepts Senator PERKINS' statement of the case, it is impossible not to sympathize with them. If the Japanese scholars are so old or so backward in the English language as not to make advantageous fellow pupils for the American children they ought to go to separate schools, and that could probably be managed if it did not incidentally involve the classification of the Japanese with the "Mongolians." To that classification they make strong objection, denying that they are "Mongolians," and claiming a different and much more aristocratic ethnical derivation than that of the Chinese, Koreans, and other Asiatic nations. Certainly Japanese contempt for "Mongolians" in California cannot be allowed to become the basis of a serious difference between two great and polite nations, both tolerably well furnished with wise people. We presume the school troubles and all other troubles will go over this time, and where they are practical and pressing will be adjusted or cured somehow by school boards or subordinate officials. But the disposition of the Pacific States to protect themselves from Oriental immigration and exploitation is a large subject that is likely to compel attention from wise minds for a good many years to come.

### We Humbly Decline the Invitation

The following letter comes to the WEEKLY from Cleveland:

> DEAR SIRS,—As you probably know, we intend to make the What-Would-Jesus-Do movement world-wide. This is a great undertaking, and we seek your co-operation in making it a success.
> An "International What-Would-Jesus-Do Committee" has been formed to spread the movement. The first and third Sundays in March, with the two weeks intervening, have been set aside for the international trial of the question "What Would Jesus Do?" At the second mass meeting in every city it will be endeavored to make the rule a *permanent, lifelong principle.* Certificates similar to the one enclosed will be given to all who take the life pledge. Hereafter the first Sunday in every year, the anniversary of the beginning of the movement in Cleveland, will be known as "In His Steps" Day, when great mass meetings of reaffirmation and reconsecration will be held thruout the English-speaking world. The movement will be permanent, life pledges being taken and new members being added continually. Over two thousand Cleveland young people have already become life members.
> It is an effort to bring Christians face to face with the one Perfect Example, now so obscured by the tangle of creeds, doctrines, theologies, and isms that encumber us.
> Will you aid us by noticing the movement editorially? If you desire, I should be glad to prepare a personal article on the movement, describing the events of its inception, some serious, some humorous, its wonderful growth in Cleveland, the criticisms that have been advanced, and especially the experiences of the young people who entered the trial.
> Earnestly hoping that you may be able to help us in this great work, I am
> Yours very truly,
> WILLARD D. PRICE,
> *Originator and Pres. I. W. Committee.*

If our good friend in Cleveland will excuse us, we will leave the considerable undertaking he mentions in the hands in which it now reposes. As a secular paper, not to say profane, the WEEKLY feels very imperfectly competent to assist in instructing multitudes of eager persons, mostly young, as to what details of conduct would conform, or not conform, with the inspiring example the influence of which it is the purpose of the movement to strengthen and expound. Christianity is a spirit, we take it, and not a code. Not only different individuals, but different communities, feel its inspirations and see its requirements differently. We guess there are a good many details in which Christian conduct in New York would diverge from Christian conduct in Cleveland, and if we undertook to spread, not only in this neighborhood, but throughout the very wide region into which the WEEKLY penetrates, an Ohio conception of Christian duty and conduct, we know we should get into trouble right away, and become an arena for dispute over countless matters like the details of Sunday-keeping, church-going, prayer-meetings, the use of alcohol and tobacco (especially cigarettes), the maximum of permissible profits in business, and other concerns of like

character. The wonderful sagacity of the Founder of Christianity is in nothing more apparent than in what He did not do and did not say, and in His avoidance of specific directions for regulating in detail the conduct of life. We do not feel competent ourselves to give such directions by wholesale, and would even be loath to endorse beforehand the qualifications of our Ohio brethren for a task that calls for so delicate and profound a judgment. No doubt it is a narrow-minded bigotry that makes so many outsiders feel that they prefer the Galilee edition of Christianity to any that is likely to be published from Cleveland, Ohio, but so it is, and with this as with other human errors we must be patient, until such time as Wisdom shall have perfected her work, and all good people see all things alike.

### Sanguine Expectations

Mr. TAFT even hopes that the canal will be finished before the expiration of his term of office.—*Washington Despatch.*

Make it *terms* of office. It gives hope a more substantial foundation.

### Minnesota Continues Wet

County option was beaten in the Minnesota Legislature on February 4th by a vote of 44 to 73. The State has a local-option law applying to certain districts and towns, and seems disinclined to go farther. Minnesota lives pretty far north, and considerations of latitude may enter into its feelings on the liquor question. It also has a large Scandinavian population that is used to northerly habits of life. Alcohol is less harmful to human life in cold climates than in warm ones, or so the doctors say, though the W. C. T. U. would doubtless refuse to admit that it is less harmful anywhere. Moreover, the better and more responsible is the population of any State the less is its need of stringent liquor laws. If Minnesota is less excited about liquor laws than some other States in her neighborhood and elsewhere, it is fair to infer that she has reason to be.

### Direct Nominations Opposed

It is not plain sailing yet for the direct-primary-nominations idea which finds so puissant a champion in Governor HUGHES. Mr. ROOT is counted against it by inference because he is opposed to the popular election of Senators, which is usually found in the same group of political wants as the direct-nomination proposal. Mr. ROOT, however, explicitly declined to express an opinion about direct nominations. President SCHURMAN of Cornell frankly opposes it. Speaking at Utica, on February 5th, on "Some Public Reforms," he said handsome things of Governor HUGHES and the reforms he has advocated, but went on to say:

> When, however, we come to the question of direct primary nominations we move in an entirely different atmosphere. It is no longer a question of reverence for the right, of regard for the Constitution, or of loyalty to great political principles. Whether the people of New York shall adopt the new system of primary nominations is a mere question of expediency. It is a question on which there may be difference of opinions, not only between parties, but within the same party. The whole issue concerns merely the working of a piece of political machinery. Only practice can reveal how the proposed system of direct nominations would work.

For himself, President SCHURMAN doubts that the change proposed is expedient. He said that in a month's journey through the West as far as San Francisco he had talked about it with representative men—Governors, legislators, judges, and the like—both in States where the direct-nominations system had been adopted, and in States where it was not in use, with the result that he was sceptical of the wisdom of adopting such a system in New York. His opinion will carry weight because it will seem to be thoughtful, intelligent, and disinterested.

Speaker WADSWORTH'S views will be discounted for what bearing the requirements of practical politics may be supposed to have on them. Nevertheless, they are intelligent, and the views of the practical politician deserve attention. In a speech at the Lumber Dealers' dinner in Albany the Speaker argued that under the direct primaries large centres of population would have an advantage. In Erie County the city of Buffalo could gobble up all the offices without consideration for the rural voters.

> Under the direct-nominations plan the Tammany organization in the Borough of Manhattan could, for years and years to come, hold by the throat the Democratic party of the Greater City of New York, and could nominate and control the entire city ticket, with perhaps now and then a Brooklyn Democrat succeeding in getting his name on the election ballot. Where would the people of the Boroughs of the Bronx, of Queens, and of Richmond be under such a system? Republicans and Democrats alike, they would be absolutely and inevitably swamped.

Governor HUGHES is highly competent to discuss this bugaboo which the Speaker conjures up, and will do so, no doubt, and we shall see how much is left of it when he gets through. Less vulnerable seem these observations with which the Speaker wound up his remarks:

> Take my word for it, the greatest fallacy which advocates of direct primary nominations indulge in is that this proposed system will do away with party leaders or so-called bosses. It will not do away with them. The desire and necessity for leadership is inherent in human nature. People accept it and follow it implicitly as long as it is honest. When it ceases to be so they turn and rend it. Under the direct-nominations system the influence of the boss would continue to control while his public responsibility would cease.

We do not see that as things are now the boss's sense of public responsibility oppresses him very seriously, but it is possible that it might weigh somewhat less on him under the system proposed. To beat the devil round the stump is an imperfectly effectual way to get rid of him. To keep him running is some gain, but he is apt, like the bug of poesy, to get there all the same.

### Nevada's Nerves More Calm

The Senate of the powerful State of Nevada, with its population of 42,335 souls, including Chinamen, Indians, Mongolians, and Japanese, is reported at this writing to have tabled the DODGE resolution of the Nevada Assembly asking for a war fleet in the Pacific, and referring to the Japanese as "a menace to America's peace." We applaud this action. Why should Nevada worry? Most of its valuable property is deep underground and can only be detached by blasting-powder. Invaders could not spare time to get it out. If they did get some of it out, Nevada would be little the worse off, since ever since the State began business, folks resident elsewhere have been getting metals out of her mountains and taking them away, and of all who have done so, only one has ever sent anything back to benefit the State. That is what a missionary from Nevada said the other day, and added that the one mine-owner who had remembered Nevada to her benefit was CLARENCE MACKAY. At any rate, Nevada need not worry. If the Japanese ships look scary, her population can always climb a tree.

### All the World is Scared

It is a pleasure to commend the composing example of the Nevada Senate to London, which is reported to be vociferous with sudden fright over the possibility of the invasion of England by a hostile army. The cable despatches say that all the croakings of all the British HOBSONS have suddenly taken effect under the stimulant of a new play called *An Englishman's Home*, which has awakened the people to a realization of what war might mean. It is strange. Every considerable country in Christendom, including our own, is running in debt for the means of defence. Great Britain, Germany, Russia, France, Belgium, and Holland are facing deficits for war and navy expenditures, and Spain has just ordered a forty-million-dollar navy from England. It is time that flying-machines came along and made self-defence impossible, since it is now getting so expensive as to be incompatible with life.

### She Says True

"Too much is hidden," says Miss MARY GARDEN. A great text, from which a thousand profitable sermons might be preached.

### Our National Nerve-cure

Credit the *Evening Post* with an interesting and optimistic deduction. Contemplating the tranquil behavior of all hands on the *Republic* and the *Florida*, the sensible deportment of the audiences that walked safely out of three burning theatres in the country within a year, and the cold-blooded usefulness of the Russian sailors at Messina, and concluding that in spite of the croakings of neurologists, human nerves were probably never so steady as they are now, it inquires:

> Is it because the yellow journal has so habituated the race to cataclysms that men face the real event as calmly as they do the imaginary ones in the scare-heads?

Maybe that is one important reason. Something like what the cold bath has done for the English man and the hot bath for the Japanese, it may be the function of the scare-head newspaper to do for the American. To be used to shock is to disregard it.

### Bad Books for Children

There passed away recently an old lady of eighty-one who doubtless had amiable and lovable qualities, but who managed to create and to perpetuate beyond the average length allowed a mortal, one of the most objectionable heroines of juvenile fiction. MARTHA FINLEY was eighty-one when she died; she was forty when she gave to the world her long-lived heroine, Elsie Dinsmore, and from that year we read Elsie's various experiences of life to the extent of something more than thirty volumes. Elsie's career began at the age of seven, and her first serious and deliberate undertaking in this vale of tears was to convert her worldly father to her own views of what was right and fitting. Her father was a moral man, but he would on occasion read the newspapers or indulge in worldly conversation on the Sabbath Day. Elsie at seven had pronounced and firm-set principles on all such matters, and she suffered untold miseries over her father's shortcomings, and determined at whatever cost to herself to "skeer him into de Kingdom," as an old negro preacher used to say. She often tried to turn his mind to serious matters; she set him an example of the most unctuous virtue; but all through the first volume and well into the second this prodigal parent insisted upon thinking himself as capable of judging of right and wrong as his infant daughter. There was also a young, unmarried Aunt Eunice, whose flippancy and worldliness are used as a foil to set off the righteousness of the pious infant. Elsie is requested by her father to sing a song on the Sabbath, but such is her fortitude that she sits on the piano-stool and preaches until she faints away rather than give in, and she is finally borne unconscious from the room by a Mr. Trevilla (we have to trust our memory for names), who in an ensuing volume has the hardihood to become Elsie's husband. Elsie is finally reduced to fever and nervous exhaustion by her refractory parent, and is at point of death, having still exhorted him in delirium, when finally his heart is touched, he is converted. Elsie recovers and goes on her way preaching and converting to the end of her creator's life. There is no doubt that the writer of these books was quite guiltless of any evil intentions, and was herself the victim of environment and mistaken ideals. It is sad, none the less, to think that these objectionable little books should still fill the shelves of many public libraries in small towns, and, worse, should circulate from Sunday-school libraries. The unhealthy and morbid qualities in them have an unholy attraction for children who have not had fair advantages, and nothing could be more unwholesome than the irreverence, the stupidity of these volumes.

### Does the World Improve?

Casting doubt on the optimistic suggestion that the world is getting better, a correspondent writes:

> Up to a century and a half ago there were no such things as slums and slum life. Insanity and suicides increase yearly—that means not brute disaster, but *conscious* agony—thinking till the misery of it gets beyond control. There is less beauty, real beauty, leisure, fine workmanship, in the world than in the Middle Ages. Nothing as wonderful as the Cathedral of Chartres could be built to-day—there is no one to conceive it, no people patient and loving enough to carry out the conception. The bitterness of the distinctions between great wealth and great poverty has never been so fierce or so evil. The only progress I can see is a progress in physical comforts, railroad trains, electric lights, automobiles, and pavements, and these do not profoundly solace the spirit of man. We have no building like the great cathedrals or Venetian palaces, no sculpture to compare with the Greek, no pictures that touch those of the Italian Renaissance, no poets like SHAKESPEARE and DANTE. I don't believe we're progressing half as much as you think. We're just hustling around and making a lot of racket, but the results are mainly vulgarity, cheapness, noise and haste, and bad taste—bad taste everywhere!

The perfection of art is not the measure of the progress of civilization. Art does best sometimes when folks do very ill. The bitterness between wealth and poverty is nothing in this country to what it is in Europe, and it is in this country that the march of progress is best measured. Taste in some things has improved here enormously in twenty-five years. Venice was beautified by pirates with their loot. That method is frowned upon in these days.

# Personal

[illegible] are some good salaries coming to some American [illegible]. The income of the McKay endowment [illegible] $4,000,000 to Harvard for a technical school is to go by the testator's directions, not much for buildings, [illegible] chiefly for men and apparatus. Technical experts are valuable men, and have a kind of knowledge that is marketable at high prices. As to that the Boston [illegible] tells this edifying story:

President CRAFTS was once approached by some progressive business men who informed him that they were willing to pledge something like $10,000 a year to induce some great German chemist to come to this country to teach. They wanted the best man in the profession. So the "Tech" president went to Germany and picked out the desirable man, only to find that the professor was getting, at his own university, more than double the income that the Americans considered so wondrously large for a college professor. Naturally, he declined to consider the small offer of the Americans. There are European professors who receive annually $25,000, even $40,000 (in a few cases), a year. The great SIEMENS brothers are now millionaires, although, of course, the larger part of their fortune has come through patents. But to get such men a university must pay salaries as yet unknown in this country.

Great teachers are worth their salt. It is even worth while, on broad economic grounds, to pay them enough to enable them to raise families. It is not advantageous to the country that lines of descent in which talent runs should fade out under the restrictive pressure of extreme economy. The better the market for talent is, the greater will be the supply.

President ELIOT, who has lately been travelling about and saying farewell to Harvard men all over the country, dwells in every speech upon the opportunities for service that such an office as his gives its incumbent. That is the rare privilege which, according to President ELIOT, every Harvard man desires or should desire, which the President of Harvard has in full measure. Another point Dr. ELIOT makes is that it is a peculiarity of his office to see humanity only on its best side. Parents providing and arranging for the welfare of their children are seen at their very best, he thinks. The students themselves, so far from giving the President worry and anxiety, appear to him in a quite contrary light. "Yesterday," said Dr. ELIOT in one of his addresses, "I had two problems presented to me by two Seniors. One wanted to know what I thought his best duty in the choice of a calling. He had two chances. One would lead him to return to the State from which he came; the other would take him far from home. One offered him a good position as owner and manager of a country journal; the other was a good place in a very successful factory where he might rise soon to a leading position. He presented his problem to me; and just the sight of the conscientiousness, the keenness, the eagerness with which he grappled that problem, was inspiring and enlightening to me. The other had a similar alternative. It was a question of duty. 'Which way shall I go?' One of the alternatives was the consular service; and his motive there was the hope that he might get a place in the country where his mother was born and brought up. The other would keep his mother in this country, where she felt herself an alien. This is just one illustration of the sort of intercourse which is constant between the President of the university and the students."

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# Correspondence

## BRITISH RULE IN INDIA

*January 26, 1909.*

*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

SIR.—The papers recently contributed by your English correspondent gave a pleasing account of the benevolent promise announced by Queen Victoria, and display satisfaction in its fulfilment.

The view, unhappily, is not so clear to a foreign observer.

Her Majesty declared (and none can doubt the sincerity of her words) that the government would be administered "in the spirit of generosity, benevolence, and religious feeling" . . . and that "our subjects, of whatever race or creed, be freely and impartially admitted to offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, ability, and integrity to discharge [illegible]." This was in 1858.

In 1878 Lord [illegible], then Viceroy of India, [illegible] state paper: "I do not hesitate to say that both the governments of India and of England appear, up to the present moment, unable to answer satisfactorily the charge of having taken every means in their power of breaking to the heart the word of promise they had uttered to the ear."

Lord Morley's proposal, to replace the mocking [illegible] your correspondent, with a [illegible] invested with real influence in legislation and in important executive function seems to [illegible] insistence on what has been done, while it [illegible] to give [illegible] to the royal promise of fifty years ago.

Admitting the advantages in the nature of police protection following the Pax Britannica, the suppression of Thuggee, of self-torture, self-immolation, [illegible], the effect of foreign rule on the character, communal and individual, and on the general [illegible] is quite another matter.

The observer may question, with Bishop Heber, whether any advantage compensates for the degradation of a whole people in political, social, and material being.

The number of natives in political employment, as stated in these letters, illustrates the Bishop's saying, when we learn that the average compensation of the Hindu in government employ equals £36 against £607 for the foreigner. (The half-breed comes in for £81.) Nor is there any lack of educated and competent natives trained for political avocations.

Meredith Townsend, in *Asia and Europe*, speaks of the gradual decay of much of which they were proud—the slow death, which even the Europeans perceive, of the Indian art, Indian culture, Indian military spirit. Architecture, engineering, literary skill, are all perishing out—so perishing that Anglo-Indians doubt whether Indians have the capacity to be architects, though they built Benares, or engineers, though they dug the artificial lakes of the Tanjore.

In the early part of the last century Mr. William Thackeray, of the Board of Revenue in Madras, wrote in an official report: "In India that haughty spirit, independence, and deep thought, which the possession of great wealth sometimes gives, ought to be suppressed. We do not want generals, statesmen, and legislators; we want industrious husbandmen."

And Mr. H. S. Boys, retired on pension in 1889, wrote, "For some reasons it is not desired for the peasant that the standard of comfort should be very materially raised."

It is not apparent that the native ought to be grateful for railways partly in aid of military strategy for his suppression, built by foreign capital, stocked at twice their cost and then taken over, out of his taxes, at 125 per cent. Now, when irrigation is carried out where rivers abound and a profit on the undertaking is secure, while on the central plains where six feet of water falls in a short time and runs off, the construction of reservoirs is neglected. Sir Arthur Cotton demonstrated it is possible to save these regions from dire famine if not to make the works financially very profitable.

Nor can the native be grateful for the annual remittance of more than £16,000,000 to England for home charges; nor for £8,000,000 for the cost of exchange for this remittance.

Nor can he rejoice over a land tax of 50 per cent. of the net produce, especially when it is levied on an official estimate of what ought to be produced. Nor can he think it just to expend all of the proceeds of this tax on civil and military government. At least, so it strikes the observer. Nor does the trifling increase in population of, say, 1 per cent. per annum, seem to bespeak welfare among a prolific people.

Nor does the partition of Bengal, despite the passionate protest of its people, appear to be anything but a violation of the solemn pledge of the Empress of India—in the view of the onlooker. So that to the observer from these shores the national unrest seems to have solid grounds, and the proposals of Lord Morley will be welcomed as the most hopeful augury for India that this generation or its fathers have witnessed, in spite of the disapproval of many of the foreign administrators and the admirers of British policies in India.

I am, sir,

CHARLES B. SOUTTER.

## AN OLD FRIEND

GREENWOOD, WIS., *January 20, 1909.*

*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

SIR.—I noticed some time ago you reported an old subscriber for HARPER'S WEEKLY. I might say that I have been a subscriber since 1862; lived in Columbus, Wisconsin, then. I did think I would part company with the paper when you took the stand you did against Roosevelt, the President the people of Wisconsin honor. I found it hard to part with an old friend. Will forgive you, and trust you may see error of your way.

I am, sir,

ERASTUS BOWEN.

## BULLY FOR YOU, ALSO

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., *January 11, 1909.*

*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

SIR.—In WEEKLY of January 2d, you speak of Henry Caple as a subscriber of forty-six years. Bully for Henry.

But that is nothing. I have HARPER'S MONTHLY bound since 1866. Also Harper's *Pictorial History of the Civil War*. Have been a regular subscriber for the MONTHLY since 1869, and for the WEEKLY and BAZAR since they started. Also HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE many years, till my kids outgrew it.

I am, sir,

J. H. NORTON.

## ROOSEVELT AND PULITZER, 1901–1909

*"The World,"* NEW YORK, *January, 1909.*

*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

SIR.—There is a dramatic contrast between the treatment of Theodore Roosevelt by Joseph Pulitzer in 1901 and the treatment of Joseph Pulitzer by Theodore Roosevelt in 1909.

No sooner had news reached New York that President McKinley had been stricken by an assassin's bullet than Mr. Pulitzer sent word to the *World* office that the name of Czolgosz must not be printed more than once, and that when reference to him was demanded by the news he should be called merely "the assassin." His purpose, Mr. Pulitzer explained, was to prevent any attempt at mock-heroics over Czolgosz, to do what he could to prevent the popularizing of the name of the assassin, to prevent the surrounding of his miserable head with any halo of false glory; in brief, there was to be no second Guiteau.

William McKinley died, and Mr. Roosevelt was summoned from a hunting trip to succeed as President the man who had lingered for eight days on a bed of pain. Mr. Roosevelt had behind him two centuries and a half of American ancestry; Mr. Pulitzer was a naturalized citizen who had fought for his adopted country in what Mr. Roosevelt often has called "the big war."

Mr. Pulitzer told his editors that Mr. Roosevelt was assuming the Chief Magistracy under conditions that would be trying to any man, and conditions especially trying to one of Mr. Roosevelt's impulsive temperament. He is likely to make mistakes; any man would, continued Mr. Pulitzer; but do not criticise him until he has had every chance to get his bearings and settle down to the administration of his great office. Moreover, if Mr. Roosevelt should do anything worthy of praise, praise him, even going out of your way to do it.

Such was the consideration shown by the editor for the President and the Presidency in mid-September, 1901. Ten days later the *World* sent its Washington correspondent, who had been obeying the orders of his chief in letter and in spirit, to the White House to ask for some information. This is the reply that was made to him: "The President knows but two kinds of correspondents—those who are friendly and those who are unfriendly, and your name is No. 1 on the unfriendly list."

The contrast between the views of the two men, as to the difficulties besetting a new President, is made the more interesting by the present course of the President toward the editor and his newspaper.

I am, sir,

S. D. CLOAK.

## ESAU

WATERTOWN, N. Y., *January 16, 1909.*

*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

SIR.—May a true lover of such as Esau be allowed to thank Esau's good and appreciative friend for the tribute just read in to-day's issue of the HARPER'S WEEKLY?

Being so weak as to be utterly unable to control the tears when we happen to look at the "worn place under the apple tree," we are obliged to mentally grip the hand of Esau's friend because of a similar ache when we long for the friendly wag of a pathetically short stump of a tail, and the cheery warm greetings of the happiest, sunniest, breeziest little fellow that ever answered to the name of MacGregor. "Sandy," like Esau, in spite of loving friends and tender care, drooped, and could not tell us what ailed him, but left a memory of patient forbearance with us who loved him.

Who can say, knowingly, that he had not a soul? Pardon this intrusion, but I wanted to express my appreciation of the appreciation of dear Esau.

May he and Sandy Mac meet me in the happy hunting-grounds. Cannot or will you not give us soon your opinion of the immortality of our animal friends, especially dogs, in this same column. I'm afraid it means more to me than the political page.

I am, sir,

ELIZABETH MACG.

## ONE ISSUE OF THE WEEKLY

FORT WORTH, TEXAS, *January 31, 1909.*

*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

SIR.—From your issue of January 30th, I have sent the article "The Greatest Bank in the World" to a friend in Aurora, Illinois, who knew its present president when the latter was a boy; the articles "Two Letters" and "The Deadly Fourth Mile" to a Harvard Freshman; the "Foozle" illustration to a "shut-in" friend who is very fond of a joke; "An Apostle of Esperanto" to an Illinois follower of that cult; the "Seeing London" motor monologue to a conductor of one of the London motors in question; "Are Americans Provincial?" to a friend in Vicksburg, while I have pasted the poem "Brotherhood Limited" in my scrap-book on Socialism, and "The True Story of a Story" in my scrap-book called "The Genesis of Well-known Jokes."

So I think I have put to good use a large amount of good material.

I am, sir,

D. M.

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## The National Zoo

THE Teddy Bear
Has sought his lair.
The Lyre-Bird is still.
His tender note
No more shall float
And set our hearts athrill.

The Mollycod
Is 'neath the sod.
His day at last is thorough,
He's met his fate
Meticulate,
And all his flights are flew.

The Anani
Has passed awi,
Dead as the golden goose.
No more we hear
The songs of cheer
From prancing Cariboose.

The Paragraffe
That made us laugh
Has taken to its hole.
The gnawing tooth
Of busy Slooth
Is buried like a mole.

But in the cage
Where they did rage
With strident roar and scream,
A milder call
Doth tell to all
The 'possum rules supreme.

HORACE DODD GASTIT.

# Lincoln's Last Hours

## By Charles A. Leale, M.D.

THIS DETAILED NARRATIVE OF THE ASSASSINATION AND DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN, WHICH IS HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME, WAS WRITTEN BY THE SURGEON WHO WAS THE FIRST TO MINISTER TO HIM AND WHO REMAINED UNINTERRUPTEDLY AT HIS SIDE TO THE END

AT the historic pageant in Washington, when the remains of President Lincoln were being taken from the White House to the Capitol, a carriage immediately preceding the catafalque was assigned to me. Outside were the crowds, the martial music, but inside the carriage I was plunged in deep self-communion, until aroused by a gentle tap at the window of my carriage door. An officer of high rank put his head inside and exclaimed, "Dr. Leale, I would rather have done what you did to prolong the life of the President than to have accomplished my duties during the entire war." I shrank back at what he said, and for the first time realized the importance of it

FORD'S THEATRE IN TENTH STREET, WASHINGTON, IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS SHOT ON GOOD-FRIDAY NIGHT, APRIL 14, 1865, BY JOHN WILKES BOOTH

all. As soon as I returned to my private office in the hospital, I drew down the window-shade, locked the door, threw myself prostrate on the bare wood floor, and asked for advice. The answer came as distinctly as if spoken by a human being present—"Forget it all." I visited our Surgeon-General, Joseph K. Barnes, and asked his advice; he also said, "Cast it from your memory."

On April 17, 1865, a New York newspaper reporter called at my army tent. I invited him in, and expressed my desire to forget all the recent sad events, and to occupy my mind with the exacting present and plans for the future. Recently, however, several of our companions expressed the conviction that history now demands, and that it is my duty to give, the detailed facts of Lincoln's death as I know them, and in compliance with that view I have prepared this paper on the subject.

One of the most cruel wars in the history of the world had nearly closed.

The people of the United States were rejoicing at the prospect of peace and returning happiness. President Lincoln, after the surrender of General Robert E. Lee, visited Richmond, Virginia, exposing himself to great danger, and on his return delivered an address from the balcony of the White House.

I was then a commissioned officer in the Medical Department of the United States Army, having been appointed from my native State, New York, and was on duty as surgeon in charge of the wounded commissioned officers' ward at the United States Army General Hospital, Armory Square, Washington, D. C., where my professional duties were of the greatest importance and required constant and arduous attention. For a brief relief and a few moments in the fresh air, I started one evening for a short walk on Pennsylvania Avenue. There were crowds walking toward the President's residence. These I followed, and arrived just at the commencement of President Lincoln's last public address to his people. From where I stood I could distinctly hear every word he uttered, and I was profoundly impressed with his divine appearance as he stood in the rays of light which penetrated the windows of the White House.

The influence thus produced gave me an intense desire again to behold his face and study the characteristics of the "Savior of his Country." Therefore, on the evening of April 14, 1865, after the completion of my daily hospital duties, I told my ward master that I would be absent for short time. As a very large number from the Army stationed near Washington frequently visited the city, a general order was in force that none should be there without a special pass; and all wearing uniform and out at night were subject to frequent challenge. To avoid this inconvenience, officers stationed in Washington generally removed all signs of their calling when off duty. I changed to civilian's dress and hurried to Ford's Theatre, where I had been told President Lincoln, General Grant, and members of the Cabinet were to be present to see the play, *Our American Cousin*. I arrived late at the theatre, at 8.15 P.M., and requested a seat in the orchestra, whence I could view the occupants of the President's box, which, on looking into the theatre, I saw had been beautifully decorated with American flags in honor of the occasion. As the building was crowded, the last place vacant was in the dress circle. I was greatly disappointed, but accepted this seat, which was near the front on the same side and about forty feet from the President's box, and soon became interested in the pleasing play.

Suddenly there was a cheering welcome, and the acting ceased temporarily out of respect to the entering Presidential party. Many in the audience rose to their feet in enthusiasm and vociferously cheered while looking around. Turning, I saw in the aisle a few feet behind me, President Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, Major Rathbone, and Miss Harris. Mrs. Lincoln smiled very happily in acknowledgment of the loyal greeting, gracefully curtsied several times, and seemed to be overflowing with good cheer and thankfulness. I had the best opportunity to see distinctly the full face of the President, as the light shone directly upon him. After he had walked a few feet he stopped for a moment, looked upon the people he loved, and acknowledged their salutations with a solemn bow. His face was perfectly stoical; his deep-set eyes gave him a pathetically sad appearance. The audience seemed to be enthusiastically cheerful, yet he looked peculiarly sorrowful, as he slowly walked with bowed head and drooping shoulders toward the box. I was looking at him as he took his last walk. The memory of that scene has never been effaced. The party was preceded by a special usher, who opened the door of the box, stood to one side, and, after all had entered, closed the door and took a seat outside, where he could guard the entrance to the box.

The play was resumed and my attention was concentrated on the stage, until I heard a disturbance at the door of the President's box. With many others I looked in that direction and saw a man endeavoring to persuade the reluctant usher to admit him. At last he succeeded in gaining an entrance, after which the door was closed and the usher resumed his place.

For a few moments all was quiet and the play again held my attention, until suddenly the report of a pistol was heard, and a short time after I saw a man in midair leaping from the President's box to the stage, brandishing in his hand a drawn dagger. His spur caught in the American flag festooned in front of the box, causing him to stumble when he struck the stage, and he fell on his hands and knees. He quickly regained the erect posture, however, and hopped across the stage, flourishing his dagger, clearing the stage before him and dragging the leg which was subsequently found to be broken. He disappeared behind the scene on the opposite side of the stage. Then followed cries that the President had been murdered, interspersed with cries of: "Kill

DR. LEALE, WHO PLANNED AND DIRECTED THE TREATMENT OF THE MORTALLY WOUNDED PRESIDENT. THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN IN WASHINGTON IN 1865

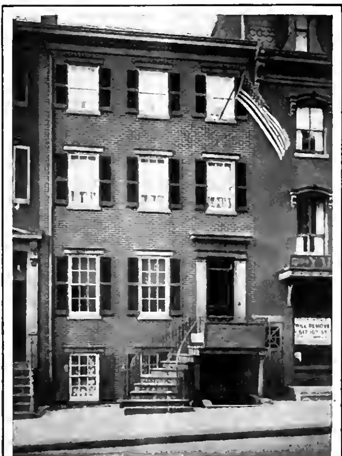
the murderer!" "Shoot him!" etc., from different parts of the building. The lights had been turned down, a general gloom was over all, and the panic-stricken audience were rushing toward the doors for exit and safety.

I instantly arose, and in response to cries for help and for a surgeon I crossed the aisle and vaulted over the seats in a direct line to the President's box, forcing my way through the excited crowd. The door of the box had been securely fastened on the inside to prevent any one following the assassin before he had accomplished his cruel object and made his escape. The obstruction was with difficulty removed, and I was the first to be admitted to the box.

The usher having been told that I was an army surgeon, had lifted up his arm and had permitted me alone to enter. I passed in, not in the slightest degree knowing what I had to encounter. At this moment, while in self-communion, the military command "Halt!" came to me, and in obedience to it I stood still in the box, having a full view of the four other occupants. Then came the advice, "Be calm!" and with the calmest deliberation and force of will I brought all my senses to their greatest activity and walked forward to my duty.

Major Rathbone had bravely fought the assassin. His arm had been severely wounded and was bleeding. He came to me holding his wounded arm in the hand of the other, beseeching me to attend to his wound. I placed my hand under his chin, looking into his eyes; an almost instantaneous glance revealed the fact that he was in no immediate danger, and in response to appeals from Mrs. Lincoln and Miss Harris, who were standing by the high-backed armchair in which President Lincoln sat, I went immediately to their assistance, saying I was a United States Army surgeon. I grasped Mrs. Lincoln's outstretched hand in mine while she cried piteously to me: "Oh, Doctor, is he dead? Can he recover? Will you take charge of him? Do what you can for him. Oh, my dear husband!" etc. I soothingly answered that we would do all that possibly could be done. While approaching the President, I asked a gentleman who was at the door of the box to procure some brandy and another to get some water.

As I looked at the President, he appeared to be dead. His eyes were closed and his head had fallen forward. He was being held upright in his chair by Mrs. Lincoln, who was weeping bitterly. From his crouched-down sitting posture it was evident that Mrs. Lincoln had instantly sprung to his aid after he had been wounded and had kept him from tumbling to the floor. By Mrs. Lincoln's courage, strength, and energy the President was maintained in this upright position during all the time that elapsed while Major Rathbone had bravely fought



THE HOUSE OPPOSITE FORD'S THEATRE TO WHICH LINCOLN WAS BORNE, AND IN WHICH HE DIED NINE HOURS LATER WITHOUT REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS

MRS. LINCOLN AS THE MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE

the assassin and removed the obstruction from the door of the box.

I placed my finger on the President's right radial pulse, but could perceive no movement of the artery. For the purpose of reviving him, if possible, we removed him from his chair to a recumbent position on the floor of the box, and as I held his head and shoulders while doing this, my hand came in contact with a clot of blood near his left shoulder. Remembering the flashing dagger in the hand of the assassin, and the severely bleeding wound of Major Rathbone, I supposed the President had been stabbed, and while kneeling on the floor over his head, with my eyes continuously watching the President's face, I asked a gentleman to cut the coat and shirt open from the neck to the elbow to enable me, if possible, to check the hemorrhage that I thought might take place from the subclavian artery or some other blood-vessel. This was done with a dirk knife, but no wound was found there. I lifted his eyelids and saw evidence of a brain injury. I quickly passed the separated fingers of both hands through his blood-matted hair to examine his head, and then I discovered his mortal wound. The President had been shot in the back part of the head, behind the left ear. I easily removed the obstructing clot of blood from the wound, and this relieved the pressure on the brain.

The assassin of President Lincoln had evidently carefully planned to shoot to produce instant death, as the wound he made was situated within two inches of the physiological point of selection when instant death is desired. A Derringer pistol had been used, which had sent a large round ball on its awful mission through one of the thickest, hardest parts of the skull and into the brain. The history of surgery fails to record a recovery from such a fearful wound and I have never seen or heard of any other person with such a wound and injury to the sinus of the brain and to the brain itself, who lived even for an hour.

As the President did not then revive, I thought of the other mode of death, apnœa, and assumed my preferred position to revive by artificial respiration. I knelt on the floor over the President, with a knee on each side of his pelvis and facing him. I leaned forward, opened his mouth, and introduced two extended fingers of my right hand as far back as possible, and by pressing the base of his paralyzed tongue downward and outward, opened his larynx and made a free passage for air to enter the lungs. I placed an assistant at each of his arms to manipulate them in order to expand his thorax, then slowly to press the arms down by the side of the body, while I pressed the diaphragm upward; methods which caused air to be drawn in and forced out of his lungs. During the intermissions I also, with the strong thumb and fingers of my right hand, by intermittent sliding pressure under and beneath the ribs, stimulated the apex of the heart, and resorted to several other physiological methods. We repeated these motions a number of times before signs of recovery from the profound shock were attained; then a feeble action of the heart and irregular breathing followed.

The effects of the shock were still manifest by such great prostration that I was fearful of any extra agitation of the President's body, and became convinced that something more must be done to retain life. I leaned forcibly forward directly over his body, thorax to thorax, face to face, and several times drew in a long breath, then forcibly breathed directly into his mouth and nostrils, which expanded his lungs and improved his respirations. After waiting a moment I placed my ear over his thorax and found the action of the heart improving. I arose to the erect kneeling posture, then watched for a short time and saw that the President could continue independent breathing, and that instant death would not occur.

I then pronounced my diagnosis and prognosis: "His wound is mortal; it is impossible for him to recover." This message was telegraphed all over the country.

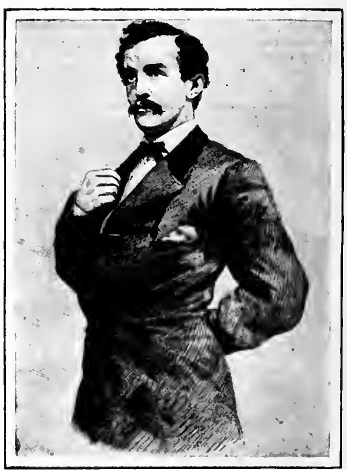
When the brandy and water arrived, I very slowly poured a small quantity into the President's mouth. This was swallowed and retained.

Many looked on during these earnest efforts to revive the President, but not once did any one suggest a word or in any way interfere with my actions. Mrs. Lincoln had thrown the burden on me and sat near by looking on.

In the dimly lighted box of the theatre, so beautifully decorated with American flags, a scene of historic importance was being enacted. On the carpeted floor lay prostrate the President of the United States. His long, outstretched, athletic body of six feet four inches appeared unusually heroic. His bleeding head rested on my white linen handkerchief. His clothing was arranged as nicely as possible. He was irregularly breathing, his heart was feebly beating, his face was pale and in solemn repose; his eyelids were closed, and his countenance made him appear to be in prayerful communion with the Universal God he always loved. I looked down upon him and waited for the next inspiration, which soon came, "Remove to safety." From the time Mrs. Lincoln had placed the President in my charge I had not permitted my attention to be diverted. Again I was asked the nature of his wound, and replied in these exact words: "His wound is mortal; it is impossible for him to recover."

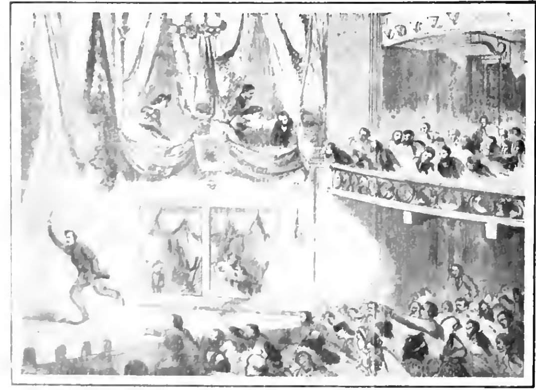
While I was kneeling over the President on the floor, Dr. Charles S. Tafft and Dr. Albert F. A. King had come and offered to render any assistance. I expressed the desire to have the President taken, as soon as he had gained sufficient strength, to the nearest house on the opposite side of the street. I was asked by several if he could not be taken to the White House, but I responded that if that were attempted the President would die long before we reached there. While we were waiting for Mr. Lincoln to gain strength, Laura Keene, who had been taking part in the play, appealed to me to allow her to hold the President's head. I granted this request, and she sat on the floor of the box and held his head on her lap.

We decided that the President could now be moved from the possibility of danger in the theatre, to a house where we might place him on a bed in safety. To assist in this duty I assigned Dr. Tafft to carry his right shoulder, Dr. King to carry his left shoulder, and detailed a sufficient number of others, whose names I have never discovered, to assist in carrying the body, while I carried his head, going first. We reached the door of the box and saw the long passage leading to the exit crowded with people. I called out twice: "Guards, clear the passage! Guards, clear the passage!" A free space was quickly cleared by an officer, and protected by a line of soldiers in the position of present arms with swords, pistols, and bayonets.



JOHN WILKES BOOTH, THE MURDERER OF LINCOLN

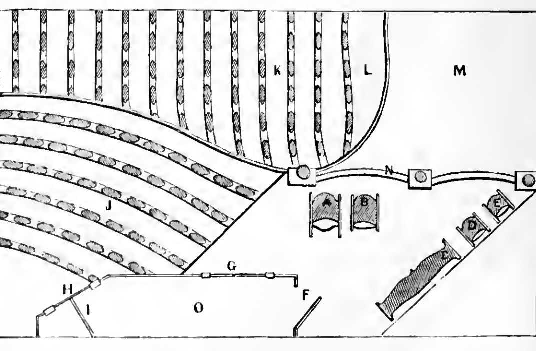
From a wood-cut published in "Harper's Weekly" for April 29, 1865



[illegible] escape from the box in which he shot the President

[illegible] FROM THE UPPER BOX TO THE STAGE AND DARTED [illegible] THE SUDDEN PANIC BY A REAR DOOR

[illegible] Harper's Weekly" for April 29, 1865




[O. Dark corridor leading from the dress circle to box.—H. Entrance to corridor.—I. The bar used by Booth to prevent entrance from without.—J. Dress circle.—K. The parquette.—L. The foot-lights.—M. The stage.—F. Open door to the President's box.—G. Closed door.—N. Place where Booth vaulted over to the stage below.]

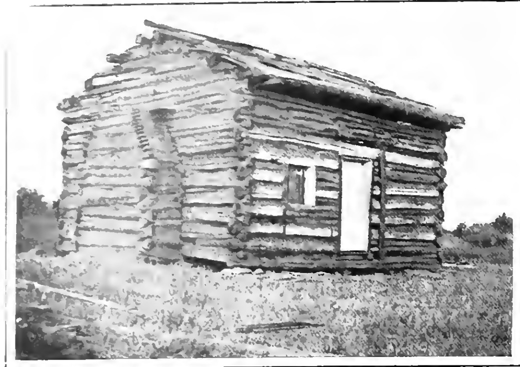
Diagram of the theatre box occupied by President Lincoln

From a wood-cut published in "Harper's Weekly" for April 29, 1865

# THE DEATH-BED OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN H. LITTLEFIELD, TO WHOM THE PERSONS IN THE PICTURE GAVE SPECIAL SITTINGS

Copyright, 1866, by John H. Littlefield



THE LOG CABIN WHERE, IN HARDIN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS BORN ON FEBRUARY 12, 1809. THE CABIN IS STILL PRESERVED INTACT AS A MEMORIAL OF THE HUMBLE LIFE FROM WHICH THE PRESIDENT AROSE

THE HOUSE AT EIGHTH STREET AND CAPITOL AVENUE, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, FROM WHICH LINCOLN WENT TO THE WHITE HOUSE IN 1861. THE HOUSE IS NOW USED AS A LINCOLN MUSEUM AND CONTAINS MANY VALUABLE RELICS

When we reached the stairs, I turned so that those holding the President's feet would descend first. At the door of the theatre I was again asked if the President could be taken to the White House. I answered, "No, the President would die on the way." The crowd in the street completely obstructed the doorway, and a Captain, whose services proved invaluable all through the night, came to me, saying, "Surgeon, give me your commands and I will see that they are obeyed." I asked him to clear a passage to the nearest house opposite. He had on side arms, and drew his sword. With the sword and a word of command he cleared the way. We slowly crossed the street. It was necessary to stop several times to give me the opportunity to remove the clot of blood from the opening to the wound. A barrier of men had been formed to keep back the crowds on each side of an open space leading to the house. Those who went ahead reported that the house directly opposite the theatre was closed. I saw a man standing at the door of Mr. Petersen's house, diagonally opposite, holding a lighted candle in his hand and beckoning us to enter. This we did, not having been interrupted in the slightest by the throngs in the street; but a number of the excited populace followed us into the house. The great difficulty of retaining life during this brief time occupied in moving the President from the theatre to Mr. Petersen's house conclusively proved that the President would have died in the street, if I had granted the request to take him such a long distance as to the White House.

I asked for the best room and we soon had the President placed in bed.

He was lifted to the longitudinal centre of the bed and placed on his back. While holding his face upward and keeping his head from rolling to either side, I looked at his elevated knees caused by his great height. This uncomfortable position grieved me, and I ordered the foot of the bed to be removed. Doctor Taft and Doctor King reported that it was a fixture. Then I requested that it be broken off; as I found this could not satisfactorily be done, I had the President placed diagonally on the bed and called for extra pillows, and with them formed a gentle inclined plane on which to rest his head and shoulders. His position was then one of repose.

The room soon filled with anxious people. I called the officer and asked him to open the window, and order all except the medical gentlemen and friends to leave the room. After we had given the President a short rest I decided to make a thorough physical examination, as I wished to see if he had been wounded in any other part of the body. I requested all except the surgeons to leave the room. The Captain reported that my order had been carried out, with the exception of Mrs. Lincoln, to whom, he said, he did not like to speak. I addressed Mrs. Lincoln, explaining my desire, and she immediately left the room. I examined the President's entire body from his head to his feet and found no other injury. His lower extremities were very cold and I sent the hospital steward, who had been of great assistance to us in removing the President from the theatre, to procure bottles of hot water and hot blankets, which were applied. I also sent for a large sinapism, and in a short time one very nicely made was brought. This I applied over the solar plexus and to the anterior surface of his body. We arranged the bedclothes, and I assigned Doctor Taft and Doctor King to keep his head upon the pillows in the most comfortable position, relieving each other in this duty; after which I sent an officer to notify Mrs. Lincoln that she might return to her husband. She came in and sat on a chair placed for her at the head of the bed. As the symptoms indicated renewed brain compression, I again cleared the opening of clotted blood and pushed forward the button of bone, which acted as a valve, permitted an oozing of blood, and relieved pressure on the brain. I again saw good results from this action.

After doing all that was professionally necessary, I stood aside for a general view and to think what to do next. While thus watching, several army officers anxiously asked if they could in any way assist. I told them my greatest desire then was to send messengers to the White House for the President's son, Captain Robert T. Lincoln; also for the Surgeon-General, Joseph K. Barnes; Surgeon D. Willard Bliss, in charge of Armory Square General Hospital; the President's family physician, Dr. Robert K. Stone; and to each member of the President's Cabinet. All these desires of mine were fulfilled.

Having been taught in early youth to pay great respect to all religious denominations in regard to their rules concerning the sick or dying, it became my duty as surgeon in charge of the dying President to summon a clergyman to his bedside. Therefore, after inquiring and being informed that the Reverend Doctor Gurley was Mrs. Lincoln's pastor, I immediately sent for him.

Then I sent the hospital steward for a Nelaton probe. No drug or medicine in any form was administered to the President, but the artificial heat and mustard plaster that I had applied warmed his cold body and stimulated his nerves. Only a few were at any time admitted to the room by the officer whom I had stationed at the door, and at all times I had maintained perfect discipline and order.

While we were watching and letting Nature do her part, Doctor Taft came to me with brandy and water and asked permission to give some to the President. I objected, stating as my reason that it would produce strangulation. Doctor Taft left the room, and again came to me stating that it was the opinion of others also that it might do good. I replied, "I will grant the request, if you will please at first try by pouring only a very small quantity into the President's mouth." This Doctor Taft very carefully did. The liquid ran into the President's larynx, producing laryngeal obstruction and unpleasant symptoms, which took me about half a minute to overcome; but no lasting harm was done. My physiological and practical experiences had led to correct conclusions.

On the arrival of Dr. Robert K. Stone, who had been the President's family physician during his residence in Washington, I was presented to him as the one who had been in charge since the President was shot. I described the wound and told him all that had been done. He said he approved of my treatment.

Surgeon-General Joseph K. Barnes' long delay in arriving was due to his going first to the White House, where he expected to find the assassinated President; then to the residence of Secretary Seward and his son, both of whom he found requiring immediate attention, as they had been severely wounded by the attempts of another assassin to kill them.

On the arrival of the Surgeon-General and Assistant-Surgeon-General Charles H. Crane, I reported what we had done, and officially detailed to the Surgeon-General my diagnosis, stating that whenever the clot was allowed to form over the opening to the wound the President's breathing became greatly embarrassed. The Surgeon-General approved the treatment, and my original plan of treatment was continued in every respect until the President's death.

The hospital steward arrived with the Nelaton probe and an examination was made by the Surgeon-General and myself, who introduced the probe to a distance of about two and a half inches, where it came in contact with a foreign substance which lay across the track of the ball. This was easily passed and the probe was introduced several inches farther, where it again touched a hard substance at first supposed to be the ball; but as the white porcelain bulb of the probe, on its withdrawal, did not indicate the mark of lead, it was generally thought to be another piece of loose bone. The probe was introduced the second time and the ball was supposed to be distinctly felt. After this second exploration nothing further was done with the wound except to keep the opening free from coagula, which if allowed to form and remain for a short time produced signs of increased compression, the breathing becoming profoundly stertorous and intermittent, the pulse more feeble and irregular.

After I had resigned my charge all that was professionally done for the President was to repeat occasionally my original expedient of relieving the brain pressure by freeing the opening to the wound and to count the pulse and respirations. The President's position on the bed remained exactly as I had first placed him, with the assistance of Doctor Taft and Doctor King.

Captain Robert T. Lincoln came and remained with his father and mother, bravely sustaining himself during the course of the night.

On that awful memorable night the great War Secretary, the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, one of the most imposing figures of the nineteenth century, promptly arrived and recognized at that critical period of our country's history the necessity of a head to our government, and, as the President was passing away, established a branch of his War Department in an adjoining room. There he sat, surrounded by his counsellors and messengers, pen in hand, writing to General Dix and others. He was soon in communication with many in authority and with the government and army officials. By Secretary Stanton's wonderful

*(Continued on page 27)*

LINCOLN'S FINAL RESTING PLACE. THE MONUMENT ERECTED OVER THE TOMB OF THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR IN OAK RIDGE CEMETERY, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, AND THE SCENE OF ELABORATE CENTENARY EXERCISES

## A PRACTICAL EXAMPLE

THERE is a certain naval officer of the United States who is very much opposed to the use of profanity by the officers under his command. Indeed, he has been known severely to reprimand, in private, officers on his ships heard to address their men in profane terms.

The following story is told concerning this Admiral's command of a squadron engaged in target manœuvres in Magdalena Bay, Lower California. The commanding officer observed one day that the men of his ship, the flag-ship, seemed to lag behind the crews of the other vessels of the squadron, being the last to finish the execution of a command or to carry out a manœuvre. He mentioned this fact to his captain. Just as the latter was about to reply, there came floating over the water from the vessel standing by the flag-ship a volley of oaths, the result of which was that there was some pretty hustling on the part of the men addressed.

Glancing at his superior officer with a smile, the captain replied:

"That's it, sir. You see, sir, my men don't get enough encouragement like that."

## A POLITICIAN

"I'M afraid I'll never be able to teach you anything, Maggie," was the despairing utterance of a Trenton woman to a new Irish domestic. "Don't you know that you should always hand me notes and cards on a salver?"

"Sure, mum, I knew," answered Maggie, "but I didn't know you did."

## ONCE WAS ENOUGH

ON one occasion, when a guide in the Adirondacks was accompanying an amateur huntsman from New England, the guide was so unfortunate as to be shot in the leg by the novice.

Immediately the wounded man fell and lay flat; whereupon the huntsman ran to him in great distress, exclaiming:

"For Heaven's sake, man! Tell me you are not hurt!"

"No, I ain't hurt much," was the surly response of the guide.

"Then, why don't you rise? Can't you?"

"Oh, I can get up all right," said the guide. "Only I was afraid you'd let me have the other barrel."

## LETHAL CONCERTS

A CERTAIN venerable citizen of a Pennsylvania city entertains no high esteem for his eldest daughter's musical abilities.

There being a guest one evening, the old gentleman was, to his disgust, compelled to spend an entire evening in the "parlor" whilst his daughter accomplished her whole repertoire for the edification of the stranger.

"Ah," said the latter, turning to the old man when one selection had been achieved, "there are some songs that will never die!"

"You're right," growled the old man. "My daughter puts in a good deal of her time trying to kill 'em, but unavailingly, sir, unavailingly!"

## RECOVERED HIMSELF

A SOUTHERN pulpit orator was describing the experience of the prodigal son. In his endeavor to impress his hearers with the shame and remorse that this young man felt, and his desire to cast away his wicked doings, he spoke thus:

"Dis young man got to thinkin' about his meanness and his misery, and he tuk off his coat and frowed it away; and he took off his vest and frowed dat away; and den he took off his shirt and frowed dat away, too; and den he come to hisself."

HEROIC MEASURES

MRS. KNICKER *(to policeman)*. "VERY WELL, HERE'S THE MONEY; AND REMEMBER, YOU'RE TO ARREST MY HUSBAND TO-NIGHT AND TAKE HIM TO HEADQUARTERS. I HATE TO DO IT, BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN PERSUADE HIM TO HAVE HIS PICTURE TAKEN."

## POLITE IN EXTREMITY

MOTHER. "Oh, Bobby, you naughty boy, you have been smoking! Poor darling! Do you feel very bad?"

BOBBY *(who has been well brought up)* "Thank you, I'm dying."

## TO PULL HIM OUT OF TROUBLE

A SHORT time after a certain Representative in Congress, defeated for re-election, returned to Illinois, his native State, there to resume the practice of law, there came to him an old acquaintance seeking legal advice.

The client had become involved in a series of financial troubles calculated to cause him great embarrassment, to say the least. When he laid the whole case before the lawyer he awaited, with an anxious expression, the former's opinion.

"Yours is certainly a sad story, John," said the attorney, "and I am downright sorry for you. You have, however, come to the wrong man. You don't need a lawyer. What you do need is a locomotive."

## ALL SERENE

A COUNTRY correspondent for a Kentucky newspaper once found himself in the mountains of that State looking for items of interest to his journal.

"There ain't a bit of news," said one farmer. "All down this way are too busy with their crops to think of anything else."

"Fine crops this year, eh?" asked the correspondent.

"Couldn't be better," asserted the farmer. "I oughter be in my field right now, an' I would be only I come to town to see the coroner."

"The coroner?"

"Yes; he's wanted to hold an inquest on a couple of fellers in our place."

"Accident?"

"I reckon not! Ran Morgan ain't doin' nuthin' like that by accident! He got Jim Jeffords an' his brother Tom with two shots! Got to have an inquest, though."

"What led to the fight?"

"There wa'n't no fight. Ran never give the other fellers any chanct to make it a fight. Jes' hid behind a tree an' give it to 'em as they come along."

"Has Ran been arrested?"

"No. What's the use? Some o' the Jeffords people come along, burned down Ran's house, shot him an' his wife, an' set fire to his barn. No, Ran ain't been arrested. But I ain't got time to stand heah talkin' to you. Got to git back to my harvestin'. But there ain't any news down our way. Ef anything happens I'll let you know."

## HER AMBITION

"WHY, if it ain't Lucy Simmons!" exclaimed one Richmond negress not long ago on encountering a friend in the street. "Whar on earth has yo' been?"

"I's been workin' hard," was the answer.

"Now dat I thinks of it," continued the first darky, "seems to me I did hear of yo' workin' night an' day. What's de matter?"

"It's jes' dis way," explained the second negress. "I's under bonds to keep de peace for lickin' dat good-for-nuthin' husband o' mine. De jedge he says ef I comes befo' him agin or lays my hands on de old man he gwine to fine me ten dollars."

"I see. Youse workin' hard to keep outer trouble?"

"No, I ain't. I's workin' hard to save up dat fine."

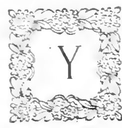
DIGGING BAIT

# Anne Rutledge

## By Francis Newton Thorpe

DRAWINGS BY HENRY RALEIGH

### This is a true Story of the Life Romance of Abraham Lincoln



"YES, Sam, I'm goin' to quit New Salem for a while and go back to York State for the old folks; I guess I've made enough for a starter; you won't be sorry for your bargain." He was a short, muscular man of perhaps four-and-twenty—John McNeil, late partner of Hill, whom he was addressing.

Hill, dreaming of a monopoly of profits, now that the business had passed into his own hands, took care rather to conceal his real opinion of McNeil's retirement.

"I reckon I shall peg along, John, somehow," he said. "You've done mighty well here in New Salem. When do you start?"

"Early in the mornin', unless the old hoss dies; but he won't die. I've had good luck so long I guess it's come to stay. This here bill you've given me is a trifle ragged." He was running his fingers through the roll which Hill had just handed him in final payment. "Indiana shinplasters best be shed in Indiana, I'm a-thinkin'; but I'll be there soon." He tucked the roll into his trousers pocket.

Hill had meanwhile lost himself in the ledger, whose columns of figures now registered his rank in the commercial world as sole owner of the general stock of merchandise lately the property of Hill & McNeil, New Salem, Illinois.

McNeil stood in the doorway. The rough board roof, through whose cracks the rain was beating, projected slightly over the door. For a week the rain had fallen in torrents; the shack of a store was reeking with wet, and only by dexterous shifting of the stock had the proprietors kept it from ruin. As McNeil paused on the threshold, shrinking from the deluge without, streamlets dripped upon him, and when he stepped forth the slabs in front of the door settled into the reeking soil. The roadway was a ditch of black and yellow pools dancing in the storm. He stopped short as he thought of the mud, hub-deep between him and the tavern, a little to the left and the other side of the road. As far as his eyes could follow the road he saw only the dancing pools; the black, rank earth of the prairie bottom could no longer drink up the water.

The winding roadway entered New Salem from the west, and soon after leaving the open prairies made a bend, almost at right angles, near Denton & Orfutt's store; thence it ran on, the mud deepening, past Bill Clary's grocery, and suddenly emptied its viscid mass into the Springfield and Petersburg road.

It was spring, though the calendar called for early summer; the frost was still coming out of the ground, and New Salem's only highway was in its most hopeless state. Along its reeking edge stood a dozen buildings, their first stories of logs, their gables boarded with overlapping slabs to shed the storm. Salem was in its fifth year. Back from the road, southward toward the bluff, a few cabins, on higher ground, were only more conspicuous, not more comfortable. Some had one window; all had puncheon doors, but only the more pretentious had puncheon floors; the rest had floors of mother earth. McNeil glanced along the highway and up at the bluff, and then at his clean, new boots and fresh suit. He was not a dozen rods from the tavern, but to attempt to reach it promised only ruin of his plan to set out for New York next morning with clean clothes.

"Guess I'm in for it," he sighed as he surveyed the hopeless expanse, but just then he sighted a speck in the distance. "My luck again," he chuckled; "here comes a prairie-schooner my way," and drawing back just inside the doorway he waited till the driver of the ox-team might be within hailing distance. "I say, Tom"—it was old Tom Clary drifting homeward—"I say, Tom, I'm a little dry. How is't with you?"

"Drier 'n salt codfish," the old man shouted back, and whipped up the oxen.

"Well, you jest heave alongside and take me in and we'll wet our whistles at Rutledge's."

And so McNeil got across to the tavern dry-shod.

He boarded at Rutledge's. It was supper-time. The dining-room had an entrance from the bar, and McNeil stood a moment in the doorway before taking his accustomed seat at table. He was looking for a face; but not for long, for he crossed the room smiling.

"H[illegible], Annie? Seems to me I smell supper."

She was a slender girl, "rising nineteen," as her mother described her. For a moment she forgot her [illegible] the table as she smiled back to McNeil. [illegible] of the type that lingers in a [illegible] hair was auburn, her features [illegible] chiselled, and one near her [illegible] were soft blue and dreamy. [illegible] and she carried her head [illegible] beauty was not in her face or her hair [illegible] a certain charm which novelists [illegible] to describe in maids these two [illegible]

"[illegible]." A hint of color in her face [illegible] her simple greeting. "Sup[illegible]"

[illegible] assured her that the table at his [illegible] she turned back to the kitchen [illegible]

[illegible] turn his left hand be[illegible] on the edge of his plate, and his right [illegible] in search of the roll of bills Hill had paid him. [illegible] felt well pleased with himself.

"Annie," he half whispered when she placed his food before him, "I want to talk over some matters with you after supper." His voice carried an accent of acquiescence; it was his way of speaking to her. "I have sold the store."

She stood by his chair a moment; he imagined her thoughts.

"Yes, Hill has done the square thing. I want to talk it over with you, and—"

But the boarders were gathering about the table and McNeil let his meaning express itself in a motion of his hands and a confidential nod of his head.

New Salem admired Hill & McNeil's great store; it stood in the local imagination as the embodiment of commerce and prosperity. Annie Rutledge shared the common thought, and anything John McNeil said to her absorbed her mind.

"After I do the dishes; in the parlor," she spoke softly, and resumed her duties.

Meanwhile, the half-dozen men who had entered the room and seated themselves at table seemed in great good humor. They were laughing loudly over some story which one of their number had been telling in the barroom. This story-teller, a tall, dark, solemn-looking man of perhaps five-and-twenty, was laughing too, and his amusement seemed his principal possession, so poor and wrinkled, so shabby and meagre, were his clothes. His long, ungainly arms left his coat sleeves hobnobbing with his elbows, and so narrow was the back of his coat that it had been no unfriendly act to warn him not to laugh too vigorously if he had respect for stitches and seams.

"Now, Abe," protested Sam Hill, "you jes' made that thar yarn up, you know you did." Hill was dragging his chair over the uneven floor with a rasping rattle. The accused made no defence, but cast upon Hill a look of such innocence and surprise that Hill could only press his hands against his sides for relief and burst out laughing again. The table soon filled, and the story-teller found a seat by McNeil, who had given him a friendly nod as soon as he had caught his eye.

"Sam tells me you're going back to the Eastern country—bought you out. Sorry you're going to leave us. Hasn't New Salem treated you well enough?"

"Oh, that's not it, Abe. I'm comin' back. New Salem is all right."

Annie set the heavy cups of black coffee before the men. Abe Lincoln bowed awkwardly to her as for an instant he caught her eye. He ate rapidly and soon called for another cup. No one else knew that it was the hand that bore the coffee and not the quality of the coffee that interested him; no one in New Salem associated Abe Lincoln with any girl. But Lincoln was running his thought to its logical end: "McNeil is a fool to go off to the Eastern country and leave Annie Rutledge." But perhaps the thought vanished in the general talk of the table on the bottomless condition of the New Salem road.

"Abe," spoke up Bowling Greene, who for some reason chose this evening to take his supper with the boys at Rutledge's, instead of with his good wife Nancy in their cabin on the bluff—"Abe, when you go to the Legislature we shall expect you to fix up that road."

"All right," promptly promised Lincoln, whose political ambition was well known to Greene and a few other intimates; "you get the polls for me and I'll get the poles for the road; you can't make a good road without some log-rolling." A hearty laugh greeted this promise, but the New Salem boys were in the habit of laughing at almost anything Abe Lincoln said; he was a droll fellow.

"A bargain, a bargain," Greene spoke up, quickly; "you shall have at least one poll."

"Six right here," added Hill, "and seven if McNeil gets back in time to vote."

McNeil looked up at sound of his name, smiled, but said nothing. He was not a talker; he was friendly with everybody, but, unlike the other inhabitants of the village, he was Eastern born. New Salem was the product of Kentucky and Indiana and Virginia. James Rutledge, Annie's father and founder of New Salem, who kept the tavern, was from South Carolina; McNeil was the only Yankee in the place, and, like hundreds of his kind, had come west to make his fortune, and there was a rumor afloat in New Salem that he was worth $10,000—the biggest fortune in that part of Illinois. He was engaged to marry Annie Rutledge. It had been with him a case of love at first sight when, in the second year of New Salem, he came to board at her father's tavern. At first he had taken a room at Rutledge's till he could look about and find quarters at some private house, but one look at Annie and he decided to stay at Rutledge's. Soon he had routed all rivals, among them Samuel Hill, his partner. But Hill took defeat philosophically, and never let it disturb his business relations with the victor. The people of New Salem—some eighteen families in all—promptly understood the situation, and at every fireside the fact was accepted with approbation that, as Annie was only a young girl and wanted to attend school at Jacksonville for a term or two, her lover was very reasonable to consent to a postponement of the wedding; then, too, Annie's folks wished it so. Surely John McNeil was a square man thus to accede to their wishes, for in New Salem girls were won and wedded young, and usually when and where they willed, and the old folks were supposed to make the best of whatever happened; parents then, as now, had few rights which children were bound to respect.

McNeil was not through supper before the news had passed through the settlement of his sale to Hill and his speedy return to the Eastern country. Why leave New Salem? Wasn't the town good enough for him? Everybody knew that he was poor as garbroth when he came, and now was rich. Was he going to take Annie Rutledge with him?

So New Salem was thinking of McNeil much as Abe Lincoln, who was sitting beside him at supper at Rutledge's.

In the midst of one of Abe's stories McNeil finished his meal and left the table. He passed to his room and began his final preparation for an early start next morning. A burst of loud laughter welled up from the dining-room; there was the scraping of chairs and the beat of footsteps. McNeil knew that the story was done, and concluded that, measured by the explosion it provoked, it must be one of Lincoln's best. But this was an unusual thought with McNeil, for his sense of humor was rudimentary, though his wit was sharp enough. He associated story-telling with just such a poverty-clad fellow as Abe Lincoln. He could feel the pressure of the roll of bills in his trousers pocket, and could see Lincoln's scant and seedy coat; evidently humor did not pay. He felt a little irritated by the echoes of laughter below and closed the door of his room, and just then, looking down the road, he saw the long, lank story-teller wading through the mud and watched him till he entered Berry & Lincoln's store. Then Sam Hill followed down the road, and McNeil watched him till he disappeared beneath the roof of the low shack which, a few hours before, had been McNeil's centre of interest. But he was not sentimental, and the disposition of ownership easily dislocates the affections. McNeil faced facts and liked them; he hated premature explanations; he loved to get everything ready before making a new move; he was secretive and self-contained.

As his eyes roamed over the dismal scene they caught sight of a man on horseback slowly wending his way up the road, his horse black with thick coats of mud. It was Dr. John Allen returning from his professional rounds; but his figure was already obscure in the fast-gathering darkness. The rain gave no signs of cessation; the outlook for a morning start was gloomy. McNeil took up the flint and steel from the little deal table near the head of his bed, struck a spark, blew the tinder to a blaze, and lighted his tallow candle; then he drew the head of the bed in front of the window and, feeling secure, began counting the bills Hill had paid him. Opening a small hair trunk which he drew from beneath the bed, he took out a wallet and counted and sorted the bills it contained; he made little packages of Illinois bills, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, and Pennsylvania; but his New York currency he folded away by itself as most valuable of all. He drew a leather bag from the trunk, emptied its silver and counted the amount; he made a few figures, entered some of them in an account-book, fingered through some papers, drew up a brief statement, and then carefully repacked his trunk.

"Pretty good for five years," he was thinking; "I guess that is enough to bring them and prevent all trouble in future." He saw that his treasure was secure, moved back the bed to its place, blew out the candle and started for the parlor.

To him it was the most familiar room in New Salem. The sperm-oil lamp on the centre-table gave a dull, heavy headlight which glinted back from the mohair sofa firmly set between the windows, and from the six mohair chairs ranged in military order about the walls. On the table lay the big Bible, its brass corners gleaming like yellow eyes. Some one had left the window down at top and the rain was beating in against the green paper curtain, the head and nearly half the wing of the great bird-of-paradise at the centre of the curtain running scarlet over the yellow poppies amid which the bird stood. At the stone hearth the andirons, faintly catching the glow from the lamp, hinted at comfort. McNeil closed the window, took down the flint and steel from the mantel, and knelt to light the fire.

"Thank you, John; a fire feels comfortable this evening. You are always so thoughtful."

Annie ran her eyes over the room like the habitual hostess, the sight of the ruined curtain delaying her a moment. She was beside McNeil, watching the curling flames. The new light glinted on her hair and chased the shadows about her form. He gazed at her a moment, then, his face aglow, he drew her to his arms.

"Now, Johnny, what is it you are going to tell me?"

He hesitated; he seemed to be thinking.

"What is it?"

His manner rather than his silence startled her.

"I must tell you, Annie—I must; I have never told any one before." He could feel her shrink away from him. "You have heard me speak of my people; they live a long ways from here, away down in York State. I have brothers and sisters. My people are very poor. I left them five years ago; they do not know where I am, nor even that I am alive. I am going back after them to bring them here to my farm. I wanted to tell you all about it, first; I shall keep nothing back. We are to be married."

Her hand lay warm and still in his; he felt her quickening breath and caught the sparkle in her eyes.

"But, Annie dear, there is one thing I have de-

layed telling you, and that is about my name; they call me McNeil, but that is not my real name."

He was trembling. Was her hand slipping away from his? "My real name is McNamar. Please don't take your hand away; I'll explain it all to you. 'Twas on my father's account. We were in business together; we failed and lost everything; I ran away, determined to make enough money to retrieve all. My father is a broken-down old man. I can help him now; I have enough and to spare."

Her hand had stolen back into his.

"Don't be afraid, Annie; I have earned the money; I am worth $12,000 in money, and my farm besides. The change wasn't much; I had to do it—McNeil to McNamar."

"Why?"

The word uttered itself in a tone that alarmed him.

"Because they would have followed me and taken away my property before I had enough."

"What of that if it belonged to them?" She was trembling.

"But it wasn't theirs; it was mine. I made it right here in New Salem by hard work. Now I have enough to pay them all. I will bring back father and mother and the children to my farm; then you and I will be married. Don't you like McNamar better than McNeil?"

He raised her hand to his lips.

"This is what I wanted to tell you. See, here is a true statement of all my property," and he drew from his pocket the sheet from his account-book showing all the items. She took it in an absent sort of way, but did not read it.

"Why didn't you tell me all this long ago?" Again it was the tone rather than the words that reproached him.

Why had he not told her? All his reasons for silence seemed to vanish into thin air.

"I thought I'd tell you all at once when I had everything ready." He stammered as he spoke. "I wasn't ready to go; I hadn't made the money yet."

"But you had changed your name."

"Oh, Annie, Annie, don't say it that way! I have told you all now, everything, everything; I must start in the morning; I shall come back soon."

The shadows of the firelight played ashen gray over her face.

"I'll write often, Annie—every mail; it will not be long."

She suffered him to kiss her, but she closed her eyes; he was going away from her, and he had changed his name—once.

But he was telling her, rapidly, of his plans; of the wedding and the journey to Springfield and the new house and the new things far better than any in New Salem. She had never wearied of him, but now she listened as one having ears but not hearing. She seemed to herself sitting in darkness, and the man whom she loved with all the passion of a girl's first love was playing a part. But she would believe him. And she sat very still and sought to stifle her fears.

She did not know how long she had been sitting alone; she remembered how swiftly he had spoken, how he had poured forth his love for her again; and he had kissed her before he left. But the fire was dying, and she could feel the gray shadows creeping over her. She started to her feet and, walking to the fireplace, gazed pensively into the embers. She covered the fire and left the room. Against the panes of the little window in her own room the rain beat roughly and the wind, sweeping down from the vast prairie, stirred strange noises all over the house. Toward morning she fell asleep; but her dreams were wearying dreams.

When she awoke the storm was still raging. Yes, she would believe in him, she must believe in him; she loved him, she must believe in him. She heard voices in the yard. Some one was saddling a horse. Pulling back the curtain a handbreadth, she saw McNeil on horseback accoutred for his long journey. At sight of her he threw a kiss, and she saw him turn the horse's head toward Springfield.

"Why, Annie, child, what's the matter?" Her mother stood by the bedside; she had heard the girl moaning. For a moment she could not answer; then, breaking with sobs, she told her mother the whole story. As the story grew the mother's suspicions were aroused. Why should John McNeil, or any other man, give her Annie pain? The maternal spirit was up. Why didn't he explain all this long ago and not keep it back till after the eleventh hour? What evidence was there of the truth of his story? He had gone, taking his wealth with him—and her Annie's heart. Was he an impostor? A fugitive from some Eastern jail? What peril had her Annie run in receiving his attentions? Her mother's heart was wrung; her pride was struck down. And she soothed the weeping girl as best she could, resolving to tell the whole story at once to her husband. He was a man; he would know what to do, and there were plenty of men in New Salem who would help him.

"It kind o' looks to me as if he meant to jilt her," was James Rutledge's comment when he heard the tale. "Now mind you, Mary Ann, if that's his game, we are well rid o' him; but he better not cross my path. Annie broken up by it, you say? Wife, if he's wronged her, I'll foller him to the ends of the earth and shoot him on sight."

At Berry & Lincoln's grocery—it was still called by the old firm name, though everybody knew that Lincoln had disposed of his slight interest to Berry long since—a tall, ungainly man was "opening up" for the day; it was the story-teller of the night before. He slept in the loft overhead and looked as if he had slept in his clothes. He had no fixed employment, but worked at odd jobs, now helping a farmer husk his corn, now carrying chain for the surveyor, John Calhoun, or putting in a week occasionally at one of the stores—Berry's or Denton Orfutt's—at a busy time, and especially when the books must be balanced and the innumerable credit accounts with the community be straightened; for Abe was clever as well as accurate and neat at all kinds of writing, and no man in New Salem rated higher in honesty. Sometimes people came to him to have their letters written—all sorts of letters—so profound was their confidence in him. He had lived in New Salem now about three years, equivalent to long inhabitancy in an Eastern town; indeed, he had just missed being one of the founders of New Salem. Everybody liked him. He had settled his reputation in New Salem with his first visit—a somewhat compulsory one in the spring of '31, when he and his crew found themselves stranded, their flat-boat caught on the edge of the New Salem dam. He was on his way with a cargo down the river; the boat had filled with water and everybody said she must be abandoned. Her nose stuck over the dam and her crew jumped ashore, but Abe bored a hole through her bottom, the water ran out, and she floated. This was Abe's way; nothing marvellous when the deed was done but just the thing to be done. He then hired out to Denton Orfutt to work in his store, but the expected goods did not arrive. He found waiting a

Then, tenderly, how tenderly, Lincoln renewed his suit

dull business. It happened to be Election Day; the assistant to the clerk of elections was sick, and Mentor Graham, the clerk, was looking for help. Espying the tall stranger hanging about the polling-place, he called out to him:

"Can you write?"

"I can make a few rabbit tracks."

"Well, suppose you sit down and make 'em."

Satisfied with the specimen tracks, Graham hired Lincoln for the day. But the clerk had done more than he knew—he had introduced a new source of joy to the men of New Salem. As they came up to vote and fell to talking with the stranger after the cheery informality of the West, they were soon listening to the most mirth-provoking stories of their lives. "Indiana yarns," Lincoln called them as he reeled them off. That night New Salem went to bed tired out with laughing. Lincoln had made his place in the community.

But on this morning when John McNeil or McNamar rode away from New Salem, had any one glanced through the window of Berry's store and caught sight of the story-teller's face he would not have pronounced it the face of a cheerful man, but, rather, a face strong in hopeless melancholy, gloomy with shadows that should never lift. Lincoln was busy arranging g[illegible] for display, putting this and that in order and tid[illegible] up generally. Had he confessed to the vision, it had been to the shadow of a shapely hand before his eyes, and in his ears the melody of a soft, sweet voice. So real was that voice he stopped suddenly in his work to listen. The lines of a hymn he had heard that voice sing persisted in his memory:

"Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear."

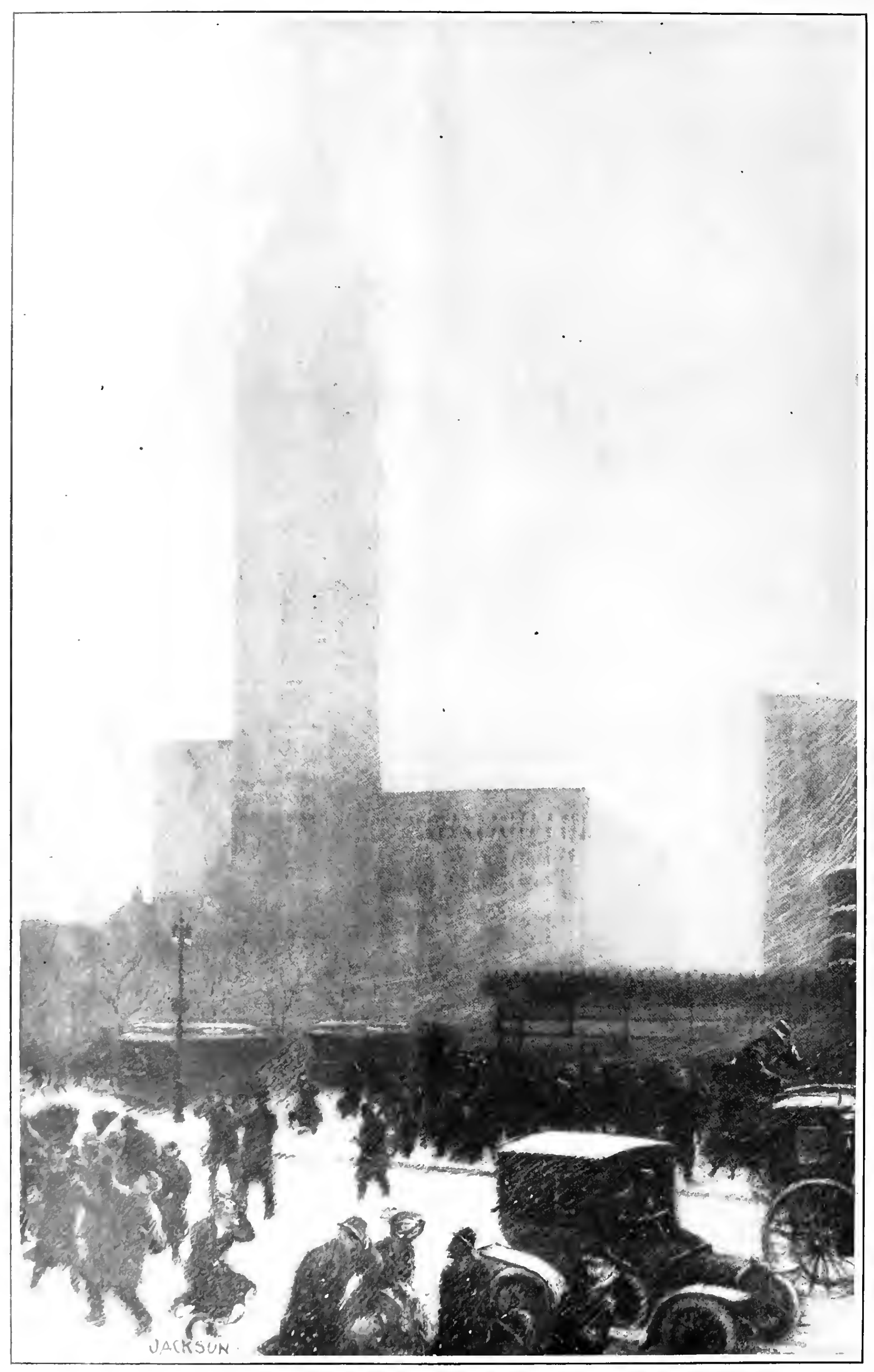
The gloom of the thought closed in upon him in melancholy comfort, in nice accord with his strange temperament. The line seemed to reveal himself. Poor, without fixed occupation, without family influence, his prospect one of toil and poverty, and his mind ever craving higher things; his condition in life hedged about by limitations and obstacles. What a contrast to John McNeil! McNeil had wealth, business ability, and a splendid farm. No, Annie Rutledge could not possibly have a thought for Abe Lincoln, but he could not help thinking of her all the time. Of course the game was up; McNeil had won her; there was an end of the matter. Then the voice went on singing the line over and over again:

"'Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear.'"

He stepped to the window to take in the weather and the prospects of trade for the day. Across the road a man on horseback was just riding away from Rutledge's tavern—John McNeil, of course. Had Lincoln missed on the man he would have made on the horse—a coarse, raw-boned, vicious gray, a veteran of the Black Hawk War; and Lincoln had been through that war himself. "Nothing beautiful about us;" the thought amused him. "War veterans grow ugly early." McNeil was making for the Springfield road. "Hill told me last night that John was going back, and there he goes." Somehow the melancholy look in his face was fading; his heart felt lighter as the horseman rode away. And the voice kept on singing:

"'Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear.'"

Lincoln was laughing to himself. "And that's what




THE MATTERHORN OF MANHATTAN

THE 700-FOOT TOWER OF THE METROPOLITAN LIFE BUILDING WHICH DOMINATES NEW YORK'S SKY-LINE

DRAWN BY JOHN EDWIN JACKSON

the poetry means, is it?" he asked himself. "Why not? Why not?"

Might the line not apply to McNeil as well as to himself?

He stood still, analyzing the question.

"Abe, put me up two pounds of loaf sugar." A customer had entered. It was the Rev. John Cameron, the Presbyterian preacher—"Elder Cameron," as he was called.

"I've got to run over to Robert Johnson's—Sister Johnson has sent for me. I'll get the sugar on my way back; my wife wants it for her morning baking."

"Now, Elder, never you mind about calling for this sugar: Mrs. Cameron will want it right away and I'll slip down to your house with it myself. I see Berry coming, and he'll 'tend store."

The preacher thanked him and went on his errand.

"I say, Abe," called out Berry as he entered, "I reckon that business will be better with us, now our biggest rival is leavin' town: McNeil has shook the place, and Hill hasn't any head for business. McNeil is goin' back to Yankeedom."

"Well," drawled Lincoln, apparently intent only on putting up loaf sugar, "I can't honestly say that I wish him a bad passage." Tucking the sugar under his coat to protect it from the rain, he left the store to deliver it into Mrs. Cameron's hands. The errand took him straight past Rutledge's, and nearly a quarter of a mile beyond.

"And you just took all the trouble to fetch me that bit of sugar, Abe? Well, I reckon I'm obliged to you summat. What is the old song?

'Sugar's sweet and so be you.'

And they do say, Abe, that John McNeil's goin' to leave town; sold out; made a heap o' money, they say, right here in New Salem. Well, if there is any money to be made in these parts I reckon a Yankee would get it; 'tis precious little I see, or you either, I reckon. I wonder how Annie Rutledge likes it, his goin'? Is she to follow, or is all that milk sour? 'Pears to me that if I was a young feller loose in these parts I'd see to it that Annie Rutledge didn't put on mournin' for John McNeil. Yes, Abe, I'm obliged to you for fetchin' the sugar; there's no knowin' when the Elder will get back." And the good woman turned to her baking.

The savory smell that poured forth from the open door reminded Lincoln that he had not been to breakfast, which with him was a somewhat movable feast; but usually, if the hour was not too late, he found something awaiting him for breakfast at Rutledge's, for Mrs. Rutledge, with whom Lincoln was a favorite, took an anxious thought for him—he seemed such a lonely soul, and she never failed to have a bite ready for him, come what time of day or night might. When now he reached the dining-room at the tavern he found the last guest served and the room empty.

"Am I too late?" he asked Mrs. Rutledge, whom he met in the hall.

"Oh no, Abe; I'll find a plate o' somethin' for you, hot or cold, though our mornin' vittles is about clean gone, and me just a-bakin' more. I'm doin' an egg for Annie, and I'll get you up a dish o' bacon at the same time. I'll call you when things is ready."

Usually, when late to his meals, he waited in the barroom, that being the common resting-place for menfolks about the tavern.

"Jes' step into the parlor, Abe."

Mrs. Rutledge's pride in her parlor and her motherly feeling for him had led her to the politeness which he felt he must accept. He felt the warmth of the room as he opened the door. Going to the hearth, he raked out the coals and threw on a few sticks from the wood-box in the hall. The blaze quickly rolled up and he found the touch of comfort soothing. Annie often sat in this room, sewing by the west window. He went over to the window, thinking of her and of the vanished horseman. There was no one in sight, neither in the yard nor down the road; yet Lincoln was laughing a quiet, strange sort of a laugh to himself, as now, his hands clasped behind his back, he paced up and down in front of the fireplace. His chin was thrown forward, his eyes on the floor, and he seemed to gather cheerfulness as he moved about. A loose sheet of paper on the floor near the mohair sofa caught his eye. He picked it up; a sheet torn from somebody's account-book; thirteen thousand dollars' worth of property. Turning it over, he read on the back, "John McNeil." Then it all flashed across his mind; the embers on the hearth, the paper evidently dropped from the hand of some person sitting on the sofa. McNeil and Annie had spent the evening before together here; the paper inventoried McNeil's possessions.

"Ready, now, Abe." Mrs. Rutledge was in the doorway announcing his breakfast. "You won't mind eatin' with Annie, I reckon, Abe; she is a bit late this mornin' like yourself."

"If Annie will endure me"—he was smiling, inwardly delighted at the favor Fate was showing—"I think I can endure her."

"Good morning, Annie"—he bowed awkwardly as he accosted her. "Your ma says that if you'll endure me I may eat breakfast along with you. Is she right?"

"We keep open house here, Mr. Lincoln, and are always glad to have our guests with us." The even resonance of her voice gave no hint of the long, weary night she had passed.

Lighter in heart than he had been all day, he took the chair opposite her. But he soon discovered that Annie was not disposed to talk, though she was known to be the best talker of all the New Salem girls. And looking into her face, he detected dark lines beneath her eyes, and her cheeks seemed a trifle faded. Perhaps the horseman had not vanished, after all.

Finally he could keep silent no longer.

"I reckon you are not feeling right pert this morning, Miss Rutledge?"

He usually called her Annie, but there was that look in her face which forbade so intimate a word.

"Oh, it's the weather; the wind howled so last night I could not sleep." She spoke slowly and with indifference.

"'Twas a noisy night; glad I'm not on the road." He was thinking of some of his journeys to and from Springfield in bad weather, but the look on Annie's face told him straightway that he had said the wrong thing. He saw that she was thinking of McNeil, and this now distant traveller brought to mind the paper he had found on the parlor floor.

"Annie"—he did not stop to weigh speech as he reached his hand across the table—"perhaps you know something about this; I found it a few minutes ago by the sofa."

She looked at the paper, but did not take it. Awkward and brusque as he was, his heart went out to her. "Annie, you are not well this morning. I didn't mean to stir you up so. I reckon I have made a mess of it. John's business won't last forever" (he was secretly wishing it might); "he will come back before long. He's the richest man in New Salem; he's honest; he'll do what he says."

He was pleading for McNeil, but his compliments somehow failed to restore her; rather they agitated her the more. Suddenly, with an effort, she arose, quickly picked up the paper, and, without saying a word, left the room.

His astonishment was complete. He had never seen her this way before; his memories of her were of laughter and song and high spirits and embodied happiness. He saw her cross the threshold and put her hands over her face, bursting into tears. Then he knew that something was wrong.

Had McNeil deserted her?

He caught up his hat and hurried from the tavern, knowing now too well that he loved Annie Rutledge, and that he could think of nobody else in the world. He went back to the store a changed man; the world put on a new face. Nature seemed changed. Everything now seemed possible to him, and a more ambitious man was never born. For the first time in his life he seemed to get a good look at himself. Something had happened that put him into new relations with the whole world.

His face must have reflected the transformation working within him, for Berry, his old partner, catching its new expression, said to him as he entered the store: "Why, Abe, what's happened? You look as if you were just elected President. What did Sam Hill say to you?"

"I haven't seen him."

"He was just in here askin' for you; wants you to 'tend post-office. I told him I reckoned you'd take it. Better run right over and see Sam; a post-office is dreffly desirable property."

"But liable to sudden change of tenants," added Lincoln: "think I'll investigate this claim"—and he turned his face toward the store, general merchandise, grocery, and post-office, kept until a few days before by Hill & McNeil.

It was Elder Cameron who let out Annie's secret. The Rutledges were very friendly with the Presbyterian preacher and his wife, and a few evenings after McNeil's departure Mrs. Rutledge had them to tea. In a moment of confessional weakness the mother unveiled the state of Annie's affairs, winding up with:

"And I tell her it's a lucky escape, Elder. What do you think?"

"Providential, Sister Rutledge, providential; a clear case of desertion. Undoubtedly he has committed some misdemeanor in his younger days. Murder will out, you know. He knows that the law has got on his track and he has fled, probably to one of the Western settlements."

The Elder, like all New Salem people, always spoke of "out West" and "the West" with the easy speech of Boston or Savannah; New Salem had established its claim to classification with "the East" by existing five years.

"John McNeil go to one of the settlements?" exclaimed Mrs. Cameron, disgusted. "Now, husband, if you don't talk just like a man. Do you think that after gettin' hold of all that money he would go West? No, sirree; no West for him. I say that this Mc-what-do-you-call-him has a girl somewhere else, and has simply cleared out of New Salem to go to her. Mrs. Johnson thinks so too, though she don't know all what we know now since Mrs. Rutledge has told us herself, and we must keep it to ourselves. But Mary Johnson is pretty pert, and I vow I believe she's right and she don't know it. As long as this miserable critter Mc-whatever-his-name-is was a-makin' money he stayed here, and he was sharp enough to pick out the finest girl in the place and pretend to court her. Now he's got his pile, he's shook her; that's all, the wretch! I wish I had hold o' him with a pair o' tongs; I wouldn't dirty my fingers a-touchin' him myself."

And Sister Cameron poised her head and tapped her foot on the floor and looked indignant and relieved.

The Elder's wife was harder than the Elder; the eternally feminine is sometimes that way. She was mistress of the gentle art of torture, and her opportunity had come. Even Mrs. Rutledge winced. But the Elder was quite convinced of the accuracy of his wife's stroke, and as they wended their way homeward, choosing their steps over the muddy path with practised skill, they explored still more thoroughly the mystery surrounding McNeil. While yet under the spell of the twice-told tale the Elder betook himself to Hill's store for his evening mail, and there embraced the opportunity to repeat the news to Hill, as the party most closely identified with the late McNeil. Sam listened to the end, as was his wont, without comment, and the Elder took his leave. Just before closing the store for the night Hill repeated the whole story to Lincoln.

"I don't believe that John McNeil is a dishonorable man," protested Lincoln; "I have said so before and I say so now." This was his only comment.

But he was conscious of a new order of sensations. What if Elder Cameron's interpretation of the situation was the true one?

All day long the line from the old hymn had been threading in and out of his thoughts, and all day long Annie's sad face had looked out upon Lincoln from everything before his eyes.

Locking up the store, he went up to the loft where he slept. The new joy within him waxed stronger and transformed the penury about him into indescribable wealth, and the chiefest treasure of all not seem hopelessly beyond his reach. Rivals, poverty, toil—he was not thinking of these. Everything seemed possible and easy to him; he would finish his law studies and begin life in Springfield, with her, the fountain of his hopes.

It was with infinite contentment, the contentment of youth and hope and wealth, abounding health of mind and body, that he threw himself on his bed. How long he lay there he could not tell. He seemed to be in a singular, an indescribable vessel which moved with great rapidity toward a dark and indefinite shore. The strangeness of the vessel, the mystery of the shore, possessed him. So real was the vision, he started forward to penetrate the darkness just beyond—when he awoke.

The moonlight sifting through the cracks and crannies revealed only the barren loft over Sam Hill's store. Here was no mystery; he lay down again. But once more he was on that strange ship, travelling with incredible swiftness toward that dark and gloomy shore, and again he strode forward to pierce the mystery of that strange coast, again to awake suddenly.

Why had the dream come twice? His poetic nature was quivering—whether with curiosity or superstition he did not ask. Strange, strange premonition! He could not know what the years had in store for him. He could not know that this same vision, this mysterious messenger from the unknown, should come to him, years later, just before the anxious journey to his inauguration as President of the United States; again, just before Antietam and Murfreesboro; again, before Vicksburg and Gettysburg; and, last of all, on the night before that day of tragedy, the ever-to-be-remembered 14th of April.

But now, sitting on his bed, in the loft of Hill's store, the second rising of the spectacle interested him strangely. He was deeply introspective, and now he turned upon himself that serious search so frequent with him, that self-examination so inseparable from his impassable melancholy. And the light of this search somehow seemed to fall on a balance-sheet whose items were basic and fundamental, not of broad acres or bank bills. His thoughts were running easily from the centre of that loose sheet which he had given to Annie Rutledge that morning at the breakfast table. He remembered Annie when at Mentor Graham's school she sat near him, and he used to think that her fair face filled the whole room with beauty. And now he ran over the whole course of his existence; he was meeting this beautiful spirit in the little intercourse of daily life—at the store, by the wayside, at meeting, and at the merry gatherings with the young folks of New Salem. And he could see the shapely little hand, the lustrous, tender eyes, and could hear that voice, that indescribable voice. How could he wait till he should meet her again? Would the dawn never come? He must speak to her, for to him she meant life—life.

The dawn broke; the new day came with inconsequential affairs; the sun sank down into the prairie—and he did not see Annie. Days passed; she seemed to have vanished away.

"Where is Annie?" he at last inquired of Mrs. Rutledge.

"Annie isn't feelin' well these days; I reckon it's the dreadful spell of weather"—a reply which carefully concealed all the facts save one.

A week, two weeks, three passed; Lincoln caught glimpses of her, but she seemed inaccessible to him. But her face betrayed her sufferings. Her mother insisted that Dr. John Allen be called, but Annie delayed with vague excuses from day to day.

About the end of the third week Lincoln unexpectedly found the opportunity he had been seeking. Toward evening she came down to the post-office; the mail-coach had discharged its bag and its passengers, and Annie had calculated nicely the time when the letters would be ready.

"Any letter for me?"

No one in the store save Lincoln heard the soft little voice.

"I think so."

Her face lighted with new life as he handed her several letters, but the light quickly faded; none was from *him*.

Lincoln saw the shadows gather and encompass her with gloom. With slow steps, her grief almost mastering her, she turned from the store. He could resist no longer. Catching up his hat, he left the office and was swiftly by her side. He said not a word, fully aware of the pit into which he had fallen; and thus in silence they walked on side by side.

Suddenly he burst forth in the most eloquent plea that ever fell from his lips. He argued that McNeil's silence confirmed the suspicions of her friends. He had deserted her; he was unworthy of her. But very lightly and slightly did Lincoln dwell on McNeil; it was the story of his own love for her he was telling. Never had she imagined that a man could talk as Abraham Lincoln now talked to her. Could the language of life yield such treasures and such a tribute? McNeil had been affectionate after a fashion, but this man's love was an ecstasy of passion, a transforming power. Not one word did he say of farms and shops and dollars, but life, life, companionship, devotion—endless, endless devotion to her. And then he told her his mysterious dream.

"Moving swiftly toward a strange, indefinite shore," the words took possession of her mind. "A strange, indefinite shore"; yes, on such a shore was she now wandering. Her heart sank within her.

This was the beginning of Lincoln's courtship of Anne Rutledge.

Weeks, months passed, painfully long to Lincoln and full of torturing doubt for Annie. The consuming heat of the fire through which she was passing only a woman could endure. She loved John McNeil with a love as intense, as devoted, as immeasurable as this grand passion which Lincoln poured out at her feet. Again and again he made his plea; made it and remade it, cast it and recast it in the countless forms which only the grand passion of a man's life can take. At last she could endure the importunity of

[illegible] M'Neil to reply to [illegible] come [illegible] sented, and knew [illegible] times. [illegible] the daily [illegible] from John [illegible] melancholy; the [illegible] the diamond [illegible] how tenderly, [illegible] come again and [illegible] were standing be[illegible] was again glorious.

[illegible] turned her face toward [illegible] but the pallor of her [illegible] a shadow on that [illegible] said no word, but he [illegible] for the moment his sense [illegible]. Then he was again

[illegible] Her love [illegible] reverentl[illegible] [illegible] earn a little money to live on till I can be admitted to practise law, then nothing on God's footstool can keep us apart."

Next morning she spoke freely of her engagement. "As soon as his law studies are over," she said to her brother, "we shall be married."

The news of Lincoln's engagement to Annie Rutledge created less comment in New Salem, because it was expected. Public opinion had long since uttered its voice in condemnation of McNeil, and now with equal conviction praised Lincoln. Everybody congratulated him; he was living in a lover's paradise. At odd hours snatched from sleep he took up his law-books; the goal of life was now fairly in sight. He carefully computed when he should have saved enough by clerking to support him while completing his studies; the problem seemed easy, and time, the determining element, was on his side.

But Annie was not living in paradise. Lincoln knew she was failing, followed every change with alarm, and persuaded her at last to have Dr. Allen call. He pronounced her case one of obscure fever, but he felt baffled; his remedies were not ministering to her, a spirit possessed her which he could not exorcise. Lincoln, wiser than her physician, and terrified by the ghost that would not down, could only confront it with his own supreme passion. Nothing within his power did he neglect. As he sat by her side he told her innumerable stories, rhapsodies of mirth, inimitable. She smiled, but she did not laugh. He caressed her with all the ardor of his love, but the warmth of his devotion could not dissolve the mysterious chill on her spirits. He glowingly portrayed the life they would live together in their Springfield home and his fancy won great triumphs which she would enjoy, but the portrait, though pleasing, did not bring back the color to her cheeks. At one of his calls he asked her to sing to him, and in a sad, sweet voice she sang the hymn beginning:

"Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear."

It was her favorite hymn. So deeply was Lincoln moved he could not remain, and for the first time the great fear which drives out every other fear in man's heart entered his own. On that summer day she took to her bed. The doctor commanded absolute quiet, but in her weak delirium she pleaded so piteously to see Lincoln that they feared longer to deny her, and he was sent for.

He, too, had changed, for her sickness had fallen upon him like a blight. He hastened to her side; the door closed behind him and they were alone. There was the sound of muffled sobs; there was the cry of prayer. Within the sick-room two souls were passing through an indescribable agony. There in mysterious communion was uttered that which could never be spoken to other ears; which could never fall from other lips. There was confessed the love of man for woman, the grand passion of life. Was the remorseless, the hopeless, impotency of life there revealed? Or did the soul's own crystalline beauty, its native isolation and aloofness, there rise into clearer vision?

At twilight some one saw a tall, bent form hastening from the village forth into the wilderness; they said it was Lincoln, and the word passed from lip to lip that Annie Rutledge was dead.

For weary weeks Lincoln trod a doubtful, narrow path—that invisible way which divides reason from the unreason which is worse than death. Alarmed, his closer friends formed a protective band that should ever be near him in his wanderings up and down the riverside; through the forest; out into the open prairie—everywhere, anywhere—only ever swiftly to move toward the strange and indefinite shore.

"Nancy," said Bowling Greene to his wife the day after the funeral, "I'm goin' to bring Abe here to our cabin and take care of him; he'll do himself harm if we don't look out. He's as near crazy as dare be."

"Poor fellow! I don't wonder; and Annie was such a nice girl. It does seem powerful strange to me that the good Lord always wants her kind first and early. But I reckon they're kind o' scurce in heaven, and that's the reason."

But Bowling was no theologian and gave his wife no answer.

He found Lincoln and brought him to the little cabin that stood under the bluff about half a mile back of New Salem, and there cared for him like a child. It was a terrible battle, this fighting back madness—a wondrously delicate task to sustain reason on its throne. All the gentle and homely arts of affection, the atmosphere of that humble refuge, were exercised in Lincoln's behalf. No one had conceived the depth of his passion for the dead girl. His narrow, hard, bleak life, familiar only with toil and self-denial, had suddenly blossomed forth under the light of her soul into the flower of unutterable devotion. The people of New Salem, warm-hearted, living the robust life of pioneers, were accustomed to manly friendships and womanly strength and patience, but this love of Lincoln for Annie Rutledge surpassed the strength of their understandings and they beheld it as a sacred, a mysterious dispensation vouchsafed only in Biblical times to the sons of men.

"I tell you, Bowlin'," said Nancy Greene one evening to her husband, after Lincoln had slipped out of the cabin and had turned his face toward the little graveyard at Concord, some miles away—"I tell you that this kind o' grievin' in man or woman must jes' work itself off in its own way, and the more you hinder the wuss he will be off. So you let him go."

All New Salem and the people for miles around came to Annie's funeral. Elder Cameron touched with delicate friendship on the grief of the living, but human eloquence and sympathy could not heal the wounds of the man who would willingly have given his own life that she might live.

"The very thought that the rains and the snows shall fall upon her grave fills me with indescribable agony," moaned Lincoln to his friend, William Greene. There was no consolation for so broken a heart.

The tender love of the Greenes, and chiefly Nancy's womanly ways, at last triumphed over the perils that threatened Lincoln, and gradually he came to himself. But the iron had entered his soul, and the tender melancholy, the inexpressible sympathy of his passion, never lifted from his life.

"Abe," said Dr. Jason Duncan, one of his dearer friends, to him one day, "I have something for you to read that you will like," and he gave him the lines beginning:

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

The mournful stanzas, made immortal by Lincoln's love for them, seemed to him a balm for his wounds. He read and re-read the verses, committed them to memory, and made them a part of his moral being. "Those lines," he said to a friend in after-years in a rare moment of self-revelation, "celebrate a grief which lies with continual heaviness on my heart."

How many, many times, during the rest of his life, was he to quote these verses to his friends, even to great statesmen whom, while President, he gathered about him in council, and quoted ever with the memory of that love which was the day star of his youth.

So intense had his melancholy become, so hopeless seemed his grief, he himself became superstitious about it, and by letter he consulted the foremost physician of the West, the famous Daniel Drake, of Cincinnati. The reply was sympathetic—"I cannot prescribe in your case without a personal interview"—this much of Drake's letter Lincoln read to a friend, but there was a part which he could confide to no man; it was too sacred for revelation. The great physician had written the secret thought of the sufferer, and Lincoln seldom revealed his secret thoughts.

Two years after Annie's death, while a member of the Legislature, he said to a fellow member:

"I seem to others to enjoy life rapturously, yet when I am alone I am so overcome by mental depression I never dare carry a pocket-knife."

One day John McNeil, or McNamar, true to his promise to Annie Rutledge, drove into New Salem, bringing with him his mother, brothers, and sisters, having come all the way from New York by wagon.

(Continued on page 33.)

The two stricken men kneeled in silence together and mingled their tears in a common sorrow

*(Continued from page 10.)*

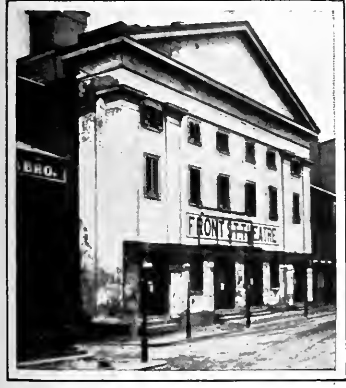
ability and power in action he undoubtedly controlled millions of excited people. He was then the master, and in reality acting-President of the United States.

During the night Mrs. Lincoln came frequently from the adjoining room, accompanied by a lady friend. At one time Mrs. Lincoln exclaimed, sobbing bitterly, "Oh! that my little Taddy might see his father before he died!" This was decided not to be advisable. As Mrs. Lincoln sat on a chair by the side of the bed with her face to her husband's, his breathing became very stertorous and the loud and unnatural noise frightened her in her exhausted, agonized condition. She sprang up suddenly with a piercing cry and fell fainting to the floor. Secretary Stanton, hearing her cry, came in from the adjoining room and with raised arms called out loudly, "Take that woman out and do not let her in again." Mrs. Lincoln was helped up kindly and assisted in a fainting condition from the room. Secretary Stanton's order was obeyed, and Mrs. Lincoln did not see her husband again before he died.

As Captain Lincoln was consoling his mother in another room, and as I had promised Mrs. Lincoln to do all I possibly could for her husband, I took the place of kindred and continuously held the President's right hand firmly, with one exception of less than a minute, when my sympathies compelled me to seek the disconsolate wife. I found her reclining in a near-by room, being comforted by her son. Without stopping in my walk, I passed the room where Secretary Stanton sat at his official table, and, returning, took the hand of the dying President in mine, the hand that had signed the Emancipation Proclamation, liberating four million slaves.

As morning dawned it became quite evident that the President was sinking, and at several times his pulse could not be counted—two or three feeble pulsations being noticed, followed by an intermission when not the slightest movement of the artery could be felt. The inspirations became very prolonged and labored, accompanied by a guttural sound. The respirations ceased for some time, and several anxiously looked at their watches until the profound silence was disturbed by a prolonged inspiration, which was followed by a sonorous expiration. During these moments the Surgeon-General occupied a chair by the head of the President's bed and occasionally held his finger over the carotid artery to note its pulsations. Dr. Stone sat on the edge of the foot of the bed, and I stood holding the President's right hand with my extended forefinger on his pulse, being the only one between the bed and the wall, the bed having been drawn out diagonally for that purpose.

While we were anxiously watching in profound solemn silence the Reverend Doctor Gurley said, "Let




THE FRONT STREET THEATRE IN BALTIMORE WHERE, ON JUNE 8, 1864, LINCOLN RECEIVED HIS SECOND NOMINATION FOR THE PRESIDENCY

us pray," and offered a most impressive prayer, after which we witnessed the last struggle between life and death.

At this time my knowledge of physiology, pathology, and psychology told me that the President was totally blind as a result of blood pressure on the brain, as indicated by the paralysis, dilated pupils, protruding and bloodshot eyes, but all the time I acted on the belief that if his sense of hearing or feeling remained he could possibly hear me when I sent for his son, the voice of his wife when she spoke to him, and that the last sound he heard may have been his pastor's prayer as he finally committed his soul to God.

Knowledge that frequently just before departure recognition and reason return to those who have been unconscious, caused me for several hours to hold the President's right hand firmly within my grasp, to let him in his blindness know, if possible, that he was in touch with humanity and had a friend.

The protracted struggle ceased at twenty minutes past seven o'clock on the morning of April 15, 1865, and I announced that the President was dead.

Immediately after death the few remaining in the room knelt around the bed, while the Reverend Doctor Gurley delivered one of the most impressive prayers ever uttered, that our heavenly Father look down in pity upon the bereaved family and preserve our afflicted and sorrow-stricken country.

Then I gently smoothed the President's contracted facial muscles, took two coins from my pocket, placed them over his eyelids, and drew a white sheet over the martyr's face. I had been the means in God's hand of prolonging the life of President Abraham Lincoln for nine hours. Every necessary act of love, devotion, skill, and loyalty had been rendered, during his helpless hours, to the President of the United States, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, to the beloved of millions of people throughout the world. Many reported, anxious to be of service in any way. I accepted their offers to the extent of abundantly filling every want. Of all the people I have met in different parts of the world, I have found that, as a class, good Americans are not to be excelled when occasions demand, in strength, endurance, calmness, good judgment, ardent loyal devotion, and self-sacrificing love.

By prolonging the life of President Lincoln, his son Robert, whom I sent for, was enabled to see his father alive. Physicians and surgeons, lawyer and clergyman, whom I sent for visited the President and were given time to deliberate. Members of the Cabinet, whom I sent for with soldiers and sailors and friends, had the opportunity to surround him. Millions of dangerous, excited, and disappointed people were morally dissuaded from acts of discord. The nation was held in suppressed, sympathetic suspense and control when the people heard that the President was living, though severely wounded and dying. Before the people had time to realize the situation, there was another President of the United States, and the grandeur of the continuity of the Republic was confirmed.

After all was over, and as I stood by the side of the covered mortal remains, I thought, "You have fulfilled your promise to the wife, your duty now is to the many living, suffering, wounded officers committed to your care in your ward at Armory Square General Hospital"; and I left the house in deep meditation. In my lonely walk I was aroused from my reveries by the cold drizzling rain dropping on my bare head; my hat I had left at my seat in the theatre; my clothing was stained with blood; I had not once been seated, since I first sprang to the President's aid. I was cold, weary, and sad. The dawn of peace was again clouded, the most cruel war in history had not completely ended. The vision of our long-sorrowing country vividly came before me, as I thought how essential it was to have an organization composed of returning soldiers to guard and protect the officers of state and uphold the Constitution. This great need was simultaneously recognized by others, for on that day, April 15, 1865, there assembled at Philadelphia a few army officers for that purpose, and originated the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

Among the archives of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, of which I am a member, we have recorded:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

President of the United States, March 4, 1861, to April 15, 1865.

Born February 12, 1809, Hardin (La Rue) County, Kentucky.

Assassinated April 14, 1865; died April 15, 1865, at Washington, D. C.

Enrolled by Special Resolution, to date from April 15, 1865.

I herewith give, in the order in which they arrived, the names of the physicians and surgeons, and the clergyman, whom I recognized as taking a professional part in the physical, mental, or spiritual welfare of the President from the time he was shot until his death. The first person to enter the box after the President was shot, and who took charge of him at the request of Mrs. Lincoln, was myself, Charles A. Leale, M.D., Assistant Surgeon, United States Volunteers and the surgeon in charge of the ward containing the wounded commissioned officers at the United States Army General Hospital, Armory Square, Washington, D. C. The next who reported, and simultaneously offered their services to me, which were accepted, were: Charles S. Tafft, M.D., Acting Assistant Surgeon, United States Army, and Albert F. A. King, M.D., Acting Assistant Surgeon, United States Army. Then, apparently a very long time after we had cared for the President in Mr. Petersen's house, and in response to the numerous messengers whom I had sent, there arrived Robert K. Stone, M.D., Mrs. Lincoln's family physician; Joseph K. Barnes, M.D., Surgeon-General, United States Army; Charles H. Crane, M.D., Assistant Surgeon-General, United States Army, and the Reverend Doctor Gurley, Mrs. Lincoln's pastor. During the night several other physicians unknown to me called, and through courtesy I permitted some of them to feel the President's pulse, but none of them touched the wound.

Later in the forenoon, as I was in the midst of important surgical duties at our hospital, I was notified by my lady nurse that a messenger had called inviting me to be present at the necropsy. Later a doctor called for the same purpose. I respectfully asked to be excused, as I did not dare to leave the large number of severely wounded expecting my usual personal care. I was fearful that the shock of hearing of the sudden death of the President might cause trouble in their depressed, painful conditions. One of my patients was profoundly depressed. He said to me, "Doctor, all we have fought for is gone, our country is destroyed, and I want to die." This officer the day before was safely recovering from an amputation. I called my lady nurse, "Please closely watch Lieutenant ——, cheer him as much as possible, and give him two ounces of wine every two hours," etc. This brave soldier received the greatest kindness and skilful care, but he would not rally from the shock, and died in a short time.

Among my relics I have a photograph taken a few days later in full staff uniform as I appeared at the obsequies. The crêpe has never been removed from my sword. I have my cuffs stained with the martyr's blood, also my card of invitation to the funeral services, held on Wednesday, April 19th, which I attended, having been assigned a place at the head of the coffin at the White House, and a carriage immediately preceding the catafalque in the grand funeral procession from the White House to the Capitol. There, during the public ceremonies, a place was assigned to me at the head of the casket as it rested beneath the rotunda.

One of the most devoted of those who remained in the room with the dying President was Senator Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts. He visited me subsequently and said, "Dr. Leale, do you remember

LAURA KEENE, THE ACTRESS, AT WHOSE BENEFIT PERFORMANCE OF "OUR AMERICAN COUSIN" LINCOLN WAS SHOT DURING THE PLAY'S LAST ACT

that I remained all the time until President Lincoln died?" Senator Sumner was profoundly affected by this great calamity to both North and South.

On my last visit to Secretary Seward, some time after the President's death, he was still suffering from his fracture and from the brutal attacks of the assassin who made such a desperate attempt to kill him on that fatal night.

When I again met Secretary Stanton we sat alone in his private office. He was doing his utmost to continue what he deemed best for our country. The long-continued strain and great burden had left their deep impress upon him. At the close of my call we shook hands fraternally.

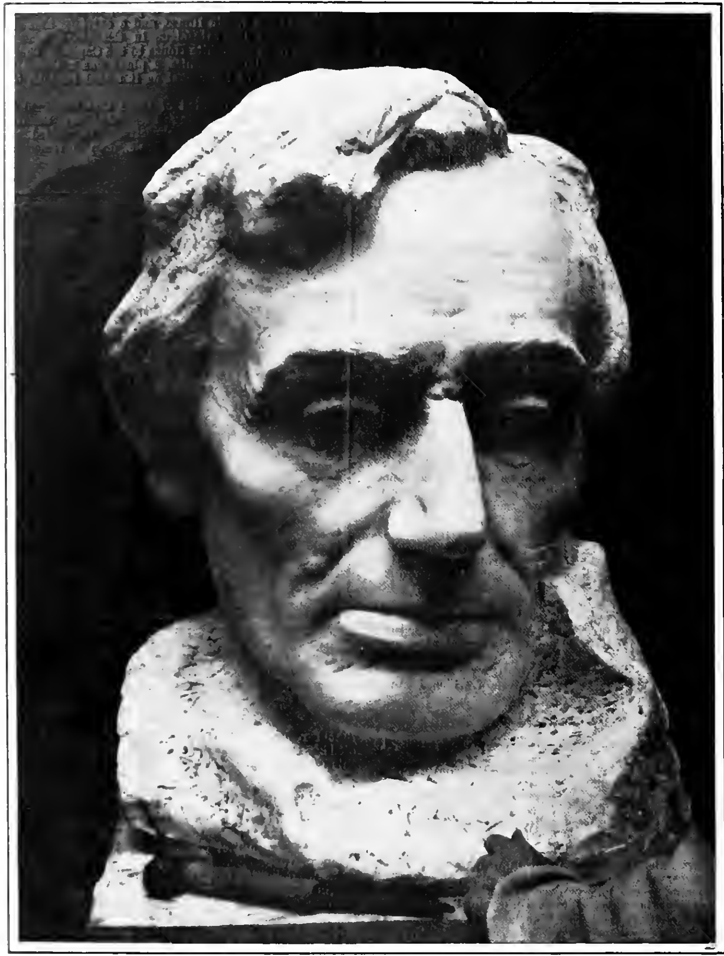
After the war ended Governor Fenton of New York State, one of the "War Governors," came to me and said, "Dr. Leale, I will give you anything possible within my power." I responded, "I sincerely thank you, Governor, but I desire nothing, as I wish to follow my mission in life."

The city of Washington was wrapped in a mantle of gloom. The President had known his people, and had a heart full of love for his soldiers and sailors. "With malice toward none," he alone seemed to have the power to restore fraternal love. He alone appeared able quickly to heal his country's wound. In May there occurred in Washington one of the most pathetic and historic events—the return of the Northern Army for the final review of more than seventy thousand veterans. A grand stand had been erected in front of the White House for the new President, his Cabinet, officers of state, Foreign Ministers, and others. I had a seat on this grand stand, from which, on May 24th, we watched one of the most imposing parades recorded in history. Among the many heroes, I recall the passing of stately Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, on his majestic horse, which had been garlanded with roses. After we had been sitting there for several hours a foreign official tapped me on the shoulder and said, "What will become of these thousands of soldiers after their discharge?" I answered, "They will return to their homes all over the country and soon be at work doing their utmost to pay off the national debt." He replied: "Is it possible? No other country could expect such a result."

All had lost comrades, many were to return to desolate and broken homes. Amidst all the grandeur of victory, there was profound sorrow. Among the thousands of passing veterans, there were many who looked for their former Commander-in-Chief, but their "Father Abraham" had answered to his last bugle call and with more than three hundred thousand comrades had been "mustered out."

# Remembering Lincoln

## A GLANCE BACKWARD AT THE TRAGIC LIFE OF THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT WHICH IS STIRRINGLY RECALLED BY THE CENTENARY OF HIS BIRTH



Copyright, 1907, by Gutzon Borglum

**Gutzon Borglum's heroic bust of Lincoln**

PURCHASED BY MR. EUGENE MEYER, JR., OF NEW YORK, AND PRESENTED TO THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT. THE BUST, WHICH IS CONSIDERED BY MR. ROBERT T. LINCOLN TO BE A REMARKABLY CLOSE LIKENESS OF HIS FATHER, IS NOW IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

## HIS DROLL SIDE

### By H. P. Goddard

N the night of March 9, 1860, while still in my teens, I was sent to the old town hall at Norwich, Connecticut, to report the speech of one Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, for the local newspaper of which I was a reporter. Mr. Lincoln was on a [illegible]al tour of the State and was to address [illegible]ans of Norwich and the vicinity on the [illegible] hour in the spring election, now close at [illegible] story of the Lincoln-Douglas debate of [illegible] was of course known to me, and I [illegible] that a [illegible] orator had dared confront the "Little Giant" of Illinois, and in a contest for the [illegible] States Senatorship, in which the latter had [illegible] the coveted prize, but the former had sprung into [illegible] prominence.

Of Mr. Lincoln's personality I had only a vague [illegible]. Accustomed to the carefully dressed [illegible] polished speakers of the East, it was [illegible] surprise to find the orator of the evening a [illegible]lank, raw-boned son of the soil, with an ill-[illegible] coat, limp shirt, collar and black tie that [illegible] out of its place when he had finished. Although at the time I pronounced him the homeliest [illegible] I had ever seen upon the rostrum, long ere he [illegible] his speech I was convinced that here [illegible] novel and interesting, a strong powerful [illegible] a civilization that we of New England hard[illegible] a man who spoke the truth and knew that he spoke it, and was worth listening to as one who was a thoughtful and wise adviser on the great problems confronting us.

After Mr. Lincoln had finished his speech he was entertained at the local hotel by several prominent Republicans. Next day the town was full of reports of his amusing stories and the cheery Western manners that had won him many friends. Some months later I heard from the lips of the Hon. John F. Trumbull, of Stonington, Connecticut, the story of an incident that occurred at this gathering that has never before been published.

It appears that after the callers had all bidden good-by to Mr. Lincoln Mr. Trumbull recalled another story (he had told many) that he thought would amuse Mr. Lincoln, so he went back to his room, knocked, and was told to enter. He found Mr. Lincoln disrobing and was about to withdraw, but on explaining his errand he was told that he must stay and tell the story. He did so, Mr. Lincoln listening and laughing heartily. Some time next year, during Lincoln's first administration, Mr. Trumbull was aroused by the ringing of his door-bell at his home at Stonington about one o'clock in the morning. Putting his head out of the window, he asked who wanted him, and was much surprised to hear a caller reply, "Mr. Trumbull, this is Mr. Anson Burlingame"—the Massachusetts Congressman who had been an active campaign orator the previous year. Mr. Burlingame explained that he had called to ask Mr. Trumbull to tell him the last story that he had told Mr. Lincoln at Norwich in 1860. As a reason for this late call and strange request he stated that, as Mr. Trumbull knew, he had been appointed by Mr. Lincoln Minister to Austria, but that the Emperor of that country had pronounced him *persona non grata* on account of the active interest he had manifested in the House of Representatives in the success of the Kingdom of Italy in the Austro-Italian War in 1859. When Mr. Lincoln was advised of this he changed the appointment to the Chinese court, at which Mr. Burlingame did distinguished service.

Mr. Burlingame said that he had been on to Washington to thank Mr. Lincoln for his appointment, and that, when he saw him, the President said: "Burlingame, my sending you to China instead of Austria reminds me of a little story. I have no time to tell it now, as I am going into a Cabinet meeting, but the story was told me last year in Connecticut by Mr. John F. Trumbull, of Stonington, and my first official order to you is to stop at Stonington on your way home to Boston and have him tell you the story." Hence Mr. Burlingame had taken the New York steamer to Stonington, and when he found that the steamboat train did not leave till an hour after the boat got in he seized the occasion to rush up to see Mr. Trumbull, who thereupon told him the story from his window. Mr. Burlingame laughed heartily, thanked Mr. Trumbull, and hurried to the train.

"What was the story, Mr. Trumbull?" exclaimed one of the auditors. Just then, "In there broke certain people of importance," as Browning puts it, who carried off Mr. Trumbull from the city. I went into the army shortly after and never saw him again. And so the tale remains untold.

The second time I saw Mr. Lincoln was when he was attending the funeral of Gen. Fred W. Lander from the Church of the Epiphany at Washington early in March, 1862, I being present as an officer of the Harris Light Cavalry. The third time was after he had visited Antietam battle-field with General McClellan on October 3, 1862. He passed so near our regiment at the time that I noted well the marvellous sadness of those eyes that seemed even then full of the foreknowledge of death.

On April 1, 1863, not long before the battle of Chancellorsville, Mr. Lincoln visited General Hooker's headquarters and reviewed the Army of the Potomac, when I again had a good view of him.

It was in connection with this last review that Gen. Dan Sickles told us an amusing story at the reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac at Fredericksburg, Virginia, in 1900.

General Sickles said that during this visit he gave a reception to Mr. Lincoln at his headquarters, to which the President brought his son Tad, but not Mrs. Lincoln, who sent regrets and remained at army headquarters. Mr. Lincoln seemed at this time dispirited and depressed to such an extent that General Sickles told the ladies present (mainly the wives of staff officers) that they must do something to cheer him up. "Let's all kiss him," said the vivacious Princess Salm-Salm, wife of a dashing foreign officer serving under Sickles. The question then arose who should be first to do that, but when the fair princess consented to "bell the cat" and lead off, the others all followed suit. Mr. Lincoln brightened up after the incident and was quite jolly, but Tad sat by, watching all that was going on, but said nothing.

Next day General Sickles had occasion to go to Washington by the steamer from Aquia Creek and found on board the President, Mrs. Lincoln, and Tad. He found Mrs. Lincoln very stiff and even gruff, and nothing that either General Sickles or Mr. Lincoln could say seemed to mollify her. Finally, when the party went into the cabin to dine, Mr. Lincoln suddenly said, "General Sickles, I have made an interesting discovery on this visit to the army."

"What is that, Mr. President?"

"I have discovered that you are a very religious man."

"Indeed, Mr. Lincoln, that does surprise me. I have been called a good many things in my day, but never that. What led you to that conclusion?"

"Well, General, I have discovered that you are not only a Psalmist, but a Psalm-Psalmist." At this Mrs. Lincoln burst into laughter and for the rest of the voyage was cheerful and entertaining.

Soon after taking up my residence in Baltimore in 1882, I made the acquaintance of the late Hugh L. Bond, a Federal judge who during the Civil War held intimate relations with President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton. As illustrating the relations existing between the two in war-time he told me the following story:

On one occasion Judge Bond was sitting with Mr. Stanton in the latter's office in the War Department when Senator Hicks of Maryland came in with an order from the President for the release of a Confederate prisoner on Johnson's Island. The prisoner was a Marylander, and some Eastern Shore neighbors had induced the Senator to procure the order from Mr. Lincoln. This was written on one of the small cards the President was apt to use in minor matters, but the moment the Secretary of War read it he tore it in two and said, "Senator, you ought to know better than to come stumping in here seeking the release of rebel prisoners." The Senator, who had lost a leg by accident, limped out in high dudgeon, whereupon Bond told Mr. Stanton that in view of

*(Continued on page 30.)*

# England's Mysterious Woman

The interest that Madame Humbert once aroused throughout France by the daring nature of her monumental swindling is now finding its parallel in the amazement with which England regards the deeds and misdeeds of a young woman known as Miss Violet Gordon Charlesworth. During the last two years this handsome young person has succeeded in swindling creditors out of immense sums. And when deception no longer availed and creditors became angrily importunate Miss Charlesworth vanished. Early in January, after sixteen days of searching throughout the British Isles, London was aroused by the news that Miss Charlesworth, the supposed heiress, renowned for her deals in the stock-market, had been killed while automobiling near Penmaenmawr, on the coast of North Wales. The story ran that Miss Charlesworth had been driving the car, in which were also her sister and the chauffeur, when the steering-gear broke, the machine crashed into the sea wall, and Miss Charlesworth was thrown through the glass wind-shield and over the cliff into the sea. The other occupants were merely stunned, but entirely uninjured, and left for home soon after the accident. The car was practically undamaged and was removed under its own power. All that remained of Miss Charlesworth were her cap and note-book, which searchers discovered on the beach beneath the cliff.

Soon after the accident was reported, doubts were cast upon the genuineness of the tale, and a rigid investigation of the scene of the disaster was made. There was no indication, except the cap and note-book, that a body had fallen from the roadway, and it was practically an impossibility for it to have dropped clear to the beach. In addition to this circumstance the water at that spot, even at high tide, is never more than eighteen inches deep, and the accident was reported to have occurred at 9.20 on a moonlight night when the tide was ebbing.

Meanwhile, days passed and nothing further could be learned concerning Miss Charlesworth's disappearance, although her photographs were in every paper, and reporters and detectives searched for evidence of any kind that might explain the affair. Her family history did come to light, however, bit by bit. The daughter of a respectable mechanic of Stafford, with a common-school education, but of a romantic and melodramatic temperament, Miss Charlesworth changed her Christian name of "May" for that of "Violet Gordon." Several years ago, in some inexplicable manner, she secured a little money, and by spreading mysterious rumors of a fortune of $2,500,000 which she was to fall heir to on her twenty-fifth birthday, January 13th last, fine clothes, jewelry, and a motor-car were acquired. This was the first of the many handsome cars she has driven, for she had a mania for motoring.

Miss Charlesworth took a house in Wiltshire and one in Scotland, while her name appeared on the books of prominent stockbrokers. A single Stock Exchange firm in London admits that she is in debt to them for £10,000, most of which was lost in the panic in the fall of 1907. At her country home she established a fine kennel of St. Bernards, and took a number of prizes at the shows. When a young woman possessing this much and owing money on it all suddenly disappears, naturally the search for her would be exhaustive.

On January 17th Violet Gordon Charlesworth was located at a hotel in Tobermory, Scotland, and confessed her identity, incidentally explaining the motor "accident" and her subsequent movements. She had run her car into the protecting wall above the cliff, had thrown her note-book and automobile cap over the wall, walked to the nearest railroad station and boarded a train for Scotland. Her sister and the chauffeur remained with the battered machine to spread the story of the fatal "accident," and to make Miss Charlesworth temporarily a national heroine.

Violet Gordon Charlesworth, whose swindles have amazed England

## Spies of Commerce

By Sarah Fuertes Hitchcock

An organized band of brigands who are of the "plain-clothes" type, but are none the less brigands, are interwoven among the throng of shoppers and sightseers who frequent our thoroughfares during business hours. They are not distinguishable from the other passers-by. A more or less sizable array of them are employed by nearly every merchant or business man whose prosperity depends upon his success in competing with his colleagues. It is customary to entrust the work of getting information to professionals who are specially trained for the purpose. In department stores they are called shoppers.

The most difficult kind of shopping is the kind that results in making no purchases but in acquiring specific information as to the resources of competitors. The reports of shoppers as to prices and values, variety and quantity, make a basis for buyers' purchasing. If a well-known merchant displays a quantity of some article, the other merchants infer that he has a reason for judging that particular article a good investment which the public will want to patronize. Immediately it becomes the duty of shoppers to report any such novelty or fad, and hastily obtained duplicates are displayed at once in all the other shops of similar character. A firm cannot afford not to have a goodly display of desirable and fashionable merchandise in its stock.

Many a "cut" in price owes its sudden appearance to the fact that some shrewd shopper has detected too mellow a "run" in some popular article: perhaps a collar, waist, hat, or bag, and reported the tendency to the private office. Immediately the price is reduced, and by offering an amazing inducement the sale is forced so that the stock is disposed of before the market "slumps." Thus money on the investment is realized before the fad and the limited hour of its popularity have perished together.

Shopping is conducted differently by different firms. One very prosperous department store gave the following working-order to one of its shoppers for the work of one day:

"Go to several furniture companies and see what has been most prominently placed to fill the demand for bedroom furniture. See if we are well stocked with this particular character of stuff. Compare it with ours, and if ours is lacking state in what way.

"Attend the lace sale at X's, and see if the head saleswoman is satisfied with her position. This you may learn if you can get her away from her counter. In case she is dissatisfied, learn what salary would induce her to come to us.

"Go to several milliners—the best in New York—and in your report point out each way in which we excel, and each way in which we are behind competitors. Buy three hats. One should be the type you consider the most apt to become the fashion for receptions, one for business, and one for rainy-day wear."

At the furniture houses so much white enamel abounded that a well-directed question drew out the information that while department stores were selling at reduced prices much old shop-worn furniture freshened with white paint, the special dealers in furniture were producing a character of merchandise far superior. It was made of hard wood instead of soft, and was more durable and more beautiful.

An attempt to reach the private ear of the saleswoman at X's lace sale met with amazing results. All questions referring to merchandise were instantly handed over to one of the clerks as being beneath the head of a department. But when she was asked in a low, confidential voice, "Could you spare a moment to talk business with me?" she replied, without looking up, "Please examine that pattern of Duchesse in the centre aisle, Madam: I will speak with you at once." Soon, with her elaborate coiffure bent over a length of lace and the guilelessness of a kitten in her eyes, she rattled off the inducements that might persuade her to leave her present employer, though he always had said that she should never leave him for lack of money. "But you see how it is; any one of intelligence is utterly wasted in such a place as this."

Hasty visits to one or two fashionable hat-shops on Fifth Avenue to get an idea of what "they" are wearing, and then a visit to the great shop whose name is a mark of elegance and distinction in two continents. If one happens to be ineffectively garbed, the brilliant eyes of the siren who deigns to notice one's presence sweep coldly in marcel waves of hauteur over one's insignificance—and, "We do not take our hats from the cases except for our customers." One who knows this form of feminine inquisition enters with assurance in her eye and all of her best clothing on her back! A sweeping condemnation of a few plumed creations adds to the situation a flavor of supremacy, and then seriousness settles down upon the transaction. At last a selection is made. It must display the best features of the fashions shown in the composite experience of the hat-hunt, and it must be beyond criticism in its quality of fashion and of fabric. If this trophy costs sixty dollars, it will be possible for the wise one to get it for fifty dollars. She has learned to have Paris hats with the Paris name in them copied, and the copy is ten dollars cheaper than the model. The hat is ordered to be sent C. O. D. the next day, and a telephone or note to the private office brings the required amount with which to meet the delivery boy on the morrow. Then the hat is sent for and taken to the private office of the firm to be thoroughly inspected and talked over. Men with perfectly manly voices and the faces of financiers and diplomats discuss the pros and cons of chiffon versus lisse under the brim, the feasibility of roses on fur and fur on chiffon, and the probability of a "run" of given fashions in relation to the advisability of investing in them for merchandise. Then the cause and subject of the discussion is borne away to the work-room. There the lovely name is ripped out as ignominiously as a last summer's tuck—the price let down, tens—and the less expensive department store exhibits it (with duplicates in waiting upstairs) as "The latest thing from our Paris representative."

The profession of shopping is considered by some people as a slightly dishonest enterprise. But while dishonest ways may mark it, there is an obvious opportunity for decency of method and for generous moderation. If a man does not know what the standard for his business is he cannot hope to attain it. If he does not keep abreast of the progress made by his competitors he cannot compete with them. And while his shoppers are out collecting information which shall guide his policies and his purchases for stock, the other fellow is walking up and down to glean the selfsame information and for the same reason. He affords to his opponents the same opportunities which he applies for his own benefit. Commercial warfare is cruel and merciless. A survival of the fittest is the accepted fiat. While this is full of pathos to those who fail, it none the less exemplifies a potent truth: failure is unqualification.

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Brown Brothers & Co.,

Bankers, No. 59 Wall Street

([illegible] from page 28.)

Hicks' infirmity, he should not have addressed [illegible] he did, and that he was sure to go to Mr. [illegible] and make complaint. At his suggestion Bond [illegible] Mr. Stanton direct to the White House, [illegible] found Mr. Hicks telling his story.

[illegible] President then turned to Stanton and said, "Mr. Secretary, why did you disobey my order?"

Mr. Stanton at once replied: "Mr. Lincoln, I can't [illegible] my stock in trade. These Confederate prisoners are my stock to exchange for Union soldiers in prison, and for every one you release unconditionally some poor fellow is compelled to remain at Belle Isle or Andersonville, and I won't have my stock reduced."

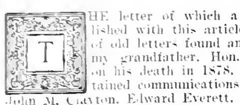
The President turned to Mr. Hicks and said, "Senator, what can a man do who has such a Secretary?" The pardon was not granted.

On one occasion Judge Bond was sitting with Mr. Lincoln when the latter was signing commissions, among which was one for Brigadier-General Schimpelfinning. "There," said Mr. Lincoln, "if the Johnnies ever capture that fellow he will be held until the end of the war, if they keep him till they learn how to pronounce his name."

## LINCOLN AS A FOE TO COMPROMISE

### FROM A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LETTER

By Henry Oldys



THE letter of which a *facsimile* is published with this article was in a bundle of old letters found among the effects of my grandfather, Hon. Nathan Sargent, on his death in 1878. The package contained communications from Henry Clay, John M. Clayton, Edward Everett, Lewis Cass, Henry A. Wise, Reverdy Johnson, and a number of other men whose activities helped to mould the destiny of the nation. It has been my intention, when pressure of regular duties would permit, to publish these letters, which cast some slight additional light on the political history of the country for more than twenty years. This Lincoln letter belongs to a later period than is covered by the bulk of the correspondence, and readily detaches itself from the rest, as was long ago pointed out to me by my friend, Col. John G. Nicolay, who was anxious to use it in the Life of Lincoln prepared jointly by himself and Mr. Hay. At the time I was not convinced by his arguments, and was unwilling to part with the letter. As we grow older we grow wiser, and I have since regretted that I did not accede to Colonel Nicolay's earnest request. However, that is past, and I am glad that I now have the opportunity to offer this additional bit to the Lincolniana called forth by the centennial anniversary of the birth of our great President.

FACSIMILE OF THE LAST PAGE OF A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LINCOLN LETTER WHICH EXEMPLIFIES HIS UNSWERVING ADHERENCE TO HIS CONVICTIONS ON THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY

The letter was written in the period intervening between Lincoln's unsuccessful campaign against Stephen A. Douglas, in 1858, for the Senatorship from Illinois, and his nomination for the Presidency at the Chicago Convention of 1860. The intense agitation attending the passage of the Nebraska bill in 1854 had been augmented by the subsequent rapid succession of events. The Ostend manifesto, with its open advocacy of the conquest of Cuba, for the purpose, as the North firmly believed, of extending slave-holding territory, and in the framing of which Buchanan, then Minister to England, had played a leading part; the various [illegible] expeditions undertaken against Cuba, Nicaragua, and Mexico, with the same design; the bloody [illegible] and lawlessness in Kansas; the frequent [illegible] strife resulting from attempts to execute the [illegible] slave law; the Dred Scott decision, [illegible] *obiter dictum* of the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court—had swept both North and South [illegible] their feet, and had produced a [illegible] of political alignments that resembled chaos. The [illegible] of the great Democratic party, [illegible] tension on the slavery question and precipitated by Lincoln in his debates with Douglas, had given to its opponents a glimpse of victory, if only the diverse constituents of the opposition could be united. Judge Sargent, an old-line Whig, was one of many who attempted to solve this difficult problem by fusing the various shades of opinion into one so as to present a solid front to the common enemy. A life-long friend and ardent admirer of Henry Clay, it was but natural that his thoughts should turn to compromise. In the palmy days of the Whig party (to which he had given its name) he had been prominent in party councils, both as the editor of a leading newspaper and as a political writer (his "Oliver Oldschool" letters had been accepted as gospel by the rank and file). He felt it his duty, therefore, to contribute his share to the solution of the vexed question of devising a platform on which all the opponents of Democracy could unite. And not that only; with many other conservative men he was greatly alarmed at the rapid growth of bitter sectional feeling, and hoped that if the Republican party could be committed to milder measures the impending conflict would be averted. This was a hope that glimmered in the breasts of many in those exciting days, chiefly men of the older régime, who felt that the headlong whirl toward conflict that followed so closely the death of Henry Clay, the Great Pacificator, was largely due to the removal of that steady hand from the helm. The followers—and it is not hyperbole to call them the worshippers—of that gallant leader, were filled with the desire to secure a settlement of the burning question of slavery along the lines of the principles they had imbibed from him. Party rancor and strife for supremacy were not incompatible with national safety, but the vital prejudice for or against slavery must be dealt with by compromise or the country would be plunged into a fratricidal conflict. It is possible that such men as Judge Sargent believed it would be better to lose the Presidential contest to the Democrats than to win on terms meaning certain war.

Lincoln and those who had joined with him in organizing the Republican party were of sterner stuff. To them slavery was a hideous crime, and there could be no compromise with evil. Whatever the result, there was but one course—to prevent "the spread and nationalization of slavery" and to hope for its ultimate extinction in its Southern stronghold. In a letter written to Schuyler Colfax, July 6, 1859, a few days after the Sargent letter, Lincoln says, after deprecating the tendency to "platform" for local issues without regard to their effect elsewhere:

"Kansas, in her confidence that she can be saved to freedom on 'squatter sovereignty,' ought not to forget that to prevent the spread and nationalization of slavery is a national concern, and must be attended to by the nation."

He, too, was looking beyond the Presidential contest to the establishment of principles on which the sectional conflict must be settled. But with him it was no concession, but a fight to the finish. A country could not exist half slave, half free. One side or the other must dominate. It was not a question where to draw the line, for no line could be drawn that recognized the existence of slavery as right. The question must be decided definitely and forever whether slavery was right or wrong. His complete and forcible rejection of Judge Sargent's proposed platform was to be expected, not only because of its weakness as a standard around which to rally the scattered forces of opposition, but because of its ignoring what he regarded as a national crime.

In his debates with Douglas during the preceding summer, Lincoln had clarified and sharply delineated the issue between the North and the South as no other man had yet done. He had widened and made impassable the breach between the Douglas and Buchanan Democrats; he had demolished the refuge of "squatter sovereignty," and he had raised himself personally to such an eminence that his own unflinching individuality was the rallying-point for all the uncompromising foes of slavery. His unyielding attitude and his towering figure are clearly marked in his letter to Judge Sargent.

The text of the letter is as follows:

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., *June 23, 1859.*

HON. NATHAN SARGENT.

MY DEAR SIR

Your very acceptable letter of the 13th was duly received— Of course I would be pleased to see all the elements of opposition united for the approaching contest of 1860; but I confess I have not much hope of seeing it—You state a platform for such union in these words "*Opposition to the opening of the Slave-trade; and eternal hostility to the rotten democracy;*" You add, by way of comment "I say, if the republicans would be content with this, there will be no obstacle to a union of the *opposition.* But this should be distinctly understood, before Southern men are asked to join them in a National convention" Well, I say such a platform, unanamously adopted by a National convention, with two of the best men living placed upon it as candidates, would probably carry Maryland, and would certainly not carry a single other State— It would gain nothing in the South, and lose everything in the North—Mr. Goggin has just been beaten in Virginia on just such a platform— Last year the Republicans of Illinois cast 125,000 votes; on such a platform as yours they can not cast as many by 50,000— You could not help perceiving this, if you would but reflect that the republican party is utterly powless everywhere, if it will, by any means, drive from it all those who came to it from the democracy for the sole object of preventing the spread, and nationalization of slavery— Whenever this object is waived by the organization, they will drop the organization; and the organization itself will dissolve into thin air— Your platform proposes to allow the spread, and nationalization of slavery to proceed without let or hindrance, save only that it shall not receive supplies directly from Africa— Surely you do not seriously believe the Republicans can come to any such terms—

From the passage of the Nebraska bill up to date, the Southern opposition have constantly sought to gain an advantage over the rotten democracy, by running ahead of them in extreme opposition to, and vilifacation and misrepresentation of black republicans— It will be a good deal, if we fail to remember this in malice, (as I hope we shall fail to remember it;) but it is altogether too much to ask us to try to stand with them on the platform which has proved altogether insufficient to sustain them alone— If the rotten democracy shall be beaten in 1860, it has to be done by the North; no human invention can deprive them of the South— I do not deny that there are as good men in the South as the North; and I guess we will elect one of them if he will allow us to do so on Republican ground— I think there can be no other ground of Union— For my single self I would be willing to risk some Southern men without a platform; but I am satisfied that is not the case with the Republican party generally.

Yours very truly A. LINCOLN.

## MIGHT LINCOLN'S LIFE HAVE BEEN SAVED?

### From the Narrative of William H. Crook, Lincoln's Personal Body-guard

THAT the assassination of Lincoln might easily have been prevented is a fact which is not generally known. How the inexcusable negligence of John Parker, Lincoln's guard on that occasion, gave Booth an opportunity to enter the President's box was related for the first time by William H. Crook, Lincoln's personal body-guard, in the issue of HARPER'S MAGAZINE for September, 1907. Recounting the circumstances, Mr. Crook says:

"I have often wondered why the negligence of the guard who accompanied the President to the theatre on the night of the 14th has never been divulged. So far as I know, it was never even investigated by the police department. Yet, had he done his duty, I believe President Lincoln might not have been murdered by Booth. The man was John Parker. He was a native of the District, and had volunteered, as I believe each of the other guards had done, in response to the President's first call for troops from the District. He is dead now and, as far as I have been able to discover, all of his family.

"It was the custom for the guard who accompanied the President to the theatre to remain in the little passageway through which Booth entered. Mr. Buckingham, who was the doorkeeper at Ford's Theatre, remembers that a chair was placed there for the guard on the evening of the 14th. Whether Parker occupied it at all I do not know—Mr. Buckingham is of the impression that he did. If he did, he left it almost immediately; for he confessed to me the next day that he went to a seat at the front of the first gallery so that he could see the play. The door of the President's box was shut; probably Mr. Lincoln never knew that the guard had left his post.

"Mr. Buckingham tells that Booth was in and out of the house five times before he finally shot the President. Each time he looked about the theatre in a restless, excited manner. I think there can be no doubt that he was studying the scene of his intended crime, and that he observed that Parker, whom he must have been watching, was not at his post. To me it is very probable that the fact that there was no one on guard may have determined the time of his attack. Booth had found it necessary to stimulate himself with whiskey in order to reach the proper pitch of fanaticism. Had he found a man at the door of the President's box armed with a Colt's revolver, his alcohol courage might have evaporated.

"Had Parker been at his post at the back of the box—Booth still being determined to make the attempt that night—he would have been stabbed, probably killed. The noise of the struggle—Parker could surely have managed to make some outcry—would have given the alarm. Major Rathbone was a brave man, and the President was a brave man and of enormous muscular strength. It would have been an easy thing for the two men to have disarmed Booth, who was not a man of great physical strength. It was the suddenness of his attack on the President that made it so devilishly successful. It makes me feel rather bitter when I remember that the President had said just a few hours before, that he knew he could trust all his guards. And then to think that in that one moment of test one of us should have utterly failed him!"

## ANNE RUTLEDGE

*(Continued from page 26.)*

Drawing up in front of the tavern, he ran in, eager to meet Annie.

Amazed at his return, her thoughts conflicting, her grief stirred anew, Mrs. Rutledge told him she had been dead nearly a week. Distressed beyond power of speech, the desolate man stumbled back to the wagon and told his mother the terrible news. His dream, too, had led him to a gloomy and indefinite shore, whose darkness no mortal vision could penetrate. With an aching heart he turned back toward his farm, his tears dimming the landscape which for so long he had yearned to behold again. He thought of the sickness unto death which had delayed him in Ohio on his way to his Eastern home. There, grimly facing death, he had concealed his name, his business, even his destination from the people about him. A month passed before he was able to resume his journey. Fear had entered his heart that Annie Rutledge might have forgotten him, and in his fear he forbore writing to her. None of her letters had reached him, and patiently had he waited till in person he could prove the truth of all he had told her. Alas, had he written but a line!

Thinking on these things, he drove now in the gathering twilight to the farm which, as he had told Annie, should become a home for his mother and her children.

One gray November day, toward evening, a stranger was seen walking toward Concord. The wind was raw and cutting, and flakes of snow now and then fell on his cheek. Absorbed in reflection, he travelled through the quiet graveyard and came to a newly made grave. Approaching the sacred spot, his breast bursting with agony, he knelt above the beloved form. His glance caught the figure of a tall, dark-faced man emerging from the thicket and coming forward with long strides. The tall man stopped a moment as if hesitating.

"John."

"Abe."

Clasping hands across the grave, the two strong men knelt in silence together and mingled their tears in a common sorrow.

Many years later, in the Governor's Room at the Capitol at Springfield, a man was walking slowly to and fro, his hands clasped behind him, his face dreary with reflection. He was alone. For many months he had been the central figure in a great national contest, a campaign and an election which should determine whether this country should be half slave and half free, or all the one thing or all the other. The people had passed judgment on that question, and Abraham Lincoln was President-elect. For months he had not known privacy; the great and powerful had come and gone, the wise and the foolish had spoken; but they all had left him to bear the burden of the nation alone: to solve the problem of its destiny. He had not yet announced his readiness to depart for Washington. He felt that he could not go until once more his eyes had seen the familiar places of his youth and once more he had greeted his aged mother.

Weary with the labors of the day, he was seeking rest in a few moments' privacy and, if possible, in a few moments' sleep. He stretched himself upon the sofa. Again he was swiftly travelling on some strange unusual vessel, toward a gloomy and indefinite shore. The shadows of night overhung him, and the stillness of death compassed him about. The vividness of the dream awakened him. Again had the mysterious messenger come to him from the unknown. A flood of memories came over him, sweeping him back to the days of his youth, the days of aspiration, toil, and infinite loss. Arising, though little refreshed, he quietly now slipped away from Springfield down to Farmington, to pay perhaps his last greetings of affection to his mother. With tears streaming down her cheeks the good woman at last released him, giving him her blessing, and mingling with it her prophecy that his life would be taken by his enemies. Profoundly moved and with gloomy forebodings, at last he broke away from her. But his heart yearned for a glimpse of the scenes of his youth, and he kept on his journey, meeting many old-time friends who had known and had helped him in his days of struggle. Some of these friends he had first known in New Salem.

That humble hamlet was no more. Hardly a vestige of it remained. The pioneers were scattered or dead, and the place was a place of memories.

A few days later some of these New Salem friends of old were among the throng that surged into the Capitol to grasp his hand and murmur benedictions upon him.

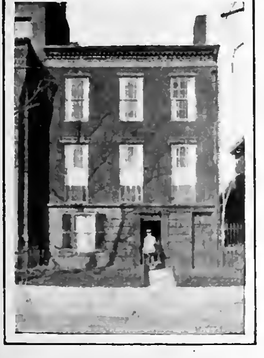
"Isaac," said the President to one of these, after asking about all the early families of New Salem and recalling old times—"Isaac, I loved Annie Rutledge; I loved her dearly. She was a handsome girl, and would have made a good and loving wife. I did honestly and truly love the girl, and think often of her now."

Then, pausing, a look of inexpressible grief overspreading his face, the five-and-twenty years which had passed since her death seemed to roll back and the agony of that day again came over his soul. With an effort he regained his composure and said, half whispering the words,

"And I have loved the name of Rutledge to this day."

Twenty-five years after Lincoln's death, the piety of friendship removed the remains of Annie Rutledge from the neglected graveyard in which she was buried —for the graveyard had suffered the melancholy fate of New Salem. For more than half a century the grave of the woman with whom Lincoln said his heart was buried remained unmarked. But it had never been forgotten by those who loved her, and her sad story was its imperishable monument.

The traveller to-day visiting beautiful "Oakland," the "God's-acre" of Petersburg, will find a grave lonely and apart. A young tree grows beside it, and at its head there rests a stone of unpolished granite bearing the simple inscription, "Anne Rutledge."



**Woman suffrage in Washington**

THE HOUSE ON EIGHTH STREET, NEAR PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN PURCHASED FOR USE AS A NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS FOR THE SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT

## When Clocks Were Young

THE art of telling time is as old as the earliest historical records, though the methods employed in dividing up the day into equal periods have varied greatly during the past eras; and only in modern times have watches and clocks, as we know them, become customary. Many of these are most elaborate, but practically all possess a circular dial or face. However, only as late as the sixteenth century many watches were oval in shape, and an oblong one with six sides kept splendid time after it had been repaired ninety years later.

Probably the earliest form of timepiece was the "gnomon," or index rod, of a sun-dial. At first this was merely an upright stick placed in a sunny spot, and measuring the passage of the day by its shadow cast upon the bare earth, because the dial was a later innovation.

The sand-glass, still frequently used as an indicator for the boiling of eggs, dates back two thousand years, and was always reliable in marking a fixed space of time, such as the hour. It has not been very many years since the hour-glass had its particular place on the pulpits in our churches as an ever-present reminder to the preacher not to overtax the attention of his audience. The finer glasses were filled with powdered egg-shells thoroughly dried, for this material was not so susceptible to atmospheric moisture.

A still earlier instrument was the clepsydra, which measured time by the efflux of water through a tiny orifice. There were two types of these; in the first the water trickled from a small opening in one vessel and slowly filled a receptacle which was graduated to indicate periods of time, and generally a "floater" pointed out the height of the water on the side of the vessel. In the second variety of clepsydra the graduated vessel, having a small orifice in the bottom, rested upon a surface of water and gradually filled and sank at the expiration of the fixed interval.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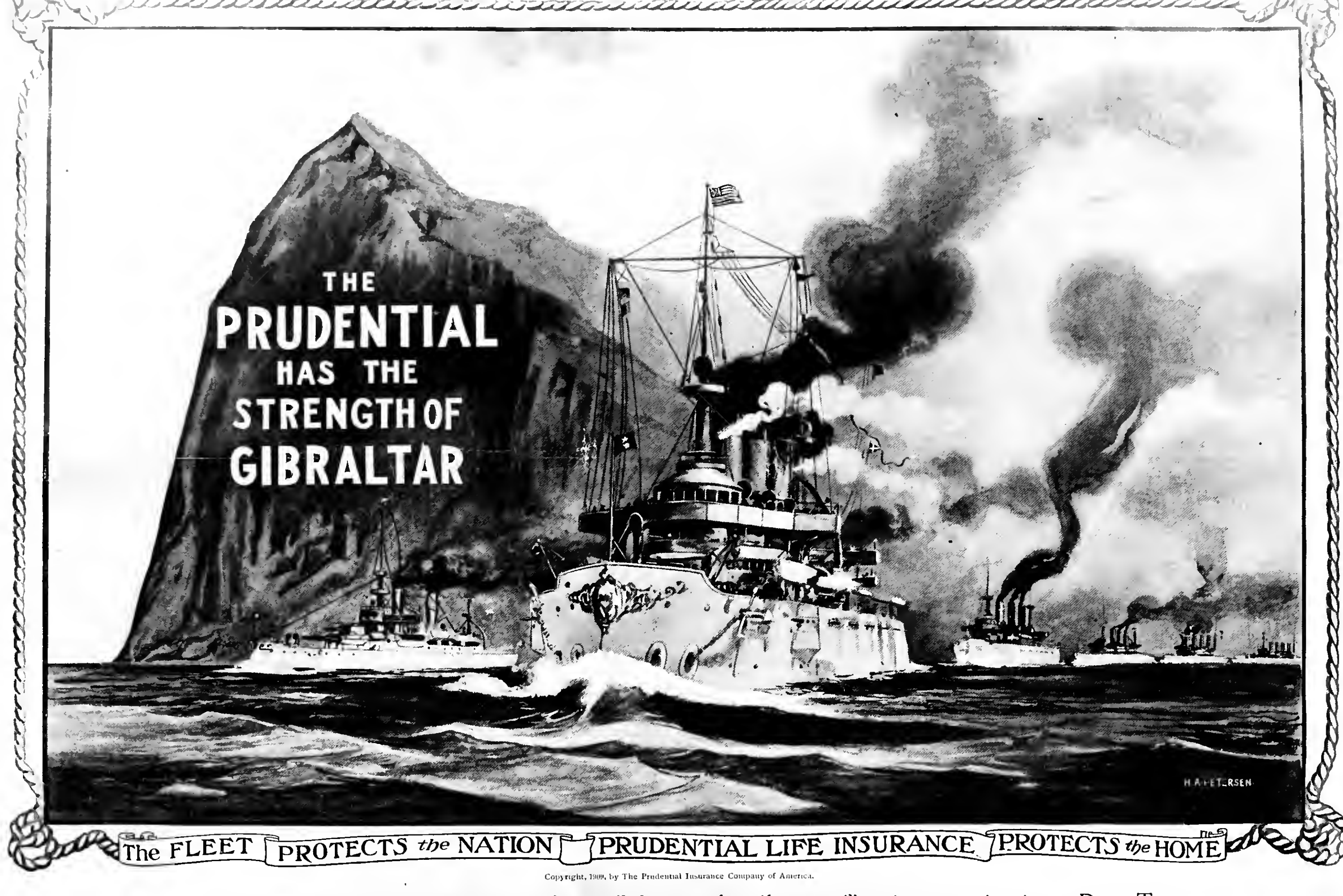


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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. LIII | New York, February 27, 1909 | No. 2723

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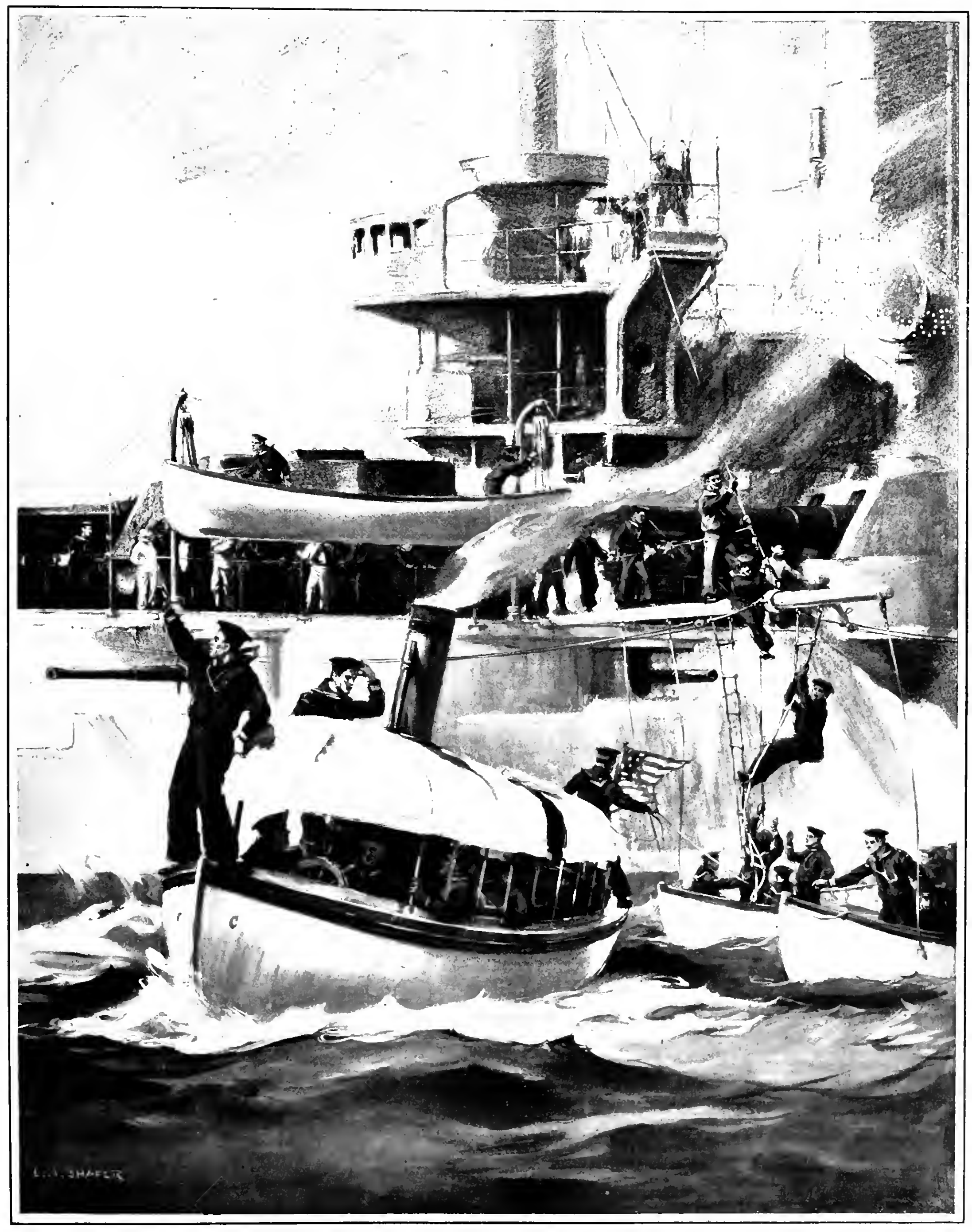


AROUND THE WORLD AND HOME AGAIN

DRAWN BY L. A. SHAFER

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

[illegible] No. 2723

[illegible] BY GEORGE HARVEY

THIRTY-SIX PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 27, 1909

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FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

LONDON: 45 ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

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## Comment

### The New Cabinet

It seems to be fairly well settled that President TAFT'S Cabinet will be constituted as follows:

*Secretary of State*—PHILANDER C. KNOX, of Pennsylvania.

*Secretary of the Treasury*—WILLIS VAN DEVANTER, of Wyoming.

*Secretary of War*—JACOB M. DICKINSON, of Tennessee.

*Attorney-General*—GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM, of New York.

*Postmaster-General*—FRANK H. HITCHCOCK, of Massachusetts.

*Secretary of the Navy*—GEORGE VON L. MEYER, of Massachusetts.

*Secretary of the Interior*—RICHARD A. BALLINGER, of Washington.

*Secretary of Agriculture*—JAMES WILSON, of Iowa.

*Secretary of Commerce and Labor*—CHARLES NAGEL, of Missouri.

As a whole, it seems good. Mr. KNOX is the best man available to succeed Mr. ROOT. It is a pity that his eligibility rests upon an obvious evasion of a provision of the Constitution, and, as a member of Congress, we should have voted against the repeal bill whose enactment establishes a bad precedent in putting expediency above principle. But there is no use of talking about that now. Mr. WICKERSHAM is a lawyer of the first class, of sound judgment, and notably independent disposition. As contrasted with the present incompetent Attorney-General, he has a rare opportunity to shine. The selection of Mr. VAN DEVANTER of Wyoming to become Secretary of the Treasury is somewhat of a surprise, but his record as a lawyer and public official is excellent, even though his banking experience has been limited apparently to the handling of a personal account, and we are happy to assume that Mr. TAFT and Mr. KNOX know what they are about. Mr. MEYER is well-to-do and probably well enough, though hardly up, in our opinion, to his big job. The appointment of Mr. HITCHCOCK is of the machine order and distasteful, but Mr. HITCHCOCK himself is a capable administrator, and may come to appreciate that his sole object ought not to be the perpetuation of Republican rule through the use of patronage. It was right to keep Mr. WILSON for a while, and everybody speaks well of Mr. DICKINSON. The other two we know nothing of. As a group, the new Cabinet falls measurably below the high standard fixed by President HAYES, for example, [illegible] clearly it is a TAFT-KNOX, not a ROOSEVELT, aggregat[illegible] and seems likely to work harmoniously and effectively. So far, so good.

### Mr. Roosevelt on Lincoln

S[illegible] speeches were made on the one-hundredth [illegible]versary of LINCOLN'S birthday that [illegible] found their way into print, but of those we [illegible] President ROOSEVELT was in[illegible] the best. Although apparently the [illegible] were somewhat dismal, the occasion [illegible] inspiring, and the President rose to it [illegible]ably. Thanks chiefly to the Messrs. COLLIER, [illegible] of the great emancipator is to be [illegible] and the landmarks preserved, and [illegible] recognition of this patriotic service that [illegible]t ROOSEVELT made the long, tiring journey at an inclement season of the year, and delivered an address which has seldom been excelled in direct forcefulness and simplicity of diction. It was natural that there Mr. ROOSEVELT should do his best. He has studied LINCOLN as he has studied no other public character, and has formed conclusions respecting that odd blending of idealism and practicality, which, though faulty in details, are in the main correct. "We of this day," he aptly declared, "must try to solve many social and industrial problems, requiring to an especial degree the combination of indomitable resolution with cool-headed sanity." And in making the effort, he truly added: "We can profit by the way in which LINCOLN used both these traits as he strove for reform. The goal was never dim before his vision; but he picked his way cautiously, without either halt or hurry, as he strode toward it, through such a morass of difficulty that no man of less courage would have attempted it, while it would surely have overwhelmed any man of judgment less serene." In this high key the brief oration was pitched from its beginning to its end, and will, in our judgment, stand out as the most satisfying effort Mr. ROOSEVELT has yet made.

### He Fought Hard but Never Hated

Yet perhaps the most wonderful thing of all, and, from the standpoint of the America of to-day and of the future, the most vitally important, was the extraordinary way in which LINCOLN could fight valiantly against what he deemed wrong and yet preserve undiminished his love and respect for the brother from whom he differed.—*President* ROOSEVELT *on* LINCOLN.

Wonderful, yes, but not novel. Nor is LINCOLN the greatest example of it. The greatest example is that of that earlier story-telling teacher and leader whose experiences are recorded in the New Testament.

### No Occasion for Carping

Mr. TAFT need not have apologized at New Orleans for the heat he manifested over the attempts of "notoriety-seeking Congressmen" and "sensational newspapers" to discredit the decision in favor of a lock canal. The popular opinion in favor of a sea-level plan is chiefly that of laymen, and, while naturally distrustful of the wisdom of leaving to one set of engineers the privilege of passing upon their own recorded judgment, people generally are satisfied that Mr. TAFT, being fully conversant with the attendant facts, has reached the conclusion that would have seemed best to any cautious and conscientious mind. Whatever may have been the predilections of the engineers, there is no reason to suspect their sincerity or, except in the matter of expenditure, their ability, and mere carping which tends only to handicap the labors of those responsible for the great work is not only unwise in policy, but positively unpatriotic in principle. It should now be the aim of all to facilitate, not to hinder, the successful completion of the colossal undertaking.

### The Great Libel Case

The cat is out of the bag at last, and Brothers JOSEPH PULITZER and DELEVAN SMITH stand indicted by executive decree for libelling the brother-in-law of the government. We don't know how Brother SMITH feels about it—probably not very enthusiastic. Persons commonly do not like to be indicted for an alleged criminal offence. Brother PULITZER, of course, doesn't care. The proceeding is strictly in line with his own oft-expressed declaration that no injustice is done a man by indicting him, because, forsooth, he is sure to have a chance to establish his innocence at his trial. At the last moment the President found that he couldn't very well go to West Point and personally conduct the prosecution, so the true bills were found in the District of Columbia, and the Federal marshals are scurrying about now after the bodies of the defendants for future delivery in Washington.

The omniscient Corsican Attorney-General tells all about it. He kept his impatient tongue quiet for a long time, he informs us, because he felt that it would be "inappropriate" to speak while the great hunt for a place of jurisdiction under the statutes of 576 B.C. was in progress, "notwithstanding the fact that certain newspapers and others—meaning, we assume, some uncertain ones—have not hesitated to comment freely and very unfairly upon the character and supposed purpose of the inquiry in progress." The precise nature of the free and unfair comment which evokes this chiding he does not state. We had not supposed there was any doubt of the purpose of the prosecution. It was and is, we suspect, to put Brothers PULITZER and SMITH in jail. So at any rate the President plainly intimated in characteristically unequivocal language. If the real purpose is to catch the bodies of the defendants in order to pin upon their manly breasts some ROOSEVELT Panama medals as evidences of appreciation of their activities in canal matters, it seems to us that the fact should be made known, so as to permit Brother PULITZER to return to the bosom of his family instead of cavorting about over the high seas on the happily named yacht *Liberty*.

There are five counts to the indictments, but all to the same effect, namely, that the defendants "knavishly" and "knowingly" libelled, with malicious intent to "vilify and defame," "one THEO ROOSEVELT," "one DOUGLAS ROBINSON," "one CHARLES P. TAFT," "one ELIHU ROOT," "one WM. H. TAFT," "one WM. NELSON CROMWELL," and "one J. PIERPONT MORGAN." Inasmuch as the President firmly declared in his message to Congress that the real libel was upon "the people of the United States," we must assume that in his view the gentlemen mentioned "are the people." Why Messrs. ROOT and MORGAN and WM. H. TAFT were lugged in passeth understanding. No one of the three has ever seemed to get excited about the business and, we imagine, would be quite as well pleased to be let alone. Maybe the government thought its brother-in-law needed company.

Anyhow, the great jig is on, and there will be a lot of dancing. Brother PULITZER continues to regard himself as the victim of "a political persecution"—as we guess he is—and thanks goodness that he has money enough to hire smart lawyers to defend him. He also informs us daily and emphatically that he is going to maintain the Freedom of the Press or perish in the attempt. We commend his resolution, and congratulate him upon the free advertising and additional circulation now coming his way. As to the outcome of the ridiculous proceeding, we venture the prediction that it won't amount to a hill of beans unless one THEO ROOSEVELT stays at home and runs things himself.

Perhaps he will. What's that?

### Brother Hearst Secedes

The statement of the President is intolerant and untrue.

Did you ever hear the like of that? It is from the fountain-pen of Brother WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. So ends the Interdependent League. No more friendly discourse between the acts at the White House! No more pretty tales in the HEARST papers about the sturdy youth THEODORE ROOSEVELT leaving a Presbyterian Sunday-school and going over to the Dutch Reformed because the Presbyterian superintendent disapproved licking a boy for refusing to be saved. No more official thanks to an active journalist for buying and printing stolen letters for political effect. It is indeed a bitter world. We guess everybody now has called our Future Brother a liar except Brother LYMAN ABBOTT and us.

### Of the Stage and Fireside

An attractive young woman came out of the West to act on the great White Way and did so well that her manager made her his wife—also a star. After a while, she got tired of acting and said she wanted to sit in the corner and knit and bring up some babies. To facilitate the enterprise, curiously enough, she went back to California to get a divorce, and is now there expounding her innermost thoughts through the medium of an ever-attentive press. Two of the many vital questions propounded by the lady are as follows:

Suppose a young woman with the possibility of loving much and hating much should meet a man whose sentiments matched hers to the last extreme; suppose he was the first who crossed her path in an exotic wilderness of mirage and unreality—would she not love him?

To which we should say that she might or might not. It is not polite, for one thing, for a gentleman to cross the path of a lady who is taking a stroll through an exotic wilderness. He should step aside, raise his hat courteously, let her pass, and sighfully turn the other way unless inadvertently, but apparently not without premeditation, she should happen to glance back with a surprised, yet not displeased, expression upon her fair face. Possibly that is what happened in this case. But

Suppose her husband—assuming her to be married—had such confidence in her that he would hear unmoved the facts of the mutual affection and urge her to keep on the stage and on the trail of an illusion

called fame—then would you say that she and he were incompatible?

We are disposed to believe that, if we were he, we should. But, alackaday! how difficult it seems to be for one who has been on the stage to cease to act.

#### Going for Earthquakes

The galloping lallapaloosas breathed easier when they heard last week that the Mighty Hunter is not going straight to Africa, after all, but will stop for a fortnight—or more—in Italy to pay his respects to the Pope and take breakfast with the King. The solemn announcement came from the White House that "both have expressed a desire to see him." That surely is a sufficient inducement for the pause, but confidentially it is not the real one. The truth, we understand, is that Ambassador GRISCOM reports more ominous rumblings on the peninsula and our Future Brother considers it to be his plain duty, in the event of another earthquake, to be on hand and take charge. He has always wanted to hunt earthquakes, anyway, as he places them in the destructive class and strongly deserving of extinction. In this case, he will fight to kill, not to preserve. Meanwhile, the Official Photographer is laying in a stock of Titanic films and Maj. EDGAR A. MEARNS, U. S. A., retired, is making a thorough analysis of his own internal seismic disturbances to complete his preparations for truly scientific inquiry. Director WALCOTT of the Smithsonian Institution has again heard of the Expedition in some roundabout way and has delicately hinted that, if a small earthquake could be taken alive and added to his collection, the gift would be highly appreciated, but it is understood that passing events will have to determine the feasibility of his suggestion. Incidentally, in view of the constantly changing programme, we advise our self-sacrificing friends, the galloping lallapaloosas, to come down to exposed positions on the river banks, or even perhaps to swim over to Europe, if they want to make sure of being shot to be pickled and added to the other preserves on the pantry shelf at Oyster Bay.

#### Echoes of Tolstoi

> Government cannot improve the moral nature of man, and brute force always defeats its object. There can be no coercion of the soul. Every law must have the sanction of the free will. Where America surpasses Europe is in its personal liberty, which is the heritage of a race of heroes. But this is doomed to be extinguished by the legislatures of a time-serving generation.

So TOLSTOI, writing in the Finnish paper, *Progress*, as the *World* reports him. Can it be that some one has sent him copies of some of the new anti-liquor laws of some of our more progressive States? He is a profoundly interesting Voice, and thunders very much to the point in generals, however hard it may be to follow him in a good many particulars. He has a vast deal of history at his back when he says that "the root of all the evils of civilization lies in the perverted teachings miscalled Christianity," though when he adds that "the modern Church is the greatest foe of man, and the churchgoer a blind dupe," we may hope he speaks rather of the Church in Russia, which was the care and cherished instrument of the late Reverend POBIEDONOSTSEFF, than of such Churches as we have here. According to a story in the *World*, TOLSTOI lately said of LINCOLN:

> Of all the great national heroes and statesmen of history, LINCOLN is the only real giant. . . . He was a Christ in miniature, a saint of humanity, whose name will live thousands of years in the legends of future generations. . . . WASHINGTON was a typical American. NAPOLEON was typical Frenchman, but LINCOLN was a humanitarian as broad as the world. He was bigger than his country; bigger than all the other Presidents put together; because he was a universal individualist, who wanted to see himself in the world, not the world in himself.

#### Panama's Trying Climate

Colonel GOETHALS is home from Panama, tired, worn, and, if he has been quoted truly, a bit querulous. There was an engineer who came back from Panama and threw up his job, and it may be recalled that the amiable man who was Secretary of War at that time and has since been promoted let loose at him a packet of very harsh revilings. We question whether the like could happen again to any man who had held a responsible place at Panama, no matter how much he seemed to deserve it, so clearly it is recognized that men who carry heavy loads at Panama for any length of time come home the worse for work. Colonel GOETHALS, as quoted in the papers, speaks of himself as "tired and worried in mind and body." Probably he has been too long on the job, but he has made a splendid showing. Wonderful things have been done to make the Isthmus healthy, and with wonderful success. Compared with what it used to be, it is a health resort now; but still, to make it truly wholesome for citizens of these States, it needs to be moved some thousands of miles north. The white men who do best there and who are now considered the best laborers employed are the Spaniards. They bear the climate best, subsisting largely on starches and sugars, and spending less of their energy in digestion than the Americans do, who there, as at home, lean more on meat. Maj. CHARLES E. WOODRUFF's theory that it is the light in the tropics that is dangerous to white men, rather than the heat, seems not to have been regarded as yet in the precautions taken to preserve health at the Isthmus. It may have a partial test in the night work which it is proposed to institute in some parts of the work. The success of the Spanish laborers bears out, in a way, his theory that the dark-haired men bear tropical climates best, though that does not explain why Spaniards have done better than Italians.

#### Get this Snag Out of the Constitution

Has not the country clearly outgrown the provision of the Constitution (Article I., Section VI., Paragraph 2) which reads:

> No Senator or Representative shall, during the time for which he was elected, be appointed to any civil office under the authority of the United States which shall have been created, or the emoluments of which shall have been increased, during such time.

The impropriety which the paragraph was aimed to prevent is remote, and is of trifling consequence compared with the loss which the country may at any time sustain from the disability of members of Congress to receive appointments to the Cabinet, to judgeships, ambassadorships, or other high offices under the government where their services may happen to be urgently needed. That Mr. KNOX should have been ineligible, under the Constitution, for a seat in Mr. TAFT's Cabinet because Congress lately raised the salaries of Cabinet officers was an absurdity. There was no relation at all between the action of Congress on the Cabinet salaries and the acceptance by Mr. KNOX of the place that Mr. TAFT offered him. Mr. KNOX's disability was a mere joke, and a very bad one. We are reminded by a letter-writer in the *Sun* that in 1885 Mr. CLEVELAND took three Senators—BAYARD, GARLAND, and LAMAR—into the Cabinet, all of whom might have happened to be casually disqualified by a salary-increase law passed, possibly, against the will and votes of every one of them. The constitutional precaution which Mr. KNOX has stumbled over seems altogether too dear at the price. In order to get rid of it an amendment of the Constitution must pass both Houses of Congress by a two-thirds vote and be ratified by conventions or Legislatures in three-fourths of the States. That is a laborious undertaking. It may be that the end sought may be attained by introducing into future salary-raising bills the provision that they shall not apply to Senators and other members of Congress who become appointees to Federal offices before the expiration of the terms for which they were elected.

#### Collector Crum's Appointment

The case of Collector CRUM goes over, it is understood, to Mr. TAFT. The Republican leaders in the Senate announce that they will make no further attempt to force confirmation before March 4th. If they should make another attempt, TILLMAN and the other Southern Senators would doubtless have enough sympathizers among the Republicans to defeat it. President ROOSEVELT might, by withdrawing the nomination, spare his successor the embarrassment of having to seem to pass on the wisdom of the original appointment; but this he is unlikely to do. Neither opposition from Democrats, bitter resentment in the South, nor the dissuasion of his own party associates, has in this matter availed to make him change his mind. There was, of course, no compulsion to reappoint Doctor CRUM, who has had a fairly long tenure of the office, and by appointing some one else, or simply leaving Doctor CRUM in office until his successor should be named, the matter might have been put up to TAFT more acceptably. For Mr. TAFT ought, if possible, to be permitted to develop his Southern policy without being forced either to approve or disapprove, by implication, that of his predecessor. We say "by implication"; but we are not sure the implication would be logical. Mr. TAFT will find the place waiting to be filled. It will be his right and his constitutional duty to follow his own best judgment in filling it. If he decides that it is not best at this time to appoint this particular man to this particular office in this particular community of Charleston, South Carolina, he will be acting certainly within the limits of his executive discretion. Such a decision should not be interpreted as unfriendly to the negroes. He may feel that to reappoint Doctor CRUM would not, on the whole, make for the best interests of Doctor CRUM's own race. Nor yet, on the other hand, if he should decide to reappoint Doctor CRUM, ought that to be taken as proving he is unfriendly to the white people of the South. There is too much evidence that he is not. But we have no doubt such inferences *will* be drawn, whatever action he takes. Our hope is, however, that the sober, thoughtful, patriotic men of both races in the South, who know that good feeling between the races in all their daily intercourse is worth more than any office—that these men, and not the mere politicians, will more and more guide and control public opinion concerning such incidents as have in the past provoked animosities.

#### A New Orchestra for New York

Admittedly the opera and its concerns absorb the bulk of that portion of public attention which is directed toward the world of music; nor is this a condition to be unqualifiedly deplored. Despite the pedants who insist that the opera is an "impure" and a "bastard" form of art, it nevertheless remains an inescapable fact that a large proportion of the most eloquent and beautiful music in existence is music written for the drama; and the most inspired score ever composed is that of an opera. Nevertheless, it is regrettable that interest in operatic affairs should prevail at the expense of interest in less spectacular manifestations of the art. There are music-lovers who would rather listen to a good orchestral concert with a well-chosen programme than to any operatic performance. These music-lovers are of considerable numbers, high intelligence, and fastidious taste; and many of them have often wondered and asked why it is that New York, the centre of American activity in all the arts, should occupy a secondary position in respect to its orchestral performances. There is no dispute of the fact that the best orchestra in America—Mr. PADEREWSKI has lately called it the best in the world—is the possession, not of New York, but of Boston. Now there is one thing which is essential to the establishment and maintenance of an orchestra of the first class, and that, regrettably enough, is money. A first-class orchestra is impossible without frequent rehearsals and frequent performances—without, in a word, constant drilling; and constant drilling is expensive. It is pleasant to know that what is to be virtually a new orchestra is to be established in New York; that it is to be sufficiently "financed"; and that it will begin to operate next season. Through the energetic efforts of an indefatigable music-lover, Mrs. GEORGE R. SHELDON, the ancient and honorable Philharmonic Society has agreed to reorganize itself upon a basis which will permit of a greatly increased efficiency, and the rehabilitated orchestra will play as a concert-giving body for a period of at least twenty-three weeks a year. A conductor of unquestioned ability and large reputation, Mr. GUSTAV MAHLER, has been secured for a two years' engagement; and a guarantee fund amounting, it is said, to more than $80,000, has been subscribed for a period of three years by a group of generous citizens. New York already possesses an orchestra—the New York Symphony—which is working zealously for musical righteousness; but it has yet to be demonstrated that the metropolis is incapable of maintaining more than one orchestra of important and dignified aims.

#### Polite and Just

That was very proper and seemly action that the House took in voting to expunge from the record the speech of Mr. WILLETT ridiculing the President, on the ground (reported by the select committee) that—

> Since, under the Constitution, the members of the House may not be questioned elsewhere for speeches in the House, and the President ought not therefore to criticise or comment officially upon speeches in the House, it becomes especially the duty of the House itself to protect the President from that personal abuse, innuendo, or ridicule tending to excite disorder in the House itself and to create personal antagonism on the part of the President toward the House.

The report cut both ways, but it cut fair.

## The Loneliness of the Saints

"Now I return to the source whence I came forth." [illegible] Plotinus, saying, "the flight of the alone to the [illegible]," and in the saying is summed up that sense [illegible] only to those who have lived the inward [illegible] long enough to separate the temporal intelligence from the soul's immortal voice, and who have come to know how untouched the soul's life may be by all the [illegible] and the turmoil of this human moment. Even [illegible] in our clay-built prison, the listener may now and [illegible] hear the [illegible] silence of eternity, even as, emerging from the bustle of a great city into the lonely mountain fastnesses, the first matter which we strain our ears to listen to is the unbroken quiet, the great, fresh expanse of the stillness.

So in the midst of the gayety and the bustle of the year's course a great refreshment and strength may come to us by turning back for an instant or an hour as far as we may from the present moment, and leading our tired thoughts into far-off paths where the strong and the heroic souls lived and thought.

One's first impression in reading the lives of the saints is a surprised apprehension of how busy, how active, how matter-of-fact and effective their lives were; the second is, the time and the effort they gave, the deliberate and set struggle they made to prepare themselves for the life eternal in the midst of the human temporalities. And it was this, this power they gained to see life in the large, to peep over the edges of time, where its fringes catch on to eternity, which gave them the courage and the strength, the hope and the love, which, after all, are saintliness.

It is a modern tendency to desire, even to look for, the fruits of the spirit without undergoing the preliminary culture. It was a truer and nobler instinct of an earlier religious fervor to know that great prizes mean great pain, and great results presuppose austere training. The beginning of the saints' lives was not the working of miracles, healing and helping, uplifting and building; the beginning was the loneliness, the discouragement and the wrestling, the unabated fervor from which peace and power emerged. "I have thus enlarged myself of our concernment to enter alone with ourselves into God, because it is a thing so important," wrote Saint Theresa to her spiritual daughters, after cautioning them repeatedly to be willingly alone with Him, losing no fair opportunity of negotiating with Him, and making great account of not quitting Him, since if men gladly remove their thoughts somewhither else, and mind not nor esteem Him, it is little wonder that they should become numb and unconscious of that eternal life that flows about the temporal.

A new age has new ways and new words; the old theological writings, to appeal to us to-day, must be translated into a more modern language, but the underlying facts remain strangely unchanged; in whatever garb of words the soul's life be presented to us, the essential points are unaltered. It was in the "thick darkness" that Moses heard God. No great religious teacher or reformer ever escaped the fasting, the temptation in the wilderness, the austerities, and the loneliness which preceded the mission. May one not ever take it for granted that St. Paul himself—the most protestant of the apostles, the most modern-minded man in the Bible, submitted to three years of lonely preparation in Arabia before he began to preach? "Immediately," he writes to the Galatians in accounting for his vision, "I conferred not with flesh and blood, neither went I up to Jerusalem to them that were apostles before me, but I went into Arabia and returned again unto Damascus. Then after three years," etc.

Of those three years of preparation we have no account in St. Paul's case, but the lives of the saints furnish us with numberless examples of what such preparation means. There is the little St. Catherine of Sienna, bearing the reproof and the ridicule of all her family while she drew apart, foregoing the average human life of diversions and gayeties, that in silence and in prayer the larger life might be opened to her. It was only after several years that her father, who came upon her unawares, and found her lost in prayer, while about her head circled three snow-white doves, regarding this as a miracle went back and told the others, and determined for his own part to withdraw from the family persecutions, and even said that none should further annoy the little girl with his consent. However, the interruptions and persecutions had been quite in vain, for the child, when her cell was taken away from her to prevent what seemed undue seclusions, had invented a refuge which later she continually urged upon her disciples, the "cell of self-knowledge." Here, she said, she made herself, in her [illegible] cell out of which she resolved never to go [illegible] external occupation. Far longer and [illegible] the probation of St. Theresa, who [illegible] to periods of aridity and despair until [illegible] years old. We know from St. John [illegible] Cross how bleak was the darkness in [illegible] before he found the light, from his [illegible] *The Dark Night of the Soul.* Gerhard [illegible] founder of the Brothers of the Common [illegible] and the patron of St. Thomas à Kempis, [illegible] sowed the seed of the Reformation a century [illegible] more before Luther, when he first [illegible] the [illegible] of the world in order that his [illegible] might not be a mere transient [illegible] passing like a morning cloud across the sky, entered into a monastery, and there spent three years in solitude and reflection and prayer. Out of this retreat grew that great power making for sincerity and purification which spread all over the Netherlands and Germany, training the minds of men to look beneath the passing shows and shifting glamours of life to the more lasting joys of living, reflection, self-discipline, righteousness.

But surely lonely thinking is not an end in itself? And in this modern world men are too great-hearted to feel the one-time interest in saving their single souls; to tell a man to be good or to train so that he shall escape punishment in his own person would likely bring the retort: "What! work for so penurious an end? Something better than my own salvation must be the reward." The first result of loneliness and meditation is self-knowledge; in the thick darkness and the deep silence we come to a sense of true values and right proportions, by means of much quieting of selfish clamors, much thrift with personal emotions, much careful culture of our sensitiveness to the world's suffering, of our insight into the world's needs. The fruits of the spirit, the quiet acceptance of the awful problem of evil while we do our little part to lessen such as we can touch and cope with, love, humility, joy, peace which passeth understanding, these are not free gifts, but hard-won benefits, the ultimate crown and triumph of unabated struggle. It is the application of will to a life that creates personality; it is the continued application of will to life that widens the area of the personality, that strengthens the bonds of love, that hushes the small clamors of vanity and selfishness, that extends the realms of power and gives the peace which accepts while still it cannot grasp—the peace, indeed, which passeth understanding. And from one person strong for sacrifice, willing to suffer, able to endure, there extends a great realm of healing and of peace. However little it fits in to any scheme of human justice, the law of vicarious suffering runs all through life. The fact that a voluntary acceptance of pain means another's benefit is ineradicably rooted into the essential make-up of human living. The saints then endured their loneliness and austerities that when they emerged and came among others they might have a healing balm in their hands, wisdom on their lips, unfathomable tenderness in their hearts, unquenchable hope for humanity.

And, oddly enough, what the saints discovered by separation and by loneliness was the indivisibility of spirit, the unity of all life, the breath which animates all worlds, the single soul upholding all the multiplicity of phenomena. A Kempis in one of his earlier dialogues narrates a colloquy between the learner of divine things and the Master. "Oh, holy and devout soul, hanging upon God, what is this I hear from thee? Do all things in heaven and earth seem small to thee?"

"Yea, all things are small to me."

And when again the questioner asks after the meaning of things and the habitation of the glory to whom we submit he is turned off to seek elsewhere.

"Ask Him who knoweth all things."

And when still further he pleads, "give but a little drop of precious wine, a portion from the richest of ointments that I may taste of it," there comes no answer. Doubtless this is the point where the soul accepts the thick darkness. And the final words, "I am what I am, and beside Me is none other. I am the first and the last, creating and governing all things. I live, I will reign forever and ever," are the last words which may be said to human ears, and the ultimate truth we all accept when we plead for light. In our more modern speech we translate it, "Life is that it is, and there is no other. It is first and last, creating, governing, and destroying, reigning forever and ever." And we poor dazzled worms, blinded, very like, by the flood of light that beats down upon us, understanding so little, but accepting so much, yet battle on, knowing life plastic to effort, and our voluntary sufferings the material of joy. So contentedly we can learn to repeat what the great poet recently wrote in the book that propped his dying head, and what was so, authoritatively told us two thousand years ago, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you"—but we must be watchful to win our battles, to bear the vigils, and to create the kingdom in which we hope to live.

## Personal

W. P. Frith, the Royal Academician who was made famous by his painting of the *Derby Day*, has just celebrated his ninetieth birthday, and an English weekly paper pictures him as still at his easel. King Edward sent Mr. Frith his congratulations on his last birthday, for Mr. Frith it was who commemorated Edward's wedding in 1863. Freedom from worry, and six cigars a day, are given by Mr. Frith as his recipe for longevity.

Dr. John A. Holmes, for some time secretary to the Postmaster-General, has been appointed head of a department calculated to make the post-office scandals of recent years an impossibility. The office is that of purchasing agent, and is designed as a check upon the Salary and Allowance Division which George W. Beavers once ruled. Doctor Holmes is only thirty-four, and is one of the many young men daily being appointed to the most responsible positions in Washington.

## Correspondence

### THE DEADLY FOURTH MILE

New York, *February 5, 1909.*

*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

Sir,—I was very much interested in reading the article in Harper's Weekly, "The Deadly Fourth Mile," and what you say there is distinctly true.

We certainly need to look into this matter, and I am particularly interested, as I have a son going to Yale next year who has rowing proclivities, and personally I would like to see the race shortened.

I believe, however, that the main cause of the collapse of rowing-men at the end of a race is due to the fact that they are not in good condition and they do not row the race properly. A man who collapses at the end of a race has not done his duty to the rest of the crew.

I am, sir,
Robert Appleton.

### WOMEN AND SUPPORT

New York, *February 6, 1909.*

*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

Sir,—In the issue of Harper's Weekly for January 23d Mr. Henry Rood, in his column "In a Casual Way," gives half a column to the recent discussion, "Is a Wife Supported by Her Husband?"

He has missed the point of the argument, or, rather, the conclusion of the audience, when he says that "New York has decided that the average married woman earns her board and clothes."

This would make it seem that a man *does* support his wife, whereas the conclusion arrived at was that she was an economic factor in the production of wealth as well as he.

This could be sustained by many practical illustrations.

The old idea that a woman should be grateful to her spouse for food and clothing is obsolete and is but one illustration of the lines

"The old order changeth, giving place to new."

I am, sir,
Rachel de Noailles.

Was it ever the idea of any except mean men?—Editor.

### TRUSTS AND PRICES

New York, *January 29, 1909.*

*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

Sir,—I thank you for calling my attention to Mr. H. Edwards' criticism of my quotation of prices in my article, "Is Competition the Life or Death of Trade."

Suppose I acknowledge that I erred in my quotations (which I do not), that does not change the fact that the present prices of a large list of important articles of manufacture are lower (much lower) than before trusts came into existence. The official records, the current quotations in newspapers, and private bills of merchandise all prove the truth of that assertion.

As to whether the trusts brought about the result, or whether some other agency accomplished it, is not my contention. I claim that prices have not generally increased under the influence of the trusts.

I am, sir,
F. W. Hewes.

## A Denatured Age

The horseless cart is everywhere
And smokeless powder fills the air;
And all the joyous world doth laugh
Because we've wireless telegraph.
The noiseless gun is now the thing
And voiceless tenors often sing;
And politicians void of jobs
Are filling all the world with sobs.

We've lots of cashless millionaires,
And seedless apples, dates, and pears;
And there be those who say that kings
Once fruitful now are fruitless things.
The world is full of angels high
Who, wingless, yet can nobly fly,
And here and there is one that says
Somewhere are airless heiresses.

Perhaps some day, and maybe soon,
They will invent a rayless moon
In which fond swains may bask at night
Completely hid from mortal sight.
A gasless gas-bill too, they say,
Will shortly set out on its way,
And poets, maybe, will rehearse
Their measures in a verseless verse.

I've walked on many a footless quest
And booted many a bootless guest.
Our wits indulge in jokeless jokes
Convulsing us with chokeless chokes;
And we are meeting all the while
Folks brimming o'er with guileless guile—
But no one, to my great regret,
Yet makes a smokeless cigarette.

A thornless cactus now is made.
I've heard of an unjaded jade
Who'd talk all night and scold all day,
Yet nothing in the end would say.
A speechless speaker is a sight
That fills his hearers with delight,
Especially when one we find
Who's of the after-dinner kind.

We've painless dentists by the score,
And Bernard is a shoreless Shaw.
We've needless needs, and endless ends,
And sometimes find we've friendless friends.
There's much that's artless in the arts.
And maids there be with heartless hearts—
And we shall have not far anon
A Theodoreless Washington!

Now in the blessèd name of Peace
When will these strange inventions cease?

Carlyle Smith.

## WISE WILLIAM

When Justice Buffum opened court in a small town in southern Georgia, one morning last week, he called loudly, "Jones against Johnson!"

A dignified gentleman came to bar and said: "I am Doctor Jones, your Honor, the complaining witness. My chickens were stolen and found in the possession of—"

"One moment, Doctor," the Judge interrupted. "We must have the defendant at the bar. Jones against Johnson! Jones against Johnson! Is the defendant present? Is William Johnson in court?"

A tall and shambling negro shuffled to the bar, ducked his head, pulled his woolly forelock in token of respect, and grinned a propitiatory grin.

"Ah's Willyum Johns'n, please suh, Jedge," he said. "Ah doan' know nuffin 'bout no 'fendant, suh. Ah'm jes' de man wot took de chick'ns."

"Don't talk like that," the court warned William. "You ought to have a lawyer to speak for you. Where's your lawyer?"

"Ah ain' got no lawyer, Jedge—"

"Very well, then," said his Honor. "I'll assign a lawyer to defend you."

"Oh no, suh; no, suh! *Ple-e-case* don' do dat!" William begged.

"Why not?" asked the Judge. "It won't cost you anything. Why don't you want a lawyer?"

"Well, ah'll tell yo', suh," said William, waving his tattered old hat confidentially. "Hit's jes' dis-a-way —ah wan' tuh enjoy dem chick'ns mase'f."

HOW IT HAPPENED

HE. "So you are not working for the street-railway company, any more?"
GIRAFFE. "No, I knocked down one fare and they spotted me."

## A MODERN IDEA

A Philadelphia Sunday-school teacher discovered, to her great horror, that some of the small members of her class had taken as literal truths the tales of ancient gods and goddesses which they had read in a child's mythology at school. She determined to destroy this belief by simple logic, and asked,

"Who was it that supported the world on his shoulders?"

"Atlas, Miss Mary," a little girl promptly responded.

"Yes. Now think. If he was supporting the world on his shoulders, of course he could not be standing on it. Now, what supported Atlas?"

A ponderous silence prevailed for a minute, then the little girl spoke up.

"Oh, I know! He married a rich wife!"

THE WEARY ONE. "Hang it! I wish he'd stop talking in my sleep."

## PROGRESSIVE

Sam. "Mamma, did God make you?"
Mother. "Yes, dear."
Sam. "And father, too?"
Mother. "Yes."
Sam. "And sister, too?"
Mother. "Certainly."
Sam. "And me, too?"
Mother. "Certainly, foolish."
Sam. "He's improving right along, isn't he?"

## FILLING THE BILL

During a recent meeting of hotel men in this city, when there was discussed certain proposed means of protecting hotels against "beats," a Western Boniface told of the sad case of one proprietor in St. Louis who had been "done."

Many months afterward, learning the whereabouts of the gentleman who had decamped without the formality of paying, the owner sent him the following note:

"Dear Sir: I would esteem it a favor if you would at once send me amount of your bill."

Imagine the disgust of the hotel man when, in a few days, he received an answer in these terms:

"Dear Sir: Certainly. The amount of my bill is $17.50."

MAKING FASHION USEFUL

# The Man at Washington

## A STORY OF THE WAR

### By James Raymond Perry

"TELL us a story, Uncle Timothy."

Old Timothy wasn't really our uncle, but we boys in Old Middleton called him uncle.

"Lord! ha'n't ye boys got y'r fill o' stories yet? D'you 'spose I c'n think up a story for ye every day?"

"Tell us a story about the war," we said.

A gleam shot into the gray eyes. Old Timothy liked to talk about his soldier days.

"We was pretty scared those first days," he said, with a reminiscent grin; "pretty scared—some of us. The fellers that turned out t' be the bravest in the long run was 'bout the most scared of any of us, I guess. I wa'n't as scared as some," he added, hastily, lest we should think he boasted unduly, "but I was pretty scared. Cap'n Tucker was scareder than I was; an' Cap'n Tucker was the bravest soldier Old Middleton sent to the war. 'Tim,' says he to me, pale as a sheet the mornin' Bull Run was fought—'Tim, I'm goin' *home*. I won't stay here t' be shot. 'Tain't right—an' *Sunday* too!'

"He stayed, though—long's the rest of us; which wa'n't long 'nough to brag about." The old eyes twinkled.

"So ye want a story 'bout the war? Well, mebbe I c'n tell ye one. 'Tain't much of a story's I know of, an' 'tain't reely 'bout the war, nuther."

He was silent so long we began to think he had forgotten he was to tell a story. His jaws worked very slowly during the pause, but finally spatting out his tobacco cud, he said: "D'jer ever read hist'ry, boys? Ef ye have, ye prob'bly 've read 'bout Bull Run. As I said before, a good many of us got consid'rably scared that Sunday, an' Washin'ton looked good to us. 'Long pretty early Monday mornin' some of us crossed Long Bridge into the city. It hadn't been what you'd call a reel orderly retreat, an' when we got into the capital we didn't all keep together quite's ye might expect an army would. In fact, we was consid'rably scattered. I didn't know jest where the rest of my company was, an' I thought I might's well look round a bit before huntin' 'em up. I hadn't ever been in Washin'ton, 'cept t' jest march through, an' I'd al'ays wanted to see the Capitol an' White House, an' some the other show places. I said to myself, 'Ef I don't see 'em now, mebbe I never 'll get to see 'em, for like's not the rebs 'll be here in a few days an' burn the hull blame town.'

"I'd been down to take a look at the Washin'ton Monument—'twas only a little stub of a monument then, though it looked pretty sizable to me—an' was cuttin' back 'cross lots, when I saw a feller walkin' 'long kind o' dejected like, an' not payin' 'tention to anything. He an' I was the only persons round there, an' I looked him over pretty sharp 'cause he was kind o' queer-lookin', an' kind o' queer-actin' too, it seemed t' me. He was 'bout the lankiest feller I'd ever set eyes on, an' kind o' teetered as he walked, the way some old backwoods fellers does. He had on some black clo'es that didn't fit him any better 'n mine do me, which ain't sayin' much.

"I didn't realize till I got up near what a powerful tall man he was. He was taller 'n Cap'n Tucker, an' Tucker's six feet three in his stockin's.

"I saw him lookin' at me, but he didn't see me. What I mean is, he was busy thinkin' mighty deep 'bout somethin' an' was lookin' in on what he was thinkin' 'bout, 'stead o' out at what was goin' on round him. But after a minit he seemed t' kind o' wake up. 'Are you a soldier?' he asked, lookin' at my clo'es. I thought he was jest inquis'tive an' s'posed he was prob'bly some feller in visitin' the capital—a minister, like's not, jedgin' by his clo'es an' his kind o' sober, absorbed look.

"Ye know, boys, when I left Old Middleton for the war I was pretty proud o' being a soldier. Some the fellers that hed al'ays acted 's ef they thought they was better 'n the rest of us hadn't 'nlisted; an' we fellers c'u'd hold our heads up higher 'n they c'u'd those days. Well, that mornin' I wasn't feelin' quite so proud, but when he spoke I cherked up an' answered kind o' lofty, 'Yes, I'm a soldier.'

"'On leave of absence?' he asked, his voice sort o' quiet.

"'Well—temp'rary leave,' I said. Ef he *was* a minister, I didn't know's he had any right to know what kind o' leave I was on.

"'I reckon,' he said, with what 'u'd 'a' been a little chuckle ef his eyes hadn't been so powerful solemn—'I reckon you was in the battle yesterday, an' got y'r leave the same way some the other men did. Got it from the enemy, didn't you?'

"I c'u'd see from his look, even ef he didn't smile, 'xcept underneath, an' even ef he was a minister, that he c'u'd take a joke, so I answered, 'Well, yes, the rebs did give me p'rmission to leave—temp'rarily.'

"'I hope,' he said, lookin' solemner than any one c'u'd imagine 'thout seein' him—'I hope it's only temp'rary. You are goin' back to y'r company, ain't you?'

"'You bet I am,' I said, 'soon's 'nough of 'em gets together again t' call it a company.'

"'Well,' he said, serious, back of his queer smile, 'the sooner you an' some the others get back, the sooner there'll be a company f'r you to get back to. I wouldn't loaf too long b'fore goin' back, ef I was you.'

"Then he asked, 'Was it pretty bad up front yesterday?' I never seen a man 'liven up so, when I b'gan t' tell 'bout it.

"'I guess,' I said, 'you'd thought 'twas pretty bad ef you'd been there. How'd you like t' stand up an' let a hundred 'r thousan' men shoot at you?'

"He shook his head, but didn't say nothin'. His sayin' he wouldn't loaf too long ef he was me had riled me some, an' made me a little peppery. Ministers had made me kind o' mad. They'd talked a hull lot 'bout the other feller's duty—how he oughter 'nlist an' all that, but I hadn't seen many of 'em 'nlistin' themselves; so I says, 'Guess you wouldn't liked it any better 'n we did. An' I guess ef you'd been there, you'd 'a' run as fast as any of us—faster, 'ith those long legs o' yourn!'

"'Yes,' he said, kind o' slow an' meditatin', 'I might 'a' run; I don't know. I don't b'lieve I sh'd stayed there alone an' fought 'em single-handed. That's what I'd had t' done ef I'd been there an' hadn't run, ain't it?'

"That seemed t' be sort o' castin' reflections on the army—leastwise the part that was at Bull Run, so I didn't answer d'rect. 'Stead I said, a leetle testy, 'It's easy 'nough f'r you fellers 'at wa'n't in it to laugh at us who was.'

"'I wasn't laughin',' he says, quiet an' perfec'ly honest; 'I feel much more like cryin' about it.'

"'You're a preacher, ain't ye?' I asked.

"He looked at me kind o' queer. 'Why, mebbe I have preached some,' he said, an' added, ''Tain't anything to be 'shamed of.'

"'No,' I said, still thinkin' 'bout some those ministers back home, 'preachin' ain't nothin' t' be 'shamed of; but ef I was a minister, an' my country needed me t' fight for it, I b'lieve when the Pres'dent called f'r volunteers I sh'd 'nlist, 'stead o' stayin' back home an' tellin' the other fellers 'twas their duty to 'nlist.'

"F'r minit he seemed t' be thinkin', deep like, an' then he said: 'I like the patriotic sentiment in y'r speech, sir,'—in his kind o' melancholy manner was a dignity that b'gan to impress me more 'n' more—'I like that; but I don't like y'r implied slur on ministers. I don't say 'tain't natural you sh'd feel that way. But ef you was to think it over a little, I'm sure you'd see it in a different light. Now, I don't b'lieve ministers are any bigger cowards than merchants 'r mechanics 'r any other men. Some ministers I've met was as brave as any men I've ever known. As a class I don't b'lieve they'd be any more 'fraid o' gettin' shot than any other class. An', d'you know, 'twould take consid'rable courage f'r a brave minister—I mean a physically brave one who wa'n't afraid o' bein' shot—t' stay away from the war an' keep tellin' other men they oughter go. Ministers ain't fools, an' they'd know how you an' other volunteer men 'u'd be talkin' about 'em. So I say 'tw'u'd take a pretty high order o' courage f'r a physically brave man t' stay home under those conditions. But s'pose his conscience told him t' stay. S'pose he was eager to go t' the front as any one, but duty held him back. S'pose he knew there was wives an' sweethearts left at home w'n'd need all the strength an' comfort religion c'u'd give 'em in their loneliness, an' in their dread—their awful dread for the dear ones in the field. Don't you s'pose wives an' sweethearts back home—mebbe you've got a wife 'r sweetheart y'rself—don't you s'pose they lie awake in the awful blackness of night, 'ith eyes wet, thinkin' of the husband 'r lover hundreds of miles from home, hungry, 'r cold, 'r mebbe sick, in strange camps? Don't you s'pose, when day comes after sleepless nights, those wimmen folks need all the strength an' comfort religion can give 'em? An' don't you s'pose the ministers—brave, right-minded ministers—know it?

"'An', my friend'—there was tears in the big man's eyes—'some who was wives yesterday are widows today, some who had lovers yesterday are loverless today; an' the number of widows, an' of maidens made loverless, will grow an' grow. For I realize to-day, as never before, that this is goin' to be a dreadful war, an' much blood—very much blood—will be shed before it is ended.' His voice sort o' broke, an' he stopped t' blow his nose.

"'Don't you see, my friend,' he went on, 'that some the worst sufferin' in the hull war is bound to be back in the homes the soldiers left, 'mong the wimmen an' children—poor little children? An' don't you s'pose the ministers have foreseen it all, an' know the teachin's o' the Great Comforter 'll be needed back in those stricken homes? An' who's to give these bereaved an' sorrowin' ones the solace of religion, ef the ministers leave an' go to the front? What 'u'd you do, brave man as I've no doubt you are, ef you was a minister, an' saw y'r duty as I've pointed it out? W'u'dn't you be brave enough to seem t' be a coward in the eyes o' the thoughtless, an' stick there at y'r post where duty pointed? 'Course you would. Any man brave 'nough t' volunteer, as you did, would.

"'Then again'—his voice changed a little—'don't you see he serves his country well ef he induces men to 'nlist that otherwise wouldn't? S'pose he gets ten men t' 'nlist that w'u'dn't hev 'nlisted 'nless he'd made 'em see 'twas their duty to. Hasn't he sent ten substitutes, as 'twere, an' ain't he fightin' with the strength of ten men?'

"I tell ye, boys, he put up a mighty pow'rful argument in defence o' ministers, an' I b'gan t' feel a good 'eal ashamed of myself f'r what I'd said. But I hed t' kind o' face it out, not bein' one t' back water in a hurry, so I said—an' honest, boys, I felt 'shamed myself when I was sayin' it—I said: 'Well, I don't see's *you* stayed home, 'r 'nlisted, either one.' I've al'ays had a sharp tongue, boys, an' I've al'ays hated myself whenever I've used it. But seem's though the devil gets into me sometimes, an' I have to say things that I know are downright mean an' contempt'ble. He didn't get mad, but just answered 'ith a sort o' quiet dignity, 'You mustn't jedge by 'pearances.'

"The way he said it made me see that somehow I'd jumped t' the wrong c'nclusion, though jest how I c'u'dn't make out. Ef he wasn't a minister, tourin' round seein' the sights, what was he? 'Ye don't b'long t' the army, do ye?' I asked.

"'Well,' he said, 'I can't say 's I do,' an' then he stopped as ef somethin' new'd occurred to him, an' 'ith a kind o' whimsical, shaddery smile he added: 'Why, yes I do, too. I'd 'most f'rgotten when I answered. Yes, I b'long t' the army—an' the navy, both.'

"Well, boys, that stumped me! How he c'u'd b'long t' the army an' navy *both* was more'n I c'u'd see. But after thinkin' a minit, I c'ncluded he might 'a' 'nlisted as a minister, an' didn't know yet whether

"Then he walked, teeterin' a little, up toward the White House"

he'd be 'signed t' duty on the land 'r on the water. 'You must be a chaplain, I guess,' I said.

"'No,' he said, quiet as ever; 'when I told you I'd preached some, I prob'bly gave you a wrong 'mpression. I'm not a minister. I'm a lawyer—or was till lately. A man don't have t' be a minister t' preach, you know. I reckon there's more preachin' done outside the pulpits than in.

"'An' now, my friend,' he said, 'ef I was you, I'd go back to my company as fast as my legs c'u'd carry me. Soldiers 'll be needed from now on, all we can get of 'em. There's a long, hard war ahead of us, an' every man must do his duty, an' not shirk. We've got to save this Union, an' we've got to fight to save it. We've got to fight hard, for there are men down there'—pointin' off 'cross the P'tomac—'who are goin' to fight hard to destroy it. We mustn't let 'em; first for our own sakes, o' course, but also for theirs. Preservin' it means as much to them as to us in the long run; an' some day they'll see it. They can't now; we c'u'dn't in their places, perhaps. But some day they will; an' in their hearts, or mebbe in their children's hearts, they'll thank us for preservin' it. For this government of the people by the people means as much to them as to us; an' ef it perish, their liberties perish as surely as ours. An' so, my friend, go back to the army an' do y'r duty, an' pray for me that Almighty God 'll give me the wisdom an' the strength t' do mine!'

"He took my hand in his great big fist, an' shut it warm an' hard, an', boys, I tell ye, I never felt solemner, n'r more like wantin' to be good an' do what was right an' brave, than I did then, with those melancholy, kind eyes lookin' down into mine.

"I gulped, an' told him I was goin' back t' my company 's fast as ever I c'u'd, an' he smiled an' said, 'That's right!'

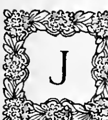
"Then off he walked, teeterin' a little, up towards the White House."

"Who was the man, Uncle Timothy?" we asked.

"Who was he?" The gray old eyes dreamed deeply. "I dun'no', for certain, who he was; but I know who I think it was—an' you oughter know."

# How Jim Cosgrove Finished

## By William Inglis



JIM COSGROVE never thought himself a hero. He thought of himself only as a fireman. It is true that he met his death while insuring the safety of his men, but that was a mere detail in the every-day routine of "the business." Even now that Captain Jim has gone, I am sure he would find some way to express his resentment if any one of us who are left should call him a hero. At any rate, his life is a text, and this is the story of how it ended:

Captain Jim was a West-Sider. He was born fifty-two years ago in West Sixty-second Street, New York, and he lived in the neighborhood all his life. When he was twenty-six he joined the Fire Department. At that time he was one of the most popular young fellows in the district, a tall, well-made lad with cool gray eyes, a great joker, the best dancer for miles around. During the twenty-five years that he remained in the service he rescued hundreds of men and women from death—and forgot all about it. It was only the fact that the fire in the old Durland Riding Academy drove him out of "the business" and finally cost him his life made him remember that blaze more than a few days. It happened one February night in 1902.

That was a great fire. The ancient building on the triangular block looking south upon Columbus Circle was full of hay, straw, feed, and other inflammable stuff, and it burned like a big, roaring wood-stove. Engine 40 came at a gallop from its house in West Sixty-eighth Street and took the post of honor—the most dangerous part of the battle. Captain Jim Cosgrove led his men into the back yard at the north end of the building, toward which the brisk south wind was driving the flames. The company raised an extension ladder to the second-story window and swarmed up, Captain Jim in the lead, dragging a thick line of hose. Into the black, smoke-filled room they plunged, lighting their steps with lanterns that were almost obscured by the rolling smoke that beat down upon them and made the men gasp for scanty breath. They crouched low, near the floor, where the best air was, and kept the stream of water steady on the flame.

Suddenly there came from not far away a crash like a blast, and the men were knocked sprawling. They scrambled to their knees, grabbed the hose, and kept the nozzle pointing straight. Captain Cosgrove recognized the explosion as the deadly "back draught"—the sudden ignition of gases liberated by the combustion—and one of the greatest perils the fireman has to encounter. He knew it would soon happen again, probably nearer. No man can live in it.

"Everybody out!" he shouted; then ran back to the window to make sure that every man got out. He was the Captain, and the responsibility was on him. The window sash was raised only enough to let one man out at a time, for, if the window was opened wide, too much air would rush in and feed the flames.

One by one Captain Jim counted them out until the last man of the nine slid to safety down the ladder. Then as he stepped toward the window the back draught exploded again. This time it was near enough to scorch the Captain from head to foot and blow him through the window—frame, sash, and all. As he flew, already half unconscious from the force of the explosion, he instinctively grabbed to save himself, but his hands closed only on shattered glass which gashed and slashed them from wrists to finger tips.

They picked up Captain Jim unconscious from the stone pavement two stories below the window. He was a heavy man, at least two hundred and twenty pounds, and the fall had dislocated his hip and broken a leg and several ribs, besides hurting him internally. For many weeks the Captain's room at Roosevelt Hospital was kept so full of flowers that he was embarrassed. The West Side had its opinion of Captain Jim, and spared no effort to show him what it thought.

Late that spring the Captain was able to hobble around on a pair of crutches. Somehow he made his way to Fire Headquarters and reported to Chief Croker. The Chief was glad to see him and said so, but when the Captain earnestly inquired where he should report for duty the Chief with equal earnestness exclaimed:

"With crutches? No chance."

Captain Jim went home to West Sixty-seventh Street and practised walking every day. After a few weeks he went on one crutch and a cane, then on two canes, then on one cane. He hobbled to Fire Headquarters again and reported for duty. Chief Croker advised him to apply for retirement.

"That's a joke, Chief," said the Captain, quietly. "If I retired I wouldn't know what to do with myself. I'll soon be all right, anyhow."

So the Captain was assigned to duty in command of the company at Westchester village, in the Borough of the Bronx, where fire alarms are not very frequent and a man can rest. He went up there cheerfully, and he seemed to feel gay at being in the harness again. None of us knew until after his death that at this time and until the end the Captain often suffered from internal hemorrhages, the result of that awful fall at the Durland fire. Even the light work of a suburban fire company was too much for him. It burdened his shattered nervous system, so that he broke down and had to go before the retiring board.

When he retired he took an agency for a wholesale firm, and in order to aid his new business venture I volunteered to publish something about him in the *World*. He had no photograph of himself, but he promised to give me his complete record. Next day he brought me a sheet of note-paper on which he had written:

"Appointed, January 1, 1878.
"Appointed engineer, March, 1880.
"Appointed lieutenant, June, 1881.
"Made captain, June, 1884."

Remembering vaguely a dozen or more cases in which the Captain had made heroic rescues, I exclaimed, "But what about the hundreds of lives you've saved?"

"Well," he replied, "I don't remember. You see, we're always running to fires."

And this was true. Long familiarity with deadly peril had made him forgetful of it the moment it had passed. The only rescue he could recall was a comic struggle with a drunken man who rolled down a ladder fighting him.

"But surely," I said, "you can give me more than that of your record."

"Well," said Captain Jim, thoughtfully, "you might add this: 'Never up on charges. Always had the good-will of my men.'"

Which, after all, is a pretty good record.

Captain Cosgrove

Captain Jim Cosgrove and the men for whom he died: New York Engine Company 40, in West Sixty-eighth Street

# aine's Mockery of Prohibition

## THE "AGENCY SYSTEM" WHICH HAS NULLIFIED THE PROHIBITORY LAW AND FLOODED THE STATE WITH POISONED WHISKEY

### By Holman Day

PART II

FOR fifty-seven years—so far as declarations go—the State of Maine has set an example for the world in the matter of legislation prohibiting the liquor traffic. It was the first State in the Union to undertake that gigantic task. It has put the law into its Constitution—and the clause contains the doomsday word "forever." Its Legislatures, responding dutifully to the call of all radicals who have come forward, have set tooth after tooth into the jaws of prohibition until the Maine law presents a perfectly dreadful row of fangs to the rumseller.

We have had for fifty-seven years declared prohibition in Maine. In effect it has been nothing except loose local option, low license, and general nullification, until the régime of strict enforcement, initiated by Governor Cobb during his incumbency just ended, put an end to the open sale of intoxicants and introduced the illicit grog-shop.

The usual scheme of the incorrigible Maine rumseller—the one who persists despite all kinds of enforcement—is a "strong door" in connection with a hide. This person practically declares war on society and barricades himself. I have seen doors of planks barred with iron that have resisted the efforts of officers with axes and crowbars for half an hour. This delay gives the rumseller opportunity to spill his liquor down the sink and rinse away the odors. The main stock of liquor is in a hide—sometimes in a cavern under the bottom of the cellar, sometimes hidden in partitions of houses, or buried at a distance from the place of business. Sometimes cunningly hidden pipes convey the stuff from the hide. In many cases officers have searched suspected places off and on for months before discovering the main stock of liquors. Most resorts have a sentinel at the street door who gives alarm by shouting or by ringing an electric bell. But in case the officers fail to prove a sale, the strong door brought into the grand jury room is evidence enough to convict a man of maintaining a liquor nuisance.

During the recent tight times in Lewiston, the second largest city in Maine, the liquor traffic has been driven to the "kitchen barrooms" in private houses or tenements. There are several hundreds of these places, and an army of officers could not keep liquor out of circulation. The Mayor of Lewiston informs me that during the past four years arrests for intoxication in that city have increased from six hundred annually to more than one thousand for the past twelve months—and yet Lewiston is the only city in Maine where the State enforcement deputies have been on duty all the time and have been most assiduous. Therefore, as to prohibition really prohibiting drunkenness—but let others argue from those statistics!

One of the two hundred kitchen "barrooms" in Lewiston where poisonous whiskey is dispensed during "tight times"

A [illegible] well in Maine for a long time was effect[illegible] of its simplicity and openness. A bottle [illegible] and a glass were deposited in a long-distance [illegible] booth. The regular customer, understand[illegible] the ropes, stepped into the booth, took his drink [illegible] paid at the desk as though paying for [illegible] message. In a short time, by word of mouth, this p[illegible] grew into lucrative proportions.

The vagaries of [illegible] peddling in Maine represent almost every subterfuge that a blackleg can invent to outwit authority. [illegible] the Rev. Henry Pearson was high sheriff of Cumberland, he used to go about the State and lecture before temperance societies, and carried along an interesting line of exhibits to illustrate the difficulties of stopping the sale of rum. There was a tin canteen moulded to fit around the body under the garments. It was made to contain several gallons, and the spigot was concealed in a vest button. There was a bustle in which a female peddler carried liquor; another had a baby-carriage with a false bottom. There was a tray loaded with ink-bottles, presumably filled with ink. A man carried that tray suspended from his neck, his stock in full sight, and for months he paraded the streets of Portland without being detected by the officers. A customer bought a "snipe," as the bottles were called, drank off the contents, returned the bottle, and paid ten cents.

Milkmen have been caught delivering a "long-necker," or sealed quart, concealed in a two-quart can of milk. At the Maine State Fair one year, lager beer was put up in ginger-pop bottles, and thousands were sold by boys travelling to and fro on the crowded grand stand and crying, "Here's your *real* ginger!" The ruse was not discovered by the officers, and the men who drank and grinned in full appreciation did not give the game away. That impulse on the part of the populace to protect a daring rumseller is significant in Maine, and is not encouraging to the radicals. Almost never does a citizen take the initiative and complain against a lawbreaker of this sort. The few professional spotters who have started out have been assaulted by mobs and put out of business. In other words, as every honest man in the State will admit, the great moral force of Maine is not behind the law that it has put into its Constitution. If Maine really did not want liquor-selling, each municipality could stop the business with its local police. But the local police do not interfere. They leave it to the county deputy sheriffs, and in one-third of the counties of the State, at least, the county officers have been leaving it to the "Sturgis law" deputy State commissioners. With three sets of officers to enforce one law, the Maine taxpayer finds himself provoked to rebel against too much law regarding liquor.

During the past four years there has not been so much liquor seized at railroad stations as in former times. A decision of the Maine Supreme Court, in accordance with the provisions of the Interstate Commerce Act relating to what constitutes delivery of goods to consignees, made it impracticable for officers to do much business at railroad stations. Therefore, liquor comes in more easily now than it used to. Kegs of whiskey used to be packed in the middle of barrels of flour, or in molasses hogsheads suspended by wires in the molasses—or in kerosene-barrels, or in crates of dishes; and, in one particularly gruesome case a seizure was made from a coffin. Contraband was unloaded at crossroads stations and smuggled into cities; and this gave occupation to a set of specialists whose exploits would furnish material for a whole library of dime novels.

It is likely that all this reckless business will be revived in Maine, for the Supreme Court has just handed down a decision to the effect that all whiskey or liquors misbranded or not up to the standard provided by the Pure Food Act are subject to confiscation by county or town officers the moment they cross the line into Maine. As dealers will not take the chance of shipping really good liquors into a prohibition State, it is expected that this new decision will give opportunity for drastic action—if the officers really want to act. In this connection it may be stated that a liquor bill against a man in Maine cannot be collected in the courts of the State. This fact makes dealers wary about sending in good stuff.

A person is liable under the law in Maine even if he gives away liquor. If a citizen should invite in a few of his friends, say once a week, and give them a drink apiece, he could, on complaint, be indicted for maintaining a nuisance, be fined and sent to jail. This is not attempted in the case of respectable persons, but in the sections where the kitchen dives are thick there is grave reason to suspect that the law is used as a weapon to keep imbibers from clubbing together and sending for their own liquors, to the detriment of the custom of the nearest kitchen barroom. Prosecuting officers use care and good judgment in sifting these cases, when they are brought on complaint; but it is inevitable that serious injustice is done many times in the case of people caught with liquor in their possession. All men are supposed to be equal under the law—but not under the Maine liquor law. The rich man's right to have his sideboard is never questioned. But a poor man who keeps liquor in his house, especially if the suspicion of liquor-selling has ever attached to him, keeps his nip by him at the risk of losing his liberty and his savings.

A pile of beer-kegs at a Maine steamboat landing. These are practically immune under the Interstate Commerce Act

In nearly every Maine city the wealthier men support a "wet" club, and many cities have several. These have never been troubled—with one exception, and this removed from the case by special circumstances. Canny lawyers have tried time and again to screw the Maine law around so that these clubs could have legal existence so far as their buffet went. But the Maine Supreme Court has decided that no band or body of men can have liquors in a certain place and resort thither without breaking the law. The rich men's clubs keep on just the same, and it would be a particularly foolish piece of prohibitory radicalism to bother them. But at the same time the humbler citizens of Maine who have tried to have their clubs and have seen the officers promptly lug off their liquors and arrest their stewards and "close the joint up" are not amiable when they discuss the situation.

I have mentioned some of the safety valves of the State of Maine in prohibition times. But the biggest safety valve of all is the agency system.

Rumors, scandals, and complaints not to be disregarded have at last driven the State of Maine to investigate its liquor-agency system. A special committee from the Legislature, consisting of Senators and House members, has been travelling about the State taking testimony, and the facts it has collected will be submitted to the Legislature of 1909. Abuses have been revealed that have astonished even the State of Maine.

Ordinarily Maine doesn't do much talking about its agency system. I find that most persons who have studied Maine's prohibitory law at a distance from outside the State have never heard of this institution. In view of the fact that Maine, after prohibiting the sale of liquor by constitutional provision, turns around and allows municipalities to go into the liquor traffic for profit, and that the city of Lewiston alone, a place of less than thirty thousand population, did a "legal" business in strong waters last year amounting to $41,000, with a profit of some $5,500, outsiders may be interested in this running mate of the prohibitory law.

Some years ago, when the Canadian commission was in Portland investigating the operation of our liquor laws, I was requested to accompany about the city Mr. Carson, who was attending the commission on behalf of the Canadian temperance interests. "Tight

times" were on in Portland then. No hotel had a bar. The special deputies of the sheriff's office were busy raiding the dives. The situation was as near actual prohibition as Portland has ever witnessed. After Mr. Carson had been shown that there was no evidence of liquor-selling in the city I conducted them to the county building, and the officers exhibited the strong-room where seized liquors were stored, spilled some for his benefit, and in general satisfied him that the law was being enforced as well as human ability could enforce it.

As we were leaving the county buildings Mr. Carson expressed his satisfaction and declared that he had seen enough to convince him that Maine was making an honest attempt to enforce her prohibitory law.

At that moment I asked him to look across the street. Men and women were crowding into the open door of a brick building directly opposite. A queue of people, plainly an overflow, was stretched along the sidewalk.

"A theatre?" he inquired.

"No, the city liquor agency."

He had never heard of such an institution, and I explained briefly that it was legalized, bought its liquors of a State agent who was appointed by the Governor and received a salary from the State treasury; and that it had done a business of over $50,000 during the preceding twelvemonth.

"But this plan isn't stopping the consumption of liquor in your State by the prohibitory law," he urged, aghast. "It is only doing with the right hand what you forbid the left hand to do. It is only high license under another name, and managed differently."

I did not argue with the Canadian visitor. I could not tell him then, I cannot tell him now, that the agency system in Maine is a prudently, consistently conducted dispensation of pure liquors for "medicinal or mechanical purposes," or for use in the "arts," as the statute provides. We have always known better than that in Maine. Since the hearings of the special committee referred to, we have had official and incontrovertible proof that has confused even the radicals of the prohibitory movement. For it is a somewhat curious fact that the prohibitionists, who won't consider high license under any sort of restriction, stand firmly for the loose system of the agency with all its abuses.

In these writings, being an advocate neither of prohibition nor of high license, but acting simply as a recorder of certain conditions, I can state as a fact that the average prohibitionist makes a fetish of the prohibitory idea, insists on arguing the broad question of temperance and moral standard when one hints that the practical operation of the prohibitory law upsets all reform theories, and will not listen to compromise of any sort. The prohibitionists who serve as mouthpieces assail all those who differ, classing them under the one term "rummies," instead of arguing the question. Thousands of the best men in Maine believe that there may be a common ground of compromise on which liberals and radicals can meet and take counsel for the best interests of Maine. But so far there appears no prospect that the factions can get together. If the prohibitionists consider that the liquor-agency system is a compromise, the State in general fails to agree.

Local option governs the establishment of an agency. There are comparatively few in Maine. Several cities do not have one. Several entire counties get along without—perhaps because the general state of health is better than in other sections. When an agency is established it is constrained to purchase supplies through the State agent. At nearly every hearing of the special committee the statement was made that poor liquors were dispensed. "Agency whiskey" is a term of opprobrium in Maine. But the prices charged call for good liquors. It is not my province or intention to discuss certain grave charges that were made publicly two years ago. It is enough to state that the whole agency system invites and suggests graft.

Inspection of the affairs of individual agencies discloses conditions that are humorous or shameful, according as one is inclined to look on such matters.

There are two liquor agencies, for instance, near the National Soldiers' Home at Togus; one in the town of Chelsea, one in Randolph, both small places. The Chelsea agent told the committee that nine-tenths of his patronage came from the veterans of the Soldiers' Home. He acknowledged that he had been convicted of rumselling before becoming agent, that the agency was located in his house, and that, since taking the position, at $300 a year, he had constructed a new house at a cost of $3,000. He had had the agency three years. The agent at Randolph reported a liquor business last year of $10,756, and an average of 200 sales a day. The Maine year-book gives the polls of Randolph as 309. From the profits of its liquor business Randolph paid half the annual expenses of the town last year. It will be remembered with what zeal the temperance societies of the land urged Congress to abolish canteens at military posts and soldiers' homes. At Togus the veterans could secure only beer at their canteen, and the profits went to the support of the reading-room and the theatre. Now they spend their money at liquor agencies legalized by Maine as a pet provision of its prohibitory law. And instead of beer they procure hard liquors.

An interesting fact drawn out by the hearings was that at all agencies sales were much the heaviest on Saturdays and on the days before holidays. The committee, not believing that Maine men possess the animal instinct that forewarns one of impending illness, asked the agents if they were not satisfied in their own minds that much, if not most, of the liquors purchased at agencies was used for tippling purposes. The agents showed that the law obliges them to sell to persons who are not paupers or drunkards, and declared that they did not think it was their business to diagnose ailments.

The most picturesque figure at any hearing was the agent at Greenwood, a little town of 180 polls in Oxford County. The agent was seventy-seven years old, had been agent for seventeen years, had the agency in the cellar of his house, and had been turning in an average profit of seven hundred dollars each year to his town. When he was pressed by the committee for his opinion as to whether the 180 voters of Greenwood really required five or six thousand dollars' worth of liquors annually for their ills and infirmities, he replied that he considered that the visitors were asking questions that were "none of their d——n business." He admitted later that he did not think that many who came to him needed the liquor as medicine. He volunteered the opinion that the best course for Maine to pursue would be to have free rum and punish the drunkard. That was the way they stopped the Salem witchcraft. When they stopped punishing the witches and punished their accusers the trouble was all over.

In investigating the Rockland agency inquiry was made as to why names of certain parties appeared so often on the sales-sheet. The agent stated that when non-residents who seemed to be deserving came along and wanted liquors he got some handy Rockland citizen to sign for them, often a police officer. This agency averages about forty thousand sales a year.

It was shown by figures from all the agencies that as soon as the officers began to enforce the law, business was turned promptly to the agencies. In the days when Lewiston was wide open the business at the agency was inconsiderable. When the enforcement officers got at work under the Sturgis law, three years ago, the business at the agency, week after week, ran over $1100 for the six days.

The agent at Farmington gave a side light on that somewhat favorite Maine beverage called "split," which consists of alcohol diluted with an equal volume of water, the whole sweetened with syrup and flavored to suit with some extract. This produces a vicious form of intoxication. He said that he sold a barrel of alcohol about every five weeks, and suspected that it was used for something else besides exterior application.

The State chemist has been called upon recently to analyze certain stuff that appears under the guise of whiskey, put up in quart bottles, sealed, and labelled attractively. The attention of officers has been called to this particular brand on account of its effects on the toper. Men have been arrested in whose pockets bottles have been found with only a few drinks gone—not a sufficient quantity to exhilarate, were the liquor pure. But the State chemist says that it is not whiskey at all. It is made up of alcohol, chloral, opium, wormwood, and tobacco steepings, and it is evidently compounded within the borders of Maine, in order to avoid danger of seizure at railroad stations. Men under its influence appear to be crazed. The other day two leading physicians in Waterville, walking on the street, were attacked by a man without provocation. He did not stagger as he approached them. He had strength to break the nose of one of the doctors, and knock the other down and maltreat him. From the pocket of this miscreant was taken a bottle that was nearly full of the poison just described. The man was utterly irresponsible. This is only one case typical of hundreds, as related by officers making arrests.

Other men are found in a state of coma resembling the condition of persons suffering from an overdose of laudanum or similar drugs. Many of these die in police stations.

Men who drink Jamaica ginger are called "jaky drunkards." In the rural sections men pour this fiery stuff down their throats, neat. The phials are called "coneys." They are used frequently to put the polishing touch on a "cider jag."

Patent medicines containing alcohol in certain quantities have long been used in place of stimulants proscribed by the law. The very latest device, as exploited by a Boston wholesale liquor-dealer for bution in dry territory, is a tablet—its base h senna, etc., that may be either chewed or dissolved water to release its alcoholic properties.

I am not trying to give the dark side of the picture, and the dark side only, in Maine. But it has come about in this State that men, otherwise candid and honest, lose sense of proportion and practicality when they discuss the prohibitory question. They insist on confounding prohibition and temperance. In the matter of temperance there is no issue. Every honest man holds to only one opinion. As to prohibition promoting temperance, it is here the liberals deserve better treatment from the radicals. A stranger in Maine, noting only the surface of things, might easily conclude that prohibition is a perfect success. For instance, when one small town, urged thereto by its town officers and leading citizens, voted to abolish its liquor agency, owing to the fact that citizens secured liquor there for tippling purposes, prohibitionists rejoiced, and the stranger in the gates would have been impressed, had he judged from surface indications.

But at the last term of court in that county where the small town is located, the leading druggist of the place was indicted for liquor-selling on the wholesale plan, and it was discovered that certain town officers were silent partners with him in his store, that the local deputy sheriff owned the building, and that the closing of the agency was only for the purpose of driving all the trade to the drug-store.

Among the solutions proposed in Maine's case is that certain reputable druggists shall be allowed to sell liquors on the prescription of a physician. The prohibitionists oppose this plan strenuously. They state that the plan will lead to abuses and graft. In the view of the facts that I have stated regarding State liquor agencies, and considering the manner in which venal sheriffs have nullified the law and taken rumsellers into partnership, this contention is not exactly as forceful as it might be.

The fact of the matter is, there is no solution of the liquor problem that can be generally endorsed. We are not resigned in Maine to see the question made the football of politics and the object of grafters and the exciter of continual trouble and dispute. But there seems to be no other way out. There is little prospect of the repeal of the constitutional amendment. The rural sections of Maine throw two-thirds of the ballots, as compared with the cities. The question of prohibition and its enforcement is not a hot question in country districts, for even under high license and local option the rural regions would not have saloons. So they are for general prohibition as a conscience-soothing theory. Therefore, the politicians have got to teeter as best they can between city and country—with eye most of the time on the country!

When Llewellyn Powers was Governor of Maine—and a shrewd and careful politician he was—he declared that if he knew that there would be three times as much drunkenness in Maine under prohibition as under high license he would unhesitatingly declare for prohibition. That view was applauded. The majority of rumsellers applauded, too. For under the plan of toleration and nullification, the rumseller pays a ridiculously low license and is not under bonds to refuse drunkards and minors, as he is in most high-license States.

Considering that the wave of prohibition is now "sweeping the country," I am sorry that I cannot give out more encouraging views from the State that led in the prohibitory path. But these facts give the warning that no State or community can simply pass laws and then sit down and expect that the laws will take care of themselves and make poor humans perfect.

How beer is hauled openly through the streets of a Maine village in "open times." The traffic was driven to cover by Governor Cobb, but not suppressed

LENT

## "Playing the Races" in Court

At the trial of Jack Sheehan, charged with bookmaking at the Suburban Race Track near New Orleans, a bookmaker's stand was introduced into the court-room and the method of betting was practically illustrated by the witnesses. The scene of the trial was at Gretna, Louisiana, with Judge Edrington on the bench, and jockeys, and scratches. These men, with their names on their hats, then went among the spectators laying bets on the race about to be run. These wagers were recorded on a programme, while an assistant took the money and made another memorandum of it.

The defence introduced a "bookies" stand into the court-room as evidence to

Bookmaking paraphernalia as evidence in a trial

the decision of this court will doubtless decide whether the Suburban Track is to continue to operate.

"Individual betting on advance information" is the name of the system in vogue at this Southern track. The bettors or bookmakers paid the track management twelve dollars per race for advance information, which included the weights, explain the difference between "book making" and "individual betting on advance information." The defendant, Jack Sheehan, assisted by others of the track's witnesses, got into the stand, posted odds, and "made book," while Judge J. A. Murphy, a race-track official, bet a dollar on a horse and explained the entire operation.

## The Gentler View

### Collecting One's Past

By Florida Pier

We collect so many things, but none more assiduously than memories. We suffer great inconvenience in order that we may at some future date tell of the delightful things we have done in the past. We pay so heavily yet so willingly for those pleasant recollections that it is the height of unkindness on the part of our friends when they remind us that at the time the thing happened we lost our temper, experienced the greatest discomfort, and had never before been so thoroughly upset. Nothing is more likely. We know as well as they that we went through a great deal to secure this memory, but we have it now, it has become one of the delectable experiences of our life. It is one of the things we will always laugh at; it is the story we most enjoy telling. Nothing else proves to us so forcibly that our life has been an interesting one. We snatch a recollection, which nourishes us for years, from a forty-eight hours without food when we took for granted our death by starvation. Even when the disagreeable thing is happening we gloat over it subconsciously, and feel that in another ten years we are going to enjoy this adventure hugely, that is, if we succeed in living through it.

We collect, with the true self-sacrifice that marks the genuine collector, an impression, a sensation. We close it inside ourselves, lock it in securely, and, with a pleasant sense of being for the moment filled, we congratulate ourselves on the things actually having happened. We have it, we had a devil of a time while it was coming, but now it is undeniably ours, and the process of digestion is blissfully soothing. When the best parts have been assimilated, and the needless details forgotten, the experience is ready to be exhibited, flourished before the public eye. It takes its place in our collection of memories and we value it highly, and ourselves even more so for having it in our possession.

Some people are much more elaborate in their processes than others. Some are willing to spend six months in Europe growling at the trains, becoming absolutely vicious over the drawbacks of all save American cookery, spending sleepless nights on beds that arouse them to eloquent anger, so that they may return home and, thanks to the alchemy of time, tell of their entertaining misadventures and excruciatingly funny encounters with German delicacies. It is spirited of them; it shows a perverse pluck, a laughable determination that speaks them wholly mad and therefore entirely human. We take a walking trip and, because of the countryside's surprise at seeing people unreasonably walking for pleasure, inhospitality and suspicion glower from every door. Inexperience starts us off in tennis shoes, with the result that, on the third day, a ligament is wrenched, the maltreated ankle swells, and for two days we walk on crying feet, blistered heels shrieking for a respite. The fourth night is spent in a field on a bed of sweet fern which is penetratingly damp, and, in spite of its thickness, fails to conceal the fact that a gnarled root lies directly beneath the small of our back. Naturally we do not sleep. The ennui that tricked us into drinking flat ginger ale just before sunrise also made a dew-soaked sardine seem attractive, with the inevitable result that an eight-mile walk before breakfast induces a state of health which makes breakfast an offence if not a direct insult. Yet it is with such experiences as these that we spread envy among the fortunate souls who have never felt drawn toward a walking-trip. The exhilarating details are dwelt on, the fresh morning air, the expanding landscapes, the bends of the road, the stolen apples—they all acquire merit with a rapidity that no comfortable undertaking is capable of. The more we tell of it the more we are convinced that this was the moment, the highest, brightest peak in our entire experience! We would not have missed it for worlds. We never feel so rich as when we realize that no one can take it from us. We ramp in the air, our feet touching nothing but our own inflated memories, with the intoxicating accompaniment of resting our eyes benignly on the heads of the majority of mankind and noting their position as distinctly lowly.

It is not only those adventures which we seek, but those which come unsought, that grow precious with age. If we had an unhappy childhood—if we lived, perhaps, in a place lonely or dull—these experiences take on the most engaging attributes when we remember them but faintly; and, without in the least intending it, we cloak these years in becoming garments; a child that had just the usual juvenile troubles we transform into a poignant little figure with a tragic eye and a loneliness that was symbolical of his rarefied soul. And this small fictitious person, having at one time been closely connected with us, sheds on our present stage of development an excessively interesting light. The least imaginative of us are quite capable of transfiguring our pasts up to within, say, five years back. Many a man has built his mysteriously charming manner on the things he thinks happened to him in early youth; and it would not be easy to distinguish these chimerical things from the things that really happened. A past well managed is very helpful, quite an asset. It is no wonder that we hoard up these invisible riches, counting them and turning them over until they have increased in worth surprisingly. They are the only bank that we always have access to, and it is imperative that we should always find it plethoric. To know that one's life has been full, to feel that it has, perhaps, been romantic, gives one a confidence, a poise, that is most bracing. One wraps oneself in the rich garments of one's adventures, and the rustling as it drags on the floor makes one's carriage very upright and impressive. A blank past is so deadening a thing that young people had best begin collecting theirs now. If you see an incident loping along, get in its path and persuade it to stay with you permanently. Romantic things are of course disagreeable at the time, but they must be gone through with, and if one only waits long enough they will become convulsingly funny. One is very apt to get rheumatism from hazardous adventures, but even rheumatism will, in after-years, appeal to one as a thing extremely humorous. The hope felt in the future is a mild sentiment compared with the obliterating fondness felt for the past. Privation, cold, hunger, bodily pain, become topics for lively conversation; and, unable to speak for strangled peals of delighted remembrance, you try to recall the time when you were stone-broke and had serious thoughts of begging. A voyage during which seasickness seemed a thing you could not live through is in years after chuckled over, gaining one a reputation for spritely wit. And so the staggering, limping footprints we have left behind turn, with a little help from us, into an orderly, even triumphant march of impressions. They are suggestive of the swing of an oncoming army. They endow us who walk at their head with the captivating graces of a drum-major; and, feeling that we have whipped a shocking lot of recruits into admirable shape, we swagger convincingly, thanks to the past which meekly follows at our heels.

## The Gift of Iris

In grey old Venice, when fair Naples lay
  Watching the terror sent
From the dread peak across her lovely bay—
  Lightly the moments went.

Though her own crumbling destiny was writ
  In water long ago,
No shade of chilling prescience seemed to flit
  Across San Marco's glow.

More deadly yet on rapt Sicilian vales
  The fiery rain descends,
But with the pity of unnumbered wails
  A chant of courage blends.

Beauty from ashes shall arise again,
  A winged and joyous thing.
The living remnant of unconquered men
  To Fate their challenge fling.

This gift of gladness is our heritage.
  Life, too, rejects its doom;
Youth doubts the sad decrepitude of age—
  Age disbelieves the tomb.

From flame and earthquake comes a thrilling voice
  To those who listen long;
Some strong evangel bids the earth rejoice
  And hearken to his song.

Ada Foster Murray.

## Protecting Passengers on Ocean Liners

All ocean liners are compelled by law to carry certain safety devices in order to mitigate possible danger to life from accidents of any kind, but most of the great passenger-steamships voluntarily install the latest and most efficient appliances, and even go beyond the legal requirements.

The vessels of the Hamburg-American line, for example, have innumerable practical contrivances to insure the safety of their passengers; such as regular and collapsible life-boats, water-tight compartments and double bottoms, hydraulic system for closing water-tight doors, apparatus for smothering flames by means of sulphuric-acid gas, submarine signal bells, and the ordinary preservers, life-belts, and rockets.

These steamers are all equipped with wireless-telegraph apparatus, many of the systems having a range of two thousand miles. In the event of the disablement of the machinery in the engine-room, there are emergency plants to provide light. Benzine motors or auxiliary steam plants and dynamos are at hand in addition to oil-lamps, which are supplied at all exits and passageways.

There are various drills on board ship, which may be divided into boat, collision, and fire drills. The ship's bell on the bridge, and a gong below deck, announce these drills to the crew, each of whom has a particular station to fill. Twice during each steamer's stay at Hamburg, and once while she lies at New York, there are boat drills before the commissioners of emigration. Boats are uncovered, swung out on the davits, and lowered, while the entire gear is inspected.

A fire-drill is announced by telegraph to the engine-room, and by the bell and gongs to other parts of the ship. On a ship of the *President Lincoln* type there are sixty hose connections, and the twelve hand pumps on deck are auxiliary to the steam pumps. Automatic extinguishers and two smoke helmets are carried by each vessel. Collision drills are held every day, and require the immediate closing of the doors to all water-tight bulkheads and every port-hole.

In case of "man overboard," there is immediately released from the bridge and dropped into the sea a large copper life-buoy provided with a calcium carbide tank. As soon as the carbide touches the water it flames brightly, so that the location of a person overboard, if he reaches the buoy, can easily be discovered at night.

## The Roller-skating Craze Strikes England

The revival of roller-skating has reached the British Isles. During the last two or three years a mania for this amusement has held our entire country in its sway, and there is scarcely a town of five thousand inhabitants which has not its rink. But now the craze has crossed the Atlantic, and our English cousins have become just as enthusiastic over it as we have been and still are.

The London press does not hesitate to declare roller-skating to be the most popular form of indoor amusement and exercise, and the evidence adequately bears out this statement. A single company has opened rinks in seventeen cities of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and each of these halls can easily accommodate on an average five thousand skaters. Frequently on the Olympia Rink alone the crowds make use of all ten thousand pairs of roller-skates which are provided for the patrons. There is a great demand for steel ball-bearing skates of the newest design, and it is estimated that before the end of winter there will be in use more than one hundred thousand pairs of these on the rinks operated by the new English company.

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THE SENATORIAL HALL OF FAME

TEXAS—BAILEY AND CULBERSON

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

## Where Nonagenarians Thrive

THE county of Norfolk, in England, is remarkable for the longevity of its inhabitants, especially those in the small villages and those who are engaged in agricultural pursuits; and it appears that more women than men have attained an extremely advanced age.

In a certain village of three hundred people there died during the past year three women who were more than ninety years of age, one of whom claimed ninety-six years. Another hamlet numbered among its celebrities a doctor's widow aged ninety-two, and a former black-smith ninety-six years old. In a third Norfolk village of four hundred population live a man of ninety-five, a woman of ninety, a woman of eighty-nine, a woman of eighty-seven, and a number of both sexes who possess eighty years or over.

Among the Norfolk peasants seventy years is far from being considered as old, and many farm laborers of that age still retain much of their youthful vigor, and work in the fields from early morning until sundown. In these eastern counties of England rheumatism is most prevalent, and few of those advanced in years have escaped its crippling effects. When we consider that these people generally live in houses lacking ordinary accommodations, and where sanitation is an unknown term, and when we add rheumatism in addition, it is difficult to see just how the natives live so long. However, the quiet rural manner of life, free from excitement, and abundance of outdoor work to furnish the necessary exercise evidently seem to be the correct prescription to produce nonagenarians.

## The Storm

TH' Wind 'at blows in Winter-time,—
He makes a funny noise—Whoo-oo-oo!
An' shivers—they run up your back—
(If you was girls, he might scare you!)
Our Window shutters scold 'cause he
Shakes all th' window-panes, an' w'en
He can't get in our house at all—
W'y, he goes off somewheres again!

I guess he goes to find some Snow
To throw right at our window, too!
('At's 'cause he feels all cross with me.
But *I* won't let him in, would you?)
Our Evergreens ain't 'fraid of him—
They bend their heads so's they can hear
Th' things th' ole Wind says to them—
I think it mus' be very queer.

They've kept on all their summer clo'es,
They look lots nicer than th' rest
All trimmed with fluffy snow—'at's w'y
He likes to talk to them th' best.
Th' Snow, it's all on ev'rything!
I'm tired watchin' it come down!
It's covered up our picket fence
'At keeps me 'way fum Johnnie Brown.

Our Barn has gone away, way off,
An' so has where th' Chickens sleep.
An' where I picked th' red, red Rose,
It's all a little roun' white heap!
My Gran'pa's over by th' fire—
He ain't asleep, 'cause he jus' said
He "b'lieves if *he* was little boys
He'd tumble early into bed
So's w'en th' big, roun' Sun gets up,
Some bran'-new Rubber Boots won't be
A-wondering what's happened to
A Little Boy 'at looks like *me!*"

MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS.

## Difficulties of Street-car Service

INCREASING civilization has many advantages, no doubt, but countries not burdened with super-refinement are seldom troubled with too much red tape. For example, take the street-car question in certain American cities and in Rio Janeiro. Cleveland, Philadelphia, New York, and other large communities in the United States have been wrought up to the point of exasperation plus litigation concerning matters and methods of local transit. In New York there have been charges and counter-allegations of stock-watering, deals, trades of all kinds, even insinuations of treasury looting. Receivers have been in charge of the Metropolitan system, and have made a strong attempt to improve conditions, while over-crowding of cars continues, as well as lambasting by newspapers and individual citizens. Finally the Public Service Commission issues orders for this and that to be done, and the receiver's lot, like the policeman's, is not a happy one. Of course the tangle may be straightened out some time or other, but whether New York can ever secure adequate means of local transit is to be doubted, for the simple reason that its population, permanent, suburban, and transient, continues to grow so rapidly. The city now has cars on three grades—elevated roads, street surface cars, and subway trains. The first two are as crowded, apparently, as they were before the subway trains were built, and the subways are also jammed. A recent despatch from Rio Janeiro tells how a mob calmly seized twelve cars belonging to a local transportation company there, and burned them up because the company's new rate of fares and time schedules were unsatisfactory. The company then signified its willingness to submit to any reform the Mayor might deem necessary and quiet was restored. Doubtless the rioters thought they had settled their local transportation matter in a satisfactory manner by thus cutting the red tape and substituting for it the red flag.

## Hawaiian Prosperity in 1908

ALTHOUGH this country suffered considerable commercial distress last year because of the late panic, our Hawaiian possessions had a most prosperous year in 1908. With the exception of the vast increase in the sugar industry, probably the most pronounced development was in the production of pineapples. During the past year more than four hundred thousand cans of this fruit were exported, and this year the shippers expect a million cans. Cotton and tobacco have been introduced successfully; more sisal is being raised; and the area of the rubber-groves has expanded.

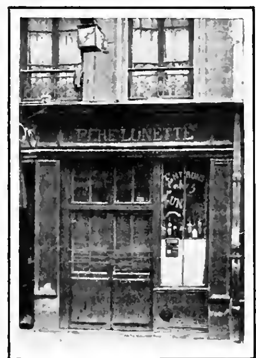
The total value of Hawaiian exports, of which sugar predominates, amounted to $40,567,796 in 1908. This would represent $225 per capita when proportioned according to the present estimated population of the islands, and when this is compared with the per capita money holdings in other countries Hawaii's lead over them is enormous. Estimated for one year by the last census, the per capita wealth of the United States proper is $31.40; of the United Kingdom, $17.58; of Germany, $22.40; of France, $37.13; of the Netherlands, $26.76; and of Cuba, $15.62. Even though we add all of these other per capita amounts together, that of Hawaii yet overtops the entire sum by $74.11.

## The End of a Famous Cabaret of Paris

THE drinking-shop of "Father Lunette," a cabaret in the rue Anglais and a spot of interest for all tourists "seeing Paris," has passed out of existence because of the inability of the proprietor to come to terms with his landlord.

Near the end of the eighteenth-century, "Father Lunette's" was established by a Mr. Lefevre, who reigned behind the bar for forty years, and who wore such enormous spectacles that the cabaret acquired the name and took the sign of "lunette." After passing through many hands, "Father Chanson" became the proprietor, in 1891, and conducted a flourishing business until he recently failed to agree upon a lease with his landlord and vacated.

The famous satirical paintings upon the walls at the back of the shop have been




The Cabaret of "Father Lunette"

destroyed by "Chanson" rather than leave them to the crabbed owner of the building. Among these caricatures are sketches by noted artists representing Clemenceau as a fighter; Zola as a pilgrim to Lourdes; Prince Jerome Bonaparte in a most unacademical pose; and many others.

The visits of the Grand Dukes, the uncles of the present Czar, under the guidance of the detective Rossignol, brought this shop into prominence, although it has never been anything but a den for cutthroats and similar vicious types. However, many celebrated personages have inspected its premises, among them being the late King Oscar of Sweden, Prince Henry of Prussia, Edward VII. (then Prince of Wales), the King of Belgium, and others of noble birth.

## Benjamin Guggenheim

IT is the habit to speak of the days gone by when young men of energy, industry, character, and brains were able to achieve brilliant business or professional careers in America, and to think that such careers are impossible now. That they are unusual nowadays may be granted, but that they are possible can easily be proved. One of the striking examples of modern achievement in the industrial and financial world is that of the Guggenheim family, formerly of Philadelphia, where the founder, the late Meyer Guggenheim, settled many years ago, and, starting out for himself, built up a large and prosperous commercial business. It is a remarkable fact that this fine old figure in the business community should have been succeeded by seven sons, all of whom have reached a plane of success that the father never dreamed of, not only in manufacturing, exploring, commerce, but in finance and statesmanship as well. And the way in which the family fortunes were diverted from commercial business pure and simple is little short of romance.

It was in 1885 that the father, Meyer Guggenheim, sent one of his younger sons, Benjamin—then twenty years old—to Leadville, Colorado, to take charge of his mining interests, which at that time began to be enormously productive. The A. Y. and Minnie mines became very heavy shippers of silver and lead ore. The products soon became of importance to the smelting-plants with which Mr. Benjamin Guggenheim naturally came into intimate relations. Keen, far-sighted, level-headed as was his father before him, the young man studied the most advantageous methods of treating the ores, and foresaw as with prophetic vision the tremendous possibilities of the smelting business.

He communicated his ideas to his father and brothers, and by his persistence and ceaseless urging finally convinced them of the vast opportunities in the smelting of ores, so that they were drawn into this line of industry, and built their first smelting-plant at Pueblo, Colorado. Soon after Mr. Benjamin Guggenheim got this in operation the results were so satisfactory that his father and his six brothers decided to withdraw entirely from commercial business and devote their energies and abilities to the new and larger field. Having abundant capital, unusual intelligence, undaunted energy, they took the next step, and built a large plant at Aguas Calientes, Mexico, where they first embarked in copper smelting, and shortly thereafter erected a third plant at Monterey, Mexico.

In the mean time, recognizing the desirability of refining their own bullion, which was produced at their various plants, they built a refinery at Perth Amboy, New Jersey. Mr. Benjamin Guggenheim, the pioneer of the family in their Western operations, transferred his energies to the management of the new refinery, of which he remained in charge for a lengthy period.

When the consolidation of the smelting industries was accomplished, the Guggenheim enterprises had become so large that they were naturally the ruling factor in the American Smelting and Refining Company; and having seen his great object an actual reality, Mr. Benjamin Guggenheim went to Europe for a well-earned rest. Returning a couple of years later, he looked about for an individual field for his incessant activities, and decided to enter into the manufacture of mining machinery. This was in 1903, and the large plant he built in Milwaukee at once became an element to be reckoned with. Three years later his Power and Mining Machinery Company was merged with the International Steam Pump Company, in which Mr. Benjamin Guggenheim has been a director and a large stockholder for some years. Since that time he has been chairman of the Executive Committee of the International Steam Pump Company, and was elected recently to the presidency.

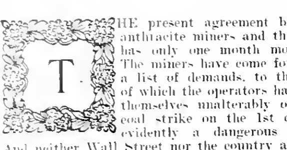
Such, in brief, is the public career of a man only forty-four years of age, who possesses bodily and mental strength, decision of character, extraordinary executive ability, and the courage to do things. He is now devoting his entire time and energy to directing the affairs of the International Steam Pump Company, and at the present writing is in Europe, visiting the company's plant near London, and inspecting its various Continental offices, with the object of extending its large trade in foreign countries; for Mr. Benjamin Guggenheim has in active preparation important plans for the expansion of his company's business and the extension of its present lines, as well as in new manufacturing enterprises. Already the International Steam Pump Company has seven plants, six in this country and one in England, as follows: The Blake-Knowles, in East Cambridge, Mass.; the Deane, in Holyoke, Mass.; the Worthington, in Harrison, N. J.; the Snow-Holly, in Buffalo, N. Y.; the Laidlaw-Dunn-Gordon, in Cincinnati, Ohio; the Power and Mining Machinery, in Cudahy, Wis.; and the Simpson plant in Newark, England.

An army of ten thousand men draws its sustenance from these great industrial workshops, whose product is of infinite variety, from the smallest feed pump, weighing but a few pounds, to the enormous municipal pumping engine capable of supplying a city's mains with 20,000,000 gallons of water daily. They supply the pumping apparatus and condensers for the battle-ships of the nation; pressure pumps for the cotton press of the South and the steel-mill of Pennsylvania; the pumping engine which sends the crude oil on its long journey from the well to the refinery; the air compressor which makes it possible to work in caissons or in tunnels under the bed of river and lake; the pumps that keep free from water the deep workings of the copper mine in Alaska or the gold mine in South Africa; the distributing pumps that transfer the products from one point to another in the brewery and in the sugar house; the agricultural pumps that flood the rice fields in Louisiana and irrigate the fertile fields of the Nile. The power behind the elevator which takes you to the office in the tower in the skyscraper is a steam pump. The company builds gas producers and gas engines in units up to the enormous prime mover of five thousand horse-power, which are destined to supplant the steam-engine on account of their great fuel economy; it builds blast furnaces, cement machinery, mining, smelting, and milling plants for all metallurgical purposes, and great rock crushers used in the production of concrete and ballast. In a word, the products of the International Steam Pump Company are limited only by the confines of industry and civilization. So, in the career of Mr Benjamin Guggenheim, we find that this young man did not rest content after his splendid achievements in the smelting industry, but that he turned his activities to another great industrial enterprise, advancing it rapidly on its road to success. Our country of to-day is still rich in its offerings to those who are ready to give it their enthusiastic energy and untiring effort. ⁂

# Finance

## WILL THERE BE A COAL STRIKE?

### By Franklin Escher



THE present agreement between the anthracite miners and the operators has only one month more to run. The miners have come forward with a list of demands, to the majority of which the operators have declared themselves unalterably opposed. A coal strike on the 1st of April is evidently a dangerous possibility. And neither Wall Street nor the country at large has forgotten the five months' strike of 1902, and the distressing conditions by which it was accompanied.

The end of that strike, it will be recalled, came with the appointment of the Anthracite Strike Commission headed by Judge Gray, of Delaware, an agreement being finally brought about which was to remain in force until April 1, 1906. For three years everything went along smoothly under this agreement, and then, although a dispute arose which resulted in a temporary cessation of mining, the agreement was substantially renewed for three years more. That brings us down to the present time. Now the miners come forward with a set of demands which call for a complete change from the order of things established by the findings of the Strike Commission.

Recognition of the union, more pay, shorter hours—these, as usual, head the list. But added to these demands there are several others on which it seems as though it would be quite as hard to come to an agreement. The "check off" system, for instance, by which the operators are asked to withhold part of each man's wages, paying the amount directly into the union treasury, is something to which the mine-owners are uncompromisingly opposed. The proposition to do away with the Conciliation Board is another thing which the operators declare is sure to result in endless trouble. Lastly there are the demands that the system whereby a miner employs two or more helpers is to be abolished, and that contracts shall be made for a period of not over one year instead of three, as at present.

Of these various demands the vital one in determining whether or not there will be a strike is the one which has to do with the recognition of the United Mine-Workers of America and the introduction of the system whereby the coal companies are asked to pay part of the men's wages directly into the union treasury. The United Mine-Workers of America is the national organization of coal-miners, anthracite and bituminous, and has never been recognized by the hard-coal mine-owners, who claim that only a very small part of the anthracite miners belong to the union, and that they will not negotiate with men representing what is in many respects a rival industry. At the beginning of this year, according to President Lewis's figures, only eighteen per cent. of the anthracite mine-workers belonged to the United Mine-Workers of America. Eighteen per cent. of the 170,000 anthracite coal miners is only 31,000, and while the membership has undoubtedly increased largely since the first of the year, it will readily be seen on what the hard-coal operators base their claim that they should not be asked to negotiate with a union made up mostly of soft-coal workers.

Hard coal, so far at least as the steam sizes are concerned, comes into direct competition with soft coal, and anything that hurts the anthracite industry correspondingly helps the workers in the bituminous fields. The anthracite operators are thus naturally strongly opposed to giving the soft-coal workers any voice whatever in saying what is to be done in the hard-coal region. The justice of this contention was fully recognized by the Strike Commission which put an end to the great struggle in 1902. In its report the commission declared the first requisite for any contract between operators and miners to be "an organization of anthracite-mine workers, governed by the anthracite-mine workers and free from control or dictation of bituminous-mine workers."

The other demand which is certain to make trouble if the miners insist is that the coal companies collect the men's union dues for the union by taking the money out of the men's wages. The question goes very much deeper than might seem at first. The greatest difficulty the unions have with their men is to make them pay their dues—after a three years' agreement has been signed. In fact, a large proportion of the men see no [illegible] belonging to the union and simply stop paying [illegible]. However confident the leaders may be that they can get the men back when they need their [illegible], this is a condition which makes not only for [illegible] in the interim, but for a depleted [illegible]. [illegible] the union turns to the coal companies and [illegible] they do the collecting by holding back [illegible] of the men's wages.

Aside from the fact that such a proceeding is unlawful in the State of Pennsylvania, the anthracite operators consider that they have every reason for refusing the demand that they do the one thing most [illegible] to maintain the strength and aggressiveness of [illegible] a union which they flatly refuse to recognize as having anything to say about anthracite affairs and which they look upon as the embodiment of a [illegible] system. For the labor leaders, of course, [illegible] be a big thing if they could force the operators to accede to this demand—it can be said on high authority, in fact, that could they win their point in this, they would probably be willing to let their other demands pass.

This is the situation at present—a long list of demands presented by the miners and flatly refused by the operators. To the outsider who has no interest in the controversy one way or the other, the question naturally presents itself, Why do the miners choose such a time as this in which to make their demands? Will present industrial conditions help them or hinder them from getting what they want?

The primary reason for bringing up the whole matter at the present time is, of course, the fact that the agreement runs off on April 1st, and that if a renewal for three more years were to be made, the national union would suffer further loss of strength among the hard-coal workers—when there is nothing to fight for the men see little use in paying dues to the union. Furthermore, nothing was gained for the men by Mitchell during the conferences in 1906, and now it is distinctly up to the new president to show what *he* can do.

In the second place, the miners have had a period of six years of steady work at high wages, broken only by the six weeks' suspension in 1906, and feel themselves in a strong position financially for a trial of strength. In the coal regions the savings-banks all show heavy increases in deposits, and while dues have not come into the union treasury to an extent satisfactory to the labor leaders, expenses have been low and the available fund is undoubtedly large. Furthermore, the men have been working steadily for a long time and many of them want a holiday. If by taking a few weeks off they can secure concessions which will last them through years to come, well and good. If they gain nothing, they have still had their vacation, and in consecutive days instead of a day now and then.

On the other hand, if the miners are well equipped to go into a strike, the same thing is no less true of the coal companies. Immediately after the strike of 1902 they began a policy of accumulation which has resulted in the storage during the past few years of an enormous supply of coal. During 1908 the gross production of anthracite was 73,800,000 tons, a decrease of only 2,600,000 tons from the record year 1907. Considering how the consumption of coal fell off in 1908, it is only necessary to put two and two together to see that a process of accumulation was going on, that the mines were kept running at nearly full capacity in order to get ready for the situation with which the operators knew very well they would be faced. Ten million tons is a conservative estimate of the amount of coal which the companies have on hand.

Then, again, with Roosevelt out of the White House and John Mitchell no longer president of the miners' union, the operators realize that in case of a strike there will not be the same pressure brought upon them as they claim forced them into the compromise of 1902 after they had the strikers beaten. Whether or not they are right in their contention, the operators do believe that if trouble does come public sentiment will be on their side. The men, they point out, have had a long period of steady work which has been continued right up to the present time, when in nearly all other lines there have been cuts in wages, suspensions, and heavy reductions in working forces. During 1907 and 1908, when it is estimated that in this country two million workmen became idle, the anthracite industry suffered hardly at all. And not only were the miners kept working, but wages remained high through the operation of the sliding scale established by the Strike Commission in 1902. The anthracite miners have been exceptionally fortunate during the period of depression, and the operators do not consider that their demands are likely to arouse much public sympathy.

So, unless the labor leaders back down on the demands they have put forward, it is hard to see how a strike can be averted, and Wall Street, proverbially "discounting" everything that is likely to happen in the future, is figuring actively on what the effect of a strike would be. So far as the direct effect on the price of the coal stocks is concerned, the Street has looked back at the records of 1902, and finding that the "coalers" were all higher at the strike's end than at its beginning, is not at all worried about what may happen to Reading or Pennsylvania or Lackawanna. During the last big strike the coal companies were all well able to take care of themselves and they are in a good deal better shape now to meet trouble than they were then. Selling on strike news is notoriously an unprofitable operation—it is not from any probable influence on the price of stocks that the coal-strike factor derives its great importance. Why the Street as well as the country at large is so much interested in whether or not there is going to be a strike is because people so generally realize what a serious check to returning prosperity a strike would be. Business is pretty dull now and everybody is looking forward to the spring months as the earliest time at which an upturn can be expected. If the 1st of April is to be marked by a suspension of work on the part of 170,000 men engaged in one of the country's leading industries, he is indeed an optimist who believes that the march of progress will go on uninterrupted.

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*E. M. C.—Why is it that the United States Treasury will continue gold coins in circulation until they are up to one-half per cent. light weight? My understanding is that British sovereigns are retired from circulation after they are one-fourth of one per cent. light weight, and that in some of the continental countries the allowed abrasion is even less. The practice in the United States operates to make it very difficult and unsafe to figure on a shipment of gold coin out of the country.*

Under the English law the sovereign is legal tender until it has lost three-fourths of one grain (six-tenths per cent.), and Parliament has repeatedly ordered the purchase of worn sovereigns where the abrasion was several times as great. The gold coin in circulation in this country is in excellent shape—worn by use perhaps less than the gold of any other country.

The difficulty in getting full-weight sovereigns for export from the Bank of England is quite as great as in getting new eagles from the United States Treasury.

*P. W. K.—I am thinking of putting some surplus money into Missouri, Kansas, & Texas common, or into Kansas City Southern, both of which sell about the same price. What do you think of investments in these low-priced railroad stocks?*

Both the properties you mention are developing under efficient management, and, whatever the market may do, are likely to prove profitable to the investor. With regard to these stocks, however, as with a number of other prominent low-priced rails, it must be borne in mind that the advance has already been very great, and that when you buy now you are buying after a long upward swing.

*G. E.—Do you consider the Providence Securities 4's a safe investment?*

Your question seems best answered by the statement that the bonds are guaranteed, principal and interest, by endorsement by the New York, New Haven, & Hartford Railroad.

*J. K. O.—What do the newspapers mean when they quote, "Exchange on New York at Chicago, thirty cents premium?"*

It means that if you were in Chicago and wanted to buy a bank draft drawn on New York for $1,000 it would cost you $1,000.30. When the premium on exchange drawn on New York, at inland points, goes much over thirty cents, it is cheaper to ship currency, just as when foreign exchange gets higher than a certain point it is cheaper to send gold.

*H. A. B.—Taking the relative value of Great Northern and Northern Pacific and comparing their advance from the recent panic price with that of Atchison, it appears that Atchison has had the larger proportionate advance—and still financiers advise the purchase of Atchison at present prices! Judging from past experience, could not a greater speculative advance be expected from stocks like Great Northern and Northern Pacific?*

Between the panic and the middle of the current month Atchison rose thirty-five points, or fifty-three per cent.; Northern Pacific, fifty-two points, or fifty-two per cent.; Great Northern, thirty-six points, or thirty-four per cent.

With regard to the disparity between Atchison's and Great Northern's percentage of recovery, it must be remembered that the former stock was beaten down to sixty-six and three-eighths in the panic, while Great Northern held relatively better than stocks of its own class. But even at that, and while we believe thoroughly in Atchison, we think you are right in your conclusion that, judging from past experience, a greater advance is to be expected from Great Northern.

*T. B. T.—Would, in your opinion, American Locomotive common be a good buy for a year or two? Any information you can supply will be greatly appreciated.*

We are inclined to think that American Locomotive common will sell a good deal higher during the next two years than it is selling now—a contrary opinion would almost presuppose the non-return of business prosperity during the next two years. The company is doing well and the process of filling up the railroads' treasuries, now going on, is something which sooner or later is bound favorably to affect the companies which manufacture railroad equipment.

*W. C.—By what are the Interborough 4 1-2's secured? What underlies the Rock Island collateral 4's?*

The Interborough 4½'s are secured by Interborough Rapid Transit (Subway) stock. The old Chicago, Rock Island, & Pacific stock underlies the Rock Island collateral 4's.

# The Newest of Great Art Galleries

By LITTELL McCLUNG

One of the most notable events in the history of art in America was the recent opening of the new Walters Art Gallery in Baltimore. This gallery was built by Mr. Henry Walters, of New York and Baltimore, and was in course of construction during a period of about three years.

As a building the Walters Gallery is one of the finest of its kind in the world. The building is 120 by 130 feet in size, and faces on Washington Place. At present its appearance is marred by heavy electric-light and trolley wires in the streets around it, but these will be put underground as soon as Baltimore's new system of subways is finished. The basement story is of Milford pink granite cut in massive blocks. The upper part of the structure is of gray Indiana limestone. This part is divided into two stories by a carved belt course. Large arched windows open from the first story, while the second is severely plain.

As one enters through the massive bronze doors the white beauty of the interior is very conspicuous. In front is a lovely court upon which open all the rooms on the first floor. In its centre stands a magnificent marble fountain. Balustrades of marble surround it, and from these rises a series of twin columns supporting the second-floor galleries.

On the first floor are four private galleries. Rising to the second floor is a superb staircase, back of which is a museum containing relics of the Spanish Inquisition and other historic trophies.

Duke of Urbino is not very unlike that of his other portrait of the Duke in Florence.

One of the most valuable works is a portrait of Raphael by himself. There is also another Raphael—the *Madonna delle Candelabre*. However, it is thought that the figures attendant upon the Madonna and the Child are not by Raphael, but by one of his imitators. The Mother and Child, the critics say, are certainly the work of Raphael.

Tintoretto is represented by five portraits. Among the most noted Florentine works are a circular panel by Botticelli showing the Virgin, Christ, and St. John, and a panel with St. John as a youth.

A striking work is a portrait of Michelangelo attributed to himself. Andrea del Sarto is represented by a Madonna and a portrait.

The value of the modern paintings is several hundred thousand dollars. Rousseau is represented by his famous *Sappho* and *Winter Solitude*; Meissonier by one or two Napoleons and a half-dozen others; Corot by his great work, *The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian*, and several others of less importance; Millet by *The Sheepfold*, *The Potato Harvest*, *Breaking Flax*, and the priceless *Angelus*; Breton by *Returning from the Fields*; Gérôme by *Duel After the Masquerade* and *Christian Martyrs*; and Corot by several of his best works. A score of other modern painters are represented as well.

Among the marbles are the sarcophagi found in an imperial cemetery in Rome in

The Walters Art Gallery in Baltimore

The Walters collection, which has been stored in Baltimore, New York, and London, is brought together in the new gallery for the first time. The foundation of the collection was made by the late William T. Walters, and has been added to year by year by his son, Mr. Henry Walters. The only collections in this country of equal importance are those of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the Chicago Art Institute, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and possibly the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington. The Oriental ceramics alone are worth a great fortune. These bronzes and porcelains, of exquisite color and form, together with the ivories and lacquers, made up the Japanese exhibit at the exposition in Paris in the late seventies.

The Massarenti collection contains some of the most important art treasures that Italy ever possessed. Don Marcello Massarenti, for many years head of the Roman charities, brought these pictures together. He was fifty years completing the collection, housing his treasures in marble in an art gallery near the Vatican, and his thousand or more paintings in a gloomy old palace near by. In 1902 Mr. Walters made a cash offer of $1,000,000 for the collection and it was accepted. Since then art critics have declared that the pictures and marbles are worth $2,000,000. A steamer was chartered to bring this collection to New York, where it was stored in two large buildings. Its shipment to Baltimore occupied several months.

The collection is richest in paintings of the Italian schools. There are a Virgin, Christ-Child, St. Joseph, John the Baptist, and John the Precursor, by Bellini. There are several Titians. One shows St. Christopher carrying the Christ-Child over the ford, and in the background a figure in a monk's gown has the face of Titian himself. Titian's portrait of the

1884. They bear elaborate and beautiful designs carved by their Greek sculptors for the wealthy art patrons of Rome in the first century. Critics have found difficulty in putting a price on them, so rare and beautiful are they. One of the sarcophagi, it is supposed, contained the ashes of Pompey the Great. Another shows in relief the Triumph of Dionysus, the god of wine, and another the same happy god's arrival on the Isle of Naxos and the finding of that fascinating lady, Ariadne. A Pallas Athene is of heroic dimensions. Others show Roman workmanship, being evidently copies of the Greek works.

Five bronze cists from Etruscan tombs are among the curiosities of ancient sculpture. Some of the most striking bronzes are a bust of the Emperor Augustus, a life-size bust of a young man with the family features of the Cæsars, a statue of Paris holding the apple, a Mercury, a Jupiter, and a Venus at the bath.

A valuable addition to the bronzes, which arrived recently, is Rodin's *Le Penseur*. Prominent Frenchmen tried to prevent this famous work from being taken out of the country, but despite their efforts Mr. Walters bought it and brought it to Baltimore.

Another recent arrival is a magnificent marble statue of Ariadne by the Baltimore sculptor, Hans Schuler. The model of this work won a gold medal at the Paris Salon in 1903. There are scores of other statues that in themselves would make a collection of great value.

It is said that Mr. Walters is preparing to issue, at a cost of not less than $100,000, a catalogue of his great collection that will contain the finest photographs that can be made of his most valuable works. Meanwhile the interior of the Walters Gallery is carefully guarded against anything that bears any resemblance to a camera.

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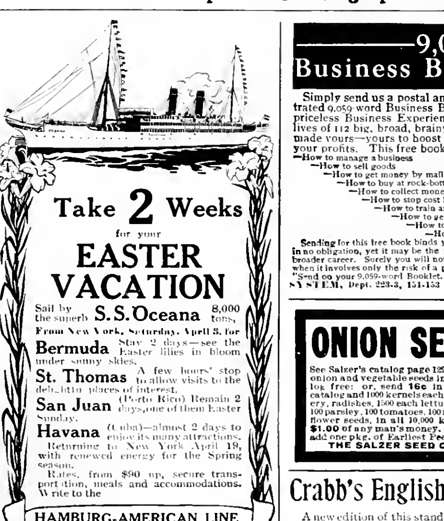


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## When Lincoln Moved

THE Hon. William M. Springer, for long a member of Congress, representing the Springfield Congressional District of Illinois, who was for some time chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, knew Abraham Lincoln. From Mr. Springer's lips the narrator heard this story of a time when Abraham Lincoln was a struggling lawyer.

From Kentucky there came to Springfield a man named Speed, who opened and successfully conducted a general store, more than half a century ago; in fact, many years before the name of Lincoln became known outside his Springfield environments. Speed's store contained substantially everything in the way of merchandise from pins and needles to furniture and buffalo overcoats. Around the big cannon stove there frequently gathered such men as Abraham Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas, Lyman Trumbull, Richard Yates, and "Dick" Oglesby.

One winter afternoon Mr. Lincoln asked Speed how much it would cost him to rig out a back room of his office [illegible] bed and bedding. He said that times were hard and he felt the [illegible] of saving the expense of room rent.

Speed said that his clerk was going [illegible] Kentucky; [illegible]

[illegible]

## The New Commander of Britain's Home Fleet

[illegible]

leaves his fleet on March 24th, although the age limit would permit him to hold his command until 1911.

Vice-Admiral Sir William H. May, second sea lord of the Admiralty, is to succeed Admiral Beresford as the su-

Vice Admiral Sir William H. May, R.N.

WHO WILL SUCCEED LORD BERESFORD AS COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH NAVY

[illegible] commander of the naval forces, and [illegible] in immediate charge of the main [illegible] home defence. It is the intention [illegible] British government to concentrate [illegible] newest and most powerful of [illegible] in this great fleet for home [illegible] and for this purpose the [illegible] Channel Fleet will doubtless give [illegible] vessels.

## Advantages of Red Tape

THE [illegible] of official red tape fur[illegible] as many stories as the typical Irish[illegible]. The latest refers to a board of [illegible] appointed some months ago to investigate certain questions regarding torpedo-boats, and the measures to be taken in defence against them. In the course of the work, the members of the board desired to experiment with the installations in one of the seacoast forts, and to obtain permission it was necessary to address an official communication to the Secretary of War. This passed through the hands of various officials to the Secretary of the Navy, thence to the Secretary of War, and down the scale again. The usual delay in this case extended over an unusually long period. As the time set approached, no reply having been received, one of the naval officers concerned called on an acquaintance, who was an army officer in the War Department, and explained the case. As a result the army officer wrote a personal letter to the commandant of the fort, asking him to extend the courtesies in advance of the official order. On the strength of this the naval board made the visit, was hospitably received, and spent several days in experiments which involved the services of the whole garrison, and returned to Washington fully satisfied. Several weeks later the original document containing the request was returned with numerous endorsements, the last of which read:

"The Secretary of War regrets that he is unable to grant the within request, as the garrison at Fort —— is too busy at present to permit carrying out the experiments in question."

## England's Toy Railroads

MINIATURE railroads, replicas of those frequently seen in American amusement resorts, are being established in many English estates to facilitate transportation between the mansions and the main lines of the railroads. The residences in extensive estates are often at a considerable distance from the trunk lines and horsed vehicles have hitherto been the only means of connection between them; but now several wealthy landowners have installed the diminutive railroad systems. These are especially serviceable in rendering quick access to various points in a manor whose area may be several square miles.

The most prominent of these private miniature railroads are those located at Eaton Hall in Cheshire, the country seat of the Duke of Westminster; Duffield Bank, the manor of Sir Percival Heywood, Bart.; and Blakesley Hall, the home of Mr. C. H. Bartholomew, a retired civil engineer. At Blackpool and Sutton Coldfield similar systems have been installed to supply needed facilities for public traffic.

The railroad system operated through the Eaton Hall estate has a trackage of $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, including a direct through line between the residence and the trunk line at Balderton, a distance of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and approximately one mile of sidetracks. It has a 15-inch gauge with rails averaging 12 pounds per yard, and the construction of the track, exclusive of buildings and rolling-stock, cost $29,450. The essential purpose of this road is the transporting of freight, although there are some cars fitted for passenger service. It is estimated that this little road carries 6,000 tons of freight annually, so that its utility is apparent.

## Where the Panic Brought Prosperity

IT is a mighty mean panic year that brings good to nobody—a statement that is borne out by the rapid settlement of cheap plains land in Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, western Kansas and Nebraska, Wyoming, and the Texas Panhandle. According to despatches from Denver, a great number of men who were driven out of work last year by the closing of mills and factories all over the country were literally driven to take up cheap lands or free government lands in the West, where a large proportion of them are now settled on their own farms or small ranches and are on the way to a competency; as one writer puts it, "Driven to prosperity by seeming misfortunes." The philosopher will see in this apparent paradox justification for belief that things generally even up in this world when one takes them by and large. Prices of food increase because the industrial establishments employ millions who cannot produce food, and therefore create a great demand for it. The mills keep on growing until they have a surplus of production, for which, owing to many reasons, there is no demand when the mills shut down. Having no immediate work, and having to earn an immediate living, a certain percentage of the idle operatives take up inexpensive lands out West and go to farming.

## The Education of Kings

The children of kings are raised in simpler fashion than the offspring of many a millionaire. Nor is the reason far to seek, since royal parents fully realize how prominent is the example of their children. While there is no royal road to learning, the education of a youthful prince has interest, inasmuch as it is the result of much deliberation.

The Basedow system, made public in book form in 1770, under the title, *A Book of Directions for the Fathers and Mothers of Families*, and applied, in 1800, to the education of the young princes of Prussia, found numerous advocates. Here the fundamental principle is instruction by sight, and the author banishes from practical consideration all instruction which has to be committed to memory. By pictures, which form a leading feature in the book, it is sought to reconcile in the minds of children the actual things they see with illustrations of the same. As a child is incapable of abstract ideas, the teacher conveys instruction orally by pointing out in pictures such connections and resemblances. The system includes physical training, easy-fitting clothes, cold baths, a hard bed, early rising, and manual labor.

Such was the basis of the instruction given to the Crown Prince of Prussia and his brother, aged, respectively, five and four, by Frederick Delbrück, a lawyer's son and a doctor of philosophy. He tried to develop the natural faculties of his pupils according to the theory that nature is not bad, but feeble. In walking with the boys he sought to awaken their attention by remarks on different things, and, after their return, made them look in Basedow's pictures for the objects observed by them out-of-doors. He read them extracts from *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Children's Bible*, proceeding by degrees to extracts from Schiller, and trying to make his charges understand such distinctions as that between courage and timidity, etc.

It was the custom of the royal children every day to visit the Queen either in the garden or in her private apartments, when they would romp, encouraged by their mother. This harmless play gave offence to the tutor, who, being something of a pedant, scolded and punished the boys—then yielded his point when they showed temper. In short, it may be doubted whether a doctor of philosophy can handle children otherwise than theoretically. In a letter to her "three little gardeners"—Fritz, William (Delbrück's pupils), and Charlotte—Queen Louise writes: "Good day, my dear children. Papa and I have much enjoyed your beets, pease, parsley, haricots, cabbages, and salads from your gardens. 'These are busy people,' said papa; 'I eat to their good health.' I said, 'They have given us these because they knew we should enjoy them.' . . . Yes, little ones, we have shown them to every one."

R. Holt-Lomax.

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## A Bird All By Itself

The Brooklyn Institute Museum on the Eastern Parkway has placed on exhibition a group of birds whose name the average layman has never heard and whose habits have puzzled even the ornithologists. This species is known as the hoactzin and is an inhabitant of South America, where these specimens were collected in the Orinoco district. The bird possesses so many anatomical peculiarities that scientists usually classify it in a separate order by itself.

Although the hoactzin has large wings, it seldom flies, and probably could not sustain itself in the air for a distance of one hundred yards. The breastbone is very short, seemingly the front part having been cut off, and filling this cavity is a large crop in which its food is digested. The adult birds are about the size of a small hen.

The hoactzin frequents the courses of rivers and small streams, and invariably builds its rude nest of sticks and twigs in the low branches of bushes overhanging the water. Here the young are hatched entirely naked, but in spite of their helpless appearance they are wonderfully active. When they come from the shell there are well-developed claws on each of their tiny wings, and aided by these claws the little nestlings, only a few hours old, crawl about the nest and the adjacent twigs. When alarmed by intruders these little birds drag themselves to the edge of the nest and plunge into the water beneath, swimming to a place of safety in the shrubbery bordering the stream. Remarkably enough, they are not web-footed, nor do the adult birds ever go into the water.

When the quills of the wing feathers begin to grow the fledglings shed their claws, but the peculiar use of the wings in the young birds manifests itself when they are grown. As the hoactzin climbs among the branches of the dense shrubbery, searching for tender leaves and buds, the wings are hooked over the branches and propel the body forward in much the same manner that the claws assisted the young birds.


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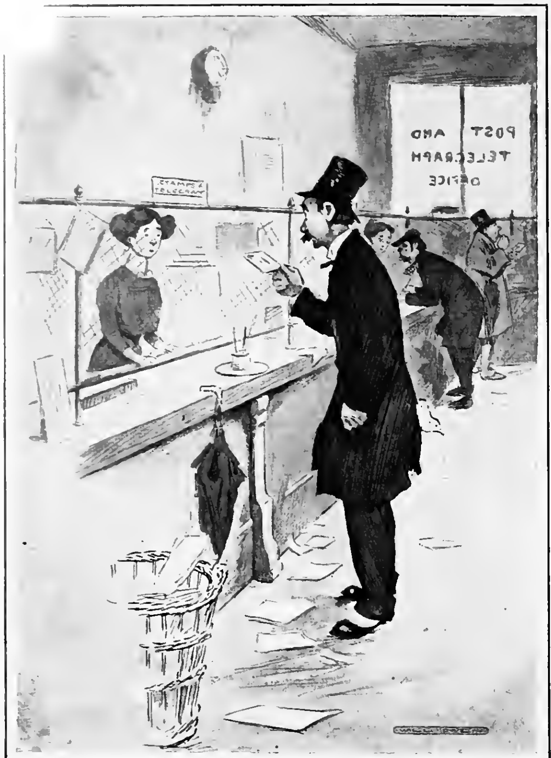
Among the records for February are several numbers showing to splendid advantage the beauty of Miss Geraldine Farrar's voice. Two arias from Massenet's "Manon," in which Miss Farrar has made such great success, are included, reproduced in French, in which the prima-donna sings this opera. The arias have a full orchestral accompaniment, which brings out the value of the music and gives the singer the proper instrumental support. "Robin Adair," given in English by Miss Farrar, Micaela's air from Bizet's opera of "Carmen," and the "Voi che sapete" aria from Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro," sung in Italian, show this singer's voice and ability to the very best advantage, as reproduced in these newest records.

There are in lighter vein records by Nat M. Wills, Billy Murray, Ada Jones and Len Spencer, and Alan Turner's voice is heard in a baritone solo, "Kathleen Mavourneen," as is Harry Macdonough's in a tenor number, the "Arab Love Song," with orchestra, from Marie Cahill's new production, "Betty and the Boys." Elise Stevenson, soprano, contributes to the records, and there are new numbers by the Whitney Quartet, including Spofford's old English glee, "Hail! Smiling Morn," and Mendelssohn's "The Cheerful Wanderer." Ralph Herz, whose impersonation of a humorous devil in "The Soul Kiss" has been one of the great features of the production, sings two of the "Soul Kiss" hits, "Very Well, Then" and "That Wasn't All."

Other records in the February offerings include instrumental numbers by Sousa's Band, a violin and cello duet, clarionet and flute selections, etc. These records will prove thoroughly enjoyable to Victor owners and will make others long to possess one of these remarkable musical instruments.—[*Adv.*]

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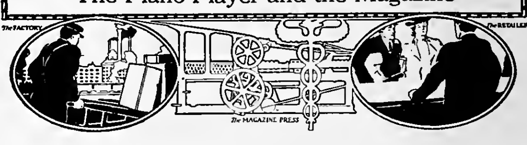


THE American piano-player and the modern magazine have grown together from small beginnings. What the piano-player is to-day it owes first to its own artistic worth and possibilities, and second to magazine advertising.

The composer Chopin wrote piano compositions so difficult that musicians of his own period, admitting their beauty, still asked: "But who can play them?" Chopin played some of them himself. Others were beyond his strength — as the great Polonaise depicting Poland's splendor and downfall. Since Chopin's day the development of the piano and the mastery of technique have gone hand in hand. Yet there have always been compositions that seemed beyond the resources of either.

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### Our Drama

AS IN THE PRESENT WELTER of comic opera and vaudeville the future of drama in this country sometimes seems precarious, we remind ourselves that the English drama has contrived to survive through other similar eras. Lien Chi Altangi—OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S clear-witted Chinese mandarin and philosopher sojourning in London—wrote to his teacher, Fum Hoam, a college president in Peking, to tell of a play he had just witnessed.

"The expected time for the play to begin at last arrived; the curtain was drawn, and the actors came on. . . . My attention was engrossed by a new object; a man came in balancing a straw upon his nose, and the audience were clapping their hands in all the raptures of applause. To what purpose, cried I, does this unmeaning figure make his appearance? is he a part of the plot?—Unmeaning do you call him? replied my friend; this is one of the most important characters of the whole play: nothing pleases the people more than seeing a straw balanced; there is a great deal of meaning in the straw: there is something suited to every apprehension in the sight; and a fellow possessed of talents like these is sure of making his fortune. . . .

"Dancing is a very reputable and genteel employment here: men have a greater chance for encouragement from the merit of their heels than their heads. One who jumps up, and flourishes his heels three times before he comes to the ground, may have three hundred a year: he who flourishes them four times gets four hundred: but he who arrives at five is inestimable, and may demand what salary he thinks proper."

This covers present-day conditions on both sides of the footlights; GOLDSMITH might have been sitting in a Broadway theatre, comfortably beholding almost any drama among those which are greeted with the most applause.

*The relevancy of this simple depictment will be grasped by any person reading the last editorial paragraph upon this page. By no less an effort, we fear, can the reason of its existence here be clearly understood and its full interest imbibed*

### Divorce

TO ONE ETERNAL QUESTION a correspondent contributes sentiments of much vigor and decision:

"If you love a woman and she loves you, do you need a policeman to keep you together? If you do not love each other, does the protection of society demand that you should stay together? I am an unknown working man with no education and no license to 'butt in' on such grave subjects, but these are questions which I would like to ask the doctors who are eloquent upon the 'divorce evil'; perhaps they will pity me and explain.

"I believe in the home. I believe in it as earnestly as the divines who rave over the divorce evil or the magazine editors who give their columns freely to what they consider outraged public sentiment crying against the divorce laws. But I believe that the real mind of a nation can be determined in a measure by what it laughs at, and the joke columns of these same magazines are full of grim jests on married life."

These views are incisive, and more of the same energy from our readers will be welcome. We intend to discuss divorce one of these days, but are willing to wait indefinitely, for the difficulties which the subject contains fill us with a humble appreciation of the inadequacy of the human mind to dogmatize on a situation so complex.

### Animals Remodeled

THE INTERESTING REPORT by Dr. FLEXNER of the Rockefeller Institute, in his address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, on the transplantation of tissues and organs, has called attention to the long line of experimental work that has been going on quietly for several years, and that is now beginning to yield extraordinary results. With characteristic conservatism and judgment, he confined his report chiefly to one positive result, the transplantation of a section or length of an artery or vein from the body of one animal to another. Two animals are prepared with scrupulous aseptic precautions as for a human surgical operation. They are anesthetized, and a section of an artery from two to four inches long is carefully lifted out of the body of each animal. Then the two sections are transposed, the piece of artery from animal No. 1 being placed in the gap made in the artery of animal No. 2 and *vice versa*. The wound is closed, the animal allowed to recover from the anesthetic, and treated and handled with the utmost care and skill, as if it were in a private room in a first-class surgical hospital, until it has completely recovered from the wound. These experiments, of course, are intended only as a step toward achievements of the deepest human import.

### Preceding Steps

IT HAS LONG BEEN KNOWN that an organ like the heart of a turtle, for instance, can be kept actively at work contracting or secreting, even when lifted entirely out of the body, so long as an abundant supply of blood or of salt solution is poured into its vein and out again through its artery, or *vice versa* according to the organ. By connecting the great artery of the turtle's heart with its principal vein, by means of a curved glass tube, the heart can be made to pump its own blood round and round in its shortened circulation and kept beating for days. Therefore, if only some safe and effective means can be found of joining the cut ends of arteries and veins together in such a way that they will unite, there is nothing to prevent the transference of an organ with its blood-vessels from one body to another. Partial success has already been accomplished in this extraordinary feat. The organ selected has been the kidney on account of the readiness with which it can be removed from the body without injury or serious damage to other vital structures. In six or seven cases the kidney of a cat or a dog has been removed under anesthesia from the body and grafted on to a pair of blood-vessels of corresponding size in the body of another cat or dog. At a recent meeting of one of the New York scientific bodies, a month or so ago, there was shown a photograph of a cat which had then been living for three weeks with both kidneys of another cat substituted for its own. The cat was standing on a table, reaching up to play with the hand of the nurse, who was patting it on the head. Its tail was curled, its back was arched, its expression was affable, we had almost said "smiling," and it looked the picture of health and comfort. This cat lived three weeks, and then died as the result of an accident. Another, which had had a similar transformation scene enacted in its interior, was still living and in perfect health four weeks after the transfer. Such success, partial as it is, does seem to suggest at least the possibility some day of human beings being not only able to give their blood for their country, but one of such of their vital organs as come in pairs, for the lives of their loved ones.

### This Is Cheerful

THE PICTURE on this page shows the house near St. Louis which General GRANT, a graduate of West Point, built with his own hands and lived in for a brief period in his early middle life. The cabin in which he was born was infinitely more humble than this: it was much like the Lincoln cabin pictured on another page of this issue. LINCOLN and GRANT stand in their different ways as ideals to millions of Americans. Either of the cabins in which they were born could be built by the poorest man in the country to-day with a week of his own labor; the house pictured on this page, in which GRANT, with the tastes of an educated man, lived several years of his mature life, could be built by any man, as GRANT built it, with his own hands, in four weeks. True, there is but little more free homestead land in the United States, but in every New England State except Rhode Island there can be had, for four dollars an acre, an abundance of farms which have raised generations of preachers, teachers, and farmers. In Texas there is virgin land at from four to ten dollars an acre. Compare then the situation of New York bricklayers, whose union rate of wages the past year has been $5.60 a day, or of plasterers at $5.30 a day, or hod-carriers at $3.00 a day. The cry has become far too common that the time has passed when the poor man may hope to have a home of his own. The poor man is better off than he ever was before.

# Father Abraham Lincoln

*By a Veteran of the Civil War*

M*Y private shrine. The Gettysburg Address*
*Framed in with all authentic photographs*
*Of him from whom the New Religion flows.*

*HOMELY? That's it. A perfect homeliness.*
*Homely as Home itself that countenance*
*Benign, immortal sweet, his very soul,*
*The steadfast, common, great American.*

*IT is a gladness in my aging heart*
*These eyes three times beheld himself alive,*
*Ungainly, jointed loose, rail-fence-like, queer*
*In garb that hung with scarecrow shapelessness—*
*Absolute figure of The States half-made,*
*Turning from toil and joke to sacred war.*

## I

MY heart has smiles and tears, remembering how
The boy, fourteen, round-cheeked and downy-lipped,
With Philadelphia cheese-cake freshly bit,
Halted to stare on marbled Chestnut Street;
He could not gulp the richness in his maw,
Because that black-frock-coated countryman
Of bulged umbrella, rusty stovepipe hat,
Five yards ahead, and coming rapidly,
Could be none other than The President,
From caricatures familiar as the day.

A SUDDEN twinkle lit his downcast eyes,
Marking the cheese-cake and the staring boy;
Tickled to note the checked gastronomy.
Passing, he asked, "Good, sonny?" in a tone
Applausive more than questioning, full of fun,
Yet half-embracive, as your mother's voice,
And smiled so comrade-like the wondering lad
Glowed with a sense of being chosen chum
To Father Abraham Lincoln, President.

SUCH was the miracle his spirit wrought
In millions while he lived.—And still it lives.

HE stalked along, unguarded, all alone,
That central soul of unremitting war,
A common man level with common Man.
The heart-warmed, wondering boy stared after him,
And wonders yet to-day on how it chanced
The mighty, well-loved, martyr President
Went rambling on unknown in broadest day
On crowded street, as if by nimbus hid
From all except the cheesecaked worshiper
He sonnied, smiled on, joked at fatherly.

## II

THAT night the streets of Philadelphia thronged;
No end of faces; one great human cross,
As far each way as lamp-post boys could see,
Packed Eighth and Chestnut, waiting Father Abe;
The Continental's balcony on high
Glowed Stars and Stripes, with crape for all the dead
"We can not dedicate, nor consecrate."

ON chime of eight precise, gaunt, bare of head,
They saw his tallness in the balcony-flare,
And straightway all the murmurous street grew still,
Till silence absolute as death befell.

AND in that perfect silence one clear voice
Inspired began, from out the multitude,
The song of all the songs of all the war,
Simple, ecstatic, sacrificial, strong—
*"We're coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more"*—
And neighboring voices took the long refrain
While some more distant raised the opening words,
Till to and fro and far and near at once,
Never in chorus, chanting as by groups,
Here ending, there beginning, some half-way,
All sang at once, and all renewing all
In pledge and passion of the mighty song,
Their different words and clashing cadences
Wondrously merging in a sound supreme,
As if the inmost meaning of the hymn
Harmonious rolled in one unending vow
While all the singers gazed on Lincoln's face.

HANDS gripping balcony-rail, he stooped and saw
And listened motionless, with such a look
The boy upon the lamp-post clearly knew
"The heavens were opened unto him,"
"The spirit of God descending like a dove"—
Until the mystery of the general soul
Wrought to unwonted sense of unison
Moved all to silence for the homely words
Of Father Abraham Lincoln to his kind—
Words clear as Light itself, so plain—so plain
None deemed him other than their fellow man.

## III

ONCE more. A boy in blue at sixteen years
Mid groups of blue along the crazy road
Of corduroy astretch from City Point,
Toward yonder spire in fatal Petersburg,
Beyond what trenches, rifle-pits, and forts,
What woful far-front grave-mounds sunken down
To puddles over pickets shot on post—
What cemeteries shingle-marked with names
Of companies and regiments and corps,

Of moldering bones and [illegible] gray,
And belts and butt[illegible]s, [illegible] exposed—
Mired army wagon[illegible]—[illegible]
Springfields and E[illegible]
Or strown, all rusting—[illegible]
Brush shelter stables—[illegible] huts,
Tent-covered winter [illegible]
For chimneys to the [illegible]
Whose dropping cinders [illegible]
Through veteran canvas [illegible]
Squares of parade [illegible]
With mingled grass and [illegible]
Strown myriad far about the [illegible]
Whose scrub-oak roots for scanty fires [illegible]
And one sole house, and never fence [illegible]
Where fifty leagues of corn-land smiled bef[illegible]

BELATED March—a lowering, rainless day
With glints of shine; the veteran [illegible] of Meade
Gave forth their veteran boys in [illegible] of blue,
Infantry, cavalry, gunners, engineers,
Easterner, Westerner, Yankee, Irish, "Dutch,"
Canuck, all sorts and sizes, frowsed, unkempt,
Unwashed, half-smoked, profane exceedingly,
Moody or jokeful, formidable, free
From fear of colonels as of corporals,
Each volunteer the child of his own whim,
And every man heartsworn American
Trudging the mud to view the cavalcade
Of Father Abraham Lincoln to The Front.

HE, Chief Commander of all Union hosts,
Of more than thrice three hundred thousand more
Rode half a horseneck first since Grant on right
And Meade on left kept reining back their bays;
Full uniformed were they and all their train,
Sheridan, Humphreys, Warren, Hazen, Kautz,
Barlow, McLaughlen, Ord, and thirty more,
Blazing for once in feathers and in gold.
Old Abe, all black, bestrode the famous steed,
Grant's pacing black—and sure since war began
No host of war had such Commander seen!

LOOSE-REINED he let the steady pacer walk;
Those rail-like legs, that forked the saddle, thrust
Prodigious spattered boots anear the mud,
Preposterous his parted [illegible] hung,
In negligence his lounging body stooped,
Tipping the antic-solemn stovepipe hat;
It seemed some old-time circuit preacher [illegible]
From Grant to Meade and back again to Grant
Attentive, questioning, pondering, deep concerned—
The common Civil Power directing War.

HE, travesty of every point of horsemanship,
They, so bedizened, riding soldier stern—
The contrast past all telling comical—
And Father Abraham wholly unaware!

TOO much by far for soldier gravity—
A bre[illegible] of laughter traveling as he passed,
Rose sudden to a gale that stormed his ear.

THE President turned and gazed and underst[illegible]
All in one moment, slightly shook his head,
Not warningly, but with a cheerful glee,
[illegible]d sympathy and love, as if he spoke,
"You scalawags, you scamps, but have your fun!"
Pushed up the stovepipe hat, and all around

[illegible] paternal smile,
[illegible] all at once.

[illegible] laughter. Some men choked,
[illegible] with tears;
[illegible] thrilled as one,
[illegible] throng knew why;
[illegible] blessed his holy heart,
[illegible] tongues,
[illegible] Father Abe
That all the [illegible] generals [illegible] in joy!

* * *

[illegible]AT was the miracle? His miracle.
[illegible] Father Abraham just a son of Man,
[illegible] seemed to common Nazarenes?

[illegible] their names are endlessly invoked
[illegible] money-changers using Temple seats
To rob the common people both so loved!

* * *

[illegible] Father Abraham Lincoln yet prevail,
[illegible] Republic come to stay at last?
[illegible] unenvious Youth, democracy,
[illegible] than the first in comradeship,
[illegible] differing in mental force,
The higher intellect set free to Serve,
[illegible] undistracted by the woful need
[illegible] or pander lest its children want;
[illegible] trivial gewgaws of the peacock past
[illegible] to the nothingness of desuetude,
With [illegible] Rank, with pinchbeck Pageantry,
With apish separative-cant of Class,
With inhumane conventions, all designed
To sanctify the immemorial robbery
Of [illegible] by men, with mockful mummeries,
Called [illegible], to save the one perennial Wrong
The [illegible] social crime which fates
[illegible] babes alike to Inequality,
And so condemns the many million minds
(That might, with happier nurture, finely serve)
To share, through life, the harmful hates or scorns
The accursed System breeds, which still most hurts
The few who fancy it their benefit,
Shutting them lifelong from the happiness
Of men whose sympathy with all their kind
[illegible] feels the universal God, or Soul,
[illegible] in every human heart.

[illegible] Mother's sons were slain?
[illegible] not prevail again?

[illegible] the [illegible]-flagged graves
[illegible] fathers' slaves,
[illegible] soul were sworn,
[illegible] borne
[illegible]
[illegible] know
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

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# The Love Story of Ann Rutledge

## Which Future Generations Were Destined to Read on the Sorrowful Face of Abraham Lincoln

By Eleanor Atkinson

Author of "The Boyhood of Lincoln," etc.

Drawings by Jay Hambidge

"Often the Two Were Seen Under a Sycamore on the Hill Studying Together"

IN THE sweet, spring weather of 1835 Abraham Lincoln made a memorable journey. Only one historian has noted it as a happy interlude in a youth of struggle and unsatisfied longings, but the tender memory of Ann Rutledge, the girl who awaited him at the end of it, must have remained with him to the day of his martyrdom. It was the beginning of his summer of love on the winding banks of the Sangamon.

He was returning from Vandalia, Illinois, then the capital, and his first term in the State Legislature, to the backwoods village of New Salem that had been his home for four years. The last twenty miles of the journey, from the town of Springfield, he made on a hired horse. The landscape through which he rode that April morning still holds its enchantment; the swift, bright river still winds in and out among the wooded hills, for the best farming lands lie back of the gravelly bluffs, on the black-loam prairie. But three-quarters of a century ago Central Illinois was an almost primeval world. Settlements were few and far apart. No locomotive awoke the echoes among the verdant ridges, no smoke darkened the silver ribbon of the river, no coal-mine gashed the green hillside. Here and there a wreath of blue marked the hearth-fire of a forest home, or beyond a gap in the bluff a log cabin stood amid the warm, brown furrows of a clearing. But for the most part the Sangamon River road was broken through a sylvan wilderness.

It was a long enough ride for a young man to indulge in memories and dreams. A tall, ungainly youth of twenty-six was this rising backwoods politician. He wore a suit of blue jeans, the trousers stuffed in the tops of cowhide boots; a hat of rabbit-fur felt, with so long a nap that it looked not unlike the original pelt, was pushed back from his heavy black hair. But below primitive hat and unruly hair was a broad, high forehead; luminous gray eyes of keen intelligence, softened by sympathy and lit with humor; features of rugged strength, and a wide mouth, full and candid and sweet. His wardrobe was in his saddle-bags; his library of law books, most of them borrowed, in a portmanteau on his saddle-bow; a hundred dollars or so of his pay as a legislator in his belt, and many times that amount pledged to debtors. His present living was precarious, his only capital reputation, courage, self-confidence, and a winning personality; his fortune was still under his shabby hat.

But this morning he was not to be dismayed. Difficulties dissolved under this fire of spring in his heart; the sordid years fell away from him; debts no longer burdened his spirit. That sombre outlook upon life, his heritage from a wistful, ill-fated mother, was dissipated in the sun of love.

ON SUCH an April morning as this, four years before, he had first seen Ann Rutledge. She was in the crowd that had come down to the mill to cheer him when he got the flatboat he was taking to New Orleans safely over New Salem dam. Ann was eighteen then, and she stood out from the villagers gathered on the bank by reason of a certain fineness of beauty and bearing. Her crown of hair was so pale a gold as to be almost flaxen. Except that they were kind and happy, her eyes are unrecorded—blue-gray or hazel, perhaps, with brown brows and lashes. Her coloring was now rose, now pearl, changing like the anemones that blow along the banks of the Sangamon.

Hero of the day, the raw youth was taken up the bluff and over the ridge into the busy town of twenty log houses and shops. He was feasted in the eight-room tavern of hewn logs owned by her father, James Rutledge, and for an hour entertained a crowd of farmers, emigrants and shopkeepers with droll stories—stories that, unknown to him, would be repeated before nightfall over a radius of twenty miles. He was beginning to discover that men liked to hear him talk, and to wonder if this facility for making friends could be turned to practical use. But as a young man whose fancy had fed on few books and many dreams, it may have meant more that this beautiful girl waited on the table, laughed at his jokes—too kind of heart, too gentle of breed to laugh at his awkwardness—and praised his wit and cleverness and strength.

When he pushed his boat off Ann waved her kerchief from the bank. He looked back at her outlined against the green bluff, to fix it in a memory none too well furnished with such gracious pictures. He might never see her again. Poor, obscure, indifferently self-educated, unaware of his own powers, he saw before him, at that time, only the vagabond life of a river boatman or the narrow opportunity of a farm laborer. But he displayed such qualities on that voyage as to win his employer. In July he returned to New Salem as a clerk in Denton Offutt's store.

IT IS not probable that Lincoln was conscious of a pang when he heard that Ann Rutledge was engaged to marry John McNeill, proprietor of the best store in the town and of rich farming lands. Daughter of the mill and tavern owner, descended from a family of South Carolina planters that boasted a signer of the Declaration, a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court under President Washington, and a leader in an early Congress, she was far above the penniless, undistinguished store-clerk. In the new West ability and worth could push itself to the front as nowhere else in the world, but pioneer society was not so democratic but that birth and wealth had their claims to consideration.

Most girls, at that time, were married at eighteen, but Ann was still studying under the Scotch schoolmaster, Mentor Graham. Lincoln met her often at the "spell-downs" with which the school closed the Friday afternoon sessions. When he returned from an inglorious Indian campaign the next year he went to the Rutledge tavern to board. He had risen rapidly in public esteem, had captained a local company in the war, made a vigorous campaign for the Legislature, and betrayed a wide and curious knowledge of books and public questions. A distinguished career was already predicted for him.

He and Ann were fast friends now, and for the next year and a half he saw her daily in her most endearing aspects of daughter and elder sister. It was a big, old-fashioned family of nine children, and Ann did the sewing and much of the spinning and weaving. At mealtimes she waited on the long tables, bringing platters of river-fish, game and pork from the kitchen fireplace, corn and wheat bread and hominy, milk and butter, honey and maple sugar, pots of coffee, and preserves made from wild berries and honey. Amid the crowds of rough men and the occasional fine gentleman, who could not but note her beauty and sweetness, Ann held an air of being more protected and sheltered in her father's house than was often possible in a frontier tavern.

The meal over she vanished into the family room. One chimney-corner was hers for her low chair of hickory splints, her spinning-wheel, and her sewing-table, with its little drawer for thread and scissors. About her work in the mornings she wore a scant-skirted, tight-fitting gown of blue or brown linsey; but for winter evenings the natural cream-white of flax and wool was left undyed, or it was colored with saffron, a dull orange that glorified her blond loveliness. She had wide, capelike collars of home-made lace, pinned with a cameo or painted brooch, and a high comb of brown tortoise-shell behind the shining coil of her hair. Not an hour of privation or sorrow had touched her since the day she was born. On the women whom Lincoln had known and loved—his mother, his stepmother and his sister—pioneer life had laid those pitiless burdens that filled so many early, forlorn graves. Ann's fostered youth and unclouded eyes must have seemed to him a blessed miracle; filled him with determination so to cherish his own when love should crown his manhood.

The regular boarders at the tavern were a part of that patriarchal family—Ann's lover McNeill, Lincoln and others. The mother was at her wheel, the little girls had their knitting or patchwork, the boys their lessons. The young men played checkers

"'I Cannot Bear to Think of Her Out There Alone in the Storm'"

or talked politics. James Rutledge read the latest weekly paper from St Louis or Kaskaskia, and kept a fond eye on Ann.

The beautiful girl sat there in the firelight, knitting lace or sewing; her skillful fingers never idle, but smiling, listening to the talk, making a bright comment now and then, wearing somehow, in her busiest hour, an air of leisure, with all the time in the world for others, as a lady should. In the country parlance Ann was always spoken of as "good company." Sweet-natured and helpful, the boys could always go to her with their lessons, or the little sisters with a dropped stitch or tangled thread. Lincoln attended the fire, held Mrs. Rutledge's yarn, rocked the cradle and told his inimitable stories. When he had mastered Kirkham's Grammar he began to teach Ann the mysteries of parsing and analysis.

[illegible] night, a year before, Mentor [illegible] early pedagogues who leavened [illegible] learning, had [illegible] him with [illegible] had a gift [illegible] public speaking. [illegible] inaccuracies and [illegible] were scarce, but he knew [illegible] who lived seven miles [illegible] at daylight, filled his [illegible] for that grammar. [illegible] for it in work, for he [illegible] her, or at least the only [illegible] ther Robert's descendants [illegible] textbook, inscribed on the title-page [illegible] writing, "Ann M. Rutledge is [illegible]."

[illegible] battered, faded, yellow-leafed, little [illegible] the ambitions and attainments that [illegible] apart from the unrecorded lives of that backwoods community.

Ann was betrothed, and her content and trust in her lover was something beautiful to see, but McNeill's figure is vague. There is no description of him, and few facts about him are remembered except that he had prospered and won Ann Rutledge's love. In the stories of the region, that have now taken on the legendary haze of cherished romance, Lincoln is the hero long before he appears in the character of chivalrous suitor.

AFTER Mr. Rutledge sold the mill and tavern in 1833 and moved to a farm, Lincoln lived much of the time at 'Squire Bowling Green's on a farm a mile out of town. The jovial 'Squire was a Justice of the Peace, a sort of local Solomon, whose decisions were based on common-sense and essential justice rather than on the law or evidence. He had a small but excellent collection of law books that Lincoln was going through. His son William, who bore through life the unexplained nickname of "Slicky Bill" Green, was Lincoln's most intimate friend among the young men. He had been to Jacksonville College and had a boxful of textbooks. "Aunt" Nancy Green adored Lincoln and said that he paid his board twice over in human kindness and pure fun. Here he made his home most of the time until he went away to Springfield to practice law.

It was while he was living at 'Squire Green's, in the spring of 1834, that John McNeill suddenly sold his store and left for his old home, indefinitely "back East." The event turned all Lincoln's current of thought and purposes into new and deeper channels.

The reason McNeill gave was that he wanted to bring his old father and mother out West to care for them on his farm. When he returned he and Ann were to be married. It was a long journey and not without its perils—first across to Vincennes, Indiana, down the Wabash and up the Ohio to Pittsburg, then over the Alleghanies into New York State. It would be weeks between letters, a year at least before he could return. Many said openly that a man who was worth twelve thousand dollars, like John McNeill, could have his parents brought to him. What Ann thought no one ever knew. If she was hurt she hid it in her loyal heart, not cherishing it against him, and James Rutledge did not object. Of a race in which honor and chivalry were traditions it could not have occurred to him that any man lived so base as to break faith with his beloved daughter.

So Ann packed John McNeill's saddle-bags, putting in every little comfort her loving heart could think of or her industrious fingers contrive, stepped up on the toe of her lover's riding-boot to kiss him good-by, as he sat on horseback all ready to start, then bade him God-speed with a brave face and watched him ride out of her life.

LINCOLN was the New Salem postmaster. In his journeys about the country—surveying, working in the harvest field, electioneering—he carried the mail of such farms as he passed in his hat or his saddle-bags. The pioneer postmaster was the confidant of those he served, in the absence of ministers and doctors. People read to him the letters they received, complained of neglect, demanded of him sympathy in their joys and sorrows. And so it was he came close to the grief of Ann Rutledge.

Weeks went by and there was no letter from the absent McNeill. Ann wrote often herself, tying the missives in wrapping-paper with stout string, sealing them securely and giving them to Lincoln to mail. Cheerful at first, her face grew [illegible], her color fled, her singing voice fell [illegible], too proud to complain, what fears [illegible] the lonely watches of the night, what [illegible] with each dawn, those who loved her best [illegible]. Her head held high in the pride of [illegible], she asked for her letter only with a [illegible] as one could scarce endure, and the [illegible]. Afterward she said that she thought [illegible]. Steamboats often blew up [illegible] along the Wabash and the Ohio [illegible] malarial fever; there were [illegible] where a stumbling [illegible] travelers, the sweetest [illegible] a shrine to a [illegible] the [illegible] held for her [illegible].

In [illegible] a letter. Lincoln must have [illegible] horse and galloped out to the [illegible]. He slipped it into her hand [illegible] her face, and [illegible] river bank to read it. [illegible] again in the radiance of the harvest [illegible] of the wheat, like a dazed ghost.

It was not a letter that Ann could speak of to her father and mother with [illegible] pride. McNeill had been [illegible] however, that he could not have written. And his name was not McNeill, but McNamar. Family misfortunes had caused him to change his name out West [illegible] dependent relatives. [illegible] had him thus giving the lie to his excuse for [illegible] back. He said nothing about returning, showed no [illegible] neglect, did not speak of her tender letters [illegible]. Perhaps, in the old home, he had not cared to [illegible] there under the name by which she knew him. It was a strange letter, heartless and without a spark of [illegible]. But Ann had loved the man for four years, plighting her troth with him at seventeen. Although he had wounded her inrooted affections and faith, apparently deserted her without a pang, placed her in an intolerable position before a censorious world, she could not put him out of her mind and heart. She wrote to him again, with no reproaches, and she kept her own counsel. Two more letters came at long intervals. Then they ceased altogether.

In every sparsely-settled neighborhood there is much curiosity about an unusual event, and some malice toward misfortune. Here offensive gossip ran about. It was reported that McNamar was a fugitive from justice—a thief, a murderer, that he already had a wife in the East. The talk enraged her father, and enveloped sweet Ann Rutledge in an atmosphere of blight. The truth—that he had tired of her—was surely not so bad as these rumors of criminal acts. With that element of the maternal that underlies the love of women for men she came to the defense of his good name. She showed her father the letters, laying the sacrifice of her rejected self on the altar of a lost, unworthy love.

But it had the opposite effect that she intended. In James Rutledge's Southern code this was the blackest thing a man could do. A thousand miles of wilderness separated him from the scoundrel who had broken the heart of his daughter! Was John McNamar to go unpunished? Not an old man, he seemed to break up physically under the blow. Public sympathy was with him and with the deserted girl. Her father was her lover now, surrounding her with every attention and tender care.

The Grammar Which Lincoln Studied as a Young Man

A NEW element was added to this absorbing drama when Lincoln began to pay open court to her, publishing it far and wide that he would be proud to win what McNamar had not cared to keep. A wave of enthusiastic admiration swept over the countryside. Nothing else was talked of in the town and around the mill. His chivalrous love may well have played its part in his spectacular campaign for the Legislature, and his triumphant election in August.

Ann gave no encouragement to his suit; but, as she shrank from the blunt perception of curious neighbors, she came to lean more on his devotion. It had in it, permeating its human quality, that divine compassion which, enlarged, was afterward to free a race. He wanted to free her spirit from the bonds of the past. In the early days of his wooing his personal hopes were put in the background.

He persuaded Ann to study with him again. All that long autumn they were together. Often the two were seen under a giant sycamore on a hill below the town and overlooking the river, Ann puzzling over conjugations, Lincoln sprawled at her feet reading Blackstone's Commentaries. It was such an extraordinary thing in that unlettered region that it was remarked ever after by those who saw it. It was an affair of public interest, and now of publicly-expressed satisfaction at the happier turn of events. The first frost touched the forests with a magic wand; then, with the snows of December, Lincoln rode away for his winter of law-making at Vandalia.

Now, indeed, letters came for Ann across the white silence that lay in the valley of the Sangamon. Dated from the State capital they were written with the quill pens and out of the cork inkstands the Commonwealth provided. Not one of these letters is in existence today. They could not have been love letters in the conventional sense, but eloquent of that large comradeship which love holds for men and women of rare hearts and minds. For the first time he had come into contact with the men who were shaping the destinies of his State, measuring his capacities with theirs and finding that he did not differ from them much in kind or degree. His ambition took definite form. He saw a future of service and distinction such as he would be proud to ask Ann to share.

WHAT pictures of men and the times he must have drawn for her! In those pioneer days only a few of the public men were backwoods lawyers like himself. Some, indeed, and many of the best, expressed the native genius and crude force that were transforming the wilderness. But there were Old-World aristocrats, to whom even the English language was exotic, from Kaskaskia and the French mission towns, more than a century old, on the Mississippi. And there were Southern planters and Eastern men, too, with traditions of generations of learning and public service. The capital was a tiny city, but it had high-bred society into which Ann would fit so well. There would be humorous anecdotes in those letters, too, to restore the gayety of her heart, for, much as he loved men, their foibles and failings furnished him infinite amusement.

The lonely girl could not help being cheered by these letters and have her outlook on life enlarged by them, so that her own experience dwindled somewhat in the perspective. She wrote to him—friendly, girlish, grateful letters—saying nothing of McNamar, and showing how pathetically she leaned on him.

On his homeward ride in the sweet spring weather his mind dwelt on her with a tenderness no longer forbidden, no longer hopeless of its reward.

'SQUIRE Green's farm lay a mile to the southwest of New Salem, so that, on this day of his return, he must have avoided the town, its clamorous welcome, its jesting surmises. In fancy he could imagine that lovable vagabond, Jack Kelso, fishing from the pier below the dam, catching sight of him out of the tail of a mischievous Irish eye, and announcing his arrival with a tender stanza from "Annie Laurie." The sympathy of town and countryside was with him in his wooing, and it warmed his heart; but today was sacred to love.

He turned from the road up the ravine that was watered by Green's Rocky Branch, toward the big cabin of hewn logs that nestled under the brow of the bluff. We know that a grove of forest trees surrounded it, and a young apple-orchard, in blossom in April, concealed it from the highway and river. If it was after the noon hour the men would have gone back to their plowing, and "Aunt" Nancy Green, in a gown of lilac print, be sitting with her patchwork in the orchard where she could smell the bloom, keep an eye on strolling, downy broods and watch the honey-bees fill her hives. The 'Squire was there, too, very likely, tilted back in his wide chair of hickory splints, asleep. He was a well-to-do man, and as he weighed two hundred and fifty pounds he took life easy, and was never far away from the slender shadow cast by busy "Mother."

"Yes, Bill was some'ers 'round," but lively "Aunt" Nancy ventured an affectionate joke, saying she "reckoned Abe wasn't pinin' to see Bill as much as he was some one else." She was willing to get his dinner in the middle of the afternoon, but he had to pay for it with his best new stories.

A visit with "Aunt" Nancy, his books arranged on the shelf he had built above his table in the chimney-corner, a bath in a warm, shallow pool in the Branch, then up the ladderlike stair to the loft chamber he had shared with the friend of his youth, to dress for Ann!

LINCOLN is described, about this time, by Harvey Ross, who carried the mail over the Star Route of Central Illinois, as having a summer suit of brown nankeen, with a white waistcoat sprigged with colored flowers. The wide, soft collar of his white shirt rolled back over a neckcloth made of a fringed, black silk handkerchief. His hat was of brown buckeye splints, the pioneer substitute for straw. It was in this fashion he must have appeared as he walked back along the river and across the fields, when he went to urge his love for Ann Rutledge.

In old patchwork quilts, cherished as the work of our great-grandmothers, we may see today bits of cotton print—white with colored pin-dots, indigo-blue and oil red, and violet and pink grounds powdered with tiny, conventional figures and flowers in white. A young girl like Ann would have one such pink gown to wear on warm evenings, and a quilted and ruffled sunbonnet of sheer muslin, not to wear seriously, but to hang distractingly by the strings around her white neck. There was little self-consciousness about her, and no coquetry at all. Ann never teased. She was just simple and sincere and sweet. But it would be instinctive with her to pick up the grammar, as an excuse for the stroll along the bluff with her lover.

When they came to where the sycamore was weaving its old, faery weft in the sunset light she laid the bonnet on the grass, and listened to his stories and comments on the new men and things he had seen until he made her laugh, almost like the happy girl of old tavern days: for Lincoln was a wizard who could break the spell of bad dreams and revive dead faiths. A pause, a flutter of hearts as light as the leaf shadows, and a hasty question to cover the embarrassment. There was a puzzling point in her grammar lesson—how can adverbs modify other adverbs?

Yes, he had been puzzled by that, too, and Mentor Graham had helped him with an illustration: "I love you *very dearly!*"

Oh, yes, she understood now! A burning blush, a gasping sigh at the shock of flooding memory. She still struggled to forget this blighting thing. But could she ever again listen to such words without pain or shame? She had the courage of a proud race. If her lips trembled she could at least lift her eyes to meet that immemorial look of brooding tenderness. And she could ask timidly if he would hear her recite the conjugation of the regular verb to see if she had forgotten.

WHY is it that those sober old grammars, full of hard-and-fast rules—and bewildering exceptions—still instinctively chose the one verb ardent youth conjugates with no teaching at all? First person, singular number, present tense, declarative mood, "I love"; transitive, requiring an object to complete its meaning, as life itself requires one—"you."

No pause! The story neither begins there nor ends. How tireless that confession; how thrilling that mutual self-analysis; what glamour over every aspect! Past, to the beginning of things, future to eternity; the insistent, pleading interrogative, "Do you love?"; the inevitable continuing state, "loving"; the crown of immortality, "to have loved." Then that strange, introspective subjunctive, wild with vain regret, that a few lonely souls have had to con in the sad evening of empty lives: "If we had loved."

Oh, sweet Ann Rutledge, could you endure to look back across such arid years and think of this lover, denied? No! No matter what life and its experiences yet held for them of joy or sorrow in years to come, the conjugation of this verb is to be finished with the first person plural, future perfect, declarative. At the very worst—and best—and last, robbing even death of its sting, at least: "We shall have loved."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

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# EDUCATING W[illegible] TO BE A [illegible]

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71)

## How She was Taught Geography

THE Queen's studies had by this time been much extended, and more subjects were introduced. It was very important for Her Majesty to have an intimate knowledge of the history and geography of her own country. Fortunately she was extremely interested in both, and her tutor possessed a special faculty for making them attractive and intelligible.

The teaching of geography to the young Queen was unique—she was first taught to understand thoroughly the dimensions of her own room, and the relative position of each piece of furniture. This was followed by comparison with the whole palace. The palace and park were studied and compared with Apeldoorn, the nearest town. Apeldoorn was dissected as a small part of a Province, and, later, the Province as a subdivision of the Netherlands, which was again contrasted to Europe, and Europe to the world.

In touching upon this question of geography and the most practical means for acquiring it the old and often-repeated story of my Queen and her treatment of the map of Europe occurs to my mind. The story appeared in many papers, and called forth universal eulogies on the Queen's intelligence and my own severity. It was to the effect that "the Queen had been disobedient." "I wished to punish her," and "ordered her to draw the map of Europe." The map was drawn, but the Netherlands was drawn to cover more than half of Northern Europe, and Great Britain reduced to microscopic proportions! It is needless to say that the whole thing was pure invention, but we often laughed together over the anecdote, and the Queen used to say: "What a pity I'm not clever enough to have really done such a thing!"

## The Little Queen's Fondness for Dolls

THE interest of the young Queen in her doll "children" did not abate a single jot during all these years, but with her own increasing studies she was beginning to find the education of her "children" a very heavy charge, and frequently felt the need for advice and help in matters of importance. I regret to say the "children" were not in the least in awe of me, and whenever I ventured to remonstrate with them upon their delinquencies I was generally reminded that I "had nothing to do with them," or that I "was not to interfere." After seriously discussing the whole situation I was elected "godfather" to one of the little girls (Susanne), who thereby became, of course, a special interest to me, and, since my new rôle gave me a certain authority and intimacy, the whole family accepted the position with apparent resignation, and grew to look upon me with more respect as being the person who was frequently consulted on matters of great consequence.

It became the custom for Susanne to accompany me every year to England on my holiday, and the packing of her clothes and starting her on what her brothers and sisters considered to be a very perilous journey gave work and pleasurable excitement to the young Queen for several days beforehand. Everything which Susanne took with her was selected by the young Queen herself, and I was always given most minute instructions as to which frocks, jackets and hats were to be worn in hot, cold or wet weather, which garments were suitable for morning, evening or Sunday, and I had to pledge myself that her general health and education should be in no way neglected during her short absence from home. Susanne was fully equipped with every comfort for the journey, and her wee handbag—containing extremely minute brush, comb, scent-bottle, handkerchief, purse, books and pencil—was particularly fascinating.

Susanne was very sensible of her importance, and looked upon these visits to England as giving her a certain superiority to her brothers and sisters, which required a wholesome and judicious amount of "squashing" on my part, but, on the whole, she behaved well, and was therefore able to give satisfactory accounts of herself to her "mother," to whom she wrote every day.

She also had her photograph taken and sent home to show how well the English climate suited her, but the photographer to whom I took her looked at me with such commiserating pity when I insisted upon having her taken in various positions that I strongly suspected that he believed me crazy, and only acceded to my request as the safest means of pacifying a harmless lunatic!

## A Special Trunk Full of Dolls

WHEN we all traveled together on the Royal State occasions, which were now becoming more and more numerous, the young Queen's love for her doll "children" never included the least idea of her being cut off from them. I don't think she could ever have contemplated going anywhere—were it for twenty-four hours—without at least one of her darlings, and complete separation from them the Queen-Regent would never have suggested to her. If accommodation were limited only one or two of the "children" were included in the party, and, as a rule, preference was given to the youngest, who, in the estimation of the young Queen, was the least capable of doing without a mother's care! There was a special trunk in which the particular belongings of the "children" were packed by the Queen, who personally decided what clothes were to be taken.

I often thought the "children" were exceedingly particular and faddy, for they invariably objected to sleeping in strange beds, and they would criticise unsparingly the height, width and general make of those found in ordinary guest-chambers. Therefore, whenever they traveled they insisted upon taking their own bed (specially constructed for the purpose, and capable of being folded into a small compass) and complete set of bedding. It was also considered quite a matter of course that they should take their own chairs, story-books, toys, and the innumerable odds and ends conducive to their well-being and amusement. The doll's valise always traveled under the special care of the Queen's own footman, and he watched over it with as much solicitude as if it contained the greatest treasures in the Kingdom.

CONTINUED IN THE DECEMBER JOURNAL


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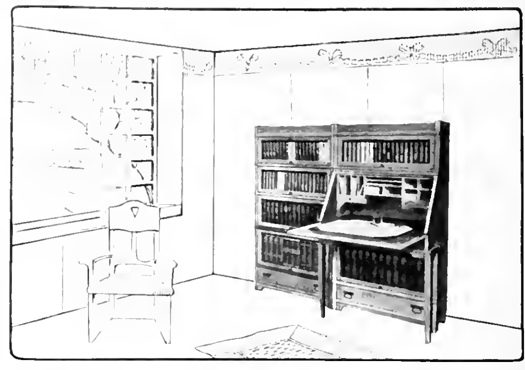

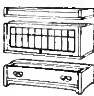

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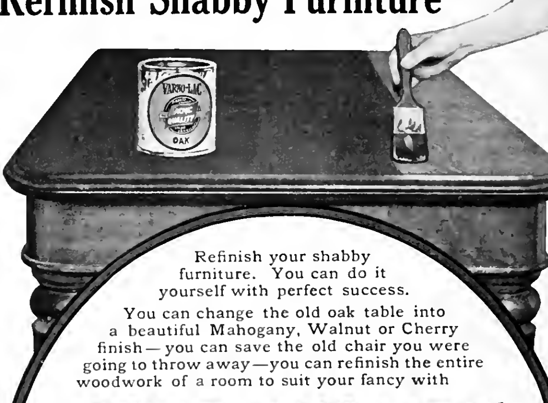


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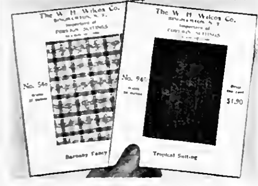

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# THE LOVE STORY OF ANN RUTLEDGE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18)

And so they sat there in the peaceful evening light, looking out across the river with the singing name, that purls and ripples over its gravelly bars, and sings the story of their love forever.

No one who saw the two together that summer ever forgot it. Pioneer life was too often a sordid, barren thing, where men and women starved on bread alone. Courtship, even, was elemental, robbed of its hours of irresponsible idleness. To see any one rise above the hard, external facts of life touched the imagination of the dullest. In his public aspect a large part of Lincoln's power at this time was that he expressed visibly community aspirations that still lay dormant and unrecognized. Now he and Ann expressed the capacities of love of the disinherited. To the wondering, wistful eyes that regarded them they seemed to have escaped to a fairer environment of their own making: of books, of dreams, of ambitions, of unimagined compatibilities.

LINCOLN'S old ties of affection were Ann's now, dear and familiar; and also his old griefs. In retrospect she shared that tragic mystery of his childhood, his mother's early death. And, like all the other women who ever belonged to him, she divined his greatness—had a glimpse of the path of glory already broadening from his feet.

She set her own little feet in that path, determined that he should not outdistance her if she could keep up with his strides. They could not be married until he was admitted to the bar, so she took up her old plan of going to Jacksonville Academy. Her brother David was going to college there, and then was to study law with Lincoln. What endearing ties were beginning to bind him to her family! They spent long afternoons studying, and Lincoln made rapid progress, for his mind was clear and keen, freed from its old miasma of melancholy.

Ann studied fitfully, often looking off absently across field and river, starting from deep reverie when he spoke to her. Her mother noticed her long, grave silences, but thought of them as the pensive musings of a young girl in love. This impression was increased by her absorption in her lover. When with him, talking with him, a subtle excitement burned in her eye and pulsed in her cheek; when he was gone the inner fire of her spirit seemed to turn to ashes. She clung desperately, visibly, to her new love—so infinitely more precious and satisfying than the old.

People remembered afterward, as the days lengthened, how fragile Ann looked, as if withered by hot, sleepless nights: bow vivid and tremulous. She had spells of wild gayety, her laughter bubbling up like water from a spring, and she grew lovelier day by day. And there were times, when Lincoln was away, in the harvest field or on surveying trips, that she sat pale and listless and brooding for hours, with hands that had always been so busy and helpful clasped idly in her lap.

Left alone she became the prey of torturing thoughts. Life had dealt Ann Rutledge but one blow, but that had struck to the roots of her physical and spiritual life. Her world still tottered from the shock. If she had confessed all her first vague, foolish fears her mind might have been freed of their poison. But she came of brave blood and tried to fight her battle alone. At last, worn out with mental and moral wrestlings, she turned to her father for help. Lincoln was working at high pressure and he had some perplexities of debts; she shrank from troubling him. Her heart must have beat in slow, suffocating throbs when she crept to her father's arms and confessed her fears:

What if McNamar should come back?

She need not trouble her head about that! The country would be too hot to hold him.

But what if he still loved her, trusted her, was on his way back, confident and happy, to claim her? What if he could lift this veil of mystery and stand forth clear and manly?

McNamar would never appear in such guise, bless her innocent heart! He was a black-hearted scoundrel. In the old days, in South Carolina, men of the Rutledge breed would have killed such a hound.

BUT her father was alarmed now at this strange obsession, and questioned her. And then the whole piteous truth was out. She was afraid he would come back. And she loved him no longer. She had been so happy, and then it began to seem all wrong. Could she endure happiness purchased at the price of another's misery?

McNamar had come back, indeed, and love was impotent to defend this hapless innocence! She had never understood his behavior. Incapable of such haseness herself, she had never comprehended his. Like a flower she had been blighted by the frost of his desertion, and had revived to brief, pale life in a new sun, but the blight had struck to the root. Lincoln was sent for, but he was not found at once, for his employments kept him roving far afield. Round and round in constantly contracting circles her inverted reason, goaded by an accusing conscience, ran until, at last, her sick fancy pictured herself as the faithless one. The event was forgotten—she remembered only the agony of love forsaken. And so she slipped away into the delirium of brain fever.

Lincoln had one anguished hour with her in a brief return to consciousness. It was in the living-room of a pioneer log cabin, untouched by grace or beauty; homely, useful things about them, the light on her face coming through a clapboard door open to the sun and wind of an unspoiled landscape. The houses of the wealthiest farmers were seldom more than two big rooms and a sleeping loft, and privacy the rarest, most difficult privilege. Her stricken family was in the kitchen or outdoors, to give them this hour of parting alone. What was said between them is unrecorded. When Ann fell into a coma Lincoln stumbled out of that death-chamber like a soul gone blind and groping.

Two days later Ann Rutledge died.

The tragedy shocked the country for twenty miles around. It had the elements and proportions of a classic tale, so that today, when it is three-quarters of a century gone by, the great

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 77


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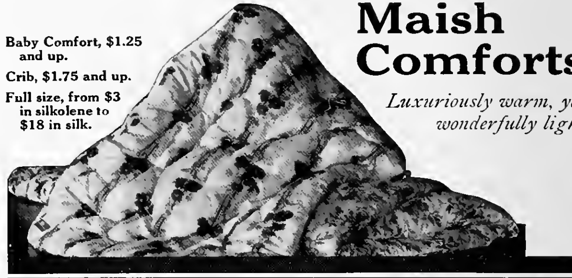
The new Fall patterns are exquisite. Glorious new poppy designs, Oriental and Shirley, dainty rose, daisy and chrysanthemum patterns in silkolene, sateen and silk. All sizes, ranging in price for full sizes from $3.00 in silkolene to $18.00 in silk; bassinette (baby comfort), $1.25 and up; crib, $1.75 and up.

Look for the name and trade-mark sewn in silk to each comfort. Don't accept a substitute—if your dealer hasn't the Maish, *write us*. We shall give you the name of one who has or supply you direct.

THE CHAS. A. MAISH CO., 1125-1135 BANK ST., CINCINNATI



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Crib, $1.75 and up.

Full size, from $3 in silkolene to $18 in silk.

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*Luxuriously warm, yet wonderfully light*



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that mends all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them; fit any surface; two million in use. Send for sample package 10c. Complete package assorted sizes, 25c. post-paid. Agents wanted.

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Healthful for bed-chamber, bath and sick-room. Worn in rubber boots, absorb perspiration. Made of knitted fabric, lined with soft white wool fleece. Sold in all sizes by dealers or by mail, 25c a pair. Parker pays postage.

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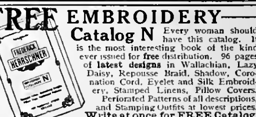

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CANNOT EXPLODE LASTS LONGEST

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Sole Agents, Dept. B, 78 Hudson St., New York

# THE LOVE STORY OF ANN RUTLEDGE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76)

grandchildren of those who witnessed it speak of it with hushed voices. Lincoln's mission and martyrdom imbued it with those Fates that invest old Greek drama. James Rutledge died three months later, at the age of fifty-four, of a broken heart; the ambitious young brother David, who was to have been Lincoln's partner, died soon after being admitted to the bar. The Rutledge farm was broken up, the family scattered. Lincoln came to the verge of madness.

A week after the funeral William Green found him wandering in the woods along the river, muttering to himself. His mind was darkened, stunned by the blow. He sat for hours in brooding melancholy that his friends feared would end in suicidal mania. Although some one always kept a watchful eye upon him he sometimes succeeded in slipping away to the lonely country burying-ground, seven miles away. There he would be found with one arm across her grave, reading his little pocket Testament. This was the only book he opened for many months.

ALL that long autumn he noticed nothing. He was entirely docile, pitifully like a child who waits to be told what to do. "Aunt" Nancy kept him busy about the house, cutting wood for her, picking apples, digging potatoes, even holding her yarn; and the men took him off to the fields to shock and husk corn. All of them tried, by constant physical employment, to relieve the pressure on his clouded brain, love leading them instinctively to do what the wisest doctors do today. In the evenings he sat outside the family circle, sunk in a brown study from which it was difficult to rouse him. It was a terrible strain to those devoted friends who protected and loved him in that anxious, critical time. Not until the first storm of December was there any change.

It was such a night of wind and darkness and snow as used to cause dwellers in pioneer cabins, isolated from neighbors at all times, but now swirled about, shut in, and cut off from other human life by the tempest, to pile the big fireplace with dry cordwood, banking it up against the huge back-log, and draw close together around the hearth to watch the flames roar up the chimney. There would be hot mulled cider to drink and comforting things to eat, and cheerful talk.

Lincoln was restless and uneasy in his shadowy corner. His eyes burned with excitement. When he got up and wandered about the room William followed him, fearing he might do himself harm. He went to the door at last, threw it open and looked out into the wild night. Turning back suddenly, his hands clenched above his head, he cried out in utter desolation:

"I cannot bear to think of her out there alone, in the cold and darkness and storm."

The ice of his frozen heart was unlocked at last and his reason saved. But there were months of bitter grief and despair that wore him out physically. His fits of melancholy returned, a confirmed trait that he never lost. In time he went back to his old occupations, bearing himself simply, doing his duty as a man and a citizen. His intellect was keener, his humor kindlier; to his sympathy was added the element of compassion. And on his face, in his eyes and on his mouth was fixed the expression that marks him as our man of sorrows, deep and irremediable.

UNTIL he went away to Springfield a few years later to practice law he disappeared at times. Every one knew that he was with Ann, sitting for hours by the grassy mound that covered her.

He said to William Green: "My heart is buried in the grave with that dear girl."

The place was in a grove of forest trees on the prairie at that time; but afterward the trees were cut down or neglected, and it became choked with weeds and brambles—one of those forlorn, country burying-grounds that marked the passing of many pioneer settlements. For in 1840 New Salem was abandoned. The year after Ann Rutledge died Lincoln surveyed and platted the city of Petersburg, two miles farther north on the river. A steam mill built there drew all the country patronage. Most of the people of New Salem moved their houses and shops over to the new town, but the big tavern stood until it fell and the logs were hauled away for firewood. The dam was washed out by floods, the mill burned. Today, the bluff on which the town stood has gone back to the wild, and the site is known as Old Salem on the Hill.

The Bowling Green farm passed into the possession of strangers. Many years ago the cabin of hewn logs was moved from under the brow of the bluff down to the bank of the river, and turned into a stable. More than eighty years old now, this primitive structure, that was Lincoln's home for five years, still stands. Every spring it is threatened by freshets. You look across the flooded bottomland to where it stands among cottonwoods and willows, and think—and think—that this crumbling ruin, its squared logs worn and shrunken and parted, its clapboard roof curled, its crazy door sagging from the posts, rang to that cry of desolation of our country's hero-martyr. He lies under a towering marble monument at Springfield, twenty miles away. There is his crown of glory; here his Gethsemane.

TWENTY years ago Ann Rutledge was brought in from the country burying-ground and laid in Oakland Cemetery, in Petersburg. Only a field boulder marks the mound today, but the young girls of the city and county, who claim her as their own, are to celebrate Lincoln's centennial year by setting up a slender shaft of Carrara marble over the grave of Lincoln's lost love. Around her, on that forest-clad bluff, lie Old Salem neighbors. It is a cheerful place, where gardeners mow the grass and sweep the graveled roadways, where carriages drive in the parklike inclosure on Sunday afternoons, and flowers are laid lavishly on new-made graves.

No longer is she far away and alone, in cold and darkness and storm, where he could not bear to think of her, but lying here among old friends, in dear, familiar scenes, under enchantment of immortal youth and deathless love, on a sunny slope, asleep.

Flow gently, sweet Sangamon; disturb not her dream.


Try and conceive something lovelier than you have ever seen issue from a silk loom before — something as soft and fine and filmy as a butterfly's wing — and you will begin to approximate the beauty of

**Silk-Spun**

the new fabric wrought from a fibre and fashioned into a score of attractive forms for Women's wear—the most popular of which is the Senorita Silk-Spun Scarf, shown in the picture.

Fancy a silk scarf that shines like spun glass — 15 inches wide and 72 inches long, with handsome fringe, boxed and sent to you by prepaid mail or express for $1.50. Longer and wider scarfs, also fancy designs, $2.25 and $3.00.

Buy one from your dealer. If you can not, send us his name and your order, specifying length, width and color. Or, if you wish to await samples and descriptive booklet before buying, we will send them free.

Senorita Scarfs come in white, ecru, black, pink, light blue, navy blue, peacock blue, heliotrope, orange, champagne, mode, cardinal, wine, etc. Figured design, if desired, same color as ground or in contrasting color, at $3.00.

Sent in attractive box, very appropriate for gift purposes.

Silk-Spun sold by the yard, makes up beautifully for waists, evening gowns, petticoat flounces, sleeves, yokes, hat or dress trimmings, fancy costumes, etc., 27 and 45 inches wide, $1.00 and $1.50 a yard. Same color as the scarfs.

Silk-Spun is the most popular fabric among women everywhere.

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the most attractive cotton dress goods fabric of moderate cost now on the market, is *regular in width*, so that the dressmaker knows at a glance just what she can do with it. The imitations are different in this respect.

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36 INCHES WIDE

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**Streit Davenport Bed the simplest made**

No covered mechanism.

Nothing to get out of order.

In the ordinary davenport bed, the mechanism is concealed. Upon hidden hinges, cogs and catches depend the change from davenport to bed. To repair these when broken, the upholstering must be torn up!

In the Streit, there are positively no mechanical devices, concealed or otherwise. Simply let down the back and you have a complete, full size double bed. Acts promptly. Can't fail, there is nothing about it to catch or break.

As a bed it is luxurious enough to offer any guest. Not a hint of a davenport about it.

Made in all styles, including Mission, Colonial, Louis XV, Empire, Etc., and in any material, leather, velour, tapestry, etc. The workmanship is careful and thorough—for example, all tufting is done with *steel* clinch buttons, *guaranteed never to come out.*

WRITE FOR OUR FALL CATALOGUE
See the new Streit styles.

Then go to your dealer's and order the one you like best. If, for *any* reason, it doesn't suit you, return it within thirty days and your money will be refunded. (This offer is on the Streit Guarantee Ticket, tied to every piece. Save it.) Not Streit's without this trade-mark. If your dealer hasn't it, we will supply you direct.

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We have just published a portfolio of sketches, showing what other women have accomplished with small rooms. You would find it both interesting and helpful. May we send you a copy?

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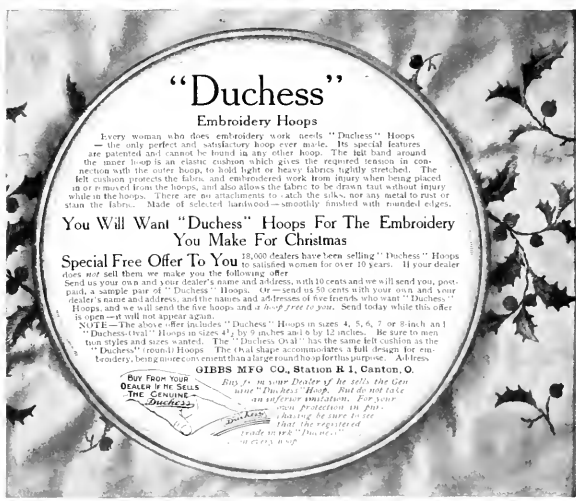


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Open Either Front or Back

Made of Fine Batiste or Nainsook. Beautifully trimmed with lace, or embroidery, and easily laundered. Sold at $1 up, or in combination with Full Circular French Pantalons, or short skirt, $2.50 up. At all stores. Write us today for handsome catalog with colored plates, showing how each style is worn. Giving dealer's name, or send $1. Give bust measure. Dept. D.

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$1 up

PREVENTS MIXING THE FAMILY TOOTH BRUSHES

Each member of the household chooses a different Prophylactic emblem. Number is on the *yellow box* which protects and guarantees. Handle is curved—reaches all teeth; bristles trimmed to clean behind and between teeth. Has hole and hook to hang brush by and keep it dry in your own place. Made under American sanitary conditions. By mail or at dealers.

Adults' 35c. Youths' 25c.
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TAILOR MADE

WRITE today for our Spring Style Book free; also for free Samples of the dainty new materials for Spring.

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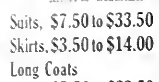

Suits, $7.50 to $33.50
Skirts, $3.50 to $14.00
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We prepay express charges.

We guarantee fit and satisfaction or prompt return of money even if there is a mistake in measurements.

ALBERT M. HOFFHEIMER, Pres't
THE LADIES' TAILORING CO.
365 Power Building Cincinnati, O


## THE LAST 24 HOURS OF LINCOLN'S LIFE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

owned every inch of it, and this was the fifth time in less than an hour that he had passed "Buck," gone in and looked about, only to come, presently, out again.

This time he traversed the same route as the Presidential party had earlier in the evening, and passing down the aisle by the south wall of the theatre he came close to the doorway leading to the passage behind the state box. And there he stood, leaning against the wall, and watched the play for a minute or two. A few persons left off looking at the stage to look at him, and to whisper admiringly about his grace and beauty.

HE WAS the most talented of all the Booths, this boy of twenty-six, and he was his mother's darling. But whereas all belonging to him were intensely loyal to the Union, John passionately loved the South and espoused her cause. And he knew so little of the great heart beating close beside him, in the box there, that he thought it responsible for the war.

For seven months John and some boys he knew had been cherishing a crazy scheme to capture the President, as he rode about the environs of his Capital, hurry him to Richmond, hand him over to the Confederate authorities and recommend that he be held in exchange for all the thousands of Southern prisoners languishing in Northern prisons.

Nothing came of this scheme, of course, but disappointment and, presently, death and disgrace for the schemers. But that Friday, about noon, John heard, as he sat on the steps of Ford's Theatre reading a letter, that the President was to be there that night. Whereupon he thoughtfully folded and put away his letter and got up and went away. He was making up his mind—this gentlest and winsomest and most cruelly-misguided of boys—to kill the man he believed to be a tyrant and arch-fiend.

AT TWENTY minutes past ten there was but one actor on the stage: Mr. Harry Hawk, who was playing "Asa Trenchard," the part created by Joseph Jefferson. A designing old-woman character had just left the scene after a contemptuous remark about "Asa's" unaccustomedness to society.

"Society, eh?" said "Asa," looking after her. "Well, I guess I know enough to turn you inside out, you darned old sockdolaging man-trap!"

Mr. Hawk was looking up at the President's box as he said these words, and the shouts of laughter that greeted them were still ringing when a loud pistol-shot sounded through the house.

John Wilkes Booth had slipped quietly into the box and fired a small Derringer pistol close to the back of the President's head. The ball entered behind the left ear and lodged behind the right eye. Unconsciousness came instantly and never lifted.

Not one in all that crowded house saw the assassin enter the box or fire the shot. For a moment many persons in the audience thought the shooting was behind the scenes, a part of the play.

Then a woman's scream rang out, there was a scuffle in the state box as Major Rathbone grappled with the assailant, and in a space of time far briefer than it takes to tell it there appeared at the edge of the box nearest the stage a dark, handsome man, deadly pale, holding a dagger in his right hand. Major Rathbone, when his left arm was slashed by the assassin, had had to release his hold, and Booth made for the rail to leap to the stage—fourteen feet. But the despairing clutch he eluded was strong enough to spoil his agile jump and to "bungle" it, so that his spur caught in the flag draping the front of the box, and he fell, his left foot doubled under him. He was up, though, in a twinkling, crossed the front of the stage running wildly, and was gone, out the stage door into the alley where his horse was being held. Before any one could gather wits to give pursuit he had disappeared into the night.

### The Night, and the Break o' Day

THERE was no hope. The moment the doctor who responded to the call for aid saw the wound they knew it was fatal, and Surgeon-General Barnes, when he came driving madly up and saw where the ball had entered, confirmed their fears.

Washington was cobble-paved in those days, and the jolting ride to the White House was not to be thought of. So some one went out into Tenth Street to look for a near-by place where they might take him. The rooming house of one Petersen, a tailor, was across the street, and thither he was carried and laid on a low, walnut, [illegible] bed in a little room nine feet by [illegible]teen at the end of the narrow hall on the [illegible].

It was a [illegible] room, rented just then by a young [illegible] doing duty in the Quartermaster [illegible]. And into it came crowding [illegible] men of the Capital.

Some watched [illegible] bed [illegible] some went with Secretary Stanton into the back parlor and took [illegible] the work of [illegible] the [illegible] of the tragedy and taking steps to avenge [illegible] came tried to [illegible] Mr. Lincoln and [illegible] Captain, [illegible] from the White House, who [illegible] in [illegible].

[illegible] guarded [illegible] the heart [illegible] and tramped and tramped, [illegible] the hour [illegible] only [illegible] three the President's pastor, Dr. Gurley, knelt by the bedside and besought Almighty God in prayer. At half past [illegible] the breathing became labored and there were other signs that the end was not far off. At seven twenty he was [illegible] there. At seven twenty-two he was gone—the last feeble hold of the flesh was shaken loose, the great, gentle spirit was free!

Outside, a spring rain was falling, soaking the gay bunting of joy, while everywhere, as the news spread, tears flowed in such sorrow as the world has seldom known.

And up at the White House was a white-faced little boy sobbing inconsolably. "They've killed my Papa-day."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 19


## DAMASCUS SAFETY PIN

IT LIES FLAT

Don't bother longer with old fashioned safety pins for dress use. The tempered steel Damascus is much more satisfactory. It penetrates heavy skirt bands easily as a needle, lies flat and close to the band and will not "come open" in use.

**The Guard Protects the Clothing**

Being made of tempered, flexible steel, the DAMASCUS is neater, flatter and sharper, stronger and stiffer than any other safety pin. It's better for dress use.

The CLINTON Safety Pin (larger and heavier than the Damascus and made of flexible beam) is recommended for infants' wear and toilet use. It's moisture-proof, and having guarded spring does not catch in the cloth.

**LIBERAL SAMPLES FREE.** If your dealer does not keep DAMASCUS, send us his name and we'll forward liberal assorted sample card free. Same with CLINTON. But be sure to give dealer's name in either case.

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## Blazing the Way for the Telephone

## The World's Greatest Business Romance

FROM the stage-coach days of the Bell Telephone to the present—when one calls up from a Pullman attached to the eighteen-hour special in the Union Station at Chicago—is not a very long span of years. There are women whose youthful beauty has hardly faded who remember the first chronicled tests of the new Bell toy.

Remembering that date—1876—and all the marvelous development since, one fact stands out:

The companies comprising the Bell System have had no help. They have had to *invent* and *pioneer their way* from the very start, blazing the path for all the rest of the world.

The steam-boat and railway revolutionized methods of travel. The telephone took the place of nothing previously existing.

First, Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone. His friend, Watson, enthusiastically prophesied that in 1900 there would be 100,000 telephones in use.

There are upwards of 4,000,000 instruments on the Bell lines now.

The first switchboard used by the original Bell Company was made of a piece of plank. For the whole period of development the Bell system has been building and throwing away switchboards by the millions of dollars' worth—blazing the way for America's wonderful telephone career.

The only company willing to pioneer the field had to invent the switchboard before any practical intercourse was possible. It had to invent the apparatus leading to and carrying from the switchboard.

Then it had to invent the business uses of the telephone and convince people *that they were uses.* It had no help along this line.

As the uses were created it had to invent multiplied means of satisfying them. It built up the *telephone habit* in cities like New York and Chicago and then it had to *cope satisfactorily* with the business conditions it had created.

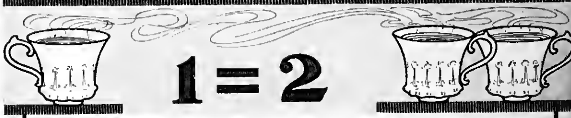
It has from the start *created the need* of the *telephone* and then *supplied it.*

In all this pioneering and inventing, still going on, this company has had to *soundly finance* every undertaking, to keep its securities valuable as a basis of the immense credit necessary to build such a national institution on lines that would prove *universal and lasting.*

People who look upon the universal telephone of to-day as indispensable must look upon the universal telephone of to-morrow as even more so.

On this plan alone has the building of the universal Bell System been possible.

**American Telephone & Telegraph Company**




**That is, when you compare Van Houten's with other Cocoas.**

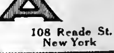
It is so much stronger and better that you actually use but ½ as much Van Houten's to the cup as of ordinary Cocoas. Van Houten's is completely and instantly soluble—no sediment in the cup, therefore no waste and perfect digestibility. With ordinary Cocoas, it is necessary to use twice as much cocoa, as that part which does not dissolve does not add to the strength.

The special Van Houten method of manufacture gives 100% of the strength of the Cocoa Bean and 100% of the nutritive value. It may seem to cost more than other Cocoas but it is actually far cheaper per cup. In addition to being more economical to use, its absolute purity and exquisite flavor make Van Houten's immeasurably superior to any other Cocoa you can buy.

If your dealer does not keep Van Houten's Cocoa, send us his name and address and we will send you free a sample of our Cocoa for you to try.

# VAN HOUTEN'S

(Best and Goes Farthest)

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## VALENTINE POST CARDS

10 Sentimental Valentine Post Cards mailed for 10 cents, 100 for 70 cents. 6 Lincoln's 100th Anniversary Birthday Post Cards mailed for 10 cents, 100 for $1.25. 6 Washington's Birthday Post Cards mailed for 10 cents, 100 for $1.25. 10-cent sample package of each mailed for 25 cents. Madison Art Company, Madison, Conn.

# The Last Twenty-Four Hours of Lincoln's Life

By Clara E. Laughlin

Author of "The Death of Lincoln," etc.

## The Morning of the Day

AT BREAKFAST-TIME on Friday morning, April fourteenth, 1865, a young soldier came home from the war. His Captain's uniform showed service, his strong-featured, earnest face was weather-bronzed. It was the nation's most distinguished home to which he came, the home whereon the war had borne more heavily than on any other in the land, but the welcome given him was in no respect different from that which would soon be given by thousands of other American households to soldier-boys home from the war.

His father and mother and little twelve-year-old brother were at breakfast when he joined them, and though it was less than a fortnight since he had seen them all down at City Point, so much had happened in that fortnight that it seemed a very long time indeed, and there was much to ask him.

Particularly was his father anxious to ply him with questions about what had happened on Sunday—Palm Sunday—at a tiny Virginia hamlet called Appomattox.

"Father," said the Captain, his fine young face aglow with an enthusiasm splendid to see, "it was great! I wouldn't for anything have missed seeing it: the little, barely-furnished room, so grudgingly yielded for the meeting; the stately, elegant Lee, with his white head and his spotless uniform, his jeweled sword and gold spurs; the small, stooping, shabby, shy man in the muddy, blue uniform, with no sword and no spurs—only the frayed and dingy shoulder-straps of a Lieutenant-General on the rumpled blouse of a private soldier; the little group of hushed, awed staff-officers, stepping on tiptoe and talking in whispers; the silence in the room as the terms of surrender, those wonderful terms, were written and read and accepted; the salute to Lee as he rode away—the sadness of Grant as we went back to our army—oh, it was great! I never expect to see truer greatness."

His father nodded. His inexpressibly sad face had been lighted, as his boy talked, with a beautiful tenderness, part of which was for joy of the thing the boy related and part for delight in the boy's appreciation of it.

"I'm glad you were there," he said, "both for your sake and for mine; because, of course, there's no getting any details out of—him."

THEN he told the Captain a little of the small, shy victor's arrival in Washington the day before, and of the demonstrations of the evening when the Capital went wild with joy.

"And tonight he and Mrs. Grant are going to the theatre with your mother and me," he went on, "and I suppose there'll be a great to-do over him there."

Pride of that shy and unexultant little man rang in the tones of his voice and shone from every line of his beaming face.

But there was another army still in the field against the Union, and he could not be quite happy until he knew that all bloodshed had ceased. So, after an early call from Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the House, who was to start the next day on a Western trip, Abraham Lincoln took to his worn old trail between the White House and the War Office, and, presently, was hunting through the telegraph files for news from Sherman.

As he stood there the grim War Secretary came out of his inner office and looked at the President over the top of his spectacles. He was stern and unsmiling, and he spoke to his Chief without apparent deference either to the Chief or to the Chief's high office.

"That theatre project for tonight's a crazy one," he said abruptly, "a most unnecessary risk, with the whole city on a spree. Take my advice and give it up."

"Nonsense!" returned Lincoln. "Who'd want to harm me now? The war's over—practically—we're one people again. And what good would it do to kill me? Would Johnson—would anybody—feel sorrier for the South than I do? *Could* anybody feel sorrier for the South than I do?"

"Rubbish!" snorted the Secretary angrily. "The city's full of your enemies."

"Well! and if it is? Wouldn't I—wouldn't any man—rather die once, and be done with it, than die a thousand deaths through fear? Come, Mr. Secretary, you've croaked dismally about my safety for three years, and yet, somehow, I have managed to get through unscathed."

THE Secretary turned on his heel and left the room. It was apparently no use. An hour later he was sitting at the weekly Cabinet meeting listening to the President.

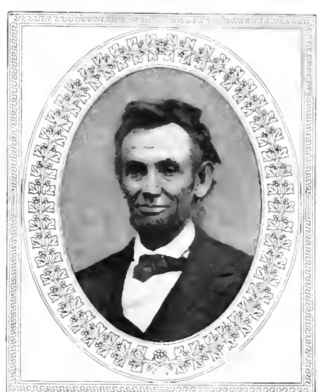
"I hope," the President was saying, "there will be no persecution, no bloody work, after the war is over. No one need expect me to take any part in hanging or killing those men, even the worst of them. . . . Enough lives have been sacrificed."

When the talk turned on Johnston's surrender to Sherman the President said he thought they would hear of it soon, because he had had, last night, his usual dream which preceded nearly every important event of the war.

"I seemed to be in a singular and indescribable vessel," he said, "but always the same, and to be moving with great rapidity toward a dark and indefinite shore. It must relate to Sherman this time, because my thoughts are in that direction, and I know of no other important event which is likely, just now, to occur."

He was a mystic, a seer, a believer in signs and portents, a man of implicit faith in the guiding and upholding of a Power much greater than his own. How, else, could he have dared to direct that war?

"You say you dreamed it before Bull Run and Murfreesboro, as well as before Vicksburg and Gettysburg?"



The Last Portrait of President Lincoln, Taken April 9, 1865, the Sunday Before His Assassination

It was the practical-minded Grant who spoke, the man accustomed to taking counsel of—himself—and going ahead. How, else, could he have fought that war?

"Yes," agreed the President, "but though Bull Run and Murfreesboro were not won they were great victories for us, in a sense, nevertheless. And one of the things this war has taught me is that sometimes when we seem to lose, we win most."

## In the Afternoon

THE mid-April afternoon was lovely as only Washington in April knows how to be. It was warm and bright and blossomy, and the Potomac shone in the sun like silver, the willows along its banks were like soft, green plumes, the lilacs in the parks were out in white and purple splendor. The President and Mrs. Lincoln were going for a drive.

"To the Soldiers' Home, Burke," said the President as he stepped into the carriage. And over the old, familiar way to the Soldiers' Home they went, drinking in the balmy air and delighting in the gay buntings that draped dwellings and business houses and Government buildings in honor of this long-prayed-for peace that was so near at hand.

"We've had four hard years, Mary," the big, tender, whimsical man said to the little woman at his side—"four awful hard years. And I hardly dare to hope the four we're facing will be very easy—there seems to be a good deal of bitterness in the country—a good many persons who don't know the rules of the game when the fight's off. But when we're through here we sha'n't be old—I'll only be sixty and ought to have some 'go' left in me. And we've saved some money—we'll save some more. Then we'll settle down in Chicago or in Springfield and I'll practice law, and we'll live, quietly and cozily, to a nice, green old age. Doesn't that sound good to you?"

His rugged face was full of tenderness as he spoke, and of wistfulness—wistfulness of a tired man for the sweets of simple living.

When they got back to the White House they saw a group of gentlemen leaving, going across the lawn toward the Treasury; Richard Oglesby, War Governor of Illinois, was among them.

"Come back, boys, come back!" the President shouted, waving his long arms in invitation.

They went back, and the President took them up to his office on the second floor, where they sat, laughing and talking with him, till dinner-time. He had been reading a funny book which he was anxious to share with them, and he was continuously "reminded" of story after story of that wonderfully-pertinent sort that only he knew how to tell. In consequence, peal on peal of hearty laughter came floating out of the President's office, so recently freed from its pall of sad anxiety; and when, after a while, a servant came to announce the President's dinner, he replied, after an old, old boyish fashion: "In a minute." Presently the servant returned—several minutes had passed. "I'm coming," the President answered, but urged "the boys" not to hurry.

Finally Tom Pendel, the doorkeeper, went up and called Governor Oglesby aside, explaining about the theatre party and the necessity of dining promptly. And Oglesby "called off" the others, their host protesting as they left that he'd "much rather swap stories than eat."

## The Evening

THE plans for the evening were changed, so far as the Grants were concerned. Early in the afternoon it became apparent to General Grant that he could get away from Washington on Friday night quite as well as on Saturday, so he and Mrs. Grant excused themselves to Mrs. Lincoln on the plea of their anxiousness to get to Burlington, New Jersey, to see their little Nellie, who was at school there. In the Grants' place Mrs. Lincoln had asked Miss Clara Harris, daughter of Senator Ira Harris, of New York, and her fiancé, Major Henry Rathbone. The President's carriage was to call for the young people and take them to the theatre.

After dinner, at which Captain Robert Lincoln was present, Mr Colfax called again, and brought with him Mr. Ashmun, of Massachusetts. They had a brief talk with the President in the library upstairs. Then the President excused himself to get his hat and coat.

Stopping at the door of Captain Lincoln's room he said: "We're going to the theatre, Bob; don't you want to go?"

"If it's just the same to you, Father," the young soldier replied, "I'd a whole lot rather stay home and go early to bed. I haven't slept in a bed in nearly two weeks."

"All right, my boy. Do just what you feel most like. Good-night."

"Good-night, Father."

Thus, casually, they parted.

Senator Stewart, of Nevada, had called and brought with him a friend, Judge Searles, who was anxious to see the President. And to the usher who brought this word upstairs Lincoln gave a note for the Senator:

"I am engaged to go to the theatre with Mrs. Lincoln. It is the kind of an engagement I never break. Come with your friend tomorrow at ten and I shall be glad to see you. A. LINCOLN."

ALMOST on the usher's heels he and Mrs. Lincoln and their callers descended the stairs, and at the door he stopped and wrote a card for Mr. Ashmun, who also was disappointed that the President's evening was engaged and had been invited to come back at nine in the morning. This was an hour before the beginning of the official day, and lest Mr. Ashmun have difficulty in persuading the doorkeepers that he had an appointment the President wrote for him the last words he was ever to pen:

"Allow Mr. Ashmun and friends to come in at nine A. M. tomorrow. A. LINCOLN."

This he gave to Mr. Ashmun, then shook hands cordially with all his callers and got into the carriage. Ned Burke was driving, and Forbes, who acted as valet and footman, was also on the box. Parker, a special policeman who shared with Crook the duty of attending the President as guard, went to Ford's Theatre on a car.

After the young people were "picked up" Mr. Lincoln seemed to abandon himself most happily to the festal mood, and talked joyously of the good time coming, now that peace was assured.

It was eight-thirty or after when they reached the theatre, entered at the main door (which was near the south end of the façade), traversed the length of the inner lobby to the staircase, ascended, and retraversed the same distance in the upper corridor. The box habitually set aside for the President's use was a large one, made by taking out the partition ordinarily between two boxes and throwing them into one. This gave the honored guests more room and did away with any near neighbors who might annoy them. The boxes so used were the two balcony boxes on the right-hand side of the house as the audience reckons, the left from the actor's point of view.

As the distinguished party entered their box Miss Laura Keene, acting "Florence Trenchard," was trying to explain a joke to Mr. Emerson, who acted "Dundreary," the part originated by Mr. E. A. Sothern. Poor, stupid "Dundreary" couldn't "see it."

"You can't see it?" said "Florence."

"No, I cawn't thee it," lisped His Lordship blankly.

"Well," glancing up at the state box which the President was just entering, "everybody can see *that!*" she said, and bowed.

Then the orchestra struck up "Hail to the Chief," and the brilliant audience rose and cheered.

IT WAS over in a minute or two and the play went on. Mr. Lincoln sat in a large rocking-chair in the corner of the box nearest the audience, Mrs. Lincoln sat next, then Miss Harris, and in the corner nearest the stage Major Rathbone. Parker, the guard, who was supposed to sit at the door to the passageway behind the box, got so interested in the play that he left his post and took a seat near the front of the dress circle, whence he could see.

"Our American Cousin" was a famous play, written by Tom Taylor, a London wit and literary man. It was first produced by Miss Keene at her own theatre in New York in 1858, and was an immediate success, bringing fame and fortune to her and to two members of her company, Mr. Joseph Jefferson and Mr. Edward A. Sothern. These actors were not with her after that season, but Miss Keene on that Friday night was playing her part for nearly the one thousandth time and the occasion was a benefit to her.

The first act was finished soon after the Presidential party arrived. The second act was rung up and played. During its progress the President got up and put on his overcoat, which he had hung, on entering, at the back of the box. The ladies were in evening costume and did not seem to feel any chill, but something made the big, gaunt man cold, and he put on his coat.

About ten minutes past ten, while the third act was in progress, a young man of extraordinary beauty passed Buckingham, the doorkeeper, and entered the house. "Buck" was counting his tickets, and to guard against any one's passing him while he was thus occupied he stretched one arm across the doorway. Some one came up and took the arm down as if it had been a pasture-bar. "Buck" turned and faced that winsome John Wilkes Booth, whom every one about the theatre—and elsewhere—loved and humored. Booth grasped two of "Buck's" fingers and shook them.

"You don't want a ticket from me, do you?" he said, smiling.

It was too obvious a joke to need comment. Booth was as free to come and go about that theatre as if he

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 54

## [illegible] Painted by W. L. Taylor

### [illegible] by William Douglas

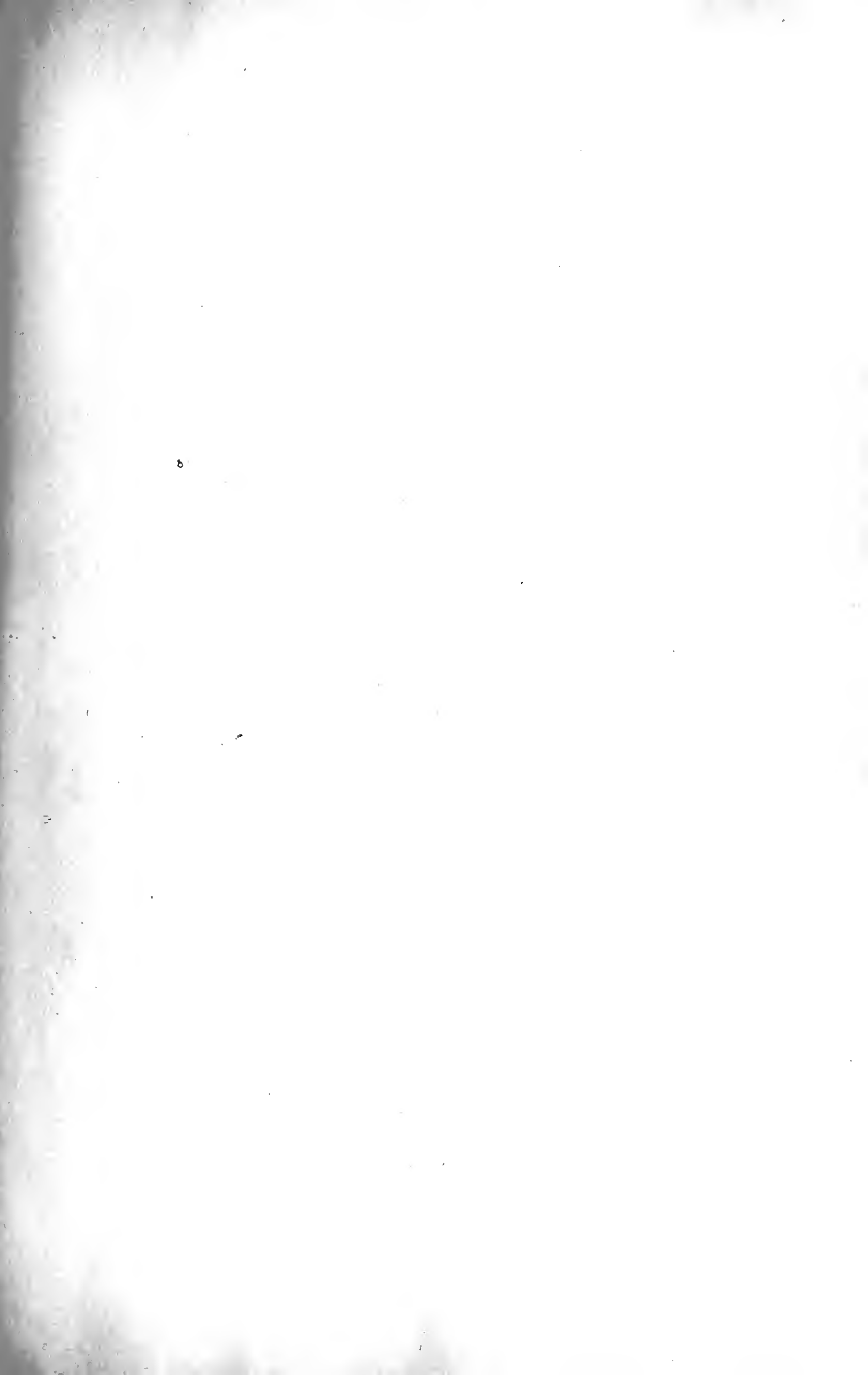
[illegible] well-known verses [illegible] by Lady John Scott, are somewhat different from the original ones by Mr. Douglas.

[illegible]

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her neck is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me
doon and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet—
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me
doon and dee.

[illegible] series of full-page pictures painted for THE JOURNAL by W. L. Taylor, illustrating some of the world's time-honored songs.



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