

What America is Doing

LETTERS FROM
THE NEW WORLD

ANNETTE M. B. MEAKIN



EX LIBRIS



What America is Doing

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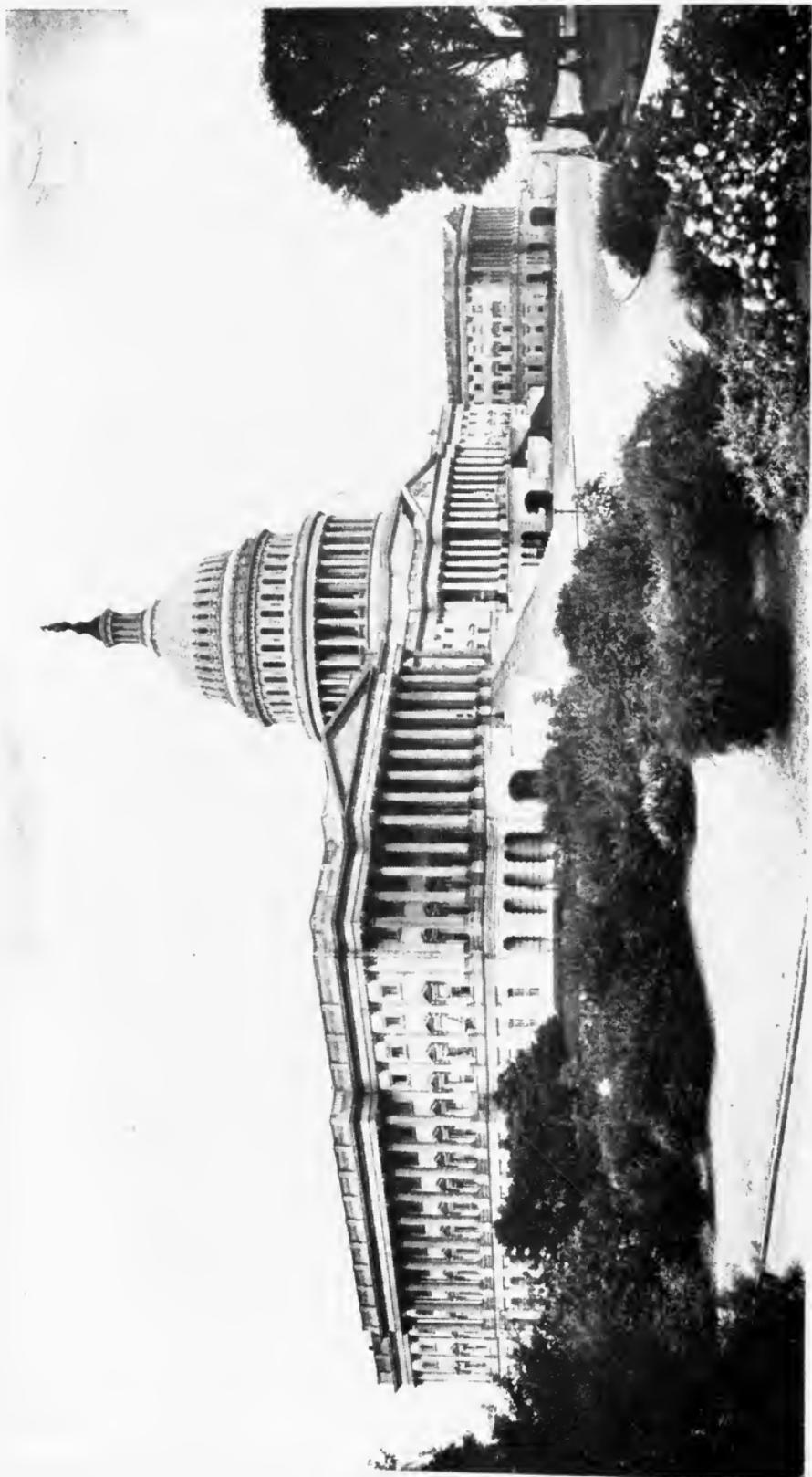
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U.S. CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.

What America is Doing

Letters from the New World

BY

ANNETTE M. B. MEAKIN

“Sum ex iis qui mirer antiquos; non tamen, ut quidam, temporum nostrorum ingenia despicio. Neque enim quassi lassa et effacta natura, ut nihil jam laudabile pariat.”—PLINY.

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What America is Doing.

FIRST LETTER.

ON BOARD THE "MAURETANIA,"

May 26th.

DEAR S.....,—This great, four-funnelled, many-decked steamer is a magnificent floating hotel, with marble floors, and lifts, and every luxury and comfort imaginable. As for the suites of private state - rooms, they are palatial, and their prices correspond: they are specially fitted to the pockets and the requirements of American millionaires. We have several millionaires on board, but there is not one among them who does not walk the deck with a stoop, and wear badly-fitting clothes.

A number of passengers came alongside in a tender at Cherbourg, and then, as I looked down on the tender, while they were coming on board, I noticed for the first time how different American travelling-trunks are from those we use in Europe.

The trunks on the tender were all exactly alike—long, dark-coloured, brick-shaped, iron-bound cases that the roughest usage could not damage, and which could be piled together like so many bricks, with a neatness and an economy of space undreamed of in Europe. There were no handbags to be seen, but in their place I saw neat square “suit-cases,” and these too were all of one regulation size. “Heavens!” I said to myself, “is this a foretaste of the monotony and equality for which America is said to be getting so remarkable?”

A fellow-passenger has been telling me that before I have been long in the New World I shall find out all America’s little grudges against England. Isn’t it funny that the Americans should have grudges against us! We have none against them. I am just bursting with curiosity to find out what these mysterious grudges are.

My French maid, Denise, has made friends with one of the stewardesses, and is consequently in a position to regale me with all sorts of ship’s gossip while she brushes my hair. To-day she informed me that the six good-looking Englishmen whom I had remarked among the passengers are all card-sharpers. Isn’t it horrible! She says they are well known to all the officials on board, as they cross the Atlantic so frequently in the interests of their trade. She says it would

not pay them to travel anything but first-class, and on the best steamers.

The stewardess says that numbers of Irish girls continue to come out to America every year. They generally go straight to relations or friends already settled there. But servants are so difficult to get that they find situations almost immediately. Many of them return to Europe the next year as the servants of wealthy Americans, "and so smart that we hardly recognise them again."

Mr Carnegie often crosses on this ship with his wife and only child, a little girl with very fair hair. He must have married late in life, for Mrs Carnegie is far from young. How wise of him to try and do some good with his enormous wealth, instead of leaving it to increase and finally hang like a millstone round the neck of one young girl.

All the women on board are infinitely better dressed than the men; but that is because the women devote most of their time and thought to dress and appearance, whereas the men are too engrossed with their business to give any thought to such matters. In England it is just the reverse. English gentlemen are always irreproachably groomed, even when they can't afford it, while badly dressed women are to be found only too frequently at our social functions

and in every class of society. Of course this is not right. But I am still English enough to feel that, after all, the man's appearance is the more important of the two.

I find that American men don't drink nearly as much whisky as ours do. Iced lager-beer is much more in favour. Directly an American woman feels sea-sick she retires to her berth and rings for "cracked ice and a hot-water bottle." She then proceeds to administer both simultaneously, feeding herself with spoonfuls of ice until relief is obtained! I am not surprised that their most frequent complaint should be "stomach trouble."

The stewardess has been giving Denise some useful advice as to how she can best make her way in the New World. For instance, she says it's fatal to be too polite when dealing with the "common people," as the lower classes are called. If you want to ask the way, and begin your question with "Would you kindly direct me," you will be sure to meet with a rebuff. Americans don't like civility; they suspect there is something behind it. If you want to find Fifth Avenue you should address the first person you meet thus: "Say, where's Fifth Avenue?" Now I know why nearly every European book about America mentions the rudeness of street-car conductors, railway officials, and hotel clerks; their

authors were travellers who did not know the ways of the country.

American women read a good deal on board. They provide themselves beforehand with books for their "state-rooms," and these books never go on deck. They are usually—I am sorry to have to say it—books written by Englishwomen. The day has long gone by when Cœlebs could judge of a young woman's character by the books he found her reading—on deck. The ones that appear on deck are mostly supplied from the ship's library; this one, by the way, contains a complete set of George Meredith, and Mr Bryce's 'American Commonwealth.' One lady is reading the last-named on deck now, because, she tells me, her little boy is growing up, and she wants to be able to teach him how his country is governed.

As for my own reading, I have just finished 'One of Our Conquerors,' in which Meredith makes a man say of a friend: "He saved me, after I left the army, from living on the produce of my pen—which means, if there is to be any produce, the prostrating of yourself to the level of the round middle of the public. . . ." If that is true, I suppose we must not be too hard upon certain lady novelists. But how are we to clear the state-rooms of their vicious literature?

Yours.....

SECOND LETTER.

ON BOARD THE "MAURETANIA,"
May 30th (Whitsunday).

DEAR S.....,—My first letter will be posted before we land, but I shall post this one myself at New York.

This is the day on which the Americans deck the graves of their soldiers with the national flag. Almost every passenger is sporting a tiny flag, either stuck in a button-hole or pinned on the dress. America is such a young country that she still treats her national emblem as if it were a new toy.

Edward has just introduced me to a nice old New York banker. I happened to mention, in the course of our first conversation, that to-morrow would be Bank Holiday.

"We don't have them," he replied with a smile of superiority. And then he added: "What a panic England is in about Germany! It is her foolish Government that she ought to be afraid of. I very much doubt whether the

country will be able to bear the strain of those Old Age Pensions you are all so pleased about. We used to look upon England as the most truly democratic of all modern countries, but to-day she is utterly given over to Socialism. If that Budget they are fighting over is accepted by the people, no private property will be safe. Your poor are being taught that it is better to steal than to work. Your industries are being ruined by unchecked foreign competition, and your capital is fleeing to other lands. The spectacle of grand old England thus speeding to ruin with Socialism at her helm is one of the saddest object-lessons the world has ever had."

"But the majority in our House of Commons do not call themselves Socialists," I put in.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," he replied; "but it is often the looker-on who sees most of the game."

"Have you many Socialists in America?" I inquired.

"Yes, an increasing number," he answered; "but we Americans are too 'cute to let them get the upper hand. Socialistic legislation destroys individual freedom, and individual freedom is one of the fundamental principles on which our great democracy has been reared. We believe that every man has a right to earn what

he can, and to do what he likes with his earnings; this involves the existence of private property. Look what your Socialistic Government has done for Ireland. Private property there is no longer secure, for the Irish tenant can force his landlord to sell him his land."

Before I could answer him the bugle summoned us to lunch.

Would you believe it! Denise tells me that two of the stewardesses nearly came to blows last night, because one of them persisted in reading a State-Room novel in the presence of the stewards without covering up the title.

We have passed the Statue of Liberty, and can already count the windows in the skyscrapers. Wells was right—they look just like packing-cases. Edward says the highest one has forty-eight storeys.

Well, I am in New York at last. It is awfully hot everywhere except in the streets—which are regular wind-pipes, and screened from the sun by the gigantic buildings on either side. I could not sleep a wink last night, in spite of ice applied to my temples. Edward has promised to take me to Washington to-morrow, but they say it will be no cooler there. The American summer has begun, and I shall have to bear it. But what will it be like in July and August

if it is as hot as this in May? I wonder no one ever warned me of this awful heat; it is worse than anything I ever experienced in Egypt or India. I am almost tempted to make Edward take me home by the next steamer. . . .

THIRD LETTER.

WASHINGTON, *June 5th.*

DEAR S.....,—This is my fourth day in the political capital of this country. New York, I must tell you, is the financial capital and Chicago the industrial capital. America has no metropolis, in our sense of the word.

Washington is a very fine city—there is no mistake about that. I was delighted with the wide and handsome streets as we drove from the station to our hotel. (Edward wanted to take me to his cousins the Dudleys, but, like the rest of the world, they are just packing up to go to the summer villa in Maine. We are to visit them there later on.) Most of the streets are lined with shady trees, and I notice that the houses are nearly all white, or a pleasing shade of red.

Every American who is very wealthy likes to have a house in Washington; it is the correct thing. One of Edward's friends has three motors, and he took me out in one of them this

morning, that I might get my first glimpse of the White House and the Capitol. He also pointed out to me the houses of many of America's richest men. I saw the house of the "Copper King" and the house of the "Whisky King"; in the latter all the household metal is said to be of gold, down to the handles of the bath-tubs. I saw the houses of all the most distinguished members of American society; but there was nothing remarkable about any of them, as far as the outsides were concerned. The rich in this land of equality have always had to be careful not to parade their wealth. When once a man has made his millions the eye of the people is upon him; and if he makes too much show, or spends too much on himself and not enough on public charities, so much the worse for him. He is often a philanthropist in spite of himself. There is no real privacy for the very rich man in this country: he can only get that by going to Europe. While he is here "the concentrated searchlight never leaves him. These eighty millions know about him, know what he is doing—believe they know what he ought to do," as one of their own senators has put it.

Although the heat here is not quite so unendurable as it was in New York, it is sufficient to keep me awake the greater part of the night,

and in the day I am only comfortable when I am flying through the air in an "automobile," as they call them here. This morning, when Edward was out on some business that he was obliged to attend to, I was literally driven out of the hotel by the heat. Finding an automobile at the door, I asked the chauffeur what he charged by the hour, and on his replying "Four dollars," I jumped in and told him to show me the city.

I soon found I had hit upon a most intelligent guide. He explained to me that Washington was divided into four sections—north-west, north-east, south-west, and south-east; that the lettered streets ran to T, and the numbered streets to 34. He showed all the public statues, and pointed out the curious fact that wherever there was a statue there was also, close to it, and with windows facing it, the house of the widow of the man thus honoured by the nation.

"You will find it the same all over America," he added. "Wherever you find a statue, there, exactly facing it, will be a fine house belonging to the widow."

I asked him if the nation put up both simultaneously, but he said he didn't know about that. It is clearly an acknowledged truth in America that if a man proves himself worthy of a statue, the country owes something to his wife. But are there then no bachelor statues?

When an American woman finds herself a multi-millionaire in her own right, she sometimes builds herself a mansion in form of one of those old castles that give so much charm to the scenery of the Rhine: even the colouring of the walls is imitated. Picture to yourself a mediæval castle plumped into the middle of Fitz John's Avenue! However, they make excellent picture post-cards, for, on a card, you only see the castle, and not the houses on either side.

I saw some very imposing buildings in the residential section,—apartment houses, as they are called, where wealthy Society people take suites of rooms for the season. These are what we should call "flats."

Presently my guide said, "You see that house on the right. Well, four months ago I brought a Society lady home to it from some entertainment about ten o'clock at night. There was a gentleman with her, but he was not her husband, for when we drew up at the door her husband was waiting on the step, and at once fired a pistol at her friend. The friend had a pistol too, and was not slow to return the compliment. The husband was wounded, and I had to appear as witness, but it never got into the papers, because they were great folk. It was all hushed up."

"I thought it was impossible to keep such things out of the papers in America," said I.

"It does cost something," was his reply.

Rich people travel between New York and Washington in their own private railway cars. There is only one class on the trains. When I discovered this I was very much puzzled, and asked Edward whether the emigrants travelled side by side with the middle classes.

"Emigrants do not travel when they have once got here," he replied; "they settle. You never see a dirty, ragged, disreputable person in an American train. In fact, there are none except in the slums of the great cities. An American would have too much self-respect to let himself get into such a condition."

"And those people in the slums? Are they not Americans?"

"No," he replied; "they are foreigners who have not yet become Americanised."

Our journey from New York to Washington took six hours. We travelled in a "chair car," and our railway tickets were the largest I ever saw,—more like tickets for a concert. The carriages here are so long, too, that to sit in the front row is not unlike being in the front pew of a church, and when you stand up you feel that you are running the gauntlet of a great many eyes. Every time the train approaches

a station of any importance a coloured (black) conductor marches up the centre, and exhibiting a long whisk brush, asks each passenger in turn if he or she would like a brushing. I rose like the rest when it came to my turn, but it felt dreadful, like being brushed in church! That is one thing I have been struck with since I came here,—American indifference to publicity. It is a national trait. In all Eastern races the love of privacy is strongly developed, and you find it in every country in Europe; but here it has been sacrificed to the nation's idol—Equality.

There are practically no railway porters in America, as we understand them. That is why an American woman never takes any small luggage in the train with her except a "suit-case," which she can carry herself.

I used to think that American women hardly ever walked, and had far less muscle than English women, but that is quite an erroneous idea, for I constantly see them lifting heavier suit-cases than we should like to lift—yes, and carrying them through the stations, and often some way up the street to the stopping-place of the electric-car that is to serve the purpose of a cab, and bring them to their destination.

There are, it is true, a few outside porters to every large station, and these are invariably coloured men with bright-red caps. They are

always most affable, but they will not lift the smallest parcel for less than ten cents (the equivalent of our sixpence).

Before leaving New York I went to Cook's Office to buy an outline map of the United States, such as they provide in Europe of all the European countries, but to my astonishment they told me that they had never prepared any of this country, and that such a thing was not in demand. I find that Americans do not travel for pleasure in their own country: they go to Europe for that. Europeans, when they come over here, come to settle in one place and make money, or to arrange some business transaction and return home by the next steamer. Of course there is a Baedeker of America, but I have too much respect for my eyes to use that in the train.

I have now discovered one of America's grudges against England. Several of our friends here have complained bitterly to me of the way in which Englishmen write about America when they have only been over here for a few weeks, and really know very little more than if they had never come at all; it is their tone of pitying condescension that hurts most, not their ridiculously mistaken impressions with regard to men and things. I see all this clearly enough, but I have now found at least one extenuating

circumstance with regard to such conduct on the part of English men of letters—namely, the great discomfort, inconvenience, and last but not least, the enormous expense they are immediately put to as soon as they land on these shores.

Before the English visitor has been half an hour in America he makes the disturbing discovery that a dollar, which has cost him four hard-earned English shillings, will go no further than one of those shillings in this country. He finds himself charged three dollars and a half for the cab which is to take him and his one small trunk to the nearest hotel, not by some rogue of a cabman, who has spotted him as a foreigner and means to take advantage of his ignorance, but by the dock officials who hand him his cab number. The fare in England would have been eighteenpence. He soon finds that hotel prices are all on the same scale, and that the shortest ride in an electric street-car cost twopence-halfpenny. In short, our man of letters soon discovers that the American tour which he has planned out for himself with so much pleasure is going to cost him just four times as much as he had anticipated, not only in money, but also in physical strength and endurance, on account of the scarcity of cabs and railway porters and hotel servants. The result is that, remembering the precariousness of a literary man's income, he

resolves to be wise in time, and takes the first steamer back to Liverpool, after he has paid a flying visit to Niagara and Boston. Surely he should be forgiven if, under these circumstances, his book proves to be unsatisfactory and misleading!

The fact remains that there are only two classes of society in America, the rich and the poor, and only two ways of travelling. If you travel as a member of the former class, you must be prepared to scatter dollars like chaff to the wind; if you travel as one of the latter, you must be ready to do without all the little comforts that make travelling easy and agreeable in Europe, and at the same time to undergo more bodily fatigue than you have ever undergone in European travel.

Ever yours.....

FOURTH LETTER.

WASHINGTON, *June 7th.*

DEAR S.....,—You will remember that, whereas we English have a House of Lords and a House of Commons, the Americans have a Senate and a House of Representatives. The Senators meet in the Senate Chamber, which is in the Capitol, and thither we repaired this morning to listen to a debate that is going on about the Tariff.

The seats of the Senators are arranged in concentric rows, with the aisles radiating from the dais of the President's desk on the north side. All round there are galleries, where any one who likes may sit and watch the proceedings, and the Chamber is lighted by means of a glass roof. It looks very much like a school-room, especially as every Senator has a desk in front of his seat. To the right of the President sits the sergent-at-arms, and to the left the assistant doorkeeper.

The President of the Senate is the Vice-President of the United States. All round the gal-

leries there are the busts of former Presidents of the Senate. Every State in the Union is represented by two Senators, and every Senator is elected for six years. The salary paid to a Senator is seven thousand dollars, but until two years ago it was only five thousand.

Besides the wide staircase leading up to the Senate Chamber, there are two lifts, one of which is set apart for the use of Senators.

One of the doorkeepers, on finding that I was English, told me in low tones, as he was conducting us to some seats, that he himself was born in England, and that he was going back there as soon as he had made enough money.

A Senator was speaking as we came in—La Follette of Wisconsin, one of those who, without friends or influence to help them, have made their way to the top. They say of La Follette that his best asset was himself. He is remarkable for his very long speeches. His first—on the railroad bill—lasted three days. His speeches are longer than those of any other political leader in America. He had been speaking two hours when we arrived, and he went on for another half-hour. His enemies pretend to doubt his sincerity, but the fact that he has to give popular lectures during the summer vacation to cover the expenses of his political life certainly points to sincerity. He is noted for the number of political defeats that he

has sustained, and for never knowing when he is beaten.

Among the Senators pointed out to me there was one who is Norwegian by birth. He was brought over here as a little boy. I believe he is the only example of an emigrant becoming a Senator.

Several Senators were pointed out to me by my friend the doorkeeper as men of enormous fortunes; and Senator Beveridge got a share of our attention on account of his youthful energy. He has great influence with young men, and has written at least three volumes of encouraging advice to those who are beginning the battle of life.

"We make our Senators," said the doorkeeper, laughing, "but you English buy yours."

"You are a most energetic people," I replied.

"Yes," he answered; "we know that life is short, and that we shall be buried a long time."

The debate which was going on was on the advisability of lowering or raising certain taxes connected with the Tariff. It was the kind of debate that England will be occupied with as soon as she lays aside her antiquated policy of Free Trade.

Much is said and more is hinted about the strong influence that is brought to bear on certain Senators by some of the great Trusts and Cor-

porations. And I gather that it is with a view to lessening temptation that such liberal salaries are given to the Senators.

Before leaving, I was shown the mahogany hall-clock that has been in the Capitol ever since the year 1803. It has seventeen stars, meant to represent the seventeen States that then constituted the Union, the last star being Ohio, which was admitted in 1802. To-day there are forty-eight States. One of the most wonderful things about America is the way in which it has enlarged its borders during the hundred odd years of that clock's existence. We talk much about the expansion of the British Empire, but how many Englishmen know anything about the way in which the great American Republic has quietly absorbed everything that came in her way?

Historians tell us that Europe's respect for America only dates from the year 1812. The Revolution had already freed America from English rule on land; it was the Naval War in 1812 that made her free upon the ocean and opened her way to commercial independence.

It is extraordinary how little one hears about the American Navy nowadays, considering how much is being said about Germany and her Navy. Yet the American Navy comes next to the British in size and equipment, and what is more, it is steadily growing. America has great naval dock-

yards snugly hidden away on the Pacific coast, and Europe appears to have forgotten their existence. America never parades them or drags them into international conversations, but she takes care to keep them hard at work, and we can't be quite sure as to how many Dreadnoughts she may take it into her head to build during the next three years. We must remember, too, that in the construction of war-ships America has tremendous odds in her favour, for nowhere else in the world is there to be found so much practical science and clever engineers, and such intelligent mechanics, such wonderful brains for the improvement of old machinery and for the invention of new, as in America. In the San Francisco dockyards ship-builders have for years been employing boring-mills and hydraulic bending-presses, the labour-saving powers of which are only just beginning to be talked about in Europe, and every year they are inventing something fresh. I fail to see how poor old England can hope to keep ahead very much longer.

Tocqueville, writing in 1832, said that the Americans were the cheapest and quickest traders in the world, and he added: "No prosperity can be durable if it cannot be united, in case of need, to naval force. . . . The Americans are already able to make their flag respected; in a few years they will be able to make it feared." He pro-

phesied, moreover, that America would eventually become the first maritime power in the world, arguing that, as she was going to be the greatest trading nation, she would be obliged, in order to be able to protect her trade, to be the greatest sea-power. It is on these lines that America is working.

Tocqueville's book on America is, I think, the most remarkable example of prophetic insight that I ever came across. He actually foretold in plain words almost everything that has happened to America during the last eighty years. Among the few things he did not foresee were the enormous and steady influx of European emigrants with its inevitable consequences; and the unprecedented concentration of wealth, with the abuses that have followed in its train. He cast his eye round the world and fixed it on Russia. Here, he thought, he had found the power which alone, in the days of America's coming supremacy, would be competent to stand forth and confront her as a worthy rival. These two great nations, he was sure, would continue to grow when all the other nations had stopped growing; for each of them seemed destined to sway the destinies of half the globe. Neither Germany nor Japan came within the range of his vision, but that is hardly to be wondered at. He was perfectly conscious at the same time of the limitations of his power to see into the dim future.

With regard to the negro problem, for instance, he was very careful not to hazard any definite prophecy; in spite of the fact that, of all America's problems, it was perhaps the one that had the greatest fascination for him. It was in speaking of this problem that he wrote: "In every picture of the future there is a dim spot which the eye of the understanding cannot penetrate."

Strange to say, Tocqueville is almost forgotten in America, and though he is still prized by a few, his name is practically unknown to the rising generation. Mr Bryce's book, on the other hand, is well known, at least by name: everyone praises it as the best book that has ever been written about America, and I see a new edition in the shops; but no one I have met has had time to read it.

Ever yours.....

FIFTH LETTER.

WASHINGTON, *June 9th.*

DEAR S.....,—This morning we visited the Library of Congress, the grounds of which adjoin those of the Capitol, after which it is perhaps the most striking edifice in Washington. It is very new, having been completed as recently as 1897. I am told that its cost, including the site, was 603,212,454 dollars. The panels of its copper-coated dome are covered with leaf gold. Its central hall is magnificent, and they say that, of its kind, it is unsurpassed by any hall in the world. It is lined throughout with Italian marble, and has a wealth of graceful columns with sculptured capitals. The height of the hall is seventy-two feet. The imposing double staircase has white marble balustrades on both sides.

We ascended the stairs and, entering the visitors' gallery, looked down into the reading-room, which is a rotunda, something like the one in the British Museum, only loftier and of smaller circumference.

The Library was founded in 1800, but it has twice been partially burnt. Two copies of every book published in the United States have to be sent here, so the number of volumes is rapidly increasing. As I stood there I could not help thinking of a remark made to me by a young American lady reading side by side with me in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris: "Our system of supplying the readers," said she, "is infinitely superior to that employed in European libraries, but—we haven't the books."

It is quite true that books are here delivered to the readers much more quickly than is the case with us. The slip of paper on which you have written the name of the book you want is sent up in a pneumatic tube, and the book comes down automatically. The capacity of the library is shown by the fact that it contains "one hundred miles of shelving." Everything in this country is done on a gigantic scale. Between the Capitol and the reading-room there is a special tunnel by which books can be supplied to the members in almost no time.

The official on guard told me that the average number of visitors to this building in a day is quite three thousand, if not more. Washington is called "The Nation's Capital," and it is the central point to which pilgrimages are made by patriotic tourists from every corner

of America. The city is not in any State, but stands on a tract of land that was ceded by Maryland to the Federal Government for the purpose. The tract only covers ten square miles. It is called the District of Columbia, and is governed directly by Congress.

The White House, the "home of the President," is not in any way remarkable except for its simplicity. They say it is a copy of the seat of the Dukes of Leinster near Dublin. George Washington himself chose the site, and laid the first stone on October 13, 1792. Crowds of sightseers flock through its public rooms daily, and every Thursday the President is "At Home" to any one who feels a craving to shake hands with him.

The White House stands in its own grounds, which are laid out with flower-beds and fountains, and faces the famous Lafayette Square, in the middle of which rises an equestrian statue of General Jackson, who won the battle of New Orleans against the English in 1815. On January 8 the British army, outnumbering their foemen two to one, and composed of veterans who had fought against Napoleon, made a grand assault upon New Orleans.

"The defenders of the city," writes Prince, "were commanded by General Andrew Jackson. They consisted of militiamen, negroes, and boys

intrenched behind barricades of mud and cotton bales. The British moved to the attack early in the morning. From the top of the rude parapet twelve cannon poured their murderous fire into the advancing enemy. One cannon, loaded to the muzzle with musket balls, brought down two hundred British soldiers at its first discharge. In twenty-five minutes it was all over.

“The battle of New Orleans, though the most celebrated American victory of the war, was wholly unnecessary, because a treaty of peace had been signed between Great Britain and the United States two weeks before in the city of Ghent, Belgium. Owing to the slow mode of transmitting news this fact was unknown to either army.”

Every Easter Monday the children of Washington are allowed to amuse themselves by rolling coloured Easter eggs down a grassy slope which lies to the south of the White House. I should think that this custom must have originated among the German element, as a very similar sport is engaged in by the children of Germany under the inappropriate name of “*Hunt the Hare.*” German ethnologists take it to be one of the Indo-Germanic customs that their race brought with it from Central Asia, but American writers say that it

came to them from the children of the Pharaohs by way of Europe.

To the north of Lafayette Square is the second oldest church in Washington, dating from 1816. It has a pew set apart for the President of the United States, and is called the Church of State; but the Presidents usually try to show their impartiality by attending a church of one denomination in the morning and another in the evening. The oldest church in the city is Christ Church, which was also built in 1816.

There is one handsome residential street that the President has to drive through at least five times a-week, and a little while ago its residents, all very rich people, put their heads together and decided to get its name changed from "Sixteenth Avenue" to "The Street of the Presidents." "But oh! wasn't there a hub-bub when the neighbouring streets heard of it!" "Why," it was indignantly asked, "should such an invidious distinction be made? The people living in that street would think they were living in a better neighbourhood socially than their neighbours in the numbered ones. We are not going to allow that." So Sixteenth Avenue is Sixteenth Avenue still.

There is one battle that never ceases to rage in America—the battle for equality. It is due to

this unceasing conflict that you never meet with a disreputable or destitute-looking American.

There is nothing more comic in the world than to drive round Washington in a hired motor and let the driver tell you the price of every public building in turn. He comes out with the round numbers so glibly, and never seems to get them mixed. Here I have come across another typical American characteristic. This readiness with numbers is not confined to the male sex, for every American lady I meet can tell me the exact number of books she has in her library—to a volume. One of my friends has three thousand.

But to return to Washington. This is certainly the newest great city I have ever visited. Its huge railway station, resembling a white marble palace, is just nearing its completion; its grand park is only partly laid out, and one-half of the ground is still covered with houses that have got to come down and be replaced by trees. When Tocqueville was here in 1832 he found them clearing away trees; now they are removing houses. "The Americans have rooted up trees," he wrote, "for ten miles round, lest they should interfere with the future citizens of this imaginary metropolis."

The city was only founded in 1800, in what was then the very centre of the Union; but it

is far from being the centre to-day. No resident in this bit of territory is allowed a vote. This rule was evidently made in deference to the idol of equality. Since so much had been given to them something had to be taken away to "make the balance true."

The police census, taken in 1904, gave the population as 323,346 persons. The city was laid out by a French officer who had served in the American army, Major L'Enfant. It has a larger area devoted to streets, avenues, and parks than any other city on this planet. During the war it was defended by sixty-eight forts.

The Treasury, or the "Bank of the Nation" as it is called, ranks next to the Capitol in size and grandeur of appearance. It is white, like almost every other public building in Washington, and looks extremely solid. People visit it in crowds to see how paper money is made.

A number of lady clerks are always ready to act as guides, conducting parties of tourists through the various departments and explaining the process. Ours took us up in a lift, and at once began rattling off the information she had to impart.

"There are four mints in the United States," she began, "one in Philadelphia, one in Denver, one in San Francisco, and one in New Orleans.

We back up the paper money for the coin they make." And then she ushered us into a large upper hall where five hundred persons, mostly girls, were employed in the printing of notes.

They use a special kind of silk-fibred paper made at the Crane Mills at Dalton, in the State of Massachusetts. The process of making it is a trade secret guarded by law. No one may possess any of it or imitate it. The back of the note is printed first. The paper is sent straight from the mills in packets of one thousand sheets each. Each printer receives a thousand sheets at a time. The printing is done on hand-presses, with steel engraving plates. Each sheet makes four notes. Beside each printer stood a woman assistant, whose business it was to examine each note after it had been printed. This, our guide explained, was necessary because the printers are paid for piece-work, and are only allowed 2 per cent of the day's work for spoilage. Each printer is expected to print five hundred notes in a day. When the printing is done the notes go to a room below, where automatic numbering machines print on each its serial letter and its number. The type changes for each note. Some two thousand women experts are employed in the counting, and each expert counts from fifty to sixty thousand sheets a-day. Every note is

counted fifty-two times—that is to say, it is freshly counted after every handling.

Reynolds says of these note-counters: "Their marvellous skill, rapidity, and accuracy afford a revelation as to what the trained hand and eye and mind can do. Their work is as the work of a perfect machine." And he adds: "In counting a package the expert is seen to lift each note by the upper right-hand corner. This she does successively one after another with four thousand notes in a package; and not only does she count the notes, but also scans the seal and detects any imperfection."

Something like one million dollars' worth of paper money passes through the hands of these counters every day. A week after the back of a note has been printed they print the other side.

We were not allowed to see either the engraving of the plates or the stamping with the Red Seal.

As paper money will not wear for ever, every old note comes back in course of time to be exchanged for a new one; and the exchanging takes place in a department called the Redemption Division. The worn-out notes are sent in from banks in every part of the land, and conveyed here by the express companies in sealed packets. An army of expert counters is always

at hand to count the packets before they are opened. Every counter gives a receipt for each packet that is handed to her, and when she has repacked the money in packets of one hundred notes each she has to write her initials on the new packet, with the amount. She then takes the packet to the cancelling machine, which punctures four holes in it. The next day each of these packets is cut in half by means of a huge knife, and the upper half goes to the Registrar's Office, the lower to the Office of the Secretary of the Treasury. In each office the half sheets are counted, and if the number tallies with that of the first expert the money is now sent to be destroyed by a machine called the "macerater." It destroys more than three hundred millions of dollars every year.

Reynolds describes the macerater as "a huge spherical receptacle of steel, which contains water, and is fitted in the interior with closely set knives which revolve and grind the contents very fine. The massive lid is secured by three Yale locks, each with its own individual key. The key of one lock is held by the Treasurer, of another by the Secretary, and of the third by the Comptroller of the Currency. Every day, at one o'clock, these three officials, or their deputies, with a fourth one designated by the Secretary to represent the banks and the people, assemble

before the macerater to deposit in it the money which is to be destroyed. Each key-holder unlocks his respective lock, the lid is lifted, the packages of halved bank-notes are brought, and the macerater—a hungry and insatiate monster—receives its million dollar tribute.” After four days of maceration the four men again assemble to unlock the macerater, and the liquid pulp flows through a valve into a pit below; thence it is transferred to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, to be rolled out into sheets of book-binders’ board, and sold at forty dollars a ton.

The Treasury is guarded night and day by a picked force of watchmen, sixty-eight army, and navy veterans, who patrol the grounds in three reliefs; matters are so arranged that at a given signal the captain of the watch could arm a thousand men in no time. All work on the premises ceases at four o’clock, and by six every person, except the watchmen, has left the building.

Reynolds gives a most interesting account of the Treasury vaults, and of the bonds, and the money in gold and silver that is stored away in them. There is a law that the Treasury shall hold a gold reserve of at least a hundred thousand dollars to sustain the credit of the United States. At every change in the Administration, all the money in the vaults is counted over by

a committee of thirty-five persons before the new Treasurer gives the outgoing one a receipt for it.

There is much more to be said about this wonderful building, but the thought of all the money and the counting of it gets on one's nerves, and I prefer a more genial topic; but I must add this fact, that the largest security issued is a five thousand dollar bond,—it is a registered bond bearing 4 per cent interest; and I must add another quotation from Reynolds, showing what they do with the burned paper money: "In a secluded corner, not accessible to visitors, works an expert in burned money and in shreds and patches of currency, which would defy the skill of one less acute and patient. Her task is to unravel mysteries, to solve difficult problems. It is a work filled with compensations; for each new case makes its appeal to her ever ready sympathy, and with every new success comes the consciousness that some unfortunate person has been helped. . . . There were pulpy bits of money which had been chewed by swine, on which traces had been made out of a ten dollar note, and another of five; fragments of two five hundred dollar notes supposed to have been torn up and thrown away by a Chicago man before committing suicide; the ashes of one ten dollar note and two five dollar notes, which a woman

had hidden in a grate and afterwards set fire to.”
If three-fifths of a note can be got together the
owner is allowed its full value; but all payments
are arranged on a regular scale, according to the
pieces that can be identified.

Yours.....

SIXTH LETTER.

WASHINGTON, *June 12th.*

DEAR S.....,—It occurred to me that the best way to gauge the literary tastes of the average American would be to make a tour of the best book-shops in one or two of their larger cities. I accordingly set out on that errand, first New York, and then here in Washington.

I have discovered, to begin with, that ordinary books are more expensive to buy in America than they are in England; and this fact indicates either that the average American can afford to spend more money on books, or that he buys fewer than does the average Englishman. American books are more heavily bound than ours, and altogether more cumbersome. This may be an indication that the purchaser is expected to place the book upon his library shelf and leave it there. The books I have already bought—about fifteen volumes in all—make such a heavy parcel that everyone who lifts it becomes curious as to its contents.

I must own that the American book-shops are a great disappointment to me. They compare unfavourably with those of England, and still more unfavourably with those of France and Germany. Paper-covered books are not to be had for love or money. Of course there are French and German ones, but I am speaking of the native product. Münsterberg says that the well-to-do have very fine libraries stocked to the ceiling with *éditions de luxe*, and the library is usually the chief gathering-place of the family, not a peaceful retreat to which owner or guest may steal away for an interval of mental refreshment.

I have not seen anyone reading a book, or even carrying one, since I landed; and when I mentioned this to a friend, she replied that in America it is not considered "good form" to be seen reading a book in public. Well, to my mind it is far worse taste to let yourself be seen reading the daily newspapers, especially the front page, which is invariably filled with glaring and minute details of all the filthiest crimes that can be raked together from all the four corners of the United States. I have dropped a paper more than once with a glow of shame upon my cheeks at the thought of having been seen reading it in a public room.

Amongst others, I have bought three books

written especially for young men by Senator Beveridge. I thought it would be both interesting and instructive to read the advice given by an American politician who has made his mark to those who would follow in his footsteps. The print is large, and they are easy reading, evidently designed to meet the intellectual needs of the man in a hurry—that is, the average American.

On the first page of one of them I find a remark to the effect that the man who makes too many starts seldom makes anything else. This I take to be a sort of quinine pill, designed to act as a tonic on the mental constitution of the undecided young man. Then follows a pill for the man that lacks confidence in himself: "Do what nature will permit you to do; you have no other master." And a little further on is an excellent piece of advice to the impatient young man: "Don't pay any attention to how fast you are getting on, but go ahead and get on." To the tyro in politics he says: "Mingle with the people; be one of them."

Senator Beveridge has the profoundest faith in the wisdom of the majority. Does he, I wonder, think that a body of twenty thousand ordinary people would be more competent to settle some weighty international question than one great and good statesman, the best years of whose life have

been spent in the study of similar problems? Why should the crowd be necessarily more capable of sound political judgment than the expert, especially in matters that require *finesse*, width of vision, and forethought?

One of the gravest of the internal struggles that are going on in America to-day has its very roots in this question. There are those who hold that the only cure for every ill is direct and tyrannical government by the majority. Yet it has been shown, by a Frenchman who has made a profound study of the psychology of crowds, that the intelligence of a crowd never rises above the intelligence of the most intelligent person in that crowd.¹ For many years the outside world believed that America was governed directly by the majority, and that she owed her extraordinary prosperity mainly to that fact. But now there is a very large party in the land who, backed by the arguments of numerous professors and literary men, are loudly proclaiming that there never has been such a thing as government by the majority in the United States, and that England is, in reality, far more democratically governed than America ever has been.

Senator Beveridge goes on to say that there must be no more nervous prostration at forty, no more arrested development at fifty, or mental vacuity at fifty-five. "Too many Americans," he

¹ M. Le Bon.

adds, "cease to count after middle life. They have wasted their ammunition and are sent to the rear." He does not believe in overdoing it. "I know many young men," he says, "who work twelve and fourteen hours a-day, and keep it up the year round." And he might have added that the insane asylums and sanatoria near the great cities are overcrowded with persons who have worked too hard; for it is a fact.

According to Senator Beveridge, the qualities that go to make up character are — *sincerity*, *courage*, and *reserve*. By reserve he means the power to hold one's forces in check: "Keep your large conceptions to yourself till the hour to strike arrives;" and "Have the courage, not only of your convictions, but also of your conceptions."

One who succeeded said: "Have faith in your idea, and act upon it before it gets cold;" and he urges young men to remember that "there is tremendous force in the enthusiasm of your freshly formed plan."

He then goes on to say that what America needs most is restraint, not stimulant: "The only serious fear I entertain for our future is that the great rapidity of our common lives will make us neurotic." He is right. It is hustle that is ruining the nerves of America's male population, not co-education, as some European visitors have erroneously imagined.

There is nothing to equal the overweening pride

with which the Americans of the twentieth century contemplate themselves as a nation. "Our relations with the Orient," says Beveridge, "increase daily; . . . our historic statesmanship during this century will deal with our growing mastery of the Pacific;" and after remarking that British prestige has been irreparably impaired by the Boer War, he incidentally calls the Americans "the greatest people upon earth." "The American Republic is an absorbent of the optimism of the world." And we should be careful to notice what he has to say about Canada: "On the north is slowly building a great people, developing a dominion as imperial as our own. The same speech and blood of kinship make certain the ultimate union with our vital brothers across our northern frontier." America means to annex Canada.

And what has Senator Beveridge to say about South America? "To the south is a group of governments over whom the sheer operation of natural forces is already establishing a sort of American oversight and suzerainty." His meaning here is also manifest.

He proceeds to remind his readers that the available productivity of the Mississippi Valley exceeds the supply of all the fertile regions of fable or history; that the country watered by the Columbia or the Oregon surpasses, in wealth-producing powers the valleys of the Nile or the

Euphrates in ancient times. "Our deposits of coal and iron already under development are equalled nowhere on earth, except perhaps by the unopened mines of China; and greater fields of ore and fuel than those we are now working are known positively to exist within our dominions." And he concludes this part of his discourse with these magnificent words: "No single mind can scale the heights that the American people will finally conquer."

But we have not yet done with this subject. I take up another little book by the same writer and read: "The American's greatest pride is that he is a citizen of the dominant nation of the world;" and a little further on he calls America "the master nation," and condescends to speak of what the British people did in their time, "*which now appears drawing to a close.*"

Well, well! To think that I should have lived to hear our beloved country, our grand old England, spoken of thus, and by a Senator of the United States of America!

Yours.....

SEVENTH LETTER.

WASHINGTON, *June 16th.*

DEAR S.....,—There is remarkably little European news in the American papers, and that fact perhaps more than anything else makes me feel how very far I am from you, and how many miles of ocean lie between us. I should find it very difficult to follow the course of English politics intelligently if I stayed over here too long, and I am not now surprised that Americans get wrong impressions as to what we are doing in England and what we want to do. And then, when you come to think of it, America's best men rarely come to England at all. They have no time. So that they can only judge our people by the samples that come over here.

We think we are flattering the Americans when we call them Anglo-Saxons, but they themselves have dropped that appellation with the nineteenth century, and now prefer to be called Teutons.

And there is another thing that I have discovered since I came here—namely, that the Americans

consider themselves to be the greatest of the world Powers ; they class Germany as the second, and only allow Great Britain to come in third !

The two great Powers who are competing most keenly for the first prizes in the world markets are, without doubt, the United States and Germany. One convincing proof of this is the fact that both American and German writers and orators, in discussing the keenness of the competition, leave Great Britain altogether out of count and do not even mention her.

In the year 1908 Senator Beveridge writes of England as follows :—

“ Many years ago the industrial classes in England began quarrelling among themselves. Labour wanted many things. Its demands were made with impatient impulsiveness. The manufacturers, the business men, the capitalist, resisted—with no large wisdom of method or manner,—resisted, indeed, with folly and bull-headedness. There was no conciliation, no getting together, no wholesome reasonableness. Meanwhile in Germany there were polytechnic schools, patient steadiness in industry, saving and creative methods in capital, the slow, sure acquirement of skill and effectiveness. The result is that English labour has become unskilled in comparison with the labour of her Continental rivals ; that English capital has become impotent and nerveless in comparison with

the watchful, confident, and aggressive capital of her industrial enemies across the Channel; and that English business houses are beginning to find themselves without business, and English labour is beginning to find itself without employment. And when this process shall have been completed, when breadless women and children, and men without work shall howl in the streets of London, Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, what a spectacle then will the contentions between labour and capital present, which have torn industrial and commercial England for a quarter of a century! How much lovelier a picture would conciliation and mutual understanding and sane confidence in each other have presented. And how immeasurably better for English prosperity! With this object-lesson being worked out before our very eyes the American of to-day is not likely to fall into the same abysmal error."

Yes, poor old John Bull is now providing an object-lesson for the rest of the world! And if ever there does arise a patriotic statesman or soldier to tell his compatriots the truth, his words are received with ridicule, and often with contempt.

Everyone knows that the first Europeans to settle in America and govern themselves properly were Englishmen; and everyone knows that the men who framed the Constitution by which

America has been successfully governed for more than a century had English blood in their veins; and it is with this fact uppermost in their minds that the English of to-day kindly condescend to acknowledge the people of this country as "our American cousins." But you never hear the expression "our English cousins" used over here. Americans are tired of being treated as poor relations who have done remarkably well in a new country, and they don't want to be patted on the back any longer. Consequently they are just now indulging in a certain pleasurable sensation which is known in Germany as *Schadenfreude*, as they perceive that while America is coming more and more to the front England is steadily losing her former prestige and resigning herself to the position of a second-rate Power.

Who, then, are the Americans of to-day? More than half the present population of the United States are emigrants, or the children of emigrants, who have come there from Europe since the year 1835. There is not a country in Europe that has not furnished its quota. There are already more Norwegians in America than there are in Norway, and one of them, as we have seen, is a United States Senator. There are enough Germans to form a kingdom; and as for Russian Jews and other Israelites, they

form a population of no less than one and a half millions. More than half of the American people are the children not of England's, but of Europe's poor relations. That is why their women have such large feet. The manager of one of the largest shoe factories in New York pointed this out to me. The ladies of Chicago, in particular, are noted for the size of their feet; and the sizes 6, 7, 8, and even 9, are the ones in greatest demand in that city. The nearer you get to the Pacific coast the larger the feet of the women—or, as my informant put it, "the better their understanding." And, what is rather curious, in all the towns on the Pacific coast-line the women have very long, narrow feet, which have to be specially catered for by shoe manufacturers.

While the women betray their origin by their feet, the men do so by their hands. A millionaire to whom I was recently introduced had thumbs just twice the ordinary size, and it was perfectly evident that many years of his life had been devoted to hard manual labour.

As I have said, the bulk of the Americans of to-day are the children of Europe's working classes. It is from their hard-working mothers that the American women have inherited their muscular strength and their exceptional powers for enduring what, to the average middle-class

or aristocratic Englishwoman, would be intense physical discomfort. This explains their being able to do without porters at railway stations, and without servants in their homes.

I do not mean to infer that all the Europeans who migrated to the United States during the nineteenth century were of the working class: a fair proportion of them were men from the middle and upper classes of society, who had been unhappy or unsuccessful in the old home, and came to America that they might make a new start. But these people, too, had to use their hands and strain their muscles, as well as their brains, in laying the foundations of those great fortunes which their children are now enjoying. I for my part have no objection to American heiresses marrying the scions of our aristocracy, for they will certainly improve the stock both mentally and physically.

EIGHTH LETTER.

WASHINGTON, *June 19th.*

DEAR S.....,—We spent the whole of yesterday at Arlington, and I must tell you that no sight has ever fascinated me more than that of America's historic cemetery.

Sixteen thousand of the soldiers who fought in the Civil War lie buried in Arlington Cemetery; and Americans may well call it "The Field of the Dead," for there are literally acres and acres of tombstones. It almost took my breath away to stand and look at them.

We went there direct from our hotel by motor, through Georgetown, across the aqueduct bridge. The motor jumped so violently on the rough parts of the road that we were thrown from our seats into the air. I never experienced anything like it, though I have driven in many a springless cart before now.

The streets of Georgetown were filled with negro children, and we hardly saw one white face. We seemed to be passing through a little

bit of Africa; and as I looked at those ubiquitous black babies, with their shining ebony skin and coal-black mops of hair, my mind involuntarily reverted to that great problem, perhaps the most difficult one, that America has got some day to solve—the problem of the great negro population that is increasing in her midst with such startling and persistent rapidity.

After crossing the bridge we passed through a military reservation known as Fort Myer. Here were military barracks and exercising-grounds, and streets of pretty frame houses, or wooden villas, inhabited by officers with their wives and children. To our right a party of young ladies in light summer dresses were enjoying a game of tennis, and daintily dressed children could be seen in the creeper-covered verandahs.

As soon as we had entered the grounds, in the midst of which stands Arlington House, we saw graves of soldiers on either side of us, and the lawns, which came close up to the mansion, were all filled with the graves of officers. Arlington House was built in 1802: it has a Greek portico, copied from that of the Temple of Theseus at Athens. It was built by an adopted son of George Washington, who resided there for some years. Every visitor is solemnly told that Lafayette was once a guest at Arlington

House, and that he remarked upon the wonderful view of Washington and the river Potomac, commanded by its windows, as being one of the finest he had ever seen. To my mind the view is absurdly overrated.

General Lee, the Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate Army, lived at Arlington House before the war; but at the commencement of hostilities it was taken possession of by the Federal troops, who used it for some time as a hospital and its grounds as a cemetery, taking in more ground when that within the original boundaries was filled. We also saw the graves of many of the officers and men who fell in the recent war with Spain, and there is a fine monument specially erected to their memory. Reynolds gives the total number of dead buried at Arlington as twenty thousand; but they are not all the graves of soldiers, as the men's wives and daughters were often buried beside them. There is one monument that is called "The Monument of the Unknown Dead," because it was raised in memory of some two thousand soldiers whose names were unknown, and who were buried in one common grave.

In the hall of General Lee's mansion we found a big book exposed to view under a glass case. It was called the Book of the Patriots, and we read—

This Book

*CONTAINS THE NAMES OF
ALL THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
WHO DIED DURING
THE WAR WITH SPAIN IN*

1898

*IRRESPECTIVE OF THEIR PLACE OF BURIAL.
IT IS NOT A PUBLIC RECORD,
BUT IS PRESENTED AS A MEMORIAL
BY
THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF
THE COLONIAL DAMES OF AMERICA.*

But the most remarkable thing at Arlington, and by far the most impressive sight that meets the visitor's eye, is that wide stretch of green—the Field of the Dead—where “the white headstones stretch away in lines endless to the vision.” Rows, and rows, and rows of business-like headstones, uncommonly like the milestone on the Dover road, all arranged in perfect order “like battalions marshalled for review, a silent army sixteen thousand strong.” No other nation in the world would ever dream of laying out a graveyard thus, and treating the tombstones like cabbages. Here we have a striking example of the American weakness for quantity and equality.

Everyone who has dipped beneath the surface of American politics knows full well that the

reins of government are not, and never have been, absolutely in the hands of the majority; but, barring the actual government, the multitude certainly reigns supreme in everything else, and it has to be flattered, cajoled, and catered for at every turn. Nothing could be better calculated to please and impress the American masses than this Field of the Dead. Here they have before them a spectacle of surprising numbers, monotonous equality, and absolute insignificance of the individual.

Arlington Cemetery is America's most sacred monument of the Civil War. That war, which began on April 12, 1861, and which lasted four long years, was fought, not, as most English people still erroneously think, to free the negroes from slavery, but to prevent the United States from becoming disunited. The difference of opinion with regard to slavery hastened on the struggle, but it was by no means its fundamental cause. Every American child knows this, but we English are still desperately ignorant about everything that lies a little beyond our own noses. The American nation came into being as a number of independent States, who, realising that unity is strength, joined forces to defend themselves against a common foe,—England. After the second war with England, the war of 1812, the States still hung together, but there were men

in several of them whose state patriotism came into conflict with their national patriotism and got the upper hand. The minds of these men were so engrossed with the interests and the dignity of their own individual States, that they lost sight for a time of the vital truth that the very life of America as a nation depended on the unity of the States out of which she had been formed. "Liberty and Union, now and forever," was the watchword of those who fought for the nation. "Any State who wishes to secede from the Union has a right to do so," was the reply of those who put State before Nation. So the war began, and every American had to choose between State and Nation. The North fought for the supremacy of Federal government, the South for the supremacy of State government, and, as we all know, the North won the day. America's pride in herself as a nation dates from that victory.

Yours.....

NINTH LETTER.

WASHINGTON, *June 22nd.*

DEAR S....., — So far I have said nothing in my letters to you about that remarkable shaft of white marble which dominates the whole of this city, and can be seen for miles in every direction, —the Washington Monument. I will begin by remarking that, of all the magnificent erections in the “Nation’s Capital,” this monument is the only one which can boast of sufficient individuality to make a good picture post-card.

Next to the Eiffel Tower this monument is the tallest in the world. Its height, from entrance-floor to summit, is a little over 555 feet. The shaft is just over 500 feet, and the conical section at the top is 55 feet; it is finished off with a pyramid of pure aluminium. The walls are 15 feet thick at the entrance, and taper to 18 inches at the top. The walls, which are of gneiss, are covered with pure white Maryland marble. The foundations penetrate 36 feet below the surface, and are of stone and cement. The cost, which

must never be omitted in a description of anything American, was one million three hundred thousand dollars.

All good pilgrims to the American Mecca ascend the Washington Monument; lifts start every half-hour. As for the stairs, they have 9000 steps. The corner-stone was laid in 1848, and, after years of delay, caused by lack of funds, it was finally completed in February 1885. The man who laid the stone was also chosen to unveil the completed monument, thirty-seven years later.

The Foreign Embassies are nothing more nor less than glorified suburban villas, or what we should call such in England, as far as their architecture is concerned, though their interiors are much the same as in other countries. Mr Bryce is as modest an Ambassador as ever walked the earth. He understands the American character "down to the ground." While he was talking to me I tried to picture him as our representative in St Petersburg or Constantinople, but my powers of imagination proved too feeble for the effort. He is, by the way, a Free Trader by conviction, though his official position demands, of course, a perfect neutrality on that and many other questions.

This morning we went inside the Pension Bureau. It is another of those enormous buildings to which Americans are so addicted. As

Tocqueville observed, their imagination, which is compressed when they consider themselves, expands indefinitely when they think of the State. Hence their small dwellings and their gigantic public monuments.

The Pension Bureau, which covers an area of 200 feet by 400, has been described as "one vast court with a lofty roof of iron and glass,—a bit of out-of-doors between four walls." The court is surrounded by innumerable galleries rising one above the other. Every time a new President is inaugurated a ball is held here, and some 18,000 persons are gathered under its enormous roof. One of the officials whom we met at the entrance was eager to inform us as to the exact number of bricks contained in each of the eight gigantic plaster-covered columns that adorned the interior. Each contained five million five thousand and seven hundred bricks; the plaster over them is painted to represent onyx. Each column is 8 feet in diameter and 75 feet high.

"We handle all the pension claims, and do business with every Government in the world," he informed us. "We distribute one hundred and sixty thousand dollars a-year, more money than you ever saw; fifteen thousand employees work here every day (the guide-book says two thousand and four hundred of them are women), of whom

one hundred and seventy-five are right good-looking."

Then he pointed to the innumerable cabinets, and told us that they were filled with applications for pensions, mostly from widows, and that many of those applications had lain there for, at least, twenty years. On my expressing sympathy for the widows who had to wait so long for something to live on, our friend replied that many of them were wealthy women, and that up to February 1901 you could be a millionaire and still receive a pension. He also said that many of the employees were old soldiers, and their wives and children.

It is well known that the charity of the American nation is, and has been, abused by more than one individual since the Pension Bureau came into being!

There are very few good horses to be seen in the streets of Washington, even in the height of the season; motors are quite taking their place. Many young ladies drive their own handy little electric motors, and are quite independent of a man-servant. Private motors are often stored in a public garage at a cost of twenty dollars a-month. The drivers of taxi-motors have to pay a water-tax of nine dollars a-year. One-horse cabs pay a tax of six dollars a-year. Oats are

now costing seventy-five cents—three shillings—a bushel ; shell-corn is a dollar a bushel, and ear-corn five dollars a barrel, while rye-straw is a dollar and a half for a hundred lbs. These facts help to explain the high prices charged for public conveyances.

Yours.....

TENTH LETTER.

WASHINGTON, *June 25th.*

DEAR S.....,—Since I last wrote to you we have been several times to the Senate Chamber, and have had the good luck to hear speeches from many of the leading Senators. The galleries on each occasion were filled with visitors, most of whom were women. I could not help wondering what would happen if our House of Lords were equally accessible to the general public.

“Your House of Lords,” replied an American friend to whom I expressed my thoughts, “is a creature of caste and of class distinction. If it were too much exposed to the eyes of the masses it would be deprived of the halo with which British snobbishness still surrounds it.”

“How can you call it a creature of caste,” I cried, “when you know that men who have distinguished themselves in every branch of knowledge are constantly being elected into it by the express will of the people?”

“What about your hereditary lords?” he exclaimed.

“They are no worse than your hereditary millionaires,” I retorted, “and they are far less dangerous to the liberties of the people. At any rate they are part and parcel of a venerable Constitution. No man has ever been born a lord by his own deliberate choice. If American writers really despised the accident of birth as much as they pretend to, they would not speak so bitterly about our hereditary lords.”

“Well, however that may be,” he replied, “England is in reality a far more democratic country than America.”

“You are right there,” put in Mr A——, who was one of our party; and then, turning to me, he said, “You English think that America owes her unparalleled prosperity to government by the majority, but as a matter of fact the majority has never for one moment had a finger in the pie. From the very beginning the reins of our government have been held tightly in the hands of a highly educated minority.”

“Yes; but that minority has always been re-elected by the people every four years,” I answered.

“No such thing,” replied Mr A——. “The framers of our Constitution distrusted nothing so much as majority rule. Not only did they make

the majority required for altering the Constitution so great that under the ordinary circumstances of life it cannot possibly be obtained, but they vested the real power in the nine judges of the Supreme Court, who are neither elected by the people nor removable by the people. No law can be enacted without their consent. Yes, there are worse things than a hereditary House of Lords!"

"You astonish me," I cried. "But how comes it that there is so much talk about the Sovereign People, if the people have so little power?"

"The masses have always enjoyed a great deal of power," he replied, "and a still greater amount of flattery, but they have all been so busy getting on in the world that they have failed to note where their supremacy ceases. The judges of our Supreme Court have always taken care, moreover, to let sleeping dogs lie: the average American citizen has ever been blissfully ignorant of their august power, and the judges have wisely avoided any action that might dispel that ignorance."

"I have read Mr Bryce's chapter on the Federal Judges," I answered; "it gives no hint of their autocratic powers coming into collision with the will of the Sovereign People."

"During the last few years a new power has arisen amongst us," he answered,— "a power which

looks as if it were going to overrule even the power of the majority in a very decided manner. I allude to the power of organised wealth."

"But that is just where your Federal judges can help you," I said. "They can back the people against your huge Trusts and Corporations."

"That is all very well," he replied, "but what guarantee have we that they will take the side of the people? The whole energy of American Socialism is just now being focussed upon the Supreme Court; it means to make a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together, to relieve it of its present powers."

"It is the same with us," I said. "The Socialist distrusts all who wield political power, except his own pet leader, who has him on a string."

"Socialism divides Americans into two classes," he went on, "taxpayers and non-taxpayers, and it takes for granted that the former class must always wish to crush the latter."

"Yes," continued Mr A——, "and it is never tired of telling the masses that all the corruption that has got into our political life is a necessary result of minority rule. Mr Roosevelt is constantly warning us that the rule of the mob may be every whit as oppressive as that of a single individual."

"It is remarkable," I observed, "that Socialists should be so eager to establish in other countries

the very thing they deprecate so strongly in Russia, —government by bureaucracy !”

“ It is because their minds fail to grasp the fact that what they are aiming at is just as much government by the few as that which they are trying to abolish,” said Mr A——.

“ And the few set up by Socialism will take good care to make their comfortable posts hereditary,” said Mr A——. “ Sons and nephews will step into the shoes of fathers and uncles, just as they have always done ; it is a less perceptible heredity that, but none the less certain.”

“ Another peculiarity of Socialism,” said another member of our party, “ is the way in which it puts the welfare of the city before that of the nation. As long as the city can get sufficient independence the nation may go to the dogs.”

“ But surely no American is blind to the fact that to have a prosperous city you must first have a prosperous nation,” I cried.

“ In many of our cities the non-taxpaying voters outnumber the taxpayers five to one,” answered Mr A——. “ Having nothing to lose, they see no call for patriotism in a country that, for the most part, is not even their birthplace. More than half of our population consists of immigrants who have come from Europe since the first quarter of the nineteenth century, or, I may say, since 1840.”

“I suppose the real Americans are too engrossed in money-making to have any spare time for Socialism?” said I.

“Just so,” replied Mr A——; “but now that Socialism has got such a footing amongst us, we are waking up to the danger that threatens the very businesses in which we are so engrossed. The disturbance and the uncertainty which is now undermining Britain’s commercial prosperity is the work of British Socialism, and we don’t want that sort of thing over here. A valuable book might be written on the differences between our present so-called majority rule and Socialism. So far the government of America has been based, as Ferrero put it, on the theoretical rule of the majority, but we have never yet been the victims of mob rule.”

Yours.....

ELEVENTH LETTER.

WASHINGTON, *June 27th.*

DEAR S.....,—I had no time to tell you about our hotel life in my former letters, so I will begin this one by telling you that we are staying at the biggest and newest hotel in the Capital City. Here we have a great deal of show and very little real comfort. In American hotels every bedroom is furnished with a telephone in connection with the office, and this takes the place of our old-fashioned bell; but the difference is, that whereas in Europe the bell brings a maid or a waiter to attend to your wants, here it happens, more often than not, that when you have shouted your requirements to the clerk in the office by telephone, you receive a sympathetic reply from that young man but nothing more. It is not his fault if there are no "helps" at hand to run with iced water or bath-towels. All he can do is to commiserate you. American hotels do not undertake to clean boots, and, however muddy yours may be from the previous day, you must put them on as they are, and

trust to Providence that you will meet with a shoe-black in the hall, or pass a "Shoe Shine Parlor" in the course of the day.

This hotel is exceptionally full for the time of year, but I am the only lady who has brought a maid. For her room and board I am charged four dollars a-day. The entrance-hall, passages, and dining-hall are on a magnificent scale. The hall, which has the dimensions of a concert-hall, is filled from early in the morning till midnight with portly commercial men eagerly discussing business matters. The hum of low but excited voices is not unlike that of a Stock Exchange. We have nothing like this in Europe; but Edward tells me I shall find it in all the large hotels in this country. It is a peculiarly American feature of the American hotel. The men here do not travel at all except for business; and the women, when they want to travel, cross the ocean; so it comes about that the hotels are fitted to the convenience of the typical American business man. There he sits, his eyes bright with the fever of speculation, his face oily with perspiration, and his straw hat pushed far back on his head. You see him there at nine in the morning, and you see him there at midnight,—always in the same badly fitting, loose grey or brown suit, for he has neither time nor thought to spare for evening dress. He joins his lady friends at dinner just as

he is, and their elaborate toilettes are apparently able to make up for all deficiencies on his part. To English eyes there is something very incongruous in the sight of a party of ladies and gentlemen composed of men in their office clothes, and women in the full splendour of gala attire; but that sight is an everyday one in America. On Sundays a similar vision presents itself: it is only the women who put on Sunday clothes; the men appear in church as if they had come straight from the office desk.

The American city is, first and foremost, a commercial centre, and Washington, the least commercial of all the cities in the United States, is no exception to this rule, and it is here that one has the best opportunity of studying the close connection that exists between commerce and politics.

For a generation, according to Dr Howe, Washington has known no political scandal; it is governed in an autocratic way, for, as I have already observed, its citizens are disfranchised. "Three commissioners, appointed by the President, perform the functions usually entrusted to the Mayor and the heads of city departments, while Congress itself is the Board of Aldermen." The wide, clear, and well-lighted streets are much quieter than those of New York, and there are no overhead railways; but the noise of the

motors goes on all night here as everywhere else, and there is a feeling of hustle in the air, even if one cannot see it. The new railway station, in all its foreshadowed magnificence, speaks in its dumb way of what this city is going to become. The "Union Depôt," as it is called, is far from its completion; when it is finished all the trains will come in underground. The President has a private entrance; he can get out of his carriage, and in ten steps be in his car. I am told that the various railway companies have contributed some five million dollars, and the Government three million, to the expenses of this station.

The heat continues to be intense. I see in the papers that the mortality of infants has been terrible: no less than seventy babies died of the heat in this city last week. The fashionable quarters are now quite deserted, and the season is over. The shops have narrow fronts, but on entering them you find that they go a long way back. We had afternoon tea at a confectioner's to-day; there were round fixed seats in rows in front of the counters, and as we sat down a young woman behind the counter asked whether we wanted "cookies or pie." We chose "pie," and found it to be a thoroughly German preparation,—a cake with fruit baked in it, not uneatable, but heavy and stoggy

One more word about the appearance of the men. I have not seen a beard since I arrived, except on the face of our own ambassador. The men shave every hair off chin and lip, but they wear their hair longer than we should consider correct, and it is generally parted in the middle.

Yours.....

TWELFTH LETTER.

BALTIMORE, *July 1st.*

DEAR S.....,—As we were leaving Washington my eye fell on a huge board in front of a site that was being prepared for the erection of another great public building, and I read the words, “On this site will be erected the building of the Southern Commercial Congress, for a greater nation, through a greater South.”

One of the most striking facts in America of to-day is the remarkable opening up of the Southern States to modern industry and commerce. I hear that there are already more openings for enterprising young men in the South than in the Middle West.

Baltimore is called the gateway of the South; it is an industrial gateway, and the more the South opens up the more commercially prosperous Baltimore is bound to become. It is already a great distributing centre for canned oysters and crabs, for men’s and women’s clothing, and for straw hats. But in Europe Balti-

more is known rather as an intellectual centre, and its Johns Hopkins Medical School can boast of celebrated names among its professors. We have just been to look at Sargent's picture, a portrait group of Professors Welsh, Kelly, Osler, and Halstead, all of whom are known to fame in the medical world,—men who have helped to make this Medical School rank first among all the medical schools of America. One of them, Professor Osler, now at Oxford, was, I believe, born in Canada.

It is only within the last three years that women have been admitted to the post-graduate department of the Johns Hopkins Medical School. The Women's College of Baltimore is denominational, and belongs to the Methodist Episcopal Church South; it has some five hundred students.

The Faculty of the Johns Hopkins School includes several women teachers. One of these, Miss Florence Sabin, who is still well under middle age, holds the post of Professor of Pathology; she has just been giving to the world the results of her original research in connection with the subject of the "Lymphatic Glands of the Embryonic Pig."

The cost of tuition here is the same as at Harvard. Dr Hollander, head of the School of Economics, has just gone to Europe for the summer vacation. We had an interesting talk

with one of his pupils, who informed us that Baltimore had the most complete list of Trade Union publications in the United States, and that this was attracting students of the subject from Harvard and other universities. In this country the German plan of dividing their years of study between several universities is constantly adopted by the students.

"I have been studying the economic position of the Jews in the New York slums and elsewhere," said our informant, "and I must confess they are a race that puzzles me. I cannot understand them."

"In what way do they puzzle you?" I asked.

"They are always moving up," he replied. "You see them at the lowest rung of the social ladder one year, but the next you find they have moved up a rung, and every time you look at them they are a little higher. Before long they have moved out of the slum into a better street, and then, almost before you can turn round, there they are, living in the best part of Baltimore in houses with stone fronts. The Jews are always moving upwards; they are never stationary."

"That is so," put in a gentleman from Washington who was one of our party. "No Jew is ever hopelessly poor; he has always got at least one dollar in his pocket and the prospect of more."

“America must owe a considerable portion of her commercial prosperity to her Jewish citizens,” said I. “I noticed that nine-tenths of the shops in New York Broadway bear the names of German Israelites.”

“According to an article in the ‘New York Herald’ which appeared the other day,” said Edward, “every sixth person in New York City is of Jewish extraction.”

“I am sorry the richer ones are giving up their Sabbath,” said the Baltimore student. “I saw the article you allude to; it also stated that 80 per cent of the Jews in New York have no church connection. There are restless spirits among them, who hope to reconstruct Judaism by abolishing the Sabbath and destroying the authority of Jewish traditions, but I foresee that such a movement will only lead to Agnosticism.”

Since the above conversation took place I have been looking into a book we picked up in Washington, called ‘The Russian Jew in the United States.’¹ It is a compilation of articles on the Jews in America, written by experts, and it contains interesting facts relating to the Spanish-Portuguese and the German, as well as the Russian Jewish elements. It states that practically every Russian Jew who emigrates to America is able to read, so that from the moment he lands in the

¹ Edited by Charles S. Bernheimer, Ph.D.: Philadelphia, 1905.

New World he is better equipped for the struggle for existence than the illiterate Italian or Sicilian emigrant. One writer goes so far as to say that all Jews naturally belong to the middle class, but that in Russia the Government tries to push them down. In America no one tries to push anyone else down, and here I think we have a clue to the mystery that so puzzled our friend the Baltimore student. An emigrant who is conscious that he belongs to the middle class will naturally be less satisfied with slum life than one who has never known anything better in the past. Moreover, the Jews emigrated, in the first place, to escape persecution, and not because they have failed to get on in the old country. Here, again, we see them from the start on quite a different footing from that of the other emigrants, and it naturally follows that "instead of rotting in the slum the Jews rise and pull it up after them."

Statistics show that the death-rate in the tenement districts of the great cities is highest among the Italians and lowest among the Jews. Physically the Jew in the United States is inferior to the Anglo-Saxon, but his stature gains an inch by emigration, for, while in Europe his average height is five feet four inches, in America it is five feet five. The muscular system of the Jew is almost always poorly developed, but in New York

he enjoys an unprecedented longevity, above all the other races.

Most of the slum tenement-houses are six or seven storeys high, and about twenty-five feet wide. Each floor has four sets of apartments, two containing four rooms each, and two three rooms. Owing to the narrowness and the height, the air-shaft cannot afford light to the rooms. Some of the older tenements have not got air-shafts, so the kitchens and bedrooms have no windows at all. The description given of these dwellings is harrowing. It is no wonder that the Jews should be in haste to move out of them.

Drunkenness is very rare among the poor Jews. "The Jew knows that it does not pay to drink." Their exceptional longevity is explained as a result of the survival of the fittest, and we are told that through centuries of persecution and suffering only the fittest have been able to remain Jews. The Jews, as a nation, suffer more from diabetes than from any other complaints. Their greater liability to nervous diseases is also put down to their past history. Consanguineous marriages are very frequent among them, but "modern medical science teaches that these marriages, among healthy people, *per se*, do not cause any disease or infirmity in the offspring." Their immunity from consumption is to their careful inspection of their meat. "They

supply a greater number of insane to the New York asylums than any other race."

The Jew has been for centuries a city dweller, and Jewish emigrants always make for the cities, as surely as the Scandinavians make for the wheat-fields of the north-west, and the Italians move forward in gangs in quest of itinerant labour.

There are farming settlements of Jews in New England and other parts of America, but so far they have not been very successful.

The Jews make good citizens; they adopt the United States as their country, and are ready to fight for her; they supply more than three times their quota of volunteers to the army. Two of the first sailors killed in the Spanish-American War were the sons of Jewish emigrants.

In the year 1900 Jewish emigrants were arriving from Europe at the rate of 45,000 annually. There were only two families in Chicago in 1841, but they came like a hurricane after the persecutions of 1882. To-day they are said to number more than 60,000.

There is a movement on foot for the artificial distribution of the Jews, but I cannot think it will be any more successful than the attempt that was made to ship the negroes back to Africa.

One million out of the total number of Jews in America are Russian Jews, and these are pre-eminently employed in the clothing trade. Al-

though the Jews of America have not yet done anything remarkable as agriculturists there has been nothing to prove that they may not in time become successful farmers; and there are many who look upon this possibility as "an essential fact as regards the proper adjustment of the social and economic position of the Jews in America."

Yours.....

THIRTEENTH LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, *July 3rd.*

DEAR S.....,—Here we are in the “City of Homes,” as Philadelphia is called, for the reason that a larger proportion of its population lives in separate dwellings than is the case in any other American city. Everywhere else the flat system predominates.

The wealthier suburbs are, for the most part, composed of handsome boulevards, lined with shady trees and supplied with street railways. On Sunday we made use of the electric-cars to explore some of these boulevards, and get a glimpse of the typical American homes with which they are lined on either side. Each house stands in its own grass plot, but no hedge or fence separates one grass plot from the next, or screens it from the view of the public on the boulevard; the grass comes directly in contact with the public footpath. Here we have a peculiarity that is essentially American, and not to be met with outside of America. Imagine an English garden

unprotected by hedge or fence for a single summer! We all know what would happen : before a month was out the edges of the lawn would be worn bare by the feet of the public, who would never dream of walking round a grass plot when a few steps could be spared by a short cut across it. Is it not strange that, in a country like America, where everybody is always in a much greater hurry, the unprotected grass plot is respected as if it were holy ground, and neither adults nor children ever dream of trespassing upon it, no matter how eager they may be to get to the other side of it. This reminds me of the astonishment of a French lady visiting London for the first time, when she discovered that we kept the gardens of our squares locked : "Why must they be locked up?" she asked.

Of course the absence of hedges and fences detracts greatly from the privacy of the individual home and of family life in general, for, though the family does not live in the garden during the long American summer, it lives on the wide, covered balcony with which every home is provided, and as this balcony, or "porch" as it is termed, is only separated from the public thoroughfare by a few yards of grass, every member of the family is in full view of the passers-by, and from the electric-cars as they passed smoothly along we were able to discern all the persons in each family group, and

could see how they chose to occupy themselves on a hot Sunday afternoon. We were able to judge of their good looks, and of their taste in dress, and even of the class of friends who visited them, and many other points entirely hidden from the public eye in English homes of the middle and upper classes. Most of the chairs in every "porch" were on rockers, and five out of every group of six persons were rocking themselves as we passed. When we passed up the street they were rocking, and when we returned an hour later they were still rocking, possibly from restlessness of spirit, or perhaps to keep off troublesome flies. Here again we have something that is typically American. Even when resting these people are in motion. I have noticed that when a gentleman calls on a lady, no matter whether the interview takes place on her own private balcony or in the reception-room of a hotel, she invariably rocks herself backwards and forwards during the entire conversation. You can even judge of the state of her mind by the calmness or the agitation of her rocking. Even the waiting-rooms at the large railway stations are supplied with rockers. In Russia, where the distances are as long and the waiting-rooms as large as they are in America, the angel of sleep seems to hover over every waiting traveller, and they sit motionless for hours, but in America people prefer to rock away the weary moments of

delay. Personally, the Russian plan suits me best, for I like to read while waiting for a train, and the continual rocking all around me is very disturbing. But to return to the balconies, I have noticed that in some cases two chairs are fixed, facing each other, on one pair of rockers, intended, I suppose, to facilitate *tête-à-tête* conversations by allowing a kind of gentle see-saw.

I may say that in almost every "porch" that Sunday afternoon at least one member of the family group was employed in lazily turning the pages of some illustrated magazine; but what struck me as very remarkable was, that never once did I see a person with a book. "Americans do not like to be seen reading in public," said a lady to whom I mentioned this fact; and I think her explanation must have been a correct one, for never even in a street car or in the reception-room of a hotel have I seen anybody with a book in his hand. But just try to imagine English people having to think about how they occupied themselves in their own homes on a Sunday afternoon, lest their actions might appear bad form in the eyes of the passing public!

Another result of this publicity of family life is that the American women are more free from self-consciousness than those of any other civilised nation. Sitting hatless under the public

gaze in their own homes trains them to bear the blaze of publicity before the footlights, in the drawing-room, and on the platform. It is well known that the average American girl is much more ready to speak from the platform than is the average English or German girl. Nevertheless there are some Americans who are inclined to envy the English the quiet seclusion and privacy of their home life. "We are not good resters," said one of them to me; "but we are getting more so, and by degrees we are going to copy you English people, and put hedges round our homes. We are getting sick of our publicity, and want to cultivate your English retiring sense."

Some of the prettiest homes are in the suburb called German Town. There we saw artistically built villas embowered in green foliage. These are occupied by well-to-do people, who pass the hottest summer weather very agreeably in these cool retreats. The schools broke up on June 29th, and those who have not got villas are gone to the seashore or the mountains. Atlantic City, only an hour and a half by train from here, is a favourite resort for Philadelphian families. Many of them take houses there for the summer, and the men come in to business every day.

In spite of the brilliancy of the sun outside,

the interior of the principal Episcopal church, which we attended on Sunday morning, struck me as being somewhat gloomy. This was possibly the effect of the dark chocolate colour of the walls and decorations. There were galleries on either side, and over the altar there was a dome with a glass top. The windows were filled with stained glass. I don't know what it is about the churches of America, but they all give one more the impression of being buildings for social gatherings, rather than consecrated places of worship. The choir was composed of hatless young ladies, with black velvet bows surmounting their highly dressed hair, and white surplices. After they had filed in and sung an anthem, the preacher rose in the pulpit and preached a sermon without any preface of prayer or Scripture. The epistle was not read till after the sermon. Then followed an ordination service, at which a number of candidates received ordination: one of these was a negro. As each candidate came forward his relations in the body of the church, or in the galleries, rose to their feet, and remained standing till the ceremony was completed, and the candidate had received his stole from the hands of the Arch-deacon. In his sermon, which was on the words, "Wherever ye go, preach," the Arch-deacon spoke of some articles he had recently

been reading in 'The Outlook,' in which it had been urged that the preachers of the day failed to hold the attention of their congregations because they did not touch on Socialism in their sermons. "But we must remember," he went on, "that the sermon of every true pastor contains a message for his flock, and it is for that message that the congregation should listen, not for brilliant remarks on the questions of the day, or for talent, or style, or the want of these, in the preacher."

* * * * *

This morning we went over the new Wanamaker Store, which, when completed, will be the largest retail shop in the world. It is 250 feet 6 inches wide, and 180 feet long, whilst its height from the side-walk is 247 feet. There are forty-five acres of floor space, with twelve storeys above ground, and three below the street level. Its corner-stone was laid on June 12th by its proprietor, with great ceremony, in the presence of a huge concourse of spectators.

In England we lay a foundation-stone when a building is commenced; our more practical American cousins prefer to lay a corner-stone when the edifice is almost completed.

Seeing that America is, before everything else, a commercial country, it is not surprising

that visitors from the Old World should find much to admire and wonder at in these gigantic businesses, beside which the shops of Europe appear absolutely Liliputian. They are among the new wonders of the world, for, twenty years ago not one of them was in existence, except as a comfortable go-ahead shop, attracting no particular notice.

Wanamaker began business by opening a modest little store in this very city in 1861: to-day his two establishments—here and in New York—find work and wages for more than ten thousand employees; and the papers, commenting on the stone-laying, tell us that it was an occasion which marked the crowning epoch in one man's life, and that "the achievement has placed another star of hope in the firmament of every American boy's ambition." We are also informed that Mr Wanamaker has distributed through his retail stores more than half a billion dollars' worth of merchandise since he first began business half a century ago. In addition to being the new home of business, the new building will be the home of the "American University of Trade and Applied Commerce," which is an integral part of the Wanamaker organisation. The Wanamakers are not friends of mine, nor have I ever come in contact with them, even as a customer, so it is

as an unbiassed stranger that I speak of them and their achievements. What they have done, and are doing, fills me not only with wonder, but with unfeigned admiration.

“What are the chief sights of Philadelphia?” I inquired of the proprietor of our hotel the day after our arrival, and one of the first sights I heard about was the new Wanamaker Store.

“Everything you get there you get at a bargain,” continued my informant. “That is the secret of Wanamaker’s colossal success. He only sells goods that people won’t bring back.”

After we had explored the ground-floor departments we went up in a lift to visit the cold storage, on the twelfth storey. All the lifts were worked by negroes, who cried out, like our railway porters, not the name of towns, but the class of goods to be found on each respective floor. For instance, when we passed the eighth floor, our dark-skinned conductor shouted in stentorian tones, “Eighth floor! dolls! corsets! waists! cottons!” and so on.

On the top floor we actually saw a boy carrying messages on a bicycle. At the entrance to the fur vault we were asked to sign our names in a visitors’ book, and while doing so my eye caught, among the names of earlier visitors, those of Buffalo Bill; Red Bird; and Spotted Calf, the last two evidently those of

Indians. A paper now put into my hand informed me that I had come to "a little section of the Arctic zone, created right here on the top floor of this big building."

Further on I read: "The cold storage contains 161,000 cubic feet of storage room. The 24-inch walls are composed of cork and fire-proof material, which shut out completely any warmth from the outside air. The series of doors through which one enters the vault are built on refrigerator principles. Not one atom of wood is used in floors, walls, or ceilings: concrete and steel are the only materials. Floors of the upper tiers of the vault are composed of open iron grating, such as are used in the engine-room of an ocean liner. Here there is accommodation for storing eight thousand sets of furs. The apparatus for cooling is a powerful ice machine, situated in a power-house plant outside the building, which produces in cold the equivalent of one hundred tons of ice daily. Here the salt is cooled to a zero temperature, thence passing to the cold-pipe room on the twelfth floor, where it is pumped through a coil of a thousand feet of iron pipe, while a powerful blower propels a steady current of air over it. The extreme cold freezes all the dampness out of the air, which then enters the cold-storage vaults through openings in the roof, circulates slowly through the

whole room, and is drawn off by outlets on the floor of the vault; then to the cold-pipe chamber to make the journey over again. The temperature maintained in the vault is fifteen to twenty degrees above zero. No moth can hatch in this temperature. Fifteen thousand visitors came to see this fur vault last year."

Waggon's are sent out to collect the customers' furs within a radius of a hundred miles of the city, and no charge is made for collecting. The charge for storage for the season is 1 per cent of the value of the particular fur. The season is from April to December, and by January 1st there is not a fur left in the vault. For the more valuable furs, such as Russian sables and sealskin, $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the value is charged, and this includes insurance and cleaning. A tag is sewn on to each piece of fur as it is brought in, and on this is written the name and address of the owner, and a description of the state of the fur when brought in. Four furriers are kept on the premises to clean the furs on their arrival. Before entering the vault we wrapped ourselves in the long fur coats provided for visitors; but even when we were thus protected, it seemed somewhat risky to plunge all at once from the melting heat of July into that icy region.

Before leaving the store we gathered some

interesting particulars relating to the treatment of employees. The cash boys are expected to attend school daily from 7.30 A.M. till 10 A.M. In time they graduate to the post of cadets, where they have to keep stock and to sell goods. The cadets have a brass band, whose members wear a special uniform, and in July they have a field day devoted to athletic sports.

Philadelphia's municipal building—the City Hall—is the third largest building in the world. In memory of the fact that Philadelphia was originally a Quaker city, a statue of William Penn surmounts it like a pinnacle, which reaches to a height of 537 feet. This edifice, of such unnecessary proportions, is looked upon generally as the biggest monument to municipal corruption in America.

The value of the land on which Philadelphia is built has increased enormously during the last few years, and its lucky owners are rapidly becoming millionaires without any effort on their part. Already the value of the naked land involves an annual ground-rent charge of 5 per cent of 44,000,000 dollars a-year, or, as Howe puts it, an annual burden of over 200 dollars upon every family of five in the city. It is this growth in land values that creates the landless citizen as well as the millionaire.

Among the other sights of Philadelphia there are the Liberty Bell, the first to proclaim America's independence; the William Penn House in Fairmount Park; and General Grant's Log Cabin in the same park.

FOURTEENTH LETTER.

CHICAGO, *July 4th.*

DEAR S....., — In Philadelphia we paid a visit to the birthplace of “Our Nation’s Flag,” as the Americans call their flag with the Stars and Stripes. The house, and the very room in which the first flag was made, are still there; and, since the year 1898, they have been set apart as a national monument. The first American flag, “Old Glory,” was made in that little house, by Betsy Ross, in the year 1776. We are told that “the Committee, Robert Morris and George Ross, accompanied by George Washington, called upon Betsy, and, laying their heads together, the four of them produced America’s “Emblem of Liberty.” The red represents “Courage”; the white, “Truth”; and the blue, “Loyalty.”

In those days the United States were only thirteen in number, and only thirteen stars appeared on the flag; but to-day there are forty-eight States in the Union, and forty-eight stars

on the National Emblem. The Americans did not invent the stars and stripes; they borrowed the idea from the flag of the province of Redingen in Luxemburg, if we may credit the testimony of Dr B. J. Cigrand, who tells us that he discovered a flag that is almost a *facsimile* of the present American flag, floating on the walls of an old feudal castle in Redingen, when he was touring there more than nine years ago. The same authority declares that there is no foundation whatever for the widespread belief that America's starry banner got its device from the coat-of-arms of General Washington. He attributes the origin of this belief to an ingenious suggestion made by Martin Tupper, and adds that this erroneous supposition was publicly expressed for the first time in the year 1851 at a dinner in Baltimore. It is not for me to question the truth of this statement, but I am astonished that in his long and interesting article on the subject, in a Chicago paper, Dr Cigrand makes no reference to the fact that the stars and stripes were the arms of the English family of Washington in the time of Elizabeth. It is true that their stars and stripes were larger and fewer, but there they are, on the tombs of the Washington family in the little church of Adwick-le-Street, not far from Sheffield; and if this is nothing more

than a coincidence, it is, at any rate, a very remarkable one.¹

While I have been writing the above, infernal noises have continually broken the silence in the streets around this hotel, and boys have been busy letting off squibs and crackers in every direction in honour of the Fourth of July, the day of America's Declaration of Independence.

A French traveller, who, like every other visitor to America in the last decade, was bored to death by the unceasing flaunt of the American flag, spoke bitingly of "America's irritating patriotism." What would he have said if he had found himself in Chicago on the Fourth of July?

In front of every street car there waves a flag, and at the back another is visible; as for the motors, they seldom exhibit less than six flags a-piece. Every person you meet in the street has a flag upon his or her breast; flags are sported as flowers in button-holes, and they float as a substitute for flowers over the graves of the departed. When we consider the matter calmly, it is not difficult to trace this irritating form of patriotism to its true cause. It is an absolutely necessary phenomenon, a necessary accompaniment to the process of assimilation that is going

¹ See 'Antiquities of the Sheffield and Rotherham District.' By E. Armitage. 1897.

on so steadily in every part of this country. Of the thousands and thousands that are streaming to these shores and being absorbed into the American nation, every individual has got to be turned as quickly as possible into a patriotic American citizen. Some emblem of his new country, and reminder of his new duties, has got to be constantly before his eyes, to lead his thoughts from the old world, and from the old life that lies behind him, to the bright future opening before him in this land of opportunity. The American flag has a special work cut out for it—a peculiar work that no other flag has ever been called upon to perform, and for which history offers no parallel. Her flag is America's King.

Until a few years ago America was satisfied to look upon herself as a nation; she is now beginning to call herself an empire. Socialism, democracy, and imperialism are now the three great contending forces in the country. But above and beyond all three, there waves the star-spangled banner, and if this emblem spells one word more clearly than any other, that word is UNITY.

Noises in the street have again drawn me to the window. Crackers under the feet of the passers-by are crackling and exploding. Some of them go on exploding, like guns in a battle, for several minutes. I wonder people are not afraid to walk in the streets.

As the Fourth fell on a Sunday, the country has made two days of it, and "The Nation's Birthday" was celebrated chiefly on Monday, the fifth. I was glad to see in this morning's paper the announcement, "None dead and few hurt," but for all that half the boys I meet in the streets have an ear, or an eye, or some other part of their body, swathed in cotton-wool. Other cities were not so immune as Chicago, and the sum-total of deaths from fireworks outside Chicago was nineteen; and twelve of these were cases of tetanus. "Nineteen dead in two days of merry-making. Such was the toll at midnight," said a Chicago paper; and in another part of the same paper I read: "44 persons killed; 2361 injured; and fire loss, of 724,515 dollars, marks the passing of the Fourth in the United States."

Patriotic sermons were preached from all the Chicago pulpits on Sunday, and the central point of each discourse was, "Our Flag."

Yours.....

FIFTEENTH LETTER.

CHICAGO, *July 10th.*

DEAR S.....,—Chicago is the centre of the second largest industrial district in the United States. The area of greater Chicago is five hundred square miles, and its products of a year are valued at 970,974,250 dollars, according to a report just published by the Census Bureau at Washington.

I have already mentioned that this city contains a population of more than sixty thousand Jews; they are not all confined to one particular quarter, but are settled in four colonies at the four corners of the city. They are not only tradesmen; many are bricklayers, carpenters, painters, and house-decorators. They care for their own poor, and there are no paupers among them.

This is such a huge city, and it has grown so quickly, that a great many of its streets are still unpaved. I hear that a hundred miles of streets

were paved last year. A movement is on foot for beautifying Chicago, and enormous sums of money are about to be spent in "making the nation know and appreciate Chicago." Firstly, the Lake Front is to be improved; secondly, a magnificent system of highways is to encircle the city; thirdly, the parks are to be improved and added to.

The future of Chicago is worth our consideration. It has been prophesied that Chicago and St Louis will eventually do for the central regions of America what New York is now doing for the eastern seaboard. According to Dr Howe, Chicago and St Louis will be the jobbing centres for the country, and in a sense, for the entire world. The opening of the Panama Canal will place them in close and cheap trade connection with South America and the Orient. "Already far-sighted business men are discussing deep waterway connections with the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic seaboard, through the Mississippi, the St Lawrence river, or the Erie Canal. The west will depend no longer on railways for an outlet to the sea, and the wealth of the prairies will reach its markets by water, the cheapest of all means of transport." "At no distant day," continues Howe, "Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, will be seaboard towns, and the opening of deep waterways to the sea is an insignificant engineer-

ing achievement in comparison with what has already been done."

In 1909 Chicago had a total population of 2,250,000 persons, which is increasing at the rate of 75,000 annually. The present length of the city is 26 miles, its greatest width is 14½ miles, and its total area 19,063 square miles. Its three parks enclose more than three thousand acres, and with the 48 miles of boulevards form a complete belt round the city. There are upwards of a hundred banks, with daily clearings amounting to nearly 35,000,000 dollars. One of the largest shops employs regularly seven thousand five hundred people, and ten thousand during the busiest seasons. The longest street, Western Avenue, has a length of 22 miles.

Chicago produces manufactured goods to the value of nearly 1,000,000,000 dollars annually, and several of her manufacturing companies employ more than thirteen thousand men apiece; and there are numerous wholesale firms whose annual business amounts to more than 25,000,000 dollars.

The busiest section of the city is known as "The Loop," and round it more than two thousand trains pass daily. It is here that we find the towering sky - scrapers and gigantic business houses, and here that the 20-foot side-walks are literally packed during shopping hours with a solid mass of humanity.

As recently as the year 1816 there was nothing but a small fort to mark the spot where this great city now stands. From 1816 to 1830 only fifteen log-cabins were added, and the population remained below one hundred. Chicago's first post-office was opened in 1831, the mail being carried from Detroit twice a-week on horseback. The first church (Baptist) was not erected till the autumn of 1833; it was of wood, with two storeys. Wolves were plentiful in the vicinity as late as 1834, and one was killed in Dearborn Street that year.

Chicago's first daily newspaper, 'The American,' appeared in 1839. The commercial interests of this extraordinary city are jealously guarded by an organisation known as "The Chicago Association of Commerce." "This body," says the interesting guide from which I have taken the above figures, "representative in the highest degree of every phase of commercial, industrial, and professional life in Chicago, is, perhaps, the world's largest organisation of its kind and purpose. . . . It exercises a conservative influence in times of business crises. It is making Chicago unique as the world's convention city. It promotes Chicago's industrial development throughout a zone far beyond city limits, by a study of conditions and judicious solicitation of new industries to establish themselves in the Great Central

Market. It sends delegations into near and remote States, to encourage the growth of friendly sentiment towards this typical American city—a centre of railroads, trade, manufacture, education, and fifty nationalities, working out a wonderful destiny.”

With regard to the cosmopolitanism of Chicago, I cannot refrain from quoting another extract from the same authority: “First honours in cosmopolitanism have been awarded to the western metropolis on the score of there being fourteen languages besides English spoken here by permanent colonies of more than ten thousand persons each, and in all some forty different tongues. . . . The cosmopolitanism of Cairo and Constantinople is defined as transient, and that of Chicago as enduring.” And our informant adds: “The linguistic situation which obtains in Chicago has been called ‘an unparalleled babel of foreign tongues.’” There are newspapers in ten languages, and church services in about twenty.

“Chicago,” we are told, “is the second largest Bohemian city in the world, the third Swedish, and also Norwegian; the fourth Polish, and the fifth German. . . . They are really little cities within the metropolis.” Each clings to its own language, customs, and, in part, governs itself. The rulers of America, and all true Americans of the original Anglo-Saxon stock, are bringing every possible influence in favour of civilisation

to bear upon these emigrant hordes, to turn them, and above all their children, into patriotic and English-speaking citizens of the American Republic. It has been found that, for the most part, the children of the emigrants grow up speaking English fluently, while the grandchildren are found to speak nothing but English. It must also be borne in mind that the mass of these emigrants are from the lowest strata of European society, who, even if able to read when they arrived, could neither write nor speak their mother tongue with sufficient correctness to teach it, or pass it on to their children. The only exception to this rule is furnished by the Jews, who, as we have seen, belonged to a higher class of society in the old world.

People from every corner of Europe are here being thrown together, fraternising, intermarrying, and forming a great new people. Out of this great seething mass there is a constant production of men of energy and capability. Rising to the surface with almost incredible rapidity the choicer spirits become well-to-do citizens, and, in many cases, millionaires, whose daughters are eagerly sought in marriage by the impecunious nobility of the old world. The newly-arrived emigrants herd closely together, drawn by community of language and customs, but their children are thrown with the children of other nationalities

first in the school, and then in the whirl of city life, and the struggle for existence.

One of the most interesting settlements we visited was composed of Lithuanians. They were very poor; and their streets of tiny wooden houses looked not unlike rows of hen-coops. I longed to enter one of them, and see how it could possibly be adapted to the housing of the smallest family; but when I suggested this to the American gentleman who accompanied us, a look almost of horror came over his face, and he quickly exclaimed that courage would utterly fail him at the very thought of penetrating, uninvited, into the poorest American home. It seems that though in the old country the Lithuanian, the Russian, or the German peasant would willingly have opened his door to a friendly stranger of a rank above his own, and have felt flattered by a kindly interest shown in his home and his children, all this is changed the moment he reaches America, the land of Equality; and henceforth he receives with suspicion and dislike every sign of friendliness shown him by a stranger.

“I cannot show you the interiors of the homes,” continued our friend, “but I can take you to see the adjoining social settlement, with its playground where the children of many races pass their leisure hours.” Accordingly we soon entered a well-kept park, in the centre of which was a neat

building which served as a club-house for the poor of the surrounding neighbourhood. Here cheap and nicely-cooked meals could be obtained at the very lowest prices ; here we found a gymnasium for boys, and a garden supplied with swings and horizontal bars. In the centre was an inviting swimming-pool, with diving-boards and everything complete. But what interested me most was a small garden set apart for children under ten years of age, and supplied with a wading - pool, surrounded by a bathing beach ; where the smallest toddlers could wade and splash throughout the hot summer's day in perfect contentment and safety, or build castles on the artificial seashore, while their mothers sat sewing in the shade of the bathing cabins. Of all the novel sights that have met my eye in the New World none gave me more real pleasure than the sight of this children's elysium. Here the baby Lithuanian, the baby German, and the baby Italian waded and gambolled together in the limpid water, while their respective mothers fraternised upon the shore. "This," said my friend, "is one of the processes by which we turn the children of our emigrants into American citizens. This is the way we are bringing healthy play and recreation into the very heart of our slum districts. Here we have provided for the happiness not only of growing boys and girls, but

also for that of men and women, and of children of the tenderest age. No one is forgotten. In summer we have the swimming- and bathing-pools, and tennis and music on the lawns; while in winter, these parks, which have purposely been depressed some feet lower than the surrounding streets, are flooded for skating; the gymnasiums are for physical culture; in addition, we have assembly, reading, and game rooms."

There are nine of these "playgrounds" in the southern division of the city, and new ones are being added. Boston started the experiment a few years ago, and Chicago was the first city to follow suit. This is the way in which all the great cities are now "breaking into the blackness of the slum," as Howe has expressed it, "and organising the work, play, and energy of the masses. Already the results of these agencies may be measured. Order and self-respect have supplanted disorder and neglect. The gang is being superseded by the club; and organised social interests are substituted for the irregular life of the street and the public-house. Through these agencies the child who heretofore knew no touch but that of the policeman's club, and felt organised society only in the cell of the police station, is gaining a sense of self-respect and a hope for better things. We are finding that vice and crime do not propagate themselves so rapidly in compe-

tition with these things, and that with every opportunity offered there is a greedy desire for a better life."

We next visited a University Settlement, planted right in the midst of the Polish and Lithuanian quarters. Here all manner of classes and lectures are held during the long winter months, and here the emigrant parents can come and receive instruction in the English language. There are also parochial schools belonging to the Greek and to the Roman Catholic Churches, respectively, and those emigrants who prefer it are quite at liberty to send their children to them.

Not the least noteworthy fact in connection with the Small Park and the "Playground" system is the remarkable rapidity with which the scheme has developed. No city in the world has equalled the achievements of Chicago in this respect. In 1900 there was not a single bathing beach or public playground. To-day the city has sixty-three of them.

Chicago adopted a custom of the Eastern world when she recently inaugurated a system of public bathing establishments. There are now fourteen "public bath houses," and their number is being quickly increased. They are named after prominent men of the city, and are open to the use of every citizen, free of charge. They are largely

patronised by working people who have no baths at home; and have been found to be valuable aids in the maintenance of the average health of the population.

Chicago, although she is "the newest large city" in the United States, already ranks next to New York as a banking centre, and her financial importance is steadily increasing. In the last decade alone she has managed to outstrip many of the older cities, and it is not without reason that many of her citizens already look forward to the day when she will become the largest, the richest, and the most important city of the American Republic.

Chicago is called "The Windy City," and the appellation has a double significance. Firstly, it has reference to her breezy position on the shore of Lake Michigan; and, secondly, it contains an allusion to the "breezy Westerners" who throng her streets. People say that there is something in the air or climate of Chicago that makes everybody live a life of almost feverish activity, and that even the most sluggish individuals are induced by some unspeakable influence to throw exceptional energy into whatever they undertake. At first I was rather tempted to wish that it were my own lot to live in a city that had so inspiring an effect upon its citizens, but I soon learned that this intoxicating exhilaration becomes,

in the long-run, exhausting to the individual, and that, in thousands of cases, a few years of work under its influence have been followed by a sudden and terrible collapse, not only of health, but, what is more serious, of brain-power. I discovered that the innumerable sanatoria in the neighbouring health-resorts situated on the shores of Lake Michigan are filled to overflowing with men and women who have thus broken down, and become victims to the worst forms of America's particular complaint—nervous prostration; and in thousands of cases to insanity. It is the Jewish population which, here as in New York, supplies the largest number of inmates to the lunatic asylums. The Jews are the last race to require this external stimulant to their intellectual and commercial activities, and the first to become exhausted by it. Those on whom it is said to have a truly beneficial effect are Anglo-Saxons newly arrived from the old country; it brings out of the average Englishman an energy which he previously lacked; and where it has the effect of alcohol on the American-born citizen, it proves a salutary tonic to his more phlegmatic English cousin.

Yours.....

SIXTEENTH LETTER.

CHICAGO, *July 13th.*

DEAR S....., — The crush of human beings on the side-walks of this city from morning to night is indescribable. "Give us more room on the down-town side-walks" is the cry on every side. It has just been suggested that the only way to solve the pedestrian problem will be to put another storey on top of the existing side-walks, and so ease the congestion. Fifteen or twenty storeys more on top of the old-fashioned Chicago business blocks has for years been too commonplace to attract any notice, but another storey on the side-walks of State Street would "bring thousands of down-town shoppers up standing," and the whole thing can be done "as easily as falling off it without a hand-rail."

Underneath many of the great business houses, rising twenty storeys high, there are five and six underground storeys, one below the other. A local paper says that for years traction experts have been delving into the problem of digging out a

second-storey street under the down-town district. At present the inter-section of State Street and Madison Street, in the middle of the Loup district, is famous as the most crowded street-crossing in the city. "The streams of pedestrians and vehicles pass this corner in constant and almost solid masses."

The first sky-scraper ever erected was built in Chicago by a Chicago architect. It is the "Home Insurance Building," designed by a man of the name of Jenney, who became the inventor of modern steel construction. The framework, as far as the sixth storey, is entirely of cast-iron columns and rolled-iron beams, and above the sixth storey it is of steel. The first steel beams rolled in America, by the Carnegie Steel Co., were used in erecting the upper storeys of this structure. It was begun on May 1, 1884. The erection of this building marked the beginning of a revolution in the building industry of the world. To-day Mr Jenney's name is famed as that of the pioneer of the movement, and the term "Chicago Construction" is everywhere standard in its application.

Old residents tell me that a considerable part of Chicago is built on quicksand, and that many a house of fifteen and sixteen storeys is supported on a jack, which occasionally gets a little twisted under the weight, with the result that the build-

ings themselves often become crooked. However this may be, Chicago is determined not to be beaten by New York in the height of her skyscrapers, and I saw workmen laying the foundations of a new building that is destined to have fifty-two storeys. At present New York takes the lead with the building of an Insurance Company, rising to a height of six hundred and ninety-five feet, with forty-eight storeys of available space; its tower has yet to be completed. New York's next sky-scraper, as regards height, rises six hundred and twelve feet, and has forty-two storeys. These two buildings are purely and simply a form of advertisement: their rooms and storeys are let for offices at the rate of three to four dollars a square foot for a year. There are five, or ten, partition walls on each floor. The incoming tenant hires so many units, and the partitions are then so placed as to suit his requirements.

In Chicago, as in New York, there is no cessation of traffic day or night; in the neighbourhood of the Post-Office I have been kept awake all night by the never-ceasing noise and hum of electric trolleys, elevated railroad, and private motors. It is not surprising that Chicago millionaires should like to come and rest in our quiet and reposeful little London!

Chicago derives much of her importance from

the fact of her being the grain centre of the Middle West; other western cities are rising rapidly, but Chicago has got the start of them all, and she means to keep it. She sees a future of unprecedented prosperity before her, and her ambition is intense. She means to become, not only the London, but also the Paris of the New World. The schemes now in hand for the beautifying of the city are being entered into with a view to making this most favourably located city of the American continent a magnet that shall draw irresistibly, not only the money-makers, but also the money-spenders, of the entire world.

At present Europe is inclined to associate the name of Chicago more with the turning of pigs into sausages than with the higher pleasures that money can buy. The chief sight that the visitor has to see in Chicago is still, as it was forty years ago, the live-stock market and the huge meat-packing factories which supply tinned meats to practically the whole of the civilised world. It is from Chicago that the tinned foods, which form so large a part of the rations of the British Army, are chiefly supplied.

The district devoted to this industry is known as Packingtown, and alongside of it are the Stock-yards, filled daily with cattle for sale. Packingtown covers an area of some two hundred acres, and contains upwards of forty meat-packing

factories. They are under the immediate supervision of the United States Department of Agriculture. "The farmer ships his live-stock to Chicago, consigned to a commission merchant at the Union Stockyards, who offers it for sale to the highest bidder. Two hundred and fifty buyers, representing various packers, local slaughterers, and exporters are always busy here. All buying has to be finished and paid for by three o'clock each day, in cash. One million dollars changes hands here every working day of the year for live-stock alone."

This huge meat-packing industry of Chicago should have a fascinating interest for English people, for not only is the health of the British Army dependent on it, but that of a very large part of the population of Great Britain as well. I see in the most recently published report of one of the packing companies that it alone exports to "this tight little island" meat food to the value of twenty thousand dollars. Great Britain is the biggest market in Europe for American food-stuffs. The company I allude to has forty branch houses in various cities throughout the United Kingdom. They sell beef, mutton, pork, provisions, and produce, all of which are imported direct. So much for Free Trade!

An article published in a Chicago paper on February 26, 1909, stated that American exports

of dressed beef to the United Kingdom had materially decreased in the year 1908, and attributed this to England's having suddenly chosen to favour tinned meats from Canada. The article concludes with these words: "Falling export trade means much to American cattle growers, and every little factor tending to strengthen our trade with foreign countries must be thoroughly appreciated. . . . It is upon the strength of the foreign demand for our surplus that the prosperity of the market at home largely depends."

The factories of the company whose plant we visited cover forty-nine acres, and, including those in other cities, it has twenty-six thousand employees. This is one of the six great packing houses; it has in its business a capital of fifty million dollars; it mails annually more than four million letters, and sends over a million telegrams. The directors' salary was raised this year to twenty thousand dollars.

We had made up our mind before coming to Chicago that we would use every effort to get to the bottom of the Beef Trust scare that has recently taken so great a hold on the minds of the British public. It was in pursuance of this object that we presented ourselves unexpectedly, and unaccompanied, at the head office of Messrs X. & Co., as I shall call the firm in question, and politely requested that we might be allowed to

see something of the business, and be initiated into the mysteries of its organisation and methods. Our request was at once acceded to, and Messrs X. & Co. immediately placed three of their leading men at our disposal, these gentlemen receiving instructions to show us every department that we might wish to inspect, and answer all questions that we might wish to ask.

We had reached our destination by a short journey on the elevated railroad, and from the train windows we had seen that we were passing through, or rather over, a great sea of square cattle-pens that appeared to cover the ground for miles on either side of us. This remarkable spectacle alone was worth a visit to Chicago. "We can take care of forty thousand head of bullocks in a day," said a man engaged in the business, and the sight that met our eyes helped to confirm the statement.

"Packing Avenue!" cried the conductor, as the train drew up at the station, and a number of passengers alighted. Then on we went again, till we came to a station bearing the name of one of the great firms. This station was followed by several others also named after firms, and then we stopped at one bearing the name of "X. & Co.," and here we got out.

"You have come to learn the secrets of a huge Beef Trust that manages to control the price of

meat in your London markets," remarked a representative whom I will call Mr Smith, "but let me tell you at once that no such thing as a Beef Trust is to be found in America. You saw the cattle in the pens as the train brought you here. The Packers are not a combine; we are all rivals against one another, and the live-stock sent in daily by the farmers is regularly sold to the highest bidder. A proof that we have no control over the price of the animals is that the prices are now rising. If there was collusion they would not rise. The term Beef Trust is a popular fallacy. During the last decade it has become the fashion to look upon every big and successful business that employs five thousand men as a Trust—as a monster—that is sucking the life-blood of the poor. You may take it as demonstrated fact that the Packers have no control whatever over the price of meat, either in America or in Europe. The business is of a nature that does not admit of monopoly. As for our business with Great Britain, it has shrunk 50 per cent during the last twelve months (1908-9), and very soon you will get the bulk of your meat from the Argentine, Australia, and Canada. We are not troubled at all by this outlook, because we have more than we can do to meet the requirements of the rapidly-growing population of this country."

"That is well," I put in, "because the adop-

tion of Tariff Reform by our next Government may somewhat handicap the introducers of American meat into the British Isles."

"We won't enter into that," replied my informant, smiling. "The fact to remember is, that our own production of live-stock is not keeping up with the increase of our population, and that America can do with all the meat we pack.¹ With regard to the popular conception that the Packer looks to beef for his profit, let me tell you that it is quite erroneous. Our success depends neither on the price of cattle nor on the price of meat, but on our efficiency as Packers. The prices are automatic. The Packer is merely an agent, who depends on his efficiency for his life. Nothing a Packer does to the meat can enhance its value; the less we do to it the better. The minute we began to make profit on the beef we should start competition in every part of the country."

"I am told that you have ruined the little butcher," said I.

"We have done no such thing," he replied. "We sell him his animal cheaper than he can kill it. And we are able to do that because we can make money out of the parts that he would throw away. We have a commercial use for

¹ This looks like a contradiction of the statement in the Chicago paper: see p. 117.

the hair, the sinews, the fat, and the gristle. We waste nothing here, as you will see for yourself when we take you round. In our turn we have to pay more for the cattle than the local man, otherwise the farmers would not send them to us, and we should be ruined."

"And how have the scares affected you?" I inquired.

"People have stopped eating beef three or four times," he replied; "they stopped with a jerk, because of certain articles in the newspapers. As for that scandalous book that had so much effect on the English public, its fallacies were very soon exposed in America: the writer was a Lithuanian, a bitter Socialist, who would have liked to ruin our industry. In his book he represents that he was one of our employees, but he never did a stroke of work here."

I now started on my round of inspection. "There's lots of people goes to see the killing," a woman in the train had remarked to me; and on being asked whether I wished to see the animals being killed, I declined, but expressed a desire to see everything else.

"The best cattle come from the farms of the Middle West," said our guide, as we inspected the various departments. "They come from within a radius of a few hundred miles of these Stockyards. It was as a cattle-dealer that the

founder of this firm came to settle in Chicago. All the farmer has to do nowadays is to put his cattle on the train; the Meat Industry does the rest."

Many farmers raise and feed their own cattle, while others sell them to professional feeders. A farmer who has a hundred and fifty acres of fair average land can turn out some twenty beef cattle in a year. Cattle-feeding has developed enormously in the Middle West during the last twenty years; it has been reduced to a fine art. The pioneer farmers were wretchedly poor, and half their energy went in fighting the Indians. They had no opportunity to accumulate money till after the Civil War, and even for years after that their poverty was a proverb. But during the last fifteen years they have been growing steadily wealthier. Wheat-growing became worth their while; they had the world market, and now that the meat industry has opened a market for grain-fatted cattle, the growing of corn, or maize as we call it, becomes more and more profitable to the farmers of the corn belt. The mistake is that too much corn is grown and too little live-stock raised. The American farmer is not thrifty; in his haste to make money he injures the land by making it grow too many crops of corn in succession. There is very little scientific farming in America as yet, and they will not have

it till the farmers devote more of their time to the raising of live-stock on their farms. Chemical fertilisers have the same effect on the soil as whisky has on a man. Farmers buy farms with the intention of selling them again, and for the short time that they own them they get all they can out of the soil, caring nothing for the state of exhaustion to which it must eventually be reduced. When once the farmers can be persuaded to raise more, and better, cattle, instead of devoting all their energies to corn growing, they will not only benefit the soil, but bring about a great reduction in the price of meat. When a farmer has put his cattle on board the train he can get 90 per cent of his money by showing his bill of lading.

Our tour of inspection occupied the greater part of two days, and during that time we were shown every process through which the beef passes, from the moment it has ceased to be part of a living bullock till that in which it is hermetically sealed within a "can," or put on board the train in the refrigerator car. We saw how the parts of the animal which a local butcher would discard as useless were here turned to good account; how the trimmings of the hides and the bones all went into the glue-pot; how the surplus fat was turned into butterine, which is the best existing substitute for butter and nearly

60 per cent cheaper. (This firm turns out some fifteen tons of butterine a-day.) We saw how fat-trimmings from the pork-house were turned into the purest lard, and how other fats were turned into soap, in the soap factory, which is one of the largest of its kind in America.

I have alluded chiefly to the beef, but sheep and pigs and poultry all come in for their share of the Packer's attention. All food that passes out of Messrs X. & Co.'s establishment to be offered to the public bears the official stamp of the Government inspectors. The animals are inspected both before they are killed and after, and every possible precaution is taken that it shall be of the best of its kind.

I have been reading a Report published in 1906 by Mr J. B. Walker of New York, after a twelve days' inspection of these very premises. Mr Walker draws attention to several interesting facts in the course of his report. He says, for instance, that all pork exported to Germany is inspected microscopically for *trichinæ*—a costly process—by order of the German Government, and asks why the United States does not also insist on such an examination, seeing that 1 per cent of all American hogs are afflicted with trichinosis. The answer that Germans eat more uncooked pig than other people does not satisfy him. "The day will come," he adds, "when in

the United States it will, be recognised as the first duty of the State to preserve the health of the citizen." He approves of cold storage. "Economic consumption of food," he adds, "requires that some should be stored for future use, or for use in distant parts of the globe. I have heard the statement," he continues, "that an American, visiting the ruins of Pompeii, saw there a hermetically sealed jar of vegetables, and so was prompted to the beginning of the extensive canning industry of this country."

This authority also points out that it is owing to cold storage that we get our meat as cheaply as we do, and everyone can picture the loss it would mean to the civilised world if the industry of preserving food in tins and bottles were suddenly to come to a standstill. What would our British Army do without them? What would our middle-class families do without them, now that the servant difficulty is so great? These foods are already such a stand-by—such a matter, I may say, of necessity—that we could hardly imagine ourselves without them.

The preservatives used by Messrs X. & Co. are saltpetre, salt, and sugar. "Regarding salt and sugar," says Mr Walker, "there is no question. Saltpetre has been accepted as healthful in the small parts in which it has been used, and apparently nothing else is known which

would not be subjected to much greater criticism. The British market requires that its hams and salt meat should be rolled in borax. No borax is applied to the American ham, and I could obtain no explanation of the British requirement, which seems to be a custom requiring further investigation."

I must find out why we English have a faith in borax that is not shared by other countries.

Every process that goes on in these great factories is open at all hours to the inspection of the public. Nothing is done in secret. All may see exactly what happens to the food. Personally, I can honestly say that after all I have seen, the repugnance I formerly felt towards food in these forms has now entirely disappeared in the case of those which bear the date and stamp of Government inspection.

In order that every ham may be thoroughly pickled before it passes out of the factory, a specially made hollow needle is thrust into it near the bone, and some of the solution used for pickling the hams is thus injected.

Mr Walker noted the "shellacking" of the covering of certain large sausages. The covering is bound to be air-tight or the sausage would not keep, but it is not meant to be eaten. Those who persist in eating it do so at their own risk; but the small amount of shellack that an individual

would swallow would not be sufficient to interfere with digestion. Mr Walker, nevertheless, suggested that a label should be attached to each sausage stating that the skin was not to be eaten.

It seems that retail dealers demand that the fowls supplied to them shall contain the entrails. Firstly, because the weight is thus greater; and secondly, because, in this state, customers will think them fresher. Mr Walker thought there ought to be a law that the entrails should be removed before the fowl was placed in cold storage.

A Packing House close to the premises of Messrs X. & Co. is devoted entirely to canning or tinning meats, and though it is a separate firm, and bears a different name, it is in close connection with the factories of Messrs X. & Co. Going over it, I was astonished to find that olives and pimientos come all the way from Italy to Chicago, to be canned, and are then returned to Europe for consumption. I should have thought that the Italians might have run tinning factories of their own with more profit.

Messrs Y. & Co., the owners of this canning industry, are prepared for visitors at all times and at all hours. I found a visitors' entrance, a visitors' lift, and a room for visitors, where all kinds of preserved foods were displayed

under glass, and lady demonstrators lectured to the visitors on the methods employed by the firm. The building was only completed four years ago,—in fact some parts of it are not yet finished. What struck me most were the very careful precautions to ensure cleanliness among the workers. There were shower-baths for both sexes, and special rooms where clothes could be changed before work was commenced; and there was even a staff of manicures to look after the condition of the workers' hands. The kitchens are lined throughout with spotless white enamel.

“I want you to see all our arrangements,” said the gentleman who escorted us, “because there have been so many lies told about this particular industry, and they have had a much greater effect on the British than on the American public. As for the American public, it is always demanding something fresh to roll under its tongue, but it soon forgets all it hears; while the British public accepts statements with more caution and remembers them longer. Not long ago we had the spectacle of a man trying by his lies to ruin the largest legitimate industry in America, and by so doing to turn twenty-five thousand innocent persons out of work, not to speak of the ruin he would have brought on the thousands of people who have shares in the concern.”

“How long will the canned foods remain good?” I inquired.

“As far as is known,” replied my informant, “age does not injure the contents of a can as long as it remains hermetically sealed. The cause of spoiling arises from some particle of rust attacking an exposed part of the can, and eating its way through, it may be no larger than the point of a needle: this may happen in three months or ten years. Once the minutest opening is made, oxygen enters the can, and decomposition begins.”

Mr Walker solemnly warns the American public that death may lurk in uninspected meat. “Is it worth noting,” he adds, “that our newly-ordered Government inspection is but a revival of the four-thousand-years-old wisdom of Judaism providing for the inspection of kosher meat by the expert Rabbi?” And he concludes his report by suggesting that there should be a Congressional Enactment requiring physical inspection of all employees handling meat for inter-state trade.

It is a well-known fact that the only cases of phthisis found among the Jews are among those who belong to the reformed section, and who have cast off the strict religious rites to which their race has clung for so many ages. Surely this is an indication that a careful ex-

amination of all meat intended for consumption would be of more avail in staying the ravages of that terrible disease than the huge sums of money that are now being spent in the erection of sanatoria!¹

Yours.....

¹ Government officials estimate the total financial loss in the United States from bovine tuberculosis at not less than 15,000,000 dollars annually. So widespread has this disease become that several of the states have begun to introduce drastic measures regarding the location of infected herds and the purification of infected premises. See article on "Animal Husbandry" in Christmas number of 'The Breeders' Gazette,' 1909, by Louis F. Swift.

SEVENTEENTH LETTER.

CHICAGO, *July 20th.*

DEAR S.....,—Since I last wrote we have been exploring the prairie lands of Illinois and the much-talked-of corn-belt. This state covers an area of 56,650 square miles, which is about the average size of an American state. Of this area 650 square miles are water, chiefly rivers. More than two-thirds of its boundary are made up of navigable rivers, its entire western side being washed by the Mississippi, and its southern side reaching to the Ohio. This fact has everything to do with the settlement and commercial growth of the state. Illinois lies lower than any of the surrounding states, and is mainly composed of wonderfully level prairie land. When the French explorers discovered it in the seventeenth century they found the prairies covered with a thick growth of tall blue-stem and other varieties of wild grass. The origin of these prairies is wrapped in mystery; some think that the constant prairie fires set alight by the Indians

had prevented trees from growing there. The only trees known of have been found on the margins of the streams.

The settlers had hard work to remove the deep, thick-set roots of the prairie grass, and we are told that this was the first state in which the settlers had to face the problems of prairie tillage in a large way; it was the demand for effective machinery that stimulated invention. A citizen of Illinois, named Harvey May, invented the first steel plough used in America. To-day Illinois ranks first in the manufacture of agricultural implements.

New York and Pennsylvania are the only states that have a larger population than Illinois: its population is growing fast; it contains already more than five million souls. Chicago, its chief city, is the second largest city in the New World.

As we have seen, Chicago is the meat market of the nation; she is also the greatest railroad centre in the world. The geographical position of Illinois makes this state the natural centre of trade and exchange for both the eastern and western halves of the United States.

The first coal discovered in America was found in Illinois by a French priest in 1679. Two-thirds of the surface of the state has a strata of a fine quality of bituminous coal, the largest coal area possessed by any single state. This abundance of

coal is a source of great wealth and an important factor in making Illinois a manufacturing state. Oil, clay, limestone, lead, and zinc are also here in large quantities.¹

People in England do not half realise the remarkable development and growth that are taking place in this country. The only possible way to keep up with the rapid changes that are taking place in every direction would be to make a tour of the country every five years. All knowledge of America which dates back five years is antiquated. I am impressed with this truth at every turn. Take the great corn-belt we have just visited. These great corn-fields are something comparatively new: they hardly date back ten years. They cover a belt of prairie land that used to be all marsh and swamp. About fifteen years ago a system of tile-drainage was introduced, and now there is a network of pipes under every field to drain the water off into artificial ditches.

We put up at a little country hotel in the town of O——, and a farmer to whom we had an introduction, who owns nine corn farms, called for us in his motor at 5.30 A.M. on Friday last and took us round the farms. We had inspected sixty miles of corn before 10 A.M., when we breakfasted with one of our friend's tenant farmers, a Norwegian, who had 480 acres of Indian corn. It is now about a

¹ See 'History of Illinois,' by Robinson and Moore : 1909.

foot high. I saw one field that had 130 acres of corn, without a break. The corn grows to a height of nine feet before it is ripe, and the furrows are usually half a mile long.

According to the American system, the land is all cut up into square miles, with a straight road between every 640 acres, and we saw a little school-house for the farmer's children every two miles.

The price of cereals is steadily rising, and especially the price of corn, which cannot be grown outside the corn-belt running through four of the Middle Western states. Already every available acre of land within this belt is being turned into corn farms, yet the production of this and other cereals is not keeping pace with the increase of population.

Corn farming is at present a very profitable investment. Our friend Mr T—— is a successful American-born farmer, but such as he are few and far between, for the majority of the farmers are foreigners by birth — Norwegians, Swedes, and Germans. These are emigrants who, on their arrival from Europe, were first employed as day-labourers on the farms of others and known as "hired men." Thrifty and plodding, they have eventually been in a position to rent the very farms on which they have worked, and themselves become tenant farmers. The American-

born farmer buys a farm merely as a speculation, and is ready to part with it whenever it will fetch a good price. The rich black earth of the corn-belt is wonderfully productive ; it corresponds to the belt of black soil that crosses Central Russia and brings wealth to Siberia.

Mr T—— told us that the Germans made the best farmers, the Norwegians came next, and the French third. The Irish farmers are neither reliable nor thrifty. There are two ways of renting a corn farm : the one most profitable to the landlord is that in which he takes half the grain raised ; it is also the fairest for the tenant, as both share the loss when there is a bad year.

The average harvest last year from these farms was about fifty-five bushels of corn to an acre. On the farm of 480 acres six men were employed from March 1st to December 1st, and after that only three. The extra men go into the towns and find odd jobs in the factories when they are not required on the farms.

From the sowing to the selling everything is now done by machinery except the husking or gathering ; that must be done by hand ; a man gathers each ear of corn with the aid of an iron ring which is fastened on to his hand. The gathering takes place in the end of October, when the first frosts have hardened the ground.

Corn is now fetching a higher price than any

other cereal in America. The most profitable months for selling it are June and July: its price just now is 75 cents a bushel.

One of its chief uses is as food for the cattle that are being raised for the Chicago Stockyards. All the cattle sold to the Packers of Chicago are corn-fed. The negroes are great corn eaters; they make bread of it: the Americans have innumerable other uses for it, in such preparations as "Corn Flakes" and other breakfast foods.

Mr T—— had four teams on the road all last winter, engaged in hauling corn. For separating the corn from the cob he uses a machine that shells 6000 bushels a-day. By using a manure-spreader he finds he can make the manure go three times as far as it did when spread by hand. This machine is fitted with a revolving platform and a spiked roller, by means of which the liquid is thrown out in a fine stream. Self-binders are used to gather the sheaves and to bind them into bundles. The two in use on this farm cut about 40 acres a-day.

There are three ways of manuring the ground: by ploughing with a manure-spreader, by changing the pasture from one part of the farm to another, and by seeding the clover; the clover is sown along with the oats; then the oats are cut and the clover is allowed to stand a year, after which it is cut and ploughed under. No straw is

sold off the farms; it is all utilised as manure. The corn cobs are ground, and come in as food for cows and calves. Mr T—— showed us a machine for cutting up the corn-stalks and ploughing them back into the soil.

One of the ploughs used is a two-row cultivator, which ploughs 20 acres in a day, and costs fifty dollars when new; but one man cannot use it satisfactorily, as he cannot watch two rows at a time, and the regularity of the rows is of great importance.

The little school-houses stand like landmarks between the farms; their walls are painted white under their sloping grey roofs, and there is no attempt to make them ornamental or picturesque.

In the barns we saw how a harpoon fork, carried on a pulley, could unload a ton of hay in about four forkfuls; this is done by horse power. A good farm horse is worth 250 dollars, and occasionally the price rises to 500. Mr T—— says there never was more need of good horses on the farms than there is now. The demand for horses is consequently greater than it has ever been, and the prices are higher.

“I bought a horse nine years ago for seventy dollars,” he continued, “and have just sold it for a hundred. The South African War cleared off a great many of our horses. A short time before that we had so many that people left off raising

them ; now it must take time to get back the stock. During the Cleveland Administration they used to shoot horses in California just for the hides. One man had a drove of three hundred, and a fellow bought the lot at two and a half dollars a-head, drove them down to his place, and fed his hogs on them."

You can tell the character of a corn farmer by looking at his crops, as clearly as you can see your own face in a mirror. Where the farmer is careful, thrifty, and cautious, the tile-drainage is faultless, the ground even, and the surface of the waving corn-field is as smooth and even as that of a lake on a calm summer's day. Where the farmer does not possess these qualities, where he is careless and improvident, you see the leaves of the corn turned in many parts of the field, before it is half grown, to a bright yellow, and here and there the ground has sunk, and lies inches deep in water ; and the furrows, instead of running across the field with faultless regularity, are irregular and uneven.

In former days the land abounded in prairie-chicken, and there was a good deal of shooting, but since the ground has become more valuable it has been more cultivated : the bits of wild prairie which sheltered the birds have been reclaimed, and now there are no spots left for nesting. As the birds have consequently become rare, the Government will not now allow them to

be shot. A prairie-hen weighs about two pounds, and looks like a large quail.

The present average value of the land here varies from about one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred dollars an acre. A farm rented on the share plan will average about eleven and a half dollars an acre. Cash rent is only six to seven and a half dollars an acre.

There is a growing disapproval of hedges, and they are going more and more out of fashion. Farmers say that they sap the richness out of the soil and do no good.

The demand for corn being so great, there is now no reason for storing it; but a few years ago one of the farmers here stored his corn in a crib for seven years, waiting till he could get a good price. He lost a certain percentage of it through rats—a pest that it is almost impossible to guard against.

When the corn is nine feet high in the autumn, it sometimes happens that little children wander in amongst it, and their parents not unfrequently have difficulty in finding them.

When the hauling time comes a farmer never has enough hands for the work, so he borrows all the men available on the neighbouring farms, with the understanding that when the neighbours require extra hands in their turn his men shall be at their disposal.

The "hired men" on these farms are practically all foreigners, who have quite recently emigrated from Europe. They board in the farmer's house, and earn from twenty-six to thirty-six dollars a-month. In a few years they will be renting farms for themselves.

The cost of laying down the tile-drainage is about fifteen dollars an acre; if well done it will last twenty years.

The native American farmer, as I have pointed out, is a capitalist and a speculator. He makes money by buying and selling farms, and he leaves the soil of every farm that passes through his hands poorer and more exhausted than he found it.¹ He works them up merely that he may sell them. He is not long enough in any neighbourhood to strike root there. There are no villages, and there is no village life in the Middle West. How could villages arise in a country that is rigidly divided into squares?

The foreign hired man, who eventually rents the farm he has worked on, has often brought

¹ Since the above was written President Taft has been uttering his opinion on the subject. In a speech at Jackson, Miss., he said: "If I were advising young men as to their future profession, I would say that there are greater opportunities in agriculture than in any other profession in our country. We have arrived at a time in the development of this country and the world when old methods of agriculture must be discarded if we would keep up with the procession. Land is becoming too valuable to be treated in the old wasteful way."

with him the old-fashioned European ideas about farming: he would like to possess his own farm, to work it—not with a view to quickly turning it into money, but with a view to increasing its ultimate value as a farm and leaving it to his son as a valuable heritage. But what happens? His sons, as soon as they are old enough to think about their future, almost invariably choose some other career. Farmers' sons are to be found engaged in every calling rather than that of a farmer. A very large percentage of the professional men in the cities are farmers' sons, the children of European emigrants who started life in the New World as "hired men" on American farms.

The American farmer of to-day is a thoroughly modern being: his farm work is all done by machinery, and he must understand the mechanism of his machinery. He has no landlord over him; but at the same time he is not entirely his own master, for the capital in the great cities controls him more or less, through the prices of cereals, the cost of transport, and the cornering of railways.

The greater part of the machinery employed on these farms was invented in this state—in Illinois, and for Illinois; and, go where you will, you will not find a country that has not got to thank Illinois for supplying it with the newest

and latest agricultural machinery. I have seen with my own eyes how European firms, and especially English firms, have been "cut out" by Illinois in this particular line of foreign trade. Siberia and Central Asia are sending to Chicago for agricultural machinery.

Chicago may be called the "Windy City," and supercilious Englishmen may smile at the term. But Chicago is something more than a wind-bag; her enormous prosperity can be traced to natural causes and to sure foundations. She is a veritable octopus, who has silently spread out her feelers and already begun to paralyse the industries of other lands by the merciless grasp of her tentacles.

Yours.....

EIGHTEENTH LETTER.

CHICAGO, *July 25th.*

DEAR S.....,—I have shown you how Chicago draws her strength and prosperity from the Middle West; and I have pointed out how this great city in her turn is helping still further to develop the resources of the land to which she owes so much. There is no doubt that the Packing Industry is encouraging the industry of cattle-raising, and that farmers are at last beginning to learn that money is to be made in other ways than that of ruining the soil by laying too great a burden upon its productive powers.

Americans are slowly beginning to see that the right cultivation of the soil is something more than a money matter of the moment, and that future generations will have to suffer if the science of agriculture is neglected much longer by an entire nation: the sins of the fathers will certainly be visited upon the children. America's agriculturists are the backbone of the Republic,

as Carnegie has truly remarked. It is high time that, by means of Schools of Agriculture, this large section of America's population should learn how closely their actions in the present are wrapped up with the welfare of those who are to come after them.

I have heard many complaints about the ruthless destruction of forests that is going on in some of the states, and how in such districts the wholesale cutting down of trees is actually altering the climate.

The farmers of the Middle West were the only people who did not suffer from the recent financial panic that swept like a great wave from the Atlantic to the Pacific; they are the only people in the country who are really independent, and whose life is not a gamble.

Forestry and farming are still in their elemental stage in America when compared with what has been done in other countries. Timber is the mainstay of many industries, just as cereals are the mainstay of the human frame. But at present there is much more energy and capital being devoted to the erection of grand public buildings, and to the glorification of the cities, than to the spread of scientific knowledge in the departments of forestry and farming. But what will the beauty of a city avail when its teeming millions cannot get bread enough to eat?

The American farmer is no longer an isolated being, cut off from civilised society. The telephone and the free rural delivery have drawn him closer to his market, and his motor—almost every farmer has one—has made him independent of railway stations. Electric trolleys will soon be another link between him and the rest of the world.

But to return to Chicago. The approximate value of wheat, corn, rye, and barley received in its market in the year 1907 was put down at one hundred and fifty million dollars. In a recent publication issued by the Chicago Association of Commerce, I have found the following statement: "Chicago is the gateway through which the grain of the greatest cereal-growing area in the world passes to the consumer at home and abroad. Over thousands of miles of railway and a great expanse of inland waterways produce is brought to the Great Central Market, and either stored, transferred, or consumed, and manufactured here. Ample storage capacity is available for sixty-three million bushels of grain."

The most imposing of all the public buildings in Chicago is, to my mind, the Federal Building, or, as it is called by the man in the street, the "Post Office." This enormous pile occupies a full city square, and has a dome already vener-

ably green, though it was only begun in 1897 and completed in 1907. At first sight I actually mistook it for a cathedral, and my nerves received quite a shock when a passer-by informed me that it was the "Post Office."

The Federal Building has eight storeys; the dome section contains eight more, making sixteen in all. Its total height is two hundred and ninety-seven feet. There are some five hundred rooms, in which are located the offices of nearly every department of the national Government. Beneath the ground-floor are the treasure vaults of the city, where two hundred millions of dollars are stored away. In 1908 mutilated paper money to the value of 55,316,000 dollars were sent from here to the Treasury at Washington. The ground-floor of the building is occupied by the post office, and in the hall under the dome are kiosks where ice-cream sodas and hot coffee can be obtained. This is the only instance in which I have found a post office provided with refreshment stalls, and I certainly never came upon a post office that was so grandly housed as this one. The interior is decorated with oak and mahogany panellings, with various marbles, and with bronzed iron.

The next building, as regards grandeur and size, after the Federal Building, is the hotel at which we are staying. Its reception-rooms are

as fine as money could make them, and indeed they are intended to be one of the sights of the city. Guides are kept at hand to conduct visitors through them. But with all this display and pomp there are not enough servants to attend properly to the wants of the travellers who stay there. I broke a drinking-glass in my bedroom the day we arrived, and at once telephoned to the office for a maid to sweep up the broken fragments; but do what I would, those bits of glass lay on my velvet-pile carpet for two whole days before I could get them removed. This instance is typical.

The Chicago University, towards the establishment of which more money has been subscribed than to any other seat of learning in existence, was opened in 1892 with six hundred students. The number of students during the college year 1907-8 was over five thousand, with a teaching staff of three hundred and forty-one professors and tutors. Its marvellous growth in wealth and influence has been in keeping with all things Chicagoan. It consists of a group of fine modern buildings, to which fresh ones are ever being added. The "campus" already covers ninety-five acres, and everything that money can do to make a model university is being done. The professors here receive higher salaries than any other university pro-

fessors in the United States. This new seat of learning has, from the first, kept itself completely free from all fetters of tradition. It is ready to adopt the most novel methods of instruction and the most daring innovations. Its calendar year, contrary to college precedent in all other parts of the world, is divided into four terms or quarters of twelve weeks each. The summer quarter, beginning June 15th, is exactly like the rest. This arrangement is a very convenient one for those students who have to spend a portion of every year of study in earning money to pay their college fees. It "enables them to drop out during the three months best suited for earning money." At the same time, by studying through the whole four terms for three years, ambitious students can complete their course in three years instead of the usual four. Is not this the essence of practical Americanism?

But I have yet more to tell. Precisely as the stockyards contain within their walls every appliance needed to transform a live bullock into tinned meat, so the grounds of this wonderful university contain buildings fitted with all the educational appliances needed to turn a child of three into a fully educated man with full university degrees. At the farther end of the grounds, and directly affiliated with the

university, are a group of buildings known as "The School of Education," "The Gymnasium," and "The University High School." Here a pupil may start in the kindergarten, then go through the eight years of elementary and grammar school work into the high school, and from there to the university and professional schools. If this institution does not turn out shoals of geniuses as like one another as sausages—well, it ought to!

The world-famed Yerkes Observatory belongs to the Chicago University, though it is situated on a neighbouring hill in Wisconsin, so as to be out of the way of all "municipal vibration," and to enjoy purer air and clearer atmosphere than is obtainable in the vicinity of Chicago. In this observatory, which stands in its own grounds of seventy-five acres, there is a refracting telescope with an aperture of forty inches. It ranks as the second finest of its kind in the world.

Chicago has been called the paradise of speculators, especially since the great fire of 1871. Though the miseries endured by the inhabitants during that terrible occurrence defies description, that fire is now looked upon as a blessing that came to Chicago in disguise, for it accomplished two great ends, as nothing else could have done: it cleared the ground for a healthier and better

built city, equipped with all the latest inventions of modern science, and it advertised Chicago throughout the length and breadth of the civilised world. With the energy that characterises its citizens they set to work to rebuild the vast waste. The work drew labourers from far and near. Within two years Chicago was rebuilt, trade was flowing again in its natural channels, and the increase of its prosperity has been uninterrupted from that date. In 1908 the city covered more than one hundred and ninety square miles.

Here is an authentic account of the fire¹: "On the night of October 8th, 1871, Chicago was visited by the most destructive fire that the world has ever witnessed. By 1871 the city had become the trade centre of the Lake region and the West. It was the centre of more than a dozen lines of railroad, and its wharfs were visited by thousands of vessels. The population was 334,270 souls. The fire started among wooden buildings in the poorer quarter of the city, a mile and a half southwest of the court-house. The weather had been very dry, and a brisk wind drove the fire rapidly towards the business portion. There were miles upon miles of wooden buildings in

¹ See 'History of Illinois.' Robinson and Moore. Chicago, 1909.

the city, many even in the down-town district, which burned very quickly. . . . For eighteen hours the fire burned all before it—hovels, palaces, churches, and dens of iniquity, splendid public buildings, and elegant residences. The people fled for their lives to the parks and cemeteries, to the prairies around the city, and in many cases into the lake, to escape the scorching flames.

“Stores were thrown open, and all invited to help themselves to the goods that would soon be burned. The prisoners were released from the jail to save their lives. Owners of vehicles charged enormous sums for hauling families and their goods to places of safety. . . . All sorts of crimes were committed. Many plunderers were abroad. Incendiaries set fresh fires for the sake of plunder. Saloons were thrown open, and the free liquor maddened the vicious. . . . Nearly a hundred thousand persons were rendered homeless and shelterless. . . .” Money streamed in from every part of the world for the relief of Chicago. “Never before had such liberality been shown. . . .” Under grave apprehensions for the peace and order of the city, the Mayor turned it over to the United States troops under General P. H. Sheridan. Martial law was proclaimed, and good order

was thus maintained. Out of the ashes of the old city a new Chicago at once began to rise.

On the eastern side of the present great city of Chicago yet another new city is in course of construction—the city of Gary, which is to be the home of the greatest Steel Corporation the world has yet seen. Its workmen's dwellings are to be unequalled for their practicability and comfort. The steel plant of this corporation is already the largest in existence.

The municipality of Chicago has carried through an immense sewage-canal project, connecting Lake Michigan with the Mississippi river. It is one of the world's most wonderful engineering feats. In fact, it is almost impossible to describe anything in Chicago without adding the words, "largest in the world, finest in the world, most wonderful in the world," or some similar expression. Everything that Chicago undertakes can only be compared to the very biggest thing the world has ever produced in that particular direction, if we are to get a just idea of its extent and importance.

The Drainage Canal of Chicago has a greater cross-section than any canal in the world, and extends thirty-six miles from the south branch

of the Chicago river to a point on the Desplaines river, just above Jolliet. It has a depth throughout of twenty-four feet, and a width of one hundred and sixty-four feet. For a number of miles it is cut through solid rock. One of the things to do in Chicago is to take a trip in a launch through the Drainage Canal.

Alongside of all her activity and prosperity Chicago has had many and serious municipal troubles. Whole books have been written about the bribery and corruption that has flourished in her midst during the last fifteen years. "During the past ten years," writes Howe, "Chicago has been like a beleaguered camp, not for protection from without, but for protection from some of her own citizens. The contest within the city has been like that of the Guelphs and Ghibellines of Florence." And he adds: "It was graft [bribery] that made the office of Alderman worth fifty thousand dollars a-year. The names of many of America's richest millionaires, before whose dollars Europe humbly bows, are closely connected with some of Chicago's darkest municipal scandals." From what I have been able to gather about municipal home rule in this country, it seems to me that, whatever be the benefits it confers on the

citizens, it often facilitates bribery and corruption; and a city enjoying municipal ownership is often completely under the thumb of a handful of unprincipled but very clever men, who contrive, in an incredibly short time, to become multi-millionaires.

Yours.....

NINETEENTH LETTER.

CHICAGO, *July 30th.*

DEAR S.....,—The new city of which I wrote in my last letter is certainly going to be one of the marvels of the next decade. Gary, as it is called, is the most mushroom-like of all the mushroom cities that have as yet sprung into existence. I have been reading an account of it published by the Chicago Association of Commerce, from which I now quote: "Gary is a very remarkable place by reason of its stupendous growth, having in about two years been converted from a waste of swampy land into a modern up-to-date city, with all modern conveniences, such as street railways, water-works, and electric light. The United States Steel Corporation has expended 90,000,000 dollars in building the town and its plant, and is reported to be preparing to spend 50,000,000 more. It appears without doubt that Gary is destined to become the centre of the steel manufacture in the United States. . . . It is located twenty-six miles to the south-east of Chicago, and at a point

where five trunk lines of railway meet, and four belt lines augment the facilities for railway transportation. The site of the town covers 11,000 acres, 8000 of which are controlled by the Steel Corporation. The lake frontage alone is seven miles in length.

“Twenty-four miles of streets have already been paved, and the work is being rapidly pushed. . . . The present population is 15,000, but the city is built for 300,000, and there are already many fine buildings, hotels, and railway stations.

“The streets of Gary are laid out on broad and regular lines, running the entire length of the city, with a uniform numbering system.”

The fame of Gary has already spread throughout the country, and we heard of this wonderful city before we had been many days in America. Gary is the latest and the most striking example of what can be accomplished by the concentration of capital in large-scale production that the world has yet seen.

Americans believe in co-operation as the fundamental law of social development. The United States Steel Corporation, organised in 1901, under a New Jersey charter, is the most gigantic industrial combination in the world, and the city of Gary is its offspring. This concern purchased the stock of eleven great companies which had control of some three-fourths of the steel industry of the

United States, and thus it can now manipulate capital to the tune of £200,000,000. But the Federation of Labour is already murmuring its disapproval of this miracle of organised wealth, and before long it will have its fangs in the flesh of its enemy. Gary may before long become the battlefield on which will be fought the greatest battle that has ever been waged between the many and the few.

Chicago, as I have said, is the centre not only of the beef, grain, and steel industries of the United States, but also of the railroad industry: in this last she takes precedence not only over all other American cities, but over every other city in the world. Twenty-six of the principal trunk line railways of the United States have a terminus in Chicago, and, in addition to these, there are numerous belt, transfer, terminal, and industrial lines which have either a part or all of their trackage in the city. Within the city limits there are 800 miles of main-line railway. About 13 per cent of the coal brought into Chicago is consumed by the railways. There are six great terminus stations, and another is being built which is to have facilities for handling some 250,000 passengers in a day.

I am told there is no fear of a fire in our hotel, for it is one of the chief examples of "Chicago Construction" in the city—that is to say, there is "a framework of iron, bolted together and standing

upright without resting on the walls, but upon a foundation of grout crossed by bars of railroad iron. The roof rests directly upon this framework and not upon the sides.”¹ Even the banquet-hall, 175 feet long, is built of steel. The hotel is not an isolated edifice standing in solitary grandeur, but part of a gigantic pile known as the Auditorium Building, with a tower, from the balcony of which the finest bird’s-eye view of Chicago is to be obtained. Within the Auditorium Building there is a theatre that can seat 8000 persons.

Very few horses are to be seen in the streets here : electric cars and motors and gasoline trucks have almost ousted them, and from Chicago street traffic they will soon be gone for ever. To cross the busiest streets you must take your life in your hands. The danger is almost as great as if one were crossing a busy railway line ; the spacing between the tracks only leaves six inches between the passing cars, and it is no wonder that people have several times been crushed to death between two cars passing each other. What adds to the peril is that the cars on the same line follow each other so closely, that when there is one between you and the other side of the street there are always two more close behind it, and the feeling that you can’t wait for ever forces you to make a dash for it. Add to all this the deafening and never-ceasing

¹ See Moran’s ‘ Dictionary of Chicago ’ : 1909.

noise, and you will not be surprised to learn that insanity is terribly on the increase in Chicago, and in this favoured state of Illinois. In 1908 the statistics showed that one out of every 465 persons was insane. The population has increased 89 per cent in thirty years, and the number of insane persons cared for by the state has increased 369 per cent.

Chicago did not escape her share of the financial panic in 1897: a number of her banks closed and hundreds of persons lost all their deposits. On that occasion a number of leading and wealthy men were convicted of dishonest dealing and sent to prison, but, unfortunately, their disgrace did not restore the lost money to the pockets of its rightful owners.

But I think the darkest thing in connection with Chicago is that deadly white-slave traffic to which neither democracy nor Socialism nor any other force seems able to put a check. The great "White-Slave Trust" causes less talk than the other large organisations of capital, because it works in secret and has not built a sky-scraper to advertise the locality of its central office. It does a thriving business nevertheless. "Girls from American farms, peasant girls from France and Austria, Germany, Sweden, Japan, China, and other countries, fall by the thousands into the hands of this organisation and are sold like cattle.

They are robbed by their taskmasters, and in the end are fit subjects for the hospital. Girls fetch from 15 to 300 dollars apiece in this international mart."

Under the streets of this marvellous city there are already 60 miles of tunnels, most of which are 6 feet wide, and $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, the roof forming an arch. The trunk tunnels are about 12 feet high and from 10 to 14 feet wide. The tops of the tunnels are some 33 feet below the street level, so as to leave room for a subway for street-car traffic in case such may be wanted. The Tunnel Company is not allowed to carry passengers—only goods. The earth thrown up in the construction of the tunnels was utilised in the addition of nineteen acres to the city's park system. For the last two years the whole of Chicago's mail has been distributed by way of these tunnels, and for this work the Tunnel Company employs more than 300 electric motors and 115 cars. In building the tunnels they went under the river fourteen times. Hundreds of men are employed in the tunnels all day long. The tunnels have a telephone at every block, and the movement of the trains is controlled by the telephones.

Chicago as she is to-day is so new, and in such a state of rapid growth, that the pens of those who try to describe her have to run to keep up with her, and it is not at all surprising that readers in slow old Europe should hesitate to accept every-

thing they are told. Let them look at home and open their eyes to see what a grip Chicago has got upon the trade of all our great cities. "It may not be credited," writes one of her citizens, "but it is a fact nevertheless, that, were the activities of this great centre of trade and industry to abruptly cease, there would be such a break in the supplies of the world that many business enterprises would be crippled,—indeed, hunger would in many cases for some time follow. In the realm of fiction there is no story more strange and interesting than the plain recital of the growth and commercial development of Chicago. Within the space of a human life—a mere breath of the world's existence—a waste of swamp-land has been turned into a great and handsome metropolis, the influence of which reaches to the farthest parts of the earth."

Yesterday afternoon, as I was returning to our hotel, tired and weary with the never-ceasing rush, and hurry and hustle of the Chicago streets, I chanced to raise my eyes to the window of a music shop, and there, written across the plate-glass in letters of gold, I saw these beautiful lines from Longfellow :—

"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

As I paused to read them a blissful feeling of rest,

with soft music and sweet dreams, seemed to come stealing over my tired, jaded spirit, and Chicago, with all her ceaseless throbbing, seemed to fade gently away into the far distance, till I was conscious of nothing around me but music and dreamland. . . .

How long I stood there motionless in the midst of that crowded thoroughfare I know not, but this I do know, that when I once more continued my way it was with a spirit that had been refreshed and strengthened.

Yours.....

TWENTIETH LETTER.

ALBANY, *August 15th.*

DEAR S....., — Here we are at Albany, the “Capital City” of the State of New York. We came from New York City by way of the river Hudson, going on board the river-steamer at 9 A.M. and arriving at Albany at 6 P.M. Americans talk a great deal about “the trip up the Hudson,” and call this river “the Rhine of America.” Personally I can only say that I found that the beauty of its scenery had been greatly exaggerated; and as for the much-talked-of historic landmarks on its banks, it is quite natural that they should have more interest for Americans than for anybody else.

To tell the truth, the Hudson is not a river at all, but an estuary of the sea; the tide rises two feet here, at Albany, and six inches at Troy. As far as width goes, the Hudson is certainly wider than any European river, its average width from New York to Albany being five thousand feet from bank to bank, while from New York

to Poughkeepsie it is almost eight thousand feet.

We bought all the guide-books available and looked out for the various points of interest as we glided along, as conscientiously as if we had been American tourists doing the Rhine. Eager and patriotic Americans were all round us on the deck, all similarly engaged. The banks were too far away for anything to be seen very distinctly without the aid of glasses. To us the main points of interest were—the tomb of General Grant, the home of Washington Irving, the Pallisades, and West Point. Tourists land at Irvington to visit the house in which Irving lived, and the spot where he is buried. But quite as much interest was evinced by our fellow-passengers in the country residences of hundreds of America's most noted millionaires, although a patch of white was generally all that we could see of them amongst the trees.

After we had passed Tarrytown we caught sight of the white walls of the State prison, where nearly two thousand male prisoners are confined; it is five thousand feet long, and has one thousand two hundred cells. "This prison," says the guide-book, "was founded in 1826, when Captain Elam Lynds took a party of a hundred convicts there and set them to work to wall themselves in."

At West Point tourists land to visit the United States Military Academy, which had its beginnings as far back as 1794. West Point is itself one of the regular posts of the army,—some say it is the oldest in the United States. On glancing at the list of staff officers of the Military Academy, I noticed by far the greater number had names of German origin. In the Academy chapel are the British flags surrendered by Cornwallis at Yorktown in 1781.

After we had passed a little landing-place called Milton, we saw the first of the long line of ice store-houses. The ice business is the largest and the most remarkable industry of the Hudson river. Three million tons of ice are harvested here yearly, and upwards of twenty thousand men are employed when the harvesting is active. Ingersoll gives a most interesting account of this industry.

Between Kingston and Albany the scenery of the Catskill mountains is very fine, and, situated on some of the mountain slopes, we could see here and there the great hotels that form such attractive summer resorts for the residents of the big and stifling cities during the hottest months of summer.

The one sight that everyone must see in Albany is the "State Capitol." The corner-stone of this stupendous building was laid in 1871, when

it was partially built, according to the American custom; its Senate Chamber was not occupied till March 1881. With its portico, it covers three acres and seven square feet. The "grand marble approach" was only completed in 1898. Never did I behold a more magnificent flight of steps! These seventy-seven steps are a hundred feet wide, and lead, broken by landings and terraces, up to the second storey; beneath them, supported by ornamental pillars and arches, is a passage for carriages. When the tower will be completed I do not know; the whole has been building for so long that when asked about it some of the citizens shake their heads and seem to think that it will go on for ever.

We were conducted through the entire building, and I took pages of notes on all the wonders we saw, but words absolutely fail me when I dream of trying to reduce to words so colossal a structure. We mounted the western staircase, "the most ornate thing of its kind in the country." None but an American could do justice to that staircase. "It is wholly of stone and double," says Ingersoll, "the flights meeting in central platforms borne upon pillars, and diverging picturesquely on the floor landings; while the whole ends at the top in decorated finals to the balustrades, leaving a large open space replete with intricate carving

beneath the low glass dome that illuminates the whole with a flood of light. The material of the staircase and of its surrounding balustrades is pale red Corsehill freestone, while the steps are of a paler tint of Medina sandstone. Everywhere the chisel of the carver has been employed in decorations which are harmonious in general style, yet differ in detail, so that one's eye never rests twice upon the same ornament. Peering forth from the profuse and intricate designs of leaves, flowers, fruits, and ribbons, are seen the faces of many well-known men, mainly heroes of the early history of the State." We visited the Senate Chamber, with its rich marble and onyx panelling and its golden frieze of gilded lead, and its enormous chimneypieces. We visited the Assembly Chamber, equally magnificent. We visited the Courtroom of the Court of Appeals, with its wonderful wood carvings. We visited the State Library, with its one hundred and fifty thousand books, and we wandered through the "Corridor of Columns." We saw the eight hundred flags used by New York regiments in the Civil War, and we admired the granite pillars in the Entrance Hall, said to have cost five hundred dollars apiece; and we gazed with admiration at the mantelpiece in the Assembly parlour, which cost five thousand dollars. I put down the price of

everything straight from the lips of the official guide, and was interested to learn that he conducted twenty thousand persons through the building in the summer of 1908.

Yours.....

TWENTY-FIRST LETTER.

ALBANY, *August 19th.*

DEAR S.....,—It is difficult to realise that this comparatively small and provincial city of Albany is the seat of the Government of the great State of New York; and that New York City, the third, if not the second, largest city in the world, though one hundred and forty-five miles away, is obliged to do what Albany tells her! At last I understand why the cities of America are so clamorous for Home Rule. It does seem absurd that Chicago's private affairs should be under the thumb of an unheard-of little city called Springfield, and New York be obliged to bow to the decrees of Albany! I hear, too, that in New York the interference from Albany is constant in all departments of the city, and that this "state interference" tends to destroy the feeling of responsibility on the part of the citizens.

One of our fellow-passengers on the Hudson river steamboat gave us some interesting facts about a new problem that is beginning to exercise

the American mind. It seems that the United States contain some five million acres of unused and unreclaimed land, and that during the last few years certain enterprising men have been agitating for the reclamation of a large part of this land by means of irrigation for agricultural purposes. A National Irrigation Association has been formed, and on June 17th, 1902, the Government passed an Irrigation Act which provided that whenever public land should be sold in the sixteen states and territories west of the Mississippi, the money paid for them should go to a special fund in the Treasury, to be called the "Reclamation Fund," and be used for the construction and maintenance of irrigation works. Waste lands can no longer be snapped up and fenced in by adventurers, for the vigilant eye of the National Irrigation Association is upon them. Up to June 30th, 1905, more than 28,000,000 dollars had accumulated under the Act to the credit of the fund, and the construction of irrigation works was already in full swing. All the money made by the sale of irrigated lands goes back into the fund, to be used for the irrigation of more lands, so the case is one of perpetual motion, and the work will go on indefinitely without further legislation by Congress.¹

Professor Latané, who gives the above figures,

¹ See 'The American Nation,' vol. xxv.

has pointed out that irrigation is likely to be the basis of the scientific farming of the future. The American is not a fatalist, nor does he like to leave more to chance than he can help. It is natural that he should prefer to have crops dependent on irrigation works than on the fickle rain-clouds that are beyond his control. As Professor Latané has observed, "The irrigation village, with its modest homes, its public library, its social life and educational opportunities, its trolley lines and electric lights—operated possibly by power from the irrigation plant—presents an alluring picture easily within the realm of the possible. If the plan succeeds, millions of modest homes will be added in time for the upbuilding of the nation."

The Government is thus keeping guard over the natural resources of the country, and I have no doubt that if more money is required for the development of irrigation works for scientific farming it will be forthcoming. It is also possible that we may see those Asiatic countries, whose inhabitants have depended since the world began upon some form or other of artificial irrigation for the fertility of their arid soil, one day adopting twentieth-century methods of irrigation from the Western hemisphere.

I foresee that the science of agriculture of the near future will be a very different thing from

what we understand under that term to-day. When scientific irrigation has made the farmer independent of the weather, and when all the work of the farm labourer is done by electricity, the cry, "back to the land," which I have heard in America as well as in England, will hardly have the same meaning that it has at present. Only men with a sound training in electric engineering will be wanted as "farm hands." In California they are solving new problems every day by the aid of electricity. I see in a book on the subject published last year, that pumping-stations, driven by electric motors, are being used to pour water on the dried-up soil, with the result that land which could never otherwise have been made productive is now of great agricultural value. Even drainage is now being done by electricity, and the water to be got rid of is pumped away by electric motors.

In the valleys there is generally water that can be made to work; and on high ground, where there is no water, wind is employed. In Denmark there are already some fifty windmills driving electric generators. "Every farmer who lives on the borders of a swiftly-moving stream has at his door the means for supplying the energy now coming from horses or back-breaking human labour." ¹

¹ See 'How to Understand Electrical Work.' Onken & Baker, 1908.

Scientific irrigation is having a marked effect on the value of agricultural land and the uses it can be put to, and this in its turn is affecting the dairy business. Where it was only possible to grow wheat in the old days, crops of alfalfa clover are springing up, and alfalfa is now looked upon as the ideal grass for dairy stock.

Electric ploughshares have long been in use. A cable draws them across the field, hauled by electric motors, one on either side of the field. An electric plough cuts five or six furrows at a time. There are engines used in the West that can "draw over the field sixteen ten-inch ploughs, four six-foot harrows, and a press-drill to match. A power-driven harvester will cut the wheat, thresh it, clean it, and put it into sacks ready for the market." ¹

We have spent a most interesting day in Schenectady, in the Mohawk Valley. Many tourists go there to visit Union College. The founders of Union College in Albany petitioned the Legislature for its charter during the revolutionary war, and six years later a branch institution was established at Schenectady, also under the name of Union College. The first courses in civil engineering available in America were begun here in 1845, and half a century later

¹ *Op. cit.*

courses in electrical engineering were introduced. These were reorganised in 1902, under the professorship of Dr Charles Proteus Steinmetz, a noted mathematician and electrician, and the inventor of the magnetite arc-lamp. The Faculties of Law, Medicine, and Pharmacy, together with the Dudley Observatory, are stationed in Albany. The distance between Albany and Schenectady is twenty-one miles.

We had the honour of visiting Dr Steinmetz in his own home. He is a man still in his prime, and full of untiring energy. He may be called the mainspring of the "General Electric Company," which supplies the greater part of the electrical apparatus used in America. Dr Steinmetz was born and educated at Breslau in Germany. He is the author of many valuable works upon his special subjects of research, and the owner of many important patents connected with electrical power and electric light. The 10,000 horse-power electric generator employed at Niagara Falls was built at Schenectady under Dr Steinmetz's personal supervision: it is the largest machine of its kind in existence. Dr Steinmetz was one of the "Captains of Industry" invited to meet Prince Henry of Prussia on the occasion of his visit to this country. Dr Steinmetz is one of those emigrants from Europe who have brought honour to the land of their adoption. He is

adored by the young men whose privilege it is to attend his lectures, and his ardour in the pursuit of scientific research has the unspeakable merit of communicating itself to those who are so fortunate as to work under his direction. It is interesting that Dr Steinmetz strongly advocates a course of six years' general study, including the Greek and Latin languages, for all youths intending to devote their lives to electrical engineering.

Schenectady is of interest as being, not a typical, but a phenomenal American city. In the last ten years its development has been exceptionally rapid. Twenty-five years ago Schenectady was hardly more than a village; to-day it is a city of nearly eight thousand inhabitants.

The General Electric Company, which has the largest electrical manufacturing plant in the world, employs some fifteen thousand people, and has a capital of eighty million dollars. Another great industry in Schenectady is that of the American Locomotive Company, which has its chief plant here, and employs quite an army of skilled workmen, and has a capital of fifty millions. It is the proud boast of Schenectady that more workmen within its boundaries own their own homes than is the case with any other city in the State.

Schenectady prides itself on the adequacy and exceptional equipment of its fire-stations; it has

the only gasoline fire-engine in existence, the product of a local plant. In the oldest part of the city there are several of the old Dutch houses still standing. One of these, the Vrooman house, dates back to the year 1671. This is one of the few spots where the old Dutch architecture has not entirely disappeared.

Yours.....

TWENTY-SECOND LETTER.

LAKE GEORGE, *August 25th.*

DEAR S.....,—We are in a comfortable hotel on the shore of America's most beautiful lake, and the lovely view from my window takes me back to the Western Highlands of Scotland. But the August heat even here is extremely oppressive, and constantly reminds me that I am still in the United States of America.

We have visited Ticonderoga, and Lake Champlain, about which there has been so much in the papers of late on account of the Centenary, and I have got thoroughly interested in the Indians and the history of their struggles with the white man. We have also been to see Glens Falls, and the caverns so dramatically employed by Fenimore Cooper in his novel, 'The Last of the Mohicans.'

In an introduction to a later edition of the book, Cooper's daughter wrote a few words about the Indians who had once inhabited the land in the vicinity of Lake George. "During the colonial period," she remarks, "the Indians filled a very

prominent position in the foreground, whether as friends or foes; they were feared by the entire white population; they were courted and flattered by governors, generals, and legislative assemblies — aye, and even the Crowns of England and France condescended to bow before them with a sort of mock homage. High prices were paid for their services and for their scalps. It was after the Revolution that they dropped into the background. When Hudson discovered the river that now bears his name, the Mohicans were among the first tribes he met with, and they held possession of both banks as far as the Mohawk.”

Cooper's tale makes the siege of Fort William Henry its central incident, but the author did his best to throw the interest of the narrative into the forest scenes.

It was in August, in the year 1757, that Colonel Monro's garrison in the fort, not more than five hundred men, with seventeen hundred more encamped outside, held out so bravely against the French force of more than eight thousand under Montcalm. The siege lasted seven days. One fourth of the French forces was composed of Canadian Indians. It was not until August 9, after the bursting of half his guns, and when his ammunition was all but exhausted, that Colonel Monro hung out a flag of truce. A corps of French troops, consisting of four hundred men,

had been told off to protect the English as they left the fort; but the Indians, thirsting to avenge themselves on their conquered foes, fell upon them with a triumphant whoop, and butchered all they could get hold of. The four hundred French soldiers were powerless against seventeen hundred savages, who discharged right and left heavy blows with their hatchets on those within their reach. Before the French could stop them the Indians had massacred more than fifty persons. Montcalm, on account of the distance of his tent, knew nothing of this awful catastrophe till some hours later. "At the first news," wrote an eyewitness, "he hastened to the spot. He multiplied himself; he seemed endowed with ubiquity; he was everywhere. Prayers, menaces, promises were used, and at last he resorted to force." And the same eyewitness has left on record a thrilling account of how he was able to restore a poor little English babe, that had been carried off by the Indians, to its distracted mother.

"No little attention," writes Cooper's daughter, "has been attracted to the name of Horican, given in 'The Last of the Mohicans' to Lake George. This beautiful sheet of water has borne different names in the last three centuries. When Champlain first invaded the Iroquois territory at the head of a band of Hurons in 1609, he discovered the noble lake which now bears his name, and

after defeating a party of Mohawks, he seems to have visited the Falls of Ticonderoga, to which the French afterwards gave the name of Carillon, or the Chiming Waters, from the musical, ringing sound of the cascade. Long and fiercely was the same ground contested in later years between the Crowns of France and England. There is every reason to suppose that Champlain was thus the first European to hear from his Huron allies, or from his Iroquois prisoners, the name given by the Mohawks to the smaller but more beautiful lake beyond the portage at Ticonderoga."

The Indians called Lake Champlain Canedeguarante, or "The Lake-Gate-of-the-Country," and to the smaller lake they gave the name of Andiarocte, or "Here-the-Lake-Valley-closes"; both names are descriptive and correct, as is almost always the case with Indian names.

In 1646 a French priest, Father Jogues, traveling as a missionary to the Indians, and also as an envoy from the Canadian Government, passed through Lake Champlain, and reaching what we now call Lake George, he called it *Le lac du St Sacrement*, because he arrived there on the eve of the festival of Corpus Christi, or the festival of St Sacrement, as it is called. The lake continued to bear that name in all French records, and in most of the English ones, for at least one hundred years.

More than a century after Father Jogues had passed among its beautiful islands in his bark canoe, an English army lay encamped on the southern shore of the Lake of the St Sacrement. It was a force under the flag of England, but composed entirely of colonial militia and Iroquois allies, and numbered three thousand four hundred men, under the command of Major-General William Johnson, the Indian superintendent. Their ultimate object was the reduction of Crown Point, or Fort Frederick, on Lake Champlain. General Johnson, in a letter of September 3, 1775, wrote: "I am building a fort at this lake, which the French call St Sacrement, but I have given it the name of Lake George, not only in honour to his Majesty, but to ascertain (to assert?) his undoubted dominion here. I found it a mere wilderness; not one foot cleared. I have made a good waggon road to it from Albany—a distance of about seventy miles; never was house or fort erected here before; we have cleared land enough to encamp five thousand men. . . ." Only twenty years later the sceptre of the House of Hanover no longer ruled over its waters. The "undoubted dominion" which General Johnson aimed at rendering more certain by this royal name had passed away for ever.

'The Last of the Mohicans' was published in January 1826. Cooper wrote it in less than three

months, and some of its most stirring chapters were composed upon a sick-bed. The book met with great popularity both in America and in Europe. The idea of writing it came into his head as he was looking down upon the foaming waters of Glens Falls, in the company of some English tourists, one of whom was Mr Stanley, better known forty years later as Lord Derby, Prime Minister of England, and the translator of Homer.

Here is a description of the falls which Cooper put into the mouth of Hawk-eye: "Aye! there are the falls on two sides of us, and the river above and below. If you had daylight it would be worth the trouble to step up on the height of this rock, and look at the perversity of the water. It falls by no rule at all; sometimes it leaps, sometimes it tumbles; there it skips; here it shoots; in one place 'tis white as snow, and in another 'tis green as grass; hereabouts it pitches into deep hollows, that rumble and quake the earth; and there away it ripples and sings like a brook, fashioning whirlpools and gulleys on the old stone, as if 'twas no harder than trodden clay. The whole design of the river seems disconcerted. First it runs smoothly, as if meaning to go down the descent as things were ordered; then it angles about and faces the shores; nor are there places wanting where it looks backward, as if unwilling

to leave the wilderness to mingle with the salt! Aye, lady, the fine cobweb-looking cloth you wear at your throat is coarse, and like a fish-net, to little spots I can show you, where the river fabricates all sorts of images, if, having broke loose from order, it would try its hand at everything. And yet what does it amount to! After the water has been suffered to have its will, for a time, like a headstrong man, it is gathered together by the hand that made it, and a few rods below you may see it all, flowing on steadily towards the sea, as foreordained from the first foundations of the earth."

Glens Falls is now the name of a large and flourishing American town, or city as they would call it; its wide streets are lined with tall and leafy maple-trees, and the pretty frame-houses, with their picturesque verandahs, stand well apart from one another, and literally smothered in soft green foliage at this time of the year. The falls are some forty or fifty miles above the head of the tide; the rocky island now sustains a pier of the great bridge which, with the huge red-brick factories of the paper-mills, has taken away the romantic beauty that inspired Cooper to write his most successful novel. "Thus, in a new country," writes the novelist's daughter, "the woods and other objects, which in an old country would be maintained at great cost, are got rid

of, simply with a view to 'improving,' as it is called."

Close to Glens Falls, which is acknowledged by Americans who know their own country to be one of the cleanest and brightest cities in the United States, is the smaller town of Sandy Hill, the seat of the paper-making industry. At the "Fenimore Sulphite Mills" they manufacture big blocks of paper-pulp from logs floated down the Hudson from the lakes, and even from Canada. These logs travel only a few miles a-day, and take weeks to come. When it is run through the machines the wood-pulp comes out like great blankets, and can be folded up. Eight machines turn out paper at the rate of a mile a minute. The Union Bag and Paper Mill is the largest of its kind in the world. It can turn out from eight to ten millions of paper bags a-day.

"We're going through the world at a fearful pace," said a man at Sandy Hill who was talking to us about the bag-making. "There's a machine here that throws up fifty completely-finished bags in the time that it would take to make one by hand, and not more than one in that fifty is faulty. The men who work it are like machines themselves; they take everything as a matter of course, and never give a thought to the marvel of it all, and to the wonderful inspiration of the fellow who invented it!"

“I wish you English had not brought your sparrows over here,” said a lady who was entertaining us in her leafy balcony.

“But do they not eat up a lot of insects?” I asked.

“People used to think so,” replied Miss D——, “but now we know better. Scientists have opened a great many, and in their crops grain has often been found, but insects hardly ever. The English robin, on the other hand, is a most useful bird, for it eats a great many destructive insects;” and she pointed to a big bird on her lawn that was about the size of a pigeon, and had a red breast.

“Our robins are never that size,” I replied, rather puzzled; “they are no larger than sparrows.”

“You surprise me,” said Miss D——; “but anyhow, I wish you had imported your skylarks and your nightingales instead of these troublesome and destructive sparrows.”

As we were returning to our hotel we met a man with something for sale in a bag.

“What have you in that bag?” we asked.

“Hen fruit,” replied the man, and opening the bag he displayed some new-laid eggs.

The young ladies here go about in simple white muslin or cambric, and wearing neither hats nor gloves. In spite of the intense heat I seldom see

a parasol in use. The effect of so many white dresses in the bower-like streets, and in the parks, is most pleasing.

“I should like to see some of the workmen’s cottages,” I remarked to a friend as we were passing down one of the shady boulevards.

“You see the only equivalent we have got for them,” he replied, smiling. “The postman lives in that house at the corner,” and he pointed to a pretty little villa; “and the next house to his is occupied by a family of English working people, who have been over here several years. You are in the poorest quarter of the town here. These are our nearest approach to the kind of thing called ‘slums.’”

“Have you then no poverty here?” I inquired.

“Indeed we have—plenty,” was the reply. “Since the last financial panic many people here have had a hard fight for existence. You would be astonished if you knew how many families are even now depending upon borrowed money for the very necessities of life.”

Yours.....

TWENTY-THIRD LETTER.

LAKE GEORGE, *August 29th.*

DEAR S.....,—It is difficult to believe that the picturesque shores of this peaceful lake were the bloody arena on which France and England contended with one another for the ownership of America.

The big hotel which stood for so many decades at the head of the lake, and where every visitor from Europe had found food and shelter since the early thirties of last century, was burned to the ground in an hour and a half a few weeks ago. Of Fort William Henry Hotel, on whose 24-foot-wide piazza so much wealth and beauty should at this moment have been gathered for mutual admiration and display, nothing now remains but a handful of very old-fashioned iron nails scattered upon the ground, and here and there among the *débris* a metal bath, which had proved too tough for the flames to devour or melt.

Lake George is 36 miles long and about 3 miles broad. Its height above the sea-level is 243 feet.

Like most inland sheets of water it is much addicted to sudden storms. "I do not think there's a body of water on this earth that is so easily troubled," said a man we met on the steamer. "The boats on it are all made of brown paper, just the same as the wheels of the railroad cars. There's not a car wheel now on the road that's not made of paper. The paper takes the place of bellows. Have you never noticed the difference between a car wheel and that of a freight car?"

We made an excursion yesterday to Hewlett's Landing, where the lake is widest, just 3 miles across, and then on to Pearl Point, where the water is so clear that the smallest shell can be seen at the bottom of the lake, though a rope 200 feet long won't reach the bottom. Valuable pearls have been found here, and that is how it got its name. We also visited Silver Bay, a little paradise for a hot August day. No matter how rough the lake may be, there is never a ripple on the tranquil waters of that charming little bay. At Hewlett's Landing we got some lunch and then walked straight up over the hill behind the landing, till we came to a large white farmhouse, then we bore to the left till we came to a sweet bit of water called Pine Lake, and almost hidden by the thick dark pine-trees surrounding it. Here was the spot for fishing, and a better it would be hard to find.

We have now seen all the finest parts of the lake, including Bolton, whence the finest view of the islands and of Tongue Mountain, that almost divides the lake into two, is obtained. Yes, the scenery of Lake George is certainly beautiful, but for all that I would never choose its neighbourhood as a summer resort, on account of the climate. The heat here after 10 A.M. is insufferable on the coolest days, and is, to my mind, a very serious drawback.

I find that Hotel Fort William Henry was insured at Lloyd's. People here say that no American Company would have insured it, because it was looked on as a "fire-trap." Happily it contained no guests at the time of the fire, but five hundred had been booked to arrive the very day of the fire, and the manager says that had the fire taken place a day later there must have been many persons burned to death. Fortunately no lives were lost. I heard, however, that a great deal of "help's" baggage was destroyed.

Everything possible is being done to preserve the ruins of Fort Ticonderoga as a national monument. Buttons from the uniforms of English and French soldiers that are constantly being turned up from the soil are all bought up and carefully preserved in a local museum. The English buttons are numbered according to the wearers' regiment, but

the French are not. The old fort has been remounted in its original form, and was just ready for the Lake Champlain celebrations on July 4th. The "Revolutionary Button Society of America" pays a high price for scarce revolutionary buttons. I found a railway porter devoting every minute of his spare time to searching for buttons. It is a job that pays.

We have just returned from a visit to Saratoga, which is still considered to be the most fashionable watering-place on the American continent. Saratoga is 38 miles to the north of Albany, and 182 miles from New York. The story runs that no white man had ever set foot there till the year 1767, when some friendly Indians carried an English officer, Sir William Johnson, thither: he was suffering from the effects of a wound received eight years before, and his Indian allies brought him to be cured by the mineral waters.

Before the Civil War, Saratoga was a favourite resort of wealthy Southerners, and to this fact, according to Ingersoll, it owes some of its peculiar customs and attractions.

Twenty years ago Saratoga was the Monte Carlo of America; and even to-day, when the gambling has been stopped, its race-course and its huge hotels are worth seeing. The height of the

season is in July and August; but now that the place has ceased to be a Monte Carlo its huge hotels are never filled, and appear deserted even when the town is at its fullest. The Grand Union Hotel opened this year on June 26th: it has accommodation for 3000 guests. The Station Hotel opened on July 1st: it can find room for 2500; and there are others almost as capacious. It is only since the betting law was passed that Saratoga has failed to draw its gay and brilliant crowds. Ten years ago the place was booming. As no money is now spent on the Springs the race-course is the one centre of attraction: the Saratoga races are still "among the leading American events of their kind."

All the servants in the hotels are black; they come up from the South for the season. "O my goodness, we have so many of those tawny things here!" said a lady with whom I conversed on the subject; and she added, "Hotel Kensington was to have been turned into a home for coloured people, but rich neighbours were so strongly opposed to the idea that they bought up the building and pulled it down."

But these black people are faithful servants and good workers; and I heard a lady who was dining at the next table to ours say, "Every time I think of Georgie, my coloured laundress, whom I left at New York, I don't know what I shall

do. She does more work in a minute than anyone I know."

It might almost be said of Saratoga that, at this season of the year, you cannot distinguish the houses for the trees. A more leafy, shady, bower-like town I never was in. If only the place were half as cool as it looks, it would then be indeed an ideal summer resort; but, unfortunately, the heat is almost tropical, especially at night. What can the heat of the Southern States be like if Southerners come here to get cool! The thick, fresh, cool-looking foliage of the maple-trees meets over the wide streets, and shades them from the scorching sun; but Saratoga lies in a hot valley, and is too much sheltered to be bracing at this time of the year.

The older houses in Saratoga are built after the model of Greek temples, miniature parthenons, all of wood, and painted white, a most extraordinary style of architecture; in the newer parts the houses are built after the style of improved Swiss châteaux, painted various colours, and often surrounded on all sides by three tiers of balconies, after the fashion of a Chinese pagoda.

Efforts are being made to turn Saratoga into a winter health resort, for which it is said to offer many advantages. There are more than fifty mineral springs, and six public bathing-houses, where every kind of medicinal baths can be taken. But, to my mind, its summer verdure is the prin-

cipal charm of the place, and without that I fail to see what there could be to attract people, beyond the healing properties of the waters.

We travelled to and from Saratoga from Lake George by the new trolley line which, quite independent of the train railway, runs alongside of it for miles together, and has become its powerful rival. The trolley lines are simply the electric-car lines extended out across the country from one town to another. Instead of having to go to the railway station, travellers can now jump into a car at any one of its many stopping places in the town, and, by remaining in it and paying for a new ticket at stated intervals, finally arrive at the place of his destination with no more trouble than if he had taken "a penny 'bus ride." Such a trolley line is now being extended from here across the Canadian frontier to Montreal, and will be open before the end of 1910.

I foresee that before many years have passed Canada and the United States will be covered with a network of such trolley lines. A web of these lines will completely annex Southern Canada to this country, and its far-reaching results will be political as well as economic. There is a larger amount of money invested in electric traction in America to-day than in any other branch of electrical engineering. Just as the train usurped the place of the old stage-coach, so the electric railways

are replacing the horse-drawn vehicles, and even robbing the trains of half their passengers. Every field of transportation is now being invaded by electricity. In some parts electricity is already employed to draw heavy passenger and freight trains that were formerly dependent upon steam : this is especially the case in tunnels and places where the smoke and cinders of steam-engines are most objectionable.

Travelling in these "inter-urban" cars is very pleasant during the hot weather. They are quite open at the sides, and anyone wishing to fall out could do so easily when the car is running at sixty miles an hour. The car that took us to Saratoga slowed down to fifty miles an hour when it ran through the streets of the intervening towns ; but even then it left precious little time for small children and dogs to clear off its track : as we came into Saratoga we ran over a big dog and killed it on the spot, much to the disgust of some ladies who were standing on the pavement, and obliged to witness the bloody spectacle.

You can hardly look at the daily papers without seeing an account of yet worse accidents than that. It is as if our railway trains were suddenly to begin running down our village streets at full speed, without giving any warning of their approach. It is no exaggeration. I speak of what I have myself observed. Of course this sort of thing is

not new in America, for the trains have long been accustomed to pass through towns and to kill children playing in the streets. Nevertheless the new trolley system is assuredly increasing the danger a hundredfold.

Travelling at sixty miles an hour on an open trolley is like riding on the engine of a railway train, with the one difference that, though you get all the wind and dust in your face, you get no smuts and soot. So much for travelling with the aid of chained lightning instead of steam. There were moments in my own experience when the wind seemed as if it were going to choke me; I positively could not breathe till I had turned my head round with a gasp. I am sure it would be quite possible to die of suffocation by wind, though I have never heard of such a thing.

Yours.....

TWENTY-FOURTH LETTER.

PITTSBURG, *September 6th.*

DEAR S.....,—I am writing to you from the Birmingham of America and the home of Carnegie. Pittsburg, with its suburbs, has a population of nearly a million souls, and is growing apace. It is expected that within a few years its one million will have become two, and the whole region between it and Cleveland will soon be one long succession of manufacturing towns, like the Midland cities of England, and that the counties of south-western Pennsylvania, as well as north-western Ohio, will become a vast semi-urban community, interdependent and closely connected in its activities, "the forge shop of the world."¹

Pittsburg is the centre of the iron, steel, coal, and coke trade; while Cleveland, which is called the Sheffield of America, is a second Pittsburg. In both of these cities at least one-third of the population is foreign born. Pittsburg has a

¹ See 'The City.' Howe. 1906.

more European look than any other city I have visited in America. It is almost like a Scotch town, with its cathedral on the hill; but the way the people rush along the narrow streets of its busiest quarter is quite American. This morning, at midday, two minutes' walk from our hotel, I found myself on a pavement between two streams of foot-passengers going opposite ways. Taking refuge from this gushing stream of humanity in the nearest shop, I said to its owner, "Could you kindly tell me what is the cause of all this commotion, and whither all these crowds are hurrying?"

"They are not going anywhere in particular," he replied, smiling at my ignorance of Pittsburg way. "It's always like this."

The present city of Pittsburg stands on the spot where the French built Fort Duquesne in 1754, in connection with those of Ticonderoga and Niagara, to prevent the English from crossing the Alleghanies. It was in 1755 that the British Government sent over a small army, under General Braddock, to drive the French out of the West. American historians tell us that General Braddock was a brave and capable commander, but that he was quite inexperienced in the Indian methods of warfare. He had been accustomed to European battlefields; but the Indians hid behind rocks and trees, and,

being sure marksmen, brought down every man they aimed at without issuing from their places of concealment. General Braddock marched against Fort Duquesne, but was attacked near the Monongehela river by the French and their Indian allies. The British were routed, and General Braddock was slain. "Had it not been for the cool heroism of George Washington," writes Prince, "then twenty-three years old, and a member of Braddock's staff, hardly a man in the British Army would have been left alive." In 1758 the British met with better luck, and managed to take Fort Duquesne, which they at once renamed "Pittsburg," in honour of William Pitt. "The name of Pittsburgh," writes Green, "which was given to their new conquest, still commemorates the enthusiasm of the colonists for the great Minister who first opened to them the West." It was this expulsion of the French from Pennsylvania that threw open to English settlement the region beyond the Alleghanies.

Our hotel, named after the historic river, is one of the most comfortable of the kind in the United States, and by this time my experience of them has been fairly wide. I noticed "Fried Frogs' Legs" on our breakfast menu this morning; it is a delicacy that finds much favour in this country.

Pittsburg has done more for literature and

education than any other modern city; for to it are indirectly due the legion of "Carnegie" libraries that are springing up with such lightning rapidity in all the cities of America; and to it Britain, besides other educational mercies, owes the free education in all her universities north of the Tweed.

The man who made Pittsburg was the one who discovered that some of the coal-fields, of which she is the central point, produced a coking coal admirably adapted for iron-ore smelting. Another vein, easily exploited, proved a splendid steam coal: then iron mills soon sprang up. Everything indicated that here, indeed, was the future iron city, where steel could be produced more cheaply than anywhere else in the world. "The man in question and his partners built mills and furnaces, and finally owned a large concern, making millions yearly. This man and his partners looked ahead; they visited other lands and noted conditions, and finally concluded that a large supply of raw material was the key to permanent prosperity. Accordingly they bought or leased many mines of iron ore, many thousands of acres of coal and of limestone, and also of natural gas territory, and at last had for many long years a full supply of all the minerals required to produce iron and steel." No, it was not by haphazard speculation, but

by careful forethought that Pittsburg laid the foundations of her phenomenal success. "Speculation," in the words of Carnegie, "is the parasite of business, feeding upon values, creating none. The speculator seldom leaves a millionaire's fortune, unless he breaks down or passes away when his ventures are momentarily successful."

As our train steamed in through the outposts of America's Birmingham, we beheld, through the darkness, huge tongues of lurid flame issuing from furnace after furnace; we might have been entering the portals of the lower world. It was a weird spectacle!

Pittsburg manufactures most of those huge iron bridges that are being thrown across the world's widest rivers. I saw a fine new one, every part of which was made and fitted together before it left the factory, to be built across the Ohio river.

The Monongehela and the Alleghany rivers join here and form the little peninsula on which the earliest houses of Pittsburg were built. In the busiest thoroughfares a number of fifteen-storey steel-frame houses are in course of construction; but the houses a little farther out, in the less fashionable parts, are apparently all built of wood except the foundations. We even came across a small church all of wood amongst

whole streets of wooden houses; and I could not help a shudder at the thought of what would happen if there was a fire. This led our thoughts to the subject of fire-stations, and on passing one later in the day we went in. Before our eyes stood a huge "fire-extinguisher." The man in charge explained to us that its weight was ninety-five hundred pounds, and that the length of its water-tower was sixty-five feet. It was a patent from Chicago. The doors in front of it are wide open night and day, and close behind it are kept two fiery chargers—splendid creatures, eighteen hands high both of them—with the doors of their stalls on the latch. I found that these two horses had lived in their narrow stalls for two years, getting only one hour of exercise a-day. The full pressure of water from the pipe when it is at work is three thousand pounds. The steel hose can be turned about by a wheel, after the fashion of a photographic camera. About a hundred and fifty men answer the first alarm signal. There are many other fire-stations in this city, but this is the only one of its kind. I hear that there are, on an average, three fires a-day in Pittsburg.

We have been out to see the new base-ball grounds that were opened in June, and cost a million dollars. Base-ball is America's national sport, and, like everything else American, it is

run as a money-making concern. A professional player can earn the equivalent of two thousand pounds sterling in one season—that is, between May and October. The game was described to me as a development of cricket. Great art is displayed in throwing the ball and making it curve in its course so as to foul the batsman. It is not nearly such a rough game as football. This afternoon I saw crowds of men taking tickets and pouring into a building in a neighbouring street to witness a reproduction by dummy players of a recent base-ball match. Their eagerness to get places could not have been greater had they been crowding to see a real match.

Every branch of athletics in America is now treated as a money-making profession. I could give you the name of a prize-fighter who has just received a purse containing one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for fighting ten rounds: one round lasts three minutes. This professional walks three miles every morning before breakfast, then takes a bath, and is rubbed down by his trainer. He gets three hours' training every afternoon, and lives principally on eggs and beef-steak. It is a hard life, and a broken nose and "cauliflower ears" are inevitable. Few prize-fighters can manage more than five years of such a life.

“Twenty-five years ago there was no amateur sport in America—none,” writes an Englishman who has lived half his life in the United States ;¹ and he goes on to say that until a dozen years ago the situation had not materially changed. It was the coming of golf that revolutionised everything. “Golf taught the American people to play games.”

America has had her professional sportsmen for a good deal longer than a quarter of a century ; but, as Mr Robinson truly says, Americans have even now fewer sports by far than Englishmen, and it is the national habit to take up one, and concentrate your whole energy upon it.

The Americans who come over to England and beat us at so many of our national sports, are almost always men who have for years made the particular sport in which they excel the one business of their life, whereas our men are for the most part “gentlemen amateurs.”

It has been said that Americans have no respect for labour except as a means by which wealth may be acquired. And certainly the truth of this observation is borne out in everything one sees in the America of to-day. Whether a man takes up haberdashery or rail-

¹ See ‘The Twentieth Century American.’ By H. P. Robinson. 1908.

ways, politics or sport, he will take care to make it pay if he be a true American.

One of the newest things in the New World is the way in which athletics, as a money-making concern, are usurping the first place in the thoughts of America's college men. There was a day when the college orator was the darling of his fellows; now his place has been taken by the college athlete. Athletics are become a road to honour and a means of advertisement for rival colleges. Education is beginning to take quite a secondary place in the eyes of the student. Thinking men see this and are alarmed. "A professional trainer," writes one of them, "who is frequently a retired pugilist, does not improve the moral, intellectual, or æsthetic atmosphere of the institution. Sometimes he is an exceedingly undesirable companion for young men of seventeen to twenty-one, especially when his services are given a fictitious value which makes him, in the eyes of the students and the world, far more important to the college than its most learned professor. . . . The present inter-collegiate athletics are for the advertisement and benefit of the institution, its name and fame. . . . We spend scores of thousands of dollars upon athletes who really do not need further attention for their own individual good, but should be encouraging their weaker brothers

by working daily alongside of them. The desire to win championships has so changed the game of football in recent years that it is beef, more than brains, that is sought in the team. But the evil does not end here: there are professional trainers who have well-earned reputations for teaching their players to deliberately and seriously maim and cripple opposing players; and these same professional brutes have been willingly hired by other colleges, at higher wages, to teach their students how to maim their opponents, and so put them out of the game. When these tactics have again proved successful, the price of the professional has further increased, and he has been able to get a better salary in some richer college. We pay such men as these more for a few months' work than we give our most learned and experienced professors for a year's labour."¹ So much for the new rivalry among American colleges. What do American mothers think of it all?

College athletes sweep the secondary schools for promising youths, and these are led to enter the college which makes it best worth their while. "Good base-ball players came to be bought up in the annual market by every really enterprising athletic board. The richest board hired the best

¹ See 'Individual Training in our Colleges.' By Clarence Birdseye.

players, and success became purely and simply a matter of money. All this occurred publicly and openly till the country was roused to indignation, and rules were laid down to stop these practices. To-day things go on pretty much as before, only that less publicity is given to the financial part of the proceedings.”¹

“With the distinct approval of our college authorities,” writes Clarence Birdseye, “we have turned our inter-collegiate sports into work, and that work into dishonesty, demoralising the student body and the personal and community lives of the students.” And he goes on to show how athletic morals have become the morals of college life; how, consequently, a little cheating is now admissible in other departments as well as in that of sport. The word “sportsmanlike” must have a very different significance in America to that which it conveys to Englishmen!

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We have been to see the Carnegie Technical Schools, and I have bought a copy of Carnegie’s last book. Everything in Pittsburg seems to breathe of that remarkable man, yet it is Scotland that claims the honour of being his birth-place; and when I passed through his native town of Dunfermline, I found that he was quite

¹ See Speech by President.

as much beloved there as he is here in Pittsburg, and the residents of Dunfermline were just as eager as the citizens of Pittsburg to point out to me all the benefits he had conferred upon their little town. I have never met this Pittsburg millionaire, or had any communication with him, so that the admiration and respect I feel for him is quite free from bias.

Carnegie is not a Socialist, but he sees the evils that Socialism wishes to remedy, and he is earnestly trying, in a level-headed way, to devote his great wealth to ameliorating the condition of the working classes, from which he himself is proud to have sprung. While the Socialist shouts for the abolition of capital, Carnegie proposes schemes for uniting the workman and the capitalist in one and the same person. Socialism despises thrift, but Carnegie raises it on a pinnacle: his faith in thrift is profound. After reading one of Keir Hardie's pamphlets he wrote: "In its lofty contempt for thrift and forethought it goes far in advance of anything ever put forward by any Communist, ancient or modern."

In speaking of wealth Carnegie says: "Wealth in America, the land of greatest fortunes, never yet has passed beyond the third generation. It seldom gets so far." And further on he says: "In America it has long been, and still is, much

easier to accumulate wealth than elsewhere. The Republic is soon to dwarf all other civilised countries in wealth and population. It is the land of millionaires, and the new genus of multi-millionaires has just made its appearance there ;” and he adds, “America’s best men and women have little in common with the makers and possessors of large fortunes.”

With regard to what this good man has been doing for Pittsburg, I can hardly do better than quote the words of Clarence Birdseye. “A radical departure from the usual educational standards is being worked out in the new Carnegie Technical Schools at Pittsburg. It is especially interesting and illuminating, since it embodies educational principles which Andrew Carnegie, a trained business man, but not a college graduate, is ready to back with unlimited money. . . . Some of the marked features of this school are as follows :—

“An entrance examination, in which a long personal interview or examination by the director of the institution, counts 50 per cent. Here the director, the chief mechanic, is put at the door of the institution to select the material that is to be used, and to assign it to its proper place. Out of the seventeen hundred persons thus examined last year (1906) only three hundred and fifty were accepted. These interviews occupied

from May till October, and related to the personal attainments, ideals, general make-up, and capability of the candidate.

“A broad, rigid first-year course, which everyone must take, no matter what his former educational work has been. No diploma from any other institution will be taken as a substitute for this first-year course. This ensures a homogeneous student body.

“No specialisation until after the first year’s work has been satisfactorily passed: then a student can elect a course only with the consent of the professor in charge. . . . The chief and best professors are in charge of the men in the first year, so that thereafter they are able to judge of their personal qualifications, and know what they are capable of. . . .

“No diploma or degree will be given to any graduate until it is certain that he is going to continue in the line or profession for which he was educated. That is, if a mechanical engineer goes out into the world and becomes a lawyer, he will not receive his degree of M.E.”

The writer goes on to say that all this is revolutionary and educational heresy. “But what we need in many hide-bound institutions is revolution, panic, and thorough reorganisation along common-sense lines, after a comprehensive study of the everyday problems of to-day from the

student's standpoint, and not from that of a hundred years ago."

In referring again to the subject further on in his book, this writer remarks: "Apparently Mr Carnegie regards quality rather than quantity, but then he is merely a manufacturer, and is evidently not educated up to the advantages of twentieth-century culture-course methods and of an overgrown college factory."

Mr Carnegie is strongly in favour of small ownership of land. He compares Denmark with England in this respect. He notes how the former country has been cut up into small holdings for the last seventy odd years, and adds, "Denmark's export of butter, eggs, cheese, bacon, beef, and pork to Great Britain alone in 1904 amounted to over fifteen millions sterling. A startling statement! One wonders what British farmers are doing."

The name of Carnegie is associated in all our minds with the institution of free libraries, and well it may be. Even Washington, the capital city, has to thank Carnegie for its Free Library, and before long it will be hard to find an English-speaking community of any size that has not got one. Two years ago there was a movement on foot in Helsingfors, the chief town of Finland, to petition Mr Carnegie for a library! It is a commonplace that people fail to appreciate prop-

erly blessings that come to them too easily, and I have often heard cynical remarks about Carnegie libraries springing up where they were not wanted. We all know the proverb relating to pearls and swine.

It has been said that artisans who become capitalists make the hardest masters, and prefer founding charitable institutions to paying higher wages to their workmen. Such men should, one would think, be the best judges of what is best for the class from which they have sprung.

In Pittsburg the library system includes a "Library Training School for Children's Librarians": there is a branch situated in one of the poorest districts, and children flock there in the afternoons in crowds to be told stories by the students of the school. Between the hours of three and five some four hundred little vagabonds are initiated into the history of King Arthur, or of Siegfried, or of Robin Hood, as we are informed in a newspaper article describing the working of this scheme.

Yours.....

TWENTY-FIFTH LETTER.

MARIETTA, OHIO, *September 12th.*

DEAR S.....,—The journey from Pittsburg to Marietta is one of the pleasantest I have made in this country. We cut right through the oil country, and saw innumerable oil-wells from the train windows. What a contrast to the bare bleak oil districts of Russia! Green valleys and undulating wooded uplands, corn-fields and wide rivers, all seem to speak of rich soil and agricultural advantages of every kind, yet everyone in this part of the world is far more interested in oil than in agriculture, and the residents tell me that if it were not for the oil there would be nothing here to make money out of. All I can say is, that I never saw (if this be true) such a deceptive picture from the train windows in my life before.

Farmers here say that if you take a stroll in the grass you become infected with insects called "jiggers"—little red insects so small that you cannot see them, but which bore their way

under your skin and breed there for three days, during which time you nearly go mad with the irritation they cause.

Marietta is the oldest town in the State of Ohio: it was laid out by the French, and has wide and handsome streets. Even here there is a Carnegie Library. Our hotel windows look out on a bend of the Ohio river, just where it is spanned by a magnificent new iron bridge straight from a factory in Pittsburg, and which closely resembles the bridges that cross the rivers of Siberia, and which in their turn have had a close acquaintance with American factories and American engineers. I don't think English people half realise what gigantic strides the steel industry has made in America during the last fifteen or twenty years. "In 1892 the imports and exports of manufactures of iron and steel balanced, and henceforth the United States exported more than she imported. Steel was employed for many new purposes, as, for example, freight cars. Its use made possible the construction of office buildings running to thirty storeys in height, and requiring as much as a thousand tons of steel."¹ All the rails laid down across the steppes of Siberia, and connecting Moscow with Peking, were the work

¹ See Report of Industrial Commission, quoted by Dewey in 'The American Nation,' vol. xxiv. p. 17.

of American workmen in American factories. Where, we may well ask, does little England come in? Her gauge is too narrow for the twentieth century.

But to return to our oil. The small farmers round here borrow money from the banks, and drill oil-wells in all the likely spots. They have no trouble or expense in selling their oil when once it is pumped into their tanks, as Rockefeller's pipe-lines run through everybody's land, and the Standard Oil Company takes the oil straight from each man's own tank and pays the money down for it. It is always easy to borrow money here, because of the keen competition between the banks. I am told that "the banks dare not be too slow in lending money." But foreigners coming to this country should remember that when you once begin business in America you have got to stay there, for you soon get too involved ever to leave—unless you make a fortune.

I saw a placard put up in Pittsburg offering a plot of building land for sale, and announcing in large letters that the present owners would be willing to help the purchaser to make a good thing out of the transaction. Could anything be more thoroughly American?

There are some remarkable mounds, or tumuli, in Marietta: they are supposed to have been

the work of a prehistoric race, but no definite information is forthcoming with regard to them. One such mound is in the middle of the cemetery. A careful inspection of them leaves no doubt in my mind as to their being the work of human hands. They are carefully marked on the oldest existing map of Marietta, which bears the date 1801.

I see that Cooper speaks of "those steep pyramidal hills, which bear a strong resemblance to artificial mounds, and which so frequently occur in the valleys of America"; and he describes one of them as being "high and precipitous, its top flattened as usual."

The high cheek-bones of the American Indians have led some to suppose that their race is of Mongol origin, but there is nothing Mongolian about their eyes. It is a remarkable thing that they never have any beards. A fellow-passenger on the train to Marietta told us that there is a deep-rooted conviction among Americans that if America were to be walled off from the rest of the world for a certain length of time, and to receive no fresh blood from Europe, the climate would gradually work upon the American people till their type became identical with that of the Indians—their hair black and straight, their cheek-bones high and prominent, and their skin a reddish hue.

Some kind friends here have been entertaining us with true American hospitality, and one of the dainties they set before us was "sunshine jam," a delicious preserve of cherries made by exposing the fruit and sugar to the powerful rays of the July sun until it was cooked.

A gentleman residing here tells me that he has a cousin in Cleveland who is making a large income by acting as agent for a patent horse liniment made in Paris, which has miraculous healing properties, and is in request in every part of America. The man who discovered it is dead, but his widow goes on making it, and refuses to divulge the names of the ingredients used, though she has been offered large sums of money to disclose the secret. Her answer is always the same: "I shall not tell you how I make it, but you may have as much as you want."

Among the trees growing in this neighbourhood I find the chestnut, the white oak, the black oak, the red oak, the sugar maple, the soft maple, the beech, the gum (a tough wood), the dogwood, and the buckeye, which last is considered the special tree of the State of Ohio.

Everywhere, in the most secluded nooks and in the open meadows, I see oil-wells. They

are as much a feature of the Ohio landscape as the windmills are in Holland. One power plant can pump a number of wells. A great deal of water comes up with the oil, and has to be drawn off. A well that is about four hundred feet deep takes four or five days to drill, but some wells reach to a depth of two thousand feet.

I am more and more surprised to find how little the people here have to say against that fearful bogey the Standard Oil Company. They are positively grateful to it for coming to fetch the oil from their tanks. They say that formerly there was a fearful waste of oil: it would come spouting out of wells here and there, catch alight, and burn the whole night through, and all for want of method and economy. The Standard Oil Company stopped all that waste, and now every barrel of oil can be made the most of.

John D. Rockefeller has just published a book, in which he tries to put people right about many points connected with the Standard Oil Company. I have the volume before me, and give you the following extract:—

“The chief advantages from industrial combinations are those which can be derived from a co-operation of persons and aggregation of capital. Much that one man cannot do alone

two can do together; and once admit that co-operation, or what is the same thing, combination, is necessary on a small scale, the limit depends solely on the necessities of business. Two persons in partnership may be a sufficiently large combination for a small business; but if the business grows, or can be made to grow, more persons and more capital must be taken in. The business may grow so large that a partnership ceases to be a proper instrumentality for its purposes, and then a corporation becomes a necessity. In most countries, as in England, this form of industrial combination is sufficient for a business co-extensive with the parent country; but it is not so in America. Our Federal form of government, making every co-operation created by a state foreign to every other state, renders it necessary for persons doing business through corporate agency to organise corporations in some or many of the different states in which their business is located. Instead of doing business through the agency of one corporation they must do business through the agencies of several corporations. If the business is extended to foreign countries, and Americans are not to-day satisfied with home markets alone, it will be found helpful, and possibly necessary, to organise corporations in such countries; for

Europeans are prejudiced against foreign corporations, as are the people of many of our states. . . . It is too late to argue about advantages of industrial combinations. They are a necessity."

And later on he says: "Consider for a moment how much would have been left undone if our prosperous business men had sat down with folded hands when they had acquired a competency." Yes, that is indeed a point for the rest of the civilised world to consider.

In discussing the growth of the oil business, Rockefeller says: "We soon discovered as the business grew that the primary method of transporting oil in barrels could not last. The package often cost more than the contents, and the forests of the country were not sufficient to supply the necessary material for an extended time." And he adds that, after careful consideration, they found capital for pipe-line construction equal to the necessities of the business; then followed the tank cars upon the railroad, and finally, the tank steamer. "Capital had to be furnished for them, and corporations created to own and operate them."

The Standard Oil Company may be said to date from the year 1867, when three firms united to form the single firm of Rockefeller, Andrews, & Flagler. As time went on these

gentlemen interested others, and organised the present Standard Oil Company, with a capital of 1,000,000 dollars.

Rockefeller ascribes the success of this company "to its consistent policy of making the volume of its business large through the merit and cheapness of its products. It has spared no expense in utilising the best and most efficient method of manufacture. It has sought for the best superintendents and workmen, and paid the best wages. It has not hesitated to sacrifice old machinery and old plants for new and better ones. It has placed its manufactories at the points where they could supply markets at the least expense. It has not only sought markets for its principal products, but for all possible by-products, sparing no expense in introducing them to the public in every nook and corner of the world. It has not hesitated to invest millions of dollars for cheapening the gathering and distribution of oils by pipe-lines, special cars, tank steamers, and tank waggons. It has erected tank stations at railroad centres in every part of the country to cheapen the storage and delivery of oil. It has had faith in American oil, and has brought together vast sums of money for the purpose of making it what it is, and for holding its market against the competition of Russia, and all the countries

which are producers of oil and competitors against American products.”

One way in which the company economised was by establishing a system of self-insurance against fire. A reserve fund provided for the insurance. Such independence must necessarily have been very annoying to the insurance companies, who were the losers by this ingenious arrangement. One is struck, as one studies the beginnings of these gigantic businesses, how much the growth of the one resembles that of all the others. If you understand one thoroughly, you have practically grasped the secret of all of them.

Yours.....

TWENTY-SIXTH LETTER.

MARIETTA, OHIO, *September 15th.*

DEAR S.....,—We cannot tear ourselves away from this delightful spot, and the more we see of the surrounding country the more we admire it. As you know, I am carrying my Tocqueville round with me. I find that he, too, was in raptures over the scenery on the banks of the Ohio river. The word “Ohio” is Indian, and signifies “beautiful river.” In 1835 Tocqueville wrote: “The Ohio river waters one of the most magnificent valleys that has ever been made the abode of man. Undulating hills extend upon both shores of the Ohio, whose soil affords inexhaustible treasures to the labourer; on either bank the air is wholesome and the climate mild; and each of them forms the extreme frontier of a vast state.” (Kentucky to the left, and to the right—Ohio.)

We spent yesterday evening on a friend's balcony, in comfortable rocking-chairs, while our host's pretty little girls sported on the velvety lawn that sloped from the house to the public

highway without fence or hedge of any kind. The children were chasing brilliant fire-flies, which darted hither and thither like sparks in the breeze. Presently one of the little girls ran up to us crying, "I have caught three lightning-bugs."

The children's mother then related to us how, a few days before our arrival, a toad had caused the children great excitement by swallowing a fire-fly; for the children could see the light shining in its stomach like a candle in a lantern.

Cleveland, the capital city of this State, is remarkable as being the seat of tremendous municipal energy. What that city has done for itself in the last few years is enough to take one's breath away. I have already said that it is the Sheffield of America; the astonishing thing about it is not its industrial activity, but the way in which it has set about improving itself. According to President Eliot of Harvard, Cleveland has the best school system in America, and, in the words of Dr Howe, "its library development has been brought down to the people." With regard to its municipal activity, he says: "Natural gas as a fuel has been introduced from the fields of West Virginia. The price of artificial gas has been reduced to seventy-five cents a thousand cubic feet. The Water Department is in the hands of the city. Its source of supply has been extended, and placed beyond fear of contamination

through the construction of a tunnel extending five miles out into the lake. The city has entered upon a policy of metering all consumers, the first city in the country to adopt this radical reform.”¹ But this is not all: Cleveland has surrounded itself with a splendid system of parks and boulevards. “Public bathing establishments have been opened along the water front, while an all-the-year-round bath-house, with public laundry equipment, has been built. In the crowded quarters over twenty playgrounds have been laid out for the recreation of the poor.” The city has also established a Farm School for turning youthful criminals into honest and useful citizens. But not only is Cleveland devoting her activities to hygienic education and reform, she is equally eager in her efforts towards artistic improvement. “She has engaged a distinguished body of non-resident architects to supervise all public structures,” and a comprehensive plan has been adopted for the grouping of the City Hall, Public Library, County Court-house, Federal Building, and Union Station —“a systematic grouping of its public buildings which will be unsurpassed in America outside of the city of Washington.”

I have been having some long talks with my lady friends here on what we English call the “Servant Question.” I suppose they call it the

¹ See Howe.

“Help Question” here, for the word servant is always carefully avoided. “We can’t get ‘Help’ here,” said one lady,—“all the girls prefer to be clerks and typists; and as for a good cook, it is almost impossible to find one.”

Of all the true things that Max O’Reil said about America, he never hit the nail on the head better than when he remarked: “Whatever Jonathan is, he is not the master in his own house.” It was this writer who said: “In America, the man who pays does not command the paid”; and that is as true to-day as it was twenty years ago. “The paid servant rules. Tyranny from above is bad; tyranny from below is worse.”

Ninety-nine per cent of the families in America who correspond to our English middle class have no regular servants; they only have a “help” now and then to assist in the heaviest house cleaning. Ladies living in villas, the rent of which in a good neighbourhood in England would vary from sixty to ninety pounds a-year, without rates and taxes, do all the cooking and ordinary housework with their own hands. In the household, where, in England, two servants would be considered indispensable, every atom of work, including all cooking and the answering of the door, is done by the mistress of the house alone and unaided. Is it to be wondered at if girls in this

class are beginning to prefer the lot of a school teacher to that of a married drudge? It is not the allurements of higher education that are deterring American girls of this class from marriage, but the aggravation of the servant difficulty.

The decline of the birth-rate has also a close connection with the lack of domestic servants in this country. The larger the family, the more work there is for the mother, and two children are quite as many as an ordinary mother can look after, in addition to her heavy household duties; and unless the father is willing to see the mother's health ruined, he must be content with a two-children family.

Nearly 80 per cent of the American families of to-day live in the cities, in steam-heated flats; they do so because it is easier to live in a flat without servants than anywhere else; and the fewer children there are in the flat the more comfort its occupants can enjoy. Everyone wants to have everything as nice as everybody else has it, and the larger the family the greater the struggle, so race suicide has gradually become universal. Not only does the best American stock fail to increase itself, it even fails to reproduce itself.¹ Large apartment houses are being erected especially to meet the requirements of childless couples,

¹ See L. K. Commander: 'The American Idea.'

and the producers of large families are frowned upon by society.

The Irish, German, and Italian emigrants still have large families, but opposition to large families is appearing even among these. It seems that one of the first things to be learned by those immigrants who are most keen to rise in the social scale is how to limit the family.

It is evident that the original American stock is quickly dying out, and its place is being taken by emigrants from Europe. A clever American lady who devoted several years to an investigation of this subject¹ is of opinion that one of three things must happen in the long-run;—the alien races will form colonies, increase, and finally control the country; or, lacking power to gain control, exist as an inferior and subject race dominated by an American stratum above; or, they will become assimilated, and mixed together with the earlier inhabitants, produce a new people, a blend of both, but exactly like neither. In the first case the result would be a silent and bloodless revolution; in the second, the American democracy would probably be succeeded by a republic; and in the third, the institutions, customs, and ideas would undergo a slow transformation, and the original American and his ideals would vanish before a new people and a new government. I may add

¹ *Op. cit.*

that the last of these three alternatives is not only the most likely one, but the one which is now actually taking place.

“Everywhere, except among the wealthy, a large family degrades the standard of living,” says this writer. “Each child divides the family income into smaller parts. . . . The true, good-grade American demands a high standard of living for himself. He demands it also for his child. Moreover, he always wants the child to do more and get more out of life than he has himself attained. He knows that high earning power is the accompaniment of intelligence and skill. Our industrial system is so complex, its tasks so delicate, its mechanism so fine, that almost every task demands the man or woman of alert, keen brain, carefully and exactly trained. Fewer and fewer are the places that can be filled by stupid, ignorant strength; and presently they will have disappeared altogether. . . . To give to a large family the education and training necessary, and to keep up meanwhile the comforts of the home, is beyond the power of the average American.”

And further on she says: “There is no doubt few of us are normal. Men as well as women have a low average of health. Only 3 per cent of the nation die of old age, a larger number of those born die before five, and thirty-three is the average length of life.”

But to return to the servant difficulty. There is a scheme on foot for the founding of "Domestic Science Schools." In these institutions young women will be trained to dust and sweep scientifically. House-work will be treated as a liberal profession, or taught as a trade, and graduates will be hired out by the hour. Graduates from such colleges will take as good a position in society as those from any other colleges; their labour will be skilled labour, and will be paid for accordingly.

"Rich people will howl like sin," added the pastor who gave me this information, "when they can't find the old kind of servant any more."

"The servant of the future," continued my informant, "will be respected and self-respecting, and we shall relieve everybody of their ignorance as soon as we can. The servant question will cease to exist. We are going to fix that all up"; and there was a ring of confident assurance in his voice that was most encouraging.

For the time being, however, I can safely say that any respectable young woman who is physically strong, and knows her business as a cook, house- or parlour-maid, or even as children's nurse, can go from England to America and soon find plenty of work, and twice, if not three times, the remuneration she can get in England for the same kind of work. It is a marvel to me that more

young women do not leave the old country, seeing how much there is to attract them in the New World.

But even the English and Irish who emigrate to America very soon begin to turn up their noses at their own profession, and it is not long before they look out for some other kind of work, or, if they remain in service, begin to demand rights—such, for instance, as sitting down to meals with their employers. While I was the guest of an American lady only a few weeks ago I witnessed an instance. A girl who had come from Ireland some years ago as a nurse-maid, and had risen to the rank of ladies'-maid, demanded a place at my hostess's dining-table. Her request was refused.

The true American looks askance at all menial work and at all the lower forms of labour, and as these cannot be dispensed with, he is glad of the services of foreigners: this is one reason why he welcomes even the lowest grade of emigrants to his shores. Even the illiterate Italians, Sicilians, and Hungarians who are now coming over in such crowds are wanted for certain kinds of labour. And it is only the new-comers that are of use in this respect, for one of the earliest signs of Americanisation in a foreigner is the contempt he soon begins to show for all lower-grade labour.

No American woman will go out as a domestic servant if she can possibly avoid it; but at the

same time, once she is married and in her own home, there is no woman who works so hard as the American woman of the middle-class. I know one who lives in a pretty villa with a nice garden; the house has nine bedrooms, besides bathroom, drawing-room, and dining-room. The mistress told me that for the whole twenty-three years of her married life she had done every atom of work in that home and brought up three children. School had prevented her daughters from assisting her; and on leaving school the eldest had married, while the second had become a victim to spinal complaint, and though she still lived at home was quite unable to lend a helping hand.

“Do you never have any help in the house-cleaning?” I asked incredulously.

“Only during the spring cleaning,” she replied. “I then employ a woman to help shake the rugs and move the furniture;” and she added: “I make most of my little boy’s clothes, and I wash all my husband’s shirts and collars; the other washing I send to a laundry.

“My husband writes for the magazines in the evenings,” she continued; “he writes on the subject of Labour and Theology, but his principal subject is Chemistry. House-work keeps me fairly busy, but we take our little holidays together now and then. I don’t believe in saving all your money. There are too many Americans

who won't give themselves any of the little pleasures of life; they prefer to put their money in the bank, and what for? To let their children quarrel over it when they are gone!"

Here, then, was a lady who for a quarter of a century had done the work of wife, housekeeper, parlour-maid, and cook, all alone and unaided. Accustomed as I have been in England to hear servants, who have less than a third of the work that this lady gets through daily, complaining of over-work, I was lost in amazement when I discovered how much work one woman could get through, if only she wished to do so.

"In truth, the prison unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is."

Just think how much money that lady has saved by doing without servants all these years! A cook, even if she did nothing but the cooking, would have cost her at the very least ten dollars a-week; and an ordinary "help" would have cost her another five. This lady was a typical woman of the Middle West, and her home was about two hours' journey west of Chicago. Her husband was what they called in the Eastern States "a breezy Westerner."

Another lady I met, whose experiences were very similar, was the wife of a well-to-do farmer, who spent his summers in cultivating a corn-farm in Illinois, and his winters in growing oranges in

Florida. They have three little boys, still under school age, and both man and wife have a pretty busy time of it.

“If I have one complaint to make,” said the wife to me with a happy smile, “it is that my life is too full.”

These were Americans of the real old stock. Mrs S—— was proud to call herself “a Daughter of the Revolution,” and could trace her ancestry back a hundred years. Such families as these are the backbone of the American Republic. They love their country passionately, and they love the old customs that the early colonists brought with them from England. They told me how it grieves them to see the changes that are being brought by these streams of emigrants from continental Europe. “They are taking away our Sabbath,” cried Mrs S——, “and that is a thing I find it hard to forgive them.”

Yes, I can see for myself that puritan America is becoming a thing of the past. In fact, its body has already vanished out of sight; only its shadow remains visible. Every batch of German emigrants, every batch of Russians, Italians, Austrians, or Swedes, helps to dilute the original stock supplied from Anglo-Saxon lands. Every fresh influx brings its own special influence with it. To understand the America of to-day aright one must be provided with such knowledge as can only be

obtained by wide travel in every other quarter of the globe.

That is why the American is, as a rule, the last person to understand the changes that are taking place in his own country, and to see whither they are tending. Here it is the looker-on who sees most of the game.

Yours.....

TWENTY-SEVENTH LETTER.

NEW YORK, *September 20th.*

DEAR S.....,—American cooking is far away superior to English cooking. I think there can be no two opinions about that. This is one of the arts that America has learned from her foreign immigrants. From the Germans she has learned to make delicious cakes and pastries, and many dainties still practically unknown to our English cooks; from the French she has learned how to cook vegetables, and from the Italians she has learned how to cook macaroni; from her Russians she has learned how to make beet-root soup, and from her Swedes a number of Scandinavian delicacies. Not only has America become acquainted with almost every European delicacy, but she has within her boundaries men and women of every European country who have brought their culinary arts with them to the New World. For this reason I predict that within another decade the American cook, who will, as then, have assimilated all that is best in the cooking art of every other

country, be the best all-round cook that the world has ever produced.

I see that a school for cooks is to be opened shortly in connection with the Winona Technical Institute at Indianapolis, at a cost of 250,000 dollars. Adolph Meyer, former *chef* to the Emperor of Russia, is to be superintendent of the school. The school is to be inaugurated as a model hotel, and its guests will be the four hundred students of the Technical Institute. "They will live higher," it is said, "than the undergraduates of any college or university in the world; the daily *menu* will exhibit the widest variety, from the simplest biscuit to the most complex sauces and pastries." It will be worth while to follow the after-careers of these well-fed students, and note if their ultimate success in life differs from that of students who have been less sumptuously dieted.

But the Americans do not take over foreign cooking blindly; they bring their quick intelligence to bear upon every recipe. Take, for instance, that dainty of all American dainties, their deservedly famous "strawberry shortcake." What is it but adaptation of, and improvement upon, that purely German delicacy known in the Fatherland as *Apfel-kuchen*? The "cookies" and "pies" that you meet with in every part of America are thoroughly German in their origin.

It is only possible for those who have made a study of the habits and customs of many nations to distinguish which of the habits and customs he meets with in the United States are of purely American origin, and which are imported wholesale from another hemisphere. Take, for instance, the universal habit of gum-chewing. Is that an imported habit? I, for my part, have met with it in no other civilised country, and this inclines me to think that, like the geographical names of towns and rivers, it has been inherited from the Indians. But I may be wrong.

Here, in New York, as everywhere else, I see ladies seated opposite me in train and street-car moving the lower jaw in a singular manner for half an hour at a time, up and down, up and down, and I am informed that they are "chewing gum."

On the sides of the street-cars, and on the railway stations, no commodity is more prominently and more widely advertised than are the various brands of "chewing-gum," and it is constantly stated in huge letters that they "help digestion."

"Most everybody chews gum over here," said a lady to whom I had remarked upon the habit; and my own eyes have told me that she was right. Yet I have never seen an American lady chewing gum in Europe.

There is a false idea in England that America is the one country where you can travel without eternally putting your hand in your pocket in search of a tip. No such thing. Tips are in as great request in America as anywhere in the world, and you will soon find that out if you come over here. Why, the American waiter expects a tip every time he answers your telephone call. On the trains the coloured porters treat you with the greatest contempt if you are so rash as to offer them anything short of a silver piece. It makes me shudder to think of the money that has left my purse in the shape of tips since I landed in this country.

It is perfectly remarkable the way Americans trust one another. I find no price printed on my railway tickets, so, unless I have time to look the fare up in a Railway Guide, I cannot tell whether the man in the ticket office has cheated me or not. Again, the big hotels do not furnish their departing guests with written accounts; they merely tell you the amount of the total over the office counter, and expect it to be paid forthwith. Until quite recently tickets were dispensed with in the street-cars, but here the trustfulness of the street-car companies has been shamefully abused. Young gentlemen out of a job have constantly offered themselves as temporary street-car conductors, as a quick method of filling empty pockets; and stewards

from the European liners have found it worth their while to do a little in this line during their off-time on shore. I heard of one steward who made a very good thing out of it indeed. This is one of the ways in which visitors from Europe have been able to feather their nests.

Whereas Germany's paternal Government makes laws to prevent flower-pots from falling on people's heads, and other laws to keep the houses from rising above a decent height, the Americans are not troubled with any such petty restrictions. The houses on either side of the congested streets of the great cities are rising higher and higher, like the waters of a river in the time of flood. Very soon there will have to be a law of some kind, or this mad competition will end by endangering the health and even the lives of the citizens. Already the inner rooms of the apartment houses are dark and without windows, not only in the slums, but also in the more respectable neighbourhoods. Already thousands of young men and women from middle-class families spend their days at work in offices that are cut off from fresh air and daylight by the height of the surrounding buildings, and this state of things is bound to have a deteriorating effect on the young manhood and young womanhood of the nation.

There are more railway accidents in America than anywhere else, and this is partly due to the

speed at which the trains are run, and partly to the absence of platforms on the busy railway stations. I noticed in Chicago that you could wait for your train on whichever side you wished, and cross the rails to it when it came in. I have often seen parties of travellers standing between the rails, laughing and talking as unconcernedly as if they were on a safe English platform. It frequently happens that, intent on conversation, they fail to heed the warning bell, and then fearful accidents result.

Business men who have to travel frequently for long distances buy themselves "mileage tickets," which reduce the cost of travelling by about one-third. Although the railway companies issue these mileage tickets with the distinct understanding that they are not transferable, it is quite customary for them to change hands continually. In Spain every bearer of a mileage ticket must have his photograph attached to it, and so the making of an honest penny out of its transference is quite out of the question in that country.

It has often been remarked that if the American democracy were left to run its course, it would run to plutocracy. Facts are proving the truth of this statement. Everywhere the crown and summit of everything is wealth. If there is not a millionaire in every family, every family that has any respect for itself is connected in some way with a million-

aire, or with a family that has produced one of these flowers of the American soil. The New York papers are filled daily with accounts of the triumphs of American wealth at the courts of European potentates. It is only too true that all Europe is ready to bow to the American dollar. And can we wonder then that this magic bit of paper should hold a very high place in the esteem of America's sons and daughters!

In England the poor, under Socialism, are making frantic efforts to pull the rich down to their level, but in America the poor are putting their energies into another basket. They are themselves continually on the rise. If an American is hungry he takes care not to look it. If an American woman has only a limited purse to-day, she may have a larger one to-morrow, so she struggles to keep up appearances, and you never see that down-trodden dejected look on people's faces here that you meet with every day in our English cities.

There is no country proletariat in America, chiefly, I suppose, because there are no villages; and I think we may say that there is no city proletariat, except that which is composed of foreign immigrants, and confined to the slums of large cities. The next berth to mine on the train to Chicago was occupied by a dignified and well-behaved young girl in black. In the morning

we got into conversation at the breakfast table, and she informed me that she had been working for three years in a New York factory, and was now going to visit an aunt in Chicago. She was from Poland, her father having come over with all his family when she was about ten years old. Imagine a London factory girl travelling in a sleeping-car from London to Edinburgh, and adapting herself to the situation so simply and gracefully. The thing would be well-nigh impossible. It is self-respect which accomplishes these miracles.

There are Americans who pretend that equality has taken the place of class distinctions in the United States, whereas, in reality, there is no country where the lines of demarkation are more distinct, or where they are more jealously guarded.

As Lecky has observed : "In a country where there is no rank, and where political eminence gives little or no dignity, the thirst for wealth acquires a maddening power." And Tocqueville wrote, nearly eighty years ago : "In the United States I found that restlessness of heart which is natural to men when all ranks are nearly equal and the chances of elevation are the same to all. I found the democratic feeling of envy expressed under a thousand different forms." I should be inclined to strike out the word

“envy” here, and substitute for it the word “emulation.”

In Tocqueville’s day there were no such things as “Trusts,” and competition was free to all. If we look for the origin, the first beginnings, of anyone of the huge fortunes that have been amassed in America, we find that the energy of one man lies at the bottom of every great concern, and with that energy has been coupled an idea. “Without friends or credentials,” says Mr Robinson,¹ “the man who has an idea which is commercially valuable will find a market in which to sell it. If he has the ability to exploit it himself, and the power to convince others of his integrity, he will find capital ready to back him. It is difficult to explain in words, to those accustomed to the traditions of English business, how this principle underlies and permeates American business in all its modes.” And after giving an example, this writer adds: “It is the personality of the individual with whom the business is done that the American system takes into account.”

“The way we Americans do things is this,” said a young lawyer in reply to a question from me. “We look out for a capable man with push and ideas, and we say to him, ‘Make our concern a success and we will pay your own price, but if

¹ See ‘The Twentieth Century American.’

you fail you get nothing.’” As I have said elsewhere, the American banks are always ready to lend money to men with ideas to work out. “In England,” says Mr Robinson, “a bank’s chief business is to furnish a safe depository for the funds of its clients. In America its chief business is to assist—of course with an eye to its own profit, and only within limits to which it can safely go—the local business community in extending and developing its business. The American business man looks upon his bank as his best friend. If his business be sound, and he be sensible, he gives the proper bank official an insight into his affairs far more intimate and confidential than the Englishman usually thinks of doing. He invites the bank’s confidence, and in turn the bank helps him beyond the limits of his established credit line in whatever may be considered a legitimate emergency.” It is certainly an undisputed fact that the American banks have proved a tremendous, an incalculable, factor in the general advancement of this country.

Mr Robinson explains the difference between the part played by the banks of the two countries as resting on two fundamental differences in the condition of the countries themselves. England is a country of accumulated wealth and large fortunes which need safeguarding ; America

has until recently been a country of small realised wealth, but with immense natural resources which need developing, and the policy of the banks has been shaped to meet the demands of the situation. In the second place, the American is always trading on a rising market. This, as Mr Robinson points out, "is true both of the individual and of the nation. In spite of temporary panics, the man with faith in the future, provided only he looked far enough ahead to be protected against temporary set-backs, has always won. The man who has always acted in the belief that the future will be bigger than the present,—that man has never failed to reap his reward. It is inevitable that, with such a condition of things, there should result a national temperament more buoyant, more enterprising, more alert."

English lawyers cannot say enough hard things about American lawyers, but now I have heard both sides. "Your English lawyers are such slow-going, sleepy fellows to do business with," was what one of my American lawyer friends said to me recently. "There's no go in them."

In 1835 Tocqueville wrote: "Lawyers form the highest political class and the most cultivated circle of society. . . . If I were asked where I place the American aristocracy, I should reply, without hesitation, that it is not com-

posed of the rich, who are united together by no common tie, but that it occupies the judicial bench and the bar." Tocqueville considered that the habitual procrastination of the lawyers was a valuable check to the impetuosity of the democratic element. "Lawyers," he remarked, "are one of the influences that mitigate the tyranny of the majority."

What is the position of the American lawyer of the twentieth century? Has it remained stationary all these years, or has it altered for the better, like most things American? The fact is, the profession of the lawyer has kept pace more or less with the business of his clients, and in some cases, to use the words of Clarence Birdseye, "he has actually preceded them to point out the way. Business men have been able to solve their problems only so far as their lawyers could make it safe for them. It was the devising of the trust mortgage to secure a large number of bonds, each of a small face value, that made possible the modern huge combinations of capital composed of the savings of many,—safely pooling the mites of the poor to finance the enterprises which have made us industrially the greatest nation of the world. . . . The important lawyer is no longer a great advocate and pleader, but rather the legal engineer who surveys and plans the road upon which the

army is thereafter to travel in safety. He formulates and solves the new and intricate problems that await the expansionist in every field of business." The profession of a lawyer has changed in its nature.

Litigation no longer pays in the New World, for transactions covering thousands of millions of dollars are to-day carried through quickly and quietly under the lawyer's advice, and without a thought of litigation. Before a banker will advance money for a new enterprise he usually consults his lawyer as to whether it is one that might draw him into litigation.

Such work involves not only knowledge of the law, but the power to muster, master, and oversee business details that would have been impossible to the practitioner of olden times. The great lawyer in America to-day is one who "can brush aside obstacles rather than raise them, and interweave vast commercial cables rather than split hairs." He has even been styled "the senior advisory partner in important affairs." Clarence Birdseye actually goes to the length of declaring that America owes her great wealth and prosperity more to her lawyers than to any other class. "Of our twenty-five Presidents, twelve of the first eighteen and six of the last seven have been lawyers. . . . Throughout our history our problems have in large part been brought to the

lawyer, and solved by his aid." America owes her phenomenal success not to enthusiastic fanatics, but to highly-trained experts.

With regard to the great problems that America has been busy solving during the last few decades, I shall again quote two striking paragraphs from Clarence Birdseye.

"The Pennsylvania railroad in forty-one years has seen its gross earnings per ton, mile or freight, cut down from about two and seven-tenths cents to about six-tenths of a cent, or 78 per cent, and the traffic has increased twenty times. The history of this road, like all others, has been a series of problems, from the time of its inception, when it was strenuously opposed, politically and in every other way, by the teamsters of the Conemaugh Valley, who insisted that its coming would ruin their business and take the bread from the mouths of their children. The road which they would have thus throttled, moved last year freight that was equal to 18,478,371,275 tons for one mile, at a cost of about four-tenths of a cent per mile, and employed an army of men who would more than equal in number the voters of Pennsylvania at the time that the road was conceived. But the freight of seventy-five years ago was almost entirely the product of farm and forest, or practically the spontaneous growth of nature; while

the freight of to-day is almost as exclusively the product of man's hand and brain in factory and mine,—that is to say, the human element enters each year more into our daily life and its problems.”

Of America's largest business and manufacturing company, this writer says that it has capital stock, bonded and other indebtedness, of about 1,480,000,000 dollars. “It shows assets to a like amount, and, in addition, sinking and reserve funds and surplus of over 200,000,000 dollars. During the year 1906-7 its gross sales and earnings exceeded 696,000,000 dollars, and its manufacturing and producing cost and operating expenses came to 517,000,000 dollars, besides its fixed charges and other general expenses. It employed over 202,000 persons, and paid them in salaries and wages 147,000,000 dollars. It owned railways aggregating 2400 miles of single track, with 34,500 cars and locomotives. It owned seventy-two steamers and twenty-nine barges, and hired a large number more. Its business presented the problems of mining, transportation by land and sea, and manufacturing and marketing upon the largest scale. *Its production more than equalled that of all Great Britain in the same line.* It is already in a position to control or regulate the markets of the world.”

Yours.....

TWENTY-EIGHTH LETTER.

NEW YORK, *October 1st.*

DEAR S.....,—New York City stands on a narrow strip of land surrounded on three sides by water. As it cannot spread itself over more ground, it can only expand by building its houses higher and higher, and by burrowing deeper and deeper into the bed-rock on which it stands. The terrible overcrowding in its poorest quarter is a result of its being the chief port of entry for the shoals of immigrants that have been pouring into the United States during recent years. Those immigrants, whose standard of living is the lowest and most degraded, are the ones who remain where they have landed instead of moving farther afield. It is stated that the south-east of Europe has contributed nineteen times as many inhabitants to the slums of New York as all the rest of Europe put together. Books filled with the most harrowing details of overcrowding, lack of light and air, and the consequent deterioration of human beings, are for sale in the book-shops here, and ever since

the passing of the Tenement Act in 1867 charitable people have been labouring to bring about a better state of things. But how to keep New York clean and sweet and wholesome, while she continues to be the great receptacle for the waste and scum of Europe, is one of the problems that the American Republic still have to solve. It is such a problem as no other nation has ever been confronted with since the beginning of history.

“Over 1,000,000 aliens come annually to our shores,” wrote Dr Latané in 1907; and it was President Roosevelt who called attention to the fact that the number of immigrants, in the single year 1905, exceeded the entire number of colonists that came to America during the one hundred and sixty-nine years which elapsed between the first landing at Jamestown and the Declaration of Independence.

As there are still some 8,000,000 Jews in Europe who are the victims of various forms of persecution in Russia, Austria, the Balkans, and Germany, it is probable that there will be no decrease in the immigration of that race for many years to come. There are people who think that immigration, instead of reinforcing the population of the country, is simply resulting in the replacement of native by foreign elements. As the native population has for some years been unable to reproduce itself, I do not see how there can be any

question about the matter. The America of the future will belong to a race owing its origin as much to Jewish as to Anglo-Saxon blood.

An Act passed on February 20, 1907, only allows the admission of aliens who are sound in mind, body, and morals. It raised the head-tax from two to four dollars, and required steamship companies to provide more air-space for steerage passengers. But as recently as 1909 there have been complaints that all is not yet as it should be with the steerage passengers on some of the great liners.

Dr Howe states that in 1904 there were 700,000 persons in New York City who were recipients of relief in one form or another. This is one-fifth of the population. America has her poor, though we may not see them about.

The suburbs of New York City beyond the river are growing enormously, and some of the largest manufacturers are removing their factories thither. Bridges and tunnels connecting the Empire City with her suburbs are increasing yearly, and it is anticipated that in time there will be a big migration of the families who support themselves by work in factories. The newspapers are prophesying that Manhattan Island will gradually become the central point in which will cluster the greatest multitude of business interests that has ever been concentrated in so limited an area. It is clear that old New York will soon become the

home of the very rich and the very poor, but not of the middle classes, for these will have been gradually drawn into the irresistible whirlpool of suburban residence. In short, the history of New York will more and more resemble that of London.

“At the beginning of this century, the city of New York contained more people within its jurisdiction than responded to the authority of the first President of the Republic,” writes Dr Howe. “In a hundred years it has become the second city in the world. In the magnitude of its undertakings it is easily first. . . . Even the Federal Government was conducted at less expense than is the Empire City, until the Civil War ushered in a new order of financing.” The city’s annual expenditures exceed 108,000,000 dollars. London, with 40 per cent more population, expends but seventenths as much. The area of New York City is 300 square miles, while that of London is but 118.

It is quite clear that New York is destined to become the largest city in the world : it is rapidly becoming the clearing-house of the globe, and is bound to be the cosmopolis of finance, shipping, and the allied interests. It will be the distributing agency for the supplies of other nations, an immense warehouse where the East and the West, the North and the South, will meet in the exchange

of their wares. The opening of the Isthmian Canal will accelerate this movement." Dr Howe winds up his prophecy by saying that New York will be a city as much more dominant than London now is, as London exceeds in importance the earlier clearing centres of the world, such as Constantinople, Venice, Florence, the Hanseatic towns, and the cities of the Netherlands. "This will be merely a result brought about by the law of political gravitation. America's resources have scarcely been touched, while those of the old world are already in a state of exhaustion." In short, New York will eventually find herself with only one rival, and that rival will be—Chicago.

I have seen spaces being cleared in the busiest parts of this city for "playgrounds," not, as I at first thought, simply for open spaces where poor children could play between their school hours, but for regular club-houses, standing in their own grounds, with gymnasia and bathing-pools, such as I have described in my letters from Chicago. There are, too, more than a dozen roof playgrounds connected with the various school buildings, and these are provided with music and other forms of recreation. The idea of providing the city with roof-gardens came from a philanthropic glue merchant; and a building named after him, the Cooper Institute, was the first to have a roof-garden. Mr Cooper is reported to have said that

if land was too expensive, the children should at any rate have their playground as near the sky as possible.

The "playgrounds" originated in the brain of a Boston philanthropist—Josiah Quinsy. When, while Mayor of Boston, he proposed that playgrounds with baths and gymnasiums should be erected in the poorer parts of the city, the suggestion was assailed as socialistic. There are to-day some twenty-one of these establishments in Boston. Private philanthropy is being replaced by public philanthropy, and appropriations for these purposes have "crept into the budgets of nearly all the large cities."¹

So far I have said practically nothing about American architecture, yet it was one of the first subjects that interested me when I began to turn my attention to America. Long before I ever crossed the Atlantic I had constantly inquired of travellers returning from the New World, "Have the Americans developed a national type of architecture?"

"They have some magnificent buildings," was the reply that my question invariably received. But that did not satisfy me. I wanted to know whether the inhabitants of the United States had been sufficiently welded into one people to be able to produce an architecture of their own. After

¹ See Howe, *op. cit.*

two visits to the country, and after careful observation of the forms of architecture that are to be found in the principal cities, in the smaller towns, and in the suburbs,—from the public building, and the millionaire's mansion, to the villas of the middle classes and the homes of the poor,—I have come to the conclusion that as yet there is no sign or foreshadowing in the United States of a national architecture. A mixture of every conceivable form of architecture in the old world is represented here. Rhine castles, Greek temples, glorified jerry-built, and sky-scrapers with Byzantine cupolas are in the most startling juxtaposition, from Washington to Chicago. Even the Washington Monument is merely an improvement upon Cleopatra's Needle. The fact is, America is not at fault in having no architecture of her own; it is we visitors who are to blame for our short-sightedness in thinking that so young a nation could possibly produce one.

America is the youngest of the great nations. Her exact age, if it is permissible to allude to a nation's exact age, is one hundred and thirty-four last birthday. America must live longer, and have traditions to revere, before she can develop an architecture. At present she has no option but to copy and adjust. Architecture is the last of all the arts to appear in a new nation.

I have often heard Americans boasting that

their country is untrammelled by tradition. The fact is, many of them do not even know the meaning of the word; they confuse it with "prejudice," which is quite another thing. A lack of reverence is a natural result of an absence of tradition, and it is this lack of the bump of reverence which allows the American to pop a Rhine castle down in the wrong place, and to mix up widely different styles of architecture in one and the same public edifice. Imagine my having actually mistaken the Chicago Federal Building for a cathedral!

There are some, perhaps, who would call the sky-scraper a typical form of American architecture. It certainly is typical.

Every city has its masonic temple, which is usually a great, ugly red-brick building. In fact, these edifices are quite a feature of the American cities: the one in Chicago is "without question one of the most wonderful as well as one of the tallest strictly commercial buildings in the world, it being, from the base line to the observatory deck, three hundred and fifty-four feet high. It was built originally as a monument to, and a home for, Masonry, and in furtherance of this plan many Masonic bodies have their meeting-places here. As an illustration of its magnitude—more than five hundred lodge and society meetings are held in the building each month. The

largest safety deposit vaults in the world are located in the basement of this building. The best known, best patronised, and highest class vaudeville theatre in the country is located on the top floor. Its fourteen hydraulic elevators are operated from 6.30 A.M. till midnight every day in the year. In short, everything that can be found in a modern city can be found and obtained in the Masonic Temple. The business interests represented in this magnificent building are so varied that a man or woman might live within its walls for an entire year without ever going or sending outside for any necessities, and very few of the luxuries of life. Over five thousand persons have offices in this building, and something like thirty thousand are carried in the elevators daily."

English Freemasons acknowledge the King of England as their head, but the Americans have an Independent Order.

There is no other country in the world where so many magnificent public buildings are to-day in course of construction. To keep in touch with the remarkable development of the cities in this respect, Englishmen should come over and see for themselves what is being done; they should come at least as often as once in every five years. Every growing American city is an "experimental centre," from which the old world

can draw useful lessons, even where it may not wish to imitate.

No student of America should fail to visit her great cemeteries: they are one of the most typical features. Greenwood Cemetery at Brooklyn is a magnificent, undulating park, enclosing no less than seven small ornamental lakes, and covering four hundred and seventy-five acres. Here people pay from forty-eight to fifty dollars for a single grave, and a hundred dollars for one that will take three. This lovely spot is the last resting-place of many a departed millionaire. The man who drove us round gave us a biographical sketch of each one as we stood before his monument, and finished up with the exact number of dollars represented by each mausoleum. In every case we were carefully enlightened as to the special line in which each of these captains of industry and kings of commerce had made his pile. The first we came to had made his fortune in copper; the next crockery; the third wine—and the wine-merchant's mausoleum had cost two hundred thousand dollars, while the ground on which it stood had cost thirty-five thousand dollars; the business of the fourth was cutlery, and the fifth railways; the sixth, sewing-machines; the seventh, soda-water—and here our attention was drawn to the fact that the mausoleum was built to represent a soda-

water syphon; the eighth was a furrier, and the ninth a sugar refiner; the tenth dealt in pianos; the eleventh monument was to the memory of a restaurant manager, who was familiarly called "Beef-steak Brown"; the twelfth millionaire was a sugar planter, the thirteenth a banker, the fourteenth a newspaper editor, the fifteenth a gambler, who, we are told, had "left a staggering fortune to an only daughter"; the sixteenth hero was a wholesale liquor merchant.

On one of the hills there were thirteen thousand single graves of persons who had not become millionaires, and, strange to say, one of the oldest graves in the cemetery was that of a missionary—Dr Schroeder.

Among the more modest graves, we saw that of Henry Ward Beecher, one of the most renowned preachers that the United States has ever produced.

After we had spent an entire afternoon in looking at gorgeous monuments, everyone more elaborate, more sumptuous, or more costly than its neighbour, we came away with the conviction that never before had we seen such a display of wealth with so little real artistic merit.

It was a German critic who remarked that, if Americans exhibited any originality at all in their architecture, it was to be seen in their bridge-building. The bridges which connect New York

with Long Island, the bridge over Niagara Falls, and those over the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, are triumphs of technical skill, and at the same time satisfactory from an æsthetic point of view.

So pretentious are some of the private dwelling-houses that foreigners are often at a loss to distinguish the home of a wealthy citizen from a theatre or a church. I found this particularly the case in Saratoga, where so many of the houses are modelled after Greek temples, with colonnades of wooden pillars painted white to represent marble.

But the one thing that emphasises most strongly the average American's absolute lack of reverence, is the way in which they have adopted the noble form of a Gothic church for their schools and other secular edifices. Nothing shocked my old-world prejudices more than this. To me the very style of a Gothic church is an expression of the sacredness of the building. To enter what, judging from the exterior, I take to be a beautiful church, and to find its interior divided off into small offices, and the class-rooms of a boys' school, was a painful shock to my susceptibilities. Perhaps the most remarkable example of this tendency is to be seen in the new buildings of the "College of the City of New York" on Washington Heights. Surrounded by its Chemistry Building, its Mechanic Arts Building, the "Townsend Harris Hall," and the Gymnasium,

stands what I took for a fine English Gothic church, in grey granite, with a handsome square tower, but which is, in effect, the main college building, containing, besides class-rooms for most of the departments of study, the Great Hall, the Library, and the Executive offices. Here at last I had found architecture that was truly American. This group of college buildings was only completed in 1907. Another example of this strange adaptation may be seen in the equally modern building of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Glens Falls, a sumptuous edifice, which is called Christ Church. Here also I found what appeared to be an English Gothic place of worship; it looked like a handsome church from the outside, but when I entered its portals I found that it contained not only a capacious Methodist church in the form of an amphitheatre, but also a Sunday-school, a banquet-hall, a gymnasium, a large kitchen, and a couple of lecture-rooms! I never saw anything like it before. The Methodists give three banquets a-year to the congregation, and the cupboards where the church silver, glass, and table-linen are kept were all shown to me. They make chicken-pie in that kitchen, and serve it with mashed potatoes, at half a dollar a plate. The whole of this enterprising concern is under the able management of a very energetic and up-to-date pastor, with whom I had a most interesting talk.

“This is an Institutional Church,” he remarked, casting a glance at the building I have described. “We want to have an educational religion take the place of an emotional one. The people must be educated up to the point of being able to do without a church. That is the idea.”

“The American has many fine qualities,” continued the pastor, “but he has not yet got in his character that tenacious grip, that cool, firm holding on to a thing, that enduring, rock-like immovability that has been the making of the British Empire. We are still too much ruled by emotion. But, mechanically, America now rules the world. Germany comes next. Notice our shipping, railroads, factories, docks, bridges. We are so enthusiastic about our work that our very enthusiasm rests us. We feel, too, that we have got to work. How can it be otherwise when our mines literally belch out coal, and our plains roll out grain? All my rest I take in the form of motion. My wife and I walked a hundred and ten miles in the White Mountains last summer. You see, our atmosphere does as much to keep us up as your beer does to keep you up. Our ozone is not mixed with water like yours. Seven hours’ sleep is usual here for a working man.”

Yours.....

TWENTY-NINTH LETTER.

NEW YORK, *Oct. 7th.*

DEAR S.....,—The pretty villas of this country are built chiefly of wood, and are called frame-houses. Fifty years is the usual term of existence for a well-built frame-house: they can be moved from one street to another without much difficulty. We spent a night or two in a friend's villa on Long Island, and heard how it had just been moved forward seventy feet, at a cost of about eighty pounds, because a new house built near it obstructed part of its view of the ocean. Our hostess told me she sat on the balcony while it was moved and quite enjoyed the ride. There are regular contractors for house moving. The other day we happened to see a house in the middle of the road, and I exclaimed, "What an unusual place for a house!" To which some one replied, "Yes; they are moving it."

An hotel was shifted about forty rods, right across a railroad track. It was a four-storey brick building more than a hundred feet in length. In

Marietta, a three-storey stone house was moved to make room for a Roman Catholic church ; not a window-pane was broken. At Pittsburg, a large modern stone office building had to be moved across the river Alleghany to give room to the Pennsylvania Railway Company. The engineer had to reckon out to a nicety how far the weight of the house would make the ferry sink. He received half the cost of the house for his pains : if he had failed he would have got nothing. That is the way they bargain over here: they pay a man all he asks if he succeeds, and nothing if he fails.

In America nothing is sacred. The finest edifice may be pulled down at any moment if its room is required for some other purpose. "New York is in a chronic state of pulling down and rebuilding," remarked a resident to whom I was talking on this subject. And certainly I have been struck with the number of boards in front of houses bearing in huge characters the name of some firm with the words, "House-Wrecking Company."

I have already told you something of the life of the very poor in their barrack-like tenement houses. In the slums of this city human beings are packed together like herrings in a barrel, storey above storey. It is the most harrowing subject of which one can speak. One would have

thought that nothing could be worse than the condition of the London poor, but that of the New York poor is even more dreadful. Mr Jacob A. Riis has given a lurid picture of tenement life.¹ "Where are the tenements of to-day?" he asks. "Say rather, where are they not? In fifty years they have crept up from the Fourth Ward slums and the Five Points the whole length of the island, and have polluted the Annexed District to the Westchester line. Crowding all the lower wards, wherever business leaves a foot of ground unclaimed; strung along both rivers, like ball and chain tied to the foot of every street, and filling up Harlem with their restless, pent-up multitudes, they hold within their clutches the wealth and business of New York—hold them at their mercy in the day of mob-rule and wrath. The bullet-proof shutters, the stacks of hand-grenades, and the Gatling guns of the Sub-Treasury are tacit admissions of the fact, and of the quality of the mercy expected. The tenements to-day at New York are harbouring three-fourths of its population. When another generation shall have doubled the census of our city, and to the vast army of workers, held captive by poverty, the very name of home shall be as a bitter mockery, what will the harvest be?"

The tenement house is, in truth, the curse of New York. "A prominent architect of New

¹ 'How the Other Half Lives.' 1904.

York has said," writes Miss Szold, "that no misfortune that has ever come to the metropolis, in the way of fire, flood, or pestilence, has been so disastrous as the way in which the city has been cut up into long and narrow lots, twenty-five by one hundred feet, upon a single one of which it is not possible to build a good habitation for many families." The vastness of the population has raised the price of the land enormously, and men have become millionaires by merely owning it. The Astors owe their wealth to this source.

The remark made by Polenz, that the Americans live in towers to avoid the high ground-rent, is no exaggeration. The owners of property are compelled to build high houses, in the slums as well as in the business quarters. Miss Szold has described that species of modern tenement house which is called "a dumb-bell double-decker." "Such a house is built with six storeys and a basement, making practically seven storeys, for there are shops in the basement, the floor of which is only a few feet below the street level. There are four families to each floor, and two shops and living-rooms for two families in the basement." And she adds that the rents charged in some of these tenements are so exorbitant that, in spite of losses from non-payment of rentals, a net return of 10 per cent or more is realised. "The sea of a mighty population, held in galling fetters, heaves uneasily

in the tenements," wrote Mr Riis in 1904. "Once already one city to which have come the duties and responsibilities of metropolitan greatness before it was fairly able to measure its task, has felt the swell of its resistless flood. If it rise once more no human power may avail to check it. The gap between the classes in which it surges, unseen, unexpected by the thoughtless, is widening day by day. No tardy enactment of law, no political expedient, can close it. Against all other dangers our system of government may offer defence and shelter ; against this not." As I read these lines I am tempted to exclaim : " About what country am I reading ? Surely this is not the Republic of the United States, the land of which it has so often been affirmed that its very name is synonymous with the word OPPORTUNITY ! "

It is easy here to turn from one extreme to the other—America is truly a land of contrasts. Within a few yards, we may say, of those seething hells of misery are the town-houses of the richest men and women in the world, and even nearer still are the offices where those millionaires and multi-millionaires transact their business affairs.

The richest individual in the United States to-day is a widow ; and she can only find one possible way of living up to her income, and that

is by speculating with it. One of the wealthiest men in the world is Mr John D. Rockefeller, who, like Mr Andrew Carnegie, has now retired, and taken to writing books. He has given us a sketch of his own life : the book begins with a few anecdotes about some of his early friendships ; and if his testimony may be relied upon, Mr Rockefeller has been a lucky man in the many long and lasting friendships, which, made in his youth, have lasted for years, and only been interrupted by death.

Of one of his earliest partners Mr Rockefeller says : “ Mr H. M. Flagler was always an inspiration to me. He invariably wanted to go ahead and accomplish great projects of all kinds ; he was always on the active side of every question.” And he relates how this man, at an age when most men retire, undertook, single-handed, the task of building up the East Coast of Florida. “ He was not satisfied to plan a railroad from St Augustine to Key West, a distance of more than six hundred miles, but, in addition, he has built a chain of hotels to induce tourists to go to this newly-developed country.” This Mr Flagler used to say that friendship founded on business was a good deal better than business founded on friendship. Mr Rockefeller tells of his early friendships, because he wants “ to make young people realise how, above all other posses-

sions, is the value of a friend in every department of life, without any exception whatsoever ;” and he exclaims : “ How many different kinds of friends there are. They should all be held close at any cost ; for a friend of whatever kind is important ; and this one learns as one grows older.”

Our millionaire tells his readers that he was always a great borrower in his early days. “ The business was active and growing fast, and the banks seemed very willing to loan me the money.”

“ As I began my business life as a book-keeper,” he says, “ I learned to have great respect for figures and facts, no matter how small they were. I had a passion for detail, which, afterwards, I was forced to strive to modify.”

His hobbies outside of business were road-planning and transplanting trees. Even after the chief offices of the Standard Oil Company had been moved to New York, he spent most of his summers at his home in Cleveland, making paths, planting trees, and setting out little forests of seedlings. He says : “ Of all the profitable things which develop quickly under the hand, I have thought my young nurseries show the greatest yield. We keep a set of account books at each place, and I was amazed not long ago at the increase in value that a few years make in growing things. . . . We plant our young trees, especially

evergreens, by the thousand—I think we have put in as many as ten thousand at once—and let them develop to be used later. . . . If we transfer young trees from Pocantio to our home in Lakewood, we charge one place and credit the other for these trees at the market rate. We are our own best customers, and we make a small fortune out of ourselves by selling to our New Jersey place, at a dollar and a half or two dollars, trees which originally cost us only five or ten cents at Pocantio.”

Light thrown by himself on a millionaire's hobbies should be of some value from a psychological point of view. Mr Rockefeller's hobbies are money-making! Only yesterday I was informed by a stockbroker that if Rockefeller were to give the Bank of England a shove he could lay it flat! Here is a man, who could lay even the Bank of England on its back with a touch, still planting trees like a day-labourer. “In nursery stock, as in other things,” he resumes, “the advantage of doing things on a large scale reveals itself.”

“The pleasure and satisfaction of saving and moving large trees—trees, say, from ten to twenty inches in diameter, or even more—has been a source of great interest. We build our movers ourselves, and work with our own men, and it is truly surprising what liberties you can

take with trees if you once learn how to handle these monsters. We have moved trees ninety feet high, and many seventy or eighty. . . . Perhaps the most daring experiments were with horse-chestnuts. We took up large trees and transported them considerable distances — some after they were actually in flower — all at a cost of twenty dollars a tree, and lost very few.”

Mr Rockefeller began business at the tender age of seven, by selling some turkeys his mother had given him; and he remarks, “We thoroughly enjoyed this little business affair.”

His mother, who was a good disciplinarian, started whipping him one day with the birch switch, for some offence of which he protested his innocence.

“Never mind,” said she, as he continued to remonstrate, “we have started in on this whipping, and it will do for the next time.”

He began his business career with money lent him by his father at 10 per cent; and when an old lady friend remonstrated at money being lent at so high a rate, our friend replied that money was worth what it would bring.

In speaking of the Standard Oil Company, Mr Rockefeller observes: “For years the Standard Oil Company has developed step by step, and I am convinced that it has done well its work

of supplying to the people the products from petroleum, at prices which have decreased as the efficiency of the business has been built up. It gradually extended its services first to large centres, and then to the towns, and now to the smaller places, going to the homes of its customers, delivering the oil to suit the convenience of the actual users. This system is being followed out in various parts of the world. The company has, for example, three thousand tank-waggons supplying American oil to towns, and even small hamlets in Europe. Its own depots and employees deliver it in a somewhat similar way in Japan, China, India, and the chief countries of the world." And he winds up with the question, "Do you think this trade has been developed by anything but hard work?"

"I have often wondered," continues the millionaire, "if the criticism which centred upon us did not come from the fact that we were among the first, if not the first, to work out the problems of direct selling to the user on a broad scale. . . . To get the advantages of the facilities we had in manufacture, we sought the utmost market in all lands—we needed volume. To do this we had to create selling methods far in advance of what then existed: we had to dispose of two, or three, or four gallons of oil where one had been sold before, and we could not rely on the

usual trade channels then existing to accomplish this. It was never our purpose to interfere with a dealer who adequately cultivated his field of operations; but when we saw a new opportunity—a new place for extending the sale by further and effective facilities—we made it our business to provide them.”

“Every week in the year, for many many years, this concern has,” he tells us, “brought into this country more than a million dollars gold, all from the products produced by American labour.” He is proud of the record, and believes most Americans will be when they understand some things better. “The achievements, the development of this great foreign trade, the owning of ships to carry the oil in bulk by the most economical methods, the sending out of men to fight for the world’s markets, have cost huge sums of money; and the vast capital could not be raised nor controlled except by such an organisation as the Standard is to-day.”

After pointing out what a hazardous business the oil industry was from its very nature, Rockefeller continues: “The 60,000 men who are at work constantly in the service of the company are kept busy year in and year out. It pays its workmen well, it cares for them when sick, and pensions them when old. It has never had any important strikes; and if there is any better

function of business management than giving profitable work to employees year after year, in good times and bad, I don't know what it is."

More, perhaps, than any other great company, the Standard Oil Company has been charged with having crushed out its competitors. To this charge Mr Rockefeller replies with the statement that one of their greatest helpers has been the State Department in Washington. "Our Ambassadors and Ministers and Consuls have aided in pushing our way into new markets to the utmost corners of the earth."

Mr Rockefeller declares, further, that this company does not owe its success to any one man, but to the multitude of able men who are working together: "If the present managers of the company were to relax efforts, allow the quality of their product to degenerate, or treat their customers badly, how long would their business last? About as long as any other neglected business. . . . If, in place of these directors, the business were taken over and run by any one but experts, I would sell my interest for any price I could get."

Even when it can be proved that a great corporation has taken into its service the very men whose smaller businesses it had crushed out of existence, and enabled them to make more money than they could have hoped to make

if they had been left alone, even then public opinion in this country is up in arms against the corporation.

It was only as far back as the eighties of last century that these great trusts and corporations began to appear on the scene. The question whether they have come to stay, or whether they are merely a passing phenomena, is as interesting to Englishmen as it is to Americans for many obvious reasons; and it is instructive to note that two such experts as Carnegie and Rockefeller take different views. The former is inclined to the opinion that they are only a passing phase of industrial life, while the latter has no doubt whatever that they have come to stay; while Mr Perry Robinson, every page of whose book breathes of honest impartiality, believes that the Standard Oil Company can prove, beyond possibility of contradiction, that the result of its operations has been to reduce immensely the cost of oil to the public, as well as to give facilities in the way of distribution of the product which unassociated enterprise could never have furnished. And he adds: "It can also show that in many, and, I imagine, in the majority of cases, it has endeavoured to repair, by offers of employment of various sorts, whatever injuries it has done to individuals by ruining their business. But these things con-

stitute no defence in the eyes of the American people." This writer goes on to say that, without the assistance of the railway companies, which was given in violation of the law, the Standard Oil Company might never have been able to succeed as it has done. "Yet, whatever actual bitterness may be felt by the average man against them because they procured rebates on their freight bills, is rather the bitterness of jealousy than of an outraged sense of morality."

Of all ethical problems, that of business morality seems to me to be the most ticklish. When in England we speak of a person as "a good business man," we often mean a good deal more than a foreigner unaccustomed to the niceties of our language would be able to extract from the words. Personally, I have never come across a satisfactory answer to the question how far a man is justified in building up his own fortune at the expense of his neighbours, and how far he may use the downfall of his fellows as a stepping-stone to his own success. I know of a case where a good school was ruined by the establishment of a more imposing one on the other side of the road. The new school did not break fresh ground; it simply attracted the pupils from the other side of the road. Why is it wrong for a concern run by a trust to do what is quite permissible in the case of a concern run by a private individual?

Why should that which is quite allowable on a small scale be hooted at as immoral when done on a large scale? I have lived long enough to discover for myself that every crime of which the American trusts have been charged is perpetrated daily by thousands of Englishmen who are in business in a smaller way. It must be that the trusts arouse a greater volume of envy and jealousy. Tocqueville did not foresee the rise of trusts, but he noted that, from the earliest days, necessity had taught the Americans to combine. "Wherever," he wrote, "you see at the head of some new undertaking the Government in France, and a man of title in England, in America you see an association." He wonders whether democracy has anything to do with this art of association, and at last concludes that the two are very closely connected, and that in a country where there is no aristocracy there must be association. "In a democracy the science of association is the mother of science, and if men are to remain civilised the art of association must improve. But to induce men to combine you must first convince them that it is to their private interest to do so."

And what have envy and jealousy to do with America's crusade against these trusts? As we have seen, Tocqueville found the democratic feeling of envy expressed under a thousand different

forms. "But," he remarked, "the American legislators have succeeded to a certain extent in opposing the notion of rights to the feeling of envy." And elsewhere he says: "I never met in America with any citizen so poor as not to cast a glance of hope and envy on the enjoyments of the rich." Yet Professor Munsterberg, a psychologist by profession, says seventy years later, after a long residence in their midst, that the Americans are perfectly free from envy!

"The success of one man in any walk of life spurs the others on," says Rockefeller. "It does not sour them, and it is a libel even to suggest so great a meanness of spirit." He believes, moreover, that combinations of persons and capital for the purpose of carrying on industries ought to be encouraged by legislation, and he strongly opposes the widespread belief that such combinations are prejudicial to individual initiative. So great, indeed, is his faith in combination that he wants to introduce a system of philanthropic associations for giving away money, to be worked on the same principle as those corporations whose object is the making of money. He thinks there should be "Benevolent Trusts," and discourses at length on the value of the co-operative principle in the bestowal of charity. The final chapters in his book are devoted to a further discussion of this theme, and it is clear that though he has retired

from business life, he is throwing all the energies of his business mind into his favourite hobby of business-like philanthropy.

At Washington there is a "Conscience Fund" to which those who have come by money unfairly can return it anonymously when repentant. This fund dates back to the year 1811, when the first contribution was sent to President Madison. In 1906 it amounted to nearly half a million dollars. This conscience money includes sums of money restored to private individuals as well as to the public authorities. "The majority of conscience contributions received," writes P. L. Allen, "without a syllable of explanation, are undoubtedly made as restitution for some private wrong, and not frauds against the Government itself. Among the payments accounted for in 1905 was one of several thousand dollars from a contractor—'an overcharge for city work.' . . . A woman forwarded a one-cent stamp, 'for having sent a letter with only a one-cent stamp on it without knowing that I was doing wrong.'"

The writer I have just quoted takes an optimistic view of American business and political morality. It is the rule nowadays for employees in a position of trust to be "bonded out" by companies which make this a regular business. The records of these "fidelity companies," as they are called, which in this way insure against dishonesty,

furnish, in Mr Allen's opinion, a reliable criterion of the faithfulness of bonded employees in the same way as the records of fire insurance offices would cover the frequency and destructiveness of fires. The fidelity companies cover tellers, cashiers in banks, stores, factories, and, in fact, men in almost all imaginable capacities where personal honesty is a requisite, and it is a hopeful sign that "far less spoons are stolen from hotels as souvenirs than formerly."

Yours.....

THIRTIETH LETTER.

NEW YORK, *October 10th.*

DEAR S.....,—It has been questioned whether the rule of wealth could not become a greater peril to the American Republic than any rule by birth, and whether the tyranny of plutocracy is not more to be feared than aristocracy. The growing power of capital over here is certainly looked upon with disapproval by many thinking Americans, but, as Mr Roosevelt says, "Capital is not absolute, and it is idle to compare the position of the capitalist nowadays with his position when his workmen were slaves, and the law-makers his creatures." The rich business men do not form a class, for anyone who likes can go into the same kind of business. America's kings of trade and captains of industry are no more a class than are the Roman Catholic clergy; the one cannot bequeath his place in the Church to a son because he is celibate, and the other cannot pass on his commercial genius. Mr Robinson is convinced that America has her aristocracy right enough, and

that if titles were obtainable, there would be one in the family of every leading American family to-day; and he points out how men who have crossed over the border to Canada have constantly won titles that they would never have been able to get in the United States. If they had remained in the United States these men would have belonged to America's untitled aristocracy.

An untitled aristocracy has nothing to distinguish it outwardly from the masses but its wealth. To belong to the American aristocracy you must have money. This fact naturally contributes zest to the dollar hunt. Money is more important in America than it is anywhere else: it can do more for an American than it can do for an Englishman, so our American cousins must be excused if they think more about it. "The distinction originating in wealth," said Tocqueville, "is increased by the disappearance and diminution of all other distinctions." But where will all this end? Only last year Senator Beveridge made the remark that wealth was becoming vulgar. To belong to the American aristocracy it is now necessary to be a multi-millionaire, and the easiest, perhaps the only, way to attain that goal is to become a Trust magnate. In England wealth can accomplish much, but it constantly meets a check to its ambition in an established aristocracy. In America, as Robinson points out, there exists no

counterpoise to the power of wealth. "The British Constitution has a throne that, in its capacity as the Fountain of Honour, prevents wealth from becoming the dominant power in the country, protecting the lower class in some measure against the possibility of unhindered oppression by an omnipotent capitalism."

The Socialists of America are preparing to make a charge at plutocracy, while those of England are girding up their loins for a sweeping attack upon aristocracy of birth. It is always the policy of Socialism to level down: both peoples are to be reduced by the paternal care of the State to be nothing better than a "flock of industrious animals, of which the Government will be the shepherd."¹

But even in that day of perfection the all-omnipotent State will have to employ an individual to keep the bag, and who can tell that he will not be a Judas?

But there are other dangers which can threaten the happiness and welfare of a community besides wealth and birth, and one of these is pointed out very clearly in a book published in 1908 by Dr Barnett Wendell. This writer begins by stating that all privileged classes are threatening to human progress; the American working man of the twentieth century is fast becoming a privileged

¹ Tocqueville.

person : he is not himself an object of direct taxation, but for all that is in a position to exercise a good deal of control over property not his own. Already in many American cities the voters outnumber the taxpayers to the proportion of five to one. As a tenant the working man does not object to the raising of the landlord's tax, but increased taxes fall indirectly on all citizens, and if the landlord's tax is raised he must raise his rents or face his creditors. The American voter believes that the control of public monies should be with himself, but he is not inclined to contribute anything from his own purse. "Our forefathers protested against taxation without representation ; the demand is now for representation without taxation, and this looks uncommonly like a return to privilege. The majority are exempt by fortune, or lack of fortune, from all the discomforts of direct taxation."

On the question of labour unions Dr Wendell has much to say. After pointing out that the leisured classes of our day are the workmen employed in public works, who are able to take their own time over their work, he passes on to the subject of labour unions. He does not for a moment deny that those organisations have their sphere of usefulness, but "when they tend to obliterate the distinction between good work and bad, they are demoralising, and so far as their violence restrains

from work, which they themselves refuse to do, free fellow-citizens who are willing and able to do it, they are abominable. This intense consideration of employees for their rights to the exclusion of their duties is an illustration of class privilege."

This authority then goes on to show how organised labour is beginning to have its effect upon international politics, as well as on domestic ones. The stand taken by the Labour Unions of the Pacific Slope for the maintenance of excessive wages very nearly involved the United States in a war with Japan not many months ago.

It was Lecky who said there is a kind of majority rule which is nothing more nor less than a case of ignorant men being duped by artful men: it surely behoves Englishmen as well as Americans to remember that powerful combinations of working men could bring about wars, the horrors of which they themselves are mentally incapable of picturing. A blind man might possess every good quality under the sun, nevertheless it would be dangerous to employ him as a pilot. But to return to Dr Wendell: in his view, the aspirations of working men are tending queerly towards a renewal of privileges that were supposed to have been swept off the earth by the great Revolution. One of the old privileges of the aristocracies was that by which many lazy and inefficient people managed to get themselves

comfortably supported at public expense : sometimes they held offices ; sometimes they were unblushingly pensioned. And has America such privileges after a hundred years of crescent democracy ?

As for the principle of progressive taxation, Dr Wendell defines it thus : The poorer you are, the less you need feel the weight of any public burden ; if you are poor enough you need not feel it at all. "What is this," he asks, "but class privilege ?" The true democracy of the American people hates all kinds of class privilege equally. "Democracy is not a rabble, destructive of all but its own vilest phase." Public order must be maintained, and private property must be secure, if the progress of civilisation is to be continued. Every man has a right to earn what he can, and this means the existence of private property. When Socialists attack private property they attack the right to earn. To fully enjoy what you earn you must be allowed freedom of contract and freedom of gift. Socialistic legislation attacks individual freedom.

"Progressive taxation on incomes," he continues, "and still more on inheritances, is disguised confiscation,—that is, arbitrary destruction of acknowledged rights, which spells REVOLUTION. The increase and concentration of wealth are dividing Americans into rich and poor. Will this," he asks, "mean a difference of interests ? The inter-

ests of society include the rich as well as the poor. True democracy never demands legislation avowedly beneficial to one class. Look at the Labour Party in the House of Commons. As long as they confine their energies to the redressing of grievances of working men they are not undemocratic, but when they try to gain special privileges for the worker by injustice to the employer they are no longer democratic. . . . The moment privilege grows secure its roots grip deep in the body politic, the malignity of its nature is made evident by its acts of tyranny." Whether the despot be aristocracy, plutocracy, or labour, it is all one,—all agree in forbidding freedom to those who chance to come within their power."

In Dr Wendell's opinion an American revolution would be a confession that democracy had failed. It would be followed either by anarchy or by empire. Discontent in America has become threatening. "If it has its way it will be the end of our ancestral democracy." The country "is full of seething discontent, and the deepest danger which now besets us springs from the tremendous, impulsive belief of ignorance and thoughtlessness that a panacea exists for all social and political evils. In order that revolution may be averted, thoughtlessness and ignorance must be attacked. . . . The people must be able to

comprehend how their dreams conflict with all the sobering history of human experience. We must acquire learning and impart it. Democracy can only be saved by popular education."

If the practical American people has one superstition it is—education. In America, especially as you travel westward, the most stately and impressive edifices that meet your eye are schools, colleges, and libraries. These are tokens of the national faith in education, just as the cathedrals and monasteries of the middle ages were monuments of religious faith. Yet the people hardly know what education is, and they have a very nebulous idea of what it is going to accomplish. They give, and give in blind faith.

The fact is, they prize education because they think it will help them to rise, and everybody wants to rise over here. The word "university" is used here where we should use "college." Hence the apparent abundance of universities.

Yes, America's love of education is based mainly upon its utility; but, as Tocqueville put it, a desire to utilise knowledge is one thing, the pure desire to know is another, and so we are not surprised when we hear that the new system, on which education is being run in America, has for its base the principle of making everything as easy as possible: in short, it is a developed kindergarten system. It has been tried now for a

number of years, but so far it has failed to bring about a higher standard of attainment. Greater powers of concentration do not appear to be one of the results.

With regard to the substitution of the study of English for that of Latin and Greek, Dr Wendell reminds his readers that the old system would not have lasted so many centuries if its formulas had not enfolded some vital truth. The power of concentrating attention upon a given subject at will, voluntarily, as distinguished from spontaneous attention, is less cultivated than formerly. The lawyers who formed the real aristocracy of America in the eighteenth century had that power; they had been brought up on the classics, not on modern English, and their thorough education was the secret of their power. Some writers have attributed the flabbiness of present-day American students to co-education, and have imagined that the presence of women students in the classes had an effeminising tendency upon the men, but Dr Wendell attributes it to the new system of the "make-everything-as-easy-as-you-can system." The muscles of the brain must be used if we wish them to develop and grow strong.

"Our present state of education," says Dr Wendell, "is chaotic, a surging mass of novelties." Here he is not exaggerating, for all America is

at this moment bristling with new educational methods. Every man or woman I have met over here, who is at all interested in the subject, has regaled my attentive ear with some new scheme—or dream.

The plan of replacing the old method of a thorough training in Latin and Greek by a special training in English composition and foreign languages has now been in full swing for more than thirty years, but its results so far are not remarkable. The country is replete with normal schools and graduate schools. The purpose of the former is to train teachers in the art of teaching, and the pupils are almost all young women who have decided to devote their lives to teaching. "The decision to devote their life to teaching is the result of ambition in women, but in man it is a renunciation of wealth, and of virile contest, of the power of influence among his fellows. And so it comes to pass that the normal schools are getting to be classed with some colleges which open their doors to women only. As for the graduate schools, they are mostly nothing more than normal schools "in a rather thin academic disguise, pretending to train scholars, but really trying to get employment for their own graduates." Such institutions "enrich, or encumber," most of the American universities.

Here we have an illustration of our favourite

proverb that extremes are apt to meet. In this new country, where the individual is supposed to enjoy the greatest freedom, a new and narrow caste is appearing, which was never dreamed of in the old world. The requirement that everyone who wishes to teach shall pass through these schools is, in the opinion of Dr Wendell, a new form of privilege. "These various schools for the training of teachers are beginning to impose on educational authorities systems of almost ritual initiation into the mystery of professional teaching. . . . If they go much further they will become patently mischievous."

Yours.....

THIRTY-FIRST LETTER.

NEW YORK, *October 14th.*

DEAR S.....,—A great deal is being said about the blessings of free education so widely enjoyed by America, but we must remember that the schools here have not been free so very long—only about fifteen years—and the country still contains millions of native men and women who cannot read or even sign their own names. Then, too, when we examine the state of higher education, we find that many of the most sumptuous colleges in the land were only completed close to or within the last decade. The zeal for education, and the amount of money now being spent upon it, is probably greater here than in any other country in the world. Education itself is being studied as an art over here. In this respect the whole of the United States have become leavened. Like Boston, that first centre of American learning, the entire land has become, in the words of Bourget, “*assoiffée de savoir, affamée de culture, et qui veut, par tous ses habitants, apprendre et com-*”

prendre, se saturer d'intelligence. C'est une des fièvres Américaines que se fanatique, ce presque maladif besoin de s'instruire."

In Germany higher education is divided into two parts—the gymnasium and the university ; in America it is divided into three — their high school, the college, and the university. A man can now get his children educated from the earliest stages to the university degree without paying a farthing. Even the school-books are lent to the children free of charge. "The old idea that college education is a monopoly is no longer true," writes Clarence Birdseye, and in truth the educational ladder does actually reach from the slum to the university. As for the text-books furnished to the pupils at the expense of the public, they are to-day "works of art and mines of education."

One of the great changes that have come into American education is the change in the sex of the majority of the teachers in the high schools. The high-school staff at the present time consists almost entirely of women, which means that upon women "has been cast the burden of guiding and training the boys from fourteen to twenty, which was formerly borne by college professors." I had the privilege a few weeks ago of being present at the annual celebrations of a high school in the state of New York, where the head of the school

and the Truant Officer were the only persons of the sterner sex who had anything to do with the running of the institution.

“The public universities,” writes Clarence Birdseye, “have and need no endowment funds or tuition fees, and yet have enormous incomes derived from State funds and taxation. Their property is almost wholly represented by buildings, libraries, and other material assets, and is not locked up in funds producing 4 or 5 per cent.” Behind the public university stands the state and its wealth and power of taxation. The wealth of a particular university depends upon the willingness and riches of the state behind it. The handsome group of college buildings which have just been completed in New York, and about the architecture of which I have already spoken, was raised by New York City at a cost of about seven million dollars. On examining the list of pupils enrolled for the year ending June 1909, I find that nine names out of ten are of unmistakably German - Jewish origin. “An education,” says the above authority, “which is free, and fits for higher work in life, is attractive to many who would not think of going to a privately-endowed college.”

“Education should teach you to put a tighter grip upon your will,” said a well-known preacher in an address to some high-school graduates in

my hearing. He urged them to keep moving on, and told them the story of a man who entered a stationer's shop and asked—

“Do you keep stationery?”

“No,” replied the man behind the counter. “If I did I should lose my job.”

The class of graduates addressed consisted of thirteen women and two men students. The preacher looked at each in turn and remarked, “Yes, that is the same proportion of women to men that I find everywhere, and it is the same in the prayer-meetings.” American boys are allowed to leave school at sixteen, and even at fifteen if they have their parents' consent, and leave to earn a living. And most of them prefer to do so. It is the girls who remain to complete the course.

In one town we visited, the “curfew bell” rang from the Court-house every evening at 8.50 P.M., when all children under sixteen had to go home. And ten minutes later those who had not turned in were “run in.”

The duties of a Truant Officer consist in searching for the boys and girls who try to play the truant. Those who are found incorrigible are sent to the State Capital for special correction; but I hear that they have been known to come back worse than ever, even after that ordeal. In summer the young girls in the smaller towns

go to school both hatless and gloveless. There is an absence of self-consciousness about them which is very pleasing. They are taught from their earliest years to recite or speak in public; and nothing struck me more than the simple and natural way in which a young girl would rise to address an audience when occasion required it. I have noticed this readiness of speech even among what, in England, we should call the lower orders.

“We have had our public schools for so long that we accept them as a commonplace,” writes Dr Howe. “But we do not appreciate that the high schools are raising millions of citizens to an educated estate which was known to but a limited number a few years ago. The effect of this infusion of culture into our life is beginning to make itself felt. And in the years to come, when education has, in fact, become compulsory, and the school age has been raised to a higher standard, the effect will be tremendous.” What kind of an effect does he expect, I wonder. Will it be beneficial or otherwise?

In his little book on ‘The Americans of To-day and To-morrow,’ Senator Beveridge says: “The common thought of the *instructed masses* must in the end necessarily be the largest human wisdom.” Personally I fail to see what numbers can have to do with wisdom. What are a million sparrows to

one eagle? Surely the highest wisdom on the part of the masses would be shown by their choosing the most competent men of the country to govern it, rather than by each individual wishing to have a finger in the pie. The science of government is the only science for which present-day politicians are anxious to substitute unskilled workmen for experts.

Since 1850, while the population of the country has tripled, the number of college students has increased at least fortyfold,¹ thus greatly augmenting the comparative supply of college-bred men and women. And we must remember that it is the college-bred men and women who are proving themselves incapable of reproducing their species—the only form of activity in which Americans are not showing themselves to be abnormally energetic. This, too, is the first time in the history of the world that a young nation not yet in its prime² has shown such a decline in its birth-rate. President Eliot of Harvard College has shown that of the women graduates from Barnard College, only 11 per cent married in eleven years, and the proportion is growing steadily smaller. Barnard College is for women only, but since January 1900 it has been incorporated in the university system of Columbia University, one of the richest in the United States, with property of the value of

¹ See Clarence Birdseye, *op. cit.*

² See L. Commander, *op. cit.*

27,058,400 dollars and a regular income of 1,052,662 dollars.

There are eighty-nine state universities, colleges, and technical schools, and one hundred and eighty-one public normal schools. These are fast outstripping the endowed institutions, especially in the West and South. They are all educational; they utterly lack that individual training which was formerly considered so important. There is a tendency in them all to encourage energy more than thought: there is too much teaching and too little study.¹ There are no compulsory religious exercises in the greater number of the great state universities: they were abolished at Harvard in 1886. There was once a day when the students of America's first university met together frequently in prayer-meetings and revivals. At Williams College, fifty years ago, where there were "sixteen compulsory religious exercises, four noon class prayer-meetings, one college prayer-meeting, and six other regular but not prescribed religious exercises every week." Now all that is changed. The youths of America are growing up to-day without any religious influence whatever being brought to bear upon them other than that of the home and the Church.

Fifty years ago American children were being brought up on the Bible. To-day it is not only not

¹ See Clarence Birdseye, *op. cit.*

taught, but it is often absent even from the home. The young man of the twentieth century gets nothing in place of that "direct personal touch with great teachers which every student in the old days enjoyed for four solid years. To-day all that ends with the preparatory school." Nothing has been substituted in all the new state universities for the earlier college family life. Once outside the class-room, the student is "on his own hook," even though he belong, as most do, to one of the Greek Letter Fraternities, about which so much has been said and written. "The average student of to-day is relatively at a decided disadvantage, and in this age of university building his problem as an individual has never been widely, systematically, scientifically, and sympathetically studied from the correct standpoint—that is, from his own."¹

Yours.....

¹ See Clarence Birdseye, *op. cit.*

THIRTY-SECOND LETTER.

NEW YORK, *October 17th.*

DEAR S.....,—The Americans never read anything but the papers in public; they tell me it would not be good form: but how they read the papers! After the day's work is over every labouring man or boy is to be seen bending eagerly over his paper. I have walked along the lake shore on a summer's evening in Chicago and counted the working men with newspapers by the hundreds. Some lay full length on the grass with the paper spread out before them; some read as they walk; all are thoroughly absorbed. To the foreigner noting these things it may well appear at first sight that the press has more hold over the public generally in America than is the case in other civilised countries, but this is not the case. As Tocqueville pointed out nearly a century ago, the influence of the American press is only a subordinate one, owing to its excessive dissemination. "It is adopted as an axiom of political science in that country," he

remarks, "that the only way to neutralise the effect of public journals is to multiply them indefinitely." Even in Tocqueville's day there was scarcely a hamlet which had not its own newspaper, and the characteristic feature of American journalism then, as now, consisted in "an open and coarse appeal to the passions of the populace." One sees this even in the selection of items of English news for American papers. Scandalous affairs, which are barely alluded to in respectable London papers, are illustrated by long series of pictures in the New York papers, and whole columns, if not pages, are devoted to the most trifling details connected with them. Has America so little wickedness of her own that she should thus pick out and gloat over the crimes committed by the rich or the titled in another country nearly three thousand miles away?

I have read the papers daily during the few months that I have spent over here, and never in my life was I kept so well informed as to the follies and eccentricities, as well as the crimes, of our English aristocracy. The American newspaper is first and foremost a business enterprise; it is meant to be popular and to pay its way, and its first aim, even when it is not entirely in the hands of some small financial group, is to cater for the public taste. If it devotes its front page to sordid crimes, and details such as an ordinary

English woman would blush to be seen reading, it must be because they are the kind of literature most desired by the American public.

The American reader demands novelty, and the yellow press makes money out of this weakness. The more sensational the news the greater the sale of the paper. I do not think the American public minds being "gulled" so long as it is amused and "thrilled." The rapidity with which news is obtained compensates for its unreliability. Mr Robinson tries to explain this peculiarity of the American papers by saying that while English journals speak of the uneducated classes, American speak to them. It is unfortunate, then, that they should have to speak to their lowest instincts.

So much space is devoted in the American papers to the private affairs of the wealthy and the titled that there is very little room for any other European news. Had I not been receiving the English papers regularly I should have got quite out of touch with international European affairs. Very little foreign news of public interest ever reaches the bulk of the people—so it is not surprising if they get somewhat disproportionate ideas of their own pre-eminence and importance.

But I fear I have not spoken strongly enough. There is positively a strain of insanity in the sensationalism of the most widely circulated papers of

the large cities. They must be an index of the mental state of the average American. This insatiable desire for sensation is a result rather than a cause; or, I may say that it is a result as well as a cause, for it is both: it is self-perpetuating, a national disease which ought to be diagnosed and prescribed for. If vice parades the streets of London more openly than it does those of New York and Chicago, it certainly parades the columns of the daily newspapers in America in a way that is unequalled in any newspapers in the world. So it comes to pass that I am less favourably impressed at the sight of every man and boy poring over his newspaper than one might at first expect.

Of American magazines I need say nothing, for everybody knows they are the best in the world, both as regards their literature and their illustrations.

It is wonderful how little the English language in America has been affected by immigration from continental Europe. To all the foreign children who are brought over here, English soon becomes a second mother tongue, for it is the medium through which they receive their education. Now a question that interests me is this: "Will the English spoken in America of the future be the same English as that spoken in the England of the future? As time goes on, will the English spoken

in America be more and more Anglicised, or will the English spoken in England be more and more Americanised?

Within the last few years words originally coined in America have been creeping very rapidly into the spoken and written English of England. Many articles in our best newspapers emanate from American brains, and it is not surprising, therefore, that we should find in them a fair sprinkling of such "Americanisms" as would a few years ago have been frowned upon by our stricter literary critics. Another source of Americanisation is Canada. Books written by Canadians constantly contain examples both of American spelling and American phraseology.

Will American spelling of English words eventually be adopted in England? To people with old-fashioned ideas like myself, it seems nothing short of sacrilege to shorten the spelling of words by cutting out root letters,—letters, I mean, which are part of the very vitals of a word.

I note that America is fast changing the pronunciation of English words. I have heard graduates from the best colleges in the State of New York pronounce English words in a way that is quite foreign to ordinary English ears. I have heard on the public platform, for instance, the word "impeded" pronounced with the first "e" short as in the word "bed," and pedagogy pronounced in

such a way that the last "g" sounded like a "j." Also in conversations with Americans I have often been obliged to ask them to spell some of the words they used, as the strange pronunciation made it difficult for me to catch them. Once or twice, thinking I had got hold of a new word, I found, on its being spelt to me, that it was an ordinary word from my own daily vocabulary, but accentuated in a way with which I was unfamiliar.

Many words once looked askance at in England as "American slang," are now regularly admitted into the literature of both countries. More slang is introduced every year, and I know of one popular American novelist who is known to invent his own slang.

I have no doubt that some of the extraordinary contractions of words and cruel contortions of grammar that one meets with over here are the result of attempts to economise both in time and in space.

There are Americans who are never tired of asserting that an Englishman cannot see a joke. And, indeed, it is sometimes difficult for us to catch the point of a joke when it is expressed in phrases to which the English ear is a stranger. I have even heard Americans who have lived in Europe for some years, say that they themselves positively do not know the meaning of much of

the new slang that has come into use during their absence.

It is only natural that new customs and new inventions should be followed by new words with which they can be expressed. For instance, custom of employing a lady to help in your housework, instead of engaging a domestic servant, has led to the use of the word "help" instead of "servant." A great many words used by Americans as slang are derived directly from one of the innumerable foreign languages that are represented by emigrants from the respective countries where those languages are spoken. Many ordinary words have been borrowed from the American Indians, besides their picturesque names for towns and rivers. But, strange to say, the negro race does not appear to have added a single word to the American vocabulary.

With regard to the coining of fresh words, Mr Robinson says: "The right of any people to invent new forms of verbal currency must be conceded." Perhaps so, but those English who love the literature of their fathers, and the language which that literature has preserved for them, cannot see it wrested out of its old shape, re-spelt and re-modelled, to suit the requirements of a new people, without feeling a pang of something like regret.

Some of the most interesting and valuable pages

in Mr Robinson's book are those in which he strives to show how, while the English are growing more lax and more slipshod in their language and literature, and allowing words to creep into daily use which they would never have countenanced a few decades ago, the Americans, on the other hand, are making heroic efforts to purify their mother tongue, and to free it from the slang and provincialism that have threatened to graft themselves on to it. This writer even goes so far as to predict a day in the near future when the English of America will have become so purified, and the English of England so Americanised, that the word "Americanism" will have completely lost its present signification!

No German or Frenchman can be expected to feel instinctively what is good English and what is bad; nor is the ear of an Americanised Englishman who has lived among Americans for more than a quarter of a century very sensitive to the nice differences between the English of an educated American and the English of an educated Englishman. And who, then, is to be the judge as to which speaks the best English? Each is satisfied that his own speech is the most correct, not only in grammar, but also in intonation and accent. I have before me the opinion of no less an authority than the President of Columbia University. What

does he say? "The Americans are now the most considerable body of English-speaking people in the world. Despite their numbers and their wide geographical distribution, their English speech is more nearly uniform than that of the inhabitants of England itself. No differences of intonation, accent, or vocabulary are so great as those between the Yorkshireman and the Cornishman, or between the dwellers in Westmoreland and those in Devon. Many so-called Americanisms are only survivals of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century English usages which have disappeared in the mother-country. *The exaggerated drawl of many Englishmen is as far from being good English as the nasal twang of the uncultivated American.* [The italics are mine.] The purity of the language must rest with the educated classes who use the English speech, and with the makers of its literature, and *it is as safe on one side of the Atlantic as on the other.*" But farther on he says: "Only occasionally is an American book of even exceptional scholarship really well written."¹ And by so doing he appears to contradict himself somewhat. If English is as safe in America as it is in England, why on earth should well-written books be so rare in America?

¹ See 'The American as He is.' By Nicholas Murray Butler. 1908.

In speaking of America's contribution to English literature during the nineteenth century, President Butler mentions the works of such men as Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Poe, Curtis, and Steadman, as belonging to New York; and Whittier, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson, Holmes, and Lowell, as belonging to Boston. "If the intellectual history of America is not yet illustrious," he adds, "it is dignified, serious, and significant."

There is no question about New York being the real capital of the United States. She is so from every point of view—socially, intellectually, financially. It is only in her capacity as the seat of the Government that Washington is looked upon as the "Capital City."

"Do you not feel a certain pride in being a citizen of the Capital City?" I remarked one day to a Washington tradesman in whose shop I was making some purchases.

"Oh no," he replied. "There is a Capital City in everyone of the states. This is not even a state capital."

It has often been said that the one great use of a metropolis is to test everything for the benefit of the whole of the country. Now America is only just beginning to have one. So far all her cities have been provincial towns, and the want of such a centralisation has been

injurious, especially to development along literary, and artistic and architectural lines.

All students of English are aware of the debt our literature owes to the Bible. "As a mere literary monument, the English version of the Bible remains the noblest example of the English tongue," wrote a nineteenth-century historian. "Its perpetual use made it, from the instant of its appearance, the standard of our language." If the Puritans had not carried their Bibles with them to America, the national language of the United States in the twentieth century would in all probability have been a horrible jargon. It is sad, indeed, that the Bible has lost its former place of honour in the schools of America,—sad on other grounds besides literary ones. "Americans maintain," writes Mr Francis, "that their Republic rests upon a religious idea. But, having disavowed external authority in the State, and refusing to allow the Christian religion to be taught in the schools, they have never frankly introduced into either the ideal upon which the State is declared to rest. Thus both State and school are without religious sanction, except such as are surreptitiously introduced from the religion which is disallowed."¹

There was a day when America, like England,

¹ See his 'Americans.' 1909.

was the people of a book, and that book was the Bible. America's literary men of the nineteenth century were all brought up on the Bible. They owed as much to it as did our own Spenser and Milton; they were produced from Puritan surroundings. Harvard University was originally a Theological Seminary. In addition to attending public worship morning and evening, each student had, at the evening session, "to give account of his own private reading of the Scriptures," which each pupil had to read twice a-day. All the earlier American colleges were divinity schools. As Clarence Birdseye puts it, they were "of clergymen, by clergymen, and for clergymen." They were, of course, bound to widen their views as time went on. Under their theories America could not have built her great colleges on the broad, non-sectarian, non-political foundation of national, state, and municipal taxation; *nor could she have gathered her largest funds and donations for the same institution from Jew and Gentile, Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Agnostic.* I do not see that America could have done otherwise than she has done. I merely point out the effect that the withdrawal of the Bible has had, and is bound to have in the future, on the English speech of the great American people.

And it is not only in America that this change

is taking place in the English language. In the last quarter of the nineteenth century one of our own historians wrote: "Even to common minds this familiarity with grand poetic imagery in prophet and apocalypse gave a loftiness and ardour of expression that, with all its tendency to exaggeration and bombast, we may prefer to the slipshod vulgarisms of the shopkeeper of to-day." No lover of the good old English of our fathers can see, without the profoundest regret, the deterioration that is going on in the written English of both countries; but what we have to remember is that worst deterioration originates in America, and, on account of the mixture of tongues, spreads thence to Canada, to England, and the rest of the British Empire. The present generation of newspaper readers in England can still distinguish slang that has come from America from slang which has originated on British soil. But if the former continues to flood the columns of our dailies and our comic papers at the present rate, our eyes and ears will become so accustomed to these innovations that we shall cease to notice them, and the generation that follows us will accept them as a matter of course. In this way the slang will become a part of the language. It is bad enough for slang which has originated in our own country to creep into our written language; but it is more humiliating to our literature

for it to become diluted with slang which had its origin in a foreign country, and in customs and usages which are unknown to Englishmen. It would be a good thing if those of our newspapers who have American journalists on their staff would arrange for all "Americanisms" to be in inverted commas, or italics.

If they were to do this they would be doing something to put off the evil day, though they would not be able to stem the current of un-literary words and expressions that is pouring into this country. For my own part, I cannot echo Mr Robinson's wish that the day may soon come when the average educated Englishman will not be able to distinguish an Americanism from its equivalent in classical English!

I find that those English expressions which have not become current in America are laughed at by Americans, and constantly made subject of ridicule in their music-halls. In fact, there is a feeling growing up in America that the English language has been deteriorating faster in England than it has in America during the last hundred years. If the Americans thought that the purest English was that spoken by English people, there would be a great demand for English governesses in the United States. As it is, there is no demand for them at all.

The American pronunciation and intonation of

the English language is preferred by Americans to our own. I know of a case where a wealthy American—a *richissime industriel*—who had married an English wife and resided in Europe, sent to New York for a governess for his daughters, that they might have the correct accent. I saw the governess a week after her arrival in Europe, and heard her talk.

One extraordinary sensation that English people experience when travelling in America is that caused by the strange sound of their own voices. They hear English spoken all round them, and yet, every time they open their mouths in public, all eyes are upon them in an instant, and they are at once detected as “foreigners.” Their “English drawl” is detected at once. Then, too, as soon as they utter the simplest remark, their choice of words betrays them. If they say “lift” instead of “elevator,” “shop” instead of “store,” “wash” instead of “launder,” “a wooden leg” instead of “a timber leg,” “breach of promise” instead of “heart-balm demand,” “a fortnight” instead of “two weeks,” “she is in the street” instead of “she is on the street,” “stupid” instead of “dumb,” “a quarter to twelve” instead of “a quarter of twelve,” “in the town” instead of “down town,” they at once betray their English origin.

Apart from the modern American slang, which

is Hebrew to the unamericanised Englishman, there are innumerable idioms which have quite a different meaning on one side of the Atlantic to that which they have on the other. The other day a lady was telling me the love-story of a lady who had actually made a proposal of marriage to a gentleman.

“And was her offer accepted?” I asked.

“No, indeed!” replied my informant; “she was thrown over.”

“What?” I cried in horror. “Do you mean to say that the gentleman kicked her?”

“He threw her over,” she replied—“refused her. Don’t you use that expression in England?”¹

When Professor Freeman visited America some thirty years ago, he often heard people speak of “the horrible English intonation,” and on more than one occasion he was told that he had it. In England, on the contrary, we rather like to hear a pretty girl speak “with an American accent.” For one thing, we are conscious that there is often an attractive supply of dollars to back it; and if these fail, there is at least the liveliness and sprightliness so often absent in the conversation of English women. However that may be, the “twang” is always more noticeable in the women than in the men. As Professor

¹ I have found this expression used in the same way in an English book of the eighteenth century.

Freeman expressed it, "it is traced by some to theological causes"—that is, it is thought to have originated in the pious and sanctimonious speaking through the nose of the Puritans; others think it is a result of climatic influences; and, as it varies greatly in the different states, I am inclined to think the latter surmise is the more correct one. Long before I ever set foot in the New World, I had met, socially, Americans from every part of the United States, and I remember that I often prided myself on the certainty with which I was able to guess, after a few minutes' conversation, the part of his continent from which an American came. I mention this particularly because I have several times seen it stated by American writers of the twentieth century that all educated Americans speak exactly alike, and that as the average man in this country is well educated, it must follow that there is more really good English spoken in America than in England. Some of the cleverest of American writers have even gone so far as to assume that there is no such thing as "twang" in America except among the "common people," as they call their lower classes.

However that may be, I see no immediate danger of the adoption of a Transatlantic "twang" by England in the near future, though that may possibly be the last phase in the process of our

Americanisation. That the process has begun is a fact already beyond dispute. Let anyone who questions it walk down Bond Street, Oxford Street, and Regent Street, and count the retail businesses that represent American capital and American enterprise; let him read our best newspapers, and note the English used by our most eloquent statesmen in their public speeches, and by the writers of our leading articles: it is from our American cousins that we have learned to speak about "planks in political platforms," and to use the expression "a sane policy," where we should formerly have spoken of "a wise policy."

From the appearance of some of the buildings round the docks at Liverpool, I am afraid it will not be many years before we shall see our most crowded districts disfigured by sky-scrapers, unless we protect ourselves by law. Liverpool owes everything to the New World, and she will be the first of our cities to be Americanised. The most remarkable fact in connection with the Americanisation of England is, to my mind, the blissful unconsciousness of England herself to what is taking place.

In his novels written before 1825, Fenimore Cooper regularly employed the word "dumb" where English writers would have used "stupid." For instance, he says in one place: "I should have been dumb if I had not done" so and so.

This use of the word "dumb" must, I should think, have originated among the earlier German emigrants, seeing that the German equivalent for stupid resembles it so closely. I should much like to know which meaning Longfellow had in his mind when he composed the well-known line—

"Be not like dumb, driven cattle, but be heroes in the strife."

Expressions which are permissible in the best prose of a nation must naturally find their way sooner or later into the national poetry; and I foresee the day when London will be obliged to establish an "American Poets' Society," run on the same lines as the "Browning Societies," unless, perchance, a more speedy Americanisation renders such an aid to the right interpretation of American poetry superfluous.

In nothing does England's Americanisation show itself more clearly than in the changes that have recently been taking place in our methods of advertising. American methods for "gulling" the public are now being tried in England with marked success. The art of advertising has long been reduced to a science in the United States. There are thousands of men in America who earn huge salaries by merely thinking out new advertisements for the firms that employ them, as they lie awake at night. There are special

schools for training men to this lucrative profession, and among the first things they teach their students is self-effacement. The man who is to succeed must realise that future and fortunes depend on results, and on results alone. The "ad." writer must learn to understand his audience; he must know their wants and their predilections; he must know "how to approach them, how to influence them, and how to win them."

It was the cautious Mr Bryce who remarked, in an early edition of his famous book, that "the habit of speculation is now a part of their (the American) character, and increases that constitutional excitability and high nervous tension of which they are proud." He does not think that this characteristic will disappear, for "it seems to have passed into their national fibre." In all advertising there is a certain amount of speculation, and at first sight American advertising seems to be little else than daring speculation, but when we look closer it is something quite different. American advertising is an industry: it thrives only when it is in the hands of experts "with good hard horse sense." Every big business retains three or four such men. But the one understanding on which they are retained is that the business shall pay. Americans have what they call "the advertising spirit"; they

have awakened as no other nation has done to the power of publicity, and they handle that power boldly and fearlessly, with one end in view—namely, profitable returns. I think I may say without exaggeration that every article that we see widely, aggressively, and persuasively advertised in England is almost certain to be of American origin, and backed by American “push.” It is mainly by her advertising that America has accomplished so successfully her unparalleled invasion of the world’s markets during the last decade. The French are just discovering this, and some business firms in France are just now preparing to follow America’s lead.

Yours.....

THIRTY-THIRD LETTER.

NEW YORK, *October 22nd.*

DEAR S....., — Anthropologists, travellers, and others are busy discussing the question whether there is, or is not, a distinct American type of human beings. It was one of the first questions that arose in my own mind when I began to turn my thoughts to this country, but for ten years I could not find a satisfactory answer. At last, after keeping an open mind through the years that elapsed between my two visits, I am persuaded that a really new race is being produced, and a new type being formed under conditions for which history affords no parallel. At the same time, I am equally convinced that there is as yet neither an American race nor an American type, in the true sense of the words. The melting-pot is there, and every variety of human kind is being thrown into it, but the fusion is not yet complete. Time is needed to accomplish the operation. How could it be otherwise when more than a third of the inhabitants

of the Northern States are of foreign birth or parentage? Persons born in Europe cannot possibly be examples of an American type.

I have constantly, metaphorically speaking, taken spoonfuls of the mixture from the American crucible and placed the substance that is forming there under my microscope. What have I found? Traits, characteristics, peculiarities in the newest and most surprising combinations,—these I have found in profusion, but none are conclusive; all point to something that has yet to appear. Ideas are there, but the ideal to which all verge is not yet in sight. Nevertheless, we have so much to go upon that a shrewd guess can now be made as to what are likely to be some of the more striking peculiarities of the new type.

In his Introduction to 'David Harum' the editor says: "The extraordinary mixing of races which has been going on here for more than a century has produced an enormously diversified human result; and the products of this 'hybridisation' have been still further differentiated by an environment that ranges from the Everglades of Florida to the Glaciers of Alaska." If he had only written "is producing" and "are being," instead of "has produced" and "have been," it would have been more to the point.

The hybridisation now going on is reducing

the variety, not increasing it. The trend is towards monotony, not towards diversity. Even the diversity of climate met with on the wide American continent is powerless to check the steady inclination towards sameness that is everywhere noticeable. In the twentieth century families do not stay long enough in one region to be markedly influenced by its peculiarities of climate, and the marvellous improvements in methods of transportation that continue to be made will lead to more and more dispersion, and thus militate increasingly against any permanent effects of local climate upon type.

That the continental climate of America as a whole has a very important effect upon the inhabitants I do not doubt for a moment; in fact, I consider it one of the strongest influences that is being brought to bear upon the "hybrids." Its tendency is to soften and round off differences, to promote monotony rather than diversity.

"Environment," a comparatively new word in our language, includes many influences besides climate; environment in America tends, like everything else in America, to sameness. "All American passions have a family likeness," said Tocqueville, "which soon become monotonous to the onlooker." The spirit of money-getting encircles every native-born American from his cradle. Few can resist the effects of an atmos-

phere that is continually breathed. Emigrants from all parts of the world are quickly affected by it; and even travellers, who are only here for a short time, are affected. But do not let us confound the spirit of money-getting with the love of money, for the two are widely distinct. If there is one species of humanity that has rarely been found in America, it is the miser. Gambling pervades the air, but hoarding is practically unknown.

A Swedish farmer who emigrated to America¹ writes: "The Swedish people who have money hold on to it very tight," and he shows how that peculiarity disappears when they go to America. It was the sight of an American visitor to Sweden spending his money freely that tempted him to go there, and on arriving he found the Swedish emigrants working far shorter hours than was the case in Sweden, but working harder, and earning far more than they could ever earn in Sweden. "One thing I like about this country," he writes, "is that you do not have to be always taking off your hat to people. In Sweden you take off your hat to everybody you meet, and if you enter a store you take off your hat to the clerk. Another thing that makes me like this country is that I can share in the government. In Sweden my father never had a vote, and my brothers never

¹ See 'Undistinguished Americans.' Ed. by Hamilton Holt. 1904.

could have voted, because there is a property qualification that keeps out the poor people, and they have no chance to make money. Here any man of good character can have a vote after he has been a short time in the country, and then people can elect him to any office. There are no aristocrats to push him down, and say that he is not worthy because his father was poor. Some Swedes have become governors of states, and many who landed here poor boys are now very rich." He also tells how his sister Hilda, who also emigrated, has married a rich Swede, and "keeps two servants and her own carriage"; and adds that the Swedes who live in America "like the old country girls, because they know how to save money." Here we have a typical example of the process that takes place when a Swede goes into the melting-pot. His children will be Americans, and his grandchildren will probably be good specimens of the American type.

An old shoemaker in Lithuania received a newspaper from his son in America, who was working in the Chicago Stockyards, and in it he read: "We know these are true things—that all men are born free and equal; that God gives them rights which no man can take away; that among these rights are life, liberty, and the getting of happiness." He showed it to the son

of a neighbour, who became so haunted by the words that at last he emigrated too. He made straight for Chicago. Looking back on the first part of that journey, he relates of himself and some others with whom he travelled: "We were all green and slow. The railroad man used to look at me and say, 'You will have to be quicker than this in Chicago,' and he was right. . . . I knew I was going to Chicago, and I began to think quicker. . . . The boat was the biggest boat I had ever seen; the machine that made it go was very big, and so was the horn that blew in a fog. I felt everything get bigger and go quicker every day. . . . Everything got quicker—worse and worse—till then at last I was in a boarding-house by the stockyards in Chicago, with three Lithuanians who knew my father's sister at home. The first night we sat around in the house, and they asked me, 'Well, why did you come?' I told them what the old shoemaker had said about 'life, liberty, and the getting of happiness.' They all leaned back and laughed. 'What you need is money,' they said." One Lithuanian set out next day in search of work, but it was long before he found a job. He soon learned that "here money was everything, and a man without money must die." He eventually joined a labour union and did well. He concludes the account of his experiences

with the words, "You must get money to live well, and to get money you must combine. I cannot bargain alone with the Meat Trust. I tried it, and it did not work."

An Irish girl emigrated from Londonderry, where she had been brought up on potatoes in a peat cabin. She got a place as general servant in Philadelphia, and soon induced her sister to follow her. The sister writes: "After two months I got a place. They were nice-appearing people enough, but the second day I found out they were Jews. I never had seen a Jew before, so I packed my bag, and I said to the lady, 'I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I can't eat the bread of them as crucified the Saviour.' But she said, 'He was a Jew.' So at that I put out. I couldn't hear such talk." In her next place she stayed twenty-two years, and helped her two brothers and her old mother to come over to the new country. "We all put every cent we could earn into building associations. . . . Our ladies told us how to put the money so as to breed more. Mother lived to be eighty. . . . The night she died she said, 'I have much to praise God for. I haven't a child that is dependent on the day's work for the day's victuals. Everyone of them owns a roof to cover him.' . . . But Phil is the one to go ahead! . . . He makes money hand over

hand. He has an automobile and a fur coat, and you see his name at big dinners, and him making speeches. No saving of pennies or building associations for Phil. As for Phil's son, he is quite an American, and his proud aunt tells us: 'Last Sunday's paper had his picture, and one of the young lady he is going to marry in New York: it called him the young millionaire M'Nabb. But I judge he's not that. He wanted to borrow the money I had laid by in the old bank at Walnut and Seventh Street the other day, and said he'd double it in a week. No such work as that for me! But the boy certainly is a credit to the family!'

In the same book from which I have taken the above there is the story of an Italian boot-black. After recounting the hardships of his early years in Italy he says: "One day I met a young man who pulled out a handful of gold and told me he had made that in America in a few days." This young man, who was a steamship agent, succeeded in "assisting" our hero and one of his friends across to New York. "We were all landed on an island, and the bosses there said that Francesco and I must go back because we had not enough money; but a man named Bartolo came up and told them that we were brothers, and that he was our uncle and would take care of us. He brought two other men who swore that they

knew us in Italy, and that Bartolo was our uncle. I had never seen any of them before, but even then Bartolo might be my uncle, so I did not say anything. The bosses of the island let us go out with Bartolo after he had made the oath. The next morning, early, Bartolo told us to go out and pick rags and get bottles. He gave us bags and hooks and showed us the ash-barrels. On the streets where the fine houses are the people are very careless and put out good things, like mattresses and umbrellas, clothes, hats, and boots. We brought all these to Bartolo, and he made them new again, and sold them on the sidewalk, but mostly we brought rags and bones." He then goes on to relate how, after a year of this, he and Francesco at length got on to their own feet, and became a firm of thriving boot-blacks. "There are plenty of rich Italians here, men who a few years ago had nothing, and now have so much money that they could not count all their dollars in a week. The richest ones go away from the other Italians and live with the Americans. . . . I know an Italian who was a boot-black ten years ago, and now bosses boot-blacks all over the city; he has so much money that, if it were turned into gold, it would weigh more than himself."

I wish I could quote more from this book of "lifelets," but I have given enough to show how

all the emigrants, no matter whence they come or to what surroundings they come, are influenced by certain strong influences which never vary. All are wakened up, all begin to look upon life with different eyes, and all begin to learn the value of money, and to realise the important part it can be made to play in a man's life. Those whose one idea in the old world was to save money soon prefer the more exciting task of getting it; and while they are getting they learn to spend. These are only the preliminaries in the melting process.

The children born in America of emigrant parents such as these are generally taller than their parents, and anthropologists have discovered that there is a decided modification in the shape of their heads. These children are all educated in the same schools, taught the same language, read the same newspapers, fight for the same ideals, are members of one community, and become citizens of one Republic. They are Americans.

In one sense Mr Robinson is right when he says that the foreign element in America is only a fringe, for no one who has lived thirty years in America and become naturalised is a foreigner; and certainly no one who is born there is one. "History has no precedent for the commingling of the nations of the world which we are now witnessing on this continent," said Bishop Fallows

in a sermon preached at Chicago on the 4th of July. But it must be remembered that, on the whole, it is a commingling of the lower and not of the higher strata of humanity in the first place, and this fact makes the fusion easier. Men and women who can neither read nor write, nor think deeply, are less tenacious of the national ideas, habits, customs, and religion in which they were brought up, and much more ready to assimilate things American than those of a cultured class could possibly be. To the lowest classes, all thought and all education are more or less a novelty, and the feeling of self-respect which comes to them as they land in the New World is in itself a novelty and a powerful stimulant. Everything invites them to forget the past and fix their eyes upon the future. There is nothing of value behind, while untold possibilities lie in front of them. All this helps to make the fusion easy. Never in so short a time have I met with such an infinite variety of race and speech as during those few months of American travel. I speak to the lady who sits next to me in the railway carriage,—she is Polish. I exchange a few words with a woman sitting opposite me in the street-car,—she comes from Germany. I ask a man in the street to tell me the way,—he is a Norwegian. I enter a fruit shop and buy fruit from a man born in Athens. I talk to the maid who

answers my telephone call,—she hails from Dublin. I converse with a friend's gardener,—he is an Italian. In fact, the only nationality I do not meet with in the Eastern States is Spanish. And that is because Spaniards are drawn more to South America; the war with Spain may also have had something to do with the absence of the Spaniard from the United States during recent years.

So far we have been examining the raw ingredients, and their first phases in the melting-pot, but there is a goodly supply of the mixture that has reached a more advanced stage of fusion, and which shows already many of the characteristics that are to belong to the new metal. What are they? Perhaps the most prominent, the most striking characteristic of the average native-born American of to-day is his blind adoration of the idol of equality.

But this widely-spread cult, this deep-seated trait, has nothing in common with the teachings of English Socialism. I have said this before, but I cannot say it too often. This national devotion to equality is for ever levelling up: it never levels down. From it spring other characteristics that are typically American. The men and women who are fired with this love of equality may be said to have for their motto the word "Excelsior." The wish to rise, to keep pace

with those who are rising to the right and to the left of him, spurs the young man on, and leads to the universality of another characteristic which has received the recognised name of "hustle."

"Hustle" is a near relative of hurry, and hurry is often the parent of superficiality, of incoherence, and of what Bourget called *une poussée trop rapide*. Bourget attributed to the sudden transplantation of the most energetic and the most desperate spirits of the old world to a new soil, what I attribute to the fervid cult of equality.

Senator Beveridge has been meditating on the peculiar characteristics of the Americans of today, and his remarks on the subject cannot fail to interest psychologists. He tells us that the American's greatest pride is that he is a citizen of the "dominant nation of the world," of the "master nation." Such a pride, however, is not peculiar to the Americans, for the British have a similar pride with regard to the British Empire, and the Germans with regard to the Fatherland. Senator Beveridge addresses himself to the youth of America; he urges them to see that rashness of scheme, hot-headedness of action, and recklessness of method, cannot possibly bring any ultimate good. Methods of mere dash are irrational and out of date. "The systematic, the considerate, the orderly, the conservative,—these are the qualities of character which our situation in the

world and the present state of our development absolutely require of all Americans. And therefore the type of American now developing, and even this moment already to the front, is the coolest, steadiest, and most thoughtful and practical character which the race has yet produced,—a man with daring, but the daring of forethought; with energy, but the continuous energy of purpose; with effectiveness, not spasmodic and instantaneous, but the resistless effectiveness of well-considered and moderate plan.” He quotes a remark made in a drawing-room where this subject was under discussion: “The very excess of vigour which we Americans possess implies the necessity for regularity and wise direction in its exercise.”

Senator Beveridge sees that thoroughness is not yet an American characteristic, while he looks upon adaptability as the most pronounced of all American traits. He urges that the great defect of American life at the present period is a want of thoroughness. Energy is there right enough. “There is something about us,” he says, “that is abnormally energetic”; and he tells of a Russian who remarked that even the soberest Americans seemed chronically intoxicated. But without thoroughness we can never reach perfection, and it is at perfection that the American must aim.

Beveridge believes that the spirit of com-

mercialism, which has invaded even the realms of literature, is passing. "And the money-greed which made them hasten to write the book of the hour is already succumbing to their instinct of immortality which commands them to write the book of the decade—the century. They are beginning to seize upon the lasting things of nature and life. The modern scientific method is helping this; and that spirit which is so stern a tyrant in the laboratory is spreading among the American masses."

Senator Beveridge is right. Superficiality will not be a trait in the real American type. We see it now wherever we turn, but it will disappear. It is true that quantity and size are too much worshipped in America of to-day, but "the American fireside is going to be a tribunal of criticism." The university will in future be valued, not for its riches, its size, or the number of professors on its staff, but for its men of genius and the work they can accomplish. It will be valued for its efficiency in turning out efficient men capable of making America greater by their presence and their achievements. "The time is ripe for American Leckys, Mommsens, Spencers. The present century will produce the American Goethe and Balzac. . . ."

With regard to money-making, Beveridge says that perhaps the greatest benefit which our popular

government confers on the cities is "unlimited opportunity." Yet unlimited opportunity means unlimited rivalry; and this means a "haste of achievement which becomes forgetful of substantial results. So we have the craze of getting rich quick, and some fear that this may become a permanent insanity. One man makes a great deal of money; immediately everybody else wants to make as much or more. From this ambition of getting large wealth comes the desire to get it as quickly as possible. And this means the neglect of the solid and substantial, the ignoring of that which will be really beneficial next year as well as this year."

Will the love of wealth become a permanent trait—a permanent insanity? Will this be an inherent characteristic of the American type? Mr Roosevelt is convinced that acquired characteristics can be transmitted, and that the improvement of society is mainly due to that fact. And I think that the constant examples we have before us of alcoholism being acquired by a parent and transmitted to his offspring are in themselves a proof; if one acquired vice can be transmitted, why not another?

Senator Beveridge looks the danger in the face. He goes so far as to call the love of money-getting "a national disease," and says that this "million-mania must be checked and finally eradicated."

At the same time, he has the greatest admiration for the "real generals of industry and commerce." He wishes to see more thoroughness in industrial development as well as in statesmanship and diplomacy. He is evidently a believer in the power of suggestion. "Thoroughness, and yet again thoroughness, from the tying of your shoestring to the solving of the nation's highest problems! It is the talisman American word of the twentieth century." In turning over his pages, I see that Senator Beveridge has used my metaphor of the crucible in discussing the evolution of an American type, but before he has reached the end of his paragraph he has mixed his metaphor, and is talking about a pestle and mortar. He agrees with me, however, in saying that the work is not yet finished. The blending, the fusion, is not yet complete, but "there begins to be a uniformity even in this early hour of our national youth." Fundamental characteristics have already been noted. Proceeding to discuss the minor characteristics of this embryo type, he puts first the power of organisation, a power pointed out by Tocqueville more than eighty years ago. "It is a trait in our character. It is a law of cohesion which our kindly destiny has set in motion to hold us together." And he goes on to show that the organisation of all American organisations is the American Government.

“Your American,” says Beveridge, “is profoundly in earnest. . . . Convinced that his purposes are the very highest sent to any people, and that his success is as certain as any appointed event of nature, he looks kindly on the world and on himself.” Yes, I have often heard it said that good-nature is a trait of the American character. An Englishman who has dwelt among them for many years tells me that he has never known an American lose his temper. As Beveridge says, there is a vein of happiness in his grimmest purpose.

Is the love of notoriety so prominent in the Americans of to-day about to become a national trait? Beveridge says of it: “If more careful analysis confirms surface observations, it is the most distressing fact of American development; but I do not find it true. . . . Our tendencies are less and less towards the notorious.”

Will the American of the future cringe to wealth? In another of his little books Beveridge says: “When a man or a family gets up to one hundred millions or more they then become a curiosity—a sort of monstrous by-product of our industrial civilisation. The only way such a person can, in these days, win the favourable regard of his fellow human beings is by making

his money do helpful things for the rest of humanity. His millions alone do not give him the *entrée* even to our respect, much less to our admiration."

There is one very much developed trait in the American character which strikes every foreigner—their arithmetical mind. An English lady, who was one day reading an American book aloud to me, became weary of the enumerations of dollars, and remarked, "I wonder they don't adopt a larger coin than the dollar, now they are getting so rich." Americans always speak in round numbers, and ignore all details. This often leads to conversational exaggeration. In American cities numbers take the place of names. The banks, and even the churches, are numbered: "First Presbyterian Church, Second National Bank," and so on.

When Miss Martineau's book on America appeared in 1837, a Boston critic wrote a rather scathing criticism of it, and wound up his review with these words: "America presents a wide field for the metaphysician. We are, as yet, a nation of mental elements, which must be amalgamated in the crucible of succeeding generations. New combinations of intellect are every day taking place, but the philosophy which would account for them is behind the age.

The schools of Europe will never be able to account for the mental organisation of America." Had this Boston gentleman been alive to-day, could he have written in the same strain? I think he could.

Yours.....

THIRTY-FOURTH LETTER.

NEW YORK, *October 26th.*

DEAR S.....,—How is twentieth-century America going to treat the great population of black men and women that is increasing so rapidly in her midst? This is one of the most serious problems that the country will have to solve. People who comfort themselves with the reflection that the negro race is dying out are imitating the methods of the ostrich. The truth is that, were it not for the constant streams of white emigrants that keep pouring in, the black population would be increasing very much faster than the white. Americans living in the vicinity of dense populations of negroes tell me they know for a fact that the negroes, who have their own midwives, do not report all their births, and that the printed statistics regarding their birth-rate are not to be relied on. It is true that their death-rate is abnormally high, owing to the ravages of certain diseases to which they show themselves peculiarly liable, and of which phthisis

is proving itself one of the most deadly. But even this handicap is more than outbalanced by their extraordinary prolificacy.

Nine-tenths of the black population are in the south, and there they are likely to stay, for the cold climate of the Northern States would soon kill them off. In two states, Mississippi and South Carolina, there are more blacks than whites; while in six other Southern States the blacks are slightly in the majority. The blacks tend to draw together. The larger the black centre, the more dense its population is becoming. The whites who are there move away as they find themselves outnumbered, and their place is taken by blacks. Now it has been proved over and over again that where the blacks get together in great numbers, and there are no whites dwelling among them, they quickly begin to deteriorate, and tend to relapse once more into a state of barbarism. Herein lies a great danger to the American Republic.

The remarkable development that is now beginning to take place in the south is forcing the negro question more and more to the front, and rendering the problem more acute than it has ever been in the past. The land that is the most densely populated by negroes is some of the richest and most productive in the whole of the United States. In the days of slavery

the blacks lived more or less peacefully side by side with the whites. There was no rivalry between the two races then, but there is now, when the American artisan meets the black artisan on an equal footing, and the white labourer has to work side by side with the black. During the last twenty years many of the Southern States have begun to rival the north as industrial centres. The establishment of cotton manufactures in the south, "where water-power, low-priced labour of women and children, long hours of labour, and the cheap cost of living, gave advantages which have quickly attracted capital." "In 1900 North Carolina and South Carolina spun more than half of the cotton grown within their limits."¹ Many other manufactures have sprung up in these and the adjoining states, and in 1900 there were almost as many wage-earners in six of the Southern States as there were in Massachusetts in 1880. Another great industry that has been developing in the south of recent years is the shipment of fruits to the markets of the north. This is a direct result of the advance in water traffic. Owing to the exploitation of her iron, Alabama, which occupied the tenth place as a centre of the iron industry in 1880, rose in ten years to the third.

¹ See 'The American Nation,' vol. xxiv.

I have heard it said that it is now a matter of question whether there is not more opportunity for a young man in the south than in the west, so wonderful has been the development of the former. The south now offers splendid openings in modern educational farming, in iron, in corn, in lumber, and in the business of sending "cool cars" with fruit to the New York markets. All these branches of activity are bringing large incomes into the pockets of southerners, and making them more loth to see the land filling with a black population.

A book written on the negroes by one who has more negro blood in his veins than white, furnishes us with many interesting facts regarding this interesting race. In the days of slavery the same minister preached to the blacks and to the whites. The negroes of the United States are a Christian race, and belong for the most part to the Baptist Church. They numbered ten millions in 1905, and eight millions of these are in the Southern States. "What road will the negroes travel?" asks Mr Booker Washington, and he adds: "I believe that it is possible for a race, as it is for an individual, to learn to live in such a high atmosphere that there is no human law that can prevail against it." This authority believes in honest labour as a purifier of the human

mind, and is convinced that manual training is the most effectual preventive of crime. He gives as a reason why the negroes could not so far, like the American white, take a pride in work, the fact that work was formerly the badge of their shame. The negro takes kindly to farming. "Since the negro became free he has acquired ownership in land that is equal in area to the combined countries of Belgium and Holland." But in the south the negro is still practically a serf. A form of serfdom is still the rule in agricultural labour in the black belt. Those negroes who became domestic servants were brought into contact with the culture of their masters, and naturally became the leaders of the emancipated class, and of that class the best went into professions. About two hundred thousand negroes own their own farms at the present time. The coloured barber has not disappeared altogether, as some think; but he now works only among his own people. It is the same in the case of the coloured lawyer, who is almost forgotten by the white world. In every city that has a large negro population they are their own pastors, their own lawyers, their own doctors, and their own barbers.

Mr Washington tells us that the first result of the Civil War was the expulsion of the negroes from the white churches. The "Meth-

odist Church South" simply set its negro members bodily out of doors. And then it was that the Coloured Methodist Episcopal Church sprang into existence, and a Christianity absolutely divided along the colour line arose. The negroes then became a social institution, but lack of ministers, of money, and of experience hindered their advance at every turn. Besides, they were not sufficiently advanced in civilisation to stand on their own feet unaided. Their spirits, too, had been crushed, and their ethical ideas perverted by the whole of their past history. They still had memories of the tradition and rites of their old heathen worship; they still gave themselves over to intense emotionalism, trances, and weird singing. An English lady who attended one of their services in 1872 told me that she saw a man kick the back out of his pew in his religious exultation.

Mr Washington cannot understand how a Church preaching "Whosoever will" could dare to ostracise half the world. The white Church hangs on its doors, "All are welcome," and then excludes half the population of the city. He believes there are many white people in the south who would rather have criminals living among them than negroes.

It would be strange indeed if a book on the sorrows of the negro race, recounted by one of the

sufferers, should be free from all strain of bitterness. It would be too much to ask, and we do not ask it. But I am surprised that a man so highly educated as Mr Booker Washington should show such an ignorance of the true cause of the Civil War. He completely fails to grasp its true cause and signification. He appears, moreover, to be blissfully unconscious that there is such a thing as race instinct. He fails, therefore, in understanding the peculiar something which lies at the bottom of all this race prejudice, and has its roots in life itself. It is not something that can be eradicated by religious feeling, or a sense of justice and duty. It is something that is inseparable from man, and that will remain on the earth as long as man remains there.

Many thousands of years have passed since white men began to puzzle over the presence of black men upon the earth. When Phaeton lost control of the horses of the sun, and set the earth on fire, it was then, we are told, that the Ethiopians grew black in the face, their blood being attracted by the heat to the surface of their bodies, and they have been black from that day to this!

In studying the question of the negroes in the United States, we should remember that slaves were continually being brought there from Africa up to the year 1860. There are many free blacks in America to-day who passed their early youth

among African savages. It is far too soon to judge of the ultimate capabilities of these people. The odds, so far, have been all against them.

Mr Washington evidently believes that all racial prejudice will eventually disappear. He thinks that more justice will be meted out to the negro before long. "The south is learning that lawlessness and economic advance cannot exist side by side." He foresees that white and black labourers will one day combine against the aggressions of exploiting capitalists. He sees that immigrants are being attracted more and more towards the south, and he asks the question: "If immigration turns towards the south, as it undoubtedly will in time, what will become of the negro?" This is one of the new problems with regard to the colour question.

There are those who think that a great influx of whites from Europe into the Southern States will crush the negro out of existence; but others, again, hold the view that white will compete with black on an equal footing, and the result will be the survival of the fittest on both sides. But Mr Washington is confident that a slow infiltration of foreign whites will not displace the better class of negro workers, because the growing labour demand of the south cannot spare them. Of fair competition between man and man he has no fear. But if the white immigrant is to have political advantages of

which the negro is to be deprived, the competition will not be a fair one. If the black man is to remain disfranchised, while the white native and immigrant not only have the economic defence of the ballot, but the power to use it so as to hem in the negro competitor, cow and humiliate him, and force him to a lower plane, then the negro will suffer from immigration. The famous Fifteenth Amendment, which became part of the law of the land in 1870, was drafted with the intent of for ever ensuring negro suffrage. It denied to Congress or to any state the power to disfranchise a man "on account of race, colour, or previous condition of servitude." But in course of time the Fifteenth Amendment has become a dead letter. The later State Constitutions drafted by white men have practically disfranchised the negro.

The white men living among the negroes in the Southern States saw from the first that it was of vital interest to the welfare of the south that it should be under the rule of white men: the whites in the south were the ones who had to wear the shoe, and they knew where it pinched. But to-day the north has also got its eyes open to the fact, and is no longer disposed to interfere in those problems which public opinion is agreed to defer to the south alone for solution. This side of the question is not touched upon by Mr Booker Washington.

“With the exception of an exceedingly small class of intelligent and efficient coloured people, the negro exhibits,” to use the words of Prince, “none of the results that forty years of freedom and industrial opportunity under the tutelage of education are popularly supposed to have produced.” “Since the negroes have been withdrawn from the beneficent and humanising influence of white control, the original elements of the negro character, hopelessly rooted in countless centuries of jungle life, have at once asserted themselves, and wrought sad havoc with the manhood and prospects of the race.” “Crime is alarmingly on the increase, not only in the region known as the ‘Black Belt,’ but throughout the entire area of the former slave states. Although the whites in the south outnumber the blacks three to one, yet the latter furnish from 85 per cent to 93 per cent of the convict class.” Even in the city of Washington, the negro’s “Mecca,” the negroes furnish 86 per cent of the criminals. “And the fact of most tragic import is that this amazing criminal activity is almost wholly the work of the generations born in freedom, and whose education has cost thus far 150 million dollars.”

Prince assures us that the average negro has not the first notion of moral responsibility, and that he possesses neither strength of will nor power of conscience to resist the inclinations of

his baser nature. "He knows no motive to industry beyond the simple barbaric impulse to fill his stomach, or to decorate his person."

The fine clothes of the negro ladies and gentlemen who were constantly my fellow-passengers in the Philadelphia street cars often filled my soul with wonder. I can say without exaggeration that the cut of the coats would have done credit to a London tailor. "Much of the finery you see is second-hand," said a friend to whom I expressed my astonishment. "Those well-cut coats are very possibly of European make, the cast-off clothing of the wealthy." On attending the morning service in the principal Episcopalian Church in Philadelphia, I was surprised to find that many of the most elegantly-dressed ladies in the pews in front of me, when they turned their heads, had complexions that I can only describe as black. Pale blue, and pink costumes, appeared to be very much in vogue with these ladies of swarthy hue, and they certainly heightened the effect.

As hotel waiters, as railway porters, and as train officials, I always found the coloured men far more courteous, affable, and obliging than the whites. A coloured porter on a Pullman car told me that he made, tips included, 120 dollars a-month. This would not have been bad if only he had known how to save, but thrift is foreign to the nature of a negro. Americans believe their

thriftlessness to be hereditary, and assert that a negro cannot learn the value of money. The amount they spend on their clothes is out of all proportion to their incomes. Some think they hope that by being well dressed they will earn the goodwill of the whites, and be able to rise in the social scale.

It is not unusual to hear Americans laying the blame of the presence of the negro in the United States at the door of England. Even Mr Roosevelt writes: "The presence of the negro in our Southern States is a legacy from the time when we were ruled by a trans-oceanic aristocracy"; and he adds that democracy has completely vindicated its existence by the fact that it has kept the temperate zones of America for a heritage for the white people.

Of the nine millions of black people living in the United States to-day, very few are to be found in the Middle West, outside of Chicago. A group of five negroes caused quite a sensation in a small town in Illinois, by appearing on the side-walk one afternoon when I happened to be driving past with a friend, and my friend, herself a middle-aged woman, exclaimed, "I never saw so many negroes together before!" There are black waiters in many of the Chicago hotels, but the number of negroes in that city is comparatively small. In Philadelphia, on the other hand, the white and

black populations appear to the stranger to be wonderfully commingled, and the aloofness known to exist does not show itself to the casual visitor. But it was in the streets of a Virginian town that I felt as if I had been transported to Central Africa at the sight of swarms of black children and babies which met my eye at every turn. Their hair was like wool, their jaws protruded far beyond their noses, and their clear skin shone in the sunlight like black satin. But in the most characteristic specimens of their Ethiopian type there was always a redeeming feature, an expression of extreme good-nature which was most attractive when one had once got over the first feeling of repugnance.

America knows that, cost her what it may, she must educate her negroes : she knows that if left to themselves they will degenerate, and become a power for evil in her midst ; but she does not wish to, and never will, assimilate them ; they will always remain a race apart. Education will give power into the hand of the black man, and success in many of the walks of life hitherto barred to him will gain him the respect of the white ; but an instinct of self-preservation, a racial instinct, planted by his Creator in the breast of the white, will always separate the two like a flaming sword as long as the world lasts.

Yours.....

THIRTY-FIFTH LETTER.

NEW YORK, *November 2nd.*

DEAR S....., — Ever since America stepped out of her isolation to become a world power, her first wish has been to be a peacemaker. With that end in view, she is keen to enlarge and strengthen her navy, and even to enlarge her borders where it may appear necessary. Her friendly feeling towards Canada is increased rather than diminished by her ingrained belief that the Dominion must, in the nature of things, become sooner or later an integral part of the United States. Her feeling towards the Latin Republics of South America is even more paternal: by her Monroe Doctrine she has protected them from Germany,—for herself. For some time past she has been looking hard at the British Empire and criticising its “unnatural size.”

I am sorry to say that there is a good deal of unfriendly feeling in America towards England. The Americans are quite ready to own its existence, and they tell me that it is mainly due to the

Irish who have settled over here, and brought with them their undying grudges against England. A perspicacious Frenchman, visiting America some thirty years ago, was much puzzled to account for the readiness with which the Americans were willing to support with their dollars the efforts of the Irish to obtain Home Rule. "It must be because they think," he at length concluded, "that when the Irish have got Home Rule they will all go back there." However that may be, it is certain that the sympathy of Americans generally is with the Irish in this demand of theirs, and England's refusal to grant it is openly regarded in many quarters as brutally unjust.

Wherever they are, the Irish appear to have a passion for politics. In America, as in England, their political influence is out of all proportion to their voting strength. They prefer politics to other kinds of business, and they are generally able to make it pay. As Mr Robinson has remarked, their leaders have maintained such a corrupt standard of political action that a large proportion of the evils from which the municipalities of many of the large American cities suffer to-day may justly be laid to their charge. Were a project to be set on foot for an alliance between the United States and the British Empire, it would be by the Irish in America that it would be most bitterly opposed.

An American has recently published a book on our country,¹ in which the longest chapter is devoted to the Irish question. Down from the reign of Henry II. he traces the relations between England and Ireland; and he deliberately attributes the difficulties that have so long existed between them to the "bovine" selfishness of the English. He chooses to ignore the fact that the main difference between the two peoples has from the first been a religious one. He gathers in a lump all the atrocities that the English have perpetrated in Ireland during the last eight hundred years, and hurls them at the English race. He utterly ignores the truth that every atrocity committed by the English in Ireland had its contemporary counterpart either in England itself or in some part of Western Europe. Where the Protestant English perpetrated some cruel deed in Ireland, the Catholic French or the Catholic Spanish were similarly occupied in some other part of Europe. The whole history of England, France, and Spain is equally filled with tales of religious persecutions, burnings at the stake, and other forms of martyrdom. Mr Price Collier's isolation of the sorrows of the Irish Roman Catholics from all contemporary events of a similar nature is as ludicrous as it is unfair. What is this but distortion of truth by isolation of facts?

¹ 'England and the English.' Price Collier. 1909.

Having thus brought his horrors to a climax, he says: "One may go far afield to find a more typical example of that characteristic of the English of bovinely seeing duty where their interests call them." Was there nothing bovine about the conscientious persecutions of the Jews of Spain by the Spanish Inquisitors? And does Mr Collier justify the persecution of the French Huguenots? Was not Queen Mary of England just as cruel to the Protestants of England as Cromwell was to the people of Ireland?

It is, of course, quite immaterial to Americans whether the giving of Home Rule to Ireland would be fraught with danger to the British Empire or not. All they want is to see their own Irish safely back in the Emerald Isle. They are prepared to stick to their Monroe Doctrine through thick and thin. "America for the Americans" is written on every American's heart. But they appear to be equally determined that Ireland must be for the Irish Roman Catholics, and to further this policy American dollars have been available for many a long year, as every member of the Irish Nationalist party knows full well.

If Mr Price Collier had looked a little more deeply into Irish affairs, he would have discovered that nothing tends to the widening of the breach so much as the bitter feeling between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant. If this writer is

himself an ardent member of the Roman Church, that fact may possibly account for his one-sided views. He completely ignores the presence of Protestants in Ireland, as, indeed, he does the fact that that country contains more than one political party. He takes for granted that the Irish of every class and rank are one united people with one united aim!

A magnificent Roman Catholic Cathedral is rising in New York, but Roman Catholicism is not spreading with any great rapidity in the United States. An American priest, writing on the subject in the year 1900, stated that the Roman Catholic Church in America does not exercise as much moral influence as other religious bodies; it is, in fact, nothing more nor less than the National Irish Church. As for its growth, it is only by its births, and by enrolling newly-arrived immigrants, that its membership increases. Its difficulty in getting the right sort of young men to train for the priesthood is a very serious one. No really able youths offer for the priesthood. Its very bishops at the present time are, almost without exception, men who have risen from what in Europe would be called the peasantry. They are men who have had no early education, and who "owe their promotion to some patron among the bishop's relatives." In fact, the Roman Catholics themselves confess

that no American Roman Catholic enters the priesthood who has not proved himself fit for nothing else. The faults of the Irish character are traceable in the Irish bishops.

The priest whose interesting observations I have just quoted draws attention to the significant fact that America is the only great civilised nation that has never belonged to the old Catholic Christendom. It is the only branch of the Christian religion that has none of the old Roman Catholic traditions. I am sorry to say that our American priest, though the matter under discussion had little to do with secular matters, felt himself constrained to wind up his discourse with the remark that America's god was—**MONEY**.

The Americans, as far as their type is developed, are essentially an emotional race, and the Irish Celts are proverbially so. At Irish funerals, the most important point is the number of "busses" that can be hired to follow the hearse. The Anglo-Saxons of America do not care for that.

Almost all the drunkenness found in America is among the Irish; and, as a Methodist pastor remarked to me, "The Jews have all the rum businesses."

Every agitation in Ireland is supported by dollars from America; but on this point also Mr Price Collier is discreetly silent. I wonder how America would like it if one of her Senators made

periodical visits to London to collect sovereigns for the support of the particular wishes of a particular party of one particular state against the wishes of the rest of the country?

If England shows a record of "seven hundred and fifty years of failure to get on with Ireland," America, who has not yet celebrated her one hundred and fortieth birthday, "is amused."

It is an absurdity to talk of Ireland as "England's wife." It would be nearer the truth to speak of her as England's harem. Mr Price Collier is of the opinion, which many of us share, that "the best men ought to rule," but he wants to see Ireland ruled by the Irish Nationalists.

Mr Price Collier also chooses to ignore the fact that many of the bravest and most brilliant of our British officers who took part in the South African War was furnished by Ireland. All his emphasis is placed on the reiterated, and hardly novel, statement that England and Ireland cannot get on together.

The genuine American is too busy money-making to enter the field of politics, but the Irish Celt has never loved money, or cared for the trouble of amassing it; in the words of Polenz, he is not a honey-bee. So he has time to make speeches; to become a professional politician; and to adorn the post of Alderman. The Irishman in America thirsts for political power, just as the

true American thirsts for the power that money gives. The ready wit, the ready speech, and other well-known qualities characteristic of the Irishman, can all be turned to account in a political career. The Germans in America, though they come from the peasant classes of Germany, just as the Irish come from the peasant classes of Ireland, very rarely take any active part in politics. Their heavy solidity, and their honey-bee propensities, are more suited to good, steady business plod than to the political arena.

It was just at the commencement of the Spanish-American War that I had the opportunity of discussing the situation with a young Andalusian Spaniard from the vicinity of Gibraltar.

“Which side do you think will be victorious?” I ventured to ask him.

“How can you ask?” he replied, smiling. “The Americans may have the money, but Spain has the patriotism, and it is patriotism that tells in a war like this. Of course Spain will win.”

That was not so very long ago, but to-day I do not think it would be easy to find a man who would dare question America's patriotism. There is no country in the world that has a larger stock of it. And what is more, it is an infectious patriotism: every emigrant from Europe is infected with it as soon as he lands, or at least before he has been many months in the country.

The self-complacency so noticeable in the American of the nineteenth century, and which resulted from his living so far apart from the rest of the world, is now giving way to a narrow introspection, accompanied by an extreme sensitiveness. English people should bear this in mind when speaking or writing about America.

The spirit of empire has reached America, and the country's shrewdest patriots already "think imperially." America turns her eyes westward, and sees that there are no British ships on the Pacific Ocean; turns them southward, and perceives that when she has once opened the Panama Canal she will have a greater hold than ever upon British commerce. Senator Beveridge observes that one element of the American character is "territorial acquisitiveness." He does not think this element will disappear; on the contrary, it will develop, for it is "a racial instinct"; and he adds: "There is no use in wasting energy or time debating whether that is a good thing or a bad thing. It is so. And if it is so, it is for a good reason. The Great Maker of us did not create this instinct without a purpose." There are other peoples with instincts of a similar nature. Let us hope that they will not clash. "Fortune," as Beveridge reminds us, "loves a daring player." And somewhere else he remarks, "Do not conclude that things are fixed, that conditions are

permanent; even the most permanent things are transient." This truth is often forgotten by the dwellers in the Old World, but it is never forgotten in the New.

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I am still thinking the matter over.

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