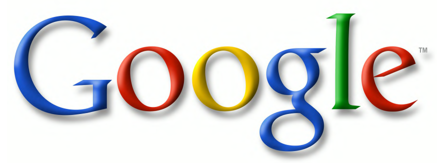

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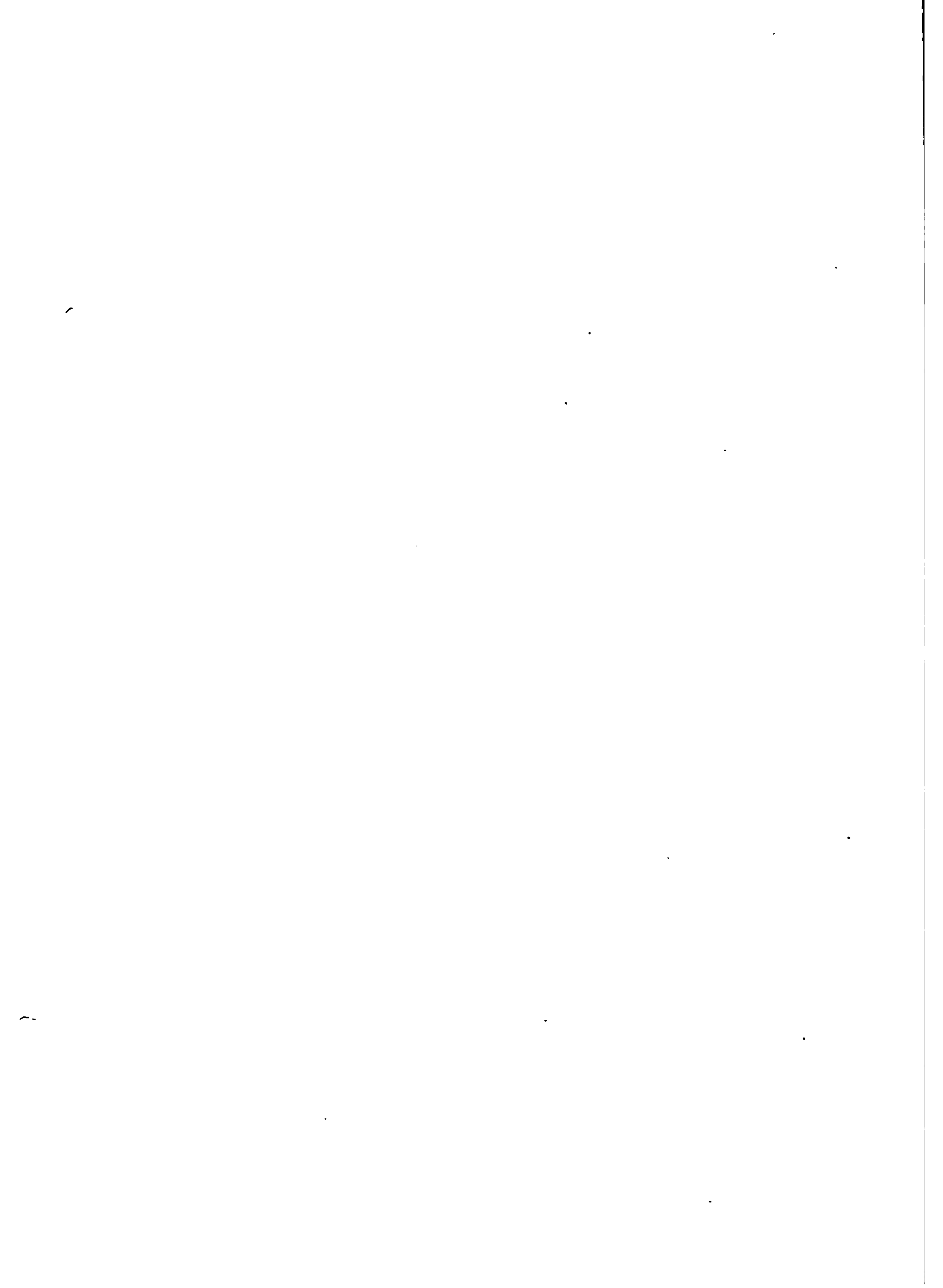

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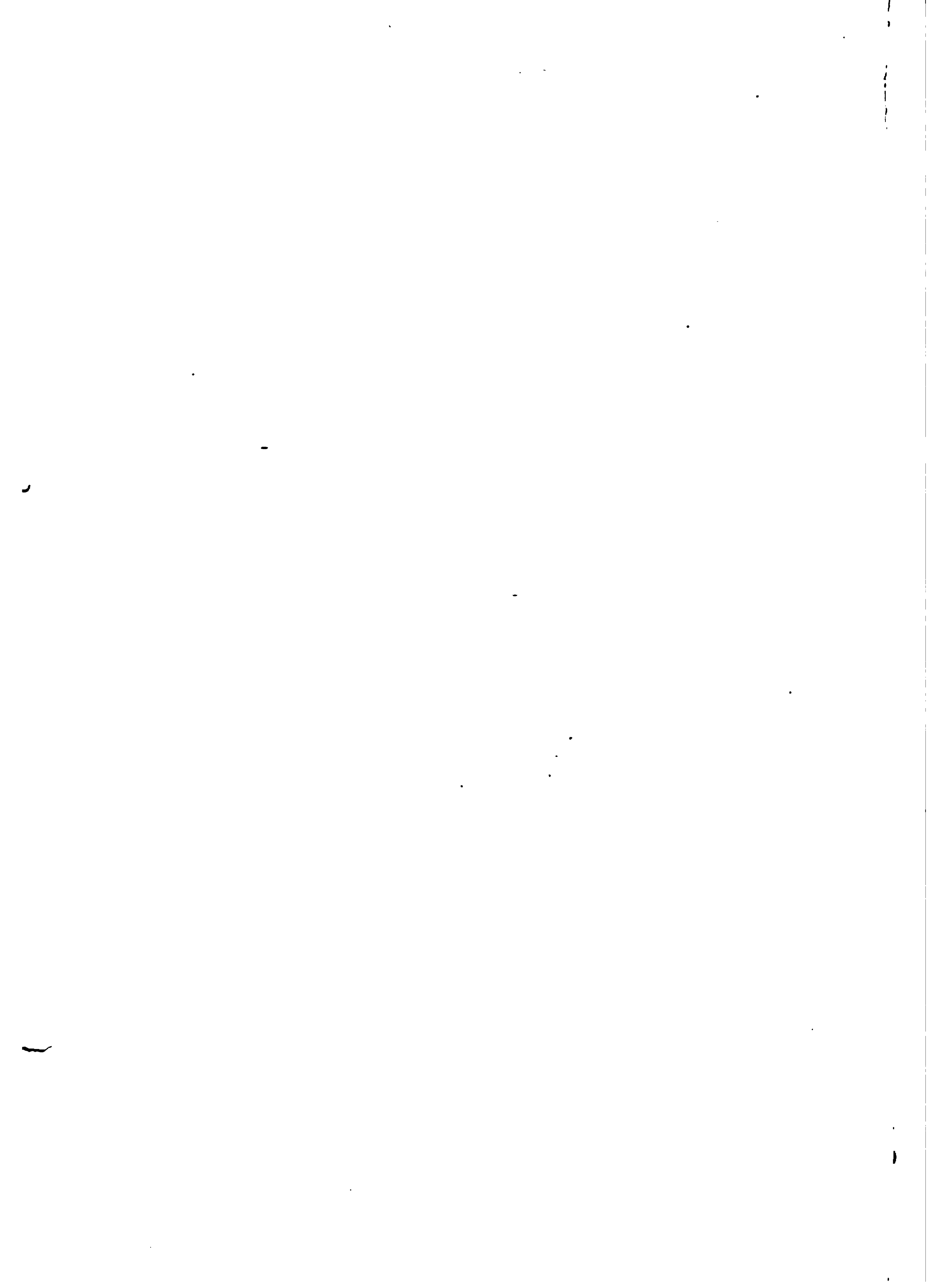

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WATTS'S NEW STATUE OF TENNYSON

Unveiled a few weeks ago, by Lady Brownlow, in Lincoln, England

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,'
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

Lucas Joseph Cunn

Current Literature

VOL. XL, No. 1 — Edward J. Wheeler, Editor
Associate Editors: Leonard D. Abbott, Alexander Harvey — JANUARY, 1906

A Review of the World

UNLESS the fifty-ninth Congress, which began its first session on December 4, proves to be one of the most interesting and important bodies that ever assembled itself in the Capitol, it will disappoint many observers and falsify many predictions. It began fairly well in the lower house to live up to the predictions. On the first day of the session 4,031 bills were introduced, one gentleman from Tennessee being sponsor for more than 400 and a Michigander coming in a good second with 350. Over thirty of the bills provide for expansion of the powers of the Federal Government, indicating the spread of what the Hartford *Times* calls "the hysteria of Federal control." The bare titles of all these bills, if printed, would make a fair-sized volume, and it is safe to say that before this Congress closes its career the number will be quintupled at least. For there are in this House of Representatives some 386 members, each one a man of some consequence in his own community, with a constituency of at least 193,284 voters to cater to and with a reputation for public zeal to make or to preserve. In the sessions of the preceding House over 20,000 bills were introduced, and as this is a progressive country, the present Congress may feel that it must show at least equal activity in shaping the destinies of the nation and diminishing the perils which come of an overfat treasury.

THIS House of Representatives has almost broken one record. The dominant party has in it one of the largest numerical pluralities ever seen in Congress. The Republican plurality in the House last year was thirty-two; now it is 114. That party also has in the Senate only three votes short of a two-thirds majority. If it can hold itself together it can pass any bill or defeat any bill as it pleases. There are eighty-three members of the lower house who were never before in Congress and several of them are decidedly youthful, swept into office unexpectedly to themselves and their friends by the Roosevelt tidal wave. In the very first session the leader of the Democratic minority, John Sharp Williams, in protesting against the rules of the House that have heretofore prevailed, made an appeal to what he termed the "kids" in the House to support his protest. Up rose a young man of twenty-six, beardless, to ask seriously what Mr. Williams meant by the term "kids." The crushing reply came as follows: "Mr. Speaker, with that degree of reverence which the personal appearance of my interrogator excites in my mind, I should say that he is perhaps the last person in the House who ought to ask the question." The young man aged twenty-six, Wharton by name, subsided. But Mr. Williams made a slight mistake in assuming that his questioner was the youngest member. Mr. Zeno J. Rives, also of Illinois, is said to be still younger, and there seems to be some doubt whether he is old enough (twenty-five) to qualify. He didn't expect to be elected and didn't half try to be; but he had greatness thrust upon him. Of one other representative, from Missouri, it is said that he never saw a railroad train until he was thirty years of age. The New York *Sun* suspects the story to be a myth; but, if it is true, he will be apt, it thinks, to take a prominent part in the legislation for regulation of railways! One of the interesting figures among the older men is a "resurrected" statesman of Ohio, J. Warren Keifer, who was speaker of the House twenty-two years ago, and who has vainly endeavored since to regain his political footing until he also hitched his wagon to the Roosevelt star last year. One State is not represented—Oregon. But its two representatives, Hermann and Williamson, have excuses that must be accepted as valid. One of them has just been sentenced and the other has just been indicted for complicity in

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MR. FAIRBANKS AND HIS CABINET

The lady is the Vice-President's wife, and the young men are his sons. Mr. Fairbanks was tall, green and gawky when he first went to the Ohio Wesleyan University (like the new student in "The College Widow"), and he had to work his way. But Miss Cornelia Cole saw what was in him. She stood by him then and has been standing by him ever since.

the land frauds that have so abruptly terminated the career and the life of Oregon's senior senator, John H. Mitchell.

AS FOR the Senate, though it is always impressive, it is not particularly interesting at any one stage of its career, for it is never a brand new body, as is the lower house, in the sense that its entire membership must be elected anew every two years. The Senate is a continuing body, and the new blood in the present Senate is not large in amount. Frank H. Brandegee, of Connecticut, is a new man (elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator O. H. Platt), and Senator Bulkeley, from the same State (successor of Senator Hawley, deceased), though he took his oath in the last session, is also a new man. James B. Frazier, of Tennessee (successor to the late Senator Bate), is a newcomer. So is John McDermott Gearin, of Oregon, appointed to fill the seat left vacant by the death of Senator Mitchell. William Warner, of Missouri, succeeds Senator Cockrell, and Robert W. La Follette, as soon as he sees his way to resigning the governorship of Wisconsin without imperiling the railroad legislation which he is engineering in that State, will take his place in the Senate chamber. The "kid" of the Senate is Senator Burkett, of Nebraska, who has amassed the wisdom and the dignity of but thirty-eight years. In the lower house the membership of the forty-five committees, which transact the real business of the House, is determined by the Speaker, Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, whose power over legislative matters is second only to that of the President and sometimes not even second to that. In the Senate, however, there is a committee on committees, and, more important still, there is what is termed a "steering committee" chosen at a caucus of the dominant party. This "steering committee" now consists of Senators Allison (chairman), Hale, Aldrich, Cullom, Lodge, Perkins, Clark (Wyoming), Elkins, Spooner, Kean and Beveridge. The fate of legislation, of treaties and of presidential appointments rests very largely in their hands.

THE most important work that will come before the present Congress, so far as human wisdom can now discern, will be the question of railroad rate legislation. On that there will be, apparently, not a party fight, but a contest between conservatives and progressives of both parties. "It is not Republican control of Congress, but President Roosevelt's control of the Republican majority that remains in question," says *The World* (New York). It adds, with special reference to railroad rate regulation:

OPENING CONGRESS
—Bush in N. Y. *World*.

"Mr. Roosevelt prides himself on his method of accomplishing his ends through his own party. Before the session is over he may have occasion to be thankful to the Democratic minority for lending him votes. Whatever his popular majority was at the polls, he has yet to prove that the Republican majority in Congress is a Roosevelt majority."

THERE have been no very striking new developments during the month on this question of railroad rates. The position taken by the President in his message was as positive as that taken in his speeches on the subject. The only modifications that appear since his message a year ago are in the use of the term "maximum rate"—the significance of which was noted in these columns last month—and in his view that this maximum rate, when fixed by the commission, should go into effect not "at once," as he held formerly, but "within a reasonable time," as he now puts it. Otherwise he is as emphatic as ever. "I regard this power to establish a maximum rate as being essential to any scheme of real reform in the matter of railway regulation," he says in his recent message; "the first necessity is to secure it." He has given the Senators to understand that he positively will not accept Senator Foraker's bill on this subject. On the other hand, the reports from Washington indicate that the Republican Senators are plainly weakening in their opposition—those of them who are opposed—to the President's position. Their plan, according to the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* (strongly

WHY WILL DEAF MEN WALK ON THE RAILROAD?
—Maybell in Brooklyn *Eagle*.

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MR. SPEAKER

"Speaker Cannon will pipe and the House is expected to dance to the tune he plays" He "stands pat" on the tariff and is for rate regulation.

opposed to rate regulation), has been to have in committee a mock fight over counterfeit rate bills, then pass one or more as a compromise, pretending that it is about what the President wants. In this way Senators could

MEMBERS OF THE "STEERING COMMITTEE"

ALLISON OF IOWA

Senator Allison has served in the upper House continuously for twenty-eight years. He is chairman of the "Steering Committee."

CULLUM OF ILLINOIS

Was Congressman for six years, Governor of Illinois, eight years, and has been Senator since 1872. Father of the Interstate Commerce bill. Born in Kentucky in 1829.

ALDRICH OF RHODE ISLAND

A little State; a big man. Is 64 years old, suave, tactful and able. His daughter Abby married John D. Rockefeller, Jr Not a college man.

still pose as political friends of the President. But the latter, by his quick and unexpected verdict on the Foraker bill even before it was out of committee, has begun the contest with "a fine stroke of politics," and one unprecedented in the relations between President and Senate. Opposition to rate regulation has been formally expressed by the five large labor unions organized among railway employees, on the ground that such regulation would endanger their wages and their fight for an eight-hour day. The National Grange, on the other hand, has formally approved the President's position.

THE most serious obstacle to railway rate regulation will come not from the question of expediency nor the question as to the sentiment of the American people, but from questions of constitutionality. There is a double question here involved: (1) the right of Congress itself to fix railway rates, which are on their face simply contracts between the railroad and the shipper; (2) the power of Congress, assuming that it has the foregoing right, to delegate the exercise of it to a com-

OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE

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LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS

Scholar, historian, lawyer and statesman. A Harvard graduate, an LL.D. of Yale. Has been Senator from the Old Bay State for twelve years.

ELKINS OF WEST VIRGINIA

He is chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate which has been investigating the subject of railroad rate regulations during the summer.

mission. On the first of these two questions, Senator John T. Morgan, of Alabama, writes at some length in *The Manufacturer's Record* (Dec. 7). "There is no danger," he thinks, "that the Supreme Court will ever hold that the power of Congress to regulate commerce among the States is an arbitrary power to prescribe to either of the parties to a contract for the transportation of commerce the rate of charges that shall be paid for such service." Contracts, to be legally binding, must indeed be "reasonable"; but the Federal Constitution insures to railroad corporations, as to private individuals, the right of trial by jury, and the question of the reasonableness of a contract must go to a jury, not to a congressional commission. "No matter whether such rates are fixed by general State laws or by acts of Congress," says Senator Morgan, "the reasonableness of the charges cannot escape trial by jury."

ANOTHER ground on which he bases his argument of unconstitutionality is the division of power between the State and the Federal Government. His argument is:

"In the regulation of commerce Congress can-

HALE OF MAINE

He has been 24 years in the Senate, and has twice declined appointments to the Cabinet, once under Grant, once under Hayes.

MEMBERS OF THE "STEERING COMMITTEE"

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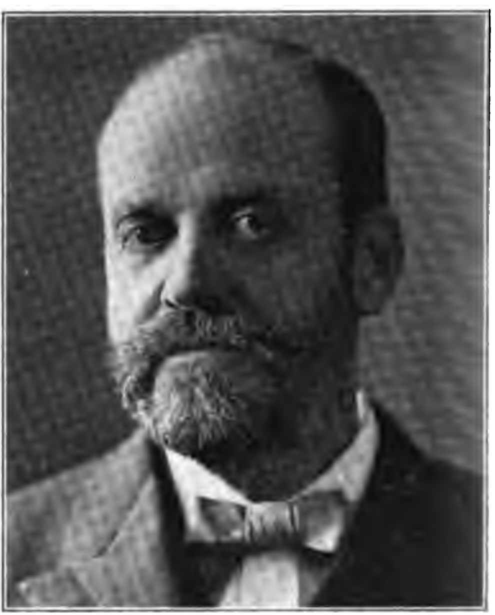
SPOONER OF WISCONSIN

He and Senator La Follette from the same State are bitter enemies. Spooner served as a private in the Civil War at the age of 18. Graduate of the University of Wisconsin. A fine orator.



PERKINS OF CALIFORNIA

Reared on a Maine farm; a cabin boy at 12; shipped before the mast in 1855; merchant (in California), miner, miller, banker, governor, senator.

KEAN OF NEW JERSEY

He is a banker and corporation official and is not expected to agree with the President's plans for rate regulation

not repeal, amend or destroy any constitutional law of any State that creates a railroad corporation.

"As to rates of charges, the States have granted such rights or privileges to railroad corporations, in their charters, as they have deemed wise and just. Almost every such corporation has its separate and special powers and restrictions as to the imposition of freight and passenger rates, and they are all lawful as terms and conditions on which their charters are granted, which the States have the right to impose.

"Can Congress create general freight and passenger rates that will override and destroy these charter rates, fixed by States, in the exercise of lawful authority?

"If Congress has such power in the regulation of commerce among the States, the Constitution, which protects contracts and prohibits reactionary and post-factum legislation, would at least confine the effect of such legislation to the bonds and stocks of railroads that are issued after Congress has enacted its laws. Such constitutional legislation by the States is lawful as to the creditors of railroads, at least until it is superseded or prohibited by act of Congress, and cannot be violated by a post-factum act.

"The legislation that Congress may enact, being necessarily prospective as to railroad rates and the rights of railroad stockholders and bondholders, and not retroactive, the question is presented as to what Congress can do in violation of the existing charter right of such railroad corporations. Can Congress enact amendments to such State charters, or can it repeal or abolish them? If they are territorial corporations Con-

OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE

BEVERIDGE OF INDIANA

He has charge in the Senate of the President's Santo Domingo treaty and is making an aggressive and untiring campaign against a stubborn opposition.

CLARK OF WYOMING

Senator Clark was born in New York State, educated in Iowa and went to Wyoming in 1882, when it was still a territory. He is 54 years of age.

gress can do all such things, having due respect for vested rights that have grown up under their shelter. But where the corporations are created by State Legislatures, Congress has no such powers. If such powers were unconstitutional when they were granted by the States, they are wide open to the annulling decree of a court, and no act of Congress is needed to destroy them. If they are valid, Congress cannot invalidate them."

THE further constitutional question whether, even if Congress has itself the right to regulate rates, it can delegate the exercise of that right to a commission, is one brought out already in a preliminary discussion in the Senate a few days after the opening of the session. It is to avoid this constitutional obstacle, evidently, that the President, in his message, lays stress upon the necessity that any commision that is to regulate rates "should be made unequivocably administrative." Senator Foraker takes the view that the power to fix rates, or to determine the reasonableness of rates, can not be made a merely "administrative" power, but is of necessity legislative or judicial. The question is an exceedingly important one and still remains to be argued out at length. But enough has already developed to show that the constitutional features of the coming debate are likely to be as interesting and important as the political and industrial features. From all three points of view, the regulation of railroad rates is the supreme question that is now "up" for decision. The view of the New Haven *Register* is a defensible one—that in this issue the President has thrown into Congress "the biggest question it has been called upon to consider since the days of reconstruction."

THE condition of the country as revealed in the President's message and in the reports of the different Cabinet officials is an interesting historical study, none the less so from the fact that there is but little of the dramatic or tragic in it. The message itself is terribly long—26,000 words—breaking the record it is said by those who keep the run of such things. There is the usual diversity of opinion as to its ability as a state paper, but it has aroused no intensity of feeling such as was aroused, for instance, by President Cleveland's message on tariff reform. The sermonic character of it is noted by many journals both

FRAZIER OF TENNESSEE

Resigned his office as Governor to take a seat in the Senate. He practiced law in Chattanooga, is 47 years old, and succeeds the late Senator Bate who caught pneumonia on last inauguration day.

RAYNOR OF MARYLAND

"A new senator, who opposed his colleague, Senator Gorman, in the recent election in Maryland, on the Poe Franchise Amendment. Was Admiral Schley's counsel before the investigating committee.

here and in England. "It is a lay sermon," says the London *Chronicle*, "from the pulpit with perhaps the biggest sounding-board in the world, on the duties of citizenship." "Brave pulpit words," says the London *Telegraph*, "but their practical transformation into laws has been found difficult by all legislators from Solon downwards." "Parts of the message," says the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*,

BRANDEGEE OF CONNECTICUT

He succeeds the late Senator Platt after an exciting tussle. Is a Yale graduate, a lawyer, and has served two terms in the lower House.

LA FOLLETTE OF WISCONSIN

Was elected last winter, but has been too busy as Governor of his State with legislative reforms to take his seat in the Senate. "If the Republican party is dominated by radical influences in the next national convention, it is easily possible that La Follette may be the candidate for the presidency."

WARNER OF MISSOURI

A Republican succeeding Senator Cockrell, a Democrat. It has been a long time since Missouri was represented by a Republican in the U. S. Senate. Senator Warner was a Colonel in the Union Army.

FLINT OF CALIFORNIA

Frank P. Flint is another of the new senators. He is very popular on the Pacific Coast, but his views on public questions are practically unknown to the country at large.

"might have been uttered with perfect propriety in any one of the great pulpits of the country." And the New York *Times,* which has of late been developing more and more strongly on anti-Roosevelt lines, says with a note of sarcasm:

"The Congress has never before been so

BULKELEY OF CONNECTICUT

A new senator, sworn in the last session. Is president of the Aetna Life Insurance Company, as his father was before him, and has been mayor of Hartford and governor of Connecticut. Was born on the day after Christmas sixty-eight years ago.

BURKETT OF NEBRASKA

The youngest member of the Senate (38). The choice of senator to succeed Dietrich was referred to the Republican primaries in Nebraska and Burkett won easily. "Will doubtless be heard from as a national figure," says one Washington correspondent.

KEIFER OF OHIO

Twenty-two years ago he was Speaker of the House. Now he goes back again, swept into office on last year's Roosevelt wave. Was an officer in the Civil War and also in the Spanish-American War. He is 69 years of age.

preached to by any President as by Mr. Roosevelt in the message sent to the Capitol yesterday. It is a sermon expository of the rules of human conduct. It is unshakably founded upon the changeless principle that right is different from wrong. It is solidly built up with granite blocks of ethical precept. It bristles with moral maxims, which only men whose hearts have been steeped in turpitude would have the hardihood to dispute. The Senators and Members who listened to the reading of it must have risen from their task wearier but better men."

The Philadelphia *Record* also sighs over the length of the sermon—the reading of it before Congress took two hours and thirty-five minutes—and thinks that if the President "could divest himself of his passion for preaching," his papers could be made half as long; but, perhaps, so it goes on to admit, they would not gain any in popularity by the elimination.

ONE thing that may account in part both for the length of the message and its preachy tone is the fact that this is the first time Mr. Roosevelt has been free to write himself into a message. When he took the helm after the assassination of President McKinley it was with a pledge to carry out the McKinley policies. He is no longer bound by that pledge. He is now President in his own right, not by virtue of an accident, and the release from three and a half years of self-repression shows in this message. It is his own message, no doubt about that. All the speeches he made in his Southern tour are in it, in substance. The *Evening Post* (New York) finds fault because of its slight treatment of the question of tariff revision. "To judge by his message," it says, "President Roosevelt has become the weakest of stand-patters—one without real convictions, that is, and swayed only by political ex-

Courtesy of *Harper's Weekly*.

THE COMPLETED PANAMA CANAL FROM ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC

The Isthmus will look like this in 1914, according to one official computation. The digging will cost $170,000,000 and the expert talent for eight years $14,000,000. Panama and Colon are to be free ports for vessels and goods intended to pass through the canal. United States naval squadrons are to be stationed within maneuvering distance of both ports, but the canal will be "neutral" in case of war between two or more European powers.

pediency." The New York *World* has a more sweeping criticism. "Mr. Roosevelt," it says, "has submitted the most amazing program of centralization that any President of the United States has ever recommended." The Topeka *Capital's* comment on the message is as follows:

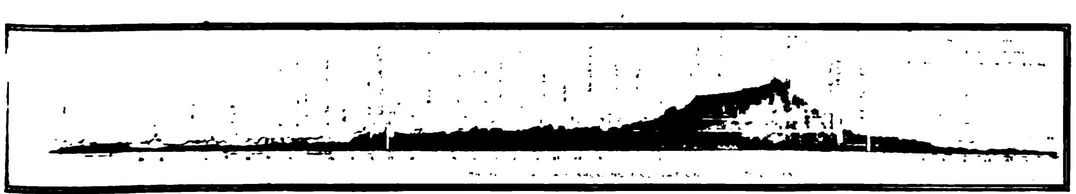
"Such a message as that this week of President Roosevelt could not have been written ten years ago. Such a message from the then President would have precipitated a panic. Men would have thrown up their hands in consternation. The country is going through a historic educational experience of self study and analysis, testing in the balances its wonderful material success. It is fortunate to have a President who is at the same time a bold thinker, without being an unsound thinker."

NO CABINET official has had a more interesting story to tell this year than that told in the annual report of the Secretary of Agriculture. It is a record-breaking story, such as no other nation in any age has been able to tell. The value of the year's farm products—not the value in the retail markets but on the farms—is estimated at $6,415,000,000. That sum would buy out six Steel Trusts paying par for all the stock. It would more than pay the enormous national debt of France or Russia. It would purchase all the gold produced in the world in the last twenty years. The value is well distributed among the different sections and the different kinds of product. The American hen has given us values nearly equal to that of the wheat crop, and the American cow has brought 100,000 more dollars to her owners than the cotton crop has produced. Cotton has long since ceased to be king. Three farm products, corn ($1,216,000,000), milk and butter ($665,000,000) and hay ($605,000,000) are ahead of cotton ($575,000,000) in value. In consequence of these enormous crops following a series of wonderfully prosperous years, the aggregate value of all our farms has increased in five years by $6,133,000,000. "Every sun-

A MAN WITH A RECORD-BREAKING STORY

Secretary Wilson's report of this nation's agricultural progress in the last five years beats anything the world has heretofore heard.

set during the past five years," says Secretary Wilson, has registered an increase of $3,400,000 in the value of the farms of this country." This advance has been relatively greatest in the South, and for the first time in the history of that section the deposits in the banks exceed the sum of one billion dollars. The farming population of the United States numbers but 35 per cent. of the total, but if the farmers keep up for three years more the pace at which they have been going they will have produced in ten years one-half the total amount of wealth produced in the nation in three centuries. Moreover, the exports of farm products have amounted in sixteen years to twelve billion dollars, reversing the balance



Courtesy of *Harper's Weekly*.

THE PILE OF EARTH AND ROCK TO BE CLEARED AWAY AT PANAMA

This is indicated by the darkened outline. The "Culebra cut" (the highest point) will prove the most difficult. It contains 43,000,000 cubic yards of hard clay

THE MAN WHO CAUSED THE CHANGE OF MINISTRY IN ENGLAND
He is Joseph Chamberlain and for him Lord Rosebery suggests this epitaph:

In a political career
Of barely thirty years
He split up
Both the great
Political Parties of the State.

of trade and giving us a favorable balance of over five billions ($5,092,000,000).

IT IS a great record and there are many causes, some within and some, of course, beyond human control. One man is now able, by reason of farm machinery, to do as much work as three men did in 1855—half a century ago. Irrigation has done wonderful things for large portions of the country, and is going to do more, for, as the Butte *Inter-Mountain* points out, it is not in the arid lands alone that irrigation pays, and we will one of these days learn to imitate the Japanese in developing even fertile lands to the highest point of efficiency by the little streamlets that make us so nearly independent of weather conditions. Another cause of our farming prosperity is pointed out by the Chicago *Tribune*:

"Few ordinary persons realize how far agricultural progress has been promoted by the United States experimental stations established eighteen years ago under the Hatch bill. There is one in each state and territory, including Hawaii and Alaska, and a few states have two. Each station receives $15,000 annually from the national treasury, and the various states and territories add to the amount, so that the aggregate annual budget is about $1,500,000. These stations are usually attached to the state agricultural colleges, and they are served by a staff of nearly a thousand trained men, including many prominent experts. . . . It is doubtful if any national expenditure produces directly and indirectly a higher percentage of return than does the money devoted to our sixty experiment stations—to the scientific mastery of the land."

NOT only on the fertile lands and on the irrigable lands are we now growing crops to fill the hungry mouths of the world. A few years ago our experiment stations set farmers in the Dakotas and Minnesota to growing, on semi-arid lands lying too high for irrigation, durum or macaroni wheat, and the crop this year is estimated at twenty million bushels, and even as we write a cargo of 350,000 bushels is on the way to the Old World. A Government expert who went to the Sahara desert to study agriculture returned with the useful knowledge that the finest date palm will grow with but six inches annual rainfall. Burbank has developed the spineless cactus, which is now being grown as food for stock where nothing was produced heretofore. Yet with all this production of foods, the New Haven *Palladium* points out that the home market for these foods is increasing faster than the supply, and "before many dec-

ades we will ourselves join the list of food-importing countries." It adds:

"That golden stream of more than $6,000,000,000—a sum equal to the aggregate wealth of the United States in 1845—which is flowing into the pockets of our agriculturists in 1905 is small compared with the flood which will come to them in the approaching years, and practically all of it will be contributed by their own people."

THE LIBERAL LEADER WHO IS NOW PRIME MINISTER OF EDWARD VII.

His utterance on Home Rule has made a sensation, being to this effect: "The only way of healing the evils of Ireland, of solving the difficulties of her administration, and giving content and prosperity to her people, and of making her a strength instead of a weakness to the Empire, was that the Irish people should have the management of their own affairs."

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN has attained suddenly within a fortnight to the dignity of Prime Minister of England. Seven years of vivacity as leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons thus lay their flattering unction to this political soul. The great Liberal statesman now assuming the government of His Britannic Majesty's dominions has been told by those actually within his own party that never could he be what he has just become. It appeared too inevitable that not Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman but Earl Spencer or possibly Lord Rosebery must take the place of Mr. Balfour when that subtle dialectician had at last to abandon his brilliant but vain efforts to make Englishmen understand that he had views on the greatest issue of the day in British politics—the old free trade or the new protection. Mortal mind could no more mistake the new prime minister's position than it could fathom the old prime minister's rhetoric. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has made roof after roof ring with his shouts that the greatest of British blessings is free trade. "The thing is good for us," are his precise words, "good for this free country, good for every man, whatever his calling or station." Protection is styled by Sir Henry a system of poor relief based upon favoritism, involving the transformation of healthy trades, giving strength to the community, into parasitic industries sapping its vitality. When Sir Henry cries from the platform that protection promotes monopoly and favors special privilege, he is ready with references to this country as a horrible example.

THIS pugnacious free-trader owes his triumph, none the less, to that stalwart protectionist whom Sir Henry accuses of being a noisy bee collecting vitriol as well as honey —"a funny contribution," notes the London *Spectator*, "to natural history"—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Had this impulsive being, agree London organs, only refrained from a speech at Bristol in the closing days of November, constituting a point-blank refusal to follow Mr. Balfour's suggestion that the tariff issue should remain indefinite, the old prime

ENGLAND'S NEW SECRETARY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

"He might have stood for George Eliot's portrait of the man who suffered all his life for looking younger than he was."

minister need not have gone out and the new prime minister could not have come in. No

THE LEADER OF THE REVOLT IN WALES

David Lloyd-George turned the wheels of government backward in Wales, according to the London *Mail*, and gets a seat in the Cabinet for doing so.

general election with its promise of inverting all political Britain would now impend. An evolution which has been going on for at least two years within the Conservative party under Mr. Balfour thus attained its crucial phase last month. Mr. Balfour, in an appeal having to the London *Post* "an air of desperation," had implored his followers to stand by him in this crisis. There was no use in his being a leader, he declared, unless he was allowed to lead.

MR. BALFOUR'S beautifully phrased advice was that the Conservative party, with its Unionist wing, should accept so much of the Chamberlain tariff policy as Mr. Balfour himself was disposed to agree with. This meant "retaliation," a device dear to Mr. Balfour, as only a phantom with which to terrify the foreigner into reciprocity. It was by this time evident to the London *Telegraph* and its contemporaries that the terms of Mr. Balfour's appeal involved his own continuance in office as well as his leadership of a party in turmoil. But the lion of that party, after holding his paw raised for a week, let it descend upon Balfour heavily. "No leadership, no successful leadership," cried Chamberlain at one of the most memorable of political gatherings, "is possible unless the leader is constantly in close touch with his party, unless he knows their views and, I will even say, unless he can honestly and conscientiously say he shares those views." The majority of the Conservative or Unionist party, added Chamberlain—and the boldness of the breach these words made caused a hush to fall upon a vast audience—must not be asked to sacrifice its views at the bidding of a minority within it. Mr. Chamberlain was so obviously the leader of the majority in question and Mr. Balfour was so obviously feeble amid his cowed minority that his inevitable resignation was funereal. Chamberlain had captured the soul of the party the instant its cold form was released from the frigid embrace of Balfour. Joseph Chamberlain, thrilled with the excitement of an approaching election, is asserting the right of a born leader to do the leading. As matters now stand, the supreme issue promises to be between free trade or protection, with exciting diversions in the form of Home Rule for Ireland and repeal of an educational law that has inflamed whole counties of Britain into an attitude not unlike rebellion to the law and the constituted authorities.

IT IS in the seventieth year of a brilliant old age that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, long the representative of a typical Scotch constituency in the House of Commons, is called to the loftiest political eminence attainable by a British subject. He has gone the round of public office with a fluent sort of drollery that leads the London *Mail*—his political opponent—to deem him the best after-dinner speaker in England. Financial Secretary to the War Office, Secretary of the Admiralty, Chief Secretary for Ireland, Secretary of State for War—these and other posts of high distinction he has filled with efficiency. The clever wit displayed in each of these stations delights the London *News* (mouthpiece of that Liberal faction which Sir Henry heads), but the sober London *Times* is grieved to suspect in a statesman of his caliber a partisanship too egregious, a leadership too reckless, a personality too vulgarly vituperative. To the London *Spectator,* Sir Henry seems very happy as regards "the humorous side of his mind" and a first-rate story teller; but this critic finds him too much a Scot. He never can, we are told, help seeing in criticism of his official acts some lurking assault upon his personal honor. The defect is attributed to the curious Highland instinct with which he came into the world. Anyhow, the new prime minister is a hot speaker who never presumes to orate, a dealer in political animosities who will condescend to no niceness of words when he thinks Mr. Balfour furtively hypocritical and Mr. Chamberlain a suspicious character. Sir Henry retorts that the others are rude of speech, not he. "It appears," he once observed at a public meeting, "that Mr. Chamberlain is somewhat squeamish when plain words are applied to him. I should not have expected fastidiousness in that quarter. He lives and moves and has his political being in plain and sometimes even rude language concerning his political adversaries." Yet the London *Mail* acknowledges "a large amiability" in Sir Henry. His native wit it finds real and of dry, choice quality.

"STAUNCHEST HOME RULER OF THEM ALL"

John Morley, on the eve of his entry into the new British Ministry, pronounced himself in favor of the Home Rule idea in Ireland.

BUT the best thing to be said of Sir Henry, or so we are told by Sir Henry himself, is the fact that the man is Scotch. It occurred to him to ask one of his huge audiences why the Scotch are so much more intelligent than other people. "We are ourselves," he averred, "at once too modest and too honest to dispute this claim, but why is it?" It is due, Sir Henry said, to John Knox and his Kirk. Twin

THE SON OF THE GREAT GLADSTONE

He gets a place in the British Cabinet because he is such a good "whip."

"THE ABLEST FREE TRADER IN SIR HENRY'S CABINET"

Mr. H. H. Asquith has for three years led the Liberal campaign against Joseph Chamberlain's protectionist ideas, which he pronounces "worthy of the dark ages."

influences, these, making all Scots spiritually-minded and with good heads for business. Sir Henry is but an indifferent illustration of his own theory, according to the London *Times,* which has often called him a grievous blockhead. But this newspaper is heart and soul with Mr. Chamberlain, whom Sir Henry deems an emissary of the devil. He says it bluntly enough, although we have the word of the London *Mail* for it that the new head of the King's government is an "easy, accomplished gentleman" over the walnuts and the wine. It evens extols his exquisite urbanity—upon occasion.

THE idol of the radical camp within the Liberal pale is "C.-B.," as the English dailies dub Sir Henry in abbreviation of his lengthy name. The elegant type of Liberal, shiningly exemplified in that former prime minister, Lord Rosebery, barely tolerates Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. The two political brethren were at loggerheads not so long since. The feud between them threatened to split the Liberal party. Lord Rosebery was actually denounced by Liberal organs on the radical side—like the London *Speaker*—for striving to eject Sir Henry from his post as leader of the party in the House of Commons. The scheme came to nothing. Rosebery had to go into something that wore the aspect of sulky retirement. His disappearance left the Liberal party with no actual head and the jarring sections turned to that nobleman who has long led a corporal's guard of Liberal peers in the House of Lords—Earl Spencer. But Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had by this time made good his authority over the party rank and file in the Commons. Earl Spencer issued a proclamation of policy which the London *Times* took for a manifesto to Liberals in view of an impending national election. Clearly, as the London *Standard* saw, Spencer or Campbell-Bannerman would have to take a subordinate station if the Liberals were called to office. The implication of the hour was that Earl Spencer was in some kind of "Whig plot" to depose Sir Henry from the post of leader. Lord Spencer's high character, concluded the London *Standard,* ought to be sufficient guarantee, even with avid hunters of office, that he would never lend himself to so devious a maneuver. So it proved.

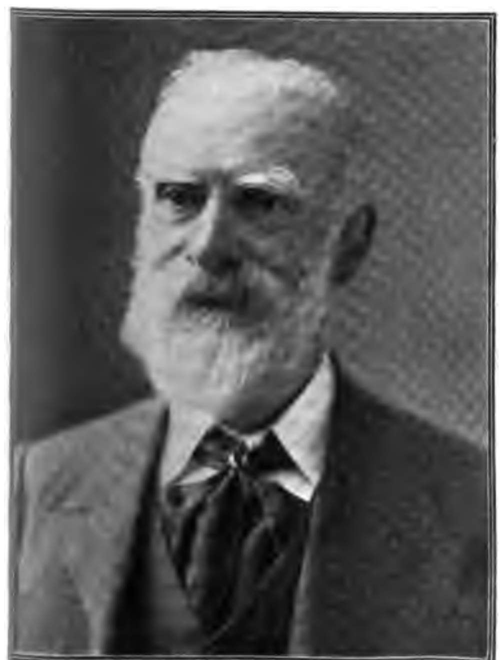
DOCK LABORER IN 1885, IN PRISON IN 1887, BRITISH CABINET MINISTER TO-DAY

John Burns has been made President of the local government board by the new British Premier. Mr. Burns' salary is $10,000 a year.

WITH Sir Henry in the place of power, home rule for Ireland, predicts the London *Times,* becomes an issue upon which the fate of his ministry will be likely to depend. Never, according to the London *Spectator.* The home rule bogey is not to be dreaded. For many a month this great British weekly has implored English voters not to dread what the London *Times* persists in dreading. Yet Sir Henry has just made what the London *Morning Post* deems a strong home rule declaration. The one way to heal the sores of Ireland, said he, is to let the Irish people have the management of their own domestic affairs. If an instalment of representative control were offered to Ireland he would advise the home rulers to accept it thankfully, provided it was consistent and led up to their larger policy. But it must be consistent and it must lead up to this larger policy. Now, observes the London *Times* regarding this, home rule is not a thing that Sir Henry will be allowed "to leave in the region of vague aspiration." Mr. Redmond, the home rule leader, is "not the man to be satisfied with the windy diet of moral platitudes." Mr. Balfour adds his own mordant criticism that the logic of facts, the logic of opinions and the logic of votes will drive Sir Henry in the direction of home rule. Sir Henry will even be forced to confess it, says Mr. Balfour, in the course of the fierce campaign that is to precede the election of a new House of Commons. And the London *Times* finds much press support for its view that England is more than ever in the dark as to the prospects of Irish home rule.

THE NEW LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND

The Earl of Aberdeen, who is thus lectured by the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*: "The Irish Party have no intention of allowing Home Rule to be shelved until the Liberals have outstayed their welcome and lost their driving power to carry any great reform."



THE CHAMPION OF MACEDONIA WHO HAS ENTERED SIR HENRY'S MINISTRY

James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth," has just returned from a tour of investigation in Turkey. He will, it is believed, use his new official influence in favor of English interference in behalf of the Macedonians.

FROM the comprehensive standpoint of world politics, the change of ministry in England impresses the dailies of Continental Europe as a possible menace to the Anglo-Japanese alliance. The Liberals, they say, suffer from a lethargy of conscience regarding the obligations of Britain's pact with the Mikado. Not a few serious Conservative and Unionist dailies in London have taken the insinuation as well founded. But Sir Henry himself has just blended this sweeping alliance with the essence of Liberal policy. Yet his valor here goes with discretion. Speaking with the prospect of his new dignity to steady

him, Sir Henry told a very eager audience that his country's association with the Japanese nation had always been popular with Englishmen. But, he felt constrained to add, there is a marked and fundamental difference between an understanding in virtue of which two neighboring countries are enabled to adjust their differences and an alliance which places Britain's army and Britain's navy in certain contingencies at the disposal of another power, an alliance which lays down stipulations for a goodly term, no matter what changes may take place, that remain binding upon both parties. Everyone must naturally prefer the former—that is, the cordial understanding with France—to the latter, the Anglo-Japanese treaty. The alliance seems to Sir Henry an abandonment of Britain's time-honored position as a power splendidly isolated. The new premier even declared that the old premier must have been in possession of information which justified the committal of Great Britain to so far-reaching and so important an obligation. However, the thing was done and the obligations of the alliance will be loyally undertaken by his government.

THIS led Sir Henry to remark that the maintenance of China's integrity, in order that the celestial kingdom might not become a cockpit for the armies of Europe, is an object worth making sacrifices for. So far as the Anglo-Japanese treaty aims in that direction, so far as it proceeds on the principle of development in a commercial sense and not through military annexation or scrambling for territory, Sir Henry says he unreservedly approves its object. As it stands, it implies that a sort of wardship over China is entrusted to or undertaken by Great Britain and Japan to defend China against all comers. Yet is there not danger that the prestige of the British Empire may be abased in the eyes of the world by that provision of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance which makes Japan jointly responsible for the defense of India? This latter point is full of meaning to anti-British organs like the *Kreuz Zeitung* (Berlin), which asks if there be not in it sources of trouble yet to come. As regards Russia, referred to by the new prime minister as the empire passing at this moment through a dire ordeal upon which it would be out of place to comment, we are assured that it is the avowed policy of the new government in London to come to an understanding with the government of St. Petersburg embracing all conflicting interests in Asia. He significantly suggests that an opportunity for such an arrangement will soon arrive. The idea that may be in Sir Henry's mind perturbs the organ of Russia's ally, the Paris *Temps*. It is delighted, though, that Sir Henry should be asserting his appreciation of the part France has played in widening the bounds of human liberty, in asserting those vital political principles which are at the root of his own party creed. Such eloquence is vividly poetical to the organ of the French Foreign Office. It feels confident that promotion of the understanding now so cordial between the two nations will animate Sir Henry's joys of office, and it abandons itself to blissful anticipations of German jealousy at the prospect.

THE new Secretary of Foreign Affairs in Sir Henry's rapidly formed ministry is the scion of a great family, and the London *Speaker* tells us that he might have stood for George Eliot's portrait of the man who suffered all his life for looking younger than he was, were it not for the fact that most of the characteristic mental qualities of youth have been denied him. Sir Edward Grey is cold. He holds aloof. No subject warms him, not even the foreign affairs upon which he is an expert recognized as such even by the carping critics of the London *Standard* and the London *Mail*. With Sir Edward Grey as his associate in office, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman lends himself to tacit tolerance of Lord Rosebery's position within the Liberal party. Of all personal considerations, remarked Sir Edward Grey only last month, there is nothing stronger with him than the desire to keep in touch with Lord Rosebery. He admits, of course, that Lord Rosebery and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman seem to differ on the Irish question. But Sir Edward is of opinion that there has been a misunderstanding. He believes, he says, that he knows more about Lord Rosebery's opinion on the home rule question and more about Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's opinion on the home rule question than either of these two knows about the opinion of the other on that question. He assures Britons that there is no substantial difference between Lord Rosebery and Sir Henry as to what should be the practical policy of the new Liberal ministry with regard to home rule in the next House of Commons. This, avers the London *Times*, is very nice splitting of hairs and it wonders how Mr. John Redmond, as leader of the Irish

party, will take it. There is to be no home rule in any shape or form, if we are to be guided by the London *Spectator*, which seems to have been constituted the oracle of the new ministry on this point.

WHEN Sir Edward became Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs some years back he asked whether it would be necessary for him to learn French. "On mature reflection," says the London *Speaker*, "he decided in the negative." But he may be said to think of foreign affairs in French terms. The cardinal points of his policy include a closer understanding with the third republic, he announces. Not less important he considers thorough harmony at all points with this country of ours. He spoke emphatically on that subject last month. And he means to strengthen the alliance with Japan. But more than anything else, Sir Edward Grey goes in for free trade. "Protection," he said on the eve of his entry into the new ministry, "is organized and mobilized. It must be fought to a finish."

MOST humanly interesting of all the men in the new ministry is that working man who neither drinks nor smokes, John Burns. He brings much expert knowledge to the post of president of the Local Government Board, the knowledge of a self-taught man who never discredits the school of experience by decrying liberal education. He urges it for wage-earners, especially when he makes his raucous, penetrating voice heard in those London County Council discussions in which his part is so conspicuous. His new office brings him ten thousand dollars a year. His old post of tallow boy in a candle factory brought him fifty cents a week when he was ten years old. As a full-grown man he earned seven dollars a week as one of the countless dock laborers who were always out of work when ships kept out of port. He was jailed for defying the police in this period of his rise to fame. His international celebrity dates from the great dock strike of 1889. When the dock laborers had won their great victory in this struggle, John Burns was admittedly the greatest labor leader in the world. He became an authority on labor questions (the mouthpiece of what England calls respectable artisan opinion), member of the House of Commons and a shining light in London's rather Socialistic county council. Socialistic ideas have been the foundation of the political creed of John Burns ever since he had one. He is Puritanically moral, fanatically honest, untouched by money temptation. He is known to stand half-way between British Liberalism and the cause of labor. He was put into the new ministry for the sake of a working agreement between the two.

INTO the same ministry has been put the barrister whose first important case was the defense of John Burns when that rugged labor leader was tried for speaking in Trafalgar Square against the wishes of the London police. The "Rt. Hon." Herbert Henry Asquith is Chancellor of the Exchequer, bringing to that high post a curiously achieved fame as man of fashion, brilliant lawyer with a gift for cross-examination, and politician of copious eloquence in championship of free trade. The Parnell trial made Asquith famous. His inquisitorial method in questioning the manager of the London *Times* was pronounced "one of the most brilliant and skilful displays of word-baiting ever witnessed in a court of law," and gave Asquith his splendid eminence. Nature, asserts one of his unwilling eulogists, has given him a voice of admirable compass and abundant power, a mobile actor's face and that gift of arranging and dramatizing unoriginal thoughts which is the peculiar spell of oratory. Fifty-three, a manufacturer's son, some twenty years in the House and once home secretary, his career has not gone outside the beaten path of that second-rate distinction which is all his enemies will concede to him. He seems to have become half ashamed of the fiercely radical views he held when younger, a feeling explicable only by his brilliant social successes, insist those who accuse him of having betrayed democracy. He has proved false to home rule, too, say the Irish, in order to win the smiles of dowager duchesses. He married the lady who was the original of Benson's "Dodo" and thus severed the last of the ties binding him to the man in the street.

MR. ASQUITH himself has elbowed his way to a conviction that nothing of all this matters very much. He has just told his constituents that they must think only of the coming general election as involving a choice between free trade and protection. He declared that every one of the assumptions which Mr. Chamberlain is putting forward in justification of tariff reform is belied by facts. Great Britain's trade, instead of decreasing, is

constantly increasing. He made sport, likewise, of Mr. Balfour's policy of retaliation. The result of setting up a wall of tariffs, the constituents were told, is that it always injures the wrong person. It will not matter a copeck to Russia nor a cent to the United States if Britain puts a tariff upon their manufactures. Mr. Chamberlain would put a small tax upon food, to be made up, he said, to the working classes in other ways. The protectionist always begins, added Mr. Asquith, with a small tax upon food, but it always ends by becoming a big tax. On that inclined plane there is no halting place until prices have been raised to the point where the native producer can snap his fingers at all foreign competitors. All this would be to the detriment of the working classes. The British colonies, which are frankly protectionist, would not, in return for preferential duties on food, admit English manufactured goods on terms which would enable them to compete with their own. The whole scheme is futile, imperfect and absurd. Therefore Mr. Asquith has no doubt as to the result of the impending general election.

IF ASQUITH and Sir Edward Grey are in the Campbell-Bannerman ministry to render home rule obsolete, their combined weight may be neutralized by the presence of John Morley. He has been put out of harm's way as secretary of state for India, but his voice is still heard on the political platform defying the wit of man to give to Ireland any effective voice in the management of her own affairs unless there be an executive responsible to a body in which the elective element shall have the decisive voice, whether that body sits in Dublin, or wherever it sits. "I will heckle myself," he cried at a meeting of his constituents, after the new prime minister had already offered him a cabinet post. He imagined himself quizzed: "Are you in favor of home rule?" "Yes, I am in favor of home rule," Morley answered himself, "if you mean the creation by Parliament of a local legislature under the paramount authority of the imperial Parliament." But Mr. Morley confessed that he does not expect to see anything of the sort made a pressing measure in the new House of Commons. The trouble with Mr. Morley, say his dissenting friends, is that he is by temperament a student, a recluse even. It is as a man of letters that he should be judged—as the biographer of Cromwell, Walpole, Emerson, Cobden, Diderot, Voltaire. Incidentally he was Gladstone's lieutenant in that statesman's home rule policy. "Two men have made me what I am," he says himself, and those two men were John Stuart Mill and William E. Gladstone. For the writing of the life of Gladstone to fall into the hands of John Morley, declared Frederic Harrison, was one of those rare and fortunate coincidences which now and then illumine the sphere of politics and literature in combination. But for the post of the secretary of state for India to have been given to this home ruler touched by the teachings of the French Revolution is, to the London *Times,* congruous only with the bland absurdity informing the composition of all this ministry.

MR. HALDANE is to be the great conciliator of Asquith with Morley, of John Burns with Sir Edward Grey. His fiercest enemy in the London press assures us that Mr. Richard Burton Haldane's most important part in British politics has been played as the diplomatist, the man of delicate adjustments between round and square, the puller of wires, the plausible concoctor of conciliatory proposals and of schemes for smoothing over wounded susceptibilities and avoiding inconvenient assertions of principle. He got his subtlety by studying metaphyscs at Göttingen and Edinburgh. He deepened it by devotion to Schopenhauer, whose philosophy he has translated spiritedly. He is a pessimist on all themes that do not concern his qualifications for office, asserts the London *Telegraph,* in effect. He is committed to nothing in particular, unless it be free trade, to which he subscribes in metaphysical terms. Clever as a writer, versatile as a speaker, accomplished as a politician, he is expected to take a philosopher's delight in moving about in the new cabinet as in some sort an unseen providence, secretly advising his colleagues to be cautious. In the capacity of secretary of state for war he occasions surprise. The philosophic problem of reality seemed more in his line than mobilization and artillery. Not that it matters —to him. If London *Public Opinion* be unprejudiced, Mr. Richard Burton Haldane is like the man of whom Sydney Smith said that he was ready at any moment to undertake the command of the Channel fleet or run a factory.

SO SORRY a spectacle is James Bryce as chief secretary for Ireland in the estimation of Mr. Chamberlain's newspapers that they almost weep for him. He will be sure to make trouble over Macedonia, they say, Mace-

donia being to Mr. Bryce what the lamented King Charles was to Mr. Dick's memorial. But Mr. Augustine Birrell's presence in the new ministry—and president of the Board of Education at that—atones to many a London daily for the ponderous intellectuality of the ministry as a whole. It contains too many serious men of letters not to have required the presence of that born bookman, who has said: "There is much pestilent trash now talked about the ministry of books and the sublimity of art and I know not what other fine phrases. It almost amounts to a religious service conducted before an altar of first editions." Nevertheless, the London *Mail* takes Mr. Birrell seriously. He is the principal editor, it tells us, of the 30,000,000 Liberal pamphlets printed and ready for distribution from the party headquarters the moment the general election enters its agitated stage. He is understood to have infused into these pamphlets all the freshness of phrase with which he achieved what has been described by the London *Saturday Review* as the unique distinction of rousing Mr. John Morley to the heights of enthusiastic hyperbole. The London *Post* expects another kind of hyperbole from Mr. Morley before Augustine Birrell has been president of the Board of Education for any length of time.

DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE, as fluent in his native Welsh as he is fiery in platform English, takes his seat in the new cabinet to protest, as president of the Board of Trade, against all sectarian education. He protests on behalf of what the London *Times* styles a profoundly pious people, deeming themselves outraged in the very sanctuary of their lives and now ready for conscience' sake to face the dungeon. Mr. Lloyd-George has put it less tragically by saying that if you stir the Englishman's feelings he goes at once to his pocket, whereas the Welshman, when similarly moved, sings hymns. Or, as the London *Times* once more prefers to put it, foreign and imperial policy, army reform, tariff controversies, even wars, do not change or move the Welsh voter. Everything in Wales is church or chapel. Wherefore, Mr. Lloyd-George boasted lately that Welsh unity of revolt against the sectarian education act passed by Mr. Balfour's ministry a few years ago is not undermined and that the great and unique combination of Welsh local authorities which confront the forces of clericalism has not collapsed. Nor will it, he adds, until there is a complete abolition of religious tests for teachers in school supported from taxation and until there is popular control of every one of them. It will be the duty of Mr. Lloyd-George, he is told by his Welsh constituents, to see that this Campbell-Bannerman ministry takes this burning issue up and the disestablishment of the Church in Wales as well. "The Parnell of Wales," the London *Mail* styles him for having successfully organized a revolt which has defied every effort of Mr. Balfour to make the education act more than a farce there. Not once in his plan of campaign did Mr. Lloyd-George go outside the four corners of the law itself, though for some three years he has kept Wales in a state of practical insurrection. Never had the nonconformist conscience appeared in more heroic shape, according to that unfriendly critic, the London *Times*. "It seemed as if the conscience of Great Britain had suddenly become embodied and had fixed its dwelling place in Wales." With one side contending for sectarian instruction in the schools and the other demanding public control and the abolition of religious tests for teachers, it is predicted that Sir Henry's ministry will wallow in a Welsh bog as deep as any to be found by him in Ireland.

THE football season ended on Thanksgiving Day, but the crusade against the game goes strenuously on. Columbia University has completely abolished football "as played," and various other institutions have come almost to the same point. Any number of college and university presidents have expressed themselves emphatically in opposition to the game, and whether it can be so reformed as to preserve it in anything like its present shape seems to many a serious question. There are voices raised in favor of the game, but in the colleges as well as in the general press, the great majority of opinions expressed publicly of late are for decided changes or entire abolition of the game. Out of twenty-nine college presidents replying to a letter of inquiry sent out by Judge Victor H. Lane, of Michigan, only one, that of President Northrup, of Minnesota University, was favorable to the game as played at present. President Butler, of Columbia, speaking of the effect of the radical action taken by his university, says:

"Since the action of our committee was made known, we have been overwhelmed with messages of congratulation and praise for our university from leaders of public opinion everywhere.

The best judgment of those best qualified to judge is that we have done a distinct public service in shutting the present game of football and its committee on rules out of Columbia University."

PRESIDENT BUTLER'S own objections to football, as devised and developed by the intercollegiate committee of rules, are stated as follows:

"The game which this committee has devised and developed is not a sport, but a profession. It demands prolonged training, complete absorption of time and thought, and is inconsistent—in practice at least—with the devotion to work which is the first duty of the college or university student. It can be participated in by only the merest fraction of the student body. Throughout the country it has come to be an academic nuisance because of its interference with academic work, and an academic danger because of the moral and physical ills that follow in its train. The large sums received in gate-money are a temptation to extravagant management, and the desire for them marks the game as in no small degree a commercial enterprise. The great public favor with which even the fiercest contests are received is not a cause for exultation, but rather for profound regret. . . . Moreover, only a few of the evils of the game are seen on the playing-field. Those evils are many, subtle, and controlling; they affect every phase of college and university life and for some years past have reached down even into the secondary schools. They are moral and educational evils of the first magnitude."

FOOTBALL FROM THE OUTSIDE

"Say, Bill, did you ever play football?"
"Who me? I should say not. I don't take no chances like that uv killin' myself.
—Omaha *Daily News*.

The university senate of the University of Chicago has passed a resolution declaring that "in view of flagrant moral and physical evils connected with intercollegiate football as at present conducted, it is the opinion of the university senate that the university should take immediate steps in furtherance of far reaching and permanent reform." The athletic committees of the two faculties of Leland Stanford University and the University of California have met together and by formal resolution recommended that the Rugby game be substituted for the present game, and that the intercollegiate rules committee be hereafter ignored President Wheeler, of the University of California, speaks in strong terms of the rules committee and especially of "that fellow Paul Dashiel [Annapolis] who controls the committee." Says President Wheeler:

"He has made the game so that only highly specialized trained experts can play it successfully. What we want in college is a game where the man who is in college for the right purpose—that of getting an education—can play the game and stand an equal chance with the fellow who has more brawn than brain. Football as now played is a sport apart from college life. The men who play it are especially trained and coached for months, and it takes only a man of exceptional physical strength to play the game. As it is now played it is useless, it is artificial."

President Eliot, of Harvard, has spoken almost as strongly in opposition to the game as has President Butler, and Chancellor MacCracken, of the University of the City of New York, who is seeking to secure joint action by presidents of the whole country, says that in his judgment the game should be abolished, at least for a term of years. The students of Northwestern University have petitioned the faculty for "a graduate system of coaching, football for all students, and the abolition of gate receipts."

THE position assumed by most college presidents who have expressed themselves in the matter this year is reflected in the press of the country. Here is the opinion of the Chicago *Tribune*:

"The betting evil has reached such a degree of open prevalence that it stands out as the most conspicuous thing about a football game. It is unfair to place this burden upon the players. It is degrading to place them on a level with prize fighters and with brutes. Information about a player's physical condition is guarded with the

same reticence as in the case of race horses, and the same endeavor is made to mislead the public in order to profit by favorable odds in betting. The same flashy fraternity that frequents the ring, the track, and the cockpit is at home at a football game, and has acquired a prescriptive right in the flesh and blood, limb and life, of the would-be champions. Students are infected by the gambling passion, and the total sum at stake in a championship game, according to reports which are practically unchallenged, is enormous."

The New York *Times* refers as follows to the list of casualties:

"It is notorious that injuries are deliberately inflicted with the intent to disable the enemy's formidable players. If the truth could be fully known, might it not establish the fact that some of these nineteen [21] fatalities would have to be classed not as accidents, but as manslaughter? Is there any student football player now at large who knows in his inmost soul that he caused the death of one of these victims by the violence of an attack intended only to maim, cripple, and disable? This is a serious, a dreadful aspect of the question. The more one reflects upon it the more certain he will be to come to the conclusion that college football must not be played in future as it has been played in the past. . . . Football has degenerated into a savage, brutal, bloody fight between men animated with the passions of pugilists, seeking to win, not by demonstrations of skill and strength, but by the blackguardly expedient of physically disabling as many of their adversaries as possible. Kick the ball or kick a head—it is all in the game."

THE New York *Herald* has collected the casualty statistics for football, baseball and other sports, and tabulates the figures for deaths as follows:

DEATH LIST

	1904	1905
Football	16	21
Baseball	21	11
Boxing	5	6
Jockeys	3	9

The same journal notes that "the majority of football players and boxers killed were untrained, unknown athletes." The statistics published by the Chicago *Tribune* some time before the close of the present football season showed that out of seventeen deaths up to that time for the year 1905, ten were of high-school players and only three were of college players; but of those injured and not killed, seventy-three were college players, thirty-three high-school scholars and seven grade-school scholars. The New York *World* says of the game:

"The football that is played is to the football that should be played as a finish prize fight is to legitimate boxing. Indeed, as between the two prize-fighting is on a higher ethical plane than college football. The fighters are frankly professional. They make no pretense of amateur standing. They fight openly for money, and they have to fight fairly. The fouling of opponents which football referees tolerate would not be allowed in a prize-ring. The contest would be stopped at once, and the decision given to the victim of the foul. . . . Either a game that does not invite fraud, murder and mayhem or no game at all."

SIMILAR expressions to the above could be culled from scores of journals. *American Medicine* calls the game "the shame of young men and the disgrace of American education." The Atlanta *Constitution*, however, calls attention to the fact that not a death has occurred this year on Southern gridirons, and it deprecates the sweeping condemnation by "people who do not understand its fascinations and advantages." It reprints with approbation the following from the New York *American*:

"Perhaps there is danger of getting a little hys-

OH! YOU DIRTY BOY
—Brinckerhoff in Toledo *Blade*

terical about football and its perils. Nineteen deaths in a season does seem a high price to pay for sport. But how many players were on the 'gridirons?' Hardly less than 100,000. In swimming, sailing, motoring, hunting, or almost any other sort of manly sport the percentage of fatalities must have been about as great.

"Football is not without its advantages, even to members of the community not engaged in its active pursuit. We have in mind a college town which boasts one of the largest universities in the United States; a college which supports a football team not scored on in three years. In the little town are some 20,000 people. To every growing boy there the successful coach and the captain are heroes. The little lads emulate the giants. They 'train' as they learn that the half-back or right guard is training. They spurn cigarettes, eat wisely and avoid the beer shop as they would a pest house."

Other utterances that have attracted especial attention come from General Miles and Carl Brill, the tackle on Harvard's team. Says General Miles:

"I have seen the game played in this and other countries, and there are various rules or systems governing the game of football, known as the Australian game, the Scottish game, the English game, and the American game. Football as played here now, while it meets the approval of a large number of our people, is, in my opinion, the most brutal, fatal, and ill-advised of any game or sport practised by any people in any part of the world."

Carl Brill's statement is as follows:

"This season ends my football career. The Yale game was my last contest. I have been in the game ten years, playing tackle most of the time. I believe the human body was never meant to withstand the enormous strain which football demands. Moreover, I don't believe the game is right. I dislike it on moral grounds. It is a mere gladiatoral combat. It is brutal throughout. When you are opposed to a strong man, you have got to get the better of him by violence. Many ask me what the sensations are of a great multitude wildly applauding for half an hour. I can honestly say I have none. I stand and take my medicine, impatient to get back to the locker building and get off the dirt."

THAT the game of football must be "mended or ended" may be taken as settled. The question how to mend it satisfactorily to the public, the college authorities and the students themselves is the subject of anxious meditation and discussion by coaches and athletes. What appeals to us as a very intelligent discussion of the game, its present faults and their remedy, appears recently in the form of an open letter from a member of the Harvard Alumni Athletic Association, Henry M. Williams, of Boston, to the athletic director of that university. The turning point in the game, the one which has led to nearly all the faults of the present, came, Mr. Williams thinks, when Princeton introduced "offside interference" about eight years ago. This had always been considered unfair, and Princeton was promptly challenged; but no explicit prohibition was found in the rules at that time, and the challenge could not be sustained. One of the first results of this innovation was the provision made in the rules for tackling below the waist. This was considered necessary because "offside interference" had so strengthened the offensive that some offset had to be found to strengthen the defense. To these two innovations, both contrary to the spirit of the game, "the faults of the game to-day are directly attributable." The dense mass plays "arise almost wholly from the idea of interference massed ahead," and the tackling below the waist is responsible for a large share of the more serious injuries in the "open" game. The practical result of the offside play is that any player can and is expected to "go for" any player on the opposite side, and if he can "knock him out," all the better. The umpire and referee must watch not only the man with the ball and those opposing him, but all the other players at the same time, which is manifestly impossible and gives the present wide opportunity for dirty playing without being detected.

THE remedy for the faults of the game, Mr. Williams feels sure, is to do away with these two vicious innovations and to go back to the spirit of the old rules:

"The concrete results of play, if the change should be made, would be, first, the line men could open up holes in the line where they stand, but could not advance in front of the ball to put out—or, more accurately described, 'knock out' —the proposing tacklers. The powers of these tacklers would be lessened by their restriction to waist-high tackles. With the ball fairly in play, the opposing team could only touch the runner with the ball. His support from his own team would not come from a lot of thugs running ahead of him for knock-out purposes, but from a body of supporters ready to receive the ball by pass when he himself had failed to avoid or overcome the opposing tacklers. The change would restore the lost art of passing, requiring skill, strength and nicety of judgment, both the quarterback pass from a down and the pass in motion. The good pass was as much a thing of beauty and interest as the grand run or long kick."

Already, it may be noted, the old game of association football—the socker or soccer game—is being rapidly restored. An intercollegiate league has been formed to play the

old game, in which Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, Princeton and Pennsylvania are already represented, and Yale is expected soon to be.

PROFESSIONALISM is another evil that, by general consent, must be eliminated from the college game. President Jordan, of Stanford University, who still speaks a good word for the present game as "a rough, virile, unsparing, man-making contest, with a distinct lesson in courage, patience, self-control, and cooperation," is disgusted with the professional feature. He says in *Collier's Weekly*:

"It is a recognized fact that many members of our most successful football teams, in fact most of the men chosen by our experts for an 'All-American' line-up, are professional or semi-professional athletes. That is, they are in the college not for education, but for what they can make out of the game—taking their pay in cash or notoriety, or both. Through the ingenuity of non-academic professional coaches, 'rank outsiders,' so far as university standards are concerned, through the patriotism of alumni and interested citizens (largely gamblers, saloon-keepers and promoters) a good many 'inducements' can be offered to the husky boys of the high schools, and even to the still huskier fellows of no school at all. If the professor in the college assumes an attitude of indifference in these matters, the 'bleacher' set has its way; the more scrupulous of the student body are swept aside, although usually in the majority, and the team is fixed for victory."

The remedy for this evil, President Jordan thinks, is in the hands of college faculties. If a college maintains "snap courses," night law schools, etc., it should at least debar the students in these courses from university privileges, especially in athletics. Another writer in *Collier's*, Edward S. Jordan, writing of football in the University of Minnesota, gives the names of man after man who has been induced by financial offers to come to the university for a merely nominal period in order to take part in football games and help the university win victories. After telling of case after case of this kind—Usher L. Burdick, Henry O'Brien, "Sunny" Thorp, etc.—Mr. Jordan says:

"The demand for victory comes with no more striking force from the commercial interests of Minneapolis than from the sporting element, the habitués of the saloons, the cigar stores, and the gambling dives, now languishing 'under the lid.' Minneapolis has had a wave of municipal reform. The city conscience has been exercised, and vice in its manifold forms has been driven from the town, or suppressed beyond the reach of the novice. There are no curb men who now even dare to announce in a whisper chance games going on 'inside'; yet when the dignity of a university is loaned to the practice of betting, thousands of dollars are openly wagered in public on the results of the larger games. Operators on the Board of Trade boasted to me of betting money on local and outside college teams, and a cigar dealer on a principal street exhibited a show-case of large capacity that had been filled with bills put up on a big game. It is public knowledge that football gamblers need fear no municipal ban. This is all a part of the Minnesota system of athletics, a product of her alliance with commercial Minneapolis."

It is the president of this university—President Northrup—who says that the game has "such a tremendous hold upon everybody" that he sees "no use in fighting it even if it is an evil."

IN RUSSIA the frenzies of all the month's revolutions have established foundations for new reactions. It may be a setting sun that now reddens the edifice of autocracy, as the *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels) proclaims; but that edifice still stands, solitary and silent, for the moment, yet frowning a militant defiance even upon its peasantry, who have dared to invade its precincts with a demand for land, more land. The Czar replies by demonstrating anew to his critics how little fitted he is to occupy a throne during the anguish of his empire's transition from a low scale of civilization to a higher one. Reaction itself curses him for giving strength, by the weakness of his will, to the enemies of his absolutism. He is dealt with insolently in his own palace—so insolently that a grand duke shot him, if we are to believe one of the month's tragical despatches. The sense of despair with which the mother of Nicholas II has so long regarded him seems, in the past four weeks, to have extended to all his relatives. That is why so many European dailies take seriously the story of a revolution within the palace, barely frustrated, a few weeks since, by the energy and high spirit of a wife who plays the part of Mrs. Micawber to a man who is always waiting for something to turn up. He does not wait in vain. Tillers of the soil, no longer able to subsist upon manifestoes, took to the pillage of landed estates. Whole regiments proclaimed revolution. Battleships were navigated in and out of port by mutineers. Murdered Jews lay unburied for days in the streets of populous cities. Crowds cheered wildly when a former minister of war, practising pacification of the peasantry by the application of whips to bare backs, was assassinated for witnessing with indifference the

outrage of the women of a whole village by his own drunken troops. Thus revolutionary energy radiated outward from St. Petersburg all last month, until the balance upon which were poised the foundations of Muscovite bureaucratic rule in Finland, the Caucasus, Poland, became overweighted and collapsed. "Russia," says the Paris *Action*, "lies in pieces."

BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON
Witte (ready to flee): "Wait a while! Hush! But be ready at a moment's notice."
—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

ALL this is very much as it should be, to the way of thinking of that unbending reactionary, Count Ignatieff, now so high in the esteem of the Czar that he seemed about to be made dictator when the month's revolts were threatening personal violence to the throne. The count avows that in Russia power is tyranny and that tyranny should be absolute. General Trepoff is his ally from motives of immediate expediency. The two, with Grand Duke Nicolai, form the triumvirate through which the forces of reaction make themselves articulate. From their number, according to one unconfirmed report, will be chosen the dictator whom the Czar is urged to appoint at this moment. This may be rumor only, as the London *Telegraph* understands, but it agrees with the Paris *Temps* that reaction is waiting confidently for its opportunity. For that reason all champions of autocracy have resolved not to intervene just now. Matters must not be allowed to mend. Confusion must grow worse confounded. Then, when the hour strikes, reaction can be more terrible than an Ivan would make it. The influence of Ignatieff and his sort grows proportionately, says the *Journal des Débats* (Paris), with the spread of the revolutionary movement. "Should the ultra-reactionary party gain the upper hand again," says the London *Post*, "the outbreak of a counter-revolution may be feared, the consequences of which would be more sanguinary than the present troubles." Fascinated by the possibility, grand ducal baiters of the rabble give encouragement to mutiny that disorganizes the very troops upon which the existence of any form of government must depend. All the revolutions, observes the Paris *Aurore*, are symptoms of the one conspiracy. Its object is to discredit Witte.

WITTE lost most of his credit last month. Upon that point the acutest observers agree. The many aggravations of his dilemma are now the greater because he lacks support of any substantial kind. However much of a liberal he may be, he is so only from expediency. Popular leaders feel no confidence in him. Court circles detest him. The workmen in their meetings call him a fox. In Western Europe he is scarcely more esteemed than he

From the *Illustrated London News.*

CARRYING POLAND'S FORBIDDEN NATIONAL EMBLEM THROUGH WARSAW'S STREETS

Polish revolutionaries are seen here carrying devices of the white eagle. This symbol of an independent nationality has been proscribed ever since Russian Poland passed under the autocratic sway of the Czar. The mere wearing of the white eagle on a piece of jewelry was a criminal offense until last month's edict.

is in his own country. "He is obviously a self-seeking man and a vain one," says the London *Spectator*. His wish, it imagines, is to bring about a revolution without sacrificing all of Czardom, to transmute the old autocracy into a twentieth-century royal power. "Before he can do anything he must convince a reflective gentleman with a feeble will who is swayed by ideas which are not his and by people who are his enemies." Then the Czar dislikes Witte "as probably not devoted and certainly plebeian," and makes use of him because there is no one else to use just now. *The Spectator* thinks there are sources of weakness in both Witte's character and Witte's patriotism and these render him a poor barrier against revolution. But Russia stands just now, according to French dailies like the Paris *Temps*, between Witte and reaction. The idea makes the St. Petersburg *Russ* indignant. "Reaction is impossible," it says. "If a military dictatorship is attempted the whole country will go on strike and the Czar's authority will be confined to the region of Tsarskoe Selo." That is far from evident to a most reliable commentator on Russian affairs, the London *Outlook*. "The reactionaries are not dead," it opines. "For the most part the reactionaries have not even left their posts and they are as effectually in possession of the great system of governmental machinery as are the employees of the posts and railways of the country's communications." It thinks the reactionaries will be able to manage the army if Witte falls. Then there are the stories of Witte's physical breakdown. "Injured in health and wounded in spirit, he seems to be suffering from partial paralysis and complete exhaustion." News of his resignation, were it to come now, must entail a revival, on the most ambitious scale, of the policy for which Plehve, the Grand Duke Sergius, and so many others, have paid with their lives.

THE seamy side of life insurance has continued on exhibition in New York during the month and the feeling of public indignation and disgust still finds abundant

CZAR—"Pull on the lines, Count, pull on the lines!"
WITTE—"I das'ent, Little Father, they're rotten!"

—Maybell in Brooklyn *Eagle*.

expression. But there are also evident a growing conviction that the worst has been told and a disposition to get comfort out of the fact that the situation might have been even worse than it is. No company, so far as has yet transpired, has been looted to the point of insolvency and no death-claims have gone unpaid, as the cartoonists might lead us to think, in consequence of the "grafting" that has gone on for thirty years or more. The system of straight life insurance has not been discredited. Such at least is the conclusion the Kansas *Capital* draws. It says:

"In condemning the outrageous misuse of their trust funds and abuse of their character as trustees by the managements of the 'high finance' companies, it should be repeated over and over again, lest the public get an utterly misleading notion about what has been proven in the investigation, that life insurance itself comes out of the fire unscathed as a device for the protection of dependent families which is deserving of all praise. Even the worst abused companies are perfectly solvent, indeed rich. And it should be remembered that in all the panics of fifty years not an old line life insurance company of prominence has ever gone down. So much can not be said of any other. business in the land, and it leaves no warrant whatever for suspicion of the solvency of the life insurance companies doing a general business over the United States."

OTHER forms of consolation are available at the present moment. "It is doubtful if a more thorough investigation was ever known in this country," says the New Orleans *Times-Democrat;* and "it is clear no investigation ever made will have more beneficial results." The Springfield *Republican* gets encouragement by contrasting the deferential and teachable spirit of some of the directors who have recently testified before the committee, notably Senator Depew, with the "brazen defiance" exhibited earlier in the investigation. And expressions of satisfaction are general over the recent resignations that have been made. Referring to the retirement of President McCurdy from the New York Mutual, *The World* (New York) says:

"To the erstwhile dummy trustees of the Mutual is due the ousting of the McCurdys. Those trustees were not thick-skinned hypocrites. The perjury was none of theirs. The policy-holders were not robbed for their profit. Their names and their reputations were a cloak, but when what had been concealed was disclosed they recognized that the duty was theirs to act, and they acted. The dummies of the New York Life are now responsible for the continuance of McCall and Perkins [the latter has since resigned]. They have the power. They are in law the trustees of the policy-holders."

The reorganization of the Equitable, the retirement of McCurdy (succeeded by Charles A. Peabody, an attorney of William Waldorf Astor, at a salary of $50,000) from the Mutual, and the resignation of Vice-President Perkins from the New York Life, leaves President McCall, the president of the latter company, as the chief target now for the press. The Cleveland *Leader* appeals to his directors:

"Is it possible that McCall, of the New York Life, can cling indefinitely to his place of power and his huge salary? What are the trustees of that corporation doing for their policyholders? When do they propose to show that they are fit for the responsibilities with which they are entrusted? If McCall will not let go he should be kicked out."

Two other resignations that are clamored for are those of Senators Depew and Platt from their seats in the upper house at Washington. *The Journal of Commerce* (New

THE RUSSIAN BEAR BURSTS HIS BONDS

York), not a political paper, referring to Senator Depew's record as a director of the Equitable and to Senator Platt's admissions as to his constant receptance for years of campaign contributions from the life insurance companies, says:

"Both Senators should resign. Neither has been, is or can be a good and faithful servant of this great State, and their presence in the Senate covers it with confusion and humiliation. It is many years since the Empire State has had a worthy representation in that august body, and to-day it can only be regarded with mortification and shame. Nothing in the political life of either Senator would so become him as the leaving it."

POINTS in the testimony during the last few weeks that have elicited most comment have been the story told by Mr. Ryan of Mr. Harriman's attempt, by threats of the adverse use of his political power, to secure a participation in the purchase made by Mr. Ryan of Mr. Hyde's stock in the Equitable; Senator Platt's acknowledgment that he received many contributions from the Equitable and other companies for the Republican State campaigns; and Mr. Hyde's testimony to the effect that Governor Odell used his political power to compel the Mercantile Trust Company (one of the Equitable's organizations) to make good the loss he incurred on the stock of the "shipbuilding trust" which he purchased through the Mercantile. The bearing upon politics and politicians has, indeed, been the most sensational feature of all the more recent disclosures. In addition to these major charges, a series of minor disclosures have been made, such as the payment by the Mutual Reserve of $3,500 to W. H. Phelps, of St. Louis, before a license to do business in Missouri could be secured; the payment by the Prudential of considerable sums to "Judge" Hamilton, the legislative lobbyist at Albany;

BUT THE CONSTITUTIONAL RESULT IS NOT TO HIS LIKING
—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

THE McCURDYS ARE RESIGNING
—McCutcheon in Chicago *Tribune*.

and the payment to an attaché in the State insurance deparment at Albany of a salary of $500 a year by a Binghamton company. The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* describes the situation as follows:

"The companies, or rather the officials of the companies, appear to have had two grand outlets for money. What funds were not diverted into their own pockets or those of their relatives, seem to have been given freely to support a crowd of representatives of the class whose malodorous activities are sufficiently well known around legislative halls and the offices of public officials. Men have been paid money on all sorts of grounds: for aiding and for refraining from doing anything to the injury of the companies. Were it not proved beyond question that many leading insurance officials are simply 'grafters of a larger growth,' one would be tempted to sympathize with the way in which they were apparently held up by Tom, Dick and Harry with some sort of pull with a Legislature or an insurance commissioner or someone.

DISCUSSION of remedies for the life insurance evils has not, so far, been very general, except on the one suggestion of Federal supervision, which is arousing very considerable opposition. A series of suggestions for legislative remedies has been made to the investigating committee by Gage E. Tarbell, of the Equitable, which has been favorably received. It includes "complete publicity," with

various changes in bookkeeping to facilitate such publicity; political contributions from life insurance funds to be made a misdemeanor; no officer in a life insurance company to be allowed to accept a salaried office in any other corporation; no life insurance company to be allowed hereafter to hold more than 20 per cent. of the capital stock in any bank, trust company or other corporation. A more elaborate series of reforms is proposed by Louis D. Brandeis, in an address before the Commercial Club of Boston. Mr. Brandeis is the counsel for the Protective Committee of policyholders in the Equitable. After a very lucid statement of the situation, arraigning the officials of the big companies for selfish and dishonest abuse of power and gross inefficiency, he presents a list of ten reforms, including the following: Issuance of deferred dividend policies to be discontinued; the forfeiture of policies to be prohibited; investments restricted as in the case of savings-banks; officials to be debarred from engaging in other business; the size of companies to be limited. Mr. Brandeis considers that the present evils must be prevented in the future or we shall soon find the people resorting to State insurance. This he would consider "at the present time highly undesirable"; but he faces the possibility as follows:

"If our people cannot secure life insurance at a proper cost and through private agencies which deal fairly with them, or if they cannot procure it through private agencies except at the price of erecting financial monsters which dominate the business world and corrupt our political institutions, they will discard the private agency and resort to State insurance.

"Despite your or my protest, the extension of Government activity into fields now occupied by private business is urged on every side. Of all services which the community requires, there is none in which the State could more easily engage than that of insuring the lives of its citizens. The business of life insurance is one of extraordinary simplicity. To conduct it successfully requires neither energy nor initiative, and if pursued by the State does not even call for the exercise of any high degree of business judgment. The sole requisites are honesty, accuracy and economy."

FEDERAL supervision of insurance is, however, the most discussed of the remedies so far proposed. It is recommended by the President in his recent message, and has already aroused some discussion on the floor of the Senate. Mr. Brandeis is very positive in his oppositon to it. He says in the address already quoted from:

"Doubtless the insurance departments of some States are subjects for just criticism. In many of the States the department is inefficient, in some doubtless corrupt. But is there anything in our experience of Federal supervision of other departments of business which should lead us to assume that it will be freer from grounds of criticism or on the whole more efficient than the best insurance department of any of the States? For it must be remembered that an efficient supervision by the department of any State will in effect protect all the policyholders of the company wherever they may reside. Let us remember rather the ineffectiveness for eighteen long years of the Interstate Commerce Commission to deal with railroad abuses, the futile investigation by Commissioner Garfield of the Beef Trust, and the unfinished investigation into the affairs of the Oil Trust, in which he has since been engaged. Federal supervision would serve only to centralize still further the power of our Government and to increase still further the powers of the corporations."

THE demand for Federal supervision seems to *The Sun* (N. Y.) "only a symptom of the general but perhaps temporary mania for reforming everything that ought to be reformed by increasing the powers of the government, Federal, State or municipal." The Detroit *News*, however, thinks that this movement which the *Sun* calls a "mania" is destined to increase and to enlist in its behalf not only the owners of insurance companies but of railway corporations and others. Speaking of insurance business it says: "Thousands of men who have spent years in working up a business and establishing a reputation find themselves handicapped because the central coterie which juggled the funds and misused public confidence has been exposed." It is no wonder, the *News* thinks, that such men now demand Federal control as a matter of self-protection. Two interesting bills have been introduced in Congress which are designed to give Federal supervision of insurance in a way that avoids most of the objections raised on constitutional and other grounds. They provide merely for inspection by a Federal department of all insurance companies seeking to do business in the District of Columbia, in the territories and in our insular possessions. It is contended that any company seeking extended public confidence would have to submit to such inspection, and that thereby all the practical results of Federal supervision would be obtained without impairing in any way supervision by the various State departments. This plan is said to have the President's endorsement. The New York *Times* thinks it would be constitutional but ineffective as a means of checking the present forms of evil.

TURKEY'S subtle Sultan, after five irritated refusals to have anything to do with the latest international scheme for terminating the terrors of Macedonia, has been subjected to the suasion of a fleet of war-ships. Abdul Hamid was practically at war with five powers simultaneously less than a month ago. He saw his port of Mitylene seized, descents made upon an island or two, contingents landed, custom-houses held. Yet the head of the house of Othman stood firm. He threatened to glut the furies of Mohammedan fanaticism upon the Christians in Constantinople before he would consent to what is in effect direct European control over the finances of Macedonia and the transmutation of his own authority in that region into the ghost of its former self. But Abdul Hamid did at last bring himself to look into the mirror of his humiliation and behold therein the specter of his sovereignty in Europe. He saved his face by consenting "in principle" only. Points of detail are to be settled later. Europe's surprise at the outcome finds free expression. "Had he determined to meet force by force," says the London *Times* of the Sultan, "the task of reducing him to submission might have cost more blood and treasure than seems to be imagined in some quarters." With that dignified urbanity and naturally majestic grace for which he is so famed, Abdul Hamid had assured the few diplomatists who have access to himself that he could not yield. And yield he does.

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RESIDENCE OF THE TURKISH SULTANS

It is at Constantinople and the heir to the throne of Abdul Hamid was surreptitiously conveyed there recently by the Sultan's order, according to last month's despatches

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WHERE THE SULTAN THREATENED A MASSACRE

This shows Constantinople with the bridge over the Golden Horn to the Turkish quarter. Abdul Hamid told the powers that the Mohammedans would rush over the bridge and slay the Christians if a naval demonstration were made.

THE unexpected, by happening thus in Constantinople, convinces the Paris *Gaulois* anew that a fleet of battleships is the only counter-irritant to the dogmas of the Sultan's religion. For the scruples of the Sultan in the present case were wholly religious, The Koran prohibits the very thing the powers have just forced from Abdul Hamid—financial control of a Moslem province by the Christian dog. Voluntary acceptance of the terms now proposed to him would, he says, mean his abdication in the eyes of every true Mussulman. But the Sultan's theocratic sanctity remains unaffected when he yields to superior force. Those champions of orthodoxy, the members of the Ulema, and that exalted hierarch, the Sheik-ul-Islam, agree that when the Sultan is faced by squadrons and battalions he has no choice but to submit. Terms wrung from him when he is left with no alternative may be at variance with the precepts of the Koran, as authoritatively expounded, but they do not compromise his orthodoxy. If Abdul Hamid sins unwillingly, he is free from blame. But the erratic way in which the great powers resort to armed force in their dealings with Turkey has aggravated the discord of the concert of Europe. Austria-Hungary long held back be-

cause Russia once sent war-ships to Turkish waters without due notice to herself. France has also been criticized for moving her squadrons too near Constantinople without first obtaining the general approval. The diplomacy of Constantinople has, again and again, found it easy to induce Europe to postpone a united naval demonstration. For the first time in many years, Abdul Hamid has openly defied instead of furtively evading.

AGGRAVATED as the lot of the Christians in Turkey thus becomes, they suffer from the additional scourge of fresh dissensions among themselves. In the European portion of the Sultan's empire the Christian element in the population is wholly unable to unite in the presence of the common enemy. There are Protestant missionaries, Orthodox Greek missionaries, Roman Catholic missionaries. National churches owing ecclesiastical obedience to superior authority in Russia, Bulgaria, Greece and Servia began last month another internecine strife of sect against sect. Although in a few parts of European Turkey, according to the census just taken, the Christians constitute a decided majority of the population, they neutralize this advantage by mutual jealousies between Greek and Roumanian, Slav and Suabian. Everywhere, reports James Bryce, after a tour of the region just completed, the Christian is unable to hold his own against the Moslem. Still another source of discord is education. Servia, Roumania, Bulgaria and Greece maintain separate sets of schools, which are too often but nests of political propaganda. In no part of European Turkey is there even a tendency to that union of Christian forces which is indispensable to headway against the exactions of the Mohammedan overlord. In striking contrast with this dissension is the unity among the Turks, who are held together by the bond of religion and of that national tradition which makes them out a body of conquerors surrounded by a subject population.

THE CROSS THAT SAVES MAIDS AND MATRONS FROM THE HAREM

These Bulgarian women have crosses on their foreheads. In some villages all the women are thus branded. The cross inspires aversion in the Turks and averts from a woman the fate of abduction and imprisonment in a Mohammedan harem.

Literature and Art

NEW REVELATIONS OF VICTOR HUGO

A work full of interest, especially for lovers of Victor Hugo, has just appeared in Paris. It is from the pen of a distinguished French man of letters, M. Paul Stapfer,* who for a time shared the poet's exile in Guernsey. M. Stapfer became a sort of Boswell and took exact and copious notes of his conversations with the great writer upon all sorts of subjects—literature, philosophy, theology, politics. His book, therefore, has almost the value of a new work by Victor Hugo. One recognizes at once the "Olympian" phrase of the master in these utterances, full of originality and charm. It is as though the golden tones of the trumpet voice, so long stilled, were heard again from the Panthéon.

Victor Hugo confided to his friend the amazing intelligence that Marius, one of the principal characters in "Les Misérables," was no other than himself. "He told me," says M. Stapfer, "that Marius was created in his own likeness, that he had put into this character his own traits, and that in the acts and career of the lover of Cosette would be found the whole history of his own life, even to the very list of his dinners."

In his conversations upon literature with M. Stapfer, Victor Hugo expressed boundless admiration for Dante. He referred to "Purgatory" and "Paradise" as "two badly understood poems which are at least equal to the 'Inferno.'" Shakespeare, however, may be said to have been the god of his literary idolatry. He said to his friend:

"As regards this great poet, you share in the current opinion which has been made the fashion by Taine and Deschanel, who see in Shakespeare merely a reproduction of men as they are and of nature as she is. According to this view Shakespeare would be no more than the prototype of Balzac. But it is not so. His characters participate in the ideal, like those of Corneille and Aeschylus. Where can you find in nature, I pray you, the types of Macbeth, of Richard III, of Othello, of Falstaff—above all, of Falstaff? To the human element Shakespeare adds the superhuman element, and it is by reason of this that he is great. Every true poet is a creator of types; now it is of the very essence of types that they be above nature and superhuman."

*VICTOR HUGO À GUERNSEY. By Paul Stapfer. Oudin et Cie Paris.

He acknowledged that there are blemishes in Shakespeare. He disapproved, for example, of the final scene in "Hamlet," and especially of the exchanging of the foils. But on such blemishes he disliked to dwell. "I am a fanatic upon this point," he said. "I am not one of those who hold: *Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus* (Sometimes the good Homer nods). I admire all in Homer, in Shakespeare and the Bible."

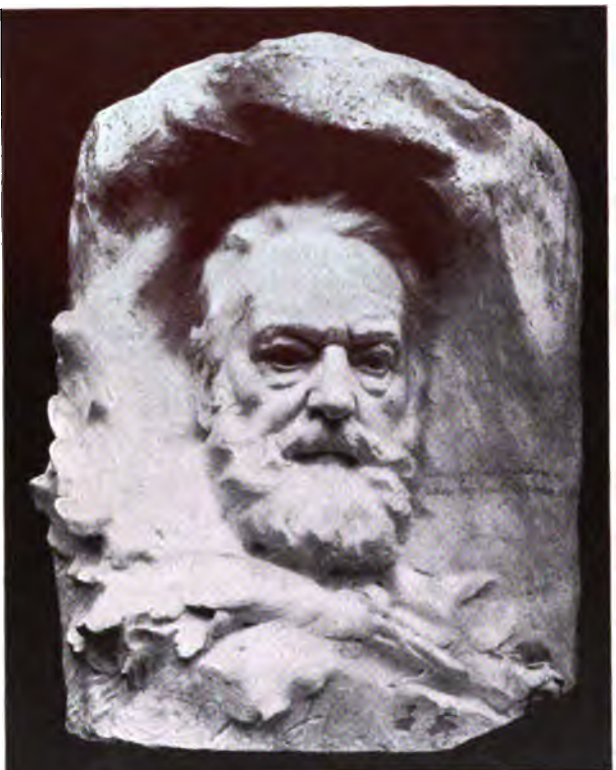
Among philosophers he particularly admired Spinoza, in whose grandiose dreams he probably saw reflections of his own. To Plautus he awarded very high rank, claiming that he was the equal of Molière and would be comparable to Shakespeare had he possessed the tragic gift; he held that the Roman dramatist was less philosophic and profound than Molière, but that he excelled the Frenchman in poetic feeling and in style. "I avoid reading Plautus." he said, "because when I have begun to read one of his comedies I cannot leave it alone, and my whole morning is gone." Toward the great French classicist; Racine, he was peculiarly intolerant.

"You have done too much honor to Racine in placing him in the group of the greatest poets, and in making him the equal of Corneille. Racine is but a writer of the third rank, hardly superior to Campistron. He is essentially a *bourgeois* poet. He responds to what one may call a national need, so universal is it in France: the need of a bourgeois poetry. . . . The bourgeois have wished to have their poet. They have one. It is Racine."

One of Hugo's particular aversions among modern men of letters was Taine. He cited with indignation the famous phrase of the great determinist, "Vice and virtue are products, like vitrol and sugar," and exclaimed earnestly:

"This is the negation of the difference between good and evil. Certainly Dupanloup is not my man, but I approve him when he takes the field against such infamous doctrines. I would I were in Paris; yes, I would I were in the Academy that I might vote with the Bishop of Orleans against this whipster of the schools!"

Hugo had a profound contempt for Taine's famous historical theories. Pointing out some



From "The Romance of Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet." (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

A BAS-RELIEF OF HUGO, BY PROFESSOR MICHEL.

atrocious errors of the contemporary press, he said that the Taine of 1960 would found elaborate theories upon these "documents" of the nineteenth century.

"The great moral facts alone are important and not the external details, the color of one's hair, the place of one's birth, etc. . . . Neither Tacitus nor Thucydides has fallen into this ridiculous mistake. What matters it whether a man's hair is blond or black? Will you pretend that his temperament can be explained by this? . . . The criticism in fashion reminds me of the famous problem: Given the height of the tallest mast of a vessel and the quantity of provisions on board, to find the age of the captain."

M. Stapfer's book contains new and interesting information concerning Hugo's intellectual equipment. The idolater of Shakespeare did not know one word of English. His knowledge of the greatest of dramatists was gained from French translations and must, therefore, have been very imperfect. He knew very little Greek and his knowledge of Greek literature was confined to Aeschylus and Homer, whom he read in Latin translation. Like Cato, he began the study of Greek in his old age, "but could not boast of having made much progress." He was a thorough and brilliant Latin scholar and could recite whole pages by heart from the following authors: Horace, Tacitus, Juvenal, Virgil, Lucretius, Justinius, Quintus Curtius and Sallust. M. Stapfer continues:

"One afternoon I encountered Victor Hugo wandering in meditative mood through the country, according to his wont. Upon seeing me he burst out excitedly:

"'I have not yet recovered from the stupefaction with which I have been overwhelmed by a discovery I made this morning. Imagine it, I have found in Juvenal a translation of one of my verses, and, what is more, of an unpublished verse!'

"I asked for an explanation of so queer a phenomenon.

"'There is a whole volume of the "Chatiments."' he replied, 'which has not yet seen the light, and in which you will read this:

"'"Personne ne connait sa maison
mieux que moi
Le Champ de Mars."'

"'Well, to-day, by chance, I opened my Juvenal, and what did I find there?

"'"Nulli nota magis domus est sua quam mihi lucus Martis."'

"'It is the exact translation in Latin of my French verse.'

"'But,' objected I, respectfully, 'would not your verse be more likely to be an exact translation into French of Juvenal's Latin verse?'

"'No, no!' replied he energetically, 'for it is the first time I ever came across it. I have not read absolutely all of the satires of Juvenal. There are some, that I know almost by heart from reading them over and over; but there are some also that I do not know and this is one of them. Therefore, one of us two must necessarily have stolen from the other, and I maintain that Juvenal is the thief.'"

Contrary to the general impression, Victor Hugo was a lover and connoisseur of music. Here are his opinions on some of the German masters:

"Neither Goethe nor any other German poet has given reality to his dramatic personages. Curious fact! The German musicians offer us more real creations than Goethe or Schiller. The cataracts and the forests of Beethoven are genuine forests and cataracts. My admiration for Beethoven is only equalled by that which I have for Glück. In my eyes these two are as great geniuses as Aeschylus and Michael Angelo. In 'Alceste' and in 'Armide' there are pieces of a sublimity that has never been surpassed or even attempted. Mozart is great but he comes after

Glück. There is a little too much of Louis XIV in Mozart. He is inferior to Glück, as Rubens is to Rembrandt, as Raphael is to Michael Angelo, as Racine is to Corneille and Molière."

The religious side of Victor Hugo, so apparent in his writings, stands out more clearly than ever in these memoirs. He was a firm believer in God and in the immortality of the soul, and looked with contempt upon the infidelity which was beginning to widen its empire in France. Upon this subject he always spoke with passion. Is not the following almost worthy of St. Paul?

"Oh, how poor atheism is! how small and how absurd! God exists. I am more certain of His existence than of my own. If God grants me life enough, it is my desire to write a book in which I shall demonstrate that prayer is necessary to the soul, that it is useful and efficacious. As for myself, I do not pass four hours in succession without praying. I pray regularly every morning and every evening. If I awake during the night I pray. What do I ask of God? That he give me strength. I know what is good and what is evil, but I am weak, I am conscious of my weakness, and I find that I have not the strength in myself to do that which I know to be right. God supports us and envelops us. We exist in Him. In Him we have life, movement, being. He is the Author of all, the Creator. But it is not true to say that He *has created* the world. For He creates eternally. He is the soul of the universe. He is the I of the Infinite."

THE NOVEL AS A POLITICAL FORCE IN ITALIAN HISTORY

One of the most interesting points brought out in Dr. Spencer Kennard's new book on "Italian Romance Writers"* is the extent to which classical learning was used as a pall to extinguish the national aspirations of Italy at the opening of the nineteenth century, and the influence which the novel, and above all the romantic novel, had in making Italy free. Never in the world's history, he maintains, has the reciprocal influence of literature and political events been so apparent as in this period of Italian history; but this influence was obtained only by breaking away from the leading-strings of the ancient classics.

Dr. Kennard, as will be recalled by our readers, is the American who is to be made an Italian noble for his services to Italian literature, and who last year was invited to lecture at the Sorbonne, Paris—an honor extended to no other American since the days of Benjamin Franklin* (see CURRENT LITERATURE, September). In the introduction to his new book he dwells upon this connection of politics and literature—a connection which elsewhere he is emphasizing to Italian minds as indicating the surest means to secure the moral regeneration of the Italian people to-day.

Before the necessity of shaking off the foreign yoke had been realized by the people of Italy, its poets and novelists had dedicated their lives to the movement. The Italian novel owed its birth not to mere literary aspiration, but to patriotic purpose. "Many glowing pages," we are told, "were written in the intervals of campaigning, and sometimes in the dungeons of the Austrian oppression." Further:

"The fact that this fiction was at once both the child and the parent of the Italian cry for freedom, both the product and the inspiration of the nation's revolt, cannot be too strongly emphasized. It is this interdependence of the political, social, and literary movements, and the results achieved, which gives to this Italian evolution its title to be considered one of the world's greatest evolutions. . . .

"When the dawn of 1800 shone on the wretched peninsula, Italian nationalism had reached its lowest depth. The many petty states were calloused by the weight of chains and happy in their humiliation. Dante's apostrophe, *Ahi! serva Italia, di dolore ostello!* had never been more sadly true, yet Italy was the gayest land in Europe, and strangers gathered to share in the perpetual carnival. This thoughtlessness was encouraged by foreign masters as well as by petty tyrants, mindful of the Juvenalian *panem et circenses.*

"A stifling pall of classic training was used to extinguish all liberal aspirations. Humanism, that inspiration of Italian genius during the Renaissance, was now frozen into a pedantic scholarship. In the schools were taught a fastidious taste and a strict observance of the purity of the language, in the hope of shutting out the flood of foreign philosophical and literary innovation."

But Napoleon's invasion broke the barriers, liberal ideas were given a chance to propagate, the words "Glory" and "Liberty" rang over all the land, and the Italian romantic novel came into existence as the literary expression of social and political aspirations.

The first novel to arouse the nation was the "Last Letters of Jacobo Ortis," by Ugo Foscolo (1798)—"a masterpiece unique in its double character of poetic prose and classical

*ITALIAN ROMANCE WRITERS. By Joseph Spencer Kennard. Brentano's.

transposition of a romantic subject." But the first masterpiece, the first real Italian romance, was "I Promessi Sposi," by Alessandro Manzoni, "the fixed star into whose orbit other planets were attracted." Every Italian novelist was at one time a Manzonian, and to-day he is as much studied and as greatly admired as at the time of his death in 1873. His great romance is still a text-book in his country's schools. His ideas of literary work and its relations to life are set forth by Dr. Kennard as follows:

"Manzoni considered literary work the noblest of missions. On a paper discovered in his room after his death was found the following sentence, copied from an English book: 'When society becomes better enlightened, no literary performance which is a mere work of art will be tolerated.' This feeling restrained him from admitting to his page anything unworthy of his lofty aim, even though he might thus add to its interest and popularity. Hence, the absence from his novel of scenes of love-making. In one of his posthumous papers he tells us that when he first wrote his novel all the love-scenes and tender endearments were there. But on revising his work this was left out. 'Because,' he says, 'we ought not to write about love in such a manner as to awaken that passion in our reader's mind. . . . There are many other feelings, such as pity, self-denial, a desire of justice, which a writer should strive to excite, there can never be too much of them; but as for love, there is certainly more than enough for the preservation of our revered species.'

"He continues: 'If literature had no higher aim than the amusement of people who are always amusing themselves, it would be the vilest, most frivolous of professions, and I would search for some manlier employment than this aping of the mountebank, who on the market-place entertains with a story a crowd of peasants; . . . he at least affords pleasure to those who live in endless toil and misery.'"

SIDNEY LANIER'S PLACE IN AMERICAN POETRY

That Sidney Lanier possessed genius no one who has written of his life has ever denied. That he stands in the front rank of American men of letters many, at least on this side the ocean, can be found to affirm. But just what his rank is seems to be a question still timidly approached. The writer of the first important life of Lanier,* Prof. Edwin Mims, of Durham, N. C., does not even attempt the task of "placing" him. He notes that Lanier's position in American, to say nothing of English, literature, is still a moot point with the critics. Some in this country who have a right to speak with authority "shake their heads in disapproval at what they call the Lanier cult." In England his vogue does not begin to match that of Emerson, Poe and Walt Whitman, while "Madame Blanc's article [a few years ago] in the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* setting forth the charm of his personality and the excellence of his poetry, met with little response in France." More time is demanded by those who believe justice is yet to be done to him. Professor Mims is positively apologetic in respect to some of Lanier's pretensions to fame. He deprecates the unwise publication of a large body of Lanier's prose work, and admits that his author has no claim to rank high as a critic. Lack of wide knowledge and also of catholicity of judgment may reasonably be urged, he thinks, against such a claim in Lanier's behalf. His single novel, "Tiger Lilies," is no doubt a negligible quantity in his claim for remembrance. Not so, however, his achievement in the field of poetry, both as singer and as a scientific investigator of the technique of verse. Professor Mims says that Lanier believed that he was, or would be, a great poet. There is no lack of confidence in a declaration like the following, which the biographer quotes: "I *know,* through the fiercest tests of life, that I am in soul, and shall be in life and utterance, a great poet." His ideal was high and with it went a disparagement of the ideals of some of his fellow practitioners. Says Professor Mims:

"Time and again he spoke of 'the feeble magazine lyrics' of his time. 'This is the kind of poetry that is technically called culture poetry, yet it is in reality the product of a *want* of culture. If these gentlemen and ladies would read the old English poetry . . . they would never be content to put forth these little diffuse pettishnesses and dandy kickshaws of verse.' And again: 'In looking around at the publications of the younger American poets I am struck with the circumstance that none of them even *attempt* anything great. . . . Hence the endless multiplications of those little feeble magazine lyrics which we all know: consisting of one minute idea each, which is put in the last line of the fourth verse, the other three verses and three lines being mere surplusage.' His characterizations of contemporary poetry are strikingly like those of Walt Whitman. Different as they were in nearly every respect,

*SIDNEY LANIER. By Edwin Mims. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

the two poets were yet alike in their idea that there should be a reaction against the conventional and artificial poetry of their time. . . . In both poets there is a range and sweep, both of conception and of utterance, that sharply differentiates them from all other poets since the Civil War."

Professor Mims posits the question whether, with this faith in himself, and his lofty conception of the poet's work, Lanier succeeded in writing poetry that will stand the test of time. In Lanier's poetic equipment there was "a sense of melody that found vent primarily in music and then in words which moved with a certain rhythmic cadence." Furthermore, he had ideas and "was alive to the problems of his age and to the beauties of nature." Professor Mims's analysis next takes a negative turn:

"With the spiritual endowment of a poet and an unusual sense of melody, where was he lacking in what makes a great poet? In power of expression. He never attained, except in a few poems, that union of sound and sense which is characteristic of the best poetry. The touch of finality is not in his words; the subtle charm of verse outside of the melody and the meaning is not his—he failed to get the last 'touches of vitalizing force.' He did not, as Lowell said of Keats, 'rediscover the delight and wonder that lay enchanted in the dictionary.' He did not attain to 'the perfection and the precision of the instantaneous line.'"

Explanations of his partial failure are offered in such phrases as "lack of spontaneous utterance"—a temperamental defect; "lack of time for revision"—a penalty which his poverty exacted. A further explanation, rather strangely, is to be found in Lanier's overworking the musical effect of his verse, which is directly traceable to his theory of verse. If, however, he suffered through his theories as a poet, it was by their means that he achieved his solidest results. His book on "The Science of English Verse," built upon the thesis that "the laws of music and of verse are identical," that in all respects "verse is a phenomenon of sound," remains an enduring monument to his fame. In commenting on the value of his theory, Professor Mims says:

"The book emphasizes a point that needs constantly to be emphasized, both by poets and by students of poetry. Followed too closely by minor poets, it will tend to develop artisans rather than artists. Followed by the greater poets—consciously or unconsciously,—it may prove to be one of the surest signs of poetry. This phase of poetical work needed to be emphasized in America, where poetry, with the exception of Poe's, has been deficient in this very element. Whatever else one may say of Emerson, Bryant, Whittier or Longfellow, he must find that their poetry as a whole is singularly lacking in melody. Moreover, the poet who was the most dominant figure in American literature at the time when Lanier was writing, prided himself on violating every law of form, using rhythm, if at all, in a certain elementary or oriental sense. 'I tried to read a beautifully printed and scholarly volume on the theory of poetry received by mail this morning from England,' said Whitman, 'but gave it up at last as a bad job.' One may be thoroughly just to Whitman and grant the worth of his work in American literature, and yet see the value of Lanier's contention that the study of the formal element in poetry will lead to a much finer poetry than we have yet had in this country. Other books will supplant 'The Science of English Verse' as text-books, and few may ever read it understandingly; but the author's name will always be thought of in any discussion of the relations of music and poetry. It is not only a scientific monograph, but a philosophical treatise on a subject that will be discussed with increasing interest."

SIDNEY LANIER.

He said: "I *know*, through the fiercest tests of life, that I am in soul, and shall be in life and utterance, a great poet."

In even stronger terms the literary editor of the Springfield *Republican* writes:

"'The Science of English Verse' is the one epoch-making study in prosody. It is true that it is full of mistakes. It is puzzling, even misleading to the unmusical reader, who does not see exactly where Lanier went astray. With more time to work his theory out, or with the measuring apparatus of a modern psychological labora-

tory at hand, he would have seen that the notation of music is too stereotyped and clumsy for the subtler rhythm of poetry. No two people read alike, and each reader divides up the time to suit himself. It would have been a matter of years to measure with precision the allotment of time between the syllables of a line. But the essential principle stands, and it makes nearly worthless the enormous mass of grammarians' literature which had been accumulating through the centuries. When music is generally understood by the cultivated classes who have to do with poetry, it will be seen that the book which Lanier perhaps came to write because he was not a scholar, is the most original and important contribution yet made to American scholarship."

LILIEN: A NOTABLE ARTIST OF THE GHETTO

"His art is a flower which blooms in Zion," says E. A. Regener, in a lately published book* on Ephraim Moses Lilien, the great Jewish artist. Lilien's work is well known throughout Europe. Though scarcely past the age of thirty, he is already the subject of two biographical studies, a previous volume having been contributed by Stefan Zweig. The number of newspaper and magazine articles written about him is legion.

Lilien is a genuine son of the Ghetto. He was born in the dreary town of Drohobycz, Galicia. His father was a turner, and from childhood up he was surrounded by poverty. "It was in these early days of youth," says Stefan Zweig, "that the idea of suffering humanity, of the enslaved proletariat, which remained impressed upon his mind forever, was perhaps first formed. For he saw his people disconsolate, the poorest of the poor, the despised Galician Jews." His struggle with untoward circumstances was long and severe; several times he found himself on the point of despair, but finally he worked his way up to material success. The founding of the *Jugend* presented him a worthy medium for his ef-

*E. M. Lilien. By E. A. Regener. F. A. Lattmann, Goslar.

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE FIFTH ZIONIST CONGRESS AT BASEL

(By E. M. Lilien.)

THE SWEATSHOP WORKER

(By E. M. Lilien.)

DEDICATED TO THE MARTYRS OF KISHINEFF

(By E. M. Lilien.)

ions. Then he became contributor to the *Süddeutsche Postillon,* the *Grazien, Weltspiegel* and *Ost und West.*

But although some of his work for these journals showed great promise, none of it realized his future greatness. It was only when the Zionist movement became a powerful factor in Jewish life that an opportunity for the full realization of his art was offered to him. It is not that Lilien's art is not broad and comprehensive enough to be understood and enjoyed by all lovers of the beautiful; in fact, Regener, who is himself not a Jew, gives Lilien the same place in the modern renaissance of German art as that occupied by Walter Crane in the English art world. But Lilien's genius best expresses itself through the medium of Jewish subjects, just as Zangwill is at his best in literature when he deals with Jewish life.

Strangely enough, the first opportunity that Lilien had to show to the world this talent was afforded in the illustration of a book of poems called "Judah," written by Börries, Freiherr von Münchausen, himself not a Jew. These poems deal with biblical subjects and Lilien found in them ample inspiration. The poems of a New York sweatshop worker, written in Yiddish and translated into German, offered him subjects on which he could work with an even surer hand. Morris Rosenfeld's "Songs of the Ghetto" present a pathetic chapter of Judaism—its toil, trouble and suffering—written by the greatest singer of modern Israel. Although the life depicted in these poems is that of the New York Ghetto, in which Rosenfeld himself lived, yet their resemblance to Jewish Ghettoes the world over is so close that Lilien needed but to draw upon his own experiences in his parental home to give these burning poetical utterances their fit accompaniment in pen and pencil sketches.

Finally, in portrayal of the Zionist movement Lilien found his supreme expression. "Lilien is the artist of Zionism," says Dr. J. Thou, one of his German interpreters. "He has created symbols that embody the Zionist's ideas, wishes and yearnings. In them he has shown us the suffering of Judaism, persecuted and in exile; learning as the only bright point in the dusk; and the rising sun of emancipation." "Zionism," adds Regener, "gives to Lilien the thought-content of his works. He is borne onward by the movement and is himself a brave fighter for its citadel. It was Zionism and the renaissance of our book craft

E. M. LILIEN

His work is regarded as the supreme artistic expression of Jewish sentiment.

that together have supplied the force that uplifted the artist and gave his name fame and significanee." The longing of the Jewish race for their old national home suggested to Lilien the subjects of sketches which "in their art reveal the climax of his possibilities, and in their relation to Zionism form the most important creative phenomena that have appeared in connection with this movement, next to the personality of Herzl."

One of the most famous of these Zionist sketches, made in commemoration of the fifth Zionist Congress at Basel and reproduced on postal cards, is thus interpreted by Regener: "The Jew plods along, a slave and a stranger in a strange land. Weary and in despair he falls on his staff. . . . His eyes close in dumb, silent resignation. Suddenly he feels the hand of a stranger on his shoulder. His eyes are dazzled by a brilliant light. Behind him stands the Angel of the Lord, with hand pointing to the Promised Land, which blazes up ruby-red in the brilliancy of the sun. Far off, he sees a Jew driving a plow across the field toward the sun. Ears of corn bend at his side; the thorns about the staff of the wanderer turn green; and fragrant blossoms sprout forth on the way from the Ghetto to Zion."

After the Kishineff massacre Lilien drew a picture for Gorky's "Sbornik," the frame of which is constructed of flames and thorns. It bears the inscription: "Dedicated to the Martyrs of Kishineff." It shows an old Jew on a funeral pyre. His face expresses mildness and resignation. An angel kisses him on the forehead, bearing in his hands the scroll of the torah, the emblem of the Jewish faith.

Another powerful work of Lilien poignantly illustrates the position of the Russian Jews during the Russo-Japanese War. It is entitled "Fathers and Sons," and is described as follows by Regener: "When Russia's greed brought on the war with Japan many Jewish physicians had to go to the front. Their relatives, the fathers and brothers dependent upon them for support, were compelled to leave the cities, for the Russian law does not allow men to live in the cities without any means of subsistence. In Lilien's picture, the fathers and sons meet, the latter led by a figure of Death on a jaded horse, the former by the angel of the Jewish people, who lowers the torch of life and light to the earth in mourning, and presses his left hand painfully against

FATHERS AND SONS.

(By E. M. Lilien.)

FATHERS: "Whither are you bound, sons?"

SONS: "To the East. Holy Russia sends us thither. And you, fathers?"

FATHERS: "To the West. Holy Russia drives us thither."

his head, with its fingers still bent as if to bless. Everyone goes to certain death. The host of fathers cry: "Whither are you bound, sons?" The host of children replies: "To the East. Holy Russia sends us thither. And you, fathers?" "To the West. Holy Russia drives us thither."

Lilien has already accomplished much, and considering his youth, the growing strength of his work, the seriousness of his purpose, and the task for which nature seems to have designed him, there is promise of a still greater future. Lately, in fact, he has struck out on somewhat new lines with great success in his illustrations of the passionate love-themes of D'Annunzio's poems, and although he has for a time renounced color-painting and canvas, the critics are confident of his great possibilities in this highest form of the painter's art. Even now, however, his works stand supreme as the artistic embodiment of the Jewish mind and heart and soul.

VALUE OF THE "LITERATURE OF EXPOSURE"

The phrase above quoted has come much into vogue lately, and serves to characterize a marked tendency in periodical literature at this time. Articles dealing with scandals in private and public life are obviously in demand. Thomas W. Lawson has made the fortune of a magazine by telling the public, through its pages, what he knows about the workings of "frenzied finance." Miss Ida M. Tarbell's study of Rockefeller and the Standard Oil Company, and Lincoln Steffens's articles on civic corruption, have been read and discussed from one end of the country to the other. "Exposure," says George W. Alger, in a recent article in *The Atlantic Monthly* (Boston), "has become a peculiar art, which, like some other arts, seems to exist for its own sake." As Mr. Alger sees it, the literature of exposure grows out of "an almost superstitious reverence for publicity." It will do more harm than good, he thinks, so long as the writers who so cleverly point out to us our social sores have no salve in their hands. He continues:

"There is comparatively little which is constructive about this kind of work, and it is for the most part merely disheartening. Its copiousness and its frequent exaggeration have a strong tendency to make sober and sane citizens believe that our political and business evils cannot be grappled with successfully, not because they are in themselves too great, but because the moral fibre of the people has deteriorated,—a heresy more dangerous, if adopted, than all the national perils which confront us to-day, combined."

In direct opposition to Mr. Alger's view is that presented in the November *Bookman* (New York) by a well-known writer who conceals his identity under the *nom-de-plume,* "Richard W. Kemp." He urges that the literature of exposure is in the highest degree valuable and effective. He says, in part:

"In our time there has been adopted a scientific method even in the popular exposure of great public crimes; and the writer now sits down to his table, not to scarify with epithets, but to compress into the briefest possible compass the results of months of patient investigation. Not opinions, not judgments, not censure even, but only facts, facts, facts. And this is effective beyond the effectiveness of any rhetoric, for it appeals not merely to those who feel, but to those who think and reason."

As an illustration of this "scientific method," the writer cites Charles E. Russell's "absolutely convincing study of the Beef Trust" in *Everybody's,* which he pronounces "the finest piece of demonstration that has been done, except Miss Tarbell's." "Its figures and statistics," he declares, "are unanswerable. They tell a tale to which no 'vivid' writing can add one jot, and from which no sophistry can take one jot away." Miss Tarbell he regards as "the model investigator and demonstrator"; adding: "Her work on the Standard Oil Company is an honor not only to her but to her sex; for it exhibits those higher judicial qualities of thoroughness and impartiality which men are wont to arrogate to themselves as purely masculine." Of the general value of the *exposé,* the writer has this to say:

"How great that value is when the exposure is of the sort which we have indicated, may be gathered from the history of the past year. The demonstrations have been directed mainly and most effectively against (1) the Standard Oil Company; (2) the great insurance companies; (3) the Beef Trust; (4) the railway combinations which have been giving illegal rebates and 'drawbacks;' and (5) the public land frauds. Have these demonstrations been without tangible results? For the first time in its history, the Standard Oil Company has officially come for-

ward through its attorney, Mr. S. C. T. Dodd, to make public answer to the charges brought against it by Miss Tarbell and a dozen others. For the first time in its history one of its chiefs, Mr. Rogers, has been stung into threatening legal action (in the case of Mr. Lawson), and, having done so, has been awed into backing down. Mr. Rockefeller himself has disbursed over $11,000,000 during the year for philanthropic purposes. Of course, it may be that he had long intended to make these gifts at precisely this time; but the great public is very sceptical and will continue to believe that this munificence had some relation to the cry of 'tainted money'—a fearful phrase that stuck and stank. How many months ago was it that all the life-insurance journals were making merry over Mr. Lawson's charges, and busily explaining why it was not worth the Equitable's while to sue him for libel? Not very many months; and now a cataclyism has shaken out of that particular institution the concentrated rottenness of many years; while its sister companies are before the judgment seat with fear and trembling. As for the Beef Trust, five of its constituent companies and seventeen of its leading members are under criminal indictment and in a fair way to be convicted. As to the railways,—the most difficult problem of all—the President of the United States is pledged to draw their fangs, either by rate regulation or by national ownership, and though the struggle must be long, it can end in but one way. And the exposure of the land frauds has already brought a long sentence of imprisonment upon a Senator of the United States. [Senator Mitchell has since died.—Editor of CURRENT LITERATURE.] Let us, therefore, take a cheerful view of the literature of exposure. It belongs no more to the category of cheap entertainment. It has become the efficient instrument of civic and national reform."

A WOMAN SCULPTOR OF GENIUS

Art is thought expressed in form, but thought is not all. There must be soul, or it is not art—it is but craft. One American artist imbued with this rare quality is a sculptor who is virtually unknown in this country, but who has received marked recognition in many foreign art centers.

Much interest should be awakened when it is learned that this artist is a woman, for sculpture is a field in which women seldom achieve much distinction. Still greater interest should be aroused by the fact that this artist. Mrs. Cadwalader Guild, is an American woman born and bred, a most loyal one at heart, although nearly all her work has been executed and her encouragement received abroad. Several times she has journeyed back to the United States hoping to have her work made known to her fellow countrymen. Two years ago the Boston *Herald* proclaimed her "a force to be reckoned with in contemporary sculpture"—"the embodiment of the restless, resistless American spirit." But, in the main, her work has been neglected in this country.

Her first American opportunity came when Ambassador White, after seeing her work abroad, urged her to return to the United States and make a bust of President McKinley. Through correspondence with both Mr. White and Mrs. Guild, the President agreed to give the sculptor sittings. Twice she came, but each time the President was very busy and she was not permitted to see him. Not to be daunted, she modeled, on her own commission, a bust of Mr. McKinley. She had never seen the President, and had nothing but poor prints to guide her—not even a photograph. Yet the result was a remarkable likeness. When she asked Mr. Hanna to criticize the bust, he said: "I see nothing to be changed. It is by far the best that has ever been made." Then Mr. Hanna at once entered a bill asking Congress to purchase the portrait. This the Government did, and Mrs. Guild's bust of Mr. McKinley is now in the President's room of the National Capitol.

Mrs. Guild has made a striking likeness of Lincoln—a head at which one gazes many minutes. She has expressed his idealism, has caught the wonderful kindliness of his eyes. Mr. John Hay said of it: "The power in the head is remarkable. It is a great expression of the personality of the man." There is an interesting note relative to Mrs. Guild's bust of Lincoln. A photograph taken just before his election was considered by Lincoln his best portrait. Some time after his death this photograph disappeared. The photographer who owned the plate, having indifferently kept it for years, left Chicago just prior to that city's historic fire. Again years passed, the photographer not realizing its value until as late as 1903. Then prints were made and it came to be much admired. The photograph is the only one in existence which represents Lincoln without a beard. Mr. John Hay and Mr. Nicolay, in their "Life of Lincoln," reproduced this as the standard photograph of our great President, and it is from this photo-

MRS. CADWALADER GUILD IN HER STUDIO

"Electron," the statue shown, represents the god Mercury, who has come to earth and is touching an electric button on the ground before him. He realizes that his dominion has gone. Science has wrested from him his absolute power.

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS
(By Mrs. Cadwalader Guild.)

graph that Mrs. Guild has made her superb portrait.

Her two busts of Gladstone—one in bronze, one in marble—are the only ones for which Mr. Gladstone gave sittings. It was at his own request that Mrs. Guild modeled his portrait. After three or four sittings, Mrs. Guild removed the bust to her studio to complete the work. Wishing to give her a final sitting, Mr. Gladstone called one day unheralded. The sculptor was out, but the Premier waited a half-hour for her return. When she arrived he said: "I have been studying and admiring every piece of work in your studio. You have made a new departure in art and I congratulate you sincerely."

A writer in *The German Times* (Berlin), reviewing one of Mrs. Guild's foreign exhibits, says: "All these works, displaying absolutely astounding catholicity of taste and technique, are products from one hand, that of the well-known artist, Mrs. Cadwalader Guild, . . . Of great power and worth are Mrs. Guild's two Gladstone studies done from life. Here the imaginative artist was not content to blend in a single face the many varied types that made the great Premier so unique a personality. By giving us two distinct portraits of Gladstone, one the statesman, alert, keen, and grim, the other the scholar and poet, thoughtful, kindly, wise, and benign, Mrs. Guild has presented us with a complete biography of the Grand Old Man."

The Manchester Permanent Exhibition (England) commissioned Mrs. Guild to make a bust of George Frederick Watts. Mr. Watts, knowing but little concerning Mrs. Guild's ability, was disinclined to give her actual sittings. Because of this it was necessary for her to model his portrait under great difficulties, while he was running up and down a ladder at work upon one of his paintings. When the bust was completed Mr. Watts expressed his praise of it in a very circumlocutory way, but nevertheless with as genuine a compliment as was ever given. After looking a long time at the bust he said: "When I look at that bust I can understand how that man could have painted that picture," pointing to one of his own great paintings.

Among royalty, Mrs. Guild has made portrait-busts, from life, of Princess Christian

"LOTOS"
(By Mrs. Cadwalader Guild.)

of Schleswig-Holstein, second daughter of Queen Victoria; Princess Henry of Prussia: little Prince Henry; and Princess of Saxe-Altenburg. Other distinguished patrons of Mrs. Guild's art are Dr. Henry Thode, Professor of Art at Heidelberg; His Excellency Dr. Studt, State Minister of Education and Art in Germany; Joseph Joachim, the famous violinist; Hans Thoma, the painter; and a number of society beauties.

Mrs. Guild's idealistic heads and statues are as remarkable as her portraits. One study is a marble head, half girl, half nymph. It is named the "Lotos." The expression in the eyes is marvelous. The sculptor has succeeded perfectly in catching the characteristic glance of such beings as this bust typifies. Referring to this head, *The German Times* says: "This psychic masterpiece stamps Mrs. Guild unequivocally as an artist of the very first rank."

A bronze statuette called "Free," has created great admiration among critics abroad, and has been exhibited at the Paris Salon, at the

THE PRINCESS OF SAXE-ALTENBURG
(By Mrs. Cadwalader Guild.)

"FREE"
(By Mrs. Cadwalader Guild.)

Royal Academy, London, and at Munich. It is the figure of a slave, freed, but who still feels the pressure of his former bondage. Half supported by a stump, he leans with drooping shoulders and hands clasped behind, self-manacled. It is one of her finest efforts and her first modeled from life.

Her "Electron" represents the god Mercury descended to earth for an instant. He is

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE
(By Mrs. Cadwalader Guild.)
Mrs. Guild's two busts of Gladstone—one in bronze, one in marble—are the only ones for which he ever gave sittings.

seated on an anvil and, with hand outstretched, bends to touch an electric button on the ground before him. With this touch the half-god learns that his mission as messenger is over, as science has wrested from him his absolute control of this power. The idea of combining poetry and science is splendidly portrayed in this statue. The figure of the god is beautiful and graceful, and broad and strong in treatment. The German Government purchased this "Electron" and placed it in the Post-Museum at Berlin.

Another large, beautiful figure, in marble, is called "Endymion." The youth is slowly walking with arms raised and fingers interwoven across the back of the head, the eyes fixed above. Of this work *The International Studio* (December) says: "The sculptor wished to embody the search for the ideal, the spirit possessed of the high discontent, saddened with the quiet disappointment and yet comforted in the unshaken faith that are natural to most artistic experience." In the whole pose one most forcibly feels the movement of the perfect dreamer forever gliding on and upward. The back is especially fascinating. Mrs. Guild sought to model the figure in the most beautiful pose a man's body can take, and this she secured in the triangular-like outlines formed by the upraised arms. The pose is not to be found elsewhere in either modern or ancient sculpture.

The very latest work by this gifted woman is a bust of Gen. Samuel Chapman Armstrong, which is soon to be placed in the Hampton Institute. One of the members of the Armstrong Association, from which Mrs. Guild received her commission, when seeing the bust in bronze, said: "It is a splendid portrait. The spirituality is there. In the eyes the sculptor has so expressed the mission of the man." This bust, together with Mrs. Guild's other work, is now on exhibition at her studio in the Bryant Park Building, New York.

In every sense is Mrs. Guild an enthusiastic American. She believes implicitly that American art will become a recognized force. She has achieved what she has through much discouragement, suffering and patience. She is a painter as well as a sculptor and known abroad as one of superior merit.

She possesses wonderful creative powers. Each painting or statue is, in itself, an expression of her deep study of life or ideals—not merely an expression of her own individuality. She is unmistakably an idealist—a woman of great culture, but of the utmost simplicity of bearing.

GRACE WHITWORTH.

IS LITERATURE BEING "COMMERCIALIZED"?

That our literature "has fallen to a lower estate than it knew for generations," and that this depressing result is due to the ravages of commercialism, is the conviction of Henry Holt, the well-known New York publisher. He devotes a lengthy article in *The Atlantic Monthly* (November) to the support of this conclusion, and his observations have aroused a great deal of interest and comment in the literary world. The article was suggested by a series of papers appearing in the Boston *Transcript* about a year ago, and subsequently published in book form under the title, "A Publisher's Confession" (see CURRENT LITERATURE, July). The anonymous author of that work (reported to be Mr. Walter H. Page) thinks that "the whole business of producing contemporaneous literature has for the moment a decided commercial squint." With this view Mr. Holt is in substantial agreement. There is altogether too much "commercialism," he declares, in the practices of both author and publisher. At least three of his fellow-publishers, he charges, "exert every means, from the dinner-table to the auction-block, to get hold of the author." And the author, on his side, is losing all sense of personal relationship to his publisher by employing "literary agents" whose only aim is to get as high a price for a manuscript as possible. On this point Mr. Holt writes:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
(By Mrs. Cadwalader Guild.)

Made from the only photograph showing Lincoln without a beard. John Hay said of this likeness: "The power in the head is remarkable. It is a great expression of the personality of the man."

"A literary agent told me that among authors the feeling is quite frequent that the publisher is to be squeezed to the last possible cent. The agents have not been slow to please their clients by falling in with this feeling. Between them, the publisher has lately been treated merely as a *corpus vilum* to be exploited for money. The possibility of there being any thought or feeling, not to speak of aspiration, in him has been ignored. And in many cases the treatment has been richly deserved. Many of them have been tempted into the mean and short-sighted competitions that inevitably recoil; many of them have danced to any tune the agents saw fit to play; and many of them have been 'licking the agents' boots.' . . . So far as I know, but one prominent publisher in England and perhaps two or three in America have kept out of the scramble."

Mr. Holt speaks even more emphatically in regard to the question of advertising. "I cannot but think," he says, "that lately many American publishers were as crazy about advertising as the Dutch ever were about tu-

lips, or the French about the Mississippi Bubble." He instances the great newspaper advertisements of some publishers, and the extravagant sums expended in the brazen laudation of literary wares. The inefficiency of such miscellaneous advertising he indicates in these paragraphs:

"There is the advertising that appeals to the eye, and the advertising that appeals to the intelligence. One shapes popular habit, independently of deliberation: everybody has eyes, and everybody uses food and shoes; so this kind of advertising may take root anywhere, and it pays to scatter it.

"But the eighty million people using food and shoes in the United States did not include a hundred thousand who would buy a single book advertised last year, and probably do not include fifty thousand who spend as much on books as they do on shoes. Whatever the number, they are the very people least affected by the sort of advertising that appeals to habit. Let them know sufficiently clearly what there is in the market that they may care for, and they will make up their minds whether they want it or not; and the more damnable iteration you bother them with, the more apt you will be to turn them away."

In a concluding paragraph, Mr. Holt offers some suggestions which he hopes will help to stem the present rapid "commercialization" of literature:

"My opinion, based upon a very long experience, is that the remarkable concurrence of the many exceptional conditions I have described,—the piracy under the old non-copyright license, the chaos of the transition from the old license to the new law, the advertising mania, the mad competition stimulated by the literary agent,—has produced a strange and abnormal condition in publishing, and that this condition is destructive and cannot last. It has already wrought great ruin, and how much more ruin it must work before a healthy condition can arise, and how that ruin can be minimized, is matter for anxious consideration. One class of remedies is clear, if the trade has character enough to apply them,—more subordination of the present to the future, more avoidance of petty games that two can play at, more faith in the business value of the golden rule, more feeling for the higher possibilities of their 'profession,' and more plain, homely, commonplace self-respect. The publishers probably have their human share of the needed virtues; but they have been strangely and sorely tried."

The New York *Times Saturday Review* thinks that Mr. Holt's article "throws a stronger light upon a high-minded publisher's relation to authors and to literature than the book which is its text"; and the New York *Evening Post* says: "Nothing fresher or more interesting to Grub Street has been written these many years. No longer is the publisher a Barabbas, as Byron politely called his Murray; the opprobrium is to fall on the once down-trodden but now triumphant scribbler." *The Post* comments further:

"We can see little indication that 'the commercialization of literature' has really begun to diminish. One of the most hopeless signs of the tendency is the fact that our successful novelists are more and more making the stock market or the conflict of labor and capital their theme. They not only write for money, but about money. Mr. Holt is so far right in blaming the author for the present state of affairs. It is the business of the publisher to sell books, and, in a way, to commercialize literature; it is the business of the author to make himself independent of the baleful influence of the ledger."

The World's Work (New York), the magazine of which Mr. Page is editor, takes the whole controversy in light vein. "Is it not all a question of definition?" it asks. It continues:

"Is it not impossible for literature to become commercialized? For as soon as any writing, in the purpose of the author, is touched with the commercial spirit, for that very reason, if for no other, it forfeits all claim to be regarded as literature. The blight shows at the heart of it. The endless flood of written stuff that keeps the publishers' presses going contains very little literature. Most of it is avowedly commercial in its aim. It is written for money and published for money, whereas literature is written chiefly because it gives joy to the writer and satisfies an impulse to do good work. It cares no more for the opinions of contemporary men than the sunlight cares for a fog, nor does it worry itself about the flood of commercial writing. But to confuse trade stuff with literature is enough to make the most gallant of philosophers sad."

The Saturday Evening Post (Philadelphia) also refuses to take the issue seriously. It recalls a saying of Dr. Johnson's: "No one but a blockhead ever wrote except for money," and thinks he might have added, "though a good many able but snobbish writers have pretended that they did." It goes on to comment:

"Producing what people will read, will give up cash for—that is hardly a deplorable tendency. No man ever was able deliberately to produce 'good sellers.' It simply happens that the sort of stuff he writes best sells well.

"'Commercializing literature' can hardly mean advertising it so that the people learn that the kind of literary wares that they want are to be had. A good book is exactly like a good steak or a good warm overcoat—it's a necessity, an article of health and comfort and happiness. To regard it in any other way is to fall under the spell of the maudlin, damp and dreary false culture which weakens strong minds and drives feeble minds to imbecility."

Religion and Ethics

CAN WE HAVE MORALITY WITHOUT RELIGION?

The question, Is it possible to establish an effective system of morality without a belief in God? has been presented to a number of the leading French "intellectuals" by the editor of the well-known Parisian magazine, *La Revue*. The question is an exceedingly "live" one in France just now, in view of the separation at last decreed between church and state. The greatest thinkers, authors and men of affairs have been invited to participate in the discussion, and they have generously responded, as is attested by the contributions of Max Nordau, Anatole France, F Brunetière, Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, Jules Claretie, Abbé Gayraud and many others.

The editor of *La Revue* is convinced that a mutual exchange of opinions on this subject, if it cannot lead to a reconciliation of opposing views, will at least facilitate a comprehension of them, and thereby bring about a condition of mutual toleration favorable to social harmony and the triumph of truth. He writes:

"Up to the present the morality of the bulk of humanity has been founded upon religious dogma, and the echoes to which they have listened were those of Sinai and the sea of Tiberias. Now, whether it is to be deplored or not, it is an accepted fact that religious faith is declining in our days. Will the shipwreck of our ancient faiths, when it takes place, drag down morality also?

"This is a very grave question, to which the separation of church and state now going on in France gives the significance of a burning actuality."

The contributions to the symposium are divided into four main classes, and the spokesmen of the various shades of thought are presented in the following order of succession: 1. Those who think that morality grows up unconsciously, and is derived from collective habits and social instincts. 2. Those who waver in uncertainty. 3. Those who affirm the rigorous union of morality and faith. 4. Those who assert reason to be the sole basis of morality. This order we here preserve.

Anatole France, the eminent French novelist, offers the following reflections:

"What is morality? Morality is the rule of custom. And custom is habit. Morality, then, is the rule of habit. Habitual customs are called good customs. Bad customs are those to which we are not habituated. The old habits are dear and sacred to men. In them is found the origin of the religious law. Hence we see that the morality of religions corresponds to ancient custom. This is true of all cults. And it is in this sense that Lucretius said that religion engenders crime.

"Among Christian peoples, notably among Catholics, theological morality represents a state anterior to that of civilization. It is respected but little understood, and in point of fact one takes no account of it.

"Law, which is a systematization of practical morality, is in Europe independent of any confessional idea. The Italian minister, Minghetti, has very justly observed that the Code of Napoleon reproduced in very large part the Roman law anterior to Christianity, and that what is new in it was inspired by the eighteenth century spirit.

"We have already not only a morality, but moral sanction independent of religious dogmas. But they cannot remain fixed. Morality changes continually with custom, of which it is only the general idea. Law should follow custom."

According to Max Nordau, sociability is the foundation of morals. It is an instinct rather than a dogma or a process of reasoning, he contends; and if reasoning can have no effect upon an anti-social being, it is not likely that religion will have any greater effect upon him. Further:

"The sane, normal man has social tendencies; only the morbid degenerate is an anti-social being. The former accepts and practices morality by instinct because it is a social institution. The latter, on the other hand, escapes morality, also by instinct, and only submits to its prescriptions in so far as he is constrained to do so. No argument will make the naturally good and social man bad; no argument will make the naturally bad and anti-social man good. Every man may have bad impulses, but he restrains them by an energetic inhibition. The inhibitory force of reason may be augmented by education, instruction and the suggestion of environment; but if it is absent no exterior influence can replace it.

"Reason suffices to keep the social being on the road of goodness. Neither reason, nor theology, nor any argument whatsoever, can have the least effect upon the natural non-morality or immorality of an anti-social being."

Jules Lemaître frankly declares that he cannot answer the question propounded; and Emile Faguet says: "This question is one that I study deeply and almost constantly, but I must admit that I have not yet arrived at any definite conclusion or any firm conviction."

F. Brunetière, on the other hand, is as positive that morality without religion cannot subsist as Anatole France is that the opposite is true. He says:

"If you mean by reason simple common sense, or individual sense, it is evident that morality could not rest on a more fragile or more ruinous basis. Individual sense is relative, and morality is nothing if it has not an absolute basis. Since human reason cannot attain the absolute, what remains to us but to recognize that reason is incapable of supplying a basis for morality? And in fact, this will be proved in the future as it has been in the past. There is a Jewish morality, a Christian morality, a Buddhist morality, a Mohammedan morality. There has practically never existed in history a Stoic morality or a Platonic morality, nor even a Socratic morality. There have been rare Stoics or disciples of Socrates who have tried to secularize the lessons of a religious origin, but the only result was the 'Manual' of Epictetus and the 'Thoughts' of Marcus Aurelius."

Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, French author and President of the Anti-Atheist League, takes issue with these conclusions, though he also maintains that to suppress God means to suppress morality. He declares:

"That morality can be founded on reason does not admit of any doubt. All history proves it, from Socrates to the Stoics in classical antiquity; from Confucius in Chinese antiquity to Kant and Guyau. A morality founded on reason, a purely rational morality, does not signify, however, a 'morality without God.' Far from it. From Socrates to Kant the greatest philosophers have supported their morality upon faith in God, so that one might say that if the religious idea and the moral idea have been interwoven and bound together through the course of the centuries, philosophy has contributed to that end almost as much as religion. Morality has been so intimately connected with religion, and especially with a faith in God, that it is difficult to-day to separate them without distorting and enfeebling morality by depriving it of the force it drew from religious creeds. This is a truth confirmed by the observation of individuals, as well as by the history of nations. Except in the cases of rare and noble individuals, the disappearance or weakening of faith has been followed by a lowering of morality and by a looseness of customs. This fact is so constant that it might be erected into a law of history.

"Is not that which is true of the past also true of the present? Is it really possible at the present time, without danger to our customs, to base a popular morality solely upon reason? I confess that I do not believe it. There is nothing to permit us to suppose that in this respect we are so superior to our ancestors. Faith in the moral progress of society, independent of the bases on which repose our ethics and morality, is a superstition. Among all peoples and at all periods of time a purely rational morality has been an aristocratic morality, which sufficed for an intellectual *élite*, but was found devoid of force and virtue as far as the masses were concerned. It has been so with the Stoicism of antiquity; it is still so with Confucianism in China.

"It is not enough, either with individuals or with nations, to have a high moral ideal; it is necessary to have the power to realize this ideal. Religious creeds, faith in a God and in a future life, the habit of prayer, even the worship of a cult, offer to human infirmity the resources which are lacking entirely to a morality without a God."

M. l'Abbé Gayraud, member of the Chamber of Deputies, naturally believes that morality is impossible without religion. He argues:

"It is only by authority that man acquires and possesses literary, historic and scientific knowledge, and often even the professional knowledge which constitutes the fund of his little intellectual life. Why, then, should the knowledge of morality escape this law of popular education? Reasoning, that is to say, the process of investigation or of the demonstration of truth by research and personal reflection, is no more within the reach of the men of the people than of beginners. This does not mean that the method of authority is not rational or reasonable. But opposed to it is the method of discussion, of criticism, and of individual reasoning. I conclude, therefore, that morality should not be taught to grown-up people, any more than to children, by the method of critical, individual discussion."

Jules Claretie, the famous novelist and critic, says: "My answer is positive: Yes, it is possible to found a popular morality such as you have posited. Reason will end by being right; that has been said long ago. And reason, which is the truth, is good, it seems to me. But I would rather read what the others have to say than develop an opinion so simple. I have always believed that two and two make four."

Octave Mirbeau meets the question in his usual sledge-hammer style:

"Religions have never founded a morality. Nay, more, they have founded the very contrary of a morality, since they are all based on lies and on extortion, and it is enough for the most infamous scoundrel to repent a second before his death to be paternally received by God, and to gain the eternal joys of Heaven. As long as there are gods on earth, so long will there be no morality; there will be only the hypocrisy of morality."

And, finally, the great scientist, M. Berthelot, speaks this word in behalf of science:

"Science is the true moral school, let us openly admit; it teaches man to love and to respect the truth, without which all hope is chimerical. Science teaches man the idea of duty and the necessity of labor, not as a chastisement, but, on the contrary, as the most exalted employment of our activity. It is to science, above all, that we owe the idea of the solidarity of the human race."

THE FINAL TEST OF CHRISTIANITY

The paramount ethical duty of the Christian church to-day, says the Rev. Charles D. Williams, for twelve years Dean of Trinity Cathedral, Cleveland, and now Bishop Coadjutor-elect of Michigan, is "to let the Christian conscience out of the narrow limitations where we too often confine it, and give it its rightful sway over the whole common life of man." We moderns, he thinks, are very much like a boy who has outgrown all his clothes. The religion of the past was concerned chiefly with ecclesiastical proprieties and personal moralities. There has come to the world a sudden and vast expansion of commercial development. And now "the old Christianity is confronted with conditions for which she has no definite treatment." Mr. Williams illustrates and explains his meaning as follows (in *McClure's Magazine,* December):

"There have been some appalling revelations made in the last few years both in our periodical and also in our more permanent literature; exposures of commercial and political iniquity and civic unrighteousness. There are the stories of some of our gigantic business enterprises which have climbed to dizzy heights of unprecedented financial power. And they have done it by deliberate policies of commercial assassination, by ruthlessly crowding to the wall, both by fair means and oftener by foul, all honest competitors. And none is so insignificant as to escape their notice; the keeper of the little corner grocery and even the street peddler are as calmly and quickly crushed out of existence as the great rival concerns. For with the trusts as with God, though in a different sense, 'there is no respect of persons.' It considers 'not the person of the poor nor has respect unto the person of the mighty,' not because it 'fears the Lord,' but because it has 'respect unto the recompense of the reward.' There are flagrantly dishonest collusions with the great transportation corporations, whereby not only utterly unfair advantages are secured over all competitors, but often the honest profits of these rivals are directly taxed to pay tribute into the treasury of the trusts. There is solemn perjury committed before courts of justice and investigating committees. Stocks are manipulated with diabolical ingenuity to the fleecing of the innocent and the ruin of the honest investor. There is not wanting evidence of crimes against persons, against individual rights of 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' There are indirect evasions and overt fractures not merely of the moral law, but of the common statutes of the state and nation; and there are great legal firms who deliberately prostitute the brilliant abilities and accumulated knowledge which should be consecrated to the maintenance of justice among men, to the defense of such iniquitous injustice. These are the real anarchists who are chiefly to be feared to-day, who threaten most seriously to overturn the very foundations of law and order among us."

And who are the men who do these things? asks the writer. He replies: "They are often gentlemen who are scruplously correct in their personal behavior. As to the minor morals, they are temperate, sober and chaste. They are good husbands, kind fathers. Their home life is above reproach. They are often kind and considerate neighbors. They pay their debts and fulfill their personal obligations to their friends. They scorn a lie where no business interest is at stake. They are interested actively in all civic improvements of a material sort. They give munificently to all movements for human betterment that do not interfere with their commercial schemes. They found hospitals, schools and social settlements. They build libraries and universities. They are even orthodox, pious and devoted in their religious life. They go to church regularly, teach in Sunday-school, lead in prayer-meeting, support the pastor (so long as he preaches smooth things), and give generously to missions." Continuing, Mr. Wiliams says:

"Now, why is this so? What is the secret of this strange ethical inconsistency, this moral contradiction? It seems to me to lie in a lack of moral coördination, a divided and disintegrated conscience. These men have attained and fulfilled their ideals of morality in their personal conduct and relationships and their technically religious life. In these regions they exercise and exhaust their conscience. But in their commercial relations and business life they have no standards whatsoever. Here they are morally color-blind. They see no distinctions of right and wrong. They are for the most part utterly unconscious of the flagrant iniquity of their doings. For here in this region of commercial life, the writs of Christ do not run. Even common conscience and the moral law have no jurisdiction. 'The accepted rules of the game' are a sufficient code of ethics. There is a hopeless cleavage, a bridgeless gulf through the midst of their lives. They have fulfilled all the reasonable requirements of righteousness here in their personal conduct and religious piety. They are, therefore, free to do as they like in this other and outer region of their existence. They need to pray the prayer of the Psalmist: Unite my heart to fear thy name.'"

The supreme task of the church, then, says Mr. Williams, in concluding, is to unite and integrate the divided and disintegrated conscience of Christendom. She is to "teach men to do business and to vote as they pray, in the

fear of God"; and to "speak as fearlessly from her pulpits against the evils of commercial dishonesty and political corruption as she does now against the evils of divorce and drunkenness." Further:

"She is to sound in the ears of her young men of this generation, young men who are always ready to answer the call to chivalrous action and even sacrifice, young men who still 'dream dreams and see visions,' she is to sound in the ears of these young men the call to righteous political and honest commercial careers and make that call as holy and imperative as the call to her ministry. There is no holier or higher sphere to-day for the best service of God and humanity for the consecrated man, the man of the highest principles and most delicately sensitive conscience, in other words, the most truly religious and Christian man, than this same sphere of business and even politics. . . . Here then lies the searching and final test of our modern Christianity. Can it produce such men to-day? If it can and will, it shall prove itself to the conscience and mind of to-day 'the power of God unto salvation.' If it cannot or will not, it must perish, whatever arguments may be alleged as to its authenticity and authority. In every age it has produced the saint who met the needs of that age. Can it produce to-day the type of Christian who shall meet the needs of this age; the man of open mind and yet reverent faith, of intellectual hospitality and spiritual insight; the man of large heart with room for all that is human; and the man of solid conscience who rings true wherever you strike him, in whatever region or plane of his life?

"I make no doubt that the Christianity of Christ can do all this. It has the inherent force and vitality to do it, but whether it will to-day remains for us who bear His name before the world to-day, particularly those of us who still face the future, to answer in the lives and careers that lie before us."

THE CASE OF PROFESSOR H. G. MITCHELL

It seems to be a question of ecclesiastical polity, rather than of heretical views and freedom of speech, that is at stake in the "Mitchell case," now stirring the Methodist world. The facts in this case may be briefly stated as follows: Dr. Hinckley G. Mitchell has been Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis in Boston University School of Theology for twenty-two years. This is a Methodist institution. The professors of the school are elected by the trustees for five-year terms, and when elected or re-elected must be approved by the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Five years ago the board showed some hesitation in confirming Professor Mitchell, and the vote was not unanimous. On the occasion of his re-election six months ago, the bishops were still divided. They unanimously adopted a resolution registering their opinion that "some of the statements of Professor Mitchell concerning the historic character of the early chapters of the book of Genesis seem to us unwarranted and objectionable, and as having a tendency to invalidate the authority of other portions of the Scriptures," and requesting the trustees of the school to take "proper action in the premises." It is understood that the "unwarranted and objectionable" statements referred to occur in Professor Mitchell's book, "The World Before Abraham." His views, however, are not generally regarded as radical, and, in reply to a direct query from the bishops in 1900, he has put himself on record as one who accepts the "divine authority" of the Old Testament and recognizes "a supernatural element manifested in miracles and prophecy." The real bone of contention, so far as can be judged, is not so much Professor Mitchell's interpretation of the Old Testament as it is his general attitude and that of the administrators of the school. It appears that the trustees instead of meeting the issue as presented by the bishops, and explaining or modifying the statements complained of, instituted on their own account an investigation into Professor Mitchell's orthodoxy; decided he was sound in the faith; and returned his nomination unmodified to the bishops, requesting his confirmation. The bishops thereupon refused, by a unanimous vote, to confirm the nomination. The trustees, on their side, have issued a statement warmly defending Professor Mitchell, on the ground that he has given "long and brilliant service" to the university, and that as a teacher of Hebrew he has "no superior in the English-speaking world." They also say: "His attitude toward modern biblical questions is by no means dogmatic. He seeks the truth, and he asks only such liberty in teaching as can rightfully be accorded to a man holding the essential doctrines of our Church—such liberty as was exercised by John Wesley, and has been exercised by our intellectual leaders ever since his day."

The "Mitchell case" has been widely dis-

cussed in papers of every denominational hue. Many incline toward Professor Mitchell's side of the controversy. Even the Methodist *Western Christian Advocate* (Cincinnati) expresses some doubt as to the wisdom of the bishops' action, which it suggests was rather flimsily based on "a *seeming* discrepancy between the teaching and other scriptural statements or our doctrinal standards." It adds: "As matters now stand, who knows whether not only Professor Mitchell but Professors Bowne, Sheldon, Terry, Rogers—not to enumerate the entire faculties of our theological schools—are all heterodox? We have heard of certain movements which broke down under the weight of their own absurdity." *Zion's Herald*, the Boston Methodist paper, taking a close-range view of the facts in dispute, lays stress on what it calls "the personal equation in Dr. Mitchell." According to this paper, "it was the personality of Professor Mitchell, ingenuous, hearty, frank and unrestrained, breaking out now and then in criticism of traditonal notions and of prominent officials in the church, that, notwithstanding his many other confessedly excellent qualities, produced a conviction with the bishops that he was not a safe teacher and guide for immature and undeveloped minds." *The Christian Advocate* (New York) sums up the whole matter thus:

HINCKLEY G. MITCHELL, D.D.
Late Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis in Boston University School of Theology.

"The defense of the bishops of their position is clear: They declined to confirm six months ago; they told the trustees *why* they declined to confirm; the trustees simply again asked them to confirm, and their statement to the bishops was of such a nature as to intensify the alarm of those who were most decided in their minds that Professor Mitchell ought not to remain. And having declared that a reasonable doubt existed they decided that they could not reopen the case. Professor Mitchell has been entirely cleared from heresy with respect to his belief in such doctrines of the church as he was examined upon. The bishops unanimously declined to consider him a heretic on those points."

The Boston *Congregationalist* regards the action of the bishops as "surprising and disappointing"; and the New York *Churchman* (Protestant Episcopal) makes the comment: "It is strange that men do not realize that blindfolding their own eyes will not put out the sun." In severer terms, the New York *Outlook* says:

"The bishops, to speak plainly, have yielded to an impulse of moral timidity; they have abridged the freedom of the scholar without courageously saying that free scholarship is dangerous; they have punished a candid teacher without clearly and frankly announcing in what particulars he has offended; they have attempted to stand as defenders of the faith without committing themselves to opposing any specific line of progress. A church has a perfect right to decide that in the schools it sustains and controls the pupils shall be informed that the earth is flat, and that any teacher who declares that the earth is round must be dismissed; if it should do so, it would be entitled to some respect, if not for its enlightenment, at least for its courage of conviction; but the Methodist Church, in this instance, has not openly and bravely stood for a traditional view; it has rather vaguely rebuked a man for the 'unwarranted and objectionable' method by which he has departed from a traditional view."

The New York *Independent* characterizes the action of the bishops as "amazing and puerile":

"They have forbidden a conservative scholar—for every Old Testament scholar knows that Professor Mitchell is what would now be called a conservative—to question 'the historic character of the early chapters of Genesis.' This is amazing and puerile. . . . It is a part of the business of such a professor as Dr. Mitchell to show his students how to reconcile their knowledge with their faith; and it should have been the business of the bishops to brush aside technicalities, and find a way to approve one of their most devout scholars. Instead they have done a sad injury to the church they ought to lead."

A ROMANCE OF THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY

A temple consecrated to the Religion of Humanity and to Auguste Comte, its founder, and especially dedicated to Clotilde de Vaux, the beautiful priestess of the cult, who was beloved by the famous philosopher, has been recently erected in Paris. This unique temple, located in the Rue Payenne, was built at the expense of a wealthy Englishman named Crampton, an enthusiastic adept of Comte's philosophy. In construction and plan it follows the ideas of the master with great fidelity. The chapel is designed with sober elegance and contains as its principal feature a large altar bearing a general resemblance to the altars of Roman Catholic churches. Surmounting this altar is the motto in Italian: "Virgin Mother, Daughter of Thy Son." Under this is the legend in French: "Country, Humanity, Family." Surmounting what closely resembles the tabernacle in a Roman Catholic church is a large bust of Auguste Comte by the sculptor, Etex, said to be a fine likeness of the philosopher in his maturity. In a large center panel dominating the altar, and by far the most striking feature of the temple, appears the portrait of Clotilde de Vaux holding in her arms a child and symbolizing humanity, according to the Comtean ideas. Though its suggestiveness of the Sistine Madonna is almost too obvious, it is not without artistic merit. The lateral walls contain the portraits of the following great men: Moses, Homer, Aristotle, Archimedes, Cæsar, St. Paul, Charlemagne, Dante, Gutenberg, Shakespeare, Descartes, Frederick the Great and Bichat. In addition there is a portrait of Hèloïse. Here and there are inscribed maxims such as "Do thy duty, come what may," and "Know thyself in order to improve thyself." The worship consists in ceremonies suggested by the different modern creeds. Naturally, Christianity has been drawn upon largely, and more especially that side of it which accords to woman so important a rôle. A summary of the doctrines and tenets of the creed is contained in "The Positivist Catechism, or General Exposition of the Universal Religion." The revolutionary character of Comte's conception is here seen at a glance. He abolishes the old calendar as Robespierre did, devising a new one of thirteen months. Each month consists of twenty-eight days. The new calendar starts from 1789, the year which is regarded by the founder as the beginning of the modern era. The cult comprises nine "sacraments." These mark the important periods of human life and are designated as follows: Presentation, which takes place at birth; Initiation (at fourteen years);

ALTAR OF THE TEMPLE OF HUMANITY
Recently unveiled in Paris.

Admission (twenty-one years); Destination (twenty-eight years); Marriage; Maturity (forty-two years); Retreat (sixty-three years); Transformation (at death); and Incorporation with the Great Being (seven years after death). The Universal Religion contains a numerous priesthood, whose principal function is education and the diffusion of the tenets of the sects.

A recent article in *Le Monde Moderne* (Paris), to which we are indebted for the above facts, gives a vivid account of the romantic friendship existing between Comte and Clotilde de Vaux, which is closely linked with the history of the Positive Philosophy, and which is discovered to have been one of the most interesting romances to be found in the annals of literature. Renan, in the course of his profound studies in religious history, has frequently called attention to the important influence which women have exerted upon the formation and development of new religions. A woman of extraordinary personality was destined to assume a rôle of the first importance in the religious movement which marked the final stages of Comte's philosophy. To Comte the appearance of this woman was like a new dawn after a life full of gloom and storm. To appreciate its full effect it is essential to recall an earlier period—the period of his ill-starred marriage. This marriage, which took place in 1826, while he was still a young man, was most unfortunate. It was, in his own words, "the sole grievous mistake of his whole life." Contracted against the wishes of his parents, it proved disastrous from the beginning. Madame Comte, though not lacking in intelligence, was a worldly and practical woman, incapable of appreciating or sympathizing with the genius of her husband. She complained bitterly of the modest surroundings of the philosopher and several times deserted him. In 1842 it was mutually agreed to separate forever, Comte stipulating to pay his wife a regular pension, an obligation which he kept faithfully, notwithstanding his slight resources. It is supposed that the mystical turn which was given to Comte's philosophy was due in some measure to the intense suffering and melancholy which resulted from the shipwreck of his married life. Other causes were contributory as well. Comte had been brought up in strict Roman Catholic traditions, and though he had entirely outlived his early beliefs, the moral and spiritual portion of the religion of his youth remained rooted strongly in his nature. But by far the most important factor in Comte's matured religious development was represented by the superior woman who came into his life at the critical moment and gave to his philosophy its needed human touch.

CLOTILDE DE VAUX

The woman that Auguste Comte exalted as "a sort of Madonna of the Religion of Humanity."

Clotilde de Vaux, the daughter of an old soldier of the empire, was a woman of remarkable beauty and superior intellectual attainments. Her domestic life was even more unfortunate than Comte's. Shortly after her marriage her husband deserted her, and she was left without resources. This epoch of her life left ineffaceable traces upon her character and health. Forced to gain a precarious living by her pen, the delicate woman had to suffer all sorts of indignity and even physical want. It was during this period of stress that she produced her novel, "Lucie," which Comte pronounced a work of rare literary merit. Colored deeply by her sad experiences and reflecting many traits of her character, this novel is regarded as a valuable human document by the adepts of the Religion of Humanity. From their first meeting this remarkable

woman exerted a strong influence upon Comte, who at once recognized in her a kindred spirit capable of appreciating his lofty ideas. Since his separation from his wife, he had buried himself in metaphysical speculation and, living the life of a Trappist, was painfully elaborating the system of philosophy which was to make him famous. Suddenly the vision of Clotilde burst upon his somber meditations and from that moment his conceptions were as though irradiated with a new light. He had already expressed this sentiment to a friend: "In order to become a perfect philosopher it was essential that I should experience a passion at once deep and pure, which would enable me adequately to appreciate the part which love plays in humanity." On another occasion he had said to his friend Valat: "You cannot imagine how strong the love of woman is in me."

The little that is known of the personal relations of Comte and Clotilde has been gleaned from the philosopher's correspondence. What is certain is that he conceived an ardent passion for this rare woman and that his love was returned. Several times he urged marriage, but always met a firm refusal. Her health had been seriously undermined by privation and suffering and she foresaw her approaching death. "Alas!" she says in one of her letters; "I cannot go beyond the limits of friendship; no one will ever appreciate you as I do, and no other will ever inspire in me what you have inspired; but the bitterness of the past is still with me and I was wrong in wishing to brave it."

She died soon after, leaving to Comte the ineffaceable memory of a pure and elevated love. Gradually that love, intensely human at at first, assumed a sacrosanct character, and Clotilde de Vaux became for Comte what Beatrice was to Dante. He reserved for her the foremost place in his new pantheon. She has become a sort of Madonna of the Religion of Humanity.

EDWIN MARKHAM ON THE POETRY OF JESUS.

"He was moved not only by the beauty of holiness but by the holiness of beauty." In this striking sentence, Edwin Markham pays tribute to Jesus as one of the world's great poets. The poetic soul, so runs Mr. Markham's train of thought, is forever haunted by "a divine beauty that broods over us, an ideal splendor that completes the real." Poetry expresses this beauty in words, religion in deeds; and "Jesus, the supreme religious genius of the world, carried the vision of the poet:

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

As interpreted by Mr. Markham, this light is the light of the ideal; this consecration is the consecration to the service of humanity; and this dream is the dream of the social federation of the world. He goes on to say (*Homiletic Review*, December):

"Jesus, like every great poet, was stung with the pain of genius, the passion for perfection, the yearning for the ideal. No wonder, then, that he was 'a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.' Out of the long collision between the is and the ought-to-be, between the world that exists and the world that awaits us in the future, springs that majestic sorrow, that noble reticence, that touches with its shadow all elevated and poetic natures.

"Upon Greece came the passion for beauty, upon Palestine the passion for righteousness. Jesus carried both ideals in his heart, for he saw the glory of the lilies in the furrow and also the perfidy of the oppressors who walk over graves. He was moved not only by the beauty of holiness, but also by the holiness of beauty."

Jesus preached artistically, continues Mr, Markham, as the true poet always preaches; he twined the truth with the beauty. "His message was flung forth in telling metaphor, vivid simile, pointed parable—the chief machinery of the poet. He unsouled himself in the poet's way because the poet's way is the natural and spontaneous utterance of the heart." Furthermore:

"Feeling ever the pity and terror of our existence—its sad perversity, its pathetic brevity, and its tremendous import—still his poet's heart took loving note of the beauty and wonder never wholly lost from these gray roads of men. He did not fail to note the wayward wind that bloweth where it listeth, the red evening sky that means fair weather, the cloud out of the west that brings the shower, the tempest in the sea, and the calm that follows after the storm. Nor did he overlook the birds of the air that feed on the Father's bounty in the open fields and lodge in the branches of the mustard-trees; nor the green grass that glories in the field to-day and to-morrow is cast into the oven. . . .

"Observe the poet's glance, the lyric utterance,

and the delicacy of feeling in the passages that make even the birds and the flowers upbraid us! 'Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. . . . And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' Who does not feel the idyllic charm of these words, their *naiveté* and sweetness of spirit?"

When he wished, Jesus could throw a romantic color over life, calling men to "poetic adventure in quest of the beautiful ideal." Again, he used an artistic severity of expression. "He is always intense," says Mr. Markham, "yet always restrained. He has no wasted word, no needless image, no riot of emotion, no efflorescence of oriental fancy. Dante does not have more severity of style." At times there was a note of "terrific majesty" in the utterances of Jesus. Mr. Markham says, in concluding:

"Jesus never touches the thought of the end of the world save with words colored with high poetic seriousness. In his parable of the sheep and the goats we have a dramatic compression of our earthly life into a brief spectacle of judgment. We see the two multitudes, one passing to the right hand and the other to the left hand of the King. Nothing in all poetry surpasses the dignity and humanity of this little drama."

POPULARIZING ADVANCED THEOLOGY IN GERMANY

Are critical and advanced theological teachings an esoteric wisdom, to be confined to the university lecture-rooms and to academic circles, or should they become the common property of the average man? This question has frequently come up for discussion in the religious world and has generally been disposed of, even by the radicals, with the statement that the church at large is not in a condition to understand and appreciate the new views, and hence that debates on their merits and demerits should be confined to those who are masters of the subject. But lately a marked change has become manifest among the radical theologians themselves. It is only two or three years since the *Christliche Welt*, of Marburg, the brilliantly edited weekly organ of advanced thought in Germany, declared emphatically that it was not its purpose, nor that of the school it represented, to bring the new views before the members of the church at large, as these were incompetent to pass on the matter; and the "Freunde der Christlichen Welt," consisting of associations of liberals among the professors, pastors and laymen all over Germany, have shown in their regular meetings what seemed but an academic interest in the radical theories proposed, and have expressly disclaimed any purpose of organizing a party of their own within the different state churches.

Now all this has been changed. Systematically and aggressively the advanced theologians have announced that they are setting out to conquer, and have begun a formal crusade with a view to popularizing their views. The boldest expression of this crusade is the publication of a series of popular works, issued at an almost nominal price, in which the newer views are expounded by its ablest representatives. This series is called "Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher" (Popular Religious Expositions on the Basis of the History of Religion), and its purpose is to explain the leading problems of Christianity in the light of the newest school of theology known as the "historico-religious." The editor of the series is Fr. Michael Schiele, of Marburg, and the publishers are Gebauer-Schwetschke, of Halle. Only a few issues have yet appeared, but fully three dozen prominent university theologians have promised to contribute. Of the works so far published, the most important is by Professor Bousset, of Göttingen, entitled "Jesus." It is a neat little volume of 103 pages, containing the sum and substance of the teaching of modern theology concerning Jesus, and sells for the small price of sixty pfennige (about 15 cents). These little books are printed in editions of 5,000 copies. Among the topics announced for the near future are the following: "The Religion of the Old Testament," "Faith and Morals," "Pictures from Church History."

Several causes have contributed to this change of front on the part of the advanced school. One of these is the fact that radical thinkers have been "ruled out" of the state churches on the ground that they no longer teach the fundamental doctrines found in the official confessions of the church. The brilliant Dr. Stöcker, formerly court preacher in Berlin, and probably the most influential pulpit

orator in Germany, has been the leader of the crusade against the advanced theologians. In his organ, the *Reformation,* he has frequently declared that honesty should compel advocates of the newer views to leave the historic churches, whose creed they no longer share, and organize churches of their own. Stöcker has also said that the conservatives would be willing to give them their share in the church properties. Not unnaturally, his views have been vigorously combated. Dr. Foerster, of Frankfort, has written in the *Chronik,* of Leipsic, and in a special brochure, giving reasons why advanced thinkers cannot and will not do as Stöcker proposes. Protestantism is capable of development, he maintains; modern theology is a legitimate development of the principles of the Lutheran Reformation, and advanced theologians are accordingly the lawful children of the great religious revival of the sixteenth century. The *Christliche Welt* takes similar ground, arguing that Luther, when correctly interpreted, stands with them and not with the orthodox.

Another series of brochures on modern theology seeking to popularize the newer views, is edited by Professor Weinel, of Jena, and published by Mohr, of Tübingen. It is entitled "Lebensfragen," and discusses such subjects as "The Resurrection of Christ," "Paul," [see following article, "Paul as Pictured in the New Theology"], "The Dogma of the Trinity," "The Religion of our Classics," "Naturalistic and Religious Philosophy," "Religion and Art," "Redemption," etc.

As a result of this radical propaganda, the conservatives are up in arms. They, too, have begun to issue a series of popular discussions intended to counteract the influence of the "Volksbücher." This new set is entitled "Streit- und Zeitfragen" (Leipsic, Deichert), and is edited by Professor Kropatscheck, of Breslau. It represents not a blind orthodoxy, but a positive type of evangelical thought that is willing to recognize the actual good that recent research has accomplished. The fact that all these sets are selling by the thousands and even tens of thousands, shows how deep the interest of the German people in religious problems is.

PAUL AS PICTURED IN THE NEW THEOLOGY.

Next to Jesus himself, the most discussed character in the New Testament is the apostle Paul. Did the great apostle of the Gentiles merely continue the teachings of the Nazarene, or did he introduce into the Christian system something radically new and foreign to the purposes of the Master? Such are the questions that continually vex the theological world. Many advanced German theologians set Paul's influence above that of Jesus, although Harnack and other eminent thinkers dissent from this view. The new school claims that not Christ, but Paul, is the real founder of Christianity as accepted by the church and handed down traditionally as "orthodox." In opposition to this claim is heard the cry, "Away from Paul and back again to Christ!" the original teachings of the Master being regarded as those of the first three gospels, with the express exclusion of the fourth.

One of the most brilliant of the younger protagonists of the new school, Dr. H. Weinel, now professor in Jena, has written a book* in which he gives us a picture of Paul in the light of modern criticism. How differently Jesus and Paul speak, he says. The former was the child of a small agricultural town, who grew up surrounded by fields of grain, meadows full of flowers and pasturing herds; the latter was the child of a mighty city, accustomed to the bustle of business streets and thoroughly acquainted with the clanking march of armed men, the gladiatorial shows and the theater. Jesus and Paul moved in two different worlds of thought and action, and this difference is reflected in what they taught. Jesus was a man who spoke boldly out of his own consciousness, and in the simplicity of his central truth that God is a Being of Love whom we can approach directly and without fear; while Christianity, as developed by Paul, is a complicated affair, full of dogmatic conceptions. The original disciples of Jesus only partially understood him; Paul made the religion of Jesus acceptable by adjusting it to the needs and wants of the Gentile world and by freeing it from its Jewish narrowness. Without this further development of their doctrines the Christians would prob-

*PAULUS. By H. Weinel. Paul Siebeck, Tübingen.

"AMONG THE LOWLY"

A recent work by Leon Lhermitte, the French painter, which has been acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

ably have shared the fate of many a Jewish sect. Paul became the organizer of the church as it went out on its mission conquering and to conquer, and he achieved success by effecting compromises between Christianity and the religious thought of his day. It may be a regrettable fact that Christianity won by such compromises, but its fate without this creative work of Paul would have been even more regrettable. However great the difference may be between Jesus and Paul, the latter is yet entitled to the distinction of having given the religion of Jesus that form in which it became the world-subduing faith.

Among the many additions which Paul made to original Christianity, continues Professor Weinel, some were in the nature of burdens that have been difficult to carry. Whatever may otherwise have been the characteristics of Paul's nature, he was certainly a shrewd and close thinker. He felt the necessity of formulating, in a systematic way, what he had inwardly experienced. When he came to deal with Christianity, he built on the basis of the philosophy and thought of his own times and used the means that rabbinical theology placed at his disposal. The outcome of this process was an artistic (*künstlerisch*) but, on account of the meager material, an inharmonious system of thought. Jesus had boldly directed the repentant sinner to God Himself, who would without any further conditions forgive his sins. Paul demanded that first the justice of God must be satisfied by the death of Jesus, and only then could the love of God become effective. What a strange thought! But Paul was compelled to find an answer to the question, Why, otherwise, should Jesus have died? For the fact that he did die and that the Messiah was compelled to enter into death was something so incomprehensible to him, and so offensive, that he felt himself compelled to justify these facts before the bar of his thought. In this way the ideas of an atonement-offering, of the atoning power of the blood of Christ, and of the justifying virtue of his sufferings and death, found their way into Christianity and became a burden to it through the centuries.

Are we to censure Paul for all this? asks the author. Are we to expect him to look upon Christ with the eyes of our own age, and shall we blame him for loading upon the cheerful religion of the Master the gloomy burden of his own theories? Certainly not. The Pauline stage represented a most important part of the development of Christianity as a world-religion, and Paul was the most important factor in this development.

In the supplement of the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung,* the views of Weinel are warmly welcomed as representing the fair results of historical and literary criticism applied to the early records of Christianity. At the same time it is held that we of to-day, knowing the exact facts, ought to return to the joyful declaration of God's love as originally proclaimed by Jesus himself.

MAETERLINCK'S CONCEPTION OF IMMORTALITY

If we cannot explain the simplest objects around us, if we know nothing of the beginning or the end of the flame that burns in the lamp on the table and that comes or goes at our pleasure—how can we hope to penetrate the profound mystery of a future life? Such, in effect, is the argument used by Maurice Maeterlinck, the noted essayist and dramatist, to illustrate his attitude toward the problem of immortality. That we live again he is confident; *how* we live again he thinks that we cannot know.

Three positions, as he points out (in *Harper's Magazine,* December), may reasonably be taken in regard to the question of immortality. We may hold that, after death, we are annihilated absolutely. Or we may contend that we live again with the same personality as that which we now possess. Or we may accept the hypothesis of an after-life with an enlarged and transformed consciousness. Dealing with these various theories, in the order mentioned, Maeterlinck brushes aside the first without discussion. "That the state of nothingness is impossible," he says; "that, after our death, all subsists in itself and nothing perishes: these are things that hardly interest us. The only point that touches us, in this eternal persistence, is the fate of that little part of our life which used to perceive phenomena during our existence." This statement leads to a consideration of the second theory, that of a continuance of individual consciousness. It is perfectly natural, Maeterlinck ad-

mits, that we should desire personal immortality. We cannot but feel that the possible beauty and splendor of any future life is as nothing to us if we lose our identity and the recollection of the life that now is. And yet, he asks, is not this an essentially "childish," or at least an "extraordinarily limited," conception? Are we wise in wishing to live for ever? Are we not like sick men who hug their ailments? To quote:

"Picture a blind man who is also paralyzed and deaf. He has been in this condition from his birth and has just attained his thirtieth year. What can the hours have embroidered on the imageless web of this poor life? The unhappy man must have gathered in the depths of his memory, for lack of other recollections, a few wretched sensations of heat and cold, of weariness and rest, of more or less keen physical sufferings, of hunger and thirst. It is probable that all human joys, all our ideal hopes and dreams of paradise, will be reduced for him to the confused sense of well-being that follows the allaying of a pain. This, then, is the only possible equipment of that consciousness and that ego. The intellect, having never been invoked from without, will sleep soundly, knowing nothing of itself. Nevertheless, the poor wretch will have his little life to which he will cling by bonds as narrow and as eager as the happiest of men. He will dread death; and the idea of entering into eternity without carrying with him the emotions and memories of his dark and silent sick-bed will plunge him into the same despair into which we are plunged by the thought of abandoning for the icy gloom of the tomb a life of glory, light, and love.

"Let us now suppose that a miracle suddenly quickens his eyes and ears and reveals to him, through the open window at the head of his bed, the dawn rising over the plain, the song of the birds in the trees, the murmuring of the wind in the leaves and of the water against its banks, the ringing of human voices among the morning hills. Let us suppose also that the same miracle, completing its work, restores to him the use of his limbs. He rises, stretches out his arms to that prodigy which as yet for him possesses neither reality nor a name: the light! He opens the door, staggers out amidst the effulgence, and his whole body dissolves in all these marvels. He enters upon an ineffable life, upon a sky of which no dream could have given him a foretaste; and, by a freak which is readily admissible in this sort of cure, health, when introducing him to this inconceivable and unintelligible existence, wipes out in him every memory of past days."

Maeterlinck is plainly out of sympathy with the conception of personal immortality, as ordinarily held. He asserts that it is "at bottom so narrow, so artless and so puerile that, whether for men or for plants and animals, one scarcely sees a means of finding a reasonable place for it in boundless space and infinite time." He adds his conviction that, of all our possible destinies, the preservation of the ego would be "the only one to be really dreaded," and that "annihilation pure and simple would be a thousand times preferable." There remains the third theory of an enlarged and transcendent consciousness, already referred to, and eloquently suggested in the passage above quoted. Are we not all conscious at times, asks Maeterlinck, of obscure traces of a "budding or atrophied sense"? Do we not know moments of pure unselfishness?

"Is it not also possible that the aimless joys of art, the calm and deep satisfaction into which we are plunged by the contemplation of a beautiful statue, of a perfect building, which does not belong to us, which we shall never see again, which arouses no sensual desire, which can be of no service to us: is it not possible that this satisfaction may be the pale glimmer of a different consciousness that filters through a cranny of our mnemonic consciousness? If we are unable to imagine that different consciousness, that is no reason to deny it. All our life would be spent in the midst of things which we could never have imagined, if our senses, instead of being given to us all together, had been granted to us one by one and from year to year. During childhood we did not suspect the existence of a whole world of passions, of love's frenzies and sorrows which excite 'grown-up people.' If, by chance, some garbled echo of those sounds reached our innocent and curious ears, we did not succeed in understanding what manner of fury or madness was thus seizing hold of our elders, and we promised ourselves, when the time came, to be more sensible, until the day when love, unexpectedly appearing, disturbed the centre of gravity of all our feelings and of most of our ideas. We see, therefore, that to imagine or not to imagine depends upon so little that we have no right to doubt the possibility of that which we cannot conceive."

We stand a much greater chance of lighting upon a fragment of truth by imagining the most unimaginable things, says Maeterlinck, than by "striving to lead the dreams of that imagination between the dikes of logic and of actual possibilities." He concludes:

"Let us say to ourselves that, among the possibilities which the universe still hides from us, one of the easiest to realize, one of the most palpable, the least ambitious and the least disconcerting, is certainly the possibility of a means of enjoying an existence much more spacious, lofty, perfect, durable, and secure than that which is offered to us by our actual consciousness. Admitting this possibility—and there are few as probable—the problem of our immortality is, in principle, solved. It is now a question of grasping or foreseeing its ways and, amid the circumstances that interest us most, of knowing what part of our intellectual and moral acquirements will pass into our eternal and universal life. This is not the work of to-day or to-morrow; but it would need no incredible miracle to make it the work of some other day."

THE DIVINE PURPOSE IN HISTORY.

The doctrine of the immanence of God has been called the great religious discovery of the nineteenth century. Its significance as a key to the interpretation of history and of daily life is ably indicated in a new volume* by Prof. Borden P. Bowne, of Boston University. Too often in the past, he declares, men have assumed that nature pursues her own course according to pre-established law, and that God is an "absentee." Thus the religious mind, in its search for God, has found that a false philosophy had removed him to an indefinite distance, and substituted a self-running "Nature" and a self-running "Humanity"; and there has been no recourse but to look for God in prodigies and disorder in general. Under such a misunderstanding, the professor argues, "the believer in God in history has sought for Him largely in strange and striking events, in historical crises, in marvelous coincidences, rather than in the orderly movement and progress of human life and society." The doctrine of the divine immanence "allows us to find God as present in the ordinary movements of life and society as in the strange and uninterpretable things." There is no objection, he adds, to finding God in prodigies, if there be such things, but it is far more important to find him in the normal activities of men and the unfoldings of history. "Prodigies are vanishing quantities in any case, in comparison with the historic life and development of humanity; and here alone does the divine presence have abiding significance." To quote further:

BORDEN P. BOWNE, LL.D.
Professor of Philosophy in Boston University.
He says: "If our daily bread came to us by raven express or by a great sheet let down from the skies, it would be no more divinely sent than it is when it comes through the springing grass, or the growing corn, or the ripening harvest."

*The Immanence of God. By Borden P. Bowne. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"A divine purpose, a moral development in humanity, is the essential meaning of God in history. This history is the unfolding and realization of the divine purpose. We cannot, indeed, trace this purpose in all the details of history, and when we begin to make specific interpretations, we are very apt to go astray. But the existence of such a purpose is a necessary implication of theistic faith. Sometimes the historical crisis is such, and the co-working of complex factors so marked, that we seem to be aware of a divinity that shapes our ends. Then we speak of a guiding or overruling Providence. But commonly life runs on in the familiar routine, and we seem left to our own judgment to find the way. At such times we have nothing to say of Providence. But it is clear that the only difference is that sometimes the divine purpose seems manifest, while at other times it is hidden. The purpose, however, is equally real and equally controlling at all times, though not equally manifest. Our eyes are holden in this matter mainly because of our deistic philosophy with its self-running nature and absentee God. If this philosophy were set aside, most of our difficulties would disappear of themselves."

The stereotyped form of objection to belief in a prodigy or miracle, the writer goes on to say, is based on the "suspicion that if we understood all the hidden connections of the event, we should find it to be natural, and hence undivine, after all." This objection vanishes when we accept the idea of divine immanence, for "then we come to a natural which roots in the supernatural, and a supernatural whose methods are natural." To this neither science nor religion has any objection.

Similarly, the objections to "special" creation, "special" providence, rest on a misconception. If there be any providence at all, says Professor Bowne, it must be special, "as a providence in general would be no providence at all. . . . Any real providence in our lives must specify itself into perfectly definite and special ordering of events, or it vanishes altogether. In this sense all providences are special providences, or they are nothing." He continues:

"Here again the divine immanence helps us If there be purpose in anything, there is purpose in everything. The creative plan must include all its details, and the immanent creative will must specifically realize all its special demands. Both philosophy and religion unite in this view. Philosophy shuts us up to it, and it is a postulate of religion. But both philosophy and religion also unite in rejecting a doctrine of special providence which implies that things go their own way for the most part, and that God now and then intervenes in a striking fashion for his favorites. On the view of the divine immanence, events are supernatural in their causality and natural in the order of their happenings; and a so-called special providence would be simply an event in which the divine purpose and causality, which are in all things, could be more clearly traced, or would more markedly appear, than in more familiar matters. But when we know that divine wisdom and love are in all things, we are less concerned about 'special interventions.'"

It will be a great step forward, the writer concludes, when religious thought is adjusted to this conception, "when we see the divine causality in all things and the naturalness of the divine working, and when instead of melodramatic irruptions from without we have orderly unfoldings from within along the lines of familiar law and influence." Further:

"If our daily bread came to us by raven express, or by a great sheet let down from the skies, it would be no more divinely sent than it is when it comes through the springing grass, or the growing corn, or the ripening harvest. Similarly, God works His will in history not apart from men, but through men and in partnership with them; and the work is no less divine on that account. An angel flying abroad through the skies to preach the everlasting gospel would amazingly tickle the spiritual groundling, but devoted men and women, speaking from heart to heart in our human speech of the good news of God, would be quite as divine and more effective. For if they hear not Moses and the prophets, they would not be persuaded though one rose from the dead."

ABBÉ FELIX KLEIN

Of the Catholic University of Paris; who lately visited our shores, and chronicles his impressions in a book that has been crowned by the French Academy.

A FRENCHMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF OUR RELIGIOUS LIFE.

The Abbé Felix Klein, of the Catholic University of Paris, recently visited our shores and set down his impressions in a volume entitled "Au Pays de la Vie Intense," which has already run through seven editions and has been crowned by the French Academy. He has now put the book within reach of American readers in an English translation,* and we have a chance to look at our country and its institutions through the eyes of a scholarly French priest. The abbé is friendly, and even flattering, in his tone. He devotes a great deal of space to religious subjects, and is especially impressed by our religious tolerance. Initiative and tolerance are the two great American qualities, he says; adding: "The courage to act and the wisdom to permit others to act,—what is more beautiful, and in our day more necessary, than this?" The abbé's opinions are strongly colored by his Roman Catholic sympathies, and in one place he goes so far as to say: "America, far from being, as we had been led to expect, a Protestant country in which the Catholic Church was respected, proved to be, in our opinion, a country half theistic and half Christian, in which Catholicism holds the highest place."

President Roosevelt and Bishop J. L. Spalding, of Peoria, Illinois, are taken as exemplars of the truest kind of American religion. To the former the author dedicates his book, by permission; the latter's works he is trans-

*In the Land of the Strenuous Life. By Abbé Felix Klein. A. C. McClurg & Co.

lating into French. The abbé thinks that President Roosevelt deserves to be described as "the militant Christian." He comments with approval on a characteristic address made by our Chief Executive before the Catholic Society of the Holy Name, founded for the suppression of blasphemy, and on felicitous words uttered by him at a great open-air gathering of Episcopalians. He is impressed by the fact that the President was fraternizing with Roman Catholic priests one day and with Anglican bishops the next. He says further:

"President Roosevelt is a complete man, in whom mind and muscle, soul and body, are harmoniously developed, the realized ideal of the nation to which he belongs; who by years of ranch-life turned an originally weak constitution into one of robust health; who in politics never hides his convictions; who in foreign affairs, perhaps like others, has exaggerated the rights of his own country; but who, if we judge him by his intentions and acts as a whole, regulates his conduct, as he says, by the motto of Lincoln: 'Do the best; but if you can't do the best, then do the best you can.'"

The abbé pays another enthusiastic tribute to Bishop Spalding, preluding his remarks with the statement: "American bishops are noted for their simplicity, and he is the simplest of them all."

"Bishop, orator, author, simple citizen, he goes about his work without ever caring for appearances; and thinks of what he ought to do, not what people may say of him. There is no more affectation in his mode of living than about his person. His dwelling, his speech, and his manner are those of an honest man, neither luxurious nor austere. It seems as if he considered external details not worth either magnifying or belittling. For him, the picture, not the frame, is of importance. During our week of intimacy I did not remark a single striking feature in connection with this great bishop. We lived in the little rectory, with his family of three priests belonging to the Cathedral. We took long drives in a buggy, and when we stopped to visit churches or convents, the prelate, more expert in the matter than I, tied our horse to the hitching-post himself; we enjoyed long chats after meals—and that was all. All? Yes, truly; but I sought no more; for those few days have left in my memory much light and peace. . . . I have met more competent specialists on many topics. But I doubt if there actually exists in the world another man with a better understanding of religious, social, and philosophic problems; and I do not know if there lives anywhere a more Christian thinker or a Christian who thinks more profoundly."

In surveying the general religious situation in this country, M. Klein confesses that he was surprised to find that one-half, or even more, of the people of the United States are nonsectarian, *i. e.*, belong to no religious denomination whatsoever. But of these he says: "Even the non-church-goers, for the most part, believe in God, and in the immortality of the soul; they sincerely take part in the prayers the nation offers up to God on certain solemn occasions; and, more than that, they love the Gospel, and what might be called their natural religion is always Christian in its outward manifestation." He remarks that during his sojourn in this country he "bought at random every kind of newspaper, without ever hearing or reading a word against religion." He comments further:

"But still the bald and disquieting fact remains, that in this great country one-half of the people are absolutely without any positive religion. . . .

"Will this state of things continue? Will it even grow worse?

"This is doubtless a serious problem; and those Americans who feel that they are in some way responsible for the nation's future realize it full well. To maintain at all costs the religious ideal, and the Christian standard above wealth, material well-being, and power,—this is the one thing chiefly insisted upon in their discourses by the leaders of American public opinion, by the most clear-sighted and eminent of her sons, like President Roosevelt or Bishop Spaulding."

From almost all his experiences in this country the abbé gathers spiritual fruits. Even a visit to Wall Street led indirectly to "clear testimony to a faith in other than material treasures":

"We visited the business section, inspected a few stores and newspaper offices, and then went to the new Stock Exchange. From the gallery overlooking the great floor of the Exchange, we witnessed a barbarous spectacle. They tell us that Paris and London and Berlin offer sights quite equal to this, and I will believe it if I must. I found the New York Exchange utterly beyond the possibilities of description; and fleeing away as fast as I could, I was fain to seek the seclusion of the neighboring cemetery, which, like a poetic little hamlet, encircles Trinity Church. Around this beautiful Gothic temple, very pure and sober in style, are grouped tombs a century and a half old. Stones hidden in the grass cover the ancestors of the great metropolis, and so reverently is their sleep guarded that not even the most tempting offers can induce the trustees of the church to surrender this holy ground. Yet every square foot of that domain represents a fortune. Thus to respect the pious purpose for which it was originally destined is, in my opinion, to give clear testimony to a faith in other than material treasures, and nobly to proclaim in the very midst of the temple of Mammon the sovereignty of the ideal."

Science and Discovery

EYE-STRAIN AS THE CAUSE OF THE VAGARIES OF GENIUS

Those vagaries of genius which the world has been taught to discern in the careers of Wagner, Nietzsche, Carlyle, De Quincey, Tschaikowsky and Turner were the direct result of eye-strain. There was no madness in the origin of their eccentricities. Similarly, eye-strain affords a key to the careers of Robert Browning, George Eliot, Herbert Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, Margaret Fuller, John Addington Symonds, Taine and innumerable others. In the light of the new ophthalmology, therefore, volumes of literary and art history must be rewritten. Thus the Berlin oculist, Liebreich, was certain that the peculiar character of Turner's pictures was due to his astigmatism. If Turner's pictures be viewed through proper astigmatic lenses, these paintings would appear as those of other painters with normal eyes. The musician, Tschaikowsky, was troubled all his life by sleeplessness, fatigue and depression, traceable to eye-strain and conditioning the products of his amazing genius. Why these truths have been completely missed and why the notion that genius is to madness near allied should persist are matters with which Dr. George M. Gould deals in a series of notable recent studies.* Here are the preliminary considerations involved:

"Dryden's famous couplet is a poor and untruthful variation of Aristotle's 'No excellent soul is exempt from a mixture of madness,' and of Seneca's 'No great genius is without a mixture of insanity.' The truth, the little truth, there may be in the sayings consists principally of three constituent errors: 1. The people who accept such a psychology of genius and insanity are themselves incapable of knowing or understanding in what genius or madness consists and view both as something alien. They are in no danger of illustrating either genius or insanity. 2. They may drive the genius into dementia by their stupid unrecognition and even hatred. 3. A genius may go mad because of eye-strain.

"Mrs. Carlyle, tortured for forty years by excruciating suffering, may, in the crisis of pain and the mystery of it, gaspingly demand a promise that if she goes mad she shall not be put in a madhouse. De Quincey may prevent pain and insanity by opium. Great alienists may assure Parkman he will soon be a maniac and may class Schopenhauer and Wagner as such. Wagner may live in fear of it and Nietzsche may be crushed into the horrible actuality of it. It all proves not the silly pathology of the proverb but the sin and the want of medical science. A simple or rather, speaking in optical terms, a compound pair of lenses would have absolutely prevented the entire tragedy in each case."

Ocular symptoms, ignored in a crude state of ophthalmological science, show to-day that De Quincey's life was one of intense ocular strain. One proof is, Dr. Gould tells us, that De Quincey kept an eye closed in the latter part of his life when he was reading or writing, and that eye is plainly divergent in his portrait. In the latter part of Wagner's life at least the left eye was turned upward and outward and the forehead wrinkled to keep the lid above the pupil. That demonstrates to Dr. Gould many years of previous suffering. Parkman's photophobia was his first and most constant symptom during life. He had also blepharitis and meibomian cysts. Pain in his eyes was as constant a symptom with Nietzsche as pain in the head and gastric trouble. The significances of such things in the careers of these great men are best illustrated, Dr. Gould points out, by a diagnosis or "biographic clinic," based upon an individual case. He gives many, that of De Quincey being typical. Having supplied appropriate extracts from the list of this writer's physical ailments as recorded in the biographies and letters, Dr. Gould diagnoses:

"Without a scrap of direct evidence as to the existence of eye-strain, a study of the clinical biography of De Quincey by a competent oculist should convince him that the mystery of De Quincey's life and disease, 'the key to the original cause,' as he puts it, of his suffering, was reflex ocular neurosis. Why then did his eyes not pain him and he suffer? It is one of the greatest of unutilized truths, long known, strangely ignored, that in the vast majority of cases of eye-strain the morbid results of the astigmatism, etc., are not felt in the eyes. It is perfectly explainable why this is so. The value of the eye so overtops that of almost any other organ that the reflex results of its unphysiologic function must be shunted anywhere except back to the eye itself. In women it goes to the head and the world is full of those tortured nearly every day of their life with head ache and sick head ache ('bilious' or nervous head aches). In many, and especially

*BIOGRAPHIC CLINICS. By George M. Gould, M.D. Three volumes. P. Blakiston's Son & Co.

DR. GEORGE M. GOULD

His researches in ophtalmology have revolutionized scientific conceptions of the pathology of genius.

in men working much with the eyes, the reflex is to the digestional organs, with 'indigestion' and 'liver derangements,' 'anorexia,' etc. The truth that eye-strain induces these functional gastric, intestinal and biliary disorders, can not much longer be ignored. When acted upon it will constitute one of the greatest advances in practical medicine that has ever been made. . . .

"We must not forget that in the days of De Quincey, Carlyle, etc., candles and rush lights were the common sources of artificial light. When even our wonderful best modern lights are by no means equal to daylight and are found taxing to weak and defective eyes, what must have been the degree of eye-strain in the days of candles?

"At about sixty-five De Quincey's eyes began troubling him. When accommodation had been entirely lost, the morbid reflex could not be shunted elsewhere and must be returned to the eyes themselves. He had 'pain,' which means, beyond question, inflammation of the external or visible parts of the eye. (Cataract and retinal inflammations are painless.) Stopping reading by candle light naturally relieved him. It returned worse than ever and affected the cornea ('all but blind') and sulphate of zinc was the excellent remedy used. This conjunctival trouble continued to the end of his life and in the last years most of the reading was done for him by others, reading aloud.

"As I have said, the trained oculist would not need direct evidence of ametropia, etc., to convince him of the subtle source of De Quincey's affliction. But as such positive evidence would aid in bringing conviction to the layman and to the ultra-conservative physician, he would welcome any such demonstration of the optical abnormality of this patient's eyes. Luckily, it exists and in a duplicate and mutually corroborative form. The first is the picture of De Quincey prefixed to the 'Life and Letters' (by Page) made from the portrait by Mr. James Archer, R. S. A. In this, as any ophthalmologist, or even any observant layman, can see, the eyes are divergent. In sitting for a portrait in which the eyes are not directed ('centred') upon the spectator, they naturally fall into a position of noninnervation, described as 'at rest,' 'fixed upon vacancy' or 'looking at an infinite distance.' . . .

"The truth was that De Quincey had what the American oculist calls 'exophoria' and the European names 'insufficiency of the interni.'"

It should also be noted, adds Dr. Gould, that the opium De Quincey took would produce myosis or narrowing of the pupil to a "pin point" diameter. This would also greatly aid him in shutting out the confusing rays or diffusion circles caused by astigmatism and would thus, in a way, make his vision better. Unconsciously this fact may also have aided in the addiction to the opium habit itself. Up to the age of about sixty-two he was able to preserve binocular vision, but at an expense to his nervous and digestional system which was essentially the cause of his opium habit and of all his suffering. At any time of his life a proper pair of spectacle lenses would have relieved De Quincey of his sufferings, would have enabled him to quit opium-taking and would have allowed him to pursue a far more wonderful literary career. And De Quincey's struggle to free himself from his opium habit was to a certain extent a scientific blunder. It was well that he relapsed into the habit at one period of the myopic astigmatism he suffered from.

In the case of Carlyle—whose indigestion is scorned by Dr. Gould as a blunder of diagnosis distorting to our whole view of the man—the painter of his portrait could not help carrying to the canvas the pained, exhausted look of eye-strain to be seen in all the later portraits of the sage of Chelsea. Carlyle's portrait reveals years of morbid ocular labor. That ocular labor gave the feeling of the rat gnawing at the pit of Carlyle's stomach. The acme of physical and intellectual suffering was in his case to supply a correct intellect, the product of eyes, with an optically morbid pair of eyes and compel them to work for sixty years against the demands of the laws of all past time. Carlyle's real disposition was sweet, mild, kind. Eye-strain—not indigestion—soured him:

"In some men the untoward conditions of cir-

cumstances, the ill health, the mental abnormalism, etc., may have little or no effect upon the quality of their literary labors. In others this may be subtly modified, and in others still the differences caused may be most profound. Carlyle, I think, is an example of the last class. Every work he brought forth is in almost every line modified by the direct result of the conditions of eye-strain while engaged upon it. The very choice of subjects is dictated by it."

The more sensitive the nature of a man, the more the reflex from eye-strain tends to be cerebral. The more resistant a man's nature, the more the reflex from eye-strain tends to be digestional. Carlyle and Huxley, therefore, would not have headache so much as dyspeptic symptoms. Robert Browning, on the other hand, had chiefly, though not solely, the cerebral type of reflex from eye-strain. He was cursed not with the temperament ascribed to him by biographers, but by reflex ocular neurosis. Like De Quincey, Carlyle, Darwin and Huxley, the poet Browning never suspected the cause of his life tragedy. Wagner had astigmatism, the key to his career. The whole course of Wagner's life crisis might have been deflected if ophthalmology had been in a stage sufficiently advanced to prescribe the right lenses—bifocals in his mature years. Each of several of Wagner's operas has over a million notes, the stems being, of course, at axis 90°, and the five ruled lines of the music paper at axis 180°. These notes were placed there by his hand governed by his astigmatic eyes! In the same way, Dr. Gould finds John Addington Symonds dying at fifty-three, a hero of erudition and literature, a martyr of medical indifference and ignorance. To quote:

"The principles had been scientifically stated for thirty years which, if put into practice, would have given him complete relief. Although many thousands have found that relief during the last twenty-five years, many other thousands are to-day needlessly suffering exactly as did Symonds. . . .

"The pity of it is all the greater if the tragedy was wholly unnecessary and obviable. For the patient it is, as Symonds himself wrote, 'the final sense of impotence to be effectual, most poignant, most crushing, most persuasive and yet unutterable.' The heart-rending outbreaks of sorrow and disappointment at his destiny are almost too poignant to reproduce. More than once he thought of suicide and once—at twenty-eight, note the age—he seriously contemplated it. He had thought deeply, perhaps too deeply, of his life problem, but his nonmedical mind could reach no nearer the little-great truth than 'it is the centre of the soul that ails.' Intellect, one must keep repeating, is the product of vision—physical or rather physiologic vision."

As regards the biographic clinic upon Symonds's life, declares Dr. Gould, the greatest medical interest may lie in the development of his pulmonary tuberculosis. Careful observation of the morbid conditions of many such patients has convinced Dr. Gould that the severe migraine of eye-strain is a potent and frequent source of this kind of infection. The symp-

From "Biographic Clinics," by Dr. George M. Gould.

PHOTOGRAPH OF TAINE SHOWING HIS STRABISMUS AND PTOSIS

"How easy it is at present to prevent in modern patients the entire list of evils which is evident in the case of Taine!"

Courtesy of Mess. Dent &; Co.

PORTRAIT OF RICHARD WAGNER REVEALING HOW HIS LEFT EYE TURNED OUT AND UPWARD

"This turning of the left eye upward and outward," writes Dr. George M. Gould in "Biographic Clinics," (Vol. II), "is, as oculists know, a result of ametropia and especially of astigmatism and anisometropia."

toms immediately preceding Symonds's death at fifty-three suggest the symptoms of Lewes and of George Eliot. Far otherwise was the accompaniment of the eye-strain that caused the tragedy of Taine's life:

"It is the old story repeated—the production or increase of myopia by uncorrected ametropia. That he was also astigmatic and anisometropic is beyond question from the fact of his most severe reflexes caused by the use of his eyes both to the eyes themselves and to the brain. . . .

"Towards the end of life there was paretic, almost paralytic ptosis or drooping of the lids, a somewhat frequent result of long continued eye-strain. In the right it is greater than in the left, showing the longer and more severe, but at last ineffectual, effort to keep the right eye in function. The entire expression of the eyes and neighboring structures speaks plainly of the struggle. 'His eyes showed a cast behind their spectacles,' says one who knew him in later life. The date at which the right eye gave up the attempt at binocular vision is not suggested in the life and letters. . . .

"Its exclusion from use marked the end of long and painful periods of effort which, while it lasted, produced great suffering and when completed would probably bring a decided, possibly an entire, measure of relief. How easy it is at present to prevent in modern patients the entire list of evils which is so evident in the case of Taine!"

Taine's eye-strain never apparently went so far as to imply that delusion, the insanity of genius. But in the great majority of cases there are the mental and physical agonies endured by Nietzsche until paralysis came to his rescue:

"One heartrending result of their exhaustion

was the desire or fear of death, or of worse than death, insanity. Darwin was always on the verge of despair and at one time in middle life made his will in view, as he thought, of approaching death. Carlyle often shuddered at the apparent uselessness and fatigue of life and the advisability of death. Wagner was constantly tempted to suicide and at one time seems to have resolved upon it. Whittier, Nietzsche, Wagner, all were convinced, in youth or mid-age, that their lives had been lived out and that nothing was left to do, at least no ability to do it. The peculiar nature of eye-strain, the rapidity with which it produces morbid reflexes and is relieved, explains the facts of the coexistence and alternation of exhaustion and irritation. They are mere aspects of one neural and psychic fact."

The explosion of the delusion that insanity and genius are allied is to be attributed, Dr. Gould tells us, to one of the greatest discoveries of recent years—astigmatism:

"Even up to the last years the diseases called biliousness, headache, dyspepsia, acute lithemia and by many other terms, were entirely misunderstood and treatment was in the highest degree unsatisfactory. But there was brought into practical use during the last quarter of the nineteenth century a discovery of as great medical importance as any made during the century and, so far as the relief of actual suffering is concerned, of far greater significance than any. Astigmatism, its influence upon the general health and character and the methods of correcting it, is the discovery of which we speak, and with the discovery the last great stronghold of the ancient and medieval superstition of the humoral pathology was taken. Whenever the symptoms of functional cerebral, mental and digestional disease, such as headache, dyspepsia, 'biliousness,' sick headache, migraine, neurasthenia, anemia, vertigo, insomnia, anorexia, constipation, eructation of gas, languor, ill temper, melancholia, etc., are temporary or acute and dependent upon well known excess or abnormalism in eating or drinking, the patient is more than stupid if he does not tell you of the fact. The vast majority of such cases, say at least ninety per cent., are not caused by dietary indiscretion or organic disease, and of these over ninety per cent. are reflex ocular neuroses, i.e., due to eye-strain."

MYSTERY OF THE GREAT ANTARCTIC ICE BARRIER

It was mainly for the purpose of solving the riddle of the great ice barrier of the Antarctic—a wall of ice about 470 miles long and on an average 150 feet high—that Captain Robert F. Scott, C. V. O., R. N., made his famous voyage toward the south pole in the *Discovery*, a full account of which he has just given to the world.* Captain Scott was instructed by the scientific societies financing his expedition to explore the ice barrier to its eastern extremity and to discover the land supposed to flank this barrier to the eastward or to ascertain that it does not exist, and generally to solve the very important physical and geographical problems connected with this remarkable ice formation. Sixty years before, as Captain Scott himself relates, Ross's triumphant voyage to these same regions had been abruptly terminated by a frowning cliff of ice, which he traced nearly four hundred miles to the east. Such a phenomenon was unique, and for sixty years it had been discussed and rediscussed, and many a theory had been built on the slender foundation of fact which alone the meager information concerning it could afford.

Yet the most important result of the expedition led by Captain Scott—so far as concerns the great ice barrier—was obtained almost by accident. Some thirteen and a half months after the establishment of a supply depot—established by carefully calculated alignment—a member of the expedition found to his astonishment that the alignment was no longer "on." There was a displacement of 608 yards. Thus was obtained an indication of movement in this great barrier of ice—a movement the comparative rapidity of which presents a problem for which he can conceive of no solution. The cause of it remains "a problem of extraordinary interest," and "shows that there are still conditions in the extreme south of which we have no knowledge."

Captain Scott's first view of the great ice barrier impressed him profoundly:

"The sea to the north lay clear and blue, save where it was dotted by snowy white icebergs. The barrier edge, in shadow, looked like a long narrowing black ribbon as it ran with slight windings to the eastern horizon. South of this line, to the southeast of our position, a vast plain extended indefinitely, whilst faint shadows on its blue-grey surface seemed to indicate some slight inequality in level. Further yet to the south the sun faced us and the plain was lost in the glitter of its reflection. It was an impressive sight and the very vastness of what lay at our feet seemed to add to our sense of its mystery. . . . As we steamed along this high ice wall

*THE VOYAGE OF THE DISCOVERY. By Captain Robert F. Scott, C. V. O., R. N. In two volumes. Charles Scribner's Sons.

on the afternoon of the 29th we had an indescribable sense of impending change. The constant differences which we had observed in the barrier outline during the past twenty-four hours seemed to us to indicate strongly the proximity of land, though probably none of us could have produced a very tangible argument to support this view. We all felt that the plot was thickening and we could not fail to be inspirited by the facts that we had not so far encountered the heavy pack ice which Ross reported in this region, and that consequently we were now sailing in an open sea into an unknown world.

"Many an eager face peered over the side, Now and then a more imaginative individual would find some grand discovery in the cloud forms that fringed the horizon, but even as he reported it in excited tones his image would fade and he would be forced to sink again into crestfallen silence.

"Meanwhile we were making comparatively rapid progress along the uniform high wall on our right. Perhaps the engines, as well as those in charge of them, were eager to find out what lay beyond. Our course lay well to the northward of east and the change came at eight in the evening, when suddenly the ice cliff turned to the east and, becoming more and more irregular, continued in that direction for about five miles, when it again turned sharply to the north.

"Into the deep bay thus formed we ran and as we approached the ice which lay ahead and to the eastward of us, we saw that it differed in character from anything we had yet seen. The ice foot descended to varying heights of ten or twenty feet above the water and behind it the snow surface rose in long undulating slopes to rounded ridges whose height we could only estimate. If any doubt remained in our minds that this was snow-covered land, a sounding of 100 fathoms quickly dispelled it. But what a land! On the swelling mounds of snow above us there was not one break, not a feature to give definition to the hazy outline. Instinctively one felt that such a scene as this was most perfectly devised to produce optical illusions in the explorer and to cause those errors into which we had found even experienced persons to be led. What could be the height of that misty summit? And what the distance of that shadowy undulation? Instruments provided no answer—we could but guess, and although guesses gave an average height of 800 or 900 feet to the visible horizon, one would have been little surprised to learn that the reality was half or double that amount."

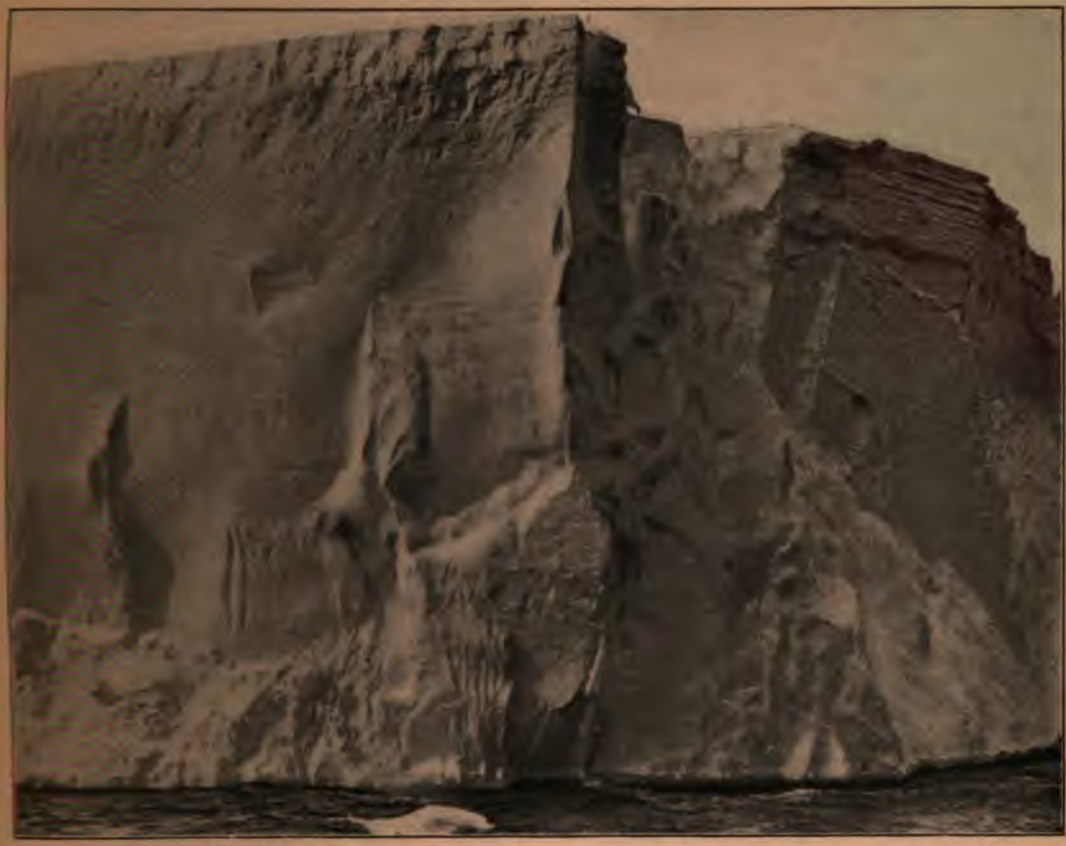
The time had now come to employ the balloon which was one of the prime factors in this part of the exploration. The honor of being the first aeronaut to make an ascent in the antarctic region belongs to Captain Scott. He went up five hundred feet and made very novel observations:

"Here the nature of the barrier surface towards the south could be seen well. South of the rising slope ahead of the ship I had expected to see a continuous level plain, but to my surprise found that the plain continued in a series of long undulations running approximately east and west, or parallel to the barrier edge; the first two undulations could be distinctly seen, each wave occupying a space of two or three miles, but beyond that the existence of further waves was only indicated by alternate light and shadow, growing fainter in the distance. In the far south a bank of cloud had all the appearance of high land, but such indications are now too well known not to be received with caution, and even as I looked through my glasses, faint changes in outline were perceptible. Far over the snow expanse a small

Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

A CLOSE VIEW OF THE GREAT ANTARCTIC ICE BARRIER

"What could be the height of that misty summit? And what the distance of that shadowy undulation? Instruments provided no answer—we could but guess."



Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

THE HIGHEST ICE WALL OF THE BARRIER BETWEEN MAN AND THE SOUTH POLE

"Instinctively one felt that such a scene as this was most perfectly devised to produce optical illusions in the explorer and to cause those errors into which we had found even experienced persons to be led."

black dot represented our sledge party. They must have been nearly eight miles away and their visibility shows how easily a contrast can be seen on the monotonous grey of the snow."

Nevertheless, Captain Scott confesses that he left the great ice barrier what he had found it—the grand mystery of the Antarctic. He goes no further than to say that it runs over four hundred miles east and west as a continuous cliff of ice. It comes to an abrupt termination where it attains that lonely island to which the name of Ross is given on the maps. And Captain Scott observes with the regret of the born but baffled explorer that "everywhere the explorer's ship is brought up by solid land or by some mighty wall resembling that of the great ice barrier. To pass beyond his ship, therefore, the explorer must either travel over land or over great and ancient snow fields which possess a similar surface. Judging from our present knowledge of the antarctic regions it is doubtful whether extensive journeys will ever be made over the sea ice."

But the scientific societies which defrayed the expenses of Captain Scott's daring journey are not at all daunted by the obstacle of the ice barrier. Already the interest of explorers has been enlisted in a new expedition. The plans of the enterprise have not been finally made. The present purpose is to secure the co-operation, if possible, of the leading governments of the world. The geographical section of the British Association has authorized the preparation of an elaborate report on the ice barrier. There is some dispute as to whether Captain Scott has understood the phenomena upon which he bases his opinion that the great ice barrier is in a state of motion. According to the Paris *Cosmos* the barrier could scarcely be in a state of motion if it reposes upon a continent.

FUTURE SOURCES OF POWER

Coal and natural oils and gases are essentially temporary resources in relation to man's ever-growing need of power and the world is within measurable distance of their supersession or extinction, thinks Dr. Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, Professor of Geology at Harvard. In his new book* he asserts, however, that, viewed as a whole, the forecast for the future of power, with the world peopled to its maximum of food-giving resources, is far from unfavorable. In fact, it is rather favorable. The falling waters, the winds, and the tides are great and permanent sources of supply from which the mind of man will be certain to win his needs for the period of his sojourn upon this planet:

"The largest share of solar energy which we have a chance to capture and turn to account in our arts is that embodied in the winds. There are as yet insufficient data for computing the quantity of this power that can possibly be won for our service, but it certainly amounts to very many times as much as is now won from all the other sources now utilized by man. This source of power was the first to be used—at the outset in the sails of boats—but it has as yet afforded little help in the arts. The winds have ground much corn and pumped a deal of water but, except in sails, they have not helped us much. The difficulty arises from the great variations in the speed of the air currents and the long periods in which the movement is so slight that they afford no effective power whatever, together with other periods when their speed is likely to be destructive to any machinery large enough to win much value in any state of their motion. It seems likely, however, that the method of the storage battery, with the cheapening of its cost and the increase of its efficiency, which may reasonably be expected in the near future, will enable us so to husband the energy afforded by windmills that they will serve for constant uses. It may also be possible to find a more direct way of utilizing this source of power by using the variable work of windmills in pumping water to a height whence it can be made to give a constant supply to water engines. As it is, this oldest servant of man is still among his useful helpers; the sails of mills and ships are together more numerous than any other machines by which he hitches his economic wagons to the stars and in time they are likely to yield more power than all other devices."

The next largest source of solar energy is that obtained from falling water:

"With the method of turning the energy of falling water into electricity and thence back to dynamic power it is now possible to send that force a hundred miles from the point where it is obtained and, with the improvements that are constantly making, it seems likely that the distance to which it way be conveyed will in time become practically unlimited. In no other case has the use of any source of power been so speedily extended. . . .

"Considered as a whole, the rivers of the earth promise, with the aid of the engineer, to afford far more dynamic help to the arts than all that now serves them. Moreover, this help will be from sources of continuous supply and not, like that from coal, in the way of speedy exhaustion. And, further, the full utilization of the streams as sources of power, because it involves the process of holding back the flood waters, will in a considerable measure aid in diminishing the speed with which the soil passes to the sea, while the water, after it has been used to turn the wheels, may, to a great extent, be made to serve the purposes of irrigation. The increase in the use of this source of energy will probably not continue to be very rapid until the supply of the fossil fuel approaches exhaustion; from that time on it will necessarily be speedy, until all this group of resources is completely applied to the arts."

The other source of power originating beyond the earth is the tide, produced mainly by the moon's attraction. The total energy involved in the tidal movement is so large that if all of it could be turned to the uses of man there would be a supply ample for the needs of all the hosts which the soil could sustain:

"Unfortunately, we can conceive of no convenient means whereby this power which the sun and moon expend upon the earth can in any great measure be applied to industries. The tide mill, which appears to have been designed in England some centuries ago and to have been brought to this country in the colonial period, is a simple device consisting of a dam with wheels so arranged that they are impelled by the water as it enters or leaves the embayed space. The energy thus attained may be very considerable; it would not be costly at many places to win a maximum of several thousand horse power. There is, however, the serious difficulty that the energy thus obtained is irregularly distributed, the maximum arising twice each day at mid-tide and falling to nothing four times each day at the time of low and high tide. There are yet other irregularities in the difference between spring and neap tides, as well as the daily alteration by about an hour of the maxima and minima of the risings. The result is that there have never been more than a few hundred tide mills at any one time in operation, and these have been limited to such uses as grinding corn. With the development of steam power, they have gradually passed out of service, so that it is doubtful if there be a score of them now in operation in North America. It is, however, possible that with the development of an efficient storage battery system the powers obtainable from the tides will be greatly increased. In the time, but a few centuries remote from the

*MAN AND THE EARTH. By Nathaniel Southgate Shaler. Fox, Duffield & Co.

present, when the need of replacing the power derived from fuel is great, the tide is pretty sure to afford a most valuable resource to all the countries about the northern parts of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans where the range is great and the sites for mills numerous."

Power obtained from the motion of sea waves will scarcely be used by man, thinks Professor Shaler, except in the last extremity. Nor is it any more probable that man will ever be able to derive power of any account by concentrating the sun's heat through lenses. The project of utilizing the central heat of the earth as a source of power is pronounced chimerical.

PROFESSOR VON BEHRING'S "CURE" FOR CONSUMPTION

It seems to be the fate of international medical congresses, observes the London *Lancet*, to be the occasion for pronouncements of startling or somewhat heterodox views by eminent bacteriologists. The latest of them emanates from that pathologist of world-wide reputation, "with a splendid record of past achievements," Professor von Behring. The fundamental conception of his method of warfare upon tuberculosis is stated by himself in highly technical terms, from which it appears that he claims to produce not an antitoxic or humoral immunity, but a cellular immunity, which is induced by a modified constituent of the tubercle bacillus. This process of immunization is accompanied by a change in the white cells of the blood and of the tissues in which they take their origin, by virtue of which these cells become apparently able to destroy the bacilli from which formerly they fled. With all due allowance for the reserve still maintained by Professor von Behring himself, Dr. C. W. Saleeby feels warranted in describing the situation as follows in the London *Outlook*:

"The change is determined by the absorption on the part of the white cells of a non-crystalline substance, or complex of substances, which is itself derived from tubercle bacilli. This remarkable substance, which von Behring calls TR, is none other than the ground-up bodies of tubercle bacilli whose fangs have been drawn; that is to say, whose poisons have previously been extracted. TR is not a living substance and therefore cannot reproduce itself in the body, but von Behring finds that it is able to give rise to certain peculiar formations which have long been familiar to the pathologist, and which have already been looked upon as, in all probability, defensive in character.

"A point of great practical importance arises in connection with the preparation of this substance which von Behring calls TR. By way of contrast, let us look first at the manner in which von Behring and his Japanese helper, Kitasato, have taught us to prepare the antitoxin which has already altered the whole aspect of diphtheria and has saved tens of thousands of lives. This substance is an antitoxin, as TR is not; it is an antitoxin because it is capable of uniting with and destroying the poisonous properties of the toxin of diphtheria. In brief, the mode of preparation is this: the bacillus of diphtheria is cultivated in a suitable medium, and the whole, in liquid form, is filtered. In the filtrate there is a quantity of the specific poison or toxin which has been produced by the bacilli. This is now injected into a vein of the horse—which never turns its head whilst the tiny operation is performed. In the horse's blood there is produced, after a time, a substance which neutralizes the toxin, and ultimately this is produced in such excess that, when a portion of the horse's blood is removed and is injected under the skin of a choking child, the toxin which is being produced by the diphtheria bacilli in the child's throat is neutralised and the child recovers. Death is now practically unknown amongst cases treated on the first day by this means."

The main point in all this for scientists is that the intervention of the horse (or some other animal) is necessary. Doubtless, the blood of a child who had recently recovered from diphtheria might serve the purpose as well; but at any rate the recovery of the patient treated by this means depends upon the efforts previously made by the tissues of some other patient. The case is different with the new process of immunization from tuberculosis:

"TR is not an antitoxin, and it does not even require to be elaborated by the tissues of an animal infected with tuberculosis. It is contained within the tubercle bacilli themselves; so, in all probability, is the diphtheria antitoxin potentially contained within the bodies of the diphtheria bacilli—but that is a long and difficult story. Apparently von Behring has been able to obtain TR from tubercle bacilli grown outside the body of any animal, and with this TR he has actually cured various animals suffering from tuberculosis. A large number of interesting questions present themselves. If, as everyone now believes, despite the opinion of Professor Koch, tuberculosis is essentially one and the same in all mammals, it ought to be possible to cure a tuberculosis cow by TR prepared from tubercle bacilli from the lungs of a consumptive man. Similarly, it ought to be possible to cure human

THE LATEST BACTERIOLOGIST WITH A CONSUMPTION CURE

Professor von Behring, the pathologist whose world-wide fame was won through his diphtheria antitoxin.

tuberculosis by TR prepared from bacilli of bovine origin. Doubtless von Behring will expect the best results to follow from the employment of TR obtained from bacilli of human origin. Indeed there is no reason, on paper, why it should not be possible some day to cure a consumptive by TR derived from bacilli obtained from his own sputum, and then cultivated profusely outside his body."

The attention of the London *Lancet* is drawn less to TR than to that modified constituent of the tubercle bacillus which Professor von Behring tentatively calls TC and which, when modified by the cellular activity, Professor von Behring refers to as TX. *The Lancet* says:

"He states that, in his opinion, in the process of immunisation of cattle against tuberculosis the TC is freed from other substances and exercises a specific action on the tissue cells, especially those of the germ centres of lymphoid organs. The TC is to be regarded as the cause on the one hand of the 'hypersensibility' to Koch's tuberculin, and on the other hand of the protective reaction against tuberculosis. Part of Professor von Behring's experiments have been directed to saving the organism the labour of elaborating the TC which he has been able to effect *in vitro;* in other words, to substitute a passive immunisation for an active one. He then goes on to state that as a result of his researches he is able to distinguish three groups of bacillary materials. First, a substance soluble in water which possesses a fermentative and catalytic action. This substance, which he refers to as TV, represents the toxic factor of Koch's tuberculin, but a gramme in the dried state is more powerfully toxic than a litre of Koch's tuberculin. Secondly, there is a globulin, called TGL, soluble in a 10 per cent. solution of sodium chloride. It also is toxic after the manner of Koch's tuberculin. Thirdly, there are several non-toxic substances which are soluble in alcohol, ether, and chloroform. The bacillus deprived of these three groups of bodies is referred to as the 'rest bacillus,' which retains the shape and staining reactions of the tubercle bacillus itself. By means of certain preparations, the nature of which Professor von Behring withholds, this 'rest bacillus' can be transformed into an amorphous substance which is capable of being absorbed by the lymphoid cells of certain animals, such as the guinea-pig, rabbit, sheep, goat, ox, and horse. This amorphous substance is elaborated and metamorphosed by the lymphoid cells of such animals and the cells then assume oxyphile or eosinophile characters and coincidently with this change the condition of immunity develops. A point of great importance is that the TC, although a non-living substance, is capable of producing tubercles which, however, neither caseate nor soften and correspond in all details to 'the tuberculous granulation' of Laennec. As already stated, Professor von Behring believes that the TC can be elaborated *in vitro* in such a manner as to be capable of utilisation in the treatment of human tuberculosis, but he does not propose to publish the therapeutic section of his work until the efficacy and innocuous nature of his new remedy have been established by clinicians. He also thinks that it is advisable that his experiments on animals should be controlled by observers in other laboratories, to some of whom he offers to supply his 'remedy' for that purpose. In conclusion, he draws a parallel between the present state of his researches and that of his work on diphtheria antitoxin, published in 1890, which was subsequently so triumphantly established."

In this he is quite justified, adds *The Lancet,* which concedes that the evidence of time in favor of the antitoxin treatment of diphtheria justifies the utmost confidence in Professor von Behring now:

"In the opinion of almost all those who have studied the question apart from preconceived bias the treatment of diphtheria by antitoxin has passed beyond the stage of doubt as to its efficacy to the position of an established and approved therapeutic method. Voices from among the medical profession in this country or abroad raised against it are few and far between and attract little attention. That this attitude of confidence is justifiable can scarcely be doubted, but it is possible to arrive at true conclusions on false premises and the opponents of all treatment by serums or preparations derived from living animals endeavor from time to time to cast doubt upon the value of antitoxin by challenging the arguments which are sometimes brought forward to support it, just as they endeavored to combat the use of vaccination against small-pox by enlarging upon the error formerly committed by some of its supporters in maintaining that the protection conferred by one inoculation lasted unimpaired throughout life."

THE MICROBE OF OLD AGE IN BIRDS, QUADRUPEDS AND MAN

The phenomena characteristic of old age depend upon the indirect action of microbes that accumulate in our digestive tube, according to a hypothesis brought forward by Prof. Elie Metchnikoff, the famous scientist of the Pasteur Institute. This hypothesis, Professor Metchnikoff adds, rests upon a great many well-established facts, although absolute proof can be supplied only by investigations carried on for long years. However, the professor brought together as many arguments as possible to substantiate his theory in a lecture delivered at Paris and recently made accessible to readers here through the enterprise of *The Scientific American*:

"If it is really intestinal microbes that are the cause of our senile atrophy, we must believe that the more the flora of the intestines is reduced the fewer manifestations of old age there will be.

"If we compare an old mammal with an old bird we are at once struck with the great difference in their external appearance. An old horse or an old dog can easily be recognized by its ugliness, its lazy movements, its worn teeth, its lusterless hair turned white on certain portions of the body. A dog of 12 to 15 years shows very markedly all these signs of senile decrepitude. Birds keep their age much better and longer than mammals do. An aged duck, more than 20 years old, is alert in its movements and does not show externally any sign of its advanced age. Parrots and parroquets also remain for long years in a very youthful state. A little parroquet from 15 to 19 years old, which I observed very closely for several years, manifested no signs whatever of old age. It was very lively and curious, interesting itself in all sorts of things about it, and its plumage was brilliant and richly colored. We have possessed for some years past a parroquet that, according to reliable information, must be from 70 to 75 years old. It is impossible to recognize its advanced age, so normal is its appearance and so easy are its movements."

The general rule is that birds have a much greater longevity than the large majority of mammals. An attendant circumstance is rendered significant in consequence:

"Birds are distinguished by having an intestinal flora very much poorer in microbes than that of mammals. Possessing no large intestine, birds lack that great reservoir for alimentary refuse which, in mammals, breeds an enormous quantity of all sorts of microbes. A very simple method of assuring ourselves of this consists in a microscopic examination directed toward ascertaining the comparative quantity of microbes contained in different parts of the digestive tube of a small mammal, a white mouse, for example. We find quite a large number in the stomach; very few in the upper portions of the small intestine. The lower part of the small intestine contains many microbes, but it is in the cæcum and the large intestine that are found quantities truly enormous. The examination of the digestive organs of a small bird, a canary for example, having the same weight as the mouse above mentioned, gives quite a different result. In canaries microbes are found, but in very small numbers. The stomach and the small intestine contain throughout their course only a few isolated specimens. The inferior portion of the intestinal tract contains a few more microbes, but their number is very far from being equal to that found in the mouse. The cæcum, that large reservoir for intestinal microbes in the mouse, is represented in the canary merely by two rudimentary *culs de sac* destitute of microbes. It is not astonishing that, under these conditions, the toxic effects derived from intestinal sources should be much less in the canary (and in birds in general) than in the mouse and most other animals. So we see that while the mouse is already old after a few years, and lives hardly five years at most, the canary is vigorous for a much longer period and may attain the age of 15 or even 20 years."

When we see that cold-blooded vertebrates, such as turtles and crocodiles, attain a very advanced age without showing any extensive signs of senility, we are tempted to ascribe this fact to the rather inactive life of those animals. As they do not have to maintain a high bodily temperature they take but little food and are not forced to expend much energy in procuring it. Birds have none of these advantages:

"They lead a very active and agitated life; in order to preserve their normal condition they must maintain a higher bodily temperature than is necessary for mammals, yet they attain a greater and more active old age than do mammals, even including man.

"Notwithstanding the great difference between the life of birds on the one hand and that of turtles and crocodiles on the other, these animals have this point in common, that in them the large intestine is very slightly developed, if not absent, and their intestinal flora is extremely scanty.

"In spite of the imperfect state of our knowledge at the present time, the mass of facts we have cited may well justify us in maintaining the hypothesis that the intestinal microbes play the part of one of the preponderant causes of that chronic malady, our old age."

Old age as ordinarily observed is not a natural state, we are likewise told. It is rather a chronic malady for which no real cure is at present available, but which can be stamped out in time.

THE NEWEST THEORY OF THE EVOLUTION OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM

Laplace's nebular hypothesis of the origin of our solar system, together with all variations of it, must be abandoned as untenable in the light of late investigations, asserts Dr. Forest Ray Moulton, Professor of Astronomy at the University of Chicago, writing in *The Astrophysical Journal*. The original theory as formulated by Laplace, and all theories based upon it subsequently, assumed that the planets have developed out of rings left off from a parent nebular mass. The inconsistency of this ring theory with known phenomena has been shown recently, however, by an appeal to the laws of dynamics. The ring theory must be given up. In its place Professor Moulton favors what has been termed the "planetesimal hypothesis," elaborated from a series of calculations by Prof. T. C. Chamberlain and himself. The outline of the planetesimal hypothesis is as follows:

"It is supposed that our system has developed from a spiral nebula, perhaps something like those spiral nebulæ which Keeler showed are many times more numerous than all other kinds together. The spiral nebula is supposed to have originated at a time when another sun passed very near our Sun. The dimensions of the nebula were maintained almost entirely by the orbital motions of the great number of small masses of which it was composed, and only a very little by gaseous expansion. It was never in a state of hydrodynamical equilibrium, and the loss of heat was not necessary for its development into planetary masses. The planets have been formed around primitive nuclei of considerable dimensions by the accretion of the vast amount of scattered material which was spread throughout the system.

"Such a spiral nebula as that described, having originated in such a way, will develop into a system having the following properties: The planets will all revolve in the same direction, and approximately (though perhaps not exactly) in the same plane; the sun will rotate in the same direction, and nearly in the same plane, and will have an equatorial acceleration; the more the planets grow by the accretion of scattered matter, the more nearly circular will their orbits become; the planets will rotate in the forward direction, and approximately (though perhaps not exactly) in the planes of their orbits; the more a planet grows by the accretion of scattered matter, the more rapidly will it rotate; the planetary nuclei may be attended originally by many satellite nuclei revolving in any direction, but the scattered material will tend to drive all those satellite nuclei down on to the primary nucleus which do not move forward in the general plane of the system; the scattered material develops and preserves circularity in the satellite orbits, if they revolve in the forward direction, but considerable eccentricity, if in the retrograde direction; a satellite may revolve more rapidly than its primary rotates; the system may contain many planetoids whose orbits are interlocked; the small planets will be cool and dense, and the large ones hot and rare; and the greater part of the moment of momentum of the system will belong to the planets."

In other words, the whole hypothesis fits the facts and on its mathematical side it responds to every test. Professor Moulton goes into the mathematics of the theme and finds the spiral theory, as he calls this "planetesimal hypothesis," a good working one. Nothing, he adds, has yet been found which seems seriously to question its validity. In conclusion:

"The spiral theory raises a whole series of new and very difficult questions in celestial mechanics. These are the immediate effects of the tidal forces which are developed by the near approach of two suns, the perturbations of the orbits of matter which has been ejected by one of them under a variety of conditions, and the secular evolution of the orbits of this ejected material. A large amount of labor will be required to carry the discussion of these questions to a successful conclusion.

"The spiral theory is fertile in suggesting new considerations for interpreting the immense variety of special phenomena of the system. It is not too much to expect that it may suggest new questions for observational investigation. It affords geologists new conceptions of the early history of the Earth. But perhaps its most interesting contribution is to our general philosophy of nature. Heretofore we have regarded the cosmical processes as forever aggregating matter into larger and still larger bodies, and dissipating energy more and more uniformly. Now we recognize important tendencies for the dispersion of matter. This idea has introduced an element of possible cyclical character in the evolution of the heavenly bodies, though the question of the source of the requisite energy is serious."

Organs of scientific thought have been cautious in committing themselves to these views. London *Nature* observes:

"The original spiral nebula is supposed to have been formed by the near approach of another star to the body which is now our sun. This exterior attraction set up tides in the solar matter, and, being continued, actually caused immense masses to be ejected and drawn out into the spiral form. On this assumption the spiral would emerge from the central nucleus in two directions, on opposite sides, and this is the form generally shown on photographs of such nebulæ."

Music and the Drama

AN UNPRECEDENTED MUSICAL SEASON

The opening of the musical season in New York has been attended by a distressing omen—the announcement that Edward MacDowell, our one composer of world rank, is prostrated by a sickness which has completely shattered his cerebral and nervous system, and from which he may never recover. This untoward event, feelingly referred to by the New York *Evening Post* as "one of the greatest tragedies that the musical world has ever known," is so far the single regrettable feature in connection with the winter's music. The season is one of unprecedented variety and prosperity. As Mr. Richard Aldrich, of the New York *Times,* puts it: "The plans already perfected assure more orchestral music, more choral music, more chamber music, more performances by visiting and local virtuosos, and more opera, than ever before." The list of visiting composers and conductors is especially imposing, including, as it does, the names of Humperdinck, d'Indy, Rachmaninoff, and several other of the most distinguished figures in European music. The grand opera season, which is to last seventeen weeks—two weeks longer than any previous season—has been signalized, at its outset, by noteworthy revivals of Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba" and Humperdinck's "Haensel and Gretel." In the field of symphonic music, no less than four orchestras of the first class can be heard in New York alone. Finally, the visiting virtuosos, headed by Raoul Pugno, the Italian-French pianist, and Kubelik, the Bohemian violinist, are legion.

Visiting Composers

It is not often that America has a chance to welcome composers of such eminence as those who visit our shores this winter. André Messager, the first to arrive, came to superintend the production of his comic opera, "Veronique," which ran for three hundred nights in London and has been favorably received in New York. He is a pupil of Saint-Saens. But while recognized as a talented musician, he is completely overshadowed by his distinguished countryman, Vincent d'Indy. D'Indy is a man of genius—"a unique figure not only in contemporary music, but in well-nigh the whole range of musical history," according to Edward Burlingame Hill, the Boston musical critic. To quote from the New York *Sun*:

> "Vincent d'Indy is the leader of the group of composers known as 'the younger Frenchmen,' men for the most part, followers and pupils of César Franck, who have sought to restore absolute music to its proper place in France. He, in common with most of the other members of this school, has always been a most ardent disciple of the art and theories of Richard Wagner. Now in his fifty-fourth year, he has a long list of compositions to his credit, embracing all forms of music, symphonic, chamber, operatic and lyric. Many of his compositions in the larger forms have been performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and his chamber music is rapidly coming to be well known in America. One of the founders of the Schola Cantorum of Paris, he is now a director of the institution and the professor of composition."

Engelbert Humperdinck, the composer of "Haensel and Gretel," is another ardent admirer of Richard Wagner. He assisted at the now historic Bayreuth festivals and gave music lessons to Wagner's son. "Haensel and Gretel" has been pronounced by authoritative critics the most inspired opera written since the death of Wagner. Humperdinck was at one time a musical critic in Frankfort. Now he lives in the Rhine country. His latest works are "The Forced Marriage," produced a few months ago under the direction of Richard Strauss; a "Moorish" symphony; and incidental music to "Königskinder," "Cinderella" and "The Merchant of Venice." One critic sums up Humperdinck thus: "He has managed to think as a child and to express his thoughts as a man." Another says: "Humperdinck is a musical Hans Andersen with occasional lapses into somebody else."

S. G. Rachmaninoff, who comes to us in the spring to present his own compositions, has been hailed as the successor of Tschaikowsky. This brilliant young Russian—he is but thirty years old—is at present conductor of the Imperial Opera at Moscow. Of his work Lawrence Gilman, the New York critic, writes in *The Review of Reviews* as follows:

> "A man whose temperament is both rich and impulsive, he is dramatic rather than contemplative, forthright and masterful rather than sensitive,—the temperament of Richard Strauss rather than of César Franck. He is young, and his

ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK

He came to the United States recently to supervise the production of his "Haensel and Gretel"—"the most inspired opera written since the death of Wagner"

youth is reflected in his art,—not in any immaturity, for that is not readily discoverable, but in exuberance, freshness of sentiment, and largeness of endeavor. Rachmaninoff has composed three operas,—'The Bohemians,' 'The Avaricious Knight' (based upon poems by Pushkin), and 'Francesca da Rimini;' a symphony; a tone-poem for orchestra, 'The Cliff;' a cantata, 'Spring,' for chorus and baritone; a 'Bohemian Caprice,' for orchestra; two piano concertos, two four-hand suites (one of which, re-scored for orchestra, will be conducted by Rachmaninoff on the occasion of his appearance with the Russian Symphony Orchestra), a piano trio, a 'cello sonata, a number of smaller works for piano, and numerous songs."

Felix Weingartner, of Munich, will return to the United States to preside over some of the concerts of the New York Symphony Society; and Sir Edward Elgar, the greatest living English composer, is announced as the conductor of the next Cincinnati Festival.

Grand Opera

On Monday evening, Nov. 20, the twenty-first season of grand opera at the Metropolitan Opera House, and the third under Heinrich Conried's management was initiated. "Fashion was there in all its gorgeous array," says *The Musical Courier* (New York), "and the scene resembled a vision in the 'Arabian Nights' more than it did an opera opening in the world's busiest commercial centre." Never has a season begun more auspiciously. More than $340,000, according to Mr. Conried's own statement, were netted on advance sales of tickets, exclusive of the amount paid by the box-holders for the use of their season's boxes. No wonder he has been given *carte blanche* to proceed along liberal lines in his new presentations. Five operas were produced during the first week: "La Gioconda," "The Queen of Sheba," "Haensel and Gretel" (under the composer's supervision), "Rigoletto" and "Tannhäuser." Neither "The Queen of Sheba" nor "Haensel and Gretel" has been heard in America for many years, and their revival at this time constitutes a musical event of more than ordinary importance.

Carl Goldmark's "Die Königin von Saba" was first presented in this country at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1885. It was the composer's earliest dramatic work and remains his most successful. "It reeks with Goldmark's Orientalism of style," says Mr. W. J. Henderson, of the New York *Sun*, "his lush instrumental colors and his Hebrew idioms." Mr. Henderson characterizes its motive as one "as old as human nature":

"It is the proposition of the man pledged to honorable and chaste union with a virtuous woman and led astray by a wanton. In this case the gentleman is the tenor of the opera, Assad, a favorite courtier of King Solomon. The virtuous maiden is Sulamith, the daughter of the High Priest of the Temple. The temptress is the Queen of Sheba, who is represented as a sort of Arabian Cleopatra, a serpent of the oasis with the heat of the blasting simoon in her veins."

The opera affords rich opportunities for scenic display, which were utilized to the utmost in the new production. Says the New York *Evening Post*:

"Mr. Conried's 'Queen of Sheba' is arrayed even more sumptuously than his 'Aïda,' and the Orientalism of the setting is more rampant. Whether it goes too far in brightness and contrasts of coloring, it is difficult to say, as Oriental eyes differ from ours, but certainly Europe has only two or three houses where an opera is ever placed on the stage with such multitudinous splendor, and it is difficult to say which is the more effective scene—the opening one in Solomon's palace, with an endless procession of the Queen's attendants and slaves bearing costly presents for Solomon, the marriage festivities in the temple, or the sand-storm and the solitary palm, swayed to the ground by the fierce blast."

"Haensel and Gretel" is said to be the most successful opera produced in Germany within a quarter of a century. It has been repeatedly given, with *éclat,* in London, Paris and Moscow. It is based, of course, on Grimm's famous fairy tale—the story of the wicked step-

mother, the babes in the wood, and the witch with the gingerbread palace, that has stirred the hearts of several generations of children. To quote again from *The Post*:

"All Europe has been enjoying and applauding Humperdinck's opera for years, and if New Yorkers have been less favored, this has been due chiefly to an ill-starred attempt to produce it, made ten years ago, which gave managers the impression that it did not appeal to American taste. The chief trouble, however, was that on that occasion this grand opera was not produced on a grand-opera scale and in a grand-opera *milieu*. Mr. Conried has mended all that; he has put the fairy opera on the stage with fairy-like splendor, has given it a satisfactory cast, and the attitude of Saturday's audience indicated that at

MARIE HALL

A great violinist who began her career as a harpist playing for bread in the streets of English towns

VINCENT D'INDY

The eminent French composer now visiting this country. "A unique figure not only in contemporary music, but in well-nigh the whole range of musical history"

last 'Hänsel and Gretel' will become, what it should have been long ago, a regular *'Repertoiro-per,'* as the Germans say. The audience was visibly moved by the beautiful things it saw and heard, and when the curtain closed on each of the three acts there were many calls for the singers and for Mr. Humperdinck, Mr. Conried, and Mr. Hertz."

The "stars" at the opera include most of the old favorites. Nordica, Sembrich and Eames are with us again. Caruso, that "prince of tenors," is duplicating his last year's successes; and Heinrich Knote, one of the most eminent living interpreters of Wagnerian *rôles,* has been tempted to cross the Atlantic once more. Of the new singers the most interesting is probably Marie Rappold, the wife of a Brooklyn doctor, who has studied under Oscar Saenger, of New York. Mr. Conried was so impressed by her singing at the Schiller festival in Brooklyn last year that he decided to try her in grand opera. She made her *début* in "The Queen of Sheba," and "it is many a long day," says Mr. Henderson, "since any *débutante* has received such cordial and sustained applause." "This American woman," adds a writer in *The Times,* "has proved that it is not necessary to have 'Made in Germany' stamped on a voice in order to make a success."

FRITZ STEINBACH

Of the Gürzenich Concerts and Conservatory of Music, Cologne.

WILHELM MENGELBERG

Of the Musikgebouw Orchestra, Amsterdam.

WASSILY SAFONOFF

Of the Imperial Russian Music Society, Moscow.

CONDUCTORS OF THIS SEASON'S SYMPHONIC MUSIC

For three years the Philharmonic Society has recruited its conductors from Europe. Wassily Safonoff, the Moscow conductor who has twice come to this country under its auspices, returns again this year. The other conductors invited are: Wilhelm Mengelberg, of the Musikgebouw Orchestra, Amsterdam; Max Fiedler, of the Philharmonic Society and Conservatory of Music, Hamburg; Dr. Ernest Kunwald, of the Opera House, Frankfort; and Fritz Steinbach, of the Gürzenich Concerts and Conservatory of Music, Cologne. Victor Herbert, the well-known American composer, is also a Philharmonic conductor this year. Mr. Mengelberg's work at the opening Philharmonic concert has been highly commended. He is a high-priest of the Strauss cult, and Strauss has proclaimed his admiration of him by dedicating to him his "Heldenleben." The Amsterdam conductor's reading of this work at the New York concert is declared to have been even more competent than that of Strauss himself. While in this country Mr. Mengelberg heard the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and expressed himself as delighted with its precision and intelligence under Wilhelm Gericke's *bâton*. The present season marks the end of the first quarter century in its history., and the twentieth year in which it has given concerts in New York.

Courtesy of The Review of Reviews.

S. G RACHMANINOFF

Conductor of the Imperial Opera at Moscow. He comes to us in the spring to present his own compositions.

A large measure of popular favor is also enjoyed by the concerts of the New York Symphony, under Walter Damrosch, and of the Russian Symphony, under Modest Altschuler. At the first concert given this season by the former organization, Mr. Damrosch produced Debussy's "L'Après-midi d'un Faune." "Debussy's increasing appeal to musicians of independent thought," says Mr. Gilman, in *Harper's Weekly*, "is not to be questioned; and it is in no insignificant part due to Mr. Dam-

DR. ERNEST KUNWALD

Of the Opera and Opera House Concerts, Frankfort.

VICTOR HERBERT

American composer, 'cellist and orchestral conductor.

MAX FIEDLER

Of the Philharmonic Society and Conservatory of Music, Hamburg.

rosch's activities." The Russian Symphony Society has made marvelous strides during the two years since its foundation. Started in Cooper Union by volunteer workers and with very slender resources, it now holds its concerts in Carnegie Hall and is engaging soloists of the first rank. Safonoff is lending it his influence and co-operation, and Miss Isabel Hapgood, the well-known translator of Tolstoy and Turgenieff, is its present secretary.

Among the other orchestras playing in New York may be mentioned: The People's Symphony Orchestra, an organization founded by Franz X. Arens to educate the masses in the appreciation of classical music; the Young People's Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Frank Damrosch; the Volpe Orchestra, designed to encourage young American soloists and composers; and Victor Herbert's popular orchestra, which has been holding Sunday evening concerts in the Majestic Theater.

VISITING VIRTUOSOS

Pugno, Reisenauer, Bauer, Arthur Rubinstein, Maud Powell, Kubelik, Marteau, Sauret, Otie Chew, Marie Hall, Edwin Grasse, Marie Nichols, Hugo Heermann, Alice Nielsen, Campanari, Bispham—these are but a few of the names of the pianists, violinists and singers who are thronging to our shores. Of the artists mentioned none has been greeted more cordially than Pugno, who pays us his third visit. "Pugno represents the mature artist in whom all the intellectual, emotional and musical forces are balanced in proper proportion," says *The Musical Courier* (New York). Kubelik is felt to have gained in artistic stature since his last appearance here. Marie Hall, a violinist who began her career as a harpist playing for bread in the streets of English towns, has

MARIE RAPPOLD

The wife of a Brooklyn doctor who has recently made a successful début in grand opera.

been warmly, but not enthusiastically received. Says the New York *Times*:

"Everything she does is crystal clear and finished; her intonation even in the most complicated passages is not often at fault. Her tone is large and fully at her command in all its lights and shades, and it has a quality of distinction that many players might envy her for. . . . What Miss Hall does not have and does not show in her playing is a deep musical feeling, the sense that there is in the music she is playing anything more important or more deep-seated and influential than the notes, the phrases. Of her intelligence there can be no doubt, and of her power to express anything that she feels there ought to be none."

Of the total effect conveyed by the multiplex attractions of the New York musical season, Mr. Edward Ziegler, a writer in *The World,* says:

"New York is not yet afflicted by so vast a number of smaller concerts as are Berlin and London, the hotbed of song and piano recitals; but it is rapidly reaching these numerical levels. From the humble beginning, when orchestral concerts were novelties, through the tentative period when Theodore Thomas did his share toward the education of the masses by performing classic works at popular concerts, New York's music-madness has grown with each season. The energetic type of New Yorker has hitherto strewn his ambition and force entirely along the path of mercantile attainments. Now, from the pinnacle of these he looks longingly at the artistic development of the foreign centres of civilization, and with the instinct of his wonderful race proceeds to emulate his foreign ideas, doing so on the same lavish scale that has stamped his other enterprises.

"For decades New York has been money-mad. Now, at the threshold of the most imposingly promising music season, it has turned music-mad. The malady of craving music that has taken staid Europe centuries to acquire, New York is catching with almost the furore of frenzy. But music madness is a sane, artistic malady."

SARAH BERNHARDT'S VISIT

Madame Sarah Bernhardt has fallen under the ban of clerical condemnation in Canada, and, according to press dispatches, received discourteous treatment at the hands of Quebec rowdies. In this country, however, she can hardly complain of lack of appreciation. From the day of her arrival until now she has been the recipient of the most enthusiastic tributes. Hurried across the continent from New York on a "Bernhardt special" to fill her first engagement in Chicago, she was greeted at the depot by "shrill French cheers, five hundred French hats thrown upward, five hundred pairs of French arms gesticulating," and in struggling to the hotel she distributed a bouquet of roses and carnations in single blossoms. "Sarah Bernhardt captured Chicago," according to the Chicago *Record-Herald*. The same paper adds: "In beginning her farewell American tour at the Grand Opera House the first actress of France and of the generation received a greeting from an audience as brilliant socially as it was large and cosmopolitan. Both French and English speaking residents of Chicago united in hailing the famous artiste—a proof that Bernhardt's genius is admired here as deeply as in her own Paris."

Madame Bernhardt plans an extended itinerary, and has refused to confirm the statement that this is her "farewell tour." She expects to go as far South as the City of Mexico, and may visit Cuba. Her present repertoire consists of ten plays: "La Sorcière," "Fedora," "La Dame aux Camelias," "La Femme de Claude," "Angelo" (by Victor Hugo), "Phèdre," "Magda," "La Tosca," "Sapho" and "Adrienne Lecouvreur." The first-named play, recently given in this country by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, was chosen for the opening night in Chicago. "'La Sorcière' is by no means the best that the genius of Sardou has given to the stage," remarks the Chicago *Tribune*, "but any one who sat beneath the spell of Madame Bernhardt's inimitable presentment will not deny that so long as she lives the play has a sufficient reason for being, and that it merits the interest and attention of the public." "Adrienne Lecouvreur," written by Sarah Bernhardt herself, she confesses she likes "best of all"; but the verdict of the American papers is rather unfavorable. In the opinion of the Chicago *Evening Post,* this play requires "the mantle of charity," and is "inconsequent and shaky in structure." The most favorable comment is evoked by "Camille." Of Madame Bernhardt's impersonation of this famous heroine, the creation of Alexandre Dumas, *fils, The Post* says:

"If Mme. Bernhardt has done more remarkable things in the course of her histrionic career, it is

not probable that her art has ever been seen to greater advantage than in her Marguerite Gautier of this farewell tour.

"The great charm of her work last night was its magnificent reserve. This is a significant comment to find oneself making on Barnhardt's art. Whatever its astonishing achievements have been, reserve in just the sense one found in her Marguerite last night has not been a very salient merit. She is, indeed, an artist of too high a rank not to have had, since her maturity, command of her emotional equipment. It is only the sensationalist of the cruder sort who loses that.

"But the high point, and even the distinguishing merit, of Bernhardt's art has been the melodramatic climax, given with such astonishing power and effect as to sweep her audience from its feet. A long series of Sardou plays, equipped with tremendous sensational scenes, has given Bernhardt easily the first place among players of her time as the exponent of the passions."

SARAH BERNHARDT AS ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR

"Her art remains as matchless as it long has been," says the Chicago *Tribune*. "She stands unique on the world's stage to-day, and to see her is to realize that great acting and great art still exist in the realm of the spoken drama."

Bernhardt's "Marguerite," declares *The Post*, is "one of those extraordinary achievements of histrionic genius which seems to pass out of the region of art into that of nature." It continues:

"Bernhardt's Marguerite to-day is not on the highest plane of dramatic art merely because the subject matter, the substance of the play, does not permit it. Cordelia, played with the same masterly perfection of method, the same sincerity of feeling and nice artistic taste, would have been.

"The consideration is important in any estimate of Mme. Bernhardt's place in the pantheon of the world's great actors. Is this Marguerite, with its wonderful perfection of detail, its subtle sympathetic vitality, its exquisite artistic reticences, an evidence that Bernhardt, under different conditions, might have reached a higher range of attainment than she has? Or is it the cooling effect of years that covers her art to-day as with a delicate silver haze, through which even the flame of her passion shows—dimly, but more beautifully?

"To-day her Marguerite is at its best; to-day, after a lifetime of the stage. During a generation wide changes have come to histrionic methods, as to the technique of the dramatist, and even as to the great innocent taste of the public. Yes, even to Sarah, who has taught a generation of emotional actresses all they know."

Reviewing Madame Bernhardt's work on her present tour, the Chicago *Tribune* also comes to the conclusion that, in spite of her sixty-one years, she is "more remarkable than ever." It says:

"Her art remains as matchless as it long has been. That voice, the like of which is not to be found elsewhere in the world, is just as marvelous as before in its ability to express every shade and variation of emotion, from the softest caress of love or sympathy to the fiercest outburst of anger or passionate invective. . . .

"But it is not alone the voice of Bernhardt that has remained unchanged since last she was seen here. Her grace is as matchless, her poses as exquisite in every line, her movements as faultless, her bearing as finely erect, and her facial expression as wonderfully varied, swift, and eloquent as they have been for years. Her temperament is just as great and responsive, and her intelligence as keen and unfailingly artistic as of yore. She still stands unique on the world's stage to-day, and to see her was to realize that great acting and great art still exist in the realm of the spoken drama."

NOTABLE PLAYS OF THE MONTH

Drama to suit every taste has been presented in this country during the past few weeks. Classicists have had a chance to see interpretations of Shakespeare by several different companies and an impersonation of a Schiller hero by Richard Mansfield (see CURRENT LITERATURE, December). Lovers of pure phantasy have welcomed J. M. Barrie's fairy play, "Peter Pan," which affords Maude Adams a winsome *rôle* and is being given in New York contemporaneously with the fairy opera, "Haensel and Gretel." Practical men have recognized in Charles Klein's new play, "The Lion and the Mouse," an attempt to dramatize the "trust question." Southern audiences have been offered a dramatic sensation in the shape of Thomas Dixon's "Clansman," a play which preaches the necessity of maintaining the absolute supremacy of the whites over the negroes. Playgoers who crave the "modern" and passionate note have found it in the art of Sarah Bernhardt (see article, "Sarah Bernhardt's Visit"), in Olga Nethersole's acting in "The Labyrinth," and in Oscar Wilde's "Salome."

"PETER PAN"

Readers of "The Little White Bird" know that Peter Pan is the Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up. In the book he lives in Kensington Gardens, London; in the play he inhabits a tropical island—the Never, Never, Never Land—to which he entices children. "Peter Pan" cannot be judged by the ordinary standards of the drama, says the New York *Outlook*. "It is a bit of pure phantasy by the writer who, since the death of Robert Louis Stevenson, has most truly kept the heart and mind of a child." To quote further from the same paper:

"Boys and girls of all ages will love it because it is a boy's-mind turned inside out and put on the stage. Everything in it happens precisely as is would happen in a world made by a healthy boy of imagination. All the best things come true; there is a real wonderland to which you actually fly; there you build a house precisely as you would in an actual country; there are Indians; above all, there are pirates as ferocious, as picturesquely wicked, and as full of malevolence to children as the pirates you used to dream of were; there is a fascinating crocodile who has swallowed a clock which ticks audibly; there is a lion whom you subdue by looking at him, and when he retreats you calmly cut off his tail; there are tremendous combats in which childish ingenuity and simplicity are more than a match for the brute force of grown men; there is a pirate ship which is a joy to the eye because it is precisely what a pirate ship ought to be, and the figures on it are as black, as menacing, and as gruesome as such figures ought to be—when they go overboard, the spray comes over the rail in the most deliciously realistic manner; and, last of all, there is an enchanting vision of the tops of the trees, of Peter Pan at home in the indestructible domain of childhood, surrounded by fairy lights. Hardened sinner, weary playgoer, ennuied society man and woman, disillusioned pursuer of money, however you may have gone astray, you come out of the theater rested and refreshed. For two hours you have believed in fairies. You have been a child again. And nothing, it may be said in passing, could be better for the average theater-goer than to be carried back to the faith, innocence, credulity, and joy of childhood."

The New York dailies comment in the same spirit. "Of all the plays of the season and of several seasons past," says *The Times,* "this has seemed the most worth seeing, the most worth doing." It adds:

"The little people of the Never-Never-Never-Land are children, and yet they are something more than children, and Peter Pan himself is a rare blend of the real and the supernatural. As a result his proper embodiment on the stage calls for most unusual qualities. It would be impossible to name any one who could meet the requirements as Maude Adams has done. Her frail, delicate personality has taken on, the last two or three years, just enough of the more material substance to make her Peter Pan in appearance exactly the being that Mr. Barrie has conceived. There is the lightness of Ariel in her movements, and the grace of Puck; half spirit and half human, she has the gossamer, fairylike freedom of the one and the human heart-throb of the other. Peter rides on the winds and is lifted above the earth on sylphlike wings, but he is never so far removed from the actual that he ceases to remember his human origin."

Mr. John Corbin, of *The Sun,* goes so far as to say: "In the whole range of English poetry and the English theatre there is but one man comparable in spiritual humor, in imaginative sympathy, to the author of 'Peter Pan,' and that is the author of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' Barrie, like Shakespeare, sees life with the inner eye, and has the gift of realizing his vision in the external material of the stage."

"THE LION AND THE MOUSE"

This play is by Charles Klein, who made a reputation for himself and afforded David Warfield the opportunity to make his in the

very successful "Auctioneer" and "Music Master." It has almost nothing in common, however, with these two earlier efforts. "The Lion and the Mouse" deals with the dominant power of money in American politics, and shows an honest judge pitted against a corrupt and unscrupulous millionaire. The story is thus summarized by the New York *Dramatic Mirror*:

MAUDE ADAMS

From a crayon drawing by Ernest Haskell.

"There is the lightness of Ariel in her movements, and the grace of Puck."

"John Burkett Ryder is supposed to be a composite photograph of various American 'masters of finance,' which leads one to infer that the author is not intimately acquainted with the many real flesh and blood multi-millionaires. He has a boundless desire for wealth—no mean avarice, but a love of the power to be gained through riches—a domineering will and an unscrupulous soul. Previous to the opening of the play he has compassed Judge Rossmore's financial ruin and professional disgrace to avenge himself for certain adverse decisions which the judge has rendered against the corporations. Shirley, the judge's daughter, has fallen in love with young Jefferson Ryder on the steamer returning from Europe before either of them is conscious of what has been happening in New York. She has written a novel in which, from the descriptions of his son, she has drawn a realistic picture of the 'magnate' not much more complimentary than Ida Tarbell's picture of John D. Rockefeller. John Ryder has already announced his son's engagement to the daughter of Senator Roberts without in the least consulting the young man's inclinations. Shirley Rossmore has written her book under the pseudonym of Green, and under this name appears at Ryder's house, he having been so impressed by her analytic prowess as to select her to compile his biography. The resulting situations with the two lovers under the same roof are as evident as they are humanly impossible. The little mouse beards the lion in his den as courageously as though she were a grizzly bear, but only wins his admiration by the outspoken audacity of her opinions on his life and moral code. Finally the old man, having discovered that Kate Roberts is going to elope with his aristocratic private secretary—'fourth groom of the bed chamber to the second son of England's queen'—offers to compromise if Jefferson will give up Miss Rossmore and marry Miss Green. Shirley declares her identity, admits that she has stolen certain letters that might help to prove the judge's innocence and pleads for her father. Ryder summarily orders her to leave his house in the morning. Then he sits up all night, consumes innumerable black cigars and conquers his own vanity. In the morning Shirley stoutly refuses to marry Jefferson or any other man with such a father. As the boy exclaims, with bitter humor, 'She objects to the family!' the father eats an immense slice of humble pie, announces that he will prevent the judge's unjust impeachment by the Senate, and the curtain falls in a glow of radiant happiness."

Critical comment on this play is, in the main, favorable. The New York *Times* thinks it will prove "one of the most talked-about plays of the season"; and the New York *Evening Post* says:

"In some respects, with all its crudity and arrant theatricalism, it is more like the great American play for which we have all been waiting so long than any piece that has been seen on the local stage for many years. In the first place, it deals directly, though very superficially, with one of the chief menaces to our modern civilization; in the second, it represents a genuine conflict of character and principles worked out to a sufficiently logical conclusion, and, finally, it is full of human interest and emotions, without the least suggestion or taint of illicit passion. A play that is at once purposeful, vigorous, and clean is uncommonly welcome."

"THE CLANSMAN"

Here is another play dealing with a "live" question. It is a dramatization made by Thomas Dixon, Jr., of his own novels, "The Clansman" and "The Leopard's Spots." In four acts, with five scenes, he attempts to depict the conditions in South Carolina during the period of reconstruction, making the Ku-Klux Klan the central figure, and illustrating the consequence of the domination of the black man over the white. "The negro must be kept in his place," is the moral of the play; and Mr. Dixon propounds his argument with the same kind of frankness as that which distinguished Harriet Beecher Stowe's championship of the negro cause in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." According to a Charleston (S. C.) correspondent of the New York *Evening Post,* "The Clansman" is not a play at all. "It is a deliberate, well-matured harangue to the white people of the Southern States by a man who believes that the coercive powers of the regnant race are not yet sufficiently strong; that the white man is not sufficiently aware of the menace of the great submerged class; that the danger of a reassertion of strength by that submerged class, followed by another terrible storm such as accompanied the Reconstruction, is real—is imminent." The same writer says further:

"Rarely has been made such an appeal to sectional feeling and race prejudice in the Southern States as that which, starting from Richmond a short time since, is now on its way through the larger cities of what is called, in discussing the race problem, 'the black belt.' . . . As a potent factor in determining the future treatment of the gravest problem with which the country has to concern itself, and as a means of sowing the seed of revulsion for the black man, the play cannot well be ignored. Already a half-dozen cities have seen 'The Clansman'; already 'The Clansman' is almost the sole subject of conversation in every Southern home where the news of its presentation has come."

The Southern press is flooded with letters discussing this remarkable play, and several newspapers make editorial comment. Mr. Dixon's most prominent supporter is Senator Tillman. The Charleston *News and Courier* is lukewarm in defense of the play. The Columbia *State* condemns it bitterly. The Augusta *Chronicle* comments:

"We do not say we fear it, because we believe the intelligence and morality of the South is already having an influence against this great evil, but if an epidemic of lynchings should follow in the wake of 'The Clansman,' Thomas Dixon should be made to answer for it to his God, if not to his fellow countrymen."

"THE LABYRINTH"

Paul Hervieu's play, "Le Dédale," has been translated into English by W. L. Courtney, editor of *The Fortnightly Review.* It scored a pronounced success when given at the Théâtre Français, and has been chosen by Olga Nethersole as the latest vehicle for her talents. The first American performance was given at the New National Theater in Washington, under the patronage of the French and British embassies. Like many of the modern French plays, it deals with the divorce problem. Hervieu endeavors in this play to show "nature's argument against divorce when there are children of a marriage." The plot is given by the New York *Sun* as follows:

"The Labyrinth of the title refers to the devious path trodden by a divorced woman who has married a second husband. It leads her, in a moment of weakness, back to the bed of her first husband while the second is still living. As Hervieu conceives the case, this is no mere lawless wandering of the feminine heart, but the natural and logical outcome of essential human nature.

"For in this domestic grand right and left the role of Sir Pandarus of Troy is played all unconsciously by the child. While on a visit to his father he has fallen ill, and his mother comes to nurse him. Living side by side with her first husband over the sick bed, she realizes the strength and the sanctity of the bond of parenthood, and learns what she has not before suspected—that if she had acted less harshly toward her husband in his lapse from rectitude he was ready to return to her repentant. . . .

"The last act is both logical and melodramatic. The two men encounter and hurl themselves over a cliff, while the wife lives on with her child."

"The Labyrinth" draws varying verdicts from the critics. The Washington *Star* thinks that it deals with an "unfortunate" topic, and

adds: "It descends to the level of petty scandal. It goes far beyond 'Sapho' in prurient suggestion and falls far short of it in artistic appeal." On the other hand, the Chicago *Evening Post* speaks with enthusiasm of Miss Nethersole's "notable presentation of a notable play":

"In 'The Labyrinth' Miss Nethersole emerges from the mire of hectic Cypriennes it has been her wont to portray heretofore, and personates a woman of class, a woman possessing the moral attributes of the best of her sex—a good woman who falls a sacrifice to 'nature's argument.' To do this her marvelous emotional powers are repressed, but not weakened, and instead of the looked-for shrieks of the virago and the passions torn to tatters, we have the tense, quiet and cogent forces in the strong woman doing battle with nature against piteous odds. Scarcely once during her performance last evening was Miss Nethersole's voice lifted, and yet her powers never made her so much the absolute mistress of her audience. A wonder-work of art is Miss Nethersole's portrayal of Marianne in 'The Labyrinth.'"

"SALOME"

"Salome" recently ran for a week at the Berkeley Lyceum, New York, with Mercedes Leigh in the title *rôle* and the Progressive Stage Society as sponsor. The performances were inadequate, but even so were notable. For "Salome," as the New York *World* points out, is "a literary masterpiece"—intense in its dramatic feeling and embroidered with marvelous imagery. It was written by Oscar Wilde in French before the days of his disgrace and imprisonment. It has been performed in Paris and London, and is well known to German theater-goers. Richard Strauss's new opera, "Salome," just produced in Dresden, was suggested to the composer after witnessing a performance of the play in Berlin. The story follows the biblical narrative only in part. Salome is represented as the unhappy daughter of a wanton woman, Herodias. Herod and his spouse are living oppressed by a sense of guilt. Outside the palace walls John the Baptist, imprisoned in a cistern, lifts up his voice ever and anon in prophetic warning and solemn denunciations. Salome, fleeing from the corrupt atmosphere of the court, is held enthralled by the words of the prophet. She commands that he be brought to her that she may look upon him, and when he appears, she who has never loved falls passionately in love with this Christly figure. She follows him, comparing his body to ivory, his hair to black grapes, his mouth to a pomegranate cleft in twain. He spurns her with words that burn as scorpions of fire. Gradually her rejected love turns into bitterest hatred, and when Herod asks her to dance for him, promising her the half of his kingdom, she complies in order that she may have the head of John the Baptist on a charger and may "kiss his lips." As she accomplishes her purpose, Herod orders his soldiers to crush her to death with their shields.

Many of the New York critics severely condemn the play. Mr. William Winter, of *The Tribune*, makes the comment: "It is notable that all these 'progressive' movements take the direction of muck"; and *The Globe* thinks that "Salome" is the expression of "morbid emotion, unwholesome and revolting ideas."

CRITICISM OF THE PROPOSED "NATIONAL THEATER"

The recent announcement of a project to erect a magnificent "National Theater," facing Central Park in New York, as a temple of art to be conducted on the social scale of grand opera, has aroused a surprising amount of hostile criticism. Richard Mansfield, our leading actor, thinks that unless the scope of the enterprise is broadened, it may prove "a delusion and a snare"; and the National Art Theatre Society, an organization of some three thousand members, which has been working for several years to bring about the establishment of a great public institution devoted to the "national art of the theatre," has issued, through its president, Mr. J. I. C. Clarke, a statement expressing distrust of this new scheme and intimating that the backers of it represent the "financial force" but not the "art life" of the metropolis. These backers are known to include Mr. Clarence Mackay, Mr. Henry Morgenthau, Mr. James Speyer, Mr. James Stillman and Mr. Daniel Guggenheim; and Heinrich Conried, the present director of the Metropolitan Opera House, is to be in charge of the proposed theater. Capital to the amount of $3,000,000 has already been subscribed, and a committee of women, "all leaders in New York society," is to be entrusted with the duty of exercising a social censorship in accepting or rejecting applica-

tions for boxes. Performances of classic and contemporary drama, and of a high class of comic opera, will be given. The following additional details in regard to the theater have been furnished by Mr. Conried in a newspaper interview:

"The plans are not drawn, but they are to be for a building so small that a whisper may be heard in it, and so large that it may contain a great audience. There are to be thirty boxes in a horseshoe, bought in perpetuity by thirty persons. There are to be six hundred seats at 25 cents each for students. There are to be subscriptions at $20 for an entire series of plays. The first season is to be of ten plays in thirty weeks. It is to be called the National Theatre because it is to be a national educator, like the Comédie Française. In France and in Germany the mission of the theatre, like that of the school and the church, is to educate. The theatre amuses while it educates. Here a theatre really national, paid for by the government, is impossible. In my lectures about the National Theatre I asked for thirty subscribers. . . . I had no difficulty about money. But the subscribers were to be thirty box holders, and I wanted them to like one another. I didn't want Mrs. H. to say to me, 'Mrs. Y. is not of my set, and my place is not to be near hers.' A committee is to be appointed as soon as the Metropolitan Opera House's stockholders all return to the city. This committee is to select the thirty persons that are to pay each one $100,000, to be boxholders in perpetuity."

Richard Mansfield's attitude is evidently inspired by his lack of sympathy with the alleged oligarchic and "exclusive" basis of the new venture. He would have the director of such a "national" playhouse elected by the people, and suggests the appointment of a literary board comprising the best minds of the country and including the presidents of the universities. He says (as reported by the New York *Times*):

"The financial side of the enterprise should be in the hands of a board of trustees, appointed in the first place by the founders and thereafter by the Presidents of the universities. The director, or acting chief, should be elected by the people, and after the literary board has decided upon the plays to be produced each season, his decision in all matters appertaining to their production should be final.

"The members of the acting company should be elected by the literary board. Any actor (or actress) remaining an active member of the National Theatre until retirement should be entitled to a pension from the National Theatre Fund. All performances given by the National Theatre should go to the fund. The National Theatre should be established not only in New York, but in Chicago. Half the season should be devoted to the East and half to the West. A library should be established in connection with the theatre, and a theatrical college for the study of the drama, literary and acting.

"These are my views concerning a National Theatre, and in my opinion anything short of this would be a delusion and a snare and would not be accepted by the American people as a National Theatre."

The manifesto issued by the National Art Theatre Society emphasizes a number of points of difference between its own ideals and those of Mr. Conried. The new enterprise, it points out, is to take legal form as "a private corporation, operating for profit," and while "this feature is not to be quarreled with, where so many theaters are built every year without any pretense of serving artistic or social purposes," it is "not the sign of a National Theatre." The plan to give comic opera, as well as classic drama, is characterized as "undignified and inexpedient," and the fear is expressed that, under Mr. Conried's management, foreign influences will dominate, and the American playwright will only be able to look for "a frosty and occasional welcome." The document closes:

"The National Art Theatre Society welcomes this evidence that its spirit is abroad.

"It would not publish anything to deter or impede an effort toward building a playhouse which offers some prospect of an approach to its ideals, but it would seriously and insistently ask all those who may be concerned in furnishing the funds for it, to see if it is not possible frankly and fully to broaden the scheme to really 'national' dimensions.

"If that were done, and it became the enterprise of the people at large, as well as one of the parade grounds of fashionable life; if it were placed under a government that reflected the art life as well as the financial force of our great city, it would enlist every American lover of the dramatic art in its service."

Press comment in various parts of the country reveals a spirit of marked antagonism. The Kansas City *Journal* objects to the title, "National Theatre," on the ground that the proposed institution "will be the furthest thing imaginable from a national theatre, which name implies a place of popular interest and attendance." The Chicago *Evening Post* declares that "Chicago does not envy New York her $3,000,000 temple of snobbishness;" and the Louisville *Courier-Journal* says: "It is to be concluded that the throne of art shall be a home of snobbishness. It is to offer the *nouveaux riches* one more place where, laden with diamonds, flashy and ill-mannered, they may make a coarse display and offend all considerations of refined breeding. Hence, for every inch it promotes dramatic art in America it will advance silliness, false pride and vulgarity an ell." The New York *Evening Post* comments:

"The new scheme is, we fear, more magnificent than practical. That the three-million-dollar house will give distinction to its neighborhood and satisfaction to its patrons, may be regarded as certain; that it may offer some notable representations is by no means improbable; but that it will immediately and directly raise the national standard of drama, or hasten the looked-for revival, only the most sanguine of enthusiasts will believe."

The dramatic papers are more friendly. The New York *Dramatic Mirror* thinks that such a theater as is proposed would "easily and quickly dominate the society notion that gave it birth," and "might well become the pride of the whole country." *The Theatre Magazine* (New York) says:

"The new National Theatre probably will not be more successful in finding good new plays than are the speculative managers, but at least it will do what the speculative manager does not do—it will give us adequate performances of the classic and standard plays, so that the growing generation, the men and women of to-morrow, may have an opportunity of seeing well acted the dramatic masterpieces of all lands. In this lies the real value of the proposed theatre—not in the fact that it will be the most expensive and probably the most beautiful playhouse in America, if not in the world, and that society—which really cares as much about educating the drama as it does about educating the naked Hottentot—will make it the resort of wealth and fashion. And so potent and far reaching will be this educational influence of the splendid new playhouse that indirectly it will affect all our other theatres. It will improve plays and acting everywhere."

THE APOSTLE—BAHR'S POLITICAL DRAMA

"The Apostle," by Hermann Bahr, an Austrian playwright and dramatic critic of extraordinary power and brilliancy, deals with a theme somewhat veiled by the title. The name "Apostle" scarcely suggests the atmosphere of modern party politics, yet this is the *milieu* in which the personages and the events of the play are set, and the conclusion deduced from it is the impossibility of accomplishing the regeneration of society by the machinery of the state. Bahr's drama is now being played in St. Petersburg, where it has produced a sensation owing to the bearing which it is interpreted to have upon the actual political happenings in Russia, and in New York its production is promised in the near future by Orleneff's Russian company, with Orleneff in the leading *rôle*.

The point on which the plot turns is very similar to that in Mrs. Edith Wharton's short story, "The Best Man," which was contributed to *Collier's* recent "Short-Story Contest," and which one of the judges, Senator Lodge, thought "by far the best story offered." In the drama and in the story the hero, an upright statesman, is compromised by the action of his wife, who, without his knowledge, has been trapped into receiving a loan from one who seeks this means of placing the statesman in his power. In each case the statesman, though nearly overwhelmed, triumphs nobly over his tricky enemies. In "The Apostle" the statesman is an Austrian prime minister who has earned his sobriquet by his sterling character, his lofty ideals and his disinterested motives in serving his country. The government is undertaking the building of a canal for which two companies are bidding—the National Bank of Austria and the Southwest Company, an American corporation. The Prime Minister is in favor of the National Bank, while the party of the right favors the Southwest Company, and is greatly aided by the enormous sums of money that the American company is expending in bribes to obtain the contract. Great opposition to the Premier's course is manifested. The members of the ministerial party are discontented and urge upon the Minister the necessity of strengthening their position by awarding the government offices to their own men. At a meeting in the house of the minister, which takes place before the parliamentary session at which this question of the canal franchise is to be decided, Gohl, a deputy of the chamber, comes out most boldly for this change of policy. He is known to be himself an aspirant for the office of prefect, and in order to gain the assistance of the premier's wife, Irene, he has induced her to borrow money from the National Bank without the knowledge of her husband. In the course of the meeting, the Premier grows furious at Gohl, calls him a "scoundrel," and turns him out of the house.

The second act opens upon a scene in parliament in which Andri, the young leader of the right, in a brilliant speech, attacks the government and calls the Minister an unpractical dreamer and a poet, not fit to administer

the sober business of state. The Minister replies in a calm, impressive address, and sits down amid thundering applause. The victory of the ministerial party seems assured and the President is about to put the matter to a vote, when Gohl, smarting under the sense of his recent rough handling by the Premier and the open scorn with which he is treated by all the members of his own party, demands the floor and precipitates the following tumultuous scene:

Gohl (to the Premier, who, after giving Gohl a contemptuous look, turns to the door and is about to withdraw): I want you to remain here, Premier; I am going to bring charges against you.

Premier (motioning to his secretary to stay): I hear.

Gohl: I accuse you of having betrayed the country and sold it for money.

Andri (leader of the right; breaking out indignantly against Gohl): For shame!

Taun, Luz and Leppa (prominent members of the left; jumping up and addressing Gohl): For shame! Scoundrel! Liar!

(The Premier stands motionless as if transfixed.)

Gohl (in a shrill, loud voice reaching out above the noise of the house): Sold it for the money of the National Bank, which bribed and paid him in hard cash!

(Andri turns away in contempt from Gohl and walks up ostentatiously to the Minister. There is a great uproar in the house. The president has risen from his seat and rings the bell violently.)

Gohl (shouting with all the vigor of his lungs): I am going to prove it!

President (shouting): Deputy Gohl, I will not suffer you to——

Gohl (not heeding the President's interruption): I am going to prove it!

President (ringing violently and shouting), You cannot speak if I——

Gohl (in a still shriller voice): I am going to prove it!

All the Deputies on the Left: For shame! Scoundrel! Down with him! Put him out!

Minister (coming up at one bound to the stenographers' table, and stretching himself to his full height like a lion, with a powerful gesture of his uplifted hand): Let him prove it! *(Then turning to Gohl amid the sudden stillness that ensues)*: Prove it!

Gohl: I am going to prove that the Minister is not only a petty adventurer as Andri has called him with that delicate and careful circumlocution which, under the mask of justice, he parades for every species of corruption, for——

All the Deputies on the Right (some jumping on the benches, others running to the middle of the hall and waving their fists at Gohl): Scoundrel! Scamp! Call him to order!

Andri: He is mad, stark mad!

Minister (shoving back the deputies of the right): Let him furnish the proofs! *(Addressing Gohl in a loud, threatening voice)*: Your proofs!

Gohl: Not only, as Deputy Andri said, a little adventurer, but a—a common thief!

(A terrific uproar. The whole audience in the gallery and in the boxes jump up from their seats and bend over the railing.)

The Ministers (addressing the President): Close up, close up! Close the session!

(The President rings the bell continuously with an air of helplessness.)

All Deputies of Right and Left (tumultuously): Proofs! proofs!

Prime Minister (steps up close to Gohl): Proofs!

Gohl (clamors at the top of his voice): I have them, yes, I have the proofs! *(Pulls a package of papers from his pocket and waves it triumphantly in the air)*: Here, here, here they are, the proofs!

(A sudden stillness falls upon the entire house. All the groups seem to be dazed. Not a sound, not a movement is heard. All look with breathless suspense at the Minister.)

Gohl (in a light, calm, conversational tone as he displays one paper after the other): Acknowledgements to the director of the National Bank of receipts of loans *(with light irony)*, of course, *loans*, Sept. 10th, Nov. 4th, and so on, and so forth. *(Handing a paper to the Minister)*: Tell me, please, is this your wife's writing? Or are you going to deny it?

Prime Minister (remains rooted to the spot as if struck by lightning; then slowly puts out his hand for the paper, looks at it, and suddenly begins to simper as if in a fit of convulsions; he opens his mouth twice, but is incapable of articulating a sound; finally he says in a rattling, gurgling voice): It is my wife's writing. *(Then breaks down and tumbles on a chair with his head thrown back. At this moment the fearful tension is relieved and gives place to a wild uproar and confusion.)*

People in the gallery and in the boxes (furiously gesticulating): For shame! for shame! Depose him! Down with the Minister! Down with him!

One of the audience (clamoring): The Minister is a thief! a thief! The Minister is a thief!

Several: The Minister is a thief! Down with the Minister! The Minister is a thief!

A street-arab (pushes up to the front bench of the gallery, and jumping upon it shouts in a thundering voice, pointing his finger at the Minister): Beware of pickpockets! Pickpocket! Pickpocket!

The entire gallery on the right, soon also followed by the left (chanting in a rhythmic fashion): Pickpocket! Pickpocket! Pickpocket!

Firmian (the most intimate friend of the Minister, goes up to him, touches him on the shoulder and whispers): Carl! Carl!

Ministers (gesticulating violently and talking all together so that only disconnected words and phrases are heard): Evidence! Dismissal! But the evidence? I wash my hands clean of the entire matter! Impossible! Dismiss! Break up! At once! Resignation! Resignation!

Deputies of the Rght (violently gesticulating): An unconditional resignation! What! against such evidence? Resignation! Now or never! The people are with us! In the face of such evidence! Immediate resignation!

Prime Minister (with glassy eyes, his head thrown forward in the arms of Firmian): The wretch! The wretch! Think of it, Firmian! My wife! My wife! What have I done? *(Weeps like a child. He starts as if in a sudden fit of insanity, thrusts back Firmian and his secretary, and staggering down the steps shouts in an unnatural voice)*: I am a thief! Away! Don't come near me! I am a thief! *(Gazing up at the gallery and his whole body shaking convulsively)*: I am a thief!

Andri (rushing upon Gohl): Judas! Judas!

The disorder in the chamber increases until it becomes a veritable pandemonium. Someone rushes from the gallery and attacks the Premier. Cries of "Police!" and "Help!" are raised, and finally the chamber is cleared amid the wildest excitement, the fighting continuing in the street. The third act discovers the Premier in a dark room in his own house after he has succeeded in making his escape from the infuriated mob.

Premier's Secretary (putting down his hat and umbrella upon the table): We are saved! Oh!

Premier (without hat, his coat crumpled and besmudged, his collar loose, his hair disheveled): The beasts! the beasts! *(Feeling his face with a feverish hand, and bursting forth in a fit of indignation)*: Spat upon! trampled upon!—whipped! *(crying)*—whipped like a cur! *(Jumps up staggers, and utters inarticulate cries)* Oh-oh-oh! *(His body trembles with rage, he falls back).*

Secretary (picks him up and puts him on a chair): Premier! Premier!

Premier: The beasts! The beasts! Oh-oh-oh! *(Shaking his fists at the window)* Beasts! Wolves! Devils! Infernal Devils! I—I—I—— *(His voice breaks; he seizes his throat with his hands, tears open his shirt, and tumbles down heavily with the chair. With a rattle in his voice)* Hrr—hrr——

Secretary (trying to help him up): Premier!

Premier (pushes him away with his feet; shrieking): Leave me alone! Go! I want nobody, nobody!—Alone! I want nobody, nobody any more! —The beasts! The beasts!

(Secretary walks up to the door, presses the electric button, and the room is lighted up.)

Premier (starts back, blinded by the light. Mechanically): My people! My people! My people! Everybody is gone from me, everybody! I am left all alone.

Secretary (pained): Premier!

Premier (indifferently, almost contemptuously): Oh, you! That's because you get paid for it! Beasts! Everybody! Everybody has left me, even Firmian *(shaking his head, while large tears roll down his face)*. Firmian! No more Firmian! Why should he? I am only a thief. *(Jumping up with a desperate shriek)* I am only a thief, only a thief! I am a thief, a thief, a thief!

(A shrill whistle is heard from the street close under the balcony. This is answered by whistles from all sides. Then steps are heard approaching nearer and nearer; a confusion of voices, laughter.)

A groaning voice in the street: There is light in the house of the thief.

Secretary (trembling): They have seen the light. *(He quickly puts out the light, and the room is again in darkness.)*

Many voices in the street: Pickpocket! pickpocket! pickpocket! Down with him! Down with the thief! Down with him! *(Laughter and yells.)*

(A large stone crashes through the glass door of the balcony and falls on the table upon which the Premier has tumbled in his fright, narrowly missing him; he crawls under the table in mad panic.

Repeated cries of "Pickpocket!" The Secretary rolls down the shutters and the noise in the street grows faint. At this point Firmian rushes wildly into the room.)

Premier (from under the table): Don't let anybody come in! Help! help!

Firmian (walking up to the Premier): Carl! Carl!

Premier (crawling out from under the table toward the door on the left; shrieks with terror): Mercy! mercy! I am innocent!

Firmian: Carl, it is I, Firmian. Calm yourself!

Premier (gropes with his hands after him, composes himself and tries to rise; still hesitating as if surprised): You? Firmian?

Firmian: The gate is guarded by military; you are safe. *(Lifts the Premier and puts him on a chair.)*

Premier: Firmian, you will remain with me, will you not? Thank you, thank you! *(Puts his head on Firmian's breast.)*

Firmian: Calm yourself, for Heaven's sake!

Premier (sinks on the chair): My good Firmian! *(The street is quiet again, not a sound is heard.)*

Firmian: I do not know how I came to lose you so suddenly. My hat was knocked from my head; I bent down to pick it up and fell forward. A young man helped me up, but when I got on my feet again you were already gone. I was carried along with the crowd, but finally succeeded in slipping out into a side street. I ran and ran until I found a cab at the bridge. But it was imposible to pass on account of the throngs of people. Then I happened to come across a military guard. The lieutenant knew me and escorted me to your house. But now all is over.

Premier (laughing with a melancholy air): Do you think so? Yes, all is over.—Fame, power *(lowering his voice)*, honor. All is over. I have nothing, nothing left. My whole life, everything is gone. My whole life's work is shattered, gone in an hour. Not a trace remains. I am a thief, a thief.

Firmian: But whoever believes that you——? Why, no one imagines it even. You are out of your mind! *(Walks up and down the room.)* The few criers and comedians! It will blow over, and they will be ashamed of it themselves. There is no one who believes this about you. It is stupid to think it. We are not yet so far gone. Every honest man knows what to think of you, and you can well afford to be indifferent about the opinion of the others. No decent man can imagine anything of the sort about you. They know you. Your whole life lies open to them.

Premier: But it is true, it is true.
Firmian: What is true?
Premier: I saw the notes.
Firmian: Well?
Premier: It is her writing. It is true.
Firmian: But no decent man who knows you will think on that account that you——
Premier: Can you comprehend it? You know her well. Can you (*struggling with his tears*), can you comprehend that she——?
Firmian: Good Lord, women!
Premier: She, she! I could have sooner believed anything, anything else in the world than that she——
Firmian: That will all be explained, I am sure. Wait until we hear what the director of the bank has to say. I am positive she had no idea——
Premier: No idea?
Firmian: I have no doubt of it; I am positive.
Premier: No idea that one must not steal?
Firmian: Women have their own opinions. Did you ever explain to her that our peculiar position sometimes does not permit us to do certain things which in themselves are not at all inadmissible?
Premier (*staggered*): I do not know what you mean.
Firmian: This is not the time to enter into explanations. What you want now above all else is rest. You must gather up all your strength, all your energy for to-morrow, in order to——
Premier: What am I to do to-morrow?
Firmian: You must show them to-morrow who you are.
Premier: I?
Firmian: You owe this to yourself and to your country. Nothing has happened so far. We will get through with Gohl in very short order. And the people (*with ironic emphasis*), the people who spat upon you to-day will hail you to-morrow. *Mobilia turba Quiritium!* You must only not give yourself up. You must show how it has come about, you must prove that you are innocent. There is no calumny that cannot be put down if you only go at it with might and main. But for this you must above all be fresh and healthy, and with strong nerves. Don't agitate yourself any further. The best thing for you now is to go to bed.
Premier: To her? Yes, I must go through that yet, I must go through that. (*To the Secretary*) Call my wife in. (*As if frightened, bursting into a laugh*) My wife!
Firmian: Not to-day, not now, you are too much worn out.
Premier: I must go through that. (*To the Secretary*) Call her in.
Firmian: Then I will leave you.
Premier: Stay here, I entreat you. I promise you I will be very calm, I will be quite composed. I only want to know (*with a sudden outburst*) because I still cannot conceive that she, that she—— (*Crying out aloud*) Firmian, can you conceive that she whom I, she who——
Firmian: Did you not promise me——?
Premier: Yes, yes, I shall be calm, very calm, but you must remain here with me.

Irene, his wife, enters, looking very pale. Gohl had told her previously that he was going to bring a public accusation against her husband, and the situation is therefore clear to her.

Firmian (*with an air of compassion*): Lady, lady!
Premier: Silence! I am going to speak. (*In a whisper, without looking at her*) I am not excited, I am quite composed, quite composed. Now then. I want to know.
Irene (*softly*): Carl!
Premier: Yes?
Irene: Now do listen to me!
Premier (*thunderingly*): Yes?
Irene: I did not know that——
Premier: Yes or no? Yes? Yes?
Irene (*bursting into tears*): Forgive me! Forgive me!
Premier: Oh! oh! oh! Thief! thief! (*Rushes at Irene.*)
(*Firmian interposes between him and Irene.*)
Premier (*to Firmian*): Get away! Get away, or I—— (*Springs at his throat.*)
Firmian (*pushing him away*): Carl!
(*Premier staggers back as if in terror of himself, and drops on a chair, covering his face with his hands in shame.*
Firmian (*takes Irene by the hands and leads her to a corner on the left*): I can very well imagine how it came about. You were in an embarrassed position, and——
Irene (*softly*): We needed more than——
Firmian: Why did you not tell me about it?
(*Premier raises his head and listens to the conversation.*)
Irene: I was afraid of Carl.
Firmian: Gohl is just the man you should not have——
Irene: He proposed it himself; he must have learned that I was in financial difficulties.
Firmian (*in a mild tone*): And you never thought, Irene, that——
Irene: What do I know about such matters?
Firmian: But you could have understood that for Carl to be implicated in that way with the National Bank——
Irene: I did not even know that the money came from the National Bank.
Firmian: What then? Where did you think the money came from?
Irene (*shrugging her shoulders*): I took the money and asked no questions.
Firmian: And did not think of the consequences at all?
Irene: The money was not given to me, I just borrowed it, and meant to save up and pay. How could I have known that?
Firmian: If you had only said a word to me.
Irene: I did not have the courage.
Firmia : But you confided in Gohl.
Irene: Because he took pains with me. He noticed that I was troubled. He asked me, you did not. (*Smiling painfully.*) I do not mean this as a reproach. How could you have thought of it? Only I want to explain how it happened. I had nobody to turn to. Gohl was the only person.
Premier (*with a mild tone*): And I?
Irene (*raising her head to the Premier, visibly affected*): You?

Premier: I, Irene. Was I not here?

Irene (*slightly embarrassed*): But you—you were occupied with more important matters.

Premier: More important matters?

Irene (*very simply*): I could not come to you and bother you with my troubles too.

Premier: I was occupied with more important matters!

Irene (*to Firmian*): Don't you understand it? I wanted him to have peace at least when he was home. I tried to do the best. It gave him such pleasure to see me contented. I had often made up my mind to speak to him when I saw no other way out, but then when he would come home tired and exhausted and so glad to have a half-hour to play with the children, I could not do it. You may say what you please, but I could not make up my mind to do it. You say that I have acted wrongly. It may be, I do not know. I only know that I could not do otherwise. You have never seen him tired and worn the whole day long with all these duties and cares that I do not understand, and then I was to come to him with my cares in addition, and torment him again? No, no; I could not act otherwise! Do with me what you please, I could not, I could not act otherwise! (*Tears stifle her voice.*)

Premier (*after a long pause*): Firmian, after all, the whole thing was a lie.

Firmian (*with surprise*): What?

Premier: Our whole work.—Well, it is just a thought that came to me. (*Remains standing at the window absorbed in thought, then turns to Irene*): What you must have suffered, my poor child! Irene (*Bursts into sobs.*) Did he torment you very much?

Irene (*weeping*): Only of late.

Premier (*putting his hand on Irene's head*): Forgive me!

(*Irene grasps his hand and wants to kiss it.*)

Premier: No, no, you must go now.—To-morrow! (*Exit Irene.*)

Premier (*closing the door after her*): To-morrow! It is my fault. Now I understand all. Now only do I understand it.

Secretary: Deputy Andri is here. He wants to see you very urgently.

Premier (*recovering his self-composure*): Let him come in. But first open the windows and let in some air.

Andri (*enters*): I have come to apologize to you.

Premier (*surprised*): To apologize to me? You?

Andri (*quickly*): I regret, I am so ashamed that I have worked against you!

Premier (*calmly*): Why, you never——

Andri: I have always tried to run you down and to incite people against you. I have traveled through the country to set the people against you. I have fought against you with all the passion of my feverish soul because I—(*pausing an instant*) because I hated you, hated you.

Premier (*with a warding-off gesture*): Andri!

Andri: Hated you out of envy, out of sheer envy, as an insignificant and weak man hates the powerful and the good man. I hated you for many years. Now I have repented it, I have been punished with this terrible day, this terrible day. I shall never betray you again. I promise you that I shall crawl away somewhere in a corner and disappear. (*Premier puts his hands on Andri's shoulder.*)

Andri (*withdrawing, with drooping head*): No, leave me. I am ashamed of myself, I am ashamed of myself!

Firmian: Yes, dear Andri, life is different from what one imagines it to be.

Andri: Terrible! terrible!

Firmian: You have slandered and lied—(*Andri makes a negative gesture*)—or you have allowed others to slander and to lie; all in good faith, of course, so as to propagate your opinions and to put us out, for the sake of the party. That excuses everything! *Acheronta movebo!* You did move it! Now take care that it does not swallow you also.

Andri: It is not for this reason.

Premier: Let that alone now. That is not the question any more. (*Extending his hand to Andri*) Thank you.

Andri (*grasping his hand*): I apologize for everything, everything.

Premier (*pressing his hand again*): We have all erred.

Andri: Oh, I have paid for it, I have atoned for it.

Firmian: Why, what happened? What is it that makes you so queer?

Andri: I wanted to come here directly after the break-up of the session, but it was impossible to make my way through the crowd. I tried here, there, because I felt I had to see you, because I could not get any peace of mind until I told you that I did not believe all this about you, that I knew that the scoundrel lied, and that I trusted and honored you. But it was impossible to get through the crowd. Then I met a group of people who knew me. They shouted, clamored and acclaimed me. I was seized and carried along with them. Oh, how ashamed I was of myself, how I despised myself! In order to get away from them I said that I wanted to go home. They carried me to my house and up the steps. It seemed as if they could not tear themselves away from me from sheer admiration and enthusiasm. For, don't you see? I am the hero, the hero of the mob! (*With a gesture of disgust*) I still feel their touch and wish I could purge myself of the defilement. When we got on the balcony they surrounded me, knelt before me and kissed my hands.—Oh, those faces, distorted with anger, malice and hate! The infamy of it, the beasts! . . . Oh, that hour, that hour! I have made good, I have atoned for all the wrong I have done you. I will crawl away in some corner and disappear.—But one thing I still had to do—to apologize to you. My motives were good, I did not know the people. I regarded as conviction what was nothing but hatred and envy. I know it now. I recognized myself in Gohl. We wished to revenge ourselves on you because you are greater. That was it. We are like the crowd, like the mob that acclaimed us; they know why they acclaim us. This is the recognition I came to in that terrible hour, and I was anxious to let you know it, that is all. After that I am ready to go. I will disappear and try to become a decent man in some quiet place and earn my bread by honest toil.

Premier (*in calm but powerful voice*): You err.

(*Andri raises his eyes to the Apostle, while his face seems to radiate with a sort of religious ecstasy.*)

Premier: You err. You have no apologies to make to me; I have no apologies to make to you. We have both been wrong, we have both learned. Now we can both walk together and seek the right. We shall never part again. (*Pointing at the door*) There is a woman who has lived here many, many years, a woman who loves me, whom I love, a good woman, the best of mothers, faithful, pure—in short, good. Many years has she been with me, and was loved by me. This woman became a thief. Right here at my side, whose whole life was honesty. She stole without knowing it, not even from frivolity, but simply because she did not understand it. It is my fault, mine alone. For this woman who has lived for so many years at my side and loved me, the mother of my children, had no one to confide in. I was not present to advise her, to help her. I thought I had more important work to do. I was outside. I had to convert the people, I had to speak, to speak always and everywhere. In your speech against me to-day you reproached me with my big words and small accomplishments. You were quite right. Words are nothing. Men have listened to us in the name of liberty and justice, have applauded and hurrahed us and grown enthusiastic, and then they went forth and remained slaves and unjust. Like my wife, who always listened to talk about virtue, they believed in it and then stole! Behold! the word has no power, the word cannot help. Everyone takes it, repeats it, and remains what and where he was. The inner man cannot be reached by words. We who bring the words, we have felt them here (*pointing to his breast*), and therefore we believe them. Our feelings must accompany our words. But the people hear only a sound which deceives them, but has no genuine feeling. We imagine that because they repeat our words they also feel with us. No, they repeat your words, they repeat my words, but they do not feel them and that is why they do not act up to them. Now we must see that the word be expressed in life. All else is sham and emptiness. You have experienced it. You meant to speak the truth, but they heard in your words only their greed and their wrath. I have experienced it also. Give me your hand. Now we will seek the right path together.

Andri: No, I do not deserve it.

Premier: We have both erred.

Andri: In your presence I feel myself old.

Premier: No one is old who has a task to perform.

Andri: And I have lost my faith in man.

Premier: Believe only in yourself and you shall be strong.

Andri: I am ashamed of myself.

Premier: You have suffered; the gods love you. That is their sign.

Andri: It is too hard, too profound.

Premier: Suffering is grace, it purges and improves.

Andri (*wearily*): To begin again?

Premier: Yes, again! Always, always again! In order again to fail, again to suffer, again to err, again to learn, endlessly—until we reach the goal, not you and I, but the people in the distance (*gazing into the distance*). Bright, radiant men who smile and soar. I believe in men.

Andri (*touched, kissing his hand*): You—you are great.

Premier (*smiles and puts his hands on Andri's head; then, while his whole being seems to pass into a sort of spiritual ecstasy, and he grows taller and taller*): Only good. We need be only good. That is far greater than to be great. Behold, have we not been foolish? What have we done? Once in a blessed moment we perceived a purer condition. And how did we show our gratitude? We pressed it into the mold of a poor word—Liberty, Justice! And we grow impatient if the people fail to understand it immediately. It is so foolish. To us, indeed, is sufficient the memory of that blessed moment! But the people, how should they know of it? What can the poor word do for them? It flickers, and the people see it glimmer and run to catch it: Liberty, Justice! But in their hands it turns gray. It has only sparkled in the reflection of our own felicity. No, it is so foolish; so foolish! You can make people understand only what they themselves have already experienced. That is it. Let them enter into our own felicity, our own blessedness, that they may see with us and reverence with us! The word is of no avail; they must feel it. (*To Firmian*) Now you laugh, you wise man, for it is not given to you to hope because you think you know evil. But I say that the evil is only apparent, it is not real. We are all good, only no one believes it of another, and because each one thinks the other bad he disguises himself until he becomes bad himself. Wait until we are but together in some blessed moment so that we can see one another as we really are, and all men will sink into one another's arms like brothers. Come with us, wise man! Humanity has been too clever. You see how little reason has accomplished. Come with us and be an enthusiast.

Firmian (*moved, extending his hand to the Premier*): You glorious man!

Premier (*stationing himself between Andri and Firmian, and holding each one by the hand*): Only good, Firmian. We need only be good. Good is the only, the highest thing. (*To Andri, smiling*) In a quiet place, did you say? Yes, we will go to a quiet place and sit down by the side of the people, and take each one singly by the hand and envelope him with such love that he will grow weak and be no longer able to withstand us. (*Laughing good-naturedly*) No party, my Andri! No words! We shall sit very still by the side of the people, and nestle up closely and warmly against them; and we shall be good to them and so tender and loving that they will incline toward us and become even as we, first one, then two, then several, then all—gentle, subdued, all—in the future, in the far distance.—Let this be our covenant.

Andri (*with admiration*): Thus did you appear to me when I was a boy, when they told me about you: the Apostle!

Premier: Go now! The day is breaking. We must each of us hasten to his task! (*Stretching forth both his hands*) I am thankful for the lot that has fallen to me!

(*The light of dawn breaks through the windows; the curtain falls.*)

Persons in the Foreground

THE YOUNGEST AMERICAN DIPLOMAT

Mr. Lloyd Carpenter Griscom, minister to Japan since December, 1902, and who, so Americans resident in Japan hope, is soon to return to Tokio as ambassador, enjoys the distinction of being the youngest of American diplomats. Yet he is far from being the least experienced. Though his age is but thirty-three, his training in the foreign service began over twelve years ago, when he became private secretary to ex-Senator Bayard of Delaware, our first ambassador to England. When Mr. Bayard left London in 1894 Mr. Griscom returned to New York, where he took a post-graduate course in the New York Law School, and was duly admitted to the bar, for which —being a Philadelphian—he had first studied at the University of Pennsylvania.

His experiences during the next two or three years included a brief term as deputy assistant district-attorney of New York and a trip to Central and South America as a volunteer war correspondent, in company with Mr. Richard Harding Davis and Mr. Somers Somerset, a son of Lady Henry Somerset, the philanthropist. This novel and exciting expedition forms the subject of Mr. Davis's entertaining book, "Three Gringos in Venezuela." When the Spanish-American War broke out, Mr. Griscom promptly volunteered, was commissioned a captain, and served for four months in Cuba as *aide-de-camp* on the staff of General Wade. Declining promotion and a career in the army, he resigned when the war was over, and, re-enlisting in the diplomatic service, was appointed secretary of the American legation at Constantinople. His youthfulness and engaging personal qualities won the personal good-will of the Sultan, and his native shrewdness enabled him to turn this advantage to account when the minister, Mr. Straus, took a protracted leave of absence, and then resigned an uncongenial task. As *chargé d'affaires* from December, 1899, till March, 1901, Mr. Griscom was our chief representative at the Yildiz Kiosk, and when Mr. Straus's successor was at last appointed, it was the Sultan's wish that there should be no change in the secretaryship of the legation. But President McKinley saw fit to make him a minister in name as well as in fact, and he was accordingly sent to Persia in 1901. It was in this year that he married; and while his success has been due to his own abilities, he has been fortunate in having a wife who

THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS OF WHICH LLOYD C. GRISCOM IS AN ORNAMENT

He stands in the last row (seventh from the reader's left), while our old friend, Baron Komura, (in the front row) will be readily recognized. The baron had just been given a complimentary dinner by these, the ambassadors and ministers of all the world's powers in Tokyo.

is *persona gratissima* at every court to which his career has taken him. On his way from New York to Teheran he made a brief stop at Constantinople, and received from the Sultan the grand cordon of the Order of Chefekat for Mrs. Griscom, and for himself a cigarette case with the signature of the donor in brilliants—a most useful gift to a traveler through the Sultan's dominions in Asia Minor. One of the fruits of his sojourn at the court of the Shah was the marking out of a new trade route to the coast.

After an eighteen months' residence in Persia, Mr. Griscom received a further promotion, being transferred by President Roosevelt to the legation at Tokio in December, 1902. In the Far East, during the anxious period that preceded the outbreak of hostilities between Russia and Japan, as well as in the troublous days of actual warfare, the young diplomatist easily held his own with the older and more experienced representatives of the European countries. And now—though the Japanese, much as they esteem the present minister, might like to see an older and more famous man sent out as America's first ambassador to their country—the probabilities are that Mr. Griscom, who has just returned home for a well-earned rest, will go back to Tokio as his own successor, having attained ambassadorial rank at an earlier age than any other man in the service. Had Secretary Hay lived and remained at Washington, it is understood that Mr. Griscom would have succeeded Mr. Loomis as Assistant Secretary of

AN AMERICAN DIPLOMATIST WHO AWAITS PROMOTION

Lloyd C. Griscom, our minister in Tokyo, may be given the rank of ambassador there, an elevation in dignity already awarded to her minister in Japan by Great Britain. He was born in Riverton New Jersey, thirty-three years ago.

PREPARING A WARM RECEPTION FOR TOKYO'S ANTI-AMERICAN RIOTERS

These Japanese troops stood guard over Lloyd C. Griscom and his official residence as United States minister to Japan, during the brief outbreaks after the first announcement of the peace terms.

State. This shows in what regard he was held by his late chief; and his youthful energy, his devotion to duty, and his love for outdoor sports are unfailing passports to the good-will of the Chief Executive. Like the President, Mr. Griscom is a lover of big-game hunting, and has indulged his taste for it in lands more remote than Mr. Roosevelt has yet visited. In Persia he was so fortunate as to bag some fine ibexes.

Mr. Griscom's father is Clement A. Griscom, president of the International Navigation Company, and his mother is one of the Philadelphia Biddles. He is a much "clubbed" young man, belonging to club organizations not only in Philadelphia and New York, but in London, Ireland and Constantinople as well.

THE MAN WHO HAS MADE CHICAGO UNIVERSITY

For years the president of the Chicago University, Dr. William Rainey Harper (now suffering from an incurable malady and walking calmly but not slowly toward an open grave), went to bed at midnight and rose at five. "Dr. Harper knows all about the eight-hour day," said one of his faculty; "he puts in two such days every twenty-four hours." A theological student tried once to make arrangements for advanced work under Dr. Harper's personal direction. It seemed impossible to arrange an hour, and the student, downcast, was about to leave. Said Dr. Harper:

"Are you free at five thirty in the morning?"

"Yes," was the startled answer.

"Then come every day at that hour."

And the arrangement was concluded on that basis.

These and other interesting points in the career of the man who has in fifteen years built up the third largest university in America, having now 4,500 students, a faculty of over 300 members, and an endowment of twenty millions, are given in *World's Work* by James Weber Linn. The most notable thing about the university, says Mr. Linn, is not its rapid growth, but the fact that it is, more markedly than any other educational institution in the world, the expression of the ideals and individuality of one man. "Harvard is not Dr. Eliot, nor Yale Dr. Hadley, but the University of Chicago is President Harper."

The two traits of Dr. Harper's character most plainly shown in the university are, Mr. Linn thinks, his energy and his democratic character. But he is more than energetic and democratic, more than "a born organizer." He is also an idealist, a dreamer. We quote from Mr. Linn's article:

"His conceptions have not infrequently the haziness, and the magnificence, of dreams, and once and again he has failed because he was blinded by visions. It is idealism which has made him urge new theories and new methods alike—which (in the effort to correlate primary, secondary, and university education) has 'littered the campus with kindergartners'—which, disregarding many a well-worn idea which had been fancied fundamental, put in practice many a new principle 'to make Quintilian stare and gasp.' He was an innovator twenty-five years ago, and he is an innovator now.

"It is this idealism that has caused him to be called a radical by people who mean the term, when applied to an educator, to stand for something infinitely futile or infinitely dangerous and bad. Yet it is this idealism that lifts him above the mere executive, and gives him power over hearts, so that those who work with him become devoted to him with their strength and soul. It is this idealism which must prevent the University, so quick-sprung into largeness, from being merely a material success, and which must confute the charge which is often brought against him, that his aims, like his methods, are commercial."

There are men in the university now, we are assured, who came twelve years ago on the bare assurance of the president that "something would turn up" to enable them to get their salaries the next year. And "no one has ever voluntarily left Chicago to accept a position of equal rank elsewhere." The reason that is given for this is that men are treated there as men, not mechanics. This is not very illuminating until Mr. Linn goes on to draw comparisons between the class-room work required at Chicago and that required elsewhere. In a certain scientific department selected at random for comparison, twenty-one hours of teaching are required each week in Harvard from each instructor; in Columbia, twenty-one; in Chicago University, fourteen. In a department of the liberal arts, Harvard requires fifteen hours, Columbia fourteen hours, Chicago but ten. "Comparison of Chicago with other Western universities makes the amount of leisure permitted to the instructors at the former seem almost startling." The reason for this is not that the university is so rich it can afford to be so generous, but that Dr. Harper believes that such a system affords the instructors opportunity to develop, and "what develops the instructors must raise the standards of teaching and of study."

Dr. Harper's democratic nature and convictions have also been impressed upon the university. Says Mr. Linn:

"His democracy is, one fancies, less the result of emotion than of theory. He believes in democracy, rather than feels it. But the belief has become a part of him, and one sees it working out in practical details. He showed it in the arrangement of the college year. At the foundation of the University, he declared for a system that would put higher education within the reach of the greatest number. The result was the so-called 'quarter system,' under which a student may do three months' work and leave until opportunity enables him to come again. The usual arrangement contemplates a year of study. Under this arrangement, courses follow each other in a continuous procession and without halt. Work goes on in the summer quarter under the

same instructors and counts toward the same final degrees as in any other quarter."

The student body is, in consequence, a very democratic body. "Inquiry has failed to disclose a single student who admits spending $1,200 a year." The man "working his way through" is the rule, not the exception, at Chicago University; and not a few women are working their way by doing housework.

College life, however, Mr. Linn asserts, "has been robbed of its traditional sweetness." Getting an education is a business there, not a sentiment, and the effect of this, though it is not satisfactory to the president, was foreseen by him and accepted as a necessary consequence, for the time being, at least, of the choice he deliberately made. We quote again:

"Dr. Harper felt that he must choose between two ideals. Loyalty to 'Alma Mater' which finds expression in undergraduate songs of praises and cheering, and which brings back graduates year after year to reunions at commencement-time, is loyalty founded on the idea of the college as separate from the world; it is clique-loyalty, and is dissipated in proportion as an institution grows away from the old aristocratic academic ideal. At Yale it is frantic; at Harvard less so, at Chicago, and Clark, and Johns Hopkins it can hardly be said to exist. The Alumni Association of Chicago is little but a name, and the Alumni Club, the organization of the men who live in the city, is a joke. The alumni of Chicago seem for the most part no more bound to their Alma Mater by ties of affection than the graduates of a business college or of a night school. The undergraduates are openly indifferent to all but the intellectual aspects of the place. They do not support athletics; they hardly go to the games even when admission is made free. The students' social unit is the fraternity, not the University. The ordinary student activities are carried on almost entirely through these associations. Hundreds pass through the University every year without a shadow of emotional consideration for it; life to them is a business, and these their days of apprenticeship."

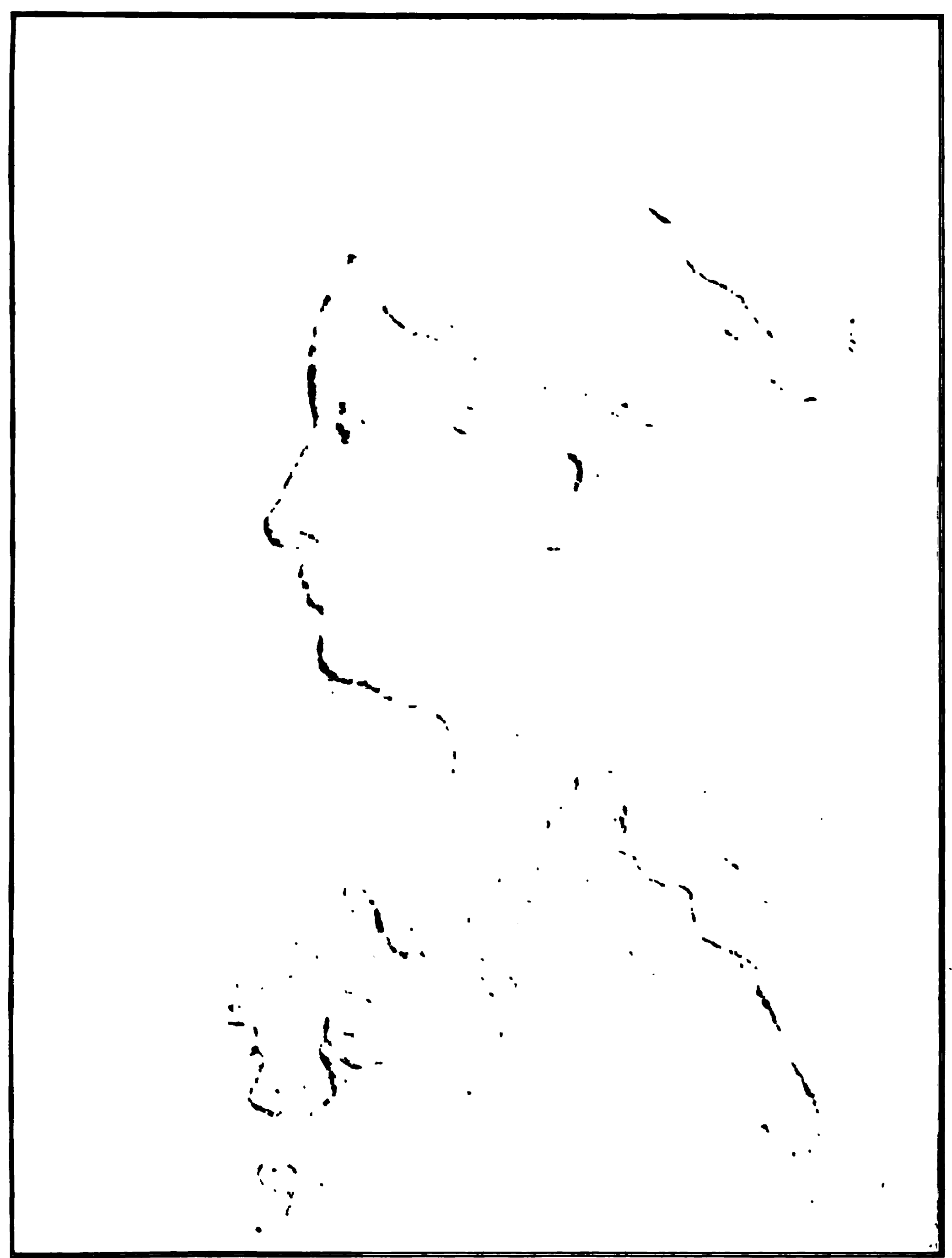
Dr. Harper is "essentially open-minded," is tolerant and liberal in his religious views and a man of prominence in the "higher criticism." He has no memory for personalities and never indulges in them. He is, finally, never impulsive, but cautious and systematic. "He talks pleasantly, but he will not be 'drawn out.' "

A SAINT OF GOTHAM

New York City has its saints as well as its life insurance presidents. Three of the fine arts have been called into service to commemorate fittingly the life and character of one of them—Josephine Shaw Lowell, who died a few weeks ago. On another page we reproduce a bas-relief of her made by St. Gaudens. In Boston one of the Symphony concerts was held in memory of her, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson chose for the program of the occasion Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" and Beethoven's "Heroic Symphony." In New York City Felix Adler, Joseph H. Choate, Seth Low, Jacob Riis and others, in a memorial service, paid oratorical tribute to her worth. A number of the speakers in this service re-echoed the statement of Robert W. De Forest that "had Mrs. Lowell lived in medieval times, she would long since have been canonized as a saint." And the suggestion made by Mr. Riis that one of the parks of the city be named after her has met favorable consideration, a committee having been appointed to secure this or some other form of memorial.

All this honor, it is safe to say, will come as a surprise to most Americans, for she never sought or secured a conspicuous place in public life. Cultured and wealthy, she consecrated herself to humanitarian work. She was the founder of the Charity Organization Society. She was the first woman appointed to a place on the State Board of Charities. In innumerable other movements she bore a leading part —the establishment of State reformatories for women, State asylums for feeble-minded girls of child-bearing age, municipal lodging-houses for men, the placing of matrons in police stations, industrial conciliation, the Consumer's League, the Woman's Industrial League, the Philippine Progress Association and many other movements. Said *The Evening Post,* in editorial comment on the memorial service:

"Even those who deemed themselves familiar with Mrs. Lowell's achievements were astounded as speaker after speaker rehearsed not merely her self-sacrifice, but the actual results of her work. In her own person she refuted the idea that women cannot be as practical as men, when given offices of responsibility; and her success as a state commissioner of charities and in private associations opened wide a door to useful public service for hundreds of her sex."



JOSEPHINE SHAW LOWELL

"**Had Mrs. Lowell lived in medieval times,** she would long since have been canonized as a saint."

Seven years after her birth (in Roxbury Mass., in 1843) Josephine Shaw was taken to Europe by her parents and for five years received education in a school in Paris and a convent in Rome, gaining facility in the use of the French, Italian and German languages. On her return she spent one year in a Boston and one year in a New York school. She was married at the age of twenty to Charles Russell Lowell, who just one year later, while serving under Phil Sheridan, was killed at the battle of Cedar Creek. Her brother was that Robert Gould Shaw who organized the first negro regiment in the Civil War, and whose death at the head of his black regiment at Fort Wagner is commemorated by St. Gaudens's well-known bas-relief on Boston Common. The pathos of her double bereavement never went out of her life or her countenance. Samuel Macauley Jackson wrote recently of her:

"Her face here was a sad one. At least it always seemed so to me. She was never able to forget the crushing sorrow of her young womanhood. But we who could not enter into that sorrow, only wonder at its intensity and its duration, recognizing that it had sanctified her life. She was by her sorrow able to serve as she would not have been had she been the joyful wife and the mother of many children. She never knew poverty; she was a patrician in birth and training and property. She had access to the really best society, and had made for herself a prominent place among the volunteer host in the army of philanthropists. But she did know the heartache, the loneliness, the unsatisfied gaze into the sky, the sickening sense of desertion which are harder than poverty to bear. The unfortunate, the fallen, the tempted, the poor, would have felt that between her in her high social station, her culture, her refinement, and themselves there was no common experience, were it not for her widowhood."

A few weeks before she died Jacob Riis visited her at her home in Greenwich. Of that visit he said: "As we sat by the fire, she spoke of my wife and kept my hand in hers, and smoothed it again and again, and she nodded with the gentle smile that hovered on her lips all that evening, and repeated, 'Yes, yes; I know. But think of waiting for my husband forty-one long years, forty-one years.'"

Dr. Felix Adler, in his address at the memorial service (published in full with the other addresses in the December number of *Charities*), after speaking of "her charm, her sweet dignity, her simplicity," endeavors to pack into a phrase what seemed to him to be, apart from her lofty personality, the peculiar nature of her life. His phrase is, "the harmony of opposites." He elaborated his thought as follows:

"She was an idealist of the purest kind. And yet she was always the most practical of realists. . . . She was a harmonizer of the ideal and the realistic. She was a harmonizer of opposites. She was an intense enthusiast for certain causes. Above all, she dwelt with motherly sympathy, with the motherhood that embraces all mankind; she dwelt upon the sufferings and the miseries of the world. But more than by the sufferings and the miseries of the world was she touched by the wrongs. It was injustice in any form that called out her keenest feeling. It was this that made her for so long a time, with one other, the only support of the movement in this country for justice to the Filipino people. And yet, despite her capacity for righteous indignation, she was never one-sided. I could not say at this moment, truthfully, that she was on the side of the Filipinos, that she took the side of the Filipinos; nor could I say truthfully that she took the side of the laboring people, for the reason that she also felt so genuinely and intensely how cruel the oppressor is to himself. If ever anyone loved the wrongdoer it was Mrs. Lowell when she protested against his wrongdoing."

"Father" Huntington (the Rev. James O. S. Huntington) expressed the same view of her impartiality and sense of all-around justice, in speaking of her participation in a strike of the feather workers some years ago. She went into the cause of the strikers with all her energy, putting strength into the toilers, lifting up their cause, seeing the humorous as well as the pathetic side of it; but "she never arrayed herself on one side as against the other," and in the strike of the garment-cutters "every one of the three parties to it came to her expecting her to sympathize with it, as she did."

From her voluminous writings on humanitarian subjects, we quote the following brief passage as summing up in a sort the philosophy which she sought to embody in actual conditions. She wrote in a paper on "Outdoor Relief" (1890):

"I object to the term 'dependent classes,' unless in speaking of the insane. . . . That there will always be *persons* who must be helped, *individuals* who must depend on public relief or on private charity for maintenance, is true, but it is a disgrace to any community to have a dependent *class*, and the fact of its existence is a proof that the community has done its duty neither to those who compose it nor to those who maintain it."

Through an oversight last month, we neglected to state that the pictures of Governor Folk and his mother were from photographs copyrighted, 1905, by J. C. Strauss, of St. Louis.

THE ATTRACTIVE PERSONALITY OF NORWAY'S NEW KING

"His wife adores him; but who does not?" That is the way a Paris paper spoke of the new King of Norway a few weeks ago, while he was still Prince Charles of Denmark. European views in general, if they do not go quite so far as to assert the existence of general adoration, agree that the new sovereign has always been one of the most likable and human of men, and they dwell particularly upon his democratic tastes and his cheerful disposition. If the Norwegians really desired a democratic king, as is generally understood, they appear to have chosen the right man. He is "the most democratic of men in most things," according to the Vienna *Zeit* and the *Etoile Belge* of Brussels, and any number of other European dailies say the same.

It is said in the personal accounts of him which have gained circulation abroad that his sympathies were all on the side of Norway in the recent trouble with Sweden. For one thing, King Haakon has always disliked the form and ceremony so much in vogue in the land of aristocratic traditions ruled by King Oscar. He was reared in a native Danish atmosphere, notes the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung,* and that accounts for his democratic tendencies, for there can scarcely be said to be any Danish aristocracy at all. The "upper classes" in King Christian's realm are largely wealthy merchants and farmers of the "scientific" sort. As Prince Charles he mingled with them freely. Titles of nobility are no longer issued in Denmark and the few remaining "noblemen" in the kingdom are not much seen at court. The nobility of Denmark, in short, is running to seed. In Norway also there exists no aristocracy in the real sense of the word, or rather, as one Norwegian paper puts it, every man is an aristocrat. This fact is declared to be perfectly satisfactory to King Haakon.

Unfortunately, as the Paris *Matin* thinks, King Haakon is a poor man as royalties go. Before his accession he mentioned this fact to some Norwegians who sounded him on the subject of the kingly dignity. In fact, he advanced three objections—his wife's unwillingness to assume the royal dignity, his own poverty, and the fact that he ought to be elected by the Norwegians instead of by the parliament. The Norwegian gentlemen prom-

KING HAAKON VII, HIS QUEEN AND HIS HEIR

The little boy is now heir to the throne of Norway, and is not three years old. His name is Prince Alexander, but the Norwegians wish him to be called Prince Olaf.

ised that a fund would be provided for his family's proper maintenance and that in the event of his deposition a life pension would be granted him. As for his wife's objection, that was overcome through the personal influence of King Edward. And the choice of the new King was ratified by popular vote.

King Haakon VII is "essentially" a domestic man, says the Paris *Matin*. Describing him while he was still a prince, the *Matin* said:

"He is essentially the life of those gatherings of the Danish royal family which have become one of the institutions of monarchical Europe. Prince Charles is the most attractive figure at those palace gatherings which so often include in addition to the venerable King Christian, the Queen of England, the former Czarina of Russia, the King of the Hellenes and innumerable other branches of the same tree. These are strictly family gatherings. There are games, dinners, talks—all of the homeliest, most domesticated sort. Then, indeed, is Prince Charles of Denmark most truly himself. He is the life of the affair, organizing some new form of diversion, suggesting a novel game to play, telling some bright story or endearing himself to father, aunt or cousin in the way he knows so well. He is, in fact, the favorite of the large family. He is never seen out of humor, there appears to be no circumstance that can throw a wet blanket over the surface of his disposition. He is cheerfulness itself, not cheerful in the flamboyant, volatile style of Princess Waldemar, the French member of the Danish royal family, but in his own quiet, ready, sympathetic way. He is not a jolly prince but a kindly one. His wife adores him—but who does not?"

In short, the King's character fully justifies, apparently, the assertion of the London *Morning Post* that he unites "in a singular degree many of the qualifications which the sovereign of an essentially democratic state must possess." The British, indeed, seem particularly well pleased with his accession to kingly dignity. Their own sovereign, Edward VII, is King Haakon's father-in-law, and has long had a noticeable fondness for his son-in-law, never being so well pleased as when Prince Charles would join him on a shooting expedition through the Sandringham woods. Prince Charles was always described as a capital shot.

The name Haakon is a name associated with the splendors of Norwegian history, as is also that which the new queen, formerly Princess Maud, assumes—Queen Maragrethe. The London *Times* comments:

"He will be crowned King under the name of Haakon VII. in remembrance of the days when a Norse King ruled over a fully independent Kingdom of Norway. The name of this King, who died in 1380, was Haakon VI. . . . The new name for her Royal Highness recalls the memory of this very King Haakon's wife, a lady who fills a great place in northern history because she, already the reigning Queen of Denmark, brought Norway and Sweden under her mighty sceptre and in 1397 formed the great union of all the northern countries which is now again a dream of the future in modern form."

NORWAY'S NEW QUEEN

Her great objection to her new dignity caused the new King of Norway to hesitate before accepting the crown. She was Princess Maud Alexandra of Wales.

At this moment Haakon VII is a king without a court. He has already been deluged with applications for "gold stick" positions.

SARAH BERNHARDT AT SIXTY-ONE

"Life in all its phases has an untiring charm for her." That sentence, we are told by Charles Henry Meltzer, contains the secret of Sarah Bernhardt's power and of her youthfulness still, although sixty-one years have passed over her head, and most of them have been years of storm and strenuosity.

It was a quarter of a century ago—1881—when Madame Bernhardt made her first journey to the United States. Six friends accompanied her, of whom Mr. Meltzer, the secretary of Alphonse Daudet, was one. She was at that time an erratic and rebellious star who had just hurled defiance at the managers of the Théâtre Français. All sorts of sensational stories were told about her and she seemed to encourage that sort of advertising. Protests many and strong were made in the pulpits and the church press of America during her tour here, and her private character was bitterly assailed. Now, a quarter of a century later, although the moralists have never become reconciled to her, she elicits little or no protest of the sort that she encountered then, though a misreported interview in Quebec a few weeks ago resulted in a noisy demonstration of popular disapproval.

It is a pleasure, however, to note the difference in the character of the stories told now of her personal career and those which obtained such currency upon her first trip. An element of sweetness and simplicity seems to have entered into her life which contrasts well with the gusty passions and reckless extravagance which she exhibited or affected in the days gone by. Mr. Meltzer writes of her, in the San Francisco *Chronicle*, as follows:

"In private life the most adulated actress of her day is very simple and very interesting. She has faults (which of us has not?), but she has virtues and great qualities. Her nerves may, to outsiders, make her appear 'sensational.' But in her own home she is a rare comrade, a kind mother, a staunch friend. She is happiest, as she herself would tell you, when, after a hard season at her Paris house or 'on the road,' she retires to her plain little house—an abandoned fort—on the island of Belle-Isle, in Brittany. There, amid solitude and savagery, and there only, she rests and lives naturally. Her companions are the peasants, the rude fisher folk and the curé of the village in which at times she attends mass. For, though by race a Jewess, she is — or she believes she is — a devout Catholic. Echoes of Paris are brought down to her, even in this retreat, by the artists whom she admits to her intimacy. But at Belle-Isle she shakes off the wearing tyranny, the enthralling spell, the relentless influence of the stage, and reveals herself as a mere woman. Witty to a fault, insatiably curious, an excellent listener and a delightful talker, she makes an ideal hostess. She is interested not only in her own art, but in the affairs of others. Life in all its phases has an untiring charm for her. That is, perhaps, the secret, if there be a secret, of the strange power and youth which, at an age when most are ready to retire, she still enjoys."

Despite the vast sums which Madame Bernhardt has made on the stage—she made over one million dollars in this country under the management of Maurice Grau and his partner, Henry Abbey—and despite this strain of simplicity in her life in Brittany, she is likely to die poor. At the outset of her career, we are told by Mr. Meltzer, she loaded herself down with debt and she has never, save for a few months or years, recovered from that unfortunate start. She never was able to save money. We quote again what is said concerning this side of her character:

"Her own lavishness—her inability to deny herself the gratification of her whims, her insatiable hunger for the rare and beautiful, whether it chance to take the shape of a Lalique hatpin or cinquecento tripych—have helped to impoverish her. Generous to a fault, reckless as the women of her race are rarely reckless, she has squandered her hard-gotten earnings without counting, on poor relations, rapacious friends and distressed comrades. In the old days, when her delightful little villa in the Avenue de Villiers was one of the Parisian landmarks, I have known her to play hostess day after day, week after week, to scores of visitors. Bankruptcy, with the usual consequences, once at least rewarded her for her good nature. Her Paris villa and her country house were sold, and her possessions, including her pictures and her sculpture, went to the hammer."

Most of her money, however, it is worth while to note, has been lost as Irving's was, in producing plays which, though of artistic merit, have failed to win popularity. "I question whether she has saved much more than enough," says Mr. Meltzer, "to pay her expenses and keep up her life insurance policy." Fortunes have gone, also, into theaters which she has "financed" for her son Maurice. Thanks to her health, however, which has nearly always been marvelous, though for a time she had fainting fits and has always had "nerves," and thanks to her high spirits, her sense of humor and the philosophic strain in her nature, she has fought her way through all her many difficulties.

Recent Poetry

It sounds too good to be true; but it is true: a new book of poetry by Victor Hugo has just been published in Paris entitled "La Dernière Gerbe" (The Last Sheaf). It contains passages that will take rank with the best of the poet's work, and has all his characteristic qualities—his grandiose imagery and his Olympian tone—which Brandes in his new book on "The Romantic School in France" has thus described: "We feel as if the poet had actually seen all and had painted it with a brush like that pine which Heine would fain have torn from the Norwegian cliffs and dipped in the fire of Etna to write with it the name of his beloved across the expanse of heaven. . . . The poet dared to lay hold of the painful, the ugly, the terrible, and incorporate it in his verse, assured of his power to penetrate it all with poetry, to impart transparency to all these shadows and immerge all the blackness in a poetic sea of light."

We give a literal—not metric—translation of three of the poems in this posthumous volume. The first of the three is a sort of lyric nightmare:

BABEL

By Victor Hugo

Babel is in the depths of the land of horrors.

If the Frightful were a visible thing it would resemble this unheard-of tower, its immeasurable summit lost in the clouds.

Nay, it is no tower, but rather a monster building.

Daylight, powerless to illumine, slips off it.

Its side openings, full of shadow, swallow up the storm-laden, hissing winds of the void.

Out of it issue unfamiliar, somber hootings.

Its spire, deformed and cloud-piercing, ends there, or perchance only begins.

Its granite porticoes have been gnawed by the hurricane: the breach is like a hole that the spade scoops in the earth; its stairways are hewn out of the giant rock, and upon its mournful escarpments are engraved masks, tripods, gnomes, clepsydras.

Its caves, large enough to shelter hydras, seem from afar like clefts wherein the asp lurks.

From the fog-wrapt juttings of its sheer walls emerge clumps of thick herbage.

Its broken arch-clusters are like unto sheaves, and the stone has the sinister pallor of a shroud.

Babel would fain mount to the zenith: God alone may set a limit to its ascent.

One trembles beholding that gloomy interior—so black that no starlight may pierce it.

Attached to walls descending sheer from the pediment there stand out colossal figures of frightful aspect, targets for the thunderbolt.

From the foundation rise twin towers resembling lighthouses, specters in the distance.

Out of the ghastly pile of architectural enormity emerge vague forms: a dome, a chaos of stairways, terraces, bridges, all outlined in confused mass upon the horizon.

And as a flight of pigeons or swift swallows will sometimes be seen to alight upon a housetop, so, descending upon these gloomy bastions, there issue out of the depths of the air griffins, black hippogriffs, sphinxes born of nightmare, whose foldless wings are sharp as swords; the dragon smothering lightnings under its huge belly; the eagle of the Apocalypse and the larvæ of the air; white seraphim upborne upon enormous wings, terrible and newly come from some far-off star.

Hugo lets his fancy revel in the following way over the beginnings of human language:

THE ORIGIN OF SPEECH

By Victor Hugo

Whence comes the word? Whence comes language?

From whom do we derive the words which are the fabric of our speech?

Writing and the alphabet—whence come they?

Plato beheld I issuing from the subtle air; Messene copied M from the bucklers of the Mede; the cranes in their flight give Y to Palamede; Perseus heard the roll of R in the barking of the dog; Z revealed itself to Prometheus in the lightning; O is eternity, the serpent gnawing its tail; L, F and G were seen in the blue vault, confused gestures of the airy clouds.

Nevertheless, the grammarians dispute all this.

D is the triangle in which God is upborne by Job; T is the fatal cross that inspired Ezekiel's dreams.

Think you now that the problem is solved?

Did Triptolemus in his harvesting let fall words even as the wheat fell beneath his scythe?

Did Greek blossom from the lips of Euterpe?

Did Hebrew come from Adam? or Celtic from Irmensul?

Dispute this as you will, it is certain that no one knows who placed in the void, pointing to the glorious ideal, the letters of the ancient alphabet—those stairs by which the human mind mounts to the sacred heights, those five and twenty golden steps of the ladder, Thought.

Bethink thee, then, poor insensate clay, man, shadow, how thou art not able to explain thyself.

To the human eye man is naught but a phantom.

When we would mount from speech to thought and would fain know what relation that sound bears to this flame, there is no answer.

The bond has been broken.

Of thyself, by means of thy brain, thou art powerless to solve the enigma.

Thou canst not even open thine own window.

Thou knowest not thyself and thou wouldst know *Him!*
Peering, sightless, O miserable magician, thou dost not understand thine own word and thou wouldst fathom His.

Here is another of the poems, one with an adorably audacious ending:

HYMN TO GENIUS

By Victor Hugo

The work of man is the echo of the work of God.
Star or thought, one hears in the masterpiece below the echo of the masterpiece on high.
Shakespeare, Dante, Job, Aeschylus! your genius in itself is a harmony in the azure depths.
It broods upon the world and the shadow and the blue heavens and all existence, and its works are its reply to God.
It enlists the Ideal in its vast pursuits.
Behold! God made the Ocean; man made Hamlet. Quits!

William Winter's hair is like the driven snow, but the fire of his oratory, the flash of his sword wielded in dramatic criticism, and the melody of his poetic lyre have wonderfully withstood the assaults of time. We offer this (from the New York *Tribune*) in part evidence:

THE REASON

By William Winter

I know not if thy charm it be,
Or Nature's charm, reveal'd in thee;
Whether thy face, as now I view it,
Is thine,—or hers that's shining through it:
But this I know—whate'er the art
That wins me, thou hast won my heart!
And therefore, though my old guitar
Has strings that were,—not strings that are,—
Once more, ere yet its tune be spent,
I touch that ancient instrument,
In praise of truth and beauty blent!

Through the red glare, the scorching light,
The din, the havoc, and the blight
Of clamorous wrath and hideous haste,
That make this life one dreary waste,
Thy voice, of Music's soul complete,
Was ever tender, low and sweet,—
To make the frantic tumult cease
And bless me with the balm of peace!
And so for thee I breathe a sigh—
Therefore I love thee—far or nigh—
Or else,—or else—I know not why.

The name of Walter Malone used to be more familiar to magazine readers a few years ago than it is now. Mr. Malone now wears the judge's ermine (or would if judges still wore ermine) in Memphis, Tennessee; but he looks back longingly to the days and nights when he was a constant wooer of the muses in Bohemia. He has just published a volume of his poems, and there is much in it that is well worth while. This, for instance:

HOMER

By Walter Malone

What earthly King who envies not my name?
What century shall behold my honor dim?
As virile and as vigorous is my fame
As when mankind first heard my morning hymn.

Cæsar has come, has conquered, passed away;
Young Alexander's empire is a dream;
Napoleon shared my sceptre for a day,
Then saw the snapping of his cobweb scheme.

But I, who living begged my daily bread,
Found death the gateway to a golden throne;
I rule the living, though they call me dead,
And time to me is but a term unknown.

I see new poets come to take my place;
They can not lift my lance or bend my bow;
If in their lines be loveliness or grace,
I said the same three thousand years ago.

So Babylon and Nineveh have gone,
While I rejoice in everlasting day;
Paris, Manhattan, London, had their dawn,
And I shall see their splendor fade away.

The dear old gods I knew in ancient days,
Of Egypt and Assyria, Greece and Rome,
Have lost their crowns, and strange new idols gaze
Across the desert and the ocean foam.

The golden-haired Apollo is no more,
But songs I sang him still have power to thrill;
Though Pallas pass, I keep my strength of yore;
Great Pan is dead, but I am living still.

Lo, by the everlasting throne of God
Sits Gabriel with his trumpet in his hand,
Waiting that far, far day, when sea and sod
Give up their dead, before that Judge to stand.

Not till that trumpet bids the sun grow black,
Shall breath of God blow out my radiant flame;
Not till the earth shall wander from her track,
And there is no more sea, shall die my name.

A poem does not have to be good theology or good philosophy in order to be good poetry. The philosophy of the following poem may strike some as vulnerable, but it certainly has strength and genuineness, and voices in a forthright way the lesson of self-reliance.

IN PRAISE OF MYSELF

By Walter Malone

I am sick of the days of love, of the prating of beautiful eyes,
Of the ruby lips, of the golden hair, and of cheeks like morning skies;
For a day will dawn when the eyes grow dim, and the ringlets of gold are gray,
And Love, like a traitor, when wrinkles come, will silently sneak away.

I am weary of lays of Friendship, too, of the truth that never turns,
Of the trusting hearts and the helping hands, the faith that forever burns;
For when Fate may frown, and when Fortune flies, and your golden age is done,
You will find at last, wherever you go, there is left of your friends not one.

I am weary alike of Prayer, of beseeching of pitiless skies,
Of the wails for help, of the shrieks for aid as the wretch in anguish dies;
For the gods help those who uplift the sword, not those who as beggars come;
To the rich they give, from the poor they take, to the weak are deaf and dumb.

Whenever you hang on another's arm, the soul of your strength is past;
When you give your fate to another's hands, the die of your doom is cast;
Whenever you mumble for mercy here, the day of defeat draws nigh;
Whenever you weep, whenever you wail, you are left to droop and die.

Whenever you win a battle of life, reap riches or gain renown,
No hand but your own on the flaming field will place on your head the crown.
If the palms you bear, if the bays you wear, if you heap and hoard your pelf,
No finger will lift from a friendly arm till first you have helped yourself.

I care not what men or women may say when of outside aid they tell,
For work others do can never suit you—you only can do it well.
And I know this truth, that if win I will, I must win by force of might;
What gift I may crave, what reward I seek, I lose if I do not fight.

Whatever a friend may do for a friend is only reflected light,
From the sun of Self, of splendor the source, and without which all is night.
Whenever the fang of a foeman stings, infection never takes place
Unless I myself have poisoned myself, nourishing grafted disgrace.

So I praise myself for fights I have fought, for the enemies underfoot hurled,
And I love myself and I hug myself as I face a hostile world;
And I praise myself that I heeded not the hisses and hoots and jeers,
And with bulldog grip have clung to my rights through all of the friendless years.

Though I blundered oft, and I stumbled oft while bleeding from thrust on thrust,
I have faced all foes, have endured all blows, have risen when hurled to dust.
Though many my faults, and my passions strong, and sins of self were to down,
I have forged ahead, and my brow deserves, though never it wear, a crown.

So I praise myself for the fights I fought against all the hosts of hell,
Though I knew at last was a greedy grave, and a shroud and a funeral bell.
I have trod the path which, I know not why, leads on to the lonely tomb,
And never a man or a seraph or saint more boldly has marched to doom.

I care not what sage or sophist might do, what higher beings might say,
What counsel of man, what wisdom of God, may have shown a better way;
Had they fought like me, had they bled like me as they crept through earth to die,
I would challenge them all to take up my lot and bear it better than I.

I have asked for aid from the sons of men—they have left me all alone;
I have prayed the gods for a loaf of bread—they have always given a stone.
So I clenched my teeth, and doubled my fists, and I fought to hold my own,
And the mobs of men, when I helped myself, have begged me accept a throne.

So little I care if they say my words are vanity, pomp or conceit,
For I know that Self and that Self alone, can bring me a mess of meat.
So the little tin gods of the old-time bards I shove in dust on the shelf,
And asking no leave of a living soul, I take off my hat to myself.

The assassination the other day of General Sakharoff by a woman, at the behest of the Russian revolutionists, gives an air of grim reality to the poem (from the New York *Times*) which follows:

THE REVOLUTIONIST

From a Russian Prose Poem of Turgenev

By Arthur Guiterman

I saw a spacious house. O'erhung with pall,
A narrow doorway pierced the sombre wall.
Within was chill, impenetrable shade;
Without there stood a maid—a Russian maid,
To whom the icy dark sent forth a slow
And hollow-sounding Voice:

"And dost thou know,
When thou hast entered what awaits thee here?"
"I know," she said, "and knowing do not fear."
"Cold, hunger, hatred, Slander's blighting breath,"
The Voice still chanted, "suffering—and Death?"
"I know," she said.

"Undaunted, wilt thou dare
The sneers of kindred? Art thou steeled to bear
From those whom most thou lovest, spite and scorn?"
"Though Love be paid with Hate, shall that be borne,"
She answerèd.

"Think! Thy doom may be to die
By thine own hand, with none to fathom why,
Unthanked, unhonored, desolate, alone,
Thy grave unmarked, thy toil, thy love unknown,
And none in days to come shall speak thy name."
She said: "I ask no pity, thanks, or fame."
"Art thou prepared for crime?"

She bowed her head:
"Yes, crime, if that shall need," the maiden said.
Now paused the Voice before it asked anew:
"But knowest thou that all thou holdest true
Thy soul may yet deny in bitter pain,
So thou shalt deem thy sacrifice in vain?"
"E'en this I know," she said, "and yet again,
I pray thee, let me enter."

"Enter then!"
That hollow Voice replied. She passed the door.
A sable curtain fell—and nothing more.
"A fool!" snarled some one, gnashing. Like a prayer,
"A Saint!" a whispered answer thrilled the air.

The new Christmas poetry that has come to our notice this year is not compelling. This from *The Atlantic Monthly* is the best we have seen; but it is not very Christmasy:

THE LITTLE CHRIST

By Laura Spencer Portor

Mother, I am thy little Son—
Why weepest thou?

Hush! for I see a crown of thorns,
A bleeding brow.

Mother, I am thy little Son—
Why dost thou sigh?

Hush! for the shadow of the years
Stoopeth more nigh!

Mother, I am thy little Son—
Oh, smile on me.
The birds sing blithe, the birds sing gay,
The leaf laughs on the tree.

Oh, hush thee! The leaves do shiver sore,
That tree whereon they grow,
I see it hewn, and bound, to bear
The weight of human woe.

Mother, I am thy little Son—
The Night comes on apace—
When all God's waiting stars shall smile
On me in thy embrace.

Oh, hush thee! I see black starless night!
Oh, could'st thou slip away
Now, by the hawthorn hedge of Death,—

The stanzas below come from one of the British periodicals. We have neglected to make a record of the name:

THE KING'S FOOL

By William J. Niedig

A Fool it was, and took his Soul
Within his hollowed hands;
He took his Soul and smoothed it calm,
And loosed its strainèd bands.

"O Soul," he cried, "you bear the stain
Of chain-gyves interwove!
Who did this thing?" The Soul replied
"It was the friend I love."

"O Soul, you have a flaming brand
Burned on your nakedness!
Who did this thing?" The Soul replied:
"That was a pure caress."

"O Soul, a fissure shows your heart
Like wound of bloody sword!
Who did this thing?" The Soul replied:
"That was a friendly word."

"O Soul, you shrink within my hand,
I scarce see where you be!
Who did this thing?" The Soul replied:
"A woman pitied me."

The Fool laid down his Soul and wept,
And knelt him down beside;
He soothed and questioned all the night,—
No soul of him replied.

The poetry of "Miss Fiona Macleod" has for ten years attracted wide attention and has had much to do with the so-called Celtic movement in literature. It now transpires that "Miss Fiona Macleod" was none other than Mr. William Sharp, one of Great Britain's well-known authors and critics, whose death occurred in Sicily a few days ago—December 14. His widow makes known this fact, which clears up one of the most interesting mysteries of literary history. Mr. Sharp, whose poems under his *nom de plume* have "served as a clarion call to the Irish muse," was a Scotsman.

Recent Fiction and the Critics

Marion Crawford has written more than a score of romances, all of them, or nearly all, good readable novels, with real stories, real characters and the charm of excellent workmanship. But the publication of a new story by him is not an arousing event. He is not an epoch-maker, and he projects no new problems of art or sociology upon a startled public. His latest novel* is regarded as a fairly good specimen of his work, not as good as his best, not as bad as his worst. The scene of the story is laid in Paris, instead of in Italy, where his scenes are usually laid. The heroine, Miss Margaret Donne, is an English girl who has a divine voice and is preparing for her *début* on the operatic stage. (She doesn't get that far in this book, but a sequel is foreshadowed in the closing chapter.) The coterie of artists among whom her aspiration brings her include two men, Lushington (French-born but English-bred) and Legotheli, a Greek, both of whom fall in love with her, and neither of whom gets her (in this book); also Mme. Bonnani, a great prima-donna, of peasant manners and stained reputation, but of good heart. The critics are agreed on one point—that the character of Mme. Bonnani is splendidly drawn. The London *Academy,* which finds the story rather disappointing after Mr. Crawford's Italian romances, calls the prima donna a brilliant sketch. "She is so full of life, so vivacious, so generous in the highest sense of the word, that it is impossible not to like her." Fred Taber Cooper, writing in *The Bookman* (New York), says of her: "If there were nothing else in this book than the portrait of this big-hearted, Junoesque, voluble French woman, who has been a great soprano for thirty years, and a vulgar peasant all her life, it would still be one of the books that Mr. Crawford might justly be very proud of." The same critic thinks that Crawford has produced nothing since his Saracinesca trilogy that approaches this work. But *The Book News* finds that some places in it wear the reader's patience nearly threadbare. Of Margaret herself it says:

Margaret: A Portrait

"With a little more freedom, Margaret would have developed into warm flesh and blood, but the author remembered his 'portrait' and placed her under lock and key. If at times she seems cold and automatic, it must be laid to this restraint—it was a case of Margaret over-ruling Mr. Crawford or vice versa, and the author, being the stronger of the two, poor Margaret has suffered unspeakably."

This novel is called by a different name in England. There it is known as "Soprano: A Portrait."

*Fair Margaret. A Portrait. By F. Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Company.

When Mary E. Wilkins was married to Dr. Freeman, she went to a New Jersey town, Metuchen, to reside. She now gives us a New Jersey story* of 562 pages, which combines psychology, dramatic action and love sentiment in a way that elicits critical admiration for her unsparing realism. The hero of the novel—"the best picture of a genteel dead-beat," according to the New York *Evening Post*, "that has been produced in this country"—is Arthur Carroll, from Kentucky. Naturally high-spirited, impulsive and trustful, he became the victim of a smooth friend who swindled him out of all his possessions in the South. Thereafter he, his wife, his sister, his two daughters and his son flit from one suburban residence to another, "doing" everybody, sometimes suffering when their credit with the tradesmen ran out, but keeping up appearances for a surprisingly long time, and never losing their loyalty to one another nor the manners that come from good breeding. In the end the hero bravely buckles to the task of earning an honest living. The New York *Tribune* finds the story truthful, impressive and entertaining, and thinks it would be difficult to find a more apt and clear-cut picture of suburban life. The Louisville *Times* rates it the best story Mrs. Freeman has given us, and the New York *Sun* thinks it the most successful which she has written since she began constructing long stories. *The Outlook* speaks of it as "a searching study of character" on an unhackneyed theme. It adds:

The Debtor

"One misses the crispness of style that marked 'Pembroke' and 'Jerome;' one sometimes finds involved sentences and careless phrasing; but the reality, intensity, and force of the novel are remarkable. The author has here proven beyond question that she does not need her old adjuncts of New England dialect and New England environment. She is perfectly at home in a New Jersey suburban town in probing subtly into motive and in creating substantial characters whose actions and lives are interesting to the psychologist and the novel-lover alike."

*The Debtor. By Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman. Harper & Brothers.

The Providence *Journal* finds the tale "in many ways a painful study," but goes on to say:

"The love story of the younger daughter is the bright spot in the narrative; in the scenes with her father and with her lover her character develops; she is, on the whole, the most fascinating heroine whom Miss Wilkins has ever drawn. And if "The Debtor" cannot be called a pleasant novel, it is better than that; it has a true grip upon life and it deals with actual conditions.

The Conquest of Canaan.

A good many hopes have been built upon Booth Tarkington, and nothing that he has done lately has seemed to the critics to go quite so far toward their realization as his new novel.* There is quite a chorus of enthusiastic praise, and most of the reviewers agree that it is the best novel he has yet produced. As a serial in *Harper's* it attracted much interest and held it to the end. It is another story of an Indiana town, with any number of provincial types drawn as from life. We agree with the critic of the Providence *Journal* that the story itself is rather crude, and the doubt which intrudes itself upon a reviewer in the New York *Times* whether there could be quite so stony-hearted a town as Canaan seems justified. The Springfield *Republican* thinks the work is not an inch beyond 'prentice work, and the story "distorted at almost every point"; but it admits that it is, none the less, "decidedly interesting." The popularity of the book seems already assured. Note the enthusiasm of the following from *Book News*:

"It is the welding of beauty and strength in the work of a writer who has conscientiously, unhasting, unresting, pursued an ideal, and achieved a masterpiece. For 'The Conquest of Canaan' is a great American novel; the finest fruit of a literary and imaginative art; a piece of American life in all its saliency of characterization and environment; a contribution to the permanent literature of our country. The stamp of reality and genius attests its genuineness as a human document conceived and crystallized in the alembic of the imagination."

The Outlook is not far behind in its praise:

"'The Conquest of Canaan' has not lost the note of refinement, but it has gained in solidity and distinctness of outline; it is an original story in point of plot; it is witty, spirited, romantic, and beautifully human in its spirit. It will be read for its interest and its charm; it ought to be read also by the Pharisees, the uncharitable, the hard and harsh-minded, of whom society is far too full."

Joe Louden, the hero, is as a boy a scapegrace, gets a bad name in Canaan and runs away to avoid the penalty of one of his pranks. When he returns, years later, having been a good deal of a vagabond, but having in the end equipped himself as a lawyer, he finds that the respectable class are all against him. His interest in the shady classes—a sort of unconfessed missionary interest—intensifies the hostility of Canaan society, but Joe sticks to his work as a lawyer and gets plenty of clients; but the loneliness of his life leads to drink and he is in a fair way to justify his bad name when the heroine appears on the scene. She is the kind of a heroine you wish to read about. She was his playmate in his scapegrace days, and when she returns from Paris, an accomplished artist, wealthy, beautiful and tactful, she is as loyal as ever to Joe. How her tact and Joe's courage effect the conquest of Canaan and the downfall of the local magnate, Martin Pike, is the burden of the tale, which, as the Philadelphia *Press* says, is "to be read with unremitting interest." Of the hero and heroine, *The Times* (New York) says: "A novelist seldom creates two more fascinating young people. Heroes and heroines are a stiff-necked generation, usually refusing to live up in any wise to their author's praises of them; but Joe and Ariel are altogether humanly delightful, made up of fine traits, wide in their interests, not merely puppets of perfection worked by the one string of the universal passion." It is, the same critic concludes, one of "that rare inner circle of books which satisfy—books with a soul."

Kipps

Mr. H. G. Wells has more than one string to his literary bow. The pseudo-scientific novel, *a la* Jules Verne, is one string and that of social satire is another, and, many think, even a better string. "Kipps"* is a social satire, not too severe or bitter, but sweetened with fun and human interest. It reminds one in many ways of Judge Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year" and his Tittlebat Titmouse; but the hero in "Kipps" never loses our respect even in his most ludicrous exhibitions. Like Titmouse, Kipps is a draper's clerk who comes unexpectedly into possession of wealth—twelve hundred pounds a year. He can easily change the spelling of his name to Cuyps, but his aitches and his manners are more intractable and render him in the social circles he now moves in as miserable as a fish out of water. He ends by running away from a fashionable dinner party and from the young woman who has set her cap for him and, in full evening dress, hunts up a winsome parlormaid he had loved in his apprentice days and proposes to her in the kitchen. And Mr. Wells makes you think well of

*The Conquest of Canaan. By Booth Tarkington. Harper & Brothers.

*Kipps: The Story of a Simple Soul. [By H. G. Wells. Charles Scribner's Sons.

his hero for doing just so. The discriminating lover of good literature, *The Sun* thinks, is sure to be delighted with the crisp and vigorous style of the story, its whimsical and homely conceits, its genuine pathos and humor and its sincerity of realism. "Why try to make of a man a something he was never intended to be?" is the moral of the story as interpreted by *Book News*, and the answer Mr. Wells gives us is "a picture of life drawn without obscuring flourishes or the lights and shadows so placed as to twist the truth into an 'artistic effect.'" All the English critics speak admiringly of the story. Kipps, the hero, is well entitled to be called a creation, *The Saturday Review* thinks, and Mr. Wells "treats him with fine skill, sympathetically, humanely, tenderly, never savagely as Warren did his Titmouse." The characters of the book live, says the London *Times*, and the author never, for a single page, fails to be amusing. The *Athenaeum* concludes its review as follows:

"In this engrossing story Mr. Wells comes to his own once more. He has set aside the speculations of scientific imagination, and deals with warm human life to-day. This is the work which was designed for him in the end, and we cannot doubt that he will continue to devote himself to it."

Rose o' the River

Kate Douglas Wiggin has not, in her latest book,* quite met the expectations of her admirers. Not exactly that they love her Rose less, but love her Rebecca and Penelope more. The *Times* (New York) concedes the "graceful sprightliness" of the new book and would have found much in it to praise if it were a first book by a new writer. As it is, the critic experiences a "distinct disappointment." Kate Blackiston Stille, reviewing the book in *Book News*, finds "generous feelings," "alert imagination" and "the poet's love of nature" in the novel; but she also uses the words "rather disappointing." *The Independent* calls it "a pretty story pleasantly told," and adds with a touch of real enthusiasm: "We do not remember a dearer little house in fiction than the one which Stephen made ready for the rose of a girl who was made to bloom within its walls."

A reviewer in the London *Academy* seems to be very greatly charmed with the story. He says:

"The thread of this story is so slender that it is almost imperceptible. A touch of jealousy, a lovers' quarrel, a lovers' meeting at the journey's end, and you have the matter in a nutshell; but you have it without any hint of the charm that holds you from first page to last. Miss Wiggin has gone back to America and given us an idyl of the Saco and of the lumbermen who ply their dangerous trade there. The river is the setting of the story and the people on its banks are seen in the light of its beauty, its strength, its sudden passions. But Miss Wiggin touches lightly on the tragedies of life. She sees a vigorous, happy race making homes on her river banks: she shows you their failings kindly and their virtues with real belief. Yet her optimism is not of the exasperating, unpersuasive quality that has lost all sense of proportion and cannot distinguish bad from good. . . . All Miss Wiggin's men and women are alive, and, when she wishes it, lovable. Rose herself is as glowing and fragrant as her namesake flowers running riot in the garden of her old home and on the wall-paper of the new one she comes to in the end as bride."

The London *Athenaeum* speaks of the book as "slight and mildly interesting." Our own *Critic* classes it among the pot-boilers, and *The Literary Digest* calls it a "skimpy little bit of sentimentality," for whose "cheap banality" the author ought to apologize. Robert Bridges in *Collier's*, on the other hand, terms it "an idyllic love story" and *The Outlook* thinks it is "spontaneous and fascinating."

* Rose o' the River. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Nedra

Nobody takes Mr. McCutcheon's latest story* very seriously, but then it is evident that the author never intended that it should be taken seriously. It is an amusing extravaganza. Nedra is the name of an island in the Philippine group inhabited by cannibals. Mr. Hugh Ridgeway, a young Chicago millionaire, is shipwrecked on this island together with Lady Tennys, who is English, you know, and whose husband is drowned in the shipwreck. A dreadful fight ensues on the island between two tribes of cannibals to decide which tribe shall secure possession of the two strangers. When that is settled, Hugh and the lady, instead of being eaten, are deified, and for a year rule over the tribe as absolute sovereigns. Then they get to Manila. Hugh finds there the young lady to whom he was engaged, and with whom he had run away from Chicago to escape a fashionable wedding. Accidents had prevented their being married before embarking on the ship, and now they find that neither wishes to marry the other, and everything turns out all right all right. The story seems to a reviewer in *Everybody's* a trifle less glittering in its imaginings than Mr. McCutcheon's "Graustark" is, but the same reviewer confesses a gladness that has not been restrained in the perusal of the tale. "Imagine this story set off with cleverness and vividness," says *The World To-Day*, "and you have one of the most attractive examples of the lighter fiction of the season."

*Nedra. By George Barr McCutcheon. Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Three Elms

This powerful little tale is by an English writer whose name is just becoming known, at least on this side the Atlantic—Mr. Henry Normanby. This story and several other of his stories, all quite short, have lately appeared in *The Grand Magazine*, and though we make it a point usually to publish only such stories as are not otherwise easily accessible to American readers, we make an exception in this case. Mr. Normanby is worth knowing, and this little story, striking into a new vein, seems to us to merit wider acquaintance.

They were of equal age and beauty, the three elms, and the memory of man failed and became extinct before it reached back through the years to the hour of their nativity. They were gracious to the sight, and their leaves made slumbrous music in the soft night breeze. A great brotherhood of soul was theirs, a sublime patience, an unfailing charity to every living thing. They stretched their arms hospitably, and the birds of the air came into them and made them their home. They lifted their heads in the sunlight and whispered their secrets beneath the moon. The compassionate rain brought them their peace and the harsh winds of winter moved them not to anger. In the days of their youth young children climbed about them and made merry in their branches, and in the fulness of time grew up to manhood and went their ways, forgetting them. But the three elms remained and remembered.

Together they grew in their stateliness and strength, and toil was not theirs, neither sorrow, nor suffering. War and strife passed by them unheeding, leaving them to their august repose. Theirs was an added glory to the landscape, a culminating beauty to the wide stretch of verdurous earth. In the deep shade bestowed by them tired cattle found coolness and rest, and young lambs nestled therein, and the wayfarer unburdened himself and slept. Beneath them, in the rich autumnal noondays, aged children of the earth sat in contentment, becoming drowsily reminiscent, telling of the days of their adolescence, far back in the hazy region of the past.

Removed from all discord of commerce, they towered high and broadened nobly, and the green of their leaves was unsullied by the mire of cities and the noxious exhalations of factories. In the long June nights the benediction of their arms was given freely to the lovers who plighted troth in their spacious midst, and at eventide, in the great silence of winter, having cast off their garment of leaves, they slumbered.

It was theirs, each one of them, to have an austere destiny, to take great part in the triumphant march of the world, to determine the tragedies of the lives of men, to be the agents of love and sorrow, of despair and death. They knew it not, the three elms, as they grew together in the sunlight, stretching out their long arms, touching and caressing each other.

The slow years passed away, beckoning to the children of the earth who unwillingly followed them, and the three elms grew old. Many generations of men had lived and died, and the hand of Change lay disquietingly upon the land. A railway had marred their peace and broken their solitude and the horrible din of machinery drowned the sibillant lisping of their voices. These innovations weighed upon them with exceeding heaviness, their brows became furrowed, their limbs bent and distorted, and the bright green of their leaves dull and discolored; their hands trembled as stricken of the palsy, and they nodded feebly and without meaning.

Yet high above the discordant railway and the reverberating workshops they towered magnificently. Still they stretched out their majestic arms, and still they gave an added glory to the landscape, a culminating beauty to the earth.

At length, in the full blaze of high summer, men approached the trees and stood in their serene shade. They spoke together long and earnestly, as those who do business in merchandise, and measured them with tapes and rods. With coarse speech and rude jest they laid sacrilegious hands on the fathers of the forest, and the three elms knew that their hour had come. Sublime in their stately grace and dignity they asked no mercy, no consideration. It was sufficient that it had to be. Presently the men returned with axes with which they struck at the trees, foully and insolently. The other trees looked on in dull amazement. Blow after blow the men struck, paused to rest awhile, then smote again and again. For a space the Patriarchs gave no sign, then the wind blew upon them and they groaned, for the wind, which hitherto had assailed them in vain, now had power upon them and wrought with it grievously to their undoing. Still the men went on striking and cutting into them, deeply and cruelly, and the wind, gathering in resolution, pressed heavily and bowed their

majestic heads. They swayed awhile, leaned widely, then, with a stupendous uproar of tearing wood, fell lifeless upon the earth. Side by side they lay in their calamity, even as they had stood together in their strength and beauty.

Nevertheless, it was supremely theirs to have an austere destiny, to march magnificently through the centuries, to symbolise the tragedies of the lives of men, to be the august agents and accomplices of love and sorrow, of desolation and death.

Their broad, beneficent arms no longer stretched widely; their bright green leaves no longer whispered sweet secrets beneath the moon; their majestic crests no longer towered above the world. Shorn of their strength, disfigured and mutilated, they lay silent upon the moist green earth.

Presently they were borne away in carts to the railway, chained ignominiously to vile trucks, and dragged swiftly through the peaceful country to a great and turbulent city. Here they were separated. It was the last of their associated misfortunes. Through all the changes of the fateful years they had grown up together. Every joy and every sorrow, every triumph and every vicissitude, had been equally shared by them. The same benign showers had fallen upon them; the same soft winds had caressed them; the same flowers had breathed over them; the same fair children had gamboled beneath their branches; the same dews had cooled them; the same birds had slept in the shelter of their leaves. Now, in their death, they were divided; the Fates had spoken and the austere destiny of each was about to be fulfilled.

The first was taken to a large prison, and of it was builded a gibbet, whereon doomed men, haggard-eyed, were strangled. It was cast about with horror and darkness and desolation. Men passed it shudderingly, with averted eyes; women wept at the thought of it; children were not allowed to look upon it; the very hangman hurried away from its appalling presence. The lost men who were taken to it saw in its face the abandonment of hope. The light of the sun never more fell upon it; no longer did it hearken to the sound of laughter and song; not once again did the pure air of heaven whisper its benison over its head. Yet, since it stood as the dread symbol of human justice, since by its means was carried out the due punishment of sin, and since it alone heard the last whisper of dying men, its destiny was austere.

The second was purchased by a shipwright, and of it was fashioned a fishing-boat. It was dedicated to the high office of Toil, and by night and by day, in summer and winter, sunshine and rain, wind and bitter sleet, it sailed the sea, spoiling it of its treasure of food, doing battle with it valiantly for ever. It was the home of lonely men, going with them wheresoever they went, protecting them from the violence of the tempest and the unreasoned raging of the sea. It carried for them that which they perilously wrested from the clutch of the waters, and they put their trust in it, placing their lives in its keeping, loving it. In no wise did it betray their sublime faith, for, when at length, after long years of patient labor, borne always without anger and without complaint, the might of the sea was greater than it could withstand, and the wild rush of the wind swifter than it could out-flee—when, on a tempestuous night, its strength failed and the sea conquered, it perished with them. Together they went down into the uttermost deeps of the sea, lying cold and forgotten in the great waters.

Yet, since it performed its task nobly and without hope of reward, since women blessed it and men trusted to it not in vain, and since, at the end, it perished without fear and undeserving of reproach, its destiny was austere.

The third and last elm was hurried away at night to the most squalid part of a squalid town, where dwelt an old man—ragged, mole-like, cadaverous. He worked long and arduously, and often into the deep watches of the night, for the merchandise wherein he had dealings was in constant and hurried demand. His work-place was a cellar, damp and dreary, and ill-lit by a dingy oil-lamp. He had a wife and children, and he buried the dead to support the living. Day after day, and month after month, and year after year he toiled, this old man, making coffins of elm, wherein were hidden the dead, that men might behold them no more. His customers were the poor and broken in spirit, and his cellar was wet with the tears of the afflicted. With a rare foresight he made his own coffin, that his widow might be spared the expense of purchasing it. To him came the tree, fresh from the fragrance and living sweetness of the sunlit fields. He cut it up into short pieces, and of them fashioned his wares. It made many of them, and many was not enough. And so, bit by bit, it was taken away and returned to the earth whence it came; and the last coffin that was carried out of that dreadful cellar took with it him who had fashioned it.

Yet, since it alone assuaged the suffering of their pain, lifted the burden from the heavy-laden, and brought the weary into their appointed rest; since its place was the place of mourning and lamentation, its speech the low cry of the afflicted, and its silence the unbroken stillness of the grave; since for ever with it marched surely Death, its destiny was austere indeed.

Under the Umbrella

The writer of this sunny little love-story, Enrico Castelnuovo, has been for more than thirty years one of the most beloved authors of Italian fiction. He excels especially in the short story, although he has written a number of larger novels that are among the most widely read in Italy, the first one to gain him general recognition having been "Il Quaderno della Zia" (Aunt's Picture). A German critic, Dr. Siegfried Lederer, says of him: "The themes of Castelnuovo's compositions are extremely simple and free from all artificiality, but he has a freshness and a heartiness about him that always wins the reader. Throughout his works there is reflected a kind, gentle, characteristic note." Castelnuovo has occupied a professor's chair at the Royal School of Commerce in Venice since the year 1872. This story is translated for us by Thomas Seltzer.

A distance of more than three kilometres still separated them from their summer home when it commenced to rain.

Signora Susanna looked up, extended her arm and received the first drops on the back of her hand and on her face. Then she said to her nephew, a boy of between fourteen and fifteen years of age: "Ferrucio, jump over quick to old Martha, and see if she can't let us have an umbrella for a while. You stay here, Cecelia. Now, be careful you don't get the mud all over you."

So saying, Signora Susanna opened her little umbrella and said to her daughter:

"Come under my umbrella until Ferrucio gets back. It will not do you much good, but it will keep off a little of the rain."

"No, mamma," returned Cecelia, "it is no use for two to try to get under that tiny umbrella."

Ferrucio was not long in reappearing, breathlessly followed at a distance of several feet by a woman who carried a huge red umbrella under her arm.

"Would you not rather stop over at my house for a little while?" inquired the newcomer politely. "A shower like this can't last very long, I am sure. I think that would be best, signora. But if you prefer to go at once I brought you this umbrella. It is a poor umbrella, because we are poor people ourselves, but it is the only one I have."

"Thank you, Martha," answered Signora Susanna cordially. "I should be glad to stay at your house; but it is late and dinner is waiting for us. I will take your umbrella and let you have it back soon. Thank you, thank you."

Ferrucio and Cecelia exchanged smiles as they regarded the large umbrella of the woman, whose wings seemed calculated to give shelter to an entire family.

"Everybody arm-in-arm! Everybody arm-in-arm?" exclaimed the girl, clapping her hands.

"What *are* you thinking of, child?" retorted her mother. "You take my parasol and Ferrucio will hold the large umbrella and be my gentleman."

This arrangement by no means suited the two cousins, whose faces elongated several centimetres; but the signora did not observe it because at that moment her attention happened to be drawn away by the noise of an approaching carriage.

It was the buggy of Dr. Lonzi.

"Signora Mellini," cried the doctor, stopping his horse and putting out his head from the buggy, "do you want to come into my carriage? I have a place for you here."

"Really?" answered Signora Susanna. "If you assure me that you will not go out of your way on my account I will accept your kind offer."

"Not at all. I am going in your direction. And at all events, I would not leave you out in the rain that way. I am only sorry I cannot accommodate the young lady and the young gentleman."

"The young lady and the young gentleman have no objection to walking on foot," said Cecelia, with a smile of contentment.

And, returning her mother's parasol, she plunged under the ample firmament of the red umbrella.

"This girl will remain a child until extreme old age," remarked her mother as she was helped into the carriage by the doctor; and, turning to the young couple, she added: "Now don't fool around, but go straight home. Ferrucio, you are the younger of the two, but you are the wiser, nevertheless. Take care of your cousin. I entrust her to you."

Dr. Lonzi shook the reins over his horse's neck and he started off on a run.

"Did you hear?" said Ferrucio, with an air of importance. "You are entrusted to my care. Now, then, respect and awe in the presence of your superior! Do you understand?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Cecelia, "what a formidable cavalier. I can push you into that ditch with one turn of my hand."

"I should like to see it," answered Ferrucio, irritated at this reflection on his manly strength.

"Will you attempt to deny, perhaps, that I am at least two inches taller than you are?"

"That is a calumny. We haven't measured ourselves this fall."

"No, not this fall, but last fall."

"There is the rub. You see I have grown in that year and you have not, at least not in height."

This allusion to the anatomy of his cousin seemed to him such a stupendous piece of audacity that he regretted it before it was well out of his mouth, and he blushed and lowered his eyes.

For a moment the girl remained in doubt as to whether she should laugh or grow angry, so she contented herself with murmuring between her teeth, "Booby!"

"Well, we will settle the account some other year," said Ferrucio, satisfied at having come out so easily from this embarrassment.

"What account?"

"Why, that about my stature."

"You will get to be a regular Goliath, I dare say. Now here, you stupid fellow, can you or can you not hold that famous umbrella decently?"

It is an undeniable fact that Ferrucio managed the umbrella rather awkwardly, constrained as he was to walk on his tiptoes in order not to appear smaller than his cousin. To make matters worse, the wind was so strong that at every gust the umbrella was carried now on one side, now on the other.

"I am getting a shower-bath on my right side," remarked Cecelia.

"And I on my left," returned Ferrucio.

"Will you let me try?" said the young lady.

"Let you have the umbrella?"

"Yes, for five minutes."

"I guess I won't."

"Come, be a gentleman."

"I tell you I won't."

But Cecelia, who was obstinate by nature, did not wish to yield, and attempted to conquer by force what she could not do by kind words. She began to pull it one way and another until the umbrella, which did not have a very solid spring, closed up all of a sudden, catching the heads of the two contestants as in a trap.

When they finally succeeded in reopening it, Ferrucio had his hat cocked on one side while Cecelia was altogether in a state of disarrangement. They were both dripping wet, almost as if they had just come out of a bath.

"It is your fault," cried the girl, "you savage!"

"It is my fault, is it? Was it not you who——"

At this point, however, the humor of the situation overtook them, and the two cousins looked each other in the face and laughed with all their might.

"That was a fine blow you got on your head."

"I should say so. I guess I must have a bump on my forehead."

"And I, too, here."

"My poor little Cecelia!" cried Ferrucio.

"Don't laugh so," said Cecelia, striking up a comic attitude of alarm. "If you shake the umbrella too much it will start its funny tricks again and will shut up."

"Oh, horrors! After all, Cecelia, when I come to think of it, it wasn't such a bad trick the umbrella played on us, was it?"

Again Ferrucio thought that he allowed himself to speak too rashly and he flushed red.

Cecelia darted him a glance in which there was a world of unconscious coquetry. Then disposing herself to a resolute mood she said: "Come now, let us walk the rest of the way like respectable people."

She passed her arm again through that of her cavalier and drew herself up against him as closely as possible. "That is the way," she said, "now I will have my whole body under cover."

Ferrucio felt a kind of uneasiness, a discomfort that he had never experienced before; but that discomfort was so delicious that at that moment he would not have exchanged it for anything else in the world.

And Cecelia, inclining her pretty head toward him, spoke to him as she had never spoken to him before until that day, as one speaks not to a boy and a playmate, but to a young man who can be taken into one's confidence, to a friend.

Seeing himself finally treated as an equal by a young lady almost fifteen and a half years old and so very pretty, Ferrucio was beside himself with joy. At first he was confused and embarrassed, but gradually his tongue was unloosened and he began to speak with warmth and with an unusual emphasis.

How many things the two cousins said to each other under that umbrella! They recalled the time of their infancy when they lived in the same city and passed many hours together every day, quarreling frequently, occasionally also pulling each other's hair, but never able to remain separated. Later the families went to live in different places, and Cecelia and Ferrucio remembered how bitterly they wept on the day of their separation. Yes, they wept and wept, and swore that they would write each other; but inasmuch as they

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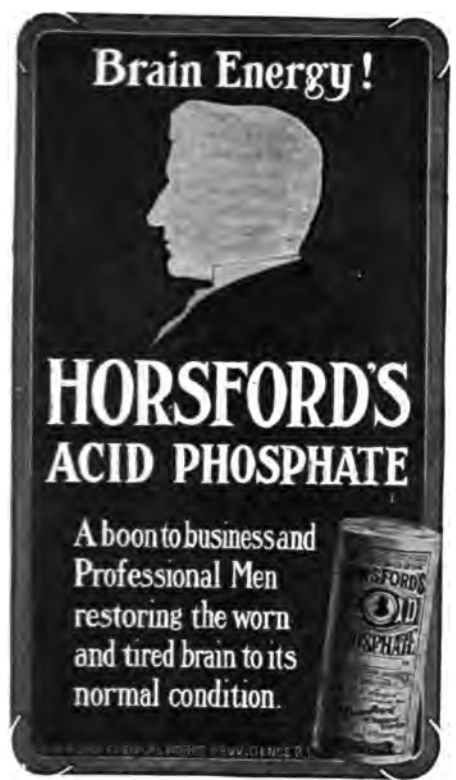
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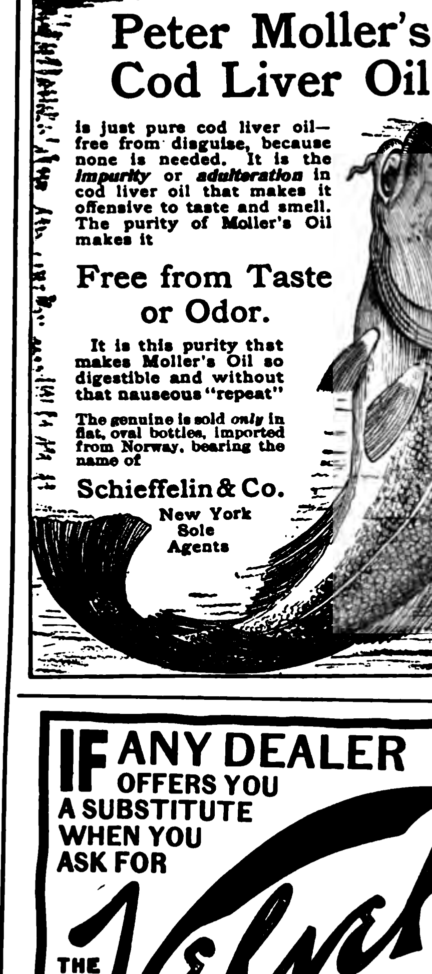
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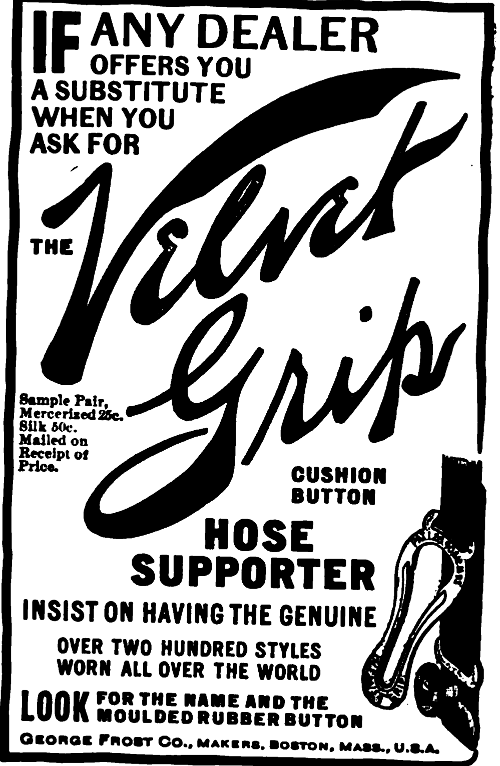
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were then scarcely able to make strokes with their pens there was no possibility of keeping their promise. But in the fall Ferrucio came to pass his vacation with his uncle and aunt, and continued to do so every year. For Cecelia this was the pleasantest season of the year. It was true that there was an interval of considerable cooling down when Cecelia seemed to be bent on becoming a steeple, while Ferrucio evidently had made up his mind to stop growing. Then she really looked down upon him. *Basta!* But now all this humiliation was at an end, and Cecelia faithfully recognized that Ferrucio would not cut a bad figure at her side. But what a pity it was that they could not walk arm-in-arm the whole year round! What a pity that they could not always confide their intimate thoughts to each other, their secret desires, the little sorrows of life!

The two cousins passed into pathos. Who knew what the future had in reserve for them? A series of disillusionments, perhaps, premature death! Brr! The very thought of it made their blood freeze in their veins.

"Don't even say it, Cecelia!" ejaculated Ferrucio.

"You would really be grieved if I died?"

"Oh, what terrible language!" he answered, turning his humid eyes upon her.

In answer she pressed his hand gently.

This sentimental conversation was interrupted by the sound of a voice.

"Eh, children, why don't you hurry?"

It was Signora Susanna who waited for them at the gate of the villa where they had arrived without noticing it.

"And now," continued Signora Susanna, "do me the kindness to explain why you keep the umbrella open? It is twenty minutes since it stopped raining."

"It has stopped raining?" exclaimed Cecelia and Ferrucio in great surprise.

"Yes, of course? Have you been wandering in the clouds? I am not surprised at Cecelia, she never knows where her head is; but you, Ferrucio, shame on you! And in what a horrid condition you are? All muddy from top to bottom! Walk up quick and change your dress, and then come down at once to the table. You, Ferrucio, give this umbrella to Menico and let him return it to old Martha at once. For all the good it has done you you might as well have done without it."

"No, mamma, believe me, it was very nice under this umbrella," said Cecelia as she entered the house.

"You little rogue!" whispered Ferrucio in her ear as he caught up beside her at the door.

The Maiden's Quavering Heart*

Miss Marie was half romantic, half practical, and a rather pretty girl. She could play the piano a little, knew some French, was always tastefully dressed, had a little nose gracefully uptilted, and eyes that were sometimes a light and sometimes a dark blue.

Once she had a remarkable dream.

She saw a balance suspended from the sky. The scales moved up and down without finding their equilibrium.

Two angels kept putting things in them.

On one side a dark angel in high silk hat and frock coat put in diamonds, pearls and gold.

On the other side a white, glorified angel put in tears, sighs and songs.

Above, on the tongue of the balance, was suspended her own heart. She recognized it instantly.

This little heart quavered and fluttered and kept moving from one scale to the other.

> "Which will you have—
> The ring of gold,
> The music of song?
> Will you have pearls or tears?"

Thus sang the angels, and the little heart quavered and knew not which to choose.

Suddenly she thought of a device—women think even in their dreams. She sprang up and seated herself upon the scale containing the pearls and diamonds and gold, and in order not to weigh down the scale she rested her head upon the other!

Her body was with the gold, the pearls and the diamonds; her head amid the tears, the sighs and the songs.

And still her heart kept ceaselessly vibrating from one to the other!

*Translated for CURRENT LITERATURE from the Yiddish of J. L. Perez.

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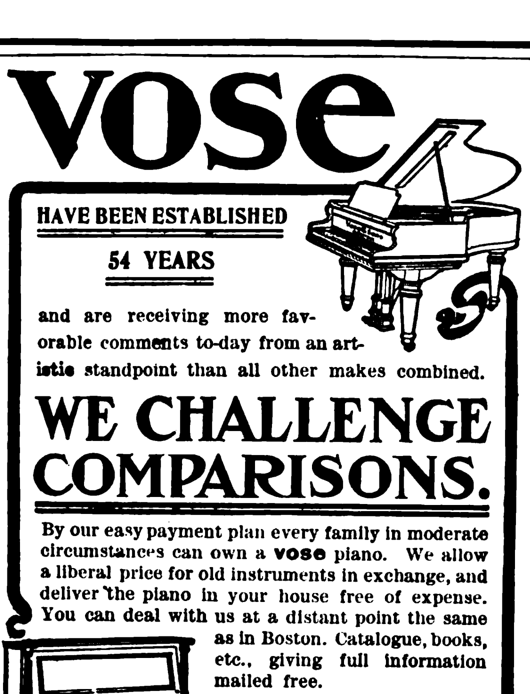

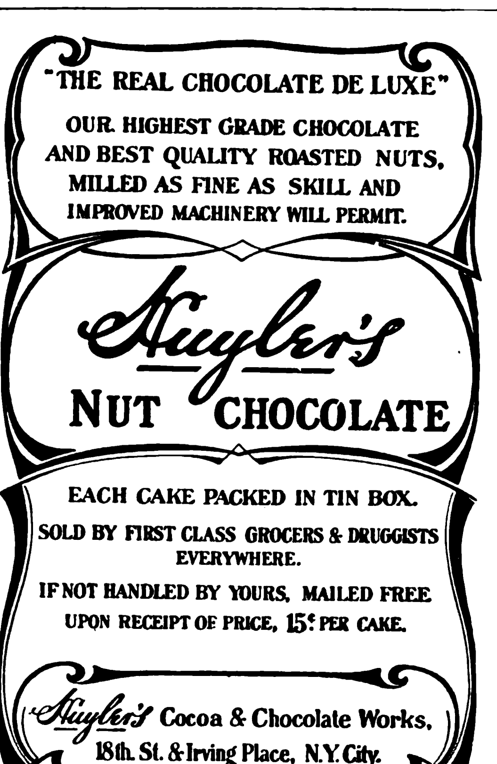

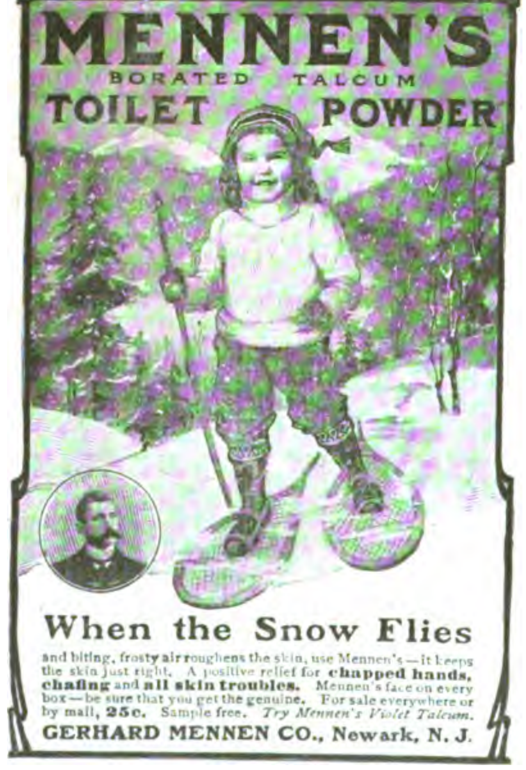

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Current Literature

FEB 10 190[illegible]

Edited by EDWARD J. WHEELER

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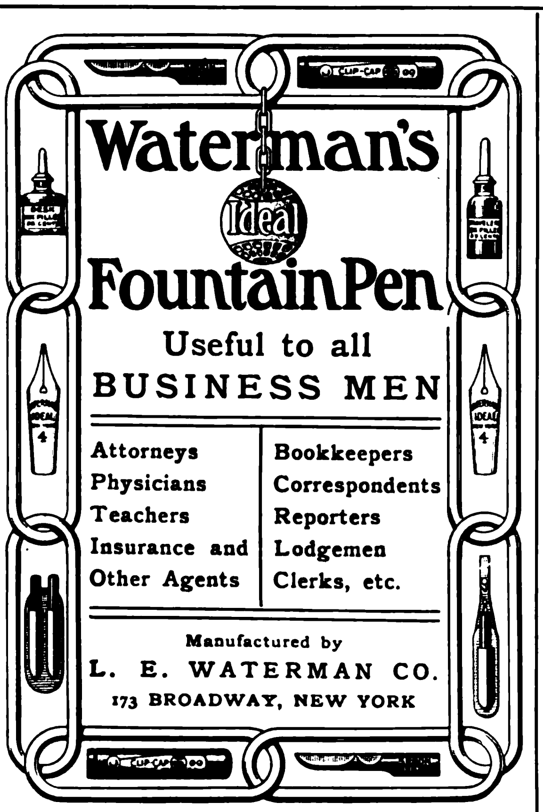

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GROVER CLEVELAND AND HIS SON RICHARD

The ex-President, here shown at his home in Princeton, is becoming a more and more important figure in the re-adjustment of life insurance matters. In addition to his trusteeship of the Equitable Life, he has now been made a referee for the three great insurance companies—Equitable, New York and Mutual—in all matters pertaining to re-bates, the abolition of which has been resolved upon.

Current Literature

VOL. XL, No. 2 — Edward J. Wheeler, Editor — Associate Editors: Leonard D. Abbott, Alexander Harvey — FEBRUARY, 1906

A Review of the World

"WHAT have we to do with abroad?" This question, more or less popular a score of years ago, seems surprisingly antiquated to-day when one regards the questions that are engaging most of the attention of Congress and the press. It is only necessary to enumerate these questions to see how far we have traveled of late years in the way of closer international relations with the rest of the world. Next to the regulation of railroad rates and the statehood of our four remaining territories—purely domestic topics—recent reports from Washington have been full of the Philippine tariff, the Panama Canal, the Santo Domingo mix-up, the conditions in China, the Morocco conference, the situation in Venezuela and the threatened tariff war with Germany. These are not subjects of merely speculative interest. They are compelling attention by the demand each of them is making for action of some sort on our part, and as a consequence, in most cases, of responsibilities which we might have evaded had we wished, but which we have chosen wisely or unwisely to assume. It is not an unusual thing nowadays for any editor to find, in looking over his exchanges, that journal after journal, even of those published in inland American cities, has devoted the major part of its editorial page to the discussion of foreign political affairs. The interest in "abroad" is not confined to Congress or the departments. If the press of the country is a reliable index, a striking expansion of interest in world affairs has developed in the American people, dating, we presume, from the Spanish-American War and the position in which we found ourselves at its close.

CRITICISM of President Roosevelt has become the order of the day lately in Washington, as a result largely of his policy in our foreign affairs. At least his policy in foreign affairs is the ostensible reason for much of this criticism, but there is ground for assuming that it is often the occasion rather than the cause. So far has antagonism to the President developed in Washington that Henry Loomis Nelson, a special correspondent of the Boston *Herald* (Ind.), asserts that President Roosevelt is to-day, and for sometime has been, "the most disliked and dreaded executive the capital has ever known," and that he is to-day a President without a loyal party following in Congress. "There is hardly a single follower," Mr. Nelson tells us, "whose loyalty, if he may be said to have any loyalty, is inspired by the common enthusiasm of the two for any political ideal or a political principle." The same thing is noted in words not much less emphatic by a large number of the correspondents in Washington. The Springfield *Republican*, another independent journal, that has frequently manifested a liking for the President, says:

> "The attitude of Congress toward him has changed radically, the attitude of the newspaper correspondents at Washington is changing, and that of the public is certainly undergoing material modification. Where before was unstinted praise, undiscriminating approval and un-American adulation, there now succeeds a more questioning, critical, challenging spirit. . . . He has reached and apparently passed his climacteric in popularity and power, and it is not easily possible that so unusual a position of unopposed and unassailable ascendency can be recovered."

The President, says the correspondent of *The Evening Post* (New York), was first amazed at the development of this antagonism, then concerned, and then amused.

VARIOUS reasons are assigned for this increase of hostility in Washington — its increase elsewhere is seldom asserted. What the New York *Sun* calls "the majestic question of 'pap'" accounts for much of it, in the judg-

THE NEW SENATOR FROM OREGON

John P. Gearin, who succeeds the late Senator Mitchell, is the first Democrat sent to the United States Senate from Oregon in eighteen years

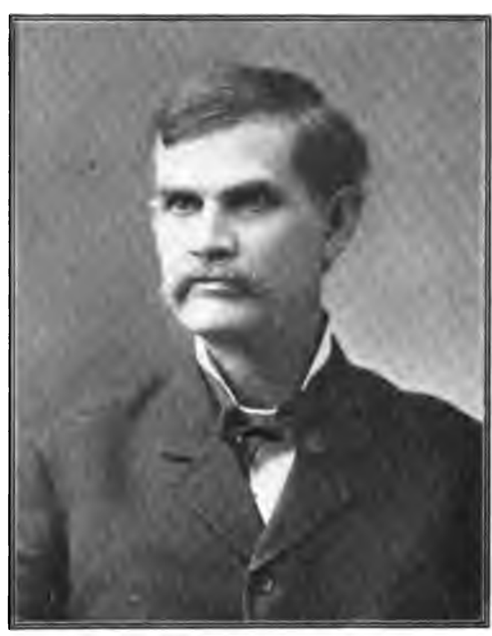
ment of a number of trained observers. Saying the same thing in another way, *The Evening Post* sarcastically observes: "The postmastership of Podunk is, after all, the vital question before Congress to-day. . . . Representatives are no fools. They see that if they cannot settle questions of patronage, statesmanship is a hollow sham." A faction called the "insurgents," in the lower house of Congress—Republicans who are in opposition to administrative and caucus measures—is led by Congressman Babcock of Indiana, who has resigned his position as chairman of the Congressional Campaign Committee, which he has held for many years, because he does not think he has been treated fairly by Speaker Cannon in the committee assignments, and by Congressman Overstreet, secretary of that committee, because the President appointed to the office of surveyor of the port in Indianapolis a man of Senator Beveridge's selection instead of a man he, the Congressman, had selected.

PERSONAL considerations of other kinds account for this recent development of hostility. For instance, according to the New York *Herald's* correspondent, a number of new Congressmen who have come into office on a tidal wave realize that unless they make themselves conspicuous in some way they will never come back for a second term, and they think that there is no particular glory in supporting an administration with a nominal majority of over one hundred votes, while glory may be found in fighting it. The President's personal peculiarities are also assigned as a cause of hostility. It is a common complaint in private, says the Boston *Herald*, on the part of men called into consultation with the President, that they "can hardly get a word in edgewise," and that what he usually wants is not advice but assurances of support. "His impetuous haste in getting things done," in other words, has aroused the opposition of those in less of a hurry. His inclination "to assume too large a share of the powers of government" and "to rely too strenuously on his own judgment and that of his personal associates" is the trouble, according to the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* (Rep.). "Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt does not intend to be arrogant," says the Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.), "but his position regarding the canal and other questions suggests that he is not altogether free from a certain conviction that he can never be in the wrong and that he never needs enlightenment." "It is not on record," so the Washington correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* again asserts, "that Mr. Roosevelt has ever since he has been President admitted making a mistake or apologized for a wrong." So runs the diagnosis made by the correspondents.

EXCEEDING THE SPEED LIMIT

—Boston *Herald*.

BUT the personal qualities thus attributed to the President can hardly afford a satisfactory explanation of the recent deluge of criticism, since no one suggests that they are qualities newly acquired. One clue to the sudden accession of antagonism is given by the Hartford *Times* (Dem.), which accounts for the fact that he "suddenly finds himself antagonized by and antagonistic to practically the whole body of newspaper correspondents in Washington and also the newspapers of Washington city," because of the fact that, a few months ago, he "undertook to limit the furnishing of news in all the departments of the Government" by means of the order restricting to the heads of departments the giving of information about the work of their departments. This action, touching the 154 correspondents quartered in Washington in a vital spot, so to speak, seems to have aroused not only their resentment but in some cases the resentment of their editors, and to have resulted in unsparing criticism on the part of some who have been wont to criticize sparingly and a disgruntled silence on the part of some who have been wont to defend the administration. Several of those who comment on the situation recall the quick change of public sentiment, for inadequate causes, in regard to Admiral Dewey, and express the view that the alleged decline of the President's popularity is due to nothing but the general traits of fickle human nature that render it disposed to tear down today the idols it erected yesterday out of sheer wantonness and *ennui*. The New York *Press* (Rep.), however, scouts all these theories and scents conspiracy, deep, deliberate and dangerous. The recent attacks are to its mind "only one part of the general plan of the railroads to weaken the influence of the President." Replying to this, *The World* (New York) hurls at the President an indictment that sums up all the charges in one fell paragraph as follows:



THE LEADER OF THE DEMOCRATS IN CONGRESS

John Sharp Williams, of Yazoo, Miss., supported free trade with the Philippines, and called for more of it.

UP AGAINST IT

—Bush in New York *World*.

"Mr. Roosevelt's influence has undeniably been weakened; but the railroads did not do it and could not do it. The responsibility rests with Theodore Roosevelt alone. The railroads did not make him tactless; they did not make him impulsive; they did not make him impatient of constitutional restraints; they did not make him indifferent to the rights of co-ordinate branches of the Government; they did not make him intemperate of speech; they did not make him rash in action and contemptuous of precedent; they did not impregnate him with the germ of Little Fatherism. The sources of Mr. Roosevelt's weakened influence all lie within himself."

THE case of Mrs. Morris seems to have set loose at once all the critics of the President, whether on political, personal or other grounds. Mrs. Morris is the wife of Dr. Minor Morris, at one time in the army medical serv-

THE FLOOR-LEADER OF THE REPUBLICANS IN CONGRESS

Sereno Elisha Payne of Auburn N. Y., as chairman of Ways and Means Committee in the House of Representatives, had charge of the Philippine Tariff bill.

ice and dismissed for the reason, it is said, that he struck another employee of the War Department in the face. Dr. Morris has been for years seeking reinstatement and his wife went the other day to the White House to plead with the President for a re-examination of the circumstances of his dismissal. She was denied access to the President and told that she should go to the War Department. She still insisted on seeing the President, and Assistant-Secretary Barnes signaled to a police officer, "a mild-mannered man of some forty years," who has for some time been assigned to the White House. He with the aid of another policeman removed her by force, taking her to a police station. There, on the basis of a lengthy poem on insomnia which she had written and was carrying in an envelope addressed to President Roosevelt, she was charged with insanity, but the charge was changed later to one of disorderly conduct when on a physician's examination she was adjudged sane. She was released on bail, taken in a condition of nervous collapse to her hotel, and, no one appearing for her the next day in court, she was found guilty and fined five dollars. Assistant-Secretary Barnes issued an official statement of the incident, Mrs. Morris issued a second statement, Dr. Morris issued a third, Congressman Hull, chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, who is a brother of Mrs. Morris and has had a great deal of trouble with her, issued still another. Moreover, Congressman Sheppard, of Texas, introduced in the House a resolution calling for an investigation and Senator Tillman introduced a similar resolution in the Senate.

DRILLMASTER ROOSEVELT: "Toe the mark there!"
—De Mar in Philadelphia *Record*.

WHETHER Mrs. Morris created enough disturbance in the White House (she admits that she refused to leave) to render her forcible ejectment necessary, and whether more force was used than was demanded are facts on which Secretary Barnes and several newspaper men who claim to have been present disagree. The feeling aroused in Washington over the occurrence is described as intense. Mr. F. A. Richardson, until a few years ago the dean of the corps of Washington correspondents, wrote to the Washington *Star*, saying:

"I do not think the men and women of Washington have ever before been stirred to such indignation. This indignation, indeed, has spread to the confines of the nation, and the American people will not be satisfied until some adequate punishment has been inflicted upon every one of the ruffians responsible for this national disgrace."

This excitement over the case is generally regarded as disproportionate to its importance. Most of the journals, however, view the occurrence as an evidence of deficient tact on the part of the President's subordinates, a

deficiency which, it is intimated, has been apparent several times since Mr. Cortelyou left the post of secretary for a higher position. Several journals, on the other hand, point out that the President is one of the most accessible officials in the country, and far more accessible than any one holding a similar high position in any other country. Says the New York *Mail:*

"There is a difference between the position of the President of the United States and that of an ordinary citizen. Booth, Guiteau and Czolgosz have made it necessary to guard with especial care the man who holds that exalted office. Yet the humblest citizen has a perfect right to eject with force from his house or his cabin any obstreperous person who insists upon remaining there against his wish. That right can no more be denied to the President than it can to a day laborer. The place in which to thresh out any just grievance which Mrs. Morris or her husband may have, as against the men who put her out of the White House, is a competent court of the District of Columbia, and not the House of Representatives."

The Washington *Star,* however, considers the occurrence "shameful in the last degree," and lays especial stress upon the fact, as it alleges, that its representative was sternly warned the next day that his report of the affair was "objectionable to the White House," a warning which it and some other journals construe as an attempt by the President to abridge the freedom of the press. The case of Mrs. Morris has, therefore, still further increased the tension between President Roosevelt and the corps of newspaper correspondents representing the nation's "fourth estate" at Washington.

WHETHER or not dirt has been flying in Panama, it is certain that fur has been flying in Washington. Three documents have recently been transmitted to Congress by the President, at least two of which are well charged with dynamite. One is a report by the President himself on the general condition of the canal work, the other two are reports, more in detail, by Secretary Taft, one of them being entirely devoted to an article which Mr. Poultney Bigelow, the newspaper and magazine correspondent, contributed to *The Independent* (January 4). The President gives a glowing account of the progress of the canal work, but his indorsement of the acts of his subordinates and his characterization of the criticisms that have been made of late are in language altogether too sweeping and strenuous to suit many influential journals, and are

LEADER OF THE "INSURGENT" CONGRESSMEN

Joseph Weeks Babcock, of Wisconsin, has resigned as chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee and is heading the fight in the House of Representatives against administration measures.

THE PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE SECRETARY

Mr. Loeb has come in for some of the criticism stirred up by the Mrs. Morris incident.

AN UNKIND SUGGESTION

THE LADY: "Will you oblige me, sir, by kindly jumping off?"

—Denver *News*.

being used as another count in the indictment which everything he does or says seems to bring forth in some direction or other just now. On the work so far done the President says:

"All the work so far has been done, not only with the utmost expedition, but in the most careful and thorough manner, and what has been accomplished gives us good reason to believe that the canal will be dug in a shorter time than had been expected and at an expenditure within the estimated amount. All our citizens have a right to congratulate themselves upon the high standard of efficiency and integrity which has been maintained by the representatives of the Government in doing this great work. If this high standard of efficiency and integrity can be maintained in the future at the same level which it has now reached, the construction of the Panama Canal will be one of the feats to which the people of this Republic will look back with the highest pride."

He takes up the criticisms that have been made and declares that he has carefully examined every one that seemed worthy of attention with the result that "in every instance the accusations have proved to be without foundation in any shape or form." He goes on also to characterize the sources of these accusations. They spring sometimes from "irresponsible investigators of a sensational habit of mind," and more often from "individuals with a personal grievance." "Every specific charge," he says again, "relating to jobbery, to immorality, or to inefficiency from whatever source it has come has been immediately investigated, and in no single instance have the statements of these sensation mongers and the interested complainants behind them proved true." He courts a complete investigation by Congress, and such an investigation is now under way.

SOMETHING of a discrepancy is pointed out by many editorial writers between the President's sweeping language of commendation for "all the work so far done," especially during the last few months, and Secretary Taft's accompanying report, in which he criticizes two of the acts of Chairman Shonts, the head of the Canal Commission. The Secretary's criticism is described by some as "in the nature of a broadside" at the chairman; but, as a matter of fact, he does not question that the chairman and the other members of the commission acted in good faith and with a due regard to their trust. In one case—the payment of $10,745.97 to J. E. Markel for expenses incurred in making estimates on a proposed contract for eating-houses—the Secretary declares that the claim "was meritorious and moderate," but either the President or himself should have been consulted before payment. In the other case—the sale of bonds of the Panama Railway—the Secretary's criticism is that the sale should not have been made without authority of Congress, and he has compelled a repurchase of the bonds. One other criticism of Mr. Shonts that has found expression, not from Secretary Taft but from many newspaper critics, has been based upon his retention of an official relation with the Clover Leaf Railroad while serving as chairman of the Panama Canal Commission. It is now announced that he is not in receipt of a salary from the railroad company.

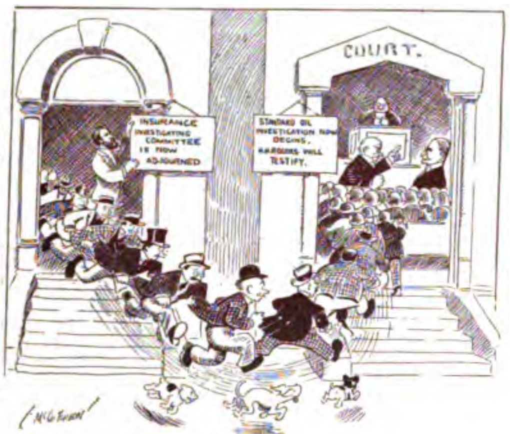
WHEN Secretary Taft takes up the charges made by Mr. Poultney Bigelow, he comes down on that gentleman with all the force of his 297 pounds. The fifty pounds which he has contrived to rid himself of lately will hardly be missed by Mr. Bigelow. The latter casts doubt upon the Secretary's recent personal investigation of the conditions at Colon by stating that he was there but five days and in that time attended three dances and various other functions. Mr. Taft, in reply, shows that Mr. Bigelow was there but twenty-eight hours. Mr. Bigelow describes Colon as a pestiferous swamp and the "hundred or more" huts for laborers which he entered there as unsanitary

in the last degree, furnishing photographs of some of them in evidence. Mr. Taft says that of the 17,000 laborers on the canal company's pay-roll, not more than two or three hundred are living in Colon. Mr. Bigelow tells of a rush on the part of laborers to get back home, 400 going away on the ship in which he left. Mr. Taft says that they were going home for the holidays and nearly all of them are already back at work. The men who are named by Mr. Bigelow as furnishing him testimony about conditions in general in the canal zone are described by Mr. Taft as soreheads and disappointed seekers after offices or special privileges, and he is specific in telling just when, where and how each one has been disappointed. Mr. Bigelow makes a plucky but not very effective rejoinder (in the New York *Times*), standing by his guns and reasserting his charges, but giving no further facts to break the force of the Secretary's broadside. The New York *Evening Post,* which printed an editorial, on the basis of Mr. Bigelow's article, severely scoring the administration, later on, after reading the Secretary's reply, retracted its criticism and repudiated Mr. Bigelow as an unreliable authority. There is, nevertheless, a hope generally expressed that the Senate will investigate matters thoroughly. *The Mail* (New York), however, fears that such an investigation means a further delay of several years in the completion of the canal.

HE WENT TO SCHOOL WITH EMPEROR WILLIAM

America, France and Germany had a part in the education of Poultney Bigelow, but Secretary Taft thinks he should have taken a longer course at Colon than twenty-eight hours before writing down the Panama Canal operations.

FOUR Territories are all that Uncle Samuel now possesses, and he is trying to dispose of those by making them into States. He is having trouble about it. Two of them, Oklahoma and Indian Territory, are fairly ripe for statehood, and the proposition to join them and admit the two as one State, of half a million inhabitants, under the name Oklahoma, creates but little opposition. But the new State would probably be Democratic, and it is against the ethics of party leaders to add two votes for the other party in the United States Senate unless their own party gets a compensatory increase. Now the other two Territories, Arizona and New Mexico, are hardly up to the mark for separate statehood, and the proposition of Republican leaders, especially Senator Beveridge (chairman of the Committee on Territories), Speaker Cannon and the President, is to tie them also together and admit them as one broad commonwealth—considerably larger in acres than New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Jersey and West Virginia combined. Unfortunately for the success of this plan Arizona does not love New Mexico, and 95 per cent. of her people, it is said, would rather dwell for a generation to come in territorial spinsterhood than to enter with New Mexico into the connubial bliss of statehood even under their own name of Arizona. They protest against the banns and they protest with true Western emphasis. One orator has been counseling rebellion rather than submission, in the real give-us-freedom-or-give-us-death style. "It is a national drama," says a writer in *The World's Work,* referring to the strenuous opposition of Arizona citizens. The objections which they offer are: The unwieldy size of the proposed State, the geographical barriers, the differences in the character of the population and the fact that New Mexico, with her nearly 300,000 inhabitants (nearly one-half of them "Greasers" and Indians), would politically dominate over Arizona, with her 150,000 inhabitants, about 25,000 of whom are Indians. New Mexico politics, as "Bull" Andrews, formerly of Pennsylvania, has developed the game among the "Greasers," having himself learned it of Matthew S. Quay, does not commend itself to Arizona, where they boast of



NEW YORK'S FAVORITE DIVERSION
—McCutcheon in Chicago *Tribune.*

a larger proportion of college graduates than any other population of similar size can exhibit and public schools as good as those of Boston.

CONGRESSMEN are playing politics with the question. The bill for joint statehood passed the lower house in the preceding Congress, but failed in the Senate. It is again pushed as an administration measure, having been recommended in the President's message. All those Republican Congressmen, called "insurgents," who are rebelling against their Republican leaders and are using any club that is handy, and all those who really have strong convictions against the joint statehood bill are asserting their determination to join, under the leadership of Congressman Babcock, with the Democratic minority, in opposing the bill. They are not without newspaper support. Most of the newspaper comment that has been evoked by the contest is strongly in favor of sustaining the protest of Arizona. The union of the two Territories would be "a gross outrage," in the opinion of the San Francisco *Chronicle,* and, in the opinion of the Philadelphia *Ledger,* would be "a blunder the magnitude of which grows the longer it is studied." "Let Oklahoma in," says the Republican *Evening Mail* (New York), "but better leave both New Mexico and Arizona out of the Union for another generation than bring in one-half the region under bondage to the other half."

STILLING THE WAVES
—Bush in New York *World.*

WHEN Henry H. Rogers, once a grocer's boy and driver of a delivery wagon in Fairhaven, Mass., now vice-president of the Standard Oil Company and its executive head, was recently served with a subpœna and brought to the witness stand in the proceedings conducted by Attorney-General Herbert A. Hadley, of Missouri, a very considerable portion of the world metaphorically pricked up its ears to hear what he might say. About all it heard was this: "On the advice of counsel I refuse to answer." This reply was made, with the aid of four or five high-salaried lawyers, to every question of importance. It was somewhat disappointing to Governor Folk's young and clever Attorney-General, but could not have been very much of a surprise, for nobody expects Mr. Rogers to be any more communicative in business matters than the courts compel him to be. What was much more of a surprise, and a very unpleasant one to the country at large, judging from the comments of the press, was Mr. Rogers's general attitude toward the investigators. What they are trying to find out is whether the Waters-Pierce Oil Company of Missouri, the Standard Oil Company of Indiana and the Republic Oil Company of New York are owned or controlled by the Standard Oil, and are, in consequence, doing business in Missouri contrary to the laws of that state relating to trusts. Mr. Rogers has refused to treat the investigation in other than a humorous and flippant way. He seems to have rather captivated the reporters with his geniality in the waiting-room; but his attitude on the witness-stand

has caused a deep rumble of indignation in the editorial sanctums of all sections.

NOT the "yellow" papers alone, but some of the most staid and conservative journals of the country are voicing their disapprobation. *The Sun* (New York) is regarded as a thick-and-thin corporation paper; but it warns Mr. Rogers that his "broad comedy" part is being overdone. It says:

"It is possible for a witness in Mr. Rogers' position to overdo this sort of thing. We are strongly of the opinion that he is overdoing it now. If Mr. Rogers and his codirectors of the Standard Oil and their able and multitudinous counsel apprehended more accurately the temper of the American people, who constitute the spectators at the present spectacle, there would be less buffoonery and more seriousness and decency in their demeanor toward the representatives of even distant law."

The *Journal of Commerce* (New York) thinks that Mr. Rogers and those with him "do not seem to realize the kind of exhibition they are making before the public of the whole country." The attitude assumed evinces, it thinks, "flippant disrespect" and "sneering contempt," and produces on the public mind the effect of a confession that the laws are being defied. "Has Mr. Rogers gone mad through possession of enormous financial power?" asks *The Wall Street Journal.* The Chicago *Evening Post,* a conservative paper, speaks of the "unseemly spectacle" of this attempt to turn a legal inquiry into a farce, and says: "Many legitimate interests—perhaps his own—may be injured through him. There never has been a time when honorable men of large affairs have had more need than now to make public and clear their respect for law." "This is a perilous game to play, gentlemen," remarks the New York *Mail,* and the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* comments in the same vein: "Since the possession of wealth is safeguarded by the law, and the law only, is it sound common sense for a man of great wealth to endeavor to impress the public with the insignificance and impotence of the law?" Attorney-General Hadley has applied to the court to compel Mr. Rogers to answer the questions. Up to the time of this writing the court's decision had not been rendered.

Photograph by Brown Brothers

A HUNTER OF THE OCTOPUS

Attorney-General Hadley, of Missouri, is Governor Folk's right-hand man and his efforts to make Henry H. Rogers answer questions are exciting general interest.

IF SOME of our American statesmen are right, the United States, in sending delegates to the Morocco conference, has stepped out of her secure isolation and placed her foot in a hornet's nest. Why, they ask, should we participate in a European conference over a strictly European question? "When our delegates once take part in this conference," says a Florida paper (*The Times-Union*) apprehensively, "we will be estopped from denying the nations of Europe a voice in American affairs. Under what system could we refuse to give to others what we ask or even accept for ourselves?" The same question has been raised in the Senate by Senator Bacon, of Georgia, and Senator Hale, of Maine. The answer that is made to it by Senators Spooner and Lodge is to the following effect: We have commercial interests in Morocco which it is our duty to consider in any readjustment of Morocco's affairs; this country was one of the signatory powers to the original trade treaty with Morocco, and was therefore very appropriately invited to participate in the conference and very appropriately accepted; our delegates, Messrs. White and Gummere, will

THE MOROCCO MERRY-GO-ROUND AT ALGECIRAS

—Berlin *Kladderadatsch.*

ENGLAND AND GERMANY

BRITANNIA: "What is it?"
EDWARD VII: "They won't attack Germany for me"
BRITANNIA: "What has Germany done to you?"
EDWARD VII: "Nothing—only Germany is so patient and industrious."

—Berlin *Kladderadatsch.*

not vote on any subject, limiting their action to listening and speaking; even if they do vote and sign agreements, neither they nor the President himself can bind this nation to any action except in the regular constitutional way of drafting a treaty, submitting it to the Senate, and awaiting action by that body.

THIS answer has not quieted the apprehensions of everybody. Indeed, it was after the answer was made that Senator Hale, one of the Republican leaders, expressed his earnest wish that the President and Secretary of State had refused the invitation to participate in the conference. It is, he maintained, wholly a political conference, with which we should have no concern. There is danger in our action. Of course no treaty can be consummated without the consent of the Senate, but, the Springfield *Republican* points out, the conference may not embody its action in a treaty, but in a protocol or agreement or *entente,* or something of that sort, and it recalls the "Peking protocol" resulting from the Boxer troubles, which was never submitted to the Senate, although the United States was one of the signatory powers. The New York *Sun* thinks that the danger that our delegates will get us into trouble is very slight, and it remarks that if there is likely to be any doubt at Algeciras of our direct interest in the political subjects to be discussed there, it might be well for our delegates to take along with them Mr. Ion Perdicaris. Mr. Perdicaris, whose enforced sojourn not long since with an agreeable Moroccan bandit is still fresh in the memory of the public, takes part in the controversy over the conference in a letter to the Washington *Post,* in which he defends the Administration's action, on the ground of the great industrial interests that are involved. He writes:

"It may be remembered that Tangier, which is only eight days distant from New York, is the gate city to a hinterland of vast agricultural and mineral resources, and that the development of Morocco may mean a large demand for American goods and for machinery, especially sectional steel bridges, electric traction, and innumerable other openings for American enterprise. Why lose this market through inadvertence, when we are spending such vast sums and incurring such serious responsiblilities to maintain the open door in the Far East? When we are sending floating docks 14,000 miles across the ocean, we may, with propriety, at least keep an eye on what are practically virgin opportunities nearer home."

FEZ—THE CAPITAL OF MOROCCO—AT TIMES

Sometimes the Sultan must flee from the criticisms and even the revolts of his subjects, and the capital is wherever the Sultan happens to be. He prefers Fez, and asked that the Morocco conference be held there. The powers thought that too risky.

THIS Morocco conference, which is in session, as we go to press, in the antiquated Spanish city of Algeciras, has been nominally assembled to lift the corrupt and ravaged empire of Abdul-Aziz out of the sink of its defilement; but in reality it has been called to decide whether there shall be war between France and Germany. That is the deliberate verdict of practically all the responsible dailies in Europe. Indeed, one of the most responsible of them all, the *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels), affirms that the situation has become so aggravated that official Germany, as distinguished from industrial and democratic Germany, is bent upon war as a means of escape from its political isolation and for the purpose of realizing colonial ambitions and securing preponderance in Europe. "We see no solid grounds for these extravagant alarms," observes the London *Times*, "but the mere circumstance that they are expressed in a serious neutral newspaper is indicative of the disquiet which the Morocco dispute must continue to occasion until it has been finally closed." But it will not be finally closed, whatever be the outcome of this conference, replies the Belgian organ, "until thousands and thousands of human lives have been lost," until "ruin accumulates" and until "disaster of a kind frightful to the commerce and industry of western Europe" has been brought to pass. As the Portsmouth conference assembled to end a war, observes the Paris *Aurore,* inspired by the exceedingly well-informed Senator Clemençeau, it looks as if the Morocco conference gathered to begin one.

THIS latest conference of the world's powers has been confronted by a dilemma so menacing to peace on our planet as to overshadow purely local considerations like the organization of Morocco's police, the schedule of Morocco's tariffs and the control of Morocco's finance. Has the republic of France a special relation to the empire of Abdul Aziz

ACCUSED OF A FRENCH BACK-DOWN IN MOROCCO

Premier Rouvier is said by his opponents to have made the Algeciras conference inevitable by weakly yielding to Emperor William and dismissing Foreign Minister Delcassé.

"THE MARTYR OF MOROCCO"

Théopila Delcassé is thus hailed by his friends. As French Foreign Minister he was said to be defying Germany to a war over Morocco, whereupon Premier Rouvier asked him to resign.

and a preponderance of interest entitling her to absorb Morocco in the sense in which Great Britain is absorbing Egypt? That polished diplomatist whom Paris has despatched to Algeciras, M. Revoil, contends that his country will be appeased with nothing less. Every power, concedes the French delegate, making himself the echo of his official superior, Premier Rouvier, has some rights in Morocco. They are not disputed. Every power benefits by its treaties with Morocco. There has never been any question of infringing them. But what France has sought to make clear from the opening of this conference is what M. Rouvier terms the special nature of French rights, the peculiar importance of French interests. This special and peculiar relation of France to Morocco is not solely due to contiguity of frontier. Her right has a more general bearing. France is a Mussulman power in northern Africa. She has to maintain her authority there over a native population of 6,000,000 in contact with 700,000 European colonists. The community of language, religion and race, linking this colonial French population to that of Morocco, renders it liable to be affected by any unrest which may develop in the neighboring state, either through the absence of regular government or through the constitution of a hostile government.

SOLIDARITY so absolute as that of the French press in upholding these contentions is rarely evident in the newspapers of the republic. The Paris *Temps,* organ of the Foreign Office and admittedly inspired at times by the French Premier, is actually bellicose. The Paris *Gaulois,* wedded to monarchical institutions and longing for the return of the Bourbons to Versailles, sees something to admire in a republic that refuses to bend the knee in Morocco. Whether we take up the *Journal des Débats,* slightly horrified at separation of Church and State, or turn to the flaming and indiscreet *Aurore,* alive with anticlericalism, the same grimness of determination to uphold a position in which the national honor is deemed at stake reveals itself almost truculently. If Germany wants war over Morocco, she will, apparently, be accommodated by the French newspapers. They have, in truth, begun it. Only the Socialist Paris *Humanité,* echoing the famed Jaurès, and certain dailies of the ideal collectivist school, offer anything like protest. But they, to employ a phrase once used by the German Chancellor, bite on granite.

THE TROOPS WITH WHICH FRANCE ASKS LEAVE TO POLICE MOROCCO

They belong to the corps stationed in Algeria and will become an army of penetration if France can get her way at Algeciras. But Germany wants an international force to do the work of reducing the Maghzen to submission.

SCANNING, now, the Moroccan horizon through the German eyepiece, we discern a French monopoly magnified. Nothing else, in fact, is visible to Berlin's representative, the faultlessly groomed, insistent yet polite Herr von Radowitz, high in the esteem of Emperor William. He is suspected to have inspired an utterance in the *Magdeburger Zeitung,* which, in any case, is an organ through which German diplomacy communicates itself to an anxious earth. France has hoped, we read therein, that this conference would supply her with a "mandate" to organize a military police force for all Morocco. Vain imagining! That would amount to absolute political control over the government of Abdul-Aziz. Maintenance of the policy of the open door, in its true sense, cannot be guaranteed in Morocco if military police control be made over to France or to any one power. Concilia-

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AT MARKET IN MOROCCO

The natives in Tangier assemble here to plot rebellion, which is described as the national pastime. This spot is the business center of Tangier.

Stereograph Copyright, 1904, H. C. White Co., N. Y.

TANGIER—THE CHIEF SEAPORT OF MOROCCO

The genuine and famous Morocco leather is manufactured in this town. Most of the naval demonstrations off Algeciras are calculated for effect in Tangier.

tory assurances by M. Revoil that France desires to maintain the open door in Morocco are but springes to catch woodcocks if all the efforts of the Paris Government are centered on the task of establishing a monopoly. Germany must oppose to the last any bestowal of police and military control in Morocco upon France. Nothing but international control can establish equality of commercial opportunity in Morocco. If the conference fails to agree on this point, it is well that it disperse without arriving at any decison at all.

NOW France, as even the pugnacious Berlin *Tageblatt* admits, can never reconcile this point of view with her own. She is firmly determined, according to the German daily, to maintain that the military police shall be organized and controlled by herself, not only in the region bordering on the Algerian frontier but in the whole empire of the reckless young Moorish Sultan. She will insist upon an analogy between the relation of the United States to Cuba and her own connection with Morocco. Here, laments the Berlin daily, is the live wire that will make for the doom of the conference. A chorus of assent from the Berlin *Post*, the *Süddeutsche Reichscorrespondenz*, supposed to get its political opinions from Prince Bülow, the *Deutsche Tagespost*, voicing the official mind there, is not indicative to Europe of much harmony at Algeciras. Matters are not mended by the circumstance pointed out in the London *Morning Post* that at this conference of the powers there is no such thing as a majority. The conference can reach an agreement only if and when all the powers represented, from little Montenegro to these great United States, are unanimous. The objections of any one of the number suffice to prevent agreement on the point to which they apply. Every delegate is imprisoned within the four corners of his written instructions. Some of the delegates may not even vote at all. They have simply been attending and listening. Others must telegraph to their capitals every time an unforeseen contingency presents itself. "A conspiracy," comments the Paris *Figaro*, "against expedition."

EMPEROR WILLIAM SOWING THE SEEDS OF WAR

—London *Punch*.

KEEN scrutiny of the firmament of international politics reveals to many a British organ those stars with trains of fire and dews of blood that herald sanguinary disturbance of the world's peace. Emperor William, we are assured, wants a war with France, and, like the infant in the advertisement, will not be happy till he gets it. The London *Times* has permitted its military expert to forecast the issue of such a conflict at much length in its columns. "He does not think it by any means well established," observes our contemporary editorially, "that in the event of a sudden onslaught on the eastern frontier of France, Germany would possess the overwhelming advantages which we are sometimes told she would enjoy. On the contrary, he believes that in mobilization, in concentration and in numbers France would be no bad match for her foes on land, though he hints that at sea she or even this country might on occasion be caught napping by Germany. At any rate, he shows that the France which Germany would have to attack to-day is very different from the France which she invaded in 1870." The utterance induces in the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung* an overteeming sarcasm mellowed by a rather sudden regret that Germany and Great Britain are not better friends.

YET there would have been war between France and Germany last summer, declares the serious and careful London *Spectator*, if Emperor William had not convinced himself that Great Britain would fight to de-

fend France from an unprovoked attack. "Ever since the close of the Franco-German war, German statesmen and military chiefs have been haunted by the notion that Germany would not be safe if France rose once more to a position of power." On several occasions, it adds, war has almost come to pass as a consequence of this dread in Germany's ruling class. That is why war was so nearly precipitated between these two powers in 1875. It was the alliance between France and Russia which at last convinced the Berlin Government that war with the Third Republic involved too grave a risk. Now that the autocracy lies in fragments, Berlin's policy of war upon France is to the fore. "It would be idle to conceal the fact that if Germany still means to avail herself of the Russian revolution to crush France, the Moroccan conference will give her any number of excuses for action." Many well-informed Frenchmen, *The Spectator* declares, are convinced that Emperor William means to attack their country. They believe the republic will be attacked "with all the suddenness and overwhelming force that modern military organization renders possible." That is the shadow over the gathering at Algeciras.

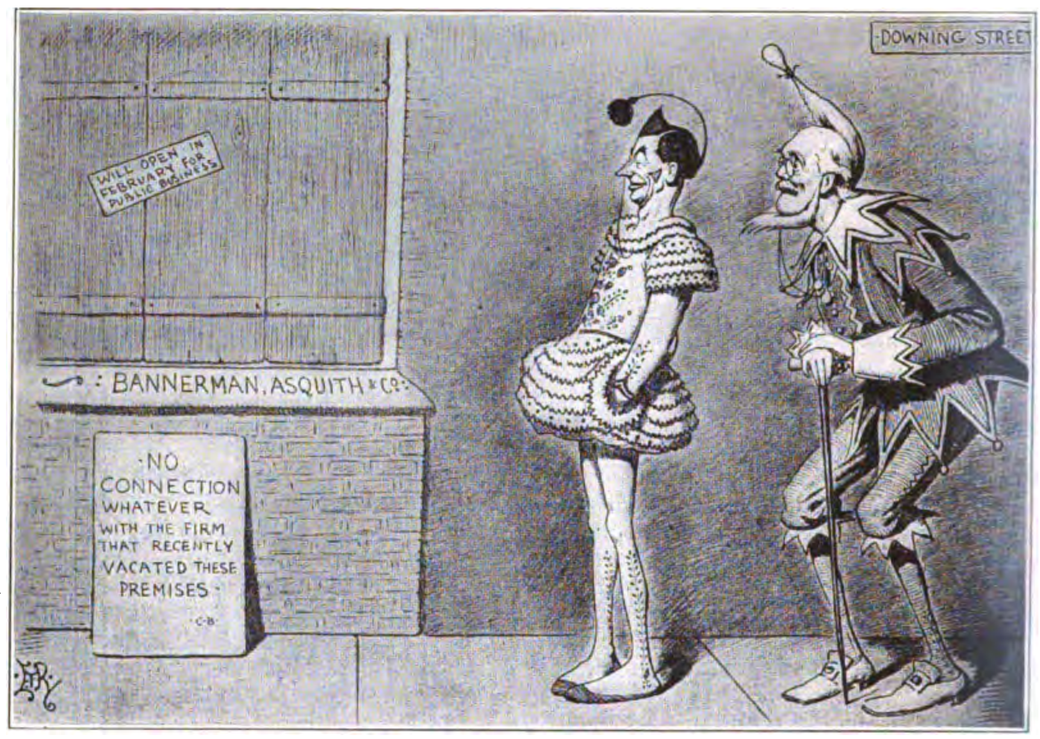
THE sweeping triumph for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman which is the result of the month's parliamentary elections throughout the British Isles is made veritably picturesque by the defeat of Mr. Balfour himself in his own constituency. That same London *Post* which on the eve of the polling could say that "there is little heard now as to the certainty of a Liberal majority," is at present clamoring for the deposition of Balfour as a party leader. Returns up to and including the 20th of the month—the voting terminating a week later—enabled all the London dailies to announce in advance that the ministerial majority would be handsome even without the Irish home-rule contingent. But Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's strength in the new House of Commons proves more formidable on paper than in fact to organs like the *Mail* and *Times*. They predict already that the labor element is potent, not only in numerical force, but in the fact that dozens of newly elected Liberals owe their seats to a combination with the laborites. The London *Times* foretells a possible combination between the laborites and the home-rulers. Mr. Winston Churchill, son of the great Lord Randolph, scouts such prophecy. This young man has been elected to the House by a great majority in one of the Manchester districts that balked at Balfour. Not until all the returns are received and analyzed, of course, will it be possible to measure the extent of the great political revolution. Mr. Chamberlain professes himself undaunted by what the London *Spectator* calls a free-trade landslide. His own constituency re-elected him by a rousing majority. He will fight on.

WITH a home rule specter throwing its preternatural unreality into the political contest, with an unworkable Education Act outraging the nonconformist conscience, with an army of Chinese making havoc of the union rate of wages in the Transvaal, and with the citadel of free trade threatened by irruptions of the protectionist horde, Great Britain's national election has been dipped, as Shelley would say, in earthquake and eclipse. Never was the English practice of heckling, as the quizzing of candidates on the "stump" is termed, indulged in with sterner ferocity. Mr. Balfour's largest audience was as a looking-glass wherein he could behold the image of his fallen political nature. He was howled down in one constituency, his neatest speech became

THE SLIP-KNOT

After the late Sir John Everett Millais' well-known picture "The Huguenot."

—London *Punch*



JOEY: "Oh! I say, Arthur! Won't we just have jolly larks with their windows when they get the shop open? I've got my pockets full of chestnuts to shy at 'em!"

PANTALOON: "So have I, Joey!!"

—London *Punch*

a running debate between his hearers and himself in another, and one of the greatest gatherings he ever faced was dissolved into its constituent human elements amid perturbations nearly as elemental as those of a typhoon. The columns of the London *Times* exhale sympathy for him. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was repeatedly interrupted with vegetables, and free traders were held responsible for the eccentricities of the automobile in which he sped from audience to audience. On one occasion he narrowly escaped being carried into the presence of eternity.

NEVER in his life did Britain's Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, favor a separate and independent parliament for Ireland. This he maintained all through the sound and fury of the fortnight's general election. But the Prime Minister deals here in evasions, says the London *Morning Post,* a paper which distrusts his Irish policy as profoundly as the London *Spectator* professes to believe in it. Sir Henry's government, declares the *Post,* is committed, both by the irresistible force of its traditions and by the recent public admissions of its members, to an independent executive in Ireland. This independent executive, it adds, must inevitably lead to the separation of Ireland from Great Britain. The Prime Minister, so that eminent British publicist, Professor A. V. Dicey, also asserts has "in the plainest language" avowed his purpose to carry out a policy which "may" lead toward home rule. Such a policy, we are assured, is far more likely to obtain success than any attempt to pass an outright home rule bill. The House of Lords would reject such a bill, as Sir Henry and the Irish are aware. Therefore the Prime Minister's alleged plan is to bring home rule about administratively. Home-rulers are gradually to fill every office in Ireland. Unionists are to be discouraged in every posible official way. The scheme is, in fact, to confer home rule by instalments.

PICTURES of Ireland as it will be under Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman reveal a mastery of somber effects on the part of his political enemies. It is despondently conceded that the Prime Minister is likely to succeed by in-

direction. He will end by creating an Irish parliament for Irish affairs. Yet he will not banish Irish members from the House of Commons in London. There they are to remain "for the management or mismanagement of British affairs," to quote the complaint of Professor Dicey. But the endeavor to confer home rule by instalments, adds this authority, involves evils even worse. Agitation in the Emerald Isle will become incessant, blatant and violent. Throughout the coming six months of turmoil in Dublin, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will, it is predicted, bemuse his countrymen with talk of "devolution." That is defined in the London *Times* as a Liberal synonym for home rule. It portends the creation, apparently, of a statutory legislative body and a financial council for Ireland. The House of Commons, as the London *Mail* views the matter, would in consequence part with the power of the purse to please "Sir Henry's master," Mr. John Redmond.

THE YOUTH WHO CAUSED MR. BALFOUR TO LOSE HIS SEAT

Winston Spencer Churchill, leader of the revolt against "Balfourism" in Manchester, has just brought out a life of his father, the late Lord Randolph Churchill He is three years younger than the American Winston Churchill.

FROM the electoral struggles of the past month Mr. John Redmond emerges reiterating that his ultimate goal is the national independence of his country. He declares that in its essence the national movement in Ireland is exactly what it was in the days of Emmett. "When we say we are working along peaceful lines it is because they are the only means at hand." He has been saying all this for years in a melodious voice without a trace of Hibernian accent. Mr. Redmond, in truth, is admitted in the anti-home-rule London *Mail* to be perhaps the greatest orator in the House of Commons. But the London *Standard* remains unmoved by an eloquence embodying the idea that "armed rebellion itself would be a duty did a reasonable chance of success exist." Mr. Redmond never says these things bombastically. As a maker of home-rule speeches, according to the London *Mail* itself, "he is always the pink of courtesy, lacking neither in tact nor in good taste." "Perhaps he is the one Irishman in Parliament," adds this admirer, "who knows how to hold his tongue. He has a superb gift of silence." Because he is so forceful, so skilled in leading men, such a master of the practise and procedure of the House of Commons and so exquisite at persuasion, it will be the task of the Prime Minister's life to baffle this Mr. Redmond's determination to get the precise kind of home rule he wants. The Prime Minister has his own kind of home rule and he means to bestow it lavishly, but *The Freeman's Journal* (Dublin) warns Eng-

THE BEST ORATOR IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT

John Redmond, the Home Rule leader, is entitled to be so considered, in the opinion of the London *Mail*, a foe of Home Rule.

ONE OF THE HOME-RULERS IN THE BRITISH CABINET

James Bryce is said to have planned the new ministerialist policy of "home-rule on the instalment plan" as Mr. Balfour persists in calling it.

THE HERO OF ENGLAND'S ANTI-CHINESE CRUSADE

As a member of the Campbell-Bannerman Ministry, the Earl of Elgin took the action that stopped the rush of Chinese to South Africa.

lish Liberals that Ireland prefers her own lexicon of political terminology.

WHAT will happen to home rule when the new House of Commons finds the subject pressing, depends, in the opinion of English organs, upon the Prime Minister's command of his heterogeneous majority. The returns are not yet subject to any sound analysis because no competent authority can make anything of the labor element in the Liberal ranks. In addition to the two-score or so of out-and-out labor members, there are fully a score of seats won by an alliance of Liberals and labor unions. It looks as if the Prime Minister's government will be much embarrassed between home-rulers on one side and the labor element on the other. This was predicted before the election by Mr. Keir Hardie in an acute *Nineteenth Century* (London) article. "For fighting purposes," said he, "the forces in the next Parliament, apart from the recognized opposition, will be the Irish and labor parties. I do not anticipate any alliance between these sections, scarcely even an understanding, but certainly a general backing of each other in the division lobby." Hence, according to Mr. Hardie, the Prime Minister's efforts will be expended rather in "keeping the team together" than in writing anything into the statute book. In that case, retort some influential Liberal organs, Mr. Burns might as well have been left out of the Cabinet. That labor leader was given office in anticipation of what has happened. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is definitely pledged to a repeal, or rather to a modification, of the Education Act, now weighing so heavily upon Englishmen who resent government support of sectarian schools. Sir Henry is likewise pledged to rid South Africa of Chinese labor, so far as that can be managed.

THIS Chinese question alone has inspired more printed infuriation in the British Islands within two years than California felt when Ah Sin was at the height of his career there. The London *Post* does not overstate the truth when it asserts that the Chinese labor question occupied a place in the foreground of the policy upon which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman depended for victory in the elections of the month. The result showed how powerful was the Chinese cry upon the labor vote. That vote was left impassive by the warning that free trade had been imperilled by Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain. "To fight

[tariff] retaliation, where such a course might be necessary, against the foreigner, is dangerous ground for a labor leader to tread," says the London *Post,* "seeing that hitting back when struck has ever been regarded by the workingman as the Englishman's natural right, and the old trick of the big and little loaf, however neatly it may be performed, is far too transparent." So, as this commentator on the signs of the time will have it, the labor leaders and those Liberals who cater to the labor vote made "Chinese labor" their own particular election cry.

IT IS not so very long since Mr. Balfour announced his willingness to base his political campaign wholly upon the Chinese labor issue. His ministry sanctioned the bringing of the coolies into the gold-mine region. There are now some fifty thousand of these subjects of the Son of Heaven in the ancestral home of the Boers. The consequences of gratifying what the London *News* deems the lust of mine owners for cheap labor include "enormities," "abominable practices," "degrading immorality" and conditions to which Liberal organs have applied even grosser names in their appeal to the labor vote. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman went so far as to say the Chinese in South Africa were slaves until he took office. The London *Leader* has told of coolies being made to hang two hours by the wrist at the behest of a mine boss. It seems that any Chinaman who deserts the employment of his "importer" or refuses to work when required by his "importer" to do so, must go to prison for eight weeks. Yet it appears that desertions from the mines have been frequent. The deserters recently took to roving the country in bands, terrorizing the dwellers on isolated farms. Details of this sort lost nothing of their piquancy in the speeches of the Prime Minister's followers on the eve of the polling. British laborers were told of a wage scale lowered by heathens. The heathens had been recruited in their very temples and dragged from Pe-chili's opium dens to gorge the coffers of Mr. Balfour's gold-mining supporters. The effect of these philippics is recorded in the month's election returns.

THE Viscount Suizo Aoki is the first diplomatic representative to come from Tokyo to Washington with the rank of ambassador. An ambassador, from the standpoint of international law, is in a special sense the representative of the honor and dignity of his sov-

A GREAT FIGURE IN BRITAIN'S POLITICAL LANDSLIDE

Mr. H. H. Asquith, free-trader, is the most trenchant of the orators whose fight against Balfour and Chamberlain culminated in the Liberal triumph at the polls.

AN AMUSING AUTHOR IN A CABINET OF SERIOUS ONES

Augustine Birrell, with the portfolio of education in the British ministry, is, according to the London *Evening Standard*, a relief from the profundity of such deep scholars as Bryce, Morley, Haldane and the rest. "Birrell can be funny."

HE COMES FROM MUTSU-HITO TO ROOSEVELT

The Viscount Aoki is Japan's ambassador in Washington, the first of his countrymen to reach our national capital with that diplomatic rank.

ereign. But in public an ambassador has never been permitted to exact the precedence of one representing the person of a royal ruler until last month, when President Roosevelt instituted the innovation — for us — of ranking these diplomatists above the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. Technically, therefore, the new Japanese ambassador is a "bigger" man in Washington functions than Chief Justice Fuller. Viscount Aoki has been in the Mikado's diplomatic service for many years, his highest distinction having been won at the court of Berlin. Indeed, he married a German lady, and his daughter married into the German nobility, and was thought in her own country to have lost caste by the match. Her husband, although a scion of a most exclusive Prussian house, strove vainly for years, according to one story, to penetrate the inner circle of Tokyo society, a circle to which even the most distinguished foreigners are seldom, if ever, admitted. Love found a way, however, and the present Japanese ambassador here became the father-in-law of a Hatzfeldt.

THIS Viscount Aoki is described as a man of such exquisite tact that certain misunderstandings between Tokyo and Berlin, consequent upon the Asiatic policy of Emperor William, were adjusted by the exercise of his personal influence. That, anyhow, is the story. His task in Washington, as the German press hints, will be to convert this republic into as much of an unofficial member of the Anglo-Japanese alliance as our traditions permit. He is rather an elderly man for that task, being in his sixty-third year and not especially vigorous. His appointment has caused some little surprise, in fact, for he belongs to the old school of Japanese statesmanship and was put into that asylum for the superannuated, the Privy Council, long ago. Nor does he seem to possess any particular experience of America. On the other hand, his personality is so persuasive, his talent for diplomacy is so artfully molded by European experience and his genius for entertaining is of such perfection that he may, as one daily abroad puts it, "go far" in Washington. The Paris *Journal des Débats* recently called attention to the flamboyant gorgeousness with which European diplomatists stationed here entertain members of the United States Senate. Invitations are said to descend in showers upon the Foreign Relations Committee, especially when an important treaty awaits confirmation. European governments are alleged to complain that it might be better for their purposes if they could accredit ambassadors to the Senate instead of to the President. However, as our French contemporary explains, they console themselves by entertaining our Senators. Viscount Aoki is confidently expected to make his assimilation of Western civilization abundantly manifest to the members of the Foreign Relations Committee.

A GERMAN WARNING AGAINST THE ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE

"Powers of continental Europe, look out for your colonies!"

—Berlin *Kladderadatsch*.

THE worst panic this country has ever seen, one in comparison with which preceding panics will seem like "child's play," is predicted unless we proceed to reform our currency system. The prophet of such dismal things is not one of the "calamity-howlers" left over as a relic of Populist days, but one of the most influential bankers in New York, and usually one of the more optimistic—Jacob H. Schiff, of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, and late a director of the Equitable Life. What must be done to avert the panic, he thinks, is to secure a more "elastic" currency. The suggestion is not novel. Every Secretary of the Treasury, from the days of Secretary Windom with his interconvertible bond down to Secretary Shaw with his "asset currency," has essayed the task of securing increased elasticity. It was the favorite theme of Greenbackers and Farmers' Alliance orators, whose scheme to have the Government build warehouses where farm products could be held in bond and made the basis for a currency very elastic indeed is still remembered with varying emotions. The principal trouble has been and still is the lack of agreement on the part of successive Secretaries of the Treasury and on the part of different financial magnates as to the method by which elasticity is to be increased. The occasion of the renewal of an agitation on this subject at this time is the high rate that was prevailing for money on Wall Street last December and the first part of January, call money being loaned at the rate of 125 per cent. for a time, and in some instances going beyond that. This condition of the money market Mr. Schiff, in an extemporaneous speech before the New York Chamber of Commerce, termed "nothing less than a disgrace to any civilized country." Speculation was not, he thinks, the sole cause for it, for other countries have had wider speculation than the United States without such extreme rates. "The cause is in our insufficient circulating medium, or the insufficient elasticity of our circulating medium."

THE plan which Secretary Shaw has been urging is to allow the national banks to issue an emergency circulation, equal to 50 per cent. of their bond-secured circulation, this emergency issue to be taxed five per cent. in order to insure its retirement when the emergency is past. Mr. Schiff disapproves that plan. He calls it a "very poor recommendation," because the emergency issue would all go just where it ought not to go—to the speculators. He favors an increase of circulation (by the banks, of course) based on commercial paper held by them. Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Lyman J. Gage agrees with Mr. Schiff as to the danger of a panic some time in the future as a result of our bad currency system; but he is in favor of Secretary Shaw's scheme — "with modifications." Secretary Shaw's scheme, in fact, seems to be more popular among the bankers than Mr. Schiff's suggestion. The latter has since explained that he did not mean to suggest a substitute for the Secretary's plan, but an addition, commercial paper to be made merely an extra security for the emergency circulation. Ex-Comptroller of the Currency Eckels says our currency laws are out of date and a positive hindrance to trade and industrial development. He wants to see "a clean sweep" of the old laws "so far as they relate to bank notes and the handling of Government funds," and the abolition of the sub-Treasury. There are other bankers only waiting to be called on to make other suggestions.

THE spirit in which Mr. Schiff's remarks have been received by the country in general is far from being cordial or encouraging. The disposition is widespread to attribute the wild flight of call-money in New York to the still wilder speculations on Wall Street, and to the encouragement of such speculations by the Wall Street banks. Many facts are pointed out to uphold this view of the case. On December 12 last the New York correspondent of the London *Economist* was saying:

"Some of the big downtown banks have been too intimately associated with operations in Wall Street, through managers, directors or others in interest, to permit of an inference that all of the in-and-out-of-season booming of securities has been done with money borrowed abroad. From this point of view, then, when the second drop below the 25 per cent. limit of reserves and the third squeeze in call loan rates within a month are considered, it must be inferred that some of the banks here are willing to play with the speculative crowd, whatever may befall, in the expectation or belief, or both, that if the worst should happen the secretary of the treasury may be relied on to come to their relief."

That influential paper, the New York *Journal of Commerce,* also puts the blame on the banks. It says editorially:

"Why have New York banks been so accommodating to the daring operators of the Stock Exchange, reckless of all interests but their own, and played the rôle of partners in their manipu-

THE MOST INFLUENTIAL JEW IN AMERICA

Banker Schiff was eighteen when he came from Germany to America. He is the wealthiest, most powerful, and most liberal Hebrew in the country. He is predicting the greatest panic of our history if our currency is not made more elastic.

lations of the market? It is largely because rich and powerful stock operators, employing their brokers on the Exchange, are in many cases bank directors themselves or closely allied with them. They have control or great influence in banks and use them for their own purposes. Bank officers are in many instances subservient to them, because they are in a measure dependent upon them or interested with them. This close alliance of banks with great corporate interests is one of the perils of the situation."

AT THE very time that 100 per cent. was being asked for call-money on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, so the Boston *Herald* asserts, business firms were, with no great difficulty, borrowing all the money they actually needed for business purposes at 5½ per cent., this fact seeming to indicate that the relief called for by Mr. Schiff and other bankers is the relief of the speculators (as Secretary Shaw has been maintaining), not of mercantile and commercial business. The Baltimore *American* also holds that the abnormal prices in New York were the result solely of the speculative craze here, the same condition not being manifest anywhere else. The Springfield *Republican* finds that the figures of currency circulation show an increase on January 1 over one year ago of $101,922,446, and its conclusion is that the wild rates in New York have been due, not to contraction or rigidity of the currency, but rather to undue expansion and the consequent buoyancy in prices and the speculation stimulated thereby. "It is in truth," so it observes, "a period of great monetary inflation attended by the phenomena common to all such periods in the past." *The Evening Post* diagnoses the situation as follows:

"We have had a market admitting that one $70,000,000 stock, another of $50,000,000, and a third of $30,000,000, were virtually cornered; their prices were then advanced, after the opening of September, by the speculators in control of them, thirty, forty-seven, and one hundred and seventy points respectively. These operations, and numerous similar ventures which accompanied them, were undertaken at a time when the legitimate demands of trade and industry were at the very highest. It is notorious that these speculating millionaires and their following were provided by our banks with money which had been largely obtained from deposits made by Western institutions in this city, and which were certain to be recalled when the active harvest trade set in. Whether loaned for such purposes on call or on time, no intelligent man in Wall Street doubts for an instant that these huge advances,

MONEY TIGHT IN NEW YORK

—McCutcheon in Chicago *Tribune.*

for pure stock-jobbing operations, so far tied up available resources of our banks that they came into December wholly unable properly to meet the situation. The extent to which, even then, with 25 per cent. money and bank reserves below the legal minimum, great lending institutions continued to provide the fuel for continued speculation, leaves the money convulsion at the end of the year, in our opinion, a phenomenon which the simplest mind can understand."

REGARDING the chances of currency legislation at Washington, the *Post* of that city remarks that "Congress never meddles with the currency until the public forces it to do so. When it comes to that sort of work, Congress is the biggest coward on earth." The reason for its cowardice is easily found. It lies in the irreconcilable differences of public sentiment in different sections on the fundamental principles involved. Here, for instance, is a paragraph from the Omaha *World-Herald's* comment on Mr. Schiff's relief measure:

"To coin and issue money is a government function, and should not be a banking privilege. The increase or decrease of the circulating medium beyond the limits fixed by the natural laws governing the production of the precious metals is a responsibility of the gravest importance that should rest on all the people. It should not be intrusted to any one class. Above all things else, it should not be intrusted to the great and daring and unscrupulous money kings who control the large banking institutions of New York in the interest of their enormous gambling operations."

SOBERING UP

It is mighty convenient sometimes to have a steady friend.

—Minneapolis *Tribune*.

"REFUSED TO COME TO THE AID OF WALL STREET

Secretary Shaw, of the Treasury, who hopes to become President Shaw, of the White House, is blamed by Banker Schiff for recent high rates for money in Wall Street; but he holds speculators and the New York bankers responsible.

That doctrine still has power from the stump to arouse wild enthusiasm and to determine elections in many States. The canny politicians at Washington know it, if the bankers in New York sometimes forget it.

A NAME rendered very familiar to the world by the fortnight's contest for the chief magistracy of the second republic of the world is that of Clement Armand Fallières. In all the sixty-five years of his life, nevertheless, he has remained, so the Paris *Gaulois* asserts, a human cipher, committed to nobody, representing nothing. From the date of his first election to the Chamber of Deputies thirty years ago until he was chosen president of the republic in succession to Loubet, he has lived in comparative obscurity. He has held portfolios in seven ministries and he was Premier for some twenty-two days years ago; but to his countrymen he has heretofore signified little or nothing. His official career has been one of lengthened political inaction, unexcited by the Panama scandal, the Dreyfus affair, the war between Church and State. Fallières, in short, has a political organism in which the

FROM THE ÉLYSEE PALACE TO A SIX-ROOM FLAT

That transformation in the life of Émile Loubet will be made when he vacates the post of French President on the 18th and goes to reside in the Rue Dante, Paris.

THE "STRONG MAN" IN THE FRENCH PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

Paul Doumer, self-taught, self-made, was a most conspicuous figure in the great contest for the Presidency.

bacillus of partizanship has to wander vainly in quest for a spot favorable to growth. "He is practically a man without a history," observes the London *News*, "and has never been aggressively associated with any of the great political agitations which have disturbed France during the past fifteen years." But he has been six years an avowed candidate for the presidency and until six months ago his election was deemed by the most competent dailies in Paris a foregone conclusion. The abrupt thunder of the Doumer candidacy awaked M. Fallières rudely.

HIS first step, or that of his friends, was to identify his candidacy with all that is respectably anticlerical. He has always been what the French call a progressive republican. He favors separation of Church and State as well as "keeping the priests," to quote the Paris *Humanité*, "in their places." Recent months have found him in closer touch with such pronounced haters of monks and nuns as Emile Combes and Camille Pelletan. These two men stand for all that is fiercest in the spirit of French anticlericalism. They want

a President who will be content with the position of a mere figurehead. Now nobody questions the aptitude of M. Fallières as a figurehead. He has been one for years. France could never suspect a dictator in one of his stout and ungainly shortness, although, as the Paris *Action* notes, Napoleon also was fat and short. Fallières is said to possess great firmness of character beneath his gentle and quiet manner. His affability, too, is proverbial. His eloquence has been mentioned enthusiastically by his supporters at Versailles, but the clerical press calls him a dealer in platitudes.

THE SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE FOR THE FRENCH PRESIDENCY

Clement Armand Fallieres has striven for many years to attain the summit of his life's ambition—the chief magistracy of the third republic. He has now attained it.

PAUL DOUMER is credited by his enemies with an unedifying fitness for sophistication. He strutted through the presidential election at Versailles last month, they say, as if he were a peacock in full feather—all for no other discernible reason than that he is a self-made man. But then it is only natural, it was said, that in a democracy a man who has risen from an engraver's apprentice to be Governor-General of Indo-China and President of the Chamber should deem himself as worthy of the supreme dignity in the republic as a little country doctor like Combes, a former grocer's boy like Rouvier, a nobody like Fallières. In the Chamber of Deputies Doumer has talked much in the last twelve months. One observer says of him: "A curious admixture of excellent style, graphic and forcible, with more than indifferent syntax, betrays the self-taught man; but, worse than that, an evident pleasure in himself, his capacities and the part he has played, together with a constant want of a central standpoint, puts one in mind of the conceited self-made man." He is accused of speaking with immense complacency of the chapter of colonial history he has written on Asiatic soil and of the modesty with which he has endeavored, since he returned to Paris some two years ago, to make people forget it. Another estimate, that of Labouchere's London *Truth,* makes Doumer out a high-class adventurer. "He has no conception of the small place he holds or ought to hold in a big national organism." But he speaks and writes ably, admits this critic, for a man whose horizon is bounded by his interests and his sense of his own merits.

MADAME LOUBET AND HER YOUNGEST SON

The lady is said to have been most reluctant to see her husband relinquish the French Presidency, which he does this month.

SCULPTOR, EX-PRIME MINISTER, AUTHOR AND PARTY LEADER

Léon Bourgeois, who was voted for in the French presidential election, wrote a book called "Solidarity" a few years ago which still remains the basis of the charge that he is at heart a radical social revolutionary. "The ablest man," says the London News, "in French politics."

CHAMPION OF THE "BIG STICK" IN FRANCE

Eugene Etienne, leader of a "group" in the French Chamber, wishes the republic to become mighty on the sea and a great colonial power. He was said to have been urged as a "surprise candidate" for the French presidency.

IT was Doumer, with his aching consciousness of being great and his fury to rise, says the Socialist *Humanité*, who broke up the "block" or combination of anticlerical groups under Combes which paved the way for separation of Church and State. "What impelled him to wage merciless war against a government most members of which belonged to the party he called his?" Ambition, comes the Socialist reply. His election to the presidency of the Chamber a little over a year ago revealed the existence of that intrigue of dissatisfied radicals which led to the resignation of the Combes ministry not long afterward. Henri Brisson, whom Paul Doumer then defeated, did his best last month to return the compliment. Himself a presidential aspirant, Brisson toiled night and day to hold Doumer from the summit of his ambition. To Brisson, his rival is the type of that purely material kind of worldly success which the third republic is too prone to worship. Doumer worships worldly success like the rest, but he worships himself, too. He likewise worships his eight children, never touches alcoholic drink, scorns tobacco, is a model husband in a land where model husbands are less rare than French novelists would incline Anglo-Saxons to think. Doumer's father was a poorly paid railroad clerk who died when his son was a boy. Paul Doumer began life in a medal-making establishment. He taught himself, and did it so well that he got a university degree while still working for wages. Next he was a Professor of Mathenatics with a turn for science. From that to journalism was a step, and from journalism to politics was another step. He became a deputy, then a Cabinet minister and at last satrap of the Asiatic empire of France.

EVERY anticlerical liver was convulsively swollen by the Doumer candidacy. This self-made man, declared the Paris *Lanterne*, had won the Pope to his cause. Yet Doumer is a Freemason, and the Vatican chafes restlessly over Freemasonry. But certain French cardinals were assembled at the archbishopric of Paris last month, avers the Paris *Action*, and schemed for the triumph of Doumer. The least curious, adds this anticlerical organ, might be interested in the secret of that anomaly. M. Brisson's friends were so interested as to accuse Doumer of having "gone over to the Pope," just as once, in the fury of a hot contest between the Bourgeois Cabinet, to which he belonged, and the Meline party, he deserted, bag and baggage, to the latter. It

TWO FAMOUS MASTERS AT WORK IN THE VATICAN

One is Pope Pius, who consented to let the other—Anton van Velic, the Dutch artist—paint his portrait only on condition that the pontifical business be not interrupted. This stipulation is understood to have been forced upon the Pope owing to the pressure of work entailed by adjusting the Church in France to the newly consummated separation of Church and State. The Pope, say some Paris papers, did his best to have Doumer made President.

happened years ago, but it told against him in last month's balloting. Yet another indictment of Doumer is on the subject of Japan. He had bet on the wrong horse in Asia by making himself objectionable to the Japanese. He is said to hate, dread and denounce them in secret. For proof we are referred to his official correspondence and to a book on Indo-China he was unlucky enough to bring out at the wrong moment. "They strive," he declares of these hated Japanese, "to raise their military power to the level of their pretensions and the idea of their strength renders them unbearingly overweening. They will before long be dangerous." A man with such prejudice against Britain's ally, says Brisson's organ, would, if he could, involve France with Britain herself. Yet the cordial understanding with Britain is a French bulwark against German aggression. Thus argue politicians made nervous by the Morocco conference. The hostility of the Socialists to Doumer is intensé, and it was shared by all the candidates. Henri Brisson, Cato of this third republic, worked less for himself than against Doumer. The friends of Léon Bourgeois, that tragic figure in French politics, declared that Doumer stood for a Bourbon restoration unless he had been bought by the Bonapartists.

NO French politician speaks with greater authority or commands higher esteem than Léon Bourgeois. The death of a wife and a daughter to whom he was devotion personified and recently his declining health have forced Bourgeois from active political life. Last month his name was put forward for the presidency, but he worked for Fallières. He saw in Doumer's candidacy a Vatican design to undo the separation of Church and State. For many years, he thinks, the radicals of France have been obliged to devote most of their energy to defense of republican institutions against Cæsarism of all kinds, against clericalism of all shades. Treason is again abroad. Monarchy lifts its head. His culture has lifted him quite above the level of the politicians about him and of the class from which he sprang—his father made and sold watches on the instalment plan. Léon Bourgeois is in spirit "an antique Roman." He loves the classical authors of Greece and Rome. His mind is said to have as many facets as a well-cut diamond. Léon Bourgeois, says the Paris *Temps*, could have made a name as a painter or sculptor. His natural bent prompted him to be an artist and his leisure is now given to modeling in clay. But his father made a lawyer of him. Destiny did the rest.

AS a student of social philosophy, Léon Bourgeois is said by the London *News* to have sat at the feet of Comte and to have remained his follower. The fact becomes apparent in "Solidarity," a work put forth by Bourgeois in recent years. It reveals the meditating recluse rather than the presidential aspirant. Human solidarity is the basis of the Bourgeois conception of justice. There can be no liberty without it. The book ran through edition after edition, forming the basis of the month's partizan cry that Bourgeois is too Socialistic for the presidency. He wants, moreover, old-age pensions, land taxation in something like Henry George style, disarmament and that sort of thing. He is impractical, says the Paris *Figaro,* proving it when Premier by choosing a renowned chemist for his Minister of Foreign Affairs. Was not the immortal Lavoisier told that the republic had no use for chemists? Does not Bourgeois profess devotion to the principles of 1789? Inconsistency, thy name is Bourgeois! To which pleasantry the *Gaulois* added its sarcasms at the devotion of Bourgeois to Sanskrit and to Hindu poetry. He wants France given over to a simple forest life among innocent girls. He knows no reality outside the Sakuntala of Kalidasa. How differently the *Humanité* appraises Bourgeois! He keeps in contact with life to-day, he is an expert in parliamentary practice, he has sound common sense, his philosophy is that of Poor Richard's Almanac. By no authority has the honesty of Bourgeois ever been impeached. In a republic scourged by its scandals his record is spotless. That is why his warning against Doumer was taken so seriously. It had imparted to the presidential election something of the atmosphere of conspiracy, with Doumer in the character of Catiline. Fallières won.

OUR relations to the Far East — China, Japan and the Philippines—are eliciting considerable discussion, some legislation, and much apprehension. The Philippines have caused most of the discussion and China has caused most of the apprehension. The discussion has revolved around the Philippine tariff bill and the action of the "insurgents" in Congress in opposing the administration measure. The passage of this measure, which gives free trade to the islands on all products but sugar and tobacco, and reduces the tariff rate on those two products to 25 per cent. of the Dingley rates, was effected in the lower house by a vote of 251 to 71. The sentiment of the country, so far as the press voices it, is emphatically in favor of the action taken and in favor of the Senate's following the example of the lower house as speedily as possible. Some of the strongest protectionists in the house, Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, and Grosvenor, of Ohio, were among the active champions of the bill, and the Democrats, following the guidance of John Sharp Williams, supported it on final vote, with the exception of fifteen members.

CHINA furnishes material for dark forebodings. The boycott on American trade has not been lifted, and the general feeling of the Chinese toward all foreigners is, it is feared, deepening into a set purpose that will prove far more refractory than the Boxer uprising was. One indication of the way in which the boycott is affecting this country is seen in the following despatch, which we take from a Spokane paper:

"SEATTLE, WASH., Jan. 6.—Unless the Chinese boycott on American goods is removed within the next 30 days the plant of the Centennial Milling company, with a capacity of 2400 barrels of flour per day, and that of the Hammond Milling company, with its daily capacity of 2000, will be forced practically to close down. The boycott has been felt for the past few months by every flour milling company doing export business on the Pacific coast, and the outlook for the flouring industry, unless the boycott is removed, is believed to be anything but rosy."

EX-SECRETARY of State John W. Foster writes an article on the Chinese boycott for *The Atlantic Monthly,* in which he lays stress upon the fact that the boycott is entirely a popular, not a governmental, movement. It has been directed against this country first, despite the fact that the United States is the only one of the great powers which has not despoiled China's territory and never assumed an attitude of hostility to its government, because it is so far almost entirely caused by the victims of our harsh exclusion laws and the sufferers of the race hatred existing in some of our localities. It is "the culmination of a long series of events extending through a generation." Reviewing these events, Mr. Foster asserts that from time to time all the constitutional and treaty guarantees which we have given to the Chinese have been disregarded by the authorities of the United States. If the present legislation is continued in force, he predicts that the boycott will not only continue, but will grow in

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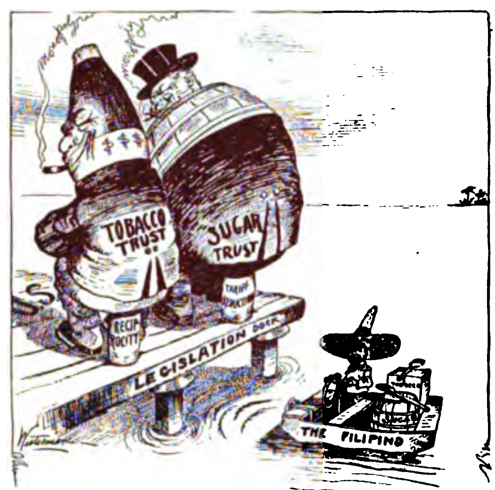
THE "JEZEBEL OF CHINA," THE DOWAGER EMPRESS, AMONG THE LADIES OF HER COURT

The elderly female who sways the destinies of the flowery kingdom may be identified by her elderly and masculine aspect, in marked contrast with the painting recently made by an American artist. The young lady at the Dowager's left is the nominal Empress of China. The other ladies owe their position at court to some personal characteristics pleasing to the dowager empress.



'Dem gemmen was settin' dere las' time I tried to lan."
—Westerman in *Ohio State Journal.*

extent and vigor. "The danger is that it will not only affect our commerce, but extend to all other American interests." The San Francisco *Chronicle* finds another origin for the boycott. It says that there is no room for doubt that it has been inspired by the Japanese, and cites the words of one of our merchants in China as follows: "All investigation leads to but one conclusion, namely, that behind the boycott is something foreign to anything ever known before in China, and that that something is Japanese influence exerted with the all-powerful subtlety of Oriental cunning." The purpose of the Japanese, as alleged, is to secure commercial advantages and to nullify the advantages to other countries of the "open door" policy in China. Interest in the general subject of our relations with the Flowery Kingdom is likely to be stimulated by the Chinese Imperial Commission which is now visiting this country, led by his Excellency Tuan Fang, Viceroy of Foochow, for the purpose of studying this question and our industrial and commercial institutions in general.

IMPENDING revolution in China is the prospect upon which last month's movements of United States troops in the Philippines were said to have been based. The British Government is alleged to be exchanging views with Paris regarding joint military and naval action against Peking. Germany's press grows almost sensational in some of its predictions and reports of the imminence of Chinese revolutionary horrors. "The real Chinese question," avers the London *Morning Post,* "is only just beginning." It will have a sanguinary end, adds the Paris *Journal des Débats.* Opinions of many missionaries in all parts of China, gathered by a cautious London organ last month, point to dangerous inflammation of the native mind. "The recent massacre at Lien-chau and the still more recent affray at Shanghai," says the British daily, "are incidents, we fear, that are only too likely to be repeated." This means that more American women missionaries may be stripped of their clothing by Chinese mobs, exposed to the public gaze in heathen shrines, and finally hurled into the river, where boatmen complete what has been so thoroughly begun by spearing the expiring victims. It is feared that many a tragedy not less harrowing has still to be reported. But such events are scarcely to be connected with that hatred of Americans and all things American to which Secretary Taft owes some embarrassments of his recent tour through the Orient. These fresh frenzies are but a logical outcome of that degradation of the Chinese masses to which European organs bear witness through first-hand reports. The occasion for the atrocities in Lien-chow is described as a clash between the interests of a mission hospital and a native theater. But back of the occasion lies the cause, and that is neither local nor ephemeral. It is the widespread suffering and desperation of the people.

MORE than one Chinese province is in a state of utter ruin because of the exactions of officials who are said to foresee the impending wreck of their country and to be determined to feather their own nests while opportunity is afforded them. Famine often completes such a work of havoc as mobs began last month. Thousands of human beings have died of hunger in the rural districts. In many villages the population has been subsisting upon roots and herbs for weeks past. Fathers, having sold their wives and children into slavery, have ended by selling themselves. Last month's news despatches have been filled with reports of agrarian revolt. We read that the bodies of prisoners executed for resisting the tax gatherer have been devoured by a horde of hungry spectators. The executioners themselves are declared by some European observers to have driven a lucrative traffic in the bodies of criminals sent to death by hundreds. The public revenue even is said to have occasionally been derived from the growing practice of cannibalism.

NOW the only influence which acts equally upon these vast masses of human beings in China is the acute discontent growing directly out of the burden of the indemnity wrung by the European powers from a peasantry suffering for food. It would appear that while there is a great difference of opinion among the natives regarding the dynastic question, the religious question, the question of progress as opposed to tradition and a variety of kindred topics, there is no disagreement at all regarding the deviltry of the foreigner and the desirability of ridding the country of his exactions. All the provinces have outbreaks not wholly unlike that now reported. Those who lead them are in some instances former Chinese troopers who have waited vainly for their pay and are finally left destitute. Thousands of the peasantry take to the hills and lead there a life of brigandage. Another element is made up of revolutionaries outright who wish to put an end once for all to the woes of China. Towns and villages are captured by the outlaws, only to be retaken with infinite slaughter by government troops. Each viceroy does what he can for the pacification of his own province, with results that are sometimes serious and often unknown. The confusion is worse confounded by the fact that the importation of arms into China, forbidden for two years by the indemnity treaty, seems, from the reports of the past few weeks, to be growing, if, indeed, it ever was checked. Not only are arms being introduced into the provinces. but native arsenals are constantly engaged in the manufacture of all kinds of weapons. The Chinese Government is understood to have abandoned all effort to check the distribution of arms among the natives. Mobs are strong, or feel so, and they can burn and ravage with little fear of a neighboring garrison. As one comes down to the coast, conditions improve, of course; but a striking feature of outbreaks such as that in which the American missionaries lost their lives is the official secrecy maintained with regard to them.

THE Peking dynasty is said to fear that the European powers may be led to intervene again if the full extent of the rebellion becomes known. The world is usually wihout reliable news as to what is going on in the interior of China. The capture of a village is represented at times as the loss of a city. Defeat becomes victory in official reports of a brush with rebels. Lists of killed and

THE POWERS: "The door is open all right and the Jap is there with the goods."

wounded fail to discriminate between the forces of rebellion and the forces of constituted authority. One rebel leader, to show the natives the stuff of which he is made, murders his family and dons imperial robes before gathering an army which grows in size and devastates a countryside. The relatives of insurrectionist leaders are, when captured, exterminated in accordance with a code demanding the decapitation of their grandparents, parents, sons, daughters and family connections. For the political offenses of one man dozens of disinterested relatives are led to execution. This is a circumstance to be remembered in connection with the official Chinese assurance that those found responsible for the outrages in November will be rigorously punished. Nor does any competent authority in the press of Europe see how Washington is to exact real redress or prevent the recurrence of these now familiar furies. London, acting alone, is equally impotent. France, in a sense, is on the spot, having her great Indo-Chinese possession. Yet Paris organs urge united action of all the powers, if there is to be any action at all. Germany's press, or the officially inspired section of it, seems disposed to find fault with Japan for not having soothed China into quietude. "Is this," asks the *Rheinische-Westfalische Zeitung,* "the Japanization of China, of which the English prate so much?"

JAPAN'S most blue-blooded aristocrat, the Marquis Saion-ji, is to-day her Prime Minister. His gait, his deportment, his physiognomy, his most trivial gesture, bear the stamp of that nobility which the marquis is said to keep as close to him as his own skin. "Educated in France," says the London *Times,* "he has all the quiet and somewhat cold dignity

of a ***grand seigneur,*** and his manner and conversation suggest a man removed alike by nature and culture from the arena of political turmoil." Politically, according to the same high authority, the Marquis Ito has always held the new Prime Minister by the hand. When, some few years ago, the Japanese Emperor invited Ito to resume the presidency of the Privy Council — a dignity wholly incompatible with leadership of a political party—the Bismarck of Nippon was in a cruel dilemma: An imperial invitation was equivalent to a command. Yet obedience meant abandonment of the constitutional party or Seiyu-kai, of which Ito is the father. The grand old man evaded his difficulty by going into the Privy Council and handing the leadership of the Seiyu-kai over to the Marquis Saion-ji. Not that the aristocrat who is now at the head of the government is a figurehead merely. He stands for a vital political principle — constitutional government through a ministry responsible to a party. There has never yet been anything like true party government in Japan. The ministry of the Marquis Saion-ji represents the nearest approach to it that Japan has yet witnessed.

YET it is an approach only that Japan now witnesses. The Marquis Saion-ji does not begin to have a parliamentary majority behind his official back. Not one party in all the Diet is strong enough to achieve anything by itself. Every ministry is a jumble of opposites, and the new one, in this regard, departs from no precedent. But it is stronger than any previous ministry in those elements which for years have protested against the deference of Japan to her elder statesmen, because that deference was a negation of party government. Marquis Ito and his pupil, the new Prime Minister, are at odds to the extent that the older man thinks a party system premature while the younger deems it too long delayed. Neither gets satisfaction from things as they are, but the Prime Minister, according to his organ, the *Seiyu,* has the future on his side. He is fifty-seven, however, and as thoroughly French in training and in temperament as our own James Hazen Hyde. When he was twenty-one the Marquis Saion-ji went to Paris and there lived for ten years. He speaks French like a native, loves French literature and French art, and is wedded to French political ideas.

HIS MONUMENT IS CHICAGO UNIVERSITY

"I am going before my work is finished," said President Harper. "I do not know where I am going, but I hope my work will go on. I expect to continue work in the future state, for this is only a small part of the glorious whole."

CHICAGO SUSPENDED BUSINESS ON THE DAY OF HIS FUNERAL

Marshall Field, who died the other day of pneumonia, at the age of seventy, was the richest merchant in America. He began life as a New England farm-boy.

NEW DEVELOPMENTS IN THE INTELLECTUAL ALLIANCE OF EUROPE AND AMERICA

Italy makes the third European country to enter into what may be described as an intellectual and educational alliance with the United States. The movement has become a sort of world-movement of large and, it is to be hoped, of lasting significance, not only in a literary and educational way, but in its political possibilities as well. In France and Germany the main feature of the movement is the interchange of professors and lecturers with this country. The progress of the movement as developed there has been noted with interest in the press and the magazines. One of the most influential figures in bringing about this relation between America and France has been Mr. James Hazen Hyde, of New York, late vice-president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, whose interest and financial support made possible the visits to this country of such eminent French lecturers as MM. Brunetière, Edouard Rod and Gaston Deschamps, and who founded the chair at the Sorbonne, in Paris, which Prof. Barrett Wendell, of Harvard University, occupied last winter. The relation between Germany and this country is due to the efforts of various public-spirited citizens on both sides of the Atlantic, as well as to the sympathetic interest of Kaiser Wilhelm and President Roosevelt. At the time of the St. Louis Fair an agreement was entered into between representatives of Berlin and Harvard Universities, providing for an exchange of professors every year. The first lectures under the new arrangement have just been given by Prof. Francis G. Peabody, of Harvard, in Berlin, and by Prof. Wilhelm Ostwald, of Berlin, at Harvard. Two further developments in the German-American *entente* date from the foundation of the "Germanistic Society of America" in 1904, and of the "Theodore Roosevelt professorship" of American history and institutions, recently endowed in Berlin University by Mr. James Speyer, of New York. It is under the auspices of this Germanistic Society that Prof. Friedrich Delitzsch (the famous biblical scholar of "Babel and Bible" fame) and Ludwig Fulda, the dramatist, are at present visiting our shores; and it is announced that Prof. John William Burgess, Dean of the Faculty of Political Science in Columbia University, will be the first occupant of the Roosevelt chair in Berlin.

The latest country, as we have said, to enter the international educational alliance is Italy, and this fact must be set down to the credit of Dr. Joseph Spencer Kennard, the distinguished American student of Romance literature. Last summer Dr. Kennard went to Italy in the interest of a plan to encourage American students to study in Italian universities and to promote an exchange of professors between Italy and the United States. He has returned to America crowned with success so far as Italy's coöperation is concerned. Italian universities, authors and members of Parliament have expressed themselves enthusiastically in regard to the plan.

The King received Dr. Kennard in private audience at the request of Signor Tittoni, Minister of Foreign Affairs, was profoundly interested, and promised his sympathetic support. Signor Tittoni and Signor Bianchi, Minister of Instruction, have also assured the moral support of the Italian Government to the "Alleanza Italiana," the society which Dr. Kennard has founded for the purpose of carrying out the alliance, and at a dinner of honor given him by the rector of the University of Rome, Dr. Kennard was invited to be the first American to lecture before that university.

The objects of the Alleanza Italiana are:

1. The exchange of students between American and Italian universities. In furtherance of this plan Italian universities will in future not only accept American college diplomas and certificates as an equivalent to entrance examinations, but also for graduate standing for those students who desire the degrees of Doctor of Letters, Philosophy, Medicine or Law.
2. A temporary exchange of professors between the universities of the two countries.
3. The exchange of lectures by the more prominent authors and publicists of the two countries.
4. The foundation of Italian professorships in American colleges and of American professorships in Italian universities.
5. The foundation in the cities and larger towns of the United States of circles for the

study of the Italian language and literature and the encouragement of our Italian fellow citizens.

In *Il Giornale d'Italia,* the foremost newspaper of Rome, Commendatore Tonelli, rector of the University of Rome, declares his conviction that the project can prove only "beneficent in the highest degree" both to Italy and the United States. He comments further:

"Dr. Kennard asked himself why a land yet young, but rich in its intellect, its enterprise and the promise of its future, like the United States, might not gain freer access to the fountains of Italian mentality and spirituality. And why should not an ancient nation, potent in thought and in its grasp of the most perfect form of civil order, desire and be enabled to gain from contact with the new world a wealth of experience bracing to its own endeavor and to its intellectual, moral and social capacities?

"The idea of an intellectual alliance between Italy and America arose in the mind of Dr. Joseph Spencer Kennard from these considerations, based upon the logical position and upon the history of both nations. And as a model for himself he took the Franco-American intellectual alliance, which has already some 40,000 members and funds equivalent to the sum of $600,000.

"Dr. Kennard, by forming an association made up of the elect in the two nations, proposes to bring from America numbers of students to our universities. Here they will either obtain their education or complete it at our intellectual centres. Dr. Kennard will bring into our country numbers of studious Americans who will gain an acquaintance with our institutions, and learn our true history from our time-honored memorials. In the United States, Dr. Kennard will prepare the way for our most representative men of culture, that they may spread throughout the republic a knowledge of Italian thought, Italian traditions and Italian idealism.

"From such contact and from such exchanges of idea and of standpoint, Dr. Kennard rightly believes that a more thorough reciprocal comprehension will ensue. This in turn can only bring about better understanding in the political domain.

"Our king the other day granted an audience to the energetic American, who besides being a man of splendid intellect is gifted with the utmost energy of will.

"We hope, nay, we feel more than hope, we firmly believe that this undertaking will succeed. The outcome can prove only beneficent in the highest degree to our country and to the influence which it will both exercise and receive through the agency of the youthful but potent and expansive civilization of the great American republic."

The Florence *Marzocco* thinks that if Dr. Kennard modifies a popular American impression that Italy can supply the American republic only with undesirable immigrants and murder mysteries, his work will redound to the glory of the Siena school and of Dante. It deplores the failure of former generations to undertake the task which it thinks Dr. Kennard is ideally capable of achieving. Its tribute to his culture, his knowledge of Italy, her people, her art and her literature, is a glowing one and is based on personal knowledge, so it declares. It looks forward with fond impatience to the era when students from our land will repair eagerly to Italian universities, rivalling in their appreciation of Italian culture that fineness of spirit which lured Milton to Rome and the lettered Englishmen of Shakespeare's day to Pisa and Verona. Dr. Kennard, according to our Florentine authority, is inaugurating an epoch in human culture, by the work so auspiciously begun.

Courtesy of N. Y. Independent

MEDAL PRESENTED TO J. PIERPONT MORGAN BY THE ITALIAN ACADEMY

The design is by Madame Lancelot-Croce and is intended to express the Italian nation's appreciation of Mr. Morgan's generosity in restoring the cope of Nicholas IV, stolen from the ancient city of Ascoli and sold to him in Paris. Mr. Morgan is shown in the act of handing over the famous cope to Italy, represented by a female figure, who grasps his hand in gratitude. On the opposite side of this medal is an inscription surrounded by a wreath of violets which symbolize "the modesty of the American millionaire, who returned the valuable cope without making any parade about it."

Photograph made for Current Literature. Copyright, 1906

JOSEPH SPENCER KENNARD, Litt. D., D.C.L.

Dr. Kennard, who is Honorary President of the Società Letteraria Dante Alighieri and the founder of the Alleanza Italiana for the exchange of professors and students between American and Italian universities, had a private audience recently with Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, in which the King expressed his sympathy with the Alleanza Italiana and promised it the moral support of the Italian government. Diplomas of American universities will be accepted from American students desiring to continue their studies in Italian universities, and Dr. Kennard has been invited to lecture at the University of Rome

Dr. Kennard is an enthusiast regarding Italian literature. From the historic point of view, he thinks, the Italian language and literature are the most interesting in Europe. In a recent letter to the Società Letteraria Dante Alighieri, of Philadelphia, he wrote:

"From its [Italy's] literature our own greatest English masters from Chaucer and Shakespeare and Spenser to Robert Browning, have drawn much of their inspiration and borrowed much of their literary material. All modern literature dates from the Italian *Rinascimento*. The Italian Dante alone stands on the same high summit with our English Shakespeare. And we are only just realizing that the most vital, the most vigorous, the most dynamic influence in modern European literature is Italian."

TWO AUTHORS WITH "DUAL PERSONALITIES"

William Sharp and Henry Harland may have been unacquainted with one another during life, but their names are written close together in the death-roll of the past month. And though the quality of their work suggests almost nothing that they had in common, a peculiar fact has served to link the two. They were both authors with "dual personalities."

The announcement of Mrs. William Sharp, that her husband wrote all the works in prose and verse credited to "Fiona Macleod" has solved a literary mystery—"the most interesting literary mystery in the United Kingdom during the past ten years," according to the New York *Times*. The same paper says further:

HENRY HARLAND

Who wrote Jewish stories under the *nom de plume* of "Sidney Luska," and afterward made a new reputation as the author of "The Cardinal's Snuff Box" and "My Friend Prospero."

"Many guesses have been made regarding the identity of 'Miss Fiona Macleod.' William Sharp's name has been mentioned, but not nearly so frequently as the names of some other people, and at length it came to be the general opinion that Fiona Macleod really existed in her own proper person.

"The English 'Who's Who,' which is strongly opposed to *noms de plume* and is supposed to print biographical outlines of real persons only, has a lengthy item about Miss Fiona Macleod, giving a list of her books and stating that her recreations are 'sailing, hill walks, and listening.' . . . One of 'her' chief pleasures must have been 'listening' to guesses regarding 'her' identity. The pseudonym may have been profitable, but what other pleasure William Sharp obtained from the knowledge that he was Fiona Macleod it would be difficult to say.

"Indeed, here is the real mystery. Sharp was a well-known man of letters, a most industrious author, clever and cultivated, a friend of many famous people, editor of numerous volumes, and a critic for various periodicals, but he never attained fame. In a moment he could have become famous instead of respected. The word that would have given him renown he never spoke, and it has been left to his widow to make him famous after his death.

"Famous his memory will undoubtedly be. Those poems of 'Fiona Macleod' are more than brilliant productions; they have struck a new note in European literature. To them is directly traceable the 'Celtic movement,' which is now so well defined and strong a force. Indeed, the chief argument for the theory that Fiona Macleod was no *nom de plume*—at least, the *nom de plume* of no known person—was that the poems were unlike anything that any one else was writing—or capable of writing, many of the critics said.

"And in this connection the parallel of Macpherson and 'Ossian' will, of course, suggest itself. Macpherson was a fraud, and yet 'Ossian' started the romantic movement in English literature. William Sharp was a Scotchman, and yet his poems have served as a clarion call to the Irish muse."

The comparison between William Sharp's case and that of Macpherson and his Ossian

is "perfectly natural," but "misleading," in the opinion of a writer in the London *Academy*. Macpherson invented Ossian, he says, "for the purpose of passing off certain of his own works as those of the ancient Gaelic Bards. What William Sharp did was quite different. He was one of those few people who seem to have inherited a dual personality, and he was able to keep its parts entirely separate. It was as if a man and woman were joined together in one person." To this statement should be added that of Mr. Richard Whiteing, an intimate friend of Sharp's. Mr. Whiteing writes in the London *Sphere*:

"'Fiona Macleod' was the greatest of his own creations in fiction. She had never any existence whatever, except in his brain, and yet she was a living, real personality with all the charm of the most delicate and sympathetic womanhood. I am not exactly concerned to defend him for the part he made her play; it is quite enough to take the motive into account. He felt his Celtic poetry intensely; he took enormous pains about it. He knew what it was to live in lonely fishermen's huts in the remotest highlands, and to make his wonderful studies of cloud and sea and storm under conditions that would have appalled many an old salt. He had an idea—perhaps a fanciful one—that he had enemies in the press, and that to give his Celtic muse the best chance she should be wholly dissociated from his name. In this way 'Fiona' came into the world. . . . He was one of a race apart, the born believers who have that aptitude as others have the sense of color. He had the ease of the Swedenborgian adepts in moving amongst the figures of a shadow land. I think this has a good deal to do with his creation of 'Fiona.' She soon ceased to be a mere pseudonym. He gradually perfected his own conception until she became a thing of perfect womanhood and, as I have said, the greatest of his characters. He not only thought in her name but he pictured her in his mind. At one time, I believe, there was actually a portrait of her published, which, of course, he selected or inspired. He wrote letters for her in answer to the bundles received through the publishers, some of them, I believe, containing passionate offers of heart and hand."

The following is a list of the works in prose and verse of "Fiona Macleod":

"Pharais: A Romance of the Isles," 1894; "The Mountain Lovers," 1895; "The Sin-Eater," 1895; "The Washer of the Ford," 1896; "Green Fire," 1896; "From the Hills of Dream," 1896; "The Laughter of Peterkin," "Old Celtic Tales Retold," 1897; "Spiritual Tales," "Barbaric Tales," and "Tragic Romances," 1897; "The Dominion of Dreams," 1899: "The Divine Adventure," "Iona," and "Other Studies in Spiritual History," 1900: "Poems Old and New," "For the Beauty of an Idea," "The Magic Kingdoms," and "The House of Usna."

WILLIAM SHARP

His widow's announcement that he wrote all the works in prose and verse credited to "Fiona Macleod," has solved "the most interesting literary mystery in the United Kingdom during the past ten years."

Under his own name Mr. Sharp was general editor of the "Canterbury Poets" and the author of many works, including "The Human Inheritance," "Earth's Voices," "Romantic Ballads and Poems of Fantasy," "Flower of the Vine" (published in America), biographies of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Shelley, Heine and Browning; "A Fellow and his Wife" (in collaboration with Blanche Willis Howard), "Madge o' the Pool," and "Wives in Exile." He also wrote two plays.

The case of Henry Harland has little of the romance or dramatic interest associated with William Sharp. But Harland also had two selves, and his "double" was "Sidney Luska." Under the latter name he wrote a number of clever stories of Jewish life, among them "The Yoke of Torah," "The Land of Love" and "Grey Roses." During this period he lived in New York, and his intimate knowledge of Jewish traits and character led to the erroneous conclusion that he was a Hebrew by birth. Later, he went to London and became the editor of *The Yellow Book*. He was there the center of a coterie that included Aubrey Beardsley, Max Beerbohm, Ernest

WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE

He says: "Greece's art would never have been the great art of the world had patriotism been lacking. No nation can be great other than through itself, and no art can be supreme that is not a national art."

Dowson, Arthur Symons and Richard Le Gallienne. Finally, he turned again to novel writing, and under his own name wrote "The Cardinal's Snuff Box," "The Lady Paramount," and "My Friend Prospero." Says the New York *Outlook:*

"The first of these stories was one of the most charming pieces of what may be called rococo work that has come from an American hand; essentially artificial, but done with the nicest feeling. It is to be compared only with Mr. Tarkington's 'Monsieur Beaucaire.' It is a romance of the purest kind, told with great delicacy of feeling and refinement of style, against a beguiling Italian background. The two succeeding stories, 'The Lady Paramount' and 'My Friend Prospero,' were in the same vein and very much in the same manner. They established Mr. Harland's reputation as a writer of skill, charm, and with the faculty of enveloping his stories in an enchanting atmosphere. His early death ends a most promising career. Committed to literature at an early age by his tastes and education, the godson of Mr. Stedman, he seemed marked from the beginning for a long and harmonious development; for he had industry, persistence, and many charming qualities of character."

The New York *Times* adds a word of comment on what it regards as "one of the most remarkable puzzles in the history of letters":

"Aside from any question of the ultimate value of his work, the career of Henry Harland affords one of the most remarkable puzzles in the history of letters. There have been a few cases of 'double personality' among authors—of men who have had two distinct styles or have given up one style to achieve a reputation with another. But Harland, after making a reputation in one kind of work, made another reputation along entirely different lines, and then underwent another transformation and gained his chief success with work absolutely different from any he had hitherto done."

WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE ON THE GREEK SPIRIT IN ART

"The Greeks carved their souls in marble; they expressed ideas rather than actions, and the results are the splendid simplicity before which we bow to-day, as well as the perfect blitheness and sanity of which Winkelmann speaks." In the above sentence, our own distinguished sculptor, Mr. William Ordway Partridge, gives expression to some of his views of Greek art which have just been deepened and strengthened by a recent artistic tour through Sicily and Greece. We are accustomed to consider the joy of living as the dominant note of Greek art and literature; but on the contrary, so Mr. Partridge thinks, the dominant note was the recognition of the near presence of death — a recognition that was never absent in any of their moments of pagan joy.

Mr. Partridge writes in *Brush and Pencil* (Chicago), and his article treats of various mechanical and archeological as well as artistic features of Greek art. He says:

"Technical dexterity, or that fatal thumb facility so rampant in Paris to-day, was never considered an end, but a means to an end, by the Greeks. With the Greek, it went without saying that he could use his tools. Sometimes he permitted himself technical 'fireworks,' just to show that he could do it, but as a rule it did not seem worth while; the thought, not the method, was the main thing.

"The Greek sculptor, further, was not biased by any Puritan element which forbade the representation of the nude, nor bound nor harassed by ecclesiasticism. Neither, on the other hand, was he tainted by any decadent trait such as the Roman sculptor displays, and as is so much in evidence in modern work, showing that the mind of the creator is impure. To him, the Greek, the nude form was the most bold and perfect thing in the world, the home of the immortal spirit. But in the greatest period of Greek art we seldom find the figure treated entirely nude, for the reason that the Greek found that drapery, properly handled, enhanced the beauty of the figure and helped out its action. He did not scruple to take such poetic license with drapery, as, for instance, in the Elgin marbles and the figures of the friezes. Greek drapery eddies about the limbs of the figure as the water of a brook eddies about a stone.

"Neither did the Greek scruple to use poetic license in other things. When he fashioned the horses which figure so largely in the frieze of the Parthenon he made them larger or smaller as the space demanded. Also, he understood perfectly the value of alliteration and repetition in art, the reiteration of certain lines, as in the procession of the virgin in the Greek festival, held once in every five years."

The Greeks, continues Mr. Partridge, made a distinction in their treatment of statues which we do not to-day. A temple statue was unfinished in style, and treated with a stiffness and dignity almost architectural; while a statue intended to be viewed in the open was polished to a gleamingly smooth surface and perfectly finished. Phidias has generally been accepted as the master of architectonic sculpture, or sculpture as the handmaid of architecture; but, in Mr. Partridge's opinion, "the pre-Phidian statues, crude and rough as they were, were better adapted to the uses and effects of architecture than the noble works of Phidias." The supposedly Oriental character of Phidian and pre-Phidian work has led to a popular belief that Egypt was the birthplace of sculpture. On this point Mr. Partridge writes: "The latest finds in Crete seem to prove that Greek art may have grown from its own soil instead of being imported, as it were, from older lands. The Oriental quality was inevitable with Crete so closely in touch with the East—Tyre on one side and Egypt on the other." Of impressions gleaned in Greece and Sicily Mr. Partridge gives us these:

"When I went to Greece I entered through the Gate of Gold—Sicily. First, of all came Palermo, the Concho di Oro, or Golden Shell, where the blue bay curves into the brilliant land, even like the shell they named it for. It was full of oranges and lemons and yellow sunlight. And then, straight across Sicily, I went to Girgenti, where there are more temples than anywhere in the world except Athens. And then to Syracuse,

BYRON
(By William Ordway Partridge.)

of Grecian colonization fame; then to Taormina, where the great theatre of the Greeks lies in ruins, with the Roman theatre built above it, and Aetna, in the distance, staining the sapphire sky with faintest smoke—Taormina, on the coast, with the port of Greece just over the way. So I went to Naples, and thus across the blue water to Greece itself.

"I traveled all over Greece, and lingered as I went, though in some ways the land where formerly Sappho loved and sung does disappoint the traveler. The ground plans of Delphi and Olympia are all like Pompeii — roofless entirely, lifting broken columns against the sky. These pale pillars, in rows on rows, make the ruins look like cemeteries, cities of the dead. Delphi is a very small place. All the excavations could be fitted easily into an American football-field. And this is Delphi—the harbinger of our modern democracy; Delphi—the scourge of empires! The Greeks themselves have done nothing in the way of excavations, but the French and German archæologists have excavated Delphi and Olympia very thoroughly—the French Delphi, the Germans Olympia. Now the Americans are doing equally complete and skillful work at Corinth, under Dr. Heermance of Yale. As a matter of fact, though, the 'finds' in the way of sculpture are not proving very great in Greece. It must be so. The Romans carried away all the best works of art to decorate their villas in the first place. Nero, as we know, took 75,000 statues from Delphi alone, and some of the rarest creations, notably a famous bronze by Praxiteles, were found in the wrecks of Roman ships. Then what the patricians did not take for their houses the

DANTE AND BEATRICE

(By William Ordway Partridge.)

barbarians took for less æsthetic purposes. Burned marble makes lime, and no one can estimate how many priceless statues were destroyed for this sordid purpose alone, and thus lost to the world of art forever.

"After the conquest of Persia a number of marbles were discovered buried in the Erechtheum. They had been piled one on top of the other as stop-gaps, and proved to be a remarkable collection, covering the entire period of the rise, development, and highest point of Greek sculpture. They are in the Acropolis Museum now, beside the Parthenon. It is singularly interesting to note that this period of development covered only fifty years—fifty years from the crudest pre-Phidian figures to the most complete achievements of sculptural art. Such rapidity of development, one must admit, is nothing less than wonderful."

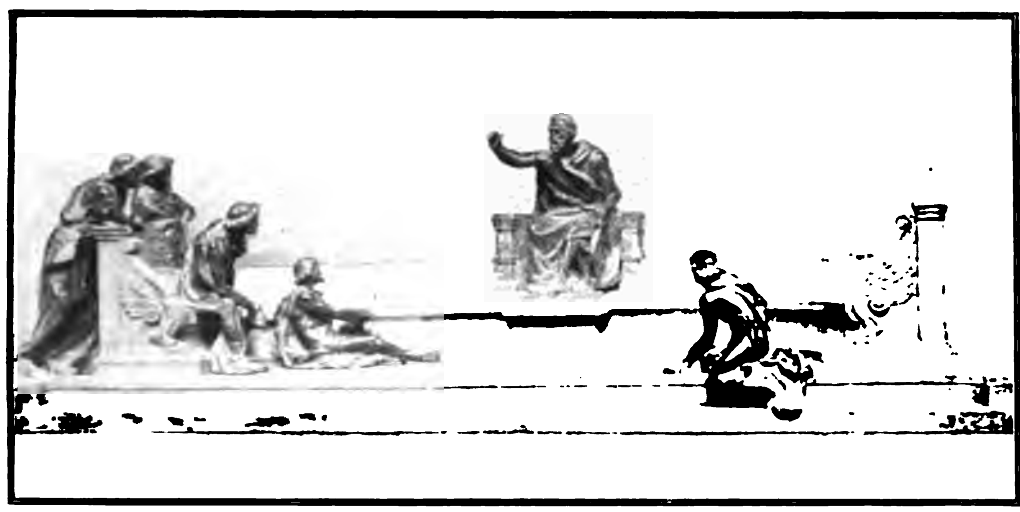
SHAKESPEARE

(By William Ordway Partridge.)

The building of the great Greek temples, as of the Pyramids, has been a matter of mystery and conjecture; and the question has often been asked, Just how were the huge blocks of marble lifted into place? Says Mr. Partridge:

"There are two theories which may explain this. The first is that great windlasses were used, worked by vast numbers of men, the cheapness of labor enabling the builders to accomplish extraordinary results through sheer force of numbers. The other theory is rather more curious and interesting, as well as being the more probable, all things considered. It makes the following hypothesis: As each block of marble was set in place, earth was dug up and piled all about it, making a slowly increasing hill up the slope of which the workmen dragged the succeeding blocks. As the column grew, the incline became steeper and steeper and the work more arduous. The column itself was entirely buried, only the white topmost block being visible. When the whole was complete, the earth-hill was dug away bit by bit, receding slowly from the great white pillar, which finally rose straight and perfect from the leveled ground. The Arabs worked thus in the desert, and even as late as the Renaissance we know of the same method being practised in the building of the Santa Croce Cathedral in Florence."

One of the most insistent qualities in the art of the Greeks, writes Mr. Partridge, in concluding, is the recognition of the near presence



HOMER READING HIS ILIAD TO A BAND OF GREEK YOUTHS
(By William Ordway Partridge.)

of death. "It is the dominant note, the enveloping spirit. All their finest work and most delicate designing went to the fashioning of their funeral urns. And in no pagan moment of joy was the fatalism of the race absent; they lived and laughed, but knew the shadow lay just beyond the path of sunlight where they danced." Mr. Partridge adds:

"Yet another thing, and this is worth noting—the spirit of Greek art is always one of fervid patriotism. Love of country and desire to dedicate their lives to her service surely animated the souls of the men who carved the great friezes, and symbolized the glory and triumph of righteous war. Greece's art would never have been the great art of the world had the patriotism been lacking. No nation can be great other than through itself, and no art can be supreme that is not a national art. It is Coleridge who says that the only true cosmopolitan is the true patriot, for in him alone does the true cosmic human sense find sincere expression. Patriotism is one of the noblest sentiments known to humanity, one of the great white-hot irons that burn out the epochs in the world's destiny. The man who fights nobly for a lost cause is better than the man who achieves a masterpiece. Was not the one bright glorious spot on Byron's inglorious fame the record of his struggle for the Greece that he loved?

"Probably no one ever understood Greece better, or adored her with more passionate devotion, than this strange, imperfect genius. In his fighting for her lies a greatness far beyond his greatest songs. And this bears out a pet theory of mine, that every man must be greater than his works. I contend that a small soul cannot prompt a big creation nor a base heart lie behind a noble achievement in art. Art must be the expression of the artist, and if the man is weak, bad, or artificial, the work of his brain and hands must be meretricious and untrue."

Mr. Partridge is not only an admirer of Byron but of all the great poets, and he has made it one of the delights of his artistic life to reproduce in marble and bronze a series of the greatest figures in poetry. Besides the Dante and Homer groups, he has made busts of Shakespeare, Byron, Shelley, Milton, Tennyson, Burns, and, more recently, Poe and Edwin Markham.

TENNYSON
(By William Ordway Partridge.)

THE EVOLUTION OF THE SUPERMAN IN LITERATURE

Hegel, the German philosopher, once faced an audience of students in Berlin University with the startling statement: "To-day, gentlemen, we shall proceed to create a god." According to Professor Caffi, a noted Italian publicist, the nineteenth century actually witnessed the birth of a deity in Nietzsche's concept of the *Uebermensch*. "In Christianity," says Caffi, "the Jehovah of the ancient Hebrews became a man-God; in modern philosophy we have the God-man, the Superman." The professor finds numberless traces of this thought in the literature of the nineteenth century, especially in Germany, which is declared to have been "at once the propagator of the new belief and the soil wherein it has taken deepest root." Passing in brief review the theological conceptions of Kant, Fichte, Feuerbach, Schelling and Hegel, Professor Caffi emphasizes the influence of Max Stirner, the most radical of Nietzsche's forerunners, who "overthrew Hegel's god, substituting for it the individual man destined to climb to the highest rung on the ladder of power—to become the *Unicum*, the Superman."

Outside of Germany, Caffi notes the influence of three men over religio-philosophical thought: Emerson with his "Oversoul" and the " Universal Soul in Art," in many ways premonitory of the *Uebermensch;* Carlyle, with his "Heroes and Hero-Worship," in England, so intensely individualistic in its teachings; and, in Scandinavia, the great Kierkegaard, that Danish theologian who created a revolution in contemporary thought by preaching individualism in Christianity. "Others," he once said, "bewail our times because men are drawing away from the church; I anathematize our times because all *passion* is disappearing, whereas only by passion can men scale the heights of individuality." This Professor Caffi calls "pure Nietzscheanism."

Goethe's "Faust," Shelley's "Prometheus," and Byron's "Manfred" are all interpreted as poetical forebears of Nietzsche's literary masterpiece, the strange rhapsody, "Thus Spake Zarathustra." In Dostoyevsky and the Russian school, Professor Caffi also discerns "the closest approximation to the Superman." He continues (in the *Revista d'Italia*):

"In Nietzsche are embraced and united all the currents of individualism, of evolution, of superhumanistic ideas which, from Plato (whose 'Kingly Man' is but a species of superman), have dominated philosophers and theologians. . . . The Nietzschean Superman, in the process of evolution, passes through three stages. First, he he is the free man of unrestricted liberty, without a god, without religion, without family, without morality, a sceptic, a glutton, devoid of human feelings. This is the 'Blonde Beast,' in other words, the primitive German. . . . In the second phase we have the aristocrat, who stands on an elevation above good and evil, and stamps all his actions with the one word *edel* [noble]. In the third we have the veritable Superman. Just what this word means Nietzsche himself does not tell us, nor can we form any accurate idea from his works. 'Tis something which floats aloft in the empyrean, and vanishes at our touch. It is a word, an ideal, a thought, a desire, a dream, a chimera maybe, a vague but pulsing, living aspiration toward the infinite.

"Nietzsche was assailed by all parties; he beheld the destruction of his philosophy by a bristling host of syllogisms and arguments. It seems now as though we were witnessing the march of so many Don Quixotes going forth portentously and in all gravity to fight with windmills. But, notwithstanding all his critics, Nietzsche remains as great as ever, and perhaps greater to-day than ever before. In the strict sense of the term he is not a philosopher, although in some of his works he has given evidence of a profundity far from common. But above all things he is a great writer, an artist, a poet. His 'Zarathustra' is a poem in prose, but nevertheless it is a great poem. If Nietzsche had not been a great artist, his career would have been that of the meteor which is engulfed in night; but Art is imperishable and 'Zarathustra' will remain as the greatest monument of German prose."

In closing, Professor Caffi admits that Nietzsche is a paradoxical figure, and ought not to be taken too seriously:

"Let us not take too seriously his frenzied outbursts (I can find no more adequate phrase). Too often, like Leopardi, he curses where he should have blessed. He styles himself a deicide and yet he has a religion of his own; professes to be an 'immoralist' and yet has his own system of morality; calls himself an anti-humanitarian and is more humanitarian than the philanthropists themselves. Moreover, he possesses admirable qualities of mind and heart; his thoughts are noble, his sentiments elevated; he has all the ardor and enthusiasm of life, controlled by intellectual sincerity and probity. And so, if indeed he has faults (and who is without them?), let us forgive him Christianly, as we forgive . . . Tolstoy his imprecations against art and human passions. And let us forgive him in the name of Art and Poesy. He is a great poet. His poetry thrills one with its potent lyricism; his thoughts have something ineffably picturesque which seduces the imagination and ravishes the soul."

The growing influence of Nietzsche upon

writers is indirectly illustrated by Jack London's novel, "The Sea Wolf," and by Bernard Shaw's play, "Man and Superman." The former is a romance permeated with the Nietzschean spirit. The second is in part a dramatic travesty of the idea of the Overman.

A PORTRAIT THAT MARKS AN EPOCH IN ART

The father of modern portrait-painting, according to two new biographies,* was Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the picture that marks the advent of a new school of art is his portrait of Keppel, who, as a boy of twenty-one, had been in command of the British frigate, the *Maidstone,* had chased a French vessel inshore in thick weather, and in the chase had run his ship ashore. By great energy and nerve he managed to save his crew, and when tried afterward by court-martial had been honorably acquitted. Such was the subject which Sir Joshua had and which he handled in a way that made it ever memorable. What he did and how he did it are described by Mr. Boulton.

Ever since the days of Van Eyck, in the fourteenth century, the method of portrait-painters had been "to reproduce their sitter, choosing a moment when he or she was thinking of nothing in particular, and surrounding him with familiar properties carefully marshalled into a design." With his portrait of Keppel, Sir Joshua began to work on a new line, in which he took his keynote from his subject, portraying him when some characteristic power or passion was actually at work, and so endeavoring to give the spectator the deepest possible insight into his character and his career. Says Mr. Boulton of the Keppel Portrait:

"Reynolds chose the incident [just narrated] as the setting of his portrait. He dropped all the pillars and curtains of the conventional background, placed Keppel on the seashore, alert, brisk, hand outstretched, giving orders, the very embodiment of the able young naval officer of that day, who was a very important member of the community indeed. As in all great art, the very spirit of the times appears in this portrait, and it would have been produced in no other age, whatever the genius of the painter who attempted

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S PORTRAIT OF THE HON. AUGUSTUS (AFTERWARD ADMIRAL) KEPPEL

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*SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY. By Sir Walter Armstrong. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

*SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P. R. A. By William B. Boulton. E. P. Dutton & Co.

KITTY FISHER
(By Sir Joshua Reynolds.)

An admirable illustration of "femininity of conception." Every element in the picture carries with it the notion of woman.

it. The days of public exhibition were not yet. and Fisher's mezzotint plate of the picture did not appear until six years later; but any of the band of portrait-painters of that day who chanced to get sight of the canvas and had eyes to see, must have known that their light was soon to be extinguished by the new blaze in Newport Street."

In the same picture, Sir Walter Armstrong. the author of the other biography, sees evidence not only of Sir Joshua's originality, but also of his discriminating eclecticism. He writes:

"The painting of Keppel marks an epoch in the career of Reynolds as well as of modern art. Down to 1752 it is easy to determine whence the inspiration came for everything he did. One picture is a sublimated Hudson, another an echo of Rembrandt, a third a Hogarth with a difference. The Keppel is new mainly because he there draws upon his memories of a different art, but still new. He paints the energy and aptitudes of the man as well as his head and body. Such a thing had never really been done before. Some of the great Italians had, no doubt, suggested the dynamic possibilities of their sitters; Velasquez had now and then gripped the nature before him with so nervous a hand as to produce a dramatic result; but before Reynolds painted his Keppel no one had succeeded in fusing frank and veracious narrative with other artistic qualities in a portrait. It was exactly the thing to create a *furore*, for it was at once novel and entirely comprehensible. People could say 'How new!' and 'Why hasn't it been done before?' in the same breath. Such a success would have been dangerous, if not fatal, to most men. They would have repeated it until all merit had been taken out of the original performance."

There is a particular in which, according to Sir Walter Armstrong, Sir Joshua went on to develop his pre-eminence above nearly all other great painters. This was his power of contrasting the character of his male and female sitters. One would think, says he, that the first care of a portrait-painter would be to adapt his ideas — his ideas of design, handling and action—to the sex of his sitter. "But as a matter of fact, very few painters have done anything of the kind, and the best, least of all. Titian, Velasquez, Rubens, Rembrandt, Hals and Van Dyck, all had pretty much the same formulæ for men and women. As a consequence no one among them, with the possible exception of Titian, succeeded equally well with both sexes." Van Dyck's portraits, he says, seem always feminine, while those of Rembrandt, Frans Hals, and Velasquez seem no less invariably masculine. The writer adds:

"The hard thinking of Reynolds preserved him from a similar mistake. His patterns in line and color have sex. During his first period of maturity he painted some half a dozen magnificent portraits which illustrate this, as well as other characteristics, with peculiar force. The earliest of these is the 'Mrs. Bonjoy,' at Port Eliot, painted the year after the Keppel. Better known is the 'Kitty Fisher' with the doves . . . a capital instance of what I mean by femininity of conception. Every element carries with it the notion of woman. The handling is vaporous, sinuous and long; the color opalescent, and without masterful contrasts; the design . . . avoids any hint at the quick aggression of the male. In the 'Lady Tavistock' . . . Reynolds suggests with extraordinary felicity the atmosphere of tender waiting, of intelligent docility, which is proper to the young wife. Technically, too, it is one of the best of his early works, and shows the example of Rembrandt put to the most agreeable use. But finer still than either the 'Kitty Fisher' or the 'Lady Tavistock' is the great 'Nelly O'Brien' of 1763, in the Wallace colection.

"On the whole, I think this might be accepted as Sir Joshua's masterpiece. In other pictures he flies at higher game. In the 'Duchess of Devonshire with her Baby' he paints maternal interest, energy, love, and paints them with a broader and more audacious brush; in the 'Lady Crosbie' he concentrates a life history into a movement and wins a miraculous unity. . . .

"No artist has been so indefatigable as Sir Joshua in hunting up significant attitudes and gestures when notable men proposed that he

should paint their pictures. The 'Lord Heathfield' holding the key of the Mediterranean is the typical instance; but it is the exception to find him handing celebrated people down to us without some hint of how they won their fame. . . . He paints women in one spirit, men in another; and in both makes a point of building his conception on something they have been or done."

Mr. Boulton points out an inestimable value which Reynolds's work has, altogether apart from its purely artistic qualities:

"Sir Joshua has preserved for posterity the aspect of the chief figures of his times with a perfection and completeness unequalled by any other portrait painter. The England of Reynolds' day was eminently the England of a relatively few personalities to whom for good or evil the destinies of the country were committed. These men dominated Parliament, they officered the services, filled the public offices, administered the law, and governed the dependencies of the country. Reynolds lived among these men, and, with a few notable exceptions, two generations of them passed through his painting-room to leave their images behind for us, and to provide a national possession which is literally priceless."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS
(Painted by Himself.)

A JAPANESE ESTIMATE OF LAFCADIO HEARN

It is generally recognized that Lafcadio Hearn, the Greco-Irish Professor of English Literature in the Imperial University of Tokyo, who died over a year ago in Japan, of paralysis of the heart, was a most exquisite literary artist. But it was as an interpreter to the Occidental world of the soul of Japanese life and art that Hearn was unique, and it is interesting in the extreme to get such an intelligent judgment of him and his work, both as artist and interpreter, as is now given us by a Janapese writer, Nobushige Amenomori. Writing in *The Atlantic Monthly,* he lays stress, at the outset, upon Hearn's poetic qualities.

"Being a poet," we are told, "he naturally found pleasure in the emotional, and he saw the emotional side of Evolutionism, so to speak, in Buddhism and Shintoism. . . . I am inclined to think that, had Hearn lived longer and taken to versifying, he would have been to Evolutionism what, in a sense, Pope was to the philosophy and theology of Bolingbroke. As Pope embellished his ideas with Christian tenets, so Hearn ornamented, in prose, his ideas with Buddhist and Shintoist beliefs; and as some verses of Pope's have been thought models of orthodox Christian devotion on account of their beauty concealing their real sentiment, so a similar illusion has been created with regard to Hearn's books because of their uncommon charm."

The always interesting facts of Hearn's life are briefly reviewed. He was born in the Ionian Islands about 1850, of a Greek mother and an Irish father, the latter a surgeon in the British army. Early orphaned, a great-aunt had him educated for the priesthood, but he broke away when only nineteen years old and came to America, here entering the profession of journalism and beginning to contribute odd sketches and articles to the magazines. One of his first and little known books—"Stray Leaves From Strange Literature"—is a rare collection of stories from the Talmud and Moslem lands, Egypt, the Eskimos, and others, in the most exotic literatures he could find. During these years of hard study and brooding, Hearn wrote to a friend: "I never read a book which does not powerfully impress the imagination; but whatever contains novel, curious, potent imagery I always read, no mattter what the subject. When the soil of fancy is really well enriched with innumerable fallen leaves, the flowers of language grow spontaneously." Here was no Stevensonian labor for expression!

In 1884 Hearn "had at last found his feet intellectually through the reading of Herbert Spencer, which had dispelled all 'isms' from

LAFCADIO HEARN

"Within this homely-looking man there burned something as pure as the vestal fire, and in that flame dwelt a mind that called forth life and poetry out of the dust, and grasped the highest themes of human thought."

his mind and left him 'the vague but omnipotent consolation of the Great Doubt.'" And in 1887 he began his wanderings to exotic countries, "a small literary bee in search of inspiring honey." But it was not until 1890 that he reached Japan, there at last to find his great inspiration. He married a Japanese woman, became a professor in the university at Tokyo, and finally was adopted by his wife's family in order to secure the succession of his property to wife and children. Thenceforth he was known in Japanese as "Yakumo Koizumi." And it was undoubtedly this very absorption in Japanese life, so displeasing to some of Hearn's Western friends and critics, that enabled him to write those classic interpretations which now enrich our literature.

Owing to the inimitable charm of his style, some critics have been led to suppose that the author occasionally invented stories to suit his own taste; but, says Nobushige Amenomori, this is a mistake. Hearn himself says: "I do not *invent* my stories. I get them om Japanese life—facts told in papers, facts d me by pilgrims, travellers, servants,—facts observed in travelling myself." He was insatiable in getting information. The more he got, the more did he want to know, and he ever retained what he had learned.

While making studies of Shinto shrines, Hearn once wrote to his friend: "You understand, of course, how difficult it is for a foreigner to convey to Western minds the feeling of these things as they impress *him*. On the other hand, he *cannot* convey the feeling of the Japanese mind, because he has not experienced it. He can only guess or imagine." "Yet," adds the Japanese scholar, "how correctly Hearn 'guessed or imagined' the 'feeling of the Japanese mind' is amply shown in some of his papers, such as 'Yuko' and 'The Japanese Smile.' No Japanese could give a better elucidation of those subjects."

Although Hearn was a journalist of long experience and training, there was little of the journalistic method in his production of literature. Says his friend: "So far as I know, he never wrote 'on the spur of the moment' anything that appeared under his signature. . . . And he never wrote one sketch or essay at a time. He did not begin at the beginning: he worked at parts first, and from parts built up a whole." Hearn himself wrote: "I never *begin*. It is too much trouble. I write down the easiest thing first, then something else,—finally the forty or fifty fragments interlink somehow, and shape into a body. It is like the Prophet's vision of dry bones."

"In writing on some subjects," we are further told, "Hearn was not satisfied with having simply seen, read, understood them; he waited till he felt them. Until the desired sensation, feeling, came upon him, his mind was in a state of restless suspense." The following extract is from a letter written by him in that mood:

"But somehow, working is 'against the grain.' I get no thrill, no *frisson*, no sensation. I want new experiences, perhaps; and Tokyo is no place for them. Perhaps the power to feel thrill dies with the approach of a man's fiftieth year. Perhaps the only land to find the new sensations is in the Past,—floats blue-peaked under some beautiful dead sun 'in the tropic clime of youth.' Must I die and be born again to feel the charm of the Far East; or will Nobushige Amenomori discover for me some unfamiliar blossom growing beside the Fountain of Immortality? Alas, I don't know! He is largely absorbed by things awfully practical, — guidebooks, hotels, silk-stocks, markets and politics, I suppose. He has little time to travel to the Islands of the Blest."

Interesting above all is the following ad-

vice Hearn wrote to this dear friend and comrade:

"Now with regard to your own sketch or story. If you are quite dissatisfied with it, I think this is probably due *not* to what you suppose,—imperfection of expression; but rather to the fact that some *latent* thought or emotion has not yet defined itself in your mind with sufficient sharpness. You feel something and have not been able to express the feeling—only because you do not yet quite know what it is. We feel without understanding feeling; and our most powerful emotions are the most undefinable. This must be so because they are inherited accumulations of feeling and the multiplicity of them—superimposed one over another—blurs them, and makes them dim, even though enormously increasing their strength. . . . *Unconscious* brain work is the best to develop such latent feeling or thought. By quietly writing the thing over and over again, I find that the emotion or idea often *develops itself* in the process,—unconsciously. Again, it is often worth while to *try* to analyze the feeling that remains dim. The effort of trying to understand exactly what it is that moves us sometimes proves successful. . . . If you have any feeling—no matter what—strongly latent in the mind (even only a haunting sadness or a mysterious joy), you may be sure that it is expressible. Some feelings are, of course, very difficult to develop. I shall show you one of these days, when we see each other, a page that I worked at for *months* before the idea came clearly. . . . When the best result comes, it ought to surprise you, for our best work is out of the Unconscious."

"The 'page' at which he had labored so hard," adds Amenomori, "I found, on our next meeting, to be a fragment of an intended essay on a palm-tree,—the emotion caused by the sight of a palm-tree as a possible result of many ancestral memories. He said then, 'Probably this will never be finished.' Unfortunately, it proved more than probable. The essay was never finished."

Physically Lafcadio Hearn was unlovely. "Slightly corpulent in later years, short in stature, hardly five feet high, of somewhat stooping gait"—he is described by his friend—"a little brownish in complexion, and of rather hairy skin. A thin, sharp, aquiline nose, large protruding eyes, of which the left was blind, and the right very near sighted." We quote further:

"I shall ever retain the vivid remembrance of the sight I had when I stayed over night at his house for the first time. Being used myself also to sit up late I read in bed that night. The clock struck one in the morning, but there was a light in Hearn's study. I heard some low, hoarse coughing. I was afraid my friend might be ill; so I stepped out of my room and went to his study. Not wanting, however, to disturb him, if he was at work, I cautiously opened the door just a little, and peeped in. I saw my friend intent on writing at his high desk, with his nose almost touching the paper. Leaf after leaf he wrote on. In a while he held up his head, and what did I see! It was not the Hearn I was familiar with; it was another Hearn. His face was mysteriously white; his large eye gleamed. He appeared like one in touch with some unearthly presence.

"Within that homely looking man there burned something as pure as the vestal fire, and in that flame dwelt a mind that called forth life and poetry out of dust, and grasped the highest themes of human thought."

TAINE'S PEN PORTRAITS OF HIS LITERARY CONTEMPORARIES

A newly published volume of Taine's correspondence* deals with the period of 1870-75, and contains, in addition to much interesting comment on the Franco-Prussian War and the Paris Commune, some graphic pictures of the literary celebrities of that time. It appears that in 1871 Taine was invited to lecture at Oxford. He met, among others, Swinburne, Matthew Arnold, and the Miss Arnold who was to become Mrs. Humphry Ward, and he set down his impressions as follows:

"I was at the home of M. Jowett yesterday. Was presented to M. Swinburne the poet. His verses are in the style of Baudelaire and of Victor Hugo. He is a little sandy man, wearing a redingote and a blue cravat, and thus forming a contrast with all the black coats and white ties. He talks in a brusque manner, straightening himself with a convulsive backward movement of the arms like a man in delirium tremens—a passionate admirer of modern French literature, of Hugo and Stendhal, and also of painting. His style is that of a sickly visionary seeking systematically for excessive sensations.

"Was presented to M. Matthew Arnold, the poet-critic, son of the celebrated Doctor Arnold, and an inspector of primary schools at a salary of one thousand pounds sterling per annum. He is a great friend and admirer of Sainte-Beuve. He is a large man with black hair growing very low on his forehead, of careless and wrinkled appearance, but very courteous and very amiable. His brother, Thomas Arnold, who lives here, has sent me an elegant little compilation of extracts, notices and prefaces embracing almost all English literature. His letter has some polite observations on my large work.

"The remainder of the evening was taken up by young girls to whom I was introduced; among

*H. TAINE, SA VIE ET SA CORRESPONDENCE. Hachette, Paris.

A NEW MONUMENT TO TAINE
Recently erected at Vouziers in France.

others was Miss Arnold [Mrs. Humphry Ward], who was my partner at dinner. 'A very clever girl,' was M. Jowett's remark as he presented me to her. She is about twenty years old, very agreeable, and tasteful in her dress, a rare thing here (another young lady was imprisoned in the strangest looking tube of red silk), born in Australia and reared there up to her fifth year. She knows French, German and Italian, and for a year has been studying old Spanish of the time of the Cid, and also Latin, for the purpose of understanding the old chronicles of the Middle Ages. She spends all her mornings at the Bodleian Library. She is very learned, though simple in manner and still a young girl. Finally, giving me one of her sweetest smiles, she let me know that she had written for *Macmillan's Magazine* her maiden article on the subject of the ancient romances."

In a later letter, dated July 23, 1873, and addressed to Georg Brandes, the eminent Danish critic, who is sometimes spoken of as "the Northern Taine," he pays a notable tribute to Turgenieff, the Russian novelist. Speaking of this writer in comparison with German authors, he says: "I hope I am not amenable to the charge of French prejudice, for to me the Russian Turgénieff appears to be a writer of the first rank. One might heap together in a mortar all the German authors without being able to extract one drop of his vigor and sap."

Writing in another place of the French authors of the day, he indulges in this very caustic criticism:

"I have just re-read Hugo, Vigny, Lamartine, Musset, Gautier, Sainte-Beuve, as types of the poetic pleiad of 1830. How mistaken they have all been! How false has been their idea of mankind and of life! Their eternal theme is: 'I desire an infinite, ideal, superhuman happiness; I do not know in what it consists, but my soul, my personality, has need of the infinite. Society has been badly constructed, earthly life is insufficient; give me the sublime, or I shall dash my brains out!'

"Following his peculiar bent and talent each one has given us variations upon this theme.

"Victor Hugo, first period: nothing fixed or determined. He is a simple musical instrument which produces new and astonishing melodies, and is at the service of all the positive theses—Christianity, humanitarianism, legitimacy, Napoleon, the Republic, Louis-Philippe, morality, license, etc. Second period: in this great natural cavern, the Republic, Socialism, the humanitarian dream of the subscriber of the *Siècle*, monopolize the scene, and at the same time the instrument deteriorates and the fingering is like that of a deaf performer.

"Gautier: in this connection Mlle. de Maupin is admirable. This is the theme: I desire for my personal use a paradise made up of all the ideas of painting and sculpture realized, with Oriental splendor and real voluptuousness, plus a dash of dramatic emotion. But even this Sultan's paradise could not satisfy me; I am an exacting God, and I am bored with all this!

"Vigny is a solemn and self-exalted priest; Musset a nervous, covetous gentleman-gamin who squeezes his orange dry and flings it away immediately afterwards; Sainte-Beuve and the others are sires or sons of *Voluptuousness;* all of Hugo's dramas having as their *motif* excessive emotion and sudden, unexpected development, are included in this same category. It is the same with George Sand's first manner, and with Balzac's 'The Shagreen Skin.'

"What remains over, what survives of all this, is the history, the psychology of the age. Observe this especially in George Sand, Balzac, Stendhal, Dumas the younger, Augier, Flaubert, Champfleury, and in all recent realism; in Cousin in the historical portion of his philosophy, in Guizot, Michelet, Thierry, Vitet, in parts of Hugo and the elder Dumas, and in the astonishing number of monographs and critiques of which Sainte-Beuve and Renan offer the best types."

Religion and Ethics

THE NEW ATTITUDE TOWARD EVANGELISM

"Looking forward to church conditions in the new year of our Lord 1906," says *The Church Economist* (New York), "the leading problem, in our judgment, is the relation of church and evangelist."

This issue, as the same paper goes on to point out, is almost as old as the Christian church. It was active in the second and third centuries. It entered into the rise and spread of monasticism. It led to the foundation of the so-called religious or mendicant orders in the medieval church. It found expression in the work of the Lollards. And in later ages, from time to time, it has come into prominence in the lives and labors of such men as the Wesleys, Whitefield, Jonathan Edwards, Finney and Moody.

Just at present it has been projected into the field of religious controversy as a result of the critical attitude assumed by influential American clergymen and religious journals toward evangelistic revivals. It appears that the Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, acting under the auspices of the Evangelistic Committee of the Presbyterian Church, recently held a number of meetings in several of the large cities of the Pacific coast. Upon endeavoring to organize a similar campaign in San Francisco, a committee of local clergymen declined to coöperate with him. "We knew that there had been great disappointment in Oakland," said the Rev. Dr. George C. Adams, of the First Congregational Church; "in Los Angeles, in Portland and in Seattle the outcome was exceedingly discouraging. And when we thought of asking our people for six or eight thousand dollars to meet the expenses of an effort concerning which we would be likely to be compelled to admit later on that it was a poor investment, we felt that we had no right to do it. The result was the unanimous vote of the committee to request Dr. Chapman to cancel the engagement."

Dr. R. A. Torrey and Mr. Charles M. Alexander, whose evangelistic meetings in Australia and the United Kingdom have attracted world-wide attention and who have now returned to this country to carry on their crusade here, are also under criticism. A guarded but significant warning bearing the signatures of the Rev. Dr. S. P. Cadman, of Brooklyn, and three other prominent clergymen who had personally familiarized themselves with the Torrey-Alexander meetings in England, has been published in the Boston *Congregationalist*, cautioning churches in this country from making such meetings the center of their activities. To a request from *The Church Economist* for a more detailed statement of his views, Dr. Cadman replied as follows:

"I am in active sympathy with all genuine evangelical work, but I am opposed to its being used for the advocacy of any peculiar theological views which create division in the church and excite just oposition among thinking men everywhere. We are not going to win the great fight which is upon us by clinging to obsolete traditions which have been discarded by the sane, reverent and constructive scholarship of Christianity; and when these traditions, which are matters of private opinions, are insisted upon as dogmas necessary to salvation, I for one refuse to be allied with any such human perversions of the Divine truth.

"The time has come to call a halt upon the oft-made statement that only men who favor certain schools of theological thought can be used by God to communicate His blessings to their fellows.

"This is not Protestantism. It is at heart Papacy and it denies the rights of that common life which all believers in Jesus Christ enjoy, and by which they are federated together.

"Such characteristics have beset the work of Dr. Torrey in Great Britain, and the verdict upon that work is by no means an unmixed one. There are leading ministers of the gospel in Great Britain who believe that the work of evangelization has been retarded rather than helped in many influential sections."

The Torrey-Alexander movement has an even more formidable critic in the New York *Outlook*. This influential weekly devotes a lengthy editorial in a late issue to a decidedly derogatory review of Mr. George T. B. Davis's chronicle* of the Torrey-Alexander crusade. It comments, in part, as follows:

"Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander have conducted a series of remarkable meetings, and they have been characterized by great emotional interest; but what has been their permanent ethical effect? The revivals conducted by Dr. Finney were followed by higher standards of honesty in business, purity in public affairs, temper-

* TORREY AND ALEXANDER: THE STORY OF A WORLD-WIDE REVIVAL. By George T. B. Davis. F. H. Revell Co.

ance in personal life. And he left as a monument of his labors at least two great churches and one great university, largely due to his spiritual power. Mr. Moody left as a monument of his labors a great church, a continuous summer conference whose inspiring influence is testified to by hundreds, and two schools of permanent educational value. It may be too soon to look for similar fruits of Mr. Torrey's ministry. But it is not too soon to ask whether it gives any promise of such fruits. And this question Mr. Davis does not answer; he does not seem even to have asked it of himself."

The Outlook goes on to cite an account of how Mr. Alexander once "prayed the Lord that he would help him choose a good suit of clothes, and lead him to the right pattern." When he went to the tailor's, he was offered at less than half price a suit that had been rejected by an earlier customer but that "fitted him exactly, with the exception that the trousers had to be shortened a little." This he accepted as an evidence that "God answers prayer for temporal things as well as for things spiritual." The incident illustrates, says *The Outlook,* "the supreme objection that devout souls feel for the Torrey-Alexander movement." Continuing, the same paper says:

"Many spiritually minded men and women feel a protest against the Torrey-Alexander Mission which they have often been reluctant to utter. They object not chiefly that its methods often violate good taste, nor that its theology often antagonizes the reason. Their chief objection is neither rationalistic nor æsthetic, but spiritual. They object to any religious ministry which substitutes conventional phrases for spiritual realities; which regards belief in the inerrancy of a book as equivalent to a living faith in the living truths of which that book is an interpreter; which treats redemption as getting out of hell into heaven—that is, out of horrible pain into celestial pleasure; which teaches any man to think himself 'saved' unless his character is transformed; which recognizes any other test of that transformation than Christ's test, 'By their fruits ye shall know them;' which puts any value whatever on great meetings and waves of emotional excitement, except as they lead to higher and holier living; which honors as religious any experiences unless they leave behind them the churches strengthened, the sources and springs of vice weakened, and higher standards of honesty in business, public spirit in politics, purity in society, and love in the home. In short, literalism, conventionalism, and emotionalism are not the marks of the Christian religion. In so far as they characterize any movement, that movement is not toward the kingdom of Christ."

The Church Standard (Protestant Episcopal), of Philadelphia, commenting on the efforts at present being made to start a revival in that city under the leadership of Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander, says that it regards the Christian desire to co-operate in true revival work "with sincere respect and cordial sympathy." Nevertheless, it adds, "we find ourselves turned against it mainly, and almost exclusively, by the machine-like methods pursued and to be pursued." *The Christian Work and Evangelist* (New York) says:

"We hope the Torrey-Alexander Mission, now under way in this country, will achieve good results. But we do not hesitate to declare that brass-band work, big choir work, big 'statistics,' and everything on the score of Bigness, which were the features abroad, will not work here. There is room for earnest evangelical preaching,—lucid, intelligible, and sane. It is the life in the heart, not our eighteenth century theology, proclaimed amid fanfare, that is wanted to-day. 'Behold, old things have passed away: all things are become new.'"

Messrs. Torrey and Alexander are not without warm defenders in the religious press. *The Missionary Review of the World* (New York), edited by Dr. A. T. Pierson, thinks that some of the attacks upon them are "both unfair and unfounded." It says further:

"Of course, the evangelist [Dr. Torrey] is an old-fashioned believer in the whole Bible, and is uncompromising in his defense of the infallible teaching of the Lord Jesus. But his confident tone has acted as a tonic in the midst of the looseness and uncertainty of present-day thinking. Wherever he has labored, not only have marked conversions followed, but all evangelistic work has been stimulated. We have heard it often said that nothing has equaled it in power since the Moody and Sankey work of a quarter century ago. The closer the work has been watched, the more satisfactory have the results been found."

Commenting in similar vein, the Philadelphia *Presbyterian* says:

"It is idle to speak of the teachings of Dr. Torrey as his 'personal opinions.' Remission of sins through the blood of the Cross, acceptance before God on the merits of Jesus alone, everlasting punishment as the penalty of unbelief, together with acceptance of the Bible as authoritative in all its parts—these doctrines, which constitute in sum, as we understand, the teachings of Dr. Torrey, are church doctrines, and not any man's personal opinions. They are not dead nor obsolete, but a living power to-day in the experience of millions of Christians. They are the doctrines which made Mr. Moody mighty in his day; the doctrines which constituted Charles Spurgeon's pulpit in London the seat of a world-wide influence: the doctrines which, preached by Dr. Paton in the New Hebrides, transformed the haunts of savages and cannibals into the abodes of peace and prosperity. Dr. Torrey is undertaking a great task. He is not going into conflict with the entrenched powers of evil accoutred in new-fangled armor, or with untried weapons in his hands. He has the ex-

perience of ages behind him, and he comes now to a new sphere of action with a spirit of confidence born of the fact that these doctrines of grace, with which God's servants before him did exploits, have constantly proved in his own use of them, as he has traveled around the world, the power of God unto salvation.

"Why complain of the air of authority with which such a man speaks? Authority is the very thing by which the pulpit ought ever to be distinguished. The faithful ambassador of Jesus has an inspired Book open before him, and he is giving to the people, not his 'personal views,' not the views of the advanced scholarship of the day, not 'the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth.'"

THE GROWING CLEAVAGE BETWEEN CLERGY AND LAITY

Dean Robbins, of the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is deeply impressed by "an ever-increasing gap between the clergy and laity." Speaking recently before the Church Club, in New York, he asked: What sympathy does the young seminarian who comes to a rural congregation fresh from his studies, professional or dogmatic, find with his views? What does the average city curate care for what a layman thinks, and, for that matter, what does a layman care about the curate? He continued:

"The attitude of the laity to the clergy is one almost of condescension, a very different attitude from that once held. Generally the layman feels the clergy to be out of the quick flowing current of life. It is with enthusiasm, a glad surprise, if you will, that the layman meets a clergyman who is hardheaded, practical and business-like. Now, the real seriousness of this is that it makes for a great ineffectiveness. The clergy are pulling one way and the laity another. A great gulf, gaping, yawning and increasing ever, stretches between. The clergy and laity cannot meet on common ground in these days. I take it that no one will deny, that no one can deny, that there is this ineffectiveness. . . . The average layman hardly knows why he is a Churchman."

This utterance has aroused much interest and discussion in the religious world, coming, as it does, almost contemporaneously with the announcement of two important changes in church polity looking toward a closer union of clergy and laity. In England, a House of Laymen, co-ordinate with the House of Bishops and the House of Clergy, is being organized within the Anglican Church. In Chicago the synod of the Roman Catholic archdiocese voted a few days ago to vest the business management of parishes within the diocese in the hands of laymen to an extent not permitted before. Says the New York *Churchman* (Protestant Episcopal):

"Men, not only laymen but clergymen, will in the end have only contempt for thoughts and words and ritual acts that do not issue in deeds. They believe that the church exists to redeem society. They believe, so far as they are true Christians, that their work to be effective should be done through the church as Christ's means for accomplishing his purpose. Wherever the church is administered in this spirit of social redemption there is no cleavage between the clergy and laity, but the most devoted loyalty. The time is past, and it ought to be recognized as past, when, if 'the hungry sheep look up and are not fed' they will stay till they starve before seeking greener pastures. If, then, the clergy will do their part to remove this cleavage they must fit themselves to apply the spirit of Christ, as well as the law of Christ, not alone to the individual heart and conscience, but to society. Laymen can do their part by helping the clergy, who attempt this realization of the Kingdom here and now, by their hearty sympathy and co-operation. It is characteristic of our age and one of the worthiest of its characteristics, that men will not waste time on machinery that proves itself worthless or inadequate. They subject the church to the same standard."

The layman's point of view is voiced by the New York *Evening Post* as follows:

"The late Archbishop Benson once described this 'alienation' [between clergy and laity] as 'terrific.' He thought the Dissenters were doing what they could to widen the breach, and that the clergy were to blame because of their devotional methods, their sacramentarian practices, and their judgments concerning education and Parliament. 'They wish the clergy to be separate, *i.e.*, Pharisaic.' Extreme high churchmen would say that the clergy had lost the respect of the laity by abdicating their sacerdotal position, and by making themselves merely ministers and public teachers. The low churchmen would contend that it was precisely this assumption of superiority and separateness which had impaired the influence of the clergy, and that the parson should be like the layman, except that it is his business to pray and preach. Mr. Moncure Conway has expressed admiration of the established Church of England because it admits of this levelling process, and he would seem to favor a state church in this country in which the clergyman might have greater liberty, and there might be a minimum of difference between the priest and his parishioner. But is not the 'cleavage' simply a new definition of the old schism between the church and the world?"

RELIGION IN AMERICA AS VIEWED BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIMPLE LIFE"

Charles Wagner, the celebrated French divine, whose book, "The Simple Life," enjoyed such popularity in America that his recent visit to this country was one continual ovation, has written a volume* chronicling his impressions of the customs and religion of the American people. The book is dedicated "To Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, the Magnanimous and Pacific; to his Home; and to the People of the United States."

As a clergyman, M. Wagner was, of course, greatly interested in the religious aspect of American life. What struck him particularly, at first sight was the multitude of people he saw going to church, with a peculiar, solemn, Sunday expression, in every large American city. "On a Sunday morning," he says, "the streets leading to the churches present an aspect both of singular animation and of calm. All these street passengers seem to be meditative. One feels that they know where they are going. In going to church they already think of what they will hear; in returning from it they think of what they have heard. In a word, they convey the pleasant impression of taking the matter very seriously."

M. Wagner goes on to speak of the great number of religious societies and churches existing in America and representing every possible shade of human sentiments and ideas. In spite of the contrasts and contradictions among these various groups, he regards this very number as a sign of "beautiful vitality." "It is, of course, questionable," he proceeds to comment, "whether several chapels in small places are not a harmful luxury; whether it would not be a good thing for them to unite, in order the better to be able to aspire toward an object which is after all a common one." Nevertheless, he thinks the actual state of affairs one that speaks very favorably for American religious institutions. "In the first place," he remarks, "perfect liberty is the common good of all the churches. This ensures a condition that is neither to the advantage nor the detriment of anyone." He continues:

"The faithful keep up their creed at their own expense, and organize it as seems proper to them. Enjoying general liberty, everyone respects his neighbor. It is contrary to a generally adopted practice to preach against others. Everyone does his best with his own faith and leaves his neighbor alone. Cordial relations subsist among the various denominations, and this feeling of cordiality is steadily growing. They all feel the need of one another, and opportunities for fraternization are sought with ardor. The points of contact multiply from year to year. It has not always been so. American history has known periods of bitter intolerance. And certainly one would not have to go very far to find actual specimens of a sectarian attitude on the part of some who have been disposed to deny the right to the name of Christian to those who think otherwise than themselves. But immense progress has been made towards mutual justice and respect for the beliefs of others. Narrowness is becoming the exception, breadth the rule. In the school of history, America has learned to know and respect liberty. She has understood the danger of religious authoritarianism. Her national temperament, slowly formed by instincts of good will, perseverance, and the desire, above all, of being equitable to everybody, is gradually being more and more purged of sectarian prejudice."

M. Wagner relates that during his trip he had the honor of being invited to give lectures and sermons in Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Methodist, Unitarian, Lutheran, Congregationalist and Baptist churches. "I had even the rare privilege of preaching in a synagogue," he says, "which constitutes an exceptional event even in America." And he regrets having been prevented from showing his "sincere and fraternal sympathy with the Catholic Church" by accepting an invitation to speak for the Society of the Ladies of St. Vincent de Paul. This invitation, he declares, he was compelled to decline owing to his imminent departure for France.

In the Protestant churches he found what he deemed a very happy combination of tradition and of living thought. He writes on this point:

"Of course, there are exceptions. Formalism and dogmatic vigor, on the one hand; rationalistic dryness, absence of the mystic fibre, and a tendency to ignore the soul of the past, on the other, are spiritual phenomena which one meets with in America, even as in our old world. But the general impression is that of a healthy and living piety respectful of the spirit of tradition and intelligently preserving it in the freer manifestations of contemporary thought and sentiment. This fact enabled me to understand fully the American Christians whom I was able to meet, and to

*VERS LE CŒUR DE l'AMERIQUE. By Charles Wagner. Libraire Fischbacher, Paris; Brentano's, New York.

be fully understood by them. I have learned to love them greatly for their amenity, their openness of mind, their warmth of heart, and their boldness of thought."

This liberal American spirit M. Wagner notes as having had a favorable effect upon Roman Catholicism in the United States. "It has produced a Catholicism of a very particular kind, living, original, resolved to march in accord with what is best in our times." This is especially true, M. Wagner remarks, of the kind of Roman Catholicism represented by the "Venerable Archbishop Ireland" and his colleagues. "I made it a duty and a pleasure," he says, "to go to St. Paul in order to pay homage to him." "Side by side with this liberal spirit," continues the French clergyman, "it is true that there is another kind of Catholicism in process of formation, with narrow and exclusive traits which cannot but be deplored by the friends of the broader and more generous Catholic Church, among whom I have always counted myself." He warns the Roman Catholics and the other religious groups, on both sides of the Atlantic, against alienating, by an attitude of opposition and exclusiveness, elements that otherwise could be attracted to them, and become great working forces on their side. He adds:

"The American Catholic Church is a manifest proof of the justice of my remarks. The quality which makes her grand, living and powerful is her atmosphere of liberty. If ill-inspired counsellors ever succeed in making her change her methods, she will be menaced by a terrible danger. It would be contrary to elementary wisdom to wish to introduce in the land of liberty the old errors which have so often made the church an object of suspicion in liberal Europe."

The great religious problem confronting the United States to-day, according to M. Wagner, is that of the "transformation of her venerable and inherited thought into words and ideas capable of being assimilated by the modern mind":

"To guide, inspire and penetrate the public spirit, to direct the education of the young—in a word, to condense and keep constantly vital all the best inspirations of a people—religion must remain living itself, must neglect nothing, must scorn nothing. It must unite with a pious memory which guards the best heritage of the past a spirit of research and of liberty by which the future may be conquered. America will solve this problem, because she holds herself ready to receive every new impression of the Divine Spirit, which alone is capable, at each successive stage of humanity, of inspiring us with the necessary word and of furnishing us with the fresh manna which our souls require."

THE "MOST UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT" IN HERBERT SPENCER'S CAREER

During mid-life, Herbert Spencer, the eminent English scientist and philosopher, was deeply stirred by the aggressive attitude of the British Government toward weaker races, and permitted himself to attend a public meeting and make a speech. His action temporarily weakened his health, and so far interrupted the regular tenor of his life and intellectual work that he was led to speculate whether the effort to do good does not generally bring more harm than benefit. This train of thought appears in a chapter of his "Autobiography" bearing the startling title, "A Grievous Mistake," and he confesses that he came to regard his one attempt at public service as "the most unfortunate incident" of his career.

The incident serves as a text for the elucidation of Christian ethics in Prof. Francis G. Peabody's latest work.* "Never, perhaps," he avers, was there "so candid a disclosure of a wholly self-considering career," or a more explicit contrast with the Christian doctrine of sacrifice. He continues:

"From this point of view, the career of Jesus, ending at the age of thirty, with its task, as it seemed, half done, its disciples despairing, and its teaching not even preserved in literary form, would have certainly seemed 'a grievous mistake.' Would not the world have been richer if Jesus, like the English philosopher, had lived to a ripe old age, and left behind him, not a few beatitudes and parables, but a complete system of religion and ethics such as his later years might have produced?

"The answer to this criticism is sufficiently given by the unconscious evidence of Mr. Spencer himself. He had set himself to write a universal philosophy; but, with a candor which no critic would have dared to use, he points out how meagre was the material for such a philosophy which could be drawn from his own emotions

*JESUS CHRIST AND THE SOCIAL QUESTION. By Francis Greenwood Peabody. The Macmillan Company.

and desires. He did not permit himself to enter the region of life where Jesus found not only the joy of living, but all that he understood under the name of Life. Mr. Spencer's narrow range of experience disqualified him from interpreting experience. The severest indictment of his ethics is his autobiography. Love and pity, service and sacrifice, are subordinated by him to the task of explaining human life; but the subject which was his theme was precisely the subject he had left unexplored, and when his Ethics was set, as a capstone, on the great structure he had built, the writer regarded it with a sigh of disappointment, as though aware that his system was soon to be a historical monument, marking a point where the procession of thought had for a few years paused. The fragmentary ethics of Jesus remains the interpreter of the modern conscience, while Mr. Spencer's System, in comparison with which a generous impulse seemed a grievous mistake, has, like many another system, had its day and ceased to be. The whole story is told in a conversation with Professor Huxley. As they walked together one day, Mr. Spencer said: 'I suppose that all one can do with his life is to make his mark and die.' 'It is not necessary to make one's mark,' replied Huxley; 'all one need do is to give a push.'"

AN INTERPRETATION OF RELIGION IN DANCING

Since the religious dance is the oldest and highest form of the art of dancing, and was the first art born of religious sentiment, especial interest attaches to a serious effort just made in New York to revive the dance as a medium of expression for religious ideas. To this day, we are told, every Hindu temple has its band of dancers as our churches have their choirs, and this fact is made use of by Miss Ruth St. Denis, an American woman, whose

THE DANCE AS RELIGIOUS WORSHIP

"The offering of flowers, the beating of the gong, the chanting of the high priest before the idol of Radha, are all acts of worship.'

THE HINDU DEITY, RADHA, AS IMPERSONATED BY AN AMERICAN WOMAN

"When the curtain goes up, Radha, the idol, sits cross-legged on the throne. The worship of the priests brings down the spirit of the deity, Radha, into this image."

Hindu Temple Dance was given in a New York theater a few days ago. A recent writer in *The Cosmopolitan Magazine,* speaking of the general relation of the art of dancing to religion, states that in the past the nearer religion has been to nature the greater has been the importance given to the dance as an element of ritual. This same writer says further:

> "The early Christians did not despise the dance, but as monkish asceticism drew away from the simple, natural teaching of Christ, the dance fell into disfavor and was frowned upon as a manifestation of the Evil One. And just so it was with artistic perception and artistic appreciation. Where they were highest, in Hellenic antiquity, dancing had its place among the arts and was revered as the oldest of them all, that art upon which all the others were based. Dragged down to pander to luxury and profligacy, as were all the arts during the period of Roman triumph and Roman decadence, the dance fell under a cloud with the rest, and seemed to disappear during the dark ages, as did the others!"

The esoteric dance, however, has always found its principal devotees in Oriental countries, and it is to India that Miss St. Denis has gone for material wherewith to elucidate the artistic and religious possibilities of the dance. She explains her method in this way: "The impersonation of a favorite deity offers a larger scope for expression than that furnished by the limited personality of one dancer. Hence in my temple dances I have chosen from the deities of each Oriental religion the one best suited to express its main idea. At the same time I employ such forms of the dance as are characteristic of the country."

In her Hindu dance (see accompanying illustrations) Miss St. Denis impersonates Radha, the deified wife of Krishna, who is sometimes called the "Dancing God." As a background she uses what is said to be the first representation of a Hindu temple ever made. The imported properties are authentic, and the temple priests are natives of India. As the temples or *mundirs* are inaccessible to foreigners, the details of the ceremonies have been obtained through native Hindu worshipers.

BEGINNING OF THE DANCE

"Slowly as the spirit enters the idol, Radha rises, steps down, and the sacred dance begins."

PORTRAYAL OF THE SENSES
"For smell, she weaves about her in wonderful curves a huge flexible wreath of pale roses."

From the moment the curtain rises, when the incense is burning before the image of Radha on the throne or altar, the atmosphere of Orientalism pervades the scene. The offering of flowers, the beating of the gong, the chanting of the high priest before the idol of Radha, are all acts of worship. There are flower-wreathed cocoanuts, twinkling little lamps on the shrine, and even the caste marks sacred to the Brahman priests who meditate before the small brass idols on the low table.

When the curtain goes up, Radha, the idol, sits cross-legged on the throne. The worship of the priests brings down the spirit of the deity Radha into this image. Slowly as the spirit enters the idol, Radha rises, steps down, and the sacred dance begins. In a series of five circles the god shows the use and the dominion of the five senses. Before each circle is performed the temple high priest places upon her the symbols of the sense to be pictured. For sound, she wears strings of bells; for smell, she weaves about her in wonderful curves a huge flexible wreath of pale roses; for taste, she carries a bowl from which she drinks, and at the end, suddenly, dramatically, she flings it down crashing to the floor, as a symbol of the unfulfilment of the appetites. This is the teaching of the dances of the senses—unfulfilment, renunciation. Touch is symbolized by raising the hand to the lips and kissing it. At last Radha falls down in a swoon and an empty blackness follows. The curtain has gone down. When it rises, Radha is kneeling, and the lighting and action symbolize enlightenment. She carries the begging bowl of the mendicant. At the end of the ceremony Radha, signifying the attainment of fulness, rises to her full height, reaching upward. Little by little she retires and at the last is again seen sitting cross-legged on the throne in semi-darkness surrounded by the worshiping and chanting priests.

In this dance very few liberties are taken with the actual practices of the Hindu wor-

shipers. Miss St. Denis combines the sacred dances of the nautch girls, native East Indian dancers trained from childhood, with the impersonation of deified Radha. So that, while in the present creation of a poetic imagination the details are actualism, the spirit is symbolism. The teaching is that of Buddha: From the illusion of the senses, through renunciation toward enlightenment, man attains perfect spirituality and peace.

Gellini, in speaking of the Greeks as dancers, said: "Their dresses were magnificent, and they spared neither pains nor cost toward the perfection of their dances. It was in this light that the ancients required the union of the actor and of the dancer in the same person. They expected, in the theater especially, dances of character that should express to the eyes the sensations of the soul."

And so, according to this young student, the dance is a creative art, and the temple dance its highest form. It employs a skill and grace which are only acquired through years of discipline, the result of as severe a technique as that of poetry and painting or music. It brings into service the imagination and all love of beauty. But above all it may serve as a means for the teaching of spiritual truths.

TOLSTOY'S "LAST WORDS" TO THE WORLD

The phrase "Last Words" is the one which Tolstoy himself selects as a title for his new book, which has just been published in Paris,* and which contains the utterances designed by him to be his final testament to mankind. Tolstoy is now in his seventy-eighth year, and though his health is relatively good, he is convinced that the end is not far off. No sign of age or decadence, however, appears in these, his latest writings, which illustrate above all the intensity of his religious conviction. There are the same freshness and originality of conception that we find in his earlier works, and even an added note of optimism as regards ultimate progress. In spite of his vogue, his status as a thinker and teacher is not generally understood. The Russian orthodox church classes him as an atheist, though he himself claims to be a disciple of Christ. His works teem with citations from the New Testament, of which he is a profound and reverent student. Of course he is far from being a Christian in the orthodox sense, since he has discarded the whole of the supernatural side of Christianity. This he regards as foreign to the original teaching of the Master, as encrusted legend added by succeeding generations. He believes that all government is wrong since it is founded in the last resort upon violence and is thus opposed to the gospel of Christ. Socialism, anarchism, monarchy, are to be equally condemned. Humanity is to be redeemed not through political means but through Christianity translated into individual action and become practical in life.

* DERNIÈRES PAROLES. By Leo Tolstoy. Mercure de France, Paris.

These doctrines are now held by considerable numbers of Tolstoy's disciples in Russia and different parts of Europe, and are being actively promulgated in England by an exiled colony of "peaceful anarchists."

The following reflections are taken from Tolstoy's hitherto unpublished "Journal Intime," extracts from which are included in his "Last Words":

"The idea that the teaching of religion is a form of violence is right. It amounts to that scandalizing of children of which Christ has spoken. What right have we to teach that which is disputed by an enormous majority: the Trinity, the miracles of Buddha, of Mahomet, or of Christ? The only thing that we can and should teach is the doctrine of morality."

"I was contemplating a magnificent sunset. Here and there among the heaped-up clouds appeared the light, and the sun itself looked like a live coal of irregular shape hovering over the forest. I felt my heart swell with joy and I thought: No, this world is not a mirage; it is not merely a place of trial, of transition to a better and eternal world. It is itself one of the eternal worlds, beautiful and full of joy, a world which we can and ought to make more beautiful and joyful for those with whom we live, and for those who shall come after us."

"From the ordinary point of view the death of children is thus explained: Nature endeavors to give us her best creations, and she sometimes recalls them when she sees that the world is not ready for them. But let us try to improve on this explanation: It is like the swallows who come too soon and die from the cold; yet they must needs have come. All this reasoning, however, is ordinarily false. An intelligent explanation would be that the child who dies has accomplished the work of God—the establishment of the kingdom of God by the increasing of love —in a more important way than those who have lived a half century or more."

"What happens after death? For their own happiness, men know not, neither have they any need of knowing. In fact, if men knew this, and if they knew that the life beyond the grave were worse than the present life, they would have still more fear of death; and if they knew that the life beyond the grave were better, they would have no care for this life, and would hasten their own death. This is why we do not know the hereafter and do not need to know it. The only thing that it concerns us to know is that our life will not end. And we know this. The whole doctrine of Christ is in this: man has two lives, the bodily life which comes to an end and the spiritual life which does not change and has no end. 'Before Abraham was, I am,' said Christ, and this applies to us all. As soon as we transport our ego into the spiritual life, we live but for a spiritual end. Thus our life cannot cease. It is part of God. It always was and always will be. We do good not out of fear of hell or hope of paradise, but because, in living the spiritual life, man can desire nothing except what is good. And if a man believes in his spirituality, he cannot fear death or annihilation. And what will this life be? He need not concern himself about that, since he has faith in God as a Father from whom he has proceeded, to whom he goes, and with whom he has lived, lives and shall live."

"We are passing through trying days. War, like a storm in nature, provokes in the mind of man a beneficent change, in the sense that movement, hitherto unperceived, becomes visible. The movement concerns conscience. The times are trying, and it is all the more necessary to lead just lives. Each assault of the press—and not merely the Russian but the foreign and revolutionary press—is in vain. It is the same as cutting down weeds: they sprout up again with all the more strength. It is necessary to pull them up by the roots. And this can only be done in the religious domain. It alone is powerful and invincible."

"In these later days, I have occupied myself with the composition of a daily lecture composed of the best thoughts of our best writers. I have been reading not only Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, Xenophon, Socrates, the Brahman and Chinese sages, Seneca, Plutarch, Cicero, but also more recent writers: Montesquieu, Rousseau, Voltaire, Lessing, Kant, Lichtenberger, Schopenhauer, Emerson, Channing, Parker, Ruskin, Amiel and others (I have read neither newspapers nor reviews for two months). I have been more and more astonished and frightened, not at the ignorance, but at the 'civilized' savagery in which our society is sunk. Education and culture are for the purpose of enjoying the spiritual heritage left by the ancients: meanwhile we go reading the newspapers, Zola, Maeterlinck, Ibsen, etc. How I wish that I might remedy in some degree this terrible misfortune, worse than war; for this civilized savagery is, by reason of its self-satisfaction, most terrible. It brings in its train all horrors, among the number, war."

"I had a visit recently from an American, Bryan, a very intelligent and very religious man; he inquired of me why I thought simple manual labor necessary. I replied: first, because it is the practical recognition of the equality of all men; secondly, because manual labor brings us into association with toilers from whom we are separated by a wall, profiting the while by their wretchedness; thirdly, because manual labor confers on us superior benefits: tranquillity of conscience, which cannot be enjoyed bv an honest man who profits by the services of slaves."

"In their struggle against lies and superstition, men are often encouraged by the amount of superstition that they have destroyed. Their complacency is not justified. We should not be satisfied until we have destroyed all that is contrary to reason and that requires faith. Superstition is like a cancer. If an operation be begun, all must be eradicated. If the least vestige is allowed to remain, all reappears and in a graver form."

"When we try to split a very hard block of wood, the blow rebounds as though we were striking upon steel, and we think that nothing will come of our efforts, that it is useless to strike. It is a great pity that we become thus discouraged. We should keep up our blows and soon we shall hear a dull sound which is a sign that the block is broken. A few more blows and it splits open. The world is in a like situation with regard to Christian truth. I, myself, remember the time when the blows fell and I thought they were hopeless. So it is with men in general. We ought to do like that man who proposed to himself to empty the sea. If a man gives his whole life to a work he will realize it, whatever the work may be—and all the more if it be the work of God."

The following observation is called forth by the events which have recently taken place in Russia. It is one of the most recent utterances of Tolstoy:

"In England, in America, in France, in Germany, the malfeasance of governments is so well masked that the citizens of these different countries, in view of the events in Russia, naïvely imagine that what passes in Russia never happens outside its boundaries, and that they themselves enjoy absolute liberty and have no need of improving their condition—that is to say, they are in the very worst condition of slavery: the slavery of those who do not comprehend that they are slaves and are proud of their condition. In this sense the condition of us Russians, though more painful (by reason of the grossness of the violence to which we are subjected), is nevertheless better, because it is easier for us to understand what the question is—to wit: every government sustained by force is in its very essence a useless scourge, and it is therefore the duty of Russians and of all men subject to governments, not to replace one government by another, but to suppress all government. To sum up, my opinion on present events is as follows: The Russian government, like every existing government—American, French, Japanese, English—is a horrible, inhuman and impotent robber whose maleficent activity manifests itself unceasingly. Therefore all reasonable men should endeavor with all their strength to deliver themselves of all government."

A CRISIS IN THE FRENCH PROTESTANT CHURCH

The separation between State and Church in France has seemingly endangered the Protestant church even more than the Roman Catholic. According to latest reports, French Protestants are torn by internal dissension. It is within the range of possibility that a church which has been one body for three hundred years may now be rent in twain.

The Protestant Church of France, while under State control, had the support of all its different factions in the struggle against encroachments on the part of the political authorities, and it was hoped that when independence was achieved the same unity of spirit and co-operation would enable the church to meet and to solve the problems of the new situation. In this respect Protestants must confess to a keen disappointment. Even before the actual separation took place, the antagonism between the conservatives and the liberals, especially in the Reformed congregations, became pronounced, and as soon as independence had been gained there was a bitter contest for the control of the church. An actual schism between those who insist that the historic creeds shall be fully recognized in the churches, in the theological seminaries and in practical life, and those who profess an advanced type of theological thought seemed to be inevitable. There has been and still is a party that is seeking to effect such a separation and to organize two churches, not because of preference but as a matter of necessity, since the differences between the conservatives and radicals are felt to be irreconcilable.

A writer in the *Christliche Welt* (Marburg), to whom we are indebted for the above facts, says that strenuous efforts have been made to prevent such a schism. At first an "assemblée fraternelle" was proposed by leading authorities, in which all the church parties could openly discuss their rights and wishes; but the conservatives predicted that this would end in a failure. Then the consistories of Lyons and Rouen suggested a general synod of the Reformed churches of France. But this also was opposed by the conservatives through their representatives, the learned and influential Professor Doumergė, of Montauban, and Pastor Couve, of Paris. Finally, however, thanks to the good offices of the *Vie Nouvelle* (Paris), the organ of the mediating party, the more thoughtful members of both factions were brought together in a synod held at Rheims for the purpose of debating ways and means of agreement. It is rather singular that the party insisting most decidedly upon the recognition of the confessions in the full historical sense is largely composed of young men. Their leader, Pastor Dejarac, writes in the *Christianisme* insisting upon the Confession of Faith as formally recognized as late as 1872.

At the synod in Rheims the two parties were about equally divided. They agreed upon the appointment of a special commission of thirty men who were to propose measures looking toward: (1) The organization of a national synod in which both elements should be duly recognized; (2) a change in the ordination vow to suit the theological status of the times; (3) a modification of the Confession of Faith of 1872. A convention of three days ended in a failure to agree upon a *modus vivendi*. The synod agreed to a recognition of the principle of independence in theological thought, but reached no conclusion as to the practical application of this principle. It was the feeling of the conference that the separation of State and Church must not be allowed to bring with it a schismatic division of the Protestants, and that in some way the co-operation of the two parties must be effected.

Later, however, it appeared that the work of the Rheims synod had not met with the approval of many advanced thinkers, who complained bitterly of the hostility of the conservatives. The *Vie Nouvelle* itself expressed the fear that a division would come, in spite of all that has been done to prevent it.

The latest developments, as chronicled in the *Evangel. Lutherische Kirchenzeitung* (Leipsic), are more encouraging. It seems that the advanced party of the Reformed churches of France has taken a step that will possibly tide over the crisis. Representatives of the liberal congregations recently met in Montpelier and formulated a "Declaration of Principles," in which they stated their demands moderately, and appealed to the conservatives to remove the dangers of schism by recognizing the principles contained in this document. The statement concedes that Jesus Christ is "the highest gift of God, namely, the Redeemer, who through his person, his teachings, his holy life, his sacrifice, and his victory over death, communicates at all times to the children of our Heavenly Father the power necessary, here

upon earth, to secure for righteousness and for love the supremacy over that which is evil." The declaration insists that all be recognized who accept the forgiveness of sin in Christ Jesus, and who, in details of doctrine, remain true to the old Protestant and evangelical principle of the Gospel and to the principle of independent theological thought. At the same time, an appeal is made for a general convention of the representatives of the Reformed Protestant churches to decide upon the organization of the church in view of its changed status.

The final outcome of the controversy is as yet uncertain. The orthodox periodicals and leaders have not had the opportunity to express themselves; but the Leipsic paper above mentioned thinks that, as the liberal standpoint in reference to the person of Christ and other matters is now openly stated, the conservatives will need much enlightenment from on high to act wisely in the premises.

THE INDISPENSABLE ELEMENT IN CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY

To a greater and greater degree the emphasis of modern theology is laid upon Christ as the sole foundation of religious thought and belief. Prof. William Newton Clarke, in his Taylor lectures, recently given before the Divinity School of Yale University and now published in book form,* goes so far as to say that the Christian element in the Scriptures is not merely "the formative element in Christian theology," but also "the only element in the Scriptures which Christian theology is either required or permitted to receive as contributing to its substance." He insists that there is no doubt or mystery as to what this Christian element is. "The way to know a Christian thought is the same as the way to perceive the blue in the sky—look at it and discern the quality." Speaking more specifically, he says: "From Jesus Christ there came forth the clearest, simplest, worthiest and truest view of God and the relation of God to man that has existed in this world"; and "this view of God constitutes the revelation of Jesus Christ." To quote further:

"It is a revelation made in life. When Jesus lived in perfect filial fellowship with God and called his disciples to do the same, he was making God known as One who is worthy to receive filial confidence and love from all souls, and available for all who will live with Him as His children. He assumed in God the reality of all that men need to find in Him. A God for men to love, to trust, and to adore, a God who hates evil and desires to save men from its control, a God of free, forgiving grace, a God to whom men are precious and who seeks them in love that He may make them what they ought to be, a God, indeed, whose holy love is expressed in the love of Christ himself, which goes to death in order that it may save,—such a God Jesus has manifested and commended to our faith and affection. A God too who claims as well as loves, who holds His children strictly to the spirit of their Father, who insists that a man shall love not only Him but his neighbor, who is to be served by serving men and honored by doing righteousness, who makes human service and fellowship an element in divine religion, and so blesses all in blessing each,—such a God is He. And since there is such a God of free unpurchased grace, Jesus gives us to know that though men are sinful they need not continue so, though they are sorowful they need not remain uncomforted, though they are harming their fellows they can be transformed into a power to bless. Out of their evil living they can be brought into such filial life with God as Jesus lived.

"Thus Jesus is the revealer of God, and is also in a true sense the revelation of God."

Here, then, is the touchstone of Christianity. All in the Bible that is in harmony with this conception of God is to be accepted; all that is at variance with it must be rejected.

Professor Clarke does more than state a general principle. He applies it, with results that have already evoked expressions of dissent and protest in conservative circles. Many of the older views in regard to the Old Testament will have to be abandoned, he admits. For instance, "we used to suppose that the first chapters of Genesis were witnesses concerning the manner in which the world and man were created"; but now "we have learned to understand these writings better, and know that they are not historical records." Similarly, "theology begins to see that Genesis withdraws its contribution concerning the origin of human sin." If Christian theology seems to be weakened by such admissions as these, it is well to remember, says Professor Clarke, that Christ "bore no testimony as to the manner of creation or the age of the world and man, and we cannot imagine that these questions could

*THE USE OF THE SCRIPTURES IN THEOLOGY. By William Newton Clarke, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons.

have any bearing, near or remote, upon the substance of his supreme revelation." This revelation antiquates only those portions of the Bible which, in the truest sense, are un-Christian. The "naïve anthropomorphisms" of the primitive Hebrew race fade before it. It relegates from theology to history the whole idea of "the special localizing of worship" (so strongly emphasized in the Old Testament); for "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." In the light of the Christian revelation, questions relating to Jews and Gentiles, the privileges of the one and the unprivileged condition of the other, sink into relative insignificance. The idea of a "second coming" of the Messiah and the doctrine of the Atonement were essentially of Jewish origin, maintains Professor Clarke; and Paul himself was committed to "distinctly Jewish conceptions, not transformed by Christianity." To quote again:

"These illustrations show what our principle is,—it is simply the law that we must set the gospel by itself and keep it there. We must not bind in with the gospel of God thoughts that originated and took on their quality where God was not known as He is known in Christ. To Christian theology is entrusted the work and privilege of setting the gospel by itself, and it must use the Scriptures with this end in view. . . . The work of separation has never been thoroughly done, and the result is that the genuine Christian reverence still holds firmly on to much that is not Christian. The great distinction cannot be made in a day, and if someone were now to draw it with perfect correctness according to the mind of Christ it would not be accepted at once by the Christian people. It is a work of time. But we can at least see of what nature the undertaking is, and devote ourselves to it with an honest heart."

Turning from the negative to the positive effect of the Christian revelation which he preaches as the "indispensable" element of Christianity, Professor Clarke says:

"The object of faith is God. What the troubled faith needs is to change its basis, to transfer itself from one foundation to another. The present generation of Christians scarcely needs anything else more than to change the foundation of its faith from the Bible to God. Yet perhaps those who need it most would be puzzled to know just what this would be. I have told students of this great necessity, and been met in reply by the question, 'But what do we know of God, except through the Bible?' Yes, and what do we know of the star except by help of the telescope?—and yet the telescope is not the star, and we need not be told that the telescope is given us in order that the star may be revealed. The Bible is the telescope, and God is the star, the sun. The Bible is a means, not an end; a help to faith, not an object of faith. We wrong it if we make it the foundation of our faith: God must be foundation, as well as object. It is the one thing needful, not that we keep our Bible, but that we keep our God. We must know Him as in Christ he is, and must know no other. If you say to me, 'This I must believe and this respect, lest I lose my Bible,' I say to you in answer, 'This I must believe and this reject, lest I lose my God,'—lest I fail to mark Him as He is in Christ, but get some false conception of Him, and bind to my heart some image of God that is unlike the living One whom in Christ we know. Knowledge of Him as He is in Christ is what the Bible was given to bring us. If in any of its parts it brings us anything different, it is our Christian privilege and duty to mark the difference. If anything in the Bible obscures the Christian thought of God, it is no part of the abiding Christian gift; let it not trouble you: leave it aside if it darkens that divine face which Christ reveals. This is what the Christian people need to learn. We must transfer our faith from the book that reveals God in Christ, to God in Christ whom the book reveals,—from the telescope to the sun. When we have done this, our Christian faith will rest upon a foundation that will stand forever."

"THE FIRST PROPHET OF HISTORY"

The fatherhood of God and the goodness of one All-Father were perceived and proclaimed in some degree in Egypt over thirteen hundred years before Christ, so Dr. James Henry Breasted, Professor of Egyptology in the University of Chicago, tells us. In a striking work on ancient Egypt* we are told that other ideas associated with Christianity were promulgated by an African who actually proclaimed his teaching by anticipating the sentiment of one of the psalms, and even the words of one of them. This wonderful religious genius of ancient Egypt was king of the country, Ikhnaton by name, or, as he figures in the dynastic lists, Amenhotep IV. He grasped, says Dr. Breasted, the idea of one world dominator as the creator of nature. He saw revealed the creator's beneficent purpose for all his creatures, even the meanest. "The birds fluttering about in the lily-grown Nile marshes to him seemed to be uplifting their wings in adoration of their creator; and even the fish in the stream leaped up in praise of God." It was a

*A History of Egypt from the Earliest Times to the Persian Conquest. By James Henry Breasted, Ph.D. Charles Scribner's Sons.

monotheistic conception of a god of infinite goodness, of infinite power, entitling Ikhnaton to a place never yet accorded him among the few sublime teachers of spiritual truth:

"He based the universal sway of God upon his fatherly care of all men alike, irrespective of race or nationality, and to the proud and exclusive Egyptian he pointed to the all-embracing bounty of the common father of humanity, even placing Syria and Nubia before Egypt in his enumeration. It is this aspect of Ikhnaton's mind which is especially remarkable; he is the first prophet of history. While to the traditional Pharaoh the state god was only the triumphant conqueror, who crushed all peoples and drove them tribute-laden before the Pharaoh's chariot, Ikhnaton saw in him the beneficent father of all men. It is the first time in history that a discerning eye has caught this great universal truth. Again his whole movement was but a return to nature, resulting from a spontaneous recognition of the goodness and the beauty evident in it, mingled also with a consciousness of the mystery in it all, which adds just the fitting element of mysticism in such a faith."

But while Ikhnaton thus recognized clearly the power and to a surprising extent the beneficence of God, there is not apparent in his recorded teaching a very spiritual conception of the deity nor any attribution to him, according to Dr. Breasted, of ethical qualities beyond those which Amon had long been supposed to possess. The king has not perceptibly risen from the beneficence to the righteousness in the character of God, nor to His demand for this in the character of men. Nevertheless, there is in his teaching, as it is fragmentarily preserved, a constant emphasis upon truth such as is not found before nor since. And for him what was was right and its propriety was evident by its very existence. "Aton" is the name applied by the king to this father of all mankind. Either for temple service or for personal devotions the king composed hymns to Aton, and from them we may gather an intimation of the doctrines which the speculative young Pharaoh made great sacrifices to disseminate among his people. The immense progress in our knowledge of the language of ancient Egypt that has been achieved during the last twenty years has enabled Dr. Breasted to provide his own translation of these remarkable teachings. Their anticipation of the one hundred and fourth psalm, notes Dr. Breasted, is striking. But while the psalms are permeated with a sense of the terrible might of Jehovah, the god of wrath as well as of goodness, this forerunner of Jesus Christ dwells upon God's fatherhood. Yet there is a striking similarity of thought and language between Ikhnaton and the author of the Old Testament masterpieces. Psalm CIV has: "Thou makest darkness and it is night, Wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth. The young lions roar after their prey; They seek their meat from God." And Ikhnaton writes:

"When thou settest in the western horizon of heaven,
"The world is in darkness like the dead.
"They sleep in their chambers,
"Their heads are wrapped up,
"Their nostrils stopped and none seeth the other.
"Stolen are all their things, that are under their heads,
"While they know it not.
"Every lion cometh forth from his den,
"All serpents, they sting.
"Darkness reigns. (?)
"The world is in silence,
"He that made them has gone to rest in his horizon."

This same Psalm CIV may well be deemed foreshadowed in another instance. The psalmist, for instance, tells us: "The sun ariseth, they get them away, And lay them down in their dens. Man goeth forth unto his work, And to his labor until the evening." With this Dr. Breasted compares the utterance of Ikhnaton on the subject of "day and man":

"Bright is the earth,
"When thou risest in the horizon.
"When thou shinest as Aton by day.
"The darkness is banished,
"When thou sendest forth thy rays,
"The two lands (Egypt) are in daily festivity,
"Awake and standing upon their feet,
"For thou has raised them up.
"Their limbs bathed, they take their clothing;
"Their arms uplifted in adoration to thy dawning.
"Then in all the world they do their work."

Even more noteworthy is the anticipation of the psalmist where he exclaims: "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all; The earth is full of thy creatures." Ikhnaton exclaims:

"How manifold are all thy works!
"They are hidden from before us,
"O thou sole God, whose power no other possesseth.
"Thou didst create the earth according to thy desire.
"While thou wast alone:
"Men, all cattle, large and small,
"All that are upon the earth,
"That go about upon their feet;
"All that are on high,
"That fly with their wings.
"The countries of Syria and Nubia,
"The land of Egypt;
"Thou settest every man in his place,
"Thou suppliest their necessities.
"Every one has his possessions,

"And his days are reckoned.
"Their tongues are divers in speech,
"Their forms likewise and their skins,
"For thou divider hast divided the peoples."

Still more in touch with Christian sentiment are the exclamations of Ikhnaton to the all-father: "Thou art in my heart," "By thee man liveth," and "The world is in thy hand." However, as Dr. Breasted informs us, the study of Egyptian religion has but begun, and it might be overbold to press other analogies further until investigation has been pursued more completely. All the documents on the religious system of Ikhnaton and all his known hymns were examined in the original by Dr. Breasted. He denies that the teaching of Ikhnaton was sun-worship. The god worshiped by this ancient king and prophet was clearly distinguished from the material sun. In fact, Aton, as God was called, received recognition as "lord of the sun." The "vital heat" which Ikhnaton found accompanying all life played in his religion a part as important as we find it assuming in the early cosmogonic philosophies of the Greeks. Thence, as we might expect, says Dr. Breasted, God is stated by Ikhnaton to be everywhere active by means of his rays, and his symbol is a disk in the heavens, darting earthward numerous diverging rays which terminate in hands, each grasping the symbol of life. "In his age of the world, it is perfectly certain that the king could not have had the vaguest notion of the physico-chemical aspects of his assumption any more than had the early Greeks in dealing with a similar thought; yet the fundamental idea is surprisingly true."

PROF. FRIEDRICH DELITZSCH, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN

The leading living Assyriologist, now on a visit to this country.

THE VISIT OF PROFESSOR DELITZSCH

Professor Delitzsch, of the University of Berlin, who has recently come to our shores to lecture here under the auspices of the Germanistic Society, is accounted the leading living Assyriologist. Many of our own greatest scholars have studied under him. He has written a dozen books on the Egyptian excavations, cuneiform writing and kindred subjects. His lectures on "Babylon and the Bible," delivered in 1902, in which he discarded the theory of revelation in the Old Testament and tried to show its direct descent from Assyrian inscriptions, created a sensation in the religious world. The Kaiser considered the utterances of the distinguished professor so important that he found it necessary to counteract Delitzsch's influence by publishing his own Credo in a letter to Admiral Hollmann.

An American interviewer, Mr. George Sylvester Viereck, recently elicited some interesting expressions of opinion from Delitzsch, and publishes them in the *New Yorker Revue*. It seems that he has not in any way modified his statements since the publication of the Kaiser's letter. He still believes that the Old Testament is mostly of Babylonian origin; but he holds that "the myths of the Babylonians have been exaggerated and distorted by the writers of the Bible." "It is my ambition," he says, "to cleanse our religion of its Babylonian prejudices; it is the essence of religion alone that we want to retain."

Science and Discovery

COMING EXTINCTION OF BLOND AMERICANS BY LIGHT

Men tend to be big in dark climates and to be little in light climates ; but only in dark, cloudy climates where there never is intense light do we find the blonds at home, writes that noted military surgeon, Major Dr. Charles E. Woodruff, U. S. A., in the New York *Medical Record*. In the cold northern portion of Europe, he adds, blondness is an actual advantage in conserving heat. White surfaces radiate less heat than dark ones. Consequently blonds are perfectly adjusted to dark, cold climates, and when they migrate to lighter countries they are more or less damaged according to the excess of light to whi h they are exposed. This, he thinks, fully accounts for the fact that though there has been a succession of streams of blond races flowing southward in Europe, they do not permanently survive. He thinks it necessary to inquire how this extinction has taken place, and in America this inquiry can be prosecuted to good advantage. Since America is peopled entirely by European types, many of whom are far south of their natural habitat, it is evident that the process of extinction is now going on under our very eyes, but so slowly that it has never been noticed. Anthropologists have repeatedly called attention to the fact that Americans are becoming more and more brunette, so as to approximate the complexions of people of similar latitudes in Europe. The ordinary explanation has been in the direction of a belief that our children are becoming darker than their parents. No one seems to have noticed that the blonds are suffering a greater mortality than the brunettes, yet that, Dr. Woodruff thinks, is the real process and has already progressed considerably in our south, where the vigorous types of white men are notably brunette.

The most important facts, we are told, are found in reference to complexion. "It has been particularly noticed that blonds suffer in the Philippines more than brunettes, have higher grades of neurasthenia, break down in larger numbers proportionately, and in many ways prove their unfitness for the climate." This is an important point in America, and particularly in the cities, in which the light glare is so intense in summer. The inhabitants of European cities are more brunette than those of the surrounding country and the same condition is becoming manifest here. This process of the death of blond families in our larger cities, particularly in the South, is very slow, but it is a fact, nevertheless, and is perhaps the main reason for another fact, so long noticed, that cities are consumers of population. Growing or germ cells are more easily injured than differentiated adult cells. Men who are raised in the country can move to a city and stand the light which kills off all their children or makes them so nervous that they are not fit to procreate a healthy third generation. Hence we find dreadful neurasthenic conditions in children in the cities, even babies, when the parents are strong. Hence, too, we find white children in the tropics beginning to fade at seven or eight, or about the time they begin to run about. Infants kept indoors and protected from the light apparently do well in the Philippines, though Dr. Woodruff has seen them very sick, particularly blond children. Again :

"I have been informed by a Philadelphia neurologist that most if not all his neurasthenics are from the South, and blond at that. The Northwest corner of the United States is the cloudiest and rainiest. Not only do blonds flourish there, but the report of the Surgeon-General shows that the soldiers in that region have the lowest sick and death rates of any place in the country. As soldiers are all of one type and live under identical conditions, the result must be due to the cloudy climate. It may be remarked in passing that slight degrees of pigmentation are quite good light-screens. The tanning due to a sunburn prevents a repetition of the damage, and *x*-rays can be applied very strongly after previous applications have tanned the skin. An olive skin such as is found in the Mediterranean basin is a protection permitting exposures harmful to Scandinavians, so that such dark types show less damage here in America."

Physicians should find more neurasthenic conditions among the city blonds than among the brunettes, omitting the Jews, whom Dr. Woodruff pronounces notoriously neurasthenic the world over. Further :

"It will also be found that all conditions having a basis in a weakened nervous system are apt to be more frequent in the blonds, but to particularize would require a very long list of diseases of

this nature. In the tropics we have noted that apepsia is very common, and so is amnesia, which may go even to the point of complete loss of memory of recent events. There are a host of other neuroses which can have no other origin than neurasthenia.

"It has long been known that suicides and insanity are more frequent in the lighter months of the year than in the darker—phenomena noticed in every part of the world. It seems that the pain or irritation due to the light is the last straw which forces melancholics to the final act. Chronic manias are reported to be worse after several days of intense light, and school children are known to be better behaved in soothing dark days, but irritable and hard to manage after several days of bright light streaming into the school room. Their sufferings can be imagined when it is known that there is an actual sun-pain, or a curious blinding headache, resulting from light glare in the Philippines, even when there is not an excessive heat. I have found these cases so bad that life was hardly worth the living, and yet complete relief could be obtained through darkening the house with appropriate window shades and verandas. It is a dreadful pain, which is more marked in the blond, the neurasthenic, and in women. Hence it is true that dark gloomy weather has a soothing effect and reduces crime, insanity, misdemeanors, and suicides, and has the exact opposite result of what popular opinion gives to it."

Now, if it be true that excessive light is one of the many causes of neurasthenia, it follows that this condition in America should be worse in blonds than in brunettes, should be worse in cities than in the country, and should be vastly benefited or cured by a removal to dark and cloudy climates. Says Dr. Woodruff on these points :

"As a matter of fact severe cases are known to be remarkably benefited by removal from the city in the Summer, and are made worse by remaining; are damaged by a trip to lighter climates and benefited or cured by a sojourn in northern cloudy ones. It is not the heat, for the fact is the same even if the sufferer escapes the heat. Of course cases can arise in cloudy places if there are other causes. It is merely proof that light is one of the causes of this trouble.

"In the case of insanity, it is said that there is a tendency to brunetness because of the large number of our foreign element who are notoriously brunet to begin with; but in the old families it is said that the blonds suffer more than the brunets in this respect as well as in all nervous conditions.

"The degeneration, through nervous instability, of the blond families of our Western plains, is a phenomenon which is bound to receive attention in the future. The curious hysterical outbursts, religious or political, which characterize certain of these Western States, have an explanation in a pathological state of the nervous system."

WHY "CONSERVATION OF MATTER" IS NOT AN ESTABLISHED FACT

The law which has been called "the sheet anchor of chemistry" is considered by Sir Oliver Lodge, the famous British scientist, to be still an hypothesis—a "reasonable hypothesis" is the term he uses in his latest volume.* The law in question—that of the conservation of matter—means, observes Sir Oliver, that in any operation, mechanical, physical or chemical, to which matter can be subjected, its amount, as measured by weight, remains unchanged; so that the only way to increase or diminish the weight of substance inside a given enclosure, or geometrically closed boundary, is to pass matter in or out through the walls. Such is the law of which chemistry makes so much and which Sir Oliver finds far from self-evident. He writes:

"Its statement involves the finding of a property of matter which experimentally shall remain unchanged, although nearly every other property is modified. To superficial observation, nothing is easier than to destroy matter. When liquid—when dew, for instance—evaporates, it seems to disappear and when a manuscript is burned, it is certainly destroyed; but it turns out that there is something which may be called the vapor of water or the 'matter' of the letter, which still persists though it has taken rarer form and become unrecognizable. Ultimately, in order to express the persistence of the permanent abstraction called 'matter' clearly, it is necessary to speak of the ultimate atoms of which it is composed and to say that though these may enter into various combinations, and thereby display many outward forms, yet that they themselves are immutable and indestructible, constant in number and quality and form, not subject to any law of evolution; in other words, totally unaffected by time."

At this point, observes Sir Oliver, if we ask for the evidence on which this generalization is founded we have to appeal to various delicate weighings conducted chiefly for practical purposes by chemists, and very few of them really directed to ascertain whether the law is true or not:

*LIFE AND MATTER. By Sir Oliver Lodge. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"A few such direct experiments are now, indeed, being conducted with the hope of finding that the law is not completely true; in other words, with the hope of finding that the weight of a body does depend slightly on its state of aggregation or on some other physical property. The question has even been raised whether the weight of a crystal is altogether independent of its aspect: the direction of its plane of cleavage with reference to the earth's radius; also whether the temperature of bodies has any influence on their weight; but on these points it may be truly said that if any difference were discovered it would not be expressed by saying that the amount of matter was different, but simply that 'weight' was not so fundamental and inalienable a property of matter as has been sometimes assumed; in which case it is clear that there must be a more fundamental property to which appeal can be made in favor of constancy or persistency or conservation."

Now the most fundamental property of matter known, we are told, is undoubtedly inertia. The law of conservation would therefore come to mean that the inertia of matter is constant, no matter what changes it undergoes. But inertia is not an easy property to measure—very difficult to measure with great accuracy. It is in practice nearly always inferred from weight; and "in terms of inertia," Sir Oliver goes on to say, "the law of conservation of matter can not be considered really an experimental fact. It is, strictly speaking, a reasonable hypothesis."

DIFFERENCES BETWEEN DARWIN AND WALLACE

The fact is well known that the theory of evolution as developed by Darwin was discovered independently and almost simultaneously by Alfred Russel Wallace. The latter, in the course of his newly issued biography,* complains that his differences of opinion with Darwin are so construed as to imply that he has now abandoned the most essential parts of the theory of natural selection. This, he says, is far from being the case. He proceeds to enumerate these differences and to explain their significance, as it appears to him. First and foremost among his conflicts of theory with Darwin he places that relating to the origin of man as an intellectual and moral being. On this topic Dr. Wallace states:

"The belief and teaching of Darwin was that man's whole nature—physical, mental, intellectual and moral—was developed from the lower animals by means of the same laws of variation and survival; and, as a consequence of this belief, that there was no difference in *kind* between man's nature and animal nature, but only one of degree. My view, on the other hand, was and is that there is a difference in kind, intellectually and morally, between man and other animals; and that while his body was undoubtedly developed by the continuous modification of some ancestral animal form, some different agency, analogous to that which first produced organic life, and then originated consciousness, came into play in order to develop the higher intellectual and spiritual nature of man. . . .

"These views caused much distress of mind to Darwin, but they do not in the least affect the general doctrine of natural selection. It might be as well argued that because man has produced the pouter pigeon, the bulldog and the dray horse, none of which could have been produced by natural selection alone, therefore the agency of natural selection is weakened or disproved. Neither, I urge, is it weakened or disproved if my theory of the origin of man is the true one."

The next most important conflict of views between these eminent scientists related to the subject of sexual selection through female choice. Darwin's theory of sexual selection, Dr. Wallace observes, consists of two quite distinct parts—the combats of males, so common among polygamous animals and birds, and the choice of more musical or more ornamental male birds by the females. The first, he says, is an observed fact, and the development of weapons such as horns, canine teeth, spurs, etc., is a result of natural selection acting through such combats. The second is an inference from observed facts and "an inference supported by singularly little evidence." The first he still holds as strongly as Darwin himself. The latter he at first accepted; but he soon came to doubt the possibility of such an explanation, at first from considering the fact that in butterflies sexual differences are as strongly marked as in birds, and it was to him impossible to accept female choice in their case. As the whole question of color came to be better understood he saw equally valid reasons for the total rejection of the theory even as to birds and mammalia.

The presence of arctic plants in the southern hemisphere and on isolated mountain tops within the tropics developed the third difference of standpoint between these brethren in

*MY LIFE. By Alfred Russel Wallace. Two volumes. New York, Dodd, Mead & Company.

an identical field. Darwin accounted for the phenomena by a cooling of the tropical lowlands of the whole earth during the glacial period to such an extent as to allow large numbers of north temperate and arctic plants to spread across the continents to the southern hemispheres, and as the cold passed away to ascend to the summits of isolated tropical mountains. Dr. Wallace says of this view :

"The difficulties in the way of Darwin's view are twofold. First, that of lowering temperature of inter-tropical lowlands to the required extent would inevitably have destroyed much of the overwhelming luxuriances and variety of plant, insect and bird life that characterize those regions. This has so impressed myself, Bates, and others familiar with the tropics as to render the idea wholly inconceivable; and the only reason why Darwin did not feel this appears to be that he really knew nothing personally of the tropics beyond a few days at Bahia and Rio, and could have had no conception of its wonderfully rich and highly specialized fauna and flora. In the second place, even if a sufficient lowering of temperature had occurred during the ice age, it would not account for the facts, which involve, as Sir Joseph Hooker remarks, 'a continuous current of vegetation from north to south,' going much further back than the glacial period, because it has led to the transmission not of existing species only, but of distinct representative species, and even distinct genera, showing that the process must have been going on long before the cold period. The reason why Darwin was unaffected by these various difficulties may perhaps be found in the circumstance that he had held his views for so many years almost unchallenged."

Pangenesis and the transmission by heredity of acquired characters were subjects regarding which debate between Darwin and Wallace was keen. Says Wallace now:

"Darwin always believed in the inheritance of acquired characters, such as the effects of use and disuse of organs and of climate, food, etc., on the individual, as did almost every naturalist, and his theory of pangenesis was invented to explain this among other effects of heredity. I therefore accepted pangenesis at first, because I have always felt it a relief (as did Darwin) to have *some* hypothesis, however provisional and improbable, that would serve to explain the facts; and I told him that 'I shall never be able to give it up till a better one supplies its place.' I never imagined that it could be directly disproved, but Mr. F. Galton's experiments of transfusing a large quantity of the blood of rabbits into other individuals of quite different breeds, and afterwards finding that the progeny was not in the slightest degree altered, did seem to me to be very nearly a disproof, although Darwin did not accept it as such. But when, at a much later period, Dr. Weismann showed that there is actually no valid evidence for the transmission of such characters, and when he further set forth a mass of evidence in support of his theory of the continuity of the germ-plasm, the 'better theory' was found, and I finally gave as pangenesis was untenable."

TOWING A GIANT DRY DOCK 14,000 MILES

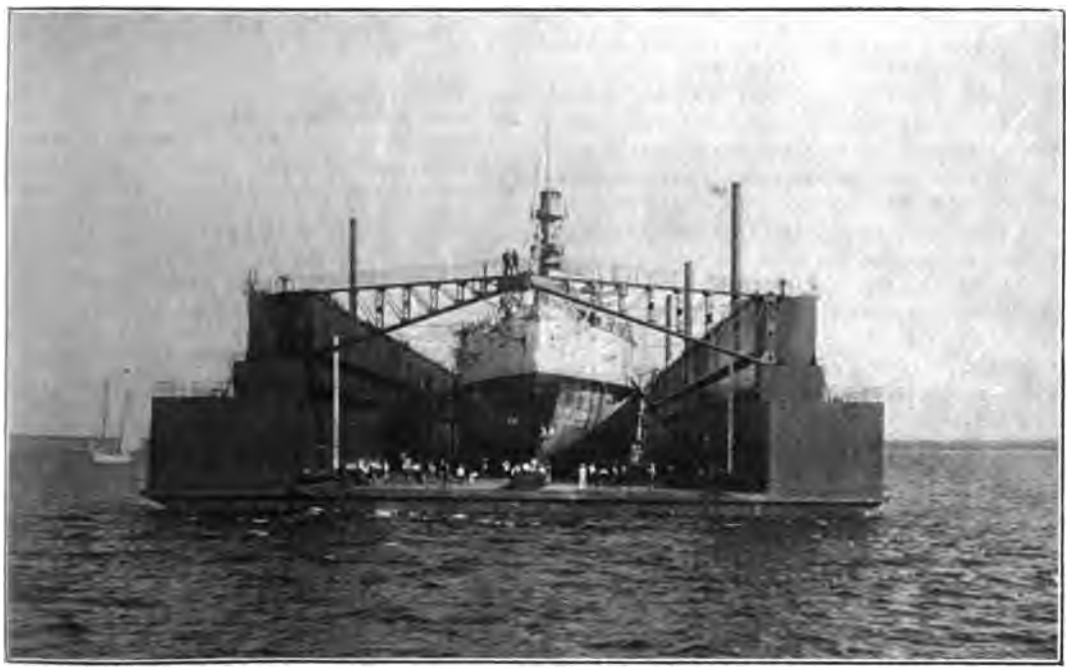
The huge steel dry dock *Dewey*, which left our shores for the Philippines last December, may not reach its destination until May or June. Yet all reports indicate that this unprecedented undertaking, involving the convoy of the greatest structure of its type afloat along a stretch of waters 14,000 miles in extent, is proceeding successfully. In towing this dock, as the New York *Herald* explains, hawsers having a total length of 1,220 fathoms, or 140 yards more than a mile and a quarter, now stretch between the ships and the dock. This great length of hawser, together with the lengths of the ships and the dock itself, make a tow of about one mile and three-quarters.

These giant machines hooked up present, according to the reports in the New York *Herald,* a dazzling spectacle on clear nights. The four ships convoying the dock are fully equipped with electricity in the way of search and signal lights, and each ship and the dock are equipped with wireless telegraphy. One of the most important factors in the towing of the dock are the automatic towing machines, which are an American invention. These are depended upon in a large measure to make the undertaking comparatively safe:

"The resistance of the tow is borne entirely by the steam pressure in the cylinders of the towing machine, which consists of a reel or drum upon which the steel wire hawsers wind and unwind automatically. This drum is driven by a pinion gear in the crank shaft of the engine, which meshes with the gear on the drum shaft. The machine has a regulating reducing steam valve, in which the opening is increased or diminished according as the strain on the towing hawser increases or diminishes.

"In a seaway, as the vessel rises on a wave or sea, thus increasing the strain on the hawser, the drum begins to revolve and to pay out or slack the hawser. This action of the hawser opens the regulating valve and increases the steam pressure in the cylinders until the pressure is sufficient to equalize the strain on the hawser. Then, as the strain on the hawser decreases, the pressure in the cylinders will revolve the drum and wind in the slack of the hawser.

"In this way the machine is prevented from paying out the whole of the hawser and only enough is paid out to relieve the extra and mo-



Courtesy of *Marine Engineering* (New York). Photo by Groeninger.

THE FLOATING DRY DOCK DEWEY WITH THE BATTLESHIP IOWA ON THE BLOCKS

"A novel feature of the dock is its ability to dock itself," says the New York *Herald*. "All steel vessels take on a marine growth on their bottoms, which necessitates hauling them out every year or so, as their life depends on receiving paint to protect the hulls. Docks now afloat are so gigantic that they cannot be docked to be cleaned or repaired, with the exception of the *Dewey*."

mentary strain on the line and thus prevent its injury or breaking. The regulating valve, which admits and cuts off the steam to and from the cylinders, is entirely automatic and requires no handling whatever. An independent admission valve is provided, by which steam is admitted to the cylinders and the hawser lengthened and shortened at will."

This great steel dry dock, christened in honor of Admiral Dewey, was built at the plant of the Maryland Steel Company in a great excavation near the water-front, just outside of Baltimore. When it was completed a bulkhead that separated the Patapsco from the hole in the ground was cut away and the water ran in and floated the huge mass of steel. The dock lifts a 20,000-ton battleship, although the contract called for only a 16,000-ton capacity in this direction. Indeed, this dock broke all records when it lifted the battleship *Iowa,* of 16,000 tons, with heavy weights in her turrets amidships, in one hour and thirty-seven minutes. A novel feature of the dock is its capacity to dock itself. All steel vessels accumulate marine growths on their bottoms. This necessitates hauling them out every year or so, as their life depends upon coatings of paint to protect the hulls. Docks now afloat are so gigantic that they cannot be docked for cleaning purposes, with the exception of the *Dewey*. The *Dewey* can release two side walls and disconnect the three pontoons that are joined together in the flooring or hull. Then the two smaller pontoons are filled with water and sunk under the larger or center pontoon. They are then pumped out and the two smaller steel pontoons rise with the larger one on top of them. When it is desired to dock the smaller pontoons, the conditions are reversed. The big center pontoon is sunk and the two smaller ones placed on it, and the big one pumped out to raise the little ones.

When heavy weather comes on at sea the bottom sections of the *Dewey* are filled with water until the body of the mass of steel is submerged and only the side walls extend above the surface. Even then she presents a large surface to the wind.

No effort is made to tow the dock while it is partly submerged through stress of weather. The towing vessels simply hang on, drifting with the giant structure as the wind drives it. When the gale has spent its force, the course is resumed.

THE BENEFICENCE OF DISEASE

In the important address recently delivered by him before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, that most celebrated of the world's surgeons, Sir Frederick Treves, sought to show that the purpose of d'sease is "beneficent"—his own word—and that the pro:esses of disease are aimed not at the destruction of life but at the saving of it. *The Grand Magazine,* which has been enterprising enough to secure the distinguished expert's address and to publish it entire, quotes him as saying that if it were not for disease the human race would soon be extinct. Disease, adds Sir Fre:lerick, is not one of the ills that flesh is heir to, but one of the good gifts, for its motive is protective and benevolent. An individual, for instance, meets with a severe wound of the hand from an unclean instrument and the wound is dressed. What, then, is the fear of the patient's friends? There is one dread possibility in their minds—inflammation. But:

"The facts, however, are as follow: Into the wound—at the time of the accident—certain germs or micro-organisms have been introduced. These, finding themselves in a favorable soil, proceed to flourish and multiply. They multiply in no uncertain manner. Those who are curious in the matter of birth-rates may be interested to know that the progeny of one single cell may at the end of twenty-four hours be sixteen millions. The cells are not only prolific; they produce, also, a subtle poison called a toxin. The invasion, therefore, of the body by a poison-producing host, capable of multiplying by millions in a day, is a matter of some concern, and if the name 'disease' be limited to this accident, I am willing to call it a calamity.

"Now, how is this germ invasion met? There is a rush of blood to the wounded part, and the vessels around the damaged area enlarge to their utmost capacity, in order that as much blood as possible may be brought to the invaded quarter. The limb in consequence becomes red and swollen, and of necessity painful, so that it is said to be 'inflamed.' The pain causes the member to be kept at rest, a state conducive to recovery. Blood is hurried to the part for precisely the same reason that an army is hurried to the frontier when a country is attacked. At the seat of the wound an invading force has landed; their weapon is poison; they need neither transport, auxiliaries, nor stores, for they live on the body itself and can add to their numbers without extraneous aid. The blood, on the other hand, contains certain cells or corpuscles, poor, pale, flabby-looking objects, called leucocytes, which are, however, born microbe killers, and have a passion for fighting which no racial hatred among men could even faintly imitate. These leucocytes do not wait for the invading germs to enter the blood-'s, but make their way out of those channels :t the invaders in the open. They also have a power of multiplication and, in the field, are joined by comrades of the same kin.

"There now takes place a battle the like of which no pen has ever attempted to describe. Millions are opposed to millions, and the fighting is to the death. The hosts of Armageddon would be a mere handful to the uncountable hordes which fill the battlefield about the confines of a wound. The leucocytes destroy the germs by eating them—and thus it is they are sometimes called 'phagocytes.' They, also, by sacrificing their living bodies to the poisons of the enemy, save the country they defend. The mortality of this combat is beyond the limits of reasonable computation. The arena is piled up with the dead, until at last the living, the dead, the poisoning and the poisoned are thrown out in the form of what is known as 'matter' or pus, and the trouble probably ends."

Of course, should the invading force beat down the first line of defense and find a way into the channels of the body, then a stand as vigorous is made at the second circle of entrenchments—the lymphatic glands. In the case of a wound of the hand the glands under the arm oppose the invading host. They inflame, possibly they suppurate. The subject of this condition grumbles and deplores the misfortune which, in addition to his wound (already trouble enough), has given him an inflamed hand and now a tender gland under his arm. The blame is ill placed. It is the story all over again of the faithful but misunderstood hound.

This, then, is the inflammation that is regarded as a dire disease, a portent of calamity. It is to the multitude a disorder whose symptoms must be combated by every means within the surgeon's power. In reality it is a wholly benevolent process with one purpose —to protect the body; and with one aim—to cure. If it fail, it is only because the task was impossible, never because the generous intention faltered. For centuries there has been presented the strange spectacle of men of science struggling to the utmost to thwart, to curb, to annihilate a process of cure. Volume after volume has been written upon the treatment of inflammation and schools have been formed to uphold with much wrangling this method or that. At last, amidst the Babel of suggestion, advice and aimless discourse, a surgeon, Lord Lister, points out that if the invading force be prevented from landing, the country, or body politic, will remain at peace and the aid of

inflammation will be uncalled for. Such is the whole teaching of antisepticism.

Again, in that phase of the inflammatory process known by the dread name of peritonitis, the benign intentions of what are termed manifestations of disease are very remarkably illustrated. The peritoneum is most susceptible to the inroad of bacteria, whether they find an entrance through a wound or through a breach in such an organ as the appendix. The moment the invasion takes place the symptoms of peritonitis appear. These symptoms are nothing more than nature's efforts toward the saving of life from the undoubted disaster. They serve to secure at once those conditions which are most conducive to recovery. They provide prompt means for closing the breach and for staying the spread of the trouble:

"Peritonitis has always been spoken of as the operating surgeon's deadliest enemy; it is, in reality, his best friend. The general mortality of the common disease known as appendicitis is low. This fortunate circumstance is due to peritonitis, for, without that much-abused ally, every example of the disorder would be fatal. Even now it is usual to say that a death from appendix trouble is due to peritonitis; it should rather be said that it came about in spite of peritonitis. Peritonitis is, indeed, never a calamity, for it is never other than a process of cure. It is only the accident which calls it into being that is wholly disastrous.

"Certain disorders are called infectious because they have been proved to be due to an infection from without. In such maladies there is the simple disposition of a seed, on the one hand, and on the other of a soil in which it can grow luxuriantly. The seed is a specific bacterium; the soil the body of a living creature. When the soil is generous the individual is said to be susceptible; when it is inhospitable he is said to be immune.

"The common cold is, no doubt, a so-called bacterial disease. It can be 'caught'; it can be conveyed from person to person. The germ would seem to linger in the haunts of men and to find pleasure in the 'madding crowd.' When I was concerned in starting hospital ships in the North Sea, I found that fishermen, returning to port after a two months' voyage, were very prone to catch cold. Many told me that they developed a cold whenever they went ashore. The chilly blasts of the North Sea in the winter were unpleasant enough, but they were not laden with the cold-in-the-head bacillus, while the air of the cosy seaport was. It is often claimed that the common cold is due to cold. In connexion with this fallacy I may quote the following from the report of Dr. Wilson, surgeon to the *Discovery,* in the recent Antarctic Expedition. Speaking of 'colds,' he writes: 'We were entirely free from this trouble from the time we entered the ice to the time we reached New Zealand, two and a half years later, except on two occasions, which were somewhat remarkable. On the occasion of our unpacking a large bale of woollen clothing, long after we had been in the ice, a very virulent form of nasal catarrh ran through the whole ship's company. Undoubtedly in this case the infection was in the clothing. On the second occasion, the catarrh was accounted for by the fact that our wardroom carpet was taken up for beating, and the infection which had lain dormant for many months was liberated and had the usual effect.' The germ enters through the air-passages, and, finding a suitable medium for growth in the lining membrane of the nose and throat, develops there. The symptoms which result are too well known to be dwelt upon: the sneezing, the catarrh, the sore throat, the cough, the *malaise.*

"According to popular medicine, these phenomena constitute a disease; are purposeless, profitless, and wantonly distressful, so that the victim demands from the physician a means for stamping the trouble out. These symptoms, however, are in the main the manifestations of a process of cure, and are so far benevolent that without them a common cold might be a fatal malady."

It is noticed in connection with infectious diseases that certain classes of animals are susceptible to one malady and immune to another. It is also observed that there is an immunity as well as a susceptibility which belongs to the individual as distinguished from the class. For example, typhoid fever attacks man but not animals, rinderpest attacks animals but not man. The horse is liable to glanders but the pig is immune. The white rat is immune to anthrax but can be made susceptible by feeding on an exclusively vegetable diet. Fowls are likewise immune, but can be infected by anthrax if kept in a state of continued cold. The immune pigeon can, in a similar manner, be made susceptible by starvation. The favoring of infection in man by exposure to cold, fatigue and famine is well known. Most notable of all is the fact that in certain diseases one attack exempts the individual from further onslaughts of the same trouble. How, in such cases is immunity secured? This somewhat wide question may be illustrated by a particular instance:

"It is known that one attack of diphtheria appears to protect the individual against further outbreaks. The history of this affection is as follows: The bacterium gains access to the throat of a susceptible child and, settling on the tonsils, finds a favorable soil for growth. In that growth it develops a poison or toxin which finds its way into the blood. The moment the bacillus effects a lodgment the cells of the body rise up against it, and, for a time at least, make a successful defence. An active inflammation is induced, one evidence of the energy of which is shown by the fibrinous exudation which forms over the invaded surface. This much dreaded

KING EDWARD'S SURGEON

Sir Frederick Treves regards disease as one of the benignant processes through which nature labors for the happiness of mankind.

membrane is the outcome not of a vicious and purposeless action but of a process which has for its sole intent the arrest of the destroying host. At the same time there is developed in the blood a substance of indefinite nature which is an antidote to the poison filtering in from the disturbed area. This substance is called an antitoxin. It is not existent at the time of the infection. It is produced on the spur of the moment and with such good result that many patients recover from diphtheria. The child in any case becomes very ill, and it is said that its distressing symptoms are due to the disease and are therefore ill-meaning. The symptoms—notably of fever—are due to the excessive activity of the body in its attempt to ward off the bacterial invasion, to the inflammation, to the very elaborate blood changes concerned in the production of an antitoxin. That some degree of the ill condition is due to the poison which is entering the system is undoubted, but when the phenomena of poisoning are paramount the child is dying. Without what are called the symptoms of diphtheria no case could recover.

"In diphtheria the workings of the disease have been so far recognized as efforts towards cure that they have been imitated in the modern treatment of the malady. In this wise: the horse can be inoculated with diphtheria, but, being little susceptible to the bacterium, is hardly made ill by the incident. The toxin of diphtheria is injected into the horse and, as a result, the blood of the animal at once develops, for protective purposes, an antitoxin. Repeated and increasing doses of the poison are introduced, each inoculation being followed by an augmented formation of antitoxin in the blood. At last the serum of the blood of this much infected horse is so potent in antitoxins that when drawn off and injected into the body of any child suffering from diphtheria it is possible for the disease to be stayed. The child, on its part, is laboring with infinite effort to produce the antitoxin. The horse's blood provides it with the antidote it is inadequately manufacturing. The success of the serum treatment of diphtheria is now beyond all question."

But Sir Frederick has limited the application of his theory, as he admits, to diseases the nature of which is comparatively well understood. But he deems the obscurer diseases no obstacle to his theory. New facts may confirm it. There are, unfortunately, large numbers of disorders whose secrets have not yet been fathomed:

"If it be claimed that they afford exceptions to the theory advanced, I am content to wait until the exact nature of those affections is made manifest. One cannot fail, however, to be met with the assertion that at least the machinations of cancer have nothing in them that is good. To this I have, at present, no answer. What constitutes malignant disease is known to no man, and there is little profit in being dogmatic about the unknown. In this connection an experience in the past may be recalled with advantage. There is a disease of blood-vessels known as 'aneurism,' in which the wall of the artery dilates so as to form a sac, which tends to become thinner and thinner until at last it bursts, and the victim dies. Within the widening sac nature forms a curious clot, layer by layer, with infinite patience. This clot may ultimately fill the cavity, close it, and cause the lesion to be cured. There was a time when this carefully deposited clot was considered to be a malignant growth, and, under the influence of that conviction, it was cut out by the surgeon. It was claimed to be the product of disease, a cancer, and as all the manifestations of disease were convicted of ill-intention, the clot must needs be got rid of. So with much labor and more risk the nearly completed product of a cure was sliced away. It was as if a drowning man had cut the rope he found about his waist for no other reason than that he could not understand how it came to be there. In time the truth was made clear, and then the accepted method consisted in aiding in every possible way the formation of the much-abused clot; the surgeon but imitated the phenomena of a so-called malignant disease. It would seem that cancer reproduces, under inopportune circumstances, the type of exuberant growth normal and opportune when the structures of the body are being formed; a strange resuscitation in the declining body of a process normal in the young. What the purpose is of this out-of-place activity no one can tell. In the absence of any knowledge, it is in conformity with custom to consider it malign in intention."

MAN'S IGNORANCE OF SOLAR PHENOMENA

It cannot be too strongly insisted upon that man remains in a state of dense ignorance regarding the sun and solar phenomena in general, we are told by that experienced astronomer, Dr. E. Ledger, for years connected with one of the most adequately equipped observatories in Britain. There is a popular impression, according to him, that we know a great deal about the sun. As a matter of fact, science can teach us very little, comparatively, regarding those things of which we are most anxious to have information respecting the sun. "Its distance is so great, in comparison with the power of our instruments," writes Dr. Ledger in *The Nineteenth Century and After* (London), "as to reduce our knowledge of its nature and constitution almost to a minimum." The sun is so far away, he adds, that we are still "intensely ignorant" with regard to it, while the brilliance of its light is such as to be the greatest hindrance to our study of it, obscuring our view of what we long, but for the most part try in vain, to decipher or explain. To quote:

"So far as we can judge, almost all solar phenomena are probably remarkably interdependent. The chemistry of the sun, its magnetism, its spots, its eruptions, its heat, its light, are all related to one another. . . . Such a very limited knowledge of the sun as we possess at present is due mainly to the telescope and to the spectroscope, but much more to the latter than to the former of these two instruments, while in connection with both of them photography has afforded very great help. . . .

"In its more elementary and daily observation the sun is seen as a huge globe of about 866,000 miles in diameter, having for its apparent boundary an intensely heated and brilliant surface which astronomers term the photosphere. This limits what is ordinarily visible either with or without a telescope. What is thus seen is, however, no solid surface. Under favorable conditions, with a powerful telescope, or if a photograph be taken, with a very brief exposure, so that the intensity of the light does not blot out details, it is perceived that the bright surface is mottled all over. It is not at all uniformly bright. It seems to be formed by a layer of individual cloud-like formations of vast size, so close together as to look like a continuous surface under a low magnifying power. But whether we observe this photosphere telescopically or spectroscopically, with or without the aid of photography, day by day, or at the special moments when the advancing body of the moon leaves the minutest sickle or crescent of light uncovered, at the beginning or ending of the totality of an eclipse, the result is the same. We can find out very little indeed as to what these cloud formations are, whether their matter is in the form of solid metallic particles or is of a more liquid or viscous nature; whether, as they float, they bear some resemblance, although on a vaster scale, to the little clouds of our own atmosphere, in spite of their intense heat and light; or whether they may be merely the summits, if such a term may be used, of great uprising currents of matter from beneath. All is doubt, vagueness, mystery and hypothesis in regard to them."

Equally unsatisfactory is the state of our ignorance respecting the region in which these cloud formations may float, the heights or depths to which they may rise or fall, their size, or even whether cloud formation be at all a correct appellation. These so-called cloud formations may be but the summits of emanations coming up radially from the sun's interior; but of that interior our ignorance is of necessity greater still. We quote again:

"We may venture to say that there must be in it intense and immense currents, deeply stirring it, and incessantly conveying supplies of heated matter upwards, and of cooler matter downwards. But how little does this really explain! Who can dogmatise as to the way in which such currents may work in the midst of the conflict, that must be ever raging around them, between such intensities of heat and pressure as lie entirely beyond the range of any of our laboratory experiments, and may therefore, in their mutual action, most probably be free from any law that we can determine? . . .

"Let us further notice that the only way in which we ever have an opportunity of looking down below the general surface of the Photosphere at all, and then probably only to a very slight depth, is when we observe some of the great dark spots which are periodically seen in it, and are occasionally, as in two instances last October, clearly visible to the naked eye. Yet the very mention of such spots reminds us that so little is known with regard to them that quite recently a discussion has arisen among astronomical authorities, whether they are as a rule elevations or depressions; an attempt also being made to reconcile both these ideas by supposing that the spots are caused by matter elevated from beneath till it rises above the Photosphere, but that their darker or deeper parts fail to reach the general level of the surface around them. At the same time masses of fiery vapour are ejected through them, which may hover over them for a while and presently fall in again, or even, through the extreme velocity of their projection, rush forth into outer space never to return. Within the spots the spectroscope certainly indicates the presence of masses of seething vapors, which are ever rising, falling, and rotating. With regard to them it constantly records many details of a most complicated character which are excessively difficult to explain."

To the question of the existence of any plan-

et or planets nearer to the sun than Mercury much attention has recently been given. Such planets would be illuminated by intense solar light; and, if of a diameter only one-quarter that of Mercury, ought to be easily seen by the naked eye. It is possible that such a planet might be hidden in some eclipses by the sun or moon. Up to the present, however, no such planet has been detected. In the eclipse of the 18th of May, 1901, as many as 170 stars were recorded around the Sun, and it was concluded that no intra-Mercurial planet was then visible. No portion of the sun is more tantalizing in its mystery than the corona. Astronomers have often tried to see it and still more often to find some means by which to photograph its form and features day by day. Some photographs are so taken as to show the inner parts, others the outer parts, of the corona most distinctly. Its light is analyzed by the spectroscope; the proportion of that light which may merely be a reflection of that from the main body of the sun is tested by the polariscope; drawings are made by means of eye observations as accurately as possible. All that can be accomplished is recorded during the brief moments of totality by observers on the small portion of our globe from which any given eclipse is visible. And all this is done in the vague hope that what is detected in the corona may help toward the solution of the many problems connected with the regions lying beneath it, or with the sun's constitution in general. Nevertheless very little has so far been really achieved:

"It is found, no doubt, that some of the coronal light (although the proportion may vary from time to time) is the ordinary light of the sun reflected from particles which may be of the nature of excessively fine dust; that another portion is derived from self-luminous incandescent particles; and yet another from highly heated gas. There are some indications that the light of its outer extensions may resemble that of the comets' tails and perhaps be due to electrical excitement. Its light also seems in general to be almost wholly devoid of heat and so far to resemble a mere phosphorescent glow. But the principal gas existing in it, up to an average height of 150,000 to 200,000 miles above the Photosphere, whose light gives the chief bright line in its spectrum, is one that can be identified with no known substance. Astronomers, therefore, as a confession of ignorance, have agreed to call this unknown gas Coronium."

WHY THE MOON MAY NOT BE DEAD

Familiar as the notion has now become that the moon is dead — absolutely destitute of any form of life—recent advances in selenography made by Professor Pickering, the distinguished astronomer, demonstrate apparently to the satisfaction of *The Scientific American* (New York), that although our satellite is "not a riotously luxuriant abode," it is anything but the lifeless orb commonly supposed.

The moon may be desolate and cold, but it is not absolutely dead. "Although it once formed part of the earth," says the journal just quoted, in commenting on Professor Pickering's studies of the subject, "the moon is different from our globe in many respects. Charred by fires long since dead, honeycombed like a giant ball of slag, scarred by terrific volcanic upheavals, its telescopic aspect is anything but cheerful." The craters that appear on the moon's surface are astonishing in their number and size. "At the lunar south pole these dead volcanoes are so closely packed together that to Galileo (the first man who ever saw the moon through a telescope) they seemed like the eyes of a peacock's tail. So large, indeed, are many of these craters that a man standing within one of them would be unable to see the surrounding ramparts because they would lie below his horizon. A diameter of ten, twenty, or even sixty miles is not infrequently met with in a lunar crater." What indication is there, then, that these craters are not all dead? It is found, we are told, in Professor Pickering's observations of two craters:

"On an old map one observer records Linné as a crater of moderate size. A century later it is described as a small, round, brilliant spot. When modern instruments of precision were invented the crater was measured repeatedly, with decidedly surprising results. Once its diameter was four miles; then it grew to six miles; and now it has shrunk to three-quarters of a mile. If this volcano is extinct, how comes it that it changes its size so strangely? Still another proof of activity is found by Prof. Pickering in the eccentricities of a gigantic crater called Plato, and in dense clouds of white vapor which have appeared before his eyes, rising from a tortuous cleft known as Schroeter's Valley. So minute have been Prof. Pickering's observations that

their accuracy can not be seriously called into question."

Granted that few of the moon's craters are active, it follows that they must discharge something into space. That something, judged by our earthly volcanoes, must be water and carbonic acid gas. Because the pressure on the moon's surface is exceedingly low, and because the temperature during the long, cold lunar night is probably not far from 460 degrees Fahrenheit below zero, water cannot possibly exist in the fluid state. Ice and snow are the only forms water can assume. We quote again:

"Is there any evidence of snow and ice? Almost every crater is lined with white. The lofty peaks of mountain ranges are hooded in white. At the South Pole the white glare is almost blinding. What is this white sheen? Merely the natural color of the moon's wrinkled face, according to most astronomers—snow and ice, forming where it should form, according to Professor Pickering. The disappearance and reappearance of these white spots are admirably explained by this theory; for snow and ice would vaporize in the long lunar day—equal to fifteen of our days, and congeal again in white crystals as the sun set.

"It has been said that an earthly volcano vomits carbonic acid. Conceding that a lunar crater ejects water in the form of a vapor and carbonic acid gas, is there any reason why life, in its lowest forms at least, may not exist on the moon? Prof. Pickering believes that he has discovered traces of vegetation. There are variable spots on the moon, spots that darken after sunrise and gradually disappear toward sunset. They are not shadows, for they are most pronounced when the sun is high in the heavens. They appear quickly at the equator, and encroach on the higher latitudes after a few days have elapsed. They are never seen in the polar regions. It is in these variable spots that Prof. Pickering has discovered what he considers to be vegetation. Whether he is right or wrong, this much is certain: he has explained with admirable simplicity a phenomenon that has long puzzled astronomers. To offset the objections that the temperature of the moon is too low to support organic life, it may be answered that certain lichens thrive in our own Arctic regions, where the temperature rarely rises above the melting point of ice. Moreover, many bacteria resist the most intense cold that we can produce."

THE PARASITE THAT RENDERS THE "FLY COUNTRY" UNINHABITABLE

No horses, cattle or dogs can now venture, even for a day, into the so-called "fly country" of Africa. This result is due to the industry of a minute blood parasite gaining entrance to the blood of animals under conditions explained by Col. D. Bruce, F. R. S., president of the physiology section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. It was once thought, according to Colonel Bruce's paper in London *Nature*, that the devastation was all the work of the tsetse fly, which presumably injected a poison into animals upon which it alighted. The latest investigations show that the real mischief-maker is a parasite known as the trypanosoma, which signifies a screw-like body. This trypanosoma is undoubtedly the cause of the death of the horses and cattle struck by the tsetse fly. The tsetse fly sucks the parasite out of the blood of wild animals. Then the parasite, having lived for some days in the alimentary tract of its host, is transferred by the tsetse when it has its next feed on an animal. Access is gained, in other words, to the blood of a new host, and so the disease is set up. It is not at all improbable, thinks Colonel Bruce, that this fly disease may spread over thousands of miles in South Africa in addition to the vast regions it now renders uninhabitable. To quote:

"Investigation brought to light the curious fact that most of the wild animals—the buffalo, the koodoo, the wildebeeste—carried the trypanosomes in small numbers in their blood, and it was from them that the fly obtained the parasite. The wild animals act as a reservoir of the disease. The trypanosome seems to live in the blood of the wild animals without doing them any harm, just as the rat trypanosome lives in the blood of healthy rats; but when introduced into the blood of such domestic animals as the horse, the dog, or ox it gives rise to a rapidly fatal disease. The discovery that the wild animals act as a reservoir of the disease accounted for the curious fact that Tsetse-fly Disease disappears from a tract of country as soon as the wild animals are killed off or driven away."

In spite of innumerable experiments directed toward the discovery of some method of vaccination or inoculation against this disease, nothing definite up to the present time has been discovered. "At present there does not seen to be any likelihood that a serum can be prepared which will render animals immune to the tsetse fly disease. It has also been found impossible, up to the present, to modify its virulence.

BACTERICIDAL FUNCTIONS OF MURAL PAINTING

Bacteriology has already doomed wall-paper and tapestry. Mural painting will perform important bactericidal services in that great reconstruction of civilized society toward which our race tends. Generation after generation of our species, inhaling the accumulated infection of dwellings adorned with curtained lambrequins and costly dadoes, has perished because mural painting was not sufficiently encouraged. In the future the great artist will decorate walls not only for esthetic reasons, but in a bactericidal spirit, for this form of art undoubtedly prolongs the lives of those who are reared in its environment. Recent experiments all over Europe prove that coloring extracts applied to walls are microbicidal.

All the foregoing observations are deduced from the study of wall coatings and their hygienic effects as made by Dr. A. Cartaz and described in *Nature* (Paris). He writes:

"The best results have been obtained with enamelled porcelain colors. After an interval of four days there remained no trace of the vibrio of cholera or of the diphtheric bacillus. The bacillus of Eberth (typhoid fever) and the golden staphylococcus, the microbe of suppuration, disappeared on the eighth day. Carbuncular bacteria are the most resistant. A delay of at least thirty days is necessary before the cultures are sterile. In the case of oil colors, with white lead or oxide of zinc as a base, the effects are less rapid but just as constant. In the case of other coatings such as amphiboline or hyperoline, a considerable time is required for the destruction of the germs."

The bactericidal action of mural painting Dr. Cartaz regards as thus beyond dispute. But what is the method of this action? It seems a point, says Dr. Cartaz, regarding which there are as many opinions as there are experimenters. Many factors have to be considered. There are, to begin with, the chemical substances, more or less toxic and acting in a more or less bactericidal way, which enter into the composition of the colors. Then there are conditions of light and ventilation, the porosity of the coated surfaces. In any event, says Dr. Cartaz, let there be no more wall-paper and no more tapestry.

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BUFFALO CALVES AS DRAFT ANIMALS

Ernest Harold Baynes, Secretary of the American Bison Society, sends the above photograph, saying: "This is a team of buffalo calves which I have reared by hand and broken to the yoke and to harness, with a view to creating additional interest in the national movement now on foot to save the buffalo from extinction. These calves are intelligent, and have much greater strength and speed than most domestic steers of the same age. I wish to impress upon all those who do not yet know the fact, that the buffalo can be domesticated and used as a beast of burden." The calves were five months old when first broken to harness. They are now nine months of age and were a feature of the recent Sportsmen's Show in Boston.

BERNARD SHAW'S "DISCUSSION"—"MAJOR BARBARA"

Bernard Shaw has recently declared that he considers it his prime function in life to "create intellectual unrest." Judged from this point of view, his new play, which he frankly labels a "discussion," has already scored a pronounced success. One of its earliest performances at the Court Theatre, in London, attracted Mr. Balfour, the late Prime Minister of England, and Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent scientist. They shared a box, and, according to reliable authority, thoroughly enjoyed the epigrams and perversities of this extraordinary play. "Major Barbara" is a tangle of paradoxes which London editors and correspondents are trying to unravel. Critical comment is voluble, and, in the main, unfavorable. Even Mr. Walkley, of the London *Times,* to whom Bernard Shaw dedicated "Man and Superman," makes the remark: "In Mr. Shaw's earlier plays there was some pretense of dramatic form, unity, coherence. In 'Major Barbara' there is none." The same critic says further:

"What a farrago! Mr. Shaw has certainly justified his sub-title of 'discussion,' and he has discussed everything under the sun; Salvationism, Whiggism, Parliament, the press, university education, the choice of a profession, the philosophy of war, alcohol, charity, Donizetti's music, Greek scholarship, English slang, courtship and matrimony, the manufacture of explosives, *quicquid agunt homines.* It is all very 'Shavian,' very bewildering, very suggestive in its flashes of shrewd sense, very amusing in its long stretches of March-hare madness (until they become too long), and absolutely undramatic throughout."

"Major Barbara" (impersonated by Annie Russell in the London production) is the daughter of Andrew Undershaft, millionaire and manufacturer of explosives, a gentleman who is made up in the likeness of Andrew Carnegie and who advises the world to scrap its old prejudices, its old moralities, its old religions and its old political constitutions, as it scraps its old boots and its obsolete steam-engines, Returning to his wife and family after years of separation, he is surprised to find Barbara an active member of the Salvation Army. She is engaged to a Greek professor who "plays the big drum for her in public because he has fallen head over heels in love with her." Barbara, in true propagandist zeal, resolves to convert her father, and induces him to visit a Salvation Army barracks. There is an interesting exhibition—in cynical Shaw fashion—of comic converts, and the following dialogue takes place between Mr. Undershaft and a member of the Salvation Army:

The millionaire father, the maker of death-dealing engines, being told that he does not know what the Army does for the poor, replies, "Oh, yes, I do. It draws their teeth: that is enough for me—as a man of business."

"Nonsense," says the Army's defender. "It makes them sober."

"I prefer sober workmen," says the millionaire, in the manner of the Wolf answering Red Riding Hood. "The profits are larger."

The other pleads that the Army makes men honest.

"Honest workmen are the most economical," replies the employer.

"—attached to their homes," says the other.

"So much the better: they will put up with anything sooner than change their shop."

"—happy—" continues the apologist.

"An invaluable safeguard against revolution," says the plutocrat.

"—unselfish—" says the Salvationist.

"Indifferent to their own interests, which suits me exactly," says the millionaire.

"—with their thoughts on heavenly things—" says the Salvationist.

"And not," says the employer, rubbing his hands, "on trade unionism nor Socialism. Excellent."

"You really are an infernal old rascal," says the Salvationist.

"And this," says the armorer, pointing to an able, teetotal workman, who has worked ten to twelve hours a day since he was 13, and has now been discharged because he is too old at 46, "and *this* is an honest man."

There is a suggestion of Rockefeller, as well as Andrew Carnegie, in Bernard Shaw's heartless millionaire. Not to be outdone by a wealthy distiller, who makes a handsome contribution to the funds of the Army, Mr. Undershaft offers a check for $5,000. But in Major Barbara's estimation, the money is "tainted," and, rather than accept it, she sadly resigns her position.

Later, a characteristic dialogue takes place between Mr. Undershaft and his son in regard to the management of his business.

The son, being consulted, declares that he has no capacity for business, and "nothing of the

WILLIAM GILLETTE

In his new play "Clarice," he "has scored another triumph both as a writer of plays and as an actor."

artist about him, either in faculty or character, thank Heaven," and will, therefore, devote himself to politics. There is, happily, one thing he knows: he knows the difference between right and wrong.

"You don't say so," cries the father. "What! No capacity for business, no knowledge of law, no sympathy with art, no pretension to philosophy: only a simple knowledge of the secret that has puzzled all the philosophers, baffled all the lawyers, muddled all the men of business, and ruined most of the artists: the secret of right and wrong! Why, man, you are a genius, a master of masters, a god!"

The son sulkily retorts that he pretends "to nothing more than any honorable English gentleman claims as his birthright."

"Oh!" assents the father, "that's everybody's birthright. Look at poor little Jenny Hill, the Salvation lassie. She would think you were laughing at her if you asked her to stand up in the street and teach grammar, or geography, or mathematics, or even drawing-room dancing. But it never occurs to her to doubt that she can teach morals and religion. You are all alike, you respectable people. You can't tell me the bursting strain of a ten-inch gun, which is a very simple matter; but you think you can all tell me the bursting strain of a man under temptation. You daren't handle high explosives; but you are all ready to handle honesty, and truth, and justice, and the whole duty of man, and kill one another at that game. What a country! What a world!"

The last act passes in Mr. Undershaft's workshops, and is in large part devoted to a glorification of his "money and gunpowder; freedom and power; command of life, and command of death." The millionaire contrasts the well-being of his workers with the poverty, misery, cold and hunger of the wastrels in Barbara's Salvation shelter. He declares he has saved them, as he has saved Barbara, from the worst of crimes, which is poverty. He goes on, in eloquent declamation:

"All the other crimes are virtues beside it: all the other dishonors are chivalry itself by comparison. Poverty blights whole cities; spreads horrible pestilences; strikes at the souls of all those who come within sight, sound, or smell of it. What *you* call crime is nothing: a murder here and a theft there, a blow now and a curse then, what do they matter? They are only the accidents and illnesses of life: there are not fifty genuine professional criminals in London. But there are millions of poor people, abject people, dirty people, ill-fed, ill-clothed people. They poison us morally and physically: they kill the happiness of society: they force us to do away with our own liberties, and to organise unnatural cruelties, for fear they should rise against us and drag us down into their abyss. Only fools fear crime; we all fear poverty. Pah! You talk of your half-saved ruffian in West Ham: you accuse me of dragging his soul back to perdition. Well, bring him to me here, and I will drag his soul back again to salvation for you. Not by words and dreams, but by 38s. a week, a sound house in a handsome street, and a permanent job. In three weeks he will have a fancy waistcoat; in three months a tall hat and a chapel sitting; before the end of the year he will shake hands with a duchess at a Primrose League meeting, and join the Conservative Party. . . . It is cheap work converting starving men with a Bible in one hand and a slice of bread and butter in the other. I will undertake to convert West Ham to Mahometanism on the same terms. . . . I had rather be a thief than a pauper. I had rather be a murderer than a slave. I don't want to be either; but if you force the alternative on me, then, by Heaven, I'll choose the braver and more moral one. I hate poverty and slavery worse than any other crimes whatsoever. And let me tell you this. Poverty and slavery have stood up for centuries to your sermons and leading articles: they will not stand up to my machine guns. Don't preach at them: don't reason with them. Kill them."

Mr. A. M. Thompson, the dramatic critic of the Socialist *Clarion* (London), to whom we are indebted for the above quotations, confesses that he is puzzled by this "audacious propagandist drama." He endeavors to sum up its meaning thus:

"Shaw drives his patrons furiously to think—which is already more than playgoers bargain for—and the lines are clear enough along which their thought is driven: civilized society's primary business is to cast all its obsolete creeds

and moral codes to the scrap heap, and apply itself with all its might—even at the cost of bullets, blood, and social revolution—not to the making of 'good' men, but to the making of healthy, strong men, to the elimination of the fit from the unfit, to the evolution of the Superman from the supervacaneous."

A more conservative critic, Mr. St. John Hankin, of the London *Academy*, interprets the play in this way:

"What we are meant to be interested in is the mental development of Barbara and her Professor as their high idealist views of morality, philanthropy and religion came under the solvent of Undershaft's cold-blooded but eminently practical philosophy. It's all very well to wield a tamborine in West Ham and hand round tea and bread in Salvation Army shelters, but isn't it really more useful to pay high wages to an army of employees, even though their employment is that of making Lyddite and quick-firers? And though humanitarian folk are greatly shocked at the manufacture of high explosives for the dismemberment of their fellows, it is none so certain that the world would get on as well without those aids to civilization. While, if your mind revolts against the material force represented by shells and cannon, does not 'the man behind the gun' represent moral force too? So Andrew Undershaft—or more or less so. And the interesting thing is that the audience listens with every sign of absorbed interest. How many people five years ago would have believed that you could hold a London audience for more than three hours in its seats in a west-end theatre while the people on the stage discussed Ethics and Sociology? It is when one thinks of that that one realizes the full extent of the 'Shaw Revolution.'"

ETHEL BARRYMORE

Who takes the title rôle in the American presentation of J. M. Barrie's latest play, "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire."

NOTABLE PLAYS OF THE MONTH IN AMERICA

Mr. James Huneker, the well-known dramatic and musical critic, finds J. M. Barrie's "Peter Pan" as immoral in its way as Bernard Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession." "In it," he declares (*Metropolitan Magazine*), "Mr. Barrie preaches the subversive doctrine that fairies exist; that fairies always existed. This relic of paganism when the very hedges hid glow-worm goblins and the trees jested greenly with the grass, Barrie would seek to incorporate in *his* Christian mythology. Does he realize that in illuding middle-aged men with his charming and damnable theories, he robs them of their hard-won sense of present realities, sending their vacillating minds back to the nursery, aye, to the very cradle? This sentimental trick is all the more dangerous because it robs us of moral underpinnings." But even Mr. Huneker cannot bring a charge of immorality against "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" and "Pantaloon," Mr. Barrie's latest plays. They harbor no fairies. They are charged with a spirit of delicious naïvetté and breezy optimism. They represent the most interesting individual offering made of late from across the Atlantic, just as William Gillette's "Clarice" is recognized as the most notable recent achievement of an American playwright.

BARRIE'S "PANTALOON."

"Pantaloon" is a romance of the harlequinade, of which the *dramatis personæ* are Clown, Harlequin, Columbine and Pantaloon—figures more familiar to the lovers of English pantomime than to the American public. "A masterpiece in miniature," Mr. John Corbin, of the New York *Sun*, proclaims it, adding his conviction: "Few things in the English drama of any time ring as sweet or true as this little tragi-comedy." The story may be briefly outlined as follows:

Columbine is the daughter of Pantaloon, who

designs her for the Clown, his ideal and his tyrant. But Columbine, after consenting to the hateful union, takes flight with Harlequin, and Pantaloon feels the vengeance of the malicious Clown, who comes to taunt him in his poverty and loneliness. Then Columbine and Harlequin return, and are overwhelmed with reproaches for the disaster which they have brought upon the household by their foolish fondness, until they produce their first born, a clown in miniature, who, with a touch of the familiar hot poker, soon revives poor Pantaloon's sinking spirits, and fetches the curtain down upon a scene of rejoicing.

As interpreted by Mr. Corbin, old Pantaloon, pining in his lonely room for the glitter of the footlights, is "the protagonist of what the Germans call a 'universal human' drama, the tragedy of superannuation, which sooner or later we all enact in our own persons." Mr. J. Ranken Towse, of the New York *Evening Post*, sets a rather different estimate on the play:

"The tale may be regarded, according to the taste and fancy of the beholder, either as a mere Christmas frolic or as an allegory of human life, with a seasoning of satire that is not without a dash of bitter in its flavor. The Clown, of course, is the griping, vulgar Crœsus, to whom Columbine, representative of beauty, innocence, and filial devotion, is ruthlessly sold by the wretched old parent, Pantaloon, who mumbles about his affection and the advantages of the match. It is the primeval plot at the bottom of all domestic melodrama. Incidentally Mr. Barrie indulges in some light but pointed raillery at the expense of buffoons who proclaim themselves as artists, and of the public intelligence that can discern so much humor in their antics. Doubtless the harlequinade of the last century was a foolish thing, but *dulce est desipere in loco*, and seniors used to laugh as heartily as the boys and girls when Pantaloon was folded up in a barrel and rolled off the stage, or Clown was made to dance for once at the point of his own hot poker. Should it come back again, as is said to be probable, the babies will not be solitary in their rejoicing."

BARRIE'S "ALICE-SIT-BY-THE-FIRE"

When given in England last September, the title rôle of "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" was taken by Ellen Terry. In this country the part has fallen to Ethel Barrymore, whose impersonation is regarded as charming and intelligent, but as hardly satisfying in some phases of the character. "She was ingratiating in the variety and naturalness of her expressions," remarks the New York *Times*, "nearly (but not quite) making one forget that she is years too young in appearance, movement and tempo of action for this youthful but still forty-year-old Alice."

"Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" is a satire with the true Barriesque flavor. It makes fun of the modern and social problem drama, with its artificial and theatrical conventions. Incidentally, it portrays an amusing conflict between the older and younger generations. Says the New York *Sun*:

"A Colonel in the Indian service has educated his children in England and returns with his wife to find them grown past recognition. The eldest daughter, Amy, has become what we should call a matinée girl, and, quite ignorant of the real world, has a head filled with ideas of Life derived from the problem play of French extraction, the chief ingredients of which are the eternal triangle and its single insistent note, a bachelor's chambers with clandestine suppers and a heroine concealed in a closet, compromising letters and a heroic deed of self-sacrifice. It so happens that Amy's mother, who is only just 40 and has shone as the belle of the Punjab, is on comradely terms of affection with a quite innocuous cub, and in full sight of her theatrico-romantic daughter she kisses him good night on the ear. In an instant Amy knows the worst, and, clad in her first evening frock, sets out to save her mother's character and her father's peace of mind by acting in the manner of a real theatric heroine. Then follows a series of situations in which all the familiar phases of the drama of convention are exhibited in a shrewd and delectable contrast with simple, unaffected reality. The result is a series of lively comedy scenes made out of the familiar appurtenances of dramatic convention, in which everyone is in turn mystified and rendered amiably ludicrous. It is Amy, of course, who is most ludicrous of all, and not least so when the stroke of self-sacrifice which she has planned as a means of her mother's rescue and reformation, as a 'happy ending' in short, turns out to provide herself with the consummation devoutly to be wished of marriage to the aforesaid innocuous cub."

"Generalization upon anything so will-o'-the-wisp like as a Barrie piece," comments *The Post*, "is not easy, and a too close insistence upon details might easily become tedious. Suffice it to say, in this instance, that the entertainment afforded is varied and excellent, but of inconstant quality. But the light of intellect is visible in it all." Mr. Winter, of the New York *Tribune*, writes of the play rather severely:

"As a whole it is formless, spineless, indirect, incoherent, exceedingly pretentious, and, though piquant in spots, a whirling mass of vacuous prattle. Such effects of mirth as it causes are produced by the well worn expedient of capsizing common sense, in situation and in language. Colman began this in the English drama, in the eighteenth century, and W. S. Gilbert carried it to perfection, in our time, and set the pace that many later writers, Mr. Barrie among them, have followed. The play is often insipid, never strong, has no character, no action, no dramatic effect; but it pleases as a bit of chaff. . . . It will probably run, but it is exceedingly flimsy stuff, and it has been dreadfully overrated in the preliminary proclamation."

SARAH BERNHARDT IN TEARS: AN UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAIT

"Whatever the reason," says *The Theatre Magazine* (New York) of her tour in America this season, "it is certain that the eminent French artiste has enjoyed a substantial triumph unprecedented in any of her three previous appearances in the United States. And, it must be acknowledged, she has 'made good' in a manner nothing short of marvelous, considering her accredited age of sixty-one years. She is still 'the divine Sarah,' of the voice of gold—in technique the foremost exponent of modern academic culture in the drama; in temperament an embodied genius of sentiment and passion; a chameleon-like human creature of fire and air, an essence of woman-spirit in every infinite mood, the eternal child, impervious to time, and the perennial priestess of an immortal art."

GILLETTE'S "CLARICE"

In this play, Mr. Gillette "has scored another triumph both as a writer of plays and as an actor," says the Boston *Herald.* " 'Clarice' is by far the best thing he has done since 'Secret Service,' " adds the same paper.

As presented in London and Liverpool last year with a different final scene, "Clarice" was not successful, as Mr. Gillette reckons success. Remodeled and improved, it has been played before crowded houses in Boston, and seems likely to prove one of the greatest successes of the theatrical year in America. Says *The Herald:*

"The leading part is taken by a doctor who has gone into South Carolina to win back his lost health. He takes with him the only child of an old friend, an orphan girl, Clarice, whom he cares for first as a daughter, then, with an overpowering love, one for whom he will make any sacrifice, no matter what the cost. Clarice, in turn, loves him—worships him, in fact—and even when he tries to make her think he no longer cares for her she still asks only to be near him.

"Interwoven into the story there is another doctor who also loves Clarice, and her aunt and uncle, the former plotting to have Clarice married to the rival of her guardian. The uncle is an amusing character, one of the class who 'enjoy poor health.' Then, too, there is an ever-present colored servant, who exercises complete and undisputed sway over the whole household. Four of the five scenes are shown in Dr. Carrington's living room, a most effective stage setting.

"The current theatrical season has been marked by a dearth of strong, or even amusing plays. Contrasted with much of the rubbish served up to the theatre-goer, 'Clarice' is a refreshing relief, 'a play that is really worth while,' as one of the audience well expressed it."

The most dramatic moments of the play rest on a situation that contains elements both of originality and of improbability. Mr. Gillette asks us to believe that a physician of conspicuous professional skill does not know whether or not pulmonary consumption has come upon him, or whether it has advanced so far that the girl whom he is about to marry is in danger of infection from him. "The first assumption," thinks the Boston *Transcript,* "might be credible. The second is quite incredible." The same paper comments further:

"The skill of Mr. Gillette as playwright and actor in 'Clarice' is not the skill of invention. In that, indeed, from the days of 'Held by the Enemy' and 'Secret Service,' he has never been strong. His has rather been the skill of treatment, and in his newest play it is so fine, supple and plausible that the spectator forgets, as he looks and listens, the basic improbability upon which that treatment rests. No playwright of our time knows better than Mr. Gillette how by endless verisimilitude in detail to give the semblance of life—nay, the truth of life itself—to a series of incidents that depend upon a hypothesis palpably at variance with that truth. Few such playwrights, too, are shrewder judges than he of the lengths to which he can carry this verisimilitude and of the moment when he must yield it to an audience's habitual notions of stage conventions. By every sign 'Clarice' gripped the spectators—not by the force of the material in the play, but by the skill with which he, as playwright and actor—and his company with him—handled it."

TWO OPERATIC NOVELTIES IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE

Young as the operatic season is as yet in Europe, it has already introduced two interesting novelties—one in Paris, at the Opéra Comique, the other at the London Coronet Theatre. The French novelty is called "Miarka," and is a romantic composition, "a lyrical comedy" in four acts, for which Alexandre Georges, a young composer, has written the music and Jean Richepin, the eminent author, has provided the libretto, based on a novel from his own pen. The English novelty is called "Gwenevere" and is variously described as a "lyric play," Celtic music drama and romantic opera.

Very different in style and origin and inspiration, there appears to be not a little that is common to these two new contributions to the world's operatic repertory.

"Miarka" is really a series of pictures, depicting the life of the heroine, a princess of a Romany tribe. The music is throughout illustrative of, and appropriate to, the situations and scenes. It appears that when the novel first appeared the composer wrote a group of melodies for the "songs of Miarka" in the book; these melodies became very popular in *salons,* as well as among the people, and M. Georges thereupon conceived the idea of making an opera of the subject and incorporating in it his Miarka songs.

VINCENT THOMAS

A London bank clerk who has written an opera based on the Arthurian legend

Of the plot and the music, Gabriel Fauré, the musician, writes as follows in the Paris *Figaro:*

"This lyrical comedy may thus be represented in a *résumé:* Miarka is born; Miarka grows up; Miarka finds out; Miarka loves not; Miarka defends herself; Miarka escapes.

"Miarka is born on a village square. Who is her father? No one knows. Her grandmother, la Vougue, a member of the errant Romany race, attributes royal origin to her. She gives her the sun for godfather and the river for godmother, whence a ringing song to the sun and a more tranquil hymn to the river.

"Miarka grows up, and is beautiful. Her charm captivates Glende, the innocent, the bird-catcher. Miarka learns the mysteries, legends, traditions of her race, as well as the songs of her tribe. Glende pursues and torments her with his amorous attentions, but she does not favor his suit. Her grandmother, by her magic, has evoked for Miarka the image of the Romany king she is to marry. The mayor of the village gives her protection and shelter (hoping to obtain the secret documents of her tribe), but she is not grateful. In running away, la Vougue sets fire to the house which has given her and Miarka hospitality and refuge.

"So Miarka goes away. On the way la Vougue falls exhausted and dying. Miarka encounters mists, clouds and rain—and there are songs about mists, clouds and rain; but finally she meets a whole gypsy tribe, which proves to be her tribe, and the king of which, according to predictions, loves and marries her.

"Thus ends in cheerfulness and joyous song—in spite of the melancholy fate of la Vougue and Glende—a tale distinctly uncertain from a dramatic point of view, but written in a style that is luxuriously poetic and picturesque and which contains more than one characteristic and charming episode."

In regard to the quality of the music of "Miarka," M. Fauré finds that, appropriate as are the melodies to the songs, the work as a whole is deficient in variety, in warmth of tone, in richness of color. The composer is direct and fluent, but he does not elaborate his themes, and while eloquent and interesting, he spares himself the trouble of conceiving new rhythms, original turns. He is too spontaneous and writes as he feels, so that there is little in the score that is unexpected or calculated to excite surprise.

"Gwenevere," as the title indicates. is based on the Arthurian legend. The action, however, does not tell the whole story, and some previous familiarity with the latter is required of the auditor-spectator. Yet the opera is very long, as long as any of Wagner's greater works. It is written on Wagnerian principles, for it is described as "an attempt to bring poetry and music together on the stage with a sense throughout of their lyric dependence upon one another and their ideal equality in art."

The libretto is by Ernest Rhys and the music by Vincent Thomas, a London bank clerk. King Arthur and his knights are first shown awaiting, at the Round Table, the return of Merlin, who is bringing Gwenevere from Caledon. She rides into the hall, bedraggled and wet, and in spite of the opposition of Mordred and Morgan le Fay, is chosen as Arthur's Queen. Three years elapse. Gwenevere comes into the woods with her attendants and meets Lancelot. She hangs her crown on a tree, and strays off into the wood with her lover. Mordred and two knights lie in wait, and on their return attack Lancelot, who is unarmed. He plucks a bough and slays a knight. Merlin shields Gwenevere, and in his house she awaits the return of her attendant maidens. The third act shows Arthur's return to Camelot, after he has received his death-blow from the treacherous Mordred. He is carried out to die, after forgiving Lancelot, who returns in the nick of time in the guise of a monk.

Of the music *The Westminster Gazette* says that it is "mildly descriptive," with traces of melody, but that the beginning of the second

HERMANN SUDERMANN

He shares with Hauptmann the honors of intellectual leadership in present-day German drama.

act is both clever and fine. The *Pall Mall Gazette* is more specific. It thinks that passages of great merit alternate with music that is totally uninspired. To quote:

"Mr. Vincent Thomas has written some clever music for this play. There are some choral items which are extremely pretty, and some ballads of a rather too modern type, which, though possessing a certain little charm, cannot be described as anything more than obvious. There is one delightful reminiscence of Purcell (though, of course, not taken from Purcell) in a song for Gwenevere, 'Out of the Birch Leaves.' Again, one recognizes a sense of folk-song in some of Mr. Thomas's music which is all the happier because it is naturally associated with one of the most ancient of our folk-legends. The scoring, too, is clever; but, take the music as a whole, where it is untouched by the influence of Wagner—now and then one is reminded of that musician's 'Tristan'—its texture is too light, its tunes too undistinguished to our mind for any lasting popularity. It is true that Mr. Thomas has a vein of melody which never runs dry; sometimes, in fact, one is even a little astonished by its continuity. He has, too, a sense of choral writing, and will, we imagine, do much better things when he has learnt how to distinguish precisely between that which is really good in his inspiration and that which is possibly a trifle cheap."

The London *Times* finds some individuality in the melodic ideas of the composer and praises particular airs and numbers as having expressiveness, quaintness, charm. As a whole, the score is declared to be lacking in contrast and power.

TWO NEW PLAYS BY SUDERMANN

Hermann Sudermann, who shares with Hauptmann the honors of intellectual leadership in present-day German drama, has recently completed two new plays. The first, "Stein unter Steinen" (Stone among Stones), is being given in Germany at this time. Built on an underlying motive not unlike that of Ibsen's "When We Dead Awake," it aims to show that the hearts of the majority of men to-day in their relation to their fellows are being turned to stone. The second play, "Das Blumenboot" (The Flower Boat), published in book form but not yet presented on the stage, is deemed of special significance as indicating a reaction from the ultra-artistic and sometimes decadent note of several of Sudermann's plays.

"Stein unter Steinen" is a popular but not a critical success. No contemporary German playwright has had as much trouble with the press critics as Sudermann. Some years ago he was moved to make a general attack on these professional judges of the drama, pointing out that, while he has generally pleased the theatre-going public, he has failed to elicit the approval of the critics. Whatever the causes of this may be, his new play has not proved an exception to the rule. Most of the German critics have passed adverse verdicts upon it, and some have been quite severe in their comments. It has been pronounced stale, shallow, conventional and melodramatic—an attempt to imitate Hauptmann without the latter's courage and boldness in attacking the ideals and sentiments of "bourgeois" society.

The play deals with the subject (not unfamiliar in German dramatic literature) of the attitude of society toward an ex-convict; of the struggles and hardships encountered by a social delinquent after his release from prison. Instead of the bread of sympathy and help, he is offered the stone of suspicion, hostility and

persecution. The whole philosophy of the play is summed up in some reflections by one of the "good" characters. The story is as follows:

Jacob Bigler, who has served a long term of imprisonment at hard labor for the crime of manslaughter, is, upon his release, taken by an old master stone-cutter into his employ as night-watchman. The employer knows Jacob's past, but his workmen do not. Jacob never was a criminal at heart; he had killed a scoundrel under the influence of passion aroused by outraged love for a girl dishonored by the former.

Jacob has an enemy in his predecessor in the place of night-watchman, an old man named Eichholtz. An accidental remark reveals to the workmen the secret of Jacob's life, and Eichholtz makes full use of the weapon thus placed in his hands.

The workmen scornfully and mercilessly turn their backs on the ex-convict, and he finds himself once more a social outcast. His dejection would be extreme, but at least one human being, Lore, the daughter of the old Eichholtz (a young woman who had been seduced and betrayed by one of the stone-cutters, Gettling, and who, with an illegitimate child to care for, has known suffering and neglect and shame), manifests sympathy and kindness for him, and this introduces a ray of light and comfort into his unhappy existence—this, and also his art, for he is not merely a laborer, but a true artist in stone-cutting, and he works early and late at his art.

Gettling persecutes Jacob even more maliciously than Lore's father. He is the knave of the drama, his physical attractiveness—for he is tall, handsome, strong—making him the more dangerous. Marie, the daughter of the employer, a cripple, is in love with him, and he intends to abuse her confidence and affection. Lore discovers this from his boastful, impudent hints, and, remembering her own infatuation and awakening, she has a violent scene with the betrayer.

Jacob comes in, overhears the conversation, and in his righteous wrath strikes Gettling and shows himself a brave, chivalrous and true man. His two bitter enemies conspire to kill him at the works, but the plan miscarries and he triumphs over all.

He wins the love of Lore, who defends him before her confused and humbled father and who exclaims at the close, "Listen, it is happiness which sings." The happiness is to take the form of a union of the two who have understood each other and faced the pitiless world. Lore deplores the selfishness and

LUDWIG FULDA

A German dramatist who comes to this country in February to read from his plays and lecture upon the modern drama.

cruelty of men, whose hearts so easily turn to stone. Nature, she says, requires long ages to form her rocks, while men's hearts die within them and become stone in a short time. They work, they sleep, eat and even make merry, but in truth they are dead—for their souls have been turned to stone.

This, according to the critics, is conventional melodrama, not honest, genuine, human drama. *Die Gegenwart* (Berlin) says that it is "American" in its conception, "for Sudermann's most pronounced characteristic is his Americanism," but that he has utterly failed to realize it. The ending is commonplace, and there is no social moral in the play, according to this critic. Where, he asks, is the stone? Jacob is not one, and Lore and the employer are certainly good and virtuous. Besides, Jacob is not really an ordinary ex-convict; he is a victim, not a criminal, and an artist and hero in addition. What does the case prove?

Even more scathing are the comments of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* (Munich), which says that Sudermann, with all his independence and heterodoxy, has not risen above middle-class, Philistine morals and sentiment.

"Das Blumenboot" is described as a strong reading play, like "Sodom's End" and "Home," a sharp social satire, full of demo-

cratic protest, and its success is predicted upon the stage. Much of its sarcasm will, it is thought, there be found very telling.

The play is in four acts and an "interlude"; the last term has been criticized on the ground that what it covers is an integral part of the drama. This deals with a family of "acknowledged respectability," Hoyer by name, founded by a self-made business man, now in his dotage, but possessing a large fortune. The leading characters are his two grandchildren, cousins, Fred and Thea. Fred is the dissipated heir, squandering his substance in riotous living and shamelessly (albeit amusingly) flaunting his wildness in the face of his family and society. The character of Thea shows with startling frankness the naked spiritual deformities of the modern German "smart" woman. She cares for nothing but pleasure, despises all that possesses true dignity, and plays with the most sacred things. In a very remarkable scene with her married sister, Raffaela, she reveals the most unblushing corruption, at the very moment when a member of the aristocracy is at the door to ask her hand. This suitor she rejects, and, having been in joke engaged to Fred, becomes so in earnest. Under stipulation that each shall retain full liberty to do whatever may seem pleasing, they marry and spend their wedding night in a low artists' pot-house known to Fred. What appears and happens here forms the interlude. A burlesque actor named Little Möppel, dropping into Thea's ear the warning "not to make herself common," arouses conscience and womanhood. After a struggle with her own nature, having defied and mocked her husband (who is now on the road to reform), and seen Raffaela's happiness wrecked as a result of her own disgraceful talk to her, she comes to herself. Wretchedness of heart is seen to bloom on the flowery path of sin—in the hands of the impure and the weak, "freedom" brings indeed only enslavement—and she flees to her husband's side, unheeding the calls of "personality" and satisfied henceforward with the good "old" ways, content to be just a woman.

Fred's and Thea's evolution teaches the natural superiority of goodness, propriety and useful activity to depravity, looseness and dissipation. The play is built round these two characters, and (read or acted) must stand or fall with them. While their story recalls "Sodom's End," the *dénouement,* it will be seen, is brighter.

THE VISIT OF LUDWIG FULDA

Toward the end of February those of us who have mastered the German language may have the pleasure of hearing one of Germany's most prominent dramatists, Ludwig Fulda, reading his plays and lecturing on the modern drama at Columbia University. For several years Americans and Germans interested in promoting cordial relations between this country and the Fatherland have directed their attention to the American universities as a splendid medium. The Kaiser favored an "exchange of professors," and Professor Peabody, of Harvard, took the initiative in delivering a series of lectures at Berlin University. On this side of the Atlantic, under the presidency of Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, and with Carl Schurz, Andrew D. White, and Seth Low as vice-presidents, a "Germanistic Society" has been formed for the purpose of furthering the study of German and making us acquainted with the leaders of German thought.

Dr. Fulda speaks under the auspices of this society. He is a playwright who was classed among the "moderns" some ten years ago. To-day Germany listens to "misbegotten, strange new gods of song," of which he is not one. Yet though the extremists may not bow to him, his plays are never off the boards. Once, under the spell of Sudermann, he went for a time into realism, but he repented long ago, and has given us the "Talisman" and "Jugendfreunde." He is a satirist of Aristophanic potentialities. His language is classic. Fedor von Zobeltitz, his friend, gives in the *New Yorker Revue* a charming account of the poet's life. "What first struck me when I met him," says that writer, "was his lack of appetite. He looked the true German poet, lean, pale-cheeked and with a curl hanging down the middle of his forehead. Later, when he became famous, he combed it back." It seems that even at that time, at the age of twenty-one, he had received a prize for a one-act comedy. His father wanted him to go into business, but soon the poet's incapacity for

financial transactions became so evident that he was permitted to study philology. But, as the Germans say, "the lion had licked blood," and soon we find young Fulda eager for more theatrical laurels. And, as his friend admits, he had both talent and luck. Then came the realistic *intermezzo*. He published "Paradise Lost" and "The Slave." Both show strong dramatic talent and fine touches of feeling, but lack this author's greatest gifts—satire and humor.

And then came the "Talisman." The poet had found himself. The play is written in verse and combines charming freshness of feeling with profound truth. It is built upon the legend of the emperor for whom a crafty deceiver pretends to weave a garment so finely spun that coarse-fibered and ignorant people are unable to see it at all. The emperor, unwilling to confess his shortcomings, and with him all his court, heaps praises upon this imaginary apparel. Finally all is discovered, but the monarch is consoled by the charming line, "Du bist ein Koenig auch in Unterhosen," which we might freely render, "Thou art a king even in pajamas." The moral and its application to the German Emperor are obvious, and the Kaiser showed his mortification. When in 1893 a competent committee awarded the Schiller Prize to the poet, the Emperor refused his sanction and Fulda had to be satisfied with the applause of the people without the superfluity of official recognition. Not quite as successful was "The Son of the Caliph," something on the line of the "Talisman." But "Jugendfreunde," a light comedy, and his wonderful translation of "Cyrano de Bergerac" were decided hits. Among his other translations Zobeltitz mentions especially "The Misanthrope" and "Tartuffe," also Beaumarchais's "Figaro's Marriage." His latest play, "Masquerade," will be given in Conried's German Theater, New York, in honor of the author's presence.

Mr. Fulda was married to a young Viennese actress, but it seems that the union was not very happy and ended in separation. The poet has published several books of verses and is famous for his repartee. He is also an excellent lecturer.

D'ANNUNZIO AND MODERN ITALIAN DRAMA

D'Annunzio's qualities as poet and playwright may savor of degeneracy, but the fact remains, and is duly emphasized in recent magazine articles, that he has revolutionized the esthetic and dramatic literature of modern Italy. "Taking D'Annunzio as a whole," says Annetta Halliday-Antona in the New York *Critic*, "it is undoubtedly true that no Italian writer since Dante has done so much for his language."

"Why do you get down in the dirt so?" D'Annunzio was asked one day by an Italian critic. "Would you call the primary instincts the principal instincts in life, the best heritage that has come down to us after all these centuries?" And D'Annunzio, whose fundamental faith is in aristocracy and lineage, answered that because of their long descent these primary instincts were of the utmost importance. His reply is cited by the writer in *The Critic* as an indication of his attitude toward "the mightiest problem that life possesses for him as yet, the sex emotion, the attitude of man towards woman, and of woman towards man."

D'Annunzio, says the same writer, is "a type of the new Italian, the Italian with whom Keats, Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Shelley and Burne-Jones are enthusiasms, and who is as familiar with German philosophy and English estheticisms as with the classics." He is passionately fond of music, and closely allied to his love of music is his love of color and of smell. For every odor he has a name. He speaks of fruit odors as ethereal, of gum odors as fragrant, of musk odors as ambrosial. Shells, beetles, birds, man, all speak to the color-sense in him; even black has a pleasurable effect upon him. He says of the strength of beauty: "What great elemental force,—flood, frost, fire,—can compare with that loveliest, strongest thing in the world, the sweet gold of sunlight? The life essence of the plant world is chlorophyl or emerald coloring, the life essence of the animal organism is ruby red; both are types of the beauty of color." To quote further:

"D'Annunzio has often been called a pagan. It is his birthright. Paganism is essentially an Italian attribute, and this paganism, stirring beneath all of the religious strata, stimulated the whole Renaissance movement. In Italian literature this strain has always shown itself in a very wide license of speech, hence D'Annunzio's chap-

D'ANNUNZIO AT THE CHASE

Showing a picturesque phase of Italian life on the Roman Campagna.

ter of horrors, the pilgrimage to Casalbordino, which out-Zolas Zola's 'Lourdes.' All the docile apprentice habit of mind which is his, is not altogether an unmixed blessing, for as a result the Italian author has levied tribute right and left. Zola, Bourget, Loti,—every page pricks one into remembrance. An ardent student of Petrarch, of Cino da Pistoja, of Benuccio Salimbeni, Saviozzo da Siena, all the centuries from the twelfth onward, contribute to his works. He would have made an admirable member of the coterie of Lorenzo de Medici."

Miss Helen Zimmern, writing in *The Cornhill Magazine* (London) on the conditions that have made possible the vogue of D'Annunzio's dramas in Italy, points out that problem plays find no favor with Italian audiences, whereas historical plays, pronounced dull by an English-speaking public, appear greatly to please them. She continues:

"This taste originates, perhaps, in the classical traditions of the Italians. . . . They will listen for hours, and with the most rapt attention, to what a northerner would call empty tion, to what a northerner would call empty flight of rhetoric; they will applaud to the echo interminable speeches of richly coloured words and rolling periods, regardless of the fact that when reduced to plain speech they contain few ideas, and are compounded chiefly of 'words, idle words'; sufficient if they are musically woven and tickle the sensitive and innately true ear of the Italian. Hence in part the great and overwhelming success achieved by Gabriele d'Annunzio."

So successful a dramatist as D'Annunzio was bound to have imitators, and Miss Zimmern thinks that "in pointing them to higher dramatic ideals than those of mere amusement he certainly has done good work." Unfortunately his followers, for the most part, have his faults without his genius. There is one Italian dramatist, however, whose works, the writer predicts, will far outlast D'Annunzio's "magnificently worded but immoral fireworks." His name is E. A. Butti, a man as yet hardly known outside of Italy, Other young writers who are making their way without evincing D'Annunzio's decadent and morbid characteristics are Roberto Bracco, of the school of Hauptmann; Giuseppe Giacosa, a light comedy writer; Rovetta, a historical dramatist; and Praga, whose amusing plays are very successful. Miss Zimmern says finally: "One thing is certain. No other nation has a modern drama so full of high classical aspirations, so remote, as a whole, in its essence, from the trivial humdrum of life, so desirous to take its auditors outside the daily routine of existence."

"MASQUERADE"—LUDWIG FULDA'S LATEST DRAMA

This play, which is shortly to be produced in New York by Conried's German company, is, from a literary point of view, the best dramatic production of the past year in Europe. It is a scathing satire on the society of the upper German officials and the *mariage de convenance* which in the upper circles of the government has developed into an institution the unwritten laws of which can rarely be broken except at the cost of social and official ostracism. The drama is brilliantly written in every part, contains more action and plot than most modern high-class plays, and holds the reader's attention from beginning to end.

The central characters are Max Freiherr von Wittinghof (brother of Karl, Minister of State) and Gerda Hübner, his natural daughter. The relations between von Wittinghof and the mother of Gerda are founded on real mutual love, and he is determined to marry her in spite of the family opposition; but such enormous pressure is brought to bear upon him that he finds himself powerless to resist. He becomes the victim of physical and mental prostration and is all but forced to contract a so-called "proper" marriage. He then goes to America as ambassador, and leads a cheerless existence with his wife and sickly child. After the death of both of these he returns to Berlin. His daughter Gerda consistently refuses to have anything to do with him, as she has refused before all his offers of financial assistance. Her mother had been left under the impression created by the family that he abandoned her of his own free will, and Gerda naturally cherishes a strong resentment against the man who has ruined her mother's life and left her to the humiliation attaching to an illegal child.

Finally he succeeds in gaining admission to her, and Gerda is somewhat reconciled when she hears the story from his own lips, and when he tells her of his intention immediately to make her his legal child. She then informs him: "I am not what you consider me to be. I am not worthy in your eyes. I have a lover." The father is shocked. "This I truly have not suspected!" he exclaims. "Now you know all," Gerda continues. "I have been honest with you as you with me, and now we are even. Forget me and let everything be as before." And as she bursts into tears, the father soothes her: "Poor child! poor child! Calm yourself! I am with you; I shall not go. Did you really think that I would now don the mantle of virtue and abandon you?" Then follows this dialogue:

Gerda: After you have heard what has happened to me?

Father: Nothing better and nothing worse than what happened to your mother through me. And for this also I am to blame. For I am your father and have not protected you.

Gerda: No, no, no! I should have protected myself.

Father: Well, that would surely have been wiser. And it would be pleasanter to me for your sake.

Gerda: Now you see that——

Father: I see that circumstances are somewhat different from what I have imagined. But that I am not concerned in this matter any more I cannot see. On the contrary. And at any rate I should be the last to cast a stone at you; nor have I the least desire to do so.

Gerda: This is—this is indeed a miracle! Do miracles still happen?

Father: Yes, child, that is the way it is in this foolish world. The most natural thing always seems to be the most wonderful. But we will not philosophize any more about that which cannot be changed; we will consider together how to proceed further in this matter. Come, sit down beside me and you will tell me everything, will you not? (*Gerda nods assent.*)

Father: You love him very much?

Gerda (*softly*): Yes.

Father: And he you also?

Gerda: He has avowed it to me a hundred times.

Father: Did he ever speak to you of marriage?

Gerda: There never was any talk about that between us.

Father: What is his idea about that, do you think?

Gerda: There are very great obstacles.

Father: You think this is all that keeps him——?

Gerda: Yes, I do. I must think so.

Father: And what is the nature of these obstacles?

Gerda: He is a government official.

Father: So, so?

Gerda: And, above all, his parents.

Father: Who is he?

Gerda: He is the son of the Privy Councillor Schellhorn.

Father: Schellhorn? Well, I do declare!

Gerda: Do you know him?

Father: The father, yes, very well. We were classmates at the university. He is a mighty career-hunter before the Lord. Too respectable for my tastes. That's why I have gradually dropped all connections with him. To his great sorrow, my brother is his chief. He will be overjoyed.

Gerda: How do you mean?

Fathers: Now the matter has assumed a practical aspect. Now I am in a position to clear the way for two lovers.

Gerda: How so?
Father: When you become Fraülein von Wittinghof, then the young man has no choice; then he *must* marry you.
Gerda: No, it must not be carried to that point, under any circumstances! You must exercise no restraint over him. Besides there is no cause for such a thing. He loves me. He must be given perfect freedom to decide what he considers proper.

Von Wittinghof visits the Privy Councillor, tells him that he has a daughter who has always lived in Berlin, and who is acquainted with his son, and invites them to his house for the next day. The son knows nothing of the significance of the invitation, but his father interprets the unexpected visit aright: the daughter of von Wittinghof must have fallen in love with his son Edmund, the government assessor, and he congratulates him on his good fortune in being able to make such a brilliant match. Then the son tells him of his love-affair with Gerda, which he represents as more serious than the ordinary affairs of that sort, for the reason that she is a good, honest girl who loves him truly. "You don't mean to say that you have deceived a girl of good family?" exclaims his father in fright, and when Edmund tells him that she is an illegitimate child, "Oh!" he says, "such a creature, such a piece of womanhood!" and he laughs away his son's scruples, and bids him write to her, breaking off all relations with her. Edmund offers some opposition, but finally complies. Gerda comes to live with her father, and Edmund's letter is brought to her from her former quarters just as Schellhorn and his wife are visiting them. Von Wittinghof sends her into her room to read the letter, telling her that he will have disclosed everything to the Privy Councillor before calling her back. In the meantime Edmund enters. Soon Gerda rushes into their presence in a state of extreme excitement:

Gerda: No more! 'Tis no longer necessary! The hide-and-seek game is over! All is over!
Von Wittinghof: Child, for God's sake! (*Runs up to her.*)
Privy Councillor (*perplexed*): What is the matter with the baroness?
Edmund (*with staring eyes*): Gerda!
Gerda (*with a wild burst of laughter*): Ha! ha! he has arranged it finely; he has arranged it in an extremely fine fashion, the young man of good family! He must marry rich; papa wants it so. And that is why he thrusts me aside like a dog. These are his own statements.
Privy Councillor: The Baroness is sick! She is raving.
Edmund (*seizing himself by the hair*): Where am I?
Gerda: These are his vows! These are his kisses!
Von Wittinghof: Child, you are beside yourself; consider——
Gerda (*to von Wittinghof*): And do you know for whom he flings me aside? Do you know who is the brilliant party for whom he betrays me and sells me? It is your daughter, to whom they have just paid their court, according to the accepted formula, in order to catch her for their dear son! Do you understand?
Privy Councillor: Am I mad? Are we all of us mad together?
Edmund: Gerda——
Gerda (*giving the letter to her father*): There—read it, read it! And you will laugh as I did. Oh, it is grand! He must give me the slip on the same day when, rigged out in his best frock coat, he comes here as matrimonial candidate! Do you understand? He first had to clear the field. Papa wanted it so!
Edmund: Gerda, if I tell you——
Privy Councillor: You call her Gerda? What does that mean? What does that mean? Will you tell me at once, or am I to lose my senses?
Edmund: It is you who have cooked this dish for me, papa! It is you I have to thank for this!
Privy Councillor: What does this mean? What does this mean?
Von Wittinghof (*after glancing over the letter*): That is strong!
Gerda: Sorry for your shrewd scheme, Mr. Government Assessor! Sorry that you did not find the Baroness whom you were looking for! Awfully sorry that your beloved Gerda, in the meantime, is not tearing her hair out in despair in her room, without so much as a cock crowing for her! That's how you have imagined it, is it not so? This is what you wanted, eh?
Privy Councillor: Your Excellency! I beg of you, your Excellency, who is this? What does this mean?
Von Wittinghof: This scene was not meant to be in the play. You were in too great a hurry.
Gerda: Yes, gentlemen! Yes, my noble, worthy, highly respectable gentlemen! I am only a poor girl, a misled, deceived, lost girl! But shame upon you! You should be ashamed to stand here in front of me, ashamed down to the marrow of your bones! Not for all the glory in the world would I stand before you as you now stand before me!
Privy Councillor: Your Excellency! Your Excellency! Is not this the Baroness? Is not this your daughter?
Von Wttinghof (*drawing Gerda to his breast*): Yes, it is my daughter, Privy Councillor. It is my dear, poor child.
Privy Councillor: But all-merciful God, how am I to explain——
Von Wittinghof: You see that my child needs to be spared now. Your son will explain to you all the rest.

On the next day the following scene takes place between Gerda and Edmund:

Edmund: Gerda!
Gerda: What do you want of me now?
Edmund: Can you pardon me?
Gerda: No.
Edmund: Gerda, do you know why I am here now? Has not my mother spoken to you?

Gerda: It is for her sake I have accepted your visit. You can see from this how great a regard I have for her. She could not have asked me for anything that would have meant a greater sacrifice.

Edmund: I am here to ask you——

Gerda: What? (*She sees the flowers which he holds in his hands.*) Ah, so! First the thorns and then the roses! (*Takes the flowers and throws them on a chair.*)

Edmund: I am here to ask you if you want to become my wife. I—hm—I ask you herewith for your hand.

Gerda (*mockingly*): Much obliged!

Edmund: I ask for your hand with the consent of your parents and in altogether official fashion.

Gerda: You have a wonderful capacity for adapting yourself to conditions, my friend; I must admit that. You are an artist of the first water. Three days ago you swore to me that you loved me, that I could always depend on your love. Yesterday you sent me your parting letter. To-day you make an offer of marriage to me. Speed works no magic.

Edmund: Gerda, you have not the least inkling of what I have passed through since yesterday.

Gerda: So? Have I overestimated your elasticity? Did you have to give yourself a thrust each time? And is that to be the end of it? Or what event is to come to-morrow and the day after to-morrow?

Edmund: I pray you, stop this mocking! I have been punished severely enough. You have not gone through what I have been through with my father; you can have no idea. I made it hard for him before he won me over, I assure you. We almost had a fight. I fought for you——

Gerda: Like a lion.

Edmund: Until loss of consciousness. It is an absolute puzzle to me how he managed to get me after all. He took advantage of my momentary confusion; he forced that letter from me, got it from me by trickery.

Gerda: But you wrote it with your own hand.

Edmund: And when I was through with it I howled like a dog.

Gerda: It is heart-rending.

Edmund: When it was sent away I had to summon all my resolution to keep from sending a bullet through my head.

Gerda: And then you summoned all your resolution again, swallowed your grief, and came here to catch the goldfish.

Edmund: But in what a condition, Gerda! It was a kind of hypnotic state. Yes, upon my honor! But when I came back to my senses, when I awoke as if from a nightmare——

Gerda: Aroused by me!

Edmund: My suffering, how shall I describe it to you? My regrets, my feeling of utter annihilation, my self-reproach—it was simply horrible! And yet I said to myself over and over again: It is unthinkable, positively unthinkable that one weak hour should destroy and sweep away what we have shared with each other! An hour against five blissful months! Gerda, were we not like angels in the seventh heaven? Was I not your Edmund? Were you not my sweet little mousie? And all this shall be as if it were not? Gerda, if you ever loved me——

Gerda: Yes, I loved you with a love that you did not deserve and did not understand. I loved you, because I saw in you something which you do not possess, and which you can never again have in my eyes. I gave you all I had to give; you took it with the promise to guard it as something sacred, but with the secret thought that it could never be anything else than an amusement for a while. You were dishonest toward me from the first moment; that your letter has proved. From this letter I came to recognize you, and I shiver down to the marrow of my bones at the thought of having thrown myself away in that manner. Five months long I have been your mistress; but it is only since yesterday that you have dishonored me. (*Bursts into tears.*)

Edmund: Deary, dear little mousie! Think of me what you will; only don't think that I have ceased to love you. Quite the contrary. Only now I have come to know clearly what you are to me—now that I was about to lose you! Gerda, I love you more than ever. Come, take out that ill-fated letter, and we will tear it into a thousand pieces—and everything will be again as it was before; no, a hundred thousand times more beautiful. Yes, when you will be my dear little bride, and then my adored little wife——

Gerda: (*has dried her tears, again in a composed voice*): In truth, my friend, this is a solution with which you ought to be satisfied. You kill two birds with one stone. You can make good your broken pledge and get a large fortune, besides. The sweet mousie and the good party in one person—my deary, what else do you want?

Edmund: I want only you. All else is of no importance to me.

Gerda: And if I had not happened to find a rich, noble father, what then?

Edmund: What is the use of thinking about it? Fortunately you did find him.

Gerda: If I had remained the lonely, poor girl that I was, what then, I ask you? Would you have kept on loving me then? Would you have come to me then to recall your letter?

Edmund: Yes, I would.

Gerda: Yes? Really? And you would have asked me to become your wife?

Edmund: What I would have done in that case, I cannot tell you exactly at this moment. But one thing you ought to believe unconditionally: I should never have been able to leave you! I could not have lived without you. I should have returned to you under any circumstances.

Gerda: Yes, after the marriage with your goldfish was over. There are married men who don't object to a thing of that kind.

Edmund: No! on my word of honor, I should not have married that way. Ten horses could not have dragged me to do a thing of that kind. I should have belabored my father, day and night, until he gave in, and if it came to the worst, I should rather have let him go and the whole rigmarole of position and career than have let you go.

Gerda (*apparently conquered*): If that is the case, Edmund, then we will tear up the letter.

Edmund (*approaches her*): Well, then?

Gerda (*drawing back*): But how am I to know that you speak the truth this time?

Edmund: What would I not do to be able to prove to you——

Gerda: You can prove it to me on the spot.

Edmund: In what way?

Gerda: Because I have resolved not to accept the generous offer of my father.

Edmund: What?

Gerda: I do not want to accept a position in life to which I have not been trained. I do not want to live on the beneficence of a man who has so long denied me. I decline to become legitimized, and I remain the same Gerda Hübner whom you knew when you first fell in love with me.

Edmund: Are you in real earnest?

Gerda: Absolutely.

Edmund: And your father, what does he say to it?

Gerda: He cannot keep me against my will.

Edmund: Gerda, are you completely out of your mind?

Gerda: I think not.

Edmund: You are not going to throw away such a colossal, such a fabulous fortune, for a caprice, a phantom?

Gerda: Do I not have you, my future husband? You will be my fortune.

Edmund: Gerda, you will not do it! You will not commit such a colossal, such a stupendous, such a crying absurdity!

Gerda: Are you going to prevent me?

Edmund: Yes, I certainly will.

Gerda: By what right?

Edmund: Well, it seems to me that as your future husband, I shall also have a word to say about it.

Gerda: Aha!

Edmund: As you intended, I have the right to exert myself to the utmost to keep you from such a frivolous step.

Gerda: Frivolous?

Edmund: Yes, frivolous! I can find no other word for it. Now, when such good luck has befallen both of us, now, when it becomes a social possibility for us to unite, and all obstacles are removed——

Gerda (*pointing to the door*): Go!

Edmund: What does that mean?

Gerda: Go! I despise you!

Edmund (*in a rage*): Gerda—that word—you will take back!

Gerda: Go, I tell you.

Edmund: I am an officer. I must not take this even from a woman!

Gerda: Go, or I will repeat it in the presence of my father.

Edmund: Calm yourself! Consider——

Gerda: Don't you believe me? (*Rings the bell.*)

Edmund: You are going to carry this mad caprice so far——

Gerda: (*to the servant who answers the bell*): Tell my father to please come in here. (*Servant goes.*)

Edmund: Once more, take that word back before it is too late!

Gerda: It is too late.

Edmund (*as if petrified*): Gerda!—(*Then with resolve*): You will yet regret it. (*Leaves quickly. Von Wittinghof enters.*)

Von Wittinghof: What was it? Is he gone?

Gerda: Forever. I have given him his walking papers.

Von Wittinghof: So? After all?

Gerda: It is now only that he has completely revealed himself to me. Excuse me; I cannot marry a man whom I no longer respect.

Von Wittinghof: Do you understand the significance of this?

Gerda: Oh, yes. I have upset the plan which you have made for me with so much devotion. In return for all your good will, I have put you in a painful situation. And therefore, I beg you, let me bear all the consequences myself. What I have said to him in order to put him to the test I repeat to you as my honest wish: Renounce your noble purpose! I treat it as if accepted and will always preserve a grateful, loving remembrance of you. But permit me to remain what I was and let me go my own way. Don't charge yourself with my fate. You have better things to do.

Von Wittinghof: Bravo, my child! Bravo! I also have put you to the test, and you have stood it brilliantly. You are not hypocritical; you do not speculate; you do not play a double game. In you I already perceive the new day which I wish had dawned upon the entire land. You are my genuine daughter; by my poor soul, I am proud of you!

Gerda: But——

Von Wittinghof: And do you think that I can now let you go from me?

Gerda: The world in which you live, your society——

Von Wittinghof: I care not a rush for society. What has it offered me thus far, what can it offer in the future to outbalance you? And if the ground here should grow too hot under my feet—God's house has many habitations.

Gerda: No matter where you may take me, my life is ruined.

Von Wittinghof: Child, you are young, and the possibilties of life are infinite. You need not mourn for that man. And if you only wish to, you can have someone who belongs to you. I think I shall last yet for some time at least. Gerda, do you wish to remain with me?

Gerda (*falling on his breast*): Yes; for I love you!

(*The Privy Councillor enters.*)

Gerda (*drawing back from her father in fright*): I will go.

Von Wittinghof: No, stay here! We owe ourselves this satisfaction.

Privy Councillor: May I congratulate you?—But where is Edmund?

Von Wittinghof: I am sorry, but my daughter must decline.

Privy Councillor: What?

Von Wittinghof: She declines the honorable offer of your son with thanks.

Privy Councillor: Why?

Von Wittinghof: Because he was not capable of inspiring her with the confidence necessary for a permanent union.

Privy Councillor: That donkey!

Persons in the Foreground

THE MAN OF THE RISING INFLECTION

The deadly power of an interrogation mark was probably never more clearly shown than in the questions which, during a series of eventful weeks, Charles Evans Hughes has been putting courteously but pitilessly to life insurance officials. The object of the questions was to secure a basis for legislative reforms; but even before a single recommendation for such reforms had been made by the committee of investigation or a legislative step taken, and before any criminal proceedings had been instituted, the questions themselves and the facts they elicited from unwilling witnesses had driven from their financial thrones the presidents of the three mammoth insurance societies, forced the resignations of numerous lesser officials and exerted an influence which has been almost unparalleled in the toning up of financial institutions and the elevation of financial standards throughout the country.

It is said that a man with a fiddle having but one string can, if the string produces just the right note, fiddle a bridge into collapse. Mr. Hughes's rising inflection has had something like that power upon some features of the system of "high finance." He had practised the use of that rising inflection before he took hold of the insurance societies. For two years he conducted night quizzes at the Columbia Law School, which are still remembered, so a writer in *Success Magazine* (J. Herbert Welch) tells us, for their "brisk brilliancy" and thoroughness. And when, nearly a year ago, the New York Legislature undertook an investigation of the gas companies in the metropolis, Mr. Hughes, then almost unknown to the general public, was chosen to ask questions, which he did with the same brilliancy and thoroughness. His success in eliciting information then led to his appointment in the life insurance inquisition later on, with results that all the world knows about.

It was Mark Twain, we believe, who began an autobiographical sketch by saying that he was born young. It would not quite do to say that of Charles E. Hughes. He seems to have been born rather old. At the age of eight one of his Christmas presents was a copy of the Bible printed in Greek, and he recalls with a laugh that he spent considerable time after breakfast poring over the book. When he was ten he was not only studying the classic languages but reading theology as well. When he graduated from the public school in New York city he was but thirteen years of age, but he had already been handling in his essays such subjects as "The Limitation of the Human Mind" and "The Evils of Light Literature." He insists now that these signs of precocity were not due to any priggishness, but to the fact that in his childhood he was too delicate to engage in rough romps with other children, and the scholarly tastes of his father, the Rev. Dr. D. C. Hughes—a well-known Baptist clergyman and author—gave direction to the boy's mind. In spite of these indications of premature age, Mr. Hughes is now, at the age of forty-three, a man with "a very spontaneous and rather boyish laugh" and so strong a sense of humor that "now and then he feels obliged to rein it in." And, moreover, he makes this unblushing confession to a New York *Herald* reporter:

THE HUGHES HOME
(West End Avenue.)

"We are all incorrigible hypocrites, especially are we hypocrites about the things we like to read, or that we think we like to read or ought to like to read. Now as a matter of fact, being only a mere man, I must confess to a number of literary weaknesses that are not at all orthodox. I must confess that I like a good blood-and-thunder, swash-buckling romance better than almost anything else you can give me printed in black and white. I don't care very much who wrote it, and I don't care very much whether it is written by a stylist or not, just as long as it has a rattling good story between its covers, and the hero and the heroine manage to keep each other in the prescribed state of suspense. And next to a good thriller of this sort I must say I lean pretty strong-

AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN

Mr Hughes at this age had delivered his essay on "The Limitation of Human Knowledge," in the public school and had entered Colgate University.

ly to the old fashioned detective story. There is nothing like a good detective story for a weary brain and a tired back, nothing like it in the world."

When young Charles, at the age of fourteen, entered Colgate University, he was slight, delicate, and short of stature. Two years later, at Brown University, he quickly acquired the reputation of being "a chap who managed to carry off the plums of scholarship without study," but that was because his previous hard work had placed him well ahead of his class. When he graduated he received one of the Carpenter prizes given to the two students who show the best all-round promise. At the age of nineteen he was devoting half his time to the teaching of Greek and mathematics in Delaware Academy, Delhi, N. Y., and the other half to the reading of law. A little later he attended Columbia Law School, where he was pronounced by Prof. George Chase to be one of the two ablest students the school had ever had up to that time. The other of the two was William M. Hornblower. In three years after graduating from the law school he became a junior partner in the firm of Chamberlain, Carter & Hornblower. At the age of twenty-seven he was arguing cases before the Court of Appeals. By the time he was thirty, his printed briefs filled up eight bound volumes in his law library. All this meant the hardest kind of work. Many a night he went to his office after dinner and did not leave his desk until after daylight the next day. The result was that at the age of twenty-nine he had to take a long "rest." The way he got it was by accepting a chair of law in Cornell University and staying there two years—two of the happiest years of his life. In the meantime he had already used the rising inflection to such purpose that it had elicited from the daughter of the head of the law firm, Miss Carter, the right kind of an answer, and the home life of the two, with their three children, at West End Avenue New York, is described as one of idyllic beauty. One of his children, Charles, is now old enough to accompany his father on his yearly trip into the Maine woods, one of the latter's favorite forms of recreation being the whipping of the trout streams and lakes of that region. For thirteen years he has

AT THE AGE OF TWENTY

Having graduated with high honors at the age of nineteen, from Brown University, young Hughes was now devoting half his time to the teaching of Greek and mathematics and half to the study of law

LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

"What we need is a revival of the sense of honor. We want to hear less of the man who began poor and amassed riches, and more about the man who lived unsullied, though he dies poor."

not missed his yearly tour to Switzerland, where he climbs mountains with the passionate delight of Dr. Parkhurst himself.

Here is a pen-picture of Mr. Hughes as he appears to a reporter who has watched him at the life insurance investigations:

"In appearance Mr. Hughes is not a robust man. He is about five feet ten inches in height, with a slight but well proportioned figure. His brown hair, which was once luxuriant, is becoming thin on top, and his forehead, which is high and rather narrow, indicates intellectuality in a high degree. His blue eyes are wide apart and deep set. He has a trick of allowing the lids to drop until they half cover the eyeball, which gives him an expression of anything but alertness. At the same time he devitalizes his features in the same manner adopted by a poker player who wishes to hide his emotions. His mouth is large and his lips are full and behind them are large, regular, white teeth, shaded by a heavy brown mustache and short, thick brown beard, in which a few gray hairs have begun to appear. The immobility of his countenance changes to an expression of animation the instant Mr. Hughes becomes interested in any subject. His eyes open wide, a keen light comes into them, and if the science of physiognomy tells anything Charles E. Hughes is a strong man, who has confidence in his own powers and possesses the ability to put them to use."

A lady reporter who interviewed Mr. Hughes at his home recently gives us an attractive sketch of the man's personality. He can, it seems, not only ask questions but answer them. One question about his views of George Bernard Shaw elicited a merry burst of laughter and the following response regarding not only Shaw but Ibsen, Hardy and James:

"We went to see one Shaw play, my wife and I. We went to see 'Candida,' and we sat through the most boresome performance either of us ever witnessed. My wife and I made up our minds, after we had sat through 'Candida,' that we never wanted to see another Shaw play, and that we never wanted to read any Shaw books, and we have not changed our minds since that episode. The Shaw cult is only temporary. As a matter of fact he is bound to die, and die mighty soon, though to say so is rash and stamps one irretrievably as a philistine.

"Married men and women discontented with themselves and disgusted with each other, of an intellectual temperament; young fellows who have gone the pace too fast and over-intellectualized young women who have specialized in the analysis of that which they in fact know nothing about in actual experience, all that small minority of the half-cultured among our theatregoing population who have a grudge against themselves and each other because they have not succeeded in getting out of love and marriage as much as they think they should have got—I suppose that these wrong-headed people do find some surcease from sorrow in watching Shaw hold up the mirror to themselves. But those people are the exception, notwithstanding all our problem novelists' evidence to the contrary. One would think to read that aggregation there in the corner"—he turned around in his chair and peered into the dimness of a corner of the library that had not yet been explored by the visitor's eye—"one would think to read what those men, and particularly those women, have to say about love and marriage and the relation of the sexes in general, that it was the most absorbing business of the world."

"And isn't it?" was asked.

"Not at all. Important it is, to be sure. And necessary business it undoubtedly is, but it does not occupy men's and women's minds in real life to anything like the extent it does in novels. There, for instance, on that top shelf are some of Mr. Thomas Hardy's books. Mr. Hardy is an admirable artist, but does he not present the tragedy of love in proportions entirely out of keeping with the perspective of his characters' lives as a whole? And right there, it seems to me, is where Charles Dickens' chief greatness lies. Dickens' people are never so thoroughly saturated with the essence of tragedy but they can switch off, at certain prescribed moments, to eat their dinner, to curl their hair, to listen to a good joke. Really life is not nearly so dismal as Ibsen tries to make it, nor is it nearly so complex as Henry James has almost persuaded us that it is.

"I read Ibsen occasionally, and with large grains of salt. He is a consummate artist. No lawyer could possibly fail to be fascinated with his superb method of presenting his evidence, so to speak. He unfolds his drama with mathematical precision, there are no wasted words; he makes one see things and see them quickly, and in a few minutes after the curtain goes up you are in possession of the heart secrets of every man and woman on the stage, you know all their past, all the deadly and guilty secrets with which their souls are burdened, and yet neither they nor Ibsen has told, nor even hinted at any of these things. There is something uncanny about Ibsen's power, and the trained judicial mind cannot help standing uncovered before it. And yet, after all, it is hardly worth while. Does Ibsen make men any happier or better for the reading of him?

"Henry James!" Mr. Hughes repeated the name with a chuckle. "Well, I must confess that I like to read Henry James. It's hard work, mighty hard work, but it's good fun, too. Just like chess, it keeps your mind active. One constantly marvels while reading him not so much that he is doing his particular literary trick well, but that he can do it at all. And yet, for myself, I always read with a lingering suspicion that Mr. James is having fun at my expense."

Mr. Hughes has liberal views about "the rights of woman." He likes the "new woman" better than he thinks he would have liked the "old woman," and he believes in higher education for woman, and in leaving her free and untrammeled to practise law, medicine or anything else she wishes to do to earn a living and make a career; but he is also glad to believe that very few women really wish to do any of these things.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A GREAT SCIENTIST

Alfred Russell Wallace, one of the greatest living biologists of the world, is very frank about his own defects and deficiencies. He lacks physical courage, for one thing. He is disinclined to much exertion, either mental or physical, for another thing. He has difficulty in finding the words he wants to use in verbal argument or conversation. He is shy, reticent, delicate, and lacking in self-confidence. All these things and a great many more he tells us very simply and very frankly in his autobiography, just published.* The secret of his success in life, achieved despite these and other defects, is, he thinks, his facility for correct reasoning. In reasoning upon the phenomena of nature he has felt able to hold his own with Lyell, Huxley, and Darwin, despite his inferiority to them in knowledge and in the powers of concentration. This power of correct reasoning and of drawing independent conclusions was, he thinks, somewhat marked even at the early age of five, when the shape of his head showed but a moderate development of the faculties of form and individuality, while locality, ideality, color, and comparison were decidedly stronger.

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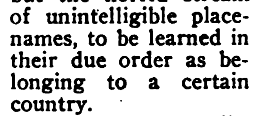
IN 1848

This was the year during which Alfred Russell Wallace sailed on the voyage to the Amazon from which results of such great importance to science were achieved.

Wallace's father seems, from his son's account, to have been a thriftless gentleman of the old school, improvidently married, and the educational advantages of the future scientist were relatively limited. He was flogged to some extent into a rudimentary knowledge of Latin, but he never could learn Greek and there was not even a pretense of instilling into him that which in this century would be recognized as true science in any shape or form. Wallace leaves us with rather painful impressions of his school experience:

"Next to Latin grammar the most painful subject I learned was geography, which ought to have been the most interesting. It consisted almost entirely in learning by heart the names of the chief towns, rivers, and mountains of the various countries from, I think, Pinnock's 'School Geography,' which gave the minimum of useful or interesting information. It was something like learning the multiplication table both in the painfulness of the process and the permanence of the results. The incessant grinding in both, week after week and year after year, resulted in my knowing both the product of any two numbers up to twelve, and the chief towns of any English county so thoroughly that the result was automatic, and the name of Staffordshire brought into my memory Stafford, Litchfield, Leek, as surely and rapidly as eight times seven brought fifty-six. The labor and mental effort to one who like myself had little verbal memory was very painful, and though the result has been a somewhat useful acquisition during life, I can not think but that the same amount of mental exertion wisely directed might have produced far greater and more generally useful results. When I had to learn the chief towns of the provinces of Poland, Russia, Asia Minor, and other parts of Western Asia, with their almost unpronounceable names, I dreaded the approaching hour, as I was sure to be kept in for inability to repeat them, and it was sometimes only by several repetitions that I could attain even an approximate knowledge of them. No interesting facts were ever given in connection with these names, no accounts of the country by travelers were ever read, no good maps ever given us, nothing but the horrid stream of unintelligible place-names, to be learned in their due order as belonging to a certain country.



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IN 1869

At this time Wallace was achieving new fame by his work in bionomics, or the relation of animal life to the world around it

"History was very little better, being largely a matter of learning by heart names and dates, and reading the very baldest account of the doings of kings and queens, of wars, rebellions and conquests. Whatever little knowledge of history I have ever acquired has been derived more from Shakespeare's plays and from good historical novels than from anything I learned at school."

Necessity drove Wallace into the profession of surveying, at which he did fairly well, but he disliked the devious business methods he found in vogue. He was then a well-grown youth, practically a young man, roving about England and Wales in the practice of his profession. He would have enjoyed the society of the people he met but for his excessive shyness. Then, too, his clothes, besides being

*MY LIFE. By Alfred Russell Wallace. In two volumes. Dodd, Mead & Company.

shabby, were rather too small for him—eloquent evidence of the poverty that pinched him all through life until a government pension late in his career removed all occasion for financial anxiety.

The event which formed a turning-point in the life of Wallace was the formation of an acquaintance through which he derived a taste for the wonders of insect life, opening up to him a new aspect of nature. That led him to a journey along the Amazon, which proved the foundation of his scientific career. In that career, as we have already seen, the chief factor of success was his quickness in detecting false reasoning, a faculty to which Huxley paid tribute. But the two qualities which determined the use to which he has put his powers of reasoning are those which are usually termed emotional or moral—namely, intense appreciation of the beauty, harmony and variety in nature and in all natural phenomena, and an equally strong passion for justice as between man and man. To this latter passion is to be attributed the fact that in addition to being one of the half-dozen most eminent scientists of Europe, he is to-day a Socialist, an anti-vaccinator, and, to a considerable degree, a philosophical anarchist. He is also a warm admirer of Byron, because, as he thinks, "Byron fought only for freedom and felt scorn and contempt for the majority of English landlords, who subordinated all ideas of justice or humanity to the keeping up of their rents."

Continuing his own portrait, Wallace tells us that he lacks an ear for music, though he is deeply affected by grand, pathetic, or religious music. He says further:

"Another and more serious defect is in verbal memory, which, combined with the inability to reproduce vocal sounds, has rendered the acquirement of all foreign languages very difficult and distasteful. This, with my very imperfect school training, added to my shyness and want of confidence, must have caused me to appear a very dull, ignorant, and uneducated person to numbers of chance acquaintances. This deficiency has also put me at a great disadvantage as a public speaker. I can rarely find the right word or expression to enforce or illustrate my argument, and constantly feel the same difficulty in private conversation. In writing it is not so injurious, for when I have time for deliberate thought I can generally express myself with tolerable clearness and accuracy. I think, too, that the absence of the flow of words which so many writers possess has caused me to avoid that extreme diffuseness and verbosity which is so great a fault in many scientific and philosophical works.

"Another important defect is in the power of rapidly seeing analogies or hidden resemblances and incongruities, a deficiency which, in combination with that of language, has produced the total absence of wit or humor, paradox or brilliancy, in my writings, although no one can enjoy and admire these qualities more than I do. The rhythm and pathos, as well as the inimitable puns of Hood, were the delight of my youth, as are the more recondite and fantastic humour of Mark Twain and Lewis Carroll in my old age. The faculty which gives to its possessor wit or humour is also essential to the high mathematician, who is almost always witty or poetical as well; and I was therefore debarred from any hope of success in this direction; while my very limited power of drawing or perception of the intricacies of form were equally antagonistic to much progress as an artist or a geometrician.

"Other deficiencies of great influence in my life have been my want of assertiveness and of physical courage, which, combined with delicacy of the nervous system and of bodily constitution, and a general disinclination to much exertion, physical or mental, have caused that shyness, reticence, and love of solitude which, though often misunderstood and leading to unpleasant results, have, perhaps, on the whole, been beneficial to me. They have helped to give me those long periods, both at home and abroad, when, alone and surrounded only by wild nature and uncultured man, I could ponder at leisure on the various matters that interested me."

Wallace is one of the three great English scientists—Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir William Crookes being the other two—to whom spiritualists point as giving scientific indorsement to the claims made regarding the reality of psychic or spiritistic phenomena. In his autobiography, Dr. Wallace devotes considerable space to his experiences with "ghosts." He was one of the scientists who attended that series of séances presided over by Miss Kate Cook, sister of a medium through whom Sir William Crookes obtained such striking results.

More interesting, however, than Miss Cook's séances were those with Mr. Haxby, a young man employed in the post-office and pronounced by Dr. Wallace a remarkable medium for materializations:

"He was a small man, and sat in a small drawing room on the first floor, separated by curtains from a larger one, where the visitors sat in a subdued light. After a few minutes, from between the curtains would come a tall and stately East Indian figure in white robes, a rich waist band, sandals, and large turban, snowy white, and disposed with perfect elegance. Sometimes this figure would walk round the room, outside the circle, would lift up a large and very heavy musical box, which he would wind up and swing round his head with one hand. He would often come to each of us in succession, bow, and allow us to feel his hands and examine his robes. We asked him to stand against the door post and marked his height, and on one occasion Mr.

Hensleigh Wedgwood brought with him a shoemaker's measuring rule, and at our request Abdullah, as he gave his name, took off his sandals, placed his foot on a chair and allowed it to be accurately measured with the sliding rule. After the séance, Mr. Haxby removed his boot and had his foot measured by the same rule, when that of the figure was found to be one full inch and a quarter the longer, while in height it was about half a foot taller. A minute or two after Abdullah had retired into the small room, Haxby was found in a trance in his chair, while no trace of the white-robed stranger was to be seen. The door and window of the back room were securely fastened and often secured with gummed paper, which was found intact."

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Alfred R. Wallace

On another occasion Dr. Wallace was present in a private house when a very similar figure appeared with a medium known as Eglinton before a large party of spiritualists and inquirers:

"In this case the conditions were even more stringent and the result absolutely conclusive. A corner of the room had a curtain hung across it, enclosing a space just large enough to hold a chair for the medium. I and others examined this corner and found the walls solid and the carpet nailed down. The medium on arrival came at once into the room, and after a short period of introductions seated himself in the corner. There was a lighted gas-chandelier in the room, which was turned down so as just to permit us to see each other. The figure, beautifully robed, passed round the room, allowed himself to be touched, his robes, hands and feet examined closely by all present —I think sixteen or eighteen persons. Every one was delighted, but to make the séance a test one, several of the medium's friends begged him to allow himself to be searched so that the result might be published. After some difficulty he was persuaded, and four persons were appointed to make the examination. Immediately two of these led him into a bedroom, while I and a friend who had come with me closely examined the chair, floor, and walls, and were able to declare that nothing so large as a glove had been left. We then joined the other two in the bedroom, and as Eglinton took off his clothes each article was passed through our hands, down to underclothing and socks, so that we could positively declare that not a single article besides his own clothes was found upon him."

Yet one more case of what he calls "materialization" is given by Dr. Wallace. It was even more remarkable in some respects than those already recorded. It seems that a Mr. Monk, a clergyman of some evangelical denomination, was a remarkable medium, and in order to be able to examine the phenomena carefully and to preserve the medium from the injury often caused by repeated miscellaneous séances, four gentlemen secured his exclusive services for a year. In view of his eminence as a biologist and on account of the weight his evidence would carry with a skeptical public, Dr. Wallace was invited to attend a séance and note the phenomena. He tells us this of what he saw:

"It was a bright summer afternoon, and everything happened in the full light of day. After a

little conversation, Monk, who was dressed in the usual clerical black, appeared to go into a trance; then stood up a few feet in front of us, and after a little while pointed to his side, saying, 'Look.' We saw there a faint white patch on his coat on the left side. This grew brighter, then seemed to flicker, and extended both upwards and downwards, till very gradually it formed a cloudy pillar extending from his shoulder to his feet and close to his body. Then he shifted himself a little sideways, the cloudy figure standing still, but appearing joined to him by a cloudy band at the height at which it had first begun to form. Then, after a few minutes more, Monk again said 'Look,' and passed his hand through the connecting band, severing it. He and the figure then moved away from each other till they were about five or six feet apart. The figure had now assumed the appearance of a thickly draped female form, with arms and hands just visible. Monk looked towards it and again said to us 'Look,' and then clapped his hands. On which the figure put out her hands, clapped them as he had done, and we all distinctly heard her clap following his, but fainter. The figure then moved slowly back to him, grew fainter and shorter, and was apparently absorbed into his body as it had grown out of it."

Such a narration as this, Dr. Wallace admits, must seem to those who know nothing of the phenomena that gradually led up to it mere midsummer madness. "But to those who have for years obtained positive knowledge of a great variety of facts equally strange, this is only the culminating point of a long series of phenomena, all antecedently incredible to the people who talk so confidently of the laws of nature."

"THE MOST POPULAR MAN IN IRELAND"

When a city like Dublin suspends business and 50,000 of its inhabitants, headed by their Lord Mayor, march in procession to accompany a man to his train—a man who holds no public position and is not a politician—it is time we knew something about the man and what he is doing. The man in this case was Dr. Douglas Hyde, president of the Gaelic League. When he went to the train in Dublin with nearly all Dublin for an escort it was the beginning of his recent journey to America. We have in times past seen many Irish agitators coming to America with words of eloquent vituperation on their lips and passionate hatred in their hearts, to raise funds for revolutionary purposes. This man, Douglas Hyde, has had a different purpose and has manifested a different spirit. He has come, indeed, to tell of another Irish revolution, but this time it is an intellectual rather than a political revolution. In his own words, "this revolution aims at the intellectual independence of Ireland. In the last few years it has accomplished a victory beyond our utmost dreams. Slowly, but surely, we are reaching our goal. Ireland no longer imitates England. We have become a self-reliant nation. In a short time we will have our own books, our own songs, our own music, our own drama, our own everything." That sounds as if the "revolution" were limited to matters literary and artistic. But it is not. In consequence of the work of the Gaelic League to recreate "an Ireland that shall be Irish all out," the output of the Irish mills is said to have nearly doubled in the last three years. Why and how appears from the following incident narrated in the New York *Freeman's Journal* of an Irish-American recently visiting in Dublin:

"A warm patriot and an enthusiastic Gaelic League man, he took care to be Irish-made in clothes. His exterior was O. K., but in a Dublin club room he offered a friend a cigar and then a match. The friend scorned the light.

"That's an English match and not for me," he said, and he used one of his own of Irish make.

"That match," he said, pointing to the burned wood, "was made here. The man who makes them had a little place in an alley, but since the Gaelic League awakened the nation his place has grown until he now employs 800 people and makes the finest matches in the world."

A literary movement that can double a country's manufacturing output in three years is something even the most incorrigible materialist may take an interest in without apologizing to himself.

Twelve years ago this "Gaelic movement" or "Irish movement" began, and Dr. Hyde has been its foremost apostle. He was then thirty-three years of age, having been born in North Connacht, the son of a Protestant clergyman. He had had a brilliant career in Trinity College, winning half a dozen gold medals and various degrees, and had settled down to the study of the Gaelic language and literature. He became an enthusiast. "Up to the seventeenth century," he says, "the Gaelic language

was as cultivated as any in the world. It is capable of revival and fitted for all purposes." He published selections of Gaelic folk-tales and poetry, wrote original poetry in the same language and composed Irish dramas. His Irish compatriots are enthusiastic in praise of his literary work in these lines, Mr. W. B. Yeats speaking of it as "the coming of a new power into literature," and expressing the belief that if Dr. Hyde would write more and engage less arduously in the work of propaganda "he might become to modern Irish what Mistral was to modern Provençal." His *magnum opus,* however, is his "Literary History of Ireland," a volume of 650 pages, by which he is best known to America. But he was not satisfied with historical and creative work. He began the work of propaganda and organization to save his dear Gaelic language from becoming or remaining one of the dead languages. Even as a lad in North Connacht he had been drawn to the firesides of the Irish peasantry, listening to their folk-tales, and earning the nickname of an Kreeveen Eeven (an Craoibhin Aoibhinn—the delightful little branch), which he afterward adopted as a literary pen-name. When, twelve years ago, he started his work of propaganda he again went among the people, played cards, smoked by the turf-fires, talked Gaelic and appealed to the O's and Macs in a way that rekindled their patriotic fervor as nothing in two hundred years had been able to rekindle it. He traveled from village to village, winning allies everywhere. What he said to them may be inferred from what he said to the world in general in one of his books. Speaking of the scholars in the so-called "national schools" of Ireland, he said (in 1899):

"They never sing an Irish song or repeat an Irish poem—the schoolmaster does not; they forget all about their own country that their parents told them—the schoolmaster is not allowed to teach Irish history; they translate their names into English—probably the schoolmaster has done the same; and what is the use of having an Irish name now that they are not allowed to speak Irish? Worst of all they are becoming ashamed of the patron saints of their own people, the names even of Patrick and Brigit. This is the direct result of the system pursued by the National Board, which refuses to teach the children anything about Patrick and Brigit, but which is never tired of putting second-hand English models before them. Archbishop Whately, that able and unconventional Englishman, who had so much to do with molding the system, despite his undoubted sense of humor, saw nothing humorous in making the children (in the 'Irish National' schools) learn to repeat such verses as:

"'I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me in these Christian days
A happy English child.'"

Now Gaelic is taught in the schools of Ireland wherever school managers, parents and children are unanimous in desiring it, and it is claimed that 800,000 persons "are speaking the Gaelic language exclusively or in part." Special schools have been established for teaching it, and "Irish classes have been formed in nearly every town and parish throughout the country." This era, Mr. Yeats says, will be known in Ireland as the era of Douglas Hyde. Another writer, in an anonymous pamphlet distributed in connection with Dr. Hyde's trip to this country, says:

"He has literally thrilled the country. His movement has become more than a mere language movement. He aims at a rebirth of the imaginative and æsthetic life of Ireland, the moulding anew of Irish national ideals, and the stamping out of the cheap vulgar books and vulgarer songs that were coming to Ireland from England. There is a new intellectual life in Ireland and the fame of Douglas Hyde's great work has gone abroad and has attracted the attention of scholars and has stirred the hearts of Irishmen in many distant lands. His devotion to his ideals has been an inspiring spectacle in an age that seems to worship only money and material success."

One of the comments elicited by his recent lecturing tour in the United States is the following from a rather pro-English journal, the New York *Times*. It says editorially:

"In Ireland it is not a question of using a language for purposes of separation, but putting a stop to the disappearance of a language for the good of education. Irish can never oust English, nor is there any sane Irishman who would wish it. But the knowledge of Irish as a second tongue helps education and encourages that local patriotism the absence of which has done so much to deliver Ireland over to the encroachments of the British on her freedom, her industries, her commerce, and her self-respect. Even to-day Ireland suffers from the effects of religious quarrels, in so far, at least, as to offer examples of discrimination against Catholics. A shifting of the ground from the wretched religious differences to a field on which Protestant and Catholic can meet without bitterness, brought together by the bond of admiration for an ancient literature and a tongue that still produces works of high literary merit, is a godsend for which every one should be thankful. To Dr. Douglas Hyde, more than to any other living Irishman, congratulations are due for his efforts to provide a cause which may unite Irishmen of every rank and every denomination."

THE RIGHT HONORABLE JOHN BURNS

When, a few days ago, John Burns, clad in his dark-blue reefer serge suit, a black derby hat, his hands ungloved, stood before King Edward VII in Buckingham Palace to be sworn in as member of the new British Cabinet, the event, according to one British paper, marked a "revolution in British politics." It was, to quote another British paper, "the most remarkable testimony to the growth of the definite labor power in politics that has ever yet occurred in Great Britain." When Burns kissed the royal hand the King told him very cordially that he hoped his objection to wearing court costume would not prevent his attending court entertainments. That evening the new Prime Minister gave a dinner, and Burns, who never possessed, and never expects to possess, a dress suit, sat down to the table in the same serge reefer suit, and probably rode to the building on his bicycle. Here is the way *The Labour Leader,* a London Socialist paper, comments on the occasion:

"John Burns, the 'man of the red flag,' the 'working engineer,' is now the Right Honourable John Burns, P.C., M.P., President of the Local Government Board. He has a salary of £2,000 a year, and after five years' service is entitled to an old age pension of £1,200 a year. That should almost take honest John's breath away. 'Our own Jack Burns,' as he was enthusiastically called in the old Trafalgar Square days, when he led the ragged and hungry unemployed to and fro, will now be the constant associate of rich and titled people, dining at tables which would have made his heart quake twenty years ago."

John Burns is but forty-seven years of age, and a man of astonishing physical strength; but his hair is white and has been ever since the famous dock strike, the leadership of which made him known all over the world. He was born within a stone's throw of the district (Battersea) he represents in Parliament. His father had been a Scotch agricultural laborer with a turn for machinery, who removed to London and finally secured a position in a machine shop. Young John's schooling ceased when he was ten, when he secured employment in a candle factory, rising at the age of eleven to the post of rivet boy in an engine house. Then he was apprenticed to a mechanical engineer, for whom he worked until he was twenty-one. There is a kind of ponderosity in the account of him provided in *Men and Women of the Time,* indicating that he was a type never before handled in the pages of that select British publication:

"Throughout his earlier years he had read omnivorously, and imbibed Socialistic theories from a fellow-workman, a Frenchman, who had fled from Paris after the Commune. On coming of age he worked for a year as foreman engineer on the Niger, and on his return from West Africa spent his savings in a six months' tour of Europe. As a boy he had got into trouble with his employers for delivering an open-air address, but he did not come into public notice as a speaker until at an Industrial Remuneration Conference in London he delivered certain speeches on Socialism which attracted attention. Since that time he has constantly addressed workman audiences. Becoming prominent in his own union—the Amalgamated Engineers—he stood as a Socialist candidate for the western division of Nottingham at the General Election of 1885, but obtained only 598 votes. In 1886 he took a leading part in the unemployed agitation, and was one of the heads of the crowd which broke from its leaders and caused a riot in the West End on Feb. 8, 1887. Subsequently he contested the right of public meeting in Trafalgar Square, and underwent a short term of imprisonment (six weeks) for resisting the police. . . .

"He adressed dockers' meetings in the East End every day for weeks, walking from Battersea every morning and returning on foot at night. His main contention was that the docker deserved six-pence (a 'tanner') more a day than he had hitherto been paid, but he was also indefatigable as an organiser and strike manager. When the dock laborers finally won a great victory in their long struggle for higher wages Burns's reputation as the first of labor organisers was made. He was regarded as an authority on labor."

Everything interests him in the outer show of our existence, says the London *Speaker*—soldiers, books, pictures, fine buildings, the drama, travel, the problems of practical science and workmanship. He has never broken a resolution formed in early life not to smoke and never to imbibe an intoxicant. As an orator he is deemed singularly florid for so direct, and in a sense so rude, a type. He runs to metaphors, vivid denunciations of existing institutions and rare expletives. But he does not swear on the platform as some English labor leaders do. In diet he is highly abstemious. Plain roast beef and potatoes make up his dinner. If he adds a dessert, it is seldom anything but fruit. He is said to have tried vegetarianism and to have pronounced it a failure in his own case. He is Scotch from birth, breeding, temperament.

"What would you do with me if you had me in your power?" Cecil Rhodes once asked

him. Burns's reply was, "Put you with your back against a wall and fill you full of lead." His opposition to Great Britain's part in the Boer War was intense, and intensely was it resented. Writing in the Boston *Transcript*, Kellogg Durland says:

"When a mob of ten thousand men and women visited his home on Lavender Hill, and stoned his door and broke his windows because of his opposition to the Boer War, he held his own for days, armed only with a cricket bat. And he had the satisfaction some weeks later of seeing those same constituents of his turn from their angry mood to unstinted loyalty to him, and as if to compensate for the insults heaped upon him when anger swayed them, Burns, their leader, was carried in triumph on the shoulders of the crowd through the streets of London, amid scenes of unparalleled enthusiasm. The life of John Burns has been full of incidents like this. The roar of the mob has never swayed him one inch and never will. Burns sees clearly, thinks strongly and directly and he has never learned how to hedge."

In the lobby of the House of Commons one night, on the eve of an important vote in which Burns was deeply interested, he said: "Remember this, Durland. Remember Socrates and the hemlock, Bruno and Savonarola at the stake; that was success. Christ, crucified—that was triumph. And unless you are prepared to follow them, keep out of public life."

A few weeks ago Durland found Burns "prowling about the East Side of New York." Durland saluted him in surprise, and was told that he had been for eight weeks traveling incognito in America without having been recognized by a soul. He was investigating labor conditions, and he did not want public recognition. When asked where he had been and what he had seen, he said: "I traveled sixteen hundred miles out of my way to meet again the only saint America has produced — Jane Addams." But Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, was not all he had seen even in Chicago. He is deeply interested in the principle of municipal ownership and Chicago's attempts to apply the principle on a larger scale was one object of his investigations here. When Durland began to speak to him about East Side tenements in New York Burns said:

"Why, I have even been into your tenements here. I march upstairs, and when a good woman opens the door to find out who the prowler may be, I politely take off my hat and I say, 'Madam, do you live here?' And while she is making some answer I step into her little home, and before you can say Jack Robinson I have engaged her in pleasant conversation."

That is the way in which this present member of the British Cabinet spent most of his time here. He is going to write a book about his trip, and his conclusions about us are foreshadowed in his conversation with Mr. Durland:

ONCE "THE MAN OF THE RED FLAG"—NOW A BRITISH CABINET OFFICIAL

"Remember Socrates and the hemlock, Bruno and Savanarola at the stake; that was success. Christ, crucified—that was triumph. Unless you are prepared to follow them, keep out of public life."

"One thing Mr. Burns deplores—the lack of decision on the part of the young men in this country toward any of the important issues of the day. It is rare to find a young man who has really made up his mind on which side of the fence he is. The people who should be bearing the heat and burden of the day are inclined to shirk the responsibilities of public office and to stand apart as mere observers, or to follow another alternative, which is yet more deplorable—to give themselves so absolutely to mere money-making that all of their civic responsibilities are crowded from their thoughts and their days are so full with the routine of business or pleasure that there is no time left for the civic duties.

"Three years ago, when I talked with Mr. Burns in London, he was far less hopeful and optimistic of America than he is today. It is a matter, therefore, of some significance that after his brief yet intense sojourn among us, he has received impressions which have so largely tended to make rosy his view of us and our life. For the attitude which he now holds toward America is one of distinct optimism."

Recent Poetry

The sensation of the day in poetical circles continues to be the revelation concerning the identity of "Fiona Macleod," mentioned in our columns last month. There are some who refuse to accept the revelation as trustworthy, insisting that no man could have written the poems that have been published under the pen-name of Fiona Macleod, and that William Sharp never displayed the talents requisite for such a high order of work. This, obviously, is a begging of the question. Up to the present no facts have come to light to throw discredit on the circumstantial statement made by Mr. Sharp's widow. His literary skill, not only in criticism and in essay, but in poetry as well, has been known and conceded for years, some of the verses under his own name having marked lyrical quality, though not ranking as high as the best of that printed under the *nom de plume*. If "Fiona Macleod" did not die a few weeks ago when William Sharp died, it should be a very simple thing for her to prove the falsity of the statement made by Mrs. Sharp. All "she" has to do is to keep on writing poetry. One poem with "her" name affixed has appeared in the London *Academy* since Mr. Sharp's death, but of course a number of posthumous poems are to be expected. It is as follows:

TIME

By Fiona Macleod

I saw a happy spirit
  That wandered among flowers:
Her crown was a rainbow,
  Her gown was wove of hours.

She turned with sudden laughter,
  I was, but am not now!
And as I followed after
  Time smote me on the brow.

Probably "Fiona Macleod" never wrote anything more striking, certainly nothing more striking viewed as the product of a man's mind, than the following:

THE PRAYER OF WOMEN

By Fiona Macleod

O spirit that broods upon the hills
And moves upon the face of the deep,
And is heard in the wind,
Save us from the desire of men's eyes,
And the cruel lust of them.
Save us from the springing of the cruel seed
In that narrow house which is as the grave
For darkness and loneliness . . .
That women carry with them with shame, and weariness, and long pain,
Only for the laughter of man's heart,
And for the joy that triumphs therein,
And the sport that is in his heart,
Wherewith he mocketh us,
Wherewith he playeth with us,
Wherewith he trampleth upon us . . .
Us, who conceive and bear him;
Us, who bring him forth;
Who feed him in the womb, and at the breast, and at the knee:
Whom he calleth mother and wife,
And mother again of his children and his children's children.
Ah, hour of the hours,
When he looks at our hair and sees it is grey;
And at our eyes and sees they are dim;
And at our lips straightened out with long pain;
And at our breasts, fallen and seared as a barren hill;
And at our hands, worn with toil!
Ah, hour of the hours,
When, seeing, he seeth all the bitter ruin and wreck of us—
All save the violated womb that curses him—
All save the heart that forbeareth . . . for pity—
All save the living brain that condemneth him—

All save the spirit that shall not mate with him—
All save the soul he shall never see
Till he be one with it, and equal;
He who hath the bridle, but guideth not;
He who hath the whip, yet is driven;
He who as a shepherd calleth upon us,
But is himself a lost sheep, crying among the hills!
O Spirit, and the Nine Angels who watch us,
And Thou, white Christ, and Mary Mother of Sorrow,
Heal us of the wrong of man:
We whose breasts are weary of milk,
Cry, cry to Thee, O Compassionate!

John Vance Cheney, who has long been one of the more frequent contributors to our periodicals and who won a prize contributed a few years ago by Collis P. Huntington for the best answer, in verse, to Edwin Markham's "The Man With the Hoe," has collected his poems and published them in a volume (Houghton, Mifflin & Company) bearing the simple title "Poems." Nothing more noteworthy has been done by him, perhaps, than that fatalistic reply to Markham, the philosophy of which is that the peasant toiler is fulfilling his destiny; let him alone:

Need was, need is, and need will ever be
For him and such as he.

Cast for the gap, with gnarled arm and limb
The Mother moulded him.

The poem is rather too well known to be quoted here at full length. Instead, we reprint several other of his poems, not more noteworthy but more representative of the general character of Mr. Cheney's muse, which treats of external Nature for the most part and possesses an optimistic philosophy that may be roughly defined as natural religion. Here is the initial poem of the volume:

MY FAITH

By John Vance Cheney

I trust in what the love-mad mavis sings,
In what the whiteweed says whereso it blows,
And the red sorrel and the redder rose;
I trust the power that puts the bee on wings,
And in the socket sets the rock, and rings
The hill with mist, and gilds the brook, and sows
The dusk; is on the wind which comes and goes,
The voice in thunders and leaf-murmurings;
I trust the might that makes the lichen strong,
That leads the rabbit from her burrow forth,
That in the shadow hides, in sunlight shines;
I trust what gives the one lone cricket song,
What points the clamorous wild-goose harrow north,
And sifts the white calm on the winter pines.

The poem below is in a contrasting vein, and in it the poet's "trust in the power that puts the bee on wings," etc., is not so evident:

THE DRAWING OF THE LOT

By John Vance Cheney

One comes with kind, capacious hold,
But through his fingers slips the gold;
He with the talons, his the hands
That rake up riches as the sands.

One fats as does the ox unbroke:
Never on his red neck the yoke.
The pale, stooped thing, with heart and brain,
On him the weight of toil and pain.

One longs,—she with the full warm breast,
But no babe's head does on it rest;
On some starved slant a fool thought fair
Love's boon is thrust, and suckled there.

Several of our older poets have been heard from during the last few weeks, though not in a way to add anything to their laurels. We fin dthis in *The Pall Mall Magazine:*

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT

By Austin Dobson

Yet once again in wintry ways
The gray world rolls its tale of days;
And though its breast be chill and frore,
Still holds the songs of Spring in store,
The Autumn rains, the Summer blaze.

Season to season, phase to phase
Succeed, and pass: what seems a maze
Is but Life's ordered course run o'er
Yet once again.

So, through this drear December haze,
We, fearless, turn our forward gaze,
As those who know, from days before,
What has been once will be once more,—
Good Hap or ill, and Blame, and Praise,
Yet once again!

The little poem below has made some newspaper talk because of the journal (*Town Topics*) in which it was published, the editor of which has secured considerable undesirable notoriety for his connection with the "Fads and Fancies" project. Mr. Aldrich has explained that the poem was written forty years ago and was placed with *Town Topics* by a friend in whose possession it happened to come:

A BALLADE

A.D. 1400

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich

Is it a mermaiden
From caverns in the deep?
Or is't some tawny forest-girl
That will not let me sleep?

O, if it is a mermaid,
Go, get thee to the sea!
An' if 'tis some wild woodland-girl,
No Dryad captures me!

But if 'tis Grace of Devon
That haunts me night an' day,
Why,—then,—come here, thou pale sweet Ghost,
An' thou shalt have thy way!

The insurance investigation has evidently inspired the following, which was first published in *The Evening Post* (New York):

THE WHISPERERS

NEW YORK—1905

By Richard Watson Gilder

In the House of State at Albany—in shadowy corridors and corners—the whisperers whispered together.

In sumptuous palaces in the big city men talked intently, with mouth to ear.

Year in and year out they whispered. and talked, and no one heard save those who listened close.

Now in the Hall of the City the whisperers again are whispering, the talkers are talking.

They who once conversed so quietly, secretly, with shrugs and winks and finger laid beside nose —what has happened to their throats?

For speak they never so low, their voices are as the voices of trumpets; whisper they never so close, their words are like alarm bells rung in the night.

Every whisper is a shout, and the noise of their speech goes forth like thunders.
They cry as from the housetops—their voices resound up and down the streets; they echo from city to city and from village to village.
Over prairies and mountains and across the salt sea their whispers go hissing and shouting.
They say the thing they would not say, and quickly the shameful thing clamors back and forth over the round world;
And when they would fain cease their saying, they may not, for a clear-voiced questioner is as the finger of fate and the crack of doom.
What they would hide they reveal, what they would cover they make plain;
What they feared to speak aloud to one another, unwillingly they publish to all mankind;
And the people listen with bowed heads, wondering and in grief;
And wise men, and they who love their country, turn pale and ask: "What new shame will come upon us?"
And again they ask, "Are these they in whose keep are the substance and hope of the widow and the fatherless?"
And the poor man, plodding home with his scant earnings from his hard week's work, hears the voices, with bitterness in his soul.
And thieves, lurking in dark places and furtively seizing that which is not their own; and the petty and cowardly briber, and he who is bribed, nudge one another;
And the anarch and the thrower of bombs clap hands together, and cry out: "Behold these our allies!"

The life and character of Josephine Shaw Lowell were the subject of a sketch in another department of this magazine last month. Several poetical tributes have since appeared, one of which we give below:

A CITY'S SAINT

JOSEPHINE SHAW LOWELL

BY JOSEPH DANA MILLER

"A woman lived and now a woman dies;"
If that were all, this line were much too long;
But with her went from out our social skies
A light, and voice like a remembered song.

Some saints have lived who on the ensanguined field
Walked with the balm of healing in their hands;
And not until the eye of God is sealed
Fadeth the glory where some woman stands,

Shedding strange radiance from her tender eyes;
Now in the town, and now in court or camp—
Some woman with her deed of sacrifice,
Lighting the world like an eternal lamp.

And she to whom War's tragedy of pain
Had brought its tears—whose husband, brother, friend
Passed in the cannonading to the slain—
Walked with her lonely sorrow to the end.

But in that sorrow's self-forgetfulness
She wrought whose splendid task is done too soon;
Because she lived, the evil days are less
Bridging these civic nights to highest noon.

And mid the populous town, its walls that rise,
Its massive structures wrought of myriad hands,
This story of a woman's sacrifice
Shines like a beacon where the city stands.

This shall outlive its mortar and its stone,
This shall be told where cities rise and fall;
A woman working in its ways alone
With loving hands built bastions round its wall.

Mr. Alexander Jessup, a critic, a compiler, and a poet, calls attention in the New York *Times* to the lyrical work of Robert Clarkson Tongue, an Episcopal clergyman in Connecticut, who died in 1904, and whose poetry has just been published by his widow in a memorial volume. Mr. Jessup quotes and rightly praises this:

THE SILENT POET

BY ROBERT CLARKSON TONGUE

Do you think there are none but you, O poet, friend of my heart,
Who look through the veil and the bar deep into the soul of things;
Do you think that to you alone, who live for the subtle art
Of molding beauty to words, the soul of the beautiful sings?

And the sky-glow and the stars, and the glory of sea and earth—
Are they meant for Him alone who can utter them back again?
And is there no message sent to the one of a common birth
Who inarticulate utters his cry of rapture or pain?

Never a song have I wrought, yet I share in the mystery
Of night, and the natal joy of life when the night is past.
Never a song have I wrought, yet I am akin to the sea,
And I hear the voices calling ever out of the vast.

And the burden of all your songs is only an echo, blent
Of things that I loved before, and of measures I sometimes heard,
And held, unknown to myself, in the depth of my being pent,
Till a mightier one than I had quickened them at a word.

And the passion that fell to earth and beat like a wounded bird,
And the fledgling song of a soul that never was plumed to flight,

Utter themselves in you, when the voice of your soul is heard,
And winged by your master-song, ascend to the sun-crowned height.

Here is a graceful little love-poem (in *The Metropolitan*) from an always graceful bard:

A LOVER

By Clinton Scollard

First her eyes!—I can't express
All the wonder of her eyes;
Truth and trust and tenderness
Dwell there ever, vernal-wise.

Next her smile!—I cannot tell
All the marvel of her smile;
'Tis a golden miracle
To enrapture and beguile.

Then her voice!—I cannot say
What most charms me in her voice;
Melody to trance the day,
Notes to bid the night rejoice.

Last her heart!—and when I think
That it quickens but for me,
I am mute upon the brink
Of amaze—and ecstasy.

A little volume, entitled "Songs of the Desert," comes to us from "The Lloyd Group of Authors and Publishers," Westfield, New Jersey. It is a product of Arizona, and though the author, J. William Lloyd, has not exactly "arrived" as yet, he has feet on the rungs of the ladder, as the following will show:

MY ARIZONA BEDROOM

By J. William Lloyd

O my Arizona bedroom
Is beneath the Milky Way
And the moon is in its ceiling,
And the star that tells of day,
And the mountains lift the corners,
And the desert lays the floor,
Of my Arizona bedroom,
Which is large as all outdoor.

O my Arizona bedroom
Is ventilated right,
Every wind that's under heaven
Comes to me with blithe good-night,
Comes to me with touch of blessing
And of ozone one drink more,
In my Arizona bedroom,
Which is large as all outdoor.

O my Arizona bedroom
Has the lightning on its wall,
And the thunders rap the panels
And their heavy voices call;
And the night birds wing above me
And the owl hoots galore
Through my Arizona bedroom,
Which is large as all outdoor.

O my Arizona bedstead,
It sometimes seems to me,
Is afloat in middle heaven
With each star an argosy:
And the tide that turns at midnight
Drifts us down to morning's shore,
Floats us, stars and bed and bedstead,
On the ocean of outdoor.

O my Arizona bedroom
Is beneath the splendid stars,
And the clouds roll up the curtains
And the windows have no bars,
And I see my God in heaven
As the ancients did of yore,
In my Arizona bedroom
Which is large as all outdoor.

Here is a newspaper poem, with a ring of sincerity in it and timeliness that make it impressive. It was sent to the New York *Times* and published by it in an editorial column with respectful comment:

THE CHOSEN PEOPLE

By M. W. P.

Thy chosen people, Lord! Ay, and for what?
Chosen to bear the world's contempt and scorn;
Chosen to cringe and fawn, contrive and plot,
Only to win the right to live, being born;
Chosen to bow the neck and bend the knee,
To hold the tongue when other tongues revile,
To bear the burdens, bond-slaves e'en when free;
Give cheerfully, be spit upon and smile;
Chosen for death, for torture and the screws,
While the slow centuries move, they say, toward light!
Lord, from the horrors of this endless night
Let us go free!—another people choose!

We find ourselves printing something of Theodosia Garrison's in this department nearly every month. But she is to blame for that, not we! The following is from *Scribner's*:

BALLAD OF EVE'S RETURN

By Theodosia Garrison

'Twas Eve came back to Paradise
And paused without the gate;
The angels with the flaming swords
Stood each beside the grate—
And clean-white was one sword like love,
And one was red like hate.

The chaste hosts leaned from heaven to see
The woman of first sin;
Above her head the burning blades
Crossed, menacing and thin,
And lo! a great voice spake through space,
"My people, let her in!"

Down dropped the swords on either side,
The thrice-barred gate swung free;
Blossomed and bright and beckoning
Stirred sun-filled flower and tree,
But Eve stood still without the gate
Nor wistfully spake she:

"Afar my strong man breaks the soil,
  And as he toils he sings
That I may know that still his love
  Grows with earth's growing things.
An I came in, who else might lean
  To greet his home-comings?

"And what to me were Paradise
  And languid days of ease,
Seeing the peace that springs from toil
  Is lovelier than these,
What time at evenfall we two
  Rest 'neath our new-grown trees?

"And what to me were Paradise,
  Since I have known the best—
My true mate's eyes within my eyes,
  The man-child at my breast,
Their exquisite, dear need of me
  That makes me wholly blest?"

The thrice-barred gate swung free and wide
  To show the sun-filled way;
The blossomed heights of Paradise
  Lured her as live things may.
'Twas Eve who stood without the gate
  And laughed and turned away.

Aghast, amazed, the hosts of Heaven
  Broke forth in wildered cries,
"Where, then, is that her punishment
  Thou didst devise, Most Wise,
What time Thy vengeance drove her forth
  Outcast from Paradise?"

Beneath the answering voice they bent
  As wind-swayed forests move.
"My people, of this woman's word
  Take ye the truth thereof;
Learn ye thus late her punishment
  Came not of hate, but love!

"Wiser than ye is she who guessed
  My meaning overlong;
Love cast her forth from Paradise—
  Now when hath love wrought wrong?"

* * * * * * *

And suddenly the courts of Heaven
  Thrilled with adoring song.

Here is a poem with music and good Irish cheer in it. It is taken from *McClure's:*

THE OULD TUNES

By Moira O'Neill

A boy we had belongin' us, an' och, but he was gay,
An' we'd sooner hear him singin' than we'd hear the birds in May;
For a bullfinch was a fool to him, an' all ye had to do,
Only name the song ye wanted an' he'd sing it for ye through
  Wid his "*Up* now there!" an' his "Look about an' thry for it,"
  Faith, he had the quarest songs of any ye could find—
  "Poppies in the Corn" too, an' "Mollie, never cry for it!"
  "The pretty girl I courted," an' "There's trouble in the wind."

Music is deludherin', ye'll hear the people say,
The more they be deludhered then the better is their case;
I would sooner miss my dhrink than never hear a fiddle play
An' since Hughie up an' left us this has been another place.
  Arrah, *Come* back, lad! an' we'll love you when you sing for us—
  Sure we're gettin' oulder an' ye'll maybe come too late—
  Sing "Girl Dear!" an' "The Bees among the Ling" for us,
  Still I'd shake a foot to hear "The Pigeon on the Gate."

Oh Hughie had the music, but there come on him a change,
He should ha' stayed the boy he was an' never grown a man;
I seen the shadow on his face before his time to range,
An' I knew he sung for sorrow as a winter robin can.
  But *that's* not the way!—oh, I'd feel my heart grow light again,
  Hughie, if I'd hear you at the "Pleasant Summer Rain."
  Ould sweet tunes, sure my wrong 'ud all come right again,
Listenin' for an hour, I'd forget the feel o' pain.

Arthur Guiterman gives us in verse more of the wise and otherwise sayings of the Far East. We take these from the New York *Times:*

SAYINGS OF IND.

By Arthur Guiterman

"O Crocodile, why do you weep
  When Gunga in freshet is brown?"
"Alas! for the river is deep!
  Alas! for the people will drown!"

Can Love devise
  That Love shall not be seen?
Nay. Eyes meet Eyes,
  And Love slips out between.

"My cage of gold is hung with silk;
  The King and Court delight in me;
My food is fruit, my drink is milk—
  I want my nest and hollow tree!"

"My wisdom aids the world!" How sweet
  That secret thought of great and small!
The seagull sleeps with upturned feet
  To catch the sky, if that should fall.

The scimitar smites
  Where the buckler is weak.
The Fish has no rights
  In the Cormorant's beak.

Recent Fiction and the Critics

A very interesting analysis of the novels of 1905 is given in *The Bookman* (January). It appears that 29 different novels secured a place once or oftener in the lists of six best selling novels published each month during that year. Of these 29 best sellers, 13 were written by men and 11 by women; three were the results of collaboration by husband and wife; one a result of collaboration by three women; and of one novel the sex of the author is not revealed. Of the authors of these 29 novels, moreover, an unusually large number—ten—were British, one a Canadian, and three of those written by collaboration had one American and one Britisher in the joint authorship. The six books which led the list for the year in point of popularity are divided equally between men and women and between Americans and British authors.

The Travelling Thirds.

Gertrude Atherton, in her new novel,* has pleased the British critics more than she has pleased the American. Her American heroine and her other American characters are applauded there and disapproved here. For instance, speaking of this heroine, Catalina, a California girl, the London *Athenaeum* says she is "thoroughly lovable," and Mrs. Atherton has never done anything better; while our own *Reader Magazine* thinks she "is not a winning heroine, being much too self-sure, too disdainful, too well pleased."

The novel is the story of a party of Americans who "do" Spain in third-class railway carriages, and who have some picturesque adventures, including two love stories, the abduction of the heroine by a Spanish brigand, and a physical encounter between him and the heroine in which he is badly worsted and very much surprised. She not only scratched and clawed in true woman fashion, but leaped on his back, on the edge of a precipice too, and—

"She pressed her knees into his sides, dragged his head back with one arm, while with the other she pounded his unprotected face. He gave a mighty shake, but he might as well have attempted to throw off a wild cat of her own forests."

The Athenaeum, having expressed its admiration of Catalina, with the exception of this "grotesque" incident, goes on to say:

"Of the other characters in the book, a professional invalid and her two daughters will be recognized as faithful portraits by all who are familiar with the various types of American tourists. The hero, a British guardsman, cannot be said to be a success. It is odd that Mrs. Atherton, with her evident dislike of the conventional, should have drawn so conventional and artificial a portrait as that of Capt. Over."

The London *Times* thinks the author "has hit upon a happy device whereby to show glimpses of a fine people in a fine landscape"; and the love-story between Catalina and Captain Over "is worked up to a fine if somewhat fantastic climax, and escapes triviality by virtue of the cleverly-drawn figure of a difficult, complex heroine standing out against a background filled with picturesque colour and light."

The San Francisco *Argonaut,* however, thinks that the novel is in the main "trivial, a mere pot-boiler." *The Bookman* pays extended attention to its "fearful and wonderful phrases," some of those which especitally amuse it, being the following:

" . . . moved her head slowly on the long column of her throat."

"Her claim to distinction was in her grooming, her beauty mien."

"After they had rambled in silence for an hour [one of the characters] emerged from her centres."

"A rich brown silence."

"A pale blue gaze."

The Reader Magazine says of the work as a whole:

"What has become of the brilliant imagination of 'The Conqueror' and 'Rulers of Kings'? And where is that imperious style with its splendidly large figures and its energy of movement that have made this author's pages swift and strong and sumptuous? Only faint traces and distant echoes of these qualities are to be found in 'The Travelling Thirds.' The book possesses its author's characteristic faults of hardness and exaggeration; it is almost destitute of sympathy and moderation, while of the unusual virtues of bold plot and suspended creation that we have come to associate with Mrs. Atherton's name, it has scant measure."

The Flute of Pan.

Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes"), in her present lecture tour in America, is not likely to be unduly exhilarated by what the reviewers here say of her latest novel.* Most of the critics admit that she is still incapable of being dull, but they variously stigmatize this work as "trivial," "silly" and "stagey." *The Sun* (New York), however, regards it as "a

* THE TRAVELLING THIRDS. By Gertrude Atherton. Harper & Brothers.

* THE FLUTE OF PAN. By John Oliver Hobbes. D. Appleton & Company.

comedy of much ingenuity and interest," and *The Times* (New York) thinks "she has provided a good story as well as a deal of clever talk and some rather uncannily acute analysis." But *The Dial* (Chicago) dubs it "a trifling performance," and the Boston *Transcript* calls it "a silly love-story laid in a silly and impossible little German state full of 'hereditary princesses,' etc."

The title of the book is explained in the author's foreword as follows:

"Pan was a heathen god, who could guide lost travelers and calm all storms by the magic of his flute. I am showing him leading some pilgrims who have lost their way. They hear him piping and are encouraged. It is a parable of modern life. We torment ourselves with boredom and scruples, whereas all we need, is more music, more joy! We must listen to the flute of Pan. It is always playing, but we drown it with our wretched bubble of philosophies, the noise of machinery, the turmoil of money making."

The hero of the story is an eccentric Englishman of title and wealth and Tolstoyan ideas, who renounces vanity and espouses art, taking lodgings in Venice to paint "A Flute of Pan" and other things. "It was clear to the thoughtful that he disliked most people because he disliked himself. If a man cannot love himself, whom he can justify as a rule, how can he love the stranger, whom he does not understand in the least?" The heroine, a princess of Siluria, finds him in Venice, and, needing a husband in her business—ruling a disturbed realm—proposes marriage for reasons of state, which reasons, however, coincide with the state of her heart as well. He accepts on condition that when order is restored to her realm she will abdicate and return to Venice to live with him in his life of renunciation. Suspicions and misunderstandings harry them for long, and keep them at cross-purposes. When all these are cleared away, and they return to Venice, new difficulties arise that compel them to take up again the burden of rule.

So much of the book, says *The Evening Post* (New York), "is clearly stage dialogue, and so much the elaboration of stage directions that one wishes that the comedy had never been written." Most severe of all the reviewers is the one who writes in *The Tribune* (New York):

"Shades of Ouida at her worst! We say 'at her worst' because Ouida at her best would never dream of piling on the agony in this Corinthian fashion. Mrs Cragie is still enormously clever and 'The Flute of Pan' is indubitably a readable book, but there is something about it so forced and unnatural that, in view of what the author has done in the past, it is actually painful. Her hero hasn't even the smallest relation to human nature, and the heroine—an amazing young person fetched from a kind of opera bouffe principality à la Anthony Hope—is not one whit more credible."

In what has come to be called the Gaelic school of literature—one of the most interesting literary developments of recent years—Mr. George Moore must be accorded an important place. His new novel* portrays the clash between Irish ideas, as represented in a Connaught priest, Father Gogarty, and pagan ideas, as represented in a girl, Rose Leicester, the mistress of a scholar. She has been driven from his parish by the priest, because of her lapse in virtue, and the revenge she takes, knowing that he is really in love with her, is to write letters to him from the Continent, telling him of art and life and "higher criticism," until she shakes his faith, and, determined to taste the life of the world, he abandons his parish and comes to New York to earn a living and see life as a journalist. Rose Leicester, it is generally thought by the critics, is unreal and impossible; but Father Gogarty is a hero of charm and emotional power, and the setting in which he is placed is of the true Celtic quality, winsome and mystical. Here is the London *Academy's* comment:

The Lake.

"We can take no interest in the young woman and her chatter. She and it are cheap and vulgar compared with the young priest and the woods in which he wanders, his mind a field of battle between the old and the still older, between law and 'liberty.' He deserts his woods; slips away by night to go and be a journalist in New York. But he leaves us behind, leaves us to choose the better part he has rejected and to dream time away in the woods which Mr. George Moore has described in such beautiful sensitive and musical language. He has never shown himself a more finished artist in words than in this book. The contrasting vulgarity only throws up the exquisite poetry of the soul of the priest and the mournful sweetness of his country."

It is the same strain in the book that haunts the London *Outlook's* reviewer—the descriptions of the gray-limestone lake by which Father Gogarty lives, with its ruined castles and island hermitages and ancient thickets holding Druidic stones. "Viewed as a story in which things happen," says this same reviewer, "'The Lake' is a Celtic coracle in an age of Cunarders; yet it is full of haunting and pathetic charm, and every page bears the stamp of a true literary artist."

The London *Times* notes the sharp contrast between Moore's earlier style, learned from Flaubert, and his present Celtic strain. The story

* THE LAKE. By George Moore. Heinemann, London.

in the present case, it thinks, is so slight that it can hardly be called a story, but is so finely written that one must class it with prose poems. *The Times* adds: "The interest is in the play of mind and the charm in the poetical presentaton of the picture. We have seldom seen Irish scenery better realized and rendered, nor do we know any modern novelist better skilled than Mr. Moore in getting fresh harmonious effects out of the language."

"A monumental romance with a colossal theme" is the way in which the New York *Sun* characterizes Dr. James M. Ludlow's new historical novel.* Dr. Ludlow is best known (in a literary way) by his "Captain of the Janizaries," written twenty years ago and still in moderate demand. The present work treats of the fourth crusade in the thirteenth century, and its diversion by Venetian intrigues into a raid upon Constantinople, which resulted in a temporary union of the Greek and Roman Churches and the establishment of the Latin Church under Baldwin. The hero of the story, Sir Raoul, is a youthful knight of the Black Forest, who is early disgraced in a tourney, is thought to be dead, but under an assumed name becomes a member of a robber band, goes to Venice and Constantinople as an adventurer, saves the life of the beautiful Renee, an emperor's niece, whom he had played with and loved as a girl, and returns home to win back fame, honor, and the hand of the heroine. "The story goes forward," says the *Book News*, "with swiftness and dramatic intensity of movement." The chief fault of the book, says the Chicago *Dial*, is due to the abundant and rich historical material available, by reason of which the author "huddles one event upon another to confusing effect." But the interest, it adds, is sustained at a high pitch throughout, and it pays admiring tribute to Dr. Ludlow's knowledge, both of the broad historical issues and the matters of detail of the period. *The Sun* sees this same fault of overcrowding and overelaboration, but says: "It is a vigorous story resounding in the clash of arms, the thunder of horses' hoofs, the din of opposing armies, and shows evidences of great care and sincerity in treatment, wide historical research and excellent craftsmanship in the working out of an intricate and elaborate plot." "King Arthur and all his knights," observes *The Evening Post* (New York), "rolled into one, had no more exciting experiences" than those which fell to the lot of Sir Raoul. . . . A story as robust in invention as it is ingenious in plot."

Sir Raoul.

* SIR RAOUL. By James M. Ludlow. Fleming H. Revell Company.

What one critic calls a "work of genius" and another calls "the veriest trash" appears from the pen of the anonymous author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress" and "The Tribulations of a Princess." The new work,* however, is not biography but fiction, and the verdict of the critics is, for the most part, decidedly favorable. It is in the Philadelphia *Ledger* that the novel is declared to be "the veriest trash" and "a ranting kind of melodrama given with a wealth of detail that is invariably of a rank luxuriance, and coarse shadows apparently painted into the picture by means of a broom." The Chicago *Dial* also speaks of the work, after the early chapters are passed, as "unreal melodrama" in which no constructive art is manifested. And the Springfield *Republican* thinks the novel is "very long and very tedious." But a still larger array of respectable reviewers can be cited in praise that becomes at times superlative. *The Times* (New York) thinks the story is told "with only too great eloquence," and the tragedy of it all "does not lose its clutch upon one's heart until long after the inevitable end is reached." The Boston *Herald* also finds that the story "holds the reader almost too strongly in its grasp." And the Boston *Transcript*, the New York *Evening Post* and the New York *Tribune* all speak of it as a work of power and dramatic force.

The Trident and the Net.

The story opens in Brittany, and the early chapters descriptive of life there are praised unstintedly even by those who find the rest of the novel tedious. The hero, Loic, who becomes Marquise de Kergoat, has a mother of gusty temper and variable moods, who does all that a mother can to ruin her son's character by her excessive indulgence one moment and excessive exactions the next. She is one of his bad angels, against whom he struggles manfully, with the aid of his sister Gaidik, who is his good angel. But the good angel becomes married and leaves him to struggle unaided. Then comes Rose, a young woman of low rank, and also a bad angel, with whom he finally goes to New York, where he earns his living as a teacher in a riding academy, dying at last under tragic and sordid circumstances. The title, of course, is derived from the days of gladiatorial Rome, when the net was used to render an opponent helpless and the trident was used to despatch him.

* THE TRIDENT AND THE NET. By the author of "The Martyrdom of an Express." Harper & Brothers.

Prince Ghika—By Isolde Kurz

The author of this story (which is translated from the German, for CURRENT LITERATURE, by Felix Waring) is the daughter of a father distinguished in Germany as a Shakespearean scolar, as translator of Byron and Moore, and as a publicist, editor, novelist and poet—the late Hermann Kurz, of Tübingen. The daughter has already achieved fame for her literary work in prose and verse. She is one of the coming German writers, and this story well represents her high-bred fanciful humor and fine literary style. We have abridged the story somewhat by eliminating some of the descriptive passages.

The Palace Hotel, MALOGGIA, Aug. 8th, 1903.

DEAREST CLOTHILDE: It's just a week ago to-night that we reached the end of that windswept Maloggia Pass. To me the week seems like an age, for here the days contain twice as many hours as in Heidelberg. "Why should they?" Why, one's sole occupation is waiting for the mail, which comes twice a day and is just now in duty bound to bring me tidings of my Arnold's speedy coming. During all our engagement we have never been separated longer than twenty-four hours, until now, and this everlasting watching and waiting is getting on my nerves. As I understand it, he should have been here yesterday. He had only your father's lectures on common law to attend and his course was finished,—or so I understood him to say when he bade me good-by and au revoir on the station platform.

"But the world is wide and wondrous and you're perched on its highest peaks," I hear you reply; "then look for new interests in life!" Ah, dearest Clotho, for a girl once engaged, and in love into the bargain, life holds no other interests. And, indeed, it ought not to, either for her or for him, and if I thought that Arnold had found other interests meanwhile, I'd——! If you knew how indifferent and unconcerned I am, so long as he is absent. I simply sit and stare at this mob of polished and varnished figures about me, so stiff with varnish that they can scarcely move without cracking, sitting at table as solemnly as if it were a funeral banquet, their weightiest topic of conversation as to whether the brook trout is better this season than the mackerel or *vice-versa*. If I hadn't sworn to you that I'd keep my eyes open for interesting human creatures, in order to forward them to you, well pressed and packed in this "Herbarium," as you once styled our correspondence, I don't believe I should once lift my eyes from my plate at the hotel table d'hôte. Besides, you're so hard to please! The two charming Boer girls I wrote you about in my last letter don't interest you at all apparently. Perhaps in my next I may be able to serve up something more to your liking, as I've had a new neighbor at table ever since yesterday's dinner, a jolly young lawyer from Bologna, who surprised me by his excellent German, but who, as he confessed to me in the first few moments, despite his exhaustless eloquence, has as yet to plead his first case. His name is Benivieni; he's good-looking, as most Italians are, only, unfortunately, a trifle short—at least he'd seem so when compared to such a Juno-like creature as my majestic Coz. Also there is a Prince Ghika *avec suite,* from Rumania, registered among to-day's arrivals, but not as yet visible to mortal ken.

Now I *must* get ready for our walk.

Two hours later. Once more the mail has been distributed and not a line from *him!* I am beginning to get seriously anxious. Papa tries to convince me that his letter has gone astray, but such consolation won't do for me.

Do, dearest Cloe, do please discover what he is up to, and write at once to the poor thing, plagued with a thousand wretched premonitions, whom you once called

Your loving cousin,

ILKA.

August 9th, '03.

BEST OF COUSINS: Your letter received to-day must have crossed mine of yesterday. Thanks awfully for the glad tidings. Now I know, at least, that Arnold is alive and well. The illumination of the castle, with which the good city of Heidelberg bade Godspeed to the departing Prince August, must have offered "a wildly fantastical spectacle," as you say. And to think that with my passion for the fantastic, I should have been doomed to miss it! The castle in flames, towers and ruins wrapt in a rosy glow, the trees along the banks filled with bengal lights,—you see I know all the details. Then the music on the riverside and, on its glittering waters, the beflagged and belanterned boats with their gaily dressed occupants,—and in one of these boats (of course, accompanied by her stern parent) my beautiful cousin and my affianced! For you see I know all about that, too, though in your description of the heavenly evening, you hardly hinted at your companions, while Arnold has not yet broken his golden silence. All my girl friends have not forgotten me, however! Clotho, Clotho, what does all this secrecy mean? I only hope that you are not playing any of your mischievous tricks on me.

But, joking aside, it was awfully dear of you to write me so soon again, and, to show my gratitude, I'll continue my catalogue of the hotel guests; perhaps some one of them may be fortunate enough to arouse your interest. The Boer girls you are kind enough to inquire after have left us, I am grieved to relate. Their seats at table are occupied now by an heiress from Berlin with her very stout and very stolid father, who seems to be afflicted with fatty degeneration of the heart. I mention her first, as she is the principal personage in the family. She has red hair, watery blue eyes, a skinny figure, is named Sparrow and chirps like one. She is far from being as attractive as were my pretty sisters from the

Orange State, but far more communicative. This is the third summer she has come to Maloggia with the idea of finding a better half here; for, to her thinking, this highly rarefied air is just the climate for husky fellows, mountain climbers and eligible bachelors. Just now she seems to have her eye on our Italian friend, though I must say this much for her, that, in spite of her frankly expressed designs on them, she behaves herself in a most modest and retiring manner when in men's company.

I'll have to stop, the mail has arrived. . . .

At last a letter from Arnold, but such an extraordinary production! Curt, confused, as if he could not look me straight in the eyes! Not one word in regard to the festival illuminations, about which the papers are full. And still nothing definite about his departure, only hints as to things that hinder his leaving. Lots about social duties and engagements. Social duties during the long vacation, I declare! Then there's his doctoral thesis to polish up! Really, I am amazed. In a postscript, tucked up shyly in one corner, there's a little line about your next rehearsal of somebody's trio in b flat; how indispensable his violin is on that momentous occasion; how he has to practise daily in order not to cut too poor a figure in company with you and your talented father. Good gracious, are these triangular exercises never to end? Of course, I am well aware that classical music is the only port of entry to your austere parent's soul. But must Arnold fiddle his way into the land of law? And that, too, with the thermometer at 90 degrees in the shade? I can see you under the pergola, you enticing Lorelei of the golden locks, the cello at your knees, the marvelous white arm, its perfect curves unhampered by the Grecian sleeve which leaves its beauty bare, wielding the graceful bow,—a worshipful picture, my masters! And Arnold defenseless by your side, helplessly wafted on the waves of music that bid fair to close over him and the fateful water nymph!

Clotho, let's have a moment's heart to heart talk together! Look, dear, all your girl friends, including me, your poorest of cousins, have always gladly taken a back seat in your regal presence. None ever dared dispute the crown with your beautyship, while your gowns were the finest, your jewels the choicest besides. That at every dinner the best partner should be yours was a matter of course; your father's position as Germany's greatest legal luminary would alone have assured you that. Poor me! I have always, as the modest daughter of the Geological Faculty, kept my proper place in the second ranks and rejoiced in your triumphs with all my heart. But when you lay that lovely hand of yours on my little all, what to me is more precious than every one of your prerogatives and conquests, then, Mademoiselle Clothilde, beware! "Wise as a serpent and gentle as a dove," you used to say of me. Take care, the serpent can bite and the dove can use its bill to peck!

Now, don't be angry, coz dear; I'm only joking, just as you are only joking, of course. Oh, I know all your flirtations are only in jest, only a little intrigue to drive dull care away. What need have you of further witnesses to prove your power over the heart of man?

There goes the bell, and I must jump into my dinner gown. Adieu, my beautiful, haughty princess, forgive me if any word of mine displeases thee. And by the bye, speaking of royalty, reminds me that the Prince is to appear to-night at the table d'hôte. Of course, you remember that Rumanian Prince of whom I must have written you. I saw him this morning out rowing. From the distance he looked as if he were neither old nor ugly, at all events a very distinguished carriage. The servants salaam to the ground whithersoever he goes, and announce "Son Altesse le Prince Ghika!" at every opportunity.

I wonder whether he'll be seated near enough to me so that I can get a good look at him?

ILKA.

August the 12th.

Why, my dearest, sweetest Clotho, how could you so misunderstand me? Beneath my jesting manner, you write, I am making a poor attempt to conceal the pangs of jealousy. I, jealous! Don't you know your madcap cousin any better than that? Can't you see that with my assumed heroics I am only trying to make you and myself forget the emptiness of these interminable summer days? Could there be anything more reasonable than that the rigorous Dean of the Law Faculty, who next autumn is to examine my poor law student, examine him body and bones, examine him with that eagle eye, for which my famous uncle is so feared,—is there anything more natural, I say, than that my luckless limb of the law should strive by any hook or crook to get into his good graces? And if, just as a side issue, he has to pay his court to the daughter, my fair coz, why, "If it does no good, 'twill do no harm," thinks the scamp, doubtless.

Think of it; we've got the Prince at our table, and the other tables are green with envy. The first day he sat between papa and Mr. Findley; he chose this seat himself, he said, because these two gentlemen,—pardon my pride for our poor part,—struck him as being the most distinguished looking personages in the hotel. At first he struck us as being most reserved in his manner. Later we discovered that he was completely overwhelmed by the shocking occurrences in Servia, with which the daily papers are full just at present.

He considers himself a mere civilian, he told papa, and busies himself with science, with no liking and no longing for political renown. Anything the European powers see fit to do is all one to him, if only they do not disturb his studies.

You should have heard his voice when he said that! I can't fancy anyone at our table having the assurance to catechize him on the Balkan question; young as he is and in spite of his deliciously formal politeness, the man has something about him which makes people keep their distance. Counselor Benivieni, whose strong point is not shyness, tried just once to overstep that line; he won't venture it a second time, I wager, though he perish of sheer curiosity.

You'll want to know whether Ghika is really as good looking as I fancied. Yes, Clo, dear, he's *really* handsome, so handsome that I know no one to compare with him; not mere physical good looks, I shouldn't consider them worth dwelling on so emphatically; rather, in his case, it would

seem that through and along with the aristocracy of blood an aristocracy of mind and soul were actually visible. Till now I've always considered Arnold the best looking, as he is the best built man among all our acquaintances. But here there's something else,—ages of birth and breeding. I must try to explain the difference to you, as I conceive it. When a countryman of ours strikes us as good looking, it's as an individual specimen, and involves his own personality alone; his brothers or sisters you may fancy, if you will, as being homely as hedgehogs, and indeed they often are. He has risen above the masses by his own merits, so to speak; he's a self-made beauty. In old Southern families it's just the reverse; with them good looks are inherited, an inalienable bequest of the ages. Anyone who sees Ghika must feel that he springs from ancestors who have been, each in his or her own way, physically perfect. His sisters must be the acme of loveliness. As for his brothers or cousins, if he has any, no one could possibly dream of their being in the least homely.

You are "surprised that people entitle him Your Highness"? A mere Rumanian or Italian Prince or Serenity, you write, ought not by any means to be confounded with a genuine Prince of the blood. You may be right about it, but "His Highness" he remains just the same. I have no notion how Gotha decides this moot question; anyway, hotel proprietors aren't quite so strict as the Almanack. On the other hand, he has this one decided advantage over your genuine European princes of the blood: he can marry whom he pleases. His cousin, Milan Obrenovitch, for instance, made the daughter of a Russian colonel his queen, not to mention his son and successor of bloody memory. Who would dare fetter the fancies of even a mere prince of this lineage? Anyway, I'm heartily glad that our Prince has no political ambitions, but finds his chief delight in the reading of law and political economy. He has studied at Oxford and in Paris; next winter he expects to spend at a German university; and, only fancy, Clo, father is so charmed with him that he is trying his best to get him to decide on giving our dear old Heidelberg the preference. As his own only daughter is disposed of, he may surely display his kindly feelings toward any young man, without fear of misconstructions. The two are in a fair way to become intimates, for we have made the delightful discovery that Ghika is enthusiastically interested, not only in jurisprudence, but in geology, since which time he accompanies us on our rambles up the Chemin des Artistes. Must I confess it?—these geological marvels make a far deeper impression on me since I noticed how deeply they interested His Highness.

For a change, however, we went to-day to Cavloccia Lake, which the Prince had not seen. You may recall my description of the big and little rocks, fallen from the precipices above into its dark waters, and lying scattered about like tiny islands, covered, as are the steep banks, with the loveliest of flowers. I've been there often with papa alone, but really you have no idea how much more I sensed the beauty of it all now that the Prince was with us. I don't know how to explain it, but everything strikes me as more beautiful when he is in our company!

Besides, I had quite an adventure.

Papa was hammering away at the rocks as though he were bent on discovering some secret passage into the great mountain. The Prince was deeply interested in his burglarious attempts. As no one paid any attention to your sweet coz, she began hopping from one stone to another, gathering her pretty posies, when just as I reached out to pick a gorgeous yellow anemone, my foot slipped, and I after it, into the water. Papa shrieks, the Prince gives a quick spring, but before he can reach me, I am on my feet. The water was only up to my knees and it was purely politeness which made me accept the Prince's hand to haul me ashore. But you can form no notion of how cold the water is in these mountain lakes. Of course, they are fed by the glaciers, while never a ray of sunshine can reach where the overhanging precipices overshadow them. The cold crept up through my whole body. Papa got so tremendously excited at the idea that I might catch a cold or anything else, that he began to scold, which was doubly distressing to me on the Prince's account. Naturally, there was nothing to do but start back at once; so I had the added misery of feeling that I had been a perfect spoil-sport for the others. The Prince, who was most sympathetic, kept repeating again and again: "Faut marcher plus vite, plus vite!" (He speaks German fluently, but whenever he is excited he breaks out in French.) Finally we fairly ran, so that my dear, stout papa could no longer keep pace with us, accordingly threw up the race and merely motioned us to keep it up, as he saw that the Prince was taking the best of care of me. I don't think I ever knew the way could be so short. The Prince's agility seemed to lend me wings; my shoes were dry and my feet were burning long before we reached the hotel. The very presence of this splendid high-bred man actually seems electrifying at times; it was the first opportunity I had had to really have any conversation with him, but now I perfectly comprehend why the others are bewitched by him.

Here I am sitting in my hotel bedchamber with a cup of hot tea in one hand, my legs swathed in heavy woolen stockings, all of which is papa's doings—and my penance—the while I am making a full confession to my dear coz, as of old I always did. But I shan't seal this letter yet, as the last mail is closed and who can tell what postscript the morrow may bring forth. Good night, sweetest Cloe!

There actually is a postscript, but one I should never have dreamed of. My watery exploit has had its sequel in a slight attack of tonsilitis, wherefore papa has sentenced me to stay in bed. You know how easily alarmed he is, and I simply have to humor him. But to-day of all days! It is too provoking. Out of doors, the sun shines so gaily over the sparkling blue Lake Maloggia, where the young folks are rowing about in their light summer gowns; sounds of singing and laughter come up through my windows, while I, forsooth, must amuse myself with scribbling. One little surprise, however, I have to set down to the credit of my slight indisposition. An hour ago, Prince Ghika sent up the most charming arrangement of Alpine flowers. Among the hotel guests here it is quite the thing to purchase such bouquets and send them to one another; only

yesterday we were speaking of this citified, conventional custom, and we both agreed in stamping it as utterly inappropriate to our wild surroundings. Consequently, the Prince took pains to let me know that *these* flowers were plucked by his own hands; the combination alone would have told me that. Alpine roses form only the framework, for there are few buds left now and these are already beginning to wilt. But there are my darling daphnes, with their faint fragrance of syringa, and deep metallic-blue gentians, while in the very center is a cluster of those very mountain anemones which were the cause of my coming to grief yesterday. Isn't that a graceful bit of courtesy? Oh, if I weren't so foolishly in love with Arnold— Why! what silly, silly thoughts do come into one's head!

After luncheon, which I was at some pains to swallow in my loneliness, Miss Sparrow, from Berlin, made me quite a long call. She greatly admired the Prince's thoughtful remembrance, and regarded the arrangement as a notable display of good taste and gallantry. Naturally, she "dotes on" the Prince, but in most unselfish fashion, as her hopes could never soar so high. She confided further in me and implored me to "put a flea in Benivieni's ear."

From Miss Sparrow I learned furthermore that our "Palace Hotel" is richer since last evening by another scion of royalty, a Russian, Princess Wjaesemsky (accent on the first syllable, please, if you venture to pronounce it at all). A very great lady, no longer in the first bloom of youth, but very, very beautiful and, rumor says, impatiently awaiting a divorce decree from her present lord. She has been coming here for several summers and Miss Sparrow knows her, though naturally not admitted to her extremely select circle. My caller tells me it was like a scene in a play when she and the Prince caught sight of one another for the first time in the reading room last night. As two magnets attract each other, without anyone being able to say which is drawing the other, only suddenly they come together, so, Sparrow says, it was with these two. That evening they walked together a long time in the hotel gardens, talking very animatedly in French.

I *must* stop; the chambermaid has come to get my letters for the post.

THY ILKA.

Given at Maloggia, this thirteenth day of August, in solitary confinement.

Morning of August 16th.
In the Hotel Reading Room.

SWEET CLOE: You've put such a lot of questions to me in to-day's letter that I don't know how I shall manage to find time to answer them all. First, I must allay your cousinly fears for my health. In fact, the sore throat wasn't so trifling a matter as I imagined at first, and I had to have the doctor over from Saint Moritz to paint and spray it, but now the trouble has quite disappeared. Yesterday I was released from my mattress-prison, and to-day I occupied my old seat at the table d'hôte.

Owing to the departure of Mr. Findley, there have been several changes at our table. This opportunity my Berlin heiress was clever enough to seize, and arranged things so that her place was set next to that of the Italian counselor-at-law, thus making their conversation much pleasanter than when carried on across the board; naturally her father has migrated with her to the other side. Thus two seats were left vacant next me, which have been taken by my father and the Prince, so that now I am seated between them. Who arranged this is more than I can tell, I'm sure. Anyway, the Prince seems far from displeased at the change, and, so far as I am concerned, I'm more than glad to have him on my left, if only because, as you know, dear, my profile is best viewed from the left. You'll not begrudge me just a bit of foolish vanity in your absence, will you?

You are amazed that a Rumanian prince should want to study law in Germany. Of course, I can give you no detailed information as to the scope of his plans. But isn't there such a thing as international law? I should fancy that princes would have to study it, if there is. If I am mistaken, you'll have to forgive me, because it's more than likely I misunderstood some of his confidences, owing to his delightfully broken speech. The future wife of a barrister-at-law ought, indeed, to be better posted in such matters, but you can't blame me,—Arnold's conversations with me were about everything else under the sun except jurisprudence.

Ten delightful hours later, in my own room.

Cloe! Cloe! Come dance with me! As a recompense for my enforced confinement of the last few days, papa has promised to take me on an excursion to the Fex glacier on the first fine day. The Prince is to be one of the party. I am madly happy. It is the first glacier I shall have ever seen, except from a distance, for both our projected visits to the Forno glacier had to be canceled on account of rain. May the heavens smile propitiously on this plan! Herr Sparrow besought papa to take his own nestling under his —papa's—wing, as his own weight precluded all idea of attempting so high a flight. Naturally her Romeo begged to be allowed to assist papa, for, during the last few days they have been inseparable, and I feel assured that they will soon arrive at a happy consummation of their mutual ambitions. Signor Benivieni has made any attempts on my part to turn his bonnet into a beehive quite superfluous. With astounding openheartedness, and as if I were his oldest friend, he has confessed to me that he too is a candidate for the holy estate of matrimony, and that despite—or rather, I should say, on account of,—his circumscribed pecuniary situation, he had ventured to incur the enormous expense incident to a stay at our "Palace Hotel," because only at these fashionable resorts were maidens to be met with such dowries as he considered indispensable. "What a shameless fortune-hunter!" I can hear you say. But if you could have heard not only the big words but the tone of perfect simplicity and innocence in which these utterly prosaic sentiments fell from his usually fanciful lips, you would, like myself, have been filled first with amazement and then with half-amused forbearance; and as Banker Sparrow is reported to be one of the solidest propositions in the financial world we may look for a speedy union of two candid souls.

In order to prevent my letter leaving such a prosaic aftertaste in your mouth—never mind the metaphor, I've a soul above 'em—I must tell you about a Rumanian ballad which the Prince sang for me this evening while out on the lake. In its melody it was melancholy, well-nigh monotonous, but with a strangely savage charm peculiarly its own. I managed to get a translation of the words, which are in themselves wild and peculiar enough. A maiden steals down the mountainside every evening to the churchyard in the valley, there to meet her dead lover. In the moonlight and in the dark the dead man evermore keeps the cross on his tombstone between her and him, lest by any mischance she should touch his corpse. Finally the father appears and forever unites the lovers by mercifully slaying his child. There was something unspeakably pathetic and tender underlying the strange tragedy. And his voice, with its deep, rich, ringing tones, as he sang! I can close my eyes and ears and fancy I hear it, wherever I am, wherever I go. How it rings! how it rings!

You (strange creature that you are) tell me that it's my duty to inform the Prince of my engagement. But how in the world am I to approach the subject? He has never asked me whether I were fancy free, and why should I suppose that the question is of any interest to him?

Put up with this hasty scrawl for to-day. I have still a few lines which I suppose I must write to Arnold. Of course, I understand perfectly the force of circumstances which keep him bound in Heidelberg, and that he can't break his bonds at a moment's notice. Try and convince him that I am neither impatient nor unhappy in his absence.

Yours devotedly,

ILKA.

August the 18th.

Just returned from the Fex glacier. Here in my little room I am dreaming over again the wondrous day and you shall share its marvels with me, coz, dear.

Promptly at eight o'clock our comfortable drag tooled away merrily toward Sils Maria. The drive was charming along Lake Maloggia, which our brave River Inn crosses like a fearless young swimmer. Across its waters snow-capped peaks beckoned us welcomingly, while on this side rises Mount Julier, mantled in white almost down to the green hedges of the valley, where the larks sing. We could see the Julier post-road, over which I have looked to see Arnold coming long since.

Well, at Sils Maria we left the horses and began mounting up the lovely, lonely ravine, with an occasional chalet in sight, seeming so fragile, but brave with flags, bidding the wanderer halt. At last we are in the Fexthal; and a lad from Sils Maria awaits us with the commissary stores.

"This is the home of Spring," the Prince cried delightedly, as our feet sank in the soft carpet of grass. Despite the altitude a gentle breeze greeted us, for the long valley with its tender slopes was all flooded with bright, warm sunshine. Along the heights were all sorts and conditions of mankind climbing about in search of edelweis, and in the distance the girl's gay dresses gleamed like great flowers against the soft green background. Fresh from the rugged landscape of Maloggia, one felt as if transported to a dainty midsummer day's dream.

"An eagle!" exclaimed papa and the Prince, as with one voice. It gave me a strange sensation when, after a moment's pause, the Prince said gravely: "That was the eagle of Zarathustra. Here, as I am told, that enigmatic book was written, here where the wildest of flowers grow, where eagles soar aloft. Where else but here could those wonderful lines have been inspired:

"Warm is the breath of the rockbound heights,
Here Happiness has laid his weary head on their breast."

"Yes, here or nowhere must Happiness find his true home. Oh, if but someone would show me on which of these moss-grown plinths he has but recently been reposing, how gladly would I hasten thither to still the beatings of a heart torn with a thousand uncertainties against that warm stone, and thereby win a space of rest!"

We were following the others, in the meanwhile, along a little brook, over rubble stone, thick Alpine turf and huge shelves of rock. Not far from the glacier itself we came upon a flat boulder, for all the world like a table set before us in the wilderness, and the servants proceeded to unpack our hampers so busily that our luncheon was ready for us almost instantly. But the Prince and I had little appetite, while papa was so anxious to begin his investigations that he pleaded for haste. Our pair of turtle doves, however, after keeping to themselves all the way thus far, now declared they could go no farther. My poor little Sparrow had twisted her wing—I mean her ankle (*Se non è vero è ben trovato!*) and wouldn't venture on that slippery rubble, while the legal luminary preferred the view of the glacier as seen from his mossy couch. Accordingly the guide started off with just us three.

Though you have as yet seen no glacier, I know you won't expect me to describe the weird, uncanny landscape before us. Papa, whose attention was absorbed in a study of the glacial movement, remained below, hammering and measuring away, and taking copious notes. The Prince and I climbed still higher and higher, over snow-fields and boulders, to where we could get a good view of this fantastic realm of the Ice King, with its mimic towers and peaks, its green grottos and shimmering portals. Silently we stood there together, looking and listening, for the glacier is no dead thing; always a rustling or a rumbling sound, with now and then the crash of falling masses of ice or stone, awakening tremendous echoes. When an avalanche comes sweeping down in the far distance, it thunders athwart the glacier like some giant express train. Silently we stood there, overwhelmed by the immensity of Nature's powers,—it seemed as if our very souls were sinking together deep down through those blue green ravines into some icy dreamland or inferno. A shrill whistle from below broke the spell of enchantment. Papa was beckoning to us and holding up his watch as a reminder that neither time nor glaciers wait on dreamers. We descended very carefully, the Prince holding me by the el-

Continued on second page following.

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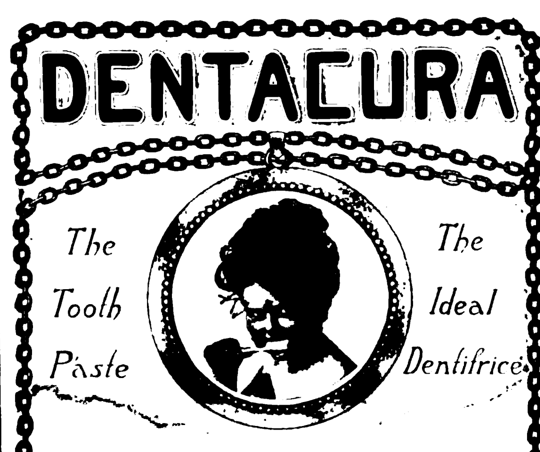

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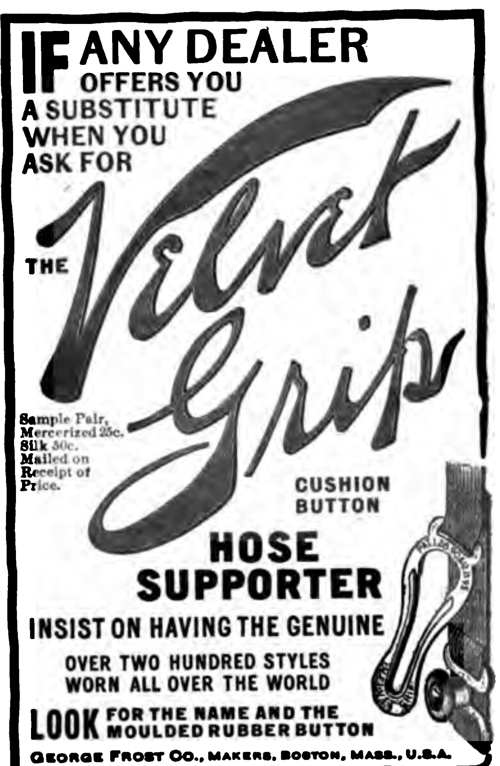

bows whenever I began to slip, for my shoes were not the proper, heavy-pegged sort, and as I am a novice at mountain climbing, I can accept assistance without any compunction.

As we reached our halting-place, we noticed that Erna was still seated on her mossy couch, while the Italian stood before her, gesticulating like the typical Southron that he is. The Prince and I exchanged a meaning smile, as much as to say that the world was to be congratulated on another happy couple. But as we drew nearer I remarked that Erna's wings,—arms, I mean,—hung as lifeless by her side as any sick birds'. Evidently our briefless barrister had wasted the excellent opportunity especially arranged for him, and despite our pains the pair were not yet united.

To your sympathetic soul I may add, without breach of confidence, that in the course of the day Benivieni made up for lost time. On the way back he wore a judicial demeanor and when we stopped for rest and a cup of tea at one of the little chalets along the Fexthal, upon Erna's excusing herself on the plea of looking for edelweis, he followed after; and when they reappeared you should have seen their faces. Erna winked at me with both eyes as much as to say: "It's all right!" During the rest of the walk they made no secret of their happiness; she took his arm, and Benivieni sang, with enthusiastic emphasis, one Italian love song after another. This excellent young man has the most marvelous genius for accommodating his ideals to his practical common sense, and makes me think of that old but ever true tale of the matrimonial agency: "Love-matches? Oh, certainly, we keep them in stock, too."

Dare I confide to your cousinly confidence the last scene of this day so fraught with significance to us all? At Sils Maria the Inn issues from Lake Maloggia and forms a pretty little cove bordered with rushes; then hastens on his way toward Silvaplana. On the bridge which spans the youthful stream at this point, we stopped and waited for the others to overtake us. Going through the ravine, the Prince had cut a branch and had busied himself carving letters on a short stick as we walked. Now he let me see it. There was an S and an I intertwined, the initials of his name and mine, Stephan and Ilka. Then he tossed the reed far out on the swift-running waters and exclaimed: "Inn, bear this to the Danube! Danube, do thou tell my Black Sea what this message means!"

Suddenly he seized my hand and pressed a burning kiss upon it, just as the others came up.

Now I am sitting alone in my room watching and watching this day's scenes pass by. Unutterable thoughts, possibilities that make me blind and dizzy, return again and again. I feel absolutely incapable of even thinking for myself, while those two deep, dark eyes seem to encompass me in their passionate gaze. It is high time that Arnold—never mind, let whatever is to be, come in God's name, and may Providence provide some remedy. Kismet.

Your Cousin Ilka.

August 20th.

Traitress! what have you done? You have shown my letters about the Prince to Arnold! He has telegraphed that he is coming immediately,—raging, beside himself, I dare say, and sure to challenge His Highness! Clothilde, what will become of us? You are to blame if something terrible occurs.

And you accuse me of flirting and making men's hearts the plaything of my existence. *You* accuse *me?* And has your own conscience nothing to accuse you of? Or is it your creed that all interesting male creatures are your lawful property? First you practise your arts on my future husband that *was* to be, and now you act as if the Prince were your property, too. Wait till you see how much there will be left of that noble, handsome man when Arnold's rage has cooled. My hand trembles so, I can write no more.

Ilka.

August 31st.

He is here, his arm is around me as I write. All is explained and we are, oh, so happy!

"Do you still love me?"—"And how about you?" Those were our only words; then, I think, we both shed a few sweetly silly tears on one another's shoulders.

Afterward Arnold made his little confession to me and I to him, and in the mutual absolutions your sins, too, lovely Cloe, were all included. In your sweet self, he says, he saw only his absent love incarnate, as he worshiped at your shrine. And now truth for truth: the Prince must disappear for good and all from my mimic scene. I can not rescue him, poor Princeling, since I have been forced to confess that he is altogether the creation of my own poor mother-wit. Not one word of all my maunderings is true, except his name, which you will find in the hotel register under date of August 8th. I never even saw him or his suite, as he only stayed over one night in the hotel. Indeed, I took good care not even to ask any questions about his personal appearance, for had I been told that he was old and bald, it misdoubts me whether I should have had the courage to weave my little romance around so uninspiring a hero. Blessings on thee, noble son of Rumania, or young or old, who by the mere magic of thy name hast enabled me to recover my heart's happiness. The newspapers and a "History of the Balkans," which I found in the reading room furnished me with the rest of my material.

On the other hand the briefless barrister of Bologna and the little gold bird from Berlin are real, solid flesh and blood personages. They are to be married in a few weeks and have invited us to visit them when we pass through Milan on our wedding journey.

Now, don't be vexed and cross, sweetest coz. If ever I do meet a real live prince, I give you my word I'll drag him in fetters to your feet.

As for Arnold, whose bonds I have made fast this time, so tight that neither nymph nor goddess may loose them, the poor penitent is condemned to learn by heart this sage quatrain:

> "Let not loved from lover stray,
> Longer,—hither, thither—
> Than the rose she gives him may
> Bloom and yet not wither."

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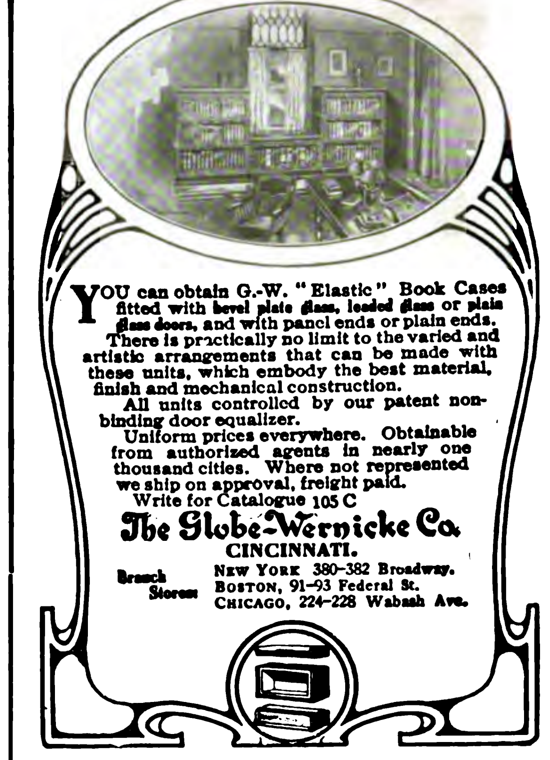

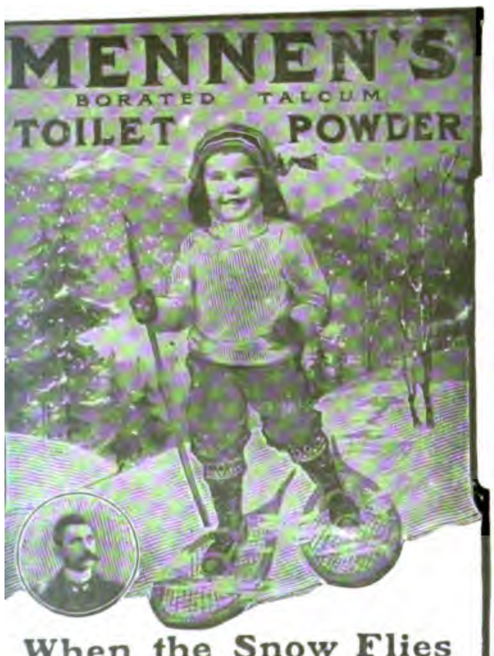

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Edited by EDWARD J. WHEELER

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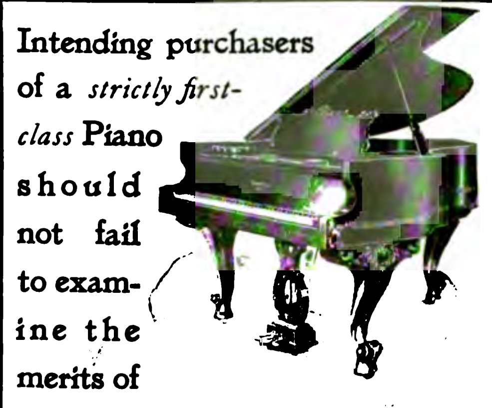

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"THE BEST MAYOR OF THE BEST GOVERNED CITY IN THE UNITED STATES"

Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, Ohio, thus characterized by Lincoln Steffens, began life in penury and became a millionaire before he was thirty-five. He said in Congress: "As a business man I am willing to take advantage of all the monopoly laws you pass, but as a member of Congress I will not help you to pass them and I will try to force you to repeal them."

Current Literature

VOL. XL, No. 3 — Edward J. Wheeler, Editor — Associate Editors: Leonard D. Abbott, Alexander Harvey — MARCH, 1906

A Review of the World

IF CRITICISM of the President was the order of the day in Washington one month ago, criticism of the Senate is the order of the day now, not in Washington but in the country at large. This may be looked upon, in part, as the response of the country to the attacks upon the President, which have been interpreted by Democratic and Republican journals alike as the result of a coalition between affronted newspaper correspondents, Congressmen disappointed in matters of patronage and opponents of the measures which the President is especially desirous to see enacted. In the lower house of Congress this antagonism has produced small results. The Philippine tariff bill, the statehood bill, and the rate-regulation bill have all been passed by large majorities (the last named having but seven votes in opposition), and all in about the shape the President was supposed to desire. Everything of special importance, therefore, is now "up to" the Senate, and upon that small body of ninety men the whole attention of the country is at this time concentered.

WHAT the New York *Sun* calls an "epidemic of Congress-baiting" has broken out in consequence, nearly all of it directed at the upper house. So perturbed are the Senators represented to be, more especially because of the magazine articles appearing or promised, that the suggestion has been considered by them of selecting one of their ablest spokesmen to deliver a carefully prepared response. "The Treason of the Senate" is the title of one series of these magazine articles. It is to run well through the year in Mr. Hearst's *Cosmopolitan,* and is written by the novelist David Graham Phillips. The editorial announcement of the series is sufficiently lurid. For instance: "A searching and unsparing spot-light, directed by the masterly hand of Mr. Phillips, will be turned upon each of the iniquitous figures that walk the Senate stage at the national Capitol." The first of the series appears in the March number. Nearly all of it is devoted to the career of Senator Depew, whose joviality and popularity are said by the writer to have cost the American people at least one billion dollars. Another "artist in exposure" is in Washington—Mr. Lincoln Steffens—who begins by finding the lower house "frightened," "factional" and "cowardly." Pitching into public men, *The Sun* remarks, "is now a regular and lucrative branch of magazine literature."

ANOTHER magazine article, severe but not sensational, appears in *The Atlantic Monthly* from the pen of Dr. William Everett. It is directed entirely at the Senate, about which, the writer thinks, most Americans entertain an uneasy feeling—a feeling that all is not well with that branch of our Government. Dr. Everett's article is not likely to allay this uneasiness. "Less by usurpation than by growth," he finds, "it [the Senate] has come to hold the President and the House of Representatives by the throat, and almost dictate to them whatever appointments and measures it sees fit." The development of this power he traces historically to the nameless fear of a monarchy that prevailed in the convention of 1787. The Senate was entrusted with a share in all three departments of Government—executive, legislative and judicial. It has had its ups and downs, but after every period of disfavor it has reasserted itself and gained ground every time. It assumes now to reject nominations on account of personal pique, or to hold them up indefinitely. The power to amend revenue bills has been stretched, especially in the case of tariff bills, to an indefi-

HAS FOUND HIS PITCHFORK AGAIN

Senator Tillman has lately renewed all the violence of invective of his earlier days. He thinks the President is guilty of "usurpation" in the Santo Domingo matter.

nite extent, even that of substituting a wholly different bill with a different preamble. If the Senate has not actually usurped any ungranted powers, Dr. Everett repeats, it "has so inflated those it has as almost to burst their constitutional limits, and it has done so with an assurance, an arrogance, an air of 'what are you going to do about it?' that has had no precedent in Parliamentary history for centuries." It has succeeded in thus inflating its powers by reason of four facts: (1) the long term of office (six years); (2) the continuous character of the senatorial body; (3) its comparatively small size; and (4) the social character that has developed and made of the Senate "a luxurious club." Dr. Everett writes:

"If the long tenure, the small numbers, the continuity and the sociality of the Senate increase its complacency and tempt it to defy the other departments of government, still more do they lead to its being extolled and courted in outside opinion. When an entire body consists of ninety and can always be controlled by less than fifty men, yet has its hand on the throttle valve of the machine of government, what wonder that its members are approached by every species of persuasion, personal, political, and social, and absolutely made to feel, if they did not feel so themselves, that they are the nation's rulers."

But Dr. Everett has no faith in any proposed amendment to the Constitution for the purpose of securing election of the Senators by direct vote of the people. His advice is: Let the President and the House of Representatives stand on their rights. "Let the President break away once for all from the stupidity, and as I believe the illegality, of the congressional spoils system, and absolutely refuse to listen to Senators' recommendations for office; let the House of Representatives risk the loss of revenue rather than let the Senate dictate its bills."

DEFENDERS of the Senate at this juncture are not lacking. Most conspicuous among the newspapers that take up the cudgels in its behalf are the New York *Sun* and the Boston *Herald*. The former decries what it considers intemperate criticism of both branches of Congress. Patriotism and fidelity to American institutions demand that we respect our national legislature. "Without confidence in lawmakers there can be no respect for law. Those who seek to undermine that confidence and to destroy respect are playing with matches in dangerous proximity to a powder magazine." The same paper maintains that a study of *The Congressional Record* shows intimate knowledge on the part of Congressmen, high intelligence and a laudable grasp of principles and details. The Boston *Herald* thinks the country is to be congratulated that the Senate acts as a check upon the half-baked and demagogic bills passed by the lower house at the dictates of its speaker, and upon the "hurry" recommendations "of an impetuous and impatient President who too often applies to grave matters of diplomacy or statesmanship the 'hair trigger' practice that he uses in hunting 'big game.'" Another influential and independent journal, the New York *Journal of Commerce*, is "on the fence." It maintains that so far as present policies are concerned, the Senate "is fighting the popular battle against the executive." In the President's foreign policy it sees a uniform element of danger, namely, the tendency toward centralization. At the same time it is convinced that the Senate's growth of power and decline in character present another serious menace, and of the two perils, senatorial aggrandizement and the centralization of power, it knows not which is more to be feared. It also, with Dr. Everett, calls upon the lower house to reassert its rights and re-establish itself in public confidence by greater care and deliberation in

its enactment of legislation. Ever since the "Reed rules" were enacted, another writer, Henry Loomis Nelson, tells us, the lower house has declined in importance. It has come more and more under the autocratic control of the speaker, and all that is necessary now for the President to control its action is a compact with one man. This call upon the lower house to defend its rights more vigorously and to resist the aggressions both of the Senate and the President is heard more and more frequently ot late.

WHEN we get away from the Eastern States, the expressions of opinion concerning the Senate grow more positive and bitter, not because of what the Senate has or has not done this session, but because of what it is expected to do. Here is an extract from one of the leading Democratic dailies of Ohio, the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, taken from a long editorial on "The President and the Politicians":

"There is no secret as to the real character of the contest at Washington. Behind the politicians in congress are crouched the great railroad interests, the trusts that have fattened on special privileges, the giant corporations that have dictated laws in their interest and disregarded laws conflicting with the success of their schemes. These corporations have their agents and servants in the house. They are strongly entrenched in the Senate. They are determined there shall be no 'square deal.' . . .

"The plan of campaign in the Senate is already developing. It is to be one of delays and pettifogging attacks on the President that, it is hoped, will divert attention from the main issues. The management of Panama canal affairs, the Santo Domingo complications, the Philippines, the statehood controversy, everything that can be made use of for delay and everything that can by perverse ingenuity be twisted to the discredit of the President, or to impeachment of his judgment, will be taken advantage of by his pretended friends but secret enemies in his own party. It is hardly possible that these tactics will prevail to shake the faith of the people in President Roosevelt, even if they are successful in staving off for a while legislation the public have demanded and the President urged."

In many other Democratic papers, as well as Republican, the same bitter tone is maintained. Here is a similar representative utterance from the South, from the Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* (Dem.):

"The Senate has become an appendix to the trusts and the protected interests. It represents the people no longer. There are some men in it, of course, who do look out for the popular will, but the Senate as a whole, and under Republican auspices, is a mere instrument of Republican corruption."

THE APOSTOLIC SENATOR

Reed Smoot, the Mormon, is still fighting for a right to represent Utah in the Senate. It is charged that his vows as an Apostle are at variance with his professed fealty to the flag.

The antagonism to the President is resented by the Indianapolis *News* (Rep.) with equal fervor. The fight against him is in reality, so *The News* thinks, a fight against the people, and it says:

"We should remember that the professional politicians have always been hostile to Theodore Roosevelt, and that the whole monopolistic influence is bitterly antagonistic to him to-day. And now that the President has on his hands the biggest fight he ever had, these old enemies feel that they can pool issues, defeat the legislation asked for by both the President and the people, and show at the same time that the President is not after all a formidable figure. We believe that that is the game now on foot. He is as unpopular with the Aldriches and Platts and Depews as he always was, and he is quite as popular with the masses as he was a year ago."

OUR foreign policy and the modifications which it is thought to be undergoing at the present time furnish a topic which has elicited several notable addresses in the Senate and a vigorous discussion by the press in all sections of the country. The discussion has assumed various phases. The arrangement made by the President for the collection of customs duties in Santo Domingo is one and perhaps the most acute phase. The sending of delegates to the Morocco Conference is

MAY SUPPLANT GORMAN AS DEMOCRATIC LEADER

It was while Senator Gorman was away that the caucus of Democratic Senators was held, under the leadership of Senator Bailey of Texas. He is but 42.

another. These two events and some recent interpretations of the Monroe doctrine as made by President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft have brought that historic policy again to the front. The powers of the President in foreign matters and the constitutional powers of the Senate have been involved in the discussion. And, finally, the decision of the Democratic Senators to take caucus action against the Santo Domingo treaty, and the revolt from the caucus of Senator Patterson, of Colorado, have created something like a political sensation.

THE Santo Domingo treaty was negotiated by the President and placed before the Senate last year. That body adjourned without action and the treaty, therefore, remained pending. Shortly after the adjournment of the Senate, the President received a cablegram which may become historic. In the usual economical verbiage of cablegrams, it informed the President that the Santo Domingo Government, under the pressure of foreign creditors and of domestic peril, offered to place in charge of the custom-houses in its Southern ports and in four Northern ports a citizen of the United States, under whose administration of the customs 45 per cent. of the money was to go to the Dominican Government and 55 per cent. to be deposited in New York for distribution among the nation's creditors after ratification of the pending treaty. The creditors were all or practically all willing to accept such an arrangement. It was made. President Roosevelt "nominated" for receiver of the duties Colonel George R. Colton, a retired officer of the United States army. He was appointed by President Morales, and he entered upon his duties. The arrangement is one somewhat similar to that provided for in the pending treaty, but there are differences. Senator Spooner thinks the differences are important. Senator Tillman thinks they are unimportant and charges the President with usurpation of power in making such an arrangement when the treaty was still pending.

UNDER the treaty when it shall have been ratified, the United States will take charge of Dominican custom-houses, and collect and have charge of all receipts. It is also to appoint a commission for the purpose of adjusting the debts of the republic, amounting nominally to about thirty-three million dollars. Under the present arrangement no such direct responsibility is incurred by our Government. Colonel Colton, though *nominated* by President Roosevelt, was appointed by Morales, his salary is paid by the Dominican Government, he collects revenues and deposits or pays them out under a decree of the same government, acting "solely under the authority of that government." Such was Colonel Colton's own testimony before the Senate committee, and its accuracy has not been challenged. In eight months, ending November 30 last, Colonel Col-

TOO MUCH ROOSEVELT
—Donophy in Cleveland *Plain Dealer*.

ton had collected $1,445,000, turning over 45 per cent. (less costs of administration), or $550,000, to the Dominican Government, a sum in excess of the entire amount hitherto collected by Dominican officials. The remainder of the sum collected has been deposited in the National City Bank of New York, awaiting the ratification of the treaty and the adjustment of the Dominican debts before being distributed to the creditors. This seems to be all there is in the situation at present, despite the language of the President in a speech at Chautauqua last August in which he seemed to imply that the United States itself is responsible for Colonel Colton's acts. "Under this arrangement," he said, "*we* see to the honest administration of the custom-houses"; "*we* are protecting the custom-houses"; and "the Government is actually getting more from the 45 per cent. that *we* turn over to it than it got formerly when it took the entire revenue." Senator Spooner, after a long and brilliant defense of the President's course, was interrogated by Senator Culberson concerning this speech. He did not attempt any explanation. He had defended the President's official acts; perhaps he thought that explanation of the President's unofficial utterances was not a part of his duties.

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HE BOLTED THE CAUCUS

Senator Patterson, of Colorado, claims that the caucus of Democratic Senators on the Santo Domingo treaty was a violation of the Federal Constitution. He has introduced a resolution saying so.

WHETHER or not the President has exceeded the constitutional limits of his power in the arrangement with Santo Domingo is a somewhat technical question that pales into comparative unimportance before the question raised by the treaty itself. The present arrangement is a temporary device legally binding the United States as a nation to nothing. The treaty, if ratified, will be permanent and will bring the nation into new international relations that may constitute a very important precedent. Already it is reported that the Italian Government has made inquiry as to the likelihood of our entering into a similar arrangement with Haiti. There are many other countries in Central America and South America which are in a chronic condition of financial trouble similar to that of Santo Domingo. If this treaty is to be ratified, where will this course lead us? Are we to assume a protectorate over the rest of these shaky republics whenever a European nation threatens to collect debts at the cannon's mouth? Is the Monroe doctrine to receive a new and startling extension, such as may constitute us a sort of receiver for any bankrupt country in this hemisphere? Such questions as these are asked by the enemies of the treaty. The answer made is that this treaty, if ratified, commits us to nothing further. It will constitute a special arrangement made under exceptional circumstances, with a nation but ninety

A RULE THAT WORKS ONLY ONE WAY
—Maybell in Brooklyn *Eagle*.

DIDN'T WANT US TO GO TO ALGECIRAS

"To save the country from a violation of the policy laid down in Washington's farewell address," Senator Bacon, of Georgia, protested against our participation in the Morocco conference.

miles distant from our possessions in Porto Rico. And, moreover, it will be an arrangement effected as the result of an appeal from Santo Domingo itself.

A VERY eloquent speech on this subject of our foreign relations, particularly the Santo Domingo affair, was made several weeks ago by the new Senator from Maryland, Senator Rayner. In the course of this, his maiden speech, the Senator paid high tribute, both to President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft; but he rejected emphatically what he called the "Roosevelt corollary" to the Monroe doctrine, and included in his rejection the policy of President Cleveland in the Venezuela controversy. He stood for the Monroe doctrine as it was originally promulgated, but not as it has been expanded of late years. He undertook to establish these two propositions:

"First—That the President is in error when he states that 'we are within our rights and other governments are within their rights when they actively intervene in support of the contractual claims of their citizens.'

"Second—That he is equally in error if we are to be governed by precedent when he states that 'upon the seizure of a custom house to enforce claims recognized by international law in south or Central America we become a party in interest under the Monroe doctrine and must prevent this action upon the part of foreign governments.'"

Intervention in the case of Santo Domingo, he held, is not to preserve political liberty (the purpose of the Monroe doctrine), but to collect the debts of usurious bondholders. One of these bonded debts he explains in some detail. It amounts to £750,700, on which Santo Domingo is bound to pay, for interest and sinking fund, the sum of £58,900 annually. And all the actual money Santo Domingo ever received for this was £38,000, or £20,000 less even than the annual payment required. Said Senator Rayner:

"We must realize that this new Monroe doctrine is strictly a financial doctrine. The tragic figures of Bolivar and Miranda and a hundred other heroes, who swept up and down the Spanish main, have disappeared from view, and the Santo

THE SKY-LINE OF SANTO DOMINGO'S CAPITAL

Effective naval action off this port is not easy. The mouth of the Ozama River debouches here and is accessible beyond this point only to small vessels. The roadstead is dangerous to battleships, which must be cautiously piloted.

A LEADING THOROUGHFARE IN SANTO DOMINGO

More than one regiment of foreign troops has policed this street in the course of recent crises. A German force held the town on one occasion and camped here in the open.

Domingo Improvement Company and the Westerndorps, of Amsterdam, and Messrs. Bichoffschein and Goldschmidt now appear upon the scene. *Arma virumque cano* is an epic dream. The theme is money, the legend is cash and the foreign hordes who are advancing into the State Department are a syndicate of relentless mercenaries and money-lenders, who traffic in calamity, look upon national misfortune as so much merchandise and who for a venal profit would call a vendue and auction to the highest bidder the liberties of mankind."

SENATOR SPOONER'S speech in the Senate, January 23, was not delivered as a reply to Senator Rayner's. The Wisconsin Senator's purpose was not to discuss the treaty with Santo Domingo, but to defend the President's temporary arrangement while the treaty is pending. And he expressly disclaimed any intention to become involved in an attempt to sustain any amendment or alleged corollary to the Monroe doctrine. But he insisted, as Senator Lodge had also insisted, that Santo Domingo presents an exceptional case, agreeing with other Senators that the United States has no general call to become the receiver of bankrupt nations to the south of us. For a hundred years Santo Domingo has had "an irredeemably bad history from almost every standpoint." The people have been "the prey of foreign usurers and of domestic blackmailers and revolutionists." Senator Spooner took no exceptions to Senator Rayner's descriptions of the usurious character of the nation's debts. He concluded his speech as follows, speaking of the pending treaty:

"It is believed that their honest debt, instead of being $33,000,000, is less than $10,000,000. Every year has been a year of horror, and it is now

WANTS TO ANNEX SANTO DOMINGO

Senator Heyburn, of Idaho, has a bill reviving General Grant's pet project.

within sight of our flag. That is one thing which distinguishes the case from all the rest. It is 90 miles from Porto Rico.

"Nor, Mr. President, is that all. There is another element in it which appeals to every man, I think, who stops to consider it, which will distinguish it probably from all to the southward. Santo Domingo *asks the United States to do this thing*. What? To help her to face the sunrise. To help her work her way out of the darkness. She wants to pay her debts. She can never rehabilitate herself until some one stronger than she investigates these claims, and, having influence with the creditor nations, scales them down to what is honest and right. All they want is to be protected from revolution by an honest collection of revenues until their debt is paid, and they believe that during that period of time the contrast between prosperity and anarchy, between law and peace and bloodshed and violence will teach that people to prefer the improved condition. To whom else could she apply? We gave her warrant to apply to us. How? When? Where? When we went to war to free Cuba, and, after we had freed her, taught her people by an object lesson in their midst the true theory of government, organized a government and left her, under the resolution of which my friend the Senator from Colorado [Mr. TELLER] has a right always to be proud, to her people. What other nation has done that? And to us, her neighbor, known all over the world as not only a powerful and rich, but just and generous and liberty loving nation—little Santo Domingo appeals to give her a chance—that is all—for life and peace; not to compel her to pay usurious interest to rascals, not to force her to pay what she does not owe, but to give her a chance. Is there any other case like it? She is a derelict little nation out in the near by sea. Any nation has the right to clear the sea of a derelict. It is a danger. Is it not on the whole safer and better to extend to her our aid than to turn away from her appeal, with the complications certain to follow?"

THE Santo Domingo question has now become a partizan one. The fact is generally deplored, for it is commonly admitted that in dealing with foreign nations we should present a nonpartizan front—a line of conduct, by the way, which all nations profess to desire but seldom achieve. For the partizan developments in this case Democrats blame Republicans and Republicans blame Democrats. The overt act which advertised the partizanship phase of the question was the action of the Democratic Senators in holding a caucus and acting upon two resolutions, one opposing the Santo Domingo treaty, the other declaring it the duty of every Democratic Senator to vote against ratification of the treaty if the resolution opposing it were adopted by a two-thirds vote of the caucus. Both resolutions were adopted and Senator Bailey then gave notice that any Senator not abiding by the action of the caucus should be excluded from all future participation in caucus meetings. The next morning an editorial appeared in the New York *Sun* to which is credited, rightly or wrongly, an important influence on subsequent events. The editorial, entitled "Caucusing Against the Constitution," began as follows:

"It seems to us that no deeper disgrace ever yawned before a minority than that to which the Democrats of the Senate are invited by the promoters of the caucus plan of disposing of the Santo Domingo treaty. What are these Democratic Senators thinking of? Are they blind to the significance of the proposed application of caucus rule to their part in the making of treaties?"

The editorial proceeded to set forth the individual responsibility of Senators, under the Constitution, in the matter of treaties. It held that never before in all the history of the Government had the caucus method been applied to treaty-making. It means that in a full Senate of ninety members, twenty-one Senators can by caucus method defeat a treaty. It added:

"It has been the glory of all great parties since our Government was instituted that in matters of foreign policy, and particularly in the performance of the Senate's high function as a part of the treaty-making power, the party whip has been absent, or at least invisible. The present proposal to produce the whip and to apply it publicly for the suppression of the advice and consent of the Senators subjected to party dictation, merits, in our opinion, the serious attention of patriotic Americans.

"Considerably more important, we should say, than the failure or success of this particular treaty are the questions whether the power of the United States Government to do business with foreign nations by means of treaties shall continue to be exercised according to the mathematical formula which the Constitution prescribes, and whether the decision of the fate of treaties shall be transferred from executive session to party caucus."

SENATOR PATTERSON, of Colorado, a Democrat, evidently took the same view. He had left the caucus before a vote on the resolutions was taken. He now proceeded to introduce in the Senate a resolution to the effect that caucus action on a treaty is "in plain violation of the spirit and intent of the Constitution of the United States," speaking to his resolution on much the same line as that presented in *The Sun* editorial, and paying tribute to the President as one who "in his great struggle against railroads and trusts is doing a greater work than any President since Andrew Jackson." Senator Bailey took him sharply to task and defended caucus action

on the ground that the President, by partizan considerations and the use of patronage, had whipped the Republican Senators all into line in support of the treaty, and the Democrats were justified in meeting such tactics with caucus rule. This is the line of defense followed by the Democratic press. The Detroit *News* (Ind.) calls attention to the fact that the caucus is a "purely voluntary meeting" of no official character, and if the argument against it were carried to its logical extreme "a Senator would be debarred from consulting with any of his colleagues, or even with the President himself, lest the result of the consultation should influence him to substitute the judgment of the other for his own." It refers to the "steering committee" of the Republican Senators as "a less formal substitute for the caucus." The Atlanta *Constitution* thinks that "from a party standpoint" the effort of the Democratic Senators to get together and present something like harmony of action after several years of division is to be commended. This aspect also strikes the Philadelphia *Bulletin* (Rep.) forcibly, which thinks the fact that the Democrats are again getting "into shape as a fighting opposition" is the most important phase of the question. The Philadelphia *Ledger* (Ind.) thinks, on the other hand, that "a strict and servile obedience to a party caucus lash" cannot be justified either in case of a treaty or in case of any ordinary legislative measure, on which also a member of either house is bound to act according to his own convictions. The Pittsburg *Dispatch* (Rep.) is opposed to the Santo Domingo treaty, but it holds that Senator Patterson is "unquestionably correct" in his opposition to caucus rule. It argues as follows:

"It is establishing a boss in the form of a party majority. This power when exerted is generally a minority of the whole legislative body, because if there is a majority of the body in favor of a given action the attempt to dragoon dissidents into line by party authority is unnecessary. So that caucus authority, besides destroying individual freedom of action, is, if successful, a means of securing what is really desired and approved by no more than a minority of the members."

NEARLY all the opposition to the Santo Domingo treaty in the press is due to a belief that it is likely to implicate us in similar relations with numerous other countries. "We know of no single argument advanced for our intervention in Santo Domingo," says the New York *Evening Post*, "which does not apply, or could not be made to apply, to all other republics in arrears and in difficulty between us and Cape Horn. And the greater part of their debts, like those of Santo Domingo, is practically of the nature of gambling debts. Speculators have simply taken chances, as in a lottery, and now we are to guarantee the lottery." In another editorial on "Uncle Sam as Pan-American Receiver," it sets forth the size of the job it thinks we would be shouldering by ratifying the treaty. It says:

"Santo Domingo first placed a loan with foreigners in 1869. On it she has been in default for more than twenty years. Colombia has had a foreign debt for some 83 years, during about 47 of which no interest was paid. The corresponding figures for Guatemala, Honduras, and Venezuela are, respectively, 78 and 48, 78 and 72, 83 and 41. Costa Rica and Nicaragua have been in default for more than half the time. Salvador has repudiated a part of her foreign debt. Thus it appears that, if Uncle Sam is going to set himself up in the business of liquidating all outstanding Pan-American debts, he will not lack for occupation!"

LOVE kept such a fiery vigil in the bosom of Alfonso XIII last month and the tender passion has taken such possession of the whole soul of Princess Ena of Battenberg that the Madrid *Epoca* is led to conjecture that this radiant pair will wed prior to the date in May now tentatively fixed. But the many entanglements, social and political, that must ensue if this marriage be made suggest themselves to a correspondent of the London *Times*. As Queen of Spain, Ena will be "most Catholic," although she was reared as a Protestant. When she comes on a visit to England it will be in Westminster Cathedral that she will worship while the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics will receive her and she will take her confessor to Buckingham Palace. The nonconformist conscience is described as in a state of revolt, and high churchmen can not enjoy the perfume of the full-blown rose of Princess Ena's passion for a king who has made her a Roman Catholic. Even the clerical *Volkszeitung* of Cologne is in a state of disedification. A political conversion to the faith, says this Roman Catholic organ, can please nobody. So the aching adieu of Alfonso to Ena at Biarritz three weeks ago really initiated a struggle of their linked destinies against a too ecclesiastical world. She handed him two exquisite roses which she took from a vase, avers the London *Mail*. The King kissed them tenderly and placed them inside the left breast of his coat next to his heart. And so they parted.

THE SILVER WEDDING PORTRAIT OF THE GERMAN IMPERIAL FAMILY

Their names and characteristics are given (with portraits) in "Persons in the Foreground" on page 329 of this issue.

THE SPANISH KING WITH THE AUSTRIAN LIP

This physiognomical characteristic is not pleasing to Spaniards, reminding them of Austrian influence, long dominant at Madrid. The Spaniards call their King's mother "that Austrian woman."

TO MARRY THE KING OF SPAIN

Princess Ena of Battenberg is the cause of much agitation on account of her religion, which is Protestant. Her intended, Alfonso XIII, discovered in her a warm sympathy with Roman Catholicism. The Vatican is now investigating.

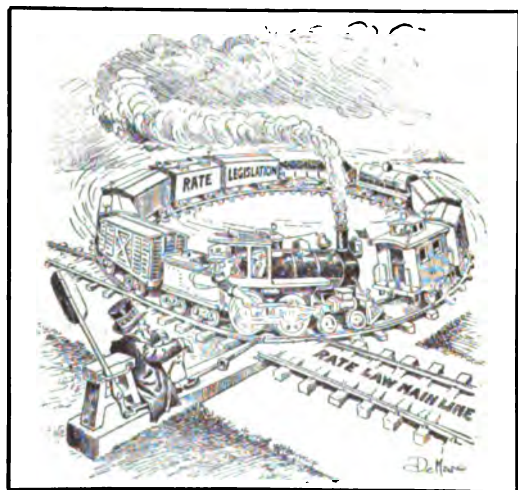
THEY are in love. They are young. Let the Vatican think only of that, pleads the *Correspondencia de España* (Madrid), a liberally disposed organ, transported by its own admiration for an English princess with a boundless capacity for love and overjoyed by the defeat of an Austrian "candidate" for the glories that will be Ena's. But the *Universo* (Madrid), organ of the hierarchy in Spain, remains significantly unmoved. Spain's ambassador at the Vatican, it observes, has arranged a visit from the princess to the Pope. "Her Highness will then abjure the errors of Protestantism," we read, "and be received into the one true faith." Carlist organs, nevertheless, openly deplore in the King an attachment based, as they contend, not upon strength of character but upon strength of passion. They reproduce German insinuations that Princess Ena's temper is a hot one. They are impressed by no English newspaper notions of her perfect loveliness. They praise, instead, the fascination of an unnamed German royal maiden whom the King saw while visiting Emperor William.

WHEN the Hepburn rate bill passed in the House of Representatives, on February 8, the most important policy advocated by the President since he entered the White House was supposed to have made an important advance. The bill is a sort of composite photograph, so to speak, of nineteen other bills for the regulation of railroad rates, which had been submitted by different Congressmen and referred to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, of which Mr. Hepburn is chairman. "In the preparation of this [Hepburn] bill," says the report accompanying the bill, "the committee has been aided by their study of all the bills and probably has borrowed something from each one." That was diplomatic, and one result of the diplomacy was the unanimous support of the bill by the Democratic and Republican members of the committee, and almost unanimous support by the House itself. All amendments were voted down and the bill was adopted with but seven votes in the negative. The bill passed on to the Senate and consideration

TRYING TO BLOCK THE WAY
—Smith in Indianapolis *Sentinel.*

of it began the very next day in the Senate committee.

SEVERAL surprises came in the House discussion. Congressman Littlefield, of Maine, who one year ago was especially prominent as a champion of Federal control of corporations, and was considered a spokesman of the President, voted "No" after a vigorous attack on the bill. At the rate of 200 words a minute for two hours he assailed the bill and belittled the Interstate Commerce Commission, whose "utter incapacity" to adjust rates as proposed in the bill he endeavored to establish by court records, showing that in thirty-two cases in which the commission has passed upon charges of unjust discrimination, the courts in their review of its decisions have overruled it twenty-four times. Mr. Littlefield is a fine orator and he addressed not only a full House, but many members of the Senate, who were present to hear him. Speaking further of the commission, he said: "They know nothing about either the railroad business or the other great business interests of the country. If you turn over the railroad business to such hands you will not only ruin the railroads, but all those other enormous business interests which have been developed and made possible by the railroads." Still more important was his positive statement that the bill does not meet the President's views. "In the zeal with which both political parties are running a race," he said, "they have gone far beyond the President's desires." Every Democrat in the House voted for the bill, and there were many radiant flights of glowing oratory. Here was one by Congressman Heflin:



ENGINEER ROOSEVELT—"Let me out on the main line!"
—DeMar in Philadelphia *Record.*

"When the Democrats get back in power and regulate these economic institutions and arrangements in the interest of the great mass of the people and strike off the hand that holds up the producer and the hand that robs the consumer, we will exclaim: Land of our fathers, through thy length and breadth a tremor passes. Look! The dark is done, and on thy proud form shall shine the splendor of the sun. Thine own children, with heads erect and light on all their faces, are happy in the triumph of Democracy's creed!"

"We like to see Mr. Heflin's countenance illuminated," commented *The Sun* (New York); "but what Democracy's creed is nobody knows." And *The World* (New York), after reading this and other similar speeches, observed: "The Hepburn bill is more than legislation; it is a prose-poem. It mounts to the Senate on wings of song."

WHETHER the President's approval has been given to this Hepburn bill or not is manifestly important. Mr. Littlefield's statement is re-enforced by the utterances of Senator Lodge, who is supposedly very close to the President. The Senator's speech on the bill, February 12, reviewed the whole subject of rate legislation. He has reached two conclusions as a result of his study. One is that the matter cannot be dealt with as a simple

question of right or wrong. "Success depends absolutely on the manner, the measure and the form of the legislation." The other conclusion is that a mistake in this matter "will not only cause commercial and financial disaster of a magnitude almost beyond computation, but will involve possibilities of political change and alterations in our form of government the gravity of which cannot be overestimated." He classified the evils complained of in railroad administration into three classes: (1) Discriminations between persons; (2) Excessive rates; (3) Discriminations between localities. The first of these evils seem to him so serious that he does not think it would be possible to draft legislation too drastic to prevent them. The present law has largely checked the system of rebates, but it should be amended to make violation or secret evasion punishable by imprisonment. Another amendment should give the proper authorities power to examine the books of railroad companies whenever rebates are suspected. Rebates have been practically eradicated in England, said the Senator, and can be here; but government rate-making of itself furnishes no remedy for this class of evils. Nor does it furnish a remedy for excessive rates, says Mr. Lodge. He reviews the effect of government rate-making in the various nations of the Old World, and finds that it has invariably tended to *prevent* reduction in rates and to make them inelastic. "No railroad dares to lower a rate," he says, "if it can possibly be avoided, because of the restrictions imposed by law on increasing the rate when it becomes necessary. . . . On the continent of Europe, generally, rates are 50 per cent. higher than ours, and show the same quality of inflexibility and the same lack of adaptation to changing conditions which we find in England." As to the third class of evils, discriminations between places, Senator Lodge says:

"The experience of other nations shows that government rate-making has not stopped discriminations in the slightest degree. It has substituted discriminations made by the government for the discriminations which are brought about by economic forces, the competition of markets and the action of business interests. It hardly, I think, needs argument to show that discriminations forced in this way through political action would be peculiarly unfortunate in the United States."

NEVERTHELESS, Senator Lodge will vote for a rate-regulation bill, but it must furnish "the most absolute protection against hasty or prejudiced action through provision for an appeal to the courts of the country." Anything that strikes at free access to the courts "strikes at the very heart of the measure" which has been urged by President

THE NEW RATE-REGULATION BILL BEARS HIS NAME

Col. William Peters Hepburn, of Iowa, is serving his tenth term in Congress. He was born in Ohio seventy-three years ago.

THE RATE BILL IS IN HIS HANDS

Reports from Washington are that the President is pretty sure to accept whatever changes in the rate bill Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, advises.

Roosevelt, so the Senator maintains. He quotes not only the President's message of last December, but recent utterances by Secretary Taft and ex-Secretary (now Senator) Knox, and the provisions of the Esch-Townsend bill passed a year ago, to prove that review by the courts has been all along maintained as an indispensable feature of rate legislation. The emphasis the Senator laid on this point implies that he will not support and does not believe the President will support the Hepburn bill without change, for that bill is criticized for its uncertain utterance on this phase of the question, in marked contrast to the Esch-Townsend bill. The important section of the Hepburn bill, and the one containing the only reference to review by the courts, is as follows:

"SEC. 15. That the Commission is authorized and empowered, and it shall be its duty, whenever, after full hearing upon a complaint made as provided in section thirteen of this Act, or upon complaint of any common carrier, it shall be of the opinion that any of the rates, or charges whatsoever, demanded, charged, or collected by any common carrier or carriers, subject to the provisions of this Act, for the transportation of persons or property as defined in the first section of this Act, or that any regulations or practices whatsoever of such carrier or carriers affecting such rates, are unjust or unreasonable, or unjustly discriminatory, or unduly preferential or prejudicial, or otherwise in violation of any of the provisions of this Act, to determine and prescribe what will, in its judgment, be the just and reasonable and fairly remunerative rate or rates, charge or charges, to be thereafter observed in such case as the maximum to be charged; and what regulation or practice in respect to such transportation is just, fair, and reasonable to be thereafter followed; and to make an order that the carrier shall cease and desist from such violation, to the extent to which the Commission find the same to exist, and shall not thereafter publish, demand, or collect any rate or charge for such transportation in excess of the maximum rate or charge so prescribed, and shall conform to the regulation or practice so prescribed. Such order shall go into effect thirty days after notice to the carrier and shall remain in force and be observed by the carrier unless the same shall be suspended or modified or set aside by the Commission or be suspended or set aside by a court of competent jurisdiction."

The last twelve words above give all the bill has to say about review by the courts. The Esch-Townsend bill contained 150 lines on the subject, drafted by Attorney-General Moody. And the Elkins bill, introduced in the Senate February 13, devotes an entire section to review by the courts, giving to them authority to suspend the rates ordered by the commission by means of injunction.

HAS popular interest in the subject of rate regulation subsided of late? The assertion that it has is made by the New York *Sun*, which points in proof to the very small number of petitions on the subject sent to Congress while the Hepburn bill was pending in the lower house. On February 2, for instance, it observes, when one speaker referred to petitions "just literally flooding this house," three pages and a half of *The Congressional Record* were filled with the titles of petitions presented to Congress; but of these hundreds of petitions only three were about rate regulation. The Washington correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce* says: "There is no question among members but that the whole rate agitation is the President's work. Men from all parts of the country say that it never would have sprung up at this time had it not been for his efforts." This view seems to the Springfield *Republican* "supremely ridiculous." The agitation for rate regulation, it says, "grows out of a popular agitation which dates back 20 years or more, which has found repeated expression in many state enactments, was supposed to have found satisfaction in the federal act of 1887 and was renewed when it appeared that the courts had devitalized the act of 1887." And the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* thinks that the vote in the lower house admits of no other interpretation than that the country at large "demands adequate governmental supervision of railway freight charges."

WHETHER or not this is a correct interpretation of public sentiment, the press of the country indicate no subsidence of public interest in the subject. No subject, in fact, is more widely discussed at the present time, and the opposition to the present form of rate-making, as exemplified in the Hepburn bill, seems to us to be fully as vigorous and frequent as the support. This is particularly evident in the Eastern papers, and not only in those usually classed among the more conservative journals. In New York City, for instance, *The Journal of Commerce*, *The Evening Post*, *The Times* and *The Sun* are not alone in opposition to the bill. Journals such as *The World* and *The Press* that appeal to a more radical class of readers are equally vigorous in their hostility. *The World* (Dem.) calls the bill "a half-baked hodge-podge of uncertain phrases," and comes out against rate regulation in general on the ground that

Federal control of railroads will make them redouble their political activity and increase the corruption of national politics. *The Press* (Rep.) calls the Hepburn bill a "bunco" bill that "gives the railroads every possible advantage that can be taken by means of the law's delays," and says that the President does not indorse it, and its passage in the lower house means that he has been beaten there and "that is all there is to it." Some of the strong conservative journals in the East, such as the Boston *Transcript* and the Philadelphia *Press* and *Ledger*, lean in the direction of rate regulation, but cannot be quoted emphatically on one side or the other. Even in the South and West protests against the Hepburn bill are not infrequent. The Kansas City *Star* criticizes it because it does not confer on the commission power to reclassify freight, an omission that would "largely neutralize" the usefulness of the bill. The Columbia, S. C., *State* thinks the bill is about what the President wishes, but has no doubt that the Supreme Court will declare it unconstitutional. The Richmond *Times* asks for serious consideration of objections advanced by a contributor. It sums up these objections as follows:

"The commission is composed in the main of Northern and Western men. The North and West are allies against the South. In all cases of discrimination in favor of the South, what will the decision be? Give this power to the Federal government and no Southern man will ever be elected to the presidency. The North and West will see to that. Our cities and ports will soon have passed the zenith of their greatness, and will decline. The factories, foundries and mines and all our infant industries will be closed."

AMONG the stanchest advocates of rate regulation in general is the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.). The sole question at issue, it thinks, is whether the immense power that attaches to the making of rates should be left in private hands. If it is so left, the country must remain "subject to the arbitrary will of a great private monopoly whose operations affect profoundly every citizen and every community and every industry in the broad land." The Chicago *Tribune* (Rep.) thinks that the argument is "irrefutable," as advanced by Bourke Cockran, Senator Clay and others, that the alternative of rate regulation is public ownership of railroads. The Pittsburg *Dispatch* (Rep.) thinks the proposition involved in rate-making is very simple:

"From the construction, more than the actual enactments of the law of 1887, that measure was held to give no authority to the commission for an effective remedy in cases typified by the Kansas oil rate, the refined oil rates northward from New Orleans as compared with those going in the opposite direction, and the practice of charging 50 per cent. more freight to Denver than on the same freight that passes through Denver several hundred miles farther to San Francisco. The bill proposes merely to give it power to make the remedies effective. All the attempts of the corporate advocates to becloud that fact failed of their purpose."

One of the utterances widely quoted in favor of rate regulation is that by President A. B. Stickney, of the Chicago Great Western railway. He says:

"It is my conclusion that, because the railways have assumed the common law obligation of common carriers, and because they are public highways, it is fair and right to control their rates by law, and that, because railways are monopolies, the law of self-preservation, as well as of fairness and justice, demands that the people, through the government, should control railway rates by law."

WHEN the first day of April dawns, the agreement which President Roosevelt's Coal Strike Commission secured between the strikers and the operators over three years ago will have come to an end. After that, what? The question has been hanging over industry all winter, and as we go to press it is still unanswered. The coal miners both in the anthracite and bituminous fields are demanding an eight-hour day, a ten per cent. increase of wages, and "a trade agreement between the operators and the unions which will be a full and complete recognition of the union." The operators demand a continuance of the present scale of wages and hours, as established by the commission three years ago, and which gave the miners at that time a ten per cent. advance. Efforts to "get together" have been made, but so far in vain, and it is not using too strong language to say that the country stands aghast at the prospects if an agreement is not reached. The strike, if it comes, will be more extensive and probably more prolonged than it was before. The men, organized and unorganized, who will be directly involved will number over half a million. The unions report in their treasuries a surplus of $2,679,134.43, and a special tax of $1.00 per week per member has been levied which is counted on to increase this surplus by April to over five million dollars. The operators, on the other hand, report a large supply of anthracite coal on hand. If the miners win their fight, the result will almost certainly be a further advance in the price of coal. If a strike comes,

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SOME OF THE WIVES OF MOROCCO'S SULTAN

This is a photograph taken by the Sultan himself. Authoritative interpreters of the Koran at Fez do not agree regarding the precise number of wives allowable to Adbul-Aziz. Ordinarily a Mohammedan may have but four. Some authorities report that his palaces contain a much larger number of wives (including the lady on the wheel) than this picture indicates.

the loss to the public will be tremendous, for it will involve all sorts of industries. There will be no "soft coal" this time to use as a substitute.

WHAT the public will be "up against" in the event of a strike is thus set forth by the New York *Tribune*:

"It is reported that there is only a two weeks supply of soft coal in stock. The twenty-five or thirty millions of tons of anthracite expected to be accumulated by April 1 would carry the industries of the country only a short way. Production would be limited to the non-union mines of West Virginia and to districts where the strike order was imperfectly effective. The price of such coal as reached the market would be well-nigh prohibitive. The threatened strike would dwarf by comparison that of four years ago, which will be long remembered for the losses and suffering it caused. At that time bituminous coal was being produced abundantly, and industries continued in operation, though the people suffered from want of domestic fuel. Now industrial coal is to be cut off, too, and in a few weeks, such is the threat, railroads must cease running, machinery must stop turning and industries must come to a standstill. In a word, we are brought unpleasantly face to face in all its essential details with the menace of a general strike. In the hands of the workmen of one industry is the means to tie up all."

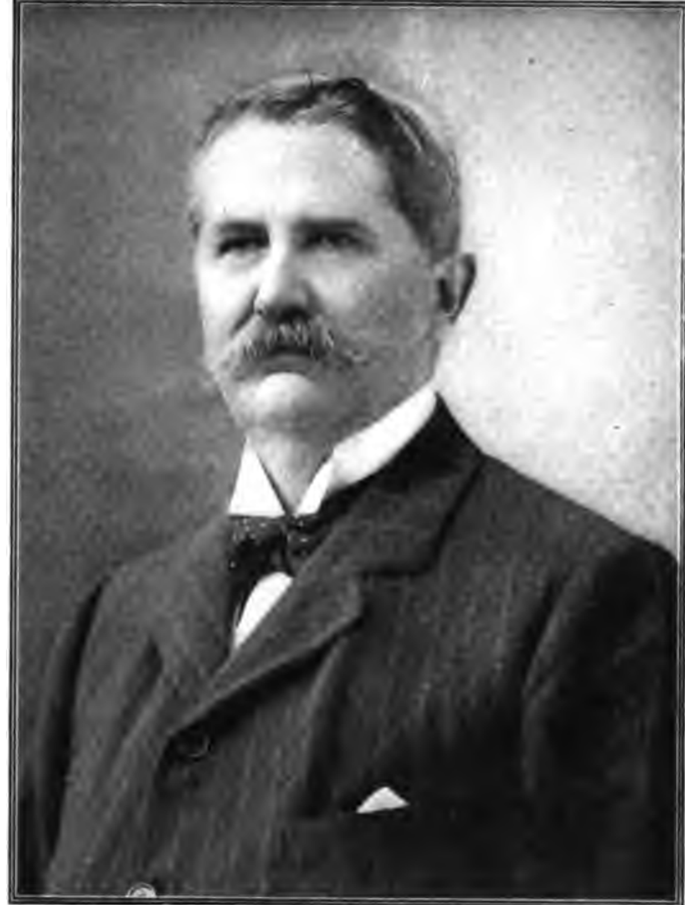
A result still more fateful, in the judgment of the Providence *Journal,* may ensue, namely, a long step toward socialism. It says:

"Something will have to be done to avert the suffering that a second prolonged strike would entail. The country is not ready for socialism, nor has it accepted the familiar theories of those who believe in Government ownership; but even conservative citizens may be pardoned if they feel that the quarrels of capital and labor in Pennsylvania and the States of the adjacent West cannot be permitted to inconvenience the public as they inconvenienced it three years ago. Coal is a prime necessity in this day and generation. We require it for the most ordinary functions of our social and industrial establishment. David B. Hill's retirement from politics may be said to date from his introduction into the Democratic platform in New York State of a plank for Government ownership of the mines. . . . Yet if another strike takes place we may see identical resolutions offered in conventions of both parties by men who have never hitherto regarded themselves as political radicals."

CERTAIN European organs, searching for a scapegoat for the Morocco conference, have precipitately raised President Roosevelt to that bad eminence. He was impetuous enough, complain some French dailies, to despatch two envoys to Algeciras before discovering that the Morocco conference must necessarily discuss one set of questions disguised in the form of another set. He blundered thus fatuously, if the London *National Review* is to be credited, because the German ambassador had previously ionized the diplomatic air of Washington so as to make it a conductor of the dynastic electricity from Berlin. Emanations from the presidential mind reveal a Roosevelt still convinced that the Morocco conference was called to settle the affairs of Morocco. How devoutly the *Dépêche de Toulouse* wishes the President did not err! His administration is unwittingly partizan in aiding Germany to undo the pact between France and Great Britain, a pact upon which the foundations of world politics, from a European standpoint, have been made to rest. "We see America," laments also the London *Outlook,* "sitting and voting on a purely European question." It leaves out of account one fact for which Senator Spooner vouched last month in the Senate, namely, that two great powers declined to go into a Morocco conference unless the United States, as one of the signatories to the Madrid convention, sent delegates with the rest. The inference is that had this country stayed out, no conference could have been held.

THIS British weekly's indictment of our Executive is very emphatic. Mr. Henry White temporarily quitted Rome, where he is United States ambassador, to advocate at

Algeciras such things as the open door, an international police and the better treatment of Jews. True, Mr. White and his colleague are delegates, not plenipotentiaries. They have no authority to sign any treaty without instructions from the Department of State, and any treaty they do sign must go to the Senate for ratification. The London *Outlook* refrains from comment on the form of these instructions, but their limitations throw upon Mr. Roosevelt, it notes, a wide and active responsibility. For some time yet, perhaps, Mr. Roosevelt will be as much preoccupied with all that underlies the Morocco question as Prince Bülow or Premier Rouvier, to say nothing of the London Foreign Office. Even that, we are told, is a matter of less importance than the policy which, between them, Messrs. Roosevelt and Root have announced. It is a policy which to various organs of British imperialism seems ostentatiously meddlesome with interests exclusively European—interests dynastic and political at that. It is notorious, we read, that one of the controversial matters between Germany and France at Algeciras concerns the army of control, or, to employ the current euphemism, the "police." On this question, says the London *Outlook,* the United States has already declared its mind. Mr. White and his colleague are in the conference, therefore, not to harmonize, but to take sides. Mr. Roosevelt interposes in a matter which within the past few months has brought the two leading powers of Continental Europe to the verge of war. He can, he apparently desires to, throw his weight on the side of one and against the other. Simultaneously he warns Europe away from South America in the name of the Monroe doctrine. That is an attitude which the London *Outlook* thinks must in the end prove quite untenable. And its view finds some support in the press of the United States, where criticism of the same sort appears, but less frequently than a month ago.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THE VOICE OF AMERICA AT THE MOROCCO CONFERENCE.

Mr. Henry White, ambassador to Italy, represents the Roosevelt policy at Algeciras. He was pursued last month by correspondents eager to know what the President meant to do as between France and Germany.

HAD President Roosevelt realized how deliberately Emperor William thrust the police question into the forefront at the Morocco meeting, he and his Secretary of State, insinuates a writer in the Paris *Aurore,* might have been more circumspect in publishing instructions to Mr. White. Emperor William's object, say London organs like *The Times* and *The Mail,* was to disrupt the unity of French relations with British world policy. England's trump card in winning the amity of France is a free hand for the Paris government in Morocco. William II is determined that England shall not play that trump card. He leads into a new suit by playing the police at Algeciras. His delegates insist that the armed forces maintaining order in Morocco shall not be those of the republic, but that French soldiers may preserve order only on

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MOROCCO'S SULTAN DRESSED IN TURKISH UNIFORM

This portrait is an anomaly inasmuch as the Sultan of Morocco should, in the eyes of his orthodox subjects, repudiate all the dogmas expounded on the sacred authority of the Sultan in Constantinople. A Turkish uniform worn by their Sultan would scandalize the more pious among the Mohammedan faithful.

the frontier toward Algiers. The London *Standard* specifies the objections to this scheme. International forces have failed to maintain order in Macedonia, in Crete, in Egypt. An alternative is to place Morocco under the control of one neutral and disinterested power. But it would be difficult to choose a neutral power. Even if a nation like Denmark or Switzerland were willing to undertake the task, the necessary authority would be lacking. On the other hand, if Italy or Austria were suggested, France would be affronted. Italy is a Mediterranean power, like France. Why, inquires the British daily, should Italy be asked to step into Morocco and perform a task which Emperor William thinks France cannot undertake without menace to the interests of Europe? Possibly the German Emperor has "spheres of influence" in his mind. He has applied that principle to China and he is, according to his English critics, eager to apply it in South America. Meanwhile, we are assured, President Roosevelt helps to apply it in Morocco.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has no partner in the game at Algeciras, as German officially inspired organs see the play. The Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung* is inclined to admire Mr. Roosevelt's indifference to the influence which his own hand may have on that of any other player. This daily does not understand that the United States has taken sides, at any rate to the extent that London opinion seems half inclined to dread. When the London *Morning Post* asserts that the United States Government favors the idea of an international agreement for the policing of Morocco outside the border region, the Berlin *Post* observes that this does not mean very much and the London *Times* replies that it means, if put into practice, a severe blow to the friendship between France and Germany. "More than ever," it adds, "the conviction is general abroad that the Moroccan difficulty retains its original character as part of a policy directed by Germany against the Anglo-French *entente,* and in watching the progress of the business at the conference it is important to bear this in mind." The whole system of international policy, from Emperor William's point of view, is based on maintenance of bitter rivalry between France and Great Britain. His immediate aim, our British informant continues, is to have a makeshift arrangement put into shape at Algeciras. France must thus see that British friendship has no practical value.

WAR between France and Venezuela dragged out a technical existence all last month, with President Castro on the offensive. That statesman committed an act of war, explains the *Temps*, when he refused to let a French diplomatist return to the Venezuelan shore after boarding a French steamer. The diplomatist wanted his official correspondence before Castro had a chance to intercept it. Venezuelan statutes, it should be explained, permit Castro to open and read anybody's correspondence. He has been reading even the American minister's correspondence, it is said, and seems to be incensed by what he found in some confidential communications from the Department of State to our representative at Caracas. The Venezuelan President regards as personally offensive Minister Russell's efforts, made under instructions from Washington, to assist in the peaceful settlement of the Franco-Venezuelan dispute. But Castro subsequently consented to be mollified. He tolerates Mr. Russell for the time being, but he will transact no official business with French diplomatists. The Paris government was supposed to be preparing a bombardment of Venezuelan ports. Suddenly everything was halted.

Courtesy of *The World's Work.*

"THE RESTORER OF VENEZUELA"

This is the title by which Castro hopes to become known in the pages of his country's history. Bolivar is the model whom he has taken for imitation in all things, say officially inspired Caracas dailies. This painting was executed at the request of the Venezuelan Congress.

MANY French statesmen rightly or wrongly suspect that Germany is behind Venezuela at this juncture, declares the London *Telegraph*. It is possible, explains the *Matin*, that France might discover Germany in Venezuela just as she finds her in Morocco, hampering her movements, delaying agreements and skilfully raising objections. Germany, we read, does not want war. But she is trying to give France embarrassment. Hence the dispute with Castro may be productive of more complications in Europe than the published facts imply. Here, contends the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*, we have a tissue of English fabrications of a kind to which the London *Times* is prone. Anyhow, it does not suit France, evidently, to re-enforce her naval division in the West Indies to any considerable extent. Even if she went to the length of threatening, and even bombarding some port, argues the London *Telegraph*, France would incur the risk of killing her own citizens, her own friends. The Monroe doctrine stands in the way of territorial occupation. There is the middle course of blockading one or more ports and seizing the revenues, as has been done on various occasions with Turkey. But other European powers have claims on the

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THE FLOWER OF CASTRO'S ARMY

It is rumored that there is disaffection in these ranks, preluding the decline and fall of the present Venezuelan empire.

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"MIRAFLORES"

This is the palace at Caracas in which Castro and his boon companions are accused of re-enacting the infamies of the imperial palace in the time of Nero.

customs. France is thus on the horns of a dilemma. She will play a waiting game.

CASTRO now has on his mind something far weightier than his latest war with a great European power, says the London *Morning Post*. He is maturing plans to make himself dictator of Colombia and Ecuador in addition to Venezuela. That and resistance to the United States, with a determination to keep Venezuela for the Venezuelans, sum up his program as our contemporary outlines it. Castro talks of himself as a second Bolivar, another Cæsar, a Washington returned to earth. His public addresses and the replies to them from Congress and the censored press are compared with Nero's panegyrics of himself. Castro is "the restorer of Venezuela" and his heart is "inspired by ideals sublime and grandiose" while the blessings he has bestowed upon his country are "as refulgent as the light of the king star as it shines in the zenith." Such are the eulogies with which the halls of Congress at Caracas are made to echo. Venezuelans of the Andine province from which Castro hails take him at his own valuation. They are proud to learn that the annual meeting of Venezuela's Congress has been changed to take place on the anniversary of the date on which Castro set out from the inland mountains to overthrow his predecessor in the dictatorship. His journeys through the land are now marked with the pomp, the extravagance, the adulations and the revelries of a Roman emperor. One of the dates of Venezuelan independence has been altered on the national escutcheon to the anniversary of Castro's birth. His bust is now replacing that of Bolivar on the latest issue of Venezuelan postage-stamps. Such facts, set forth and vouched for by the London *Morning Post*, give us, it thinks, the measure of the man to-day.

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IN CASTRO'S CAPITAL

This is the main street in Caracas. On one side is the University, on the other the Government building.

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CORRIDOR OF THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE AT CARACAS

The aide-de-camp to President Castro is in conversation with one of the executive secretaries.

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CASTRO WAS BORN IN A VENEZUELAN HUT LIKE THIS

It stands in a mountain village near the place of Castro's reputed birth in one of the Andine provinces of Venezuela. Castro himself is proud of his humble origin, attesting, he thinks, the possibilities of Venezuelan institutions.

CASTRO has now annulled the American asphalt concession, the Italian mining concession, the Belgian waterworks concession, the French cable concession, all under due process of Venezuelan law. He is devoted to the constitution as authoritatively interpreted by the supreme court of the republic. That tribunal is absolutely his instrument, it

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CASTRO'S MAN-OF-WAR

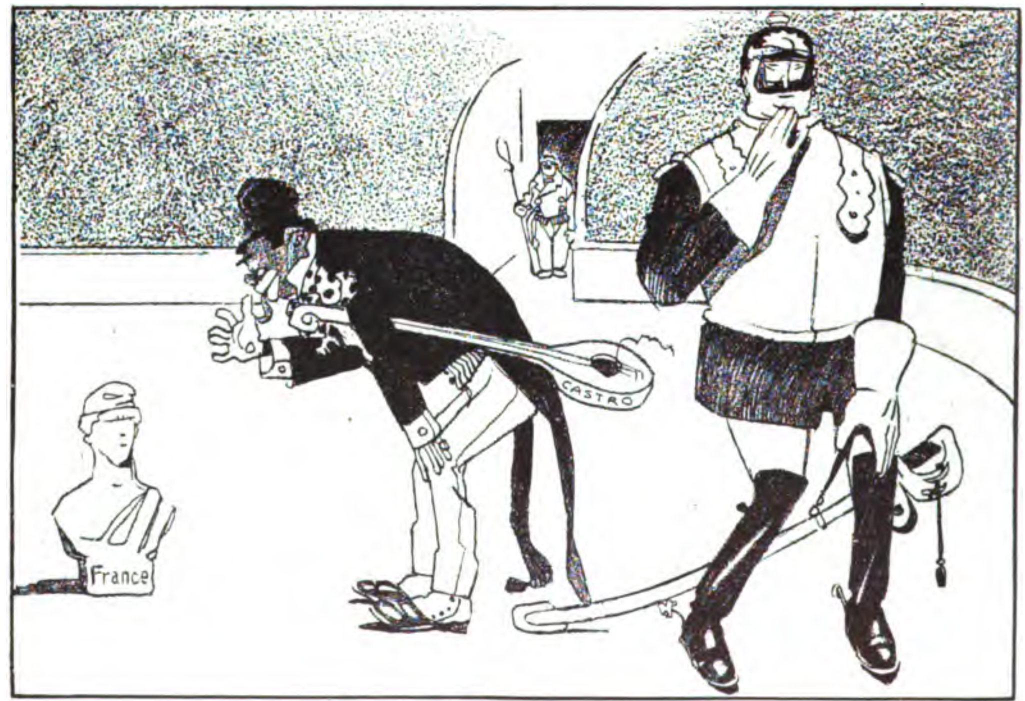
It is an antiquated craft, the basis, presumably, of President Castro's allusions to "the naval forces of the republic," now being put "in a state of efficiency."

is charged in British dailies. A chief justice who was chief justice in fact, as well as in name, we are told, disappeared when he had the tactlessness to discover over a hundred men in prison at Caracas, thrown there by executive order. Salt, coal, pearl fisheries, matches, coffee, rum, sugar, coco, gold mining, banks and railroads are all laid under contribution by Castro. Every business and all undertakings of whatsoever kind exist on sufferance. They must pay for the privilege of being protected. Nor is this analysis of the situation, drawn from British sources, unsupported by the press of other European countries. Foreign dailies are filled with accounts of Caracas in turmoil and of Castro feasting in his palace at Miraflores or at some inland retreat, guarded by his troops and surrounded by his partizans, mostly discredited men and women. Yet Castro, according to the London *Post,* is to all appearances secure. He has perfected his defensive machinery. His army, his telegraphs, his closely woven mesh of espionage, his censorship over the press, over foreign despatches, even over private letters, would appear to keep him informed of all that happens. He could crush a rising instantly. That is not the understanding of the Paris *Temps* and a few of its Continental contemporaries. They hear that Castro's fall cannot

be long postponed. All classes of Venezuelans, except the native mountaineers, want relief from Castro's exactions. A plot is maturing. Venezuela may have a new President before long.

BUT President Roosevelt ought to deal summarily with Castro at once, urges the Paris *Temps,* inspired by the French Foreign Office. It suggests that the United States assume financial control of Venezuela, thus assuring all nations of the reparation and satisfaction due them. Did the *Temps,* retorts the London *Times,* ever hear of Santo Domingo? Does it know that between the President and the Senate there is an open conflict because Mr. Roosevelt proposed to do by treaty what he is now invited to do in respect of Venezuela? There is no reason to believe, thinks the London *Times,* that the United States Senate would look favorably on any such treaty with Venezuela, still less on any interposition by Mr. Roosevelt without a treaty. The President of the United States has repeatedly declared his intention of remitting the whole subject to Congress at the proper moment. In the meantime the French ambassador and Mr. Roosevelt are in friendly conference. Mr. Roosevelt has the benefit of the report made by Judge Calhoun, who went to Caracas for first-hand information. So sensational are the revelations in this report, according to insinuations in French dailies, that, if made public at all, it will have to be edited. The next move is with France, asserts the London *Times,* adding that, though it may be postponed, it will doubtless be taken, and taken with effect.

EXCITEMENT in France grows intense as the time for the national election draws near. That event has been fixed for the coming April. The date may be advanced or retarded a little even at the eleventh hour, for the ministry has power to fix the precise day to suit itself. But the new President, Mr. Fallières, who duly succeeded M. Loubet last month, turns out something of a stickler for constitutional observances, and no election can legally be held, he thinks, earlier than next month, unless the machinery of dissolution be brought into play. Prime Minister Rouvier



THE VENEZUELA CIRCUS

WILLIAM II: "Decidedly, I begin to understand my sympathy with the turbulent Moroccans. Don't talk to me about the Japanese trick dancers or the negro clowns. President Castro, of Venezuela, can give lessons to us all."
—Paris *Rire.*

considers that the machinery of dissolution is virtually in abeyance. It has only once been brought into operation since 1877. A newly chosen parliament is hardly in full working order till its second year, and it must expire, in any event, by the end of its fourth. To shorten this period by dissolution would be to doom the legislative apparatus to impotence. A French Chamber of Deputies, therefore, is always permitted to live out its full term. The executive is thus deprived, according to the *Temps*, of a resource which is essential to the proper working of a parliamentary constitution. Yet were Rouvier to bring about a dissolution in the full constitutional sense of the term—for the word is employed a little loosely in French politics—the episode would be extraordinary. But there have been hints of it, although the Chamber has almost expired as it is. The deputies, during this closing session, were more occupied in securing their own return, says the *Gaulois*, than in attending to the public business.

THE ministry which is now to appeal to the French electorate for a fresh lease of power is providing the people with their first opportunity to pass judgment upon the separation of Church and State. It is Premier Rouvier's misfortune, say extreme Socialist organs like the *Lanterne*, to have failed to rally to himself many of the strongest elements in the combination that sustained his anticlerical predecessor. Combes, foe of all clericals, boldly admitted not merely radicals but socialists to full membership in the ministerial combination. Under Rouvier the extreme socialists and some moderate ones have declined to be conciliated even by the appointment of ministers of their own school of thought. But Premier Rouvier's political life has been one continued fight against adverse circumstances. This is not the first time, observes the *Figaro*, that he has had to complain of the cowardice which has allowed colleagues to throw him to the wolves. The fact is largely responsible for the cynicism with which he is declared to be awaiting the issue. His government began last month to enforce that provision of the law separating Church and State which calls for inventories of ecclesiastical property. Certain prelates and priests assumed an attitude of defiance. The *Gaulois* declared that atheistic officials had deliberately profaned vessels of the sanctuary, even attempting, in some instances, to violate tabernacles. The result was a series of riotous

A DIPLOMATIST BOYCOTTED BY PRESIDENT CASTRO

This is the former secretary of the French Legation at Caracas, M. Taigny. He went aboard a steamer to get his letters, and was not allowed to return to shore. He went to Washington last month for a conference with the Department of State.

JAPAN'S GALLICIZED PRIME MINISTER
The Marquis Saion-ji cordially indorses the saying that every good man has two countries—his own and France.

scenes in some of the celebrated houses of worship in France. The Pope appeased the fury to some extent. He enjoined prelates, priests and people to obey the law. The government, on its side, abated the zeal of officials. They were bidden not to invade tabernacles, since in them the sacred elements are kept. The Rouvier ministry fears, nevertheless, says the *Matin,* that renewed scenes of turbulence may yet impart an air of martyrdom to the clericals. The Premier is in a hurry to have the elections out of the way.

THE result will completely vindicate the anticlerical policy initiated by Waldeck-Rousseau advanced by Combes and consummated by Rouvier. That is the prophecy of those who study the situation dispassionately in England and in Germany. But Rouvier himself is believed to be in imminent danger of a fall. His one chance of surviving is thought to be the possible election of a moderately inclined radical and republican majority. A Chamber filled with extreme radicals and out-and-out socialists would make short work of the financier Rouvier. The expectation of many English dailies is that Rouvier will give way before very long to a Prime Minister of more sternly anticlerical mood. But, if the unexpected happens, if the parliamentary elections result in the return of a clerically inclined majority, there must ensue a fundamental revolution. There would be a presidential crisis, predicts the *Lanterne,* and a papal nuncio would once more head the diplomatic corps. That separation of Church and State which now plunges so many clerical souls in anguish would then be undone by the forces of reaction. The surprises of universal suffrage are illimitable to the London *Standard,* which says it would be rash indeed to predict precisely what the voting urns may have in store for France.

IN sending an American fresh from the imposing office of Governor-General of the Philippines as ambassador to Japan's Emperor, President Roosevelt is supposed by French organs to have had in mind Tokyo's ambition to purchase the archipelago won by this country from Spain. Gen. Luke E. Wright is even said to have been instructed regarding his attitude in the event of the rumored negotiations assuming definite shape. Often as the United States Government has repudiated any intention to sell the Philippines to Japan, the rumor is revived in papers like the London *Times* and the Paris *Journal des Débats.* The transaction would be little less than an act of treason to the whole white race, thinks a writer in the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung.* The *Figaro* intimates that if the archipelago is ever put into the market William II might bid animatedly against Mutsuhito. The new Japanese prime minister, the Marquis Saion-ji, is a Jingo, say the Europeans, and he would be very happy to negotiate with Ambassador Wright on a cash basis. Meantime he is strengthening the forces of Japan. The Diet at Tokyo contains members with a propensity to ask what Great Britain is doing to render her own armed forces adequate to the ambitious position implied in the terms of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. Some London dailies resent such curiosity. Others find it legitimate. The *Asahi Shimbun* observes that the spirit of such inquiries will not be misunderstood

by Japan's ally. They might be out of place were a less soldierly statesman than General Terauchi in the Saion-ji ministry. He wants a strong England to stand by the side of a strong Japan.

IN forming his ministry, Marquis Saion-ji was forced, seemingly to his regret, to retain a few of the colleagues of his predecessor. Our old friend, Baron Komura, had to go, his post as Minister of Foreign Affairs being assumed by Count Kato, one of the original advocates of an Anglo-Japanese alliance, who must not be confused with the Mr. Kato who was long Japanese adviser to the Korean Government. Count Kato is said in German organs to owe his influence to pressure exerted from London, where he was once the Mikado's minister. The most significant thing to Berlin is that the new Prime Minister retains the old Minister of War and the Minister of Marine. These two statesmen saw Japan through her war with Russia. They are equally committed to a policy of military and naval expansion. General Terauchi wants his country's army to be as strong as that of Germany, and it is the determination of Vice-Admiral Saito to make Japan the third naval power of the world. Holding respectively the portfolios of War and the Navy, these Cabinet ministers are said by the *Jiji Shimpo* to have prepared the appropriation bills so staggering to the Diet some weeks ago. Terauchi likewise promised the Diet to make inquiries into the state of England's army. The London *News* says "Well!"

IT MAY surprise students of the Russo-Japanese war to learn that Japan will soon commence the building of battleships in her own yards. Her ability to attempt the feat is due to the energy of the Minister of Marine. He amazed the Mikado by exhibiting a squadron of new submarines at a recent naval review. Many vessels of this type are understood to be now building under the supervision of Vice-Admiral Saito, who superintended the launching of the armored cruiser *Tsukuba* at Kure last month. The event was a memorable one, European military organs taking a lively interest in the forthcoming tests of this product of Japanese naval architecture. With the new Japanese battleships and cruisers approaching completion in Europe and the additions to the Mikado's navy gained through the recent war, Japan's rank as a sea power makes her, in the opinion of the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*, a menace to the United States. Japan, moreover, has just completed her new ordnance factory near Tokyo, covering over eighty acres of ground and comprising a plant fitted to equip the largest of her battleships with the most formidable batteries. "The Jingoes," observes the Paris *Figaro*, "are stronger than ever in Japan." But the organ of the new Prime Minister explains that Japan is doing no more than her duty to her self as one of the great powers of the world.

OUR FIRST AMBASSADOR TO JAPAN

Governor-General Luke E. Wright, LLD., has been transferred from the Philippines to Tokyo. He was once Attorney-General of Tennessee and his father was Chief Justice of that State. He will be sixty next year.

IN the fulfilment of such a mission as the uplifting of China—a land believed to contemplate a general massacre of all resident foreigners—Japan finds herself, thinks the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*, in a position not unlike that of an intelligent teacher who knows very little more than his pupils. Japan must often study the day's lessons with much diligence the night before. She has gone to work with all the fond enthusiasm of a dutiful elder sister. The progress already made is certainly startling. We see Japan still somewhat uncertain on her feet, teaching a huge and unwieldy China how to walk. Many of the circumstances are wholly encouraging. China and Japan have

WANTS JAPAN'S NAVY MADE BIGGER THAN OURS

He is Marquis Saito, who last month, as Minister of Marine, supervised the launching of the first battleship laid down in a Japanese yard, and surprised the Mikado with a submarine fleet.

THE MIKADO'S MINISTER OF EDUCATION

Mr. S. Makino was recalled from his post as minister in Vienna to enter the cabinet of the Marquis Saion-ji.

practically the same written language, although the spoken tongues are not identical. Japan is at home in the Chinese classics, the foundations of her own ancient but now discarded culture. Tokyo can think in Peking terms. Baron Komura is even credited with the remark that between Japan and China exists an affinity suggesting that which has made all the English-speaking peoples alike subjects of King Shakespeare. Intellectually, socially and morally, the influence which Japan can bring to bear upon China is incalculably great The native newspapers in China are in many cases Japanese enterprises. The national universities and schools are subject to influences exerted from Tokyo. Japanese products invade the Chinese market in ever increasing quantity. China's army is slowly reforming itself under the supervision, if not the control, of Japanese military experts. Even the police of Peking are officered by subjects of the Mikado.

HOW vast a transformation Tokyo aims at in China becomes apparent to the Berlin *Post* from the fact that the traditional attitude of China toward Japan has always been one of disdain. Peking has looked down upon Tokyo as a thing immeasurably beneath contempt. The Japanese have been regarded as borrowers of their best from the storehouse of Chinese civilization. This conception was based upon reality. The old civilization of Japan had an origin exclusively Chinese, and one result of this circumstance is the detestation felt by the aristocracy of China for Japanese ways and Japanese ideas. But this sentiment, as the European press agrees, is not shared to-day by the masses of the Chinese people. They are more and more coming to regard the Japanese as the saviors of their country from the hated foreigner. Only in the wholly benighted provinces does the traditional hatred of all things Japanese yet linger. Nor is the traditional conservatism of the old school of Chinese culture quite impervious to the influences so persuasively brought to bear by the Japanese. That much is plain to the *Journal des Débats* (Paris). The schools in Tokyo and in the provincial island cities are resorted to in ever increasing numbers by the flower of the Chinese youth. Manual laborers from the provinces ruled by the dynasty of Peking acquire their skill and a mastery of new handicrafts in the factories and workshops of the Mikado's subjects. Even the officials who rule

by the grace of the Son of Heaven are sometimes brought to perceive the enormous advantages to be derived from an acquaintance at first hand with the lore of which Japan is accumulating such quantities. Revolutionized, truly, are the conditions which in days long past made China's literature and Buddha's creed sources of the best and brightest in Japan's national life, when the government of the Mikado imitated with provincial servility the administrative system devised by the Mandarins, and when the ambitious youth of Japan streamed for light and learning to that Peking which was the intellectual capital of the world they knew. Japan must now exert the dominant influence in the great Chinese upheaval for which the powers are preparing.

IN TRAILING robes of scarlet and ermine, five titled representatives of King Edward VII conducted the medieval ceremonies incident to the first gathering of the newly elected House of Commons on the 13th of the month just past. Never did the Lord Chancellor command the Usher of the Black Rod to desire the immediate attendance in the House of Lords of a more motley gathering. The eighty odd home rulers were a familiar enough sight; but some hundred and fifty unionists were all that had survived of that splendid majority with which Arthur James Balfour had passed the Chinese Labor Act and the Education Act. A sea of unfamiliar faces represented the majority of more than fourscore over all other factions combined with which the people of Great Britain have equipped Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. More impressive than all the rest of the commoners, as the presage of social changes to come, were nearly three-score wage-earners returned to this Parliament as a result of what the London *Mail* deems "the revolution of 1906." In this more or less cohesive group were two factory hands, two compositors, a gas house laborer, a navvy, a shipwright, a railroad conductor and representatives of callings even humbler. Many have to be supported out of the funds of the trade-unions which fought for their seats in the house. The labor members are a political phenomenon which, to quote the London *Mail* once more, has never hitherto been witnessed in that august assembly. Gone is the "first club in Europe." "Gone, too," adds our contemporary, "is the lustre of the letters 'M.P.' on the prospectus of a company." The inevitable result of the great change, it

JAPAN'S MILLIONAIRE POLITICIAN, KEI HARA

He has entered the new ministry at Tokyo to manage internal affairs. His wealth is estimated at $7,500,000.

THE FIGHTER OF FAMINE IN JAPAN

Mr. Matsuda enters the Saion-ji ministry owing to his intimate acquaintance with Japanese and Korean agriculture. He predicted the Japanese famine last year.

MR. BALFOUR, WHO HAS JUST ESPOUSED PROTECTION IN CHAMBERLAIN FORM.

"The establishment of a moderate general tariff on manufactured goods, not imposed for the purpose of raising prices or giving artificial protection against legitimate competition, and the imposition of a small duty on foreign corn are not in principle objectionable."

predicts, must be a formidable attack on the most solidly entrenched vested interests in England and a clamor for the abolition of the House of Lords. But the London *Saturday Review,* despising popular government, exclaims: "Thank God, we have a House of Lords!"

AS a preliminary to the spectacular event of the 19th, when the King opened this amazing Parliament in state, the Commons proceeded to the election of a Speaker. The result heralded none of the revolutions anticipated by despairing Conservatives. The honor was bestowed, by the Prime Minister's motion, upon the Right Honorable James William Lowther. This gentleman, in his official capacity, theoretically knows every member, but practically he is believed by the London *Standard* to devote half his time to studying the photographs of new members in the sixpenny weeklies, and trying to identify the originals on the crowded benches before him. Mr. Lowther has been Speaker in the past, but to-day he is likened to a new master in a strange school. His right honorable friend Mr. Balfour, was not visible. The former Prime Minister has found a safe seat—a Conservative stronghold in London with more voters than residents; but he could not be made an "M. P." in time for the opening session of the House. Missing, too, were all but three members of the Balfour ministry, defeated, one after another, in constituencies supposed to be Conservative. "In such a battue of the big game," laments the London *Saturday Review,* "the fate of lesser ministers has really almost been unheeded by the public. Yet several of the brightest of the younger men who held office under the last government have lost their seats." The only consolation to his beaten supporters that suggests itself to Mr. Balfour, takes the form of prophecy. He assures his countrymen that they will yet vote his party into power. He refrains, however, from specifying the date.

A VERY conspicuous figure was Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. His faithful Birmingham has returned to the House a solid phalanx of seven Unionists, headed by himself. Mr.

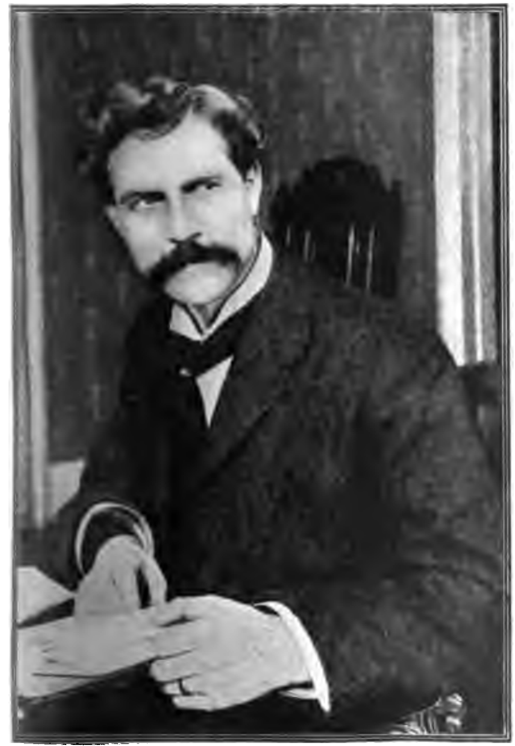
A BRITISH LABOR LEADER WHOM THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK INDORSES.

Mr. Will Crookes has been elected to the House of Commons on a very socialistic platform, but it is not socialistic enough for the countess.

Chamberlain himself was returned by a majority of over 5,000—a significant figure in the general shrinkage of Unionist numbers. The triumph is personal, says the London *Times,* but Mr. Chamberlain's foes attribute it to his careful imitation of American methods of organization. His managers have a card index of every voter in Birmingham. The electors are regularly visited. Favors are granted on Tammany principles. The factories are filled with men who owe their places to the Chamberlain influence. Every new arrival in the constituency receives a call from the representative of "the great Joe." Such facts, according to the free-trade organs, are an informing commentary upon the London *Times'* description of Mr. Chamberlain as "a clear thinking, painstaking and well informed man dealing with an electorate which has been taught very largely by himself to appreciate sound arguments." The London *Spectator* is alarmed by Mr. Chamberlain's political tactics. "He has begun to coquet openly with the labor

THE LEADER OF THE BIGGEST LABOR GROUP IN PARLIAMENT

Keir Hardie was last month chosen chairman of the "L. R. C." labor group, which repudiates John Burns as not a "straight" laborite. Mr. Burns (unlike Hardie) does not lead an integral labor party.



BRITISH LABOR'S ORGANIZER OF VICTORY

J. Ramsay Macdonald is credited with the preliminary work upon which the success of the labor campaign in England was founded. For generations his ancestors have been village fishermen and blacksmiths. He is now secretary of the "labor representation committee" which elected 29 of the 54 "straight" laborites in the House of Commons.

party," it declares, "and he has made the sinister and significant remark that the Irish are of necessity protectionists." Mr. Chamberlain wants, in other words, to ally the remnant of the Unionists with the home rulers and with the labor members in order to carry a protection measure through the House of Commons. A free-trade landslide has left him as incorrigible as ever.

BUT Mr. Chamberlain has already sustained a rebuff in his efforts to come to terms with the forces of labor. These members fall into three groups in the House of Commons. Far the most powerful, as the London *Telegraph* explains, are the delegates of the "labor representation committee," about thirty in number. Well drilled and disciplined, they are already marching as a single regiment through the arena of parliamentary war. Keir Hardie is the best known fighter in these ranks, John Burns being in another category altogether. So great has been the success of Keir Hardie and his fellows at the polls that the trade-unions are already embarrassed, according to the London *News,* by the necessity of financing

HE IS PHOTOGRAPHED NEARLY EVERY DAY

This is his latest, and he looks even younger than it indicates him to be, although he is seventy or so. It is superfluous to say that this is Joseph Chamberlain.

so many members of Parliament, who, unlike our own members of Congress, do not receive any official salary. Next in importance to these thirty, must be reckoned the band of eleven miners who constitute an integral labor group of their own. Finally we have a disorganized crowd of some fifteen independent laborites, John Burns being the only international personality among them. To Mr. Chamberlain has been attributed a wily scheme for the unification of these broken political pieces by the paste of preferential tariff. He has been foiled by John Burns, who has a different kind of cement. It is derived from a promise to negative the principle established by the Taff Vale decision.

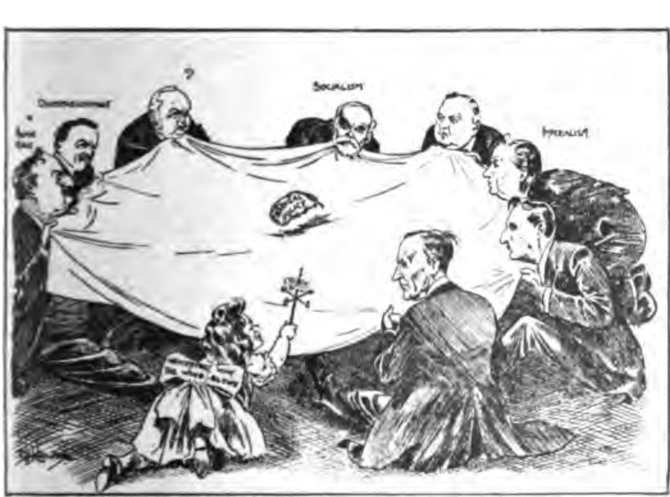
THIS Taff Vale decision is to British labor what the Dred Scott decision once seemed to the American abolitionist. The labor unions want the right to strike without legal liability to damages for the consequences of the strike. They writhe beneath the effects of a judgment by a high judicial authority to the effect that a trade-union, although not a corporate body, can be sued as a legal entity and that its property —meaning strike funds—is liable for the illegal acts of its agents or officers acting under its authority. It is this principle, we read in the London *Telegraph,* which has acted as a centripetal force among the trade-unions of Great Britain, drawing them into something like political affiliation and bringing them in unprecedented thousands to the polling booths to vote for the Keir Hardies and the Will Thornes. The mere suspicion of being favorable to the principle of the Taff Vale decision has been fatal to the prospects of any candidate for parliament in a constituency dominated by labor. Yet Mr. Asquith, right-hand man of the Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer, could not develop in himself any hostility to the Taff Vale decision until his right honorable friend and colleague, Mr. John Burns, had transmitted vibratory impulses from a proletariat in agitation to the seat of the Chancellor's official consciousness. So magical was the effect that a plea for labor legislation found its way into the speech from the throne read aloud by King Edward to an aristocracy of birth and intellect.

THAT aristocracy, if we may infer anything from the London *Times,* was perturbed. Dozens of peers have a vested interest in the decision on the reversal of which the labor

JAMES BRYCE, THE NEW SECRETARY OF IRELAND

"Is it correct to say *Ochone* or *Begorra* in these circumstances?" —Punch (*London*).

members have begun to concentrate their energies in the Commons. Picketing is to be made legal, if John Burns and Keir Hardie can accomplish so much by reconciling their long-standing differences. Many another rusty weapon in the trade-union arsenal will be given a legislative burnishing. That is the meaning of the alliance between labor and liberalism which Mr. Chamberlain thinks he can disintegrate. But Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has given a definite pledge and John Burns has guaranteed. The labor bill soon to be introduced is pronounced revolutionary by those who profess to have knowledge of it. Nor can any British court pronounce an act of Parliament null and void after the fashion of the United States Federal courts in dealing with the Washington lawmakers. The London *Standard* is in something of a panic at the prospect. Its information is that the labor members will also support the Prime Minister's bill to undo the Education Act. Once that abomination to the nonconformist conscience has been ended, there is to ensue so drastic a revision of the taxes on land that country squires and territorial aristocrats have already raised a cry of confiscation. If we conceive Germany's Social-Democratic party transplanted from the Reichstag to the Commons, we may then, according to the London *Morning Post*, get an idea of the legislative nightmares that are sure to make their appearance in this Parliament. But the House of Lords still endures and can be depended upon to stand by the "vested interests" to the last gasp, as it has done so often before.



A POLITICAL PARTY

—London *Evening Standard*.

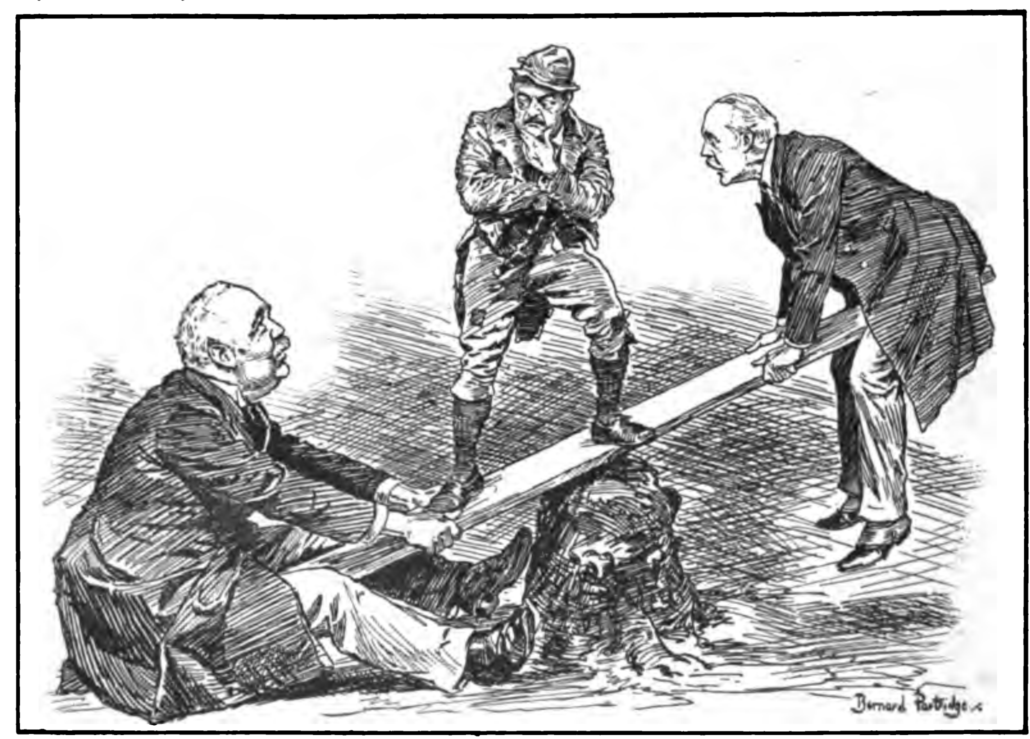
THE AMERICAN WIFE OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

She was Miss Mary Crowninshield Endicott, daughter of Grover Cleveland's Secretary of War. She married Mr. Chamberlain in 1888, being his second wife.

IN ADDITION to these socialistic nightmares the eye of Mr. Balfour discerns that of home rule, which was almost forgotten by students of the election returns in England until Mr. John Redmond and the *Freeman's Journal* began to conjure it forth again. Then Mr. Balfour announced a bargain between the home rulers and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. "He has made," said the former Prime Minister of the present Prime Minister, "some sort of a bargain with Mr. Redmond. He concealed that transaction. But no one doubts that there is such an arrangement, though the terms may be a perplexity to most of us and are unquestionably a perplexity to me." Again Mr. Balfour asked: "What is the instalment of reform leading toward that state of things which the Prime Minister has promised Mr. Redmond, and for which Mr. Redmond has promised the support of the Nationalist party in Ireland?" If this had been meant to "draw" Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, it

succeeded. "There is no foundation from beginning to end for the whole story," he cried. It was "pot house babble" scandalous as evidence of the depths to which a Balfour could sink. "There are solid grounds of agreement between the Liberals and the Irish Nationalists," admitted Sir Henry, and he named three of them. First was an intense longing to be rid of Mr. Balfour and his ministry. Next was an equally earnest desire to improve the administration of Ireland. "And the third is the belief that in Ireland self government is the best and safest and healthiest basis on which a community can rest." This only means, says the London *Standard,* that a home-rule bill on Gladstonian lines will not be introduced because the House of Lords would reject it. The necessity of the situation compels an attempt to circumvent the House of Lords. It means "Home Rule on the sly," says the London *Times.* Mr. Redmond meanwhile is holding conferences with labor leaders.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN is also having his conferences with labor leaders, but most of his time is spent in an attempt to bring together the fractured parts of the Unionist party. That body, however, is still unable to stand at ease upon the Chamberlain platform, nor does it appear more comfortable upon the Balfourian retaliation plank. "The crisis ended," "a united party," and similar headings in organs like the London *Times, Mail* and *Standard* imply, however, far more harmony between the standpoints of Balfour and Chamberlain than the persistent rivalry between their followers for control of the Unionist organization would indicate. Mr. Chamberlain declares that he and his "tariff reformers" are ready to accept Mr. Balfour's leadership. That statesman no longer clings to the plank of retaliation as he drifts down the stream of defeat. He consents to don the life-belt of protection, but, as Mr. Chamberlain implies, he does not know how to put it on. The former Prime Minister is now undergoing a process of instruction and gentle suasion. Or it may be that the London *Chronicle* is nearest the truth in its intimation that Mr. Chamberlain abandoned the frontal attack on Mr. Balfour in favor of an enveloping movement. And if Balfour and Chamberlain between them win the day at the next election, predicts the London *Morning Post,* a staggering blow will have been dealt to the economic structure of the United States.



MR. JOHN REDMOND: "Well, my weight doesn't seem to matter much now."
—London *Punch.*

Literature and Art

NORDAU'S NEW ONSLAUGHT ON NOTED MODERN ARTISTS

Since the publication of "Degeneration" Nordau has written nothing of so radical a character and of so far-reaching importance as his latest book "On Art and Artists."* While it contains favorable appreciations of some of the great modern artists it deals rudely with the reputations of a number of others who have long been set up as idols and generally regarded as the highest interpreters of the modern artistic spirit. Undaunted by the fact that the world does not seem to have been in any hurry to accept his verdict on Tolstoy, Ibsen, Maeterlinck and Oscar Wilde, as formulated in "Degeneration," Nordau sallies forth again to do battle against a later school of "degenerates." Rodin in especial excites his wrath and Bouguereau, John W. Alexander and Whistler, all fall under the ban of his condemnation. In justification of his uncompromising attitude, he says:

"There is scarcely anything I hate so much as opportunistic criticism which does not take sides honestly for or against those manifestations in art that come with noisy, pretentious claims to modernity and progress, but which, with the shrewd circumspection of the bat in the fable, seeks to have an understanding with the hostile camps of the birds as well as of the mice. . . . Intolerable are those clever fellows, the ever-smiling, smug, obliging, intangible eclectics, who praise, but with reserve; who blame, but with restraint; who bandy about such well-known and harmless phrases as, 'of course there is some exaggeration here, but a peculiar individuality cannot be denied; and 'it is certainly not a perfect creation, but the work has a certain promise.' These people, who speak so sweetly, are the real poisoners of the public taste. It is because of their efforts that tendencies that would otherwise lie outside the limits of the law enjoy a sort of 'equal rights,' granted them, so to speak, by an æsthetico-historical tribunal."

That Nordau's own method continues to be diametrically opposite to that of the critics thus described by him the book affords ample evidence. In no uncertain tones he accuses Rodin of "hysterical epilepsy," of appealing to "the morbid impulses of his neurotic followers," and of adopting a technique which "breaks with tradition and indulges in childish eccentricities." He says further:

"Rodin's unpardonable sin is his adherence to an æsthetic principle which is confessedly impressionistic. The only thing that interests him in a figure or a group is the line of motion. His work retains that line of motion with persuasive veracity, but with an accentuation so exaggerated that it almost reaches the point of caricature. Meanwhile he neglects everything that does not contribute to the expression of that line. Now sculpture is an art wholly incompatible with impressionism. In the nature of things it demands an unfailing and unswerving candor in its reproduction of nature. . . . Rodin halts in his work just when he has arrived at what we may call a promise. His work is never a fulfilment. He is a sculptor working with the eye and the hand of a painter, and he applies the painter's methods to the execution of works which must be looked at from a thousand different angles.

"Rodin overstepped the outermost limits of his folly when he made his monument of Balzac, which Gogo, who accepts many humbugs, couldn't quite swallow. . . . 'Le Penseur,' a colossal statue exhibited in 1904, is almost as disastrous as the Balzac, . . . but he's much less comical, for he isn't clad in a meal-sack. The figure is nude and so ill-wrought that no one can see it without a sensation bordering on horror, unless, of course, he has a liking for depraved art. . . .

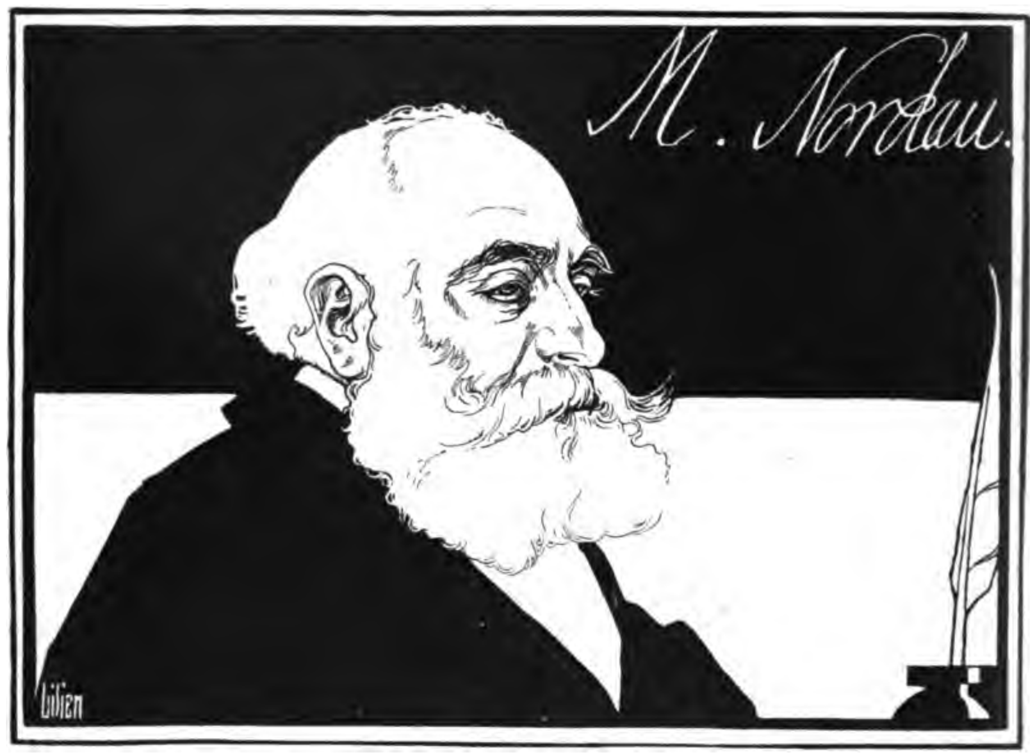
"All this is most lamentable, for Rodin was originally a highly gifted artist."

Bouguereau is "slaughtered" with equal heartlessness. The "contempt for Bouguereau" expressed by the modern artist Nordau himself shares and intensifies. He says:

"Bouguereau pleases the inadequately trained eye because he paints prettily. But in art the pretty thing is the very contrary of the beautiful, for it is the untrue. The naturally fine feeling or the happily educated conscience perceive as beautiful only that which is true. What is pretty is necessarily untrue, for it represents something which is gotten without pain; which does not arouse contradiction, does not compel any exertion on the observer's part, and does not make any demands upon him to adapt himself to the peculiarity of the artist. . . . The artist who aims at the pretty thing does not seek truth. He is only thinking of the multitude whom he wishes to please. He does not represent what he sees and what makes an impression upon him, but only what corresponds to the faint, inaccurate conception of things that the majority of people have. He is the crowd's courtier. He flatters their shallowness and incapacity. He wants them to say with a self-satisfied smile: 'This man is a great artist, for he has the same views as I have!'"

The two American painters dealt with, John

*VON KUNST UND KÜNSTLER. By Max Nordau. B. Elischer, Leipsic.



MAX NORDAU

(From a drawing by E. M. Lilien.)

W. Alexander and Whistler, fare no better than Rodin and Bouguereau. Alexander, in Nordau's eyes, is "the inventor of acrobatism in portraiture." To quote:

"He is an American who possesses enviable cleverness and security. He is master of the instruments of expression in his art and has a sure feeling for the harmony of those soft, toned-down colors which in France are known as 'Liberty' shades, after the name of an American business man in the Avenue de l'Opéra who first brought into fashion dress, furniture and wall-stuffs of those peculiar, bloodless and, as it were, chlorotic colors. With his skilful drawing and his charming harmonies of cool, pale-blue, gentle-green, pale white-yellow and tender rose, he might, perhaps, have pleased some connoisseurs, but would scarcely have attained world-wide fame. So he hit upon the idea of painting women in the most startling positions. He became the inventor of acrobatism in portraiture. His women lie in orgiastic torsions on the ground or on sofas, with their feet up in the air and their heads hanging over the edge; or their figures are doubled in curves, like screws, or coiled up like sleeping dogs, staggering the harmless observer, and suggesting to the corrupt imagination certain lustful pictures."

On much the same grounds Whistler is condemned. His method of portraying women, we are told, is the result of a "hyperæsthesia" which is "a decided state of disease." Says Nordau:

"The violence with which he treats young, high-bred, nervous women has an uncanny effect upon me. I am thinking of his 'Lady Meux,' and of other capricious specimens of femininity exhibited in the Paris and London salons during the past five years. He plants his model before us in some strange position. Sometimes she stands with her back turned toward us, but as if with a sudden caprice wheels her head around; another time she shows the full face and looks at us fascinatingly with mouth screwed up and agitated, penetrating eyes. These spoiled, capricious beauties are arrayed in remarkable toilets; often not a finger's breadth of skin is left bare, beside the face and hands; and yet they cry aloud of sensuality. They are bundles of sick nerves that seem to tremble in excitement from the crown of their heads to their finger-tips. It is as if they wished to incite the men to wild dare-deviltry, and at the same time held their claws ready to tear their victims to pieces with a loud cry of joy. All the mad bacchanalianism, all the sphinx-like relentlessness that Ibsen was unable to embody with verisimilitude in his 'Hedda Gabler,' speaks distinctly from the pictures of Whistler's women."

SHAKESPEAREAN SCENES IN BAS-RELIEF

The scenes and characters of Shakespeare have, of course, inspired the efforts of innumerable pictorial artists; and certain detached figures from his plays have been embodied over and over again in marble and bronze; but there is something unique in the way in which a New York sculptor, Mr. R. Hinton Perry, has embodied in bas-relief representative Shakespearean scenes, each one including numerous characters, and telling the main story of a play. In large panels, nine feet by four, he has embodied his conceptions, the series forming a frieze to which the newspaper and magazine writers still call attention. The New Amsterdam Theatre, in which these bas-relief representations of Shakespearean drama and comedy appear, is thought to surpass all other buildings of like character in the beauty of its interior decoration. The "Art Nouveau" has here found its first large expression in this country. Representations of the human figure, of animals, birds, flowers and foliage, follow the structural lines of the building, and furnish a setting for the work of eminent American painters and sculptors. In the lobby of the theatre are Mr. Perry's great bas-reliefs, ten in number, five of them on Wagnerian subjects and five on Shakespearean. In finish and composition, in grasp and in detail, they form a tribute such as the sculptor's art has perhaps never before attempted to pay to the great myriad-minded dramatist and to the Shakespeare of music.

The Shakespearean scenes reproduced herewith are selected from three tragedies—"Hamlet," "Macbeth" and "Richard III"—and

ROLAND HINTON PERRY

Whose bas-relief representations of Shakespearean subjects, in the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, form a tribute such as a sculptor has probably never before attempted to pay to the great dramatist.

two comedies—"As You Like It" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The greatest

"HAMLET"

(By Roland Hinton Perry.)

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

(By Roland Hinton Perry.)

of Shakespeare's plays are thus represented, and though, by reason of the rich coloring of the medieval costumes, such subjects may be felt to lend themselves more readily to painting than to sculpture, Mr. Perry has been able to achieve notable effects of expression. In each theme it has been his aim to give the keynote of the play, to condense the whole situation into a single, suggestive phase. He shows Hamlet, for instance, the man of morbid temperament, inclined to introspection and melancholy, at the moment when the ghost appears, walking the ramparts of the castle of Elsinore. In the same way, "Macbeth and the Witches" and "The Battle of Bosworth Field" catch moments pregnant with dramatic interest and significance. The last-named panel has gained the illusion of motion, of atmosphere, of elaborate detail. It is a *tour de force* in the inflexible material which is the sculptor's medium. The effect is that of a Gobelin tapestry. By a skilful manipulation of the space, crowding it with detail, yet using as few lines of indication as possible, Mr. Perry has succeeded suggestively in telling the whole story, when, literally, he could not have told the whole story. The subordination of detail alone makes of this panel a lesson to the spectator. Every accessory is studied and authentic. Spears, armor, the accoutrement of the horses, anatomical truth, the manner and attitude of attack, were all the subjects of research, and the handling of the theme is heroic.

An original note appears in Mr. Perry's

"MACBETH AND THE WITCHES"

(By Roland Hinton Perry.)

"IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN'
(By Roland Hinton Perry.)

presentation of Shakespearean heroines. In the panel representing Rosalind in the Forest of Arden, the figure of Orlando, carving the name on a tree, stands out most strongly. But while the figure of Rosalind is gently subordinated, she remains the central personality of the scene.

Plaster copies of the Shakespearean bas-reliefs hang on the façades of the sculptor's studio, which is the scene of varied artistic activity. Mr. Perry's best known work is probably the "Court of Neptune" fountain, before the entrance of the Congressional Library at Washington. During the past year he has created nothing more beautiful than a bust of his own little daughter. A solid noble breadth is the basis of this work. Upon it the sculptor has known how to throw the most ephemeral, sprite-like gleams. Mischief and wonder are expressed in the tilted head and the arrested gaze. The hair is treated simply, but with great skill, and the neck is a combination of child-like force and frailty. The features, modeled with sincerity, are flashing with life. This beautiful work, in which the sculptor and father has perpetuated the soul of his own child, is in purest marble. A still more recent work is a life-size bust of General Sickles. The subject is a magnificent one, for the features are almost Bismarckian in their embodiment of force and resolution; but of a Bismarck turned into a gentleman, with a capacity for tenderness as well as dogged leadership. One art critic recently pronounced this bust

"THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH FIELD"
(By Roland Hinton Perry.)

MRS. ROLAND HINTON PERRY
Painted by her husband.

of the General the finest piece of sculpture he has yet seen by an American artist.

Another and more conventional work on which Mr. Perry has been engaged is a group of two figures for the Chickamauga battle-field. The figures represent a Confederate and Union soldier clasping hands in token of a reunited country.

Mr. Perry is a painter as well as a sculptor, and his first studies were in the pictorial line; but the "pinching of clay" had a fascination which he could not resist. He still paints at intervals, and the portrait which we reproduce is not only of interest as a specimen of his skill upon canvas, but has an additional interest just now, in that it is the likeness of the lady (Mrs. May Hanbury Fisher) whom he recently made his wife.

Three other notable works by Mr. Perry are his "Circe," his "Primitive Man and Serpent," and the "Golden Girl" which he made to crown the dome of the Pennsylvania State Capitol, in Harrisburg. The first two are elemental and barbaric in feeling. The last has something of the Grecian spirit. The woman figure stands, one hand holding a long, lithe wand, the other outstretched. Her face has intensity of vision, firmness of chin, nobility of profile.

Roland Hinton Perry is still comparatively young, having just rounded his thirty-sixth year.

THE FIRST OF LIVING POETS

This proud title undoubtedly belongs to Algernon Charles Swinburne, and has been freely accorded to him by critical commentators in many countries. "His best lyrics," says a writer in the London *Speaker*, "have a perfection and variety of rhythm which were not only never achieved before, but seem never to have been contemplated as possible of achievement in English poetry"; and George Barlow, the author of an article in *The Contemporary Review* (London) which deals with the spiritual passion, rather than the lyrical gifts, of Swinburne, goes so far as to make this statement: "No poet that has ever lived, no poet ever likely to arise, has surpassed, or will surpass, Mr. Swinburne in the rare and priceless gift of spiritual sublimity." These glowing estimates are a part of the current criticism evoked by the recent publication of Swinburne's collected poems and dramas. They are typical of the spirit in which his English admirers pay him homage.

Swinburne also has his enthusiastic devotees in this country; but of three critical estimates lately printed, only one—that of Prof. George E. Woodberry—is in the nature of panegyric. The other two—by Paul Elmer More, of the New York *Evening Post,* and William Morton Payne, of the Chicago *Dial* —evidently represent efforts to pass judgment uninfluenced by glamor or sentiment. Mr. More's verdict is the least favorable of the three. Writing in the third volume of his "Shelburne Essays,"* he confesses to a feeling akin to "personal repulsion" in contemplating Swinburne. He says in part:

"The reader of Swinburne feels constantly as if his feet were swept away from the earth and he were carried into a misty mid-region where blind currents of air beat hither and thither; he longs for some anchor to reality. In the later books this sensation becomes almost painful."

"The satiety of the flesh hangs like a fatal web

* SHELBURNE ESSAYS. Third Series. By Paul Elmer More. G. P. Putnam & Son.

about the 'Laus Veneris'; the satiety of disappointment clings 'with sullen savor of poisonous pain' to 'The Triumph of Time'; satiety speaks in the 'Hymn to Proserpine,' with its regret for the passing of the old heathen gods; it seeks relief in the unnatural passion of 'Anactoria'; turns to the abominations of cruelty in 'Faustine.' . . . Now the acquiescence of weariness may have its inner compensations, even its sacred joys; but satiety, with its torturing impotence and its hungering for forbidden fruit, is perhaps the most immoral word in the language; its unashamed display causes a kind of revulsion in any wholesome mind."

"To Swinburne the sound of liberty was a charm to cast him into a kind of frothing mania. It is true that one or two of the poems on this theme are lifted up with a superb and genuine lyric enthusiasm."

"The rhythmic grace of his metre is like a bubble blown into the air, floating before our eyes with gorgeous iridescence—but when it touches earth it bursts. There lies the fatal weakness of all this frenzy over liberty and this hymeneal chanting of sky and ocean; it has no basis in the homely facts of the heart."

"No inconsiderable portion of Swinburne's work is made up of a stream of half-visualized abstractions that crowd upon one another with the motion of clouds driven below the moon. He is more like Walt Whitman in this respect than any other poet in the language."

"A true poet who respects the sacredness of noble ideas, who cherishes some awe for the mysteries, does not buffet them about as a shuttlecock; he uses them sparingly and only when the thought rises of necessity to those heights. There is a lack of emotional breeding, almost an indecency, in Swinburne's easy familiarity with these great things of the spirit."

William Morton Payne's estimate appears in the introduction to a newly issued volume of selections of Swinburne's poetry.* He finds Swinburne's greatest strength in the sum total of his achievement:

"When the comparative claims made for the greater poets of the nineteenth century shall receive their final adjudication at the tribunal of criticism, there can be little doubt that to Shelley, Wordsworth, and Tennyson, in this ultimate reckoning, there will be conceded a higher place than that allowed to Swinburne. Keats and Coleridge, by virtue of a few perfect poems; Browning and Arnold, by virtue of a special appeal to the intellectual rather than the strictly æsthetic element in appreciation, may also be cherished by many with a deeper affection. Some may discover in Byron's 'superb energy of sincerity and strength,' a more positive inspiration; some may recognize in Landor's superb yet wistful restraint a finer example; some may even find in the artistic passion of Rossetti or in the golden haze of Morris a surer stimulus to the deeper sensibilities—but with all at least, Swinburne will be found fairly comparable in the impressiveness of his achievement as a whole. The rich diversity of that achievement, the splendid artistry of its performance, and the high and

*SELECTED POEMS OF SWINBURNE. D. C. Heath & Co.

MR. PERRY'S BUST OF HIS DAUGHTER GWENDOLEN

austere idealism which informs it, are qualities that may safely be trusted to save it from the oblivion in which the work of all but the greater poets becomes engulfed soon after they have passed away from among men."

Professor Woodberry's new volume on Swinburne* is, in a certain sense, a vindication of the poet—a moving plea for the full and unstinted recognition of his genius. He says he supposes that "no English poet has ever had so wide and familiar acquaintance with the poetry of foreign climes. . . . He achieved such familiarity with past literature that his mind became capable of an attitude of contemporaneity toward it." Moreover:

"The truth about Swinburne is the exact opposite of what has been widely and popularly thought—weakness, affectation, exotic foreignness. The traits of æstheticism in the debased sense of that word are far from him. He is strong; he is genuine; he is English bred, with a European mind, it is true, like Shelley, like Gray and Milton, but in his own genius, temperament, and the paths of his flight, charged with the strength of England. In his nature-verse there is sympathy with power, grandeur, energy, marking the verse unmistakably as that of a strong soul; in his social verse of all kinds, political and religious, there is the same sympathy marking it, making it clarion-like, to use his own

*SWINBURNE. By George Edward Woodberry. McClure, Phillips & Co.

metaphor, for liberty, progress, man, for the truth and love of the Revolution, for the ideal of the Republic as the great and single aim of the race. In his passion-verse there is the same breath of the power of life; and that farewell to life in which the pagan mood ends, by its insistency, its poignancy, its plangency, the sweetness of its regret, the bitterness of its despair, is the death-recoil of a great power of life, of joy and dream and aspiration in youth, of a power to seize the things of nature and of the spirit, to live over again the experience, to think over again the thoughts of man, to have man's life. . . .

"Liberty, melody, passion, faith, nature, love, and fame are the seven chords which the poet's hand, from his first, almost boyhood, touch upon the lyre, has swept now for two-score years with music that has been blown through the world."

On the continent of Europe, Swinburne's reputation is steadily growing. To the French people he was long ago introduced, most fittingly, by Victor Hugo, the master whose praise he was never tired of singing. The Parnassians and Symbolists received with great enthusiasm the English poet in whose song they found traces of their own idols, Gautier and Baudelaire. Until the South African War there existed in Paris a Swinburne Club. At that time the poet printed the well-known sonnet in which he defended the English policy with more patriotism than good taste. The Frenchmen of those days were very hot-headed and fervent sympathizers with the Boers. So they decided that a man who could write in defence of "British tyranny" was unworthy of their admiration, and the Swinburne Club came to an untimely and ignominious end.

The tide of Swinburne enthusiasm has reached Germany. It was through Max Nordau that he was first brought to the notice of the German reading public. Nordau, it will be remembered, was kind enough to Swinburne to reckon him among "the higher degenerates whose language was at least clear and whose thought coherent." But until recently Swinburne was only known to a limited circle. Now, a number of his best poems have been translated and issued in book form by Otto Hauser, himself no mean poet, and for that reason well qualified to interpret Swinburne's work to his compatriots. Of his book the literary critic of the *Berliner Tageblatt* writes as follows: "For the first time there appears in German translation an English lyrist, whom his own land reckons among the poets of the first order and who with us, too, will, perhaps, soon be assigned an unalterable position among the poets of the world's literature. We speak of Algernon Charles Swinburne, of all lyric poets one of the most peculiar. He was a symbolist before symbolism, and thought and wrought realistically before the coming of the naturalistic clique,—in short, a potent personality, of Promethean independence."

THE EXTINCTION OF FICTION WORSHIP

We read the novels of to-day and after a fashion we discuss them, declares the Rev. W. J. Dawson in his striking study of English prose fiction recently published.* But who, he asks, now waits for the appearance of any novel "in a fever of expectation"? Who "weeps and laughs" over new novels, who is kindled into "vigorous love or hatred" of their characters? In fact, if the circumstances are soundly viewed by Mr. Dawson, it must be that for some century and a half the Anglo-Saxon race was prone to an excessive fiction worship. The cult, in its true form, died out with Dickens. "He peopled the imagination of his countrymen with the creatures of his art. He created a personal bond between himself and his reader unique in the entire history of literature. When in later life he appeared as the public interpreter of his own books, he was received with the most frantic demonstrations of affection. Never had any writer such a hold upon his readers—never again can such a phenomenon be anticipated." But the reading world of our day has traveled so far beyond "a cult, a passion, an adoration, a fanaticism," as Mr. Dawson calls it, for any display of genius in the art of writing fiction that "it is impossible for us to-day to understand the kind of feeling with which Dickens was regarded by his contemporaries." In seeming conflict with some critics of the public taste who speak of "fiction frenzy" as rampant to-day, Mr. Dawson thinks our emotions have been rendered practically immune by long subjection to the contagion. He brings the point out most clearly, perhaps, in what he has to say of Richardson:

"By what strange power or virtue did a man

*THE MAKERS OF ENGLISH FICTION. By W. J. Dawson. Fleming H. Revell Co

so essentially homely achieve this prodigious fame? The secret is, after all, quite simple. He was the originator of the novel of sentiment. The charge which Dickens brings against Defoe of an entire lack of tenderness and sentiment in his death of Friday is a charge which lies against all Defoe's work. Defoe never thinks of touching the fountain of tears, and probably could not have done so had he wished. The lack of sentiment is even more marked in Swift, for he takes a cruel pleasure in exposing human frailty and has no tears even for the most pitiable of human miseries. Richardson strikes a new note. He introduces sympathy and pathos into English fiction. He investigates the human heart not to sneer at its emotions but to dignify them. His sympathy with women is remarkable. He understands them perfectly, he reverences them, and he applies to them an analysis which is as delicate as it is acute. No wonder he found himself the idol of female coteries: he was the anointed Prophet of the Feminine. Women read his books with a kind of breathless interest which the sentimental tales of Dickens excited in our own day, and wrote him passionate letters, imploring him not to kill his heroine or to save the soul of his hero, much as the early readers of Dickens implored him not to kill Little Nell. One of his favorite correspondents, Lady Bradshaigh, has vividly described her emotions over 'Clarissa Harlowe.' She wept copiously over the book, laid it down unable to command her feelings, could not sleep at night for thinking, of it, and needed all her fortitude and the active sympathy of her husband to enable her to persist in the agonizing task.

"There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of her confession. We have become inured to the sentimental novelist and are on our guard against him. Our feelings have been outraged so often that if we yield ourselves to his spell it is with deliberation and with a due regard to the consequences of our weakness. But Richardson dealt with unsophisticated readers, rich in virgin emotions."

From this standpoint, it is a step to the conclusion that many well-known phenomena of fiction worship are unthinkable to-day. "Every one recalls the story of the old gentleman on his death-bed who thanked God for the likelihood of living till the next number of 'Pickwick' came out. Not so familiar, but equally significant, is the story of the man who rode several miles at midnight that he might awaken his friend with the great and welcome news: 'Carter's dead!'" Things like that do not happen now, or if they do they are exceptional. The novel-reading mind has grown fastidious, even among the masses. And the literary palate is jaded when the viands are on the whole more appetizing than ever before:

"In one respect the modern novel shows a great advance on its predecessors—viz.: in its technical perfection. Its art may be thin and poor, but its craftsmanship is excellent. The story is usually told with vivacity and clearness, the plot is skilfully contrived, the interest is sustained and the writing often has a real grace of style. The average of sound literary craftsmanship is to-day much higher than it ever was. If we take at random any half-dozen novels of the present season and compare them with the novels produced by writers not of the first rank fifty years ago, we are struck at once by the great advance in technique. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that every season there is published one or more novels which would have made a great reputation fifty years ago. The average of good craftsmanship in fiction has risen in the ratio of increased literary perception and education among the people."

THE REV. WILLIAM J. DAWSON

For a century and a half, he thinks, the Anglo-Saxon race was prone to an excessive fiction worship; but the cult, in its true form, died out with Dickens.

Potent, likewise, among the forces making for the extinction of fiction worship is the popular knowledge of the secrets of the craft. When a brilliant novel appears from a new pen, readers no longer leap to the conclusion that a fresh genuine genius has emerged. Too many disappointments make us wary. "Every season brings us some new novel which achieves distinction. . . . The author strikes a vein of observation which is fresh and original —he pictures something he knows, and the result is that his work receives an applause which even a Thackeray or a Dickens would have regarded as unstinted." Nor can we forget that literary history is to-day so

well known that novel readers are familiar with the mistaken judgments of their novel-reading fathers and grandfathers. Not that the novel is destined to lose its hold. Far from it. It is likely to evolve steadily. "It seems yet more likely that the time will come when every man who has anything to say on art or science or religion or sociology will seek to say it in fiction. These tendencies will inevitably produce a more general perception of fiction as a serious form of literature. We shall regard it less as a means of amusement than of instruction." Finally, the novelist is not to blame, if he find himself no longer the object of a cult or a worship. "All the love stories have been told; every possible situation in which lovers find themselves has been exhausted. . . . No doubt it is much more difficult to write a great novel to-day than a century ago."

IS JOURNALISM THE DESTROYER OF LITERATURE?

According to Julian Hawthorne, the well-known novelist and newspaper writer, journalism is antagonistic, by the very law of its being, to pure literature. "What lives in literature," he says, "dies in journalism." The daily paper, as he admits, is the characteristic voice of the age, and never exerted a wider influence than at the present time. Moreover, it is often "splendidly officered, sagaciously managed, admirably done." But the fact remains that its "mode of speech is of the material plane"; it "involves no appeal to the spiritual affiliations of men." On a newspaper diet "heart and soul are atrophied," and literature, "the characteristic utterance of the spiritual plane," languishes. Mr. Hawthorne's utterances on the subject come with additional force owing to the fact that, after achieving no inconsiderable success in the realms of purely creative fiction, he has of late years devoted the major part of his time to journalistic work of various kinds. Few men are better qualified than he to discourse intelligently on the relations of literature to journalism. One seems to detect the note of personal resentment toward the work of his later years.

Perhaps it will be asked: Is not the newspaper an educational force? Does it not broaden a man, remove his prejudice and abate his provincialism? Is it not a sort of university of general knowledge? Even to these questions Mr. Hawthorne refuses to give an affirmative reply. He says (in *The Critic*, February):

"If we catechize a graduate of this university, the result is not reassuring. The area of his available information is, indeed, unrestricted; but he is also free to select from it only what he fancies, and these are items which tend to inflame, rather than to dissipate, his provincialism and prejudices. Finding, too, so many things apparently incompatible offered for his belief, he ends by drifting into scepticism; while his sympathies are bankrupted by the very multitude of the appeals to them. Thus he acquires an indifferentism which is rather that of impotence than of philosophy; for the indifference of the philosopher is due either to faith in a state of being purer than the earthly, or else to a noble superiority to destiny; whereas the mind of the newspaper graduate has simply lost virility. Instead of mastery of marshalled truths, he exhibits a dim agglomeration of half-remembered or misremembered facts; and because the things he cares to read in his newspaper are few compared with those he skips, he has lost the faculty of fixing his full attention upon anything. His moral stamina has been assailed by the endless procession of crimes and criminals that deploys before him, often in attractive guise; and as for ideals, he may choose between those of the stock exchange and of State legislatures."

There is a sense, continues Mr. Hawthorne, in which the very technical excellence of a newspaper constitutes its chief danger to the public. Its stories are well written—terse, clear, strong, and to the point. In two recent instances at least a journalist has risen to the highest rank in literature. Men of established literary standing contribute special articles to newspapers. War correspondents have won a niche in the temple of fame. "But if, by such means, waifs of literature be occasionally dragged neck-and-heels into a place where they do not belong, so much the worse for literature, and for the community thereby led to accept this abnormal miscegenation for a legitimate marriage." Mr. Hawthorne proceeds to describe more fully what he means by "literature":

"Consider for a moment that literature is writing which is as readable and valuable to-day as it was a hundred or a thousand years ago,—a longevity which it owes to a quality just the

opposite of that essential to journalism; that is, it lives not by reason of what is says, so much as of the manner of the saying. It is nature and life passed through a human mind and tinged with his mood and personality. It is warmed by his emotion and modified by his limitations. . . .

"The highest literature is that of imagination, though much true literature is not strictly imaginative,—Aristotle and Huxley, though not on Homer's or Shakespeare's level, wrote literature. Imagination is of all gifts the most human and mysterious; being in touch with the infinite in finite man, it is creative. Fact is transfigured by it, and truth humanized; though it is not so much as based upon invention, fancy may be its forerunner. Like all creative impulses, it is suffused with emotion,—with passion even,—but under control; the soul is at the helm. Imagination moulds and launches a new world, but its laws are the same as those of the world we know; it presents scenes of enchantment earth cannot rival, but laid in truth and wrought in reason,—transcending, but not contradicting what we call reality. . . . Literature has its play-grounds, too, where it disports itself lightsomely as a child, but a child whose eyes sparkle with divinity that may at any moment bring to our own tears as well as laughter. Or it may seem preoccupied with sober descriptions of people and things; but in the midst of them we find ourselves subtly drawn toward magic casements, wherefrom, beyond boundaries of mortal vision, we behold the lights and shadows, the music and the mystery of fairy-land."

In all this, what is there congenial, asks Mr. Hawthorne, with bright, hard, impersonal, business-like, matter-of-fact journalism? Of course it is possible to print in a newspaper Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale," or Kipling's "They," but this does not make the newspaper a literary medium. We may go through the motions of harnessing Pegasus to a market-garden cart, but Pegasus will not stay harnessed. He does not belong on the market-garden plane, and was not really there even when we were fastening the traces. "Keats's Nightingale cannot be made to sing cheek by jowl with a soap advertisement, in the gas-light glare of Miss Makeup's Advice to the Love-lorn." What lives in literature—the individual touch, the deeps of feeling, the second sight—dies in journalism.

The influence of the magazines, adds Mr. Hawthorne, is just as deplorable as that of the newspapers. To quote again:

"The newspaper is the characteristic voice of the age; and the age cannot have two characteristic voices. And the success of the newspaper, its enterprise, its dashing invasion of fields beyond its legitimate sphere, have compelled the magazines, each in a greater or less degree, so to modify their contents as to meet this novel rivalry. They try to handle 'timely' subjects, to treat topics of the day, to discuss burning questions.

Photo. by Vander Weyde.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE

"What lives in literature," he says, "dies in journalism . . . Keats's 'Nightingale' cannot be made to sing cheek by jowl with a soap advertisement, in the gas-light glare of Miss Makeup's Advice to the Love-lorn."

Such things are impossible to the literary spirit; but writers are not lacking, and their work is often masterly—on its own plane—which is that of the newspaper. Important uses are served; but they are not literary uses. Fiction does not escape the infection; the class of stories which is upon the whole most acceptable in magazines has to do with current domestic and social problems, and with the dramas and intrigues of business. The interest is sustained, the detail is vividly realistic, the characters are such as you meet everywhere, the whole handling is alert, smart, telling, up-to-date;—but where are the personal touch, the atmosphere, the deep beneath deep of feeling, the second sight, the light that never was on sea or land, the consecration and the poet's dream? What has literature to do with these clever stories? You may read the entire contents of a magazine, and all the articles seem to have been the work of the same hand, with slight variations of mood; and next week, how many of them all remain distinct in your memory?"

In spite, however, of all these depressing signs, Mr. Hawthorne takes a hopeful view of the future. While literary geniuses never before had such difficulty in getting a hearing, he thinks our need for real literature remains, and the inevitable swing of the pendulum will

bring it back in due season. The newspaper spirit has closed above us the gates of the spiritual plane, but he sees signs of hope:

"There are already symptoms, if one will give heed to them, of discontent with the dollar as the arbiter of human life, of weariness of wars of traders, both on the floor of 'change, where the dead are suicides, and on the field of battle, where Japanese and Russian peasants kill one another in behalf of rival pawnbrokers. There is a longing to re-establish humanity among human beings, both in their private and their public relations; to turn from the illusion of frescoed and electric-lighted palm-rooms, and to open our eyes again to the Delectable Mountains, with their sun and moon and stars. The premonitions of such a change are perceptible; and, along with them, a timid putting forth, here and there, like early spring buds upon the bare boughs of winter, of essays, sometimes in fiction, sometimes otherwise, which possess quite a fresh aroma of the spiritual genius. Some of them arrive from over seas, some are of native culture. They are at the polar extreme from the newspaper fashion, and for that reason the more significant. They have a strange, gentle power, which many feel without understanding it, and love they know not why. These may be the harbingers of a new and pure literature, free and unprecedented, emancipated both from the traditions of the past and from the imprisonment of the present. Man cannot help himself, but is succored from above."

WHO WAS THE REAL LEADER OF THE PRE-RAPHAELITES?

After these many years of reading and writing concerning the Pre-Raphaelite movement, of explication, implication and mystification, the history, we are told, must all be rewritten, in order to make it conform to the facts. For neither Rossetti (as many have maintained), nor his whilom teacher, Ford Madox Brown as others have maintained, was the leader and inspirer of the movement. Holman Hunt was the real prophet, the one who

"LORENZO AND ISABELLA"

(By J. E. Millais.)

Pronounced by Holman Hunt "the most wonderful painting that any youth under twenty years of age ever painted."

"RIENZI"
Holman Hunt's first important painting

first, last and all the time stood for the principles of Pre-Raphaelite art. He tells us so himself, in a new work* that has impressive claims to be considered the most authoritative history of the movement yet written.

Ruskin, it seems, while rescuing the young painters from the clutches of angry art critics at a time when their early works were being exhibited, conceived a higher interest in Rossetti than in Hunt or John Millais, and in his estimates of the work of the brotherhood, spoke of Millais and Hunt as quite secondary in comparison with his newer protégé. On this verdict Holman Hunt now comments:

"Millais and I had no leisure to read every pronouncement on our work that was published; we therefore did not heed the terms in which Ruskin compared the different members of our school. It is needful to point this out or it might be asked why w did not at the time challenge the statement of Rossetti's leadership. For my part, not then contemplating the duty of historian of the Brotherhood, I did not feel called upon to heed Ruskin's verdict. Indeed, I shall never argue the point, for it is a matter of small importance which of the three was originator of our movement, provided that the desired object was attained. But what makes the question vital is whether Rossetti's inspiration of ideals and manner of work did represent the original purpose of Pre-Raphaelitism?"

In defining Pre-Raphaelitism, Hunt declares: "Not alone was the work that we were bent on producing to be more persistently derived from Nature than any having a dramatic significance yet done in the world; not simply were our productions to establish a more frank study of creation as their initial intention, but the name adopted by us negatived the suspicion of any servile antiquarianism." Pre-Raphaelitism is not Pre-Raphaelism, he continues; it involves no such repudiation of Raphael as was understood and denounced by the critics when the mystic signature "P. R. B." was first explained. The Raphaelites were those who "servilely travestied" this prince of painters, and their kind, it would seem from the following, had not become extinct, even down to Holman Hunt's own day. He writes:

"Although certain rare geniuses since then have dared to burst the fetters forged in Raphael's decline, I here venture to repeat what we said in the days of our youth, that the traditions that went on through the Bolognese Academy,

*PRE-RAPHAELITISM AND THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD. By W. Holman Hunt. The Macmillan Company.

HOLMAN HUNT
(From a portrait by Ralph Peacock.)
Mr. Hunt is the sole survivor of the early days of Pre-Raphaelitism, and claims to have been its real prophet—the one who first, last and all the time stood for the principles of Pre-Raphaelite art.

which were introduced at the foundation of all later schools and enforced by Le Brun, Du Fresnoy, Raphael Mengs, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, to our own time were lethal in their influence, tending to stifle the breath of design. The name Pre-Raphaelite excludes the influence of such corrupters of perfection, even though Raphael, by reason of some of his works, be in the list, while it accepts that of his more sincere forerunners."

The phrase "servile antiquarianism" indicates a danger that the Pre-Raphaelites sought to avoid even in the inspiration derived from Raphael's forerunners. And herein, it seems, lies the quality which differentiates Rossetti from the real Pre-Raphaelite. "Antiquarianism" was the note of a school that arose in Germany prior to the English Pre-Raphaelites. Madox Brown had caught from its representative, Overbeck, this reprehensible note and had conveyed it to his early pupil, Rossetti. It is more because this trait of Rossetti's early work has become identified with Pre-Raphaelitism than because Rossetti has been unjustly accorded the position of leadership, that Holman Hunt now utters his protest. Referring to earlier appreciative words applied to Rossetti, Hunt now writes:

"My tributes to his honor have been too often interpreted as an acknowledgment of his 'leadership,' and though this was very far from my intention, yet as my words were strictly accurate, I have no compunction in reprinting them. In some cases, to avoid what would have seemed like egoism, I made reports of his talk without mention of the initiatory programme which had called forth his amplification of the idea. Repeating my tribute I now add other facts which prove to be essential to the correct balance of the story; this would be but of trivial importance if the issue were merely a personal one, to determine whether Millais, Rossetti, or I, most had the responsibility of Pre-Raphaelitism, but it involves the question as to the exact purpose of Pre-Raphaelitism. This is so vital in my eyes that if it were decided to mean what the Brown-Rossetti circle and all the critics, native and foreign, inspired by them, continually ascribe to it, Pre-Raphaelitism should certainly not engage my unprofessional pen."

"THE GIRLHOOD OF THE VIRGIN"
(By D. G. Rossetti.)
The first picture exhibited by the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

The pictures first exhibited by the brotherhood as such were the "Lorenzo and Isabella" by Millais, the "Rienzi" by Hunt and the "Girlhood of Virgin Mary" by Rossetti. The two former showed their pictures at the Royal Academy, while Rossetti exhibited his at a gallery in Portland Place. The fact that the latter exhibition was opened a week earlier than the Academy, gave to Rossetti a certain priority in public interest, and hence, it seems, came the inception of the "legend" of Rossetti's leadership. Hunt's comment on the event is as follows:

"While our pictures were shut up for another week at the Royal Academy, Rossetti's was open to public sight, and we heard that he was spoken of as the precursor of a new school; this was somewhat trying. In fact, when Rossetti had made selection from his three designs of the subject he should paint under me, he chose that which was most *Overbeckian* in manner. This I had regarded as of but little moment, thinking the painting would serve as a simple exercise, probably never to be finished, but simply to prepare him for future efforts. It turned out, however, that the picture was completed and realized with that Pre-Raphaelite thoroughness which it could not have reached under Brown's mediæval supervision; this had made us agree to its appearance with our monogram P. R. B. That Millais and I did not exaggerate the danger to our cause in this distortion of our principles is shown by the altogether false interpretation of the term Pre-Raphaelitism which originated then and is current to this day."

HENRICH HEINE

The only German poet who is much and steadily read outside of Germany.

THE WITTIEST MAN THAT EVER LIVED

As a poet of universal fame and "the wittiest man of modern times," if not of all time, Heinrich Heine is presented by George Brandes, the radical Danish critic. The one writer of genius in the German "opposition literature" of 1820 to 1848, says Brandes in a recently translated volume,* Heine is also the only German poet who is "much and steadily read" outside of Germany. In the Fatherland he is looked upon as the "stinging nettle in the garden of literature." "He stings the historians' fingers and they curse him," as Brandes remarks. In histories of literature and magazine articles his prose is described as old-fashioned and his poetry as artificial. Yet his works, now that the copyright has expired, are republished in innumerable editions. Furthermore:

"Both in and out of Germany he is as much sung as read. His poems have given occasion to more than 3,000 musical compositions. In 1887 the solo-songs alone (leaving out of account the duets, quartettes and choruses) numbered 2,500. Hueffer has counted one hundred and sixty settings of 'Du bist wie eine Blume,' eighty-three each of 'Ich hab' im Traum geweinet' and 'Leise zieht durch mein Gemüth,' seventy-six of 'Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam,' and thirty-seven of 'Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten.' Amongst these compositions are many of the most beautiful songs of Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Brahms, Robert Franz, and Rubinstein, very few of which the poet himself can have heard. Of all the German lyric poets Heine is the one whose songs have been most frequently set to music. After him, with his 3,000 compositions, comes Goethe, with about 1,700; the others follow far behind."

Out of Germany, continues Brandes, Heine's fame not merely lives unassailed, but is steadily growing and spreading:

"In France he occupies men's minds as if he

*MAIN CURRENTS IN NINETEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE. Vol. VI, YOUNG GERMANY. By George Brandes. The Macmillan Company.

were a contemporary. He is the only foreign poet whom Frenchmen regard as one of their own, one of their greatest. No other foreign author is so frequently mentioned in the French literature of our own day, and none is named with greater admiration, not even Shelley or Poe. Edmond de Goncourt makes use of the strong expression that all modern French writers, when compared with Heine, remind him of commercial travelers; and Théophile Gautier said that the Philistines sought to drag the stones to build a pyramid above Heine's grave.

"A question that is constantly cropping up in one civilised society or another is: What works should be included in a library of the hundred best books? The answers, of course, vary very much. But in all Romanic and Slavonic countries, Heine's name is sure to be one of the first on the lists. . . . No small astonishment was expressed in Germany a few years ago when a great number of English lists were published and Heine was found in them all—a distinction shown to no other German author, for there were lists which contained no book by Goethe."

"This universal fame," adds Brandes, "is not, however, founded on Heine's merits alone, but also on the fact that much of his writing demands only the very slightest amount of culture for its comprehension, and of refinement of mind for its enjoyment"; which is rather disconcerting to the Heine lover.

Brandes proceeds to register his conviction that probably Heine is the wittiest man that ever lived—"or at least the wittiest man of modern times"; and he agrees with the older critics (and with Heine himself) that "since the days of ancient Greece there has been no wit so nearly akin to the wit of Aristophanes as Heinrich Heine's."

The "Buch der Lieder," published in 1827, is the most popular of Heine's books to-day, and Brandes considers the volumes of prose much below the level of his verse—mere journalism and dilettante at that! But perhaps Brandes's most striking contribution to the literature about Heine is the following parallel drawn between his poetry and Rembrandt's pictures:

"When we call Heine a great realistic poet, we make an assertion of the same qualified truth as when we call Rembrandt the great colorist. Rembrandt cannot be said to be one of the great color-realists, for the reason that several painters surpass him in the power of reproducing local color and its exact value, and of showing the actual form and color of an object seen in half darkness. It is not color but light that is the main thing with Rembrandt. To him light is life; the battle of life is the battle of light, and the tragedy of life is the tragedy of light, struggling and dying in damp and darkness. . . . He sometimes sacrifices drawing, even painting, in his eagerness to produce some effect of light. Think, for example, of the badly painted corpse in the 'Lesson in Anatomy.' But it is exactly what makes him less successful than the realists in tasks requiring absolute truthfulness—the painting of hands, the exact reproduction of stuffs—that makes him so great when he causes light to express what it alone indicates to him, the inner life, the world of waking visions.

"Something similar to this is the case with Heine. . . . The most characteristic domain in the province of his art is the domain of chiaroscuro, a chiaroscuro akin to Rembrandt's.

"To make the central objects stand out from the shadow or half-darkness in which they are concealed; to make light, natural light, produce a ghostly, supernatural effect bv conjuring it forth from a sea of dark shadow-waves, bringing it flickering or flaring out of half-darkness; to make darkness penetrable, half-darkness transparent—this is Rembrandt's art.

"Heine's, which is closely related, consists in gradually, imperceptibly, conjuring forth out of the world of reality, and back into it again, a perfectly modern fantastic dream-world."

As a political poet, the controversy over Heine seems endless. He has been spoken of with the utmost contempt by German historians of literature, historians proper, and literary critics. "Talented but characterless," said his radical contemporaries—a phrase which the poet ridiculed without mercy in "Atta Troll." Yet "Heine's soul was in politics," declares Brandes; "and in politics he was honest, even in cases where his honesty was misunderstood." Moreover:

"We must also remember that in Heine's writings there is an absence of all 'pathetic gesture.' He was too proud to employ it. Germans cannot understand this. But grievous wrong is done him. The pathos was in his soul. His whole soul is in the little poem 'Enfant Perdu,' with which one of the divisions of 'Romanzero' concludes, and which he wrote when he was no longer young. He really was what he here calls himself, an advanced and forgotten outpost, left to be shot down. And when, in his posthumous prose-hymn, he cries: 'I am the sword; I am the flame,' it is but the truth. The light of his flame, the sparks of his sword-blows, still shine bright. Many still warm themselves at his fire."

Writing of the last eight agonized years of Heinrich Heine's life and art, Brandes pays him the following deep tribute:

"At no time did he write truer, more incisive, more brilliant verse than when he lay nailed to the low, broad bed of torture in Paris. And never, so far as we know, has a great productive mind borne superhuman sufferings with more undaunted courage and endurance. The power of the soul over the body has seldom displayed itself so unmistakably. To bear such agonies as his in close-lipped silence would have been admirable; but to create, to bubble over with sparkling, whimsical jest and mockery, to let his spirit wander the world round in charming and profound reverie, while he himself lay crippled, almost lifeless, on his couch—this was great."

HAVE WE A MUZZLED PULPIT?

This question has come into more or less prominence as the result of a recent controversy in American Jewry between Rabbi S. S. Wise, of Portland, Oregon, and the trustees of Temple Emanu-El, New York. At a time when the representatives of this influential Jewish congregation were thinking of extending a call to Rabbi Wise, he made the stipulation: "If I accept a call to Emanu-El's pulpit, I do so with the understanding that my pulpit is not to be muzzled." Whereupon the trustees replied: "The pulpit shall always be under the control of the board of trustees." Louis Marshall, one of the board, made the further explanation, in a newspaper interview:

"Temple Emanu-El being recognized as belonging to the conservative reformed wing of Judaism, it would become a source of serious controversy if its rabbi should preach orthodoxy, radical reform, ethical culture, or Zionism, or should indulge in sensational preaching on political or economical subjects, thus converting the pulpit into a forum of a character entirely foreign to the purpose for which the congregation was organized."

The minister, on his side, elaborated his position in a public statement from which we quote:

"I believe that a question of super-eminent importance has been raised, the question whether the pulpit shall be free or whether the pulpit shall not be free. The whole question of the churches is involved in this question. . . .

"The chief office of a minister, I take it, is not to represent the views of the congregation, but to proclaim the truth as he sees it. How can he serve a congregation as a teacher save as he quickens the minds of the hearers by the vitality and independence of his utterances? But how can a man be vital and independent and helpful if he be tethered and muzzled? . . . The minister is not to be the spokesman of the congregation, not the message bearer of the congregation, but the bearer of a message to the congregation."

As a result of the debate, Rabbi Wise decided to remain in Portland, and the issues at stake have been widely discussed. *The American Hebrew* (New York) finds a certain truth in both sides of the argument. It says:

"A censored pulpit goes against the Jewish grain; assuming of course that the pulpit is confined to its legitimate sphere, the exposition of Judaism. But the present day tendency of the pulpit to discuss everything else under the sun but Judaism, to make of it a public forum rather than a source of spiritual upliftment and the spread of Jewish principles, justifies the restriction of the trustees. Especially in the case of Dr. Wise is this true, since he avowed to trustees and prominent members of Emanu-El that it was his purpose to discuss in the pulpit matters which, to many people, seem foreign thereto. While disapproving of limiting the rabbi's utterances so long as he confines himself within legitimate lines, we are in sympathy with the trustees in their desire to maintain the pulpit up to the high level of its province, and to demand that it be Jewish in spirit and in atmosphere, quite as much as in dogma."

Max Heller, an editorial writer in *The American Israelite* (Cincinnati), takes much the same ground. "Neither congregations nor ministers," he says, "are always infallibly in the right." He adds:

"A Luther or a Savonarola would scorn to submit to any limitations. They have their powerful individuality; their congregation must adapt itself to that or they will find an audience that will follow willingly. A Henry Ward Beecher would have laughed at any such imputation. Such men are the kings and makers of their congregation; they can legitimately say, with the 'grand monarch:' 'the state, that is myself.' But where a great congregation, proud of its traditions, is looking for a minister that shall, with dignity and ability, represent its standpoint, uphold its honored customs, stand before the public as its trusted dignitary it can justly ask, especially of a young man, that he should be guided by the advice of an experienced body of men; they do not presume to prescribe what or how he shall preach; they wish to guard against the chance that their congregation might be exposed to misunderstanding and derision."

The Church Economist (New York), an independent monthly thinks that "the minister is muzzled no more and no less than the rest of the community." It continues:

"We are all muzzled by civilization. It is unlawful to speak evil of our neighbor. To refer to his conduct or business injuriously is libelous. It is also dangerous socially. The newspapers are muzzled; they cannot print 'all the news,' or one per cent. of the news; the lawyers, doctors, politicians, merchants, housewives—all are muzzled. An effective cartoon might depict a muzzled clergyman preaching to a muzzled congregation.

"The fact is that civilization is a compromise. We waive certain natural rights for security in the possession of other rights. Among the waived rights is the right of free speech. You can say anything you like on a desert island; in town, you cannot. And upon the whole most of us prefer to live in town, muzzles and all.

"What shall we say then? Shall we sacrifice truth to conventionality and prudence? As a matter of fact, we do continually. How far it is

justifiable to suppress or color religious truth (if we divide truth into sections) in order to maintain the *modus vivendi* rests ultimately on the individual conscience."

Some of the secular papers have joined in the discussion. The New York *Times* regards the action of the Temple Emanu-El trustees as "abundantly justified." The New York *Evening Post*, on the other hand, sympathizes with Rabbi Wise's attitude. It says:

"If ministers wish to keep their minds forever open to new truth, to say with Rabbi Wise, 'My pulpit is not to be muzzled,' they do not fit into the order which is dominant to-day. There are lawless exceptions. Phillips Brooks was a man whose 'churchmanship'—that is, his fervor for the special tenets of Episcopalianism—was bitterly assailed, yet he was too powerful to be driven out. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst is notoriously deficient in ardor for Calvinism; he too commands a loyal following. But the man who lacks this unusual force must tread the strait and narrow path of the sect or he is suspected of being 'dangerous,' and he is quietly side-tracked. If Rabbi Wise wants to apply the principles of morals to politics and finance, to speak out boldly, no matter whose feelings are hurt, to attempt the difficult and unpopular task of bringing religion into contact with daily life and thought, he must gather an independent following, which has confidence in his purposes and his ideals. So must any minister who wishes to be absolutely unmuzzled. This is one reason why strong men—as the churches themselves complain—refuse the ministry as a career; and one reason why the churches lack vitality."

WALT WHITMAN'S RELIGION

That Walt Whitman was "one of the most essentially religious of men" and that his religion was "based upon profound personal experience" is the contention of Henry Bryan Binns, a young English poet, whose new book on Whitman* is hailed as "by far the best life of the man that has yet appeared." Paradoxically enough, the very element in Whitman's character which is often felt to stamp his work as irreligious, if not immoral, furnishes the first argument in support of Mr. Binns's contention. Says the English writer:

"The inner mysteries of religion and of sex are hardly to be separated. They are different phases of the one supreme passion of immanent, expanding and uniting life; mysterious breakings of barriers, and burstings forth; expressions of a power which seems to augment continually with the store of the world's experience in this world of sense; experience received and hidden beneath the ground of our consciousness. To feel the passion of love is to discover something of that mystery breaking, in its orgasm, through the narrow completeness and separate finality of that complacent commonplace, which in our ignorance we build so confidently over it, and creating a new life of communion. To feel the passion of religion is to discover more.

"The relation of the two passions was so evident to Whitman that we may believe it was suggested to his mind by his own experience. In some lives it would appear that the one passion takes the place of the other, so that the ascetics imagine them to be mutually exclusive; but this was certainly not Whitman's case. Whitman's mysticism was well-rooted in the life of the senses, and hence its indubitable reality."

The "passion of religion," according to Mr. Binns's theory, burst on Whitman quite definitely and dramatically "one memorable midsummer morning as he lay in the fields breathing the lucid air." Suddenly "the meaning of his life and of his world shone clear within him, and, arising, spread an ineffable peace, joy and knowledge all about him." The mood was thus expressed in "Leaves of Grass":

Swiftly arose and spread around me the peace and knowledge that pass all the argument of the Earth.
And I know that the hand of God is the promise of my own,
And I know that the Spirit of God is the brother of my own,
And that all the men ever born are also my brothers, and the women my sisters and lovers,
And that a kelson of the creation is love,
And limitless are leaves stiff or drooping in the fields,
And brown ants in the little wells beneath them,
And mossy scabs of the worm fence, heap'd stones, elder, mullein and poke weed.

Whitman's revelation, continues Mr. Binns, was in the nature of a comprehension of the universe "not as a hypothetical Whole, but as an incarnate purpose, a life with which he was able to hold some kind of communion." This communion related him to the universe on its spiritual side by a bond of actual experience. It related him to the ants and the weeds, and it related him more closely still to men and women the world over. "When Whitman used the word God," says Mr. Binns, "as he did but rarely and always with deliberation, he seems to have meant the immanent, conscious Spirit of the Whole." To quote further:

*A LIFE OF WALT WHITMAN. By Henry Bryan Binns. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"It seems desirable to define his position a little further, though we find ourselves at once in a dilemma; for at this point it is evident that he was both—or neither—a Christian nor a Pagan. He is difficult to place, as indeed we must often feel our own selves to be, for whom the idea of a suffering God is no more completely satisfying than that of Unconscious Impersonal Cosmic Force. Again, while worship was a purely personal matter for him, yet the need of fellowship was so profound that he strove to create something that may not improperly be described as a church, a world-wide fellowship of comrades, through whose devotion the salvation of the world should be accomplished.

"In a profound sense, though emphatically not that of the creeds, Whitman was Christian, because he believed that the supreme Revelation of God is to be sought, not in the external world, but in the soul of man; because he held, though not in the orthodox form, the doctrine of Incarnation; because he saw in Love the Divine Law and the Divine Liberty; and because it was his passionate desire to give his life to the world. In all these things he was Christian, though we can hardly call him 'a Christian,' for in respect of all of these he might also be claimed by other world-religions."

As to the churches, says Mr. Binns, Whitman was not only outside them, but he frankly disliked them all, with the exception of the Society of Friends.

WALT WHITMAN

According to a new interpreter, he "strove to create something that may not improperly be described as a church—a world-wide fellowship of comrades through whose devotion the salvation of the world should be accomplished."

"We may say that he was Unitarian in his view of Jesus; but we must add that he regarded humanity as being fully as Divine as the orthodox consider Jesus to be; while his full-blooded religion was very far from the Unitarianism with which he was acquainted; and his faith in humanity exalted the passions to a place from which this least emotional of religious bodies is usually the first to exclude them. In fact, he took neither an intellectual nor an ascetic view of religion. He had the supreme sanity of holiness in its best and most wholesome sense; but whenever it seemed to be applied to him in later years, he properly disclaimed the cognomen of saint, less from humility, though he also was humble, than because he knew it to be inapplicable. In conventional humility and the other negative virtues, renunciation, remorse and self-denial, he saw more evil than good. His message was one rather of self-assertion, than of self-surrender. One regretfully recognises that, for many critics, this alone will be sufficient to place him outside the pale."

Whitman is described as having been "apparently without the sense of mystical relationship, save that of sympathy, with Jesus as a present Savior-God." But "none the less, he had communion with the Deity whose self-revealing nature is not merely energy but purpose. And his God was a God not only of perfect and ineffable purpose, but of all-permeating love." Mr. Binns adds:

"The final test of religions, however, is to be found in their fruits, and the boast of Christianity is its 'passion for souls.' Now Whitman is among the great examples of this passion, and his book is one long personal appeal, addressed, sometimes almost painfully, 'to You.'"

But it may be asked, "Did Whitman aim at saving souls for Christ?" Mr. Binns replies: "If I understand this very mystical and obscure question and its ordinary use, I must answer, No,—but I am not sure of its meaning. Whitman's own salvation urged him to save men and women by the love of God for the glory of manhood and of womanhood and for the service of humanity." Mr. Binns concludes:

"Far as this may be from an affirmative reply to the question, the seer who has glimpses of ultimate things will yet recognise Whitman as an evangelical. For he brought good tidings in his very face. He preached Yourself, as God purposed you, and will help and have you to be. Whether this is Paganism or Christianity let us leave the others to decide; sure for ourselves, at least, that it is no cold code of ethical precepts and impersonal injunctions, but the utterance of a personality become radiant, impassioned and procreative by the potency of the divine spirit within."

"THE MOST REVOLUTIONARY SYSTEM OF THOUGHT EVER PRESENTED TO MEN"

Extraordinary homage is being paid at this time in France to Nietzsche, the latest of the line of German metaphysicians who have undertaken to revolutionize thought. Numerous French translations of his works have appeared and are being sold in Paris in popular editions. They constitute a favorite theme of discussion in cultivated circles and receive large attention from the literary periodicals. The novel and startling themes of Nietzsche, at first laughed at, then angrily denounced as the utterances of an Antichrist, are now eagerly championed by French men of learning. Among the interesting works which have recently been published in Paris is a critical study* of Nietzsche's philosophy by M. Jules de Gaultier.

NIETZSCHE

(From a bust by Klinger.)

M. de Gaultier pronounces Nietzsche a philosophical thinker of the first originality. The conception of Nietzsche, he writes, assigns to philosophy an absolutely new aim. Philosophy used to be regarded as the science of wisdom; "it seemed that wisdom was something superior to life, so that it was necessary to discover it in order to amend life." From Nietzsche's view-point "there is nothing beyond or outside of life, and life invents for itself its value, its aims and its laws." M. de Gaultier proceeds as follows:

"According to Nietszche, philosophy is the *creation of values*. This means that it has for its object the invention of all that which imparts to life worth or *value*. Things are neither good nor bad in themselves; they become so; they acquire a certain value by reason of the desire or repulsion which they inspire. Thus philosophic virtue, according to Nietzsche, resides in the taste, in the appetite which give birth to the desire, which create a preference for a determined thing, and assign to this thing its rank and value. Here is a race of men full of activity and prone to use their energy in acquiring land, in appropriating abundant harvests, in creating property. Here, again, is a wholly different type of race which will have no other object than to prove its power to itself; it will only attack an adversary for the sake of conquering him and of satisfying its own pride by the display of its strength. Now, consider a third type which will fight only to attain independence, in order that it may have leisure to carve beautiful forms from marble, to make words vibrate in rhythm, and to set forth ideas in phrases. Here, then, we have the appetite for wealth, the appetite for power and the appetite for art—the primordial though diverse causes of the objects of desire, which will fix the value of things and create, according to the philosopher's expression, standards of value. At the same time, and in view of attaining diverse aims, these differing races will organize their power and establish it in hierarchical form; they will honor certain phases of existence and prescribe others in accordance as their dominant appetite, which has already fixed the value of things—which has caused one to prefer material wealth; another,

* NIETZSCHE ET LA RÉFORME PHILOSOPHIQUE. By Jules de Gaultier. Mercure de France, Paris; Brentano's, New York.

glory; another, beauty—determines the value of action."

Such, in brief, is the essence of the Nietzschean philosophy, and this conception, developed and elaborated at great length and with remarkable ingenuity, constitutes, in M. de Gaultier's opinion, not merely a reform, but a complete philosophical revolution. Contrasting Nietzsche's view with that of the older philosophers, M. de Gaultier goes on to say:

"The ancient interpretation of philosophy as the *search for truth* is based on the hypothesis that truth exists, that it is knowable, and that once determined it will reveal that which is good in life as well as what is evil, what is good in itself, and what is evil in itself. The idea of truth thus enters the domain of morality: it fixes conduct, it assigns to men an aim toward which they should direct their activity. Outside of life, above life, there exists something superior to life: the Divinity, declare the theologians; the world of Reason whose laws are reflected in human reason and reveal to us the truth, declare the philosophers. . . . Since it is a question of deciding the most serious thing in life, it is important to find out whether this conception of the ancient philosophers is beneficial or injurious for life. Now, true or false, a conception, in order to be efficacious, must find credit in the mind of man, and after ages of effort and dispute it does not appear that Plato's conception regarding truth and the sovereign good have been crowned with incontestable authority."

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

The novel and startling theories of Nietzsche, at first laughed at, then angrily denounced, are now eagerly championed by French men of learning.

M. Gaultier next shows how the ancient philosophy, at first under the protection of theology, became in turn its protector. Metaphysical rationalism became the sword and buckler of the old dogmas, but there came a fatal day when it was laid in the dust by the mighty Kant. The effect of the "Critique of Pure Reason" was to make it apparent that truth has no meaning, except inasmuch as it concerns the modes of knowledge. "With the 'Critique of Pure Reason,'" says M. de Gaultier, "the search for universal truth, which up to then had been the chief concern of philosophy, brought about the conclusion that, outside of the principles which determine our means of knowledge, there is no knowable universal truth. . . . It may be said of Kant, that having utterly destroyed the edifice under whose roof humanity had thought to find shelter, he wished to constrain it to live among these ruins, and would not allow it to seek another asylum."

To erect, then, upon the ruins left by the destructive criticism of Kant an entirely new edifice of philosophy which shall respond to human needs as enlightened by modern science is the task which Nietzsche has undertaken.

One sees at once that the keynote of Nietzsche's philosophy is optimism. It is a mighty protest against the Schopenhauerian pessimism, which has been steadily widening its empire in Germany since its great author's death. The elaborate theories of Schopenhauer, as embodied in his chief work, "The World as Will and Idea," had ended in an *impasse* of blank despair. Pain and evil are the most real things in the world, happiness is an illusion, annihilation is preferable to existence—such are the ultimate conclusions of the greatest German intellect since Kant. At-

tracted by its darker side, Schopenhauer had extended the hand of friendship to Christianity. The creed of the "Man of Sorrows" had a strong attraction for him. Nietzsche, on the contrary, has nothing but hatred for Christianity and for its forerunner, Judaism. Believing that pain and evil are not absolute, but that they constitute the stern means by which humanity may rise to a higher estate, he has nothing but scorn for religion that makes humility a virtue. "The Jews," he says, "a people born for slavery, as Tacitus and the whole ancient world affirm, a people chosen among the peoples, as they themselves affirm and believe,—the Jews here realized the miracle of reversing the standard of values, thanks to which life upon the earth for some thousands of years has taken on a new and dangerous attraction." And he sees in them the most remarkable people in universal history because, given the choice of being and non-being, they have preferred, with a clairvoyance that is disquieting, being at all cost. On this M. de Gaultier comments:

"What then have the Jews accomplished that they should deserve the passionate attention that Nietzsche bestows upon them? This: conquered in a political sense, reduced to slavery, having shown themselves inferior in the game whose rules decide supremacy among nations, they have deliberately condemned the rules of the game, they have stigmatized all that is procured through struggle and by means of force, and set the seal of approval upon what, in the same struggle, is the condition of weakness, the cause of defeat and humiliation. They have, further, identified the words 'rich' and 'powerful' with the words 'impious,' 'bad,' 'violent,' 'sensual'; the word 'poor' has become for them the synonym of 'holy.' They have turned defeat into a badge, humiliation into glory, and, branding all that is victorious by reason of natural gifts, beauty, strength, intelligence, fortuitous circumstance, birth or riches, 'they have for the first time conceived the world in the likeness of shame.' Unable to found such a standard of things upon any positive reality, they have founded it upon something imaginary, upon that elastic basis in which desire, strengthened by credulity, leaps all bounds. It is God, the Jewish God, who sanctions the new standard of value. It is God who exalts the humble and abases the proud."

And here Nietzsche alludes to the intervention of the priest who, disposing of God, accomplishes the universal falsification by which the Jewish standard will triumph. As none of the facts of the real world correspond to this standard of value, it became necessary to invent imaginary causes to explain the apparent lack of harmony. Sin was invented. The world, as Nietzsche says, loses its innocence. Misery is dishonored by calling it sin. The downfall of the Jewish people is explained as the consequence and punishment of sin, a chastisement inflicted by Jehovah. Further, such a chastisement is the work of divine favor. Through expiation, God permits His people to retrieve itself and to merit a better destiny. Blessed are those who suffer trials, for they shall possess the kingdom of God. Hence, the necessity of expiation, of obedience to the priest who is charged with divine secrets and has the power of forgiveness. Expiation becomes the pledge of future power, of revenge upon the world.

Judaism, then, represents the effort of a people vanquished in the struggle for power to "invent a means of nullifying reality." This means does not appear in its full development, according to Nietzsche's idea, until it has become generalized and universalized under the form of Christianity. It is with Christianity that the conduct appropriate for a small conquered people will become the policy for all the conquered and all the weak, and a sword of vengeance in their hands. "With the Jewish people," he says, "began the insurrection of slaves in the moral domain. It is only with the appearance of Christianity that this insurrection of weakness against force will become a menace to the ancient standards of value."

Nietzsche, then, declares war *à outrance* against Christianity. "In the Christian system," he says, "neither morality nor religion are in contact with reality. There is nothing but imaginery causes: 'God,' 'the soul,' 'the ego,' 'spirit,' 'free will'; nothing but imaginary things: 'sin,' 'salvation,' 'grace,' 'inspiration,' 'pardon for sins.'" Together with Christianity he condemns democracy, which he regards as its daughter, and which he asserts to be in direct conflict with the essential nature of things. Never, perhaps, in the long annals of philosophy has a more original or revolutionary system of thought been offered for the acceptance of men. Never before have those things which are held as the dearest possessions of humanity been so openly flouted by a serious thinker. "The philosophy of Nietzsche," concludes M. de Gaultier, "is in fact the most murderous weapon that has ever been aimed against the moral system of Kant."

Translated for CURRENT LITERATURE from the volume of posthumous poems "La Dernière Gerbe" published in France.

Finite and Infinite
by Victor Hugo

"I have no love for God!" such is your despairing cry.

Having found evil at the bottom of all things, having found bitterness in reality and man the prey of an incomprehensible and fatal destiny, you cry out, "I hate the god who has made such a world! The workman must be judged by his work. Now the work is bad, therefore the author is bad, and I hate this God!"

Thereupon, touched with remorse, you think perhaps I am mistaken; perhaps my plummet has not pierced through the shadowy depths to God. Perhaps, O vain seeker God hath escaped thee. What if I am mistaken?

But you are not mistaken. Your sounding-lead has touched the bottom of the abyss of the infinite: your mind has compassed God. Yes, this enormous abyss of light is indeed God.

Dip a sponge into the Ocean, and what have you when you withdraw it? A cup of salt water.

How much does it contain of the sea, profound and terrible?

How much of that immensity of foam and shock, of waves incessantly born and destroyed?

How much of the chaos of shock and tempest and waterspout, whose somber feasts are trumpeted by the haggard-wild hurricane?

How much of the nameless monsters that range those engulfed regions? or of the hidden oases and Otaheites where are enacted idylls of glorious nudity; of the fathomless torment of the clouds; of the shells and breakers and the azure bosom of the sea; of the abyss whence morning is born, and wherein night dips its robe of shadow and its mantle of stars?

How much of the encounter of sail and blast, of that infinite, now dark, now dazzling?

Do you believe that you hold all this in your hand?

Now, if you raise this glass to your lips and taste the bitter water, your stomach will reject it, you will find an unpleasant savor in the sublime draught.

But will you dare to say that you have tasted the abyss, that you have vomited up the sea and spat out God?

CHURCH STATISTICS FOR 1905

The valuable statistical summary of the churches of the United States, compiled by the Rev. Dr. H. K. Carroll, of Plainfield, N. J., and published every January in *The Christian Advocate* (New York), shows a relatively slow growth in church-membership during the past year. The net gain of all the churches was but 519,155, as compared with 898,857 for 1904 and 889,734 for 1903. Protestant communicants in this country now total 20,233,194, and the eight bodies of Catholics claim 10,915,251. After the Roman Catholic Church, which is by far the largest single denomination, comes the Methodist Episcopal Church, with 2,910,779 communicants. The Roman Catholic gains in 1905 were 192,122; the Methodist Episcopal, 62,847. It is interesting to note that in spite of the relatively small number of the Methodists, their itinerant ministers outnumber Roman Catholic priests, the figures being 17,400 and 14,000. There is an even greater disparity in the number of churches, the Roman Catholic Church having about 11,500 and the Methodist Episcopal 27,300—more than twice as many. Methodists of all bodies gained nearly 102,000; Baptists of all varieties, 72,667. The Presbyterian Church reports a gain of 26,174, and the Protestant Episcopal one of 19,203. The Christian Scientists request that their figures for the previous year be cut down, and claim a gain of ten churches and 7,441 members for 1905. Their total membership is 71,114. "Did ever so small a body succeed in attracting so much attention?" asks the New York *Churchman* (Protestant Episcopal).

Here is Dr. Carroll's table showing the various denominational families of the United States, their present status, and their growth during 1905:

DENOMINATIONS.	SUMMARY FOR 1905.			NET GAINS FOR 1905.		
	MINISTERS.	CHURCHES.	COMMUNICANTS.	MINISTERS.	CHURCHES.	COMMUNICANTS.
Adventists (6 bodies)	1,565	2,499	95.437	15	75	3.019
Baptists (13 bodies)	37.061	52,919	4.974.047	91	176	72.667
Brethren (River) (3 bodies)	157	85	4.339	6	*d*23	734
Brethren (Plymouth) (4 bodies)	......	314	6,661	......	......	......
Catholics (8 bodies)	14,104	11,637	10,915,251	139	132	192,272
Catholic Apostolic	95	10	1,491	......	......	......
Chinese Temples	......	47	......	......	......	......
Christadelphians	......	63	1,277	......	......	......
Christian Connection	1,348	1,340	101,597	......	......	......
Christian Catholic (Dowie)	104	110	40,000	......	......	......
Christian Missionary Association	10	13	754	......	......	......
Christian Scientists	1,222	611	71,114	......	10	7,441
Church of God (Winebrennarian)	475	590	39,500	15	10	1,500
Church of the New Jerusalem	133	140	8,067	......	6	85
Communistic Societies (6 bodies)	......	22	3,084	......	......	......
Congregationalists	6,059	5,938	687,042	......	19	13,321
Disciples of Christ	6,475	11,033	1,235,294	......	......	......
Dunkards (4 bodies)	3,166	1,138	116,311	*d*92	13	2,117
Evangelical (2 bodies)	1,451	2,648	166,978	28	*d*8	2,260
Friends (4 bodies)	1,412	1,075	120,415	*d*33	......	3.350
Friends of the Temple	4	4	340	......	......	......
German Evangelical Protestant	100	155	20,000	......	......	......
German Evangelical Synod	956	1,221	222,003	8	1	9,530
Jews (2 bodies)	301	570	143,000	......	......	......
Latter-Day Saints (2 bodies)	1,560	1,338	344,247	......	......	997
Lutherans (22 bodies)	7,585	13,373	1,841,346	114	279	51,580
Swedish Evangelical Mission Covenant	291	307	33,400	......	......	......
Mennonites (12 bodies)	1,211	766	61,048	11	9	95
Methodists (17 bodies)	40,278	58,659	6,429,815	432	535	101,892
Moravians	132	117	16,582	2	1	255
Presbyterians (12 bodies)	12,650	15,702	1,723,871	*d*8	*d*99	26,174
Protestant Episcopal (2 bodies)	5.209	7,224	827,127	70	219	19,203
Reformed (3 bodies)	1,970	2,536	405,022	*d*24	*d*2	4,021
Salvation Army	3.773	983	28,500	1,406	262	3.491
Schwenkfeldians	3	7	600	......	......	......
Social Brethren	17	20	913	......	......	......
Society for Ethical Culture	......	4	1,500	......	......	......
Spiritualists	......	334	45,030	......	......	......
Theosophical Society	......	69	2,663	......	......	232
United Brethren (2 bodies)	2,185	4.407	274,012	*d*197	*d*23	1,832
Unitarians	547	459	71,000	*d*8	3	......
Universalists	727	965	53.641	......	96	*d*359
Independent Congregations	54	156	14,126	......	......	......
Grand total for 1905	154.390	201,608	31,148,445	1,815	1,636	519.155
Grand total for 1904	152,575	199,972	30,629,290	3.136	2,624	898,857

d Decrease

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

Two of the small tableaux belonging to the work reproduced below, showing M. Channet's faithful attention to detail in his dramatic portrayal of incidents in the life of Christ.

"THE WAY OF LIFE"—A SERMON IN PRECIOUS STONES

This curious example of the goldsmith's art, recently exhibited in London, has occupied M. Channet, the Paris jeweler, for thirty years. The basis of the work is marble, and around it runs the River of Life, in onyx. The small tableaux all represent incidents in the life of Christ, from Bethlehem to Calvary, and among the scenes depicted are: "The Sermon on the Mount," "The Marriage at Cana," "The Raising of Lazarus," "The Last Supper," "The Agony in Gethsemane," "The Trial of Jesus," and "The Crucifixion." The figures are fashioned in ivory, metal and precious stones, and above all is a symbol of the Trinity.

The following table shows the order of the denominational families now and in 1890:

DENOMINATIONAL FAMILIES.	RANK IN 1905.	COMMUNICANTS.	RANK IN 1890.	COMMUNICANTS.
Catholic	1	10,015,251	1	6,257,871
Methodist	2	6,429,815	2	4,589,284
Baptist	3	4,974,047	3	3,717,969
Lutheran	4	1,841,346	5	1,231,072
Presbyterian	5	1,723,871	4	1,278,362
Episcopal	6	827,127	6	540,509
Reformed	7	405,022	7	309,458
Latter-Day Saints	8	344,247	9	166,125
United Brethren	9	274,012	8	225,281
Evangelical Bodies	10	166,978	10	133,313
Jewish	11	143,000	11	130,406
Friends	12	120,415	12	107,208
Dunkards	13	116,311	13	73,795
Adventists	14	95,437	14	60,491
Mennonites	15	61,048	15	41,541

In the eyes of the Boston *Congregationalist*, the showing of the above statistics is "not encouraging," and is "difficult to reconcile with the evangelistic propaganda which has been under way in so many denominations." *The Universalist Leader* (Boston), however, refuses to be discouraged by figures which make it evident that "the forces of the Christian church, as a whole, have been increased by the addition of over half a million new members, that is, net gain, giving an aggregate of 31,148,445 church members in the United States." It continues:

"This membership in a population of something over 80,000,000 reveals the great fact that there is but need of the union of all Christian forces to control the country for righteousness. And there is much to cheer the hearts of all high-minded people in these figures, for while it is undoubtedly true that there are many in the Christian church who are unworthy and unfaithful, the great majority of them can always be counted on the side of the best things."

The Chicago *Interior* (Presbyterian) is impressed by the fact that "not a single non-evangelical denomination in the states made any distinct gain during the past year." It comments:

"Dr. Carroll's latest figures emphasize what we have said before, that most of what we hear about the 'one hundred and fifty kinds of religion in the United States' is exaggerated nonsense. Sixty-five of these 'denominations' have fewer than 100 ministers each and twenty-one others have each less than 200. And these little organizations twinkle in and twinkle out without affecting the general situation or final results in the slightest. The figures show that not a single non-evangelical denomination in the states made any distinct gain during the past year, unless it be the 'Reorganized' Church of the Latter Day Saints,—in other words, the non-polygamous Mormons, an insignificant body at best. The Utah branch is still 'estimated' at the figure given us twenty-five years ago by one of the most intelligent and reputable 'apostles' in Salt Lake City.

"The work of the Master in this country must be done, if done at all, by the churches which have shown that they have a message worthy of attention. Toward them the better educated in the little bodies gravitate by an inevitable process. Petty schisms will be nursed into little sects by vociferous leaders in the future as in the past, but most of such bodies are, like our 'boom' towns, 'biggest when born.' A church which preaches not mint and anise and cummin but judgment and mercy, will always command a hearing. But even for the most Christlike church the hour of rest has not yet come. It must plant and it must water, and to God it must lift up prayer for the increase. The present situation should make us sober and watchful unto prayer."

THE PROSPECTS OF JEWISH "CONVERSION" AS VIEWED BY A CHRISTIAN

The ultimate attitude of Jewish religious thought toward Christianity has been a subject of keen speculation ever since the days when Paul expressed the confident conviction that Israel as a nation would yet accept Jesus of Nazareth as its Messiah. Sanguine workers for Jewish advancement in our own day, such as the German theologian, the older Delitzsch, and many others, have seen in the Christian sympathies of the late Jewish lawyer, Rabinowitz, of Bessarabia, and in other phenomena of this character in the Jewish religious world, the first fruits of the promised Pauline harvest. Other writers and workers, however, take a rather pessimistic view of the prospects of Israel's "conversion." A characteristic expression of this type of thought is found in an instructive article by Pastor R. Bieling, of Berlin, in the *Allgemeine Missions-Zeitschrift* (Berlin).

It is impossible to determine exactly the number of Jews on the globe, says the German writer. The most careful compilation has been made by Professor Dalman, of Leipsic, in a work entitled "Handbuch für Mission unter Israel" (Handbook for Mission-work among

the Jews). He computes that in 1893 the total number of Israelites was 7,404,250, of whom 3,236,000 were to be found in Russia. The current estimate of a total of eleven million Jews he regards as entirely too high.

As a factor in the religious world of thought and life, argues Pastor Bieling, these millions, who have rejected Christ, are a constant reproach and a standing danger to Christianity. For, consciously or unconsciously, the development of the Jewish nation has from the outset been antagonistic to Christianity. Unbelief has active missionary agents in modern times and in its service Judaism equips a greater number of protagonists with tongue and pen than is furnished by other communions. Whoever takes the trouble to read the Jewish books, pamphlets and periodicals of the day finds that they are filled with remarkable self-confidence and enthusiastic belief in a coming victory of the Jewish cause and creed. An outsider is simply amazed at what he finds in these publications. The writers already predict the day when faith in the Only One, who is the God of the Synagogue, will be the only prevailing belief. One factor that strengthens Judaism in this conviction is the radicalism of modern Protestant theology, especially in its endeavors to deprive Christ of his divine character and dignity and to make him merely a brilliant Jew. A prominent Jewish periodical recently printed an article on the "Judaizing" of Christianity and applauded the movement. The same journal declares that this is "a fruit of *Jewish* mission work, a joyful message that the Jewish Messianic hopes are not a deception"; adding its conviction that "the nations will in the end recognize Israel as the Servant of God, as the sorely tried messenger of the divine truth." Nobody, says Pastor Bieling, should be deceived by the friendly utterances heard in Jewish circles concerning Jesus. All these apply to him as a human personality, but never in the least to him as the Savior from sins. Indeed, if nowadays the "great Rabbi of Nazareth" is honored as never before among the Jews, it is solely because thereby the greatness of the Jewish nation is increased. "He honors our race," a prominent Jewish writer has said.

An examination of the genius and character of modern Judaism, continues the writer, shows that it cannot be otherwise than hostile to the divine claims of Christ and Christianity. There is no common creed accepted everywhere by the Israelites; even the thirteen articles of faith in their prayer-book are not doctrinally binding. The nearest approach to a general confession is found in the following exhortation, constantly recurring in the Jewish services: "Hear, Israel, the Lord thy God is one God." Hence it is not an easy matter to determine exactly what the essence of Judaism is. Only recently a leading Jewish society in Berlin offered a prize for a pamphlet on "Das Wesen des Judentums" (The Essence of Judaism). This action was probably suggested by a recent work of the Jewish writer, Dr. Levi Böck, bearing the same title. He finds the characteristic features of Judaism in its moral demands, and acknowledges that Judaism has no real doctrinal creed, or at any rate no creed of any importance. In the same way the Rabbi Perles, of Königsberg, in a public correspondence with the Christian theologian Borgius, of the same city, has recently stated: "In Judaism there are no dogmas in the Christian sense of the term—that is to say, a certain number of statements which must be believed, or even accepted, with an oath." He also argues that the real difference between Christianity and Judaism lies in this—that the former finds its center in faith and the latter in action. The uncertainty of Judaism in regard to its faith is even more strikingly illustrated in the published utterance of another leading rabbi, who not long ago declared to a convert: "The main purpose of a Jew at present is not to become a Christian."

Modern Judaism, then, differs from the older type of Judaism chiefly in this—that whereas the older Judaism was as antagonistic to Christ and to his church as modern Judaism is, the latter is willing to pass a more friendly judgment on the person of the Nazarene. The *Jahrbuch für jüdische Geschichte und Literatur,* as late as 1903, tried by a unique explanation of the words of Matthew xxvii, 25 ("His blood be on us and our children") to show that those who made use of this statement had thereby declared that they did *not* desire the death of Jesus, and intended to warn the Romans against the proposed judicial murder of the Lord. This effort at a new exegesis of this incriminating passage is very significant of the attitude of modern Judaism toward Christ, and is part of the determined protest found everywhere in Jewish literature against making the Jews responsible for Christ's crucifixion.

Notwithstanding the instinctive hostility of Judaism to Christianity, says Dr. Bieling, mission work among the Jews has been reasonably successful. First of all, the Jews have learned

to know Christianity better, and this has brought many thousands of Jews into the Christian Church. It is impossible to compute the full number, as many conversions are not published. But according to official reports, 17,250 Jews became Christians during the past century in Germany alone; and the Berlin society alone reports over eight hundred baptisms of the Jews. Signs are multiplying, concludes the writer, to show that Judaism is now at the parting of the ways, in a religious sense, notwithstanding its loud proclamation of victory. Zionism is an evidence of this crisis, although it is not clear in its purposes or ends. The possibility of important changes cannot be ignored, but only the future can determine exactly what the character of these changes will be.

A MOVEMENT UNIQUE IN CHRISTIAN HISTORY

"A tiny seed, a great tree: from one society of less than fifty members to over sixty-six thousand societies and nearly four million members: from one small church in Portland, Maine, to churches in every Christian community and at most of the missionary stations the world round: from a few dollars a year, for missionary and other causes, to over half a million dollars last year from less than one-sixth of the whole number of societies: from obscurity to world-wide fame and influence"—thus is summed up the quarter-of-a-century story of the Christian Endeavor movement. The record is one to evoke justifiable pride, and magazines and newspapers all over the world are at this time printing eulogistic articles on the movement. Christian Endeavorers themselves are planning a permanent memorial of their twenty-fifth anniversary in the form of a building in Boston, which is to serve as an international headquarters for the movement and as "a loving tribute" to its founder, the Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark. Dr. Clark, as we are reminded by Henry B. F. Macfarland, President of the Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia, is still a comparatively young man. "He has had the great good fortune—almost unique," says Mr. Macfarland, "to start a perfectly new organization, and then lead it, through every increase and improvement and development, always keeping it to his thought for it." Sir George Williams, whose experience was somewhat similar, "did not, in twice the time, impress his life as completely on the Young Men's Christian Association movement"; and "even General William Booth, with autocratic authority, is not more intimately related to the Salvation Army than Dr. Francis E. Clark is to the Christian Endeavor societies, over which he has no authority, every one of them being absolutely independent, except of its own church. The organizations conceived by these three men are characterized by Mr. Macfarland as "the most important of modern times," and, taken together as having the same motive, inspiration and aspiration, they suggest to him the thought that "this should be called the Age of Faith rather than the Age of Doubt." He continues (*North American Review*, February):

"Simply as one of the facts of life in our day, the rise and progress of the Christian Endeavor movement, for example, is sufficiently important to be worthy the careful consideration of any thoughtful man, regardless of his views of religion. If a new political party had, in the same time, grown to such proportions and was showing the same virility and stability, it would be the frequent theme of men who, perhaps, do not know even the name of the Christian Endeavor Society. If four million people were keeping a pledge to read daily the plays of Shakespeare, or the poems of Dante, or the dialogues of Plato—to meditate upon them, to bring them to the attention of others and to put their highest teachings into practical living—that fact would interest immensely men who do not seem to know that the greatest book of all is having just such place and power in the lives of four million people. The Kingdom of Heaven cometh in all of its phases without observation, however, and it is not necessary, if desirable, that this particular phase of it should have that kind of observation. The vast majority of the members of the Christian Endeavor Society are happily unconscious of the fact that they are not under the eyes of certain critics, who, because they do not know that this and similar forms of religious life are giving Christianity new progress and power, write of it as if it were declining."

No philosopher who sees life whole, adds Mr. Macfarland, can ignore the immense significance of such an organization as the Christian Endeavor Society. Not to speak of its importance to the individual church, or to the individual State. "its value as an interdenominational and international league, binding the churches together and binding the states to-

gether, with the invisible ties of affection, sympathy and a good purpose, can hardly be overestimated." Thus it has become a great factor in the encouragement of "patriotism, expressed in good citizenship," and in the promotion of "international peace, through international justice." And yet nothing was further from the mind of the youthful Congregational minister of the Williston Church of Portland, Me., when, on the evening of February 2, 1881, he organized his young parishioners into the first Christian Endeavor Society, than that it would figure in the affairs of the nation, much less in the affairs of nations. He simply saw that the young men and women of his church needed a larger opportunity for activity and expression than that provided by the old-fashioned types of young people's societies. Accordingly, he prepared a constitution for a "society of Christian Endeavor" whose object should be "to promote an earnest Christian life among its members, to increase their mutual acquaintance and to make them more useful servants of God." He added an iron-clad obligation: "It is expected that all of the active members of the society will be present at every meeting, unless detained by some absolute necessity, and that each one will take some part, however slight, in every meeting." This contained Dr. Clark's root idea, "that the young Christian must be trained into strong Christian manhood, as by the industrial training-school, which teaches apprentices how to work by working, how to use tools by using them, how to exercise hand and foot and eye and brain in order that hand and foot and eye and brain may become expert in life's vocation." The provisions of the constitution were "evidently more than the young people had bargained for," wrote Dr. Clark afterward; "they had not been accustomed to take their religious duties seriously. . . . It seemed as though the society would die still-born. . . . But God ordered it otherwise." To quote again from Mr. Macfarland's article:

THE REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D.

Founder of the Christian Endeavor movement, which, in twenty-five years, has grown from one society of less than fifty members to over sixty-six thousand societies and nearly four million members.

"As the news of the new organization was spread by the press, it was gradually introduced in many churches; but there were only six societies when the first convention was held at Williston Church, in June, 1882. There were fifty-three, with an enrolled membership of 2,630, when the second convention was held the next year. Before ten years passed, 5,000 delegates were present in a national convention held in Chicago, representing thirty-three States and Territories, societies had been started in England, and Dr. Clark had been induced to retire from the pastorate to become the President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, and Editor-in-Chief of *The Golden Rule*, the Christian Endeavor organ, now named *The Christian Endeavor World*. By the time the national convention met in Philadelphia in July, 1899, 6,500 delegates were sent, a number of foreign countries were represented, and the President of the United States sent a telegram of greeting. Prominent clergymen and other public speakers were glad to address this convention. These conventions have become an important feature in the life of the movement. Not even the political conventions have commanded such an attendance or shown such earnestness of enthusiasm, and no religious gatherings are comparable with them in numbers or public interest. Twenty thousand delegates from outside of the convention city, and an attendance of over fifty thousand, are the astonishing reports of these national conventions. They have been supplemented by State and local conventions. . . . Dr. Clark has stated that 'on the average for ten years past, nearly two hundred thousand each year of the associate members of the society have connected themselves with some branch of the church of God.' Although he does not claim that this is due wholly to the society, no one can doubt that it is largely due to the society. He has also stated that: 'It is far below the actual facts to say that the Endeavorers annually give, through their own organizations, in addition to all that they give through other channels of the church, not less than a million dollars a year for the home

churches and for missions at home and abroad,' and he justly claims that very much of this is an extra asset, additional to what would have been given otherwise, as shown by what was given before the Christian Endeavor movement began.

"It cannot be too often repeated that the United Society, which is the international headquarters, does not draw for its support one dollar from the individual societies, but is maintained by the profits of its own publications. Dr. Clark has supported himself by his own writings. Ten thousand dollars a year is gathered from the societies in America and Great Britain, solely to promote the cause of Christian Endeavor in countries where the English language is not spoken, on the invitation of the church missionaries."

Dr. Clark has so put his life into the Christian Endeavor movement, says Mr. Macfarland, in concluding, that it seems like his body. "It is impossible to write its history without seeming to write his biography." Through his writings and his world tours he has gained a personal hold upon the members of the societies, and now each Endeavorer is to contribute a small sum—twenty-five cents, if no more—toward the memorial building and headquarters. On this project Mr. Macfarland comments:

"Sir George Williams was knighted by Queen Victoria for founding the Young Men's Christian Association, celebrated its jubilee in Westminster Abbey, and was made a freeman of the City of London, and similar honors might have been given Dr. Clark if he had done his work from London. Not only the Endeavorers, with their personal devotion to him, but all of those who can appreciate the value of his services to society and its increasing influence upon the future, will feel that to give Dr. Clark the honor that is proposed for him, and which he will appreciate chiefly because it will be of lasting benefit to his life-work, is not too great for this benefactor of mankind."

THE STRUGGLE FOR "CHRISTIAN POLITICS" IN HOLLAND

The most remarkable experiment in "Christian politics" known to modern Europe has suffered a severe set-back, owing to the defeat of the Kuyper ministry and the Christian party in Holland. The Kuyper Christian party has been called by one of its leaders "the Party of the Living God." Its program is probably best expressed in "the true antithesis" which it has set up against the demands of the "revolutionary" or modern radical party, namely: "Not reason or scientific research, not the interests of the state, or the interests of particular parties, or any other matter, but Christ alone, our King, is the center of our public life. His honor demands that politics shall be under the direction of our religion." This program has commended itself for some time to the Dutch people, but now seems to have met with a reverse. In the opinion of a well-informed writer in the *Christliche Welt* (Marburg), however, this reverse is temporary, not permanent. He says, in substance:

It is more than evident that neither the party nor its chief representative and exponent, Professor Dr. Kuyper, the great Calvinistic theologian of Holland, has disappeared from the horizon. Kuyper himself has indeed reached the limit of years marked out by the Psalmist, but such is his vigor, physical and mental, that he has undertaken a vacation trip to the Orient, "the cradle of mankind," for observation and study. The party itself has not the slightest idea of giving up its program, but regards its defeat as only a temporary set-back. On the very evening when the election returns showed its defeat, its leaders, assembled in Rotterdam, buried their sorrow, and amid prayers, united in sending out a statement to the effect that this trial was only intended by God to lead them to a more thorough self-examination and to spur them on to greater fidelity. They declared that "God rules," and that "His work must be carried on in the world notwithstanding the doings of men"; as also that "His will will and must be realized in the political sphere, even if not a single Christian remains in the Parliament." They expressed the further conviction that they had been "called to fight the fight of faith by God," and to "instruct the people from day to day, to awaken and strengthen in them a Christian consciousness, and to show them how to apply the principles of the Christian religion to politics."

There are many signs which would seem to indicate that the "Christian" party will soon be recalled to political power in Holland. Several of its special measures the present government has not ventured to touch. The culmination of the Kuyper régime was its school legislation, which purposed to "Christianize" the entire educational system of the country, from the "Free University," of which Kuyper was the rector, to the average public school. The new liberal government has not changed these laws. Moreover, it has openly declared that it will not touch the "strike laws" instituted by Kuyper, and has even publicly recognized the wonderful "working ability" of the veteran theologian and statesman.

Another factor that will, it is thought, help to put the Christian party again in power, is the growing strength of the Social Democrats. Between the years 1897 and 1905 this revolutionary party increased its votes from 13,000 to 66,000 in

Holland, and the clearer it becomes that this party is a party of radicals and free-thinkers—the embodiment of all that is non-Christian and unchurchly—the greater will be the power of attraction exercised by the Christian party on the conservative and thinking classes. The Socialists have already declared that "they will sell their lives as dearly as possible as soon as a ministry needs them," meaning that they will join the Liberals in effecting even moderate reforms in the hope that sooner or later more radical measures can be passed. This, too, it is thought, will drive men into the camp of the Christian party. One thing, however, it is evident, the Christian leaders must learn, namely, to be a little more worldly-wise in the methods by which they seek to build up their party. Just how soon the problem of Christian politics will again become a "burning question," only a prophet or a prophet's son could predict; but it seems certain that a second ministry of the party could be organized in the near future only by Kuyper himself. As far as can be seen, there are no other leaders upon whose shoulders his mantle could worthily fall, and a strong Christian movement is possible only under the inspiration furnished by a gifted, enthusiastic and inspiring personality. Such Kuyper has been and is. The party itself is as full of life as ever and entirely confident that sooner or later the spirit of the Nazarene will be the all-controlling force in the public life and government of Holland.

WHAT IS TO BE THE FUTURE OF CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY?

The Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton, for many years rector of All Soul's Church, New York, and well known throughout the country as a representative of "advanced" theology, has lately ventured to formulate his idea of the future of Christianity. He writes in perfect freedom and independence, and expresses himself very frankly. He thinks that the fundamental Christian doctrines have already undergone, and are still undergoing, the most profound changes; but that they will endure, in spite of these changes—perhaps because of them. This view is elaborated in an article in *The Hibbert Journal* (London), from which we quote:

"The theological movement of our own age is away from all that is partial and narrow and arbitrary and mechanical and exceptional and irrational and unethical in theology, toward that which is universal, necessary, natural, orderly, rational, free, progressive, ethical, and spiritual. It leads in a direction diametrically opposite to the conception of Christianity as the one true religion, miraculous in its birth, extra-natural in its institutions, infallible in its sacred books, fixed and final in its creeds, imposing an external authority from which no appeal can be taken to the courts of reason and conscience. It heads straight for the conception of Christianity which finds in it one among the religions of humanity, although the highest of them; the main stem of the religion which roots in the spiritual nature of man and of the cosmos, and which sucks up into itself the ethical forces of man and of the universe; the flowering forth of the one life of humanity, which takes on differing forms in the varying types of ethnic religions. It is away from the conception of religion as a something separable from the rest of human life, growing out of other faculties than those which manifest themselves in the activities of earth, creating a sphere for itself other than that of the sacred secularities of society. It is moving toward a conception which finds in religion the burgeoning and blossoming of all the faculties of man; the life of the imagination, the reason, the affections and the conscience at their full; taking up into itself and expressing the secrets of poetry and art and science and philosophy and sociology, as knowledge grows transfigured into reverence, as beauty exhales in worship and goodness becomes the sacrament of the indwelling Life of the cosmos."

More specifically Dr. Newton proceeds to indicate the nature of that "reconstruction of the supposedly fundamental principles underlying the theology of the churches," which he believes to be inevitable. Of hitherto prevailing conceptions of the Bible as "oracular and inerrant" and of the church as "miraculous and infallible," he says:

"These conceptions must pass away, are already passing away, have even now nearly passed completely away in Protestant circles. The book will remain—the source of spiritual inspiration, the expression of man's highest spiritual consciousness, the record of the gradual revelation of God in the growth of a race, and in the evolution of the universal religion in which that race-life flowered; a real and true authority in matters of religion, only not a spiritual czardom, but rather the constitutional head in the republic of man. The church will remain—an institution of humanity, the highest institute of humanity and the most divine, since it is the institute of the spiritual life of mankind; not the institute of the spiritual life merely of a race or of a religion drawn around that race, but the institute of that spiritual life which has been one and the same through the various races of mankind, whose sources lie far back in the past, in the nature and constitution of man; which in Paganism has developed one and the same religious institutions in different lands and in different ages, and thus, slowly, reared the cathedral of Christendom, with its many ethnical chapels growing around its sacred choir; an institute, therefore, having the greatly to be revered authority which such a history claims, every pos-

THE REV. R. HEBER NEWTON, D.D.

He thinks that the fundamental Christian doctrines have undergone, and are still undergoing, the most profound changes; but that they will endure in spite of these changes—perhaps because of them.

sible deference short of the abject submission of the reason and conscience. Such a historic institute must be plastic, capable of growth, changing ever with the changing needs of man, adapting itself to the new conditions which new times are creating ever.

"But the thought-forms which these two great authorities of man have assumed in the past—the thought of the Book and the Church, as exceptional and miraculous, infallible, fixed and final —these will never again be found in the new spaces of the heavens toward which the movement of our mental world tends."

Inspiration, continues Dr. Newton, "is coming to be seen not as the monopoly of a race or of a church, but as the experience of mankind." The doctrine of the Atonement "is growing out of the form in which it has come down to us, as an act of one man, in one moment of history, into the conception which is already blossoming within the Christian consciousness; the conception of the universal law operative in all ages, among all men; wherein the holy and elect souls of earth bear the suffering and sorrow and shame of their fellows and thus save them from their sins." The doctrine of hell "is casting off those abhorrent, immoral, impossible forms in which it has come down to us, and is taking on a rational aspect, as the symbol of the natural law of retribution, acting in character, if with the sternness yet with the sanity of Nature, the justice of God." And the doctrine of the Incarnation is seen to be an idea "as old as man's philosophy, as widespread as his life on earth," connoting "not alone an embodying of the Divine Being in one individual, of one epoch of history, but the symbol of a universal process, whereby and wherein the universe itself is the body of the Infinite and Eternal Spirit."

Of the future position of Christ, we read:

"The historic Personality who is at the heart of the Catholic creeds will be recognised as more truly a fact than our fathers ever dared to believe. He will be found to have withstood the critical processes which threatened to resolve His sacred form into legend and myth, and, instead of issuing as fable, to issue as fact, having the solidity of history—the rock which thenceforth never more can be shaken. The man Christ Jesus, in the moral miracle of His perfect character, in the sacramental mystery of His cosmic consciousness, will stand forth forever as the sacred shrine of man's hope and faith, the mercy seat of the loving God. In Him the human ideal will continue to be reverently seen embodied, that ideal after which our human lives are to pattern themselves in all loving loyalty. In His mirroring eyes coming generations will read the secret of the universe, and see in the Power in which 'we live and move and have our being'—'Our Father which art in Heaven.'"

The two fundamental doctrines of the Christian creed, the doctrine of God and the doctrine of immortality, will be recognized, predicts Dr. Newton, not as the exclusive possession of Christendom, but as the common possession of mankind.

"It will be seen that every great religion has issued in monotheism—the doctrine of the unity of God, His spirituality, His character as a just and beneficent being. It will also be seen that every great religion has issued in the doctrine of immortality, the belief in conscious, continued life after death. Such exceptions as seem to present themselves in history, notably in Judaism and Buddhism, will be seen to be but temporary exceptions. Israel, as we now see, reached through its stages of agnosticism concerning the hereafter, and found the human faith in immortality coming forth in Judaism before Jesus clear and strong. The Nirvana of Buddhism is already being recognised, not as annihilation, the loss of personal being, but as the emergence of self-consciousness into the cosmic consciousness and its perfect bliss."

In brief, "the central faiths of Christendom will be found to warrant themselves as the universal faiths of man, standing plumb upon the deep bed-rock of the human reason and conscience, buttressing on our new knowledge in science and philosophy and art and sociology."

Science and Discovery

GENERAL DECLINE OF HUMAN FERTILITY IN WESTERN NATIONS

Among the physical features of modern civilization none calls at present for more serious attention, asserts the London *Times*, than the fact, gradually revealed and clearly established by official records, that the birth-rate is progressively declining in all Western nations for which registration exists. "It seems," says our contemporary, "to be one of those vast, slow, silent movements which pass almost unperceived at the time, but are more potent to shape the destinies of mankind than war or policies which look so much more important to a near vision." Deserving of particular notice, therefore, it thinks, are the proceedings of the Royal Statistical Society, which has been devoting a recent series of London meetings to the topic. One of the most valuable contributions yet made to the elucidation of the problem is a paper on "the decline of human fertility in the United Kingdom and other countries as shown by corrected birth-rates," the authors being Dr. Arthur Newsholme and Dr. T. H. C. Stevenson. This paper is a continuation of others by the same authors published in *The Journal of Hygiene* (London). "But statistical studies," says the British paper, "are repellant to all except statisticians, unless they can be used as political missiles or piquant tit-bits of promiscuous information, which is very seldom the case with genuine work; and these elaborate calculations are not likely to receive the attention they deserve." For the information of the general public it is necessary to extract the pith of them and present it in a simple form, which the London *Times* essays to do as follows:

"About the main facts no dispute exists. For some thirty years or so a general and progressive diminution of natality—that is, the number of children born in proportion to population—has been recorded in all Western nations for which records are available. It is by no means evenly distributed or proceeding everywhere at the same rate, nor is it shared by every locality; but every country as a whole exhibits the same change in some degree. The following figures, showing the fall in the 'birth-rate,' which means the number of births to 1,000 of the population, between 1876 and 1901, will sufficiently illustrate the movement:—United Kingdom, from 34.8 to 28.0; England and Wales, 36.3 to 28.5; German Empire, 40.9 to 35.7; Prussia, 40.7 to 36.2; Sweden, 30.8 to 26.8; Switzerland, 33.0 to 29.1; Austria, 40.0 to 36.9; France, 26.2 to 22.0. The fall appears to have set in as a general and progressive movement about the year 1876, which forms the high-water mark of recorded birth-rates in most European countries. That it was a real high-water mark of natality cannot be positively affirmed, as defective registration in earlier years may be a source of error. It is, however, certain that, whereas the birth-rates had previously fluctuated in an irregular manner, from that time onward they have been falling generally, progressively and with singular steadiness. Fewer and fewer children in proportion to population are being born almost from year to year. The difficulty is to determine the causes of this remarkable movement and to estimate their respective shares of influence. The difficulty is increased by the failure of many students of the subject—a failure conspicuously illustrated at the Royal Statistical Society—to distinguish between two sets of causes, the direct and the indirect, which are usually jumbled up together. The birth of children is a physical fact which depends directly upon physical conditions and upon them only; other conditions act indirectly through them, and unless the distinction is realized the question cannot be treated in a logical or scientific manner. The physical conditions governing natality are, in the first place, age, sex, and conjugal state. In other words, children can only be born to women of a certain age, and the number of children must depend on the number of such women in any population. Marriage, of course, is not physically necessary, but actually it is; the proportion of illegitimate children is so small as to be negligible in the large problem; and, as a matter of fact, they have declined even more rapidly than the legitimate. Age, sex, and conjugal state are conveniently classed together, because they are the subject of statistical records and can be ascertained with considerable accuracy. A second set of physical conditions stands on a different footing. The capacity to bear children depends not only upon age, but upon other less obvious physiological factors, which may vary indefinitely both by nature and by art. There are degrees of natural fertility or sterility, and there is also an artificial sterility. With the exception of age and sex, which are chiefly determined by chance or forces beyond our knowledge and control, all these physical conditions directly governing natality are themselves affected by other secondary and ascertainable conditions. Marriage, for instance, is affected by economic and moral influences, by war and emigration; fertility is affected by habits of life and possibly by educa-

tion and occupation. All these become indirect influences acting through the direct ones."

It is obvious from these considerations that the problem of causation is intricate and must be handled methodically if it is to be lifted out of the slough of conjecture, impression and prejudice. This is the service that Dr. Newsholme and Dr. Stevenson, in the opinion of the London *Times*, have rendered. By a laborious piece of statistical work they have eliminated the age, sex and marriage factors for a large number of countries and particular communities over a period of twenty years, and have separated out the true fertility from a variety of disturbing factors. The point is that hypothetically changes in the age, sex and conjugal constitution of the populations might be sufficient to account for the diminishing birth-rates and that the latter might hypothetically be wholly due to a diminishing proportion of married women of fertile age. There have, in fact, been material changes in that direction in some populations through postponement of marriage and prolongation of mature life accompanied by a constantly high infantile mortality. In some countries emigration has appreciably diminished the productive population. But it has now been shown that such changes are quite inadequate to account for the falling birth-rates. Indeed, in some communities where a rapid fall has taken place the constitution of the population is more favorable to productivity than it wa . The calculations leading to this conclusion are, like all other statistics, open to criticism. They give only approximately accurate results which cannot be used for minute comparisons:

"But read broadly, with a due margin for error, they prove the existence of a real and general decline in fertility. Ireland is the only exception; there the fertility increased between 1881 and 1901, though the natality diminished. Further, the authors reach the conclusion that this progressive sterility is due not to natural but to artificial causes; it is deliberately practised in order to secure ease, and is associated with a rising standard of comfort. This agrees with the results of investigation and with the conclusions of others; but it has not previously been established on the same statistical basis. The ultimate bearing of the movement may be a matter of opinion. Some applaud it, as Mr. Montague Crackanthorpe has recently shown. But the doctrine of small families and quality *versus* quantity is very superficial. It ignores the whole moral side of the question, and on the physical side it rests upon a more than dubious assumption. It is not given to parents to arrange the quality of the selected offspring they choose to have out of a potential number; nor are they conspicuously successful in rearing very small families. The most wholesome environment for children is plenty of brothers and sisters. In truth, the real motive is selfishness, not concern for non-existent children. So the bachelor, intent on his own comfort, pretends regard for the wife he has not got. But Nature is not mocked; the misuse or perversion of natural appetites, which is the essence of vice, brings its own penalty, and Nature's answer to those who flout her laws is to wipe them out. That process is already in operation in many communities both in the Old World and in the New, where more people die annually than are born."

THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE CANCER PROBLEM

Cancer is now proved to be neither contagious nor hereditary and to be the result of neither bacillus nor germ, if we may accept a summary of the labors of the scientists investigating the problem in the Royal College of Science and the University of Liverpool. The summary has been prepared by Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson, eminent as a man of letters and at the same time a competent student of biological problems. Mr. Watson was authorized by the experts in cancer research, Professor Farmer and Messrs. Moore and Walker, to give some outlines of the results of their discoveries in the London *Mail*. As an introduction to the topic as a whole, Mr. Watson's summary reminds us that every living organism, whether plant or animal, begins as a single cell. This original mother cell divides into two, then each of the resulting cells divides, and this process continues until the whole body of the organism is built up. But the process of the division is by no means simple. When the original mother cell is going to divide, a certain number of little bodies appears within it. Each of these little bodies, which are called chromosomes, divides into two equal halves, and when the whole mass of the mother cell separates into two daughter cells, half of each chromosome is absorbed into each daughter cell. This process is repeated in each succeeding cell division and thus the number of chromosomes in the cells of the same body remains the same as it was in the original mother cell. The number of chromosomes in the cells forming

the human body is thirty-two, and this number remains constant—with a single exception:

"The exception is the group of cells that is to undertake the future function of reproduction. Observation has shown that in these cells the number of chromosomes is always reduced to one-half, in the human being therefore to sixteen. Now here comes in the remarkable discovery which sheds a wholly new light on the nature of cancer. The collaborators have found that in cancerous tissue the same process takes place. The exact sequence of events is this. Certain cells of the blood, known as leucocytes, given a suitable stimulus, become active. They unite with the ordinary healthy cells of the tissue, and the result is the first stage of cancerous growth. The development and divisions of the cells then proceed in a manner similar to that occurring in the production of the reproductive cells referred to.

"It is interesting to note that it has for some time been known to science that reproductive tissue does, in the case of some plants, normally act in a manner similar to cancer, that is to say, it invades the tissue forming the body of the parent organism.

"The collaborators, in discovering the similarity that exists between cancer and reproductive tissue, have incidentally shown that certain bodies that have been constantly taken for the parasite causing cancer are really only a normal part of reproductive cells. These bodies, commonly known as 'Plimmer's' or 'Cancer' bodies, had hitherto been supposed to exist only in the cells forming cancerous tissue. They are now proved to constitute a normal and constant part of reproductive cells. Thus the resemblance between the two tissues is carried a step further and made more striking, to say nothing of the fact that the numerous speculations as to the nature and origin of these supposed parasites are at last put to rest."

Equipped with this preliminary exposition, it is easier to master Dr. R. T. Hewlett's analysis of the cancer research results published in London *Nature*. From this it seems that recent research holds out as yet little prospect of the discovery of a curative agent. At the moment, almost the only hope of cure lies in early and radical operation. In superficial cancers the X-rays and radium emanations seem to effect a cure by causing a retrogression or a necrosis of the cancer elements. Cancer in mice occasionally undergoes retrogression and cure, and the same thing occurs, although rarely, in human cancer. It has been found that the blood serum of the mice in which this spontaneous cure had occurred exerted a marked curative action on other mice suffering from the disease. This suggests the possibility that work of a similar nature may eventually lead to the discovery of a means of treating human cancer, but the probability is small in Dr. Hewitt's opinion. It is extremely unlikely that the serum of any animal would have any effect on the human being. A spontaneously cured human being would almost certainly have to provide the serum. Further:

"The cancer of one animal is inoculable only into another animal of the same species, and human cancer, therefore, cannot be transmitted to the lower animals. All attempts to isolate a micro-parasite have proved failures, in spite of the vast amount of work done in this direction. The alleged organisms of cancer, such, for example, as certain yeast fungi, have, it is true, been found to produce tumor-like growths, but these have, on critical examination, been proved to be of the nature of granulomatous growths, and not true cancer. A point of which a good deal has been made by the supporters of the parasitic theory is that the so-called 'cancer bodies,' the alleged parasites, are present only in malignant growths, and not in normal or pathological tissue nor in benign tumors. But the deduction from this fact, that these bodies are therefore parasitic, has little to support it when it is considered that cancer is a unique tissue, and might obviously contain structures not found elsewhere and not necessarily parasitic."

Nor can it be said that the discovery, or alleged discovery, of the microbe of cancer has been taken seriously by the medical press of Europe. That eminent French surgeon, Dr. Doyen, has pronounced the microbe called "*micrococcus neo-formans*" to be that of cancer. Professor Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute, is quoted in Paris *Cosmos* as saying that in a series of tubes in which were placed fragments of cancerous growth, he had obtained a microbe identical with that described by Dr. Doyen. Professor Metchnikoff adds that all of the tubes—there were several—did not give this result, but it was important to note that two specimens of cancerous growth obtained from quite another source did yield pure cultures of the Doyen microbe. And Professor Metchnikoff says that he has had opportunities of observing a considerable number of persons suffering from cancer who have been benefited by injections of the Doyen serum. The report of a committee of scientists, as summarized in the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris), is not decisive in favor of the Doyen "discovery." *The British Medical Journal* comments:

"We are still, therefore, on Professor Metchnikoff's own showing, a long way from the final elucidation of the mystery of cancer. We are compelled to add that with every wish to believe that a cure for this terrible scourge has been discovered, the evidence, so far as it has been disclosed, appears to us inadequate to warrant any confident hope that Dr. Doyen's serum will prove to have any more lasting effec than the various serums, toxin extracts and other remedies having some kind of scientific basis, which have in recent years been tried and found wanting."

THE DOOM OF THE ATOM

Among the many and fruitful lines of research which have been developed during the last quarter of a century, asserts that able British physicist, Prof. C. Cuthbertson, none possesses so great a fascination or so profound an interest as the study of radium, not only on account of the great delicacy of the experimental methods which have been elaborated to deal with it, and the ingenuity, skill and originality displayed by those who are engaged in the investigation, but also on account of the far-reaching effect of its conclusions on our conception of the nature of matter. To appreciate the beauty of the investigation, it is necessary, in Professor Cuthbertson's opinion, to possess a technical equipment which is, unfortunately, not common. But to understand the significance of the results obtained is comparatively a simple matter.

The first great advance made by chemistry during the seventeenth century was the discovery that substances which had appeared to be simple were really compounds of different materials. The second great advance, which occupied the whole of the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth centuries, was the analysis of such compounds and the study of the properties of the materials of which they were composed and the proportions in which they were combined. Professor Cuthbertson continues (in the London *Outlook*):

"Out of the great mass of work done on this subject there emerged the conviction that the atomic theory propounded by Dalton was a true representation of the facts of Nature, and that the universe was built up from a number (about seventy) of different sorts of matter, which were called elements. No one had ever succeeded in changing one sort of matter into another, and the doctrine that such a change was beyond the bounds of possibilty was, until lately, the most deeply rooted conviction in the minds of chemists. But during the last twenty years evidence has been accumulating which has shaken this belief to its foundations, if, indeed, it has not displaced it for ever. The first important step was taken by Professor J. J. Thomson, of the Cavendish Laboratory, when, in a brilliant series of researches, he demonstrated the existence of portions of matter of much smaller size than that which has been assigned to the atom as the result of several different methods of calculation. Guided and supported by Professor Thomson's results, the scientific world was gradually taught to consider seriously the possibility that even the atom was in reality not the perfectly hard, elastic sphere of the early part of the nineteenth century, but a complicated system built up from lesser units. Not only was this theory attractive in itself, from its boldness and originality, but it bore in its train the possible corollary that the various kinds of matter might be found to consist ultimately of a single primitive material, and that the difference in the properties of the elements might be due to differences of arrangement of the material within the unit we call an atom, just as houses of very different appearance can be constructed out of similar bricks, but differently arranged."

The possibility of such an explanation of the facts of chemistry has never been absent from the minds of philosophic chemists since the days of Prout at the beginning of the nineteenth century. But for want of experimental confirmation it has never gained serious credence. In the hands of Professor Thomson it took a new lease of life and developed from a mere hypothesis to a theory which has hitherto withstood all attempts to break it down. To quote again:

"While matters were in this position came the astonishing discovery of radium, thorium, actinium, and polonium, supplemented by the theory of Professor Rutherford that we have in the atoms of these substances arrangements of the primitive material which are not stable, and which are consequently breaking down before our very eyes. The triumphant verification of this theory by means of researches which have perhaps never been surpassed in brilliancy has given to the name of Professor Rutherford a high place among English scientific men; and Professor Soddy, who had the good fortune to collaborate with him, shares in the credit of an achievement of which our country may be proud. Briefly, the conclusions towards which our present knowledge points are as follows: The notion that the various elements—*e.g.* hydrogen, oxygen, iron, phosphorus—consist of indivisible and immutable particles differing fundamentally from each other is now relegated for ever to the lumber-room of science. Instead, we must conceive the universe to have consisted originally of myriads of entities, infinitesimal in size even in comparison with the infinitesimal atom, and possessing only one known quality, that of carrying, or perhaps being identical with, a charge of negative electricity."

As temperature decreases, or other conditions, of which we have no knowledge, change, these ultimate particles or electrons, as they are called, move about under the influence of two sets of forces, one tending to bring them together, the other to keep them apart. A decrease in the latter set would result in the formation of collocations of electrons of every conceivable shape, size and arrangement—just as we may conceive, in the stellar universe, the evolution of an infinite number of possible solar systems. But not all these collocations would

be permanent, for all are subject to the clash of opposing forces and to the disintegrating effects of rapid motion. The necessary result would be that, of all possible configurations, only a few would survive for an appreciable length of time. Those of which the bulk was too large, of which the energy was too great, or in which the conservative and the destructive forces were too nearly balanced, would inevitably break up:

"Only a few forms would survive, and these would represent remarkably stable arrangements. This is exactly what we find, and in the elements, as we see them now, we must undoubtedly recognise the surviving patterns in the great struggle for life which is thus seen to pervade the inorganic as well as the organic world. But this is not all. If such a hypothesis were true, we ought to expect to find that a few of the different species of atoms at present known to us are in an unstable condition, and threaten to become extinct. Such elements we actually find in radium, thorium and actinium. So nicely are the forces balanced within their atoms that only a very small percentage of the atoms break down per second. The best estimate at present is that a given weight of radium would diminish to half its size in about twelve hundred years. But, slow or fast, the reality of the process is one which is hardly doubted in the scientific world. . . .

"It may be inquired whether there is any experimental evidence to show that the process of disintegration is actually going on, though at a slower rate, among those forms of matter, such as the commoner elements, which are comparatively stable. Such evidence does exist in the case of elements so widely distributed as zinc, sodium and potassium; and though the experiments required to detect it are of extreme delicacy, it needs no optimist to feel confident that within a very few years it will have been demonstrated with as great certainty as is now felt with regard to the radio-active elements."

Those who think most deeply will be the first to confess, concludes Professor Cuthbertson, how profound an effect on human thought must be accomplished by this new conception of matter. Indeed, to our authority, there are but two or three events in the history of mankind, such as the discovery of America and the establishment of the Copernican system, which are worthy to rank with it in importance. Not only does it bring within the field of practical chemistry the dream of the alchemist in the transmutation of the elements, but it opens up the possibility of drawing upon sources of energy, locked up in the atom, a million times more potent than any with which we have hitherto been acquainted and a million times more valuable than the gold or other dross which might result as by-products of the process.

THE WILL AS A MEANS OF PROLONGING LIFE

The properly used forces of our mind may render us important services with regard to the prolongation of our lives, writes Prof. Jean Finot in *The Contemporary Review* (London). There is no doubt, adds this distinguished *savant*, that ill-directed mental suggestion shortens life. Arrived at a certain age, we poison ourselves with the notion of an approaching end. We lose faith in our own strength and our strength leaves us. On the pretext that age is weighing heavily on our shoulders, we take to sedentary habits and cease to pursue our occupations with vigor. Little by little, our blood, vitiated by idleness, and our feebly renewed tissues open the door to all sorts of maladies. Precocious old age lays siege to us. We succumb earlier than we need have done as a result of injurious auto-suggestion.

Now, asks Professor Finot, why should we not endeavor to live by auto-suggestion instead of dying by it? The power of auto-suggestion is limitless within its sphere. We quote:

"The action on the body of our psychic life manifests itself thus in all forms. The discovery of the vaso-motor nerves, made by Claude Bernard, has enabled us to introduce a little order amongst the numerous and complicated effects provoked by suggestion both fro without and from within (auto-suggestion). We now know the controlling action of the brain, which by means of the vaso-motor nerves has an effect on all our organs. The beating of the heart may become slower, quicker, or may even cease, under the stress of emotions such as anger or fear. A very great fright may even cause death through syncope.

"Intense attention, concentrated on any portion of our body, provokes manifest changes there. Thus redness or paleness may be induced in the face, or swellings on different parts of the body. Certain monks were found with the red marks of flagellation or with the signs of Christ's suffering, as the result of too prolonged or too often repeated hours of ecstasy. Charcot relates numerous cases of the phenomena of burns or ecchymoses appearing on the bodies of people as a consequence of suggestion directed to that end.

"By the aid of simple suggestion we can thus diagnose functional troubles, organic injuries and hemorrhages as well as curative vaso-constriction. The cases of cure by suggestion of the expectoration of blood, and especially of bleeding from the nose (*epistaxis*), are exceedingly frequent. This has been noticed chiefly i connection with loss of blood caused by wounds. Punctures, however deep, in the hypnotic state are never accompanied by a flow of blood."

If, next, we consider the cases of nonagenarians or centenarians, we realize that it is the suggestion of force, the innate conviction that resistance is possible, together with the absence of depressing ideas, which has chiefly contributed to the preservation of their health and their prolonged life. Hence we can see how important it is to shut the door of one's heart, or rather of one's brain, to all injurious ideas as to limits of life. Nature, who created poisons, also created their antidotes. What, for instance, can be more painful to almost all mortals than the mere thought of inevitable old age? Nearly as many tears have been shed over this necessity as over that of death. We think too much of the diseases of our organs, of the using up of our tissue and of fatal decrepitude. We distrust our physical and intellectual forces, our memory, our conversational gifts and powers of work. The reproach of having a mind or a consciousness which is either senile or worn out creates in us a feeling of revolt. We cannot bear to have anyone daring to doubt our strength or our youth. Yet how many there are who venture to animadvert on a sentence of senility unjustly passed upon them? Indeed, men who have reached a certain age bow all the more before such a reproach and do their best to deserve it. Says M. Finot:

"Our superstitions also have a share of the responsibility here as in all other things. Almost all of us experience that of pseudo-senility. Thus we imagine that at sixty years of age or even earlier our hour of retirement has sounded. From this moment we give up our occupations, our exercise, our pleasures. We withdraw from life and it in turn withdraws from us. Now physiology is there to demonstrate to us that our organism may yet accomplish *all* the physiological functions of the preceding periods. And if our digestion or some other function is weak or paralysed, we have not our years to thank, but the bad use to which we have put them. For, what is senility? It is the time of life at which a man, who has only a worn-out organism at his service, must die his natural death. Now this limit, which might theoretically be put at 150 or 200 years, exists even in reality much further off than we venture to believe.

"For a proof of this I will take a series of curious statistical tables of deaths from old age in Paris during a period of eleven years, which were drawn up by Dr. A. Block (*Bulletin de la Société d'Anthropologie de Paris*, 1896). The result shows that even in this city of Paris which has such an unwholesome effect on people's health and longevity, senility, such as we have just defined it, appears frequently at the age of from 80 to 85, and even some years later.

"The critical period for an old man in Paris therefore appears to be between 80 and 85, for in these five years there are the most numerous deaths from senility. The author, in comparing all these facts, arrives at the apparently paradoxical conclusion that from the age of 80 illness has less power over an old man the older he becomes. In other words, after having passed this critical age, man has more chance of dying of a natural death—that is to say, of crossing the threshold of his centenary. What is the reason of this? It is very simple. It often takes a man 80 years of experience to know how to direct the capacities of his organism with precision.

"The most important thing for us is that death from pneumonia, heart disease and cerebral congestion or hemorrhage, is by no means so frequent after the age of 60 as is ordinarily believed. In other terms the respiratory apparatus, the circulation and even the digestive organs continue their functions, or rather they have no special reason for not continuing their functions. In any case, it is not senile decay, a natural cause, which deprives us of their use, but all sorts of accidental causes. Which of us has not met men who have passed the age of 80 and yet digest and breathe very well and are still enjoying all their intellectual faculties?

"Rational economy in the use of our organs may preserve them for their work far beyond a century. Often all that is required is that we should be saturated from an early age with this truth in order to enable all who are in love with life to pass beyond this long stage of the journey."

But how are we to counteract the depressing influences which lie in wait for us at every moment of our lives? Often it is quite enough for someone to tell us something nice and pleasant to produce a condition of peace and serenity in our minds; and often in the grip of analytical melancholy or of unlimited despair if we sit down to think over our case, we find it by no means so exasperating as it seemed and unhappy impressions fade away. But those who feel incapable of putting this comforting philosophy into practice may have recourse to a surprisingly simple method. What is required is auto-suggestion for each given case. We quote again:

"Does not psycho herapeutics, the new departure in medicine, teach us that certain illnesses disappear as if by enchantment as the result of constantly repeated suggestions? Dr. F. Régnault relates that in treating a hypochondriac he advised him to write on the wall every evening the words 'I am happy,' and to go off to sleep in full view of them. After a few weeks happiness be-

gan to steal into his spirit. Which of us, in speaking of God, does not instinctively turn towards the sky? Neither science nor reason can prevail against the mechanical repetition of the phrase, which is yet so contrary to the most elementary notions of astronomy? 'Our Father, which art in Heaven.' In moments of distress, astronomers themselves may be found seeking for their God in some hidden corner of the universe!

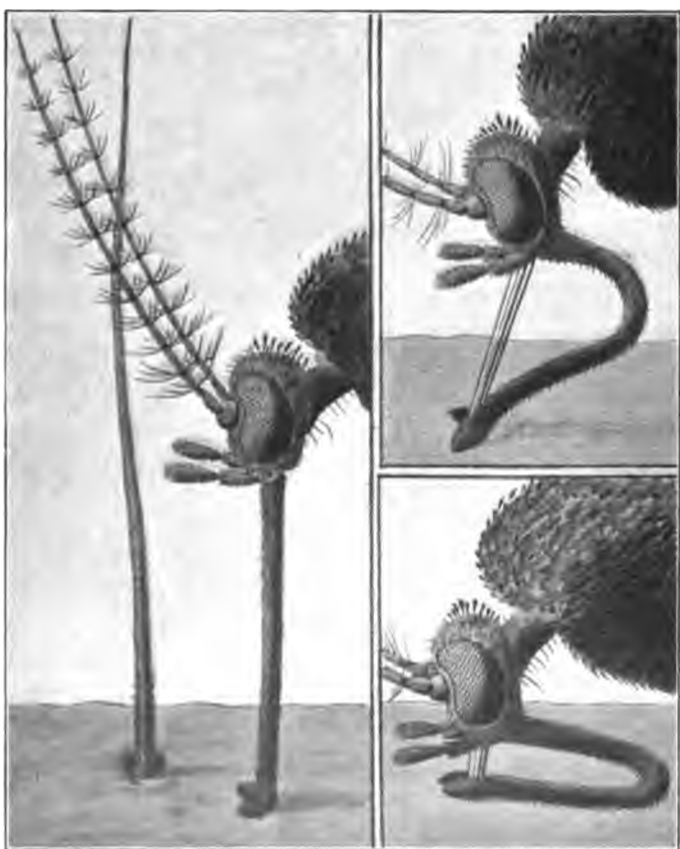
"What endless resource is provided in this way against the invading years! Let us accept them with confidence and look on them with the softness which befits men of wisdom. Let us ever keep before our eyes comforting examples of serene old age and probable longevity. Little by little our optimistic visions will become a guard of honour. They will be on the watch that poisonous fears do not take possession of our consciousness. Those who are not sensitive to this surrounding atmosphere of reasoned thought may, on the other hand, have recourse to direct and repeated suggestion."

BITING APPARATUS OF THE MOSQUITO

Just how the mosquito bites a human being is a matter of some controversy, but the latest exposition is set forth by Dr. James Scott in London *Countryside*. He agrees that the male is not the offender. It is the female that stings man. She has a long, straight trunk, terminating in two lobes or sucking lips. Within this receptacle are five lancets, while a slender one fits into a groove or slit, which divides the whole trunk lengthwise and permits the complete set of lancets to be withdrawn. When the mosquito is about to set to work, she fits the lips of the trunk against the skin and literally bores a hole into the flesh. In order to test her ability fully, Dr. Scott caught an insect and confined it as a prisoner inside the glass-topped lid from a circular box tied firmly to his arm.

As the six lancets, combined to form a single firm tool, were thrust deeper and deeper into the arm, the trunk became bent in a backward direction, vibrating like a gently waving leech in its act of suction. The slit was tightly closed meanwhile. Its two lips were firmly compressed against the hole from which the blood was oozing, and as the meal progressed it was possible to see plainly, through the thin membrane of the sides of the abdomen, the insect swelling to an abnormal extent and turning a vivid crimson.

There remains the mystery of the varying intensity of mosquito stings. In some countries—notably in Egypt—the bite of the insect is transmitted to human consciousness in one quick agony. In the northern United States the pain, while intense, grows only gradually acute.



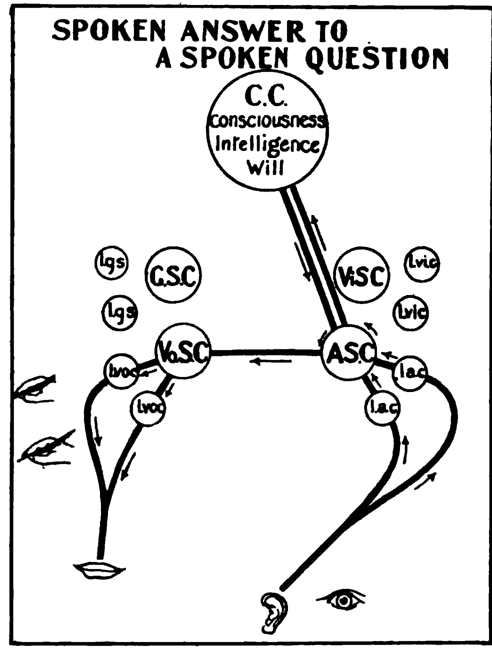
London *Countryside*.

THE MOSQUITO'S BITING APPARATUS

On the left is seen a much magnified picture of the mosquito's trunk, in which are enclosed the piercers, placed firmly against a human arm. The top picture on the right shows the piercer partly embedded in the flesh and in the lower one the mosquito has thrust its sharp piercer right down and is apparently enjoying its meal.

THE MYSTERY OF MAN'S CAPACITY TO ANSWER A SIMPLE QUESTION

The exact course which those nervous impulses with which speech, thought, reasoning, deliberation, etc., are associated take in passing through the cerebral tissues is a mystery which students of psychic phenomena are trying to shed light upon. We do not know, for example, the exact course taken by the nervous impulses concerned in the production of a spoken answer to the simple spoken question: "Do you think it will rain to-day?" So says Dr. Byron Bramwell, lecturer on clinical medicine in the school of the Royal Colleges at Edinburgh and regarded as the highest living authority on aphasia and brain structure. In a recent lecture to the Royal College of Physicians, quoted in the London *Lancet*, he goes at length into the riddle of man's ability to answer the simplest question. We know, declares Dr. Bramwell, that the sound vibrations representing the spoken words, "Do you think it will rain to-day?" which enter through the ear cause nerve vibrations, which ultimately excite the function of the auditory speech center (see Fig. 1). We know that the spoken answer, whatever it may happen to be, is emitted by the vocal speech center. But we are not absolutely certain of the exact course which the nervous impulses take (*a*) in their passage from the ear to the auditory speech center; (*b*) in their passage from the vocal speech center to the lips, tongue, etc. We are still more ignorant of the exact course which the nervous impulses take in passing through the higher parts of the cerebral mechanisms—that is, between their point of entrance to the auditory speech center and their point of exit from the vocal speech center.



From the London *Lancet*

FIGURE I

Diagrammatic representation of the course which the nervous impulses concerned in the production of a spoken answer to a spoken question take. A.S.C., auditory speech centre; l.a.c. and l'.a'.c'., lower auditory centres on the left and right sides of the brain respectively. Vo. S.C., vocal speech centre; l.vo.c. and l'.vo'.c'., lower vocal centres in the left and right sides of the brain respectively. C.C., hypothetical centre representing the seat of Consciousness, Intelligence, and the Will. The nervous impulses concerned in a spoken answer to a spoken question enter, so to speak, through the ear and pass to the auditory speech centre (A.S.C.), through the lower auditory centres (l.a.c. and l'.a'.c'.); from the auditory speech centre they pass to the ideational centres in different parts of the cerebral cortex, in the diagram hypothetically represented as a special centre (C.C.) the seat of Consciousness, Intelligence, and the Will. After a judgment has been formed and the answer has been determined upon, the nervous impulse passes from the higher cerebral centres (C.C.) to the auditory speech centre, where it is put into concrete speech form; from the auditory speech centre it passes to the vocal speech centre (Vo.S.C.) and thence, through the lower vocal centres (l.vo.c. and l'.vo'.c'.), to the larynx, tongue, lips, &c., where it is emitted as spoken sounds.

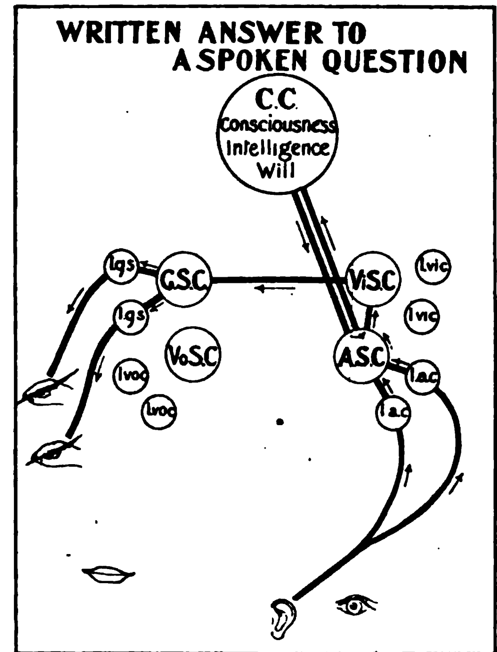
The question: "Do you think it will rain to-day?" after reaching, so to speak, and stimulating the auditory speech center, flows over and through connecting fibers to numerous associated centers and may excite a vast series of cerebral actions. A whole string of associated memories, ideas and impulses may be called up in the mind, a number of voluntary actions may be produced and a number of new ingoing nervous impulses may be generated. Thus (to quote):

"The person who is questioned may look at the sky, at the barometer, at the weather report in his daily paper, he may note the direction and velocity of the wind, the temperature of the air and its degree of moisture, and then, after getting as much information as he can from the outside, he may fall back upon and compare the information derived in this way with his own personal experience and with the information (knowledge) which he has acquired (stored up in the nerve cells of his cerebral cortex) from other persons or from books. Then, after due deliberation, a judgment or conclusion is formed, an answer is mentally determined upon, and, finally, that answer is put into concrete speech form (probably, so far as our present knowledge enables us to judge, in most persons in the auditory speech centre) and is emitted through the

vocal speech centre. In order that this process of thought and reasoning may be carried out, a vast series of cerebral mechanisms and actions, throughout a large extent of the cerebral cortex (diagrammatically represented in Fig. 1 as a centre—C.C.), must be brought into play. Consciousness, Intelligence, and the Will are actively engaged, the reasoning processes are called into play, after due deliberation a judgment is formed, and an answer is determined upon. All of these psychical phenomena are, it is needless to say, associated with corresponding physical changes, with definite changes of a physical kind in nerve (cell and fibre) mechanisms in the different parts of the cerebral tissue which are engaged and brought into action. Finally, under the influence of the will, of a *fiat* of the will, as it is termed, a motor discharge, which is represented externally by the spoken answer to the question, is emitted. Even the, comparatively speaking, elementary point—the exact course which the nervous impulses take in the final stage of the process after the answer has been mentally determined upon—is as yet uncertain. We do not know, after a judgment has been formed and an answer has been mentally determined upon, whether the nervous impulses which are necessary for the production of the discharge of the vocal speech centre (the production of the spoken answer to the question) must pass (*a*) through the auditory speech centre, in order to act upon the vocal speech centre (as is represented in Fig. 1); or (*b*) whether the higher parts of the cerebral mechanism (C.C.) in which the judgment has been formed and the answer determined upon can play directly upon the vocal speech centre (Vo.S.C.) (i.e., without acting through the auditory speech centre) . . . and, if so, (*c*) what is the course which such nervous impulses take."

It would appear, so far as our present knowledge and information enable us to judge, that in most normal individuals, at all events, the action is through the auditcry speech center (Fig. 1). This would appear to be the case so far as the names of objects and many actions and attributes are concerned. Whether the same statement applies to the other parts of speech is more doubtful in Dr. Bramwell's opinion. Probably, he says, the auditory speech center is first stimulated, and then, under stimulation from the auditory speech center, the vocal speech center is put into action.

Again, the answer to a spoken question may be emitted or discharged by the graphic speech center. In this case it would appear that after the answer has been mentally determined upon, it is, as in the former case, first put into concrete speech form in the auditory speech center, from which the nervous impulses pass to the visual speech center (Fig. 2), where they are translated into visual speech symbols; and then from the visual speech center they pass on to and out by the graphic center. But there



From the London *Lancet*

FIGURE II

Diagrammatic representation of the course which the nervous impulses concerned in the production of a written answer to a spoken question take. A.S.C., auditory speech centre; l.a.c. and l'.a'.c'. lower auditory centres. Vi.S.C., visual speech centre. G.S.C., graphic speech centre; l.g.s. and l'.g'.s'., lower graphic centres on the left and right sides of the brain respectively. The spoken question passes in by the ear to the auditory speech centre (A.S.C.), ? through the lower auditory centres (l.a.c. and l'.a'.c'.); from the auditory speech centre, nervous impulses pass to the higher "ideational" centres, diagrammatically represented as the centre C.C. After the answer has been determined upon the nervous impulse passes from C.C. to the auditory speech centre (A.S.C.), where it is put into concrete speech form; from the auditory speech centre (A.S.C.) it passes to the visual speech centre (Vi.S.C.), where it is translated into visual speech symbols; from the visual speech centre (Vi.S.C.) it passes to the graphic speech centre (G.S.C.), thence it is emitted through the lower graphic centres (l.g.s. and l'.g'.s'.) either to the right or left hand.

is reason to suppose that in certain circumstances (probably in some normal individuals and certainly in some cases of disease) the "ideational" centers (C.C.) can, as it were, play directly upon the visual speech center (Vi. S. C.). In some cases, for example, in which the auditory speech center is inactive or destroyed the patient is still able to write spontaneously.

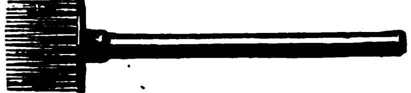
The same uncertainty applies to the course of the nervous impulses which are concerned in the production of a spoken and written answer to a written question. It is not improbable that a solution of this problem would carry with it an explanation of the vagaries of human testimony conveyed by word of mouth and in writing.

A NEW METHOD OF TREATING RED NOSES

The permanent redness of a human nose is due to pathologically enlarged blood-vessels and may be consequent upon a variety of predisposing circumstances, according to *The American Inventor* (New York). Excessive drinking, adds this paper, is far more seldom the cause of the anomaly than most laymen suspect. In fact, the redness is most commonly produced by an extensive though very slight freezing, resulting in a morbid sensitiveness of the blood-vessels as to variations in temperature.

An efficient means of remedying abnormal redness consists in scarifying by scratching the extremities of the small veins involved. This process is, however, rather lengthy, and, moreover, is liable to result in an even more serious disfiguring of the nose than the original color discrepancy occasioned. Treating the nose by means of small pins is a process which may be used to advantage, though its duration is quite out of proportion to the object aimed at. Now Professor Lassar, of Berlin, has esigned an apparatus for this purpose:

"An electromotor is made to drive a concussor (as used e. g. in filling teeth). The latter is provided with a stump working in a vertical direction and to the centrifugal end of which a bundle of about 40 thin gilded platinum points has been attached. This stamp can be inserted and re-



From *The American Inventor.*

PRICKING DEVICE

moved by means of a convenient key and is disinfected carefully before each treatment. The nose can be anæsthetized by chlorethyl spray, though most patients readily endure the pricking treatment. This is made by producing a very full bleeding of the skin (cleaned carefully beforehand) by a vertical application of the needles kept on for some minutes. The bleeding is arrested instantaneously by compression.

"Six to eight sittings (one or two per week) are said to be sufficient in most cases to restore even the most abnormal nose permanently to its normal color, without leaving any scar, by the superficial destruction of the excessive blood vessels.

"The rapidly-repeated pricking may be combined with the use of galvano-caustical or electrolytical needles. Dermatologists have been using the device with a marked degree of success.

From *The American Inventor.*

RESTORING A RED NOSE TO ITS NORMAL COLOR BY DESTROYING THE SUPERFICIAL BLOOD-VESSELS

ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY OF MURDER

Many cases of poisoning go undetected simply because suspicion has never been aroused, thinks that noted English chemist, Dr. Litton Forbes, F. R. C. S. E. But, he adds, where suspicion has once been aroused, and where the case has gone to a point at which chemical analysis has been invoked, the guilty prisoner in the present day has very little chance of escape. It is not too much to say that there is now no known poison which, if administered in a sufficient dose, cannot be detected after death.

The analytical chemist in search of poison in a suspicious case has, however, some peculiar difficulties to encounter. The inherent difficulty of some of these cases may best be illustrated by an example long become classical in the annals of poisoning. Dr. Forbes narrates it as follows (in *The Grand Magazine*, of London):

"One afternoon in the month of March, 1882, Dr. Lampson called on his brother-in-law, a youth then at school. He brought him some cakes, and as the lad was not feeling well suggested his taking a little medicine. He then handed him a harmless-looking capsule, and twenty minutes later took his departure. A quarter of an hour after he had gone, the boy, whose name was Malcolm John, became seriously unwell. He complained of heartburn, of sickness of the stomach, of difficulty of swallowing, and eventually became delirious. He died within three and a half hours, apparently of paralysis of the heart!

"A *post-mortem* examination, as often happens, revealed nothing in particular. The doctors were at fault. The symptoms were not unlike those of hydrophobia, and the immediate cause of death seemed to have been, as in that disease, paralysis of the heart. But this supposition was untenable, for the illness had come on with extreme suddenness and had terminated in a very short space of time. The only inference permis ble was that poison had been administered. This being assumed, the poison, it was clear, could only have been a vegetable one, since it had caused so little internal changes. It was *probably* an alkaloid, because of the rapidity of its action. But certain virulent alkaloids, such as strychnine, atropine (belladonna), and morphia, were excluded, because there were neither violent spasms, dilation of the pupils, nor a tendency to sleep. Such, then, was the riddle which the chemists had to read.

"They went to work very systematically, very patiently and very skilfully. They had practically to pass in review the whole group of vegetable poisons. Their first step in the analysis was to plunge the stomach and its contents into spirits of wine (alcohol), and leave it undisturbed there for two days and nights. Then this spirit was carefully poured off and filtered, and both it and the residue so obtained were set aside for further examination. This residue was next subjected to the action of warm alcohol and tartaric acid, then allowed to cool, and once more filtered. After further treatment a clear solution was finally obtained. This was now shaken up with ether in order to remove various fatty and other matters. Then chloroform and ether were used, but this time together. They would, it was known, dissolve out all alkaloids present. On evaporation a deposit was left. This *must* now consist of one or more alkaloids. It only remained to say what the alkaloid was, and to give a reasonable estimate of the quantity of the poison o iginally administered.

"Now, some of the alkaloids are much more easily recognised chemically than others. In a few cases chemical tests are not wholly sufficient. They must be *supplemented* but not replaced by others, such as their taste, and especially their known action on living animals. The chemical tests in Lampson's case had now been exhaust^d. The residue above mentioned had been mixed with a preparation of gold, and a further deposit obtained. This had been weighed and then burned, and the gold left had then been carefully weighed again. The percentage of precious metal found remaining gave valuable information indeed, but not all that was required.

"Recourse was next had to the so-called 'physiological' tests on animals. A chemist must not be too nice nor squeamish. The mysterious residue had been tested. Though the quantity so tried was infinitesimal it at once gave that peculiar tingling sensation to the tongue which is absolutely characteristic of aconite, and which, once experienced, is never forgotten. There remained one test more. The quantity available was very small, and therefore very small animals had to be employed. A portion injected under the skin of a mouse caused symptoms of poisoning within two minutes and death within thirty. On this evidence, which, be it remarked, was absolutely conclusive when taken as a whole, and which could be evidence of aconite only, Lampson was hanged."

This case has been related in some detail by Dr. Forbes because it exemplifies the methods adopted, with slight variations, in the detection of all vegetable poisons.

Aconite (the active principle in wolf's-bane) belongs to the same class of vegetable poisons as atropine. Atropine is the active principle of belladonna or the plant sometimes known as the deadly nightshade. Criminal poisonings by atropine are somewhat rare in civilized lands, although relatively common in India. Atropine impairs the mental faculties while not destroying life. By centuries of practice Hindu poisoners have gained a subtle and deadly skill in its use. It is said that personal enemies, political rivals and historical personages have not, indeed, been killed outright by

it, but rendered idiotic and harmless by the incessant administration of small doses.

Chemical tests for atropine are numerous, but the physiological test is at once the most delicate and the most characteristic. So subtle and so potent is the influence of the drug on the eye that the pupil will dilate if a solution of only one part in 130,000 be applied under the eyelid. The pupils of a rat's eyes will slowly dilate if only the animal's forepaw be placed in a solution of atropine. In man, a solution of the strength of one in 48,000 parts takes only about an hour to act. This reaction effectively marks off belladonna and its alkaloid from all other known poisons. It lasts long after death and cannot be interfered with by any other drug, except the alkaloid eserine. This, however, is not sufficiently powerful to interfere with it for long or completely to antagonize it.

There are many other vegetable alkaloids used as poisons, but the general way in which they are dealt with is in all cases the same. A solution of the internal organs is prepared by soaking in alcohol and followed up by other processes. Advantage is taken of the fact that most, if not all, the vegetable poisonous alkaloids are soluble in ether and chloroform; and that they can be "thrown down" from this solution by a gold or platinum "salt" or compound. Once separated from the suspected mixture they can then each be tested separately. When thus tested, strychnine, for instance, gives a peculiar reaction with chromate of potash, a relatively common substance. If a small particle of the chromate of potash be placed in contact with the suspected strychnine on a porcelain plate, and a drop of strong sulphuric acid added, a rich blue color at once appears. More remarkable still, this color rapidly changes into purple and then red. This reaction is incredibly delicate and will detect strychnine with unfailing accuracy in any mixture. It is remarkable, also, that strychnine, unlike many other alkaloids, is a most stable substance and has been discovered in a body exhumed after 308 days. It is also recognized by its peculiar and searching bitter taste. The chief difficulty in its chemical analysis arises from the small quantity in which strychnine is generally used.

Of metallic poisons, by far the most interesting and important is arsenic. In France, out of a total of 793 accusations of poisoning, 287 were of poisoning by arsenic. The smallest fatal dose on record in a human subject was two and one-half grains. The actual mode of action of the drug is not known.

THE NEW ROCKEFELLER INSTITUTE OF MEDICAL RESEARCH, NEW YORK CITY.

Music and the Drama

RICHARD STRAUSS'S "SALOME"—THE MUSICAL SENSATION OF THE WINTER

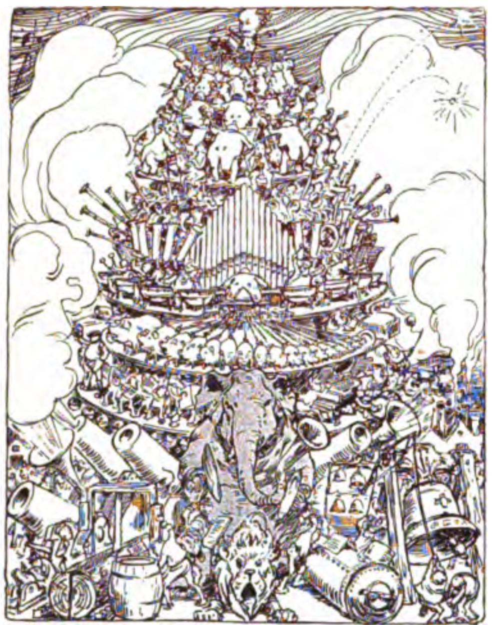
"At last Wagner has been surpassed," exclaims an enthusiastic German critic. His words are evoked by the extraordinary qualities of Richard Strauss's new opera, "Salome," and find an echo in an article by a London *Times* correspondent who speaks of "Salome" as "epoch-making" and sets it above Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde." Strauss's opera is the sensation of the musical year, and is exciting world-wide controversy. Forbidden by the censor in Vienna and condemned by the German Emperor, it was given its initial performance in Dresden, a few weeks ago, before an audience of musicians, actors, managers and critics from every civilized country. The spirit of acclamation in which it was received is declared to have been unparalleled in the annals of the theater. Tumultuous applause greeted the appearance of the composer and of Ernest von Schuch, the conductor. "Dresden has gone wild over 'Salome,'" writes a correspondent of *The Musical Courier* (New York). The same writer adds his conviction that the opera is "an artistic achievement of the most stupendous importance":

"In 'Salome' Strauss has succeeded splendidly in crystallizing his maddest dreams and imaginings. His characteristic technic, full of startling dynamics and musical epigrams, his rhythms liberated from scholastic bounds, all are Olympic. Strauss's great strength is his pathos, his humor, and the fantastic grandeur of his exotic and erotic inspiration. His treatment of the themes, their miraculous structure and development, his melodic vein, and his orchestral painting bewilder the listener and compel limitless admiration for the composer's astounding art."

The theme of "Salome" has tempted many painters and writers. It inspired pictures by Titian, Rubens, Dürer, Carlo Dolci, Roger van der Weyden and Gustave Moreau. Renan, in his "Life of Jesus," suggests a Salome passionately in love with John the Baptist and spurned by him. The idea is

RICHARD STRAUSS

Generally conceded to be the greatest living composer. In "Salome,' he has succeeded in "crystallizing his maddest dreams and imaginations."



A SUGGESTION FOR A QUITE ORIGINAL ORCHESTRA FOR RICHARD STRAUSS'S NEXT OPERA!
—*Jugend* (Munich).

elaborated in Flaubert's "Herodias" and Sudermann's "Johannes." It reaches supreme expression in Oscar Wilde's "Salome," written some ten years ago, and performed recently in New York (see CURRENT LITERATURE, January). After witnessing a performance of Wilde's drama in Berlin, Strauss was so deeply impressed by the possibilities of the work from an operatic point of view that he decided to write an opera along the same lines. He has followed Wilde's text faithfully. The opera has but one act, which lasts an hour and forty minutes and takes place on the terrace of Herod's palace at Jerusalem. The story can only be regarded as morbid in the extreme. It is sultry with Oriental passion. All the "objectionable" features of the drama are incorporated and even emphasized. The unnatural relations existing between Herod, Herodias and Salome (such as Sophocles drew and D'Annunzio delights in) and the neurotic passion of the young princess for the ascetic prophet are treated in the most vivid fashion. The critics speak of "wild crashings," "dismal passages of great length," "a whirling chaos of instrumentation," "dissonances" whose only connection with what formerly, at least, used to be considered music was that they "came from musical instruments." Parts of the opera re said to have filled the audience with horror, foreboding, and affright. We read of outbursts that "tormented," "made one sweat." Especially prominent in this gruesome depiction is the scene in which Salome sues for Johanaan's love, and is cursed by him; Salome's dance, the wild music for which is called "such as no musician has ever yet written"; and the opera's end, where the disordered Salome, after uttering her incoherent cries of passion, kneels and kisses the mouth of Johanaan's severed head in the silver charger on the floor (a scene that one critic calls "the most disgusting ever put upon the stage"). As with Wagner, at times, while characters are on the stage, no action for quite a while occurs—the play of thought and emotion the sweep of the drama's development, and the final outcome of the situation being conveyed by the orchestra. The music, as a whole, is so formless that a leading violinist, after practising his part for more than three months, confessed that he could not whistle a single phrase of it from memory. The complexity of "Salome," says th eminent Danish critic, George Brandes, in the *Illustrirte Zeitung* (Leipsic), "has an intoxicating effect; it bewilders, too, and deludes. It martyrs and irritates, actually breaks in pieces; it brutalizes, and keeps on the stretch to exhaustion. . . . Whether this collective working upon the nervous force of the hearers is to last, must be left to further experiences."

Prof. Oskar Bie, of Charlottenburg, subjects "Salome" to a lengthy analysis in the *Neu Freie Presse* (Vienna). He says, in part:

"Every man has his Salomé, and now Richard Strauss has made one of his own, that perhaps comes the nearest to the malevolent, voluptuous character of Moreau's imagination.

"Before Oscar Wilde's text sits Strauss. He is no dramatist, no lyric poet, no composer, no opera maker, but an orchestra poet. The instruments entice him, stimulate him; they fill his imagination with melodies. The wealth of the material, the inner, tuneful, dynamic, rhythmic conceptions press in upon him, urge him, in the most extravagant manner, to form and to fashion them. . . . More than in the semi-Wagnerian 'Guntram,' more than in the dry and somewhat double-tongued 'Feuersnot,' it seems as if all the latent powers of his nature rose up in one long, mighty response. The jewel casket is thrown open; it plays on his soul; and the sounds of the harp come forth, the tones of the flute ring out, the soft melodies of the stringed instruments soothe the senses; the reeds lend their deep coloring; the instruments of brass call forth the passions; the big kettledrums and the cymbals convulse the world, and the chorus of horns finds itself in a new romanicism centering around the

ascetic splendor of John the Baptist. Is it still the 'Salomé' of Wilde? According to the text she remains so, with a few unimportant abbreviations, but according to the character she has been transplanted from Wilde to Strauss. And why not? His Zarathustra is not Nietszche; his Salomé, perhaps, not Wilde. Wilde only charms him as Argenteuil on the Seine charmed Monet. The one paints a picture of his enchantress, the other embodies her in a musical composition. In reality, however, Richard Strauss sets his own soul to music, while Herod, John, Salomé, sing to him in the words of Wilde. It is the song of songs of the Dionysus of the orchestra."

Dr. Paul Pfitzner, another German critic, concedes the enormous power back of "Salome," but thinks it is power wasted and perverted. "The music," he says, "reveals the greatest genius in those very episodes where it concerns itself chiefly with the unnatural, criminal elements of the story." He comments further (in the *Musikalischer Wochenblatt*):

"I feel impelled to point out that it is a sign of the most dangerous decadence when such a work (which is valuable chiefly as a psychological document) is able to achieve a success so complete and so unanimous. And also it seems safe to assume that Strauss and his school have reached the limit of their kind of music and are now at the parting of the ways, where all further effort in the same direction must end in the destruction of all musical law and order, where tonal anarchy reigns supreme, where the future looms black and forbidding, where cacophony, ugliness and dissonance become merely a matter of sport, and the medium with which to cause astonishment or shock—and where, on the other hand, everything must be left behind that has ever been considered beautiful, true, poetical, legitimate and artistically satisfying and uplifting."

Arno Kleffel, a writer in the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* (Munich), comments in even more caustic terms, branding the subject of the opera as "vicious" and "rotten to its very roots." He says:

"It was considered almost a certainty that the intelligent and educated Dresden public, accustomed as it is to the best in art, would protest angrily and loudly at an opera whose story exceeds in gruesomeness and perverted degeneracy anything that has ever been offered in a musical work for the stage. These expectations were not realized, for the opera had a thunderous, stormy and unanimous success. At the close of the performance the three chief singers [Frau Wittich, Herr Burrian and Herr Perron] were called out many times, but the public would not rest until the composer and the officiating conductor had also come out before the curtain and bowed their thanks at least a dozen times. This proves, then, that the most perverted vice, the most degrading and revolting that was ever conceived by human mind and put into an art form, can be presented on the stage today, so long as the subject is new

RICHARD STRAUSS'S WIFE

Mme. Pauline Strauss-de Ahna was the heroine of Strauss's first opera, and accompanied him on his recent concert-tour of this country, interpreting his songs.

and excites the listeners with unfamiliar sensations. . . .

"Are we to condemn an artist for following the impulse of his time when we are able to see all about us that on the stage—that truthful mirror of our period and our customs—the public is regaled with the most depraved pictures and its senses stimulated with the lowest forms of degeneracy? Strauss is the real child of his time. It is certainly to be regretted that he, one of the greatest minds we have ever known, and certainly one of the greatest tone painters with an orchestra, allowed himself to be attracted and inspired by such a vicious subject, rotten to its very roots."

"Is Strauss played out?" asks a writer in London *Truth*, perplexed by conflicting comment on "Salome." He continues:

"As is usual in the case of Strauss's works, one finds plentiful expressions of wonder and amazement, but few which seem indicative of real pleasure or genuine admiration. In other words, there is too great a suggestion of mere eccentricity and cleverness run mad about all the comments which the work has so far called forth to encourage the hope that Strauss has presented to the world in 'Salome' a work really worthy of his powers—and this apart alto-

PAUL HERVIEU

The leading contemporary French playwright. His new play, "Le Réveil," has "intense, throbbing and quivering dramatic vitality."

gether from the *outré* and unpleasant subject of its libretto. . . . It is only unfortunate that Strauss himself seems to strive so hard to inspire skepticism as to his real endowments by following precisely that procedure in regard to the choice and treatment of his themes which would commend itself to one who, though enormously clever, is conscious that real genius of the highest kind has been denied him. . . . Meanwhile as regards 'Salome,' if it should prove that the work is merely as the criticisms would seem to suggest, a success of eccentricity and technique, one can only regret it profoundly, for a new opera of worth is badly wanted at the present time."

The next presentation of "Salome" will probably be given in Leipsic, and the third in Turin. Mr. Conried is also reported to be negotiating for a production in New York. Only six or seven opera-houses in the world have the facilities for presenting it. The Dresden production is described as having been well-nigh perfect; the orchestra, of course (in Dresden), was peerless. The orchestra (to make more room for which a row of orchestra-chairs and part of the side casings of the proscenium-boxes were removed) numbered a hundred and twenty performers, and contained a new instrument called the hackelphone (from its maker, Hackel, of Mannheim) —a species of bassoon. German wits have suggested that four locomotive whistles, a foghorn, two steam sirens, and a battery of howitzers be added.

THE PLAY OF THE YEAR IN PARIS

The theatrical season in Paris was brought to a climax last month by the production of a new play by Paul Hervieu entitled "Le Réveil" (The Awakening). Ever since his abandonment of novel-writing as a profession, about twelve years ago, Hervieu has applied himself chiefly to dramatic composition, and has given us, on an average, a drama every two years, carefully and thoughtfully studied out. The Paris critics and the public eagerly anticipate a new Hervieu play, and the London *Times* sent its dramatic critic, the friend and quondam collaborator of Bernard Shaw, Mr. A. B. Walkley, to Paris to witness and review the initial performance of "Le Réveil." He has expressed himself with wonderful enthusiasm for a critic as cautious and conservative as he is known to be, calling the play "a little masterpiece of its kind."

"You have in Hervieu," he rhapsodically exclaims, "the flower of a theatrical tradition which has been the steady growth of centuries. Because it is an axiom for him, as it were of birthright, that the first and last duty of drama is to be dramatic." Mr. Walkley continues:

"Hervieu has the master quality in the theatre —intense, throbbing and quivering dramatic vitality. The mere rapidity of 'Le Réveil' is extraordinary. From the moment the curtain is up you are plunged into a turmoil of emotion; for a couple of hours you are whirled breathlessly round in the vortex; and, when the curtain comes down again, you realize that the dramatist in that brief time has hurried you through as much life-history as would furnish forth a dozen average plays. This is Panhard or Mercédès drama; drama which laughs at speed-limits."

The plot of "Le Réveil" as given by Mr. Walkley in the London *Times,* may be condensed as follows:

The curtain rises upon a hurried conversation between a couple whose names do not matter,

for we see them only for five minutes, and never again. All that it imports us to know is that they have made up their minds against a match between their son and little Rose de Mégée, because they suspect there is something wrong about Rose's mother, Thérèse. With this hint they depart (we are in the drawing-room of the Countess de Mégée, Rose's grandmother), and what is wrong about Thérèse leaks out in a conversation between the countess herself and her son Raoul. He is miserable, and cannot conceal it. What is the matter? He fears his wife no longer loves him. Thérèse, we soon find, has ceased to care for her rather wooden husband and has fallen in love with the fascinating Prince Jean. But her better instincts have saved her virtue, and she is in the act of giving Prince Jean his final *congé* when their conversation is interrupted by an unexpected visitor, Jean's father, Prince Grégoire—who, it seems, has made a wild dash for Paris from the Sylvanian frontier on business of the most urgent importance.

What that business is he confides to his old friend the Countess de Mégée. The moment is ripe for him to wrest the throne of his Sylvanian ancestors from the assassin who now occupies it, and he has come to Paris to summon the aid of his son Jean—in whose favor, when once the throne has been regained, he intends to abdicate. But Jean flatly declines to follow his father, declaring that he has renounced all ambition for the sake of a great love. The father, a stern, old warwolf, is incredulous. "Will you be the prince that fails in his sworn duty," he says, "the knave prince, the coward prince?" In the upshot, Prince Grégoire gives Jean two days to think it over, and Jean tells Thérèse that the issue rests with her. He will stay—as her accepted lover—or will depart to Sylvania—and almost certain assassination. Terror for her beloved's life gets the better of Thérèse's scruples, and she makes a rendezvous with him for the morrow.

Act ii. passes in the house appointed for the meeting. But Prince Grégoire, suspecting the lovers, has reached there first, accompanied by Keff, an emissary from the Sylvanian insurgents. The pair withdraw into the next room, plotting to catch the lovers in a trap. Enter Jean and Thérèse, who start the first bars of a love duet. There is a noise in the next room. Jean goes to see what it means, raises a cry which is quickly smothered as he is pulled in, and the door is locked in Thérèse's face. She beats madly against it, and, after an ominous silence, a man appears—Keff. "Where is Jean?" "On the floor of the next room, dead." Half dead with terror, Thérèse totters out. When she is safely off the premises, Jean, who has only been bound and gagged, is let loose. "Where is Thérèse?" "Gone back to her home, believing you dead." Jean turns in a frenzy upon his father, and casts off all allegiance.

Thérèse returns home in a terrible plight. She has tried to drown herself in the Bois, been intercepted and brought to her door more dead than alive. Her husband (a worthy dullard) believes her cock-and-bull story about a sudden fainting fit, and will not worry her for details, so glad is he to have her home again. His display of honest —almost canine—affection touches Thérèse. You detect the beginning of a change in her mood, a dawning feeling that she has escaped from committing a great wrong. But Jean is dead—let her go to her darkened room and weep. Not so. There is her daughter to think of. Absorbed in her own passion for Jean she had seen nothing of Rose's poor little affair of the heart. An outburst of grief from the child enlightens her. Fortunately there is yet a chance of bringing off the match; but for this it is necessary that Thérèse should keep her old engagement to dine that evening with the young man's parents. And so the wretched woman, already put to the torture of having her lover, as she thinks, killed almost before her eyes, braces herself up for this further martyrdom.

Thérèse then puts on her dinner dress—and is confronted by Jean! He had hastened to her home to assure her of his safety. He had half feared she had committed suicide. Then he looks at her dress and starts back astounded, while she convulsively clutches her cloak around her bare shoulders. "You had thought me dead," cries Jean, "and you dress yourself—like that!" And his bitter revulsion of feeling drives him to taunts. She tells him he knows nothing of the chain of events which have been acting upon her. Poison has been thrown into the springs of their love. They bandy to and fro their lost illusions. In Thérèse Jean had pursued the Ideal, the Absolute—and has suddenly found himself brought up sharply against material limits. A chill has fallen on his enthusiasm. Their great love lies dead, and they bid one another farewell as in a chamber of death, noiselessly, without a gesture or a word. Thereupon enters Prince Grégoire triumphant. "I have given you, Jean, the superhuman sensation of seeing how the companion of your dreams would behave at your funeral." Jean has nothing for it but to be off for deeds of derring-do in Sylvania. His father kisses his hand, murmuring "My kinglet," and the curtain falls.

Not all of the writers on the play share Mr. Walkley's enthusiasm. The very qualities that stir his admiration are condemned as faults by some of the French critics. Thus René Doumic, writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* says:

"What strikes us first is the plethora of events that follow each other in quick succession. The complaint has already been made that a tragedy is too constrained in the space of twenty-four hours. In less than a day and a half the multitude of events in 'Le Réveil' arise, evolve, and reach their culmination. In truth she [Thérèse de Mégée] has not a minute to lose. Not only are the events numerous and hasty, but it is from their combination that the entire drama results. We are continually obliged to make all sorts of concessions to the author, and to allow all the arbitrary arrangements in which it has pleased his fancy to indulge, and without which the very action of the drama would become impossible."

Still more hostile is the criticism of Marcel Mirtil, a writer in the *Grand Revue,* who pretends not to know whether to call the

play "a comedy, a drama bordering at times on vaudeville, according to the romantic formula, a piece with a sentimental theme, or a simple melodrama." He concludes: "'Le Réveil' will not add another jewel to the theatrical crown of Paul Hervieu."

For all this adverse critcism, it is safe to predict from the accounts of the wild enthusiasm with which the play was received by the public, that it will continue for a long time to be a favorite in Paris; and it is possible that Olga Nethersole will afford us an opportunity to see it next year on the American stage.

ANDRÉYEV'S REVOLUTIONARY DRAMA, "TO THE STARS"

All the storm and stress of the last fourteen months—the revolutionary struggle, the party dissensions, the defeats of the radicals, the danger of reaction—has been reflected by Leonid Andréyev the young Russian writer of short stories and impressionistic sketches, the author of the unique tale "The Red Laughter," in a new play which he has just finished, and which is described in the St. Petersburg *Molva*. It is to be produced at Moscow—if the dramatic censor and the police do not prohibit it. The drama is essentially realistic, but like everything the author has written, it is in a sense symbolical. Like Gorky's last play, it deals with the burning question of the relation between the "intellectuals" and the masses, and deals with it largely in the same spirit, though the treatment of the subject is quite original. The plot is as follows:

A Russian scholar, a professor of astronomy, Ternovsky, has had to leave Russia on account of some political difficulty in which he was implicated. Yet he is not a revolutionist, or practical agitator. Science is everything to him; life—very little. He has settled abroad somewhere, in a secluded spot, in the hills, on the top of one of which he has an observatory. With him are his wife Ninà, his son Pierre, and three assistants—a Russian, a Jew and a German.

Another and elder son, Nicholas, has been with him, as well as the latter's sweetheart, Mariusia, an idealist, humanist and revolutionary. There is, however, a revolution raging in the vicinity—not the Russian revolution—and Nicholas is there, fighting for freedom. Mariusia is with him, risking her life. "It is not *our* revolution," says the Ternovsky family, but still a struggle for liberty and justice.

The professor himself takes faint interest in the agitation of his household or its cause. He sees the earth, with her affairs and movements, through the spectacles of eternity. Why should man think about his own life or death and exaggerate his importance? How little he matters in the universe in infinite time and space!

News begins to reach the isolated family from the center of the revolution—bad, alarming news. Blood is flowing in torrents; heroic fighters are falling by thousands; the soldiers (hypnotized victims, who are put into many-hued uniforms, alienated from their own and induced savagely to kill their fathers, brothers, sisters) are firing on the revolutionists. A relative of the family, an engineer, is brought in, horribly dismembered, with both legs gone; a bomb had hit him. Other revolutionists come in, wounded, weary, desperate. The cause is lost; the government has triumphed again, after awful slaughter.

Mariusia at last appears; she has brought the revolutionary banner, concealed on her person, but Nicholas is not with her. He had been taken by the troops and put in prison. He was in the thick of the fight and would not save himself.

It is necessary to rescue him. A plot is laid, Mariusia must impersonate a countess, enter the prison and effect the escape of her beloved.

The plot fails, and all hope is abandoned. Nicholas loses his mind in confinement. Mariusia is in despair. The people had bitterly disappointed her. She thought they would storm the prison, sacrifice themselves cheerfully to save their leader and friend. But they are indifferent, cowardly, selfish. Why live? The best perish, the cause is defeated; the masses are ignorant, degraded, hopeless. "But the masses have always stoned their prophets," says the professor. "Then how can we live among those who stone their prophets?" asks the girl. Ternovsky answers that life is full of such tragedies. Every second a man dies—perhaps a world is destroyed every second in the infinite universe. If we could know what goes on in the universe, we might die of terror or be consumed by ectasy. We are ignorant, but what we do know is that over all worlds and systems there reigns an eternal spirit.

But Mariusia is of the earth, and the things of the earth alone concern her. She refuses to be reconciled. She is bitter, ironical, scornful. She talks about building a new city, putting all the traitors and murderers in it, causing the houses to fall on them, ving it Judas for a ruler and calling it "To the Stars."

Ternovsky says that only those who kill die, while those who suffer for the ideal live eternally. Mariusia finally recovers her faith and courage and wishes to go out into the world and fight again. The scientist says, approvingly: "Yes, go; give back to life what you took from it. You will perish, as did Nicholas; but in your death you will achieve true immortality, as have those who, happy in their devotion and sacrifice, have kept the sacred fire burning."

And Mariusia goes, realizing that the road to the stars is a hard and dangerous one, full of pitfalls and obstacles, with victims and human corpses lying in heaps all over it.

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE"

In the opinion of Richard Mansfield, the distinguished actor, Shakespeare "expressed the conviction of every intelligent student of humanity" when he put into the mouth of one of his characters the words:

> "I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,
> A stage where every man must play a part."

The lines quoted serve as a text for an informal and sprightly address on "Man and the Actor," recently delivered by Mr. Mansfield in Los Angeles and in Philadelphia, and now printed *verbatim* in the Boston *Transcript*. He observes:

"Shakespeare doesn't say 'may' play a part or 'can' play a part, but he says '*must*' play a part; and he has expressed the conviction of every intelligent student of humanity then and thereafter, now and hereafter. The stage cannot be held in contempt by mankind; because all mankind is acting and every human being is playing a part. The better a man plays his part the better he succeeds. The more a man knows of the art of acting the greater the man; for, from the king on his throne to the beggar in the street, every man is acting. There is no greater comedian or tragedian in the world than a great king. The knowledge of the art of acting is indispensable to a knowledge of mankind, and when you are able to pierce the disguise in which every man arrays himself, or read the character which every man assumes, you achieve an intimate knowledge of your fellowmen, and you are able to cope with the man, either as he is or as he pretends to be. It was necessary for Shakespeare to be an actor in order to know men. Without his knowledge of the stage Shakespeare could never have been the reader of men that he was."

Napoleon and Alexander, continues Mr. Mansfield, were both great actors—"Napoleon perhaps, the greatest actor the world has ever seen." To quote further:

"Whether on the bridge of Lodi, or in his camp at Tilsit; whether addressing his soldiers on the plains of Egypt; whether throwing open his old gray coat and saying, 'Children, will you fire on your general?'; whether bidding farewell to them at Fontainebleau; whether he was standing on the deck of the *Bellerophon* or on the rocks of St. Helena, he was always an actor. Napoleon had studied the art of acting, and he knew its value. If the power of the eye, the power of the voice, the power of that all-commanding gesture of the hand failed him when he faced the regiment of veterans on his return from Elba, he was lost. But he had proved and compelled his audience too often for his art to fail him then. The levelled guns fell. The audience was his. Another crown had fallen! By what? A trick of the stage! Was he willing to die then? To be shot by his old guard? Not he! Did he doubt for one moment his ability as an actor? Not he! If he had he would have been lost. And that power to control, that power to command, once 'tis possessed by a man, means that that man can play his part anywhere and under all circumstances and conditions. Unconsciously or consciously every great man, every man who has played a great part, has been an actor."

We are apt to say, "Be natural"; but, as a matter of fact, asks Mr. Mansfield, is a man ever natural? For instance, the brave soldier—is he natural? Mr. Mansfield replies, No. The bravest man is the man who, knowing danger, is afraid and yet faces the danger. He acts the part, in short, of a brave man. If he were entirely natural, he would run away. Or take the case of Diogenes. He pretended to be absolutely natural. Yet he elected to live in a tub, where everybody came to look at him. It would have been more natural to live in an ordinary, comfortable house. But Diogenes in an ordinary house would not have been Diogenes. "So universal is the habit of acting," says Mr. Mansfield, "that when a man ceases to act we cease to believe in him, and the only creature who can be said to be absolutely natural is a maniac." To quote again:

"So fond are the people of this world of seeing a man act that I have noted, and it would be impossible not to note, the grave disappointment if any personage behaves as an ordinary everyday child at any public function, where he is not called upon for the exercise of his profession. This fact is well known probably to all men in public life, and that is why they dare not indulge in the unveilment of themselves. I have no doubt that if I had appeared before you today with a thick black curl over my brow and the rest of my hair floating over my collar, with a long pale face and brooding eyes, with an absent-minded air as if I were communing with the spirits of all the departed poets, I should have made a much greater impression upon you than I do in these clothes which convention compels me to wear, and with the expression on my face of a child that is badly scared—which I am.

"If I had my way I would ask you to come with me into the country, into some green field, and be allowed to sit on a fence and dangle my legs whilst I whittled a stick or pared an apple and discussed these matters with you. And as you would, as you probably now are, be soon very tired of this, somebody might pipe a tune and we could dance and sing and be children; instead of which I shall walk home with terrific dignity and grow old in my bones and stiff in my joints and condemn myself to an early grave by dint of acting not only on the stage but off."

It is just because everybody is acting in private life, concludes Mr. Mansfield, that every-

one thinks he can act upon the stage. "There is no profession that has so many critics" as the actor's. But acting, we are reminded, is a gift. It cannot be taught. "You can teach people how to act acting, but you cannot teach them to act. Acting is as much an inspiration as the making of great poetry and great pictures. What is commonly called acting is acting acting." Mr. Mansfield adds:

"Actors on the stage are scarce; actors off the stage, as I have demonstrated, I hope, are plentiful. Life insurance presidents—worthy presidents, directors and trustees, have been so busy acting their several parts in the past—and are in the present so busy trying to unact them—men are so occupied from their childhood with the mighty dollar; the race for wealth is so strenuous and all entrancing, that imagination is dying out; and imagination is necessary to make a poet or an actor. The art of acting is the crystallization of all arts. It is a diamond in the facets of which is mirrored every art. It is, therefore, the most difficult of all arts. The education of a king is barely sufficient for the education of a comprehending and comprehensive actor. If he is to satisfy everyone he should possess the commanding power of a Cæsar, the wisdom of Solomon, the eloquence of Demosthenes, the patience of Job, the face and form of Antinous, and the strength and endurance of Hercules."

HOW TO WRITE SUCCESSFUL PLAYS

Mr. Channing Pollock, reader for the theatrical firm of Shubert, and Miss Elizabeth Marbury, the well-known dramatic agent, have been offering some useful advice to aspiring playwrights. They seem to agree in feeling that lack of technique is the main difficulty with young dramatic writers, and the opinions of both are reflected in Miss Marbury's statement: "It is not that American playwrights cannot master technique, but either they think they have it as a gift needing no cultivation, or that it is not worth while."

CHANNING POLLOCK

He is said to have more successful plays to his credit, in proportion to his years, than any other American writer for the stage.

Mr. Pollock admits that "it is very difficult to squeeze new situations from the manners and moods out of which about a hundred dramas have been pressed every year during the past half century," and that "it is especially hard to devise original material in America, where prudish restrictions hedge about the theater, and anything which is deep and vital in life is immediately set down as immoral." But he adds: "Certainly it is true that this great country is full of material waiting for dramatization, and it must be equally true that it is full of authors capable of accomplishing the work."

In certain elemental features, says Mr. Pollock, all plays must be alike. For example, "every play must have what is known as the 'dramatic triangle,' which means that its plot must be the story of two men and a woman, or of two women and a man. Every play must deal with that one great emotion—love." Mr. Pollock continues (in *Smith's Magazine*):

"There are a great number of things, however, which are so hackneyed and conventional that it is no longer possible for an author to attempt them. I do not think any manager would buy another play in which the crucial situation was the concealment of the heroine in the apartments of the hero or the villain. From time immemorial this has been the stock episode for the third-act climax in a four-act play, and audiences have begun to expect it, as they expect supper after the last act. Personally, I am free to confess that I would not recommend the purchase of any drama in which the conclusion of this third act did not bring a surprise calculated to make an audience sit up and take notice. No author of to-day would dare begin his work with a conversation between a maid and a butler. Neither would he care to conceal one of his char-

acters behind a screen or to conclude his play with the finding of a bundle of papers. The cigarette is still the hero of the society drama, and it is still true on the stage that the happy conclusion of the love affair between 'juvenile' and *ingénue* is coincident with the same conclusion of the love-affair between 'leading man' and 'leading woman.' We begin to have heroes who are not too angelically good, however, and villains who have motives more human than the mere desire to be beastly and draw fifty dollars a week for it. Very slowly and gradually, the perfect man, the high-hatted knave, the wronged girl, the funny Irishman, the naval lieutenant of comic opera, the English butler, and their associates are passing from our midst. Peace to their ashes!"

If the American dramatist intends to keep abreast with the times, suggests Mr. Pollock, he must seek *motifs* for his plays in the extraordinary mechanical development of the country. "The telephone and the motor car," he says, "are speedily becoming bulwarks of the stage in the United States." Furthermore: "The possibility of giving subtle and original treatment to familiar phases of life, together with the attendant opportunity of revealing human nature in the theatre holds forth the chief promise along this line. Clever twisting and turning will make a new episode from an old one, as is best demonstrated in what Beaumont and Fletcher did with Lope de Vega when they adapted 'Sancho Ortez' into 'The Custom of the Country,' and playwrights are learning to turn little things to vital account in the construction of their works. A glance at a photograph nowadays is made to convey all that was indicated in a five-minutes' talk between butler and maid ten years ago." Mr. Pollock concludes:

"If I were a producing manager, I should keep in touch with the men whose first efforts, like those of Paul Armstrong and William C. DeMille, indicate the possession of marked ability. I would set them at work, not at the dramatic tailor task of cutting plays to fit personalities, but at realizing their ideals and their ideas. Certainly it is true that this great country is full of material waiting for dramatization, and it must be equally true that it is full of authors capable of accomplishing the work. They will not be the illiterate glory hunters who deluge theatrical offices with their manuscripts, nor will they be the celebrities whose brains have been pressed dry. It were wise to look for them among the people whose professions draw them into close touch with the real world and the theater; among the newspaper men and the enthusiastic play-lovers; among those who are trying even now to know more about the writing and reading of plays."

Miss Marbury thinks that Americans would do well to follow more closely the methods of the French playwright. Rostand, she points out, rewrites his plays six times; and she commends the adage: "Plays are not written, they are rewritten." She goes on to say (in *Harper's Weekly*):

MISS ELIZABETH MARBURY

She says: "No man springs from heaven a full-born playwright. He must serve his time, be it for one year or for ten, according to his qualifications."

"It is almost pathetic to see the people—poor, struggling, inconsequential, sometimes illiterate who attempt to write plays. I have had plays sent to me in four acts which would not require over half an hour to present on the stage, and again I have had manuscripts which would take five or six hours to be acted. I have seen plays where single speeches occupy pages of typewriting. I have read plays—well, it is fairly impossible to describe to the uninitiated how impossible these pieces are. Under no circumstances could they be acted; they are impractical. It is amazing the kind of people who write plays—commercial travellers, trained nurses, bricklayers, postmen, switchmen, engineers, actors and actresses—by the dozen—chorus girls, lawyers, college students, society women, ministers, doctors, the rich and the poor, the literate and the illiterate, the young and the old.

"No man springs from heaven a full-born playwright. He must serve his time, be it for one year or for ten, according to his qualifications. He must learn the principles of the profession he has chosen. He should study the technique and constrtiction, play upon the gamut of emotion, master the limitations of the stage, and recognize his inability in order that he may become able. When he does this—and he has already gone far along the highway—the American playwright will come into his own—no one can keep him from it."

TCHAIKOVSKY'S MELANCHOLY SELF-PORTRAYAL

Average men and women may find a certain consolation in the knowledge that supreme genius is almost always supremely unhappy. The greatest men are the men who suffer the most. Shelley and Wagner were tortured spirits, and Nietzsche went mad. In all the august company of genius there is no sadder figure than that of Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky. He was the greatest of Russian composers and the master of an art that has bewitched and fascinated the world. His musical reputation, which is steadily growing, may be said to have culminated in the extraordinary demonstrations evoked in New York this winter by Safonoff's interpretations of his works. As a musician, Tchaikovsky scaled the heights; as a man, he failed pitifully. His newly translated "Letters"* reveal a temperament tortured by every kind of mental and physical ailment. It seems as though the very living of life was *pain* to him, and his words are often as poignant as the strains of his own haunting "Pathetic Symphony."

"A worm continually gnaws in secret at my heart," he cries in one of his letters to his friend, Frau von Meck; and the phrase gives us the key to his life. Like Goethe, he might have said that he never knew an hour of continuous happiness. His letters are burdened with references to his "queer, morbid soul," his "restless spirit," his "wearying, maddening depression." "But for music," he exclaims, "I should undoubtedly have gone mad." Life seemed to cheat him at every point, and each experience left him with a sense of longing unfulfilled. When he was living in the city as a young man, he craved the solitude of the country. He knew "no greater happiness than to spend a few days quite alone in the country." But when, in 1885, he was able to make his home in the village of Maidanovo, he became so tired of the country that he wrote to his brother: "I will not conceal it; all the poetry of country life and solitude has vanished. I do not know why. Nowhere do I feel so miserable as at home." The same sense of disillusionment dogged his relation to humanity. In one mood, he hungered for friendship and sympathy; in another, he drew back into himself and lived the life of a hermit. "I hate mankind in the mass," he says, "and I should be delighted to retire into some wilderness with very few inhabitants." A further expression of his misanthropy appears in this passage:

"My whole life long I have been a martyr to my enforced relations with society. By nature I am a savage. Every new acquaintance, every fresh contact with strangers, has been the source of acute moral suffering. It is difficult to say what is the nature of this suffering. Perhaps it springs from a shyness which has become a mania, perhaps from absolute indifference to the society of my fellows, or perhaps the difficulty i saying, without effort, things about oneself that one does not really think (for social intercourse involves this)—in short, I do not really know what it is. So long as I was not in a position to avoid such intercourse, I went into society, pretended to enjoy myself, played a certain part (since it is absolutely indispensable to social existence), and suffered horribly all the time."

Sentiments of love dominated the soul-life of this solitary genius, but his love-affairs, like all his other experiences, were unhappy. "Often and often," he says, "have I striven to render in music all the anguish and the bliss of love." At the age of twenty-eight he was strongly attracted to Desirée Artôt, an opera-singer who visited Moscow. He went to see her often, and dedicated a romance for pianoforte to her. But his friends told him he was "too young" to marry her, and that if married to a famous singer he would play the undesirable part of "husband to his wife." He halted and vacillated, and finally she grew weary and married somebody else. Tchaikovsky bore no grudge against the faithless lady, and they remained life-long friends.

Tchaikovsky's second love-affair was at once more serious and more pitiable. He tells the whole story to Frau von Meck with delicious naïveté:

"One day I received a letter from a girl whom I had already seen and met. I learned from this letter that for a long time past she had honored me with her love. The letter was so warm and sincere that I decided to answer it, which I had always carefully avoided doing in other cases of the kind. Without going into the details of this correspondence, I will merely say that I ended by accepting her invitation to visit her. Why did I do this? Now it seems as if some hidden force drew me to this girl. When we met I told her that I could only offer gratitude and sympathy in exchange for her love. But afterwards I began to reflect upon the folly of my proceedings. If I did not care for her, if I did not want to encourage her affections, why did I go to see her, and where will this all end? From the letters which followed, I came to the conclusion that, having gone so far, I should make her really unhappy and drive her to some tragic end were

* THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF PETER ILICH TCHAIKOVSKY. By Modeste Tchaikovsky. Edited and translated by Rosa Newmarch. John Lane Company.

I to bring about a sudden rupture. I found myself confronted by a painful dilemma: either I must keep my freedom at the expense of this woman's ruin (this is no empty word, for she loved me intensely), or I must marry. I could but choose the latter course. Therefore I went one evening to my future wife and told her frankly that I could not love her, but that I would be a devoted and grateful friend; I described to her in detail my character, my irritability, my nervous temperament, my misanthropy—finally, my pecuniary situation. Then I asked her if she would care to be my wife. Her answer was, of course, in the affirmative. The agonies I have endured since that evening defy description. It is very natural. To live thirty-seven years with an innate antipathy to matrimony, and then, suddenly, by force of circumstances, to find oneself engaged to a woman, with whom one is not in the least in love—is very painful."

PETER ILICH TCHAIKOVSKY

Whose compositions have been interpreted in New York this winter, with signal success, by Wassily Safonoff, the Russian conductor.

No miraculous power of imagination is needed to predict the result of such a union. More tragic than the destiny of Balzac, who waited sixteen years for a woman only to find at last that love had turned to ashes in his hands, was that of Tchaikovsky. He was married on July 6, 1877. Twenty days later he wrote to Frau von Meck: "I leave in an hour's time. A few days longer, and I swear I should have gone mad." In October of the same year he is declared to have been in a condition actually bordering on insanity, and he parted from his wife forever. He expressly declared, however, that she had "always behaved honorably and with sincerity," had never consciously deceived him, and was "unwittingly and involuntarily" the cause of all his misery.

The most romantic episode in Tchaikovsky's career was his friendship, extending over thirteen years, with Frau von Meck. She was the wealthy widow of a railroad engineer, and the mother of eleven children. Starting as an ardent admirer of Tchaikovsky's musical compositions, she ended by offering him an annuity of 6,000 rubles ($3,000) with the understanding that they should never see one another. The bargain was kept. They never met except by accident, and then only as strangers. More than once Frau von Meck opened her home to Tchaikovsky and placed her servants at his disposal, but on each occasion she withdrew before his arrival. This remarkable friendship was a potent influence in Tchaikovsky's life. That it was deeply colored by his melancholy goes without saying. In one of his first letters to his benefactress he finds the chief bond between them in the fact that they both suffer from the same malady. "This malady," he says, "is misanthropy; but a peculiar form of misanthropy, which certainly does not spring from hatred or contempt for mankind. People who suffer from this complaint do not fear the evil which others may bring them, so much as the disillusionment, that craving for the ideal, which follows upon every intimacy." To Frau von Meck he dedicated his fourth symphony. It was in large part inspired by their friendship, and is the subject of copious comment in his letters. He explains to her that the leading idea of the whole work is Fate—"that inevitable force which checks our aspirations towards happiness ere they reach the goal, which watches jealously lest our

peace and bliss should be complete and cloudless—a force which, like the sword of Damocles, hangs perpetually over our heads and is always embittering the soul." These words might be applied to the very friendship that evoked them; for it ended in disaster. Differences in regard to money matters arose; there was mutual misunderstanding, and at last a definite rupture.

The vein of pessimism that underlay all Tchaikovsky's thought appears in his musical judgments. In many cases they seem too petulant and exaggerated to be taken seriously. To Brahms he once referred as "a self-conscious mediocrity"; Wagner "deteriorated after 'Lohengrin,'" and his "Parsifal" was "more suited to a ballet than to an opera"; Bach was "no genius"; Handel was "fourth-rate and not even interesting"; while of Richa d Strauss he says: "Such an astounding lack of talent, united to such pretentiousness, never before existed." Mozart, the "Raphael of music," alone has his unqualified admiration. "I not only like Mozart," he says, "—I idolize him. To me the most beautiful opera ever written is 'Don Juan.'" Of Beethoven he writes differently at different times. In one letter he says that he "really hates Beethoven's last period, especially the latest quartets. They have only brilliancy, nothing more." Then again he pays homage to Beethoven "as to a god." He adds: "I think Michael Angelo has a spiritual affinity with Beethoven. The same breadth and power, the same daring courage, which sometimes almost oversteps the limits of the beautiful, the same dark and troubled moods."

Music, in the largest sense, was the one consoling and abiding influence in Tchaikovsky's life. "I am glad you apply the word *divine* to the art to which I have dedicated my life," he says in one of his letters to Frau von Meck. In another letter he registers his conviction:

"Music is indeed the most beautiful of all Heaven's gifts to humanity wandering in the darkness. Alone it calms, enlightens and stills our souls. It is not the straw to which the drowning man clings; but a true friend, refuge and comforter, for whose sake life is worth living. Perhaps there will be no music in Heaven. Well, let us give our mortal life to it as long as it lasts."

"A CANADIAN"—HEYSE'S LATEST DRAMA

Paul Heyse, the author of the play "Mary of Magdala," renowned in the New World as well as the Old (it was successfully produced here by Mrs. Fiske), is best known in Germany as an exquisite writer of short stories, some of which, notably "L'Arrabiatta," are already regarded as classics. His latest drama shows, as so much of European literature today shows, the extent to which Nietszche's doctrines are engrossing the mind in literary and artistic circles. Heyse is a fierce opponent of these doctrines and loses no opportunity to combat them. This tendency to discredit Nietszche's philosophy is to be seen in his latest drama.

The hero of "A Canadian" is Anselm, brother of the landowner, Joachim von Drieberg. He had sacrificed his own happiness for the sake of his older brother, who, like Miles Standish, was too timid to court the girl whom he loved, and with whom Anselm also was in love. Anselm did the courting for him, but, unlike John Alden, failed to speak for himself. After the marriage of his brother Joachim with Luise, Anselm went to America, where he lived a somewhat primitive life in the tropics and in Canada, following his favorite study of nature. Four years afterward he returns to his brother's estate and in the first private conversation with Joachim the latter pours out his gratitude for Anselm's act of renunciation, and tells how happy he is with his wife Luise. Everything indicates a perfectly happy union. But this appearance of felicity is suddenly dispelled in the following conversation which Anselm has with Luise:

Anselm (*to Luise*): Come, sit down for a while if you are not too tired and do not wish to go to bed yet. (*Takes her to the sofa.*) I would like to chatter with you for a while and, above all, I wish to tell you how thankful I am to you.

Luise (*apathetically*): Thankful to me?

Anselm: Yes, dear sister, because you have made my brother as happy as he deserves to be, and as I have always wished him to be. That he is happy he has confessed to me with touching pathos in the first talk I have had with him.

Luise (*remains silent*).

Anselm: I have now only one more desire—to hear from you that you also are happy. You can tell me that, I suppose, with perfect truth?

Luise (*after a pause*): Such a question of conscience! Why do you put it to me?

Anselm: Does that surprise you? Am I not answerable for your happiness, since I was instrumental in making you the wife of Joachim?

Luise (evasively): Such an old story! Don't let us get back to it.

Anselm: Indeed, for perfect happiness there is one thing still lacking which, to you women who have the gift of motherhood, often seems the main thing. But if you will let time take its course——

Luise (gloomily): No amount of time can make good again what has been poiled by one single inconsiderate moment.

Anselm (frightened): Luise, are you in earnest?

Luise: Oh, yes. One does not joke in a question of life and death. Happiness? I also imagined once that there was such a thing when I was yet a silly young child and knew life only from novels. Now—but I don't want to spoil your first night at home. Sleep well, Anselm. (*Rises quickly.*)

Anselm (holding her back): No, Luise, you must stay. After such a conversation I could not think of sleep anyway. Is it possible? Having a husband who worships you, deifies you, who would bring down the blue from the sky for you——

Luise (bitterly): What I require for my happiness cannot be brought down from heaven. I have sought it on earth and have not found it.

Anselm: And what was that?

Luise: Freedom for my soul, the permission, as the old word says, to become happy or unhappy in my own way.

Anselm: And in this Joachim has restrained you?

Luise: Since we are on this subject now, I am going to speak to you. You must know how I lived like a prisoner in the house of my parents. My father, a crushed, old, pensioned major, treated me, his only daughter, as he once did his soldiers; and the meals on our table were not much better than the food of the barracks. It is true, I was permitted to dance at the balls in our little town and to show my shoulders as far as the philistine mothers considered respectable. But I did not catch a husband thereby; all the men who danced with me knew that the pretty girl was as poor as a church-mouse. And I had such a desire to spread my wings and to fly off into the large, large world, to see all, and enjoy all that was beautiful and sweet and fascinating, and with this longing I grew twenty-three years old, and still I remained in my cage. Then you came to me, Anselm, and said to me that the landowner Von Drieberg was deadly in love with me. And you praised your brother beyond all measure, and told me that he would put all that he possesses at my feet, and that I would be the mistress, and enjoy unlimited freedom—and this word decided my fate.

Anselm: But have I deceived you? Did he ever tyrannize over you? Is he not the best of men?

Luise: Yes, Anselm, but just that is the worst tyranny. If he were not so kind and amiable toward me I could muster up courage to stand up against him and to carry through my own will. But I saw that it would be impossible for him to live elsewhere, that he is a countryman, body and soul. So I renounced my own desires in despair, and have languished away here at his side for four endless years in constant danger of choking in this dreary waste.

Anselm (after a pause): He wrote to me that he took a trip with you on the Rhine last fall, and that every winter you spend three or four months in the city.

Luise: In the city? You mean to say in the nest where I but exchange one kind of boredom for another, for he never takes me to Berlin, he hates the cosmopolitan city. Oh, Anselm, why did you not court for yourself at that time, since you also loved me?

Anselm (moved): How do you know it?

Luise: He told it to me himself when he seemed to be unable to find words enough to describe your great heart. You see, I should have accepted you as well as him, although I was no more in love with you than with him. Because he was richer than you I would certainly not have preferred him. I would have been happier with you, because you would have taken me along on your travels, and shown me the large world of which I get to see here no more than of the starry sky when I look at it through a smoked glass. (*Presses her handkerchief to her eyes.*)

Anselm (after a pause): That is very, very sad. And suppose you were to have a child?

Luise: A child? Would that not be another tyrant to whom I should have to sacrifice whatever liberty I still possess? I know, Anselm, you do not understand me. Such a thing no man understands. You all think that we must be supremely fortunate if one of you, especially if he happen to be a good man, condescends to feed us, to fondle us, and to pay our dressmaker's bills. That one may feel oneself powerless and fettered in such an existence, and never be allowed to give free play to one's heart——

Anselm (with emphasis): Who of us *men* may do so? Who is it that knows no limits before which he must halt reverently and acknowledge a higher law? At any rate, since this summer your house has not been so lonesome. You have had some amusement. This young man, Martens, whom Joachim has taken in his charge, to try to make a man of him, if at all possible, has so many accomplishments. It is true he is a worthless fellow, and does not deserve to be in a decent family, and if it were not for his father, who is a particular friend of Joachim——

Luise (rises excitedly): He?—— Good night, Anselm. I am very tired. (*Joachim enters.*)

Joachim: Are you together yet? Well, brother, has she poured out her heart to you about the old cripple, her husband? You are so nervous, dear, you ought to go to bed. Take your orangeade and go. (*Draws her to him and wants to kiss her; she wards him off.*)

Luise: Good night, Joachim. (*Exit.*)

Joachim (following her with his eyes): The dear angel! Did you notice, brother, that she would not allow herself to be caressed even by her own brother-in-law? It is now four years that she has been my wife, and I still feel as if it were a bride that I held in my arms.

Now, dear son, good night. Do you need anything?

Anselm (agitated): Nothing.

Joachim: Dörte will light you up to your room. Sleep well, and dream good dreams. (*Taps him good-naturedly on his back, and departs.*)

Anselm (to himself): Good dreams, under this roof!

A young man, Adalbert von Martens, lives in the house of Joachim. He is a worthless scamp and roué, who had been destined by his father for a diplomatic career, but having failed in his studies, he was, at the urgent request of his father, a close friend of Joachim, taken into the house of the latter to study the management of an estate. He is an accomplished musician and singer, and of a rather attractive personality. All sorts of ill rumors float about as to the relations between him and Luise, partly due to the utterances of Adalbert himself. These rumors reach the ears of Anselm, who, of course, pays no attention to them at first. By chance a picture of Luise, which the servant has found in Adalbert's room, falls into his hands. As he looks at it in surprise Luise enters the room:

Luise: Are you still here, brother? You must have looked around the garden and marveled how everything has grown up?

Anselm: Yes, in four years a person is apt to find some things grown up way above his head.

Luise: I guess it must all seem to you small and trivial in comparison to your gardens in the tropics.

Anselm: Oh, I should miss nothing if I had only found my old home here.

Luise (regards him with a searching look): What picture is this you look at so curiously?

Anselm (shows it to her): I suppose it is not altogether strange to you.

Luise (paling): My picture? How did you happen to get it? I missed it—it was in my album.

Anselm (heaving a breath of relief): You missed it? So it was taken out without your knowledge? The servant said at once that you could not have given it to him yourself.

Luise: The servant?

Anselm: She found the door of his room open, and walked in to clean it up a little. She found the picture on his desk and brought it to me. Of course he must have gotten it without your knowledge, she said.

Luise (after a pause): The servant is mistaken. I presented it to him.

Anselm: That—that man Martens? Excuse me, sister, I have no right to reprimand you for your doings, that is Joachim's place——

Luise: He knows nothing about it.

Anselm: Then I take the liberty to tell you that I do not find it quite in order that you should, without the knowledge of your husband, give your picture to a young man in his charge, and who, unfortunately, cannot be depended upon not to abuse a thing of that kind.

Luise (with hesitation): A woman may well give her picture to the man to whom she intends to give herself.

Anselm (staggered): Luise!

Luise: Yes, Anselm, it is so. I know that you will hate me now. But you shall not despise me. That you would have the right to do if I had the face to lie. Oh, I have had enough of lying! It deprives us of the best that we possess, of ourselves. That must cease. I want to regain myself, to do only what my heart tells me to do, to be free, free, free (*extending her arms*)! Oh, to fly away from all the bonds, fetters and chains! (*Sinks down on the garden chair near which she stood.*)

Anselm (in a hollow voice): I must have heard wrong. This is what *your heart* tells you? To go away from here, from him to whom you are all and all, whom you make as poor as a beggar if you leave him?

Luise: Have I ever belonged to him? When I promised that I would belong to him, did I know what I was promising? In general, does one out of a thousand know it who binds her life to that of a husband? I told you yesterday why I did it, and how terribly mistaken I was. But a mistake must be corrected, and not allowed to drag after us our whole life long, and debase us by a lie.

Anselm: Debase ourselves?—— That we can do, only by selfishness.

Luise: A big word, which is as false as it sounds noble. But suppose it were true, would it not also condemn Joachim as well? Would it not be selfishness to wish to keep me even if he knows that thereby my soul is ruined? I have been his, now, for four years. He has at least believed that I have made him happy in these four years. Now it is my turn. I want to achieve something like happiness. Am I demanding too much?

Anselm: No, Luise, I would not begrudge you that, if it were at all possible for you to be happy after doing a thing of that kind. But you deceive yourself on this point. You will not be happy. The kind, true face of the man whose life you will have ruined—for that you will have done when you leave him—his hearty voice, all the love and kindness that you have ever received from him, will forever follow you, and embitter every hour in which you hope to draw joy and pleasure for yourself or for someone else.

Luise (gloomily): Yes, that is how it will be. It is the punishment for having given him my hand without having been able to give him my heart. God knows how it grieves me to pain him! I will at least do it sparing him as much as I can. I will go to my mother, and from there I will ask him to leave me alone for a while. I will tell him that I am ill and that I must be left all alone, that he should not try to see me and take me back. And then, after some time has passed—weeks—months—with all his love to me—he will wean himself away from me—especially now.

Anselm: Now?

Luise: Since he has *you* again. For you he loves above everybody. It is because you are here that I have resolved at last to leave him. It is in vain to try to dissuade me.

Anselm: And yet, Luise, I will stake my all to keep you from carrying out your purpose.

Luise (*looking at him boldly*): Do you, also, want to put yourself in the way of my freedom, bind me hands and feet and put a gag over my mouth, so that I cannot cry out aloud: "I must go away from here?"

Anselm: If a perfect stranger entered upon a road that led to a quagmire, and did not heed my warning call I should take the liberty to seize him by the collar and pull him back, much as I might respect his liberty otherwise. He would be thankful to me later when he came to his senses. But you, Luise, whom I loved so dearly, I am to allow to follow the road that will lead to ruin and destruction without using all the means to keep you from it? And even if it were not for my brother, whose whole future is at stake, I should fight for your own with all the weapons at the command of a firm will.

Luise: What do you know about what will make me happy or unhappy?

Anselm: I know the man to whom you want to give yourself; that is enough.

Luise: You know him? Really? Since yesterday? It may be that you do not understand how he can be found amiable? I also have not fallen in love with him blindly and madly in a day or two. It began with a sentiment of pity almost a motherly feeling, for I saw how heavily his condition weighed upon him—at his age to have to start again from the very bottom, in such a severe school. And then, when I came to know him better——

Anselm (*bitterly*): His past also?

Luise: Yes, his past also! What do you men understand about the power that your very weaknesses exercise over us? His have their origin in this, that he is an artist, has an artistic temperament, which his father ignored when he refused to allow him to develop it.

Anselm: Poor Pegasus in the yoke! And that is why he had to lead a wild life, gamble and incur debts? But, of course, you are of opinion that you cannot demand that an artistic temperament behave decently like Philistines such as we.

Luise: Don't sneer. If you had heard him sing you would believe in the nobility of his soul. But whatever may lie behind him, I know that I can make a different man of him, have, in fact, already done so, through my love. That love, however, came upon me without any question as to worth or worthiness. You are such a sensible man, Anselm. Have you forgotten that love is higher than reason, and do you want to preach reason to me?

Anselm: Preach? No, but act, and prevent the unreasonable. If I looked on passively while this person—don't be afraid, I am not going to tell you in naked words what I think of him, how far below you I regard him; but it must not happen that I shall learn how, after a couple of years, he has abandoned you to misery, and that you have recognized too late that you gave up the noblest, truest, largest-hearted man for a—for a Martens.

Luise: And how do you propose to prevent that? He has my word for it. He will never give it back to me, and I?—— Yes, there is a way to keep me from my purpose. Take your revolver, Anselm, and aim it at this breast. Perhaps you will do me a service by it. For no matter what happens I have great struggles before me, and at times I am cowardly and wish that it all may be spared me.

Anselm: Yes, you will be spared all that, but not at such price. I still have hopes to restore your peace of mind at a lesser cost.

Luise (*in alarm*): A duel?

Anselm: In order to make a noise and open Joachim's eyes? No, Luise, you can rest assured that I am past all such nonsense. But another species of foolishness is too deeply rooted in my nature for me to be able ever to free myself from it: the passion to use certain precautions to prevent calamity to persons whom I love. That is the way I have acted with Joachim; it has not been a very great success. Now comes your turn. Believe me, if that supposed "artist" of yours were a man to whom a woman's happiness could be confidently entrusted, I would let you do what you cannot help doing, without a murmur. Joachim would have to bear his fate as thousands of men do whose wives prefer others to them. But, as it is, for *such—such a man?* Never! I shall have to speak some *Canadian* to him. Adieu, Luise! (*Exit.*)

Anselm exerts all his efforts to put Martens out of the way. He even offers him half his fortune if he will leave Germany and go to America; but all to no avail. Luise tells Martens that she will go to live with her mother, wait until he establishes himself, and then arrange to marry him. He is surprised at this radical step, as he had never thought of the matter in such a serious way; but he does not deter her from her plan. Anselm finds Martens in the forest, where he is waiting to take his departure from Luise on her way to her mother. He shoots him dead. He cannot give himself up to justice, for then Joachim would learn of the whole affair, so he invents the story of having gone out hunting and killed Martens accidentally. Luise comes upon the scene just as the shooting occurs, and is later brought home in a state of unconsciousness, having fallen from her horse. Anselm and Luise remain alone in the room.

Anselm (*goes quickly to the sofa, takes Luise's hand and speaks into her ear*): Luise, do you hear me? Luise! (*Wets her forehead.*)

Luise (*with closed eyes, makes a feeble movement*): Oh!

Anselm: You are alive! Luise, wake up!

Luise (*opens her eyes languidly and looks about drowsily*): Where—where is he? I—want to go to him! Is it you? Do not touch me! You are —his murderer! (*Sinks back, closes her eyes again.*)

Anselm: Listen to me, Luise! Can you hear me?

Luise (*warding him off with her hands*): You have—murdered him. Away from me! The smell of blood emanates from you.

Anselm: Murdered? No—judged. That I did it—was *compelled* to do it—let that remain between me and the Eternal Judge. Does not even earthly justice acquit a man who has committed murder in self-defense? And self-defense it was —who will attempt to deny it? But, by God, the All-knowing, I did not follow him to shoot a bullet in his heart, outright. I meant to speak once more to his conscience before I broke the staff over him. But then, as I saw you galloping up, and knew that if I hesitated you would throw yourself away on him, and that you would be lost, and my brother lost, then I could not contain myself any longer. It came upon me, and I raised my weapon and executed judgment. Who will accuse me, unless you yourself, who must hate me?

Luise (*raising herself and sitting down on the sofa*): I? No, your own conscience. It is written: "Judge not that ye be not judged!"

Anselm (*firmly*): The Eternal Judge will acquit me. What I did, I did out of love—to you—and to my brother!

Luise: Was it a capital crime that he loved me, and wished to possess me, and to free me? But go, go! I—I must go to see him—his last breath—his last glance—(*attempts to rise; he holds her back*).

Anselm: Stay here. You will come too late. Don't throw your life away after him. You have not strength enough. They have gone with the wagon to bring him here. O, Luise, if Joachim saw how you broke down at the sight of him——

Luise: So much the better! Then there would have been an end to my life, and the lie of my life. But no, I feel it, the fall was not fatal, only my senses left me, not my life. How *shall* I bear this life hereafter? I cannot imagine it! I know only one thing; if I should be condemned always to look his murderer in the face, the horror of it would stifle me, and burst my heart asunder.

Anselm (*gloomily*): Rest assured, that will be spared you. I own up to what I have done, but only before you and the Judge on high, not before earthly justice. They would not believe me here if I said that I removed him from the world because of hatred, since yesterday was the first time I ever saw him. And if I told the real reason, that I did it out of love, then everything would have been done in vain, and Joachim would find out what I wanted to keep from him. Oh, my poor woman, believe me, there are conflicts in which action and inaction are equally fateful; that involve us in crime no matter what we choose, and every crime is avenged on earth. Mine drives me away from this place where the smell of the blood that I shed ascends to heaven, away from all that is dear to me, from my home, for which I yearned so passionately; from my brother; from you, upon whom I had to inflict such great pain. I shall wander again through the earth, no more a happy wayfarer as of old, but a restless and discontented man, who flies from the shadow of his past, like Cain the first murderer of his brother—to die at last in a strange land, without the touch of a dear hand. (*His voice breaks.*)

Luise (*moved*): Unhappy man! And there is nothing, nothing to extenuate your lot!

Anselm: Yes, Luise, one thing, and that lies within your power.

Luise: In mine?

Anselm: If, in my life-long exile, you give me the consolation of knowing that the terrible, unatonable act that I have perpetrated has not been in vain; that it will redound to the good of those for whom I did it! Remain with my brother.

Luise: How can you demand it? Have you forgotten——

Anselm: That you no longer want to lie? O, Luise, to simulate love to a man to whom we owe gratitude is a lie that turns into a virtue, and, finally, into truth. You, too, will live to see that.

Luise: What can I live to see that will extinguish the recollection of this hour? Can I continue to believe in a divine justice, seeing that it visits the punishment of death upon those who follow the inclinations of their hearts?

Anselm: Ask your own heart. Will it acquit you of all blame? Did you not desire to destroy a life that was devoted wholly to you, contemn so infinite a love as was rarely ever the share of woman, and break the pledge given to the noblest of men of fidelity unto death? O, Luise, if the happiness that you supposed you would find has been taken away from you, one thing remains as a compensation: the consciousness of having fulfilled a duty, an onerous duty, Luise, but one which in time will turn into a blessing and heal your life-wound. Can you persuade yourself to assume this penance?

Luise (*after a pause*): I—shall try!

Anselm: Thank you! (*Extends to her his hand, which she does not take.*) You are right. You must have a horror of this hand.

(*Enter Joachim.*)

Anselm: She lives, brother; she will be preserved for you.

Joachim (*drops on his knees before her, seizing her hand*): Is it true—you are alive—you are going to live? Tell it to me yourself, my only, my beloved wife!

Luise (*bending down to him*): Stand up, Joachim! Yes, I will try it—if God gives me strength.

Joachim: Oh, my jewel, my greatest treasure, am I worth it?

Luise: My poor friend, can you forgive me?

Joachim: You speak as in a fever. I forgive you, because you went out horseback riding once without my knowledge?

Luise: No, not that—everything, everything in which I ever failed you.

Joachim (*to Anselm*): Do you know what she means? What harm could she ever have done me? My dear heart! that God has mercifully averted this terrible accident—(*bends down and kisses her hair*).

Anselm: Farewell, brother.

Joachim: Do you want to go away?

Anselm: I want to give myself up into the hands of justice.

Joachim: They will let you go again soon. Accidental manslaughter, regrettable as it is. Poor young man! And his unhappy father! But stay in the city until all is over, Anselm. It will be painful for you to be here now.

Anselm: You are right, brother. I will stay away until everything, everything is over. Farewell! (*Turns to go, comes back once more and embraces Joachim with profound emotion, then goes out with an imploring look at Luise.*)

Persons in the Foreground

MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT THAT WAS

Alice Roosevelt is no more. Four years ago she made her debut in Washington, and now, at the age of twenty-two, she has dropped one of the oldest and most honored names in American history, left her girlhood forever behind her, and become the helpmeet, not of a titled foreigner, but of a young American who has already begun to make a career for himself. Probably no other American girl ever received such an amount of publicity in such a short period. Most of it, of course, has been due to the distinction of her father; but much of it has been due to her own personality and the way in which she has carried herself in the dazzling limelight. "The renown of this young American girl," said a magazine writer recently, "is such that one hears of her from end to end of the civilized world, while the names of English, German, or Russian princesses are mentioned only in connection with diplomatic events, possible matches that may concern them, or charity bazaars that they may consent to patronize." When she traveled in Japan, a postal card was issued in Tokyo bearing her picture and underneath it the inscription—"An American Princess." When it was rumored that she was going to travel in Europe, a leading French paper began to discuss the titled foreigner she would be most likely to marry, publishing her picture in the middle of a page surrounded by pictures of such eligible young princes as Eitel Fritz, Adalbert of Prussia, Prince George of Greece, the Czar's brothers and various other sprigs of royalty, as if to say that she could take her choice. She did take her choice, and she chose to marry no title. Young America is good enough for her.

Courtesy of *Munsey's Magazine.*

ALICE LEE ROOSEVELT AT THE AGE OF TWO

Alice Lee Roosevelt was three days old when her mother—Alice Lee, of Boston—died; three years old when her father married again; eighteen when she made her début. She was born to social position and would have had it if her father had never been made President. "She might have met just as many distinguished people," we are told by a writer in *Munsey's Magazine*, "and she would have danced just the same at Mrs. Astor's great ball, given to mark the social début of her granddaughter, Helen Roosevelt, who is Alice's distant cousin."

This same writer, Emma B. Kaufman, describes Alice as a débutante and her regard both then and since for good clothes:

"The privileged ones among us saw a young, slight girl in white mousseline with brown hair, a retroussé nose, laughing eyes, and a mouth whose curves inclined by nature upward. The combination is excellent in any woman, for it means amiability, the capacity to get where ambition leads, and the desire to please. Without these externals, keynotes to the interior, Alice Roosevelt might have been careless of the effect she makes upon the public. She might have believed, as, judging from their photographs, manv princesses believe, that any old thing, without any hint of slang in the phrase, would do for the President's daughter. There was discrimination, if it lacked discretion, in M. Balzac's remark: 'I have never seen a badly dressed woman who was agreeable and good-humored.'

"Alice Roosevelt takes the trouble to please the eye, and, having taste, wears clothes that are neither too plain nor too gaudy. She has not the vanity to believe that she can wear anything. Once, to her horror, she was sketched in a hat that she

WITH HER SISTER-IN-LAW

This photograph was taken when Miss Roosevelt was visiting the Longworths at Cincinnati last summer. Her companion in the picture is Mrs. Wallingford, Nicholas Longworth's sister.

considered old-fashioned. She grieved thereat as the humblest woman might. 'Never, never, never,' she cried, 'must that picture be published!'

"'But does it matter so much?' asked the President, with the innocence of a mere man.

"'Really, papa,' answered his daughter demurely, 'I should have believed you would never question the importance of a proper hat in any one's career'!"

She is even rated as at times "a leader" in fashion. "She was the first woman," it is said, "to set upon her head the big, broad-brimmed, rough-and-ready straw sailor hat, that has since become a vogue."

Her father is proud of her physical energy. He once said of her: "She is a girl who does not stay in the house and sit in a rocking-chair. She can walk as far as I can, and she often takes a tramp of several miles at the pace I set for her. She can ride, drive, skate, and shoot, though she doesn't care much for the shooting. I don't mind that. It isn't necessary for her health, but the outdoor exercise is, and she has plenty of it."

She is a true Roosevelt, too, we are told by those who know, in her love of adventure and her courage. Before her father took his trip in a submarine boat she had accomplished the feat without fear. Various incidents are told of her coolness in moments that might well have been deemed perilous by a young girl. The latest incident is that of her climbing up a rope-ladder last month to the deck of the great ocean liner, the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*. She had gone down the bay to meet her fiancé's sister, the Countess de Chambrun:

"The officers on the steamship were apprised of Miss Roosevelt's coming, and there was much excitement among them. Preparations were at once made to lower the gangway, a task requiring no little time and trouble, but Miss Roosevelt would have none of it. Standing upon the revenue cutter's deck and making a megaphone of her gloved hands she shouted to the Kaiser's first officer: 'The ladder's all right. Never mind anything else.' The Manhattan nosed alongside the liner, Miss Roosevelt awaiting the moment when she could grasp the ladder's rungs. Congressman Longworth stood beside her, protesting, but not persuading. The instant she was able to reach the ladder she drew herself up and started her climb of some 25 feet. There was no great danger about the undertaking, but it required strength and coolness. Miss Roosevelt climbed up steadily, rung by rung. When she reached the rail and was lifted to the deck she was cheered by the passengers."

This love of adventure, her friends assert, is the real and only reason for her being on the go so continually. "She wants to see, to know, to do. She astounds by her capacity

for life and living. This is the keynote of her personality, a personality so impressive that it cannot be displaced or overshadowed."

In a general way, it is known that her Roosevelt ancestry has figured long and honorably in American history. The details are given by Dexter Marshall, in a recent newspaper study of the family. Alice has behind her eight generations of American Roosevelts. The first of the line was Claes Martenzen Van Rosenvelt, who came from Holland to New Amsterdam in 1649, one year before the first Vanderbilt came here. The published genealogy of the family now includes 1,600 numbered names, the President's being numbered 644. The New York Social Register includes 42 Roosevelts and only 17 Vanderbilts and eight Astors. It was in the fourth generation that the prefix Van was dropped and the name changed to Roosevelt—pronounced almost as if the name were spelled rosy-velt. There were Roosevelts who were active in the Revolution. Jacobus served as commissary of the Continental Army without a cent of pay. Isaac was a member of the Provincial Congress. Nicholas J., of the fifth generation, was a very distinguished man. He was the inventor of the "vertical paddle-wheel" that made Fulton's first steamboat a success, and it was Nicholas Roosevelt who in 1811 took the first steamboat down the Ohio River (from Pittsburg) and the Mississippi to New Orleans. He and his wife were the only passengers and the trip was one that made the country talk, and the excitement of the natives along the banks of the Mississippi as the boat came down belching fire and steam has been described in history.

The grandfather of Alice, Theodore Roosevelt the first, was one of the founders of the Union League in New York City, and of the Newsboys' Home, the Children's Aid Society, the Y. M. C. Association, and the Orthopedic Hospital. The love of outdoor sports was as strong in him as in the President.

The family of Longworths, into which Alice

THE FUTURE HOME OF MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH

"The home of all the Longworths is Rookwood. No matter what grand palaces they may build, or cottages they may rear by the seaside, Rookwood, the great estate at Cincinnati, will be 'home.' For three generations the great, rambling gray structure has been the center of Cincinnati society, and Mrs. 'Nick' Longworth will hold social sway over the city as the women of the Longworth family have from the beginning."

THE BRIDEGROOM

It is embarrassing, says Mr. Longworth, to court a girl with seventy million persons looking on. He is described as having "little of the look of the multimillionaire and less the look of the society man. He is bald headed and jolly, clever, and something of a reformer, although mixed with Republican ring politics in Cincinnati for years."

Roosevelt marries, has long been well known in southern Ohio, and stories of the wealth and eccentricity of "Old Nick" Longworth, grandfather of the present Congressman, have been legends of the State for decades. One of them tells of his sitting on a dry-goods box on the sidewalk, in Cincinnati, looking so poverty-stricken, because of his careless attire, that as he held his hat out with one hand, while mopping his face with his handkerchief in the other, a passer-by kindly dropped a coin in the hat to relieve his supposed poverty. Another of the legends tells of visitors to his handsome home who, meeting inside the gate a supposed working man, asked him to show them the grounds, which he did so courteously that he received (and pocketed) a quarter or more for his pains. The working man, of course, was "Old Nick."

In Cist's "Cincinnati in 1851," Longworth was said to be, next to Astor, of New York. the largest taxpayer in the United States. When he died, "Old Nick's" property, most of it made in real estate, was estimated at $15,000.000. The present "Young Nick,' whom Miss Roosevelt marries, is, like his bride, of Dutch Knickerbocker stock, his great grandmother being Apphia Vanderpoel. He is thirty-six years old, an A. B. of Harvard, a lawyer, and, after several years' service in the Ohio State legislature, has been twice elected to the national House of Representatives.

"Rookwood," the new home of "Nick" Longworth's bride, has for three generations been the center of Cincinnati society. The Grandin road, which leads to it, winds it way along the bluff overlooking the Ohio River, skirting precipices and deepening into shady ravines. The house is thus described by a recent writer:

"Rookwood stands almost in the center of extensive, heavily wooded hilly grounds. The house is massive in construction, the style of architecture being adapted from an old English country hôme. It rambles over a great space of ground, being but two stories high, with a heavy square tower. The house faces east, with the conservatories and greenhouse extending far back towards the big stables. It is of brick and stone and now is gray with age, and its wide porches and porticos are heavily draped in ivy. The windows are deep set and wide. At the front is a porch extending almost the width of the house itself, and the great double doors at the entrance open into a wide hallway with huge, high ceilinged parlors at either side. . . . The trees around Rookwood stand as in the original forest, and from a distance the estate appears like an unbroken forest. The beeches and elms and oaks stand as they did when the white men first came to build a block house on the hillside to the west. The carriage way, winding through valleys and over hills, runs back from the Grandin road through a grove of elms and oaks to the clearing where the house stands among its greeneries and gardens."

The house is noted for its collection of art treasures—paintings by American, Dutch and German artists (including those of Achenbach, Van Dyck, Rembrandt and Knaus) and a ceramic collection said to be the best private collection in the United States and perhaps in the world. It was "Nick" Longworth's aunt, Mrs. Bellamy Storer, who established the now famous pottery Rookwood, and it was she who discovered the Rookwood methods of glazing and tinting and first began the work.

Rookwood has been overhauled for its new mistress, the living rooms redecorated and a separate suite prepared for the bride. There will be, it is said, fétes and festivities more gay than the house has ever before witnessed. The social renown of the family has from the first rested on the women. From the time of Nicholas the first, the Longworth men have married brilliant and beautiful women, and the new mistress will find a brilliant social circle awaiting her advent.

THE NEW FRENCH PRESIDENT

No one could be more devoted to billiards than the gentleman who assumed the chief magistracy of the French Republic last month. It has been his "vice," as he puts it, for years, and he regrets that official life interferes with his propensity. But M. Clement Armand Fallières, to give him his full name, never smokes. In that one respect, he is a contrast to his immediate predecessor, M. Loubet, who smoked a pipe. In all other personal traits, the resemblance between Fallières and Loubet is deemed striking. Fallières never omits his morning walk, which sometimes lasts two hours. The object of so much perambulation is to correct the tendency to obesity, which has caused some alarm to the family doctor. M. Fallières is quite abstemious in the use of wines. Nearly all the alcoholic beverage of his consumption is the President's own vintage. It comes from the little estate which makes up the President's whole fortune, estimated to be worth about $80,000, his property being in real estate and mortgages. One of the rules of his life is to avoid the purchase of stocks, bonds and government securities. One in public life, he has said, cannot always escape being compromised by speculative investment.

All this is but a tithe of the detail to be gleaned from copious sketches of Fallières in the *Gaulois, Temps, Figaro*, of Paris, and the leading dailies of Europe. Not one unfriendly notice of the man has been printed anywhere, unless we take into account the purely political animadversions of those dailies which deplore the mildness of M. Fallières's republicanism.

Paris is already regretting that the new President cares very little for the theater. He seldom or never spends an evening away from his own fireside. His favorite companions are his wife, a thoroughly domestic woman to whom he was wed in 1871, his son André, a rising barrister, and his daughter Mlle. Anne, an enthusiastic grower of roses and heliotropes. This taste of the daughter is shared by the President. One of the young lady's diversions is to pelt her father with azaleas as he reclines under the trees upon his little property at Loupillon, a typical French village community.

The character of the man is thought to be most clearly revealed in certain phrases of his, to which the *Temps* has been giving currency. "Noise," he is made to say, "does not interfere with achievement, but silence promotes it." This suggests M. Loubet, with his fondness for quiet ways and quiet men. But most of the aphorisms of Fallières, like the stories about the man, indicate that his salient trait is sturdy good sense and straightforwardness. Yet he can be sly, after a fashion. He has been known among his

THE QUIET PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

M. Fallières is inclined to get stout. He tries to keep his flesh down by long two-hour walks in the streets of Paris. The officials of the Elysée are in dread of Anarchist assaults upon the new President unless his exercise be restricted.

constituents for years as a man of the kindest heart. A boy who had been convicted of theft came to Fallières for aid. "I am afraid," mused the statesman, "that you have come to me too late. I might have done something for you had you called earlier. Now, suppose you had called earlier, that is, before you had committed the theft. I should have had an excellent piece of advice to give you—don't. As it is, all I can say is that you had better go to prison. Next time, you must come to me before you steal." Other anecdotes are supplied by the London *Telegraph*:

"He has three nephews, whom he has practically brought up. One of them, yearning for the violet ribbon of the Order of Public Instruction, applied himself to the Minister, who, perhaps, out of consideration for the uncle, then President of the Senate, duly promised the decoration. The list of names came before M. Fallières, who, seeing his nephew's, called the young man, and said, 'So you asked for the violet ribbon, my boy, and used my name to get it? I will not have it said that I ask favors for my own people. I have struck out your name from the list myself.'

"Not long ago one of his farm hands was married, and M. Fallières sent four bottles of his own cherished brandy, distilled from his own wine, to the bridegroom. The servant was walking round with the present when M. Fallières stopped him and told him to go first to the excise office and pay the duty. The servant expostulated, and thought that the President of the Senate need hardly trouble to pay on four bottles; but he had to pay when M. Fallières said that if the President of the Senate cheated the exciseman, one could not expect anyone else not to do so."

NOT RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

But the second son of the German Emperor—Prince Eitel—who is to marry the twenty-seven year old Grand-Duchess Sophie. He is the most popular of the Emperor's sons.

Down in the Lot-et-Garonne, the native soil of M. Fallières, stands the humble shanty where the grandfather of the President worked as a blacksmith. When this grandfather died, he left a snug little sum to his son, who, becoming a land surveyor, prospered. But the new President was born in an annex to the old blacksmith shop, which he still owns, and where he resides at certain seasons of the year. The village is called Mézin. The permanent home of the family of Fallières is, however, at Loupillon, a few miles from Mézin. It is an old country mansion which is thus described:

"At Loupillon, M. Fallières has a rustic mansion, which, like the late Emile Zola's house at Medan, outside Paris, was enlarged from the small cottage of a peasant, originally bought by his grandfather. In this country mansion hospitality is the rule. When M. and Madame Fallières are there in the summer they practically keep open house. Loupillon is about an hour's drive from Mézin, and is situated in the heart of a pleasant country dotted with thatched farmhouses, surrounded by fields full of oxen and goats. The house of the President is simply furnished, and contains few ornaments.

"In the ground-floor drawing-room there are oil paintings, a few engravings, one showing Rouget de Lisle singing the 'Marseillaise' before the Mayor of Strasburg, and on the mantelpiece there is a bust of Gambetta. The dining-room has a table for twenty guests, and the kitchen is of a thoroughly homelike sort, with its large rustic chimney, its rows of settles or seats, and its well-burnished copper pots and pans. The bed-rooms have only the most ordinary furniture. A little attempt at comfort, if not luxury, is visible in the President's study, where he sits long over his books and papers, and where he receives his visitors. Over the desk is a black-and-white drawing representing M. Fallières sitting, clad as a peasant, on a stone seat in his garden."

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S FAMILY CIRCLE

Emperor William decided that on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his own marriage, his second son, Prince Eitel, should espouse a German princess some years the senior of the youth. His Majesty, according to foreign papers reporting court gossip, thus shows that after a quarter of a century of domestic life he is still master in his own household.

The household is reduced now to seven. Prince Eitel goes with his new bride to make a princely home of his own. The Crown Prince, whose name is William, has been married some little time. There remain at home with their parents, Prince Adalbert, the widely traveled; Prince August, a robust youth; Prince Oscar, of whom one hears very little; Prince Joachim, now nearly sixteen, and Princess Victoria, the Emperor's only daughter, the idol of the German nation, although she is but thirteen. At any rate, one of the official organs gives her the title of "idol," adding that she is enshrined in every true German heart. The Socialist organs take a different cue. The Crown Prince not so long ago denounced Socialists and Socialism, whereupon the party organs declared that the imperial children are being educated in an anti-Socialistic atmosphere.

They are really educated in a scientific atmosphere, according to the Paris *Gaulois*. The Emperor is said to distrust certain tendencies in German education. He thinks too much attention is paid to the classics and to literature. He has had his own children taught the sciences, with some ambitious courses in the arts. Thus, the Crown Prince, although trained as a military man first of all, knows a good deal about chemistry. Prince Eitel is a mathematician. His younger brothers have been made to acquire a knowledge of engineering. The little princess takes to "domestic science." The Emperor wants no dreaming Germans in his family.

But the arts are by no means neglected. William II deems himself an unusually competent art critic—some Germans profess amusement at his taste—and he has dabbled with the brush. The Crown Prince does not give much time to pictures, but he is pronounced a fine performer on the violin. Prince Eitel is something of a Wagnerite. His brother Adalbert paints. Information regarding the tastes of the younger children is not forthcoming. But the world is assured that William II oversees their studies with paternal solicitude. Every three months he examines the princes as if he were their tutor. He gives them subjects for essays, criticizing the productions severely. The princess is left to the supervision of her mother, the Empress.

The Empress, says the London *Mail,* is first and foremost a housekeeper. Her daughter supervises one of the linen closets in the Neues Palais. Neither of these royalties

ENGAGED TO A MAN YOUNGER THAN HERSELF

She is the Duchess Sophie, daughter of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg. The German Emperor's second son, four years her junior, has been accepted as her future husband, in flat defiance of Shakespeare's "Let still the woman take an elder than herself."

THE DIPLOMATIST

Prince Adalbert is sent by William II on trips to foreign countries when international strains require much social solving.

can be deemed beautiful, if the English daily be not too ungallant. The Empress has beautiful arms and shoulders, but her feet and hands are too large. She gains flesh on the least provocation and is rather unsuccessful in her efforts to lose it. Her eyes are a bluish gray, not particularly brilliant. Her Majesty's brows and lashes incline to scantiness. She has the misfortune to be unpopular with the people of Berlin, who are said to consider her Majesty "near" in pecuniary transactions. The truth is, if we may accept the statements

A POSSIBLE KING

This Youth is thought of as a future King of Hungary by Pan-Germans, say some gossips. He is Prince Oscar, Emperor William's fifth son.

THE SAILOR PRINCE

Prince Joachim is now nearly sixteen and something of a naval engineer.

SHE IS STOUTER NOW

The German Empress is unwilling to be photographed in consequence. This picture dates from 1902.

THE ONLY GIRL

William II's daughter helps her mother with the housekeeping.

of the official German press, that the Empress, as a model housekeeper, practises the thrifty virtues. She is said by English observers to be much in awe of her husband. In fact, the entire royal family of Germany look up to Emperor William as the supreme arbiter of German destinies, their own included. Even the Crown Prince did not dream, it is said, of going to the Emperor's shooting-box called Hubertusstock, to show the Crown Princess over the place, without first securing his Majesty's permission. When William II is especially pleased with one of his sons, he takes him out for a day's hunt.

THE FIRST BORN

He is to inherit the two thrones of his father, William II, King of Prussia, German Emperor, if he lives.

THE HUNTER

Prince August finds his greatest pleasure in pursuing with gun and knife the big game on his father's "preserves."

THE BEST MAYOR OF THE BEST GOVERNED CITY IN THE UNITED STATES

The city is Cleveland, Ohio; the mayor is Tom L. Johnson; the man who characterizes him as the "best" mayor is Lincoln Steffens. As Tom Johnson began life in penury, became a millionaire before he was thirty-five, has been a Congressman, mayor of Cleveland several times, candidate for governor of Ohio, and is always mentioned in any list of possible Democratic candidates for the presidency, the sketch of the man which Louis F. Post, editor of *The Public* (Chicago), draws of him in that paper is of political as well as human interest.

Tom Johnson is an American from "way back." It was his grandfather's great grandfather that began the family career here, coming from England in 1714 to the colony of Virginia. The line of lineage since then includes nearly all the old Virginia families of Kentucky. By marriage or direct descent, Tom is related to "all the Kentucky Johnsons and some of the Johnstons, the Paynes and the Flournoys, the Bufords, the Colemans, the Popes and the Clays, as well as the Sandefords and the Breckenridges." The list includes Richard M. Johnson, who (perhaps) slew Tecumseh, and who was Vice-President from 1837 to 1841. Tom's father was a cotton planter with 100 slaves in Arkansas, and served on the staffs of John C. Breckenridge and Jubal A. Early in the Confederate army. When the war closed, the family were in Staunton, Va., "absolutely penniless." Tom was but eleven, but he started in to retrieve the family fortune. He knew a railroad conductor—*the* railroad conductor, rather—that had charge of the one and only train that ran to Staunton in those days. Tom obtained a complete monopoly of the sale of newspapers on that train, and as there was "something doing" in those troublous days, he charged 15 cents for dailies and 25 cents for picture papers, reaping a harvest of real silver money to the extent of $88 in five weeks. That took the whole family to Louisville, where they were able to borrow. Tom got a few years schooling and his mother and father tutored him when he couldn't go to school. He cared nothing for literary studies, but came out strong on mathematics, and to his aptitude in figures he attributes in great measure his success in life.

It was a cold day when he got his first steady job. The day was cold because his mother had "nothing fit to wear" on her head but a crocheted hood, and she waited for a cold day in order that she might wear that hood when going with Tom to find the job. It was found in a rolling-mill—the job, not the hood. Four months later he embarked in the street-railway business. He collected and counted the money which the passengers dropped in the box of the conductorless cars. He soon became secretary of the company and his father was made superintendent. A few years later, when the father was made chief of police of Louisville, the son was made superintendent of the road at about the age of twenty. He kept on rising. He invented a fare-box that has since netted him $30,000. He borrowed money in 1876 to buy out the Indianapolis street-car system, selling it out later at a personal profit of over half a million dollars. He bought a small line in Cleveland, made it a big line, and entered upon a glorious running fight for years with Mark Hanna, who was in control of the opposing system. The fight was the sensation of Cleveland for a time. Sometimes one side won, sometimes the other, but the public got reduced fares as a result. Two big consolidations were formed, a truce was declared, and when Johnson later disposed of his interests in the railways, Hanna's company gobbled up the whole system. His street-railway career contains other interesting features, notably his unsuccessful attempt, in connection with Governor Pingree, of Michigan, to bring the street-car lines of Detroit under municipal ownership and operation, and his more or less successful effort to reduce car fares in Cleveland to three cents, in consequence whereof he has been dubbed by the New York *Sun* in one of its facetious moods "Three-Cent Tom."

Tom Johnson's entry into politics was brought about by a book, a newsboy and a car conductor. Mr. Post narrates as follows:

"While interested in street car systems, both in Cleveland and Indianapolis, Johnson frequently rode on the cars between those cities. On one of these trips a newsboy asked him to buy a book called 'Social Problems.' It was Henry George's second book on the industrial question, but Johnson supposed it to be a work on the social evil. Saying as much, and adding that he had no in-

terest in that subject, he refused to buy the book. The train conductor, who happened to be within hearing, happened also to be familiar with George's teachings, and knowing Johnson well he told him he was mistaken in the character of the book. 'It will interest you more,' he assured him, 'than any book you have ever read.' Upon this assurance Johnson reluctantly invested half a dollar in the book and read it. A new world was revealed to him, and he promptly bought and read George's 'Progress and Poverty.' After reading this, he challenged his lawyer, L. A. Russell, of Cleveland, and his partner, Arthur J. Moxham, to show him any flaw in the argument. Unable to comply, they objected to the premises. But Johnson convinced them that the premises were sound. The final result of their controversy was the complete conversion of all three to George's views."

Johnson soon sought out Henry George and a warm friendship ensued. Mr. George advised him to go into politics. "I can't make a speech," said Johnson. "You have never tried," said George; "if you put your mind to it, you can succeed at speaking as well as in business." He put his mind to it and made a timid speech five minutes long in Cooper Union. He "probably could not have spoken ten minutes more had his life been the forfeit," so Mr. Post tells us. But that was enough for a start. He has never become an orator, in the usual sense of the word; but he has learned to say what he wants to say in a direct, forcible and fetching way. He made a free-trade campaign for Congress in a Republican district in Ohio and was beaten. He tried again and won by 3,000 plurality. At Washington he was "shelved"—so they thought—on the District of Columbia Committee. He didn't stay shelved. He instituted an investigation into the taxation system of the district, and issued what the single taxers still call "a classic document on the principles of taxation practically applied." His feat during a second term in Congress (1892) in getting "Progress and Poverty" printed in *The Congressional Record* is still famous. Under the "leave to print" rules of Congress, he arranged with six other free-traders, each of whom, securing the floor on one pretext or another, got "leave to print" successive chapters of the book. They were then put together in a public document and franked through the mails free, as a campaign document, to the extent of more than a million copies.

As a business man, Johnson has been a monopolist to such an extent that he once came near being committed for contempt of court because, when asked what his occupation was, he insisted on answering, "A monopolist." In politics he has been an active foe of monopolies. Challenged on the floor of Congress for inconsistency, he replied: "As a business man I am willing to take advantage of all the monopoly laws you pass; but as a member of Congress, I will not help you to pass them and I will try to force you to repeal them." He supported Bryan, though he regarded "free silver" as a mere "accidental slogan of a more fundamental democracy." He supported Parker "as well as circumstances permitted." His record as mayor is highly praised by Steffens, and he has been elected three times.

According to Steffens, he closed the dives and opened the parks to the people and made playgrounds for the children. He "equalized" taxation by raising the rates on railroads, pardoned workhouse prisoners held for nonpayment of fines, and instructed subordinates to run departments on business principles regardless of politics. The legislature deprived him of most of his power of appointment, but he succeeded in getting his own men elected when he could no longer appoint them. In the following pen-picture Mr. Post gives what he thinks suggests the secret of his leadership:

"It is a picture of a low green-leather lounge, faced and flanked with easy chairs and ottomans and rambling in front of a cheerful hearth fire in a room of mellowed light in the very center of Mayor Johnson's home. Here he keeps 'open house.' Not 'open house' for drinking, for Johnson neither drinks nor invites drinking. Nor a politician's den where wires are pulled and combinations made. It is the family living room of the mayor of an American city who takes his official responsibilities seriously. In the house of a rich man, this room is expensively as well as comfortably furnished; yet the social atmosphere is such that the poorest who join the circle there forget all distinctions of wealth. Around this fireside for the past five years the civic conditions of Cleveland have been discussed—academically to the roots and practically to the uttermost branches—by those who are responsible officially and by those who are interested only as citizens, and by visitors also from other places."

Another of the secrets of his success is, we are told, revealed in an incident of his babyhood:

"When he was a little fellow in frocks playing Noah's ark with his baby cousin, a grown-up accidentally swept over the array of animals they had set on the floor. The little cousin gave up in despair. But the future mayor of Cleveland caught sight of two undisturbed figures of their Noachian array. A smile broke through the tears that had come, and he exclaimed: 'Oh, mamma, look! two of 'em are standing, and that's enough to begin over again!'"

Recent Poetry

From Victor Hugo's posthumous volume of poetry and dramatic fragments, from which we have already quoted in this department, we extract another poem, weird in conception and terrible as a nightmare. Surely the idea of the transmigration of souls was never put into more striking form:

A ROYAL FUNERAL

By Victor Hugo

O death! O judgment! chastisement! reward!
Bottomless deep whither all being tends,
Where all must go unaided and alone!
This man, but yesterday an emperor,
To-day lies dead.
The cannons' thunder and the brazen peal
Of funeral bells re-echo from the heavens.
The winds are sighing, He is dead! Alas!
The elect! the dread and sovereign majesty!
The ruler of all, the shadow of God himself!
The mighty and the strong is with the blest!
He was great in life, he is greater still in death!
And mourning crowds rush on in fevered haste,
And the great lanterns flare up in the streets,
And the royal convoy passes.

Twenty proud squadrons head the mournful line,
And heralded by trumpets there appears
A species of tomb—huge, dazzling and superb,
A grand sepulchral throne flooded with light,
A giant cenotaph with waving plumes
Rolling resplendent, shedding on the air
Odorous showers of myrrh and frankincense;
A flare of gold, light purple and proud banners,
The royal hearse seems to th' amazèd crowd
The height of human glory:
An imperial robe, a sceptre and a crown—
A corpse!
And the great city wails its widowhood;
While the whole country round, the hamlets, towns,
Echo the sound of drum and martial tread.

But hark!
While yet the air is echoing to the shout:
"Hail King and Royal Master! sovereign Lord,
Whom God hath aided in his enterprise!"
The dread and sinister spirit suddenly wakes
In yon black horse yoked in the funeral team
That draws the car of triumph to the shadows.
Shuddering, he cries, "Where am I?" and remembers.
He feels his corpse behind him hurrying on,
He sees the marble portals and the arch,
He hears the driver's voice urging him on.
Fain would he cry, "'Tis I, the master of all!"
But death has bound him in its terrible knot.
He trembles in his new and frightful form;
And, while he traverses in thought his Louvre,
His Kremlin, Windsor or Escurial,
Blazoned with eagles or the fleur-de-lis—
Spain, Savoy, Austria, Lorraine, Bourgogne—
He feels the lash and draws his corpse along.
Wretch! he is prisoned in a lowly beast,
His immortal part shuddering in punishment,
His immortality drawing his corruption.
Horror on horror! while his far-flung fame,
Attested by his standards borne aloft,
Is flaunted from his walls and battlements;
While Saint-Denis, august and beautiful,
Opens its gates to the imperial pomp—
As to the sun the portals of the night—
A vast sarcophagus lit with a million stars,
As though the night had put on mourning robes,
While standards bow before the royal bier,
While Bossuet celebrates the heroic dead—
His virtues, glory, justice and world greatness—
His soul writhing beneath the driver's lash
Bears his anointed body to the worms.

"I would much rather," said Alfieri a hundred years ago, "write, so to say, in a dead language and for a dead people than write in those deaf and stammering tongues, French and English, notwithstanding they are the fashion, with their rules and exercises." Dr. Douglas Hyde, president of the Gaelic League, who has been making a lecture tour in America telling us about the "Celtic Revival," quotes this sentiment and makes it his own in the preface to his book of poems, "Ubbla de're Craoibh" ("Apples from the Branch"). Fortunately there are some who know the Gaelic and are not too averse to English to turn some its poems into verse that all of us can read, whether or not we can understand. Lady Gregory in her volume of translations and studies from the Irish ("Poets and Dreamers") devotes a chapter to "Au Craoibhin's Poems," some of which, in the original, she says, a friend of hers has heard sung and repeated by country people in many parts of Ireland. Here is one which she thinks has "as distinct a quality as that of Villon or Heine":

THE DEVIL THAT IS CALLED LOVE

By Douglas Hyde

There are three fine devils eating my heart—
They left me, my grief! without a thing:
Sickness wrought, and Love wrought,
And an empty pocket, my ruin and my woe.
Poverty left me without a shirt,
Barefooted, barelegged, without any covering;
Sickness left me with my head weak
And my body miserable, an ugly thing.
Love left me like a coal upon the floor,
Like a half-burned sod, that is never put out.
Worse than the cough, worse than the fever itself,
Worse than any curse at all under the sun,
Worse than the great poverty
Is the devil that is called "Love" by the people.
And if I were in my young youth again,
I would not take or give or ask for a kiss!

"It is better to be quarreling than to be lonesome" is an Irish proverb that strikes us as deliciously Irish. The theme of lonesomeness is common in Dr. Hyde's poems. Here is one that breathes it in every line:

LONELINESS

By Douglas Hyde

Cold, sharp lamentation
In the cold, bitter winds
Ever blowing across the sky;
Oh, there was loneliness with me!

The loud sounding of the waves
Beating against the shore,
Their vast, rough, heavy outcry,
Oh, there was loneliness with me!

The light sea-gulls in the air,
Crying sharply through the harbors,
The cries and screams of the birds
With my own heart. Oh! that was loneliness.

The voice of the winds and the tide,
And the long battle of the mighty war;
The sea, the earth, the skies, the blowing of the winds.
Oh, there was loneliness in all of them together.

Here is a vision of a battlefield—after the battle. It weeps in every line of it:

AFTER THE BATTLE

By Douglas Hyde

The time I think of the cause of Ireland
My heart is torn within me.

The time I think of the death of the people
Who protected Ireland bravely and faithfully.

They are stretched on the side of the mountain
Very low, one with another.

Hidden under grass, or under tall herbs,
Far from friends or help or friendship.

Not a child or a wife near them;
Not a priest to be found there or a friar;

But the mountain eagle and the white eagle
Moving overhead across the skies.

Without a defence against the sun in the daytime;
Without a shelter against the skies at night.

It's many a good soldier, joyful and pleasant,
That has had his laughing mouth closed there.

There is many a young breast with a hole through it;
The little black hole that is death to a man.

There is many a brave man stripped there,
His body naked, without vest or shirt.

The young man that was proud and beautiful yesterday,
When the woman he loved left a kiss on his mouth.

There is many a married woman, with the child at her breast,
Without her comrade, without a father for her child to-night.

There's many a castle without a lord, and many a lord without a house;
And little forsaken cabins with no one in them.

I saw a fox leaving its den
Asking for a body to feed its hunger.

There's a fierce wolf at Carrig O'Neill;
There is blood on his tongue and blood on his mouth.

I saw them, and I heard the cries
Of kites and of black crows.

Ochone! Is not the only Son of God angry?
Ochone! The red blood that was poured out yesterday!

Coming to less somber themes, we find in a new volume of verse, entitled, "The Shoes That Danced and Other Poems," the following that appeals to us. The author has shown us beauty in a rather vulgar spectacle, and that, we take it, is an important part of the high mission of the poet:

TO A NEW YORK SHOP-GIRL DRESSED FOR SUNDAY

By Anna Hempstead Branch

To-day I saw the shop-girl go
Down gay Broadway to meet her beau.

Conspicuous, splendid, conscious, sweet,
She spread abroad and took the street.

And all that niceness would forbid,
Superb, she smiled upon and did.

Let other girls, whose happier days
Preserve the perfume of their ways,

Go modestly. The passing hour
Adds splendor to their opening flower.

But from this child too swift a doom
Must steal her prettiness and bloom,

Toil and weariness hide the grace
That pleads a moment from her face.

So blame her not if for a day
She flaunts her glories while she may.

She half perceives, half understands,
Snatching her gifts with both her hands.

The little strut beneath the skirt
That lags neglected in the dirt,

The indolent swagger down the street—
Who can condemn such happy feet?

Innocent! vulgar—that's the truth!
Yet with the darling wiles of youth!

The bright, self-conscious eyes that stare
With such hauteur, beneath such hair!
Perhaps the men will find me fair!

Charming and charmed, flippant, arrayed,
Fluttered and foolish, proud, displayed,
Infinite pathos of parade!

The bangles and the narrowed waist—
The tinseled boa—forgive the taste!

Oh, the starved nights she gave for that,
And bartered bread to buy her hat!

She flows before the reproachful sage
And begs her woman's heritage.

Dear child, with the defiant eyes,
Insolent with the half surmise.

We do not quite admire, I know
How foresight frowns on this vain show!

And judgment, wearily sad, may see
No grace in such frivolity.

Yet which of us was ever bold
To worship Beauty, hungry and cold!

Scorn famine down, proudly expressed
Apostle to what things are best.

Let him who starves to buy the food
For his soul's comfort find her good,

Nor chide the frills and furbelows
That are the prettiest things she knows.

Poet and prophet in God's eyes
Make no more perfect sacrifice.

Who knows before what inner shrine
She eats with them the bread and wine?

Poor waif! One of the sacred few
That madly sought the best they knew!

Dear—let me lean my cheek to-night
Close, close to yours. Ah, that is right.

How warm and near! At last I see
One beauty shines for thee and me.

So let us love and understand—
Whose hearts are hidden in God's hand.

And we will cherish your brief Spring
And all its fragile flowering.

God loves all prettiness, and on this
Surely His angels lay their kiss.

Here is more of modernity done into rhyme. The writer is sometimes obscure but never banal. We reprint from *McClure's*:

THE RAILWAY YARD

By Florence Wilkinson

Into the blackness they grind
With ever slackening speed,
And out to the widening light
With the thunder of valves that are freed.
Myriad headlights,
Green lights and red lights,
A tangle of sparks and of darks;
A thousand lives and a thousand souls
Poured out to the city's blend;
A thousand lives and a thousand souls
Sped forth to their journey's end.
Oh, neighbor, what is the end you seek?
There is none to reply, though the dead should speak.

Click of a switch, a lever's turn,
The clang of the opened gate.
Has the hour struck? Will the train be late?
One prays to his God and one curses his fate.
The lover smiles as he touches her hand,—
And the outgoing passengers wait.
It is only two who thread the throng.
A thousand lives and a thousand souls
Pass by and hurry along.

There are some who stand and never go
When the porter opens the gate;
"Good-by, good-by, come back to us soon!"
Their heart is sick with the merciless tune;
Whoot, whoot, hough, hough, zig-zig and away,
To-morrow we follow but never to-day.

A thousand lives and a thousand souls
Who have cast their lot together;
And some set out for a whole new life
And some for a change of weather.
For a dance or for death,
Yet they sit and they sleep,
Or they stare at the engine's curling breath;
They sigh or they smile
At each vanishing mile.
Oh, soul, give your neighbor greeting!
But faces are clouds
Like the flashing trees
And the dizzy houses retreating.

They are running a race, though they know it not,
With a thousand lives that have gone before;
And a thousand souls with a thousand goals
Must press through a single door.
Oh neighbor, think, as the drive-wheel spins,
Of the gutted lamps and the torch-like sins,
Of the babes unborn and the yawning gins!
What is the Crown and Who is it that wins?

We like the simplicity of this serenade, which we find in *The American Illustrated Magazine*:

A SERENADE.

By Charles Buxton Going

The winds of the South,
All fragrant with blossom,
Shall fly to your mouth
And steal to your bosom;
The day songs of meadows
Around you shall leap,
And melt in cool shadows
To soothe you to sleep.

No song of the grove,
No birdling at nest,
So sweet as your love—
So soft as your breast.
No night-moth that flies,
No honey it sips,
So soft as your eyes—
So sweet as your lips.

The winds of the West,
The stars without number,
Shall lull you to rest—
Shall soothe you to slumber,
The summer around you,
The sunshine above you,
With gladness surround you—
Dear heart! how I love you!

Wallace Irwin is gradually working his way up out of the rank of mere newspaper poets. He is now a magazine poet, which doesn't mean very much necessarily; but he has a vein of originality, a versatility and a facility that may carry him high as they have already carried him far. This also is from *McClure's*:

SONG FOR A CRACKED VOICE

By Wallace Irwin

When I was young and slender, a spender, a lender,
What gentleman adventurer was prankier than I,
Who lustier at passes with glasses—and lasses,
How pleasant was the look of 'em as I came jaunting by!
(But now there's none to sigh at me as I come creaking by.)

Then Pegasus went loping 'twixt hoping and toping,
A song in every dicky-bird, a scent in every rose;
What moons for lovelorn glances, romances, and dances,
And how the spirit of the waltz went thrilling to my toes!
(Egad, it's now a gouty pang goes thrilling to my toes!)

Was I that lover frantic, romantic, and antic
Who found the lute in Molly's voice, the heaven in her eyes,
Who, madder than a hatter, talked patter? No matter.
Call not that little, youthful ghost, but leave it where it lies!
(Dear, dear, how many winter snows have drifted where she lies!)

But now I'm old and humble, why mumble and grumble
At all the posy-linked rout that hurries laughing by?
Framed in my gold-rimmed glasses each lass is who passes,
And Youth is still a-twinkling in the corner of my eye.
(How strange you cannot see it in the corner of my eye!)

There is a difficult meter well handled in the following poem which we find in *The Independent*:

DARBY AND JOAN

By Henry Austin

Do you remember
The red September,
When, like an ember from sunset skies,
The orchard olden
Shone rosy-golden
Thru violet haze, a vain disguise;
And I beheld the earth's gay beauty,
Its autumn splendor, full and fruity,
Reflecting deep in hazel eyes?

Do you remember
The gray November,
When, brown and amber from hill to shore,
With pearl tints dimmer
Was all the shimmer
The languid land at sunset wore?
Yet then thru downcast lids Love beckoned,
And you, for one shy, sudden second,
Looked up, a woman—girl no more!

Do you remember
The white December,
The carven chamber, the hearth's faint beams,
Whereat I found you,
Soft fragrance 'round you,
Low singing to the weird gleams?
Then first I dared to stroke your tresses,
And you sighed back, amid caresses,
"Love, 'tis the Christmas of my dreams."

Now, red September
And gray November
And white December, a double score,
Gliding around us,
Like dreams have found us
Lovers; yes, lovers more and more;
With sweeter, deeper, holier blisses
In all our glances, all our kisses,
Than e'er we dreamed in youth of yore.

And we have pleasures
Past mortal measures,
Have hidden treasures in Faith's calm skies;
So might we care not,
Since here they are not,

That Life no longer flows, but flies.
  And I, whose day now dims to even,
  Am glimpsing, nay, beholding, Heaven,
Reflected deep in hazel eyes.

It was a long time ago that Ella Wheeler, in her country home, twelve miles from Madison, Wis., began at the age of thirteen to write for publication. She has not added to the world's classics since that time, but she has held her popularity and, in an age when poetry is rated a "drug on the market," her poetry has a message to many hearts that preserves it in unnumbered scrapbooks. The poem below, from *Lippincott's*, is a very characteristic specimen:

LOVE'S CONFESSIONS

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

I

How shall a maid make answer to a man
  Who summons her, by love's supreme decree,
  To open her whole heart, that he may see
  The intricate strange ways that love began?
So many streams from that great fountain ran,
  To feed the river that now rushes free:
So deep the heart, so full of mystery,
  How shall a maid make answer to a man?
If I turn back each leaflet of my heart
  And let your eyes scan all the records there,
Of dreams of love that came before I KNEW,
  Though in those dreams you had no place or part,
Yet, know that each emotion was a stair
  Which led my ripening womanhood to YOU.

Nay, I was not insensate till you came;
  I know man likes to think a woman clay,
Devoid of feeling till the warming ray
  Sent from *his* heart, lights hers with sudden flame.
You asked for truth; I answer without shame;
  My human heart pulsed blood by night and day,
And I believed that love had come my way
  Before he conquered with your face and name.
I do not know when first I felt this fire
  That lends such lustre to my hopes and fears,
And burns a pathway to you with each thought.
  I think in that great hour when God's desire
For worlds to love flung forth a million spheres,
  This miracle of love in me was wrought.

II

An open door, a moonlit sky,
  A childlike maid with musing eye,
A manly footstep passing by.
  Light as a dew-drop falls from space
Upon a rose-bud's folded grace,
  A kiss fell on her girlish face.

"Good-night, Good-bye," and he was gone.
  And so was childhood; it was dawn
In that young heart the moon shone on.
  His name? his face? Dim memories;
I only know in that first kiss
  Was prophesied this later bliss.

The dreams within my bosom grew;
  Nay, grieve not that my tale is true,
Since all those dreams led straight to you.

III

One time when autumn donned her robes of splendor,
  And rustled down the year's receding track,
As I passed dreaming by, a voice all tender
  Hailed me with youth's soft call to linger back.
I turned and listened to a golden story,
  A wondrous tale, half human, half divine—
A page from bright September's book of glory
  To memorize and make forever mine.
Strange argosies from passion's unknown oceans
  Cruised down my veins, a vague, elusive fleet,
With foreign cargoes of unnamed emotions,
  While wafts of song blew shoreward, dim and sweet.
And sleeping still (because unwaked by you)
  I dreamed and dreamed, and thought my visions true.
I woke when all the crimson color faded
  And wanton Autumn's lips and cheeks were pale;
And when the sorrowing year had slowly waded,
With failing footsteps, through the snow-filled vale.
I woke and knew the glamour of a season
  Had lent illusive lustre to a dream,
And, looking in the clear, calm eyes of Reason,
  I smiled and said, "Farewell to things that seem."
'Twas but a red leaf from a lush September
  The wind of dreams across my pathway blew;
But oh! my love! the whole round year, remember,
  With all its seasons, I bestow on you.
The red leaf perished in the first cold blast;
  The full year's harvests at your feet I cast.

L'ENVOI

Absolve me, Prince; confession is all over.
  But listen and take warning, oh, my lover.
You put to rout all dreams that may have been;
  You won the day, but 'tis not all to win;
GUARD WELL THE FORT, LEST NEW DREAMS ENTER IN.

We borrow from *The Smart Set* this little poem in the minor strain:

MIGHT HAVE

By Edith M. Thomas

I have lived my life, and I face the end—
  But that other life I might have led?
Where lay the road, and who was its friend;
  And what was the goal, when the years were fled?

Where lay the road? Did I miss the turn?
  The friend unknown? Our greetings unsaid?
And the goal unsought? Shall I never learn
  What was that life I might have led?

As the spring's last look, for one dear day
  From skies autumnal on earth may bend,
So lures me that other life—but, nay!
  I have lived my life, and I face the end.

Recent Fiction and the Critics

The dearth of new novels during the last few months is a very striking fact, the significance of which is a matter for discussion. It may mean temporary decline in artistic impulse, or a satiety of the reading public, or merely a business policy on the part of publishers of holding back their wares for certain propitious seasons of the year. Whatever the reason, Miss Ellen Glasgow's new novel* is afforded an unusual prominence thereby and receives an unusual amount of attention. It is by general admission the best thing she has done, a work of high aim and strong execution. "As capably executed a story as we have read in a long time," says *The Sun's* critic. Mr. M. Gordon Pryor Rice, writing in *The Times,* is again and again reminded of "the simple convincing directness of Tolstoy." The author belongs to the few writers, he thinks, who succeed in representing goodness as not only the right and beautiful thing, but the strongest and manliest thing. "She has gone down into the deep places, and the distinction, the lift that is all its own is that in the last analysis it is the Apotheosis of Goodness."

The Wheel of Life

The story reminds one of "The House of Mirth" in that the scenes are laid in New York, and the "smart set" figure largely. The barrenness of the pursuit of pleasure for its own sake is the underlying theme. The title is taken from the sacred writings of the East and is meant to indicate the stages through which the individual is bound to pass. These are four, indicated by the subtitles to the four parts into which the book is divided, namely: Impulse, Illusion, Disenchantment, Reconciliation. For those who have seen only the first three of these phases of life there remains the fourth, more beautiful even than the second. Roger Adams, the hero, passes through acute physical and mental anguish to find this out at last, and Laura Wilde, the heroine, passes through the valley of humiliation to reach a realization of the same truth. And the author, who has chosen this sort of a theme and handled it with power, is a young lady barely over thirty! *The Argonaut,* recalling this fact, wonders what she will do when she has matured her art. It says of this work:

"This remarkable novel deserves consideration apart from its form and content and interest. It is really an approach by Miss Glasgow to masculine art—inspiration carried to completion. One may criticise her style, resent her constant qualification of the verbs 'to say,' 'to smile,' and 'to address.' Yet it has its effect. The style is culminative and, however rough the method, it is powerful."

The Independent's reviewer stands almost alone in thinking the work inferior to Miss Glasgow's previous works—"The Voice of the People," "The Battle Ground," "The Deliverance"—and sighs over the fact that "Life" is to our young women novelists so sorry a business. Says this reviewer:

"We are unwilling witnesses at the death of several souls and the birth of others, and which is the more painful of the two it would be hard to say. Perhaps the echoes of old loves and sins never sounded more harshly thru the strains of a pure love-idyl than in the crucial chapter of Laura's heart-history; but the suffering seems so useless and so hopeless, as the wheel of life turns now up, now down, with its living burden, and we sigh, as often before, for some fresh, sweet and happy presentment of the actual joy of living."

The Springfield *Republican* finds that Miss Glasgow does the big things best. Her hand still lacks the delicacy necessary for the finer touches, and she is weak in the matter of reality: "one gets but scantily the spontaneous conviction that these are real people speaking in their natural voices."

Another business novel comes to us, this time from the pen of Robert Barr. The hero of his novel* is, in the first chapter, a young stationmaster, and in the last chapter he is on the way to wed the richest woman in the world. Between the two chapters he is taken through many and thrilling experiences in the pursuit of wealth and the contests with "the octopus" of monopoly. His adventures in the world of speculative finance are characterized by the critics as "absorbing," "thrilling," etc., but the feeling is pretty general that when Mr. Barr undertakes to develop the sentimental side of his hero he falls down wofully. This love story, which, however, does not put in an appearance until the eleventh hour, is, according to the Philadelphia *Ledger,* "phenomenal in its silliness," and, according to the Brooklyn *Eagle,* "worse even than melodrama: it is 'yellow.'" But both

The Speculations of John Steele

* THE WHEEL OF LIFE. By Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday, Page & Co.

* THE SPECULATIONS OF JOHN STEELE. By Robert Barr. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

critics admit that the main part of the story is well worth reading. Says *The Bookman*:

"A well-known author has called the speculator the pirate of commerce, and Mr. Barr's book is a story of adventures as interesting as those of Captain Kidd, for it has been reserved for America to surround the business of money-getting with the varied incidents that make a book of this type as thrilling as a novel of adventure and lifts the hustle of commercial life into the domain of romance. John Steele is a type, not a character, and he is a fair example of that class of hustler which may be called typically American, in that no other country produces it."

A reviewer in *The Record-Herald* (Chicago) is enthusiastic in praise of Mr. Barr's style. For instance:

"From a purely dramatic point of view 'The Speculations of John Steele' is the most lively and absorbing series of episodes that I have read for some time. Not a line, not a word has the author wasted. If Herbert Spencer had only met it before he wrote 'The Philosophy of Style' he must have set it down as a superb example of 'economy of the reader's attention.'"

The Churchman (New York) is equally strong in condemnatory phrases. It calls the book "a fantastic tale of speculation and plunging," "a cold-blooded, sordid piece of work," in which "one finds nothing to respect."

Princess Priscilla's Fortnight

The author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" has given us a new novel,* which is an extravaganza, but a most delightful one. The princess, who is the heroine, hails from one of those kingdoms in the Old World which exist for the sole benefit of novelists and their readers. Her "fortnight" is spent incog. in a rural district in England whither she flees to escape the monotony of court life and marriage with a prince she has not met. She takes with her her maid and her father's old librarian, and the way in which the inexperience of the three and the beauty and charitable impulses of the princess disturb the simple life of the place is told with humor and with a skill that convinces one even of the most impossible things. When the money gives out, Annalise, the maid, reveals the whereabouts of the truants and the prince comes to claim his own. It is, the Chicago *Dial* thinks, "the most charming extravaganza imaginable," and the fortnight described is "all too brief for our enjoyment." The critic of the London *Academy* confesses that he has been "enchanted" against his reason. The author's qualities "lie outside the realm of sober argument," and whenever the critic was torn from the book he "thought with pleasure and impatience of getting back to it." The London *Athenaeum* speaks in similar vein of the author's "ready wit and light handling," of the "astonishing adventures" of the characters, and sums the book up as "pure lighthearted comedy occasionally over-stepping the border-land of farce." Says the New York *Nation*:

"The characters, though overdrawn, are full of interest, especially the librarian, the princess, the hopelessly adoring squire and his mother, and the rescuing prince, while the description of the kind old vicar is the best passage in the book. As a travesty of the Simple Life the story is amusing and timely, and no one will quarrel with the moral as expressed towards the close."

*THE PRINCESS PRISCILLA'S FORTNIGHT. By the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." Charles Scribner's Sons.

Jules of the Great Heart

A first book by a new writer is apt to receive words of generous praise, if at all worthy. Mr. Lawrence Mott is a new author, with a love for wild life and with the means (being the scion of a wealthy family) to gratify it. His first novel* has received praise of the superlative degree. It is compared favorably even with the work of Jack London and Gilbert Parker. But the dialect in which much of it is written has given the critics some bad moments, being, in the opinion of *The Critic*, the thorniest dialect he (or she) has ever had to cope with. The story is Canadian, the dialect a French-English *patois*. The hero, Jules Verbaux, is a free trapper who fights against the Hudson Bay monopoly, and becomes "a kind of cross between Robin Hood and Leatherstocking." He is an outlaw, who eludes his pursuers time and again. His mercy to his enemies when he has them in his power wins him the title of "Great Heart." Here is what *The Reader Magazine* says of the hero:

"No other single character evolved for us out of the vast silences, the forest twilight, the winter storms, the fleeting summer beauty and the year-round loneliness and mystery of the great Canadian wilderness knocks at our hearts so unerringly as he. The atmosphere of the stories excites admiration; it is as good as Gilbert Parker's best."

The Critic calls the tale "strong, imaginative and picturesque," and Frederic Taber Cooper, writing in *The Bookman*, says:

"The sense of the cold and loneliness of northern forests, the pitiless cruelty of northern storms, is given with the same sort of strength that gave distinction to Jack London's early Alaska stories; and there is in addition a warm human quality, a suggestion of kindliness and sympathetic heart beats, which is precisely the quality that has always been missing in the author of 'The Sea Wolf.'"

*JULES OF THE GREAT HEART. By Lawrence Mott. The Century Company.

The Story of the Lost Conscience

This allegorical little tale is by "the Juvenal of Russia"—M. I. Saltykov-Schedrin—and is translated for CURRENT LITERATURE from the Russian. The writer is less well known than some of his contemporaries outside Russia, but there he has created types some of which are known popularly in much the same way as those created by Dickens are known here. His literary activity began in the fifties. Toward the close of the eighties, the rigor of the censor made it necessary for him to master the style in which one thing is said and another meant, and his health broke under the strain. "Oh, this work of an author!" he exclaims. "It is not only pain; it is hell. The blood of the writer trickles down drop by drop. What have they not done with my work! Cut it, distorted it, declared publicly that I am a dangerous character!"

Conscience had disappeared. The people crowded the streets and theaters as before; pursued their occupations; enriched themselves; and no one seemed to notice that anything was missing, that one instrument in the concert of life had grown silent. Many felt even more robust and free, held their heads up higher, could now more readily dig pitfalls for their fellows and were better able to simulate, to flatter, to cringe, deceive, slander and denounce. All remorse vanished as if blown away by the wind; no sad reflections oppressed them; the present and the future stood open before them. The loss of Conscience was not at all felt.

It had disappeared quite suddenly. But yesterday, that boresome, importunate creature was continually bobbing up before one's eyes, and harrassing the heated imagination. Now it was suddenly gone, and with it the moral unrest, the worrying phantoms that always accompany the ever-censuring and damning Conscience. It was now possible to enjoy God's glorious world undisturbed, and the clever people recognized for the first time that they were freed from the last hindrance in the way of their ambitions. Of course they did not fail to make use of the opportunity thus offered them. People went amuck, plundering and robbing went on, right and left, and there was devastation everywhere.

Poor, bespattered, torn Conscience, meantime, lay in the street trampled upon by every passer-by. It was pushed aside like a useless rag, and those who saw it wondered why such a nasty-looking thing was tolerated on the most frequented street of the city—Heaven knows how long it would have lain there had not a drunken sot happened along who, in his intoxication, did not think it beneath his dignity to pick up this rag for which he hoped he might, perhaps, get a glass of whisky.

Straightway he felt something like an electric current pass through his body. He looked with a sad gaze before him; as the alcoholic vapors that befogged his mind disappeared, the bitter recognition of the reality gradually asserted itself. At first he was seized with a dull sense of terror that made him fearful of some impending danger; then his memory began to stir and his imagination became active. From out the darkness of his sinful past his memory unsparingly dragged forth the recollection of his misdeeds, his infidelity and his indolence. His imagination reanimated this past, and the judge in him awoke.

His whole life now seemed to him like an unbroken chain of crime. He could neither justify nor defend himself. He was so greatly oppressed by the overwhelming evidence of his depravity that his voluntary self-condemnation was a more painful punishment than any human court could have imposed. He no longer solaced himself with the thought that the greater part of this past was chargeable not to himself, a poor, wretched drunkard, but to some mysterious, nebulous power at whose mercy he was, and by which he was tossed about like a frail blade of grass in the whirlwind. What, in fact, constituted his past? What was it that had made it his own and not someone else's? Why did he live it thus and not otherwise? What was he himself? Questions without end came which he faced helplessly, knowing no answer.

Alas! Awakened consciousness brought him neither peace nor hope; the tormenting Conscience showed him but one outlet—that of fruitless self-condemnation. Heretofore he had been surrounded by darkness; that same darkness still surrounded him, but now it was peopled with torturing specters. Before, heavy chains had dangled at his wrists; now they seemed to him doubly heavy. Futile tears ran down his face, and people stopped in front of him and said that the whisky had squeezed them out.

"Help! I cannot bear it any longer!" exclaimed the poor inebriate, and the crowd laughed and jeered. It did not know that the drunkard had never before been so sober.

"It is impossible to bear. I must get rid of it somewhere or I shall perish like a dog!" thought the poor drunkard, and he was about to throw Conscience away when he was hindered by a clerk of the court who had just then come along.

"Why, friend," he cried threateningly, "you want to spread about contaminated papers! Take care, or you will be 'pinched' for it."

The drunkard hid his package and walked off as quickly as he could. He looked about him carefully and edged up to the saloon of his old friend Prokhorich. He looked carefully through the window and when he saw the saloon-keeper all alone napping behind the bar, he opened the door, rushed in, and before Prokhorich knew it the fateful package was in his hands.

* * * * * * *

The saloon-keeper stood for a while with eyes wide open, then he began to perspire. It seemed to him, now, as if he was running a speak-easy, that he had no legal authority to keep a saloon; but he immediately convinced himself that he had the necessary license. Then he looked at the object in his hands and recognized it.

"Ha!" he cried. "That is the very same sort of thing that I had so much trouble in getting rid of before arranging my payments for duty and for license!"

Now it flashed upon him that he himself would be compelled to bring about his own financial ruin.

"It is an unpardonable meanness to drive this drink devil down poor people's throats!" whispered Conscience into his ear.

"Arina Ivanovna, wife!" he called, beside himself with fear.

Arina appeared, and as she perceived Conscience she screamed at the top of her voice: "Help! Robbers! Thieves!"

"Why must I now, on account of that drunken scoundrel, suddenly lose everything that I have?" thought Prokhorich.

Presently the saloon began to fill with people, but Prokhorich, instead of serving his customers with his usual amiability, not only hesitated to give them whisky but tried his utmost to convince them that drink is the source of the ruin of the poor.

"If you drank but one little glass, that might not be so bad," said he with tears in his eyes; "but you would rather drink a whole gallonful. And what is the consequence? You are dragged to the police-station, stripped of your clothes and given a whipping. Now, then, brother, think of it; is it worth while to strive for a thing of that kind, and pay me, an old fool, money for it, besides?"

"What ails you, Prokhorich? You are clean daft," the guests retorted in astonishment.

"If you had fared as I have you would have lost your senses also. See here, what a treasure I have!"

Prokhorich showed everybody the conscience that so unexpectedly came into his possession and asked whether anybody wanted to have it. But when they saw the suspicious-looking thing no one wanted to take it; they turned away and drew back.

"But what are you going to do about it, Prokhorich?" asked the guests.

"There is nothing left for me to do but to die. I can no longer deceive and cheat, and I do not wish to drown the poor people in whisky. Hence, I must die."

"Quite right!" responded the guests with a mocking laugh.

"I should like," continued Prokhorich, "to break all the glasses and everything here, and let the whisky run out. For he who has become virtuous as myself can no longer bear the smell of alcohol; it fills him with disgust."

Although Arina steadfastly refused to allow him to break the glasses and let the whisky run out, not a drop of spirits was sold on that day. Toward the evening Prokhorich grew even cheerful and said to his weeping wife:

"Well, my dear, although we have made no money to-day, yet my heart feels lighter in the possession of a conscience." And, in truth, he did actually fall so fast asleep that he neither dreamed nor snored, as was his custom when he was making money.

But his wife was occupied with her thoughts. She was of opinion that a conscience could only result in loss and injury to a saloon-keeper. That uninvited guest had, therefore, to be got rid of at all hazards. With this purpose in her mind she lay awake the entire night, and as the first ray of daylight broke through the dust-covered window-panes, she stole Conscience from her sleeping husband and ran with it out into the street.

It happened to be a market-day. The peasants were coming with their carts from the villages. Police-Officer Lovetz was just then on his way to the market. When Arina saw him she was suddenly struck by a happy idea. She ran after the policeman and succeeded in slipping Conscience into his overcoat pocket.

* * * * * * *

Lovetz was not the worst type of police officer,

shall not be able to make good in a whole year," he entreated.

His wife, too, saw that it was a matter of life and death with her husband. She undressed him, put him to bed, and gave him tea to drink. Then she walked into the anteroom and thought that she would search his overcoat pockets; perhaps she would find a few pennies there. She looked through his pockets and found in one the empty purse; from the other she drew forth the package. When she unwrapped it she was dazed.

"So? These are the kind of things he occupies himself with!" she whispered. "He carries Conscience along with him in his pocket!"

Now she deliberated on how to get rid of this thing in such a manner that it might not cause too much pain and trouble to the recipient. Finally she decided upon the former whisky rectifier, and present financier and railway magnate, and thought that that was the best place to dispose of it.

"He has a strong neck, and even if it makes him a little fidgety it will not hurt him."

She carefully put Conscience into an envelope, wrote the financier's address upon it and placed it in the mail-box.

"Now, old man, you can be at rest and go to the market again," she said, as he returned to her husband.

* * * * * * * *

The financier sat at the dinner- table surrounded by his whole family. Near him sat his ten-year-old son, occupied with the solution of a financial problem.

On the other side of the financier sat a younger son, seven years old, who also was computing a problem. Then came two others who were engaged in a dispute as to how much interest they owed each other for borrowed bonbons. At the other end of the table sat his beautiful wife with her baby daughter at her breast, who instinctively stretched out her little hands after mamma's costly golden bracelet.

In short, the financier was a happy paterfamilias. He was just about to pour a delicate sauce over his roast meat when his servant brought him a letter on a silver tray.

He had scarcely laid his hand on it when a fearful unrest came upon him. He turned and twisted like an eel on burning coals.

"What is this? What do I want this thing for?" he ejaculated, trembling all over.

The anguish that the financier underwent that day baffles all description; but in spite of the almost incredible torture he suffered, he could not make up his mind to sacrifice even as much as fifteen kopeks.

"It will not hurt me, it will pass! Only hold me fast, Lizzie," he said to his wife, while he was convulsed with desperate paroxysms, "and if I ask for my purse, don't give it to me; let me rather die!"

But as there is no position so difficult that a way out of it cannot be found, there was found one this time also. The financier remembered that he had long ago promised a contribution to a charitable institution at the head of which was a general of his acquaintance, but that he had delayed the payment of it from one day to the other. Now a favorable opportunity presented itself to carry out his old intention.

And so he did. He carefully opened the envelope he had received, took out Conscience from it with a pair of pinchers, put it into another envelope, added to it a check for a hundred roubles, sealed it and went with it to his friend, the general.

"Your Excellency, I want to contribute something to your institute," he said, and he laid the envelope before the rejoiced general.

"That's fine, that's laudable," returned the general. "I knew that you were a charitable man. God be with you!"

The financier now hurried home as if on wings. That same evening he had forgotten all the agony he had gone through and concluded a financial combine which, when it became known the next day, called forth universal astonishment.

Thus, poor, despised Conscience went from one man to the other, and came to thousands of people; but no one wanted to keep it, and everyone sought to get rid of it even through deceit and trickery. Finally the poor thing grew too weary of going among strangers and never finding a permanent place of rest. Therefore it said to its last possessor, a poor store-keeper who lived in some obscure, dusty corner, and who never came out into the open green field:

"Why do you torment me; why do you treat me like a useless rag?"

"But what should I do with you if no one wants to have you?" asked the poor store-keeper.

"I will tell you," replied Conscience. "Find some little child, open its pure little heart and conceal me within it. The innocent creature will guard me, tend to me and cherish me; it will grow with me, and even when it attains power and reputation it will not be ashamed of me."

And so it happened, indeed. The store-keeper found a little child, opened its pure heart and locked Conscience within it.

Now the little child is growing, and in it, Conscience. When the child becomes a great man, he will also have a large conscience. Falsehood, egoism, cunning and brute force will be vanquished, for Conscience will then be respected and powerful and in time will rule the world.

The Prudential

Advances in Security and Public Confidence.

THIRTIETH ANNUAL STATEMENT, JANUARY 1, 1906, SHOWS

Assets, over	107 Million Dollars
Liabilities (including Reserve $88,000,000)	91 Million Dollars
Surplus, over	16 Million Dollars
Increase in Assets, over	18 Million Dollars
Paid Policyholders during 1905, over	14 Million Dollars
Total Payments to Policyholders to Dec. 31, 1905, over	107 Million Dollars
Cash Dividends and Other Concessions not Stipulated in Original Contracts and Voluntarily Given to Holders of Old Policies to Date, over	6 Million Dollars
Number of Policies in Force, nearly	6½ Million
Increase in Number of Policies in Force, over	½ Million
Net Increase in Insurance in Force, over	113 Million Dollars

Bringing Total Amount of Insurance in Force to over

One Billion One Hundred and Seventy Million Dollars.

ECONOMICAL ADMINISTRATION.

LOWER EXPENSE RATE THAN EVER BEFORE.

CAREFUL SELECTION OF RISKS.

FAVORABLE MORTALITY EXPERIENCE.

Dividends Paid to Policyholders
During 1905, Over
ONE MILLION DOLLARS

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO.
OF AMERICA

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. Home Office, Newar

Write for Information of Policies, Dept. 17

The Humor of Life

SCRAPPY: Do you call that thing on your head a hat?
MRS. SCRAPPY: Do you call that thing in your hat a head? —*Life.*

ACCORDING TO AGREEMENT

HICKS: "You don't mean to say you got the better of Gabbie in an argument?"
WICKS: "Yes; I told him if he'd give me two minutes to present my side, without interruption, I'd let him talk for an hour."
HICKS: "Well?"
WICKS: "Well, when I had talked through my two minutes I jumped on a passing trolley car."
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

HAIR RAISING

Husband—I feel in the mood for reading something sensational and startling—something that will fairly make my hair stand on end.
Wife—Well, here is my last dressmaker's bill.
—*Washington Life.*

WITH PLEASURE

OFFICER: "If you haven't a license you will have to accompany me."
GRINDER: "All right, sir—what will you sing?"
—*Leslie's Weekly.*

SELF-KNOWLEDGE

FIRST SPECULATOR: "What are you in the street —a bull or a bear?"
SECOND SPECULATOR: "Neither; I'm an ass."
—*Judge.*

READY TO EXCHANGE

A man in Texas is anxious to exchange his home and property down there for a residence in New York State. We are his man, and he can have ours whenever he can arrange matters.—*Star of Hope, published in Sing Sing.*

POOR MAN

MRS. LECTOOR: "Do you know that you talk in your sleep?"
LECTOOR: "Well, it's the only chance I get."
—*Lippincott's.*

WHY NORAH WAS WORRIED

My maid Norah went to consult a fortune-teller and returned wailing dismally.

"Did she predict some great trouble?" I asked sympathetically.

"Och, mem, sich therrible news!" moaned Norah, rocking back and forth wringing her hands.

"Tell me, I said, wishing to comfort the girl.

"She tould me thot me father wurks hard shovelin' coal an' 'tindin' foires fer a livin'."

"But that's no disgrace nor sorrow," I said, a trifle vexed at such affectation.

"Och, mem, me poor father!" sobbed Norah. "He's bin dead these noine years!"—*Judge.*

A JAPANESE PRINT
—*Puck.*

TESTIMONIAL

"I want to testify to the efficacy of Dr. Brown's Elixir," writes a grateful correspondent. "My rich uncle took one bottle and now I am his sole heir."—*Washington Life.*

GETTING EVEN

"I wouldn't wed the smartest man
That ever lived," said she.
"You couldn't, madam," he began;
"I'm married now," said he.
—*Joe Cone in Judge.*

$3.00 a Year April 1906 Price 25 Ce[illegible]

Current Literature

APR 6 1906

Edited by EDWARD J. WHEELER

THE CURRENT LITERATURE PUBLISHING CO
34 West 26th Street, New York

Be Fair to Your Skin, and it will be Fair to You—and to Others

A BEAUTIFUL SKIN can only be secured through Nature's work. Ghastly, horrid imitations of Beauty are made by cosmetics, balms, powders, and other injurious compounds. They put a coat over the already clogged pores of the skin, and double the injury.

Now that the use of cosmetics is being inveighed against from the very pulpits, the importance of a pure soap becomes apparent. The constant use of Hand Sapolio produces so fresh and rejuvenated a condition of the skin that all incentive to the use of cosmetics is lacking.

HAND SAPOLIO is

SO PURE that it can be freely used on a new-born baby.
SO SIMPLE that it can be a part of the invalid's supply with beneficial results.
SO EFFICACIOUS as to bring the small boy almost into a state of "surgical cleanliness" and keep him there.

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THE SPOKESMAN OF THE ADMINISTRATION

A new picture of the Secretary of War, who has twice refused an appointment to the Supreme Court.

"Taft is a mighty hustler, but there is nothing 'strenuous,' as that word has been defined in later days, about him.

"He hustles calmly. He disposes of immense quantities of work with an air of beneficent leisure."

Current Literature

VOL. XL, No. 4 | Edward J. Wheeler, Editor
Associate Editors: Leonard D. Abbott, Alexander Harvey | APRIL, 1906

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY APR 6 1906 CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

A Review of the World

FOR a "treasonable body" (see various magazines for specifications) the United States Senate has been behaving very well of late. "It has done the Senate good to be written up in the magazines," remarks the Omaha *World-Herald;* "the critics have had a tonic influence upon that ancient and honorable body." Two bills the Senate has recently disposed of in a way to elicit almost unbroken approbation from the press of the country. The passage of the Heyburn pure food bill, by a vote of 63 to 4, comes after a struggle of fifteen years or more, and is in line with the recommendations of the President. It is the first administration measure to run the gauntlet of the upper house in safety. It prohibits the shipment of adulterated foods and liquors from State to State, or between this country and any foreign country, and prohibits all traffic in such goods in the Territories and the District of Columbia. Further than this Congress has, probably, no power to go. The bill will affect industries on which, it is estimated, the people spend $400,000,000 a year, and the recent decision of the Supreme Court denying to corporations the privilege of refusing to furnish incriminating evidence will doubtless make the pure food bill, if passed also by the lower house, more effective than anyone had heretofore dared to hope. The passage of the bill by an almost unanimous vote is regarded as a notable triumph of public sentiment. Two magazines of large circulation—*Collier's Weekly* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*—have been making a crusade for this measure and have reason to congratulate themselves.

THE second bill disposed of by the Senate in apparent harmony with public opinion in general is the statehood bill. On this bill the Senate joined issue with the Administration, and, strange to say, for once public sentiment has supported the Senate and opposed the Administration. By the small majority of two votes, the bill as it had come from the lower house was amended so as to eliminate Arizona and New Mexico entirely. As it stands now, the bill makes one State out of Oklahoma and Indian Territory; but the lower house has again to act on the amended bill, and Speaker Cannon is reported to be in a belligerent mood on the subject. We fail to find much support in the press for any belligerent attitude that the Speaker of the lower house may feel disposed to take. The apparent desire of the inhabitants of Arizona to remain in a territorial condition rather than be yoked up with New Mexico has had a determining effect upon the views of the country at large as voiced in the press, and the effort to attribute this popular opposition in Arizona to corporate jobbery has not been very effective. The action in amending the bill was a victory for justice, according to the Boston *Herald* (Ind.); it was the right way out, according to the Minneapolis *Journal* (Ind. Rep.); the reasons for such action were convincing, according to the Louisville *Courier-Journal* (Dem.); the Senate has acted wisely, according to the Boston *Transcript* (Rep.) and the New York *Journal of Commerce* (Financial).

ON TWO other bills, the action of the Senate arouses bitter condemnation. The refusal of the Senate Committee on the Philippines, by a vote of eight to five, to report the Philippine tariff bill either favorably or unfavorably is not of necessity final, as the committee may change its attitude before the end of the session or the Senate may possibly order the bill reported. It is the general opinion, however, that the bill is dead for this session and the protest is general and acri-

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SENATOR BY UNANIMOUS VOTE

John Tyler Morgan, of Alabama, was a member of the State convention that decreed secession for his State in 1861. He was a Confederate brigadier. Is serving his fifth term as United States Senator, not a vote being cast against him in the Alabama legislature in 1900. He has been called "the father of the Panama Canal," but he disowns his child. He is suspected of being a Democrat!

monious. The committee that has strangled it did not divide on party lines. Five Republicans and three Democrats voted to kill it and three Republicans and two Democrats voted to report it. The chief opposition to the bill comes from the sugar and tobacco interests, including planters, farmers and cigarmakers. The bill, despite the hostility of these interests, passed the lower house a few weeks ago by 258 to 71. The New York *Sun* thinks the defeat of the bill will make little difference economically to the Filipinos:

"The day of judgment is not blotted from the calendar. It is only shuffled a few months into the future. The weary grind will have to be gone all over again. At another session a new bill will go in, more witnesses will appear before the committees with the same often repeated assertions and figures. It is tedious business, but the next time the machine gets into action it should start from the only proper point of departure. That would provide for free trade between the Philippine Islands and this country."

IN PASSING the ship subsidy bill, but under a much more euphonious name than that, the Senate has confirmed the charge of subservience to corporate interests, in the judgment of many, and, in the judgment of many more, has done a wise deed of patriotism. The bill was introduced as an act "to promote the national defense, to create a force of naval volunteers, to establish American ocean mail lines to foreign markets, to promote commerce, and to provide revenue from tonnage." It was passed by a majority of eleven, party lines being pretty closely drawn in the division. It contemplates an annual expenditure running from three to eight millions a year, and aggregating in ten years' time about forty millions. It authorizes thirteen new contract mail lines, three to run from Atlantic ports (to South America and South Africa), six from ports on the Gulf of Mexico (to Central America, Mexico, Panama, Brazil and Cuba), four from Pacific ports (to Japan, China, the Philippines and to Mexico, Central America and Panama). The Democratic press is loud in opposition, and most of the independent papers stand with them. Both the principle of the bill and its methods are condemned, and it is charged that the only public sentiment in its favor has been worked up by the Merchant Marine League of the United States, with headquarters at Cleveland. Mr. Bryan's paper, *The Commoner,* says: "It is plain that the ship subsidy schemers are determined to make a desperate effort to push

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MAKING LAWS FOR EIGHTY MILLIONS OF PEOPLE

This is the House of Representatives in session, Speaker Cannon in the chair.

the measure through the house at this session, and men who, regardless of political prejudice, have supported Mr. Roosevelt in the matter of railway rate legislation will regret to learn that this obnoxious measure has his unqualified support."

The arguments for and against the bill have been too often thrashed out in past years to make it necessary to repeat them here at this time. They go back pretty far and down pretty deep into the theory of government and political economy.

WHAT will the Senate do about railroad rates? That, after all, is the question that still arouses the greatest amount of interest, and to it conflicting answers are sent out from Washington in quick succession. One thing is reasonably clear, that the Senate does not really wish to do much, if anything, and that all that keeps the proposed legislation alive now is the influence of the President and the belief that his desires represent those of the people. Senator Foraker, in one of the most notable speeches yet made on the subject, asserted that the demand for railroad rate legislation had no place in campaign discussions in 1904, and "never commanded any serious attention until the President mentioned it in his annual message." Then "his popularity was so great and he so thoroughly commanded the confidence of all classes of people that there was an immediate and very general acceptance of his recommendation." This refers not to rate regulation by States, which is not new and the constitutionality of which is not doubtful, but to rate regulation by Congress. Whether Senator Foraker is right or not, any action the Senate may take will have a perfunctory appearance. The debate, so far, has been rather lopsided. Senator's Dolliver's reply to Senator Foraker's legal argument

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HE HAS CHARGE OF THE RATE BILL IN THE SENATE

This is a new picture of Senator Tillman, of whom the Macon *Telegraph* says: "Whatever his errors in the past or his mistakes in the future, Senator Tillman has more genuine 'grit' than any other man now in American public life."

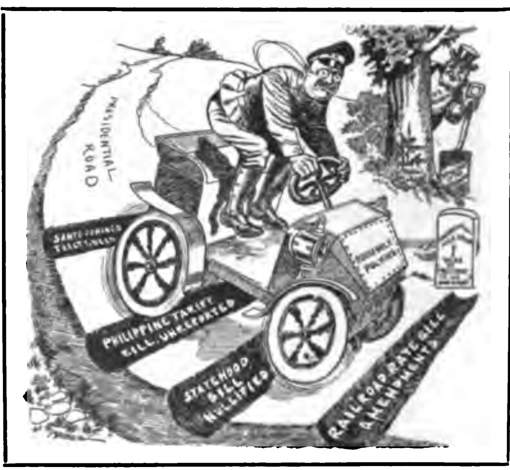
against the Hepburn bill was wholly inadequate, and in general it must be admitted that both in and out of the Senate the advocates of the bill have failed adequately to sustain their side of the case. An exception should be made of Senator Raynor's speech in favor of the bill, which was vigorous and effective.

ONE signal illustration of the fact that the bill is one whose life depends almost wholly upon the President's favor, is seen in the article which President Hadley, of Yale, contributes to the discussion. President Hadley is a specialist on the subject, having been a professor of political science before he became president. His article, which appeared in the Boston *Transcript,* is a clear and candid argument against the bill and then an equally clear and candid appeal for its passage! He rehearses the experience in Great Britain along this line and the attempt there, in 1873, to regulate rates by means of a commission not subject to court review except in a very limited degree. The attempt was abandoned "not because it hurt the railroads, but because it failed to benefit the shippers." The attempt to prevent appeals to the courts proved "a complete failure," and the shipper found that the route to a final adjudication had simply been rendered more circuitous. President Hadley sums up his views of the Hepburn bill as follows:

"The Hepburn bill does not appear likely to accomplish its object. The history of English railroad regulation shows that a similar measure passed under closely analogous circumstances failed to do the good which its advocates expected. The same failure is likely to be repeated in the United States, when an act provides that a commission shall be at once an advisory body, a prosecuting body, and a judicial body. The combination of these three functions in one office is repugnant to the Constitution of the United States, to common law, and to the American sense of fair play. And the bill is subject to this further criticism, that by investing the commission with certain judicial duties and powers which it cannot well assume, it incapacitates it for the most important administrative functions which properly belong to it. What the United States needs is an act under which the commission will take part in the making of tariffs and give effect to the public interest in the general questions of railroad management, leaving the specific cases of violation to be stopped or punished by the courts. The arguments, both historical and economic, in favor of a bill to have a commission do its own business instead of relieving it of that duty in order that it may do somebody's else's business, are very strong indeed."

HOW, then, holding such views, can President Hadley advise the passage of the bill? The answer is, in brief, because President Roosevelt favors it. We quote again:

"The country is today in the midst of a great



GETTING THERE

—Maybell in Brooklyn *Eagle*.

wave of moral sentiment. This has been aroused by the insurance inquiry, by the evidences of political corruption in cities, and by various abuses of corporate power which have come to light. If the spirit of reform is allowed to have its own way it will result in a good many wise acts, and some foolish ones also; but the good is pretty sure to outweigh the evil. If, on the other hand, this sentiment is resisted, every case of unintelligent resistance will give rise to deep-seated misunderstandings; will intensify the evils and dangers incident to the movement; will make radicals out of those who should have been conservatives; and will during the next time of commercial crisis leave us face to face with the danger of bitter class struggles.

"Of this movement of public sentiment President Roosevelt is the recognized leader. . . . He represents a sentiment which under leadership like his is most salutary; but which, should it fall under the direction of other leaders, might readily become hysterical or pernicious. The position of many of the senators and representatives, that they will stand for a bill which has the approval of the President and not for one which fails to have his approval, is in my judgment a wise one. And though I cannot concur with the President in believing that the Interstate Commerce Commission is the proper body for judicial determination of rates, I believe that it is better to acquiesce in a measure that he approves than to insist upon a compromise which would not satisfy him or anyone else."

THE latest reports on the situation as we go to press indicate that Senator Spooner's provision for court review will be added to the Hepburn bill and the bill then passed. "The lawyers of the Senate who have been taken into the confidence of Senator Spooner," so a Washington correspondent states, "have been completely won over to the plan by its completeness and sagacity." It provides for a court review of the commission's decisions, but requires that a railway company that appeals to the court must deposit a sum of money sufficient to cover the difference in rates on all traffic affected by the decision. If the rate decreed by the commission is sustained by the court, the shippers receive whatever part of this deposit is necessary to reimburse them for the loss by reason of the delay caused by the appeal. The Spooner measure would require, moreover, that railroad companies make a monthly report to the Interstate Commerce Commission of all goods shipped on their lines, the names of shippers and the rates of shipment. But why, asks the Springfield *Republican,* all this perturbation over the court review section of the bill? It calls attention to a passage in the speech made by Senator Knox, supposedly with the President's approval, in Pittsburg last November. Senator Knox said:

"There is no order that can be made by any commission or board now existing, or which it is proposed to create, that can change a rate or practice that is unreasonable or unjust without its order being subject to review in a judicial proceeding in the United States circuit court upon the ground of the unreasonableness of the order of the commission, and there is no law that does and probably no law could be enacted that could prevent the court, if satisfied that injustice had

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THE MOST OUTSPOKEN FOE OF THE HEPBURN RATE BILL

Of Senator Foraker's speech against the bill, it was said: "That speech must be answered or the bill is dead." He was born on an Ohio farm, served through the Civil War, being but nineteen when it ended, was twice Governor of Ohio, and has a great reputation as an orator.

RECOGNITION

—Washington *Star.*

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A STRONG SUPPORTER OF THE PRESIDENT IN RATE REGULATION

Senator Dolliver's term of office expires next year, but his views of rate regulation are popular with his Iowa constituents and will help him to a re-election. He figures prominently among the senatorial advocates of the President's views.

been done the railroads, from staying the operation of the order upon terms until the court had passed upon the merits of the controversy."

If that is the case, says *The Republican,* why should conservative Senators fight the Hepburn bill to the last ditch because it lacks an explicit court review clause, and why, on the other hand, should the more radical Senators oppose an amendment which merely grants a power which the courts already possess and of which they cannot be deprived by act of Congress?

EFFORTS to curb the great corporations go merrily forward, and the year 1906 promises to be a banner year in this respect. The great insurance companies have been reduced, for the time being at least, to a realizing sense of their true relations to the public, and there is a fair prospect that legislation at Albany and elsewhere will make their conversion lasting. From the seat of war in Washington come reports of progress in the enactment of legislation to put a bit in the mouths of the great railroad systems. Railway rate legislation seems likely to pass in some reasonable shape, and though it will not be all that the most radical demand, it will undoubtedly bring a very considerable degree of wholesome restraint with it. But more sweeping and perhaps more effective than the proposed legislation either at Washington or Albany is the recent action of the Supreme Court of the United States. This body, which political agitators a few years ago regarded with the greatest hostility as a body of reactionaries, has rendered a decision which the late Democratic candidate for President, Judge Parker, terms "one of the events of American history."

NOT railroad corporations alone, nor insurance corporations alone, but all corporations, big and little, are affected by the decision of the court. It was delivered by Judge Brown, whose early retirement from the bench has been announced, and it is a worthy valedictory. The cases before the court were the tobacco trust and paper trust cases, in which certain information had been refused on the ground that it would tend to incriminate the corporation. The decision is, in effect, that the constitutional privilege of refusing to give self-incriminating evidence is a personal, but not a corporation privilege. Says Judge Brown, in giving the court's decision:

"The individual may stand upon his rights as a citizen, but the corporation is a creature of the State. It is presumed to be incorporated for the benefit of the public. It receives certain special privileges and franchises and holds them subject to the laws of the State and the limitations of its charter. Its rights to act as a corporation are only preserved to it so long as it obeys the laws of its creation. There is a reserved right in the Legislature to investigate its contract and find out whether it has exceeded its powers. It would be a strange

SENATORIAL PERSUASION
—Donahey in Cleveland *Plain Dealer.*

anomaly to hold that a State, having chartered a corporation to make use of certain franchises, could not in the exercise of its sovereignty inquire how those franchises had been employed and whether they had been abused, and demand the production of the corporate books and papers for that purpose.

"The defense amounts to this: That an officer of a corporation which is charged with a criminal violation of the statute may plead the criminality of such corporation as a refusal to produce its books. To state this proposition is to answer it. While an individual may lawfully refuse to answer incriminating questions, unless protected by an immunity statute, it does not follow that a corporation vested with special privileges and franchises may refuse to show its hand when charged with an abuse of such privileges."

WANTS THOROUGH REFORM IN THE MUTUAL LIFE

Stuyvesant Fish resigned from a committee appointed by the trustees and will head an international policy-holders committee. The subsequent fight by Harriman to oust him from the presidency of the Illinois Central has aroused deep interest. His father was Grant's Secretary of State.

THIS reasoning seems almost axiomatic, but it has been promptly recognized as of the greatest importance. Judge Parker calls the decision "one of the most important and far-reaching that have ever been delivered from the bench." He says further:

"By this action the Supreme Court has taken away the last loop hole through which the trusts hoped to avoid the limelight of publicity being thrown upon their unlawful methods of dealing with competitors. It opens the way for a complete examination of their affairs, which I have no doubt will be immediately probed to the bottom, if not in this administration at least within the next few years. . . . This decision means that their last resource to avoid the law has been exhausted, and nothing is left but for them to submit to an examination which in most cases will no doubt result in a prosecution under the Sherman anti-trust law. This will generally mean a conviction, and the breaking up of these unlawful combinations. Altogether I regard Monday's decision as one of the greatest things that has happened for the welfare of the American people in modern years."

The decision, says Senator Spooner, "is a powerful weapon to put in the hands of the Executive, and especially at this time when inquiry into the affairs of corporations is being urged.

SIMILAR views are expressed by Senators Lodge, Cullom, Foraker, Tillman and others, and the newspaper comment is pitched on the same key. *The Evening Post* (New York) regards the decision as a vindication of Judge Parker's position in the campaign two years ago when he made the assertion (disputed at the time by President Roosevelt) that the common law, as applied by our courts, already furnished a remedy against many of the evils that attach to trusts and that it had not been adequately evoked. The effect of the decision now made is thus interpreted by *The Evening Post*:

"What the decision upholds is, essentially, the inquisitorial powers of grand juries. They may make dragnet inquiries. With no specific charge before them, they may summon the officers and agents of corporations, and compel them to produce their books and accounts, as also to testify to matters within their knowledge, even though the result be to show the corporation guilty of acts in violation of the anti-Trust law and other statutes of Congress. 'Of what use is it,' asks the court, 'for the legislature to declare these combinations unlawful, if the judicial power may close the door of access to every available source of information upon the subject?' The Supreme Court opens the door. Of course, as the

THE "YELLOW DOG" FACING THE MUSIC
—W. A. Rogers in N. Y. *Herald.*

decision points out, corporations like individuals are to be protected against 'unreasonable searches'; but a search made by the officers of the law, with the intent to show the commission of a crime, cannot hereafter be frustrated by any hasty slipping on and off of masks.

"It is a wholesome thing thus to be reminded of the inherent powers of judicial process at a time when the land is filled with the cries of the panacea-peddlers. . . . Let the law against combinations be rigorously enforced, in the way pointed out by the Supreme Court, and nine-tenths of the shifts proposed, with all of the speeches made, would be seen to be useless."

SO DIFFERENT
—W. A. Rogers in N. Y. *Herald.*

This power of compelling the production of evidence extends, as the New York *Times* points out, to the State governments as well as the Federal Government, and one of the first results, it thinks, will be the enactment, in the near future, of a great many pure-food bills and of bills protecting the public against "shoddy" that is palmed off as American woolen goods, and against other forms of industrial fraud; for "the manufacturer's books and contracts will convict him if he continues his career of vile adulteration."

* * *

WHAT is to be the fate of our vast insurance societies? One person out of every four in the United States is directly interested in that question, and thousands of policy-holders in every continent share in that interest. In the capitals of the Old World policy-holders' organizations have been formed to look out for their members in the midst of the turmoil that was precipitated less than one year ago, and the recommendations of the Armstrong Committee may be said, therefore, to be almost an international affair. The report of that committee would fill about 150 pages of this magazine. In addition to the report, the committee has drawn up twenty-five bills embodying the results of its deliberations, which are to be presented to the legislature. Already Ohio and Pennsylvania papers are urging their legislatures to pass the same bills. The period of agitation and sensational revelations is apparently about over and the period of reconstruction has begun in earnest. The latter is never so dramatic as the former, but it is what really counts.

THIS Armstrong Committee consists of eight members of the State legislature comparatively unknown to fame. Six of them are up-State lawyers, one of the others is a Tammany politician who is in the real-estate business, and another has no reported occupation. Not a likely lot of men, at first thought, to frame a new structure for such vast interests as are represented in the insurance system. And yet these men, with the assistance of

THE FAMOUS ARMSTRONG COMMITTEE

Of this committee and its work a leading daily says: "For the months of arduous toil which these gentlemen have devoted to informing the public what has been going on in the insurance companies, and in informing the Legislature what laws ought to be passed, they have received no compensation save their regular salaries as members of the senate and assembly. It is a distinction quite beyond price, however, to have been a member of a committee that did its work so well."

The members are as follows: IN FRONT ROW (from left to right)—Senator Daniel J. Riordan, Senator William J. Tully, Senator William W. Armstrong (chairman), Assemblyman James T. Rogers, Assemblyman Robert Lynn Cox. IN BACK ROW (from left to right)—Assemblyman John McKeown, Ernest H. Wallace (assistant to Attorney-General), Assemblyman William W. Wemple, William Blau (assistant to Attorney-General), Assemblyman Ezra P. Prentice, C. R. Hotaling (sergeant-at-arms of State senate).

three other lawyers—Charles E. Hughes and his two associates—and an actuary, Mr. Dawson, who is admitted to stand high but is charged with a fondness for "impracticable theories," have evolved a report and a series of recommendations which have elicited a chorus of applause from conservatives and radicals alike, such as no other similar document has perhaps ever elicited. Of course, there are criticisms, especially from insurance officials; but even they almost uniformly treat the report with respect, and are careful to avert any impression that they are opposed to it as a whole. The New York *Times,* as it peruses the report, finds reason for renewing its confidence in popular government. It says:

"No one can read the report of the Armstrong Committee, or contemplate the transformation which the insurance business in this city has undergone during the past year, without reaching the deep conviction that in this country there are no great wrongs that public opinion cannot right, that no dangers threaten the people against which they have not in their own hands ample powers of defense. The immediate consequence of the differences that arose between Mr. Alexander and Mr. Hyde a little over a year ago was the disclosure of unsound and dangerous conditions, of unlawful practices, and of gross abuses of trust in the great insurance companies. For the cure of these evils no new and untried remedies were administered. The aid of no swashbuckling crusader in the work of reform was invoked. There was nothing unusual, nothing at all out of the ordinary in the methods resorted to to root out evil and restore wholesome condiitions in the life insurance business. . . . These reforms have been wrought by public opinion made effective through use of the ordinary machinery by which the interests of the Commonwealth are safeguarded."

THE above is from a conservative paper. But the radical and conservative press are at one in commending the report. *The World* (New York) trains with the radicals, and it insists that "the Armstrong bills should not be amended to the extent of a punctuation mark without the consent of the committee and Charles E. Hughes, whom the people trust." Another paper of a distinctly radical character is the Philadelphia *North American.* It says:

"The report of the legislative committee which investigated the three corrupt life insurance companies in New York is a great document, which, not improbably, marks the beginning of the removal of all the abuses from which American life insurance business generally has suffered. . . . It is quite safe, we think, to say that all the things which this report declares should be forbidden to life insurance companies in New York State should be prohibited to life insurance companies everywhere. The law in each State should narrow down their opportunties for wrongdoing, just as it has done in the cases of savings funds and ordinary trust funds."

Nothing less than the superlative degree contents the New York *Sun* in speaking of the report and of the debt of gratitude which the public owes to Charles E. Hughes. It remarks:

"In thoroughness, impartiality, and generally in fearlessness in the statement of facts ascertained and the conclusions therefrom, the report submitted yesterday to the Legislature will rank at the head of all similar documents in the literature of investigation. Perhaps nothing of the sort ever published before contains so much matter of vital interest to so many people."

And *The Tribune* (New York) speaks with almost equal enthusiasm:

"The all but universal acceptance by public opinion of the suggestions of the Armstrong committee is an impressive testimonial not merely to the zeal and ability with which the investigation was conducted, but to the conservative wisdom with which remedies have been advised. Senator Armstrong, Mr. Hughes, Mr. McKeen and their coworkers have done what even the most sanguine would not have dared to predict six months ago. They have solved the problem of reforming abuses without disturbing properties; of satisfying a critical and perhaps somewhat hysterical public of the thoroughness and sufficiency of their measures and at the same time commending themselves to the good opinion of the judicious. The most radical are satisfied and the most conservative find little or nothing of which they can justly complain."

"It is conceded," says the Boston *Herald,* "to be one of the ablest, most comprehensive and courageous documents that ever emanated from an investigating committee in this country. There is not a streak of whitewash in it."

HOSTILE criticism of the report as a whole is almost entirely lacking; but there are numerous criticisms of specific recommendations. One of these recommendations, if enacted into law, will make it illegal for any society hereafter doing business in New York State to write more than $150,000,000 of new insurance in any one year. This would mean probably a positive decline in the size of the largest companies. In the three largest companies in 1904 the amount of insurance that expired from death, lapses, maturity of contracts, etc., was an average for each of $175,000,000. If the new business were, therefore, limited to $150,000,000, the amount of the outstanding insurance of these companies would contract each year—an event which was probably foreseen and desired by the committee.

This provision, together with other provisions recommended by the committee, to abolish bonuses to agents and prizes for new business and renewal commissions after a certain period, and to keep expenses for getting new business within the amount of the total loadings upon the premiums, will, it is thought, hit a large number of the agents very hard and drive many out of the business. Two companies, the Mutual Life and the Equitable, have 5,000 agents each and the New York Life has considerably more. On this subject of agents, a British expert, Charles D. Higham, ex-president of the Institute of Actuaries, had some interesting things to say recently in an interview:

"I'd stop hunting for new business if I were at the head of your big companies. I'd adopt the method we follow in this office. If a man wants to be insured in our company he comes here and tells us so, and we examine him carefully to see whether we shall take him in as a partner in our mutual company. We do not pay anybody a farthing to get us new business—not a farthing. I would establish that same rule in the New York company.

"It's of no advantage to one of those great companies to get in millions on millions of new business—if the company is to be managed in the interests of the policy holders. The very best thing that could happen to any one of the companies which has been going wrong would be to have its management announce it had no further use for agents, and would sell its insurance over its own counter, and be extremely careful to whom it sold it."

ANOTHER recommendation made by the Armstrong Committee is to deprive insurance companies of the right to invest their funds in stocks of any kind, and requiring them to dispose of all that they now have by the end of five years. The main purpose of this is to check the tendency to make use of the big insurance companies and their vast surplus funds to gain control of other corporations, such as railroads and trust companies, by obtaining possession of the stock. This recommendation, according to the New York *Tribune,* "goes to the heart of all speculation in insurance funds and the misuse of those funds to serve ulterior purposes. . . . So long as insurance companies are permitted to hold corporation stocks which carry the control of banks, trust companies and railroads, so long will they be involved in the exploits of the Street, and the interests of their policy-holders may be sacrificed to the ambitions of captains of industry and commerce."

A THIRD recommendation which the committee makes is the abolition of the deferred dividend policies, a recommendation so important, in the opinion of the Toledo *Blade,* that even if all the other recommendations are rejected and this one alone enacted into law, "the result will be well worth the committee's efforts and a monument to its sound judgment." Other provisions embodied in the committee's report are for the standardization of policies, for prohibiting campaign contributions, for a much greater degree of publicity in the affairs of the companies, for the mutualization of the stock companies and a clean sweep of all trustees now holding office, policy-holders to elect entire new boards November 15 next. Two defects the Springfield *Republican* finds in the report: it would achieve nothing directly and certainly in the way of reducing the cost of insurance to where it ought to be; and "in confessing an utter inability to meet the particularly crying evil involved in so-called industrial insurance, the committee is inferentially obliged to admit a failure to rise to the full demands of this whole great life insurance problem."

DOES IT PAY?
—Philadelphia *North American.*

HE WILL SPRINT IN THE OLYMPIC GAMES
Archie Hahn, of Milwaukee, is the world's amateur champion for one hundred yards.

OTHER events in the insurance world of interest secondary to that of the Armstrong Committee's report alone, are: the indictment of the chief officials of the Mutual Reserve Life for larceny and forgery; the death of John A. McCall, ex-president of the New York Life; the return from Europe of "Judge" Andrew Hamilton, his friend and the chief disperser of the "yellow dog fund" used by the large insurance societies to influence legislation; the retirement of Stuyvesant Fish from the investigating committee appointed by the trustees of the Mutual Life, on the ground that the management refused to co-operate in making the investigation as thorough and complete as he thought desirable. The first-named of these events—the indictment of the chief officials of the Mutual Reserve—is thought likely to herald a long line of such indictments that may result in placing behind bars some of the men who have been responsible for the giving of trust funds to campaign committees, and committed other offenses of a flagrant sort. Jerome has been fiercely assailed of late by the more sensational journals, such as *The Evening Journal* and *The World*, for his apparent failure to act in the direction of criminal prosecutions. If he has simply been making thorough preparations for a crusade on this line, it is quite possible that the most dramatic events in the insurance revelations are yet to come. Hamilton's return at this time set all the guessers to guessing. By some it was thought that Jerome had secured his return in order to obtain him as a witness; by some it was thought that he had come back to resume his service to the companies in the usual way by defeating the Armstrong Committee's bills. By some it was thought that McCall's dying expression of confidence in Hamilton and his belief that the latter would return and vindicate his (McCall's) name have brought him back. The latter surmise seems to be warranted by his appearance before the Armstrong Committee a few days after his return and his fierce denunciation of the trustees of the New York Life as "curs" and "traitors." He asserted that they all knew of his work and his vouchers had passed through the successive auditing committees without protest. Further statements are promised by him.

* * *

NOTHING in the way of athletic developments has for many years equalled in interest the attempt being made to revive the old Olympic games of Greece and make them truly international in their character. The attempt is not entirely new, but it is assuming a degree of success this year that is unprecedented. King George is the honorary president of the games and the Crown Prince of Greece has had active charge of the arrangements. All the leading countries will have official representatives present this year, secured through the negotiations of the Greek diplomatic representatives. In this country, for instance, the Greek embassy persuaded President Roosevelt to accept the honorary

WILL SWIM IN THE WORLD'S CONTEST IN ATHENS
C. M. Daniels, of New York, is the champion amateur swimmer of the world.

presidency of the American committee, and he has selected James E. Sullivan to act as his representative at Athens. The sum of $14,000 has been subscribed and paid for expenses to be incurred in sending American contestants, and twenty-nine men have been selected from all sections. They are expected to arrive at Athens April 16, and one week later the games will begin. Emperor William and King Edward are expected to be present as guests. Our delegation of athletes, amateurs all of them, is said to be the largest that any nation will send, and they are expected to give a good account of themselves. Our runners especially, so experts say, seem to be far ahead of those of any other country, and as six of the fifteen contests will be running, we may hope that the Stars and Stripes will fly high. There are to be races for 100 meters, 400 meters, 800 meters, 1,500 meters, 5 miles and 42 kilometers (from Marathon to Athens). There are to be contests also in standing broad jump, running broad jump, high jump and hop, skip and jump. Our athletes will be represented in all these, and also in the swimming contest, the pole vault, the putting of weights and the pentathlon.

SPEAKING of athletics, the evolution of the game of football is going forward with some favorable signs, though not sufficiently favorable, as yet, to secure any expressions of confidence from men like Presidents Eliot and Butler. The Rules Committee has agreed upon numerous changes that look well on paper and will, it is hoped, produce the "open game" that is so eagerly sought for. The ten-yard rule has been adopted, meaning that the side having the ball must hereafter gain ten yards (instead of five) in three downs, or forfeit the ball. Various devices have been adopted to weaken the defense and make the ten-yard gain possible. One of these devices is the "forward pass" which used to add so greatly to the spectacular interest of the game. Tackling below the knees is forbidden except for the four men in the center of the defensive line. Measures are also adopted that are designed to eliminate mass-plays. "As matters stand now," says the

THE DISK-THROWER WE SEND TO THE GREEK GAMES

Martin J. Sheridan is an Irish-American and the champion disk-thrower of the world.

WILL LEAP FOR FAME AT ATHENS.

Ray Ewry will be America's contestant in the standing broad and high jump.

THE OLYMPIC RACE FROM MARATHON TO ATHENS

This picture shows the Stadion, in Athens, Greece, where the Olympic Games are to be held April 22 to May 2, in which the United States will have many contestants. The picture above represents the scene at the close of the last race from Marathon to Athens (more than 20 miles), when the winner was ending his run, coming down the track between the two lines of cheering athletes at a good pace. The Stadion will seat 60,000 and is built of white marble, on the site of the ancient theater built 330 B. C. by Lykourgos.

New York *Sun,* commenting on the rules, "there is not the least doubt that football will be played next fall nearly as usual; that new rules and new government will enable the remodelled game to 'make good,' and that then people will begin to wonder—as many have wondered all the time—what all the fuss was about, anyway."

In addition to the new rules, most of the institutions prominent in the game, both East and West, and including Yale, Harvard and Princeton, have agreed to bar from their university teams hereafter all freshmen and all students in graduate and professional schools. There seems to be no difference of opinion as to the advisability of this action. This step, remarks the Cleveland *Plain Dealer,* "will work reform in two directions where it is sadly needed. It will put an end to, or at least discourage, the practice of recruiting from preparatory schools, and also put out of business, literally speaking, the mature and experienced athlete who so often turns in in a graduate or professional school and takes his departure therefrom after the season's schedule has been completed."

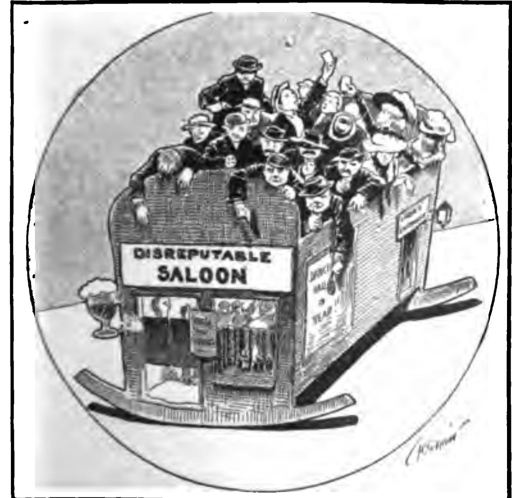
SEVERAL events during the last few weeks have combined to force the race question again to the front. By a striking coincidence, Gen. J. Warren Keifer, of Springfield, Ohio, introduced in Congress a bill to provide for the reduction of the representation in Congress of eleven Southern States which have disfranchised most of their negro population, on the same day that a mob in his own city began to attack the residence district of the negroes in the endeavor to burn down their dwellings and to drive the occupants from the city. This double incident, the one in Washington and the other in Ohio, brought into comparison the status of the negro South and North, and has quickened the ceaseless discussion on a problem which Carl Schurz, after more than thirty years of study, pronounces apparently "insoluble," and which gives rise to what the paper founded by that stern old abolitionist, Horace Greeley, is now calling "a new irrepressible conflict." In addition to these two events, agitation of an intense sort has been aroused by Thomas Dixon, author of the novel and the drama entitled "The Clansman," who has been addressing audiences on the subject of his play and eliciting heated replies from many sources.

CIVILIZATION IS ONLY SKIN DEEP
—Jamieson in Pittsburg *Dispatch.*

OHIO was the first State west of the Alleghenies to establish an outright abolition paper. The most famous line of "underground railway" during the period of slavery ran from the Ohio River to Lake Erie, passing, if not through Springfield, within a few miles of that city. Springfield itself, a city of 40,000 inhabitants, is a college town, and has one church, it is said, for about every thousand inhabitants. Two years ago a fierce outbreak against the negro element occurred, that resulted in the lynching of a black who had killed an officer of the law and the destruction of considerable property, most of it used for low negro dives. No penalties to amount to anything were inflicted by the courts afterward. The recent outbreak was occasioned by the shooting of a white man, a brakeman, by two negroes. The riot that ensued resulted in the burning of a number of shacks in what is called the "Jungle," the whole loss amounting to only about $15,000. But the danger of more extensive damage was only averted by the speedy despatch to the scene of turmoil of eight companies of militia. Quick trials by jury resulted in convictions of a number of the rioters, and nowhere, North or South, is any defense of the riot itself made audible. "The Odessa of Ohio" is the way in which the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* speaks of the city in which the riot occurred. "If missionaries shall be forced to fly from China," says the same paper, "they can find an ample field for their endeavors in the 'Jungle' of darkest Ohio." And another Ohio daily, the Toledo *Blade,* asserts that a spirit of lawlessness is daily gaining strength in that State: "Mayors wantonly ignore their sworn duties, chiefs of police shut their eyes to crime and every man in the guise of personal liberty is assuming to be a law unto himself." The Pittsburg *Dispatch* calls attention to the fact that the Urbana lynching a number of years ago was in the next county to Springfield and that race riots have also occurred in Oxford and Washington Court-House, in the same section of the State. "What is there in this section," it asks, "that starts the mob to burn and slay?" The answer to this question, as made in Springfield itself, at a meeting of the Commercial Club, was: "The present conditions are due to politicians catering to negroes and low whites, and to the lax police and court methods."

AN AMERICAN NEGRO OF DISTINCTION

Prof. W. E. B. DuBois, of Atlanta University, and a Ph.D. of Harvard, protests bitterly against the treatment of his race in Georgia. "He has done more to give scientific accuracy and method to the study of the race question than any other American who has essayed to deal with it," says *The Voice of the Negro*. He is general secretary of the "Niagara Movement," a new organization of negroes.



THE CRADLE OF CRIME
—McCutcheon in Chicago *Tribune*.

SIMILAR causes, remarks the New York *Evening Post,* are the reason for nine-tenths of the racial outbreaks the country over. It calls attention also to the conclusion reached by Professor Royce, of Harvard, after studying the negro question in Jamaica, which was that nine-tenths or more of the whole negro problem is simply a question of the administration of government. Southern papers

Photo by Vander Weyde.

HE BELIEVES IN HARD WORK AS THE NEGRO'S SALVATION

Booker T. Washington is a Harvard A.M., a Dartmouth LL.D., and the foremost leader of his race to-day. He was born in slavery.

have some interesting remarks to make. Thus *The Advertiser,* of Montgomery, Ala., thinks and says (seriously, not satirically) that something should be done to secure better protection of the negroes in the North: "They are safe nowhere, it seems, north of Mason and Dixon's line, and are apparently regarded as outlaws, who have no civil rights and are entitled to no protection." The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* remarks that "the advent of any large proportion of negroes to a Northern town leads to the same result; and the emigration of Southern negroes to the North, from which much was expected in the way of the relief of negro congestion, brings only riot and disorder to the towns where the blacks make their homes." The Louisville *Courier-Journal* calls attention to an alleged difference between race riots North and South: "In the North, as demonstrated twice at Springfield, and in numerous other places, it is not so much an ebullition of temper against the individual negro as a racial outbreak. In the South, however great the provocation, the violence is usually limited to the guilty party, while other colored people not implicated in the crime are not molested." The Northern press is more savage. The Philadelphia *Ledger* says, for instance, referring to General Keifer's bill: "It would be amusing, but not impertinent, if the Southern members of Congress should now introduce a resolution of inquiry into the state of civilization in Ohio and the fitness of the electorate at Springfield to send members to Congress." And the *Times* (New York) says: "It appears that Springfield in particular and Ohio in general are, in an important particular of civilization, not entitled to call themselves civilized communities." The New York *Tribune* thinks that neither Pennsylvania, nor New York, nor various other Northern States that it names, can gracefully admonish Ohio on this subject, but admits that "the Southern States, on the contrary, and especially the States in the 'black belt,' may naturally be tempted to point to Northern race riots as a sufficient reply to Northern criticisms of Southern outrages of a similar character." It goes on to say:

"The not infrequent disclosure, under similar circumstances, of the same attitude North and South toward the colored race must not be taken as an excuse for mob law in any section, state or city of the Union. In the words of Lincoln, 'There is no grievance that is a fit object of redress by mob law.' Society and civilization itself are founded upon the respect of the individual for law. Once allow that respect to be diminished, or, worse still, to be disregarded, in the case of the negro, and it is only a natural and logical step to disregard it in the case of the Chinaman and the Japanese, of different nationalities of the white race, and finally of individuals, thus resolving society into its elements, with chaos as the result."

ALL THIS does not bring us much closer to a solution of the race problem. Practically the same things have been said over and over again in the last few years, though there is this time less sectional animosity than usual in the comments made. Nor does the remedy which is being championed by General Keifer nor that agitated by Mr. Dixon seem to inspire much hope. General Keifer's bill

to reduce the congressional representation of Southern States is, of course, based upon the mandatory provision in the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution (Section II), and is apparently in direct line with the latest national platform of the Republican party; yet the bill has called forth almost no support in the press outside New England, and but little there. The Boston *Transcript* and the Lewiston *Journal* bring out anew the discrepancies in the voting strength represented by Congressmen in some Southern and some Northern districts; but they both seem to admit that it will take something more than the present conjunction of circumstances to move either Congress or the country on the line proposed by General Keifer. "If a Bourbon President," says the Lewiston paper, "should ever be elected because of the Southern mutiny against the Federal Constitution, something more radical than evolution might be invoked." And *The Transcript* observes: "Let a tariff law injurious to the industrial North and West be enacted by the representatives of the disfranchising South as the dominating element of a Democratic majority, and we may see the North and West institute an inquiry as to how their withers came to be so painfully wrung." The Washington *Post* insists that the first thing to do to vindicate the Fourteenth Amendment is to ascertain judicially that it has been outraged. "Let the Southern constitutions be fetched before the Supreme Court before we jump at conclusions about the Fourteenth Amendment." In other words, there seems to be a general disposition to "let sleeping dogs lie."

OF THE NEGRO, BY THE NEGRO, FOR THE NEGRO

Provident Hospital and Training School, Chicago, is the first institution of the kind established in this country by the colored people for their own race. Its founder is Dr. D. H. Williams, and one hundred graduates have already been provided with diplomas.

THE WIFE OF BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

She was Maggie J. Murray and she became Mrs. Washington in 1893.

NOR HAS Thomas Dixon's "way out" caused any considerable body of citizens to rise up and call him blessed. His play "The Clansman" has elicited press condemnation in the South as well as the North, though it has drawn large audiences in both sections. Mr. Dixon's remedy, however, is not contained in his play. That is a vindication of the Ku Klux Klan, and it applies to conditions that prevailed a generation ago. As for the present and the future, the solution he offers is the one Bishop Turner and a few other blacks have been urging for years —transportation. "We must remove the negro, or we will have to fight him," says Mr. Dixon. Bishop Turner has in mind deportation to Liberia or some adjacent part of Africa, and Mr. Dixon's eye seems to be on the same country, though he has not been lavish with details of the proposed deportation scheme. He sees the negroes in this country numbering, in half a century, sixty millions instead of ten, as

now. "When he smashes into your drawing-room some time in the future with a repeating-rifle in his hand," says the gentleman from North Carolina, "you will make good on your protestations of equality or he will know the reason why." Further:

"We are educating the negro, and are placing in his hands the most dangerous of all weapons—a trained intellect. But, in every essential, he remains a negro still. If we keep on and make him our equal—what then? Time has demonstrated that the white and the black races cannot amalgamate. The conflict between them shows no sign of abating. Are we wise, then, as white men, to arm our natural enemies against us?"

These utterances, and especially another to the effect that there are no outrages committed upon negro women by white men for the simple reason that negro women do not know what virtue means, have elicited passionate rejoinders, especially from negro speakers. At a largely attended meeting in Cooper Union, held under the auspices of the newly formed Constitutional League, Prof. Kelly Miller, of Howard University, Washington, referred to Mr. Dixon as follows:

"Now comes Thomas Dixon, Jr., that frenzied apostle of an evil propaganda, who would deprive the negro of his rights by holding up the grotesque and repugnant side of his life with hideous portrayal. This shameless apostate priest of God, with undisguised daring, is doing the work of the devil. With satanic glee he stirs the fire of race wrath and inflames the evil passions of men."

UTTERANCES less impassioned, but voicing much the same sentiment, are expressed in many directions. Incendiary speeches like Mr. Dixon's, says the Toledo *Blade*, cause more trouble than even the lynching bees of the South. "'The Clansman' should be suppressed," says the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, "and the sooner the better." The New York *Sun* quotes "a distinguished statistician"—Prof. Walter F. Wilcox—to show that the negroes, instead of numbering sixty millions in fifty years, are not likely to number even twenty-five millions in another century. It continues:

"The solution of the negro question need not be forced, and cannot be forced arbitrarily. It will come of itself. The now relatively thinly peopled South at no very distant period will draw to it so great an accession to its white population, invited by universal opportunities of prosperity, that proportionately the negro race will become of insignificance, or at least cease to be a cause of alarm in the most timid soul. Just now, instead of discussing means of getting rid of the negroes, the South needs them and all the other labor it can get in order to develop the wonderfully rich natural resources with which it is endowed. If Mr. Thomas Dixon should go down into some Southern State where the negroes are numerous and start a scheme to take them away and send them elsewhere by wholesale, he would be likely to wear a coat of tar and feathers before he had gone very far.

Other papers quote approvingly Booker T. Washington's recent assertion: "One point about the negro may be considered as settled. We are through experimenting as to where the 10,000,000 of black people are to live. We have reached the unalterable determination that we are going to remain here in America, and the greater part of us are going to remain for all time in the Southern States."

QUICK alternations of light and shade appear in the picture presented by the country at large of the condition of the negroes and of their prospects as a race. The gloomiest predictions and the most positive indications of retrogression come at present from the North. On the subject of lynching, however, a distinct improvement is indicated by such statistics as are available. The record for 1905 is the most encouraging one for the last twenty years. In 1892 there were 235 lynchings, the highest figure ever reached. In 1901 there were 135, and since then there has been a steady decline to 66 last year—the lowest figure since 1885. Says the Springfield *Republican*:

"The persons lynched the past year were, as in the previous years, for the most part negroes, 65 of the 66 being of the colored race. Yet only 15 lynchings in 1905 are charged up to the unmentionable crime, 34 being for simple murder and 15 for 'miscellaneous' reasons. In 1904, 39 lynchings were for assaults on women and 36 for murder. The colored race, consequently, the past year furnished far less of that special provocation which the whites have always presented as their justification for the resort to mob law and savagery. From the viewpoint of both races, the decreasing number of lynchings must be a source of deep and unmitigated satisfaction. It may be fairly argued that both races are gaining in self-control. In the case of the whites, this result is doubtless due to the creation in recent years of a powerful public sentiment against the lynching evil rather than to such legislation as has been attempted in a number of states. In the development of the sentiment the best people of the South have been potent, and the gradually enlarging triumph over the terrible scourge of lawlessness is peculiarly their triumph. The whole South is to be heartily congratulated upon its success in making such visible headway against the worst crime of American civilization."

In Alabama last year there was not one assault by a negro upon a white woman reported

(according to the Columbus, S. C., *State*), and no lynching for that crime in South Carolina.

AS FOR the color line in industrial occupations, it is less visible, according to the Southern press, in the South than in the North. Says the Macon (Ga.) *Telegraph*:

"At the recent meeting of the Southern Cotton Association there was present a delegation of negro cotton growers from Hinds county, Miss., and in explanation of their presence the secretary of the Mississippi division said: 'We do not have any separate organization for the negroes of our state. We must have every negro farmer enrolled under our banner and we want co-operation such that separate associations for negroes would not answer our purpose. Therefore the negro branches have all been discontinued and the white and colored farmers belong to the same organizations.' That's Mississippi, mind you! . . . It is another demonstration of the fact that here in the South negroes have every property right and that they have as much opportunity to gain wealth as the white man."

The Advertiser, of Montgomery, Ala., says there is hardly an industry in that city in which negroes and whites are not working peacefully side by side, and the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* says that that is the condition also in that city. The president of Fisk University gave recently a sweeping testimony to the good behavior of the negro graduates of that institution. He said: "Fisk university has established a thousand foci of civilization. A map starred with the location of its alumni reveals points of illumination from the state of Washington to Florida, and from Boston to San Antonio. I defy you to point out a loafer among them. Criminality is practically unknown in their ranks. They are property owners, home makers, leaders in their community." The same sort of thing is said of the alumni of Tuskegee, Hampton, and Atlanta Universities.

WRITING in *The Outlook* recently, Booker T. Washington tells of the progress of his race in one county of the South—Gloucester, Virginia, one of the counties that has been longest under the influence of Hampton University. The blacks number a little over one-half of the population of this county, which has a total of 12,832. Here are some of the statistics Mr. Washington gives:

"According to the public records, the total assessed value of the land in Gloucester County is $666,132.33. Of the total value of the land, the colored people own $87,953.55. The buildings in the county have an assessed valuation of $466,-127.05. The colored people pay taxes upon $79,-387 of this amount. To state it differently: the negroes of Gloucester County, beginning about forty years ago in poverty, have reached the point where they now own and pay taxes upon one-sixth of the real estate in this county. This prosperity is very largely in the shape of small farms, varying in size from ten to one hundred and fifty acres. A large proportion of the farms contain about ten acres."

There is, Mr. Washington goes on to state, little evidence of immoral relations between the two races, and there was but one case of bastardy, in 1904, within a radius of ten miles of the court-house. In the same year there were but fifteen arrests for misdemeanors, but one of them of a negro, and seven arrests for felonies, five of these being of negroes. And this most optimistic of all the negro leaders concludes by saying: "In the great majority of counties in the South the conditions as to education, economic life, and morality are very, very far below Gloucester County, but what has been done in this county can be equaled or surpassed in the near future if all of us, North and South, black and white, will do our whole duty."

IN SHARP contrast with this come the utterances of others of Mr. Washington's race. His note of optimism is not just now the prevailing note with the blacks. An organization called the Georgia Equal Rights Association has recently been formed by negroes at a convention in which every congressional district of the State was represented. It issues an address signed by many of the best known colored leaders, including Bishop Turner, Prof. W. E. B. DuBois, and many others. It charges against the whites unjust discrimination against the blacks, not only politically, but educationally and economically. While the school population is divided nearly equally, it is asserted, between black and white children, four-fifths of the public money for education goes to the white children. The negro farmers have received but $264,000 out of the more than $1,000,000 which is contributed to the State by the Federal Government for agricultural training. The address says further:

"The laws that govern our economic life and the rules of their administration are cunning with injustice toward us. Especially true is this in the freedom of labor contracts; so much so that farm labor is almost reduced to slavery in many parts of the state. The ignorant laborer is held in a network of debt and petty crime, compelled

to work like a slave, unable to leave his master or to demand decent wages.

Even in cities and in the more enlightened parts of the state the effort is continually making to force down the wages of black laborers, bar them out of all but a few trades, and to give to no black man, however competent or deserving, any work or wages that the meanest white man may demand. . . .

"We do not desire association with any one who does not wish our company, but we do expect, in a Christian civilized land, to live under a system of law and order, to be secure in life and limb and property, to travel in comfort and decency and to receive a just equivalent for our money; and yet we are the victims of the most unreasoning sorts of caste legislation; we pay first-class railway fares for second-class accommodations; we are denied access to first-class cars and to sleeping cars; we are segregated, mistreated and harassed on street cars; and in all cases not only is a separation contrary to common sense enforced, but the law is interpreted and administered so as to let white men go where they please and do as they please, and so as to restrict colored people to the most uncomfortable places."

STILL a different note is sounded by another negro, the Rev. T. W. Thurston, the superintendent of the Ashley-Bailey silk mills, at Fayetteville, N. C., which employs more than 600 negroes. He also speaks in a somber tone, but it is the negro himself, not the Southern white man, that makes him serious. He sees the negro youth rapidly "sinking to the depths of uselessness, insolence and viciousness," and he goes on to address his people as follows:

"The best people of the whole Southland looked upon our progress with pleasure and pride. They share our sorrow in our suffering, but the stubborn facts still face us. There are millions who are practically dead to every sense of usefulness in their community, their county or their State. Indolence and idleness can no more survive the industrial awakening than night can outlive sunshine. For one to continually call attention to grievances, real or imaginary, past or present, will not give strength for life's struggles. Remember that every lawful thing is a step somewhere in the stairway up to greatness and to God. That spirit of kindness, loyalty and devotion that enthroned the mothers and fathers in the hearts of many of the noblest sons and daughters of this mighty Southland will at least make for us friends. The great majority of the race will never be able to do more than to go hand in hand with the sturdy army of bread-winners, acquire a modest home and surround themselves with simple comforts; and not that if the opportunity that is now before them is not seen, seized and improved. To the moles and bats with this ceaseless agitation of the separate cars and the late constitutional amendment. They are not the most important things that hinder our backward race. We have got to start our structures where our civilization finds us, and build from the granite upward, and make ourselves the people wanted upon the farms and in the homes, the shops and factories of the South. Rest you assured the people who do the most and the best for the least, will get the most to do, whether they be negro, Italian or any other class of the human family."

* * *

WILLIAM II's imperial Chancellor. Prince Bülow, told some Reichstag leaders in the strictest confidence a month back that Germany would be justified if she began a tariff war against the United States. She had threatened one for some little time; but, as all the world knows, she yielded when the 1st of March was drawing near. The event was far less important to this country than Bülow's subsequent explanation of it, as some European dailies interpret that explanation. What Germany most needs at present, said Prince Bülow, according to the several versions of his remarks, is the support of President Roosevelt in world politics. If the President's support is not to be had all the time his benevolent neutrality must not, at any rate, be forfeited. "We wish," Prince Bülow is quoted in the *Kölnische Volkszeitung* as having said, "to avoid a splendid isolation. We want President Roosevelt's republic as a rear-guard whenever Great Britain and France unite for an assault upon us. Hence the interchange of professors arranged through the German Emperor between American universities and German universities. Hence, also, the amiability of the Emperor to the United States. Hence, as well, our compliance with the wish of the United States Government that the provisional tariff be extended until next year." In commenting upon the remarks attributed to the imperial Chancellor, a writer in the organ of the Lutheran denomination in Germany admits that the time may come when the empire will need the American friendship for which the Emperor strives. "A menace to Canada on the part of the United States," we read, "would then be as serviceable to us Germans as the march of ten thousand Southwest Africans on Cape Town. Great Britain can be struck only at her periphery." So much for the Bülow diplomacy.

NOTHING is gained by the assertion that the Chancellor's confidential lecture on the Emperor's American policy has been inaccurately reported, declares the London *Post*. Somebody has let the cat out of the bag, and it does not doubt that Bülow indulged in these confidences. "The German people must be kept

in touch with the thoughts of the statesmen who control their destinies." Yet so little does Bülow now control those destinies, according to the Socialist *Vorwärts* (Berlin), that this indiscretion of his may cost him his post. In any event he is not the imperial chancellor he ought to be. The prince's own idea of what an imperial chancellor ought to be was imparted to the Reichstag in a burst of frankness when the American tariff was under consideration. No chancellor, declared the prince, should dream of curtailing the Emperor's right of personal initiative, a right but for which a tariff war would even now be raging between our republic and William's realm. The German people, Bülow assured the deputies, desire not a shadow but a man of flesh and blood for an emperor. An imperial chancellor who deserves the name and who is not an old woman will not countersign anything for which he cannot conscientiously answer. It does not, however, follow that the imperial chancellor should resign the moment, in any affair whatsoever, he differs in view from his sovereign. If that were the case, said the prince, his predecessors would have resigned on more than one occasion. "The first quality which an imperial chancellor must possess is judgment." He can then distinguish between great political questions like that involved in a tariff war and affairs of less importance. Bülow, as imperial Chancellor, is not, he himself thinks, a purely executive organ, a mere instrument. That would be a conception of his office adequate neither to the interests of the nation nor to the wishes of the Emperor himself. "I wish you were as little prejudiced as his Majesty," concluded the prince, amid the laughter of his hearers.

IN SUCH rich tints did Prince Bülow paint a full-length portrait of his official self. He manifested, in his interpretation of the Emperor's American policy, all that old-time prejudice in favor of studio half-lights which is so characteristic of his well-known taste in French and Italian art. Thus a caustic critic in the *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels). German criticisms of the prince's self-portraiture suggest the work of those marine artists whose tempests are a little too appalling and whose shipwrecks are a little too theatrical. Surely, says the *Kreuz Zeitung*, the nation which defeated the French at Sedan need not have been wiped out by a tariff war with America. Moreover, as one newspaper organ in Berlin has repeatedly declared, the Reichstag, in the tariff controversy with America, is yielding less to Roosevelt than to a Chancellor who does not understand the vital conditions of a parliamentary organism, a Chancellor who is seriously deficient in the knowledge essential to negotiation with a democratic government. His previous long career in the diplomatic service, we are told, and his want of opportunity to behold the inner workings of a parliamentary organism render his conduct of the dispute with Mr. Roosevelt amateurish. True to the instincts of a diplomatist, he refuses to see that in domestic politics involving tariff disputes—and American politics is all tariff—it is essential for success to show one's colors. The Americans do not understand a tariff dispute when approached from the Bülow standpoint of pure diplomacy. Refusing to sit upon any particular chair, concludes this candid critic, Bülow landed upon the floor.

IN REALITY, Bülow won a great success, viewing the matter from the official press standpoint, when he averted the tariff war with this country. The prince is believed to be now high in favor with the Washington Government. Talk of his dismissal by Emperor William must always be nonsensical as long as he retains that favor. The idea of exchanging university professors between the two nations was really his. Bülow will, therefore, continue indefinitely as imperial Chancellor, to resolve all debate in the Reichstag, be its subject what it may, into a series of quotation from the poets—tariff wars, Polish unrest, Monroe doctrine, what you will. He has transformed Germany into a land of government by classical allusion in a sense far more literal than that indulged in when France was termed a despotism tempered by epigrams. Nor did the prince drag Schiller, Goethe, Homer or Shakespeare in by the neck and heels when he discussed the tariff. He caused them to rise as gracefully from a commercial treaty as did Venus from the sea. No other living statesman thus assuages "the insolence of office"—German Socialists pronounce that insolence flagrant in the prince's case — by charging the atmosphere of a representative body with the world's best literature.

IN HIS equipment for this exquisite labor the prince would come well out of a comparison with the courtliest bookworms of Queen Elizabeth's prime. English he speaks fluently, as the London journalists to whose

THE WIT WHO SWAYS THE REICHSTAG

Prince Bülow persuaded a reluctant German Reichstag to avert a tariff war with America, and then explained his course in a confidential talk that has made a diplomatic sensation.

interviews he has been submitting so urbanely of late testify. Shakespeare seems almost as dear to him as Goethe, and Goethe is perhaps the poet he quoted most frequently in the Reichstag during the tariff debate. Bülow's fluency in French goes without saying, since he was trained for the diplomatic service. The six years he spent in Paris on the staff of the German ambassador there are understood to have enabled him to gain that peculiarly intimate knowledge of French institutions which he exploited to such advantage when he drove the Foreign Minister of the Republic—Delcassé—from his office and brought about a Morocco conference in spite of the real wish of France. But Italy, next to his native Germany, seems to be the land which has done most for Prince Bülow in the diplomatic sense during the last few months. He and his Italian wife—she was a Countess Donhoff, born Princess of Camporeale, and daughter of that Donna Laura Minghetti who was so celebrated in Roman society years ago—have in common a passion for Italy. It was to Italy, according to his own official organ, that the prince looked for most effective support of German policy at Algeciras. It was not forthcoming, say the French dailies. The German dailies say it was. The Rome *Tribuna* says Italy sent the Marquis Visconti-Venosta to Algeciras to keep her from taking sides. However, it is to Italy once more that Prince Bülow is going for his spring vacation. He is to see the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs. When he abandoned the Roman embassy to take charge of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Berlin, he felt, said Bülow at the time, like Ulysses. When he reaches Rome this year, remarks the Berlin *Vorwärts,* he ought to feel like Sancho Panza.

WILLIAM II's real opinion of this poetical cast of statesmanship is now a matter of keener speculation than ever. The way the Morocco conference has gone brings no credit to Bülow. When the prettiness of the prince's metaphors grows fly-blown, when the play of his sarcasm, sporting with the ideals which German socialism would fain pluck from the pale-faced moon—this expression is the prince's own—precipitated the scolding match of the last month in the Reichstag, the Emperor is surmised to have wondered what wisdom there may have been in all that wit. But from what precise feature of the present situation is born the rumor of the prince's possible retirement in the near future no one knows. The rumor has re-

WILLIAM II'S GREATEST MILITARY MAGNATE

Lieutenant-General von Moltke, son of the great field-marshal, has recently been made chief of the general staff in Berlin. This is the highest distinction open to a member of the military profession in Germany. The general staff is admitted by experts to be the most finely equipped bureau of military intelligence, of strategy and of tactics that has ever existed.

curred periodically. To one report of the kind his Majesty himself gave the lie direct, not in words, to be sure, but in deeds. He went with the Empress to the chancellery and dined there with the prince. William II. often invites himself to dine with those among his ministers who chance to enjoy his special favor. But never before had the Empress accompanied him on such an occasion. The truth seems to be that Bülow has a powerful ally at court in William II's liking for a chancellor who has nothing in common with Richelieu save a taste for poetry. The Emperor, like Napoleon, has no use for any genius that dwarfs his own. His spirit could not brook a Bismarckian Chancellor riding the German world as if it were not William II's own horse.

* * *

THAT duel between Emperor William and republican France which has been fought so furiously at Algeciras beneath the minuet-like formalities of a Morocco conference has just left the figures of the combatants in a state of readiness to leap forward or to withdraw. France fenced to great disadvantage until she had maneuvered Emperor William's chief delegate, Herr von Radowitz, into a discussion of his master's plans before the full conference. That happened in the second week of March, when

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S "OBSTRUCTOR"

Herr von Radowitz, German delegate at Algeciras, is accused of having "held up" the Morocco conference for six weeks. When that no longer served the purpose, says the Paris *Temps*, Von Radowitz began to "bluff."

THE SPHINX OF THE MOROCCO CONFERENCE

"The impenetrable features of the Berlin sphinx," says the London *Times* correspondent, "remain as inscrutable as ever."

"As to the attitude of Germany, it is not even a fog," says the Paris *Matin*, "it is a Chinese wall that faces us in darkness."

Berlin laid aside the affectation of regarding Morocco as a clean slate upon which France had no more right to lay a pencil than Belgium, Sweden or Holland had. When the Emperor allowed Herr von Radowitz, Germany's most brilliant diplomatist, to consent to a Franco-Spanish soldiery in the Moroccan dominions, Europe's press declared that the Hohenzollern's sword arm had been struck. But it turned out that William II had merely guided away the edge of his adversary's weap-

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A REVIEW OF THE ARMED FORCES OF THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO

This is averred to be a mobilization of the country's entire army, but it must be pointed out that neither artillery nor cavalry is in evidence, unless, indeed, those arms of the service are concealed behind the infantry.

on. His purpose was to secure a German footing in Morocco through the "open door." Now, what is an open door? A thing with a latch, replies the *Frankfurter Zeitung* in an article palpably inspired by the German Imperial Chancellor, Prince Bülow. And the latch of any door in Morocco, we are told next, will be held by the regiments policing that independent nation. Those regiments must be inspected. The inspector must be neutral—neither French, Spanish, German nor British. Thus the conference sinks from a dispute over a principle to one over technicalities.

AN IMPENDING ACCIDENT
"Hold firm! We'll get it together again."
—Berlin *Kladderadatsch*

IT IS now a conference that has ceased to exist for any practical purpose. So organs of the highest authority in Europe tell us and they speculate anxiously as to what will happen next. The London *Spectator* fears that Emperor William will proceed to strengthen his influence over Sultan Abdul-Aziz. What the German autocrat is alleged to have been for ten years in Constantinople—a fisher in troubled waters and a fomenter of discord—that, we are told, will he become at Fez. Abdul-Aziz is to be assured that he can safely try the patience of the French, if not openly defy them. The result of such interference will be that the whole Moroccan country will relapse into anarchy. Attacks upon the foreign population, riots in the coast towns and general insecurity of trade will almost necessarily involve intervention by some power aggrieved. That power is as likely as not to be France herself, for her long frontier toward Algeria makes her the Mohammedan's neighbor. In that probable event Germany may forbid French intervention and tell France once again, as she in effect told her last summer, that if the French troops move across the Algerian frontier, German troops will have to move across the Rhine. Thus, infers the *Spectator,* while the failure of the conference does not mean immediate war, it does mean that the condition of Europe has become one of unstable equilibrium.

MOROCCO had nothing to do with the recent minute to the German Emperor from the general staff in Berlin, apprising his Majesty that Germany can mobilize ahead of any other power, defeat any force on her frontier before an enemy's concentration is complete and capture every accessible fortress in a few hours. This minute was a secret official document, it seems, prepared as a matter of routine by the new chief of the general staff, Lieutenant-General von Moltke. This Count Moltke is the son of the great field-marshal, and upon him would devolve the real leadership of the forces in the event of that war with France over Morocco which the Algeciras conference has postponed. Now, Count Moltke must have known, says the military expert of the London *Times*, that if hostilities had come, the French armies would have been ready fully forty-eight hours before their neighbors across the Vosges. Germany could have relied upon the arrival of some 500 troop trains a day on the left bank of the Rhine in the probable zone of strategic concentration. If Emperor William had sent a million and a half of men to the front for the first onset, some 4,000 trains would have been required, taking at least eight days' time exclusive of that taken for mobilization. The belief in France is that a general advance could not begin before the twelfth day at the earliest. The French armies would, if all went well, be concentrated on the frontier as soon, if not sooner, nor would they be inferior in numbers. Germany has not, just now, according to British military experts, any marked superiority in numbers of trained men or in facilities for their assembly. She is even said to be inferior to the French in means for rapid concentration. She is certainly inferior in field artillery. Only war itself could prove, concludes the London expert, whether France possesses superiority in command, in efficiency and in prowess. Colonel Picquart in the *Aurore*, General Canonge and General Zurlinden in the *Gaulois* and General Langlois in the *Temps* agree that the third republic can place 4,000,000 trained men under arms to meet any attack. Paris dailies no longer contemplate war in a spirit of panic.

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ROUVIER'S anticlerical ministry came to an end last month in France just three weeks after separation of church and state had been condemned in principle and in practice by Pius X. The pontifical anathema

THE WINNER OF THE GREATEST VICTORY AT ALGECIRAS

Sir Arthur Nicolson represents Great Brirain in the Morocco conference. His task was not only to support the demands of France but to prevent William II from acquiring a port on the Atlantic.

AMERICA AT THE MOROCCO CONFERENCE

Teddy rides his Monroe doctrine horse all around the table at Algeciras without breaking a dish.

—Berlin *Kladderadatsch*

PIUS X

The Roman pontiff declares, in the course of an encyclical to the French nation, that the Popes have always condemned separation of church and state. The present occupant of the chair of St. Peter condemns it as well.

was thundered against the third French republic in a spirit described by the Paris *Temps* as Platonic. Separation of church and state, declared the Pope, is not merely absolutely false in principle; it is a pernicious error, based upon the view that the state should not recognize any religious cult. The affront to the Deity involved therein is pronounced very grave. Man owes to the Deity not only private worship but public worship likewise. And the principle of separation of church and state is to the Pope a clear negation of the supernatural order of things. It restricts the activity of the state to the mere pursuit of the public prosperity during this life. That eternal happiness reserved for mankind when the brief period of earthly existence has terminated is thus completely ignored by the government. Separation of church and state further overturns the order of things very wisely ordained by God in the world—an order requiring harmony between civil society and religious society. Finally, separation of church and state inflicts serious injury upon civil society itself. Civil society can neither prosper nor long endure when it does not give its rightful place to religion, that supreme rule and sovereign mistress in all that pertains to the rights and duties of men. Hence the Roman pontiffs, adds the Pope, have never ceased to refute and to condemn the doctrine of separation of church and state.

ANTICLERICAL France, drilling for a battle at the polls now only a few weeks away, immediately equipped its electoral artillery with ammunition supplied by this pontifical outburst. "Victory," says the Paris *Lanterne,* hater of all hierarchies, "has been won for us by the Vatican!" But the Vatican gave no thought to pending elections, it would appear from well-informed dailies like the *Temps.* The ostentatious authoritativeness of the pontifical encyclical was only a form of reproof addressed to those of the faithful whose defiance of the police had littered the floors of sanctuaries with smashed umbrellas and crushed hats. Pious Roman Catholics have been warned by many pastors and some prelates to obey the law. Other clerics preferred, instead, to rise in bloody insurrection against the constituted authorities engaged in making lists of church effects. It was with poignant distress, says the *Matin,* that Pius X received bulletins from the seat of war. Forays of the faithful from a besieged church upon advance-guards of police and cavalry did not commend themselves to the sovereign pontiff as Christian tactics. Still less was he edified by news that troops were arriving in front of sacred edifices at a gallop, and that as a last resort the firemen had been appealed to. Powerful jets of water were directed against all ranks of the faithful—counts, vicomtes, dukes, persons of the highest consequence on the Faubourg St. Antoine. "The effect," asserts the anticlerical *Action,* "was splendid." All in front, drenched to the skin, turned to flee. The serried ranks in the rear held firm. Water was accordingly turned upon the remoter units of the mob. In a very few moments the only demonstrators left were those whose injuries made it impossible for them to rise and flee.

PIUS X at once intervened with his encyclical. There is an eloquent severity in the whole composition, sustained throughout by the stateliness of the diction, which proves how displeased the Pope is with the militant faithful who brought the soldiers to the sanctuary. The *Journal des Débats* thinks so, at any rate. The Scriptures teach us and the tradition of the fathers confirms the fact, ob-

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

CONSECRATION OF FOURTEEN FRENCH BISHOPS IN THE VATICAN

The Pope himself officiated at the ceremonies. They resulted in the filling of fourteen sees long vacant in the French Republic owing to disputes between Paris and the Vatican. Separation of church and state left the Pope free to appoint whomsoever he pleased, so far, at least, as the French Government is concerned.

serves the Pope, that the church is the mystical body of Christ. This body is ruled by pastors. We thus find a human society of which the heads have full and absolute power to govern, teach and judge. It results that the church of Christ is essentially an unequal society. It is a society, that is to say, comprising two sorts of persons. There are first of all the pastors, those who occupy some rank in the various grades of the hierarchy. After them come the multitude of the faithful. Now so greatly do these two sorts of persons differ, proceeds the Pope, that in the pastoral body alone resides any authority. As for the multitude, they have no other duty, says the encyclical, than that of letting themselves be led. Like a docile flock, they are to follow their pastors. To the Paris *Temps* this "bit," as it calls it, is very interesting from a literary point of view. "One would suppose oneself reading the anathema of a medieval council against some heresy." But the pontifical rhetoric, as it flows along the theme of separation, resounds rather, thinks the *Journal des Débats*, with the clang of fire-engines as the hose is turned upon French counts. Refusing to follow their pastors, the flocks got wet. By order of the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, the *miserere* was chanted on all available altars as a penitential expiation of the impiety of the ministry. But the ministry had already expiated, by its unexpected defeat in the Chamber, Rouvier's absolute failure to inspire confidence in clericals and anticlericals alike.

IF THE first ballots in the French general election were not to take place in a very few weeks, it is almost a certainty that Jean Sarrien would not, last month, have been made Premier of the republic. Anticlericalism got rid of Rouvier on the eve of the voting from the motive prompting Shakespeare to let Shylock disappear at the end of the fourth act—the harmony of the grand conclusion must be absolute. So the leaders of the several Republican groups looked on indifferently when, through a casual combination of Socialists with the clerically inclined, Rouvier fell into an abyss deeply excavated to receive him. The psychological moment at Algeciras had passed. The struggle at the polls is to come. And in France everything depends upon who "makes the elections," as they say in Paris idiom. Sarrien, the Radical representative of the sec-

THE WORLD GENIUS OF THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT

Jean Jaurès deserves this appellation, according to a writer in the Berlin *Vorwärts*. He has great eloquence, ability to organize, and parliamentary skill of the highest order. He is leading the fight of French Socialism.

A CONCILIATOR BETWEEN THE VATICAN AND THE REPUBLIC

M. Ribot leads the moderate element in the French national political contest. He deprecates the violence of anticlericalism and favors a return to the policy of the concordat.

ond "circonscription" of Charolles — in the Saône - et - Loire—assumed the premiership solely to make the elections as comfortless to out-and-out Socialists as elections can be. About 2,500 candidates have come forward to contest the 600 or so seats in the Chamber of Deputies. The opponents of the ministry say, in the Paris *Gaulois,* that Sarrien will not get credit for having separated church and state among the supporters of that step. The clericals, none the less, will hold him responsible for all of it. It was to escape the perils of this situation that Bourgeois, the most influential politician in France to-day; Clemenceau, the most eloquent and the wittiest of anticlericals; and Poincaré, who detests socialism of the Jean Jaurès type, resolved to stand or fall with Sarrien. Atheism, as one sarcastic clerical organ says, thinks it can dispense with the aid of revolutionary socialism in making a mockery of God.

MAKES TWO BLADES OF GRASS GROW WHERE ONE GREW BEFORE

M. Ruau is such a good Minister of Agriculture that he has been taken over by the new French ministry from he old.

MORE than 11,300,000 voters are entitled to pass judgment upon the great issue raised in France by the struggle with the Vatican. It is not likely, however, that much over 9,000,000 of these will take the trouble to go to the urns. The Sarrien ministry rests upon the support of political groups controlling in all fully 5,000,000 votes in the country at large. That is why the antiministerial Republicans, the extreme Socialists, the Nationalists and the

HIS MOTTO IS: "FRANCE MUST BE DECLERICALIZED!"

This is the cry of M. Doumergue, the Minister of Commerce in the new French ministry. He played a leading part in having crucifixes and images removed from courts of law and public places throughout France.

HE IS REGARDED AS THE PILLAR OF AN "ATHEIST" GOVERNMENT

When the Pope learned that this statesman, Senator Clémenceau, was to be in the new French ministry, his Holiness is said to have exclaimed, "Then Heaven help the church!"

reactionaries will fail to dislodge Sarrien and his anticlericalism. So run the arguments of Bourgeois organs. Clerical dailies reply that the voting will be exceptionally heavy. For the first time in years the citizens of the republic will have a perfectly clear issue placed before them. The interest they showed at the beginning of the year in seeing that their names were put on the register has been taken by the London *Times* as an indication that on this occasion the number of abstentions will be relatively small. The people, it is hoped, will speak out, and decisively. The situation has been explained and discussed before them from every point of view with a thoroughness rare in French electoral contests. They have to decide "yes" or "no" for or against a ministry which stands before their eyes as a symbol of the state separated from the church, and as an embodiment of that hostility to collectivism, pure and simple, for which Bourgeois more particularly stands.

PERHAPS not more than one-third of the Chamber, and certainly not more than two-thirds, will be definitely chosen at the first ballots. The real trial of strength may not come until the series of second contests, when the candidates often emerge in an order very different from that in which they stood on the earlier scrutiny. The weaklings, the faddists and the fancy candidates are eliminated, ex-

KNOWN AS "THE POLITEST MAN IN PARIS"

Paul Deschanel is nevertheless a sincere man, now playing a conspicuous part in the warm political campaign throughout France.

plains the London *Times,* compromises and combinations are effected and the battle is fought out between the two or three politicians in each constituency who have serious claims of one sort or another upon the suffrages of the people. Accordingly it by no means follows that parties in the new Chamber will muster in the proportions suggested by their mere numerical strength. A great deal will depend upon the second ballots. Where reactionaries retire in favor of Nationalists, or Nationalists retire in favor of reactionaries, most of the supporters of the retiring candidate may be trusted to vote against the Sarrien ministry even if they cannot vote for the man of their choice. This principle cannot be applied with equal confidence to the supporters of rival Republicans of different shades. It is very much less certain, for instance, to the London *Times* that a Moderate will vote for a Radical or for a Ministerial Socialist of the Bourgeois school of human solidarity. At the second ballots a certain number of electors who voted for their own man on the first ballots will abstain. On the other hand, a certain number who stood aloof during the confused fighting of the first struggle come to the poll to decide at the second a definite issue between two candidates which they know a narrow majority may settle.

OBVIOUSLY, much depends in these delicate adjustments upon who "makes the elections." Rouvier, as Premier, was not trusted by those anticlericals who look to Bourgeois and now fight behind Sarrien. Rouvier would have swung the official influence toward the Vatican; Bourgeois would die before doing that. And yet the London *Outlook* vouches for his horror of what is known as Combesism—the extreme radical theories of the now disintegrated combination that separated church from state. Bourgeois claims that radicalism is really a hindrance to collectivism and provides a defense of the principle of private property. It should be stated that such radical Socialists as support Bourgeois do not form a unit in the regular Socialist organization. Bourgeois's followers are of a considerably less advanced school than are the followers of Jean Jaurès. A solution of the present crisis, says Bourgeois, can be found only in a union of all the democratic forces against Vaticanism and reaction. A majority for Sarrien is not more important than the prevention of a split in that majority. Otherwise there can only be noisy and useless manifestations in the Chamber when it convenes after the elections, the upshot being postponement of all practical and genuine improvement in the condition of France. So soundly does Bourgeois interpret the situation, think German dailies of the liberal type, that unless Sarrien's ministry is strongly sustained at every stage of the voting, the separation of church and state may be undone, if not legislatively then administratively.

ALL independent constituencies have been thrown into a state of ferment, writes the well-informed correspondent of the London *Times* in Paris, by the attitude of what may be called the left wing of the Socialist party. Ever since anticlericalism gained control of the Government, the Socialists proper have been standing shoulder to shoulder with the Radicals. It was this combination which went by the name of the "block." It was due to this discipline that Nationalist and Moderate Republican opposition to the bill separating church and state was stultified. Throughout this period, the Socialist leaders in the Chamber, and especially Jaurès, voted with Radicals of all republican shades. The collapse of the stalwart clericalism of former Premier Combes released the party of Jaurès from pledges which the pressure of doctrinaire leaders of international socialism—the Bebels and the Guesdes, who have to be reckoned with—had rendered compromising. In view of the approaching elections, Jaurès and his supporters convinced themselves that their political interests required their separation from the "block." They have adopted for the campaign certain tactics, which consist in putting forward in a great number of constituencies candidates so thoroughly Socialist that Radical groups represented in the Sarrien ministry will be unable to vote for them. Socialist votes, on the other hand, will in many cases be diverted from candidates supporting the ministry of Sarrien. The outcome can only be beneficial to those who have fought separation of church and state. The general disorder in the political world renders almost any surprise a possibility. From a Vatican point of view, the Pope's denunciation of the bill separating church and state was happily timed.

* * *

THROUGHOUT the six weeks that have elapsed since the troops of Francis Joseph dissolved the Hungarian Parliament at the point of the bayonet, the city of

Budapest has been transformed into the capital of an absolute despot. Treaties with foreign powers were last month made effective in defiance of explicit provisions of the law. Recruits who, advised by lawyers, refused to present themselves for enrolment in the army, were dragged from their homes by the troops of him whom they repudiate as their King. High sheriffs, coming from Budapest with the commission of Francis Joseph, have broken open the doors of court-houses closed against them. Passive resistance and the boycott, organized by the coalition of political leaders who insist that Francis Joseph ceased last month to reign constitutionally in Hungary, provided various counties of the land with two sets of officials whose authority is recognized only by their partizans. Count Albert Apponyi, whose aspiring ambitions are held answerable for everything by Austrian organs, insists that the dual monarchy of Austria-Hungary has given up its constitutional ghost. If Francis Kossuth, leader of the Hungarian coalition, refrains this month from disorganizing that ill-assorted combination, Francis Joseph will be met by an open resistance with which his Austrian troops, according to the *Independance Belge* (Brussels), will be wholly unable to cope.

FRANCIS JOSEPH remained in his Austrian capital during the month's Hungarian turbulence and reiterated his innumerable refusals to allow German words of command to be replaced by Magyar words of command in the regiments recruited from Hungary. And that is the issue out of which this initial phase of civil war has evolved. In contrast with the Magyar repudiation of an Austrian empire supposed to contain Hungary comes last month's declaration in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* that when Francis Joseph was crowned as King in Budapest he made a pact with the Parliament there and has observed that pact. The Budapest Parliament agreed to recognize and to confirm Francis Joseph in his exercise of military prerogatives. They were the same prerogatives which as uncrowned but hereditary King of Hungary and as Austrian Emperor he had exercised, without providing Magyar patriots with political grievances. The prerogatives left him free to arrange the command and inner organization of the whole Austro-Hungarian army. Of that army the Hungarian army, as the Magyar politicians term it, forms but a part. The Hungarian army, as Francis Joseph defined it last month in his official rescript, means merely those regiments of the Austro-Hungarian army which draw their recruits from Hungary. At his coronation, the King's constitutional right to organize the army as he wished was recognized by Parliament in session at Budapest. Not once was it called in question until the coalition of Magyar politicians was formed. Francis Joseph declares that he asked this coalition to take office last March. The coalition told him that if he would grant the Magyar language of command for "the Hungarian army," Kossuth, Andrassy and the rest would undertake the government of the kingdom. This condition, Francis Joseph now tells the world, was a violation of the pact between himself and the nation. The result is this open breach between the great units of the dual monarchy, assuming aspects so serious as fully to account, as many great European dailies declare, for Emperor William's expeditious modification of policy at Algeciras. If the House of Hapsburg is going into liquidation, the House of Hohenzollern will be represented at the meeting of creditors in the capacity of assignee.

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WITTE spent the month in baffling a St. Petersburg court conspiracy to bring about a counter-revolution. General Trepoff, the Czar's personal confidant, and General Ignatieff, the mouthpiece of grand ducal reaction, want Muscovite government put back upon an autocratic basis. They planned, accordingly, a popular upheaval. This they meant to suppress with Cossack whip and Maxim gun. Countless inconsistent despatches from centers of disturbance in Russia indicate that within the past four months (1) the Czar has granted a constituent assembly with universal suffrage; (2) he has done nothing of the kind; (3) he is going to; (4) never. The elections for what is now styled a national assembly have been fixed and put off five times. This body is to convene about May 10, unless one more of bureaucracy's innumerable changes of plan be made at the last moment. The censorship has been disorganized, says the London *Post*, although "relaxed" is Witte's word. The *Novoye Vremya* complains of "unbridled license" on the part of sheets which it considers incendiary. This language is construed to hint at a restoration of censorship in certain disturbed portions of the empire. Bureaucracy seems to have come together for a crusade against for-

eign newspaper correspondents. It is alleged to be impossible to telegraph beyond the frontier a truthful account of the horrors of repression. If Moscow ever rose in bloody insurrection against the Czar and holy Russia, as the bureaucratic jargon runs, official St. Petersburg must be in a poppy dream, for all it professes to know is that there were some disturbances in the Kremlin which were exaggerated. Orderly municipal life was interrupted only by irresponsible mobs easily dispersed. Nicholas II, who has always been a sort of poet, is devoting himself to versification!

SO tangled a skein cannot be woven into any orderly pattern by European dailies. The *Kreuz Zeitung* is reminded of sensational despatches emanating from this country of ours when orderly government in the United States was made to seem at an end and the American Republic had collapsed. The Berlin daily conjectures that autocracy in Russia knows its mujiks and its hooligans and needs no Western newspaper advice in managing them. The old order has gone for good in the realm of the Romanoffs, but we must not impetuously decide that collapse has come. Official Russia is understood to be more concerned, for the moment, with foreign than domestic affairs. Count Cassini was sent into the Morocco conference to help France. If the count succeeds at Algeciras, the dual alliance will be rehabilitated, and Russia's prestige as a great power will revive.

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WHITELAW REID declined to put on court costume for the state opening of Parliament in London. The action of the American ambassador has been noted in the British press, but not in a spirit of criticism. Ambassador Reid, attired in ordinary dress suit, with white shirt, white collar and white cuffs, sat on the right of the royal dais in the House of Lords. He was beside Viscount Hayashi. The contrast between Mr. Reid and the diplomatists who had arrayed themselves in green sashes, crimson coats or gold belts was pointed out in all the London dailies. Some of them had understood that the American ambassador was to wear a uniform of gold and blue brought by himself from the United States for the very purpose. As things turned out, only black silk knee-breeches distinguished Mr. Reid's garb from that of the wearer of evening dress in this country. The concession involved buckle shoes necessarily. All around him Whitelaw Reid was outshone by peeresses, even though they wore the black commanded by his Majesty. The King was in mourning, as was his absent Queen, for the death of the late King of Denmark.

TWO WARRIORS WHO HAVE GONE TO REST

Gen. John M. Schofield was the last of the Union officers who had command of an independent army.

Miss Susan B. Anthony was, next to Mrs. Stanton, the foremost champion of equal rights for women.

Persons in the Foreground

THE BUSIEST MAN OF A BUSY GOVERNMENT

The story is not new, but it keeps going the rounds, of the exchange of cablegrams once upon a time between Taft and Root. It was when Taft was Governor-General of the Philippines and Root was head of the War Department.

"Rode forty miles on horseback. Feeling fine." So cabled Taft.

"Glad you are feeling fine," was Root's response; "how is the horse!"

The story is illustrative, for the first thing one notes in William Howard Taft is his size, and the next thing one notes is his activity. "He walks erectly and sturdily," writes the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times,* "as little bothered by his great weight as if he were a schoolgirl in a gymnasium." Speaker Reed, when asked his weight by a curious friend, replied that no true gentleman would think of weighing more than two hundred pounds. Secretary Taft says he has amended that statement and made the limit three hundred pounds. Rumor says, however, that it is only within the last few weeks that he could qualify as a "true gentleman" even according to the amended standard. Here is a further little pen picture of him:

"When Secretary Taft speaks, he speaks in a sunshiny roar. When he laughs, the surrounding furniture shakes and rumbles. When he goes forth, the room trembles. Yet he is as light on his feet as the frisky Beveridge. You expect to see his horse sag in the middle when Taft mounts, accompanied by his slender, lath-like companion, Col. Edwards, but Taft sits erect as an arrow and gallops around like a West Point graduate."

Secretary Taft's importance in the present administration seems to be second to that of the President alone, which is saying a great deal, considering that Elihu Root is also a member of the administration. It was Taft who "sat on the lid" when the President went bear hunting. The measure closest to the President's heart is, according to general report, the regulation of railway rates. That has nothing especial to do with the War Department over which Taft presides. Yet, when Senator Foraker opened the late Ohio State campaign with an attack on the rate-regulation program, it was Taft who was sent out there to reply for the administration. He did it effectively, and, in addition, with a side-sweep of his huge hand, so to speak, incidentally ended the political career of the Hamilton County boss, George B. Cox. It was Taft, again, who was made chiefly responsible for the Philippine tariff bill, and who, to achieve results, organized the congressional trip to Manila that converted to his way of thinking such unbending protectionists as Grosvenor and Dalzell, changed Bourke Cockran's views very materially as to the question of independence, immediate and unconditional, for the Filipinos, and gave young Longworth a chance to bring matters to a definite and delightful understanding with Alice Roosevelt. And, again, it was Taft upon whom has been loaded the biggest constructive work our Government has ever undertaken—the building of the Panama Canal. Undaunted by distances and tropical heat, his first move, when the canal was turned over to him, was to transpose his three hundred pounds of avoirdupois to the scene of operations at Panama, to study the problem on the ground. He is, in other words, Secretary of War, Colonial Secretary, and the President's political spokesman. Yet, according to the same newspaper correspondent already quoted, he never seems to be in a hurry. "Taft is a mighty hustler, but there is nothing 'strenuous,' as that word has been defined in later days, about him. He hustles calmly. He disposes of immense quantities of work with an air of beneficent leisure. He goes riding, and wears a riding costume even more wonderful than his Chief's, but no one prints pieces about it, although the spectacle of his immense legs athwart a heroically resigned horse is really more worthy of preservation than the black slouch hat and combination of statesman's coat and weird breeches which distinguished the President."

The father of Secretary Taft was attorney-general in President Grant's Cabinet. The present Secretary of War was naturally, therefore, interested in political matters at an early age. That goes without saying, indeed, when we remember that he is an Ohio man. One of the stories of his early activity is of a thrash-

ing he administered to the editor of a sort of *Town Topics* paper in Cincinnati for libeling his father. Here is the story:

"When he was young he was a reporter. There was an alleged society publication in the town of Cincinnati whose principal function was to print infamous libels on everybody who was prominent in Cincinnati. There was no use in suing it for libel, and the only remedy was to thrash the editor whenever he was to be reached. This remedy had been tried by numerous aggrieved and muscular citizens without producing the least effect. Finally the sheet published a libel on Judge Alphonso Taft, the young reporter's father, who had been a member of Grant's Cabinet. Taft, Jr., saw it and did not like it. He hunted up the editor and asked if he were the editor. That person admitted it.

"'My name is Taft,' said the large young reporter, 'and my purpose is to whip you.' Wherewith he drubbed the libelous editor. That person had been drubbed before, as already narrated; but the drubbing administered by Taft was so monumental, cataclysmic, cosmic, and complete that on the following day the editor suspended publication and took himself thence. Cincinnati saw him no more.

"As for Taft, after thus purging the community, he washed his hands, and went down to the City Hall after an item for his paper."

There may be objections to this sort of summary proceeding as an established method of action, but the regret seems to be widespread that polite society in New York, Newport, etc., has not developed a few young fellows of like robust temperament to teach a few lessons to the editor of *Town Topics*.

Secretary Taft can strike as hard now as when he was a young reporter just out of college. (He graduated from Yale in 1878, standing second in a class of 121 members.) His letter to Wallace accepting the latter's resignation from the post of chief engineer to the Panama Canal Commission, his finding in the Bowen-Loomis controversy, his answer to Poultney Bigelow's charges, all attest his hard-hitting ability. But, if the correspondent of *The Times* is to be believed, he does not get any enjoyment out of this sort of thing. We quote that correspondent again:

"With all the swiftness and finality of Taft's proceedings, the human side of him comes to the front in them more than it does with any other man of his kind in public life. When he drove Minister Bowen from the State Department, for instance, his action was as remorseless and complete as Roosevelt's. But having to do it grieved him. He struck the blow with a sigh. He firmly believed he was right, but the hardship of inflicting pain, of terminating an honorable career, was fully as present in Taft's mind as the necessity of punishing a man who he believed deserved it. Of Roosevelt, with all his fine qualities, that would be difficult to imagine.

"This human side of Taft is the one which endears him most to those who meet him. It does not detract in any degree from the great respect which is paid to his fine abilities and to his great force of character. In Washington folks are skeptical and cynical about public men, and even those who are admired are admired with limitations. Close contact rubs off a good deal of the illusion. But there are no limitations as to Taft, and with the respect that is accorded him by all those who come in contact with him there is mingled real affection."

That, coming from a leading Democratic paper, does not arouse any suspicion that it is published for political purposes. The columns of *The Congressional Record* of late show, indeed, more than one tribute of personal esteem which Democratic Senators and Congressmen have paid to the Secretary in the midst of warm debates on administration measures. Yet in doing this they are quite possibly adding to the popularity of a man who may carry the banner in the opposing ranks in the next presidential contest. While Taft has declared in positive terms that he is not a candidate for the presidential nomination, it will take more than such a declaration to end the talk about him in that connection. The friends of other aspirants insist that the proper line of promotion for Taft is to the Supreme Court; but the politically weather-wise foresee in the next Republican national convention a contest between conservatives, with Vice-President Fairbanks as their candidate, and progressives of the Roosevelt stripe, with Taft as a candidate. "He stands four-square," it is said, "on every plank of the Roosevelt platform," representing much the same curious compound of conservatism and radicalism as that found in the President.

The retirement in the near future of Judge Brown from the Supreme Court of the United States, by reason of advanced age, has revived the rumor that Mr. Taft is to be given a seat on the highest bench of the land. Reports from the Washington correspondents are to the effect that the President has again positively offered him the seat, and that he is now considering the acceptance of it. Even if he should accept, that would not necessarily remove him from the list of possible presidential candidates, though it would be likely to make him a less probable candidate. And if he goes on the bench it is accepted as "manifest destiny" that he will be made Chief Justice when Judge Fuller, now in his seventy-fourth year, retires.

"THE ONLY SAINT AMERICA HAS PRODUCED"

This is the title that has been conferred by John Burns, M.P., upon Jane Addams, of the Hull House, Chicago. There is no need to quarrel with it as extravagant and unfair, since it was conferred by him in informal conversation and represents, of course, not a critical judgment but a burst of glorious enthusiasm. The enthusiasm is not peculiar to Burns. Wherever social reformers congregate the name of Jane Addams elicits a feeling that has a touch or something more than a touch of the adoration which the devout Catholic bestows upon the name of a saint.

It was a Spanish bull-fight that put the finishing touches to the process that evolved Jane Addams as she is now known. That bull-fight transformed her from a dreamer to a doer. She tells about it and about other experiences leading up to it in *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

It may be said that she began her social settlement work, not fifteen years ago, as is generally said, but when she was only six years old. Then she obtained her first sight of the poor section of a town of ten thousand, and her surprise at the fact that people were willing to live in such horrid little houses led to questions, and the questions led to a determination that when she was grown up she would live in a handsome big house, but would build it right in the midst of just such horrid little houses. That little seed-thought fell upon good ground, and she had a father whose wise words from time to time helped it to grow. She remembers his advice to her when she was but eight that she refrain from wearing her pretty new cloak to Sunday-school because it would make the other little girls without pretty cloaks feel so badly. She ruminated over that idea, too, and got out of it a wondering consciousness of the apparent inequalities of mankind. When she was twelve she found her father with a paper in his hand solemnly and sadly reflecting over the news of the death of Mazzini. As she had never heard of him and her father did not know him personally, she was puzzled and asked questions, receiving what she has ever since regarded as a valuable possession, namely, "a sense of the genuine relationship which may exist between men who share large hopes and like desires, even though they differ in nationality, language and creed." She never thinks of this little conversation about Mazzini without recalling Mrs. Browning's lines:

> "He wrapt his little daughter in his large
> Man's doublet, careless did it fit or no."

But a more powerful experience came to her as a young lady traveling in London. She saw for the first time the overcrowded district of a great city at midnight. Here is the picture as she tells it:

> "On Mile End Road, from the top of an omnibus which paused at the end of a dingy street lighted by only occasional flares of gas, we saw two huge masses of ill-clad people clamoring around two hucksters' carts. They were bidding their farthings and ha'-pennies for a vegetable held up by the auctioneer, which he at last scornfully flung, with a gibe for its cheapness, to the successful bidder. In the momentary pause only one man detached himself from the groups. He had bidden in a cabbage, and when it struck his hand, he instantly sat down on the curb, tore it with his teeth and hastily devoured it, unwashed and uncooked as it was. He and his fellows were types of the 'submerged tenth,' as our missionary guide told us, with some little satisfaction in the then new phrase, and he further added that so many of them could scarcely be seen in one spot save at this Saturday night auction, the desire for cheap food being apparently the one thing which could move them simultaneously. They were huddled into ill-fitting, cast-off clothing, the ragged finery which one sees only in East London. Their pale faces were dominated by that most unlovely of human expressions, the cunning and shrewdness of the bargain-hunter who starves if he cannot make a successful trade, and yet the final impression was not of ragged, tawdry clothing nor of pinched and sallow faces, but of myriads of hands, empty, pathetic, nerveless and workworn, showing white in the uncertain light of the street, and clutching forward for food which was already unfit to eat."

That picture of the myriad hands groping upward always clutches at Miss Addams's heart to this day whenever she sees a number of human hands held up, even if they are the chubby hands of children raised in response to a teacher's inquiry. One is reminded by it, too, of the picture (see CURRENT LITERATURE for August, 1905) by Leempoels, entitled "Destiny and Humanity."

At that time she was fresh from college and more or less of an invalid. A spinal difficulty had developed (interrupting a course in medicine which she was taking), and to the nervous depression resulting she attributes in part the "preposterous conclusions" which she drew from this vision of squalor and sin. "It was," she says, "a most fragmentary and lurid view

THE "ONLY SAINT" JOHN BURNS FOUND IN AMERICA

The decisive experience in the life of Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, was the witnessing of a Spanish bull-fight, and the shame that came of her keen enjoyment of the spectacle.

of the poverty of East London, quite as unfair, within its limits, as that recently presented by Jack London in his 'Children of the Abyss.' I should have been told either less or more." At the very moment when she witnessed this spectacle she was reminded of De Quincey's "Vision of Sudden Death," in which he tells of seeing two absorbed lovers step out suddenly in the direct path of a huge mail-coach on which he was riding. He tried to cry out in warning, but could not make a sound because his mind became entangled at once in an endeavor to recall the exact lines of the Iliad in which Achilles alarmed all militant Asia. Not until he could recall the lines was the temporary paralysis of his will removed, the shout given, the calamity averted. Something like this experience of De Quincey's entered into Miss Addams's life at this point:

"For two years in the midst of my distress over the poverty which, thus suddenly driven into my consciousness, had become to me the *'Weltschmerz'* as it were, there was mingled a sense of futility, of misdirected energy, the belief that the pursuit of cultivation would not in the end bring either solace or relief. I gradually reached a conviction that the first generation of college women had taken their learning too quickly, had departed too suddenly from the active, emotional life led by their grandmothers and great-grandmothers; that they had developed too exclusively the power of acquiring knowledge and of merely receiving impressions; that somewhere in the process of 'being educated' they had lost that simple and almost automatic response to the human appeal, that old healthful reaction which results in activity from the mere presence of suffering or of helplessness; that educators have neglected what even the greatest modern apostle of culture admitted, that 'Conduct and not culture is three-fourths of human life.'"

The idea of a social settlement began then to assume definite shape. She recalled the lines of Tomlinson:

"Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought,
. . . give answer,—what ha' ye done?"

For five years she went about dreaming about her plan, filling note-books with quotations and conversations and reflections, but doing nothing.

And then came that Spanish bull-fight:

"I was in Madrid with a little party of old school friends, including Miss Ellen G. Starr. We had been to see a bull-fight rendered in the most magnificent Spanish style, where, greatly to my surprise and horror, I found myself so swept away in a spirit of adventure and contest that I had seen five bulls and many more horses killed with comparative indifference. The sense that this was the last survival of all the glories of the amphitheatre, the illusion that the riders on the caparisoned horses might have been knights of a tournament, or the slightly-armed matadore a gladiator facing his martyrdom, and all the rest of the obscure yet vivid association which an historic survival always produces, had carried me beyond the endurance of any of the rest of the party. I finally met them in the foyer, stern and pale with disapproval of my brutal endurance, and but partially recovered from the faintness and disgust which the spectacle itself had produced upon them. I had no defense to offer to their reproaches save that I had not thought much about the bloodshed; but in the evening the natural and inevitable reaction came, and in deep chagrin I felt myself tried and condemned by the whole situation as it had been revealed by this disgusting experience. It was suddenly made quite clear to me that I had lulled my conscience for years by a dreamer's scheme, that a mere paper reform had become a defense for continued idleness, and that I had made it a *raison d'être* for going on indefinitely with study and travel. The possession of this plan had given me an excuse to seek relief from the cathedrals and churches in order to visit an occasional hospital or orphanage. It had made it seem necessary to study the beginning of early Christian Charity, and the changed attitude toward the slave and the poor which that wonderful group of Early Roman Christians represented, but in reality it made an excellent excuse for engaging an archæologist to

interpret the catacombs day after day, and it afforded me an opportunity to travel to Ravenna with the sense of an important commission. I had persuaded myself that I was studying the galleries in Italy and Germany to trace the intimation of the coming social change as it was set forth by Botticelli and Dürer, their canvases surcharged with pity for the downtrodden, and with longing for fuller human relations, while in reality I enjoyed the picture-galleries for themselves and for all they suggested. In short, I had become a dupe of a deferred purpose of

"'The will that cannot itself awaken,
From the promise the future can never keep.'

"I had fallen into the meanest type of self-deception in making myself believe that all this was in preparation of great things to come, and nothing less than the moral reaction following the experience at a bull-fight had been able to reveal to me that so far from following in the wake of a chariot of philanthropic fire, I had been tied to the tail of the veriest ox-cart of self-seeking. I remember repeating to myself the scathing words of Fader,

"'I use my love of others for a gilding
To make myself more fair.'"

The next January found her and Miss Starr in Chicago searching for a building in which to start their social settlement. For fifteen years now Hull House has been a rendezvous for those who do as well as dream, and a beacon-light to the poor and oppressed who would strive upward. Its object, as stated in its articles of incorporation, is: "To provide a center for a higher civic and social life; to institute and maintain educational and philanthropic enterprises, and to investigate and improve the conditions in the industrial districts of Chicago."

THE SUNNY PERSONALITY OF ENRICO CARUSO

How strictly the parents of Caruso, the greatest of living tenors, observed the decalogue we do not know; but it is certain that they were zealous observers of another command that far outdates the ten commandments, that was, in fact, the first of all injunctions laid upon mankind: "Be fruitful and multiply." There was a baker's dozen of youngsters in the family ahead of Enrico, and ten more came to share the fun afterward, making twenty-four in all. The family lived in or near Naples and belonged to the peasant class. They lived, for the most part, out in the sunshine, and the personality as well as the voice of Enrico seems to have retained a sunny quality through all these thirty-two years of his existence. He is full of jollity and dearly loves to joke, and one of his entertainments is the drawing of caricatures of his associates, Conried, Blass, Scotti, Hertz, Plançon, and the rest; and of many of his humorous cartoons he is himself the subject

He sang at the age of ten, when playing about the streets of Naples, as the birds sing, because he couldn't help it. Nobody ever thought much about his singing then except his mother. She used to stop her work to listen to him, and she was sure he would be great. No musicians, so far as he knows, were in the family before him, and his father positively disliked music of all sorts; so the mother's belief was laughed at, especially by

CARUSO AS A CARICATURIST

His sketches of Alfred Hertz, the Wagnerian conductor, in full action.

ONE OF A FAMILY OF TWENTY-FOUR CHILDREN

"If the time ever comes," says Enrico Caruso, the great tenor, "when I am convinced that I am extraordinary, it will be a danger signal. My art will decline. I will say to myself, 'Caruso can do no wrong,' and the belief will be fatal."

the father, who doesn't believe, or professes not to believe, even to this day, that his son's voice is anything extraordinary, though, Enrico says, "by sending him money I try to prove it."

"I had no teacher," says Caruso; "I taught myself. I sang as I breathed—I breathed as I walked. Song was in the air about me." When he was fifteen he had quite a local reputation, gained from singing in the churches of Naples; but he had to go to work as a mechanic to help earn a living for the family. He went into a factory where they made chemical products, and instead of sulking and mooning, he took a real interest in his work and kept his job. Three years later he met a distinguished baritone singer who reproached him for not properly cultivating his voice and took him to Maestro Vergine, who offered to teach him for three years and take twenty-five per cent. of his earnings for the first five years after he made his début. But friction came almost at once between pupil and teacher because Caruso insisted on singing outside of school to earn a little money. At twenty he enlisted in the army, and his colonel became so interested that he relieved Caruso from all hard work and found him a teacher with whom to study. After a year and a half, one of his brothers became his substitute and Enrico was exempted from further service that he might go back to Vergine. Six months later, in 1894, at the age of twenty-three, he made his début in Naples in "L'Amico Francesco." The début was a brilliant success. Speaking of it, in *Munsey's Magazine,* Emma B. Kaufman says: "The father remembers the day of his son's first public appearance. So does half of Naples. It was in the Teatro Nuovo, and—wonder of wonders!—young Caruso was to receive forty francs a month for singing—just for singing! All day long the father went about chuckling to himself. They were going to pay Enrico to sing! He was to sing in 'Amico Francesco,' an opera by Signor Morelli, and people would give up *lire* to hear him!" Now Enrico receives $1,200 a night, and he has to spend 10,000 francs in a single season on the clothes which he wears when off the stage because, he says complainingly, they tell him he must dress better in order to be appreciated.

Dignity does not weigh very heavily upon the great tenor. He is said to turn handsprings occasionally behind the scenes, and he loves to trifle with his more dignified associates. Here, for instance, is a story Miss Kaufman tells of a practical joke played by Caruso upon another Italian opera-singer, Giraldoni:

"Caruso is singing divinely one of his most famous parts—*Enzo* in 'La Gioconda.' His friend Giraldoni meets him in the center of the stage. They bow with dignity, they shake hands with empressement. So it appears to the splendid, expensive audience that fills the auditorium; but Giraldoni feels something in his hand, something soft and smooth. He clutches it while Caruso whispers 'Beware!' Furtively Giraldoni looks down. He has in his hand an egg. 'Beware, beware!' He tries to give the egg to the chorus, but the men of the chorus adore Caruso, and will not spoil his joke. For the rest of that scene Giraldoni breathes forth melody gesticulating with one clenched hand in which he clutches an egg."

Here is another little incident as related by Caruso to Miss Kaufman of a joke played by Caruso upon Conried:

"At mention of his comrades, Signor Caruso's face is wreathed in reminiscent smiles. 'Wait, wait!' he cries, and flies from the room in a most un-tenor-like way. He rushes up-stairs, two steps at a time. He returns breathless, his arms full of caricatures, his eyes twinkling at the prospect of showing them.

"'Here—here is Conried as a type of your America!'

"He turns a paper on which he has caricatured the *herr direktor* with a telephone pressed to his ear. 'That is the way you find him—busy always—eternally busy, even when he is resting. This is the way he gives us his attention. I seek him full of trouble. He declares himself at my disposal. Instantly the telephone clangs. Some one at the other end of the wire claims one ear—only one is left to me. I determine to have both. I whisper. That night is the première of '"La Favorita." Instantly Conried drops the telephone. He is alarmed—excited.

"'"What is it?" he cries. "Are you hoarse? Caruso, speak!"

"'The telephone rings in vain now. I have not only his two ears, but also his two eyes. I keep him in suspense, still whispering.

"'"Are you hoarse?" he cries again.

"'At last I answer. I whisper:

"'"I do not know, because I have not tried to speak aloud."'"

Caruso has his little superstitions. "Let me meet hay in the street," he says, "a bale of hay, and I will dare any high note ever reached for by a tenor. Hay represents infallible good fortune, just as passing under a rope or a scaffolding foretells sure disaster."

Physically, he is five feet nine inches high, but his rounded shoulders and thick neck give him a short, stocky appearance. His chest girth, in repose, measures forty-nine inches, and he can expand it to fifty-four inches. "His face is as unlined as a boy's and his cheeks glow with health." He has no concern with the scientific study of music, and his first attempt to sing in anything but Italian was his recent essay of the title rôle in "Faust," in French. He refuses to worship himself, and he says: "Extraordinary people are uncomfortable, are they not? I am not of their class. If the time ever comes when I am convinced that I am extraordinary, it will be a danger signal. My art will decline. I shall say to myself: 'Caruso can do no wrong,' and the belief will be fatal."

THE LOVE STORY OF A FAMOUS STATESMAN TOLD BY HIS FAMOUS SON

No more romantic career has been seen in British politics since the days of Canning than that of Lord Randolph Churchill, who, famous at thirty and the virtual leader of his party at thirty-seven, was a broken and dying man at forty. He was especially familiar to Americans as the Briton who, by marrying Miss Jennie Jerome, of New York, practically inaugurated that series of trans-Atlantic matches which is now said to be modifying the tone of the House of Lords. Now the son of Lord Randolph Churchill, the Winston Churchill who is himself so conspicuous a figure in the Commons, has written a life of his father* and in doing so, has revealed, as the London *Post* thinks, what manner of man he is himself.

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ETON

Lord Randolph Churchill gave his parents much food for thought by his peculiarities at this time.

For it is thought not improbable that the lesson of his father's life has sunk deeply into the son's mind and that the tragedy and failure of it led Winston Churchill to abandon the Conservatives and go over to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who has just bestowed office upon him. Be that as it may, the son is censured by the London *Telegraph* for telling the story of his father's courtship with

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OXFORD

His studies were not severe, but Lord Randolph stuck to them, complaining in after years, that they did not stick to him.

*Lord Randolph Churchill. By Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P. In two volumes. The Macmillan Company.

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THE MOST BRILLIANT FAILURE IN ENGLISH POLITICS

Lord Randolph Churchill, whose resignation from the Salisbury ministry was accepted to make room, it is said, for Arthur Balfour in political life.

"a freedom from reserve" not common in England. The human interest of the narrative at this point is certainly intense and the young American girl most concerned was beautiful enough to warrant an even greater wealth of detail. Here is how the son offends against good taste in the opinion of a great British newspaper:

"In August of 1873 Lord Randolph went to Cowes upon what proved to him a memorable visit. In honor of the arrival of the Czarevitch and the Czarevna the officers of the cruiser *Ariadne*, then lying as guard ship in the Roads, gave a ball, to which all the pleasure seekers who frequent the Solent at this season of the year made haste to go in boats and launches from the shore and from the pleasure fleet. Here, for the first time, he met Miss Jerome, an American girl whose singular beauty and gifted vivacity had excited general attention. He was presented to her by a common friend. Waltzing made him giddy and he detested dancing of all kinds; so that after a formal quadrille they sat and talked. She was living with her mother and eldest sister at Rosetta Cottage, a small house which they had taken for the summer, with a tiny garden facing the sea. Thither the next night, duly bidden, he repaired to dine. The dinner was good, the company gay and attractive and with the two young ladies chatting and playing duets at the piano the evening passed very pleasantly. She was nineteen and he scarcely twenty-four; and if Montaigne is to be believed, this period of extreme youth is love's golden moment. That very night Miss Jerome told her laughing and incredulous sister that their new friend was the man she would marry; and Lord Randolph confided to Colonel Edgecumbe, who was of the party, that he admired the two sisters and meant, if he could, to make the 'dark one' his wife.

"Next day they met again 'by accident'—so runs the account I have received—and went for a walk. That evening he was once more a guest at Rosetta Cottage. That night—the third of their acquaintance—was a beautiful night, warm and still, with the lights of the yachts shining on the water and the sky bright with stars. After dinner they found themselves alone together in the garden and—brief courtship notwithstanding—he proposed and was accepted.

"So far as the principals were concerned, everything was thus easily and swiftly settled, and the matter having become so earnest all further meetings were suspended until the Duke of Marlborough and Mr. Jerome, who was in America, had been consulted. Lord Randolph returned to Blenheim (seat of the Duke, his father) shaken by alternating emotions of joy and despondency. He had never been in love before and the force and volume of the tide swept him altogether off his feet. At one moment he could scarcely believe that one so unworthy as he could have been preferred; the next he trembled lest all his hopes should be shattered by circumstances unforeseen."

Nor, indeed, was his anxiety without reason. Many and serious obstacles had to be encountered. The duke could not understand how so deep an attachment could spring up between young people after an acquaintance begun but three days previously. Mr. Jerome, from the remoteness of New York, was not very approachable on the subject of marriage settlements. Lord Randolph Churchill angrily declared that he would take Miss Jerome without settlements of any kind. Mr. Jerome at last made settlements that were handsome enough, and the match was made. It proved very happy.

Had Lord Randolph consulted his wife, he would certainly have avoided the fatal mistake of his career. That much seems clear from the narrative of his son. Lord Randolph was a man with whom it was very hard to "get along." He was not adapted for team work. Brilliant, eloquent, widely read, generous, there was that fatal imperiousness in his nature which made him chafe under tutelage. So, at the climax of his political career, he threw up his office of Chancellor of the Exchequer in a pet. English dailies reviewing this biography take occasion to compare the son and the father. Winston is told that he

possesses his father's impatience and imperiousness and he is warned against those fatal qualities. Here is a paragraph from the biography which, we are assured, may turn out prophecy if this biographer of his famous father does not beware:

"Lord Randolph seemed at this time (1886) to have been separated only by a single step from a career of dazzling prosperity and fame. With a swiftness which in modern parliamentary history had been excelled only by the younger Pitt, he had risen by no man's leave or monarch's favor from the station of a private gentleman to almost the first position under the crown. Upon the continent he was already regarded as the future master of English politics. His popularity among the people was unsurpassed. He was steadily gaining the confidence of the sovereign and the respect and admiration of the most serious and enlightened men of his day. His natural gifts were still ripening and his mind expanding. The House of Commons had responded instinctively to the leadership of 'a great man of Parliament.' Alike in the glare and clatter of the platform and in the silent diligence of a public department he was found equal to all the varied tasks which are laid upon an English Minister. If he were thus armed and equipped at thirty-seven, what would he be at fifty? Who could have guessed that ruin, utter and irretrievable, was marching swiftly upon this triumphant figure; that the great party which had followed his lead so blithely would, in a few brief months, turn upon him in abiding displeasure; and that the Parliament which had assembled to find him so powerful and to accept his guidance would watch him creep away in sadness and alone?"

Queen Victoria was among those who regarded Lord Randolph at this time with keen displeasure. True, he had received from her Majesty the most complimentary of personal letters not long before his sensational resignation; but after that event she conveyed to him, through her secretary, the knowledge that he had fallen into disgrace with her. What he did was to tell the London *Times* of his resignation before he had informed the Queen, or, to be more accurate, before the Prime Minister had been given an opportunity to transmit the news. Her Majesty seems not to have had the remotest notion that Lord Randolph had quitted the ministry until she saw the announcement in the great London daily.

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THE FASCINATING MISS JEROME

She received a proposal from Lord Randolph after a three days' acquaintance and accepted him.

THE MOST FAMOUS OF LIVING IRISHMEN

John Edward Redmond embodies in his own person the antithesis of all the qualities commonly associated with the English idea of a home-ruler, says the London *Mail*. *The Mail* is Mr. Redmond's inveterate enemy politically, but it makes no secret of its liking and admiration of the Irish leader in his human aspect. That aspect, says the London daily, is simply delightful. In demeanor, it is true, Mr. John Edward Redmond—not to be confused with his brother Will—is as solemn and as grandly dignified as a foreign ambassador in court costume. He dresses like a member of the royal family, but his head betokens an intellect suggesting Aristotle's. Then there is that melodious voice. There is something in the plaintiveness of it that makes women weep whenever Mr. Redmond describes an Irish eviction. There is a buoyancy in the man's laughter at unionism that is contagious. Mr. Redmond is the only member of the House of Commons known to have made Arthur Balfour laugh

THE SUCCESSOR OF PARNELL

John Edward Redmond was one of the minority which sided with Parnell when that uncrowned King of Ireland lost his grip upon the Home Rule party.

WIFE OF THE IRISH HOME RULE LEADER

Mrs. John E. Redmond is admired for the tact with which she dispenses the hospitality of her London residence to Home Ruler and Unionist alike.

heartily. With no trace of Hibernian accent, Mr. Redmond has so rare an elocutionary gift that labor members have begun to study his oratorical style in the house. He is the best speaker there to-day; but that is not saying much for him, adds *The Mail.* Many of the best speakers lost their seats in the recent landslide.

Mr. Redmond is noted for a facial resemblance to one or two great men in the past—Napoleon especially. He is of the middle height, with a short, thick neck encircled with the old-fashioned collar. The rotundity of the figure, now that he has attained the age of fifty, is increasing visibly. Further:

"Mr. John Redmond is the son of an Irish member; he was a barrister in England before he was called to the bar in Ireland, and he was a clerk at the vote office of the House of Commons, aged twenty-five, when Mr. Parnell 'discovered' him. He created a record the first day he was a member of Parliament. Hurrying from his constituency of New Ross to Westminster, he took his seat, made his maiden speech, got up 'a scene,' and was suspended before the clock struck twelve.

"That achievement stood him in good stead, for it saved him from going to prison for a certificate of character. His brother 'Willie' goes to prison occasionally, and the glory of it is shared by the family. Mr. Redmond has a superb gift of silence; 'Willie' is vocal on the slightest provocation. Mr. Redmond is dignified in the highest degree; 'Willie' plays the buffoon with zest and a frank impudence that make him a general favourite."

If fault may be hinted at, Mr. John—unlike Willie again—never can free himself from a tendency to pomposity. He tries hard, but he fails. The pomposity, however, is not offensive. Indeed, it delights his friends, and opponents make allowance for it. It actually completes the man and gives his leadership tone. To conclude:

"He possesses undoubted ability and considerable parliamentary talent. If he were a member of an English party he would perhaps receive a minor Cabinet office. In the full flight of his oration his importance and his figure seem to swell out and overshadow the clamorous throng at his feet. The eagle eye beams at the ringing cheers, or becomes stern and fierce as he hurls anathema at Mr. Wyndham. The tragic manner of Roscius alternates with the soul-thrilling demeanour of the thunder-compelling Jove, and the right hand slips into the close-buttoned frock coat, bringing the shadow of Napoleon into the picture.

"It is all very splendid, very imposing, and it is highly gratifying to the gentlemen from Ireland to feel that they possess the best orator on the Opposition side. If Mr. Healy is absent, Mr. Redmond is safe. If Mr. Healy is present, he feels as if a mine of satire were ready to explode at his feet. Mr. Healy does not like Mr. Redmond, and makes game of this enemy of landlords for being a landlord himself and selling his farms at twenty-one years' purchase. That is a sore point, which Mr. Healy never tires of rubbing."

Literature and Art

A ROMANCE IN THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS

The London *Tribune,* a new English daily founded under Liberal auspices, has recently printed a series of letters, hitherto unpublished, which illuminate, in a peculiarly intimate way, the emotion and temperament of Charles Dickens, the famous English novelist. It appears from these letters, which have caused a sensation in the literary world and have evoked a spirited protest from the novelist's son, Mr. Henry F. Dickens, that there was a Weller in real life—a woman, not a man—who deeply influenced the author of the immortal "Pickwick Papers."

In February, 1844, Charles Dickens went to Liverpool to give an address at the Mechanics' Institution. He was then thirty-two and in the full flush of his fame. He had been eight years married, and had three children. His marriage, as his intimate friends were aware, was not entirely happy, and later he and his wife separated, but "without a breath of serious scandal on either side."

At Liverpool he was lionized, and after the address a musical entertainment followed. A Miss Christiana Weller played on the pianoforte and elicited tremendous applause. When the creator of Samuel Weller was introduced to Miss Weller there was "considerable merriment."

It is evident that Miss Weller was the girl to whom the owner of the letters now refers as "a young creature who, though in her early teens, was already a fine musician, whom Thalberg's praise had half persuaded to think of music as a possible profession." During the evening, it seems, Dickens could hardly take his eyes from her face. He was introduced, and he asked permission to call on her, which he did. He wrote to her impetuously:

"Let me congratulate you with my whole heart on your brilliant achievements last night. Nothing could have been more successful, graceful, charming—triumphant in every particular. I felt a pride in you which I cannot express. I do not write to you therefore with the view of expressing it, or giving language to my great delight; but merely to say that I can't do either."

Here was plainly a case of romantic friendship—"that ambiguous force in the lives of all men of genius." The second letter contained verses and was followed by a gift of Tennyson's poems—a presentation copy to Dickens from the poet himself. But he gave her more than this—and now comes the strangest part of the story. He introduced to her a friend who had come from London to hear his address, and who promptly fell in love with her! Dickens found himself in a strange conflict of emotion. From Birmingham he wrote to his friend: "Good God! What a madman I should seem if the incredible feeling I have conceived for that girl could be made plain to anyone." Later he expressed himself with even greater intensity:

"My Dear,——

"I swear that when I opened and read your letter this morning (I laid down my pen to break the seal, being just shut up in my own room) I felt the blood go from my face to I don't know where, and my very lips turn white. I never in my life was so surprised, or had the whole current of my life so stopped, for the instant, as when I felt, at a glance, what your letter said, which I did correctly. For when I came to read it attentively, and several times over, I found nothing new in it. This was not because it contained a word to astonish me, but because I never had imagined your remaining in Liverpool; or seriously admiring her. . . . I expected you in town any day—and have often wondered within myself whether you would still have an interest in recalling, with me, her uncommon character and wonderful endowments. I know that in many points I am an excitable and headstrong man. and ride—Oh, God, what prancing hobbies!—and although I knew that the impression she had made on me was a true, deep, honest, pure-spirited thing. I thought my nature might have been prepared to receive it, and to exaggerate it unconsciously, and to keep it green long after such a fancy as I deemed it probable you might have conceived, had withered. So much for my injustice, which I must release myself of, in the first instance.

"You ask me to write, and I think you want me to write freely. I will tell you what I would do myself if I were in your case, and I will tell you without the least reserve.

"If I had all your independent means, and twenty times my own reputation and fame—and felt as irresistibly impelled toward her as I should if I were in your place, and as you do—I would not hesitate, or do that slight to the resolution of my own heart which hesitation would imply; but would win her if I could. I would answer it to myself, if any world's breath whispered me that I had known her but a few days, that hours of hers are years in the lives of common women.

A NEW DICKENS TABLET

Erected on the side of Bleak House, Broadstairs, London. Dickens lived in Bleak House many years and wrote some of his greatest works there.

That it is in such a face and such a spirit, as a part of its high nature, to do at once what less ethereal creatures must be long in doing. That as no man ever saw a soul or caught it in its flight, no man can measure it by rule and rod. And that it has a right, in such lofty development, to pitch all forms laid down by bodies to the Devil—the only Being, as far as I know, who was never in love himself, or inspired it in others.

"And to the father I would point out, in very tenderness and sorrow for this gentle creature, who otherwise is lost to this sad world, which needs another, Heaven knows, to set it right—lost in her youth, as surely as she lives—that the course to which he is devoting her should not be called her life, but Death: for its speedy end is certain. I saw an angel's message in her face that day, that smote me to the heart. He may not know this, being always with her; it is very likely he does not; and I would tell it him. Repose, change, a mind at rest, a foreign climate, would be, in a springtime like hers, the dawning of a new existence. I believe, I do believe and hope, that this would save her; and that many happy years hence she would be strong and hardy. But at the worst, contemplating the chance, the distant chance in such a case, of what is so dreadful, I could say in solemn and religious earnestness that I could bear better her passing from my arms to Heaven, than I could endure the thought of coldly turning off into the world again to see her no more. . . .

"As I live, I write the Truth, and feel it.

"So many ideas spring up within me, of the quiet happiness we might enjoy abroad, all of us together, in some delicious nook, where we should make merry over all this that I don't know whether to be glad or sorry at my own hopefulness. Such Italian castles, bright in sunny days, and pale in moonlight nights, as I am building in the air! . . .

"I never was more in earnest, my dear ——, in my life.—Always faithfully your friend,

"CHARLES DICKENS.

"P.S.—I don't seem to have said half enough."

In two succeeding letters Dickens encouraged the suit of this rather diffident aspirant for the lady's hand. "At the father," he says, "I snap my fingers. I would leap over the head of the tallest father in Europe if his daughter's heart lay on the other side and were worth having." Then, in the next letter: "I congratulate you with all my heart and soul a million times. It is a noble prize you have won." A third letter, addressed to the young lady herself, tells its own story. We quote:

"To my amazement I have found one friend of mine very much the worse for a visit to your town. Something comes over the paper like the light of a blush from you; I don't know what is the cause of the effect, but it is very red. I mention it on account of its singularity—and losing the thread of my discourse in doing so (it is so very slight that it is hard to find) I must turn over leaf and look back.

"Oh! My friend! I recollect. Yes. He went to Liverpool, and fell desperately, madly, irretrievably in Love there, which was so perfectly natural (the circumstances of his case being quite uncommon, and his provocation enormous) that I could not find it in my heart to remonstrate with him for his folly. Indeed, I rather encouraged him in it than otherwise: for I had that amount of sympathy with his condition, which—but that I am beyond the reach, the lawful reach, of the Wings that fanned *his* fire—would have rendered it the greatest happiness and pleasure of my life to have run him through the body. In no poetical or tender sense, I assure you, but with good sharp steel. He fell in Love, this man, and after divers misgivings and hesitations and deliberations, and all that, mentioned the fact—first to the winds, and to the gentle airs that blow in Mr. Radley's bedchamber; and afterwards to—to Her. Well. He thought he was getting on hopefully, gently, reasonably, smoothly, and wrote as much to me in London. I immediately threw up a small cap (sky blue), which I keep on a peg in my study for such joyful occasions as very seldom happen; and remained for some days perpetually casting it into the air and catching it again, in a transport of delight.

"In the midst of this enthusiasm I was summoned down here (he visits hereabouts) to attend a funeral; and at this funeral I found him, to my great amazement, acting as chief mourner to his own hopes, and attending them to an early grave with the longest hatband and usefulest pocket handkerchief I ever saw in my life. At this I was very much surprised, and very sorry, as you will believe; and the sky blue cap (still in the air) fell down upon my head with the weight and velocity of a cannon-ball.

"For I found out. when I came to talk to him, that the one wretchedness coming upon the head

of another—they always make a pyramid; God knows why—he had heard, in the very height of another distress, from her; and she had told him that he had been a little premature—and that there were other footprints in the field—and so forth.

"But by little and little, I got the cap up again—not very high, but *up*—and there it is now, over my head, as I write. For I told him that as to other footmarks being in that course, there might be a host, and yet the best flowers might grow up at last in the steps of the last man, if he were True, Unselfish, Manly, Honourable, Patient, and Deserving. I told him that I had faith in such strong qualities never being inspired in a man's heart for failing purposes—that I had a Faith in his possessing them, and carrying them gallantly into his attachment—and that I had as high and confident a Faith (oh, Heaven! what a boundless Faith it is!) in Her."

THE DICKENS STATUE IN PHILADELPHIA

This was the first statue to Dickens erected in America. The novelist is shown looking down at a figure of Little Nell.

The sequel was idyllic, says the unnamed holdder of the letters. It was a love story that Dickens might have "put in a book." The girl gave her heart to the friend who had so good a second in this duel of the affections. Further:

"These letters remain to show the glowing heart of a man of letters with a genius for friendship. How far the lady felt the secondary influence one can only guess; but her marriage with the principal, which was celebrated after a delay of some years, proved to be of the happiest, and the couple had two children whose careers, had Dickens lived to follow them, might have rewarded him afresh for the generous pains and risks of a third person's intervention in an affair of the heart."

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HEINE'S DEATH

"You men and women who wish to deal a death-blow to the Philistines, gather yourselves together: an example is to be set; a crime is to be removed; a deed is to be done.

"A universal singer must be greeted; a soldier must be honored; a laughter must be crowned.

"On this seventeenth of February, half a century ago, he died in pain.

"He has a burial monument in Paris. He has a monument in New York. He has a monument in Corcyra or Corfu. He has no monument in Germany."

With these ringing words, Alfred Kerr, in an article in *Der Floh* (Vienna), summons the German admirers of one of the greatest poets of the world to right the wrong which official Germany has for decades persisted in heaping upon Heine. "Let it become a monument of spite!" he continues. "It will pay the dead his due, and bring good cheer to many a living one. . . . I shall not rest until the veil has fallen and the marble picture stands in the sun! . . . Onward against the Philistines!"

This call has found a friendly response even in the conservative press of Germany; while the liberal organs, such as the *Jugend, Simplicissimus* and *Der Floh,* devote one or more whole numbers profusely illustrated to the commemoration of the semicentenary of the poet. "Will it find an echo also among the German people?" asks the editor of *Die Neue Besellschaft.* "Would it were so! For thereby it

HEINRICH HEINE

From a sketch by Richard Pfeiffer in Munich *Jugend*.)

Heine's "unique and unparalleled position in the world's literature" is being celebrated in many countries at this time.

would set up a monument not only to the poet but also to itself."

This official enmity to Heine is considered the more astonishing because of the fact that he is probably the most widely read, as well as the most widely sung, of German poets, and that his popularity in this regard seems to be ever on the increase. (See article in CURRENT LITERATURE, March.) This attitude toward Heine is an indirect tribute to the enduring power of his satire, for which he brought down upon himself the hatred of contemporary Philistines — a hatred which seems so have been so deep-set as to have been transmitted as an instinct to their modern successors. All the admirers of Heine pay their disrespect to "the Philistines." "Heine would not be Heine," says Franz Mehring in *Die Neue Zeit*, "if the Philistines had not endless fault to find with him. Nor will this ever change so long as there are Philistines in the world." Commenting further on the causes of this hostility, the same writer remarks:

"All in all, posterity still owes the genius of Heine everything for which his contemporaries remained indebted to him, and posterity has not so much to excuse it as had the contemporary world of Heine. The cause of this lies in the fact that Heine occupies quite a unique and unparalleled position in the world's literature; there is no other poet in whose works the colors and forms of the three great conceptions of the universe that developed in the course of a century play so harmoniously into one another, bound together in the unity of his artistic individuality. Heine called himself the last fabulous king of romanticism; but he also prided himself upon being a fighter for the ideas of bourgeois liberty, and he took not a little credit to himself as having discovered communism in its corporeal reality and as having been its prophet. Nor was he one thing after the other, but everything at the same time, and he who regards him only from one of these points of view, from the romantic or from the bourgeois or from the proletarian, will always find him full of shortcomings and contradictions."

Of course Max Nordau has a word to say on this subject, and he says it in his characteristically forceful manner in the London *Outlook*. Heine's world-wide reputation, he says, appears to be taken as a personal insult by the German Antisemites:

"Let them rant! It is not in the power of such to detract the veriest atom from his undying fame; does not their impotent rage beating against that rocky eminence in the Rhine echo back in tumults of reverberating scorn to the haunting metre of the wondrous 'Lorelei'? Heine's mild and kingly 'revenge' has been his marvelous and unconquerable dominion over the spirit of all the German-speaking people. What German youth or maiden can tell the first throbs of their quickening love but in the simple eloquence of words Heine has given them? What German, when his heart is brimming with emotion, but will find the surest vent for his pent-up feelings in Heine's verses—nay, we might even say that no German can now write poetry without some faint reverberation of Heinrich Heine's incomparable music clinging to it in form or rhyme. Heine has stamped his own individuality upon Germany's lyric poetry. His touch is not to be lightly brushed aside. She still speaks the language he taught her, now more than two generations since; the 'Jewish taint,' if such it is, is therefore, it will be seen, ineradicable, and even the poets must 'come to heel' would they express themselves in verse."

Continuing, Nordau points out that, with the exception of Goethe and Schiller, "no other has done a tithe of what Heine has done toward spreading the knowledge of Germany's literature beyond her frontiers. His position indeed is that of a German ambassador to the nations of foreign lands, yet his own country disowns him! Not the people, be it said: they read him, buy him, laud him as no other poet has been lauded; but 'official' Germany—that gang so incurably smitten with *folie de grandeur* — which, swarming here, there and everywhere, penetrates into the universities and lecture-rooms and permeates the press, the histories of literature, the very encyclopædia."

It is to these fanatic elements that Nordau attributes the fact that Germany has thus far failed to put up a monument to his name. Seven Greek towns, he reminds us, dispute to this day the honor of having been the birthplace of Homer; and now some seven German cities—among them Berlin, Düsseldorf, Cologne and Frankfort-on-the-Main—are each vying for the honor of being known as the one that has refused to permit the erection of a statue within her walls to the memory of Heinrich Heine, although his admirers have promised to furnish the site.

England, France, America and almost every civilized country joins in celebrating the anniversary of Heine. The London *Bookman* has issued a "Heine number" with portraits and articles. The popularity of Heine is deemed particularly astounding when we come to consider the marked individualistic style of his poetry, which renders it exceptionally difficult of translation—a style so full of subtle beauty and meaning that it defies analysis, and therefore is impossible to reproduce. It is conceded that the best translation of the poems of Heine is that by an American, Charles Leland, of "Hans Breitmann's Ballads" fame.

Paul Bourget, the eminent French novelist, pays high tribute to Heine. He recalls his lonely "mattress-grave," and the witty remark with which he received Berlioz: "You visit me? You are always original!" Among his intimate friends in Paris were Théophile Gautier and Honoré de Balzac. Bourget mentions Gautier's touching account of Heine's burial in the cemetery of the Montmartre:

"The weather was gloomy and cold. Only a few men followed the hearse, and a short time afterward the only French poet who could be compared with Heine, for his thrilling passion, eloquence and irony, for his graceful, glowing and mad imagination—Alfred de Musset—was also to follow him without honors, almost without friends. Where is there a more touching picture to be found of human detachment and estrangement than that connected with these two geniuses of absolute honesty even in the midst of their most brilliant fame!"

Dr. Isidor Singer, managing editor of the Jewish Encyclopædia, recently published in this country, gives (in the New York *Sun*) the following striking passage from Heine's will which, if authentic, reveals the poet in a more evenly religious mood than those who know Heine are wont to credit him with even in the most solemn moments:

"For four years past I have abdicated every sort of philosophical pride and have returned to religious ideas and feelings. I die believing in the One and Eternal God, Creator of the world, whose mercy I beseech for my immortal soul. I regret having sometimes spoken in my writings of sacred things without the reverence which is their due, but I was drawn aside rather by the spirit of my epoch than by my individual leaning. If, unknown to me, I have offended against righteous custom and morality, which is the true essence of all monotheistic beliefs, I ask pardon therefor of God and mankind."

HEINE AS HE APPEARS TO—

The Clericals — The Sentimental Girl — The German Censor

—*Der Floh* (Vienna.

NEW YORK'S ARTISTIC CUSTOM-HOUSE

The Custom-House now in process of construction in New York city is probably the most beautiful of its kind in the world. Architecturally, it is the creation of Mr. Cass Gilbert, one of the designers of the St. Louis Exposition; artistically, it affords a setting for the combined efforts of a dozen of our leading sculptors. Mr. Charles de Kay, who writes at length of the new building in *The Century* (March), pronounces it "a credit to the city," and expresses gratification that "at least something has been done to blunt the reproof that New York, a city by the sea, great through the ocean and our magnificent waterways, rarely remembers the sources of her wealth and greatness." Mr. De Kay reminds us of the significance of the Custom-House as "one of the edifices of our cities which betokens the centralization that took place when, after a world of bickering and provincial meanness, the several colonies agreed to surrender many of their old powers for the good of the nation at large." He speaks feelingly, also, of the experiences which the incoming traveler is compelled to undergo at the hands of Uncle Sam in these edifices, and further regrets that the architect has not seen fit to express these harrowing experiences in the sculptural decorations, as the workmen in the cathedrals of the Old World at times expressed their not always flattering opinions of the ecclesiastics.

The new building is to be seven stories high. Elegance is not here, says Mr. de Kay, nor delicacy; but power. And in such a building, surrounded by towering shapes, the note of power is not at all out of place. Further:

"The front of nearly two hundred feet from Whitehall on the east to the Battery Park on the west looks down on the old space before the old fort where once the citizens met for sport or angry town riots, but where now the trolleys grind along on their elliptical orbits. And an imposing front it is: walls of granite from the Penobscot, with deep embrasures for the windows and ranges of columns before three of the stories, girders and beams of steel instead of should last forever. Deep it goes, seven feet wood, floors of terra-cotta and concrete unassailable by fire; beetling cornice; mansard roof, with copper and red slate rising behind a French Renaissance balustrade—here is an edifice that below high-water level, where the concrete flooring of the cellar is braced downward against the lifting force of the tide. Its massive form and

THE NEW CUSTOM-HOUSE BEING ERECTED IN NEW YORK

Regarded as 'the most beautiful Custom-House in the world. Architecturally, it is the creation of Mr. Cass Gilbert; artistically, it affords a setting for the combined efforts of a dozen of our leading sculptors.

"ROME"

By Frank Edwin Elwell

One of twelve striking sculptural figures set above the cornice of the main front of the new Custom-House and representing countries and maritime centres.

"ENGLAND"
By Charles Grafly

comparatively low roof-tree contrast with the sky-scrapers that tower about the Bowling Green."

Proceeding to a description of the remarkable sculptural features of the building, Mr. de Kay says:

"The granite capitals of the columns contain a head of Mercury and the winged wheel, for commerce and transportation respectively. Over the arch of the entrance presides a head of Columbia by Alfano. To right and left, over the arch, are heads of panthers, to represent the most important among the wild beasts found by the colonists. The keystones of the flat arches in the windows of the main story, which light the offices of the collector of the port, are carved with masks of races. There is the Caucasian, with accessories of oak branches, the Hindu with the lotus, the Latin and the Celt with grapes, the Mongol with poppy-heads, the Eskimo in his hood of fur, the *coureur de bois* with pine-cones. These are the work of Alfano, after the designs of the architect. Other decorations of a minor sort are dolphin masks grotesquely treated, forms generalized from kelp, with a nautilus, the classic rudder and the trident, or the conventionalized wave —things that suggest the sea without being literal or realistic. The caduceus of Mercury also appears. Under the arch of the main entrance are the arms of the city by O'Connor, with an eagle superposed and winged figures in somewhat 'Anglo-Saxon' attitudes for supporters, instead of the sailor and Indian usually seen in that position."

Most notable of all are the sculptural groups by Daniel C. French on four rectangular piers in advance of the building, and the row of twelve single figures by various sculptors in the attic above the cornice. To quote again:

"In accordance with the disposition of the columns below, of which they form the embellishment and crown, these twelve statues are arranged in four couples and four separate figures. These, corresponding with the two outer columns on the east, are figures of Greece and Rome by Elwell, while the two columns on the west are indicated or finished above by figures representing France and England, designed by Grafly. The two columns to the left of the main entrance have high above them figures of Venice and Spain

"GENOA"
By Henry Augustus Lukeman.

by Tonetti, while those on the right have figures of Holland and Portugal by Louis Saint Gaudens. These four last-mentioned countries are represented by figures of remarkable richness. There remain those that crown the single columns, not brought together in pairs—Phœnicia by Ruckstuhl, Genoa by Lukeman, the Scandinavian kingdoms by Gelert, and Germany by Jaegers. Thus, while the attic above the entablature—if one can use such classical terms in a building that is far from coldly classic—is enriched by statues in the round, an attempt has been made to marshal them with the idea of having the richest, most embellished statues near the center.

"The four groups by French represent as many continents. On one side of the entrance is Europe, on the other America. Europe is in armor; behind her are prows of ships, and she holds the sphere of empire. America represents commerce; she has various products at her feet, and behind her stands an Indian. The group at the eastern end is Asia, seated like a Buddha and attended by a tiger. That at the western end is Africa, a veiled figure whose attending form is the sphinx.

"The most salient statuary, that which catches the eye at first, embodies the chief divisions of the globe and the races and peoples which have done most to further a knowledge of those divisions by the enterprise of their discoverers, adventurers, and traders, from the Phœnicians in the dawn of history to the Germans, last to seek colonies and become a sea power, pouring out

"VENICE"

By François Michel L. Tonetti.

"DENMARK"

By Johannes Gelert.

their treasure in the endeavor to obtain more of the earth's surface for their teeming millions, and angry with their emigrants because they prefer the security of an established country where their vote counts, to the uncertainties of a colony terrorized by soldiers and officials."

And finally, says Mr. de Kay, the new Custom-House is not only beautiful but practical. The old Custom-House on Wall Street, with its domical interior, its deep and gloomy porch, its row of twelve monolithic columns, is full of concessions to the fashions of the day in which it was erected; but like many buildings in New York, it was not adapted to the narrow street on which it raises its gloomy, prison-like walls. The new building shows a better adaptation. Though sky-scrapers surround it, yet they cannot shut out the light nor intefere with the view, and the changes made will be found conducive to comfort and the prompt despatch of business.

THE WEIRD AND SOLITARY GENIUS OF WIERTZ

In a neglected garden in the suburbs of Brussels stands a building of rude timber and bare plaster known as the Wiertz Museum. It is visited daily by tourists from all parts of the world, and shelters one of the most remarkable collections of pictures ever exhibited. "A pictorial pandemonium, a Vatican of eccentricity," Christian Brinton, the American art critic, calls it. "On the walls," he says, "rages an eternal conflict between good and evil, between beauty and horror. The majestic and the trivial are here grouped side by side just as they sprung from their creator's seething, incongruous fancy. Visions of relentless, compelling power are succeeded by cheap devices and panoptical tricks scarcely worthy of the rudimentary imagination of a child. Sentimentality of the sugary, Raphael-Bouguereau brand is offset by dramatic vivisections and deliberate diablery from which the most callous visitor shrinks in spontaneous terror and disgust. All periods from the classic to the ultra-modern and morbid, all episodes from the 'Education of the Virgin' to a 'Scene in Hell,' throng this curious graphic cosmos."

"THE REVOLT OF HELL AGAINST HEAVEN"

A lurid masterpiece by Antoine Wiertz, showing "masses of writhing demons and avalanches of riven rock."

It is just a hundred years since the birth of Antoine Wiertz, the Belgian painter whose pictures are thus exhibited; and the anniversary has been made the occasion of celebrations and of articles on his life and work. Mr. Brinton, who tells the story of Wiertz's career in the New York *Bookman*, finds in all the history of art, so rich in extraordinary personalities, no figure comparable to that of Wiertz. He says:

"Wiertz, through the sheer power of abnormality, forced himself into the company of the great, unforgettable masters of his own and of former days. He was not a Rubens, nor a Michelangelo, as he fondly supposed, but bv measuring himself against such spirits during a lifetime of exalted endeavor he has succeeded in being remembered along with them. Ambition, however colossal, is an insufficient asset, yet when that ambition is expressed in transcendent manifestations of misguided genius, the result is formidable. No one can look at Wiertz's tortured canvases, or trace the story of his titanic and pitiful life struggle, without feeling the spell of an abounding individuality. He seizes upon you like a nightmare, conjuring up visions repulsive and beseeching. Instinctively you believe that there lurks somewhere within the man and his work a baffled beauty, a sublimity which, by the merest mischance, became grotesque stupidity or tragic incompletion."

Wiertz's father was a soldier, a man of "noble and virile soul," who exercised great influence over his son. Aside from a consuming passion for fame and success he tried to impress on the boy's character two cardinal qualities—a stoical indifference to mortal trouble and an enduring contempt for pecuniary reward. His own martial spirit became in the son an unquenchable thirst for artistic fame. "My brushes," Antoine would often declare, "are my lances, a canvas is my battle-field." Playing beside his mother he one day exclaimed that he wished to become a king. "Why?" she asked, thinking that his mind was centered on the pomp and ceremony of regal pageantry. "So that I might become a great painter," the boy replied reverently. Young Wiertz never for an instant doubted his destiny, and he believed that he was nightly visited by the luminous apparition of a tall figure, wrapped in a flaming mantle and wearing a Spanish hat, in whose hands was borne aloft a banner on which gleamed in letters of fire the word "Anvers." It was the spirit of Rubens, he said, summoning him to Antwerp, and to Antwerp he proceeded at

the age of fourteen. At this point we quote from Mr. Brinton's narrative:

"Possessing nothing save his pension of 100 florins a year, the young enthusiast desired little beyond 'bread, colors and sunlight,' though often, indeed, he was forced to do without all three. He worked at the Academy under Herreyns and Van Brée and lived in a miserable attic room too low for him to stand upright in and almost too short to accommodate him when lying down. Though only fourteen, he was tall and fully developed physically, having the stature of a grown man, his pale, mobile features being already covered with a luxuriant black beard. In his pitiful cell was neither stove nor fireplace, and through the battered casement used to blow at will bitter winds or puffs of snow. The room was a chaotic jumble of books, papers, anatomical studies, musical instruments and the various paraphernalia necessary to the practice of sculpture, painting and engraving. At times it grew so cold that the zealous student was forced to take to his bed, and more than once fell asleep with crayon in one hand and scalpel in the other. It was a gruesome retreat; against the bare wall dangled a skeleton, and opposite the door grinned a cleverly painted death's head. Few visitors, however, ever crossed the threshold, for Wiertz was even then regarded as an eccentric, and between himself and the world was slowly erecting an impregnable barrier. His fellow-pupils openly sneered at the strange recluse of the Rue du Pont-Saint-Bernard whose gods were Rubens, Michelango, Corneille and Mozart and whose only goddess was—Glory. He was a phenomenally gifted musician, playing numerous instruments, and would often divert his fancy in this way, while below on the street passers-by would pause and listen to those wild, haunting strains floating on the midnight air. Although he lived for years in abject poverty, he did so partially from principle. Outside of a few portraits he never made the slightest attempt to sell his work. A wealthy connoisseur once called and offered an excellent figure for a certain sketch. 'Keep your gold,' cried Wiertz imperiously; 'it is the death of the artist!'"

In his twenty-sixth year Wiertz went to Rome, and consecrated himself to the production of a masterpiece. It was his ambition to fasten on heroic canvas the great poetry of the Homeric period. He was steeped in the Iliad, and kept it under his pillow. "It is singular how the reading of Homer frenzies me," he said; "I think continually of the struggle between Ajax and Hector. It is they who transport me most when I think of producing a great work. They inspire me with a sort of heroism, and the desire to combat the greatest masters. I dare challenge the greatest colorists; I want to measure myself with Rubens and Michaelangelo!" The result of his efforts, "The Greeks and Trojans Contending for the Body of Patroclus," was

WIERTZ'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF

This celebrated Belgian painter was born just a hundred years ago. His gallery in Brussels, bequeathed to the State and preserved as he left it, has been termed "a pictorial pandemonium, a Vatican of eccentricity."

worthy of his travail. When exhibited in Rome, the picture created a profound sensation. Thorwaldsen, greatly impressed, said: "This young man is a giant." "Ouida," the famous novelist, wrote of the painting:

"The canvas seems to breathe the very soul of Homer. The Menelaus with his eyes aflame and his beard blown by the fierce breaths of war; the beautiful, nude body stretched amidst them, dissected as by a troop of lions and a pack of wolves; the young son of Panthus, who falls beneath the steel, like a young olive-tree beneath the axe; the perfection of the anatomy; the life and haste and majestic ferocity of the conflict; the innumerable tones given in the palpitating flesh of the living warriors, and the bruised pallor of the fallen dead; the whole conception of the composition, into which a passionate love and instinct for the Homeric age has been poured in a flood of heroic feeling; all these together form a work upon which, surely, none can look without emotion and by which Wiertz may be said, without presumption or arrogance, to have realized the ambition of his life—to 'rival Rubens.' Those who go to it fresh from that cathedral [in Antwerp] where Rubens in his two masterpieces fills the whole temple with his glory, will not find the 'Patroclus' either poor or pale. That the majestic strength of Rubens can ever find

"THE MAN OF THE FUTURE REGARDING THE THINGS OF THE PAST"

In this picture Wiertz portrays a man of the coming generations—a giant as compared with those who live to-day—looking with curiosity, amusement and a certain contempt on the cannon, the thrones, the sceptres, the battle flags of our time.

its full equal in any, or his lustre of color in any, is still to be doubted; but that, of modern painters, Wiertz does, in strength of execution and power of hue, come the nighest to his master, can hardly be disputed."

Flushed with success, the young artist took his picture to Belgium, where it was placed on free exhibition and won many tributes. Then he turned to Paris, the city that, most of all, he longed to conquer; but now he met with defeat and disaster. After interminable delays the picture was hung in the Salon d'Honneur of the Louvre, but was skied so cruelly as to be barely distinguishable. It was ignored by press and public alike. Wiertz turned away, heart-broken. It was a blow from which he never recovered.

Next he went to Liège, where he settled down with his old mother and obtained from the town the privilege of stretching an enormous canvas in an abandoned church which became his studio. Here he created the fantastic "Revolt of Hell against Heaven," with masses of writhing demons and avalanches of riven rocks. The death of his mother drove him to Brussels, where, housed in a deserted factory, he completed "The Triumph of Christ," which shares with "Patroclus" the honor of being his best work. It was this picture which induced the Belgian Government to realize his life-dream and to provide him with a studio which should contain all his pictures and revert to the state upon his death. The record is filled out by Mr. Brinton:

"Apart from the pictures he had previously painted it took the artist just fifteen years to fill the remaining space at his disposal. A portion of this time was passed in writing his 'Flemish School of Painting' and numerous other brochures, pamphlets and tractates as well as in modelling, for sculpture was also one of his minor passions. During many baffling months he devoted his energies to the study of chemistry with a view to perfecting his *peinture mate,* a combination of fresco and oil painting having more fluency of handling than the former and possessing none of the latter's often irritating reflective quality. It was, of course, necessary for him to continue painting portraits 'pour la soupe,' as he would say, and during his less exalted moments he perpetrated various 'petites bamboches,' or serio-comic platitudes utterly without interest or distinction. He lived a rigidly isolated life, rarely venturing out, though adjoining the

studio he devised a miniature 'jardin géographique,' in which he used to promenade, fancying himself in different parts of the world. He labored ceaselessly, it being his hope some day to enlarge his museum to three times its actual size and paint a continuous epic of civilisation of which the portion already completed was merely a preface. Yet this grandiose dream was not to be realized. Death, who had long since gazed fixedly upon him from the walls of his narrow Antwerp mansarde, at last claimed him for that dim kingdom which is all dreams, all phantoms."

It is useless to pretend that the art of Wiertz possesses any particular esthetic significance, says Mr. Brinton, in conclusion. He "occupies a decidedly rickety seat in the Pantheon of the masters," we are told, and "entered not by day between wide, lofty portals, but one stormy night through the back door and up dingy, crooked stairs." Though at the outset he may have had some hint of the plastic fervor of Michelangelo, some echo of the chromatic fire of his revered Rubens, "these gifts were quickly swallowed up in a boundless sea of personal vanity and vaunting, arrogant ambition." If "a gleam of the spiritual evocation of Blake" now and then shone forth, it was only to be rendered dull and lusterless by the heavy pomposity of a Hayden.

"Not the least of Wiertz's shortcomings is that he was a perpetual borrower. His particular divinities he constantly laid under contribution and, not satisfied with them, he often looked elsewhere. Upon 'Happy Times' has settled the Vergilian quietude of Poussin. Back of 'Two Young Women or the Beautiful Rosine' looms the eloquent and occasionally voluptuous fantasy of Delacroix. The single original note Wiertz sounded lies in a series of social studies which includes 'Orphans,' 'Premature Burial,' 'Hunger, Madness and Crime,' 'The Last Cannon' and 'Thoughts and Visions of a Severed Head.' Each is a sermon with scant attempt at disguising the text—one pleads for charity, one for cremation, one against war, and another against capital punishment. It is obvious that more restraint and less crapulous horror, less of the stench of the charnal house, would have heightened the efficacy of these appeals.

"Wiertz fancied himself a soldier of advanced thought, a 'chasseur d'idées.' In distorted measure he possessed the brain of a philosopher, the imagination of a poet and the fervor of a patriot. Endowed with acute organic susceptibility, he seemed destined from the first for martyrdom. He was tragically out of sympathy with his age and time. He lived the life of a lost Titan, always alone, always harassed. His invincible devotion to his career, his austere vows of poverty and of celibacy—vows which were never forsworn—did not, in the end, constitute Wiertz one of the gods or redeemers of art. Through reasons beyond the control of his troubled spirit he descended from Olympus into the recesses of dark Avernus."

Courtesy of *The Bookman*.

"THE GREEKS AND TROJANS CONTENDING FOR THE BODY OF PATROCLUS

This painting, after the style of Rubens, is regarded as Wiertz's masterpiece.

THE ANARCHIST SPIRIT IN MODERN LITERATURE

It is somewhat startling to be told that most of the greatest literature of the present day is dominated by the anarchist spirit. Mr. William Bailie, who sustains this contention in the foreword to his new monograph on Josiah Warren,* defines anarchism so broadly, however, as to make his statement less disquieting than it would at first appear. According to his definition, anarchism is about the same as revolt, for it is the tendency which "questions the supremacy of the State, the infallibility of statute laws, and the divine right of all authority, spiritual or temporal." Of this tendency he is himself a champion, and proudly, not apologetically, he analyzes and defines the forces and influences which he finds grouped under the definition. From his standpoint there is nothing unworthy or immoral in the philosophy of anarchism, for among its apostles are some of the world's greatest teachers. The popularly conceived anarchist, "that moral monstrosity, the yellow journalist anarchist, with bombs in his hands and murder in his heart," is not of the same species. "It is not favorable to the spread of exact knowledge that this lurid creation should represent the only conception of anarchism familiar to an uncritical public." Instead we are pointed to the anarchism of literature, where "an essay of Spencer, a story of Tolstoy, a novel of Zola, a drama of Ibsen, a poem of Whitman, add more force to the anarchist tendency in one year than opposing power can suppress in a century." This literary anarchism is further described as being "not a cult, nor a party, nor an organization, neither is it a new idea, nor a reform movement, nor a system of philosophy," but solely a tendency which has its place in the life of our times, a social force making for the completer unfolding of human character. "Like the ocean's action on the oldest rocks, literature is a solvent ever working on men's minds. It dissolves outgrown conceptions, breaks down the ancient strata of ignorance and prejudice, and at the same time begins to build up new ideas, hopes and aspirations."

Ibsen is presented as a marked example of the anarchist spirit in literature. The work of this great dramatist is permeated by a

*JOSIAH WARREN, THE FIRST AMERICAN ANARCHIST. By William Bailie. Small, Maynard & Co.

Courtesy of The Bookman

"PREMATURE BURIAL"
One of Wiertz's most gruesome studies.

Courtesy of *The Bookman.*

"A SCENE IN HELL"

Here Wiertz portrays Napoleon confronted by "desolate widows and orphans and parents bereaved of their children, bearing in their hands the reeking members of their beloved dead ones; phantoms cursing him to his face and proffering to him to drink a streaming cup of blood."

steady purpose. "His great illuminating idea is that the individual should be free to act in the fundamental social relations unfettered by false ideals, mistaken sense of duty, or the tyranny of public opinion. Moral courage enabling the individual to dare to be free, mentally and morally free, from superstition, prejudice and habit, Ibsen shows to be the rarest of virtues." Preachers of the same gospel among the greatest of living dramatists, all more or less influenced by this master, are Sudermann, Maeterlinck, Hauptmann, Mirbeau and Bernard Shaw. Zola is the outstanding anarchist of modern French literature, while in Germany "the existing order—intellectual, moral and governmental—has not yet recovered from Nietzsche's masterly attack." The influence of this "brilliant genius and aggressive anarchist," we are reminded, is growing both at home and abroad.

Turning to English literature in the search for men whose writings record "the aspiration for individual freedom untrammelled by the social codes of the past," Mr. Bailie names George Meredith, Thomas Hardy and George Gissing. The last-named, he thinks, "exhibited in a marked degree the influence of the intellectual awakening against institutions and ideas that had outlived their usefulness."

Whitman is cited as one of two Americans pre-eminent as poets of individual liberty and democracy. "His sturdy individualism, his glorification of the average man and woman, his scorn of mere statute morality," are winning him more and more followers. The other American is also one of increasing influence—Thoreau; and of all influences in American literature his is asserted to be the most positively anarchistic. "Thoreau was, *par excellence,* the anarchist."

From these and other examples of the anarchist spirit in literature, Mr. Bailie concludes that "a social force that calls forth such men has a purpose to accomplish in the future."

THE CHIEF SINGER OF THE NEGRO RACE

Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet who died recently in Dayton, Ohio, at the comparatively early age of thirty-four, is generally accepted as the highest exemplification that his race has yet provided of its spiritual and esthetic potentialities. Himself a full-blooded negro, says the St. Louis *Mirror,* he has demonstrated that "the negro has a creative, artistic mind, and is capable of a high ideality and spirituality; that he can appreciate beauty; that he can and does work for noble ends outside of himself; that he is capable of all the evolution that is possible, in time, to every human soul." Mr. W. D. Howells, who "discovered" Dunbar more than ten years ago, said of him: "He is the only man of pure African blood and of American civilization to feel the negro life esthetically and express it lyrically."

Courtesy of Dodd. Mead & Co.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Characterized by William Dean Howells as "the only man of pure African blood and of American civilization to feel the negro life esthetically and express it lyrically."

Dunbar was the son of fugitive slaves, and from early boyhood had to struggle against great obstacles. He got but a common-school education, and ran an elevator in a Dayton business house even after he had published his first volume of verse, "Oak and Ivy." For several years he was employed in the Library of Congress, but in 1899 the sale of his verses and the royalties on his books enabled him to return to Ohio. Seventeen volumes of verse and prose stand to his credit, among which may be mentioned: "Majors and Minors," "Lyrics of Lowly Life," "Folks from Dixie," "Poems of Cabin and Field," "The Uncalled" and "The Sport of the Gods." On his literary achievement the Boston *Transcript* comments:

"The death of Paul Laurence Dunbar is a loss to American letters. He was not, perhaps, a great poet, but he was a real one. His verse was genuine, serious and sweet. He wrote because he was moved to write. His poetry was an expression of his own spirit. And Paul Dunbar was a black man. His metrical grace and power could not be credited to any mixture of white blood. He was, perhaps, the most conspicuous exemplification that his race has given to this country of the negro's possibilities along the line of spiritual expression and development. Moreover, he wrote as the negro feels and the negro talks. He has given value and permanence to the folklore of the race in this country. He won recognition and public applause, not simply because his work was creditable to a black man, but because it would have been creditable to any one."

Dunbar wrote both in pure English and in negro dialect. Some of his quaint dialect verses, such as, "Who's Dat Said Chicken in Dis Crowd?" are known all over the country. His most popular poem is said to be "When Malindy Sings." Of his' more ambitious poems one of the best is, "The Meadow Lark," with its lyrical moral:

Though the winds be dark,
And the sky be sober,
And the grieving day
In a mantle gray
Hath let her waiting maiden robe her—
All the fields along
I can hear the song
Of the meadow lark,
As she flits and flutters
And laughs at the thunder when it mutters.
Oh, happy bird, of heart most gay
To sing when skies are gray!

Dunbar's last days witnessed a pitiful struggle against inevitable destiny. He suffered from consumption and knew that he must die, but, like Robert Louis Stevenson, he worked bravely on until the end. Last December he published in a Philadelphia magazine these verses:

Because I had loved so deeply,
Because I had loved so long,
God in His great compassion
Gave me the gift of song.

Because I had loved so vainly,
And sung with such faltering breath,
The Master in infinite mercy
Offers the boon of Death.

Music and the Drama

STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S PICTURE OF AN "AESTHETIC" NERO

As an artist rather than as a monster, as a poet and only incidentally as a dabbler in human blood, the Roman emperor, Nero, is presented in Stephen Phillips's latest drama. The conception is possibly justified by Nero's famous exclamation, "Qualis artifex pereo!" (What an artist perishes in me!) and is defended by the author in a newspaper interview:

"Nero, as I conceive him, was, above all things, a dreamer and a poet. Nero was possessed throughout his life with what the ancients called a 'daimon'—the 'daimon' of art. As soon as he assumed the purple his very first act was to summon to the Imperial Court the singer Terpnus, and thenceforth he devoted himself to music, painting, sculpture, and the composition of verse. By a caprice of fortune the world's destinies were now suddenly placed in the hands of the great dreamer of things fantastic and monstrous, and to Nero everything became subordinate to his love for art. The passion for art colored every thought and action of his life. Even when he committed a murder he considered the artistic possibilities the tragedy would afford. Take, for instance, the attempt on the life of his mother, Agrippina, amidst the beautiful scenery of the Gulf of Baiæ, when, as Tacitus tells us, all the stars came out to look upon the awful deed. Nero had conceived the whole scene beforehand—he had stage-managed his mother's murder!

"The drama of Nero's life, as I see it, lies in the struggle between the son and the mother. Whatever faults Agrippina may be reproached with, there is no doubt that she had a genuine, although impetuous and fierce, love for her child. The emperor, on his side, was bound to her not only by affection, but by gratitude. He was finally driven to matricide by urgent political reasons, and also by the lures of his mistress, Poppæa, who, aspiring to rule the world with him, was bent upon the ruin of Agrippina. The young, all powerful tyrant was therefore the target for the burning but conflicting passions of three women: the tigerish maternal love of Agrippina; the interested attachment of Poppæa, the beautiful and ambitious courtezan; and, lastly, the tender, pathetic devotion of the slave Acte, who remained faithful to Nero even after his death."

The dramatic embodiment of this conception has taken the London theatrical world by storm. Mr. Beerbohm Tree, England's greatest living actor, impersonates the degenerate emperor, and has staged the play with a lavishness worthy of Nero himself. "One of the finest spectacular productions that the London stage has ever seen," is what the London *Sphere* calls it; and Mr. A. B. Walkley, of the London *Times,* says: "It blends the fragrance of rose-leaves with the scent of blood. It sates the eye with splendid pictures and the ear with voluptuous music of both verse and orchestra. At the end of it all one gasps and is a little dizzy. In short, a tremendous production."

The action of the play takes place partly at Rome and partly at the pleasure resort, Baiæ. There is a sumptuous banquet scene, and a tableau showing Nero's triumphal entry into Rome. The most thrilling scene is that in which Nero is shown in his villa at Baiæ on the evening on which his mother is murdered across the bay. According to the London *Daily Telegraph:*

"Agrippina is in a vessel, and the roof of her state cabin is to descend upon her head in mid-ocean. Then comes the sudden intelligence that, though the roof has fallen, 'the Augusta' herself has escaped by swimming to the shore. What is to happen now? Anisetus is ready with another plot. She is to be pursued by a body of armed men and murdered in the villa in which she has taken refuge. If the trumpet blows once, it means that she has escaped to Rome; if it blows twice, the signification is that her hiding-place has been found; but if the trumpet blows thrice, the tragedy has been finished by her death. The poignancy of the situation, as we hear the first blast and the second and then the third and final one across the bay, constitutes a theatrical moment of such intensity as is rarely witnessed on the boards."

The play ends not with Nero's death but with a dazzling picture of the burning of Rome. At the climax the emperor is shown mounted on the battlements singing a wild hymn to the destroyer. He regards the conflagration as the vengeance of Agrippina.

"Mr. Phillips has shown a true dramatic instinct," comments the London *Spectator,* "in letting the curtain go down on the culminating point of Nero's madness rather than upon his death. The moment of tragedy is the passing of the soul, and not of the body."

"Nero" is written in blank verse and contains many lines of high poetic value. At the

BEERBOHM TREE AS NERO

In Stephen Phillips's new poetic drama. His impersonation of the degenerate emperor has taken the London theatrical world by storm.

very beginning, the words of Seneca epitomize the character of the emperor:

The harp, the song,
The theatre, delight this dreamer; true,
He lives but in imaginations; yet
Suppose this æsthete made omnipotent,
Feeling there is no bar he cannot break,
Knowing there is no bound he cannot pass.
Might he not then despise the written page,
A petty music, and a puny scene?
Conceive a spectacle not witnessed yet,
When he, an artist in omnipotence,
Uses for color this red blood of ours,
Composes music out of dreadful cries,
His orchestra our human agonies,
His rhythms lamentations of the ruined.
His poet's fire not circumscribed by words,
But now translated into burning cities;
His scenes the lives of men, their deaths a drama,
His dream the desolation of mankind,
And all this pulsing world his theatre!

There is this beautiful reference to Helen of Troy:

Yet hath none fairer strayed into the world. . . .
Since she who drew the dreaming keels of Greece
After her over the Ionian foam.

And Poppæa is thus described by Acte:

A woman without pity, beautiful,
She makes the earth we tread on false, the heaven
A merest mist—a vapor. Yet her face
Is as the face of a child uplifted, pure;
But plead with lightning rather than those eyes,
Or earthquake rather than that gentle bosom
Rising and falling near thy heart. Her voice
Comes running on the ear as a rivulet;
Yet if you hearken you shall hear behind
The breaking of a sea whose waves are souls
That break upon a human-crying beach.
Ever she smileth, yet hath never smiled,
And in her lovely laughter is no joy.

Nero's pæan over burning Rome is full of intensity:

Or art thou madness visible,
Insanity seizing the rolling heavens?
Thou, Thou, didst create the world
In the stars innumerably smiling!
Thou art light—thou art God—thou art I!
Mother! mother!
This is thy deed.
Hist! Hist! Can you not see her
Stealing with lighted torch?
She makes no sound, she hath a spirit's tread.
Hast thou sated thy vengeance yet?
Art thou appeased? . . .
Now let the wailing cease from thy tomb,
Here is a mightier wail!
Now let the haunting trumpet be dumb!
Blaze! Rage! Blaze!
For now am I free of thy blood—
I have appeased and atoned,
Have atoned with cries, with crashings, and with flaming.
Thy blood is no more on my head.
I am purged. I am cleansed!
I have given thee flaming Rome for the bed of thy death!
O Agrippina!

In spite of the poetic beauty of the play, it seems to have made a deeper impression as a spectacle than as a drama. Some of the critics, indeed, go so far as to deny it the name of drama at all. Mr. Charles Whibley, of the London *Outlook*, characterizes it as "a panorama interrupted by blank verse"—"an imperial pantomime trapped in purple and accompanied with soft touches on the lute." In the same spirit, Harold Hodge, of the London *Saturday Review*, calls it "a tremendous show," with "ballet, blood and thunder, sighing sea, slow music;" but intimates that it cannot be taken seriously as drama.

The London *Spectator*, on the other hand, sets a high estimate on the dramatic qualities of the play:

"Mr. Stephen Phillips has made a clear advance in knowledge of stagecraft. In many respects 'Nero' contains less poetry than 'Herod' or 'Ulysses,' but it is incomparably better drama. There is a keener perception of character, a firmer grasp on life, and a general subordination of other interests to the dramatic effect. Mr. Phillips is not merely making phrases or composing beautiful speeches; he is trying to develop against a dazzling background the complex tragedy of a human soul. To be sure, we still have much incidental fine writing, sometimes too full of Miltonic and Wordsworthian echoes to be quite satisfactory, sometimes really imaginative and original, as in the wonderful description of the listless Navy in the beginning of Act III. But his characters no longer say: 'Lo! let us make a speech,' and proceed to some euphuistic soliloquy. They are swept along in the full tide of action, component parts of a great tragic movement, and not isolated rhapsodists. Much, of course, is due to the nature of the subject. The story of Nero has the dramatic completeness, the swift hurrying to a destined end, which makes it the finest material for tragedy. The very monstrousness of the acts, and the greatness of the actors, claim the attention from the start. There is no halt in the relentless speed with which Nemesis follows upon sin and folly. The tale has, indeed, all the qualities which Aristotle sought for in tragic drama. The protagonists are more than human in their ὕβρις, and more than human is the fate which overtakes them. On the whole, Mr. Phillips has risen to the height of his great argument, and his daring has been justified."

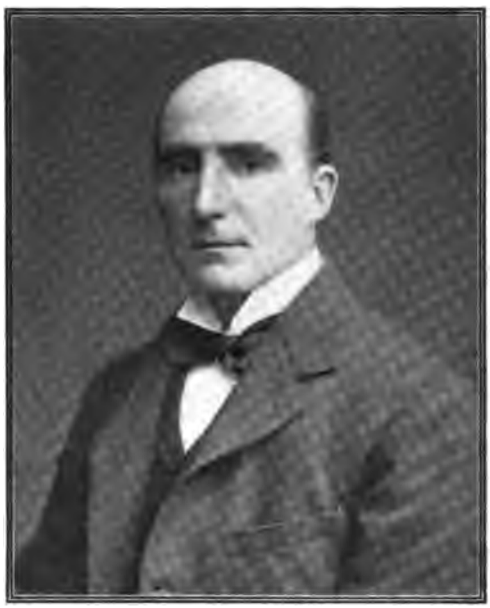
MR. PINERO'S LATEST TRIUMPH

"To other authors we may turn for brilliant pamphlets or exquisite fairy-tales, but for great drama we have still to go to Mr. Pinero." Such is the judgment of one of the most competent of English dramatic critics, Mr. William Archer. This expression of opinion is evoked in connection with Mr. Pinero's new drama, "His House in Order," which has scored a great success in London and is likely to be given in this country in the near future. It is "most indubitably a Pinero play of the finest and most typical quality," says the London *Daily Chronicle;* adding: "It is not a soul-satisfying play on the one hand; it is not a mere piece of mechanical trickery on the other. It is just a masterpiece of open dramatic sleight-of-hand, perfectly balanced, dexterous, neat, genuine, and ingenious—a simple thing evolved with the most elaborate and subtle care. Moreover, it has the quality of grip in a greater measure than any play of Mr. Pinero's since 'The Gay Lord Quex.'" The London *Daily Mail* regards "His House in Order" as Mr. Pinero's greatest play.

The play shows the revolt of a bright, girlish, jocund nature against the joyless formalism to which it has been subject, and by which it has been almost crushed. As the London *Athenæum* puts it:

"Nina, its heroine, is the second wife of a Puritan legislator whose rigidly Calvinistic moral code has not prevented him, even in the lifetime of his wife, from making love to the governess of her son. The subsequent marriage with the partner in his offence has been a mistake. A bright-eyed, careless, rather madcap little minx, Nina shocks all the proprieties, and it is as much with a view of keeping her in order as the house that Filmer Jesson, her husband, brings into the place as housekeeper his deceased wife's sister, Geraldine Ridgeley. It is apparently in a mood of penitence, and as an attempt at expiation for his breach of conjugal faith, that Filmer presents to the adjacent borough, for which he is member of Parliament, a public park as a species of souvenir of his deceased wife. The occasion is to be commemorated by a kind of funereal pomp. To honor it the house includes as visitors the dead wife's father, Sir Daniel Ridgeley; Lady Ridgeley, her mother, and their detestable son, Pryce Ridgeley; Hilary Jesson, the host's brother, the minister to one of the South American republics; and a Major Maurewarde, a friend and tame or half-tamed cat of the family. In order to complete the *dramatis personæ* we must include the dead wife in whose honor the function is held, and who, though unseen, is felt to 'animate the whole.' Every species of insult and oppression is exercised upon Nina by her husband and the relatives of the dead woman. Hilary and Major Maurewarde feel for her, though their advocacy is powerless, and the former constitutes himself the young girl's adviser and friend.

"Two acts are thus passed, when hey! presto! as with a conjurer's wand the state of affairs is reversed. An accident, improbable in itself, but ingeniously contrived, puts the heroine in possession o fsome terribly compromising letters addressed to her pedecessor. From these it is but too clear that the supposed saint was a wanton, and had long been the mistress of Major Maurewarde, who is, in fact, the father of the boy passing as the son of the house. Armed with this weapon, Nina is indeed, as Hilary calls her, 'the upper dog' and contemplates an exemplary revenge. The lessons of Hilary, nevertheless, bear fruit. The oppressed woman sets a noble example of forgiveness and self-abnegation; the incriminating documents are burnt by her; and the miserable Ridgeleys are left in ignorance of their shame. It has been necessary, however, to bring the letters to the knowledge of the husband, who is able to contrast the nobility of his second wife with the treachery of the first, and who not too speedily clears the offensive Ridgeleys out of the house."



ARTHUR WING PINERO

Mr. Pinero's latest play, "His House in Order," is pronounced the greatest that he has yet written.

Not all of the London critics are as enthusiastic as those above quoted. Mr. Charles Whibley, of *The Outlook,* concedes that the play is "an almost perfect machine," but refuses to accord to its style the praise which

he willingly gives to its construction. "It is interesting and apprehensive," he says, "but it is not literature. In other words, it is not the ultimate masterpiece of the British drama."

The majority of the critics, however, express themselves in glowing terms. A writer in *The Sphere* thinks that Mr. Pinero's achievement is nothing less than a triumph. "His House in Order," he says, is "the best play of English manufacture which we have had for some years." Mr. A. B. Walkley, of *The Times,* comments:

"When Mr. Pinero is at his best we reckon ourselves as close upon the high water-mark of theatrical enjoyment. In 'His House in Order' he is at his very best. His master quality, by which we mean the quality specifically called 'dramatic,' is here seen at its maximum of energy. This or that playwright may show more 'heart' than Mr. Pinero or a more delicate subtlety, a third may easily outclass him in intellectual gymnastics, but in his command of the resources of the stage for the legitimate purposes of the stage he is without a rival. As it was said of Euripides that he was the most tragic of the tragic writers, as it might be said of Molière that he was the most comic of comic writers, so it may be said of Mr. Pinero that of all our dramatists to-day he is the most 'dramatic.' The art of drama is, quintessentially, the art of story-telling, as the sculptors say, 'in the round.' Mr. Pinero is supreme as a story-teller of that sort We are always keenly interested in what his people are doing at the moment; we always have the liveliest curiosity about what they are going to do a moment later. He knows it is the dramatist's main business to 'get along,' and he gets along in 'His House in Order' at a 'record' pace. . . . Take it for all in all, 'His House in Order' is a very choice specimen of Pinero-work; in other words, a play yielding the highest possible measure of delight."

The two principal parts in the London production are taken by George Alexander and Irene Vanbrugh, and the acting, as a whole, is described as superb. "Miss Irene Vanbrugh," says the critic of *The Academy,* "becomes, I have no hesitation in saying, the greatest actress on the English stage."

THE GREATEST OF AMERICAN COMPOSERS

"The most poignant tragedy is that of catastrophe in the hour of triumph." This thought it was that inspired MacDowell's first piano sonata, the "Tragica," published thirteen years ago; and this is the thought that is irresistibly suggested by recent events in the composer's own life. In the composition of his sonata he wished "to heighten the darkness of tragedy by making it follow closely on the heels of triumph," and wrote a last movement of "steadily progressive triumph, which, at its climax, is utterly broken and shattered." In the light of subsequent events, this sonata takes on the nature of premonition and of prophecy. At the height of his own fame, with a world-wide and undisputed reputation as the greatest of American composers, MacDowell has been fatally stricken. "So far as his mind is concerned," says his friend, Mr. Henry T. Finck, of the New York *Evening Post,* "he is no longer among the living, and his body is fast losing its strength, too. He can no longer leave his bed, and often fails to recognize those about him, except, perhaps, by a bright glance of the eyes, which have not yet quite lost that look peculiar to men of genius."

The career thus tragically passing to its close has been one of singular individuality and distinction. It is surely not without significance that right in the midst of our feverish commercial life has lived and worked a poet of the purest type, an exquisite musician, a dreamer of ethereal dreams. During a period of waning romanticism in music, it has devolved upon an American to furnish what Mr. Lawrence Gilman, of *Harper's Weekly,* calls "the authentic spirit of romance." Elaborating this thought in a new biographical study of MacDowell,* Mr. Gilman says:

"The significant work of the most considerable musicians of our time—of Strauss, Debussy, Elgar, Loeffler—has few essentially romantic characteristics. Strauss—the later and representative Strauss—is exposing, one need scarcely note, quite other impulses and tendencies. Debussy—the 'très exceptionnel, très curieux, très solitaire M. Claude Debussy,' as Bruneau has called him: Debussy, the subtlest temperament in European music,—is employing his exotic and luminous art in the weaving of a sensuous mysticism into designs of impalpable and iridescent beauty. Sir Edward Elgar is a musical pietist, a visionary of the austerer sort, who has found in Cardinal Newman's ecstatic and elevated poem, 'The Dream of Gerontius,' the motive for a work charged at many points with a lofty and poignant beauty; or who gives us sheer tonalized theology in his 'Apostles'; or landscape and atmosphere in his orchestral rhapsody, 'In the South,' or delicate meditations in his 'Dream Children.' Charles

* EDWARD MAC DOWELL. By Lawrence Gilman. John Lane Company.

Martin Loeffler, an Americanized Alsatian and a music-maker of the first order, is, like Debussy, an essential mystic, a tonal Maeterlinck. The older men—Saint-Saëns and Massenet in France, Bruch and Goldmark in Germany, Grieg in Norway, Rimsky-Korsakoff in Russia, Parry, Stanford and Mackenzie in England, Paine and Chadwick and Foote in America—are, so far as the content of their art is concerned, and apart from the extremely diverse character of its embodiment, survivals of a musical past. . . .

"But if the romantic impulse has very nearly passed out of modern music, the noting of its disappearance must be qualified by a recognition of a body of contemporary tone-poetry in which the authentic spirit of romance has an exquisite life—which, indeed, owes its final and particular distinction to that impulse: I mean the work of the most eminent of American composers, Edward MacDowell."

MacDowell, continues Mr. Gilman, presents throughout the entire body of his work the noteworthy spectacle of "a radical without extravagance, a musician at once in accord with, and detached from, the dominant artistic movement of his day." His standpoint, we are told further, "is, in the last analysis, that of the poet rather than of the typical musician; the standpoint of the poet intent mainly upon a vivid embodiment of the quintessence of personal vision and emotion, who has elected to utter that truth and that emotion in terms of musical beauty." Moreover:

"If he is, in a singularly complete sense, the poet of the natural world, he is no less the instrument of purely human emotion. He responds with a quick sensitiveness to the lure of those beautiful natural presences which the Celt in him finds unceasingly persuasive. His music is redolent of the breath and odor of woodland places, of lanes and moors and gardens; or it is saturated with salt spray; or it communicates the incommunicable in its voicing of that indefinable enchantment of association which clings about certain aspects, certain phases, of the visible world—that subtle emotion of things past and irrecoverable which may inhabit a field at night, or a quiet street at dusk, or a sudden intimation of spring in the scent of lilacs. But, although such themes as he loves to dwell upon in his celebration of the magic of the natural world are very precious to his imagination, the human spectacle has held for him, from the first, an emotion scarcely less swift and abundant."

Proceeding to an analysis of the specifically musical traits through whose exercise MacDowell exhibits the tendencies and preferences which underlie his art, Mr. Gilman notes, first of all, "a certain clarity and directness which is apparent no less in moments of great stress and complexity of emotion than in pasages of simpler and slighter content." He continues:

"The range of his expressional gamut is astonishing. One is at a loss to say whether he is

EDWARD MACDOWELL

"His power of forceful utterance," says Lawrence Gilman, "is surpassed by no composer now living"; not Richard Strauss, not d'Indy, not Elgar has done anything which excels his best work in "sheer virility, dynamic impulse and sweep of line."

happier in emotional moments of weighty significance—as in many pages of the sonatas and some of the 'Sea Pieces,'—or in such cameo-like achievements as the 'Woodland Sketches,' certain of the 'Marionettes,' and the exquisite song-group, 'From an Old Garden,' in which he attains an order of delicate eloquence difficult to relate to the mind which shaped the heroic ardors of the two later sonatas into designs of majestic power and amplitude. His command of the accents of tragedy and dramatic crisis is sure and unfaltering—his power of forceful utterance is surpassed by no composer now living; not Richard Strauss, not d'Indy, not Elgar has done anything which excels in sheer virility, dynamic impulse, and sweep of line, the opening of the 'Keltic' sonata. But his felicity in miniature is not less striking and admirable. He has, moreover, a remarkable gift for extremely compact expression. Time and again he amazes one by his ability to charge a composition of the briefest span with an emotional or dramatic content of large and far-reaching significance."

Mr. Gilman's work deals with MacDowell's music rather than his life, and, in reviewing the book, Philip Hale, the distinguished Boston critic, expresses regret that more space is not devoted to the composer's personal traits. He says (in the Boston *Herald*):

"Surely Mr. Gilman might have said much about Mr. MacDowell's many and rare qualities without any sacrifice to taste. For few men have been as worthy of respect and affection as this composer. The strength, purity and tenderness of his nature, his simplicity and modesty, his appreciation of all that is pure and beautiful and

noble in art and in life, his righteous indignation at the thought of meanness, his contempt for cringers, crawlers and intriguers; his courage in maintaining his own opinions as to duty even when he stood almost alone; his generosity toward those who needed help, even when this generosity robbed him of hours of needed rest and taxed sorely his vitality; the originality and force of his views concerning all that pertained to art and the conduct of life; his love of outdoor life and his keen interest in all manly sports, his playfulness and humor, the wealth of affection he lavished on those that were nearest to him—do not these characteristics deserve at least a few pages?"

The majority of MacDowell's compositions are for piano or for voice. His most ambitious orchestral works are an Indian suite and four symphonic poems: "Hamlet and Ophelia," "Launcelot and Elaine," "The Saracens and Lovely Alda," and "In October." For the purpose of "studying, faithfully interpreting and promulgating the tendencies and ideals embodied in the compositions and known esthetic convictions of MacDowell," a MacDowell Club has been recently organized in New York by influential musicians, painters, sculptors and literary men.

For eight years MacDowell held the chair of Music at Columbia University. His summers he has been wont to spend in Peterboro, N. H., working in a cabin in the woods—"a house of dreams untold," which "looks out over the whispering tree-tops" and "faces the setting sun." "It was in that log-cabin," says Mr. Finck in the Boston *Musician* (March), "that many of MacDowell's best works were written. Those 'dreams untold' will, alas! remain untold. Ten or twenty more years of them—what a difference they would have made to American music!"

A NEW FRENCH DRAMA ON DIVORCE

A number of new plays have been presented in Paris this season, but few have aroused as much interest and discussion as the "purpose drama" by the brothers Paul and Victor Margueritte, the authors of powerful semi-historical novels dealing with the Franco-Prussian War and the Commune, and of other novels with social themes and propagandist purposes. The brothers Margueritte have paid special attention to the subject of divorce—to the injustice, one-sidedness and iniquity of the laws governing the relations between husband and wife. They have been earnest champions of reform in the interest of "oppressed woman." Their recent novel, "Les Deux Vies" (Two Lives) shows how the old and new generation cannot view marriage and divorce from the same angle, and how the modern wife revolts and acts where her mother suffered and endured in resigned silence.

Their drama, "Le Cœur et la Loi" ("The Heart and the Law"), which the critics pronounce moving, strong, interesting in itself as a picture of modern life, is designed apparently to point another moral with regard to the law of divorce. In this instance the feature attacked is that of "reconciliation" after suit for divorce has been instituted, and its effect on the status of the woman. The case supposed by the playwrights is an extreme one, and the critics think this fact weakens the implied plea. What, they ask, does an exceptional situation prove? Under what law or social institution is hardship or injustice *not* possible?

The story unfolded in the drama is thus summarized in the Paris *Journal*:

Francine Le Hagre, a charming and high-spirited woman, is married to a very dishonorable, mean, hateful person, who had not even loved her before the marriage, but who had badly needed her fortune. He is not even faithful to her. His infidelity at last becomes notorious, and she is in a position, under the law, to apply for a divorce. The decree, if granted, will also give her the guardianship of her young daughter, Josette, to whom she is passionately attached.

Suit is begun, and Francine impatiently awaits the trial of the case and her deliverance. Unfortunately, something happens during the pendency of the suit that enables the unscrupulous, sordid and despicable Le Hagre to place an obstacle in her way which subsequently proves insurmountable and defeats justice.

Josette, who occasionally visits the father, falls and sustains a severe injury on the stairway of his house. Naturally, she remains there, to be treated by physicians and surgeons. The alarmed and deeply concerned mother, hearing of the accident, forgets herself and her troubles and takes upon herself the nursing of the child.

Le Hagre, knowing that reconciliation is a bar to a divorce decree, even if the reconciliation is impulsive and temporary, takes advantage of his wife's presence in the house and sets up the claim of reconciliation. He bribes the servants to testify that Francine had voluntarily resumed her marital duties and, in addition, invokes the im-

proper aid, with the judges, of an influential magistrate who is related to him.

When the trial is reached, this conspiracy completely deceives the court. Francine's vehement denials are of no avail; the weight of the evidence is against her, and she loses.

She appeals and is defeated again. Under the law she must return to her husband and live with him; she may be compelled to do so, resistance exposing her to heavy penalties. The child can be taken by the husband at any moment. The situation is desperate; what is the poor, distracted woman to do?

An adventurous explorer, Epavié, is in love with her. He advises immediate flight to some distant, obscure corner of the world. Her mother argues against it on grounds of morality and social convention. But Francine belongs to a new generation. The law is unjust, hard, wrong, and she will ignore it. She will follow her heart and the man she honors and loves.

The play won a brilliant success. Whether the audience believed that divorce ought to be granted at the will of either party or merely sympathized with Francine, without drawing any conclusions, the critics do not claim to know.

The critic of *L'Intransigeant*, A. Foureau, says that the authors show in this, their first play, a certain want of firmness and constructive skill, not merely in details but in the fundamental treatment of the theme. The drama, in reality, consists of two distinct parts—that leading up to the failure of the divorce suit, which is a plea for a more liberal law, for freer divorce—and that which follows Francine's defeat. Her flight with a lover, her kidnaping of the child, present a very different problem. There is no real cohesion between the essential theme and the *dénouement*. The critic of *Le Petit Journal*, Leon Kerst, thinks the authors intended to draw the moral that the law is capable of driving unhappy, outraged woman to extremes. He adds: "The facts imagined support the precise, clear, earnest pleading; theatricality is reduced to a minimum, and one listens with avidity to the exposition of the pros and cons of the questions so convincingly made by the respective champions."

THE SEASON OF THE RUSSIAN PLAYERS

"To make suffering fashionable in America" is the mission of Paul Orleneff, the great Russian actor. So, at least, he states in a recent newspaper interview in which he gives some account of his dramatic repertoire and of the vicissitudes of his company during the past ten months. Quite literally this mission has been fulfilled. J. Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney are but three of a long list of patrons who have lent prestige and financial assistance to a series of Orleneff's gloomy productions in the Criterion Theater, New York. And if any actors can present suffering in realistic fashion it should be these Russian players, whose experience here, after escaping from the tyranny of Russian censorship, has been in the nature of one long, continuous struggle with an even grimmer tyrant—poverty. Their efforts to maintain a theater of their own on the East Side of New York would undoubtedly have failed had it not been for the help of the "uptown" patrons and the interest of such influential literary men as Richard Watson Gilder, Arthur Brisbane, James Huneker and Ernest Crosby. With a fund of over $10,000 now collected; with the appreciation evinced by press and public in New York and Chicago even among people who do not know a word of Russian; and, finally, with the aid and management of Charles Frohman, the theatrical magnate, the prospects of the much-tried Orleneff company are far brighter than at any other time since their arrival.

Of the earlier performances of the company, and of the personality of Orleneff and that of his wife and leading lady, Madame Alla Nasimoff, some account has already been given in these pages (see CURRENT LITERATURE, July and August). Orleneff's art has great power, as well as exquisite skill, spontaneity, simplicity and a sort of divine infectious inspiration. Madame Nasimoff's grace and naturalness recall to many the work of Eleanora Duse. "Her beauty, her individuality," says Florence Brooks, in *The Century*, "are as entire a contrast to the limpidity of Orleneff as rich red wine is to sparkling water." The acting of the company as a whole shows a co-ordination which gives remarkable unity—a quality which, as Mr. Corbin, of the New York *Sun*, justly remarks, this Russian playing has in common with all the best European acting, but which is as yet rare in this country.

The four plays given at the Criterion The-

ater were all a part of last year's repertoire. They are: Ibsen's "Ghosts," which, it is generally conceded, has never before been given in this country with such force and appalling vividness; "The Chosen People," by Eugene Chirikov (from which pasages were printed in CURRENT LITERATURE, August); "The Karamasoff Brothers," by Dostoyevsky; and "The Son of Ivan the Terrible," by Count Alexis Tolstoy. In their own little theater east of the Bowery, started with much sacrifice by Emma Goldman and a few East Side radicals and now condemned on account of its violation of the regulations of the New York City Fire Department, four notable new plays have been presented.

"The Family Zwee," a drama by Pinski, translated into Russian for Orleneff from the Yiddish, has a theme very similar to that of Chirikov's "Chosen People." We have here, as in Chirikov's drama, the Jewish massacres as the background. The main theme, however, is rather the conflict that is at present going on in the very fold of Israel between the old and the new generations. All the various tendencies of revolutionary Russia are represented in the members of the Zwee family—the father, a pious old Jew, mourning because he knows that the old Mosaic Judaism is doomed and will pass away; and his three sons, one a Social Democrat, another an ardent Zionist, and the third an advocate of intermarriage with the Gentiles. The fall of the old Judaism is symbolized by the old man's death before the tabernacle, and the coming of the new Judaism by the victory of the Socialists and the Zionists over their oppressors.

S. Naidyonov's four-act drama, "Vanyushin's Children," also hinges on the conflict between fathers and sons. It is not so broad in scope as "The Chosen People" and "The Family Zwee," and shows merely an outcome of bad parental training. It is a criticism of the false remote attitude that parents often assume toward their children, and that sometimes results in complete estrangement between the older and younger generations. The whole idea of the drama is pithily expressed in this sentence addressed to the father by his son Alexai—the principal figure in the drama—impersonated by Orleneff: "We have lived upstairs and you have lived downstairs, and thus we have grown up, and have come downstairs already full-grown, with our own tastes, desires and requirements." The father finally commits suicide, unable to bear any longer the disgrace heaped upon him by his family.

Anton Chekhov's "Sea-Gull" is the story of an actress's unhappy love. Nina, the heroine of the pieoe, is the idol of Konstantin, a young dramatist, but is herself in love with another playwright, Trigorin. The fact that Konstantin's mother, Irene, a great actress, is already the mistress of Trigorin, cannot stem Nina's infatuation. Konstantin one day shoots a sea-gull, and brings it to her, in despair, telling her that soon he will shoot himself also. The dead bird suggests to Trigorin the motive for a story. "I will write of a young girl who lives by the sea-side," he says to Nina, "and she shall love the sea like a sea-gull and be happy and free like a bird—until a man accidentally crosses her path and out of ennui and for pastime ruins her life, as Konstantin has ruined this bird." This little drama is enacted in real life, for Nina, who goes on the stage and for a while succeeds in winning Trigorin's love, is finally abandoned by him. In melancholy letters to Konstantin she calls herself the "sea-gull." Konstantin has won fame as a poet, and loves her more than ever. But Nina, though broken down and deserted, declares that she loves Trigorin still. At last Konstantin commits suicide.

Herman Bahr's "Star" is also concerned with an actress's love. In this case the star actress in a play is fascinated by its young, innocent and inexperienced author. She is tired of the loud life of an actress, she declares: she wants rest, and the true love of an honest man. So they decide to live together in secret. But she is unreasonably jealous of some of his family friends who have found out where he lives; and they quarrel. She is only an actress, after all, she now says; he will leave her and marry a respectable lady. He denies this vigorously, and says he wants to acknowledge the union openly before the world. Why does she insist on keeping their relations a secret? he asks. She knows the theatrical life will not suit him, but she finally yields to his wishes. He grows jealous of her, finds fault with her gay, Bohemian mode of life, and after a final boisterous scene they part.

In the rôle of "Zaza" Madame Nasimoff has achieved notable success, as well as in the part of "Hilda Wangel" in Ibsen's "Master-Builder." These last-mentioned plays, together with those above described, constitute the striking and brilliant repertoire with which Orleneff has enriched the New York stage during the present theatrical season.

THE SECRET OF BARRIE'S CHARM

Apart from the discussion aroused by Bernard Shaw's plays, the most notable portent of the winter in the New York dramatic world is undoubtedly the popularity of J. M. Barrie's "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" and "Peter Pan." How is Mr. Barrie's astonishing success to be accounted for, and what is the secret of his hold on the theater-going public? These questions have engaged the attention of two gentlemen eminently qualified to answer them—Charles Frohman, the producer of the plays, and William Dean Howells, the distinguished novelist. They both express their opinions in *Harper's Weekly*. Mr. Frohman says:

"I have been asked to account for the fast hold which Barrie's 'Peter Pan' has taken upon the affections of its audiences here and abroad. The inquiry assumes that the American people are wanting in imagination. The assumption is unwarranted. The very success of such a play as 'Peter Pan'—so completely in a class by itself as to defy comparison—proves that there exists in the American people a pound of the imaginative for every pound of the practical.

"The shrewd observers of our social conditions point out as our impending peril not alone the mania of money-getting, not the danger of over-education and undercultivation, nor the bent of the national mind solely towards national ends, but the combination of all these towards the deadening of our imaginative faculty. Life in the big cities where huge buildings shut off from the child all contemplation of the open sky, and where dull gray streets have replaced green fields, where the lesson of the day is 'getting on in the world' rather than being a child and enjoying the dream-while of pirates, fairies, and Indians—all these are pointed out as tendencies towards early self-consciousness and the stagnation of the imagination. We are reminded that the whistling boy and the little girl singing her own improvised airs—those mirthful little Peter Pans and Wendys of yesterday—are no longer with us. To-day they are bent rather upon aping their elders. And it is asserted that with their disappearance will go that imaginative impulse which creates for a nation its great songs and lyrics.

"As against these facts we know that men, women, and children have sincerely appreciated 'Peter Pan'—a play which appeals to them because they come of a people possessed of a healthy imagination. At every performance old hearts and old brains live over again the thrills and sensations of romantic youth. Its appeal is universal. There is joy in it for all classes and all ages. It is simply a matter of light attracting light. The pleasure taken by the audiences at 'Peter Pan' has come, I think, from the fact that whatever is human and healthful in thought or feeling in them has been touched by Barrie's humanity. Everybody who has been gripped by the charm of 'Peter Pan' has only to thank himself that he has within him that to which the author has successfully appealed. Neither the skill of Miss Adams nor the power and genius of Barrie could have availed but for the responsive hearts and sympathetic feeling of the audiences. It has fallen to Barrie to evolve what, in all my experience, the American stage has only now afforded—namely, an entertainment creative of pure fancy in the city-bred child, and quickening to the imagination of the little people whose natural Fairyland we grown-ups have possessed—an illusion of a night during which the mother or father and child find abundant delights in common and realize new joys in being complete chums."

Mr. Howells is impressed, first of all, by the *sweetness* of the Barrie plays. "They have a gentle irony," he says, "which is almost a caress; a sympathy with amusing innocence in whatever form, with a confidential wink for the more sophisticated witness; an endearing kindliness, a charming domesticity, with a trust of the spectator's intelligence and temperament which is flattering to the best in him." The second quality emphasized by Mr. Howells is that of *domesticity*. He writes on this point:

"There is no hint of love-making between Peter Pan and Wendy, even when they are playing father and mother to the Lost Boys. She is just the mother they have longed for, because mothering is her instinct, as it is that of the young girl (I forget her name) in 'Little Mary,' who adopts all the children she can lay hands on. Motherliness is what Mr. Barrie is always finding out in women, who are supposed by most dramatists to be mainly sweethearts and wives at the best, and flirts and adultresses at the worst. He has thus added a grace to comedy which has seemed beyond or beside the reach of its art, and has probably endeared himself to a much larger public than would like to own it. Motherliness, hungry and helpless enough, is the note of the homing woman in 'Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire' who returns to the children separated almost their whole lives from her by her exile in India, and who loves them so much that she does not know how to have them, and all but spoils her chance with them. The piece is of course on its surface a satire on romantic girlhood impassioned and misled by the emotional drama. The well-grown-up daughter of Alice has so often seen erring woman 'saved' by self-sacrificing friends, who opportunely arrive at supreme moments to take the blame of guilty appearances on themselves, that when she imagines her pretty and still young mother in love with a friend of the husband and father, she desires nothing better than to conceal herself in the young man's rooms, and to 'save' her mother by claiming him for her own lover. The fact that her father comes with her mother to the wicked rendezvous does not affect her position. To the very last she believes that she has 'saved' her mother, and when, late at night after they have all returned home, she hears her father

storming at her mother for reminding him of the depreciation of rupees, she steals upon them in her night-gown, and joins their hands in a stage-forgiveness. The whole affair is delicious comedy."

There is never anything so novel in the arts, says Mr. Howells, as the truth; and "in these pieces of Mr. Barrie's, especially the last, he has divined something quite new in the poor old world which often likes to put such a wicked mask on over its simple and harmless face." Mr. Howells concludes:

"In a very manly way it is optimism of the best type. It is the same world which Mr. Pinero and Mr. Jones, and that unhappy Oscar Wilde (artistically the peer of either), have shown in different and not less faithful phases; but now we see that it is often not such a bad world; for the most part it is a very fair world and even a very good world. We owe much to all the modern English dramatists, but Mr. Barrie seems likely to make us most deeply his debtor, especially since Mr. Gilbert, his only rival in fantasy, fantasies no more. Even Mr. Gilbert at his best had not Mr. Barrie's sweetness; that is so nearly all his own, that I can think of but one other dramatist to be named with him for it, and I am rather glad that this was an American, the late James A. Hearn."

HAUPTMANN'S NEW SYMBOLIC DRAMA

Gerhart Hauptmann's latest play, "As Pippa Dances," was produced for the first time in Berlin in January and has been received with mixed feelings by the German public and critics. Like "The Sunken Bell," it is founded on a popular myth, and is full of mystic symbolism; so full, indeed, that Leo Berg, writing in the *Neue Gesellschaft* (Berlin), says that as he listened to this play Goethe's second part of "Faust" seemed as simple as an elementary reader in comparison. Later, he continues, he learned from Alfred Holzbock, "Hauptmann's Boswell," that Hauptmann himself does not understand it. Nevertheless, Hauptmann has been able to give a very clear account of both the drama and its purport, which we quote from a translation made for the New York *Times:*

"In the mountains of my Silesian home a Venetian legend exists which announced that at one time Venetians came to Silesia and here endeavored to awaken the unknown treasures of the mountains. The idea forming the basis of this story has kept me busy for some time. Venetian splendor and its magnificent glass industry united in my imagination with the mountains and arts of my home, and so out of love for my native heath grew my new legendary drama. In 'As Pippa Dances' I endeavored to bring together the beautiful, sensuous world of Venice with the serious rough world of the mountains. The name of the chief character of my drama is Pippa. Involuntarily I thought of the most famous of all dancers. Pepita (Pippa) is the daughter of an Italian glassmaker. Although he is her father she cannot love him. He came from Murano, where Venetian glass is made, but settled in Silesia. His daughter by her winning ways charms every one. She has several admirers, among them the manager of the local glassworks, a poor uncouth glassblower named Huhn, and finally a wandering artisan named Michel Hellriegel.

"Pippa's father is killed by some glassblowers, whom he has robbed while gambling, and his daughter is carried away by force by Huhn. Michel liberates her, and during a storm they flee through the mountains. The lovers obtain shelter in the house of a hermit named Wanu, but Huhn, who has followed them, kills Pippa. Michel, who becomes blind, sees in his raving the golden palaces of Venice.

"I endeavored to say in this play that in all of us lies something for which our souls are yearning; we all pursue something which is dancing before our souls in beautiful colors and attractive forms. This something may be called Pippa. She is that beauty followed by all in which the imagination has not entirely disappeared. The manager of the glassworks, who wants to marry her, dreams of Titian; the old Huhn is a brutal fellow with brutal instincts who seeks only the forms of beauty, while the young lover Michel is the symbol of that which lives in the German 'Volksseele'; he is the youth free of materialism, the youth of naïveté and simple humor, full of hope and desire, the youth who with humor gives himself up to the tragic fate, but who does not lose his illusions.

"Although brutal strength conquers in 'As Pippa Dances,' as it does so often in life, Michel lives a true exponent of our nation. He will follow after the ideals of beauty as of yore; but beauty, just as Pippa does before the mob, must dance and dance. Beauty is killed by the masses like Pippa by the old man of brutal strength—Huhn. And Wanu, whom I have portrayed as a mystical personage, is a venerable old man, devoting his life in the mountains to science. He looks in a philosophical way to the people, shelters youth and beauty, and endeavors to protect them, but cannot save them as brutal strength drives beauty to death."

Although the critics are not satisfied with this new experiment of Hauptmann's, which they declare falls far short of "The Sunken Bell," yet his ability to produce further great works is not questioned. No one has as yet said of Hauptmann what has often been said of Sudermann—that he has exhausted himself

HAUPTMANN AS HE WAS—

AND AS HE IS!
—*Der Floh* (Vienna).

and has no more to give. The complaint is a different one. Hauptmann is now blamed for writing too much. It is pointed out that even the greatest writers of our time feel impelled to write too rapidly in order to get their wares into the market in time. "Goethe gave sixty years to the development of his 'Faust!'" exclaims one writer. "This is the difference between an epoch in which art was lived, and ours, which capitalizes it. . . . During late years Hauptmann has, to a certain extent, become the exploiter of his own talent which, being overstrained, finally winds up in failure."

A CRITIQUE OF PURE MUSIC

Music is of the core of life, says Professor Santayana in his new book,* for its essence is vitality. A hope, a passion, a crime, he tells us, is a flash of vitality. Music is the expression of these, as it is the true language of the inexpressible in life. That which cannot be translated into words is no less real than that which is possible of speech. Much of music radiates from primary functions which, though their operation is half known, have only base or pitiful associations in human life—the unclaimed *Hinterland* of life. When music, either by verbal indications or by sensuous affinities, or by both at once, succeeds in tapping this fund of suppressed feeling, it accordingly supplies a great need. "It makes the dumb speak and plucks from the animal heart potentialities of expression which might render it perhaps even more than human. . . . It is the singular privilege of this art to give form to what is naturally inarticulate, and express those depths of human nature which can speak in no language current in the world."

Music and life have this common base, that emotion is the soul of both. "There is perhaps no emotion incident to human life that music cannot render in its abstract medium by suggesting the pang of it. . . . We dance, pray and mourn to music, and the more inadequate words or external acts are to the situation, the more grateful music is."

Professor Santayana likens music unto those branches of a tree which are put forth close to the ground beneath the point where the boughs separate, having nothing in common with the tree itself save the roots, which are the parent of both. "Somewhat in this fashion music diverts into an abstract sphere a part of those forces which abound beneath the point at which the human understanding grows articulate."

Music, like life, is a development. Primitive music, we are told, is a wail and parturi-

*THE LIFE OF REASON: REASON IN ART. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons.

tion. Music was long used before it was loved or people took pains to refine it. But when men discovered that song could be utilized to keep in unison the efforts of many men, as when soldiers keep in time to martial strains, or sailors sing as they heave, music became a more intimate part of life. To-day we know that music has not only this material power, but in the realm of the imagination and the emotions it is as directly potent as fighting or love. At the same time music is purer than life, for "spirit is clogged by what it flows through, but at its springs it is both limpid and abundant." Music is a flexible measure. Its rhythms can explicate all emotions, through all degrees of complexity and volume. It is this infinite capacity of music for expression that opens up a vista greater than life at its present stage can comprehend.

Professor Santayana does not accept the Tolstoyan theory that the greatest art, or the greatest music, must be universally appreciated to be great. He maintains that a musical education is necessary for musical judgment. "What most people relish is hardly music; it is a drowsy revery relieved by nervous thrills." Popular music must needs be simple because it must appeal to the simplest or the most primal emotions in men, not to the emotions of the intellect, which are the results of education and refinement. "When elaborate music is the fashion among people to whom all music is a voluptuous mystery, we may be sure that what they love is voluptuousness or fashion, and not music itself." Elaborate music has an intellectual essence. An appreciation of intricate music implies an understanding born of cultivation. Such music as has been elaborated into intricate forms and compositions which appeal not to the emotions alone but to the intellect as well, is compared by Mr. Santayana to mathematics and arabesques:

"A moving arabesque that has a vital dimension, as audible mathematics, adding sense to form and a versification that, since it has no subject matter, cannot do violence to it by its complex artifices—these are types of pure living, altogether joyful and delightful things. They combine life with order, precision with spontaneity; the flux in them has become rythmical and its freedom has passed into a rational choice, since it has come in sight of the eternal it would embody. The musician, like an architect or goldsmith, working in sound, but freer than they from material trammels, can expand forever his yielding labyrinth; every step opens up new vistas, every decision—how unlike those made in real life!—multiplies opportunities and widens the horizon before him without preventing him from going back at will to begin afresh at any point, to trace the other possible paths leading thence, through various magic landscapes."

The limitations of music are to be sought, Professor Santayana maintains, not in music but in men. "The degree to which music should be elaborated depends on the capacity possessed by those it addresses. There are limits to every man's synthetic powers, and to stretch those powers to their limits is exhausting. Excitement then becomes a debauch; it leaves the soul less capable of habitual harmony. . . . As we all survey two notes and their interval in one sensation, so a trained mind might survey a whole composition." The comparison is made between ancient and modern music which shows that "barbaric musicians, singing and playing together more or less at random, are too much carried away by their performance to conceive its effect; they cry far too loud and too unceasingly to listen; a contagious tradition carries them along and controls them in a way as they improvise; the assembly is hardly an audience; all are performers, and the crowd is only a stimulus that keeps every one dancing and howling in emulation. This unconsidered flow of early art remains present more or less to the end. Instead of vague custom we have schools, and instead of swaying multitudes we have academic example; but many a discord and mannerism survive simply because the musician is so suggestible or so lost in the tumult of production as never to consider what he does, or to perceive his wastefulness."

An interesting thesis is evolved by Mr. Santayana, unconsciously perhaps, on the radicalism of music. As life advances, it tends toward inherent radicalism, restrained by the development of artistic sense and fineness. "The artist being a born lover of the good is a natural breeder of perfections. . . . As the standard of perfection is internal and is measured by the satisfaction felt in releasing it, every artist has tasted in his activity what activity essentially is." The artistic qualities of music deepen with its development. Likewise with all radicalism. But as music knows not the trammeling influences which surround and harass life, it is enabled to make greater progress. To quote Professor Santayana in conclusion:

"In life the ordinary routine of destiny beats so emphatic a measure that it does not allow free play to feeling; we cannot linger on anything long enough to exhaust its meaning nor can we wander far from the beaten path to catch new

impressions; but in music there are no mortal obligations, no imperious needs calling us back to reality. Here nothing beautiful is extravagant, nothing delightful unworthy. Musical refinement finds no limit but its own instinct, so that a thousand shades of what, in our blundering words, we must call sadness or mirth, find in music their distinct expression. . . . There is . . . in music a sort of Christian piety, in that it comes not to call the just but sinners to repentance, and understands the spiritual possibilities in outcasts upon the respectable world. If we look at things absolutely enough and from their own point of view, there can be no doubt that each has its own ideal and does not question its own justification. Lust and frenzy, revery or despair, fatal as they may be to a creature that has general ulterior interests, are not perverse in themselves: each searches for its own affinities, and has a kind of inertia which tends to maintain it in being, and to attach or draw in whatever is propitious to it. Feelings are blameless as so many forms of vegetation; they can be poisonous only to a different life. They all are primordial motions, eddies which the universal flux makes for no reason, since its habit of falling into such attitudes is the ground-work and exemplar for nature and logic alike. . . . Moral judgments and conflicts are possible only in the mind that represents many interests synthetically; in nature, where primary impulses collide, all conflict is physical and all will innocent. Imagine some ingredient of humanity loosed from its present environment in human economy; it would at once vegetate and flower into some ideal form, such as we see exuberantly displayed in nature. If we can only suspend for a moment the congested traffic in the brain, these initial movements will begin to traverse it playfully and show their paces, and we shall live in one of those plausible worlds which the actual world has made impossible."

THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE—A CELTIC PLAY

This is "the first Irish play ever given in a Dublin theater," according to Lady Gregory, who has translated it from Irish into English. The play was written by Dr. Douglas Hyde, who also acted in it in the first production. It has been acted many times in the last few years in many parts of Ireland and in London as well, and "has always given great delight." The presence in this country during the last few weeks of two of the Celtic revivalists—Dr. Douglas Hyde himself and Anatole le Braz, of Brittany—seems to us to render this play of peculiar and timely interest. Lady Gregory's translation, which we use, is published in a volume entitled, "Poets and Dreamers" (Scribner's).

The play has five characters: Hanrahan, a wandering poet (who also figures as one of Mr. Yeats's heroes); Sheamus O'Heran; Oona, who is engaged to Sheamus; Maurya, the woman of the house; Sheela, a neighbor. The scene is laid in a farmer's house in Munster, where a dance is being held. In the opening, Hanrahan is discovered talking to Oona. Another man comes up and extends his hand to Oona as if to lead her off in the next dance, about to begin. She pushes him away:

Oona: Don't be bothering me now; don't you see I'm listening to what he is saying? (*To Hanrahan*) Go on with what you were saying just now.

Hanrahan: What did that fellow want of you?

Oona: He wanted the next dance with me, but I wouldn't give it to him.

Hanrahan: And why would you give it to him? Do you think I'd let you dance with anyone but myself, and I here? I had no comfort or satisfaction this long time until I came here to-night, and till I saw yourself.

Oona: What comfort am I to you?

Hanrahan: When a stick is half burned in the fire, does it not get comfort when water is poured on it?

Oona: But, sure, you are not half burned.

Hanrahan: I am; and three-quarters of my heart is burned, and scorched and consumed, struggling with the world, and the world struggling with me.

Oona: You don't look that bad.

Hanrahan: O, Oona ni Regaun, you have not knowledge of the life of a poor bard, without house or home or havings, but he going and ever going a drifting through the wide world, without a person with him but himself. There is not a morning in the week when I rise up that I do not say to myself that it would be better to be in the grave than to be wandering. There is nothing standing to me but the gift I got from God, my share of songs; when I begin upon them, my grief and my trouble go from me; I forget my persecution and my ill luck; and now since I saw you, Oona, I see there is something that is better even than the songs.

Oona: Poetry is a wonderful gift from God; and as long as you have that, you are richer than the people of stock and store, the people of cows and cattle.

Hanrahan: Ah, Oona, it is a great blessing, but it is a great curse as well for a man, he to be a poet. Look at me: have I a friend in this world? Is there a man alive that has a wish for me? is there the love of anyone at all on me? I am going like a poor lonely barnacle goose throughout the world; like Oisin after the Fenians; every person hates me: you do not hate me, Oona?

Oona: Do not say a thing like that; it is impossible that anyone would hate you.

Hanrahan: Come and we will sit in the corner of the room together; and I will tell you the little song I made for you; it is for you I made it.

(*They go to a corner and sit down together. Sheela comes in at the door.*)

Sheela: I came to you as quick as I could.

Maurya: And a hundred welcomes to you.

Sheela: What have you going on now?

Maurya: Beginning we are; we had one jig, and now the piper is drinking a glass. They'll begin dancing again in a minute when the piper is ready.

Sheela: There are a good many people gathering in to you to-night. We will have a fine dance.

Maurya: Maybe so, Sheela; but there's a man of them there, and I'd sooner him out than in.

Sheela: It's about the long red man you are talking, isn't it—the man that is in close talk with Oona in the corner? Where is he from, and who is he himself?

Maurya: That's the greatest vagabond ever came into Ireland; Tumaus Hanrahan they call him; but it's Hanrahan the rogue he ought to have been christened by right. Aurah, wasn't there the misfortune on me, him to come in to us at all to-night?

Sheela: What sort of a person is he? Isn't he a man that makes songs, out of Connacht? I heard talk of him before; and they say there is not another dancer in Ireland so good as him. I would like to see him dance.

Maurya: Bad luck to the vagabond! It is well I know what sort he is; because there was a kind of friendship between himself and the first husband I had; and it is often I heard from poor Diarmuid—the Lord have mercy on him!—what sort of person he was. He was a schoolmaster down in Connacht; but he used to have every trick worse than another; ever making songs he used to be, and drinking whiskey and setting quarrels afoot among the neighbors with his share of talk. They say there isn't a woman in the five provinces that he wouldn't deceive. He is worse than Donal na Greina long ago. But the end of the story is that the priest routed him out of the parish altogether; he got another place then, and followed on at the same tricks until he was routed out again, and another again with it. Now he has neither place nor house nor anything, but he to be going the country, making songs and getting a night's lodging from the people; nobody will refuse him, because they are afraid of him. He's a great poet, and maybe he'd make a rann on you that would stick to you for ever, if you were to anger him.

Sheela: God preserve us; but what brought him in to-night?

Maurya: He was travelling the country and he heard there was to be a dance here and he came in because he knew us; he was rather great with my first husband. It is wonderful how he is making out his way of life at all, and he with nothing but his share of songs. They say there is no place that he'll go to, that the women don't love him, and that the men don't hate him.

Sheela (*catching Maurya by the shoulder*): Turn your head, Maurya; look at him now, himself and your daughter, and their heads together; he's whispering in her ear; he's after making a poem for her and he's whispering it in her ear. Oh, the villain, he'll be putting his spells on her now.

Maurya: Ohone, go deo! isn't it a misfortune that he came? He's talking every moment with Oona since he came in three hours ago. I did my best to separate them from one another, but it failed me. Poor Oona is given up to every sort of old songs and old made-up stories; and she thinks it sweet to be listening to him. The marriage is settled between herself and Sheamus O'Heran there, a quarter from to-day. Look at poor Sheamus at the door, and he watching them. There is grief and hanging of the head on him; it's easy to see that he'd like to choke the vagabond this minute. I am greatly afraid that the head will be turned on Oona with his share of blathering. As sure as I am alive there will come evil out of this night.

Sheela: And couldn't you put him out?

Maurya: I could. There's no person here to help him unless there would be a woman or two; but he is a great poet, and he has a curse that would split the trees, and that would burst the stones. They say the seed will rot in the ground and the milk go from the cows when a poet like him makes a curse, if a person routed him out of the house; but if he was once out, I'll go bail I wouldn't let him in again.

Sheela: If himself were to go out willingly, there would be no virtue in his curse then.

Maurya: There would not, but he will not go out willingly, and I cannot rout him out myself for fear of his curse.

Sheela: Look at poor Sheamus. He is going over to her. (*Sheamus gets up and goes over to her.*)

Sheamus: Will you dance this reel with me, Oona, as soon as the piper is ready?

Hanrahan (*rising up*): I am Tumaus Hanrahan, and I am speaking now to Oona ni Regaun: and as she is willing to be talking to me, I will allow no living person to come between us.

Sheamus (*without heeding Hanrahan*): Will you not dance with me, Oona?

Hanrahan (*savagely*): Didn't I tell you now that it was to me Oona ni Regaun was talking? Leave that on the spot, you clown, and do not raise a disturbance here.

Sheamus: Oona——

Hanrahan (*shouting*): Leave that! (*Sheamus goes away, and comes over to the two old women.*)

Sheamus: Maurya Regaun, I am asking leave of you to throw that ill-mannerly, drunken vagabond out of the house. Myself and my two brothers will put him out if you will allow us; and when he's outside I'll settle with him.

Maurya: Sheamus, do not; I am afraid of him. That man has a curse they say that would split the trees.

Sheamus: I don't care if he had a curse that would overthrow the heavens; it is on me it will fall, and I defy him! If he were to kill me on the moment, I will not allow him to put his spells on Oona. Give me leave, Maurya.

Sheela: Do not, Sheamus. I have a better advice than that.

Sheamus: What advice is that?

Sheela: I have a way in my head to put him

out. If you follow my advice, he will go out himself as quiet as a lamb; and when you get him out, slap the door on him, and never let him in again.

Maurya: Luck from God on you, Sheela, and tell us what's in your head.

Sheela: We will do it as nice and easy as you ever saw. We will put him to twist a hay-rope till he is outside, and then we will shut the door on him.

Sheamus: It's easy to say, but not easy to do. He will say to you, "Make a hay-rope yourself."

Sheela: We will say then that no one ever saw a hay-rope made, that there is no one at all in the house to make the beginning of it.

Sheamus: But will *he* believe that we never saw a hay-rope?

Sheela: He believe it, is it? He'd believe anything; he'd believe that himself is king over Ireland when he has a glass taken, as he has now.

Sheamus: But what excuse can we make for saying we want a hay-rope?

Maurya: Can't you think of something yourself, Sheamus?

Sheamus: Sure, I can say the wind is rising, and I must bind the thatch, or it will be off the house.

Sheela: But he'll know the wind is not rising if he does but listen at the door. You must think of some other excuse, Sheamus.

Sheamus: Wait, I have a good idea now; say there is a coach upset at the bottom of the hill, and that they are asking for a hay-rope to mend it with. He can't see as far as that from the door, and he won't know it's not true it is.

Maurya: That's the story, Sheela. Now, Sheamus, go among the people and tell them the secret. Tell them what they have to say, that no one at all in this country ever saw a hay-rope, and put a good skin on the lie yourself. *(Sheamus goes from person to person whispering to them, and some of them begin laughing. The piper has began playing. Three or four couples rise up.)*

Hanrahan (after looking at them for a couple of minutes). Whist! Let ye sit down! Do ye call that dragging, dancing? You are tramping the floor like so many cattle. You are as heavy as bullocks, as awkward as asses. May my throat be choked if I would not sooner be looking at as many lame ducks hopping on one leg through the house. Leave the floor to Oona ni Regaun and to me.

(One of the men going to dance): And for what would we leave the floor to you?

Hanrahan: The swan of the brink of the waves, the royal phœnix, the pearl of the white breast, the Venus amongst the women, Oona ni Regaun, is standing up with me, and any place she rises up, the sun and the moon bow to her, and so shall ye yet. She is too handsome, too sky-like for any other woman to be near her. But wait a while! Before I'll show you how the Connacht boy can dance, I will give you the poem I made on the star of the province of Munster, on Oona ni Regaun. Get up, O sun among women, and we will sing the song together, verse about, and then we'll show them what right dancing is! *(Oona rises.)*

She is white Oona of the yellow hair,
The Coolin that was destroying my heart inside me;
She is my secret love and my lasting affection;
I care not for ever for any woman but her.

Oona:
O bard of the black eye, it is you
Who have found victory in the world and fame;
I call on yourself and I praise your mouth;
You have set my heart in my breast astray.

Hanrahan:
O fair Oona of the golden hair,
My desire, my affection, my love and my store,
Herself will go with her bard afar;
She has hurt his heart in his breast greatly.

Oona:
I would not think the night long nor the day,
Listening to your fine discourse;
More melodious is your mouth than the singing of the birds;
From my heart in my breast you have found love.

Hanrahan:
I walked myself the entire world,
England, Ireland, France, and Spain;
I never saw at home or afar
Any girl under the sun like fair Oona.

Oona:
I have heard the melodious harp
On the streets of Cork playing to us;
More melodious by far I thought your voice,
More melodious by far your mouth than that.

Hanrahan:
I was myself one time a poor barnacle goose;
The night was not plain to me more than the dav
Till I got sight of her; she is the love of my heart
That banished from me my grief and my misery.

Oona:
I was myself on the morning of yesterday
Walking beside the wood at the break of day;
There was a bird there was singing sweetly,
How I love love, and is it not beautiful?

(A shout and a noise, and Sheamus O'Heran rushes in.)

Sheamus: Ububu! Ohone-y-o, go deo! The big coach is overthrown at the foot of the hill! The bag in which the letters of the country are is bursted; and there is neither tie, nor cord, nor rope, nor anything to bind it up. They are calling out now for a hay sugaun—whatever kind of thing that is; the letters and the coach will be lost for want of a hay sugaun to bind them.

Hanrahan: Do not be bothering us; we have our poem done, and we are going to dance. The coach does not come this way at all.

Sheamus: The coach does come this way now; but sure you're a stranger, and you don't know. Doesn't the coach come over the hill now, neighbors?

All: It does, it does, surely.

Hanrahan: I don't care whether it does come or whether it doesn't. I would sooner twenty coaches to be overthrown on the road than the pearl of the white breast to be stopped from dancing to us. Tell the coachman to twist a rope for himself.

Sheamus: Oh! murder! he can't. There's that much vigor, and fire, and activity and courage in the horses that my poor coachman must take them by the heads; it's on the pinch of his life he's able to control them; he's afraid of his soul

they'll go from him of a rout. They are neighing like anything; you never saw the like of them for wild horses.

Hanrahan: Are there no other people in the coach that will make a rope, if the coachman has to be at the horses' heads? Leave that, and let us dance.

Sheamus: There are three others in it; but as to one of them, he is one-handed, and another man of them, he's shaking and trembling with the fright he got; it's not in him now to stand up on his two feet with the fear that's on him; and as for the third man, there isn't a person in this country would speak to him about a rope at all, for his own father was hanged with a rope last year for stealing sheep.

Hanrahan: Then let one of yourselves twist a rope so, and leave the floor to us. (*To Oona.*) Now, O star of women, show me how Juno goes among the gods, or Helen for whom Troy was destroyed. By my word, since Deirdre died, for whom Naoise son of Usnech, was put to death, her heir is not in Ireland to-day but yourself. Let us begin.

Sheamus: Do not begin until we have a rope; we are not able to twist a rope; there's nobody here can twist a rope.

Hanrahan: There's nobody here is able to twist a rope?

All: Nobody at all.

Sheela: And that's true; nobody in this place ever made a hay sugaun. I don't believe there's a person in this house who ever saw one itself but me. It's well I remember when I was a little girsha that I saw one of them on a goat that my grandfather brought with him out of Connacht. All the people used to be saying: "Aurah, what sort of a thing is that at all?" And he said that it was a sugaun that was in it; and that people used to make the like of that down in Connacht. He said that one man would go holding the hay, and another man twisting it. I'll hold the hay now; and you'll go twisting it.

Sheamus: I'll bring in a lock of hay. (*He goes out.*) . . .

Sheamus (coming back): Here's the hay now.

Hanrahan: Give it here to me; I'll show ye what the well-learned, hardy, honest, clever, sensible Connachtman will do, that has activity and full deftness in his hands, and sense in his head, and courage in his heart; but that the misfortune and the great trouble of the world directed him among the *lebidins* of the province of Munster, without honor, without nobility, without knowledge of the swan beyond the duck, or of the gold beyond the brass, or of the lily beyond the thistle, or of the star of young women, and the pearl of the white breast, beyond their own share of sluts and slatterns. Give me a kippeen. (*A man hands him a stick; he puts a wisp of hay around it, and begins twisting it; and Sheela giving him out the hay.*)

Hanrahan:

There is a pearl of a woman giving light to us;
She is my love; she is my desire;
She is fair Oona, the gentle queen-woman.
And the Munstermen do not understand half her courtesy.
These Munstermen are blinded by God;
They do not recognise the swan beyond the gray duck;
But she will come with me, my fine Helen,
Where her person and her beauty shall be praised for ever.

Arrah, wisha, wisha, wisha! isn't this the fine village? isn't this the exceeding village? The village where there be that many rogues hanged that the people have no want of ropes with all the ropes that they steal from the hangman!

The sensible Connachtman makes
A rope for himself;
But the Munsterman steals it
From the hangman;
That I may see a fine rope,
A rope of hemp yet,
A stretching on the throats
Of every person here!

On account of one woman only the Greeks departed, and they never stopped, and they never greatly stayed, till they destroyed Troy; and on account of one woman only this village shall be damned; *go deo, ma neoir,* and to the womb of judgment, by God of the graces, eternally and everlastingly, because they did not understand that Oona ni Regaun is the second Helen, who was born in their midst, and that she overcame in beauty Deirdre and Venus, and all that came before or that will come after her!

But she will come with me, my pearl of a woman,
To the province of Connacht of the fine people;
She will receive feasts, wine, and meat,
High dances, sport, and music!

Oh, wisha, wisha! that the sun may never rise upon this village; and that the stars may never shine on it; and that——. (*He is by this time outside the door. All the men make a rush at the door and shut it. Oona runs towards the door, but the women seize her. Sheamus goes over to her.*)

Oona: Oh! oh! oh! do not put him out; let him back; that is Tumaus Hanrahan—he is a poet—he is a bard—he is a wonderful man. O, let him back; do not do that to him!

Sheamus: O Oona *bán acushla dílis,* let him be; he is gone now, and his share of spells with him! He will be gone out of your head to-morrow; and you will be gone out of his head. Don't you know that I like you better than a hundred thousand Deirdres, and that you are my one pearl of a woman in the world?

Hanrahan: (*outside, beating on the door*). Open, open, open; let me in! Oh, my seven hundred thousand curses on you—the curse of the weak and of the strong—the curse of the poets and of the bards upon you! The curse of the priests on you and the friars! The curse of the bishops upon you, and the Pope! The curse of the widows on you, and the children! Open! (*He beats on the door again and again.*)

Sheamus: I am thankful to ye, neighbours; and Oona will be thankful to ye to-morrow. Beat away, you vagabond! Do your dancing out there with yourself now! Isn't it a fine thing for a man to be listening to the storm outside, and himself quiet and easy beside the fire? Beat away, beat away! Where's Connacht now?

THE MORALITY OF THE FUTURE

If, as is so often alleged, a large part of humanity is gradually forsaking the religion in which it has lived for nearly twenty centuries, what will happen to morality? To the furnishing of a satisfactory answer to this question many of the best minds of our time are devoting themselves. The distinguished essayist and playwright, Maurice Maeterlinck, is convinced that, morally speaking, we have arrived at an almost unprecedented stage in human evolution, and he embodies his reflections on "Our Anxious Morality" in a series of twenty-two closely reasoned paragraphs in a recent issue of *The Atlantic Monthly.* "For a religion to become extinct," he asserts," is no new thing. . . . But, until now, men passed from a crumbling temple into one that was building; they left one religion to enter another; whereas we are abandoning ours to go nowhere." It is true that at least two men of genius—Tolstoy and Nietzsche—have promulgated ethical systems for the guidance of humanity, but, in Maeterlinck's view, "the real drama of the modern conscience is not enacted at either of these two extreme points." It is also true that other and conservative thinkers predict moral chaos as the inevitable result of religious decay; but Maeterlinck argues: "Man is so essentially, so necessarily, a moral being that, when he denies the existence of all morality, that very denial already becomes the foundation of a new morality." He says further:

"If, to-morrow, a religion were revealed to us, proving, scientifically and with absolute certainty, that every act of goodness, of self-sacrifice, of heroism, of inward nobility, would bring us, immediately after our death, an indubitable and unimaginable reward, I doubt whether the proportion of good and evil, of virtues and vices, amid which we live, would undergo an appreciable change. Would you have a convincing example? In the Middle Ages, there were moments when faith was absolute and obtruded itself with a certainty that corresponds exactly with our scientific certainties. The rewards promised for well-doing, the punishments threatening evil, were, in the thoughts of the men of that time, as tangible, so to speak, as would be those of the revelation of which I spoke above. Nevertheless, we do not see that the level of goodness was raised. A few saints sacrificed themselves for their brothers, carried certain virtues, picked from among the more contestable, to the pitch of heroism; but the bulk of men continued to deceive one another, to lie, to fornicate, to steal, to be guilty of envy, to commit murder. The mean of the vices was no lower than that of to-day. On the contrary, life was incomparably harsher, more cruel, and more unjust, because the low-water mark of the general intelligence was less high."

The morality that determines the life of the inner man, says Maeterlinck, should be clearly distinguished from that which springs from mere expediency, or from custom and fashion. True morality "presupposes a state of soul or of heart rather than a code of strictly formulated precepts. What constitutes its essence is the sincere and strong wish to form within ourselves a powerful idea of justice and love which always rises above that formed by the cleverest and most generous portions of our intelligence." More specifically, Maeterlinck says:

"There is in us, above the reasoning portion of our reason, a whole region which answers to something different, which is preparing for the surprises of the future, which is awaiting the events of the unknown. This part of our intelligence, which I will call imagination or mystic reason, in times when, so to speak, we knew nothing of the laws of nature, came before us, went ahead of our imperfect attainments, and made us live, morally, socially and sentimentally, on a level very much superior to that of those attainments.

"At the present time, when we have made the latter take a few steps forward in the darkness, and when, in the hundred years that have just elapsed, we have unraveled more chaos than in a thousand previous centuries,—at the present time, when our material life seems on the point of becoming fixed and assured, is this a reason why these two faculties should cease to go ahead of us, or should retrocede toward good sense? Are there not, on the contrary, very serious reasons for urging them forward, so as to restore the normal distances and their traditional lead? Is it right that we should lose confidence in them? Is it possible to say that they have hindered any form of human progress? Perhaps they have deceived us more than once; but their fruitful errors, by forcing us to march onward, have revealed to us, in the straying, more truths than our over-timed good sense would ever have come upon by marking time. The fairest discoveries, in biology, in chemistry, in medicine, in physics, almost all had their starting-point in an hypothesis supplied by imagination or mystic reason, an hypothesis which the experiments of good sense

have confirmed, but which the latter, given to narrow methods, would never have foreseen."

To rationalists who cherish no higher ideal than that of the conquest of matter and of "a regular, assured, measured, exactly weighed state of well-being," Maeterlinck addresses this word:

"Be it so: they have charge of this kind of happiness. But let them not pretend that, in order to attain it, it is necessary to fling into the sea, as a dangerous load, all that hitherto formed the heroic, cloud-topped, indefatigable, venturesome energy of our conscience. Leave us a few fancy virtues. Allow a little space for our fraternal sentiments. It is very possible that these virtues and these sentiments, which are not strictly indispensable to the just man of to-day, are the roots of all that will blossom when man shall have accomplished the hardest stage of 'the struggle for life.' Also, we must keep a few sumptuary virtues in reserve, in order to replace those which we abandon as useless; for our conscience has need of exercise and nourishment. Already we have thrown off a number of constraints which were assuredly hurtful, but which at least kept up the activity of our inner life. We are no longer chaste, since we have recognized that the work of the flesh, cursed for twenty centuries, is natural and lawful. We no longer go out in search of resignation, of mortification, of sacrifice; we are no longer lowly in heart or poor in spirit. All this is very lawful, seeing that these virtues depended on a religion which is retiring; but it is not well that their place should remain empty. Our ideal no longer asks to create saints, virgins, martyrs; but even though it take another road, the spiritual road that animated the latter must remain intact, and is still necessary to the man who wishes to go farther than simple justice. It is beyond that simple justice that the morality begins of those who hope in the future."

Finally, Maeterlinck dismisses the fears of those who dread lest the old and time-honored virtues disappear under new religious conditions:

"Those who assure us that the old moral ideal must disappear because the religions are disappearing are strangely mistaken. It was not the religions that formed this ideal, but the ideal that gave birth to the religions. Now that these last have weakened or disappeared, their sources survive and seek another channel. When all is said, with the exception of certain factitious and parasitic virtues which we naturally abandon at the turn of the majority of religions, there is nothing as yet to be changed in our old Aryan ideal of justice, conscientiousness, courage, kindness, and honor. We have only to draw nearer to it, to clasp it more closely, to realize it more effectively; and, before going beyond it, we have still a long and noble road to travel beneath the stars."

AN ITALIAN NOVELIST'S PLEA FOR CATHOLIC REFORM

The literary sensation of the day in Italy is a novel entitled "The Saint,"* by the distinguished author, Antonio Fogazzaro. During the past few months twenty thousand copies of the book have been sold, dozens of lectures concerning it have been delivered, and many hundred reviews *pro* and *con* have been written. Yet it makes no appeal to sensationmongers; rather, it premises in the minds of its readers a clear understanding of Italian conditions, of the present status of Roman Catholicism, and of the religious tendencies of our times. The "Saint" of the title is a modern John the Baptist who arises in Italy to voice the demands of the people, and who interviews the Pope at Rome in their behalf. In its literary form the book is characterized as "neither a romance nor an essay, but a mixture of the epic, the lyric, the didactic and the mystic." Says Albert Zacher, a Roman correspondent of the Berlin *Nation*:

"Taken as a whole, 'The Saint' is a contemporary document of the highest rank, . . . for it is another proof of the fluid state of Catholic feeling at this changeful period, wherein a Pius X strives vainly, by a *sic volo, sic jubeo,* to rescue the oldtime authority and discipline. To many a one who is unconscious of the movement of ideas in the air about us, it may seem strange that 'The Saint' should have appeared almost simultaneously with Frenssen's 'Hilligenlei' [a plea for Protestant reform; see article in this issue of CURRENT LITERATURE], and should be in effect its Catholic parallel. Not so strange, but much more characteristic, is the fact that Fogazzaro's book begins with a reference to Maeterlinck's 'L'Intruse.'"

"The Saint" is the third volume of a series of which the first ("The Little Ancient World") is generally regarded as the most notable from an artistic standpoint. The underlying thought of the book is clearly revealed in the second chapter, where a theological and philosophical publicist, Selva, invites a number of learned clergymen to meet in his country-house near Subiaco — the seat of the Benedictine order —for the purpose of forming a reform party. Selva opens the meeting with these words:

"We represent a host of Catholics both in

* IL SANTO. By Antonio Fogazzaro. Baldwin, Castoldi & Co., Milan.

and out of Italy, clergy and laity, who long for the reform of the church. We wish for it not as the result of rebellion, but as the offspring of legitimate authority. We want reforms in religious instruction, in matters of worship, in the discipline of the clergy, aye, even in the supreme direction of the church."

During the discussion an old and learned monk says:

"The times demand some action after the example of Saint Francis. Yet I fail to find any trace of it; I see only hoary orders of men who have no longer the power to influence our prematurely aged mankind. I see only a Christian Democracy, which is striving after political place and power, but has no love for the spirit of Saint Francis or for poverty."

The Abbé Garnier, of Geneva, "an exquisitely drawn portrait from life," answers in a vein of fine irony:

"This is a beautiful idea, but it is not logical. You want to found a Catholic freemasonry and yet you have only negative ideas in common. You hope to go unharmed, like little fishes that prudently swim deep down in the water, and forget that the piercing eye of the fisher or vice-fisher will speedily espy you. Don't forget either that though the great Fisherman of Galilee gathers the fish into the nets, it is the great fisherman of Rome who cooks them. . . . Reforms will come some day, because ideas are mightier than mere men; but if you marshal your reforms in battle array and march forth battalion-wise, you will be exposing them to a terrific fusillade which they will not be able to stand for long. It is the *individuals,* the Messiah-seekers, who really advance science and religion. Is there a *saint* among you? Do you know where to find one? If so, choose him to go before! He will need burning speech, ardent love of his fellow-men, two or three little miracles. Then inspire in him what he has to say and your Messiah will do more than all of you put together! . . . However, I am well aware that you have no such saint. If you had he would have been cautioned and persecuted by the police, or transferred to China by the church."

This irony offends the others, but, as is shown in the course of the narrative, the ironical abbé was right. The persecution of the reformers begins at once, and the ban is put upon them.

The layman who becomes the hero-saint of the work is the repentant sinner of Fogazzaro's preceding work, "The Little Modern World," by name Piero Maironi. He is converted by his wife on her deathbed, breaks with his adulterous love, Jeanne Dessalle, and, warned by God in a vision, disappears from all his old-time haunts. The new volume opens with the eager search of Jeanne, now set free by death from her former bonds, for her lost lover. She finds him at last wearing the habit of a lay member of the Benedictine order, bestowed on him by the same Don Clemente with whom he has lived for three years as a gardener. In the famous Church of the Holy Grotto (San Speco) they meet, and in a mystical scene he persuades his temptress that he belongs altogether to God, but promises her that if she, too, will turn to God he will summon her to his side "at a certain solemn hour," meaning thereby his last on earth. Thereupon he disappears to lead a life of preparation in the desert. Here the author's descriptive talents are shown in his portrayal of the strange country and inhabitants of the upper valleys of the Anio. Like another John the Baptist, Piero is followed by the superstitious peasant folk, until again driven forth, stripped of his monkish garb by the pharisaical "Confratres," who report the "scandal" of this anachronistic Voice crying in the Wilderness to the authorities at Rome. Thither, after much suffering, he manages to make his way. In this part of the narrative the writer displays his intimate knowledge of the conflicting influences at work in the Eternal City—governmental and ultramontane intrigues; Christian Democratic and Socialist agitations; feminine religious movements; and over all the Vatican courtiers. When Jeanne Dessalle exclaims in astonishment, "How can these things be?" she is answered, "You have no idea of all that certain *intransigenti* in cassocks can and do do!"

The most talked of episode in the book is Piero's interview with the Pope—of course a portrait of Pius X.

The "Saint" says: "Holy Father, the Church is sick. Four evil spirits have taken possession of her body to drive therefrom the Holy Ghost. The first is the Spirit of Falsehood. Our superiors, clinging to the dead letter, would give to adults naught but food for babes." He goes on to scourge, in the words of the famous living reformer, Bishop Bonomelli of Cremona, the increase of outward religious show and form in the church at the expense of inward devotion. The second evil spirit Maironi calls the "Ambition of the Clergy"; the third the "Spirit of Avarice"; the fourth the "Spirit of Immobility." Finally, referring, of

course, to Saint Catherine of Siena, he exclaims: "Even as a woman was once able to persuade a Pope to go to Rome, so I, too, would persuade your Holiness to leave the Vatican." The Pope's reply is remarkable for its mildness: "God bless you! Follow the Lord's promptings. I, however, must take account of my surroundings. . . . I am a poor schoolmaster who has seventy scholars, of whom twenty are less than middling, forty only middling, and only ten are really capable. As the schoolmaster cannot regulate his school solely in the interest of his ten bright pupils, so I, too, cannot rule the church in consonance with the views of you and yours."

On his deathbed the "Saint" constitutes his aforetime mistress—now disciple—his spiritual heir. Hence we may expect a sequel.

Fogazzaro, it should be added, is a believing Catholic, and this fact lends special weight to his words. He is a Rosminian, and evidently a thorn in the side of the Ultramontanes—so much so that the Vatican clerical party has demanded that he be placed on the Index. And yet, says Zacher, "much that Piero preaches is contained in the program Pius X. put forth in his 'Omnia Instaurare in Christo,' as well as in the Jubilee Pastoral of that most reverend Prince of the Church, the Archbishop of Capua, Cardinal Capocelatro."

RELIGIOUS INDIFFERENTISM OF THE JAPANESE

Less than a generation ago the prediction was often made by sanguine friends of the cause of Christian missions that it would be a matter of a few decades before Japan became practically a Christian nation. Recent developments have in many cases changed these hopes into fears; and those who are acquainted with the condition of religious thought in Japan to-day are practically of one mind in ascribing the slow growth of Christianity there to the natural indifference of the Japanese, and especially of the educated Japanese, toward all religion. The new attitude of equality assumed by Japan toward the Christian nations of the West lends special interest to a discussion of Japanese religion which has just appeared in the pages of the Japanese Methodist organ, *Gokyo*, published in Tokyo. The editor, Dr. Takagi, addressed to twelve prominent Japanese laymen these questions: (1) Is the alleged indifferentism of the Japanese a national trait? (2) If so, what is the explanation of this unique phenomenon? It is significant that ten positively declare that this indifference is a fact. The reasons assigned for it form a severe indictment of the Christian churches as they are known to the Japanese, but this indictment Dr. Takagi admits to be extravagant and one-sided. It is of interest, none the less, and shows that even on the mission field the churches are encountering formidable opposition due to science and to "advanced" theology.

M. Minokami, one of the most thoughtful contributors to the symposium, finds that the chief cause for the indifference of the educated Japanese to the claims of religion is the fact that the church no longer holds the place of leadership in thought and life that it held down to a dozen years ago, in politics, literature, philosophy and education. In order to progress and achieve permanence, he says, organizations must change their methods and principles in accord with the spirit of the age; but the church has failed to do this. Theology, dogma, and the articles of faith as held by the church of to-day are behind the demands of modern times. They leave no room for the free spirit of research, and hence no life is to be found in them. Many preachers know this to be the case, yet they have not the courage of their convictions, and progressive thought finds no echo in their sermons. The Japanese church of to-day, continues M. Minokami, is merely the organ of the European and American mission societies, and lacks entirely the element of adaptability to the natural trend of the Japanese mind. As remedies for the evils named, M. Minokami makes the following suggestions: (1) Send promising young Japanese pastors into foreign countries, to continue their studies at the universities there: (2) Establish a literary department, in which the workers will have the recognition accorded to evangelists; (3) Increase pastors' salaries to two or three times what they are now; (4) Give new form to cultus and prayer; (5) Do not hinder free and independent thought; (6) Appoint a committee to prepare the way for the future independence of the church in Japan.

N. Kinoshita, another contributor to the

discussion, also attributes the religious indifferentism of the Japanese to the fact that the church is not up to date. Young men who have become acquainted with Christianity through its literature, he declares, are keenly disappointed when they enter a church. Unless the church becomes more aggressive, it will be discarded by the Japanese altogether or become merely the breeder of superstition.

Dr. K. Hirayama, a jurist, thinks that the retrogression of the Christian church in Japan is due to: (1) The weakness and emptiness of the current theology of the church; (2) The impossibility of a real defense of the doctrines and articles of faith held by the church; (3) The hypocrisy of many of the preachers and teachers, who are filled with doubt yet pretend that they have none; (4) The lack of sympathy, on the part of religious leaders, with honest doubters in their flocks; (5) The prompt condemnation and ostracism of all who profess new or "heretical" views; (6) The widespread dissatisfaction with the present organization of the church, and with the customs of the church; (7) The failure of the laity to make their influence felt in the synods and conferences; (8) The absence of independence, and the absolute dependence of the church of Japan on foreign help; (9) The lack of solemnity in public worship; and (10) The division of the church into sects and the crusades for converts.

Dr. Takagi, in summing up the net results of the symposium, states that he has so far published only the views of the laity, because laymen are chiefly concerned in the matters discussed and because they are known to have been the dissatisfied element in the churches. He observes that their criticisms are evidently not directed against religion as such so much as against the church in its present form and spirit. It is very clear, he adds, that Japanese Christians will not submit to the dictatorship of foreign mission societies or other organizations. The demands for a revision of faith will not down, but the exact nature of this revision cannot be determined. The solution of the problem necessarily depends upon the attitude of the societies upon whom the Japanese churches are financially dependent. The editor concludes with the statement that the views of the writers given are extravagant, and that the voices of its pastors should now be heard in reference to the reformation seemingly demanded by the laity.

A "NEW GOSPEL" IN A GERMAN NOVEL

When a religious novel brings to its author in a few months' time the sum, in royalties, of 200,000 marks ($40,000), the inference is either that the novel is a wonderfully brilliant piece of work or that the subject with which it deals is very close to the popular thought and feeling of the day. Gustav Frenssen's German novel, "Jörn Uhl," written five years ago, has since materialized into a handsome estate for its author; but it is his new work, "Hilligenlei" (Holy Land), that is breaking the record, in a pecuniary sense, for all recent German works of fiction.

The novel is an attempt to create a "new gospel" on the basis of the higher criticism. This gospel leaves out of the life of Jesus and out of the Scriptures the supernatural and miraculous element. The attempt invites comparison with the novel "Il Santo," by the Italian writer Fogazzaro (see article in this number), the latter designing to secure a readjustment in Roman Catholicism somewhat similar to that aimed at by Frenssen in Protestantism. As a literary product Frenssen's novel is criticized as too diffuse and verbose; but despite its faults it has received respectful treatment both for its literary form and its content.

The little town of Hilligenlei, which must be taken as symbolic of the whole world, has a prophecy hanging over it that some day a child will be born in it who shall become its redeemer and make Hilligenlei a real "Holy Land." The book starts out with the birth of a number of children, and it soon becomes evident that of all these it is Kai Jans who will grow up to be another Savior of Mankind. Each child strives for a certain high aim which he has set himself to accomplish, each one searches for his Hilligenlei; but there is something in Kai Jans which from his childhood has marked him out as different from all the rest. He is simple, unpractical, dreamy and weird, and he tells wonderful stories that set his hearers into ecstasies. He goes out into the world as an ordinary sailor, but in

reality he is only in search of a "holy land." His hand is crushed in an accident and he begins to study theology in Berlin; but as he is about to enter the church he finds that his scientific studies have left him without faith. He begins in Berlin to investigate the social conditions of the people and their needs, and, returning to his native town, again develops from the experiences of his life and his reflections a new Gospel of Christ. He talks over his theories with Heinke, who is in love with him; but she is betrothed to another, and when Kai Jans learns of this he goes to Africa, leaving Heinke his manuscript of the Life of Christ.

This biography of Christ forms the culmination of Kai Jans's life-work and in it he expounds his theory of the New Christianity. It is founded on the investigations of modern higher criticism and denies all supernatural attributes to Christ. His conclusions are summarized as follows:

"Christ was a man. There is evidence enough for this. First, he said it himself; second, in his mode of thought he was a child of his age; third, he was a marked and peculiar individuality; fourth, he underwent a certain development; fifth, his nature was not altogether free from evil; sixth, he erred, especially in that he did not come again, and that his promise of a coming kingdom of God was not fulfilled. He was a man, howsoever wondrous, good, wise and courageous; in no deed and in no thought did he transcend the measure of man. He was the grandest, the fairest of the sons of men.

"And he has brought us this gift from out his wonderful and beautiful soul: Faith in high divine worth and in the worth of every human soul, and, as a corollary of this faith, faith in the unrecognized eternal power, which in turn yields, even as the rich soil yields heavy, beautiful fruit, faith in the weighty, beautiful tasks of mankind and in their wonderful, lofty aim, the kingdom of God! And thereby he has brought forth into the light the sense and worth of human life and endowed it with eternal nobility."

After having thus divested the New Testament of all supernatural authority, Kai Jans proceeds to justify the faith that he still leaves intact:

"This faith is ours, not because he who first had it is an eternal miraculous being, or possesses any other authority for us. What care I for authority in these questions? How is it possible in these matters for one soul to give warrant for another? The soul stands quite alone and rests on itself. This faith is ours because it corresponds to what is best in my soul. . . .

"Rejoice! The church fought against Reason, God-given Reason, and fought against the noble joy in life. Behold, here is a faith that laughs and rejoices in every victory of science, leaning to noble Hellenism. . . .

"This simple hero and his faith China, Japan and India will accept. If they have souls like unto ourselves they will come to this faith. For it is the faith corresponding to the human heart; the heart needs it and opens up to it."

This evangel does not seem to be particularly new or novel, but it is received with enthusiastic welcome by the secular press of Germany. "By means of this intermezzo," says Karl Stricker in the *Tägliche Rundschau*, referring to the hero's life of Christ, "the novel receives a significance far beyond anything in the belletristic and imaginative literature of our time. It is a war call, and a rousing cry, a good weapon of defense and attack in the war of the spirits, a banner which, raised on high with its luminous folds waving in the wind of the twentieth century, seems to call: 'Gather ye here! Here is earnestness and love spoken to us by one who is called, and who deserves to be heard.'" Writing in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* (Beil), Oscar Bulle speaks much in the same vein: "This novel, with all its many faults of composition, is like a worthy war poem, a rousing call to thousands to whom it preaches a return to nature, to the inherent race spirit, to the home of the soil, to simple true humanity."

Karl Korn, a writer in the Socialist *Neue Zeit* (Stuttgart), renders a less favorable verdict. "For the modernization of the life of Jesus," he declares, "the attempt of Frenssen lacks the most essential qualification, the establishment of a social substratum upon which to rest the person of Jesus, his propaganda and its fate, and the decipherment of the social palimpsest of the books of the Gospel; it lacks even the insight into the purely human tragedy of the Christ of the Evangels, that tragedy which is so touchingly expressed in the death cry of the Crucified. There he is, hanging and waiting from hour to hour, for now must be fulfilled that whereon he has built up his whole life-work, and its final execution; his Heavenly Father will now descend in all splendor and glory and will save him and crown him. But the Father comes not; not even the great ecstasy comes now when he most needs it, to give him the psychological proof of himself. These great pioneers have, indeed, no other proof for themselves and their works than their great hours, their inner glow. . . . Was ever the bankruptcy of a life and endeavor expressed more bitterly than in this despairing cry to heaven: 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'"

CHRISTIANITY AS A FACTOR IN AMERICAN POLITICS

Is outspoken Christianity a hindrance to a man in public life? asks the Hon. Henry B. F. Macfarland, Commissioner of the District of Columbia. The question has come to him as one of vital importance, and he thinks it cannot be answered "Yes" or "No." An avowed atheist, he says, would not get very far in American political life, although more than one such man has been prominent in the House of Commons. Nor could a conspicuously bad man, whatever his beliefs, gain high office in this country. "Whatever the rougher and tougher elements of our politics may think about the character of candidates for political offices of any sort," asserts Mr. Macfarland, "a great majority of the voters, and the vast majority of the women, who largely govern the voters in the States where they have not the suffrage themselves, would not support either a blatant infidel or a notorious evil-doer. The American voter may be deceived by hypocrisy in one form or another, but he means to have men who believe in God and who live honestly and decently as public servants." Mr. Macfarland says further (in *The Christian Endeavor World*):

"All of the Presidents, from George Washington down, and including Thomas Jefferson, who was what we now call a Unitarian, although some of the Federalist clergy of New England called him an infidel, have been sincere believers in God and in the general teachings of the Christian religion. All of them have shown outward respect for the church, have attended its services, have observed the Christian rest-day, and in times of great personal or national distress or rejoicing, if not habitually, have prayed like other men.

"President Roosevelt, in his frank and expressive way, shows more plainly than most of his predecessors what is in his heart in this, as in less important things. Every one now knows what President McKinley thought and lived, and how he died triumphant in the Christian faith; and Mr. Bryan, devout Presbyterian as he is, is a man of the same religious stamp. In the last presidential campaign all of the four principal candidates were recognized church-members—Mr. Roosevelt of the Dutch Reformed, Mr. Fairbanks of the Methodist, Mr. Parker of the Episcopalian, and Mr. Davis of the Presbyterian Church."

But in no case, continues Mr. Macfarland, has a man been elected or appointed to any high office in the United States chiefly because he was a Christian, or chiefly because of his Christian character. Thomas Jefferson's questions, "Is he honest? Is he capable? Is he faithful to the Constitution?" furnish the practical standard of most men who do not first ask, "Is he loyal to the party?" and, "Will he be useful to me or to my interests?" For instance:

"The Tammany machine may nominate a good Episcopalian, like Mayor McClellan, or the Philadelphia machine may nominate a good Baptist, like Mayor Weaver; but neither they nor the voters are supporting McClellan as an Episcopalian, or Weaver as a Baptist, or either as a Christian. It might make some difference for what would be called practical political reasons what church a candidate belonged to; but it would not make any difference that he did not belong to any church, provided he had a good reputation and did not attack religion. Indeed, he might be privately an agnostic or even an atheist without losing anything in public life by it."

Theoretically, says Mr. Macfarland, politics ought to be in the best sense religious. "Politics was religion, although not in the best sense always, in Jerusalem, Athens and Rome, and in the so-called theocracies of the Puritans in England and New England." But actually, to-day, politics and religion "will never be married, but, on the contrary, will always be separated," for politicians, while they may believe in the natural virtues, like honesty, as necessary in politics, "do not think that religion, or its distinctive beliefs or requirements, has a necessary place there." To continue the argument:

"The active and aggressive Christian is not wanted in politics, and is not popular in that field. His idealism, in so far as it works to make him unworldly, is regarded as unfitting him for a life which is very much of this present world, and takes very little practical account of any other. He is felt to be different, even though it may be only in personal or social habits; and the desire to have conformity condemns reasons any one of which makes a man so different from his fellows. Almost inevitably he is regarded by those who do not see what he sees, or serve as he serves, as so different as to be an insoluble and rather uncomfortable problem to them. However sincere he may be, they are almost certain to say, and even to think honestly, that he is more or less of a hypocrite, if for no other reason, because he shows the inconsistency of human living, and chiefly because they cannot believe in sincere Christian living of the actual sort.

"The stricter the man's habits, the more suspicious, or at least the more resentful, they become. If he does not drink, or play cards for money, or do any of the things which are called convivial, they do not like him, and they say, 'He has no small vices; so he must have large ones.'

"As a general rule a man cannot get on in pub-

WILHELM OSTWALD

Professor of Physical Chemistry at Leipsig University, and the latest lecturer in the Ingersoll course at Harvard on the "Immortality of Man."

lic life unless he is emphatically what is known as a man of the world. Almost any man in public life would tell you that it would not do in politics to be a puritan, or a precisian, or any of the things that may be called by those names, however fine and however true to Christ's teachings those things may be. He must have the common virtues, like courage and honesty. but he must not be distinctly and aggressively Christian."

A few, but a very few, men in high places, says Mr. Macfarland, in concluding, have always been known as active Christians. They "have been respected, though seldom loved." There was a time when the term "Christian statesman" was held in ridicule, and "unfortunately there are always men to justify the suspicions of those who do not want Christians in public life." Yet "the true Christian character does command respect, and even support, in politics as elsewhere. It would be easy to mention men of the Supreme Court, the Cabinet, the Senate, the House, as well as the White House, whose Christian virtues have conquered even prejudice, and have commanded general admiration." Mr. Macfarland thinks it is well that hypocrisy should not be encouraged by "making a profession of religion a passport to political preferments." He adds:

"There is, of course, a real success in the service of the people which true servants of God may enjoy to the full, even though they never receive even a nomination to office. With their citizenship in heaven they can combine a citizenship on earth of the greatest value to their country, and neither contempt nor scoffing, nor any persecution can prevent them from high achievement."

AN EMINENT SCIENTIST'S VIEWS ON IMMORTALITY

The administrators of the Ingersoll Fund at Harvard University, which provides for an annual lecture on the "Immortality of Man," have been subjected to somewhat hostile criticism lately on account of their choice of lecturers. Dr. William Osler, the distinguished physician, who spoke on "Science and Immortality" two years ago, assumed an agnostic attitude; and the latest lecturer, Dr. Wilhelm Ostwald, Professor of Physical Chemistry at the University of Leipzig, has handled the subject, "Individuality and Immortality,"* in the same spirit. He refuses to affirm personal immortality. The only real immortality, he argues, is that we achieve when we leave an impress upon the life and work of the world. He goes further, and says: "Death is not only not an evil, but it is a necessary factor in the existence of the race. And looking into my own mind with all the frankness and subjectiveness which I can apply to this most personal question, I find no horror connected with the idea of my own death."

A fundamental law of the universe, as interpreted by this scientist, and the law upon which he chiefly depends for his argument, is that which makes for *diffusion*. If we take two different masses and combine them, he points out, the resulting mass will behave like the sum of the two single masses. But though the two masses retain their quantity, they lose their individuality. If we take two glasses of water and pour them together intc one basin the sum of the two quantities is

* INDIVIDUALITY AND IMMORTALITY. By Wilhelm Ostwald. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

obtained. But there is no means known in earth or heaven of finding out which part of the water came from one glass and which from the other. "It is a strange thing, indeed," comments Professor Ostwald, "that by merely being associated with another thing of the same kind identity is lost. And still more strange is the fact that every being of this kind seems driven by an irresistible impulse to seek every occasion for losing its identity. Every known physical fact leads to the conclusion that diffusion, or a homogeneous distribution, of energy is the general aim of all happenings." Furthermore:

"The property which has been described as an irresistible tendency toward diffusion may also be observed in certain cases in man. In conscious beings such natural tendencies are accompanied by a certain feeling which we call will, and we are happy when we are allowed to act according to these tendencies or according to our will. Now, if we recall the happiest moments of our lives, they will be found in every case to be connected with a curious loss of personality. In the happiness of love this fact will be at once discovered, and if you are enjoying intensely a work of art, a symphony of Beethoven's, for example, you find yourself relieved of the burden of personality and carried away by the stream of music as a drop is carried away by a wave. The same feeling comes with the grand impressions nature gives us. Even when I am sitting quietly sketching in the open there comes to me in a happy moment a sweet feeling of being united with the nature about me, which is distinctly characterized by complete forgetfulness of my poor self. We may conclude from this that individuality means limitations and unhappiness, or is at least closely connected with them."

Interrogating experience, the professor finds the same law of diffusion at work, though there is an apparent desire to defeat it in man's response to inherited instincts. Such, for instance, is the instinctive desire of man to leave behind him after death marked impressions of his individuality. There is the general desire for the propagation of one's personal influence which is closely connected with the desire for the propagation of one's flesh and blood. By the operation of these factors a prolongation of every individual existence in a greater or less degree is secured. But——

"Such a prolongation is not immortality in its strictest sense. For we observe that such influences, though they outlive the term of bodily life in the majority of cases, gradually cease to act, and die out asymptotically, just as any isolated physical existence does, by diffusing into the great mass of general existence and losing individuality and the possibility of being distinguished.

"This is true primarily in the course of a sequence of generations. In order that a family may be continued, the son marries a wife from another family, and his son does the same. As a result the continuance of the family is secured, but at the cost of its individuality. By these necessary connections with other families, diffusion into the general mass of the world takes place, and the very means of continuing its existence results in this inevitable diffusion. And finally a family like mankind in general is subject to the possibility of ultimate destruction by some cosmic accident.

"And other things left by an individual man at death take the same course. Consider the best case, where we often use the word immortal, that of a great poet or scientist. We say that Homer and Goethe, Aristotle and Darwin, are immortal, because their work is lasting, and will persist for scores of centuries, and their personal influence has proven independent of their bodily existence. Even the fact that death prevented them from doing more work of the kind they gave to us during their lives is not so important as it would seem at the first glance. When a man grows old his creative power, both bodily and mental, often dies, long before the ordinary functions of life have ceased. If a man lives his natural time out, he will probably do all the work that he is able to do well, and his death is then not a matter of importance. Only when death is premature do we feel that something has been lost, and only in such cases can we feel that death is cruel and unjust."

The only lasting kind of life that the lecturer is able to discover in the realm of experience is that "quite independent of individual life or death," to wit, the more or less limited effectiveness of the work a man has accomplished. He says:

"How long it will remain effective is entirely dependent on the degree to which the work has suited the wants of the race. Work of no value to these wants will be wiped out as soon as possible, while useful work will be retained so long as it is seen to be useful. The examples I have given show how very long the influence of a great and useful worker may persist, but there is no doubt that by this very influence the individuality of his work disappears, however slowly. It becomes more and more a part of the general mental equipment of his clan, his nation, his race. It will then exist as long as these exist, no longer as a distinct idea or work of art, but as a common possession. Here again the general law of diffusion already met with is at work, and duration and individuality are linked as are reciprocal numbers: the one increases as the other diminishes."

Instead of feeling that we sweep away the foundation of all our ethics when we banish the idea of a personal future life in which vice shall be punished and virtue rewarded, Professor Ostwald thinks that not only is ethics possible without this idea, but that "this con-

dition involves a very refined and exalted state of ethical development." "The more each individual is filled with the consciousness that he belongs to the great collective organism of humanity, the less will he be able to separate his own aims and interests from those of humanity. A reconciliation between duty to the race and personal happiness is the result, as well as an unmistakable standard by which to judge our own actions and those of our fellow men." He concludes:

"In fact, we find the interests of humanity in the very center of our ethical consciousness. To frighten people into ethical action by threatening them with eternal punishment is a poor and inefficacious way of influencing them. The natural way is to develop a consciousness of the all-pervading relation between the several individuals which make up humanity, and this to such a degree that the corresponding actions become not only a duty but a habit, and at last an instinct, directing all our doings quite spontaneously for the interest of humanity. And every mental and moral advance which we make for ourselves by our constant efforts at self-education will be at the same time a gain for humanity, since it will be transmitted to our children, our friends, and our pupils, and will be to them easier than it was to us, according to the general law of memory. Beside the fact of inherited taint there exists the fact of inherited perfection, and every advance which we, by the sweat of our brows. may succeed in making towards our perfection, is so much gain for our children and our children's children forever. I must confess that I can think of no grander perspective of immortality than this."

CAN WE HAVE RELIGION WITHOUT GOD?

It is a noteworthy fact in connection with the development of modern religious thought that the effort is constantly being made to divest religion of its supernatural attributes and to show that the idea of God is not a necessary element in religion. Works have appeared in Germany and elsewhere in recent times which declare that religion can be ascribed to animals; and Professor Haeckel, of Jena, the leading defender of monism and atheistic Darwinism in the Fatherland, has only lately spoken of "the religion of the ants." There can be no doubt that the real purpose behind the new propaganda is to show that religion can be grasped entirely independently of the conception of divinity, that it is a purely natural and human product—conclusions in the highest degree distasteful to conservative theologians. In a new apologetic journal, published in Germany and entitled, *Glauben und Wissen,* the veteran Prof. Edward Koenig, of the University of Bonn, formulates a number of reasons for rejecting this non-theological conception of religion.

One reason, he says, is that, speaking historically, religion, both by its nature and its etymological derivation, demands that the idea of a higher being be included in its constitution, and that nothing be termed a religion which does not include this concept. The famous explanations given of the word by Cicero ("De Natura Deorum," II, 28), and by the "Christian Cicero," the theologian Lactantius, differ no doubt in detail, but both of them imply the subordination of man to a superior being, and the essence of both explanations lies in bringing man into closer relation to God.

Again, the deterioration of the conception of religion according to the new definition provides its own condemnation. Religion becomes not only a phenomenon of inferior character and development in man's world of thought; it is degraded to the brute world, and is even, according to Haeckel, an attribute of the plant and the mineral kingdom. In his latest work, "Die Lebenswunde," the Jena zoologist has transferred the idea of personality to the mineral kingdom, and claims that stones have a personality. Religion, defined from this point of view, is emptied of that which fundamentally constitutes its very essence.

The new propagandists, continues Professor Koenig, cannot be acquitted of a charge of dishonesty in the use of thought and language. They are putting the stamp of a fixed meaning on a new substitute that has essentially nothing in common with what the world has for ages been calling religion. Why call this new thing a religion, unless the purpose is to deceive people by using a historic term?

From a material standpoint, says the German writer, in conclusion, the condemnation of the new use of the term must be equally strong. What these new thinkers call religion is really only a vague system of ordinary human ethics or morality. From their standpoint, what possible use is there for a religion apart from this morality or ethics? Honesty should compel them to drop the term religion as they have discarded all that the word really means.

DISTURBING SCHOLARSHIP IN THE AMERICAN CHURCH

Two university professors, Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell, and George Burman Foster, of the University of Chicago, both still holding their membership in Baptist churches, have just published volumes that are inevitably distressing to defenders of the orthodox faith. Professor Schmidt's work is entitled "The Prophet of Nazareth"; Professor Foster's, "The Finality of the Christian Religion." Both works deal with the fundamentals of Christianity, and both belong to the "radical" school of criticism.

"The Prophet of Nazareth"* has evoked estimates so varied and contradictory as to be bewildering. The New York *Independent* refers to it as "the most notable work on the life of Jesus ever written by an American scholar"; adding: "For insight and penetration into the character of the Nazarene no life of Christ in the English language, save possibly 'Ecce Homo,' is at all comparable with it." On the other hand, the Boston *Congregationalist* dismisses the book with a short paragraph and the statement: "The reader can hardly restrain himself from becoming as critical of this book as its author is of the literature from which he essays to construct a history." Professor Schmidt illustrates the radicalism of his position by saying that if his researches had led him to believe that no such person as Jesus ever lived, he would have frankly stated this conclusion and the train of reasoning that led up to it; and it was "with a deep satisfaction the author found himself borne along by the force of what seemed to him incontrovertible facts to the conviction that Jesus of Nazareth actually existed, that some of the events of his life may be known to us, that some of his words may be recovered and that his personality imperfectly as we may know it and widely as it differed from the estimate of the church, is as sublime and potent for good as ever."

GEORGE BURMAN FOSTER

Professor of the Philosophy of Religion in the University of Chicago.

In his new work, "The Finality of the Christian Religion," he repudiates "authority-religion" and all that purports to be "miraculously supernatural.'

According to this new interpreter, Jesus was the son of Joseph and Mary, born of ordinary wedlock. Most of the miracles of Jesus he rejects, while others, such as those connected with the healing of the sick, he ascribes to Christ's "stronger and holier spirit, firmness of will, power of suggestion." He also rejects the account of the triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and argues that Jesus was crucified by the Jews, not by the Romans. "Misunderstood and abandoned by his diciples," writes Professor Schmidt, "distrusted and feared by the common people whose cause he had espoused, scorned and hated by the representatives of every popular form of religion, and condemned as a blasphemer by the highest court of his nation, he paid the penalty for spiritual independence by a cruel and ignominious death." From that martyr death there was no resurrection. Professor Schmidt takes the view that the conviction of the resurrection "was engendered by faith in the prophetic word and in its application to Jesus. It was probably in Galilee that the disciples began to proclaim their earnest conviction that Jesus had risen from the dead according to the Scriptures and would soon return to them. The expectation of such a return of a dead ruler or teacher is not an uncommon phenomenon in history." Yet, in spite of all this destructive criticism, Professor Schmidt's attitude toward

* THE PROPHET OF NAZARETH. By Nathaniel Schmidt. The Macmillan Company.

Jesus is almost that of a worshipper. "To have come under his spell is to be his forever. To know him is to love him." And finally: "The thought of Jesus may, in numerous directions, become a stronger force in the life of the world than it has yet been."

"The Finality of the Christian Religion"* is a book written in much the same spirit. The writer declares in a preface his belief that "a multitude of thoughtful men and women are passing through an experience similar to his own," and that "a greater multitude will travel, with bleeding feet, the same *via dolorosa* to-morrow and the day after." The argument is rationlistic throughout. With Sabatier, Professor Foster repudiates all "authority-religion" and all that purports to be "miraculously supernatural." One of the most radical passages in the book is this: "Miraculous narratives, like the biblical, originating from no observer who possessed sufficient knowledge of the relations and laws of nature to have a right to pronounce upon such matters, have no scientific importance. And the orthodox exaction of 'faith' in stories out of relation with everything we know must forever be no less antagonistic to the higher activities of faith than it is to science and common-sense. An intelligent man who now affirms his faith in such stories as actual facts can hardly know what *intellectual* honesty means." Later on he says: "A human Christ who does no more and no less than interpret to us the eternal relation of God in human nature, and opens our eyes to see it, is no less adapted to reconcile us and lead us into sonship than the superhuman entity of the church which, with his epiphany and his performances, has no place in the pale of the natural life of humanity." The resurrection of Jesus is disposed of in this fashion:

"While war has long been waged against miracle; while in the consciousness of humanity faith in miracles has been increasingly shaken; while miracle has come to be a burden instead of a support to religion, it is yet still true that it is more difficult for Christianity to detach itself from miracle than it is for any other religion whatsoever. This is mainly because the doctrine of the bodily resurrection of Jesus has been propagated into the very center of Christian conviction, has so fixed its stamp upon this religion that the latter seems to many to stand or fall with the historicity of that event. 'If Christ be not risen, our faith is vain, we are yet in our sins,' writes Paul. Is it not well to ask ourselves whether we are in a position to participate experientially in this Pauline proposition? We are dependent upon the narratives of the gospels and the witness of Paul, to form an idea of what occurred after the death of Jesus. But these are by no means so consistent as to render assent to the actuality of the occurrences a requirement of conscience. This importance attached to the bodily resurrection is far out of proportion to the evidence therefor. The narratives yield a fluctuating image which eludes all assured evaluation. Shall we base our highest and holiest, our whole religious life, on an occurrence of which no one can make a perfectly distinct picture? And is it, indeed, necessary that we build our salvation on this occurrence?

The Baptist papers are greatly disturbed by the radical conclusions of these two scholars. The Chicago *Standard* pleads for tolerance, but the New York *Examiner* evidently feels that what is needed is plain speaking from the conservative view-point. "All the fine things that are said about Jesus as a man and teacher," comments *The Examiner,* "cannot atone for the denial of that which crowned and sealed his mission of salvation. An unrisen Christ means a dead faith, a dead hope, a world *left* lying in the wicked one." The same paper comments further:

"'When the foundations are destroyed,' cried the Psalmist in despair, beholding the social disorder then prevailing, 'what can the righteous do?' So might we say to-day, as we observe the destructive work attempted, not by alien hands, but by men of our own household of faith, against the most fundamental tenets of our holy religion —only we believe in the power of the living God to guard his Word, and in the certainty of his interposition in the present and the future, as in the past, for its preservation from every assault."

The Chicago *Interior* (Presbyterian) treats the "heretical" views of Professors Schmidt and Foster in lighter vein. This new gospel, it remarks, is "merely Ritschl done over—'sartor resartus'—with a lot of new frills to make it somewhat more so." It continues:

"We are not going to have hydrophobia over all this. It is a distinct gain in the area and supremacy of religion that men who don't accept the miracles have found a way by which they can adhere to Jesus for the life of their spirits. In the old times they would have been infidels outright; now many of them are devout, religious-hearted men. It is another great instance in which the Galilean has conquered. But the thing which does greatly try us is that the Ritschlians can't see that Ritschlianism is just the way for them; that the rest of us haven't the difficulty which requires it. They come and camp just over the line in the Christian religion, and then begin to exploit their location as the center and capital of the whole realm. Professor Foster could scarcely pen a sentence which would more completely convict him of narrow Brahmanic

* THE FINALITY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. By George Burman Foster. University of Chicago Press.

ignorance of the men of his times than this which the papers quote: 'An intelligent man who now affirms his faith in the miracle stories as actual facts can hardly know what intellectual honesty means.' His own disability he stupidly attributes to everybody else. How little investigation would have taught him better! The professor needs only to go round the corner to the first church he comes to, and he'll find plenty of people to whom believing in God is equivalent to believing in the possibility of miracles—that is, in the free hand of a Sovereign in his own kingdom. Of course, they are not people whose brains spin gossamer mesh, but they think—in that common-sense style which helps most in a common-sense world. These folks don't need Ritschlianism. Let the professor save his medicine for desperate cases of his own skepticism; he is much misguided in setting it out as food for healthy people."

Unity, a weekly journal published in Chicago and devoted to the unification of all religion, frankly welcomes the new views. It says:

"Professors Schmidt and Foster have only dared to state in scholarly terms the conclusions of modern thinking on high subjects. They have justified by philosophy and historical investigation the working creed of most intelligent men and women. It is too late in the day to raise the cry of 'destroyers of the faith'; 'underminers of conviction,' etc. This work is done. There is no gainsaying the fact that the working religion, the practical faith of the well-informed as well as the high-intentioned men and women in all the churches, at least outside of the Catholic church, is based on the natural rather than on the supernatural; rejoices in the human Jesus rather than in the superhuman Christ. The Trinity abides as a working force only when mystically interpreted in a way that denudes the old credal definiteness of all working potency. . . . Instead of being pilloried as enemies of faith these men and their associates should be haloed as prophets of faith who come none too early to the tasks of re-enforcing morals and religion, renewing trust and replacing the cracked and crumbling supernatural foundations of religious trust and enthusiasm with the solid masonry of natural law and universal experience."

A MINISTER'S SYMPOSIUM ON TWENTIETH CENTURY RELIGION

In celebrating its ninetieth birthday anniversary recently, the well-known religious weekly, the Boston *Congregationalist,* invited representatives of five leading denominations —Baptist, Congregational, Episcopalian, Methodist and Presbyterian—to forecast "the religion of the next ninety years." The seven ministers who responded to the invitation are the Rev. Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, of Chicago; Prof. Henry S. Nash, of Cambridge, Mass.; Chancellor James R. Day, of Syracuse University; Prof. William N. Clarke, of Colgate University; the Rev. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, of New York; the Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon, of Boston; and the Rev. Dr. Robert F. Coyle, of Denver. "Recognized prophets" in their respective denominations, *The Congregationalist* terms these men; their words, it thinks, are "as divinely prophetic as those of the Old Testament."

It is interesting to note that there is a surprising unanimity of opinion in the forecasts, and that three points are underscored by all the contributors to the symposium, namely: (1) The need of a greater emphasis on Christ; (2) The need of a wider religious tolerance; and (3) The need of a larger recognition of social questions and social work.

The "one thing essential," according to Dr. Jefferson, is "God's revelation of himself in Christ." The "ideal expression of the moral life of God in Jesus Christ" also appeals to Dr. Gordon as something which will be "a deeper insight for our successors and a more precious possession." In the same spirit Chancellor Day writes:

"As Newton uncovered the law of gravitation, and as that law is becoming more practical in thousands of forms as men become more intelligent, and the only changes of it are changes of application, so our Lord revealed to men a law of love and life, foreshadowed by the prophets and sometimes hinted by others, which has become the law of human regeneration and the force of moral action. It has been called by Paul 'the law of the spirit of life.' It leaves no room for any other because it fills and meets every need. It will endure as long as human nature is what it is. It never can be supplemented, as there is nothing left to be done when its work is completed.

"It was revealed in one who was what it is. It was not declared by him simply as Newton revealed gravitation. It was he. He was what he taught. There therefore can be no one to come into his place, nor any cult to supplant his teachings. He was yesterday. He is to-day. He will be forever."

But while doctrine is bound to remain an

FRANK W. GUNSAULUS, D.D.

President of the Armour Institute of Technology.

He predicts that the note of the future will be religious, not ecclesiastical, and that conduct, rather than theology, will be emphasized.

JAMES ROSCOE DAY, D.D., LL.D.

Chancellor of Syracuse University.

"No Christian church has had all of the truth," he says. "The consensus of the saving faith, as held by the bodies of believers, will be the religion that will endure."

important part of church life, the tendency is ever toward a greater toleration. The note of the future, predicts Dr. Gunsaulus, will be religious, in the true sense, but not ecclesiastical. "The instrumentalities of the church," he says, "more especially the pulpit, will not be sharpened for an intellectual achievement in a theological form so much as for the cultivating of the life whose juices are to the plant what the emotions and volitions are to character. The serious question asked by the charioteer will be this, 'Is thy heart right?' " Chancellor Day thinks that "no Christian church has had all of the truth. Every such church has had some of it. The sum of all, the consensus of the saving faith as held by the bodies of believers, will be the religion that will endure." And Dr. Coyle says:

"The stress will be laid upon fundamental agreements and not upon small and unimportant differences. *Faith* will be the thing and not the creedal forms of expressing it. The divine fire and not the ecclesiastical candlestick will be accentuated. Not the machine but the Master; not the sect but the Saviour will be lifted up. Denominationalisms will grow less, the Christ of God more. Smaller lights will pale before the rising of the Sun of Righteousness. The rubbish will be brushed from the Rock that the people may see it, and build their house there.

"There will be a shortening of creeds. Only the great, broad, necessary things will be held on to. A few articles of faith will suffice. Power will be increased by concentration. The drift will be away from complexity to simplicity. The effect of a ton of crude iron ore upon the magnetic needle is said to be less than the effect of the ten or twenty pounds of pure iron which it contains. Much of the subtle force of the metal is lost in finding its way through the enveloping rock. So men will learn in the next ninety years that the short creed, the creed reduced to the smallest possible compass, will be far more effective than the most elaborate confession. Only the pure ore of revealed truth will be cast in creedal molds. Christian beliefs which all followers of Jesus can accept will be framed into a brief, irenic, common standard for working purposes."

"Social questions are fast getting to be the burning questions with us all," thinks Professor Nash; and Dr. Jefferson prophesies; "Religion will be increasingly altruistic. The importance of environment as a factor in the growth of souls is bringing to religious men a new sense of responsibility, and out of this awakened social conscience will come movements for the redemption of our cities on a

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Pastor of Broadway Tabernacle, New York.
Who looks for an increase of "altruistic religion," and thinks "there will be a Christian Socialism, the full dimensions of which we cannot now conjecture."

scale vaster than any which the nineteenth century attempted. . . .' There will be a Christian Socialism, the full dimensions of which we cannot now conjecture." This change of emphasis, says Dr. Coyle, "will be manifest in gospel propagandism. The tides of evangelism will rise, but it will be evangelism supplemented by greatly augmented efforts to promote social righteousness. The regeneration of the individual will be sought with increasing earnestness, not simply, however, that his soul may be saved and that he may go to heaven, but quite as much that he may save and serve society and produce a little more of heaven on earth. Men will think more of the kingdom and labor more for its coming in all the relations of this mundane life than for the salvation of a remnant, or of the elect. They will prove that their own calling and election are sure by their compassion for the multitudes." Professor Clarke adds:

"The Christianity of the twentieth century must be a working Christianity, devoting its intelligence and religious power to the vast and complex present problem of humanity. This is the coming test of the faith in its large forms and operations—whatever lays hold of the problem of humanity, or any part of it, in the spirit of Christ is Christian, and whatever does not is not. And the spirit of Christ in men will prove itself large and strong enough to take hold of the problem of humanity, and the coming time will be a period of Christian power."

Who the working representatives of God in Christ will be, continues Professor Clarke, will not be determined by names and professions. "It is not to be assumed that the so-called Christian people are the ones. That will be as it may be." The professor concludes:

"'Not he that nameth the name, but he that doeth the will,' is the Lord's man. In such a time denominational questions of the old kind are nil, and the question, 'Who is on the Lord's side?' is paramount. Churches will be left behind if they do not discern the will that is to be done, and men who do not bear the name will take their crown. Yet there is high hope for the Christian people in the fact that they are beginning to see what it is to work together, and to substitute the power of a common cause for the zest of their specialties. What they most need is a deeper sense of the few supreme divine realities. The more swiftly they learn the lesson of a simple and spiritual theology, a Christlike religion of love and help and a call from God to deal with the present problem of the world, the larger will be their share in the saving work of the twentieth century."

PROVIDENCE—AN APOLOGUE BY VICTOR HUGO

The other evening I was a little late in going down to dinner, and this was the reason: I noticed a number of dead bees lying on the floor of the lookout where I am accustomed to work—a sight that I encounter every spring. The poor things had come in through the open window. When the windows were closed they found themselves prisoners. Unable to see the transparent obstacle, they had hurled themselves against the glass panes on all sides, east, north, south and west, until at last they fell to the floor exhausted, and died. But, yesterday, I noticed, among the bees, a great drone, much stronger than the bees, who was far from being dead, the fine fellow; who, in fact, was very much alive and was dashing himself against the panes with all his might, like the great beast that he was. "Ah! my fine friend," said I, "it would have been an evil day for you had I not come to the rescue. You would have been done for, my fine fellow; before nightfall you would be lying dead, and on coming up-stairs, in the evening with my lamp, I would have found your poor little corpse among those of the other bees. Come, now, like the Emperor Titus I shall mark the day by a good deed: let us save the insect's life. Perhaps in the eyes of God a drone is as valuable as a man, and without any doubt it is more valuable than a prince.

I threw open the window, and, by means of a napkin, began chasing the insect toward it; but the drone persisted in flying in the opposite direction. I then tried to capture it by throwing the napkin over it. When the drone saw that I wished to capture it, it lost its head completely; it bounded furiously against the glass panes, as though it would smash them, took a fresh start, and dashed itself again and again against the glass. Finally it flew the whole length of the apartment, maddened and desperate. "Ah, you tryant!" it buzzed. "Despot! you would deprive me of liberty! Cruel executioner, why do you not leave me alone? I am happy, and why do you persecute me?"

After trying very hard, I brought it down and, in seizing it with the napkin, I involuntarily hurt it. Oh, how it tried to avenge itself! It darted out its sting; its little nervous body, contracted by my fingers, strained itself with all its strength in an attempt to sting me. But I ignored its protestations, and, stretching my hand out the window, opened the napkin. For a moment the drone seemed stunned, astonished; then it calmly took flight out into the infinite.

Well, you see how I saved the drone. I was *its Providence.* But (and here is the moral of my story) do we not, stupid drones that we are, conduct ourselves in the same manner toward the providence of God? We have our petty and absurd projects, our small and narrow views, our rash designs, whose accomplishment is either impossible or injurious to ourselves. Seeing no farther than our noses and with our eyes fixed on our immediate aim, we plunge ahead in our blind infatuation, like madmen. We would succeed, we would triumph; that is to say, we would break our heads against an invisible obstacle.

And when God, who sees all and who wishes to save us, upsets our designs, we stupidly complain against Him, we accuse his Providence. We do not comprehend that in punishing us, in overturning our plans and causing us suffering, He is doing all this to deliver us, to open the Infinite to us.—*Translated for* CURRENT LITERATURE *from Victor Hugo's posthumous work, "La Dernière Gerbe."*

Science and Invention

AN ONTOLOGICAL INDICTMENT OF THE HUMAN FEMALE

Woman, as the imaginative concept in the non-scientific mind, is to be carefully differentiated from the human female in the biological sense. In laying stress upon this point, a young, but celebrated Vienna biological psychologist, Dr. Otto Weininger, now deceased, makes it the basis of his thesis that the human female is too low in the scale of existence to be pronounced immoral. She is non-moral—incapable, from the very nature of things, of a moral aspiration, a moral idea, or a moral action of her own. Developing that thought in his work newly issued in this country,* Dr. Weininger adduces, as decisive proof of the emptiness and nullity of the human female, the alleged fact that she never succeeds in cognizing the problem of her own life. The explanation is that the human female is unable to realize the higher life of personality.

In other words, asserts Dr. Weininger, women have no existence and no essence. "They are not; they are nothing." Mankind occurs, asserts the Vienna scientist, as male and as female; that is to say, something and nothing. The fundamental fact is that woman has no share in ontological reality, she is without any relation to what in philosophy is known as "the thing in itself," and in theology is known as God. Man, the human male, in his highest form, the genius, has such a relation. Woman sustains no relation to an idea. She neither affirms nor denies it. She is neither moral nor antimoral. Mathematically speaking, she has no sign. She is purposeless—neither good nor bad; neither angel nor devil. She is non-logical. She is non-ethical. Yet all existence is moral and logical existence. So woman—speaking in the metaphysical sense and differentiating from the human female in the biological sense—has no existence. It all sounds, at first, as if the German scientist had turned humorist, and were amusing himself with a caricature. But, on the contrary, he is tremendously serious. Whoever else may be amused, he is not. That eminent biological socialist, Benjamin Kidd, takes Weininger seriously, too, pronouncing his work an important contribution to thought. Dr. Emil Reich deems Weininger a genius. To resume our quotation:

> "Woman is untruthful. An animal has just as little metaphysical reality as the actual woman, but it cannot speak and consequently it does not lie. In order to speak the truth one must be something. Truth is dependent on an existence, and only that can have a relation to an existence which is in itself something. Man desires truth all the time; that is to say, he all along desires only to be something. The cognition-impulse is in the end identical with the desire for immortality. Anyone who objects to a statement without ever having realized it; anyone who gives outward acquiescence without the inner affirmation such persons, like woman, have no real existence and must of necessity lie. So that woman always lies."

No one, declares Dr. Weininger, misunderstands so thoroughly what a woman wants as he who tries to find out what is passing within her, endeavoring to share her feelings and hopes, her experiences and her real nature. The human female does not wish to be treated as an active agent. She wants to remain always and throughout—this is just her womanhood—purely passive, to feel herself under another's will. She demands only to be taken possession of, like a property. And just as mere sensation only attains reality when it is apprehended, so a woman is brought to a sense of her existence only by her husband or children. Woman is the material on which man acts. Man as the microcosm is compounded of the lower and higher life. Woman is matter, is nothing. This knowledge gives us the keystone in the arch of Dr. Weininger's structure, and makes everything clear, he thinks, that was before indistinct regarding the human female. It is vastly significant, too, that the keenest sense in the human female, the only one she has in higher development than that of the male of her genus, is the sense of touch. The eye and the ear lead to the unlimited and give glimpses of infinity. The sense of touch necessitates physical limitations to our own actions. Touch is the eminently sordid sense and suited to the physical requirements of an earth-bound being. We quote again:

> "Man is form, woman is matter. If that is so,

*SEX AND CHARACTER. By Otto Weininger. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

it must find expression in the relations between their respective psychic experiences.

"The summing up of the connected nature of man's mental life, as opposed to the inarticulate and chaotic condition of woman's, illustrates the above antithesis of form and matter.

"Matter needs to be formed; and thus woman demands that man should clear her confusion of thought, give meaning to her henid [unclarified] ideas. Women are matter, which can assume any shape. Those experiments which ascribe to girls a better memory for learning by rote than boys are explained in this way: they are due to the nullity and inanity of women, who can be saturated with anything and everything, whilst man only retains what has an interest for him, forgetting all else.

"This accounts for what has been called woman's submissiveness, the way she is influenced by the opinions of others, her suggestibility, the way in which man moulds her formless nature. Woman is nothing; therefore and only therefore she can become everything, whilst man can only remain what he is. A man can make what he likes of a woman: the most a woman can do is to help a man to achieve what he wants.

"A man's real nature is never altered by education: woman, on the other hand, by external influences, can be taught to suppress her most characteristic self. . . .
therefore can not be classified in one compre-

"Woman can appear everything and deny everything, but in reality she is never anything.

"Women have neither this nor that characteristic; their peculiarity consists in having no characteristics at all; the complexity and terrible mystery about women comes to this; it is this which makes them above and beyond man's understanding—man, who always wants to get to the heart of things."

At this point Dr. Weininger turns to a consideration of what the human male is. So far, the argument from ontology does not indicate what man really is. Has he any special male characteristics, like match-making and want of character in woman? Is there a definite idea of what man is, as there is of what woman is, and can this idea of the human male be formulated as is the idea of the human female? Here is Dr. Weininger's answer:

"The idea of maleness consists in the fact of an individuality, of an essential monad, and is covered by it. Each monad, however, is as different as possible from every other monad, and hensive idea common to many other monads. Man is the microcosm; he contains all kinds of possibilities. This must not be confused with the universal susceptibility of woman, who becomes all without *being* anything, whilst man is all, as much or as little, according to his gifts, as he will. Man contains woman, for he contains matter, and he can allow this part of his nature to develop itself *i. e.*, to thrive and enervate him; or he can recognize and fight against it—so that he, and he alone, can get at the truth about woman. But woman can not develop except through man. . . .

"Woman's deepest desire is to be formed by man and so to receive her being. Woman desires that man should impart opinions to her quite different to those she held before, she is content to let herself be turned by him from what she had till then thought right. She wishes to be taken to pieces as a whole so that he may build her up again.

"Woman is first created by man's will—he dominates her and changes her whole being (hypnotism). Here is the explanation of the relation of the psychical to the physical in man and woman. Man assumes a reciprocal action of body and mind, in the sense rather that the dominant mind creates the body than that the mind merely projects itself on phenomena, whilst the woman accepts both mental and physical phenomena empirically. None the less, even in the woman there is some reciprocal action. However, whilst in the man, as Schopenhauer truly taught, the human being is his own creation, his own will makes and re-makes the body, the woman is bodily influenced and changed by an alien will (suggestion).

"Man not only forms himself but woman also —a far easier matter. The myths of the book of Genesis and other cosmogonies, which teach that woman was created out of man, are nearer the truth than the biological theories of descent, according to which males have been evolved from females."

Dr. Weininger now comes to the question of how woman, who is herself without soul or will, is yet able to realize to what extent a man may be endowed with them. He answers it from his ontological point of view. Of this much we may be certain, he avers, that what a woman notices, or rather what the human female notices, that for which she has a sense, is not the special nature of man, but only the general fact, and possibly the grade, of his maleness. It is quite erroneous to suppose that woman has an innate capacity to understand the individuality of a man. The lover, who is so easily misled by the unconscious simulation of a deeper comprehension on the part of his sweetheart, may believe that he understands himself through a girl. But those who are less easily satisfied cannot help seeing that women only possess a sense of the fact, not of the individuality, of the soul. In order to perceive and apperceive the special form, matter must not itself be formless. Woman's relation to man, however, is nothing but that of matter to form, and her comprehension of him nothing but willingness to be as much formed as possible by him—the instinct of those without existence for existence. Furthermore, this comprehension is not theoretical, it is not sympathetic; it is only a desire to be sympathetic. It is importunate and egoistical. Woman has no rela-

tion to man and no sense of man, but only for maleness. If she is to be considered as more sexual than man, this greater claim is nothing but the intense desire for the fullest and most definite formation. It is the demand for the greatest possible quantity of existence.

It is now necessary to consider Dr. Weininger's law of sexual attraction. It presupposes that a human female is not necessarily all woman and that a human male is not necessarily all man. Nevertheless, for true union it is necessary that there come together a complete male (M) and a complete female (F). Now if we take *m*, any individual regarded in the ordinary way as a male, and denote his real sexual constitution as M*m*, so many parts really male, plus W*m*, so many parts really female; if we also take *f*, any individual regarded in the ordinary way as a female, and denote her real sexual constitution as W*f*, so many parts really female, plus M*f*, so many parts really male—then, if there be complete sexual affinity:

(1) M*m* (the truly male part in the "male") plus M*f* (the truly male part in the "female") will equal a constant quantity, M, the ideal male; and

(2) W*m* plus W*f* (the ideal female parts in respectively the "male" and the "female") will equal a second constant quantity, W, the ideal female.

This statement must not be misunderstood. Both formulas refer to one case, says Dr. Weininger, to a single sexual relation, the second following directly from the first and adding nothing to it. Dr. Weininger has in mind an individual possessing exactly as much femaleness as he lacks maleness—M*m* plus M*f*, that is, M. Were he completely male, his requisite complement would be a complete female. If, however, he is composed of a definite inheritance of maleness, and also an inheritance of femaleness, then, to complete the individual, his maleness must be completed to make a unit; but so also must his femaleness be completed. If, for instance, an individual be composed thus:

$$\underline{m}\begin{cases} \tfrac{3}{4}\,\mathrm{M} \\ \text{and} \\ \tfrac{1}{4}\,\mathrm{W} \end{cases}$$

then the best sexual complement of that individual will be another compound, as follows:

$$\underline{f}\begin{cases} \tfrac{1}{4}\,\mathrm{M} \\ \text{and} \\ \tfrac{3}{4}\,\mathrm{W} \end{cases}$$

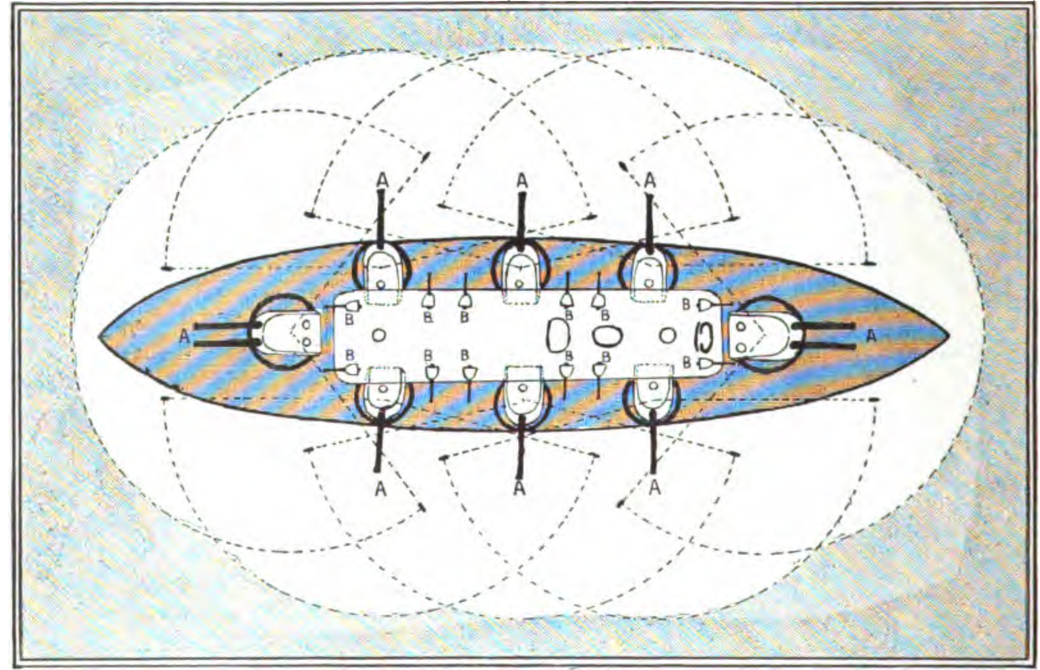
It is only the male element in emancipated women that craves for emancipation. There is, then, a stronger reason than has been generally supposed for the familiar assumption of male pseudonyms by women writers. Their choice is a mode of giving expression to the inherent maleness they feel. Yet this inherent maleness has its limitations. There is not one woman in the whole history of thought, not even the most manlike, who can be compared with men of fifth or sixth-rate genius, for instance, with Rückert as a poet, with Van Dyck as a painter or Schleiermacher as a philosopher. Real desire for emancipation and real fitness for it are the outcome of a woman's maleness. The vast majority of women have never paid special attention to art or science and regard such occupations as higher branches of manual labor; or if they profess a certain devotion to such subjects it is chiefly as a mode of attracting a particular person or group of persons of the opposite sex. Apart from these instances, a close investigation shows that women really interested in intellectual matters are sexually intermediate forms. If it be the case that the desire for freedom and equality with man occurs only in masculine women, the inductive conclusion follows that the female principle—the human female from the point of view of ontology—is not conscious of a necessity for emancipation. How could she be when she thinks always more or less in "henids." "Henid" is the designation proposed by Dr. Weininger for an abstract conception. "The very idea of a henid forbids its description. It is merely a something. Later on identification will come with the complete articulation of the contents of the henid; but the henid is not the whole of this detailed content."

While the female is thinking in henids, simply because she is a human female, the human male, in so far as he is male, thinks in more or less detailed presentations. With the woman thinking and feeling are identical. For man thinking and feeling are in opposition. The human female has many of her mental experiences as henids, while in man these have passed through a process of clarification. Woman is sentimental and knows emotion, but not mental excitement.

Dr. Weininger's work was first published in Germany several years ago, and has run through six editions. The author was not, at the time of its publication, quite twenty-two years of age. At the age of twenty-three he blew his brains out in Vienna. He was a Jew, but had espoused Protestantism.

THE REVOLUTION IN BATTLE-SHIPS AS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE DREADNOUGHT

Every other fighting ship in every navy of the world became obsolete when the British battle-ship *Dreadnought* took the water last February, says the naval expert of the London *Outlook*. The revolution in battle-ship construction exemplified by this 18,500-ton type—which is to be completed within a year—has only incidental reference to speed. It is true that the *Dreadnought,* the first war-ship of anything like her size to be turbine driven, is expected to attain twenty-one knots as compared with eighteen knots for a like distance, which is the utmost that can be got out of the best and newest battle-ships in the king's navy. But the high speed of the *Dreadnought,* important as that is, has no such importance as that which attaches to the total suppression of what is called by experts "the secondary armament." Sir William White, one of the most celebrated of naval constructors, has grave doubts of the soundness of this idea. The suppression of the secondary armament, argues Sir William, adds to the difficulties of the man behind the gun by rendering continuous sighting impossible. That is, the aim is interfered with. Again, he declares, the concentration of many huge guns on one ship may interfere with the tactical mobility of a squadron of *Dreadnoughts*. But expert opinion on the whole is against Sir William White. The great revolution he decries is the bestowal upon the *Dreadnought* of ten twelve-inch guns and the disappearance of anything between the main armament and the counter-torpedo battery. To him the naval expert of the London *Tribune* replies that enormous gun power is as much a necessity in the battle-ship as is adequate protection by armor, or high speed, or protection against the torpedo. These must be combined on a displacement that can be



Illustrated London News.

THE UNEQUALLED GUNPOWER OF THE "DREADNOUGHT"—THE POSITIONS OF THE TEN 12-IN. GUNS

The "Dreadnought" has no fewer than eight turrets. At the bow and stern they carry two 12-in. guns each and there are also (and this constitutes the unique strength of the "Dreadnought") two broadside batteries of three turrets carrying six 12-in. guns. The 12-in. guns are marked A. The guns lettered B are twelve 12-pr. quick firers for expelling the attack of torpedo craft at close quarters. The semi-circles show the radius of gunfire from the 12-in. guns.

docked in existing docks. In the *Dreadnought* these conditions have been met. She will use her gun power to the full at ten thousand yards.

In other words, thinks this authority, the uniform armament of the *Dreadnought,* coupled, of course, with the superiority in speed that she will have over all other existing battle-ships, will enable her to engage her enemy at a range where she can utilize her armament to its full, while she herself is to a large extent immune from her enemy's attack. Every shot that hits from the 12-inch has much greater damaging power than the most powerful guns of less caliber. The uniformity of the *Dreadnought's* armament, moreover, simplifies the questions of magazines, ammunition, supplies and the carrying of extra parts. Lastly, the *Dreadnought* brings into the fighting line a gun power so enormously in excess of the armament of any battle-ships afloat that a fighting line of four *Dreadnoughts* would be equal to a fighting line of eight of the finest battle-ships of the United States Navy. The naval expert of the London *Times* comments:

"The salient feature of the design of the *Dreadnought* is the total suppression of the so-called 'secondary armament.' It is not easy to justify this appellation, since it has hitherto been held by many high authorities that the conflict of battle-ships would probably be largely decided by the armament so designated, and until quite lately the target practice of war-ships would seem to have been organized on this hypothesis. Furthermore, in his study of the lessons of the war in the Far East, M. de Lanessan, the eminent French statesman and ex-Minister of Marine, based many of his conclusions on the assumption that this hypothesis was justified by the experience of the battle of Tsu Shima. M. Charles Bos, on the other hand, who has probably had access to later and more authentic sources of information, states distinctly in his report on the French Navy Estimates for 1906 that the engagement in which the Rurik was sunk, 'like the fighting off Port Arthur on the 9th of February, the action of the 10th of August, and the crowning victory of Tsu Shima, was a heavy gun battle,' and he draws from these instances the inference that the Japanese 'must have practised their men at long-range firing for a considerable time before the war' as well as the general conclusion 'that medium artillery ought to disappear from the armament of battle-ships.' It is true that this opinion is not shared by Sir William White, whose high authority no one will question. Nevertheless it seems certain that the fire of a 12in. gun remains for all practical purposes effective at a range at which all guns of lesser calibre would be practically out of action not so much for positive lack of range as for lack of destructive momentum or smashing power at the range so determined. This critical range which disables the secondary armament of all existing battle-ships—whether it is composed of 6in., 7.5in., or 9.2in. guns—may be put at about 10,000 yards or five nautical miles, equivalent to some 5¾ statute miles. From a height of 19ft. above the sea the visible horizon is distant just five nautical miles, so that the gun-layer and sight-setter of any gun mounted 19ft. or more above the water line would have the whole of an enemy's ship in sight while taking aim at her at a range of 10,000 yards.

It is true, concedes this expert, that to hit an object even as big as an enemy's battle-ship at a range of 10,000 yards is no easy matter. But both combatants will be precisely on an equality in this respect—equality of skill being presupposed—the difference being that the *Dreadnought* will have eight guns to hit or miss while her adversary has only four. The paramount consideration is that the gunners be trained. With all respect to the high authority of Sir William White, the naval expert of the London *Times* cannot but think that the concentration of so heavy and so large an armament in a single ship must make a line of ten *Dreadnoughts* something like the equivalent of twenty existing first-class battle-ships. The result of an action between ten *Dreadnoughts* and twenty of the finest battle-ships afloat can hardly be in much greater doubt than the result of an action between one *Dreadnought* and one first-class battle-ship of the type now afloat. Indeed, it might, thinks our authority, be in less doubt. In a single ship action, one lucky hit might give the weaker ship so great an advantage as to place her more powerful antagonist almost at her mercy. In a fleet action, on the other hand, such lucky chances are much more likely to be evenly distributed between the two sides. Great battles are not won by chance.

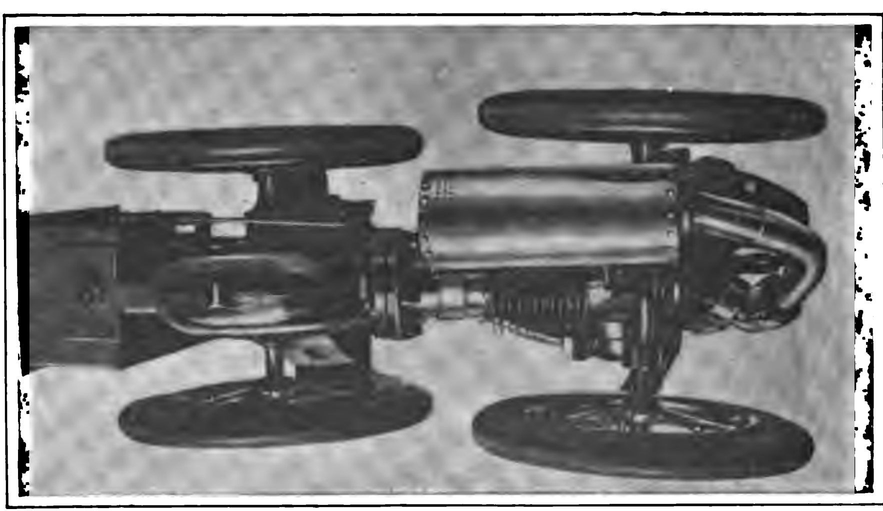
Other important results of the new departure in battle-ships must include the disappearance of the ram, so the British expert argues. A ship which is to fight at 10,000 yards has manifestly no use for a weapon that can be effective only at close quarters. M. Lockroy, formerly Minister of Marine in France, has said in the Paris *Temps* that the torpedo should disappear as an element in the armament of a battle-ship. His argument is in some measure vitiated, replies the naval expert of the London *Times,* by the fact that M. Lockroy attributes to the torpedo an effective range of little more than five hundred yards, whereas the effective range of the best modern torpedoes is not less than 2,000 yards.

AN AUTOMOBILE SKATE

An automobile skate driven by a small gasoline motor, recently invented in Paris and practically utilized there, is described at some length in both Paris *Cosmos* and the New York *Scientific American.* The American weekly agrees with the French weekly that the device is successful. The new skate consists of a foot-plate mounted upon four rubber-tired wheels, the motor occupying the middle space. Thus the apparatus can be adapted to the foot like an ordinary roller-skate. The automobile skate is already attaining popularity in Paris and its use can, it seems, be readily learned. The device consists of two separate parts. There is first the pair of skates proper. Then there is the belt. This belt is worn by the operator around the waist and contains a small, flat gasoline tank, which is connected with the carbureter on each skate by a rubber tube. Near the tank are valves for controlling the gasoline supply At first the apparatus was designed to carry on the belt a small storage battery and spark coil for the purpose of ignition; but in the latest type of automobile skates the battery and spark coil are placed in a small metal box with sliding cover, which is fitted upon the back part of the skate against the motor case. The box adds but little to the size or weight of the skate and lessens the number of connections between it and the belt, which are now reduced to the two tubes for the gasoline. Says *The Scientific American*:

"The foot-plate is of light and strong steel and is hinged in the middle for steering. Each skate carries a small air-cooled gasoline motor of the usual 4-cycle type such as is used at present on motor bicycles, and it is designed so as to occupy a very small space. Fixed on the motor is a small carbureter; and under the front of the motor, which is mounted in an inclined position, is the cylindrical muffler which a curved pipe connects with the top of the motor cylinder. . . . The rear driving wheels of the skate are mounted direct upon the motor crank shaft and thus the motor itself is made to serve as the main support and frame of the skate. The steering wheels in front are mounted on a loose axle which turns about a central pin, and the latter is fixed in a bracket plate which is screwed to the motor cylinder. The wheels carry solid rubber tires which have a somewhat narrow tread combined with a good radial thickness, as this is found to be the best practice. The motor and all the metal parts are nickel-plated, and the skate has as a whole, a neat appearance.

"Steering is carried out by working the front part of the plate by the foot. . . . The current can be cut off by a switch. The operator puts on the belt and connects the gasoline tube and ignition cable to the skate. He then switches on the current and opens the gasoline feed, pushing the skate with the foot, so as to start the motor. He slows up when desired by shifting the ignition, cutting the current, or lifting the rear wheels from the ground. The skate can be used on a floor or smooth ground, and even upon a good piece of smooth road. A speed of 15 or 20 miles an hour is said to be attainable with it."



Courtesy of *The Scientific American.*

THE AUTOMOBILE SKATE

It is driven by a gasoline motor, the footplate being mounted upon four rubber-tired wheels.

FOUR DIFFERENT WOMEN IN ONE BODY

There exists at this moment, in this country, the living body of a young woman in whom four separate and distinct persons have attained identities of their own. This case of what the scientists call dissociation of personality is probably the most unusual one ever submitted to the investigation of an expert. The body is occupied by four personalities, according to reports, each claiming that the body is her own and each engaged at different times in a desperate struggle with the other three for possession of the tenement of clay. It is to Dr. Morton Prince, Professor of Diseases of the Nervous System at Tufts College Medical School and physician for diseases of the nervous system in Boston City Hospital, that scientists are indebted for the essential facts in this unique case of dissociation.*

Miss Christine L. Beauchamp is the fictitious name bestowed by Dr. Prince upon the lady in whom the several personalities have become developed. Miss Beauchamp may change her personality from time to time—often hourly. With each of these changes her character becomes transformed, her memories altered. There is first of all the real, original or normal self, the Miss Beauchamp intended by nature. Then there are three other different individuals. Dr. Prince uses the word "different" advisedly, because, as he explains, each of the four ladies, although making use of the same body, has, nevertheless, a distinctly different character. The difference is manifested by different trains of thought, different views, different ideals, different temperaments, acquisitions, tastes, habits, experiences and recollections. Two of these personalities have no knowledge of each other or of one of the others, excepting such information as may be obtained by inference or at second hand. In the memory of two there are consequently blanks corresponding to the periods when one of the others is using the body. Says Dr. Prince:

"Of a sudden, one or the other wakes up to find herself she knows not where and ignorant of what she had said or done a moment before. Only one of the three has knowledge of the lives of the others, and this one presents such a bizarre character, so far removed from the others in individuality, that the transformation from one of the other personalities to herself is one of the most striking and dramatic features of the case. The personalities come and go in kaleidoscopic succession, many changes often being made in the course of twenty-four hours. And so it happens that Miss Beauchamp, if I may use the name to designate several distinct people, at one moment says and does and plans and arranges something to which a short time before she most strongly objected, indulges in tastes which a moment before would have been abhorrent to her ideals, and undoes or destroys what she had just laboriously planned and arranged."

The kaleidoscopic character of this case differentiates it from the type of dissociated personality witnessed in the plight of Ansel Bourne. This reverend gentleman—whose case has been studied by Prof. William James and Dr. Richard Hodgson—awoke one day to find himself living under the name of Brown in a country town in Pennsylvania. Here he had been living two months, keeping a small shop which he had opened. On coming to himself, he did not know where he was or how he had come there. It was proved that two months previously a sudden change of personality had occurred and that he had wandered from his home in Rhode Island to this town in Pennsylvania, where he had since been living. His memory in his normal state was a complete blank for this period of his secondary personality.

Vastly different is the case of the four young ladies known as one to their acquaintance. Two of these young ladies will form a hostile combination for possession of their only body against the other pair. They fight one another until the sole body is almost reduced to skin and bone. One of the personalities will hide the clothing of the body and thus prevent the rest from going out. Just now, Dr. Prince has succeeded in reducing the chaos to something like order. He has found the real Miss Beauchamp, who remains for the moment in possession of the physique. Here, again, reservations have to be made, for dissociation recurs or tends to recur with every physical or mental crisis. The case has abnormalities thus set forth by Dr. Prince:

"Aside from the psychological interest of the phenomena, the social complications and embarrassments resulting from this inconvenient mode of living would furnish a multitude of plots for the dramatist or sensational novelist. Considered simply as a biography, therefore, an account of Miss Beauchamp's later life could scarcely fail

*THE DISSOCIATION OF A PERSONALITY. A BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY IN ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY. By Morton Prince, M.D. Longmans, Green & Co.

to interest if it were told divested of the details which are necessary for the purpose of scientific study.

"Miss Beauchamp is an example in actual life of the imaginative creation of Stevenson, only, I am happy to say, the allegorical representation of the evil side of human nature finds no counterpart in her makeup. The splitting of personality is along intellectual and temperamental, not along ethical lines of cleavage. For although the characters of the personalities widely differ, the variations are along the lines of moods, temperament and tastes. Each personality is incapable of doing evil to others."

For purposes of identification, Dr. Prince has been compelled to label the different identities—B I, B II, B III and B IV. When the case first came under his observation, Dr. Prince thought B I was, or might be, the real Miss Beauchamp. She is strongly individualized by a saintliness much ridiculed by one of the other personalities. B I prays, is conscientious to a degree and invariably horrified by the deportment of B III, when the latter gains control of the body. B II was at first a colorless personality, even a hypnotic state, to which no attention was paid until it transpired that she is the original or real self. B III is by far the most interesting of the personalities—bright, vivacious, youthful in spirit, apparently the embodiment of perfect health even when the common body is worn out. B IV is hot tempered, wilful, determined to gain control of the physique. There are, of course, innumerable traits and circumstances marking off the personalities one from another. Thus, should B IV enter the field of consciousness in the common body, she finds herself engaged in a conversation to which she has no clue with persons who are perhaps total strangers. She does not, however, betray any confusion. Judicious "fishing" and non-committal words carry her through the ordeal. But matters complicate themselves when a reverend gentleman who knows the personalities only as Miss Beauchamp (B I) speaks to her and treats her as morbidly conscientious and unhappy. She (B IV) is not so at all and finds it difficult to live up to any such part. She finds it as difficult to live up to the standard of this other self as to come down to the standard of Sally (B III). Then Miss Beauchamp's (B I) friends bored her (B IV) as much as Sally's (B III) offended her. B I had a lot of old lady friends whom she liked to visit and to whom she was very kind. They were "awfully stupid people" and bored B IV. B III was disgusted by the niggardliness of B IV. She (B III) meant to have an allowance to spend as she (B III) pleased. Whether or not B IV paid her bills was no concern of hers. They were not her (B III) bills, but B IV's, and she (B III) had no responsibility for them. These and other quarrels were fought out in the office of Dr. Prince. Passing over the purely technical aspect of the psychological phenomena of B III as a subconsciousness, of B IV as a type of disintegrated personality, of B II as a synthesis of B I and B IV when the two last were hypnotized and of B I as a fragment of the field of consciousness, we come to a contest between two of these personalities. It is to be noted that the personalities could not communicate with one another as the word "communicate" is ordinarily understood. One personality was in ignorance of the existence of one of the others, or rather knew of it only from hearsay. B I knew nothing, for instance, of two others. B IV knew apparently something, but nothing directly beyond scrappy isolated memories of B I and nothing of B III. B III knew all about the acts of B I and B IV, but the thoughts of B I only. Later, however, B III became conscious of B IV's thoughts. B I received letters from B III and B IV. Matters modified themselves later, but these details suffice to show how intercourse between the four was hampered. We come now to the stuggle between B III and B IV:

"IV's resolution was taken. She would kill (annihilate) Sally [B III]. Her other self [B III] was no longer to be treated as a rational person. It was nothing but a 'delirium' and as such must be suppressed. I [Dr. Prince] was entirely wrong, she [B IV] was convinced, in my dealings with Sally [B III], whose claims for recognition should receive no consideration whatsoever. IV was now to show us how to manage her case. She laid her plans with great care. First, she wrote letters to Dr. Hodgson and myself announcing her plan and notifying us of her wish that we should not interfere. She herself under no circumstances would come to us for help. . . .

The next thing was to head off Miss Beauchamp [B I] and prevent her from upsetting the scheme by appealing for aid [that is, treatment from Dr. Prince] as she was sure to do when the fight began. To this end she [B IV] wrote B I a letter, using such arguments as she [B IV] thought would appeal to her [B I]. She [B IV] argued that I [Dr. Prince] was entirely wrong in my views and treatment, that Sally [B III] was a delirium and could be cured by a different method. She [B IV] then explained her plan, asked B I's aid and gave her directions for the part she was to play. After this she felt satisfied there was nothing to fear from B I. A letter was then despatched to Sally [B III]. Its

temper was very different from that to B I. Appeals to Sally's reason, she [B IV] later explained to me, would have no effect. So she sent a message that was sure to make her arch enemy tremble. Freely translated it meant that if Sally did not at once surrender and give up all her habits, ways, tricks and annoyances and pack herself off for good, bag and baggage, she [B IV] would consign her to everlasting oblivion."

For his own part, Dr. Prince thought it would be of scientific interest to let B IV have her way and to watch the fight:

"Hostilities opened at once. Sally took the announcement contained in the letters as a declaration of war, and evidently believed in the military maxim of striking the enemy quickly before he has time to arm. B IV had left the note, intended for me, in person at my door.

"On her return, immediately upon entering her own room, she found it draped in black. [There had been a brief interval after B IV wrote her letters. B III had then captured the body and made use of the opportunity]. The only white object to be seen was a small plaster cast of a devil known as Teddy. Teddy now grinned at her [B IV] from his perch above the window, white and conspicuous against the black funereal background. Artistically suspended to Teddy's ear was a three-cornered paper pouch cunningly made. The pouch excited IV's curiosity. She must see what it contained. The moment she touched it a deluge of tiny pieces of paper fell to the ground. A note addressed to her [B IV] from Sally [B III] now became visible. She opened it eagerly. Had Sally dared to defy her? If IV had had any doubts the note dispelled them, for it informed her that what she so boldly insisted was only a 'delirium' had already seized all the papers it could lay hands on, which meant all that she possessed, including many valuable pages of notes of lectures difficult, if not impossible, to replace. These were torn into little bits and now littered the floor. Next she found that the family ['family' designating the four ladies in this body] purse had vanished.

"The black drapery of the room, she was able to convince herself, was a hallucination, Sally's handiwork, and, with everything else, was to be ignored if Sally was to be crushed. So, resolutely disregarding everything that had happened, she began to change her clothes to go out again."

While she was brushing her hair, a sensation of great fatigue came over B IV. She finished, however. Suddenly she saw her own feet at the opposite end of the room and at once experienced all the agonies of amputation. This, B IV told herself, was but another of the tricks of B III, who treated the common body with the utmost cruelty, pinching and striking it until B I, B II and B IV were literally black and blue. Yet B III enjoyed perfect health when the others were weak from this ill-treatment. On this occasion the hallucination of the feet caused B IV, in spite of her utmost efforts to dispel the chimera, to faint away:

"The nights were made hideous for B IV. To allow her to sleep was to give her a chance to renew her strength and courage. So Sally kept her awake the greater part of the night. Sometimes IV no sooner would get to bed than Sally 'coming,' would rise, throw the bedding on the floor, pile heaps of furniture on the bed and turn the room generally upside down. When satisfied that everything was sufficiently uncomfortable she would change herself back to IV again. This would be repeated as often as IV got into bed. Every day she would spring some new impish invention upon her opponent. It would carry us too far to narrate them here. Dressing was a burden, for every article of dress was hidden or damaged; meals repulsive, for she saw all sorts of unpleasant things in her food, and every movement painful, for she was bruised from head to foot. But IV was game. I saw her from time to time, but though exhausted from want of sleep she was still defiant and wanted no help. She was determined to conquer Sally. So I looked on without interfering, and watched the battle from afar. . . .

"The nightly visitations of Sally now took a different form. One night IV awoke to find herself perched upon a shaky structure, composed of a couch, two chairs and a dress suit case. She was stark naked, and in an attitude as if posing for a statue. Her limbs fixed, as if by some occult power, unable to move hand or foot, she was entirely helpless save for the power of speech, which would ill have served her under the circumstances. She could not call for help, for what a spectacle she presented! Another night, it it was very cold, an exposed position in the deep window seat was selected as her niche; while the next night, if the pose was a reclining one, the hard surface of the top of the commode, measuring three feet by two, offered a sufficiently comfortable and commodious couch. In this position she was kept posing an hour at a time, 'until,' she wrote, 'I would lose myself from anger, cold and fatigue.'

"At first IV thought that Sally's intention in all this posing was simply to tire her out, but presently the real meaning flashed upon her. It was a punishment for her sins. She had been reading a certain book on art which had interested her deeply. There was no harm in that—how could there be, for a clergyman had loaned it to her? But the book was highly objectionable both to B I and Sally. They had even appealed to me to forbid it. Now it was as plain as day that the attitudes she was made to assume were reproductions of the illustrations in the book"

Meanwhile, B I was suffering tortures, although she was ignorant of the cause of her physical crisis. B III made scratches on the body with sharp instruments and bathed the excoriations in alcohol. Or she cut the arms of the "family" and rubbed lemon juice into the wounds. B I felt these tortures as much as B IV, although B I was not in the secret of

the conflict between B III and B IV. At last B III won. B IV confessed dolefully that B III must be a person and not a delirium. Then B III and B IV entered into a combination against B I. One of B III's grievances against B IV was that the latter refused to recognize the former as a real person and regarded her only as a "delirium." IV's air of superiority stung III to the quick. IV, being completely worsted in the fight just recorded, now proposed to III to recognize the latter as a real person on certain conditions. On IV's part, besides the recognition of B III as an equal, with all the rights and privileges pertaining to a sane being, she would concede to B III:

1. Half the "family" funds to spend as she (B III) pleased.
2. Half the time.
3. The right to employ her time in her own way and after her own inclination.
4. A trip to Europe.

In return for this, III on her part was to:

1. Keep IV fully informed of everything that took place while B III and B I were on the scene.
2. Help IV in awkward situations when she was pressed about maters of which she was ignorant.
3. Prevent B II from giving the doctor any information which IV did not wish him to have, especially regarding the trip to Europe.
4. Combine with IV to get rid of B I by suppressing her letters, preventing interviews between her and the doctor and generally terrorizing her by misinformation, threating letters and the like.
5. Conceal the conspiracy itself from the doctor.

All this fell in with the wishes of B III. To have money of her own, to do just as she pleased, to have the time of her life in Europe and to be treated as a person were temptations not to be resisted. The bargain was struck. When the conspirators began to act, much light was thrown upon the phenomena of dissociation on their physiological and psychological sides:

"IV suddenly coming to herself would be ignorant of what had occurred a moment before when she was Sally [B III]. If pressed by questions, there would be no time for Sally [B III] to warn her [B IV]. Under this agreement Sally devised a scheme to get over these awkward situations. On one occasion I witnessed an interesting exhibition of this phenomenon, illustrative of Sally's method of helping IV out in accordance with this bargain. In reply to an objection which I made to IV in regard to going to Europe, on the ground that her ignorance of herself in her other characters unfitted her for travel, she claimed to know everything that she did as B I. I at once challenged her to tell me what she as B I had written in her last letter. Upon this she at once fixed her eyes on vacancy, went into a condition of abstraction or half way dreamy state and repeated almost word for word the language of the letter. In this state she remained unconscious of her surroundings. When she had finished, she went on talking as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. I challenged her to repeat the act. She proceeded to do the same thing over again. But after she had repeated a few sentences, I gently slapped her face and aroused her, thus preventing her from relapsing into the dreamy state. She was then unable to repeat the letter. By going into the dreamy state she was able to converse for the time being with the complete knowledge which Sally possessed. When she came again to herself she had no knowledge of what she had said. It was to be inferred that while in the dreamy state Sally spoke through her tongue. The phenomenon was automatic speaking, and, in principle, identical with the automatic writing which Sally so often performed. It was, therefore, a phenomenon of dissociation and differed from the 'mind fixing' memory, which was a phenomenon of synthesis of the dissociated experiences of B I.

"Another scheme for helping IV out of her difficulties was a code of signals arranged between her and Sally. When IV asked some question about matters of which she was ignorant, Sally would give her the clue by 'automatically' stroking the palm of one hand with the forefinger of the other. A stroke to the right meant Yes, and a stroke to the left meant No. IV would thus know whether to answer in the affirmative or in the negative."

It is now time to point out that there were traces of other Miss Beauchamps than the four whose adventures were so exciting. There existed personalities that could be identified up to B VII. But Dr. Prince did not permit them to develop, as that would have complicated the case and rendered cure—formation of one permanent person out of all the persons—difficult. Stripped of technical terms, it may be stated that the field of consciousness of the real Miss Beauchamp had been split into fragments or sections. Independent experiences, memories, ideas and actions were synthesized into different personalities, each one a piece of the same puzzle. The notion here may be modified by conceiving B III as a "subconsciousness" lurking behind the other personalities; yet B III became an alternating personality, too, and, as has been seen, associated the motor centers of the brain in the body with her own consciousness. As for the minor or undeveloped forms of personality, such as the vague B VII:

"They depend upon the one hand upon the dissociation of the normal personal consciousness by which certain memories and perceptions are lost,

and, on the other, on a rearrangement or new synthesis of the psychical factors (memories, moods, etc.) which make up personality. The new synthesis may have a very limited field of consciousness, differing from the original personality rather by what it has lost than by what it has gained. It may have very little spontaneity and power to originate action and so far as its memories and mental reactions persist they may show little variation from the personality out of which it has been formed. Such a synthesis is conveniently spoken of as a state, whether so-called hypnotic or not.

"When the new synthesis is complex and embraces a wide field of consciousness, we have what to all intents and purposes is a complete personality. It may have its own groups of memories, with amnesia for the original personal synthesis and its own peculiar reactions to the environment (moods), thus differing in memory and moods from the original self. It is conveniently termed a second or third personality.

"Theoretically, a normal personal consciousness may be disintegrated in all sorts of ways, so that any group of memories, and even functions and faculties, may be lost; and all sorts of combinations of memories, functions and faculties may be formed."

B II marks herself off, however, as a dissociated group of conscious states. One of the most difficult problems in the case is that of B III's mind as a subconsciousness. When B III disappears as an alternating personality and becomes subconscious, does her mind in the transformation lose something of its faculties and dwindle in the range of its mental processes? This would mean conversely, says Dr. Prince, that when B III (Sally) emerges from her subconscious position and becomes an alternating personality, by the very process she robs the primary consciousness (the real Miss Beauchamp) of a part of its mind and to that extent acquires a wider field of consciousness herself. It was necessary to get rid of her. "With the resurrection of the real self (B II) she (B III) 'goes back to where she came from,' imprisoned, 'squeezed,' unable either to 'come' at will or be brought by command." The real Miss Beauchamp is not, however, permanent :

"She has the same emotional psychical makeup which is so prominent a trait in B I and B IV, and though it is not so intense as in the disintegrated selves, still it is sufficient to be a disturbing factor. Daily experiences which in ordinary people would be emotionally colorless are accompanied by feelings of undue intensity. Even memories of the past tend to revive all the original feelings which accompanied them. The mental cohesion of a person with such a temperament necessarily yields to the disintegrating effects of the strains of life. The circumstances of her life are such that it is impossible for her to have the freedom from care, anxiety and responsibility, in short, from mental and physical strain, that such a nature should have. After continuous exposure to such disintegrating agencies during varying periods, or after exposure to a sudden emotional shock, her personality tends to disintegrate once more."

The disintegration of the real Miss Beauchamp into the four Miss Beauchamps was the result of shock. This shock was emotional. The circumstances cannot be definitely stated because they are too personal. The process of cure—it would be more accurate to say the integration of the personality—was through hypnotism. Dr. Prince found that by hypnotizing B I and B IV he got B II. He did not then feel sure that B II was the real Miss Beauchamp. Circumstances showed him later that the real Miss Beauchamp could be no other than B II. Her eccentricities were attributable to the interference of B III. (B III was full of tricks of this kind. She once tried to pass herself off as B IV). Having secured B II, and finding her to be the real Miss Beauchamp, it sufficed to expel B III from the state of an alternate personality into the state of subconscious existence. The process required, among other things, hypnotism, etherization, mental suggestion and therapeutic psychology. B III having disappeared in complete synthesis of B I and B IV, it was merely necessary to preserve the health of the resulting B II to insure the normal permanence of the real Miss Beauchamp.

All current definitions of insanity are necessarily modified by the collusions to which this case points. One of the four Miss Beauchamps was in the habit of threatening the others with incarceration in a lunatic asylum. There is little doubt that this threat could have been put into effect. It is true that imprisonment of one of these young ladies would have involved loss of liberty for all four, as there was but one body among them. This circumstance did not deter the most conscientious of the Miss Beauchamps from a step which she deemed imperative through the irrational deportment of B III. The conclusion is inevitable that alterations of personality are indistinguishable to the lay mind from loss of reason. There must be various alleged lunatics whose only mental ailment is disintegration of the field of consciousness. It is also likely that innumerable victims of alteration of personality keep the secret of their suffering. Such persons are afraid of being thought queer. Hence the phenomena have seemed to be rarer than they really are.

PNEUMONIA, MICE AND THE COLD CURE

Weeks have elapsed since the establishment of an open-air pneumonia ward on the roof of the Presbyterian Hospital in New York City. The results of this experiment, like the results of a similar experiment at Fordham Hospital, are convincing evidence to some physicians that the theory underlying the treatment is sound. But the medical press of the country remains as yet non-committal, in some instances openly skeptical. To expose a pneumonia patient to the open air and at a low temperature involves, it is feared, too much risk, even if exceptional cases point to a different conclusion. Thus argue various authorities quoted in *The Medical News* and other organs of the profession. Yet the principle involved in this cold-air treatment of pneumonia is simple and convincing, according to its professional advocates.

The pneumonia patient arrives for treatment with high fever, rapid respiration and a condition of the lungs more or less dangerous according to the length of time the disease has been permitted to run. In a closed room the patient is obliged to breathe rapidly in order to get the requisite amount of air. But out of doors, with fresher, cooler air, the respiration of the patient is markedly diminished and the fever subsides rapidly. The cures effected since the inauguration of this treatment at two New York hospitals last November are said to show about 95 per cent. of cures.

The value of a mode of treatment really capable of reducing the mortality from pneumonia is pointed out in *The Medical Record.* It is averred that pneumonia causes more deaths in many parts of this country than are due to pulmonary consumption. It is even declared that correct diagnosis might prove pneumonia to be more of a scourge than tuberculosis. Be this as it may, statistics published in medical organs seem to show a progressive diminution in tuberculosis cases accompanied by a steady increase in cases of pneumonia. Dr. Thomas Darlington, Commissioner of Health in New York, appointed a commission more than one year ago to make a special study of pneumonia with results that were not convincing, so far as relates to the cause, prevention and cure of the malady. Various novel systems of treatment were considered by the eminent medical men who made up this investigating committee. The negative nature of the report submitted by these high authorities has tended to abate professional confidence in the cold-air treatment of pneumonia, so far, at least, as the medical press is concerned.

Authorities practically agree that the disease in question is most prevalent in December, January, February and March. In the last-named month it is peculiarly prevalent. Does this circumstance confirm the theory of those who attribute pneumonia partly to a depressed physical condition? Dr. Palier does not think so. Healthy children are quite as liable to attacks of pneumonia as are the delicate ones. His own conclusion (announced in an article published in *The Medical News*) is that the house mouse is the main cause of the spread of pneumonia. He says:

"Let us consider how mice cause pneumonia. In the months of December, January, February, and March, there are usually many mice in the houses, especially those whose plumbing is defective, and which are in a general poor sanitary condition. Mice, as is well known, work themselves through under sinks, and hence are mostly abundant in houses where the plumbing is not open, where there are many nooks and corners around the sinks. In trying to obtain mice for experiments I learned from many people that mice are more abundant in the house in the months referred to above than in the summer. Young mice seem to be especially abundant in the month of March. Now young mice are especially susceptible to the d. l. b. c. [Dr. Palier's suggested name for the bacteria in question—diplo-lanceo-bacilli-cocci]. The young mice come into the rooms to look for food; they can easily get inoculated with human sputum. These mice, either through their feces, or after their death through their decomposing bodies, spread virulent d. l. b. c., which may cause disease in man either by inhalation or by inoculation through some abraded surface.

"Now it is not easy to find dead mice for dissecting to see whether any of them actually have died from d. l. b. c.; but the author was fortunate enough in finding two young dead mice, which showed many d. l. b. c. in smear preparations made from the blood. Mice, as is well known, usually die in nooks and corners, and it is indeed very hard to find them after they die. But the fact that even one dead mouse showed in its blood the d. l. b. c. and the characteristic pathological changes in its various organs, goes a great deal to prove what has been said before.

"In poorly ventilated rooms the virulent d. l. b. c. emanating from the feces of infected mice or from their decomposing bodies, become abundant and the chances of contracting pneumonia are great."

Dr. Palier refrains from committing himself in any way as to the relation of his theory to the effects attributed to the cold-air treatment.

THERAPEUTIC CAPACITIES OF THE COLORS

When a beam of white light is passed through a slit and caught upon a glass prism, the rays, as we have all known since our school days, are refracted in an unequal manner, giving rise, if received on a screen, to a rainbow-like band, called the spectrum, varying in color from red to violet. These rays not only vary in refrangibility, becoming increasingly refrangible from red to violet, but also in wave-length, which increases from violet to red.

Dr. George Pernet reminds us of these commonplace facts of science in his article on the light treatment of disease in *The Quarterly Review,* because he considers it necessary to emphasize them if we are to grasp the principles and methods underlying the medicinal effects of the colors generally. He thinks the world's acquaintance with the subject is distorted and partial, due to sensational newspaper accounts of the wonders wrought by Finsen and his light in cases of smallpox and lupus. The simple truths of exact science in this domain show why Finsen—although a great benefactor of humanity—wrought no "wonder."

To return to the spectrum. The radiation from the sun does not consist only of rays perceived by the eye. There are rays of greater wave-length than the red and others of less wave-length than the violet rays. They form the invisible spectrum, the regions beyond the luminous band being called the infra-red and the ultra-violet, respectively, the latter of which can be brought out by photography. This has led to a division of the solar spectrum into three kinds of rays, the invisible heat rays (red and infra-red), the luminous rays (red to violet, that is, the whole of the visible spectrum), and the chemical or actinic rays (violet and ultra-violet). This division is not strictly correct, but will serve.

At present the bactericidal power of the rays of the spectrum is beyond dispute. The action of light on bacteria seems to some investigators to be mainly due to the chemical or actinic portion of the spectrum. Generally speaking, diffused daylight has little effect on germs, but the direct solar rays are more or less bactericidal. Says Dr. Pernet:

"During the last quarter of a century many investigations have been carried out with the view of ascertaining the influence of light alone (the factor heat being excluded), and also of finding out the kind of radiation responsible for the results observed. Janowski experimented with the *Bacillus typhosus,* the micro-organism which causes typhoid or enteric fever. He subjected cultures to monochromatic radiations, obtained by passing light through solutions of bichromate of potash, Bismarck brown, and various aniline dyes. He checked the results obtained in this way by testing the various radiations by means of photographic paper. The radiations which act most powerfully on the paper, viz. the actinic or chemical rays, also kill the *Bacillus typhosus* most readily. Kotliar carried out similar experiments with the *Bacillus prodigiosus,* which in medieval times gave rise to the miraculous blood-stained bread and sacred Host. The microbe grew as abundantly under the red rays as it did in the dark; but the development was extremely slow when the inoculated tubes were exposed to the actinic or violet rays.

"The foregoing experiments were made with sunlight; but Geissler went a step further and employed the electric arc-light as well, with similar results. Buchner again confirmed this, but he used flat glass boxes (Petri's) for his cultures instead of cylindrical test-tubes and spherical flasks, thus doing away with any interference with the rays due to the shape of the vessel.

"With regard to the microbe which gives rise to diphtheria, Ledoux-Lebard found that the violet rays killed this bacillus, the influence of the red rays being nil. More recently Finsen and Bie of Copenhagen have made further researches in the same direction, but with a powerful electric arc-light. Bie worked with the red *Bacillus prodigiosus.* The bactericidal action of the rays of the spectrum was found to increase from the red to the violet, the maximum effect being obtained with the violet and ultra-violet, that is the chemical or actinic rays. Bie estimated their power at 96 per cent. as compared with 4 per cent. for the other radiations. The same observer made experiments with yeast and fungi. He found that they resist light longer than bacteria, and that the pigmented kinds resist far longer than the non-pigmented.

"These experiments demonstrated the fact that light has a bactericidal action, which depends on the chemical rays, and that a positive effect can be obtained if the light employed is sufficiently strong and concentrated. Taken with the results obtained by Richardson, Marshall Ward, and others, and also with the experiments of Momont, who found that the bactericidal action of light did not occur *in vacuo,* they give ground for thinking that the process is one of oxidation, both of the protoplasm of the micro-organisms and of the nutrient media in which they grow. It must not be lost sight of, however, that bacteria in the natural state are not in the same conditions as those cultivated artificially and subjected to the action of light in laboratories. The influence of sunlight as a scavenger in a general way must not be exaggerated."

Turning from the purely bactericidal action of colors or light to the employment of the

rays of the spectrum in disease, attention is arrested by the peculiar effects of red. Finsen at the height of his career warned his pupils against rash conclusions from their experience in the treatment of maladies with the aid of this color. In the treatment of smallpox, he emphasized the importance of absolutely excluding the red rays. In an epidemic of variola at Lyons—where the light treatment was declared inoperative for some obscure reason —the peculiar effect of the red light treatment on patients and nurses was remarked. The patients were in a state of constant excitement, and begged to be placed in ordinary daylight. The nurses had to be supplied with blue spectacles to induce them to remain on duty. Mental excitability, at times very marked, has also been observed among the workmen employed in the red rooms of a photographic firm in Lyons. Cases of terrifying hallucinations and delirium in hospital patients have been traced to red light.

It is noteworthy that the rays which act most markedly on micro-organisms and animal tissues—the chemical blue, violet and ultra-violet—are not good penetrators of the skin, while, on the other hand, the rays which do not act to any great extent on micro-organisms and animal tissues—that is, the red, yellow and yellow-green—have a much greater power of skin penetration. That the actinic rays are bactericidal in the case of cultures on artificial media is undoubted. Whether these rays act in the same way on the diseased tissues of the skin is quite another matter. At any rate, investigators have arrived at the tentative conclusion that any vital changes in the skin due to light are caused by the chemical rays of the spectrum and to the chemical rays alone. For a healthy condition of the retina and epidermis, it is necessary that the ratio between the intensities of the radiations in different parts of the spectrum should remain nearly constant. The injurious effects produced by light from incandescent gas or arc lamps cannot be attributed to the presence of a greater intensity of ultra-violet or violet light than is present in sunlight, but to the total absence of red radiation, or its equivalent.

EXTRACTION OF GASTRIC JUICE FROM THE LIVE HOG

Natural gastric juice is so essential to the development of therapeutic science that the supply of the fluid threatens to be inadequate to meet the demand. In pulmonary tuberculosis the use of the natural gastric juice from an extraneous source has been held a condition precedent to cure. Without arguing the point, Paris *Nature* observes that extraction of the gastric juice from the living hog may henceforth prove an adequate source of supply for all emergencies. Yet the problem of extraction seemed for a time insoluble. Several years were devoted to experiment before the true operation was discovered. It was imperative that the juice be secured in all its purity. Now the stomach secretes the juice during the period of digestion only. To obtain the juice during that period, it was essential to divert the meal from the stomach. But the organ itself had to retain its position in the animal economy. The French surgeons investigating this matter had a whole farm not far from Paris for their laboratory. Innumerable live hogs were the subject-matter of experiment. The surgeons at last hit upon the plan of severing the esophagus of the hog above the cardia. The pneumogastric nerves were preserved. The esophagus was let down upon the duodenum. Then an opening was made through the belly for the flow of the secretion.

The result is that the provender of the hog does not make a route for itself through the stomach. The stomach, nevertheless, secretes gastric juice when the animal eats. A little tube is inserted into the perforated belly after the hog has eaten and gastric juice flows in considerable quantity along the path made for it and into a receptacle held in position by an attendant. Such gastric juice as the animal requires for its own anatomical ends runs into the duodenum through the pylorus. Notwithstanding the serious and delicate nature of the surgical operation the hog has undergone, it thrives and fattens. The animals are boarded and lodged luxuriously. They spend the day in the open air. Their food is made up of potatoes, bran, buttermilk, flour, meat and the like. They are washed regularly. Their health is carefully looked after by a corps of doctors. When gastric juice is to be extracted, the hogs are raised into the air.

Recent Poetry

John Payne is introduced to the American public as "one of the uncrowned kings of poetry." He is a retired London solicitor, who is rather well known for his translations of Hafiz and Villon and Boccaccio and others, winning from Richard Garnett the verdict that in the field of translation he is "literally without a rival." But he is, furthermore, the author of more than thirty thousand lines of original verse, and here also, according to the London *Academy,* he "has proved himself to be a master of his art." A volume entitled "Selections From the Poetry of John Payne" has just been published by John Lane Company, with an introduction by Lucy Robinson that ought to make it "go" if anything could. But it is evident at a glance that the poet has not courted and is not likely to win wide popularity. His poems, as his introducer admits, "make slow headway against the hurry and discord of modern existence," and require a long and intimate communion on the part of a reader before yielding up their true aroma. Aside from the sonnets, the poems are nearly all of them of unpopular length, and too long to go the rounds of newspaper and magazine quotation.

The following is but an extract from a poem entitled "The Pact of the Twin Gods." After long warfare between them, Death and Life agree to make "a thing that shall be for a covenant," something "that shall be sadder and more sweet than Death, and gladder and more sweet than Life."

THE PACT OF THE TWIN GODS

BY JOHN PAYNE

Then Life brought flowers and breezes and sun-gold
And juices of the vine;
And Death brought silver of the moonlight cold
And the pale sad woodbine.

Life brought clear honey of the buxom bees
And fruits of autumn-time;
And Death brought amber from the murmuring seas
And fretwork of the rime.

God Life did rob the jasmine of its balm,
Death the pale lily's bells;
Life brought a handful of the summer-calm,
Death of the wind that swells.

And sighs about the winter-wearied hills;
Life the spring heaven's blue,
Death brought the gray, that in the autumn fills
The skies with its sad hue.

And with these things of mingling life and death
Did the twin gods upbuild
A golden shape, which drew the goodliest breath
That ever bosom filled:

For it was lovesome as the risen sun
And pale as ended night,
Glad as the glance of an immortal one
And mild as the moon's light.

The form of it was white as is the snow
When the pale winter reigns,
And rosy-tinted as the even-glow
After the April rains.

The charm of day was in its violet eyes
And eke the spells of night;
Therein one read of the gold Orient skies
And the faint Spring's delight.

And for a voice Life lent it all the tune
That from lark-throats doth rise;
And pale Death added to it, for a boon,
The sad sweet night-bird's sighs.

Its hands were warm as Life and soft as Death,
Rosy as flowers and white
As the pale lucent stone that covereth
The graves in the moon's sight.

Its hair was golden as the sheer sun's shine,
When the hot June rides far,
And tender-colored as the hyaline
Of the pale midnight star.

Red was its mouth as is the damask rose
And purple as night-shade,
Most glad and sad, fulfilled of lovesome woes
And joys that never fade.

Swift were its rosy golden-sandalled feet,
Yet lingering as the night,
And the soft wings that on the air did beat
Were of the windflower's white.

And on its head they set a double crown,
Golden and silver wrought,
Wherein sweet emeralds for hope were sown
And amethysts for thought.

Thus did the two gods make this lovesome thing,
To stand betwixt them twain;
And therewithal they crowned the fair shape king
O'er them and suzerain.

And from that time there hath no more been strife
'Twixt these two gods of might;
For evermore betwixten Death and Life
That creature of delight

Hath gone about the weary worldly ways,
Holding them hand in hand,
So that Death never on a mortal lays
His finger, but there stand

Beside him Life and that sweet shape which they
Have for their master made;
And on like guise, when dawn hath lit the day,
Death walketh in the shade,

Hard by the sun and all the gauds of life:
And by them, without cease,
The winged shape goes and orders all their strife
To harmony and peace.

And if one ask which god he cherisheth
His brother god above,
Methinks his heart beats franklier for Death;
For lo! his name is Love.

The tragic death of Laurence Hope, inflicted by her own hand after the death of her husband, has given an adventitious and painful interest to the volume of "Last Poems" recently published by John Lane Company. The title-page bears the subtitle, "Translations from the Book of Indian Love." Most of the poems are, to an Occidental mind, decidedly erotic, but they have the delicacy of touch and the glamour which most of the decadent school manifest, and the eroticism, being imported from the Far East, seems to be a little more natural and simple and less offensive than that which is found nearer home. We quote three of the poems which are "void of offense":

SURFACE RIGHTS

BY LAURENCE HOPE

Drifting, drifting down the River,
Tawny current and foam-flecked tide,
Sorrowful songs of lonely boatmen,
Mournful forests on either side.

Thine are the outcrops' glittering blocks,
The quartz—where the rich pyrites gleam,
The golden treasure of unhewn rocks
And the loose gold in the stream.

But,—the dim vast forests along the shore,
That whisper wonderful things o' nights,—
These are things that I value more,
My beautiful "surface rights."

Drifting, drifting down the River,—
Stars a-tremble about the sky—
Ah, my lover, my heart is breaking,
Breaking, breaking, I know not why.

Why is Love such a sorrowful thing?
This I never could understand;
Pain and passion are linked together,
Ever I find them hand in hand.

Loose thy hair in its soft profusion,
Let thy lashes caress thy cheek,—
These are the things that express thy spirit,
What is the need to explain or speak?

Drifting, drifting along the River,
Under the light of a wan low moon,
Steady, the paddles; Boatmen, steady,—
Why should we reach the sea so soon?

See where the low spit cuts the water,
What is that misty wavering light?
Only the pale datura flowers
Blossoming through the silent night.

What is the fragrance in thy tresses?
'Tis the scent of the champa's breath;
The meaning of champa bloom is passion—
And of datura—death!

Sweet are thy ways and thy strange caresses,
That sear as flame, and exult as wine.
But I care only for that wild moment
When my soul arises and reaches thine.

Wistful voices of wild birds calling—
Far, faint lightning towards the West,—
Twinkling lights of a tyah homestead,—
Ruddy glow on a girl's bare breast—

Drifting boats on a mournful River,
Shifting thoughts in a dreaming mind,—
We two, seeking the Sea, together,—
When we reach it,—what shall we find?

THE TOM-TOMS

BY LAURENCE HOPE

Dost thou hear the toms-toms throbbing,
Like a lonely lover sobbing
For the beauty that is robbing him of all his life's delight?
Plaintive sounds, restrained, enthralling,
Seeking through the twilight falling
Something lost beyond recalling, in the darkness of the night.

Oh, my little, loved Firoza,
Come and nestle to me closer,
Where the golden-balled Mimosa makes a canopy above,
For the day, so hot and burning,
Dies away, and night, returning,
Sets thy lover's spirit yearning for thy beauty and thy love.

Soon will come the rosy warning
Of the bright relentless morning,
When thy soft caresses scorning, I shall leave thee in the shade.
All the day my work must chain me,
And its weary bonds restrain me,
For I may not re-attain thee till the light begins to fade.

But at length the long day endeth,
As the cool of night descendeth
His last strength thy lover spendeth in returning to thy breast,
Where beneath the Babul nightly,
While the planets shimmer whitely,
And the fire-flies glimmer brightly, thou shalt give him love and rest.

Far away, across the distance,
The quick-throbbing drums' persistence
Shall resound, with soft insistence, in the pauses of delight,
Through the sequence of the hours,
While the starlight and the flowers
Consecrate this love of ours, in the Temple of the Night.

I SHALL FORGET

By Laurence Hope

Although my life, which thou hast scarred and shaken,
Retains awhile some influence of thee,
As shells, by faithless waves long since forsaken,
Still murmur with the music of the Sea,

I shall forget. Not thine the haunting beauty,
Which, once beheld, for ever holds the heart,
Or, if resigned from stress of Fate or Duty,
Takes part of life away:—the dearer part.

I gave thee love; thou gavest but Desire.
Ah, the delusion of that summer night!
Thy soul vibrated at the rate of Fire;
Mine, with the rhythm of the waves of Light.

It is my love for thee that I regret,
Not thee, thyself, and hence,—I shall forget!

Our novelists all seem to long to achieve success in a poetical way after they have gained it in the way of fiction. Mr. Mighels, author of "The Ultimate Passion," gives us this fine poem in *Harper's Magazine*:

THE DESERT

By Philip Verrill Mighels

Now mark you, God made Him an Eden, of old,
And made Him a man and a maid;
He gave them to live in His garden of love,
To live with Him there unafraid.
They ate of the fruits and the honey,
They took of the knowledge and lust,
Then fled from the punishment bitter
And humbled themselves in the dust
To pray and beseech Him for mercy,
As all of the penitent must.

Then, mark you, God made Him a mountain,
And, mark you, He made Him a sea,
But life took its root on the topmost crag,
Where it seemed no life could be,
And life was aswarm in the deepmost cave
That the ocean could fill with His tears,
And the cries and prayers and moans arose
From it all, to seek His ears—
The cries and prayers and moans of things
Alive and filled with fears.

And God was beseeched from morn till night,
And beseeched from night until day
By things that plead to save their lives
The while they fought for prey;
And nowhere peace from the wails and moans
Could God in His anguish know
Till He made Him a place, a desolate place,
Where naught of Life may grow—
A desert as bare as the new-made air,
To which He may sometimes go.

Then hark you, beware of the desert
Where only God may bide—
God all alone, and nothing of Life
In that desolate region wide.
No insect, bird or snake is there,
No animal, grass, or stone,
And all of the man who ventured to cross
Is a whitened and crumbling bone;
For this is the desert that God has made
As a place to be alone!

When John Williamson Palmer passed away last month, we lost one of the best balladists, if not the best, America has produced. His "Stonewall Jackson's Way" was probably the most widely known of his ballads, but the one below comes close behind it in popularity and we think outranks it in dramatic power. All his ballads might be counted on the fingers of one's two hands, and were collected a few years ago in a volume entitled, "For Charlie's Sake and Other Lyrics and Ballads" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.). All the ballads are full of energy, but the action is so compressed, at times, in his stanzas as to confuse the mind and blur the mental picture.

THE MARYLAND BATTALION IN THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND

By John Williamson Palmer

Spruce Macaronis and pretty to see,
Tidy and dapper and gallant were we.
Blooded fine gentlemen, proper and tall,
Bold in a fox-hunt and gay at a ball.
Prancing soldados, so martial and bluff.
Billets for bullets, in scarlet and buff.
But our cockades were clasped with a mother's low prayer,
And the sweethearts that braided the sword-knots were fair.

There was grummer of drums humming hoarse in the hills,
And the bugles sang fanfaron down by the mills.
By Flatbush the bagpipes were droning amain,
And keen cracked the rifles in Martense's lane.
For the Hessians were flecking the hedges with red,
And the Grenadiers' tramp marked the roll of the dead.

Three to one, flank and near, flashed the files of St. George,
The fierce gleam of their steel as the glow of a forge.
The brutal boom-boom of their swart cannoneers
Was sweet music compared with the taunt of their cheers—
For the brunt of their onset, our crippled array,
And the light of God's leading gone out in the fray!

Oh, the rout on the left and the tug on the right!
The mad plunge of the charge and the wreck of the flight!
When the cohorts of Grant held stout Stirling at strain,

And the mongrels of Hesse went tearing the slain;
When at Freeke's Mill the flumes and the sluices ran red,
And the dead choked the dyke and the marsh choked the dead!

"Oh, Stirling, good Stirling! How long must we wait?
Shall the shout of your trumpet unleash us too late?
Have you never a dash for brave Mordecai Gist,
With his heart in his throat, and his blade in his fist?
Are we good for no more than to prance at a ball,
When the drums beat the charge and the clarions call?"

Tralara! Tralara! Now praise we the Lord,
For the clang of His call and the flash of His sword!
Tralara! Tralara! Now forward to die.
For the banner, hurrah! and for sweethearts, goodby!
"Four hundred wild lads!" Maybe so. I'll be bound
'Twill be easy to count us, face up on the ground.
If we hold the road open, tho' Death take the toll,
We'll be missed on parade when the States call the roll—
When the flags meet in peace and the guns are at rest,
And fair Freedom is singing Sweet Home in the West.

A spring poem not of the conventional type is the following, which we take from *The National Magazine*:

MARCH IN KANSAS

BY A. A. B. CAVANESS

March is a wondrous battle-ground
And wild the conflicts are—
O furiously the troopers ride
From North and Southern star!

And ever the March is come again,
Again from South and North
Swifter than ancient cavalry
Their warriors come forth.

Chill is the steel of Northern spears
And hot the Southern swords,
Yet never we know what angereth
The howling midnight hordes.

Last night the bivouac of the spears
The swords, a hurricane,
Out-shrieking fiends, the Northmen smote
And routed them amain.

Then resting from their giant toil
And dropt to slumbers sweet—
Sudden the hosts of Aeolus
Sweep back in mail of sleet,—

With banners crowning battlements
Daring the blades with scorn,
Till dipt in fire the sabres' ire
With glory flags the Morn.

Yet never the flash of sword or spear
Is seen on the bloodless fields,
But rings the shout of the battle's rout
And clash of the phantom shields.

Thus ever the deathless feud is fought
And March is lost and won,
Till the last campers yield the fight
To showers and the sun.

Mr. Markham, whose first published love poem, "Virgilia," was reprinted in these pages a few months ago, has published a sort of sequel. It has the "singing tone," which is considered by some the first requirement of all good poetry, and a wealth of beautiful phrasing. But it does not seize us as the first poem did, seeming to lack something in the way of spontaneity. We reprint from *The Cosmopolitan*:

THE HOMING HEART

BY EDWARD MARKHAM

I

It was ages ago in life's first wonder
I found you, Virgilia, wild sea-heart;
And 'twas ages ago that we went asunder,
Ages and worlds apart.

Your lightsome laugh and your hair's dark glory,
I knew them of old by an ocean-stream,
In a far, first world, now turned to story,
Now faded back to dream.

I saw you there with the sea-girls fleeing,
And I followed fast over rock and reef;
And you sent a sea-fire into my being,
The lure of the lyric grief.

One after one the stars were slipping,
Pearl after pearl to the bowl of night;
And down the west three moons were dipping
Into the waves, all white.

I know not now where the moons were misting,
On what lost sea in the milky track;
But I know that you swore to a lovers' trysting,
In those quick glances back.

I followed you fast through the white sea-splendor,
On into the rush of a blown, black rain;
Drawn on by that mystery strangely tender,
The lure of the lyric pain.

As up round a headland the tides came hurling,
You sang one song from your wild sea-heart:
Then a mist swept in, and we two went whirling,
Ages and worlds apart.

II

We are caught in the coil of a God's romances—
We come from old worlds and we go afar:
I have missed you again in the Earth's wild chances—
Now to another star!

Perhaps we are led and our loves are fated,
And our steps are counted one by one;
Perhaps we shall meet and our souls be mated,
After the burnt-out sun.

For over the world a dim hope hovers,
The hope at the heart of all our songs—
That the banded stars are in league with lovers,
And fight against their wrongs.

If this all is a dream, then perhaps our dreaming
Can touch life's height to a finer fire:
Who knows but the heavens and all their seeming
Were made by the heart's desire?

One thing shines clear in the heart's sweet reason,
One lightning over the chasm runs—
That to turn from love is the world's one treason
That treads down all the suns.

So I go to the long adventure, lifting
My face to the far, mysterious goals,
To the last assize, to the final sifting
Of gods and stars and souls.

Our ways go wide and I know not whither,
But my song will search through the worlds for you,
Till the Seven Seas waste and the Seven Stars wither,
And the dream of the heart comes true.

I am out to the roads and the long, long questing,
On dark tides driven, on great winds blown:
I pass the rims of the worlds unresting,
I sail to the unknown.

III

There are more lives yet, there are more worlds waiting,
For the way climbs up to the eldest sun,
Where the white ones go to their mystic mating,
And the Holy Will is done.

I will find you there where our low life heightens—
Where the door of the Wonder again unbars,
Where the old love lures and the old fire whitens,
In the Stars behind the stars.

Perhaps we will meet where the boughs for rafters
Shelter a cliff by an ocean-stream,
As we met long ago in the light sea-laughters,
When over me went the dream.

Perhaps we will meet in some field of faery,
Twined round by the sea and the scented vales,
To stray moon-charmed in a high-hung, airy
Dream-wood of nightingales.

We will hear some word of the final meaning,
As we meet at last by the love-loud trees,
Hushed with the wonder of life, and leaning
Over the marveling seas.

Ah, strangely then will the heart be shaken,
For something starry will touch the hour;
And the mystic wind of the worlds will waken,
Stirring the soul's tall flower.

As we go star-stifled in the mystic garden,
All the prose of this life run there to rhyme,
How eagerly will the poor heart pardon
All of these hurts of Time!

For 'twill all come back—the wasted splendor,
The heart's lost youth like a breaking flower,
The dauntless dare, and the wistful, tender
Touch of the April hour.

In that wondrous hour of our souls dream-driven,
In that high, white hour, O my wild sea-bride,
The tears and the years will be all forgiven,
And all be justified.

"Since Kipling's 'Recessional,' I have read no single poem so beautiful," says a writer in *The Musical Leader,* speaking of the verses below by William Watson. The verses apply evidently to Russia, but will be just as apt when the occasion that elicits them has long passed by. This poem was first published in the London *Daily Chronicle*:

KNIGHTS AND KING

By William Watson

The knights rode up with gifts for the king,
And one was a jeweled sword,
And one was a suit of golden mail,
And one was a golden Word.

He buckled the shining armor on,
And he girt the sword at his side;
But he flung at his feet the golden Word,
And trampled it in his pride.

The armor is pierced with many spears,
And the sword is breaking in twain;
But the Word hath risen in storm and fire
To vanquish and to reign.

Wilfred Campbell, the Canadian poet, has collected in one volume (Revell) all his verse, not dramatic in form, which he cares to preserve. We have room here for this little moral-picture alone:

RODODACTULOS

By Wilfred Campbell

The night blows outward in a mist,
And all the world the sun has kissed.

Along the golden rim of sky
A thousand snow-piled vapors lie,

And by the wood and mist-clad stream
The Maiden Morn stands still to dream.

Success: A Story

Marguerite von Oertzen, the author of this bright little tale *dialogué,* is one of the clever German women writers of to-day. She was born at Heidelberg, in 1868, and was educated in a convent. She is daughter of Georg Baron von Oertzen, who was at one time Bismark's *attaché,* and who is favorably known as a poet. This translation is made from the German, for CURRENT LITERATURE, by Newell Dunbar.

Small coffee-room of a fashionable "air-cure" hotel in the Black Forest. The proprietor, Frau Bühler, is smilingly listening to Herr Milkes, who warmly remonstrates with her. He is a very young, spare man, with curly hair, indications of a small mustache, and a gaudy necktie.

Milkes: As I said, if you'd permit, we make no claims. The affair's wholly at our own risk. I have here the program and a printed critique (*proudly*); my first!

Frau Bühler (*embarrassed*): Yes, you see, Herr—Herr——

Milkes (*with a bow*): Milkes.

Frau Bühler: Herr Milkes, with our guests anything of that sort usually meets with slight encouragement. They all want to recover from the season. They come mostly from Berlin, where they have an opportunity of hearing artists of the very first rank. Here, a peasant's quartette or something out of the people's life of the region draws best.

Milkes: If we'd known that, my wife would have brought her rustic dress.

Frau Bühler (*looking around*): Your wife!

Milkes: Oh! *she's* waiting outside. She's so timid. (*Goes to the window and calls without.*) Leni, you may come in! (*To Frau Bühler, entreatingly.*) I'm from the Stadttheater. That's rather of the better sort. Only the pay for chorus singers is so very small that one can lay nothing by for the summer. Still I've been mentioned in a critique. (*Draws from his pocket a well-thumbed copy of a newspaper, and reads aloud*:) "The little solo of Herr Milkes pleasantly impressed us. He surprised us with the softness and freshness of his genuinely lyrical tenor." (*Lays the paper aside.*) That encouraged me to the study of songs.

Frau Bühler: That's very nice indeed, but I really can't guarantee that my guests will appear in full force. Whether it's worth your while——

Milkes (*with fire*): We're modest. If only *ten* should come. (*Leni enters. Graceful little form; short dress; black ringlets, not put up; in her ears are big, round, silver pearls.*)

Milkes (*proudly introducing*): My wife!

Frau Bühler (*astonished*): She? Why, good gracious! That's really still a child . . . she wears short skirts indeed, and her hair is not put up.

Milkes: She's already seventeen. We've been married three months. We're saving up now for a long dress; eh, Leni? We're always jolly—all's one to us! She, too, you must know, belongs to the theater.

Frau Bühler (*rather touched*): I couldn't so much as give you a suitable bed. We're overcrowded.

Milkes: Oh, we don't care for that; eh, Leni? We'll sleep in the hayloft—or on the bowling-alley. It's August, indeed.

Leni (*beaming and snuggling up to him*): Oh, yes!

Frau Bühler: So be it. I'll have the coachman's room prepared. The coachman can move into the hay for the night.

Milkes (*jubilant*): Oh, you good, peerless woman!

Leni (*aside to him*): Look! Nobody, you see, can resist you.

Frau Bühler: The program I'll set on the tables at dinner to-day. And in the evening at eight o'clock the concert can begin in the reading-room. Do you need anything more for it?

Milkes: A soup plate, if you please. And a white napkin and a small table. There Leni'll sit and take in the money. Piano accompaniment I'll do myself.

Leni (*claps her hands*): And everyone'll give as much as he likes.

Milkes (*dances around with her, singing*):

> "How false thou art—now list!
> Thou hast with others kissed!
> Thou lov'st me now no more,
> Wholly now no more."

Frau Bühler (*laughing*): But, good people!

Milkes (*letting Leni go*): Yes, look you, dear, good madam, if you could see the little one there, how she saves and works and drudges. And now

such a piece of good luck! Perhaps we'll take in twenty marks!

Leni (horrified): Why, Pepi, so unreasonable! Right away you always get megalomania!

Frau Bühler: Now I'll really just venture to see about a little breakfast. I'll remark, however, at once, that in the coachman's room one person can scarcely turn round!

Milkes: That suits us exactly. The narrower the better.

Leni: But aren't you just the bad boy! *(Frau Bühler leaves the room. A waiter begins with scornful nonchalance to lay covers for two, during which Leni regards him anxiously and ill at ease.)*

Leni (whispers to Milkes): I say—look—wine-glasses!

Milkes (squeezing her arm hard): What luck!

Leni: Ow! *(The waiter serves several dishes and then retires.)*

Milkes: Art's nevertheless the finest thing in the world.

Leni: I say, I wonder if I might take the bones there in my fingers?

Milkes (glances furtively toward the door): Just fall to! Nobody's looking.

Leni (after she has eaten): Always when I'm so full, our first acquaintance occurs to me. 'Twas at rehearsal. You ate a slice of bread and butter and all at once you gave me half.

Milkes: You see, you kept looking at the bread with such big eyes I thought you were hungry.

Leni: I was in *love* with you, and then devoured the bread from sheer fright. Your voice stirred me through and through. *(Very earnestly.)* Even to this day, you see, when you sing I have to cry.

Milkes: I only hope you won't begin for us, this evening, with your blubbering!

Leni: No, no, I'll be very careful.

Milkes (suddenly): I say, suppose I should become famous?

Leni (shuddering): With a hundred and fifty marks' salary . . .

Milkes: And a chimney-pot hat on my head even in the forenoon, like our hero tenor!

Leni (low and ceremonious) : And I—with a train!

* * * * * * *

Evening; in the reading-room, after the concert. Milkes has but just finished Schubert's "Doppelgänger." Silence; then faint, sporadic applause. All throng to the exit, past Leni, who sits before the soup-plate filled with silver, while great tears roll down her cheeks.

Milkes (goes up to her, importunately): Still, a few applauded, eh? And one man nodded—I saw it distinctly—at the *pianissimo*. Leni, you're blubbering again!

Leni (sobbing): Darling! You sang so wonderfully! *(In deepest agitation.)* Your voice would bring me to life if I lay dead under the ground! *(Rises and embraces him.)* I don't know how much there is in the plate. I haven't counted it. And neither do I know whether it pleased them, there, in the fine clothes. But *me* it pleased! I am so proud of you!

Milkes (horrified): Child, you're trembling, indeed! If my singing excites you so, you really *cannot* go along any more in future. And yet—what do I care for the rest! I sing for you. *(He sits down and begins to count the money. Leni idly stares at the door before her.)*

Milkes (looking up): Nearly everyone has given a mark. Twenty-eight marks and fifty pfennigs. Don't you hear, Leni?

Leni (fervently embraces him anew): Oh, you—you! They don't all *comprehend* you, indeed they don't!

Ten years later. The same air-cure hotel in the Black Forest. The hotel turnout stops before the entrance; Frau Bühler stands at the open coach-door. Herr Milensky, very "swagger" man of thirty, with thick, curly hair, smooth, full face, has already alighted.

Milensky: So, please, a very quiet room. My wife is somewhat nervous.

Frau Bühler (regards him searchingly): I've a drawing-room with balcony——

Voice from the carriage: Ask if there's a dressing-room with bath-room near by.

Frau Bühler: Certainly. Exactly *vis-a-vis*

Milensky: Will you alight, Edith? *(He assists a very stout but strikingly beautiful blonde out of the carriage. She wears a blue silk traveling cloak and, in spite of the July heat, a chinchilla stole.)*

Frau Milensky: Arrange, too, at once about the *menu*, Joseph. You know I can't eat everything—especially roast venison. *(To Frau Bühler.)* Have you an elevator?

Frau Bühler (at a loss): No, that we haven't here yet. But electric light——

Frau Milensky (laughing): I can't despatch myself up the stairs on *that*. Let's get out, though. You'll probably come on, Joseph, when business is settled. *(She follows the hall-porter into the house.. A strong odor of* violettes de Parma *remains behind.)*

Frau Bühler (leads Herr Milensky into her

office): May I once more beg for the worthy name—for the hotel-register?

Milensky (*put out*): Is that necessary? One is so much annoyed by the public. One is stared at. Several families have already recognized me —as I drove by.

Frau Bühler: If the name's not given, I should be all the more besieged on all sides. People are inquisitive. We had a prince here once who was traveling *incognito*. Within half an hour they had found out who he was.

Milensky (*nervous*): And I had looked for such a quiet place, just to escape from curiosity! I remembered the spot from former times.

Frau Bühler (*cautiously*): It seems to *me*, too, that I've already had the honor——

Milensky (*quickly*): Write then: Court opera-singer Milensky, Frau Sarow-Milensky, royal chamber-singer—from Berlin.

Frau Bühler (*writing*): So, then, the famous——

Milensky (*interrupts her*): Please not. And another thing: Say to your guests that neither my wife nor I will sing a *note* here. Once over in Carlstadt, it's past all belief what happened to us. They asked me to treat them to a song in the drawing-room; imagine my voice in the drawing-room! I, naturally, left at once.

Frau Bühler (*anxiously*): What lies in my power I'll do.

Milensky: Neither do I ever talk about the theater or about things that relate to the stage. Say that to your guests.

Frau Bühler: But——

Milensky (*very decidedly*): The length of our stay and our coming back will depend upon whether regard is paid to these wishes.

Frau Bühler: What in me lies. Your lady wife, too, has perhaps other wishes?

Milensky: Yes—we need a drawing-room and two bedrooms. My wife is very nervous. (*Pause. Suddenly, in a wholly altered tone*:) Frau Bühler —is the coachman's room still furnished as it was ten year's ago?

Frau Bühler (*at first speechless, then crying out in sudden recognition*): The coachman's room! Oh, good gracious! You—you are——

Milensky (*quickly and softly, taking her hand*): Do you know me yet? You good, peerless woman——

Frau Bühler (*moved*): So then! So then you've become such a great man! Yes, the coachman's room is still—pardon me, I've grown wholly stupid.

Milensky: Then I would greatly like to see it. (*Looks upon the floor.*) But at once—and —(*lays his finger upon his mouth*).

Frau Bühler (*hesitating*): Oh, yes, I understand. And—and——

Milensky (*very quietly*): I know what you wish to ask. You're asking after the child-like wife who then accompanied me. (*He goes to the window and, while continuing to speak, looks out.*) I had luck. I succeeded. That came at a blow! And Leni still continued to cry when I sang, as she sat in a box . . . in a dress with a train. But she could no more go along—into the new relations, into the "being famous," as she called it. She stayed behind, like a bird whose wing does not suffice for flight. She wasn't fitted for the new life. In all respects she remained the old Leni. I could instil nothing into her by education. There were painful moments. And finally—she suffered with the fixed idea that I must be ashamed of her——

Frau Bühler: For heaven's sake!

Milensky: One day she left me. She went back to her mother. When I wanted to take her to me again, then I saw that I'd become a stranger to her. It's one of those riddles that we could never guess. She died soon after that; her lungs were affected.

Frau Bühler: And now——

Milensky: My present wife I took from the stage, of which she is still a star.

Frau Bühler (*softly*): Alas . . . poor Herr Milkes! (*Confused*) I mean——

Milensky: I understand quite well what you mean. And I would like to see the coachman's room where I kept house with Leni. It seems to me—it seems to me, nevertheless, dear, good Frau Bühler, that I was very happy then—with poor little Leni. And it seems to me, too, that nobody else has so listened to me as did she.

Frau Bühler (*sympathetically*): Then come quickly, before the *table d'hôte* begins.

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Edited by EDWARD J. WHEELER

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THE SENATOR FROM TEXAS

When Joseph Welldon Bailey, age 42, made his four-hour speech on railroad rate legislation a few days ago, nearly all the members of the House of Representatives filled the standing room in the Senate Chamber, and the visitors' gallery was jammed until the doors had to be closed. He detests oratorical tricks, speaking usually in a calm, even tone, preferring argument to rhetoric.

Current Literature

VOL. XL, No. 5 — Edward J. Wheeler, Editor — Associate Editors: Leonard D. Abbott, Alexander Harvey — MAY, 1906

A Review of the World

But the ship sailed safely over the sea,
And the hunters came from the chase in glee;
And the town that was builded upon a rock
Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock.
BRET HARTE.

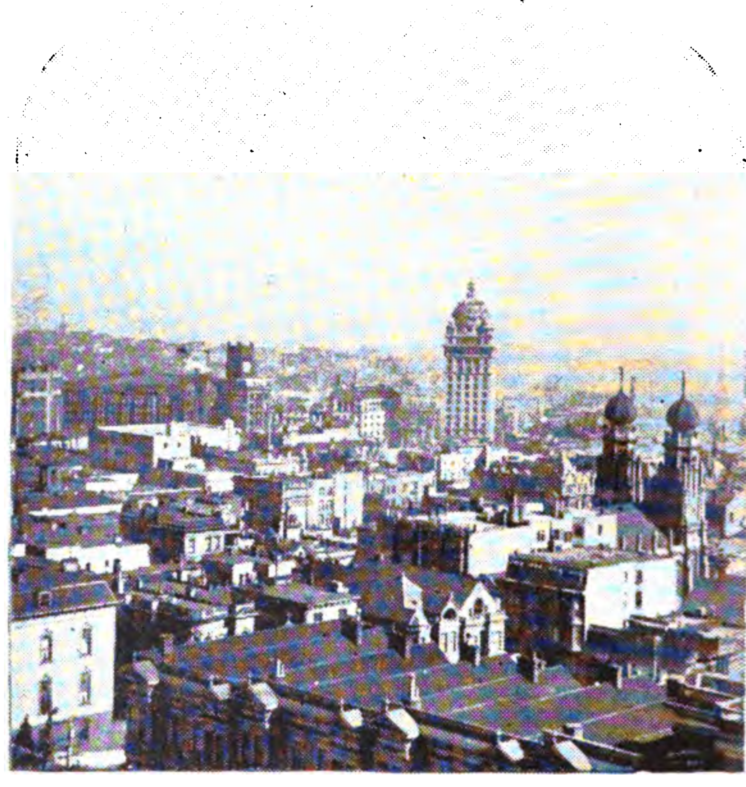
ALF a century in building, half a minute in falling—that is in brief the story of San Francisco. The earthquake shock which, followed by an uncontrollable fire, has practically destroyed the metropolis of our Pacific coast, was just twenty-eight seconds in duration. It began, according to the records in Lake Chabol observatory, Oakland, at 5:14:48, a. m., April 18, and ended at 5:15:16. It was followed by other shocks later, but it was the first shock that did the damage, and which started the conflagration that completed the city's ruin. With gas escaping everywhere from the broken gas mains to aid in the quick spread of the flames, and with the supply of water cut off by reason of the broken water mains, the citizens were next to helpless as the flames swept first over the business section and then spread to the residence section until, according to General Funston's estimate, 200,000 people were rendered homeless in twenty-four hours.

HAD it not been that the full force of the shock was limited to the business section and came at an hour when that section was comparatively deserted, San Francisco might have furnished a loss of life equal to that seen when Lisbon was destroyed by an earthquake and sixty thousand persons were killed. Had the stone walls of San Francisco's tall steel structures fallen a few hours later into streets teeming with a busy throng, had the big department stores collapsed when filled with shoppers, there would have been thousands of deaths where there were hundreds. It was bad enough, Heaven knows, as it was; but how much worse it might have been! The city can be and will be rebuilt and its beauty and glory may in the years to come be really enhanced by the catastrophe. Says the New York *Times*:

"That there has been a lamentable disaster admits of no doubt. But, apart from the irreparable loss of life, the great earthquake of San Francisco of 1906 may be as much a blessing in disguise as the great fire of Chicago in 1871. We may be quite confident that the new San Francisco will bear as improved a relation to the old as that which is no longer the new Chicago bears to the temporary settlement on the swampy river which was the site of Chicago before the fire."

FIRE and earthquake have, indeed, rendered feasible for San Francisco a scheme for her improvement and reconstruction upon which many civic enthusiasts have expended large sums to little purpose hitherto. The Californian metropolis is a city of hills, or rather a metropolis amid hills. Scarcely was it in ruins when a plan to rear a new San Francisco was well under way. Indeed, this very plan had been formed months back. The earthquake merely made it timely. There is to be a civic center, which, according to an article in *The Overland Monthly*, will be about where the ruined City Hall stood, and from which the restored streets will diverge as spokes from the hub of a wheel. Here will be the City Hall, a Custom-House, Federal buildings, with such civic institutions as academies, an opera-house and the library. All roads will lead to this center as the pivot on which the newly built city will turn and have its being. Steel-framed structures will be necessary. The lesson of the earthquake seems to be not that tall buildings are dangerous, but that all those which are not strongly skeletonized are liable to collapse. This plan for the reconstruction of San Francisco originated in the mind of

D. H. Burnham and his associates, and has been supported by an association formed some time ago to co-operate in securing its adoption. San Francisco has for months past bestowed so much thought upon the radical reconstruction of her business section and her slums that the emergency does not find her unprepared so far as plans for the future go. But in the structures of the new San Francisco, according to the distinguished American geologist, Major Clarence Edward Dutton, the science of seismology will have to be carefully considered, that a type of building may be evolved adapted to the elastic wave-motion to which the earth's crust in California is prone. The Japanese learned that lesson long ago.



THE BUSINESS SECTION OF SAN FRANCISCO

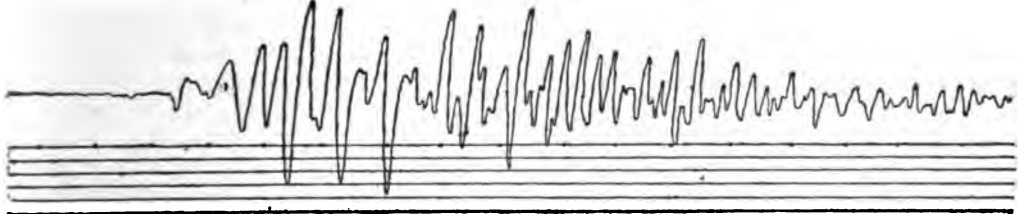
This whole section is in ruins. The first shock of the earthquake, the one that did the damage, lasted less than half a minute. What it failed to do in the way of destruction the conflagration completed.

It is the suddenness of a calamity of this kind that gives it its most dreadful aspect and that for the time being stuns the mind and paralyzes the will. Here is the account of one of the eye-witnesses of the scenes after the earthquake. It is written by a New York *Sun* correspondent:

"Of the scenes which marked the transformation of this the gayest, most careless city on the continent into a wreck and a hell it is harder to write. That the day started with a blind, general panic goes without saying. People woke with a start to find themselves flung on the floor. In such an earthquake as this it is the human instinct to get out of doors, away from falling walls. The people stumbled across the floors of their heaving houses to find that even the good earth upon which they placed their reliance was swaying and rising and falling so that the sidewalks cracked and great rents opened in the ground.

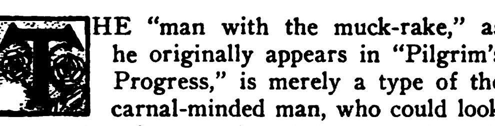
"The three minutes which followed were an eternity of terror. Probably a dozen or more persons died of pure fright in that three minutes, when there seemed no help in earth or heaven. There was a roar in the air like a great burst of thunder and from all about came the crash of falling walls. It died down at last, leaving the earth quaking and quivering like jelly. Men would run forward, stop as another shock, which might be greater any moment, seemed to take the earth from under their feet, and throw themselves face downward on the ground in an agony of fear."

Vesuvius gave warnings of its recent eruption months before. But the earthquake in California gave no warning. It struck with the abruptness of a bolt of lightning and did its worst work while a person might hold his breath. Not in San Francisco alone, but in Palo Alto (where the buildings of the Leland Stanford University have been severely injured), in Santa Rosa (where not a brick or stone building was left standing) and in numerous other towns and small cities the damage has been proportionately as great as in the city by the Golden Gate. The whole country has been inexpressibly shocked and measures for quick relief have been promptly instituted. The exact loss of life will probably never be known. The damage to property runs into the hundreds of millions.



THE AUTOGRAPH WRITTEN BY THE EARTHQUAKE

The waving line above tells the story, in the unimpassioned way science has, of the great tragedy in San Francisco. It is the line traced by the pencil of a seismograph in the office of the State geologist at Albany, N. Y., 3,000 miles from the scene of the tragedy.



THE "man with the muck-rake," as he originally appears in "Pilgrim's Progress," is merely a type of the carnal-minded man, who could look no way but downward, and "raked to himself the straws, the small sticks and dust of the floor"—that is to say, the riches of this world. The expression has, however, been extensively applied of late to writers in the papers and the magazines who make a specialty of exposing graft and corruption in corporate and political life. There are protests from many sources from those who think that this "literature of exposure" is being overdone. Senator Lodge raised his voice in the Senate lately to denounce reckless attacks upon public men. District-Attorney Jerome, evidently stung by the persistent criticism of his recent attitude in regard to criminal prosecutions of insurance officials, expressed himself caustically on the "hysteria" which he discerns in the present state of public sentiment. Ex-Governor Black has expressed the view that the idea has gone almost wild in this country to-day that "the only way to prove oneself simon-pure and God's noblest work is not to have a dollar." Into the midst of the discussion aroused by these and other utterances has come President Roosevelt's speech at the laying of the cornerstone of the new office building for the House of Representatives.

THE President was careful to distinguish between those writers who are indiscriminate in their assaults upon the character of public men and those who remember that an attack even upon an evil man is of use only when free from hysterical exaggeration and absolutely true. "Expose the crime and hunt down the criminal," he said, "but remember that even in the case of crime if it is attacked in sensational, lurid and untruthful fashion, it may do more damage to the public mind than the crime itself." Worse even than hysterical excitement is "a sodden acquiescence in evil," and the present unrest is therefore an encouraging sign; but if it is to result in permanent good, the emotion must be translated into action that is marked by honesty, sanity and self-restraint. "There is mighty little good in a mere spasm of reform. The reform that counts is that which comes through steady, continuous growth. Violent emotionalism leads to exhaustion." The work of reform is not merely a long uphill pull. "There is almost as much of breeching work as of collar work; to depend only on traces means that there will soon be a runaway and an upset." Moreover:

"The Eighth Commandment reads, 'Thou shalt not steal.' It does not read, 'Thou shalt not steal from the rich man.' It does not read, 'Thou shalt not steal from the poor man.' It reads simply and plainly, 'Thou shalt not steal.' No good whatever will come from that warped and mock morality which denounces the misdeeds of men of wealth and forgets the misdeeds practised at their expense; which denounces bribery, but blinds itself to blackmail; which foams with rage if a corporation secures favors by improper methods and merely leers with hideous mirth if the corporation is itself wronged. The only public servant who can be trusted honestly to protect the rights of the public against the misdeed of a corporation is that public man who will just as surely protect the corporation itself from wrongful aggression. If a public man is willing to yield to popular clamor and do wrong to the men of wealth or to rich corporations, it may be set down as certain that if the opportunity comes he will secretly and furtively do wrong to the public in the interest of a corporation."

Throughout the address the President evinced fear of an injurious reaction in the public mind, and he went so far as to point out one case in which injury has already been done to the public service. "One serious diffi-

THE WRITER OF "THE TREASON OF THE SENATE"

The above title of David Graham Phillips's series of articles, placarded in large type on the bill-boards of Washington, had much to do, it is thought, with eliciting the President's muck-rake speech.

culty," he said, "encountered in getting the right type of men to dig the Panama Canal is the certainty that they will be exposed both without and, I am sorry to say, within Congress to utterly reckless assaults on their capacity and character. What the President said on this subject has received general approval both from radicals and conservatives.

ANOTHER SERIES OF MANHOLE EXPLOSIONS, BUT JEROME DOESN'T MIND

—Macauley in N. Y. *World.*

DISCUSSION of this subject, as already stated, had reached a point of considerable intensity even before the President made his speech. The campaign of exposure, said Mr. Norman Hapgood, editor of *Collier's,* in a speech in St. Louis, "has not gone half far enough. . . . It will not hurt us to know all the facts about our communities. How is it possible to be a self-governing community unless we know everything of the political and financial methods going on at the head of our affairs?"

This question, says the Springfield *Republican,* is more theoretical than practical. Reformers must take the American people as they are and they "will as surely tire of exposures as of roller skates or bicycles." It continues in words that have the greater weight because of the keen and intelligent sympathy which *The Republican* has steadily shown in the purposes, if not always in the methods, of even the most radical groups of reformers:

"Believe us, there is nothing more to be gained at present by piling up examples of corruption either in political or business life. Worst of all must be mere reiteration of what has already been said, only in far more lurid and reckless form. It is the overstraining for effect that impels the gallery to mock the hero of melodrama, and in the same way the overworking of the materials in this chapter of exposure must produce the same result. Reaction is generally caused by excess, or satiety. And it is our observation that the public to-day cannot be safely fed on warmed-over tales of public scoundrelism. There is a positive danger to the reforms which all desire, in provoking a reactionary spirit in the land. . . .

"The time, then, has come when all the energies of reform should be concentrated upon the reaping of the fruits of the popular uprising. The time for exposure has passed, notwithstanding that Mr. Hapgood is right, perhaps, in thinking that it has not gone 'half far enough.' The quickening of the public conscience, which has been the splendid achievement of those who have laid bare the anatomy of modern pelf, should now be materialized into measures which will distinguish the present period as one that scored an advance no possible reaction could overcome."

A DEFENSE of the press in this relation is advanced by the conservative New York *Times.* It admits that "the incendiaries of the ten-cent weekly and monthly field" seem to have discarded conscience and lost their sense of responsibility, but we must remember that even the magazines cannot make bricks without straw. It continues:

"It is not surprising that the bricks they make should partake of the hue of their material, and no one will deny that the straw supplied to them

during the past year has been very yellow indeed. The most reckless and sensational newspaper cannot out of its own resources create any harmful degree of public excitement. There must be something to be excited about. The frauds, the wrongs, the extortions, the breaches of trust, the corruptions, and the 'graft' that have come to light during the twelve-month have been flagitious enough to stir any people to anger. In the main the press has but reflected the public temper. That the wrath of the people and their excitement or hysteria have been raised to a higher pitch through the exaggerations and the reckless sensationalism of the press is doubtless true, but the occasion and the substance of the resentment were not of its making. For the most part it has been true to its function of presenting the picture of the times."

A note of jubilant optimism comes from the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* as it considers the situation:

"From pulpit and university and press one hears voices which have been stifled too long. Through all the veins of the body politic there thrills the vigor of fresh blood. Ideas long accepted as gospel truth are imperiously challenged. Men long worshipped for their plutocratic fortunes are snatched from their pedestals. The prophets of the new order have ceased to stand in the pillory. In this mighty conflict nothing will perish that ought to endure, nor will individual or class be despoiled of aught that is held by sound title; but we must look beneath the surface, if we would reclaim our heritage and possess the substance of freedom once more. A trumpet has sounded and it is a trumpet that will never call retreat."

One of the most famous and discriminating authors of the recent literature of exposure, Mr. Lincoln Steffens, in bringing his recent series of articles on the Government at Washington to a close, has this to say on the general subject of graft in America:

"My belief is that so far as our government is bad, the evil thereof is chargeable, not to particular bad men, but to the good citizens; and that not alone their neglect, but their (often unconscious) participation in some form (often unidentified) of graft, keeps them 'apathetic.' Bankers call themselves good citizens; I know three or four who are. I should like to have the others ask themselves why they are leaving reform to what they call 'Socialists.' Isn't it because they are not only busy, but in on the graft somewhere?"

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SOMETHING very like a sensation was created by the utterance made by President Roosevelt, in his "muck-rake" speech, in favor of a progressive inheritance tax on large fortunes. The utterance on this point was incidental and brief, but it has overshadowed all the rest of the speech so far as the newspaper comment

HE HUNTS THE ADULTERATORS OF FOOD

Mr. Norman Hapgood, of *Collier's*, believes the campaign of exposure has not yet gone half far enough. He will keep on with his part of the campaign.

is concerned. This is what he said on the subject:

"As a matter of personal conviction, without pretending to discuss the details or formulate the system, I feel that we shall ultimately have to consider the adoption of some such scheme as that of a progressive tax on all fortunes beyond a certain amount either given in life or devised or bequeathed upon death to any individual—a tax so framed as to put it out of the power of the owner of one of these enormous fortunes to hand on more than a certain amount to any one individual—the tax, of course, to be imposed by the national and not the State government. Such

ONLY "A FIT OF HYSTERIA"

—Rogers in N. Y. *Herald*.

Photograph by Ames.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER OF TO-DAY

The fact that he has lately donned a wig and has been blessed with a new grandson lead some facetious papers to juggle with the phrases "hair-apparent" and "heir-apparent." If President Roosevelt's inheritance tax ever prevails, no one will be more affected by it than Mr. Rockefeller and his heir-apparent.

Lincoln Steffens's specialty is corruption in municipal and state politics.

Miss Ida Tarbell is the historian of Standard Oil and the biographer of John D. Rockefeller.

Ray Stannard Baker makes a specialty of railroad corporations, but does not limit himself to them.

THREE LEADING PRODUCERS OF "THE LITERATURE OF EXPOSURE"

taxation should, of course, be aimed merely at the inheritance or transmission in their entirety of fortunes swollen beyond all healthy limits."

"A monstrous proposition" is the way the New York *Times* characterizes this suggestion:

"Mr. Roosevelt, we are ready to believe, did not see its full meaning or the way in which it would be taken. That does not change, it certainly does not lessen, its baleful significance. If ownership beyond a limit to be fixed by vote of Congress is an offense, then all ownership is exposed to punishment, since Congress can change the limit from year to year. And in the long run the very right of property becomes dependent on the view the majority for the moment may happen to take; the fifty-acre farm, the two-story cottage, is no safer than the palace of the millionaire. What notion could be more directly adapted to inflame the passions of the multitude than the notion that beyond a line they are themselves to set possession is criminal? With possibly the best of motives, with a pathetic endeavor to be moderate and balanced, Mr. Roosevelt, the President of the United States, has set a pace the wildest Socialist cannot exceed toward a goal the Anarchist is seeking."

The New York *World* is unable to see anything revolutionary in the suggestion:

"To tax fortunes 'given in life' might indeed prove so difficult as to compel in practice the substitution of an income tax. But neither this nor the proposed inheritance tax is revolutionary or alarming. Both might be highly desirable measures of taxation, especially if coupled with a decided lightening of the excessive burdens of the tariff upon consumers. Both are now collected in most of the progressive European governments, and both have been collected in this country."

ACCORDING to *The Sun's* correspondent, little else was discussed in Washington by public men the next day but the President's proposition. Some denounced it as rank socialism and pointed to the platform on which Eugene Debs ran for the presidency in 1904, pledging the party to "graduated taxation of incomes, inheritances, franchises and land values." Cable despatches from England represent a lively interest there in the President's suggestion. The London *Daily News* thinks public opinion will approve it. The London *Telegraph* says the doctrine will not sound very dreadful to Englishmen, who have long had an income tax combined with the principle of graduation. The London *Express* says that the same suggestion has been made by scores of political economists. Several of our Western governors have indorsed the President's views, among them Governor Elrod, of South Dakota, and Governor Brooks of Wyoming. Ex-Judge John F. Dillon, the noted corporation lawyer, sums up his views on the subject in the sentence: "The whole of our prosperity rests in individual freedom, the inviolability of private property, and the sacredness of contracts." Such a measure as the President proposes would, Judge Dillon

thinks, destroy the incentive to activity and the mainspring to labor. The Philadelphia *Press* regards it as "the most radical proposition ever made by a President of the United States." The Chicago *Tribune* observes that "if the genius of the President succeeds in formulating a system, which he does not at present pretend to do, he will have done more to deprive anarchists and agitators of their fuel for class hatred than could be done in any other way."

* * *

THE center of the stage, in our national affairs, during the last few weeks, has been held by the courts, especially the Federal courts. The attention which was concentrated a short time ago upon the Senate and its powers, and before that upon the President and his powers, is now focused upon the judicial branch of the Federal Government. Various events have brought this to pass. The important decision by the Supreme Court in the tobacco trust and paper trust cases (noted by us last month) has awakened wide and enthusiastic comment. The decision of Judge Humphrey in the meat-packers' case has caused disappointment, so far at least as the press is concerned, equally intense and widespread. The decision secured by Attorney-General Hadley, of Missouri, requiring answers to his questions on the part of Standard Oil magnates has evoked many expressions of editorial delight and of congratulations for the young attorney-general.

SAFE!

—Macauley in N. Y. *World*.

The lynching of a negro in Chattanooga, in violation of a stay of execution granted by the United States Supreme Court, is an event that has unprecedented features and may have some momentous consequences. The visit of officials of the American Federation of Labor to President Roosevelt to demand that the right of Federal courts to issue writs of injunction in labor disputes be abolished and the President's reply furnish more very interesting material for discussion and political speculation. A new decision by the Supreme Court on the subject of divorce, to the effect that no divorce, if granted by a State in which but one party to the divorce is a resident, is enforceable in other States, may, it is thought, render 20,000 children illegitimate and place hundreds of women, some of high social position, in a very embarrassing position. And finally the foremost issue up for debate in Washington this year—that of railroad rate regulation—has revolved, in late weeks, around the relation of the Federal courts to Congress and the extent of the right of the latter to abridge the powers and jurisdiction of the former. This series of events has not yet produced any articles in our ten-cent magazines on "The Treason of the Supreme Court," but it has elicited some sharp criticism and some very jubilant commendation, and the magazines may be trusted to get into the procession this month or next. The first line of attack is probably indicated in the remark by Mr. Bryan's paper, *The Commoner,* that "one of the essential reforms of to-day is the abolition of the life-tenure federal judiciary."

* * *

HAT is called "the meat-packers' decision" has evolved a new phrase for our dictionary-makers to take note of. The phrase is "immunity bath." Attorney-General Moody is responsible for the phrase, but whether Commissioner Garfield, or Judge Humphrey, of the United States district court at Chicago, or Thomas Jefferson, who drafted the Federal Constitution, is responsible for the thing itself is a subject of dispute. The occasion that gave it birth was the criminal prosecution of the meat-packers—sixteen of them—for violations of the anti-trust law. They pleaded immunity from penalty under the provision in the fifth amendment of the Constitution that says no person "shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself."

Their claim was that, under legal compulsion, they had given evidence to Commissioner Garfield, of the bureau of corporations, in his recent investigation; that this evidence had been turned over to the judicial department and formed in part the basis of the prosecution. The attorney-general scouted the plea for immunity as absurd, and he pictured the result if it prevailed. Washington would become a health resort for all sorts of corporation magnates pursuing devious ways. "I can imagine them meeting," he said, "and saying: 'Good morning, good morning, Mr. Rockefeller, have you had your immunity bath this morning?' Look at the absurdity of the thing!"

Judge Humphrey looked, and then decided that whether or not "the thing" was absurd, it was according to law. He said in his decision:

"Garfield came to the defendants and held up before them the powers of his office. They did not go to him and volunteer anything. Now, since the defendants volunteered nothing, but gave only what was demanded by an officer, who had the right to make the demand, and gave in good faith under a sense of legal compulsion, I am of the opinion that they were entitled to immunity."

This immunity extends not to the corporation itself but only to the individuals who conduct it. Whereat a harsh and bitter laugh has been heard throughout the land. For a corporation cannot be imprisoned.

NOTHING less than a calamity has befallen the country, according to Attorney-General Moody's view—a calamity to "the government, the people, the laws and the administration of the laws." For apparently the case cannot be appealed to a higher court, and as it stands, it seems to put an effectual end to the usefulness of the bureau of corporations. Such a conservative paper as *The Journal of Commerce* (New York) has the following to say concerning the decision:

"The more the ruling of Judge Humphrey in the Chicago Packers' case is considered the more extraordinary it appears, and it is hardly conceivable that it can be sound judicial doctrine. It seems as though some influence must have operated upon the judicial mind besides a desire to see the law vindicated against the designs of its willful violators."

This seems to the Topeka *Capital* unjust. Judge Humphrey, it says, "has a specially clean reputation," and was a judge in a thousand to try the beef trust. The fault, it thinks, is in the failure of law to keep abreast of the times. Centuries ago, in the age of tortures, it was necessary, in order to protect the innocent, to exempt them from testifying against themselves. That exemption now is the strong defense of the guilty. But Judge Humphrey is not responsible for the law as it exists. A great many papers blame Commissioner Garfield. Says the Boston *Herald*:

"This breakdown of the government's criminal prosecution was not due to any fault or lack in the office of the attorney-general. It is chargeable wholly to the heedless if not ignorant action of Commissioner Garfield in prosecuting his inquiries for information with so little knowledge and care as to release the men whom he subjected to his legal 'force pump' from any personal liabilities for their acts or for those of the corporations which they control and direct. . . . Had a commissioner of greater legal knowledge and experience, imbued with a desire to do things in the right way rather than to do them 'anyhow,' been intrusted with the duty of prying into the affairs of great corporations, this humiliating failure might have been spared the administration."

In a special message to Congress on the subject, President Roosevelt declares that Commissioner Garfield had only performed the duty imposed on him by Congress. He characterizes the decision of the judge in strong terms which have created another presidential sensation. "Such interpretation of the law comes measurably near making the law a farce," he says, and to make the will of Congress "absolutely abortive." He adds: "I can hardly believe that the ruling of Judge Humphrey will be followed by other judges." He urges the enactment of new legislation declaring the will of Congress more explicitly.

THE LAW: Bagged, by Jingo!
THE ONLOOKER: Only the bag, by Jingo!
—Warren in Boston *Herald*.

HE cry against the courts because of "government by injunction" is again heard. It was raised last month in the White House in a presentation of grievances made to the President by leaders of the American Federation of Labor, who claim to represent a membership of two million wage-earners. At the end of their presentation address these words were used:

"As labor's representatives, we ask you to redress these grievances, for it is in your power to do so. Labor now appeals to you and we trust that it may not be in vain. But if perchance you may not heed us, we shall appeal to the conscience and the support of our fellow-citizens."

If the press correctly interpret these words and the subsequent action of the Federation's executive council, they mean a new and distinct labor party in the near future. The purpose of this party will be, as stated by the council, to "elect men from our own ranks to make new laws and administer them along the lines laid down in the legislative demands of the American Federation of Labor, and at the same time secure an impartial judiciary that will not govern us by arbitrary injunctions of courts, nor act as the pliant tools of corporations." The petition presented to the President and later to Speaker Cannon contained a number of grievances—the suspension of the eight-hour law at Panama, the alleged relaxation in the administration of the Chinese exclusion laws, the unsympathetic attitude of the present Labor Committee in the House of Representatives, the insufficient restrictions on immigration, and the competition of convict labor; but the grievance that was evidently regarded as the most important of all was the one that relates to "government by injunction."

THE reply made by the President on the different subjects laid before him has received fully as enthusiastic praise as anything he has ever said. Speaking on the question of injunctions, he regretted that the delegation had not been more specific in its complaint. He asserted that he was in favor of the bill now before Congress to prevent certain abuses of the writ of injunction, but that if the bill was unsatisfactory to the Federation they could probably kill it readily as the capitalistic elements are also strongly opposed to it. He declared that in the four and a half years that he has been in the White House the writ of injunction has not been invoked once by the Federal Government against labor, but has often been invoked against capital. And in conclusion he stated that labor could not reasonably ask for immunity from injunction by the courts for acts that were wrong, and that he would invoke it just as readily against labor as against capital if the occasion called for it. The entire response by the President was made, in the opinion of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "with a candor, good judgment, good temper and good taste that must everywhere meet admiring recognition." Whether the Federation leaders admired it we do not know; but it does not seem to have satisfied them. The declaration for independent political action followed soon after.

THIS grievance of the Federation is the subject of the leading editorial in a recent number of *The American Federationist*, written and signed by Samuel Gompers, the head of the Federation. It is entitled "The Injunction in Labor Disputes Must Go," and begins: "What we have called Holdomism—Holdom, of Chicago, a judge beloved of plutocratic lawyers and rabid enemies of unionism—the carrying of the injunction to unheard-of extremes, is arousing the just and natural indignation of honest, unprejudiced men." Mr. Gompers refers approvingly to recent action by the Chicago Typographical Union looking to the formation of an anti-injunction league, "the sole purpose of which shall be to compel every candidate for office, without regard to political affiliation, either national, state, or municipal, to place himself on record as opposed to the injunction as applied to trade unions," and also to the suggestion of a Kansas labor-union that a national conference be held "for the purpose of agreeing upon the best plan for preventing further aggressions, recovering lost ground, and securing such a basis for law as will increase instead of decrease respect for the courts." Says Mr. Gompers:

"It is not a question of particular individuals. The whole system must be attacked. Judicial candidates everywhere must be made to understand that the working masses mean to assert and defend their rights as citizens and free men—the right to trial by jury, the right to free speech and free association within the law, the right of moral suasion, the right to induce men to join unions, the right to use the streets and highways peaceably and in an orderly manner. All these rights, as we have repeatedly shown, have been denied and invaded by the injunction judges, and without a shadow of justification."

MR. GOMPERS asserts that eminent lawyers and impartial jurists recognize the viciousness of the injunction proceedings. He quotes from a recent address by Mr. S. S. Gregory, ex-President of the Illinois Bar Association, who says:

"So far as I know, it was he [Judge Tuley, of Chicago] who coined the phrase 'government by injunction' which has gained such wide currency. This expression not inaptly characterizes those efforts now so common to commit to chancery the enforcement of the criminal law under the guise of protecting property rights. . . . It requires and is bound, sooner or later, to receive legislative treatment as to matters of procedure, which will render it impossible for courts of equity to administer the penal code without any limitation in respect of the constitutional rights of the accused, under the form of proceedings in contempt for violating an injunction. This mode of procedure becomes peculiarly obnoxious and hostile to liberty when it is resorted to by the nation or state in respect of matters as to which the sovereign has no property interest, and solely and only for the purpose of procuring an injunction against criminal conduct already prohibited by the law. The necessary effect of this course is, if violation of an injunction thus obtained be alleged, to deprive the accused of his constitutional right to trial by jury, on what is virtually a criminal accusation."

WHAT Mr. Gompers has to say about injunctions does not elicit anything like the amount of comment that is elicited by the supposed threat to form a new labor party. "Several so-called labor parties have figured in the politics of the United States," observes the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. "Not one of those parties raised a ripple on the surface of the current of politics. The real labor men, the many millions of workers in all fields, shunned those parties, as they will shun the one which the federation wants to start, if it should ever get started."

A number of journals find the inspiration of this projected movement in the recent success of the Labor party in Great Britain. Says the Springfield *Republican*:

"It must be admitted that the English experience has already taught labor in America how much more easily the desired legislation may be secured from parties in power if only labor commands a solid block of votes in the arena of parliamentary strife. The French experience teaches the same lesson. And when such facts are so manifest to eyes outside the unions, is it absurd to suppose that the American labor leaders themselves are blind to them?"

The Journal of Commerce (New York) declares that the allegation that the writ of injunction has been perverted so as to attack and destroy personal freedom is "without a shadow of foundation." It says further:

"There is a prevailing suspicion that the two million enrolled members claimed by the American Federation of Labor are largely men in fiction, and there is a tolerable certainty that not more than a fraction of that number would be governed in their action at the polls by the cut and dried formulas of their leaders. But organized labor has, nevertheless, through the lobby it maintains in Washington, succeeded in terrorizing members of Congress to an extent out of all proportion to its real strength. It would have an extremely healthy influence on our politics and legislation to require this supposititious body of American citizens to stand up and be counted."

It is interesting to note, in this connection, another editorial by Mr. Gompers, recounting the fact that Mr. Hearst's papers have been of late assailing the trade-unions and their leaders, and that a recent visit of protest to Mr. Hearst resulted in a mutual understanding and a promise that the attacks by his papers should cease.

* * *

AS THE long and able debate in the Senate on rate regulation nears its close, it becomes more and more obvious that the crux of the whole matter is the question of judicial review. All other features of the subject have almost dropped out of sight, and the discussion has become one between lawyers, in which such terms as "broad review," "limited review," "equity jurisdiction," "judicial power of the United States," are hurled by them at one another with the ease and adroitness of Titans hurling mountains at the high Olympic gods. But the discussion, though a legal one, has been far from uninteresting or obtuse. Even a layman may follow it with avidity if he has the time to read the speeches in full and does not have to depend on the mere skeleton reports in the news despatches. The speeches by Foraker, Lodge, Spooner, Rayner, Knox, Bailey, and others constitute, in the opinion of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, "one of the most remarkable series of speeches ever delivered in the history of the Senate." And the Boston *Herald* questions whether the Senate has ever, during the present generation, shown in any discussion more of the qualities of statesmanship than have been exhibited in the last few weeks in this debate.

THREE groups of Senators have gradually defined themselves. One group, led by Senator Dolliver, wish the Hepburn bill passed

THE SENATOR FROM KANSAS

Chester I. Long is figuring prominently as an advocate of rate regulation. He says: "I object to any plan which proposes to confer the rate-making power on the courts, either directly or indirectly, for such power is confided to Congress and not to the courts, and the courts should not discharge the power even if it is attempted to be conferred by statute."

substantially as it came from the lower house, with its very brief and incidental reference to review by the courts. The second, led by Senators Spooner and Knox, wish an amendment providing for full review by the courts of the rates decreed by the commission, not only as to their "lawfulness" and "constitutionality," but as to their furnishing "just compensation." The third group, led by Senator Bailey, wish judicial review, but do not wish this review to extend to the power of setting aside the rates by writs of injunction, issued before a full hearing of both sides. At this writing, it seems to be practically conceded on all sides (1) that rates shall be regulated, and (2) that they shall be subject to some kind of judicial review. The President's utterances have been explicit in favor of a court review. Congressman Hepburn admits that there is no doubt that if his bill becomes law the court will, under its provisions, "have the right to enjoin a rate fixed by the commission if it is unreasonably low," even if it does not amount to practical confiscation. Senator Tillman admits that rate regulation without review by the courts would be unconstitutional. And Senator Bailey, when asked by Senator Aldrich whether he is in favor of "a full and fair judicial determination finally of the question whether the rates fixed furnish just compensation or not," replied in the following emphatic words:

"I am. I have never seen the hour, and I sincerely trust I will never see the time, when I can be clamored into closing the doors of the courts against any person, natural or corporate. The right to a trial is not only sacred under the Constitution, but it was sacred before the Constitution was adopted. If you could destroy the Constitution, and if by burning its parchment you could release us from our obligation to obey its limitations, I should still stand here contending for the right of every man to have his day in court. But, Mr. President, the right to a day in court, the right to have a fair and an impartial trial, does not embrace the right of allowing an arbitrary Federal judge to set aside without sufficient inquiry the deliberate judgment of a competent and impartial board."

WHAT, then, is the real point of contention? It is indicated in the last few words above. When a certain rate has been ordered by the commission, shall that rate prevail until a Federal court has, after a full hearing, given its final decision, or may it be set aside at once by a writ of injunction issued by the court pending the full hearing? This is an important matter to the shipper, as well as the railroad and the public, for it might be years before final adjudication was reached

DESIGN FOR A NEW COAT OF ARMS
—DeMar in Philadelphia *Record*.

and the question whether the rate ordered by the commission or the rate made by the railroad should prevail during these years evidently involves the practical success or failure of the whole scheme of rate regulation. The Hepburn bill leaves this question undetermined, though, according to Mr. Hepburn's admission already quoted, he himself thinks the court's right to enjoin would be undoubted under his bill. Senators Knox and Spooner maintain that if the Federal courts be authorized by Congress to review the rates at all, that authority must extend to the issuing of injunctions, and Senator Knox's bill provides for this, but requires a bond to be supplied by the railroad to cover the cost to the shipper of the difference in rates caused by the injunction. Senator Bailey insists that the third article of the Federal Constitution, which declares that "the judicial Power of the United States shall be vested in one supreme Court, and in such inferior Courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish," makes all the Federal courts, except the Supreme Court alone, the creatures of Congress and subject to its unlimited restriction.

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LA FOLLETTE AS A SENATOR

The two Senators from Wisconsin, Spooner and La Follette, though both Republican, are at swords' points on most issues. Spooner is a conservative, La Follette on many issues a radical. They are one on the protective tariff, however.

CASE after case is quoted by Senator Bailey to prove this point. Here is a sample quotation from the Supreme Court's decision in the case of the United States *versus* Hudson (7th Cranch). Said the Court:

"Of all the courts which the United States may, under their general powers, constitute, one only, the Supreme Court, possesses jurisdiction derived immediately from the Constitution, and of which the legislative power can not deprive it. All other courts created by the General Government possess no jurisdiction but what is given them by the power that creates them and can be vested with none but what the power ceded to the General Government will authorize them to confer."

But, say Senators Spooner and Knox, Congress cannot constitute a court of equity and then deprive it of the inherent functions of such a court; and "the power to grant an injunction, preliminary or final," is held to be such a function. Says Senator Knox:

"Right here is the vital part of the controversy. By the creation of these inferior courts Congress does not also create the power with which they are to be clothed. Congress merely *applies* the power already created by the Constitution. If it were otherwise, and Congress not only created the courts but the judicial power as well, then it would undoubtedly be true that Congress could

NO COMMON CARRIER

UNCLE SAM—"I don't know as it matters how I get there, just so I arrive."

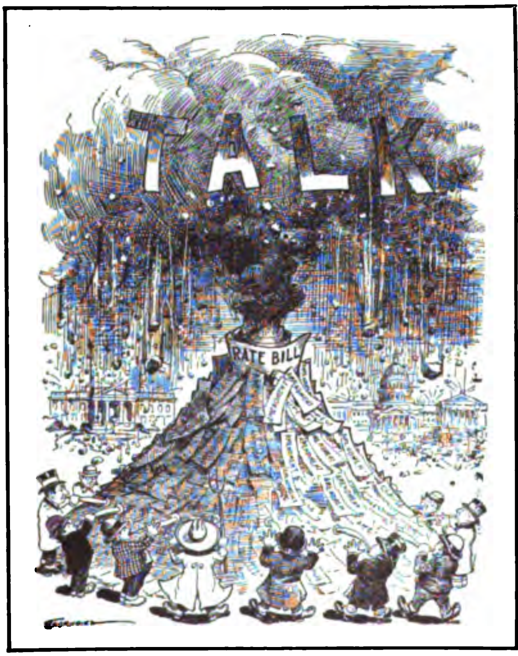
—Minneapolis *Journal.*

likewise deprive the courts of this power by taking away one or more of their essential and inherent subordinate powers, such as the right to issue the writ of injunction. But that is not the case. The judicial power exists inherently by virtue of the Constitution, which instrument likewise created Congress and prescribed that it should establish the courts through which the judicial power should operate. The office of Congress is therefore to *distribute* and not to *create* these powers."

Senator Knox's citations to prove this point were taken from the "Cyclopedia of Law and Procedure" (vol. xvi, p. 30), Beach on "Modern Equity Jurisprudence" (section 5), Bispham's "Equity" (6th edition, p. 2), and Bates on "Federal Equity Procedure" (sections 525, 526). Ah, says Senator Bailey, in effect, in his notable reply four hours and ten minutes long, the Senator's citations are from the text-books on law, which discuss the law as it is; but it is as it is simply because Congress has heretofore so willed it. And he proceeded to cite additional rulings by the courts to prove that, if so disposed, Congress could to-day disestablish every one of the inferior Federal courts; and "the power to create and the power to destroy must include the power to limit." Senator Bailey's speech, according to the New York *Times* (a determined opponent of rate regulation), fairly routed Senators Spooner and Knox. Senator Hale rose to acknowledge that he was entirely convinced by the argument, and, according to the New York *Evening Post,* the speech "has put a new face upon the whole rate-bill situation." The Washington correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* said in his report of the speech:

"Gladstone was able to lend color to dry facts and figures when introducing the English budget, but Bailey to-day made of abstract law, of citations from a hundred cases with the law-books piled around him like a barricade, a veritable drama. Speaking with superb grace and dignity, and with luminous clarity, even the galleries could follow the thought as he developed it. But there was little eloquence for mere eloquence's sake. At the close of the speech the galleries, setting Senate rules at defiance, broke into prolonged applause, while practically all the senators crowded around Bailey to congratulate him. It was with difficulty that the Senate could be again called to order and it soon adjourned.

"Those who look ahead count Bailey's speech as likely to be of historic importance, not only because of its memorable eloquence, but because they feel that this question of abridging the restraining powers of the courts is likely to recur. In spite of their protests and the fact that they have the votes to beat him, it seemed that many of the republicans felt inwardly that Bailey had proved his case. This being so, his speech will be turned back to in the future."



THE WASHINGTON VESUVIUS

—Thorndike in Philadelphia *Press*.

* * *

THE defiance of the United States Supreme Court which occurred in Chattanooga, Tenn., several weeks ago may have important developments in the future relations of the Federal Government to lynching mobs. A negro, Johnson, had been convicted of assault upon a white woman. The case had been appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States and a stay of execution of sentence had been granted. A mob was thereupon hastily organized in Chattanooga, the jail was stormed and the negro prisoner was hanged. Within forty-eight hours after there was an uprising of infuriated negroes and it took the combined power of the police and military to prevent them from destroying the city. The feature of the case that distinguished it from all other cases of lynching lies in the fact that it was defiance not of State authorities only but of the highest Federal court of the land as well. All over the country this novel feature of the case has excited discussion, and the steps to be taken by the Federal Government to vindicate the court may result in a new line of precedents for the prosecution of lynchers under Federal statutes. The Macon, Ga.,

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TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE TO-DAY

It was started twenty-five years ago with an abandoned church, a hen-house and a blind mule. These are but a few of the many buildings now owned by it, all of them erected by its negro students.

Telegraph fears "disastrous consequences." It says:

"The ear of the American public is accustomed by this time to the clamor from Democrats and Republicans alike for Federal control of many things hitherto and by warrant of the constitution under the control of the states. It is therefore a favorable time for certain Northern agitators to push their scheme of placing lynching cases in the South under the auspices of the Federal courts, thus giving the lowest of negro criminals superior rights to those enjoyed by white criminals who must look to the state government and state courts for protection. The affair at Chattanooga, where for the first time the lynchers of a negro came into conflict with the supreme court of the United States, will be used by the said agitators for all it is worth, and there is no telling what the ultimate consequences may be in a period of insensate demand for the extension of the powers of the Federal government beyond the provisions of the constitution."

ALL that the Supreme Court itself can do in this matter is to punish for contempt of court, which is a mere misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment not to exceed twelve months. But the Attorney-General of the United States has directed the United States district attorney at Knoxville to investigate the case, with a view probably of prosecuting the lynchers for violation of the Federal statutes (sections 5508-5509), which declare that conspiring to deprive a citizen of rights guaranteed to him by the Federal statutes is a crime punishable by a fine not exceeding $5,000 and imprisonment not exceeding ten years. Some of the Southern papers denounce the Supreme Court for having interfered in the case at all. The Atlanta *News* calls this interference "an outrage against justice," and the Memphis *News-Scimetar,* while it admits that the mob did wrong, declares that "the Federal Court interfered without warrant or constitutional right and all the blame for Chattanooga's shame lies at their door." Other Southern papers, notably the Chattanooga *Times,* the Columbia *State* and the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* are unsparing in their condemnation of the mob. The first-named paper, published at the seat of the lynching, calls upon the State authorities to employ every agency available for bringing all the members of the mob to justice; and it adds: "We do not want the interference of federal authority in our local affairs, but we cannot prevent it if it shall be made to appear that we dare not or will not enforce our own laws."

THE Chattanooga lynching "makes a case," says the New York *Tribune,* "if ever one can be made, for testing the theory of Judge Jones, of the United States District Court of Alabama, that the Federal government can be rendered an effective instrument for punishing lynchers whom State governments will not suppress or punish." It calls upon the Federal authorities to punish the infraction of the Federal laws in this case whatever the State of Tennessee may do about murder trials. The Springfield *Republican* declares that "as reviewed by the Chattanooga papers after the lynching, the evidence was too uncertain to justify the slaughter of a dog." The Boston *Herald* publishes a letter from E. M. Hewlett, of Washington, the lawyer who pleaded Johnson's case before the Supreme Court. Speaking of the trial in Tennessee at which Johnson was convicted, Mr. Hewlett says:

"At the trial of the Johnson case in Tennessee, one of the jurors arose in the box and demanded of the young woman who had been attacked if she was sure the defendant was the man who

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THE MAN WHO MADE TUSKEGEE

One member of Mr. Washington's family, the daughter, is missing here. She is in Berlin studying music.

committed the act, and when she said she was not willing to swear that he was, the juror demanded that she should swear that he was the man and he would get down out of the box and tear his heart out. The presiding judge did not even reprimand him. The counsel who defended him were intimidated by the mob, and after conviction the judge refused to let counsel file a motion for a new trial. The lawyers who (by appointment of the court) represented him at the trial were the best white lawyers in the state. They had to abandon the case on account of threats from the mob. Many of the best citizens contributed money to carry the case to the supreme court. As Justice Harlan said, he was tried by a mob and not by a court. The presiding judge even went as far as to appoint a committee to wait on the lawyers and give them to understand that if they attempted to further defend Johnson, Johnson would be lynched at once. . . . Mr. N. W. Parden is an attornev from Tennessee and is a brave man, because he took up the case after the mob had threatened to burn his house down if he appeared for the man."

*
* *

TARTING twenty-five years ago with an abandoned church, a hen-house, and a blind mule, the Tuskegee Institute has now 83 buildings, 2,000 acres of land, and personal property whose value is $831,895. Starting with 30 students and one teacher, it enrolled last year 1,504 students studying thirty-seven different industries. Starting with an income of $2,000 a year granted by the State of Alabama, it has an endowment fund that on January 1 amounted to $1,275,664, and an income, exclusive of special contributions, of about $213,000, nearly one-half of it coming from industrial products made in the school itself. Six thousand negro students have gone out from its halls, not one of whom, it is claimed, has ever been convicted of a crime and less than ten per cent. of whom have proved to be failures at their chosen vocations. Under the circumstances, it seems as though Tuskegee had a good right to celebrate her twenty-fifth anniversary last month and call on the country at large to increase her endowment to three millions and her annual income to half a million. Unlike Hampton Institute, Tuskegee is manned entirely by negroes, and has been from the beginning. Says the New York *Times* of this feature of the school:

"One of the remarkable facts that this celebration has brought into prominence has been that a great institution has been built up and developed and great material resources have been administered successfully by negroes. Through it have been exhibited the great qualities of one negro, at least, and the intelligence, devotion, and self-control of many others who have tenaciously kept to a high ideal. They have a right to congratulate themselves, in Mr. Washington's words, that they have 'put a new spirit into the people, a spirit that makes them feel that they have friends right about them, a spirit that has filled them with the idea that they can make progress, that they will make progress, and fulfill their mission in this Republic.'"

MORE than one hundred persons, many of them of national reputation, went from New York City in a special train to attend the anniversary exercises. Among those on the program were Secretary Taft, as a special representative of President Roosevelt; President Eliot, of Harvard; and Andrew Carnegie, of the Spelling Reform Association and several other things. The speech of the Secretary of War was the only one that has excited much newspaper comment. He spoke of the political disqualifications of the negro in the Southern States with a frankness that has surprised many and offended few. If the negro is to be disfranchised, it is better, he thinks, for the South to do it by legal methods than, as in the past, by illegal methods. Under the laws as they now exist in most of the Southern States he sees a chance for the negroes as they develop educationally to increase their political power gradually and wholesomely, and by dividing their votes into

the different parties into which the whites are sure to divide, not on racial issues but issues of general public concern, to make themselves respected and courted in politics as other voters are. "The suggestion of the Secretary," says the Chicago *Tribune,* "might well be followed as a possible solution of a great national problem." But the profound and statesmanlike word on this issue, the Boston *Herald* thinks, was uttered by Booker T. Washington, of whom it says: "Perhaps the nation has no living citizen to whom it owes a more profound obligation." What Mr. Washington said was:

"If this country is to continue to be a republic its task will never be completed as long as seven or eight millions of its people are in a large degree regarded as aliens, and are without voice or interest in the welfare of the government. Such a course will not merely inflict great injustice upon these millions of people, but the nation will pay the price of finding the genius and form of its government changed, not perhaps in name, but certainly in reality, and because of this the world will say that free government is a failure."

"These two illuminating sentences," says the Boston paper, "should sink deep into the hearts of all the citizens of the republic. It is not mere compliment to say that they partake of the terse, logical inevitableness of Abraham Lincoln's habit of presenting a case."

* * *

ESUVIUS has opened crater upon crater throughout the last thirty days with an explosiveness unparalleled in over eighteen hundred years. Every despatch from Naples since the first week of April has read like a twentieth-century amplification of the narrative in which the younger Pliny recorded the last days of Pompeii. There were perceptible shocks of earthquake throughout the Neapolitan region

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A TUSKEGEE CLASS IN GEOGRAPHY

Examining the banks of a brook to understand how rivers distribute gravel and soil and affect agricultural values.

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A TUSKEGEE CLASS IN ARITHMETIC

It is making practical calculations in connection with a new building. Every structure of the institute has been planned and built by the students.

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BOOKER T. WASHINGTON AND HIS FRIENDS

To the right of Mr. Washington are Robert C. Ogden and George T. McEnery; to his left are Andrew Carnegie and President Charles W. Eliot; in the back row are Dr. Lyman Abbott, J. Phelps Stokes (to the right of Dr. Abbott) and H. B. Frissell, of Hampton Institute. These were some of the visitors to Tuskegee last month.

as far back as last March. A wide crevice then opened in the side of the volcano itself. Lava issued fitfully, wreaths of smoke ascended to a height of a thousand feet and the principal crater, long hidden in vapor, exploded. These phenomena were but the more violent phases of a disturbance that has been almost continuous during the past six months. But the successive streams of lava from the edge of the old crater did not begin to flow steadily until three weeks ago. Then began also the ejection of incandescent stones, earthquakes of increasing radius and an almost incessant subterranean thunder. Seismic shocks were powerful as far away as the island of Ustica, some thirty-seven miles from Palermo. In one more week Vesuvius was venting torrents of liquid fire toward the sky and currents of lava in the direction of Naples. Panic now began to rage through a region inhabited by hundreds of thousands of the Italian proletariat. A dozen populous towns have disappeared only less completely than Herculaneum. The deaths are counted by hundreds and the homeless would populate an American city of the second class.

NUMEROUS seismic outbursts occurring within the past three months in South America and in Formosa, as well as the still more recent disturbance in California (noted on another page) have much to do with this

latest eruption of Vesuvius, says Professor Belar, the eminent head of the Laubach Observatory. It was he who ascribed the French mining disaster to atmospheric conditions, and he now connects the volcanic outbreak with the sudden general increase which has occurred since March 20th in the activity visible on the surface of the sun. The curious point is, he notes, that this activity is apparent in all the existing groups of sun-spots, and he predicts that as long as the sun-spot activity continues the seismic disturbances will be frequent. This is contrary, of course, to the view held by many scientists that neither sun-spots, meteors, auroræ nor planetary configurations sustain any direct relation to seismic phenomena. On the other hand, it is maintained that volcanic eruptions, and especially earthquake shocks, must, at least in part, be effects of meteorological conditions, and these, in turn, certainly depend upon the sun. The connection of the Vesuvian activity with last February's earthquake in Colombia, entailing the loss of some two thousand lives, is not to be ignored, according to the expressed opinions of noted seismologists. On the basis of their records, the more violent phases of this eruption of Vesuvius were predicted many weeks ago by Professor Matteucci, the director of the observatory on that volcano, who has remained at his post day after day despite the sulphurous fumes and hot ashes.

AS AN industrial center, Naples is so important a unit in the economic structure of Italy that the paralysis of the city may lead to a financial crisis. The population of the city and its suburbs is about 800,000. All the wealthy people of southern Italy reside there for a part of the year, and the social season had not waned when the volcano manifested its first furious activity. The devastated region is fertile, yielding cheap food for a population far beyond the range of the ruin already wrought. Rents in and about Naples are low, fuel almost superfluous and the ordinary death-rate less than that of any other Italian town. East from Naples is a vast plain that presented, until a month ago, an aspect of the highest cultivation, with no dwellings save those of the peasants who till the soil. It is not suitable for residential purposes because disagreeable trades have been established there, and it is close to the most squalid part of the town. Here the seismic convulsion caused the most acute industrial paralysis. The area is intersected by

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INSIDE THE CRATER

The lava from this mouth is always of an acid type. Ferric chloride is said to form the crust on the lava surface.

the railway lines that have been completely blocked by falling ashes. Between the plain and the sea are factories and ship-building yards sufficiently remote from Vesuvius, it was thought, to incur no risk.

IN THIS now smoking plain the Italian Government recently established a free zone to attract manufacturing capitalists from northern Italy and abroad. Land was to be

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LOOKING INTO VESUVIUS

This picture was taken at a point immediately over the crater.

THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS

The eruption of this volcano during the past month differed from that which destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum in the fact that quantities of lava flowed down the side of the mountain. In the outburst of 79 A. D., on the contrary, no lava was ejected.

sold at an almost nominal price, and factories were to enjoy complete immunity from direct taxation. By a law enacted in 1904, the industrials were to pay no income tax—which is high elsewhere in Italy—no land or building tax, no customs duties on imported plant—machinery and tools and the like. The same law allowed them to get salt at cost price instead of at the rate charged by the government monopoly—a highly important concession in the case of chemical works. The construction of an eighth of the rolling-stock of Italian railways was given out by contract to Naples. The government also undertook to supply motive power at the lowest rate and to bring electric energy from the upper waters of the Volturno. Such was the industrial paradise, with a vast inland market, easy conditions of import and export, a practically complete exemption from taxation, abundance of efficient labor, a salubrious climate and excellent water, cheap motive power, abundance of raw material and the easiest conditions possible for exportation to North and South America, Africa and the Far East, against which the destructive energies of Vesuvius have been so potent. At the present writing, the activity of the volcano has markedly decreased, and the panic of the people in Naples, who feared at one time the destruction of their city, has subsided.

MUNICIPAL ownership is a slogan that has been very much in the air in the last twelve months. The election of Mayor Dunne in Chicago a year ago gave new potency to the phrase and the vote for Mr. Hearst in New York City last fall gave it an aspect almost of terror to the more conservative. The fears of its foes have now been somewhat allayed by the referendum vote taken on the subject last month in Chicago. Although that vote is claimed as a victory for municipal ownership, it shows a decline not an increase in the public sentiment in its favor. The situation in Chicago has aroused a continental interest. The approaching expiration of the franchises granted to most of the street-railways and the applications for renewal brought the question acutely before the people in the election a year ago. The unsatisfactory service furnished by the railway companies intensified public feeling to such an extent that all parties adopted municipal ownership platforms. The Democratic candidate added one word to his platform—the word "immediate." That word elected him by 20,000 plurality. At the same time a direct vote was taken on the question, "Shall the Council pass any ordinance granting a franchise to any street railway company?" The question was decided in the negative by a vote of 152,135 to 59,213.

NAPLES—"THE QUEEN OF THE MEDITERRANEAN"—AND VESUVIUS

Standing in its amphithater of hills, "this most heavenly of the cities of Italy," as Garibaldi called it, rivals Constantinople in the splendor of its site. From the alleged tomb of Virgil, where the spectator is presumed by this picture to stand, the view has the qualities that inspired the aphorism, "See Naples and die."

WHEN the new mayor entered into office the difficulties in the way of immediate municipal ownership began to loom up. For one thing, the railway companies insisted that their rights had not expired, and the case they made out had to be adjudicated. Then the mayor's plans for procedure were not approved by the Council, which turned them down one after another with some emphasis. One of his plans, to construct a city railway on 174 miles of available streets by contract with a private corporation that should furnish the money and take in return a twenty-year franchise for operation of the road, alienated the Municipal Ownership League. Some of his supporters, conspicuously Joseph Medill Patterson and Clarence Darrow, withdrew their support because of their growing conviction that municipal ownership will prove futile and that only outright socialism is worth fighting for. But the most formidable of all difficulties was the fact that Chicago had already borrowed up to her legal limit, or almost so, and there was no money available for an experiment in municipal ownership. As month succeeded month, the word "immediate" was being stretched so much that it was in danger of losing its elasticity. In the meantime the whole country was watching the situation with keen interest, for the same movement is being advocated in many cities.

BUT Mayor Dunne kept busy, and things began to come his way. The legislature passed the Mueller bill giving the city the right to borrow an additional sum of $75,000,000 on certificates the security for which is to be not the property of the city in general, but merely the railways which they are to enable the city to purchase. Then came a decision of the United States Supreme Court to the effect that while the charters of the present railway companies were extended to ninety-nine years by a law passed in 1865, the contracts for their occupation of Chicago streets were not so extended. Then, on April 4, came a referendum vote on three propositions: Shall the Council proceed without delay to secure municipal ownership and operation? Shall the Council be authorized to issue certificates to the amount of $75,000,000? Shall the city operate as well as own the railways? The first two questions received an affirmative majority of less than 4,000. The third received a majority of about 10,000. Owing to the provisions of the law, the third question had to receive a three-fifths vote in the affirmative in order to prevail. The result is that municipal ownership is authorized, but municipal operation is not. This indecisive result gives each side something to deplore and something to rejoice in. Mayor Dunne claims a notable victory achieved in the face of the opposition

of all the daily papers but Mr. Hearst's. Ex-Mayor Harrison was also opposed to municipal ownership, and the saloon element, it is said, was hostile because a high license law was submitted at the same time and they saw or thought they saw some relation between municipal ownership and high license. The Republican party, as an organization, was also opposed. But the labor element turned out strongly in favor, and "the victory, so far as it was a victory," says the Boston *Transcript*, "belongs largely to them."

BUT it is still a long step between the authorization of municipal ownership and the thing itself. In the first place the Council must act before the Mueller certificates can be issued. Whether the mayor will have less or more trouble with the new Council than he had with the old is a matter of uncertainty. The Chicago *Tribune* says: "The new council will be less friendly to the mayor than the present one. With hardly an exception all his 'I. M. O.' friends for whom he worked the hardest have been defeated." Counting all the doubtful members of the Council in favor, there is still a majority, *The Tribune* says, against municipal ownership. Even after the Council and the mayor shall reach an agreement for the issuance of the certificates, the constitutionality of the law authorizing them remains to be determined by the courts. And, that accomplished, the task remains of finding a market for them—a task which the conservative press declares to be the most formidable of all. Says the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, a paper of the same political faith as Mayor Dunne, but opposed to his plans for municipal ownership:

"There is behind these debt certificates nothing in the shape of a tax levy, they being supported only by the general credit of a city which has reached the legal limit of its bonded indebtedness and has been for several years on the verge of bankruptcy. Holders of them will have as their only tangible security the physical properties of a street railway system that is notoriously worn out. Who is to buy such securities?"

EVEN after the certificates are issued ,heir legality determined and purchasers found, the difficulties have not all been vanquished. The Glasgow expert, Mr. Dalrymple, whom Mayor Dunne summoned to Chicago last year to make report on the practicability of municipal operation (a report that has never been published), says: "If the city insists on taking over all the lines at once, $75,000,000 would be only a starter. Enormous sums would have to be spent to bring the lines up to a state of efficiency." With all these obstacles successfully overcome, another referendum vote must then be taken and a three-fifths majority obtained before municipal operation as well as ownership can be undertaken. There is, therefore, a well-marked disposition on the part of papers in many sections to dwell upon the word "immediate" in this connection in a sarcastic tone and to remind Mayor Dunne of his ante-election prediction that two months after his election municipal ownership would be well on the way to accomplishment. Says the Columbia (S. C.) *State*:

"The Chicago election must be regarded as a severe blow at the municipal ownership and operation idea. The conditions in the Windy City were particularly propitious for the winning of a decisive victory by the municipal ownership voters. If Chicago, which may justly be said to be the centre of political radicalism and unrest in this country, rejects the municipal ownership scheme, there cannot be much hope for that policy in other more conservative American cities in the immediate future."

"It is plain," comments the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, another Democratic paper, "that the policy of municipal control has been badly wounded in the house of its friends." But the Omaha *World-Herald*, the Buffalo *Times*, and other of the more radical papers, including Mr. Hearst's, proclaim the result "another notable victory for municipal ownership."

BUT NO pent-up Chicago confines the powers of the municipal ownership idea. Mr. William R. Hearst, of New York, is in the saddle again, mounted upon a steed upon whose trappings are the initials M. O. He is after the governorship of New York State, and nobody seems to consider his ambition this time a laughing matter. Nor does the country at large seem to consider it a matter of importance to New York State alone. The possibility of his election as governor, and the formidable strength that such a success would give him as a candidate for the presidential nomination in the next national Democratic convention, are making politicians all over the country sit up and take notice. Here is the way his new State organization, the Independence League, sounds the "opening gun" of his campaign:

"Public officials in both of the great parties are chosen not by the citizenship, but by organized monopoly. They serve the power that nominates them and not the people, whose voting has become a mere travesty on popular government. . . .

"The shameful revelations that have startled the country and crystallized public indignation during the past year have indicted the hired corporation-owned bosses of both parties. Insurance funds, the reliance of widows and children, were stolen by Democrats and Republicans alike. Bosses on both sides shared the plunder as a reward for servility. The people of the State are determined that these bosses shall be deprived of their power. The Independence League is organized to give effect to this determination."

That, of course, is talk; but the vote for Mr. Hearst as mayor of New York City last fall shows that it is talk that has just now a great deal of potency. And from Washington comes the news of achievement. The new chairman of the Democratic congressional campaign committee is James M. Griggs, an adherent of Mr. Hearst, and an advocate, it is said, of Mr. Hearst's leadership. This means, according to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat,* that "the Democrats will put up a strong fight for Congress in 1906" and "a Democratic victory in the Congressional campaign this year would be hailed as a Hearst victory."

CONFRONTED by this "apparition of Hearst"—*The Sun's* phrase—the conservative Democrats and independents show signs of visible agitation. Senator Clay, of Georgia, warned his fellow Senators a few days ago that if railway rate regulation were defeated, we would have "a deluge of Hearstism" in 1908. Judge Parker, the late Democratic candidate for President, makes reference to some demagog whose "baneful sinister figure" we now see reflected "for the first time in our history on the screen of the future"—a reference that is understood to refer to Mr. Hearst. Ex-Senator James M. Smith, of New Jersey, writes to ex-President Cleveland that "there is little hope of Democratic success along conservative lines," for "this is a period of radicalism," another utterance that is understood to refer to Mr. Hearst. The Tammany Hall General Committee has come out emphatically in opposition to the issue raised by Mr. Hearst's followers, adopting resolutions that read in part as follows:

"Every proposal that a municipality assume operation of all public utilities and reduce rates to persons using them, regardless of what the service may actually cost, is an attempt to force some men to bear the expenses of others, because where the outlay for operation exceeds earnings the deficit must be made up by taxation, and this we denounce as socialistic, and therefore hostile to justice and subversive of democratic government."

De Lancey Nicoll, who was vice-chairman of the National Democratic Committee in the campaign of 1904, at a recent meeting of the Democratic Club, of New York City, denounced Hearst as a "traitor" to the party in that year, saying:

"Mr. Hearst and his man Ihmsen came to me [at national headquarters] and asked for space to open up quarters in our place. I told them we would be only too glad to accommodate them, and I gave them the best we had. They had the use of all the campaigning facilities at the national headquarters, and then, by ——! afterward they turned round and stuck the knife into the back of the candidate of the Democratic party and tried all they could to help to beat us. . . .

"I want for a moment to contrast the treacherous behavior of Hearst and the record of Bryan. My experiences of that campaign proved to me that Bryan is a true Democrat while Hearst is a false Democrat. So far as Mr. Bryan is concerned, he undertook to support loyally and earnestly and with all his powers of eloquence the candidate who had been selected by the Democratic national convention."

References to the "baleful evil" of socialism and to "so-called Democrats" who are sowing the seeds of "diseased thought" for the sole purpose of "personal elevation," made in Mayor McClellan's address at the recent Jefferson dinner of the Democratic Club of New York, were evidently aimed at Mr. Hearst and his lieutenants. Mr. Hearst's organs reply to these and all similar attacks in the following vein:

"The greater the number of corrupt or discredited politicians who attack Mr. Hearst the better he likes it. He hopes an alignment will speedily be made between all corporations, their managers and their tools on one side, and the decent citizenship of the State on the other. The sooner that alignment comes the sooner will occur the downfall of the collection of predatory millionaires and rotten politicians, in and out of office, who have got possession of the Government, city and State, and whose only use for power is to hold up the people and empty their pockets."

MR. HEARST has scored in another way in Washington. Upon his complaint and upon evidence furnished by him to the Attorney-General, a Federal investigation has been ordered into certain alleged "special arrangements" between the American Sugar Refining Company and numerous railroad systems running into New York City. Every trunk line east of the Mississippi is involved, according to *The Evening Journal* (New York), and indictments are asked of H. O. Havemeyer, A. J. Cassatt, W. H. Newman, W. H. Truesdale, George F. Baer, Charles S. Mellen, and others. According to *The Journal,* "the evidence lays bare the most astounding favoritism, flagrant

ENCOURAGING

THE JUDGE—"I've led him, and Billy, there—he's led him. Try him, colonel; he may take a fancy to you!"
—Boston *Herald*.

(Judge Parker advises that the next Democratic candidate be taken from the South.)

rebates and vicious partiality. Letters, circulars, private agreements, initialled memoranda of private understandings, special allowances and private refunds are all in the hands of the Government." The case grows out of the competition between the beet-sugar interests and the Sugar Trust. To meet a cut in prices in the West by the former, the latter, it is charged, made special arrangements with the railroads for a cut in rates for a limited period. The Washington *Star* (Dem.) is not an advocate of Hearst, but it remarks:

"He has performed a public service, and deserves to be complimented on it. His enemies will probably charge that he is playing politics. Let that be admitted, and yet we have something from him which should assist in carrying forward a policy now of general demand. He has large resources, both in the way of money and agencies for publicity, and as he is devoting them in local as well as in national affairs to the anti-monopolistic movement he is entitled to praise without regard to his political affiliations and aspirations. Let his opponents do as well, or better, in the same line. That is the proper reply to him, and the only one that will impress the public."

ALL OUT OF TUNE
—Davenport in N. Y. *Mail*.

The New York *Evening Post* (Ind.) is alarmed over the Hearst danger. "The charm of the Hearst movement," says its Albany correspondent in accounting for the way in which that movement is gaining ground in New York State, "is the duality of its appeal to light heads and light pockets." *The Evening Post* thinks that the Republican organization is encouraging Mr. Hearst's followers to capture the Democratic State organization, and it says:

"The Hearst candidacy has now seriously to be reckoned with. The clamor of it will fill the State. Republicans are affrighted by it, and decent Democrats know not where to turn. A man who, but for his money, which he pours out lavishly in politics, would never be thought of, heading a movement which, if not financed by him, would attract but few with brains in stable equilibrium, is raiding the chief office of the State, and sober people are saying that there is no means of beating him off. This is the political portent now confronting the citizens of New York. About it they will have to think, write, speak, act for months to come."

MORE interesting even than the Hearst movement is the turning toward Bryan on the part of conservative Democrats, who see in him a possible savior from Hearst. Mr. Nicoll's denunciation of Hearst and laudation of Bryan's loyalty in 1904, already quoted, was followed by a unanimous vote of the Democratic Club indorsing the speaker's views. Since then all sorts of rumors have been gaining credence of a movement Bryan-ward. So decided is the present leaning of Cleveland Democrats toward Bryan, says the Springfield *Republican*, "that there is talk of getting up a great reception to the 'peerless leader' on his return from around the world, in which the Belmonts and Ryans and Gormans and possibly even Cleveland himself, will figure prominently."

The New York *Tribune* quotes a "prominent member" of the Democratic Club as saying:

"Unless Hearst should run away with the organization before 1908, you'll see the conservative Democrats of this city supporting Bryan for the nomination two years from now. Bryan has become less radical and could be counted on to give a good administration if he should be elected, while, on the other hand, the conservative Democrats, and, for that matter, Republicans, are will-

ing to go a good deal further along radical lines than they were in 1896 or 1900. While Hearst is a man of capital, he is too much of a Socialist to suit the conservative Democrats, and for that reason, more than for any other, they will oppose him. Bryan, on the other hand, while a good deal of a radical, has been broadened by study and travel and observation and could be trusted by the men in the Democratic organization who opposed him before to run things sensibly if he should be elected President."

The New York *Times* and *The World* rub their editorial eyes in amazement at this turn in affairs, and recall Mr. Bryan's past record, and ask what evidence there is that he has altered his views. Says the *Times*:

"Let Mr. William J. Bryan expressly recant the free-silver heresy. Let him recant the now Rooseveltian doctrine of confiscating railway profits by administrative act. Let him recant his formal declarations made within the last two years for municipal, State, and National ownership of public 'utilities.' Let him recant his belief in the expediency of packing the Federal Supreme Court with Justices to reverse the income tax decision. Then one might believe the report that the New York Democratic Club is sincerely converted to Bryan as the next conservative standard bearer of the party 'to stem the rising tide of Socialism.'"

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WILL HE BE THE NEXT GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK STATE?

The candidacy of William R. Hearst, says the N. Y. *Evening Post*, "has now seriously to be reconed with. The clamor of it will fill the state. Republicans are affrighted by it and decent Democrats know not where to turn. . . . This is the political portent now confronting the citizens of New York."

"It would be a spectacle for gods and men," thinks the Springfield *Republican*, "if the gold Democrats, who thought a public hanging almost too good for him in 1896, were to accept Bryan as their candidate in 1908—something unique even in the extraordinary vicissitudes of American politics; but this would not result from a lessened radicalism on his part. It would grow out of a decided change in the general attitude of the country regarding the need of radical reforms in the industrial organization of society, a change which even the most bourbonish of the 'plutocracy' are being forced to recognize."

MUCH of this turning toward Bryan has been due to an article written by him on "Individualism *versus* Socialism," and published in the April *Century*. It is "a strong, temperate, philosophical and truly American statement of the case," according to one conservative paper (the Boston *Herald*), and according to another (the New York *Times*), it furnishes solid evidence that he "is rebuilding his reputation."

Mr. Bryan, in this article, recognizes the "moral passion" that renders socialism a sort of religion and says that in the field of ethics the first battle between individualism and socialism must be fought. The individualist who believes in competition can, we are told, consistently advocate the extension of municipal ownership, usury laws, factory laws, etc., because "it is not only consistent with individualism, but is a necessary implication of it, that the competing parties should be placed on substantially equal footing," and these and other similar laws are designed to make competition real and effective, not to eliminate it. In other words, the present abuses, under the competitive system, are not an essential part of that system, and in any fair comparison of the two systems we must consider each at its best. Man, as we find him, needs the spur of competition. The socialist admits the ad-

vantage of rivalry, but would substitute altruistic for selfish motives. The individualist believes that altruism is a spiritual quality that defies governmental definition, and it is difficult to conceive of a successful system, enforced by law, with altruism as the controlling principle. "The attempt to unite Church and State has never been helpful to either government or religion, and it is not at all certain that human nature can yet be trusted to use the instrumentalities of government to enforce religious ideas."

ANY system of government, continues Mr. Bryan, must be administered by human beings and will reflect the weaknesses of those who control it. Will socialism purge the individual of selfishness or bring a nearer approach of justice? Mr. Bryan proceeds to answer this question as follows:

"Justice requires that each individual shall receive from society a reward proportionate to his contribution to society. Can the state, acting through officials, make this apportionment better than it can be made by competition? At present official favors are not distributed strictly according to merit either in republics or in monarchies; is it certain that socialism would insure a fairer division of rewards? If the government operates all the factories, all the farms, and all the stores, there must be superintendents as well as workmen; there must be different kinds of employment, some more pleasant, some less pleasant. Is it likely that any set of men can distribute the work or fix the compensation to the satisfaction of all, or even to the satisfaction of a majority of the people? When the government employs comparatively few of the people, it must make the terms and conditions inviting enough to draw the persons needed from private employment; and if those employed in the public service become dissatisfied, they can return to outside occupations. But what will be the result if there is no private employment? What outlet will there be for discontent if the government owns and operates all the means of production and distribution?

"Under individualism a man's reward is determined in the open market, and where competition is free he can hope to sell his services for what they are worth. Will his chance for reward be as good when he must do the work prescribed for him on the terms fixed by those who are in control of the government?"

As there is not in operation any such socialistic system as is contended for, we must judge what its results would be by our experience. Individualism has been tested by centuries of experience and under it we have made progress. The nearest approach to the socialistic state in our experience is to be found in the civil service. Mr. Bryan proceeds:

"If the civil service develops more unselfishness and more altruistic devotion to the general welfare than private employment does, the fact is yet to be discovered. This is not offered as a

From *Wahre Jacob* (Stuttgart). THE SICK MAN OF MOROCCO—I

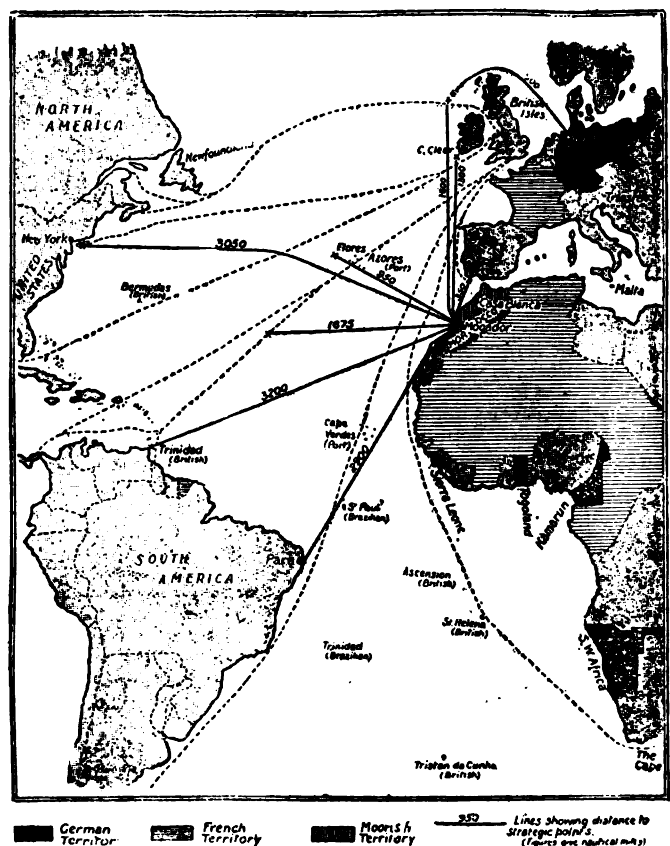
criticism of civil service in so far as civil service may require examinations to ascertain fitness for office, but it is simply a reference to a well-known fact—viz., that a life position in the government service, which separates one from the lot of the average producer of wealth, has given no extraordinary stimulus to higher development."

Mr. Bryan closes with a plea for the united action of all honest socialists and honest individualists in opposition to the abuses of the competitive system, and especially in opposition to the growth of monopoly.

* * *

HE Morocco conference terminated its existence at Algeciras after the employment, as sarcastic foreign dailies hint, of an unconscionable amount of leisure in expiring. The outcome is "a German gambit" which "leaves France in check and must ultimately force a move," says the dissatisfied London *Outlook,* and this is a heavy price to pay, it thinks, for natives as rank and file in the Sultan's police, for caids as commanders, for French and Spanish instructors and a Swiss inspector-general. William II saved the conference; German dailies have little doubt of that. French dailies are not less certain that the French delegate, tactfully supported by Paris, rescued everything and everybody. American dailies add that it was Mr. White, inspired by the diplomacy of the President of the United States, whom we must regard as the true savior of the situation. President Roosevelt's analysis is that the result diminishes chances of friction between opposing forces. "I hope and believe," says the occupant of the White House, "that the conference has resulted and will result in rendering continually more friendly the relations between the mighty empire of Germany and the mighty republic of France." It has not had such an effect upon the mighty newspapers of those mighty powers. The *Kreuz Zeitung* was never more truculent and the Paris *Temps* could not be more virtuously severe. Their editorials are of that carefully worded sort which proclaims official inspiration. There are detached allusions to the military strength of republic and empire, assurances that neither is in dread of mobilization on any frontier and a tendency to differ regarding the good faith of Great Britain as an ally. The London *Spectator* thinks it goes to the root of the matter, discarding names for facts, when it says that William II forced the Algeciras conference in order to test the strength of the cordial understanding between London and Paris.

—AND HOW THEY CURED HIM



WHY WILLIAM II WANTED THAT ATLANTIC PORT

"An examination of the map will show how seriously the United States is interested in the Morocco question," says the British naval expert, H. W. Wilson, in *The National Review* (London), from which the above map is copied. "At Mogador or Casablanca Germany would be within easy reach of South America. The distances from the nearest point on the Venezuelan and Brazilian seaboard are marked, and it can easily be calculated that they are well within the radius of the modern German battleships, while the German armoured cruisers are still better able to accomplish such a voyage. Mogador or Casablanca, in fact, would give Germany just the 'jumping-off place' which she wants for enterprises directed, not only against England, but also against South America."

LONDON and Paris were never on better terms. But between the view that France has come out victor and the theory that William II has gained one of the diplomatic triumphs of his reign flows a current of European newspaper debate as turbulent as the eight points upon the Moroccan coast among which the new police force will be distributed. Foiled in his attempt to convert one of those points into a naval station, William II, it is predicted, is soon to make a demonstration across the Atlantic. He will demand a conference of the powers nominally to settle some question of Bolivian or Venezuelan finance, but really to have the concert of Europe pass judgment upon the scope and validity of the Monroe doctrine. William II, finding that there is no naval base for him on the Sultan's coast, means now to look for it on the San Domingan shore. The Paris *Temps* has asserted that Hohenzollern diplomacy was actively behind one revolution in the black republic. It is now hinted that Berlin's Foreign Office, as agent for certain European creditors, has been considering intervention somewhere in the Caribbean with a coaling station as its own commission. This may be gossip, but it finds it way into European dailies with a regularity portending either the bursting of a diplomatic storm or the activity of a press bureau bent upon inciting the American mind to suspicion of Hohenzollern dynastic aims.

* * *

HE revolutionary nebula that has been whirling for so many months about the autocratic center of the Russian political system was being concentrated all last month into a single organic mass—the Duma. In the near future this body is to become visible to the world, and grand ducal influence is being exerted to the utmost to fix its orbit within the autocratic system of which Nicholas II is the sun. In that capacity his imperial majesty is to rise with a special splendor on the day the Duma meets, and unless the red terror deters him at the last moment, he means to render his reception of the delegates more pompous than the abdication of Charles V, more solemn than the death of Julian the Apostate and more historical than the reception of Columbus by Ferdinand and Isabella after the discovery of the New World. Shocked by its own littleness, the Duma will thereupon, if the Czar be well advised, vote taxes for the support of the grandeur it witnesses and without doing anything else disperse until the autumn. Bureaucracy is tiding over the interval in accordance with Calonne's maxim that when pressed for funds one should spend lavishly, and the

world, thinking such a show of assets a proof of wealth, will lend its money freely. Russia, or rather her government, is now asking for $700,000,000.

ISOLATED by an indirect mode of election from any genuine constituency, subject to manipulation by bureaucratic ministers who may bully it with impunity, subordinated by decree to the will of Nicholas II whenever he elects to adjourn it, and impotent if opposed by an upper house specially packed to thwart it, this new-born Russian Duma has become a parliamentary curiosity to organs in St. Petersburg of more or less liberal opinion such as the *Nasha Zhizn* (defiant, as ever, of the censor), the *Russ* (supposed to represent western culture), the *Strana* (newly founded to propagate advanced ideas), and the *Sviet* (antagonizer of bureaucracy). The good old-fashioned *Novoye Vremya* alone notes the progress of the month's elections with content. It is the one uproarious optimist of the Russian situation. It is apparently sure that a quorum of the Duma will be got together in time to organize this month in the unimposing Tauride Palace. Some 476 seats are already in place for the deputies, but what proportion of that number had been elected by the end of the third week in April no competent authority pretends to know precisely. The liberal and progressive elements make claims of victories which the *Kreuz Zeitung* pronounces extravagant. The London *Times* found it difficult to obtain, after an expenditure of infinite pains, any complete or trustworthy account of the village elections in Russia proper. Strangers, it reports, were "eliminated" by local officials. But our London contemporary's information is that the rural police, in defiance of law, attended elections and exerted direct pressure. Delegates chosen by peasants in contravention of orders were thrown into prison. In factory towns patrols of Cossacks kept back wage-earners who appeared to cast their votes. In the suburbs of St. Petersburg this form of intimidation seems to have been flagrant. Moscow's mill hands were less molested. In St. Petersburg proper the elections resulted in what appears to have been a complete rout of bureaucracy.

IN FACT, wherever the forces of bureaucracy failed to deploy in armed force they went to certain defeat against unshaken lines of Constitutional Democrats. They elected about 140 of their candidates, according to a report in the *Journal des Débats,* amid smoking hecatombs of slaughtered voters. They might have scored more heavily but for one of the untimely disintegrations to which Rus-

THE BRAINS OF WILLIAM II'S NAVY

Admiral von Koster is in command of the German battle squadron. This is perhaps the most powerful of organized floating forces. The squadron is not as large as the one which guards the channel for England. Naval experts pronounce it none the less the most efficient of all combative seagoing fleets.

GERMANY AND FRANCE AT ALGECIRAS

The new Columns of Hercules.

—*Pasquino* (Turin).

sian political groups are so prone. However, the achievements of the Constitutional Democratic body are so brilliant that Witte seems to think they will manage to capture the organization of the Duma. In that event the *Nasha Zhizn's* definition of the Duma as a contrivance for the sole purpose of voting taxes may require revision.

DURNOVO all but drove Witte from power three weeks ago. So low had Witte fallen that he had to issue an official denial of his own words to a deputation that asked him to enforce his decrees, and which met that denial with documentary evidence to the contrary. Witte was likewise humiliated into explaining that the freedom of the press promised by himself to a delegation of journalists had been based upon his own complete misinterpretation of an imperial rescript. Such is the measure of Durnovo's new power. Despatches in London dailies are picturesque with the doings of a Witte, new and strange, rushing upon Tsarskoe-Selo to complain to the Czar that Durnovo nullifies the acts of his nominal but official superior. Nicholas II bestowed no consolation. What the Czar said must be inferred from events. We read no more of stormy scenes between Mr. Durnovo and Mr. Witte. The disciplined Prime Minister told his next deputation that Russia has an ideal executive. In France, he explained, the executive is dependent upon a parliamentary vote. In England the executive is dependent upon a popular vote. In Russia the executive is dependent only upon himself. It seems plain to the London *Tribune* that Witte is kept in office only on account of the effective way he has with financiers. The Duma, it prophesies from details supplied by an unusually well-informed correspondent, will serve Witte's purpose by inducing foreign bankers to float the coming huge loan. The real ruler of the empire, practically under

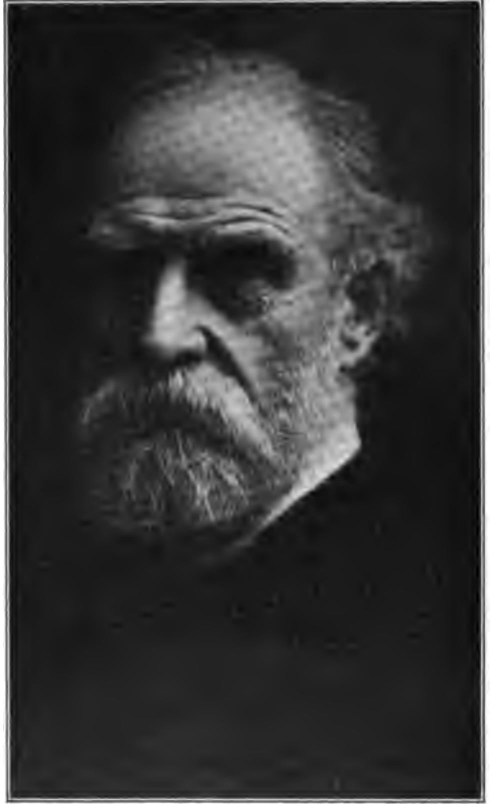
"THE ISLE OF DEATH"—THE DUMA

—*Wahre Jacob*, Stuttgart.

martial law, was Durnovo, supported by a star chamber in the imperial palace, over which presides General Trepoff. Durnovo was sent to the rear when the election returns came in. But his resignation—if it be a resignation—is understood to have been as formal as Trepoff's. If Witte is not yet permitted to resign, it is merely because he has not yet fulfilled his allotted function of piling a bankrupt treasury high with rubles.

LEAVING Witte to organize the ceremonial pageant for what, to the London *Tribune*, seems an idle festival of constitutionalism, Durnovo spent the past four weeks in over-populating every available prison. One of his immediate subordinates is quoted in the London *Post* as asking a colleague how the multitudes of newly arrested could be accommodated in cells already crowded. "Let five thousand out," was the answer. "But which five thousand?" "Any five thousand—one five thousand will be as glad to get out as another five thousand." That, says Hon. Maurice Baring, with the conviction of a man studying autocracy on the spot, is administrative Russia functioning in its perfection. He finds the native press too censored to comment upon a condition of absolute chaos with any respect for facts. No parliament, says the London *Spectator*, shrewdest of organs in the interpretation of Russia, has ever been exposed to such pressure as the deputies of the Duma are likely to experience. They are forbidden to discuss what imperial rescripts call "the fundamental laws of the monarchy." Nor does the British weekly take stock in the theory that the people will be behind their deputies urging them to assert their freedom. The Muscovite masses are not enlightened enough for that. Durnovo, it hints, has converted the court to the view that Russia is unfitted for any form of freedom. He was to have whipped the foreign loans through the Duma and then gotten rid of it in a hurry. Now he is a tool of autocracy rusting unused.

ON DURNOVO'S capacity to transmute Russia's electoral molecules into gold for the treasury the bureaucracy can no longer fondly rely. The Paris *Aurore* characterizes him as an empty upstart. Suave with deputations, he assures them that no party in the state has his sympathy. He prides himself upon being destitute of political principles. His enemies accuse him of duplicity. He devised the enactments now nullifying all over the empire the



"LAST OF THE NIHILISTS AND FATHER OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION."

Nicholas Tchaykovsky was one of the first to greet Gorky upon the latter's arrival in New York. Tchaykovsky is here as a delegate of the Socialist Revolutionist party.

Czar's guarantee of freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly and freedom from arbitrary arrest and detention without trial. He is, in truth, a bold and avowed reactionary. Grand dukes of the traditional Muscovite school applaud him openly. Durnovo has caused not less than 70,000 arrests since he became Minister of the Interior. London dailies even accuse him of causing nearly 10,000 progressive intellectuals, male and female, to be shot without trial for merely possessing certificates of membership in the Social-Democratic party, for attending some public meeting, or for reading a Liberal newspaper. Witte, subjected to a deliberate affront by his supplanter in authority, sent his resignation to the Czar last month. Nicholas returned the communication in two days, if our well-informed authority be accurate, with a command to remain in office. That is described as the one setback of Durnovo's san-

guinary career in an office from which Plehve was expelled by assassination. Durnovo will be expelled by the Duma, predict those foes of his whose hopes are based upon what to them seem the triumphs at the voting urns of every progressive element.

* * *

BY SECURING a postponement of that second peace conference at The Hague for which the world has been kept so long waiting, Secretary Root is said to come out best in a diplomatic encounter with the house of Hohenzollern. The *Kölnische Zeitung,* it is true, repudiates as malicious the insinuation that Berlin strove to fix this conference for June. Imperial policy, asserts this inspired organ, is unconcerned at the delay until next autumn. At no time did it enter the official mind of Berlin to have The Hague conference used as a diplomatic ecumenical council for the condemnation of such heresies as may find favor with the Pan-American Congress of next July at Rio Janeiro. But such German disclaimers fail to impress those London and Paris organs which profess to be aware of a certain distrust in Washington inspired by all the Berlin diplomacy that affects The Hague conference. The Department of State is said to have taken forty-eight hours to recover from the surprise over its discovery of Berlin's veiled purpose to set the date of The Hague conference for early in June or July. That date, of course, would have made it impossible for the Pan-American Congress to submit suggestions of great importance to The Hague. William II is represented as the opponent of any such suggestions—especially from lands in which the names of Calvo and of Drago are esteemed. He is desirous that The Hague conference shall not commit itself to the doctrine that European navies must refrain from collecting debts after the fashion set by some of his own cruisers.

MR. ROOT'S alleged eagerness to have The Hague conference indorse what William II is determined it shall not indorse indicates, if European papers know their Roosevelt, a fresh phase of the Monroe doctrine. It is a phase associated with the name of Calvo, whom the Paris *Temps* deems an illustrious authority on international law, and with the name of Dr. Drago, that Argentine Minister of Foreign Affairs who first became prominent when Emperor William's cruiser was firing upon Puerto Cabello. At that time John Hay, as Secretary of State, caused a rejection of the developed Calvo or Drago doctrine, so far as Washington is concerned. This doctrine is in effect that delay in the payment of a public debt, where this is not due to bad faith, ought not to be and cannot be made a ground for armed intervention in a South American country by any European power. Argentina a few years ago asked our Government to join in such a declaration. Mr. Hay set his face against the proposition. It was thought significant then that Emperor William's ambassador in Washington was very assiduous in questioning Mr. Hay on the subject of Argentina's suggestion. Argentina, observes the London *Times,* "baited its proposal with a recognition of the Monroe Doctrine," a doctrine which is undoubtedly to some extent an object of suspicion in South American capitals. Now, with the Pan-American Congress less than eight weeks away, comes the announcement that Secretary of State Root is to go in official state to the Brazilian capital as a champion of the very doctrine to which his predecessor in office would not listen.

IF, THEREFORE, the Drago doctrine emerges from the Pan-American conference officially indorsed, with the United States concurring, a new situation, thinks the London *Post,* will confront the diplomacy of Europe. "If Europe cannot, without challenging the United States, seize or occupy South American territory, or may not employ force to secure the payment of debts, South America is beyond the reach of European punishment and can with impunity defy its creditors." Thus the British daily. Yet there are London organs which recall that Great Britain has a Calvo doctrine of her own. She tells her financiers that their investments in South America can never become the basis of naval interventions and debt-collecting displays of military power. But to Emperor William any restriction of the might of the mailed fist in this hemisphere is deemed hateful. That is why, says rumor, he instigated the Czar's government to hasten The Hague conference. He wanted no Pan-Americanism there. His Majesty, it is assumed, now feels that some of the alleged influence he has acquired over the Rooseveltian mind has been undermined by Mr. Root. That he is going to Brazil as an advocate of the Drago doctrine speaks volumes to Europe for his influence with Roosevelt.

Persons in the Foreground

THE FOREMOST DEMOCRAT IN WASHINGTON

With Cleveland out of politics and Bryan out of the country, it may be said that the foremost Democratic leader in America to-day is Senator Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas. Senator Gorman is still the nominal leader of the minority in the Senate; but Gorman is a sick man and has, for the time being, practically retired from the scene. Bailey is the man who looms up on the Democratic side in the rate discussion, although Tillman has charge of the rate bill. But Tillman, in a position of that kind, where the whole debate hinges upon legal questions, is, with all his rugged honesty, more or less of a joke. He has nothing but what Senator Spooner calls "corn-field law" in his equipment. Bailey is regarded as one of the ablest lawyers in the Senate, and when he speaks he commands the close attention even of Spooner. "It is sight worth seeing," says a Washington correspondent, "when Spooner sits under the fall of Bailey's slow drip of oratory, as deeply engrossed and painfully attentive as a schoolgirl on the last lap of the latest novel." Here is a pen-picture, by the same correspondent, of Bailey delivering a speech:

"When Bailey arises to deliver one of these speeches he usually stands with the tips of his fingers touching his desk and lets his talk fall with a slow, indolent, resistless drip. He often parts his words in the middle, leaving a pause between syllables. When he rises to an occasional flight of eloquence it is not lugged in; it belongs there and could not be left out. On such occasions his slow voice rises and booms out like a church organ; the fingers leave the desk and the hands rise in gestures that are not of elocution schools like Fairbank's or of imitation wrath and excitement like Beveridge's, but of natural grace. He despises the conventional oratorical tricks, such as the rising inflection at the end of the sentence; but he has one effective oratorical trick of his own, which consists of bringing one of his bursts of eloquence by slow degrees to its highest point of voice and gesture and closing it by uttering the last three or four words of the sentence in a conversational tone. It is difficult to give an idea of the effect of this in print, but when it happens persons who are amenable to such things find little thrills running up and down their spines and feel a desire to bite pieces out of the furniture."

The above description is part of a very interesting sketch of the man made by Mr. Charles Willis Thompson, Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*, and recently embodied in book form* together with numerous other vivid sketches of prominent figures in Washington.

Bailey hailed originally from Copiah County, Mississippi. He grew to manhood in a tavern, with the atmosphere of a country grog-shop about him, and in a rough and lawless environment. When he was barely twenty he took an active part in suppressing, by illegal means, the negro vote in the county. The fact has not been lost sight of by his Republican foes, and though more than twenty years have elapsed since that youthful indiscretion, the incident is still trotted out to discredit him. His uncle, believing that Bailey could achieve something away from his Copiah County environment, sent him to Texas. His arrival there was an event, says Mr. Thompson:

"One day there dawned upon Gainesville an apparition which made that town sit up and rub its eyes. It was a tall, lank young man with an enormous slouch hat and enveloped in a tremendous coat. His hair hung down on his shoulders in a fashion to give pangs of envy to Buffalo Bill and Col. John A. Joyce. He was not at all a typical Southerner; he was the South intensified and exaggerated a hundred times. He was the stage Southerner done into real life.

"In Gainesville they were not used to such sights. Bailey did not know there was anything wrong with his appearance; his make-up was all right for Copiah County. It had never attracted any attention in those wilds.

"But Gainesville did not get much chance to laugh at Bailey. Raw boy as he was, queer and countrified as his aspect was, and full of strange affectations as he was, there was that in him which compelled not only attention but respect and could not be hidden or perverted by all the eccentricities and crudenesses of youthful egotism."

Almost at once he sprang into political leadership. In a deadlocked congressional convention, a compromise was suggested in the nomination of the lanky young man with the long hair. It swept the convention. But Bailey was pledged to another candidate and strove to stem the tide in his own favor. As a last resource he sprang upon a chair and an-

*PARTY LEADERS OF THE TIME. By Charles Willis Thompson. G. W. Dillingham Company.

nounced that he was not old enough to be eligible as a Congressman, not being twenty-five. That was true; but it was also true that he would have been twenty-five by the time he entered upon the duties of the office. This fact he suppressed, and his candidate was finally elected. Two years later, however, the district insisted on Bailey and started him on his way to national fame. "That lanky youth with the black mane," says Mr. Thompson, "seems an impossibility now as one looks at the Bailey of to-day; a full-faced, handsome, stately man, moving with a lazy majesty and commanding the strained attention of the nation's Solons when his slow, sonorous voice begins to roll out across the Senate chamber. It is not merely to his ability that the senators pay tribute. They pay it also to his character; to the tremendous sincerity of the man and to his dead-level loyalty to his own convictions."

Bailey's weakness as a leader, we are further told, is in his hot temper. The most grievous mistake he has ever made was when, a few years ago, he assaulted Beveridge in the Senate chamber, after the latter had been harrying and harassing him for several hours in a running debate. But as Bailey grows older (he is now but forty-two) he is getting better control of his temper. "With that conquered, no debits will be recorded on his standing as a statesman." As a political strategist, however, he is said to be deficient:

"He never could be a party general as Gorman was. He is not a manipulator and could not become one. His leadership in the House of Representatives was unsuccessful for that reason. In the sense of being a maneuverer, a strategist, a political chess-player, Bailey can never be a leader anywhere. But he is a leader on great public questions. He stands head and shoulders above the other Democrats of the Senate. He is a commanding figure among his fellows. He can lead them on questions of principle; never in chess-playing.

"His full proportions are becoming known to his countrymen, and he is unquestionably the foremost figure in the minority. He has been forging resistlessly to the front for years and to-day there is no dissent anywhere in the Senate from his recognition as the strongest personality and ablest man on the Democratic side.

"There is nothing of 1884 about Bailey. The Southern politicians admire him and love him. They regard him as a great leader. In the Senate the Republicans respect him very much, fear him a little, and like him a great deal. He is a big, calm-eyed man, slow of speech, tremendously prepared on all questions senatorial. He does not play tricks, and is hotly contemptuous and intolerant of them. He does not maneuver for little petty points of party advantage, and is ferociously wrathful when one seeks so to maneuvre at his expense."

There is considerable talk about the Democratic party's choosing its next presidential candidate from the South. If that policy were to be adopted, the man whom the lightning would be most apt to strike would be the Senator from Texas. Even in 1904 he was talked of and some of his admirers waited upon him to urge him to run. His grave reply was: "Gentlemen, I thank you, but your suggestion is impossible. On the wall of my office at Gainesville there hangs a picture of Jefferson Davis."

THE STORMY CAREER OF MAKSIM GORKY

"I know that life is hard, that at times it is coarse and disgusting, and I detest it; I detest this order of things. I know that life is a serious matter, although as yet not ordered, . . . that I must exert all my powers and abilities to help to bring it into order. And with all the means of my soul I will seek to live up to my inner driving impulse, to rush into the thickest of life, mingle with it, mold it now so, now so, step in the way of this one and jump to the help of that other one. . . . This—yes, this is the joy of life!"

These words, put in the mouth of an engine-driver in one of Gorky's plays, represents the actual course of the life of the author, who is now visiting America in behalf of the Russian revolutionists. First with his pen, then with active work in the ranks of the extreme revolutionists, the Social-Democratic party, Gorky has always remained true to this ideal of the "joy of life." He has introduced a new note in Russian literature—a note which had not been sounded since the reaction that set in after the assassination of Alexander the Second. So large a part of the more virile young men of Russia were sent after that event to languish in the prisons or in exile that Russian literature became an instrument of weakness. It lost the note of power. It still had its literary triumphs — Chekhov, for instance, who

MAKSIM GORKY

"I have come from below, from the nethermost ground of life, where is naught but sludge and murk. I am the truthful voice of life, the harsh cry of those who still abide down there, and who have let me come up to bear witness to their suffering."

GORKY IN A RUSSIAN JAIL

For his participation in the Revolution he has been twice imprisoned, being finally released and ordered to leave St. Petersburg.

drew wonderful pictures of real life; but it was a life that represented weakness, helplessness, despair. The only literature of that time that carried a gospel with it was Tolstoy's and his gospel was one of submissiveness and nonresistance. Gorky came, and Russian literature was again transformed into a mighty, aggressive, fighting force. Gorky's literary characters, like himself, are filled with discontent. Like himself they come from the lowest depths of society, from the tramps and the working men, those who were later to bring on the Russian revolution which, from the very first, is presaged in his stories. Their discontent is not passive; it is active and ready for attack. They have hate enough to overthrow the old; they have love enough to erect the new. They are all imbued with the "joy of life." Gorky sounded the bugle call, and around him gathered a number of the most resolute minds of Russia—Andréyev, Chirikov, Skitaletz, Kuprin. They work each in his own way, but all in the same spirit; and thus, together with the more lowly workers of underground Russia, they have helped to speed the revolution that seems now to be rapidly gathering force for its final triumphant consummation.

To read Gorky's works is in great part to read his life. All his writings are artistic representations of his experiences. What he relates he has either lived through or has obtained directly from companions he met in his vagabond days. The use of the first person in many of his stories is in his case no mere literary device.

Alexey Maximovich Pieshkov (Gorky is a pseudonym, meaning "bitter") was born in Nizhni-Novgorod in 1869. His father, an upholsterer, died when Gorky was four years of age. The mother married again soon afterward, and Gorky lived with his grandfather. At the age of nine he lost his mother also. His school career terminated after five months, when he was taken ill with the smallpox. At the age of nine he went to work as apprentice in a shoe warehouse and, losing his position there after two months, he was placed under the charge of an engineer. Brutal treatment caused him to run away, and he took up an apprenticeship with a painter of sacred images. Finding his treatment here no better, he escaped again and became a scullion on a Volga steamer.

Here he met the cook Smury, who befriended the boy and became an important factor in his life by first introducing him to good literature. "Here on the steamer," writes Gorky, "the cook Smury had a great influence on my education. He persuaded me to read the lives of the saints, but he also made me read Gogol, Gleb Uspensky, the elder Dumas, and many books of the freemasons. Before that I could not endure books and printed paper in general, including the passport." He had, however, previously read a good deal of that kind of literature which Jack London calls "Seaside Library novels."

The better class of literature fired him with a desire to educate himself, and he went to Kazan with the idea of taking up a course of study there. "When I had reached the age of fifteen I felt a fanatic desire to study; for this purpose I went to Kazan, taking it for granted that here the sciences were taught gratis to anybody that wanted to study. It turned out that this was a mistaken idea, and so I went to work in a bakery for three rubles a month. That was the hardest work of any that I had done." But his stay in Kazan proved a most important period of his life. It gave him the material for some of his best stories—"Twenty-six and One" and "Konovalov." Here he met students and took a lively interest in their studies. He became acquainted with socialistic literature, visited the dens of drunkards and tramps, took to drinking himself, studied the life and psychology of the submerged tenth and came to this conclusion: "The man who battles with life, who is vanquished by it and who suffers is a greater philosopher

than Schopenhauer himself, because abstract thought never assumes such definite and precise form as that which is pressed out of the soul of a man through suffering."

Gorky had now ample opportunity, through suffering, to become a great philosopher. He went from job to job, worked in the harbor, became a wood-sawyer, then a carrier, went without lodging and sank to the lowest depths. Finally he attempted suicide, but recovered with a bullet wound in his lungs. Then began his wanderings again, with intervals of work as line-keeper, fruit-seller, kvas-dealer. He went to Odessa and labored in the salt-works, then he continued his peregrinations through the Crimea, Kuban and the Caucasus. In Tiflis he came in contact with a student whom he describes somewhere under the name of Alexander Kalushny and from whom he apears to have learned much in the way of technical composition. There also appeared his first story, "Makar Chudra," in the *Kavkaz*, in 1892.

In Nizhni-Novgorod he had worked as clerk in the office of lawyer Lavin, a great Macænas of modern literature, who immediately discovered the great talent of Gorky and did much for his education. His "Wanderlust," however, had taken him away on another tramp of several years, and when he returned again to his native city he was introduced to the eminent author Korolenko, editor of *Russkoye Bogatstvo*. Korolenko encouraged the young author, and in 1895, when "Chelkash" appeared, Gorky immediately leaped into fame.

Gorky has come to America to work for the Russian revolution. He desires by voice and pen to expose the actual conditions in Russia, of which he believes the Americans are still largely ignorant. He wants to point out to us that the Russian peasant is ripe for a change; that, although he has for a long time borne the oppression of the bureaucracy, he now shows his discontent plainly. In this way Gorky hopes to enlist the sympathy of the American people and secure their financial assistance for the revolutionists. Gorky's adopted son, Nikolay Zavolsky Pieshkov, is living in New York, and describes his adopted father as "the mildest of men." "In all the time that I was with him I never heard him say a harsh or insulting word to anybody. And he never commands. I don't remember him ever giving me any orders. It is his principle to let people alone, to let them do as they please, and in his private life he acts on this principle. He is a true gentleman; not your

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH MADE OF GORKY IN AMERICA

The young man is Gorky's adopted son, who lives in New York. The third member of the party is Mme. Andreieva, whom Gorky publicly recognizes as his wife. Doubt as to the legality of her wifehood, according to Russian law, has caused scandal at the outset of Gorky's career here.

respectable gentleman with starched collar and shirt and polished shoes, but a kind man, a man whose every fiber quivers with love and regard for his kind."

Gorky keeps his house open not only for his friends but for all. "The whole day long the bell keeps ringing," says Nikolay, and Gorky is never "not at home." He receives them all. He is loved by all the people in Nizhni-Novgorod and wherever he is known, and they come to him with all their troubles. They come to him for advice, they come even for money when they want to start in business, and they come asking him to stand godfather to their children. He helps many, and especially students, many of whom he supports at home and abroad. He also contributes largely to libraries. The Nizhni-Novgorod library has about three rooms full of books contributed by him."

Gorky is a free-thinker and a Social Democrat who looks upon Socialism as a means rather than a final end. The fact that he is accompanied by Mme. Andreieva, a noted Russian actress, whom he publicly proclaims his wife, though the Russian Church has refused to grant him a divorce from his first wife, who is still living, has come as a surprise to his friends in America and has distracted public attention from his real mission. Several hotels in New York have refused to receive him under the circumstances, and Gorky and his companions, evidently dumbfounded at this treatment, have at the time of this writing withdrawn entirely from the public view.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE OF A WOMAN REFORMER

"Come quick; let me take you to the cellar." It was an excited county sheriff of South Dakota who spoke, and he was excited because a cyclone was about to break loose. "Never mind," calmly said the lady to whom he spoke; "after my recent experiences a little thing like a cyclone doesn't frighten me."

The lady was the late Miss Susan B. Anthony, and her experiences as a reformer during a period of more than fifty years were full of dramatic and humorous incident. She was frequently indignant, but there is no record that she was ever frightened or daunted. Courage was in the blood. Her brother, Col. D. R. Anthony, who ran a daily newspaper for many years in Leavenworth, Kansas, had the same fighting blood, and the stories about him have become an important part of the State's traditions. The grandfather of Susan B. was a soldier of the Revolution, and her father was a Hicksite Quaker. But the latter married outside his faith and was disciplined. He wore an overcoat with a cape and also wore a colored handkerchief around his neck, and he was again disciplined. Finally he allowed young people to dance in his house. Then the Quakers gave him up. He was not again disciplined; he was disowned.

This father was a wealthy man, but he believed in the economic independence of women, and Miss Susan, at the age of seventeen, began the career of a teacher, earning the first winter the dazzling sum of one dollar a week and board. For fifteen years she continued in the same vocation, refusing various offers of marriage and growing at times indignant over the injustice of receiving about one-fourth as much pay as that which a man would receive for the same work. At the end of this period she attended a State Teachers' Convention, and at the close of the second day, when a discussion was up on the quesion, "Why is not the teacher's profession as much respected as that of the doctor or lawyer?" she rose and addressed the chair. The incident is thus narrated in the Boston *Transcript:*

"'Mr. President.' We are told that a bombshell would not have created greater commotion. For the first time a woman's voice was heard in a teachers' convention. Every neck was craned, and a profound hush fell upon the assembly. At length, recovering from the shock of being thus addressed by a woman, the presiding officer leaned forward and asked with satirical politeness, 'What will the lady have?' 'I wish to speak to the question under discussion,' said Miss Anthony, calmly, although her heart was beating a tattoo. Turning to the few rows of men in front of him, the back seats being occupied by women, the presiding officer inquired: 'What is the pleasure of the convention?' 'I move she shall be heard,' said one man; this was seconded by another, and thus was precipitated a debate which lasted half an hour, although the lady had precisely the same right to speak as had any man who was taking part in the discussion. During all this time Miss Anthony remained standing, lest she should lose the floor if she sat down. At last a vote was taken, men only voting, and the motion was carried in the affirmative by a small majority. Miss Anthony then said: 'It seems to me you fail to comprehend the cause of the disrespect of which you complain. Do you not see that, so long as society says that woman has not brains enough to be a doctor, lawyer or minister, but has plenty to be a teacher, every man of you who condescends to teach, tacitly admits before Israel and the sun that he has no more brains than a woman?'—and sat down."

Courtesy of *The Independent.*

MISS ANTHONY AT FIFTY

"In all the details of the toilet, she was fastidious, and a rent, a frayed edge or missing button was looked upon as almost a sin."

Prior to the foregoing incident, however, Miss Anthony had made her initial public speech. Like the first public speech of Abraham Lincoln and of Henry Ward Beecher, it was in behalf of the temperance cause. The sentiment of the public at that time concerning women on the platform is illustrated by the remark made to her by the president of a convention held in Troy which was addressed by her on the subject of coeducation. After the address he said to her: "Madam, that was a splendid production and well delivered; I could not have asked for a single thing different in matter or manner; but I would rather have followed my wife or daughter to Greenwood Cemetery than have her stand here before this promiscuous audience and deliver that address!"

It was not merely in the matter of public speaking that the rights of women were wofully ignored. Writing in *The North American Review,* Ida Husted Harper says concerning this subject:

"Outside of teaching (for a beggarly pittance) they could earn a living only at menial occupations. The first fight to be made was to secure for them the right to speak in public, to ask for the redress of their own wrongs. Everywhere the English common law prevailed which had been adopted by the colonies and never changed. The wife had no legal existence, or, as Blackstone expressed it, 'the very being, or existence, of the woman is suspended during marriage.' She could not own property, buy or sell, sue or be sued, make a contract, testify in court or control her own wages. The father could apprentice young children without the mother's consent and dispose of them by will at his death. There was but one cause for divorce, and the husband, though the guilty party, could retain the property and the children."

Miss Anthony used to illustrate this condition of her sex in the following story:

"A farmer's wife in Illinois, who had all the rights she wanted, had made for herself a full set of false teeth. The dentist pronounced them an admirable fit and she declared it gave her fits to wear them. He sued her husband for the money and the latter's counsel put the wife on the stand to testify, but the judge ruled her off saying, 'A married woman cannot be a witness in matters of joint interest between herself and her husband.' Think of it, ye good wives, the teeth in your mouth are a joint interest with your husband about which you are legally incompetent to speak!"

Since that time, of course, the legal and economic status of women has been vastly improved, and though Miss Anthony died in disappointment at not being able to witness the general political enfranchisement of women,

Courtesy of the *Review of Reviews.*

MISS ANTHONY AT THIRTY-SIX

At this age she stood forth as a leader of "the most forlorn and hopeless cause that ever called for recognition and assistance."

she lived to see a large number of the changes which she championed achieved.

Various stories are told of her skill in repartee. "You are not married," said a well-known abolitionist to her once; "you have no business to be discussing marriage." "Well, Mr. Mayo," she replied, "you are not a slave, suppose you quit lecturing on slavery." At another time an opponent quoted St. Paul's "Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands." "Sir," she retorted, "no one objects to the husband being the head of the wife as Christ was the head of the Church—to crucify himself; what we object to is his crucifying his wife!"

Forty years ago Miss Anthony was described in the papers as a sort of virago and man-hater; but her friends have always insisted that she was a woman of dignity, sweetness and gracious womanliness. Writing shortly before her death, in *The Evening Post* (New York), Rheta Childe Dorr says of her personal appearance:

"In those early days the newspapers paid a great deal of attention to the clothes worn by the suffragists. The motive probably was to frighten women into the belief that brains and beauty

were incompatible. At all events, the published reports always made Miss Anthony and her friends out monsters of such hideous mien, sartorially speaking, that strong men shuddered at the sight. The fact is, except for a brief enthusiasm for the bloomer costume, which, in the era of hoopskirts must have secretly allured many anti-suffragists, Miss Anthony has always dressed extremely well. She was born a Quaker and naturally preferred a simple style. But she was always a very pink of neatness and she has a natural liking for dainty raiment. In her old age she is positively dressy. She wears soft, black gowns that trail on the floor and are modishly built. She has a fondness for pliable satins and soft silk fabrics, and her love for beautiful lace is well known. At the Baltimore convention she wore a satin gown with a great deal of white point lace on the bodice and sleeves. Her hands were ringless, but she wore a jeweled brooch and some very handsome shell combs in her white hair. Her long coat was lined with rich white satin and her bonnet was made by a clever milliner. No one could accuse Miss Anthony at eighty-six of being dowdy."

Photograph by Vander Weyde.

A BAS RELIEF BY MISS USHER

"No one objects to the husband being the head of the wife as Christ was the head of the Church—to crucify himself. What we object to is his crucifying his wife."

Another writer, in the Boston *Transcript*, bears similar testimony. "In all the details of the toilet," we are assured, "she was fastidious, and a rent, a frayed edge or missing button was looked upon as almost a sin."

When Miss Anthony died a few weeks ago the flags of the city of Rochester were displayed at half-mast. Numerous meetings were held in various cities to commemorate her work, and in one of them, in New York city, one of the speakers, Mrs. Catt, pronounced her "the greatest woman that ever lived."

THE THREE TRAGIC LOVES OF CHARLES STEWART PARNELL

Love shaped the career of Charles Stewart Parnell in three crucial phases of his manhood. To the elucidation of this fact the sister of the once uncrowned king of Ireland has devoted the most personal study of the man that has ever appeared.* The sister would not convey the idea that her illustrious brother was a Don Juan. On the contrary, but infrequent traces of sensuality are discernible in her portrait of him. Yet we are informed that the coldness and aloofness of the great leader developed from one love tragedy following another until his being became wrapped in shadow. Though always treating women with an almost knight-errant chivalry and respect, he never, declares Mrs. Dickinson, seemed to desire either their friendship or their love, though, like most men with an early romance, he possessed a mysterious fascination for many of the fair.

Here is the first of the three tragedies. The heroine was the daughter of a farmer living near Cambridge, where the young Parnell was an undergraduate:

"Daisy was as innocent as the large-eyed flowers from which she took her name, wholly unconscious of her charms and therefore more charming. Her blue eyes and golden hair, with the white dresses which she generally wore, made her an entrancing picture, especially to the uncritical eyes and susceptible heart of nineteen; and Charles had no sooner seen her in the glow of a summer evening than he resolved to make her acquaintance. This he easily managed, as even at that age he was developing some of the ingenuity of resource which afterwards served him in worthier causes. The next day he arranged to be at the same place at the hour when the fruit-picking was in progress for the following day's market and was even more charmed by a closer view of the delicate, rose-tinted face under the white sun bonnet. Daisy, on her part, though apparently more intent on the plum and pear trees than ever, was for the first time blissfully aware that the dark-haired young gentleman with the inscrutable eyes, whom she had often noticed on the river, preferred gazing at her to practicing his strokes. She was not a vain girl, coming from

* A PATRIOT'S MISTAKE. Being Personal Recollections of the Parnell Family. By a Daughter of the House. John Lane Company.

an ancestry that had covered their sweetest faces with the Puritan hoods as a protest against the vanity and worldliness of the Cavalier court and that were distinctly religious in their habits of thought, though often grotesque in their modes of expressing them. Her knowledge of the world was very small. Living in a secluded district with a few neighbors, love in connection with herself had hardly yet entered her head. And she had no mother. Little wonder then that it was with something of the wonder and the thrill of a first emotion that she received the unspoken homage of a handsome youth whom she knew to be a member of the neighboring university and far above her station in life.

"An acquaintance was quickly made by means of a fortunate accident to Charles's oar and the borrowing of some cord, and he arranged to meet Daisy on future evenings, charging her to strict secrecy in fear of his college authorities. The young girl willingly promised. She was already captivated by his fascination and understood the dreadful consequences that would ensue if their new friendship came even to her fathers' ears. No thought of injuring a peaceful heart, still less of any wrongdoing, had entered Charles's head. His artistic sensibilities were kindled by the beauty of a flower in, as he thought, an unfavorable soil, and since leaving his family he had often yearned for feminine society. He therefore magnanimously resolved to give Daisy a good deal of his improving society and help to advance her education."

Courtesy of the John Lane Company.

PARNELL AT TWENTY

He had just passed through a tragedy of love which made him, his sister says, a prey to agonies of remorse for the rest of his days.

In the long evening walks, when the fruit season was over, the acquaintance ripened into a deep and trusting affection on the girl's part and an equally strong, though less pure and unselfish, passion on the boy's part. Charles knew it was impracticable to marry Daisy, lovely and innocent though she was. Mrs. Dickinson proceeds:

"At nineteen one does not analyze one's emotions nor does a youth know how to exercise the self-discipline and restraint that come with later years. They were lovers and happy in each other's society until their paradise was spoiled by an impulse of young passion, and, as is usually the case, the ebb tide, on one side at least, set in from that hour. A coldness and estrangement gradually grew between them and an increasing wretchedness on the girl's part, who was sensitive and inexperienced. Charles was with her as frequently as ever. Although their meetings had lost their first joy, he, to do him justice, had no idea of the misery the poor girl suffered or that she contemplated self-destruction. He was rudely awakened. One morning, on coming along the river bank, near the place where Daisy and he had first met, he caught the sound of many frightened voices. On turning a bend in the path, he suddenly came on a group which haunted him for years after. A small crowd of villagers was gathered round a figure that had just been dragged from the river, now swollen with heavy rain. A woman held the head that was covered with dark masses of golden hair, and the slender, dripping form was that of a young girl. Pushing aside the crowd with a gasp of horror, Charles recognized the body of his little wife, as he had called Daisy. She was quite dead."

The next love scene painted by Parnell's sister opens in New York in one of the fine houses on Fifth avenue. The Irishman was already habitually gloomy, his sadness having become the note of his temperament. This new episode shows how his entrance upon a parliamentary career had its origin in his love for a woman:

"Charles, a slender and very handsome, dark-eyed young man of twenty-three, looking slighter and handsomer than ever in evening clothes, was engaged talking to his hostess, Mrs. Forbes, when his attention was attracted by a strikingly beautiful girl of superb and queenly carriage, dressed with the taste which Americans alone possess.

"She was standing near, a ring of admirers around her, all pleading for her favor and competing for her smiles, whilst she conversed with and entertained them with infinite tact and cleverness.

"Coil upon coil of rich masses of chestnut auburn hair, piled up on top of a small and shapely head; large slumberous eyes of varying color, now as dark as night and now of a golden hazel, which scintillated and flashed with every change of feeling which her expressive countenance instantly betrayed; a skin beautifully fair and a

figure perfect in its grace and its maturity of development rendered her a distraction from head to foot. . . .

"Long before the conclusion of the party, Charles was completely subjugated and his heart had gone, never to return to its rightful owner again. . . . Before many weeks had passed he had proposed and been accepted, and it was soon known that the attractive young Irishman was engaged to the late belle of New York and heiress of the rich Mr. H."

Courtesy of John Lane Company

AVONDALE

The Irish home of Charles Stewart Parnell in which he dispensed at one time a genial and convivial hospitality.

But the lady changed her mind. One memorable day, as Mrs. Dickinson phrases it in her effective style, the idol of his life coolly informed Mr. Parnell that she would not marry him because he had no name. He replied that he had the oldest name in Ireland. The lady replied that Parnell had never distinguished himself in any way. He immediately vowed to do so. Back to Ireland he went. In a very few years his name was known wherever the name of England was known. To quote:

"Pearl, that star for which Charles had sighed for so long, was within his reach and he looked forward to calling his beloved his own, his wife. He was on the point of starting for America, where their nuptials were to be celebrated, when —but how write about, how describe, the bolt that fell with unrelenting force on Charles's head? How portray the indescribable anguish, the sharp agony, the despair contained in an innocent-looking telegram, placed in Charles's hand by an obsequious waiter on the eve of his departure? We can but picture him in his agony and passion, in his mad despair. He had loved her with all the strength of his strong nature. This ill-omened message announced the marriage of his inconstant betrothed to another."

However, he never railed against women, as a less noble nature might have been tempted to do. He came forth strengthened and ennobled, his sister says, by the trial through which he had passed. But he never loved again. Mrs. Dickinson is sure of that. This brings up the "mistake," to use the sister's word, regarding Mrs. O'Shea. That lady, we read, was considered very pretty and fascinating to a degree. About ten years Charles's senior, she was still in her prime when first they met. With her it appears to have been a case of love at first sight. In Mrs. Dickinson's own words:

"In her infatuation for the attractive and distinguished young Irish leader, who was generally regarded as unapproachable and indifferent to the blandishments of the fair sex, she [Mrs. O'Shea] seems to have forgotten all ordinary caution and to have acted from the beginning with the abandon of one who considers the world well lost for love. At first and for long, Charles was as adamant to the fascinations of the charmer. Once he even placed the ocean between himself and temptation; but adverse fate played into the hands of the woman who so madly worshipped him."

The rest is not silence, as Hamlet says, but scandal, and the wrecking of a great career on the eve of triumph both for himself and for his country.

It was when the storm was bursting over the head of Parnell that his latent will power revealed itself, according to this sister's chronicle, in a determination to remain Ireland's uncrowned king—or die. He might have succeeded in winning back his power, she thinks, had it not been that his health was so far gone. The priests, we are told, pursued him at this time with a hatred long felt and long concealed.

As misfortune threatened to engulf him, he overcame the tendency to proud reserve bred of the remorse that never ceased to eat into his soul because of Daisy's death. His sister would have us believe that her memory was with him to the end. Be that as it may, Parnell in his last days became a more magnetic and winning leader than at any other stage of his career. The priests warned their flocks against him in vain. His voice, never before musical, acquired in the last speech-making tour of his life a melody which those who heard it can never forget. His gestures lost their constraint, his manner assumed a new expansiveness. Had he lived, says Mrs. Dickinson, Ireland would have been his once more.

Upon what basis was built the odd notion that Parnell did not die but had been spirited away and was to return to the scene of his former triumphs, his sister professes herself unable to imagine. Of his death there can be no shade of doubt. The end was peaceful.

Literature and Art

ANDREW CARNEGIE'S "SPELLING REFORM" CRUSADE

"One of the greatest movements of the times," it is predicted, will grow out of the new campaign inaugurated by the "Simplified Spelling Board" and financially backed by Andrew Carnegie. This statement is not unreasonable, in view of the prominence and influence of the men who are actively supporting the crusade. Commissioner W. T. Harris, editor of the last edition of Webster's Dictionary; Benjamin Gunter, editor of the Century Dictionary; Charles P. G. Scott, editor of the etymological department of the Century Dictionary; and Dr. I. K. Funk, editor of the Standard Dictionary, are all members of the Simplified Spelling Board, as are also Prof. Thomas R. Lounsbury, of Yale University; Prof. Francis A. March, of Lafayette; Prof. Brander Matthews, of Columbia; Henry Holt, the New York publisher; William Hayes Ward, editor of *The Independent;* Richard Watson Gilder, editor of *The Century;* and Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court.

In a public statement, issued from Hot Springs, Va., and generally accepted as reflecting the aims of the members of the Board, Mr. Carnegie says:

"The organized effort I have agreed to finance is not revolutionary—far from it. Its action will be conservative. Word after word it will endeavor to improve the spelling and the language—slowly, of course, but hastening the pace if possible. . . .

"Since our language has been constructed through unceasing change, literary men should welcome new words and new spellings with favoring eye, since it is by these alone that further improvement can come. Scholars denounced 'plow' for 'plough,' for instance. But 'plow' has been accepted. So with many words that will readily occur to readers.

"Our language is likely to prevail in the world, and we may hope it is to become finally the universal language, the most potent of all instruments for drawing the race together, insuring peace and advancing civilization. The foreigner has the greatest difficulty in acquiring it because of its spelling. This is, at least, his chief obstacle; for its grammar is easy.

"Hundreds of scholarly men have agreed to use improved spelling for twelve words. These words are already well started in actual use. Other simplifications will be suggested."

Mr. Carnegie here refers to the twelve "reformed" spellings recently sanctioned by the National Education Association, namely: "Bizness," for business; "enuf," for enough; "fether," for feather; "mesure," for measure; "plesure," for pleasure; "red," for read; "ruf," for rough; "trauf," for trough; "thru," for through; "tuf," for tough; "tung," for tongue; "yung," for young.

Not content with these modifications, the Simplified Spelling Board has submitted proposals under twenty heads looking toward further changes. The suggestions are as follows:

1. Words spelled with *ae*, *æ*, or *e*. Rule: Choose *e*, as in *anesthetic*, *esthetic*, and *medieval*.
2. Words spelled with *-dge-ment* or *-dg-ment*. Rule: Omit *e*, *abridgment*, *acknowledgment*, *judgment*, and *lodgment*.
3. Words spelled with *-ed* or *-t*, the preceding single consonant being doubled before *-ed* (*-pped*, *-ssed*) and left single before *-t* (*-pt*, *-st*). Rule: Choose *-t* in all cases, *dipt*, *dript*, *dropt*, *stept*, *blest*, *prest*, *distrest*, *blusht*, *husht*, *washt*,
4. Words spelled with *-ence* or *-ense* (Latin *-ens-a*). Rule: Choose *-ense*, *defense*, *offense*, *pretense*.
5. Words spelled with *-ette* or *-et*. Rule: Omit *-te*, *coquet*, *epaulet*, *etiquet*, *omelet*.
6. Words spelled with *gh* or *f*. Rule: Choose *-f*, *draft*.
7. Words spelled with *-gh* or without. (1) *-ough* or *-ow*. Rule: Choose *-ow*, *plow*. (2) *-ough* or *-o*. Rule: Choose *-o*, *altho*, *tho*, *thoro*, *-boro* (in place names).
8. Words with the verb suffix, of Greek origin, spelled *-ise* or *-ize*. Rule: Choose *-ize*, *catechize*, *criticize*, *exorcize*, *legalize*.
9. Words spelled with *-ite* or *-it*. Rule: Omit *e*, *deposit*, *preterit*.
10. Words spelled with *-ll* or *-l* (*-ill* or *-il*). Rule: Choose *l*, *distil*, *fulfil*, *instil*.
11. Words spelled with *-ll-ness* or *-l-ness*. Rule: Omit one *l*, *dulness*, *fulness*.
12. Words spelled with *-mme* or *-m*. Rule: Omit *-me*, *gram*, *program*.
13. Words spelled with *oe*, *œ*, or *e*. Rule: Choose *e*, *ecumenical*, *esophagus*.
14. Words spelled with *-our* or *-or*. Rule: Choose *-or*, *favor*, *fervor*, *flavor*, *honor*, *labor*, *rigor*, *rumor*, *tenor*, *tumor*, *valor*, *vapor*, *vigor*.
15. Words spelled with *ph* or *f*. Rule: Choose *f*, *fantasm*, *fantasy*, *fantom*, *sulfate*, *sulfur*.
16. Words spelled with *-rr* or *-r*. Rule: Omit one *r*, *bur*, *pur*.
17. Words spelled with *-re* or *er*. Rule: Choose *-er*, *center*, *meter*, *miter*, *niter*, *sepulcher*, *theater*.
18. Words spelled with *s* or *z* (in the root).

"PURSUED"

(By Gutzon Borglum)

A representation of two Indian riders now in the possession of the German Emperor.

Rule: Choose *z, apprize, assize, comprize, raze, surprize, teazel.*

19. Words spelled with *-s* or *sc.* Rule: Omit *c, simitar, sithe.*

20. Words spelled with or without silent *-ue.* Rule: Omit *-ue, catalog, decalog, demagog, pedagog, prolog.*

From across the Atlantic a cry of horror has arisen at the very thought of these changes. Algernon Swinburne regards the proposition as "a barbarous, monstrous absurdity," and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle says: "Reformed spelling might become universal, but it would cease to be the English language." Rider Haggard bluntly declares: "The language as written by the translators of the Bible and by Shakespeare is good enough, indeed too good, for me."

In this country the question of spelling reform is being debated as never before. During the past few weeks the daily and weekly papers have teemed with comment and correspondence on this subject. The New York *Evening Post* takes a rather sympathetic attitude toward the campaign, and notes that many of the forms proposed are already in common use. "Others, which are but rarely used," it says, "will make a powerful appeal for universal suffrance; and still others are so strange to the eye that they may not work their way into the language for several generations, if indeed they ever succeed." The Columbia (S. C.) *State* comments:

"This reform is unquestionably needed. Our spelling is not only absurd, it is dishonest. It does not represent, it has never fully represented, our spoken language. It is even getting farther and father from the sounds that we use. To keep up such a farce is not worthy a sensible people. Teachers have assured Mr. Carnegie that 'children would be saved more than a year's instruction if our spelling were simplified.' It has been demonstrated that great economy would result in the printing of books and papers; and it is clear that the language would be far more easily acquired, which is a great consideration at this time when we are teaching English with rapid-fire guns and expect the whole world to speak our language at some remote day.

"But can it be achieved? The Simplified Spelling Board, which Mr. Carnegie has 'financed,' has adopted possibly the best plan for launching the movement, that of recommending a few obvious changes that will not seem too radical a departure from the forms to which we have grown accustomed. But it must face and overcome a prejudice that has its roots in the granite of ignorance, which it takes to be pride in the language and a lordly conservatism."

On the other hand, the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* argues that the new movement is bound to fail for the reason that it does not take into account the "genius" of the English language:

"One thing is painfully manifest in the discussions which are excited by these revivals of spelling reform, and that is that the reform movement, as at present organized, takes no cognizance of the 'genius' of a language which contains one of the grandest literatures of the civilized world. However you may personify that 'genius,' it assuredly exists, it is assuredly a force, and it will not down for any isolated attacks, however financed, upon its existence. We care nothing about the mere 'history' of words, about which Mr. Carnegie talks. for there are many words with a wonderfully interesting history which do not carry it upon their face. We put on one side any sentimental affection for old forms in an old and dear literature. But we do think and venture to say that the proposals of spelling reforms are more likely to make 'confusion worse confounded' than to clear up the field of our language and make it more easy for the foreigner to walk upon. The change of some

dozen words, grinning like caricatures in their new masks, will make but a poor monument for finance and toil."

The humorists are busy exploiting this theme. A correspondent of the New York *Times* suggests that the "Bored of Spelling" begin simplification with their own names, thus: "Androo Karnage," "Tomus Lownsbre," "Richud Watsn Gildr," "Brandr Mathooz," etc.

Mark Twain is afraid that spelling reform is unlikely; but if it does come, he wants it to come not as a gradual change but all at once. And he thinks that, in case of sudden change, people would get used to it just as they get used to mixed bathing, women riding bicycles, hoopskirts, smoking-rooms for women, or anything else that is new. He writes (in *Harper's Weekly*):

"RUSKIN"

"When I saw Ruskin at Windermere," says Gutzon Borglum, "he had drawn into himself. He had full confidence in his own strength, but was sad. The most marvelous, magnificent, unappreciated genius the world has ever known."

"Suppose all the newspapers and periodicals should suddenly adopt a Carnegian system of phonetic spelling—what would happen? We all know quite well what would happen. To begin with, the nation would be in rage; it would break into a storm of scoffs, jeers, sarcasms, cursings, vituperations, and keep it up for months—but it would have to read the papers; it couldn't help itself. . . .

"To what literature would we limit the change? Naturally, and unavoidably, to literature written *after* the change was established. It would not occur to any one to disturb the 'associations.' No book already existing would be put into the new spelling. We do not guess at this; we have history for it. We do not profane Chaucer's spelling by recasting it to conform to modern forms. One of its quaintest and sweetest charms would be gone, it would not be Chaucer any more. . . . All the old books would naturally and necessarily remain as they are. Do we change Marjorie Fleming's spelling? No. No one could meditate a vandalism like that. . . .

"By a sudden and comprehensive rush the present spelling could be entirely changed and the substitute-spelling be accepted, all in the space of a couple of years; and preferred in another couple. But it won't happen, and I am as sorry as a dog.

"For I do love revolutions and violence."

THE VERSATILE TALENT OF GUTZON BORGLUM

During his youth, Gutzon Borglum, the New York sculptor and painter, lived for a while in the Far West, among horses and cowboys; and one of his earliest friends and admirers, the wife of General Fremont, prophesied that he would "ride to fame on horseback." Almost literally the prediction has been fulfilled. His heroic half-circle of wild horses in bronze, "The Mares of Diomedes," has just been presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art by James Stillman, the banker, and his representation of two Indian riders, "Pursued," was purchased not long ago by the German Emperor. The first-named work, characterized by Christian Brinton, the art critic, as "a triumph of American sculpture" and reproduced herewith, elicits the following tribute from Leila Mechlin, a writer in *The International Studio* (April):

"Strength, brute strength, controlled by human intelligence, makes to the manhood of this sculptor direct appeal and few have given it as adequate expression as he. His 'Mares of Diomedes' shows a mad stampede directed and guided by the will of a single man—the hero, Hercules, who in bringing from Thrace the man-eating mares of the King of the Bestones performed the eighth, supposedly, impossible task imposed by Eurystheus. It is a brilliant work, original in conception and well composed—literally the embodiment of energy and strength. There is wild confusion and yet perfect order. The horses pile upon one

"NERO"

Gutzon Borglum's idea of Nero as the beast that lurks in human form presents a dramatic contrast to Stephen Phillips's new poetic portrayal of an "aesthetic" Nero.

another in their frenzied haste, and so form a solid mass, but they never lose their onward spring. Hercules, reduced to diminutive size by comparison to the great brutes, clings like a leech to the forward mare, which is lurching into space, and with his man's intellect guides the fearful race. The animals are well modelled, and show, on the part of the sculptor, an intimate knowledge of anatomy; the story is well told; but it is the conception of the group as a unit, together with its masterly rendering, which places it among the great works of art. . . . Its force is tremendous, and its strength well sustained, and at no point does the sculptor seem to have even momentarily lost his grip. It expresses suspended action, but the feeling of motion is not paralysed—the mares are aquiver with life. It is dramatic, but not overstrained—vital, but not nervous."

Horses, however, were not the only subjects that inspired Borglum's youthful imagination. In the West he may be said to have imbibed something of the free and independent spirit, the versatility, which characterize all his work. Born of stock that contains German, French, and Danish, as well as American, elements, pursuing his studies in Paris and London, as well as in San Francisco and New York, he has learned to express himself through many mediums and in various forms. His talent ranges from the grotesque, as evidenced by his gargoyles, through phases of the terrible, of which his "Nero" is an excellent example, to the entire absence of the animal and the prevalence of the spiritual, as shown in the delicate and exquisite purity of his cherubs, his angels and his saints.

Mr. Borglum was brought up as a Roman Catholic, and the religious influence in his work is marked. He modeled the angels for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, and the ensuing discussion in regard to the sex of angels (see CURRENT LITERATURE, December) is still fresh in the public memory. Lately, however, he has been dominantly swayed by the idealism of Rodin and Whistler. To this mood must be credited three of his most notable works: "I piped to you and ye have not danced," "Ruskin" and "Nero."

ONE OF BORGLUM'S FANTASIES

"I piped to you and ye have not danced" expresses pathetically a feeling found in much of his work that things so often come to us too late, after the strong desire for them is over.

The saddened face of the woman—a face beautiful but no longer young—has in it the thought of the sculptor that our best endeavors hardly compensate us; that if success comes during life it too often comes long after those whom we

"THE MARES OF DIOMEDES"

Recently purchased by James Stillman, the New York banker, and presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. This is regarded as Gutzon Borglum's masterpiece.

wish to thank for the inspiration have gone beyond the sound of the human voice; that while they were here to listen the world refused to dance.

In the same spirit he created his "Ruskin."

"When I saw Ruskin at Windermere," says Borglum, "he had drawn into himself. He knew his worth. He had full confidence in his own strength, but he was sad. The most marvelous, magnificent, unappreciated genius the world has ever known."

In regard to the idea of the terrible, best revealed in his work through the medium of his "Nero," he has had this to say:

"Each of us puts something of his life in his work. Something in my life made my Nero possible. It has passed. It has gone out of my life. It would be impossible for me to create another Nero or to shape a being at all like him.

"There are some days when, absorbed in my angels, my cherubs, my saints, I hate my Nero; but if art is worth anything at all it must be real, and he was real at the time. As a matter of fact I found the firebrand reincarnated in a man here in New York who had once been my friend."

Mr. Borglum has done nothing more remarkable than his gargoyles for Princeton University. Of this phase of his work he recently said:

"When I was first asked to make some gargoyles, I confess I was somewhat at sea as to how to begin. I could hardly comprehend the nature of the motive. Nothing in life is without cause and effect. Nothing is merely a shell. Everything has some motive.

"I at length discovered that the gargoyle was the expression of an ignorant, superstitious artisan who imagined the projections of buildings to be the spirits he feared and who fashioned them accordingly.

"The original idea of the gargoyle is a stick that carries water; but the ignorant peasant—the gargoyle was created in a most superstitious age—turned them into distortions of natural things.

"There you have the key to the creation.

"I went to work with this precedent and made my North Wind, a creature of distended nostril, a wild-eyed thing with mouth hideously curved, in the act of emitting the fury of the sometimes death-dealing blast in the North and the West.

"I created my gargoyle Snout, my gargoyle Bottom (a distortion of Shakespeare's), my Half-Equipped, the bird with one arm, one leg, one foot, but in spite of all, happy, for the reason that the half-equipped are always happy.

THE FOUNDER OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

(By Gutzon Borglum.)

A characteristic portrait of the eccentric Englishman who bequeathed to the United States his entire fortune, to be used for the "increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

"Take every sentiment of virtue and vice or of fear, and symbolize it and you have the possibility of a gargoyle. Take the distorted face, the mouth awry, the crooked nose, the chin pushed sidewise, the hair blown wildly about, the eyes half insane, and you have the face one fears might peer suddenly out of the darkness—in other words, the gargoyle.

"Take the face of a friend suddenly converted by temper, by fury, by passion, into the face of a foe and there once more you have your gargoyle."

One of Borglum's best sculptural works is a portrait of James Smithson, the eccentric English scientist who bequeathed to the United States his entire fortune to found the Smithsonian Institution; and another is a small equestrian figure entitled "The Boer," symbolizing a lost cause, which evoked appreciative comment when exhibited in London at the time of the South African War.

In England Mr. Borglum's talents have always been at a premium. Three of his canvases were sent for by Queen Victoria to be shown at Osborne. His "Pan" mural decorations adorn the Queen's Hotel, in Leeds; and he has only recently completed a painting, "The Coming of Guinevere" and twelve panels illustrating the "Midsummer Night's Dream," for the Midland Hotel Concert Hall, in Manchester.

Leila Mechlin, the *International Studio* writer, sums up Borglum's position:

"He is one of the many-talented few, but even he is not uniformly successful. He has done well, but it is probable that he will do still better. His paintings and his sculptures both show steady progress; they are becoming more artistic and in their significance more profound. He takes to his task both enthusiasm and zealous purpose and he is still looking beyond for something higher and better. 'The reason for building any work of art,' he says, 'can only be for the purpose of fixing in some durable form a great emotion, or a great idea, of the individual, or the people.' This to a degree epitomises his object, but it, likewise, measures his success. He has given to his work definite meaning, and through it he has made worthy contribution to the art of the present day."

ENEMIES AND HATERS OF BOOKS

There are many tragic chapters in the history of the writing and preservation of books, and while at our stage of civilization there is little danger of the recurrence of such tragedies, books still have enemies and still need protection. This is the general conclusion which has been reached in an exhaustive work that has been written on this subject by a French book-lover and expert, Albert Cim.

His work is entitled "Le Livre," and covers ancient, medieval and modern history, including our own time. It appears that the most ancient destroyer of books known was the Babylonian king, Nabonassar, who, in the third century B. C., destroyed all the records of the reigns and rulers precedent to himself. Instances of such ruthless vandalism are by no means rare in history. It is, however, an error and historical injustice to charge the Caliph Omar with the destruction in 640 of the Alexandrian library. If Omar burned anything, it was the mere insignificant remnant

of a once magnificent library. The greater part of this vast collection of books had been destroyed by the troops of Julius Cæsar, and another substantial part by Bishop Theophile, four hundred years later, who fought paganism strenuously and regarded pagan literature as worse than worthless.

Religious fanaticism and religious warfare are, indeed, responsible for the extermination of countless literary treasures and collections. The Romans consigned to the flames Jewish and Christian books, the Jews treated pagan and Christian books in the same way, and the Christians pursued a similar policy. In Spain, at and after the expulsion of the Moors, whole libraries of the writings of Islam were savagely destroyed; the English Puritans exterminated many collections of books in the monasteries, and even Cromwell burned the Oxford library, then one of the best in Europe. Red and white extremists have been equally cruel to books; the Spanish Inquisition and the French Revolution were at one in this matter. The Spanish discoverers and rulers of America destroyed thousands of Mexican and Peruvian records, and as a result a most important part of the history of human progress has been lost forever.

The crusaders were destroyers of what they considered heretical books, and in Russia the war of orthodoxy on sectarian dissent still manifests itself, among other things, in the destruction of the books of the non-conformists.

There are, however, other methods than burning or destroying books, and these still survive. The collectors who tear out and preserve only the title-pages of books do not flourish now as they did in earlier centuries, but at certain periods such collecting was the rage. In England, in the eighteenth century, John Bagford gathered together a hundred bulky volumes of title-pages. Other collectors used to tear out the illustrations and throw the text away.

The author has some amusing pages on the attitude of women toward books. It is a fact, he says, that bibliophiles have no high opinion of woman. She is regarded by them as a natural enemy of their treasures. Who has ever known a woman bibliophile? asks a writer he quotes approvingly. The woman of any home would rather have ornaments, bric-à-brac, what not, than books. Besides, it seems impossible for women to handle books with loving care; they show utter indifference to the safety and integrity of books in every possible way. One ardent book-lover has left the dictum that no woman can be left alone with a book.

The author deals with bookbinders, storekeepers, autograph hunters, and so on, placing them all in the various classes of book haters. Finally, he reaches the last class—the writers of books. Paradoxical as it may seem, authors do not, he finds, necessarily love books—except their own. Many positively dislike them, while others are simply indifferent and neither buy nor read books.

Rousseau did not hesitate to declare flatly that he "hated books, as they teach people to talk about things they do not understand." Chauteaubriand had a profound contempt for books, in which feeling his wife shared. He had a secretary who consulted whatever authorities he needed in his historical writings, he himself avoiding all unnecessary reading. In a letter to a friend his wife praised an apartment they had taken, one of its merits being the impossibility of "finding room in it for even a dozen books." Victor Hugo read very little. Even for his historical novels and plays he drew chiefly on his imagination. He had no library, and Jules Simon wrote of him: "There is hardly a book in Hugo's house, while in mine there are 25,000 of them." Lamartine cared little for books; he read nothing till his fiftieth year. Maupassant also avoided reading. Books, he said, made one narrow; they misrepresented life, indulged in deceptions and gave the mind a false direction, he thought. Zola had a small library and held that only idlers read much. Who, he asked in a letter, reads for genuine pleasure? As for authors, they write that others may read, as sausage-makers prepare their stuff for others. Pierre Loti frankly declared that he feared and distrusted books. They destroy originality and sincerity, he said, and only a man's own ideas and sentiments are of value.

Even among librarians, whose business it is to care for books and encourage reading, there are, according to the author, haters of books. A great Paris librarian is quoted as saying that it would give him keen pleasure to see the whole collection in his charge destroyed by fire. What is the use of all these laden shelves? Who reads these hundreds of thousands of volumes? he asked. If he had his way, only about five hundred books would be preserved, as they contained all that could be properly called literature.

REDISCOVERY OF SOME OF TURNER'S MASTERPIECES

Twenty-one oil paintings by the famous English artist, J. M. W. Turner, have come to light in the cellars of the National Gallery of British Art, and are being exhibited in London. They formed part of the bequest made to the nation by Turner fifty years ago, but, for unaccountable reasons, were boxed and hidden away. Now they are found to be masterpieces, surpassing, in some instances, the finest of Turner's work heretofore known. All artistic London is agog with the discovery. The remote Tate Gallery, in which the pictures have been put on public view, is besieged by visitors, and the general public has shown as much interest as the art connoisseurs. A London critic refers to the exhibition as "one of the greatest and most genuine art sensations that have occurred within years."

Several reasons have been given to explain the treatment the paintings have received. One is that they were simply forgotten, just as old rubbish might be forgotten in some long closed attic in one's own house; another, that their "slightness of execution" and "more or less wrecked condition" rendered them unfit for exhibition. Both of these reasons, says a London correspondent of the New York *Evening Post,* are equally unsatisfactory. "If a case of mere forgetfulness," he writes, "it is unpardonable that men appointed, and paid a large salary, to watch over the country's treasures should not have remembered the existence and the presence on their premises of the notable pictures of a distinguished painter. One asks, in consternation, what other fine and beautiful things may be thrust out of sight in the dust and dirt of the National cellars? . . . On the other hand, it is incredible that the directors—all, I believe, artists—who have succeeded each other since the Turners were placed under their charge, should have had such a poor opinion of the merit and state of preservation of the paintings in question." The same writer continues:

"Curiously enough, they are in a great deal better condition than many that have been for long

STORM OFF A ROCKY COAST
(By J. M. W. Turner.)

A RIVER SCENE WITH CATTLE
(By J. M. W. Turner.)

A REGATTA ON THE MEDWAY
(By J. M. W. Turner.)

ROCKY BAY WITH CLASSIC FIGURES AND SHIPS

(By J. M. W. Turner.)

hanging in the Turner Room in Trafalgar Square. They are not melancholy wrecks, in which you have to imagine all the wonderful qualities Ruskin discovered in them and commanded the world to see and admire with him. The color is pure and fresh, the sun shines as it rises and sets—it has not been eclipsed by the passing of time—skies and mists are luminous. It may be that Turner's worst experiments with varnish, which these paintings seem to have escaped, were deadlier enemies to his work than the damp and squalor of his forlorn house in Queen Anne Street and the dust and darkness of the National cellars. However that may be, only the blind—or the directors of the National Gallery—could have found in the condition of the long-forgotten series an argument for their concealment."

The London *Daily News* also finds it "inconceivable how any student of pictorial art can have dismissed such an achievement as unworthy a place, not to say a high place, in our national collections"; and adds: "The heritage is one of which the nation has reason to be proud." In a similarly appreciative spirit, the London *Morning Post* comments: "The first glance round the room was sufficient to show that one was in the presence of great art, not the art of commonplace thought and uninspired expression, but the art that reveals by suggestion all the knowledge of a master craftsman, and the infinite feeling of a mind sensitive to the ever-varying moods of nature—a mind so sensitive that it magnified each visual record and made truth stronger and more beautiful. But the revelation is nearly always more the magnifying of physical grandeur than the glorifying or explaining of spiritual beauty."

Two of the most striking pictures in the collection are "A River Scene, with Cattle," showing Dutch influence, and "An Interior at Petworth," which expresses a vision of brilliant, transfiguring sunshine streaming through vast windows into a large and sumptuously decorated room. The most beautiful of all, in the judgment of several critics, are some comparatively small sketches of yacht racing on the Solent. The larger paintings permit of division into two series, a gray and a golden. To the former series belongs "The Evening Star," a favorite alike with the critics and the public. Of this picture a London correspondent of the New York *Sun* writes:

"The subject is very simple—a fisherman and his dog on the shores of a tranquil, gray-blue sea; some spars rising up at the edge of the water; a

sky paling in the twilight; a single star reflected in the sea. The sentiment is exquisitely rendered. "It is expressed with a skill which is both masterly and unobtrusive. There is a reticence which one hardly associates with Turner, a grave and tender beauty which is rare in his work. It is a picture to be seen—one which does not lend itself to reproduction or description."

The rest of the gray series are "Margate from the Sea," "Breakers on a Flat Beach," "The Thames from above Waterloo Bridge," and "Storm off a Rocky Coast." The last is pronounced "a magnificent effect."

Of the golden series the *Sun* writer says:

"Perhaps the most brilliant of the golden series is 'Sunrise, Norham Castle,' and the most beautiful, 'A Rocky Bay, with Classic Figures and Ships,' though a more intimate charm pervades the slighter 'Hastings,' a view of the south coast watering place. 'Sunset, with Boat Between Headlands,' 'Sunset, Bay of Baiæ,' and 'Sunrise, with a Sea-Monster,' complete the list of the larger canvases. Here, again, there is little to be said that could convey any adequate idea of the individual pictures; but of them collectively it may be said that Turner, by sheer force of genius, presents in a more direct manner the brilliant effects of light which the French impressionists are only able to attain in a somewhat mechanical fashion."

Most of these pictures represent Turner's latest period. During this "last phase" he was lonely and friendless, yet in it he made fresh conquests. As the French critic, Robert de la Sizeranne, puts it: "He stands alone, as little to be imitated in his own country as elsewhere, belonging no more to one region of the globe than a comet belongs to one region of the sky."

WHITMAN'S PLACE IN THE HEARTS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES

Walt Whitman has been so persistently ignored or belittled by some critics, and so bitterly attacked by others, that, not unnaturally, he is often represented as having undergone a kind of literary martyrdom. But Horace Traubel's newly published and most illuminating record* of the correspondence and conversation of the Camden poet makes it clear that Whitman was in constant and intimate touch with some of the greatest minds of his time, and that "Leaves of Grass" awakened not merely critical interest but a spirit of personal devotion and warm-hearted loyalty among a large number of his most eminent literary contemporaries both in Europe and this country.

Emerson's now famous characterization of "Leaves of Grass" as "the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed," and his further statement, addressed directly to Whitman, "I greet you at the beginning of a great career," show conclusively that the one man whose judgment Whitman must have valued most — for as a youth he had saturated himself in Emerson's thought—was not afraid to give him unstinted praise. Whitman blazoned the words, it will be remembered, on the cover of the second edition of his poems, rather to Emerson's mortification; but Traubel furnishes evidence to show that Emerson never "went back" on his glowing estimate.

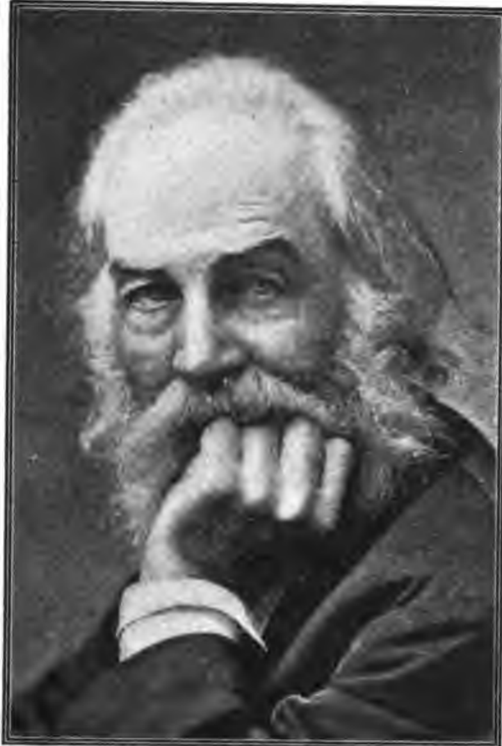
* WITH WALT WHITMAN IN CAMDEN (MARCH 28—JULY 14, 1888). By Horace Traubel. Small, Maynard & Co.

John Ruskin treated Whitman better than Whitman treated him; for Whitman confessed that he did not care for Ruskin and could not read him, whereas Ruskin wrote to William Harrison Riley, a Socialist friend who had sent him excerpts from "Leaves of Grass": "These are quite glorious things you have sent me. Who *is* Walt (Walter?) Whitman, and is much of him like this?" Tennyson corresponded with Whitman, and addressed to him, in 1887, a letter which the American poet treasured as "correct, choice, final." It reads:

DEAR OLD MAN:
I, the elder old man, have received your Article in the Critic, and send you in return my thanks and New Year's greeting on the wings of this East wind, which, I trust, is blowing softlier and warmlier on your good gray head than here, where it is rocking the elms and ilexes of my Isle of Wight garden.

Yours always,
TENNYSON.

In some ways the most important of Whitman's friendships was that with John Addington Symonds. It is doubtful if literary history can furnish a parallel to this remarkable intimacy, which lasted for twenty years. Symonds was a classical scholar of distinction, an historian of the Italian Renaissance and a biographer of Shelley and Michelangelo. His attitude toward Whitman was that of reverential discipleship. "Leaves of Grass," he once said, had influenced him more than any



WALT WHITMAN

He has sometimes been treated as a literary outcast, yet he numbered among his intimate friends Emerson, Thoreau, John Burroughs, John Addington Symonds, W. M. Rossetti, Edmund Gosse and Edward Dowden.

other book except the Bible; more than Plato or Goethe. In a letter to Whitman, written from Bristol, England, and dated February 7, 1872, he speaks again of what the poems had meant to him:

"For many years I have been attempting to explain in verse some of the forms of what in a note to Democratic Vistas (as also in a blade of Calamus) you call 'adhesiveness.' I have traced passionate friendship through Greece, Rome, the medieval and the modern world, and have now a large body of poems written but not published. In these I trust the spirit of the Past is faithfully set forth as far as my abilities allow.

"It was while engaged upon this work (years ago now) that I first read 'Leaves of Grass.' The man who spoke to me from that book impressed me in every way most profoundly—unalterably; but especially did I then learn confidently to believe that the comradeship which I conceived as on a par with the sexual feeling for depth and strength and purity and capability of all good, was *real*—not a delusion of distorted passions, a dream of the Past, a scholar's fancy—but a strong and vital bond of man to man.

"Yet even then how hard I found it—brought up in English feudalism, educated at an aristocratic public school (Harrow) and an over-refined university (Oxford)—to winnow from my own emotion and from my conception of the ideal friend all husks of affectations and aberrations and to be a simple human being! *You* cannot tell quite how hard this was, and how you helped me."

Whitman's influence over Symonds grew stronger, not weaker, with the years. Symonds had always been ambitious to write a worthy interpretation of the "master," and he put the fading strength of his last days into "Walt Whitman: A Study." The book appeared on the very day that Symonds died.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti was one of Whitman's earliest readers, and his brother, William Michael Rossetti, wrote an introduction to the first English edition of "Leaves of Grass." The edition was expurgated, with Whitman's consent, but against his better judgment. He said afterward:

"I have heard nothing but expurgate, expurgate, expurgate, from the day I started. Everybody wants to expurgate something—this, that, or the other thing. If I accepted all the suggestions, there wouldn't be one leaf of the Leaves left—and if I accepted one, why shouldn't I accept all? Expurgate, expurgate, expurgate! I've heard that till I'm deaf with it. Who didn't say expurgate? Rossetti said expurgate and I yielded. Rossetti was honest, I was honest—we both made a mistake. It is damnable and vulgar—the mere suggestion is an outrage. Expurgation is apology—yes, surrender—yes, an admission that something or other was wrong. Emerson said expurgate—I said no, no. I have lived to regret my Rossetti, yes—I have not lived to regret my Emerson, no . . . Did the Rossetti book ever do me any good? I am not sure of it: Rossetti's kindness did me good—but as for the rest, I am doubtful."

Such staid critics as Edmund Gosse and Edward Dowden fell completely under Whitman's spell. Probably both would modify now the enthusiastic utterances of their youth, but the earlier attitude is none the less significant. Mr. Gosse visited Whitman in 1887. Years before he had written him:

"The Leaves of Grass have become a part of my every-day thought and experience. I have considered myself as the 'new person drawn toward' you; I have taken your warning, I have weighed all the doubts and the dangers, and the result is that I draw only closer and closer towards you.

"As I write this I consider how little it can matter to you in America how you are regarded by a young man in England of whom you have never heard. And yet I cannot believe that you, the poet of comrades, will refuse the sympathy I lay at your feet. In any case I can but thank you for all that I have learned from you, all the beauty you have taught me to see in the common life of healthy men and women, and all the pleasure there is in the mere humanity of other people. The sense of all this was in me, but it was you, and you alone, who really gave it power to express itself. Often

when I have been alone in the company of one or other of my dearest friends, in the very deliciousness of nearness and sympathy, it has seemed to me that you were somewhere invisibly with us."

Professor Dowden, writing from Dublin in 1871, said:

"You have many readers in Ireland, and those who read do not feel a qualified delight in your poems—do not love them by degree, but with an absolute, a personal love. We none of us question that yours is the clearest, and sweetest, and fullest American voice. We grant as true all that you claim for yourself. And you gain steadily among us new readers and lovers."

Thoreau was among the first to recognize "a great big something" in "Leaves of Grass," and John Burroughs has always been one of Whitman's stanchest friends and defenders. Sidney Lanier, John Hay, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Richard Watson Gilder, Joaquin Miller are but a few of the distinguished Americans who gave Whitman encouragement at a time when his poems were almost universally misunderstood and execrated. Even before his death Whitman had translators and interpreters in Germany, France and Denmark. Well might he say (in 1872) that, on the whole, he was "more than satisfied" with his literary fortune. And many years later he added: "I have been lucky in my friends, whatever may be said about my enemies. I get more and more to feel that the Leaves do not express only a personal life—they do that first of all—but that they in the end express the corporate life—the universal life."

GEORGE GISSING

"Of all the losses which literature has lately endured," says C. F. G. Masterman, "the death of Gissing stands out as most exhibiting the ragged edge of tragedy."

THE VICTIM OF A NINETEENTH CENTURY GRUB STREET

"Of all the losses which literature has lately endured, the death of George Gissing stands out as most exhibiting the ragged edge of tragedy." So writes C. F. G. Masterman, literary editor of the London *Daily News* and one of the new Liberal members of Parliament, in a recently published volume of essays.* Gissing's career, he continues, owed its tragic elements to the fact that it represented genius crushed and thwarted by a nineteenth-century Grub Street; and he reveals the fact that one of the latest (and best) of Gissing's books—"The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft"—was, under the thin veil of fiction, autobiographical. "For twenty years he had lived by the pen," says Gissing of his hero—that is, of himself—in the preface to these remarkable papers; "he was a struggling man beset by poverty and other circumstances very unpropitious to work. . . . He did a great deal of mere hack-work; he reviewed, he translated, he wrote articles. There were times, I have no doubt, when bitterness took hold upon him; not seldom he suffered in health, and probably as much from moral as from physical overstrain."

Shortly before his death, Gissing had arrived at something like comfortable living. "We hoped," he wrote of Ryecroft in words strangely prophetic, "it would all last for many a year; it seemed, indeed, as though he had only need of rest and calm to become a hale man. . . . It had always been his wish to die suddenly. . . . He lay down upon the sofa in his study, and there—as his calm face declared—passed from slumber into the great silence."

The tyranny of this nineteenth-century

*In Peril of Change. By C. F. G. Masterman. B. W. Huebsch, New York.

Grub Street, writes Mr. Masterman, drove his genius into a hard and narrow groove. He might have developed into a great critic —witness the promise of his essay on Dickens. There was humor in him all unsuspected by the public till the appearance of "The Town Traveler"; and a keen eye for natural beauty, and a power of description of the charm and fascination of places. And a passionate love of nature and of home were only made manifest in "By the Ionian Sea" and the last, most kindly volume. But all this was sacrificed:

"He remains, and will remain, in literature as the creator of one particular picture. Gissing is the painter, with a cold and mordant accuracy, of certain phases of city life, especially of the life of London, in its cheerlessness and bleakness and futility, during the years of rejoicing at the end of the nineteenth century. If ever in the future the long promise of the Ages be fulfilled, and life becomes beautiful and passionate once again, it is to his dolorous pictures that men will turn for a vision of the ancient tragedies in a City of Dreadful Night.

"Gissing rarely if ever described the actual life of the slum. He left to others the natural history of the denizens of 'John Street' and the 'Jago.' The enterprise, variety and adventurous energy of those who led the existence of the beast would have disturbed with a human vitality the picture of his dead world. It was the classes above these enemies of society, in their ambitions and pitiful successes, which he made the subject of his genius. He analyzes into its constituent atoms the matrix of which is composed the characteristic city population. With artistic power and detachment he constructs his sombre picture, till a sense of almost physical oppression comes upon the reader, as in some strange and disordered dream.

"There are but occasional vivid incidents; the vitriol-throwing in 'The Nether World'; the struggle of the Socialists in 'Demos,' as if against the tentacles of some slimy and unclean monster; the particular note of revolt sounded in 'New Grub Street,' when the fog descends not merely upon the multitude who acquiesce, but upon the few who resist. But in general the picture is merely of the changes of time hurrying the individuals through birth, marriage, and death, but leaving the general resultant impression unchanged. *Vanitas vanitatum* is written large over an existence which has 'never known the sunshine nor the glory that is brighter than the sun.'"

Gissing was an individualist, unsocial to a fault, living most of his forty-six years in Grub Street without the joy of comradeship, grappling with difficulties—personal and literary—alone. Thinking of those early years in London, he wrote, near the end of his short life:

"I see that alley hidden on the west side of Tottenham Court Road, where, after living in a back bedroom on the top floor, I had to exchange it for the front cellar; there was a difference, if I remember rightly, of sixpence a week, and sixpence, in those days, was a very great consideration—why, it meant a couple of meals. (I once *found* sixpence in the street, and had an exultation which is vivid in me at this moment.) The front cellar was stone-floored; its furniture was a table, a chair, a wash-stand, and a bed; the window, which of course had never been cleaned since it was put in, received light through a flat grating in the alley above. Here I lived; here I wrote. Yes, 'literary work' was done at that filthy deal table, on which, by the bye, lay my Homer, my Shakespeare, and the few other books I then possessed. At night, as I lay in bed, I used to hear the tramp, tramp of a *posse* of policemen who passed along the alley on their way to relieve guard; their heavy feet sometimes sounded on the grating above my window.

"I recall a tragi-comical incident of life at the British Museum. Once, on going down into the lavatory to wash my hands, I became aware of a notice newly set up above the row of basins. It ran somehow thus: 'Readers are requested to bear in mind that these basins are to be used only for casual ablutions.' Oh, the significance of that inscription! Had I not myself, more than once, been glad to use this soap and water more largely than the sense of the authorities contemplated? And there were poor fellows working under the great dome whose need, in this respect, was greater than mine. I laughed heartily at the notice, but it meant so much.

"Nature took revenge now and then. In winter time I had fierce sore throats, sometimes accompanied by long and savage headaches. Doctoring, of course, never occurred to me; I just locked my door, and if I felt very bad indeed, went to bed—to lie there, without food or drink, till I was able to look after myself again.

"Would I live it over again, that life of the garret and the cellar? Not with the assurance of fifty years' contentment such as I now enjoy to follow upon it! With man's infinitely pathetic power of resignation, one sees the thing on its better side, forgets all the worst of it, makes out a case for the resolute optimist. Oh, but the waste of energy, of zeal, of youth! In another mood, I could shed tears over that spectacle of rare vitality condemned to sordid strife. The pity of it! And—if our conscience mean anything at all—the bitter wrong!"

For skilled, artistic craftsmanship, Mr. Masterman thinks that Gissing held the first place in the ranks of the younger authors of to-day. The later books seemed to open possibilities of brilliant promise. The bitterness had become softened. The general protest against the sorry scheme of human things seemed to be passing into a kind of pity for all that suffers. The older indignation had yielded to perplexity as of a suffering child. With something of that perplexity—with a new note of wistfulness, the sudden breaking of the springs of compassion—George Gissing passed from a world of shadows which he found full of uncertainty and pain.

THE ESSENTIAL HUMANITY OF CHARLES LAMB

The life of Charles Lamb, says Mr. E. V. Lucas, who has recently published what is hailed not only as "the book of the hour," but something better—a book for all time, "is the narrative of one who was a man and brother first, an East India clerk next, and a writer afterwards." It is the story "rather of a private individual who chanced to have literary genius than of a man of letters in the ordinary sense of the term." It is this view that illuminates the two large volumes* devoted to all the simple details of Lamb's life, to his friendships, and to an account of the sister with whom his own life story was so inextricably woven. Lamb is presented, essentially, as a character who chanced to make use of a literary medium to impress not only his generation but posterity by his human traits. The anomaly of Lamb's literary fame is well indicated by Mr. Lucas when he says that the work of Charles Lamb forms no integral part in the history of English literature; he is not in the main current, he is hardly in the side current of the great stream. "As that noble river flows steadily onward it brims here and there into a clear and peaceful bay. Of such tributary backwaters, which are of the stream yet not in it, Sir Thomas Browne is one, Charles Lamb another." Mr. Lucas adds:

"In other words, the 'Essays of Elia' are perhaps as easily dispensed with as any work of fancy and imagination in the language; and a large number of persons not uninterested in English literature attain to great heights of ignorance concerning them. Their 'facts' are not of the utilitarian order; their humor leads rarely to loud laughter, rather to the quiet smile; they are not stories, they are not poems; they are not difficult enough to suggest 'mental improvement' to those who count it loss unless they are puzzled, nor simple enough for those who demand of their authors no confounded nonsense.

"At the same time English literature has nothing that in its way is better than 'Elia's' best. The blend of sanity, sweet reasonableness, tender fancy, high imagination, sympathetic understanding of human nature, and humor, now wistful, now frolicsome, with literary skill of unsurpassed delicacy, makes 'Elia' unique."

CHARLES LAMB

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If the "Essays of Elia" endure, continues Mr. Lucas, it is because they "describe with so much sympathy most of the normal failings of mankind," because Lamb "understands so much, and is so cheering to the lowly, so companionable to the luckless. He is always on the side of those who need a friend. He is 'in love with the green earth,' he never soars out of reach, never withholds his tolerance for our weaknesses." Mr. Lucas adopts as a suitable characterization of the "Essays" a definition which has stood for a proverb. They contain "the wisdom of many and the wit of one." They offer the essentials of experiences common to us all to each reader "in terms peculiar to his own case." To quote further:

"It is by 'Elia' that Lamb stands where he does; and our prose literature probably contains no work more steeped in personality. What Shakespeare's essays would have been like we cannot conjecture; what Lamb's plays were like we

*The Life of Charles Lamb. By E. V. Lucas. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

know; and the two men technically are not comparable. But in tolerance, in the higher clearness, in enjoyment of fun, in love of sweetness, in pleasure in gentlemen, in whimsical humor, Lamb and Shakespeare have much in common. Lamb's criticisms of Shakespeare, though not necessarily better than those of certain other writers, always seem to me to come from one peculiarly qualified to speak by reason of superior intimacy or familiarity. He writes more as Shakespeare's friend than any other."

Lamb "found the essay a comparatively frigid thing" and "he left it warm and companionable." He had no mind for exerting such a thing as "influence." "Hazlitt, his most illustrious contemporary in this form," says Mr. Lucas, "owed technically nothing to Lamb, Lamb owed nothing to Hazlitt." The latter essayist continued the traditions of Dryden, Addison, Steele and Goldsmith; "Lamb played many pranks, annihilated 'Progress,' in his own words wrote 'for antiquity.'" By the same token Mr. Lucas warns off any who think they may be able to emulate his literary virtues. "To try to write like Lamb is, perhaps, the surest road to literary disaster; to try to write like Hazlitt is one of the best things a young man can do."

THE "SPLENDID ISOLATION" OF EMILY BRONTË

"The greatest book ever written by a woman" is the deliberate judgment of Mr. Clement K. Shorter upon "Wuthering Heights." Long after "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley" have been permanently consigned to the shelves of the historically interesting, he avers,* "Wuthering Heights" will be read. "No book has so entirely won the suffrage of some of the best minds of each generation," he adds, and as if to establish this opinion beyond all reach of doubt or skeptic, he marshals the expressed corroboration of a small but brilliant cloud of witnesses.

Emily Brontë withered before the first rays of appreciation fell upon her work. She did not live long enough to know even of the praise bestowed by Sidney Dobell, the first critic to recognize its beauty and lasting worth. Could she have lived a little longer, she might have heard Matthew Arnold voice words of no mean praise, and later Mrs. Humphry Ward and Maurice Maeterlinck. Mr. Swinburne caught the true feeling of the Brontë fellowship when he said of "Wuthering Heights": "It may be true that not many will ever take it to their hearts; it is certain that those who do like it will like nothing very much better in the whole world of poetry or prose."

Emily Brontë knew a brief and lonely life. She died before she was thirty. "Silent and rather grim" she has been called, but it was life that made her so. Too sensitive and shrinking to partake in the church work in Haworth which occupied her sisters, she was content with the companionship of her dogs. Roaming with them over the rolling moorlands was the only happiness she knew. It is said that she never had an intimate—no friend or comrade of schoolgirl days, no confidante of young womanhood. Charlotte knew her best, perhaps, and so it is peculiarly fitting that her tribute to "Wuthering Heights" should be preserved. "'Wuthering Heights' was hewn in a wild workshop," she tells us, "with simple tools out of homely materials. The statuary found a granite block on a solitary moor; gazing thereon he saw how from the crag might be elicited a head, savage, swart, sinister; a form molded with at least one element of grandeur—power. He wrought with a rude chisel and from no model but the vision of his meditations. With time and labor the crag took human shape; and there it stands, colossal, dark and frowning, half-statue, half-rock; in the former sense, terrible and goblin-like; in the latter, almost beautiful, for its coloring is of mellow grey, and moorland moss clothes it; and heath, with its bloomy bells and balmy fragrance, grows faithfully close to the giant's foot."

"Wuthering Heights" was born in sorrow and its beauty remains a perpetual source of inspiration to succeeding generations. To use Mr. Shorter's words concerning the characters in this book, "the whole group of tragic figures are before us and we are moved as in the presence of a great tragedy." Mr. Shorter says again: "Emily Brontë was quite a young woman when she wrote this book. One almost feels that it was necessary that she should die. Any further work from her pen must almost have been in the nature of an anti-climax. It were better that 'Wuthering Heights' should stand, as does its author, in splendid isolation."

*CHARLOTTE BRONTË. By Clement K. Shorter. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Music and the Drama

THE GREATEST OF LIVING COMPOSERS

"Keep steadily on; I tell you, you have the capability, and—do not let them intimidate you!" Such was the fatherly advice of Franz Liszt to Edvard Grieg when the latter, as a young and trembling composer, visited him in Rome forty years ago. For Grieg the words had "an air of sanctification" and the promise of "a wonderful power to uphold him in days of adversity"; and Liszt lived long enough to realize that his confidence had been abundantly justified. Grieg has become, perhaps, the most universally known and beloved of modern composers. He is generally conceded to be the greatest living composer. As his distinguished fellow countryman, Björnson, puts it: "Grieg has brought it about that Norwegian moods and Norwegian life have entered into every music-room in the whole world."

EDVARD GRIEG

"He has brought it about," says Bjornstjerne Björnson, the distinguished playwright and novelist, "that Norwegian moods and Norwegian life have entered into every music-room in the whole world."

It was Hans von Bülow who called Grieg the "Chopin of the North." The characterization, as Henry T. Finck points out in a newly published and stimulating critique,* is suggestive, but not entirely accurate. Both composers, it is true, show great refinement of style, rare melodic, harmonic and rhythmic originality, an abhorrence of the commonplace, and a certain "exotic" nationalism; but Grieg departs from the lines laid down by Chopin and excels him in his faculty for orchestral coloring and in his gift to the world of a hundred and twenty-five songs which only two or three masters have equaled. Moreover, Chopin can never be entirely dissociated from the decadent school. His music has something of the flavor of hothouse flowers; whereas Grieg is primitive and elemental. "One of the most remarkable

* EDVARD GRIEG. By H. T. Finck. John Lane Company.

GRIEG'S VILLA AT TROLDHAUGEN ON THE NORWEGIAN COAST

ANOTHER VIEW OF GRIEG'S VILLA, SHOWING ITS COMMANDING OUTLOOK

traits of Grieg," says Mr. Finck, "is that although he had an invalid body nearly all his life, his artist soul was always healthy; there is not a trace, of the morbid or mawkish in his music, but, on the contrary, a superb virility and an exuberant joyousness such as are supposed to be inseparable from robust health." An apter comparison than that between Grieg and Chopin would be one between Grieg and the greatest American composer, Edward MacDowell, who has essential and fundamental traits in common with his Norwegian contemporary, and, on reliable report, "simply worships him." Mrs. Finck, after visiting Grieg with her husband in 1901, wrote home: "In many ways Edvard Grieg reminded us of *our* Edward [MacDowell]."

The place of Grieg in world-music has not been authoritatively determined, but one thing is certain: his reputation is steadily growing. It is sometimes charged that "Grieg, despite the many beauties in his works, writes in a dialect quite as truly as did Burns," but Mr. Finck makes the rejoinder that the compositions of Grieg contain much more Grieg than Norway. In even stronger language he declares that "ninety-five hundredths of Grieg's music is absolutely and in every detail his own." To quote further:

"He has provided a large store-house of absolutely new melodic material—a boon to countless students and imitators; he has created the latest harmonic atmosphere in music, having gone even beyond Liszt and the most audacious Germans in his innovations, and he has thus, like Schubert, like Wagner, like Chopin, enlarged the world-language of music. He has taught his new idioms to some of the most prominent composers of his time, among them Tchaikovsky, Paderewski, D'Albert, MacDowell. A Viennese critic has pointed out 'unmistakable analogies' between the harmonic peculiarities of Grieg and those of Richard Strauss; and as Grieg had done most of his work when Strauss began, he is, of course, the originator and Strauss the disciple.

"From every point of view that interests the music-lover Grieg is one of the most original geniuses in the musical world of the present or past. His songs are a mine of melody, surpassed in wealth only by Schubert's, and that only because there are more of Schubert's. In originality of harmony and modulation he has only six equals —Bach, Schubert, Chopin, Schumann, Wagner and Liszt. In every rhythmic invention and combination he is inexhaustible, and as an orchestrator he ranks among the most fascinating."

The story of Grieg's life has been, in the main, uneventful. He is of Scotch ancestry, and happily married to a cousin who has both inspired and interpreted his songs. In Christiania, Copenhagen, Leipsic, Rome, Paris and London the Griegs have given song recitals. "They were enjoyed as unique artistic events," says Mr. Finck, "and while it was taken as a matter of course that the composer should reveal new poetic details in the piano parts, every one was surprised to find that an unheralded singer should outshine most of the famous professionals in her ability to stir the soul with her interpretative art."

Grieg has been the life-long friend of Björnson and Ibsen. It was on the solicitation of the latter that he wrote his famous "Peer Gynt" suite. The play and accompanying music were given for the first time at the Christiania Theater in 1876. They have had seventy subsequent performances in Christiania alone, and have been presented in Paris and Berlin.

The most exciting incident in Grieg's career occurred in 1903, when at the height of the Dreyfus agitation, he was invited by the eminent French conductor, M. Edouard Colonne, to give a concert in Paris. Grieg had expressed sentiments offensive to the nationalists, and public feeling was intense. At first he refused the invitation, but later he consented to appear. He was greeted by hisses as well as by applause, and after the rendition of the first number on the program a man arose in the parquet and shouted: "We applaud only the artist and great musician." "Think of it," wrote Grieg in a private letter; "when I was about to enter my carriage [after the concert], there was a triple cordon around it. I felt as important as Cromwell —at the very least." On this occasion Raoul Pugno, the pianist, played Grieg's A minor concerto, a noble composition which he has since done much to popularize throughout Europe and the United States.

Grieg's home is a lonely villa at Troldhaugen, commanding a panorama of fiord and woods. According to latest reports he is well and hearty, and plans to visit London next summer to take part in some concerts which are being organized in his honor. Says a paragrapher in London *Truth*:

"Dr. Grieg is passing the winter at Christiania, where a friend from England who recently saw him was rejoiced to notice the excellent health and spirits which he appeared to be enjoying. Every morning he leaves his hotel to visit the establishment of Messrs. Hals, the leading piano firm of Norway, where a magnificent music room is placed at his exclusive disposal, while it is pleasant to know that of late he has been able to take up again his creative work."

Courtesy of H. T. Finck

FOUR HEROIC NORWEGIANS

Bjornstjerne Björnson and Edvard Grieg have been life-long friends. Madame Grieg, who stands behind Madame Björnson, has both inspired and interpreted her husband's songs.

IN THE COUNTRY OF HAMLET

The eminent Danish author, George Brandes, "the Taine of the North," in his great work on Shakespeare, makes the remarkable assertion that "Hamlet" has shed more renown upon

MONUMENT TO SHAKESPEARE AT ELSINORE, DENMARK

Recently erected by popular subscription to commemorate the third centenary of the publication of "Hamlet."

Denmark than that shed by all its previous history. Shakespeare, in singling out the little northern state as the scene of his masterpiece, has encircled the name of Denmark with an imperishable aureole. He has embalmed it in fadeless romance. By a strange paradox, this creation of the poet's brain has become more real in Denmark than any of the kings or vikings of Scandinavian history. The Danes, an imaginative people, have been quick to recognize their debt to Shakespeare, and have even delighted to honor his memory. The plays have been faithfully and ably translated into Danish, and the finest biographical study of the poet in recent times has been written by the Danish scholar above named. At Elsinore there was recently erected a magnificent statue to the poet, the cost being defrayed by popular subscription. The *Monde Illustré* (Paris) describes the event as follows:

"On the recent occasion of the third centenary of the publication of 'Hamlet,' a number of representative Danes determined to commemorate the event by the erection of a monument to Shakespeare. Great interest was shown in the project, which was generally regarded as a fitting act of homage to the great poet who had so signally honored Denmank. Elsinore was chosen as the site. The monument is the work of the Danish sculptor Hasschüs. It represents Shakespeare seated, pen in hand, conceiving and writing the famous drama. The charming site which has been chosen for the monument has a strong appeal for visitors, suggestive as it is of the dramatic incidents of 'Hamlet.'

"The passionate admiration now accorded the great poet has amply avenged the neglect of his own age and the oblivion which threatened his memory in the succeeding century. These latest honors to Shakespeare remind us of Victor Hugo's words of homage: 'If a mountain of stones were piled up in his honor, could they add to his greatness? What memorial arch will outlast these: "The Tempest," "The Winter's Tale," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Julius Cæsar," "Coriolanus"? What monument more grandiose than "Lear," more sternly impassive than "The Merchant of Venice," more brilliant than "Romeo and Juliet," more Dedalean than "Richard III"? What moonlight so soft and mysterious as that which illumines "The Midsummer Night's Dream"?

"TOMB OF HAMLET" AT ELSINORE

What edifice of cedar or of oak shall last as long as "Othello"? What monument of brass shall endure as long as "Hamlet"?'"

It is remarkable how little is generally known of the vogue of Shakespeare in the country of Hamlet. Elsinore is steeped in memories of the immortal poem. We all know that moonlit scene with its ghostly visitant, its tragic associations. But how many know that Elsinore is an actuality to-day, and that the story of Hamlet and Ophelia is a living tradition among its inhabitants?

The Elsinore of the present day, as we learn from the French article, offers a rugged, picturesque landscape in harmony with its romantic traditions. A great tumulus on the outskirts of the town, surmounted by an enormous monolith, is reverenced as the "Tomb of Hamlet." In the park of Marienlyst, a suburb of Elsinore, there is a beautiful statue of Hamlet, the work of the famous sculptor Petersen. Near by is "Ophelia's Spring," a clear stream of water purling from the rocks and shaded by great trees. The whole country is steeped in Shakespearean memories. The immortal legend of the Danish prince; the fate of the ill-starred Ophelia; the fearful apparition of the murdered king, are known to the humblest inhabitant. Elsinore is a favorite haunt for Shakespeare-lovers visiting Denmark. One may see them, book in hand, following the lines which allude to the scenes before them. With the approach of evening a profound melancholy, typical of northern countries, seems to descend upon Elsinore. It is then that the full significance of Shakespeare's masterpiece dawns upon the visitor. Out of the deepening shadows emerges the phantom monarch "revisiting the glimpses of the moon." The "eternal blazon" uttered to Hamlet by those fleshless lips echoes through the mind, and "thoughts beyond the reach of our souls" throng upon the tourist.

"OPHELIA'S SPRING" AT ELSINORE

TWO NEW OPERAS BY FRENCH COMPOSERS

Operatic novelties have not been plentiful in the music centers of Europe during the season now drawing to a close. The Italian composers have done little; the German and French, not much more. Of the Gallic operas that have attracted praise and won critical commendation, the most important is doubtless that of Camille Saint-Saëns. It is called "L'Ancêtre" (The Ancestor) and deals with a typical episode from Corsican life. It had its first production late in February at Monte Carlo; Paris is to hear it soon. The most notable feature of "The Ancestor," musically speaking, is declared to be the vigor, the freshness, the spontaneity of the composer's ideas. It might be the work of a young man, while Saint-Saëns is seventy-one years of age.

The "book" is by a young poet, Ange de Lassus, and is based on a poem entitled, "Vendetta," which tells the tragic story of a characteristic Corsican "blood feud" extending over the lifetime of more than two generations. The "lyrical drama" presents the struggle between barbarism, tradition and fierce bloodthirstiness on one hand, and the modern gospel of peace and civilization and ethical religion on the other, barbarism in the end asserting the supremacy which it still commands in Corsica. The plot of the opera is summarized in *Le Figaro* substantially as follows:

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS

The leading contemporary French composer. His latest opera, "L'Ancêtre," tells the tragic story of a characteristic Corsican "blood feud" extending over the lifetime of more than two generations.

In a mountainous and wild region there live, almost side by side, two families—the Fabiani and the Pietra-Nera. Between them there has existed a fatal feud for many decades. The grandfathers transmitted it to their sons, and these in turn to their children. Already it has claimed many victims, murder and violence being the natural manifestations of the inextinguishable hatred.

The Pietra-Nera family is represented by a young military officer, Tebaldo, who is serving in France and is visiting his home with full knowledge of the peril to which he is exposing himself. A pious hermit, who is the neighbor of both families, has resolved to effect a lasting peace between them. He has confided his hope to Tebaldo, who approves of the effort and is for his part ready to end the feud. A meeting of the two families is at last arranged by the hermit, and the younger members of the families are disposed to respond to his appeals. They have had enough of blood, tears and sorrow; they would welcome harmony and good-will.

But Nunciata, the "ancestor," the grandmother in the Fabiani family, who has stood apart, sullen and stern, steps forward and with one word, "No!" upsets the peace plans of the good hermit. In her, past rancor and hate burn as fiercely as ever, and the deadly enmity must continue.

Tebaldo, however, has fallen in love with Margarita Fabiani, one of Nunciata's three grandchildren, and she reciprocates his love. Vanina, Margarita's sister, also loves Tebaldo, but this is her secret, and no one suspects it. The law of the feud must prevail and the affections of nature be disregarded.

Leandri, Nunciata's grandson, entraps Tebaldo and attempts to kill him. He fails and is killed by his intended victim acting in pure self-defense. Leandri is found dead and carried home, and the old grandmother, in a frenzy of grief and rage, swears that this new crime of the Pietra-Nera family must be avenged. Death, death to the Pietra-Neras! All must take the solemn oath; but just as Vanina is about to do so a servant tells her that Tebaldo is the slayer of her brother.

Tebaldo is making preparations to leave the island and return to France. But first Margarita and he must be made man and wife by the hermit amid the flowers and plants which surround the little chapel. Unfortunately Vanina has followed them and is conc aled near by, shotgun in hand. She overhears the lovers, her jealousy is excited, and a great conflict between duty and anger, on the one hand, and her love for Tebaldo, on the other, rages within her breast. She tries to shoot, her heart fails her, and she drops the weapon. Nunciata, however, is at her side; she tosses up the rifle and aims it at Tebaldo. Vanina throws herself upon her to protect the man she loves, and the bullet is lodged in her breast instead. It was to avenge the brother; it killed the sister.

The Saint-Saëns score, writes Gabriel Fauré, the eminent composer and music critic, is both dramatic and melodious. It has the finest qualities of French music—elegance, lucidity, fluency, clearness in complexity; yet it is a sober, strong, realistic score. It reflects the natural and human environment of Corsica, the composer having visited the island, not to make use of actual folk-melodies or "local color," but to saturate himself with the Corsican atmosphere and give it indirect, subtle expression in his themes and orchestration. The themes are characteristic, some representing the beauty and sweetness of nature and the love of the young Tebaldo and Margarita, others the fatal shadow of the feud, the impending doom, the tragic past of the two families. There are many beautiful arias and concerted numbers in the opera, and the orchestral accompaniment is rich and full of coloı and vigor.

Another interesting and notable operatic novelty is "Sanga," by the Irish-French composer, Isidore de Lara, whose "Messaline," produced last year, has given him a high reputation in France. "Sanga" is described as a "lyrical drama." The "book" was written by Eugene Morand and Paul de Choudens, and is composed in a style that may be regarded as semi-Wagnerian. The "leading motive" is freely employed to characterize persons, situations and moods, and, indeed, the whole score is founded on a number of such themes. The composer, however, allows himself more freedom than Wagnerian musical principles permit in the combinations and development of these

themes. The opera was produced at the Municipal Opera House in Nice, where, according to the *Figaro* correspondent, little justice could be done to its scenic and spectacular features, which are unusual and which would tax the mechanical resources of the best-equipped opera-houses of Europe. "Sanga," says the reviewer in the paper named, shows decided growth in De Lara's art and musical ability of an exceptional order. To appreciate the character and merit of the score it is necessary to consider the strange and original plot of the opera, which is thus indicated:

Master Vigord is a Savoy farmer who is as miserly as he is hard and tyrannical. He is a severe taskmaster, and even parental love he understands only as an exercise of implacable authority. He is feared by all his laborers, as well as by his only son, Jean. This youth is in love with Sanga, a girl of the highways, a wild, self-willed, untrained creature of peculiar charm and fascination. An accident has caused her to join the farmer's harvesters. Vigord learns of his son's infatuation, but he has other intentions with regard to Jean's future. Jean is to marry his cousin Lena, a gentle, submissive, domestic girl. Vigord brutally dismisses Sanga, but she trusts Jean, her devoted lover, and is sure that he will defy his father and accompany her into the outside world. Jean does make an effort to abandon father and home for his sweetheart, but, being a timid and irresolute creature, he changes his mind, and Sanga is obliged to depart alone. Before setting out she invokes the wrath of Heaven on the cruel old farmer and all those who inhabit the spot where she has been scorned and betrayed.

Sanga retires into the Alps. A storm is threatened. Sanga is recalling, in plaintive song, the joys of her mountain life, and addressing invocations and prayers to the declining, fiery sun, the wind which is steadily rising, the rain which is turning into a flood, the thunder and lightning which precede the terrible tempest. Darkness descends upon the land; the storm is carrying devastation and desolation into the neighboring villages and farms; the church bells are sounding alarm; cries of despair and horror fill the air; and Sanga is almost directing the awful, sublime tempest; it is almost her curses that have precipitated this havoc and destruction.

The Vigord farm has suffered with the rest. Everything is destroyed by the flood. Vigord, Jean and Lena have had to save themselves by ascending to the barn attic. The only light seen comes from the church in the vicinity, where the panic-stricken villagers are gathered praying and chanting. Vigord, the miser, seeing his complete ruin, loses his mind. He throws his gold pieces into the raging waters; he blasphemes and mocks the worshippers.

Suddenly a boat is seen. It approaches the Vigord refuge. Sanga is in it. She has come to save Jean, her former lover. The barn, undermined, crumbles, and Vigord and Lena are drowned; but Jean clings to floating timber, and Sanga succeeds in rescuing him—in dragging him, unconscious, into her boat.

But when he regains consciousness he bitterly reproaches Sanga for having refused help to his father and cousin. He will not accept life from her hands; he deliberately overturns the boat, and both of its occupants are swept away by the irresistible torrent.

The score attempts to give musical expression not only to the human emotions of the opera but to the grand, terrible and overwhelming manifestations of nature just described. The composer has tried to follow modern ideas in regard to the rôle of the orchestra, which is particularly important in an opera of natural "stress and storm," without sacrificing the older idea of flowing, set melodies.

A SENSE OF THE INFINITE IN MUSIC

The supreme task of the artist, as interpreted by Schelling, the German philosopher, is that of endeavoring to represent the infinite under a finite form. Whoever succeeds in accomplishing this, he said, has risen to the true idea of the beautiful. Beethoven and Wagner, the master musicians, expressed themselves in similar terms; and music, the most ethereal and evanescent of the arts, lends itself most readily to the exposition of this thought.

"'Tis by the world of the senses," said Schelling in another place, "that we perceive, as through an almost transparent cloud, that land of fantasy toward which we are advancing." The words serve as a text for a brilliant article in the *Revista d'Italia* (Rome) by one of the foremost European critics in matters esthetic, Professor Villanis, of Rome. He begins:

"Athwart the positivism of the passing hour, and all the more because of its rude handling of idealistic tendencies, voices from the past insist on making themselves heard; and such is their fascination that our minds are bewitched as we listen to them, and the actual moment seems to be conscious of its kinship with bygone epochs. Thus, though modern esthetics are daily emancipating themselves from metaphysical fetters, Schelling's transcendental idealism nevertheless still wakes an echo in our souls when we make bold to examine the luminous and indefinite

world revealed to us in works of art and especially in musical works. Through that web and woof, whereon the melodious design traces its bizarre patterns, we catch glimpses of a throng of symbols whereby our spirits' universe would seem to be portrayed. Associations at first well-nigh imperceptible, waxing by degrees more distinct, are welded together in an ever-growing chain; the concordant alternation of rest and movement, the ebb and flow of rhythmical phrases, uplift, refresh, re-enliven the pulses of our being; and to the first indefinite state of the soul there succeeds a second, a third, a lengthy train of emotional affirmations, becoming ever clearer, more precise.

"Thereupon a world of tenuous images, borne as on butterfly wings, flutter up from the depths of our being, poise for an instant amid the soul's shadowy places, then dart upward toward the broadening light, the luminous brightness. It is no longer an isolated artist, a stranger to us, who is singing: it is present and past generations, it is the universal soul which is declaiming the eternal poem of being. And however short-lived that artistic sense may be within us, the fleeting esthetic moment seems to hold in its embrace an infinity of time and space. . . .

"Hence there are two elements in a work of art. The *finite* is the natural element, the physical, material element, whereby the artistic creation is embodied, made concrete and rendered perceptible to the senses; in the case of a page of music it may be represented by the vehicle of sound. The *infinite*, on the contrary, is in the consciousness of the artist creator, in whom it sprang into life. Like the blessedness described in Dante's 'Paradiso,' it reflects the infinity of consciousness and universal life."

This idea seems to have been in the mind of every musician the moment his reason has attempted to penetrate the mystery of his own work. The composer has ever been conscious of the fact that his music represented detached observations, stray, cloudy hints, imperfect syntheses of a vision but barely glimpsed. Scarcely had the art of music ceased to be a simple sport of rhythmical and harmonic symmetry, when this reflection of an infinity, humanly speaking unutterable, shone forth in the confessions of creative genius. Scarcely had the time-spirit begun to influence the idea of music and to let in a flood of new light on the consciousness of mankind, when there arose from the crucible of classicism that arch rebel, Beethoven, in whom was this same sense of infinity. Bettina von Arnim, writing to Goethe in 1810, reports the great symphonist as saying:

"The human mind tends to a boundless universality. where all in all go to make up, as it were, a cradle for feeling. born of some simple musical thought impossible to describe outside of this fusion. There you have the origin of harmony; there is all that my symphonies tend to express; therein the various forms become united. . . . Music is the only means whereby we scale the higher world of intelligence, that world which enfolds man, but which man in his turn is unable to embrace. . . . It is the presentiment, the inspiration, of a celestial science, and the sensations which the spirit receives from it constitute, in a way, the materialization of knowledge. . . . Music is a land wherein the spirit lives and thinks and works. . . . A thought, though it be but a stray idea, contains in itself the character of generality, of high spiritual community; hence every musical thought is an inseparable part of all harmony, which represents that same unity."

It is seldom, as Professor Villanis points out, that an artist with the intuitions of genius has succeeded in defining with greater clearness a concept which has floated beyond the philosopher's ken. But Wagner, in endeavoring to define the innovations of Beethoven in the realm of musical creation, repeated the same thought. Speaking of the creative dream wherein Beethoven was wrapped, oblivious to the disturbing voices of the world, Wagner said:

"No longer sensible to earthly sounds, he projected his gaze toward those forms which the inward spiritual light illuminated and which thus became once more tangible to the spirit. Then only the essence of things held converse with him and gave him power to express his thought in the light of beauty. He was able to comprehend the forest, the rivulets, the heath, the heavens, the merry throngs, the fond lovers, the nightingale's song, the scurrying clouds, the tempest's rage, and that marvellous serenity which for him had become the very essence of music, permeates all he sees, is apparent in all his imaginations. . . . Confronted with the infinite tranquillity of such a man who observes the comedy of existence, all life's terrors vanish: Brahma, creator of the world, laughs to himself because he has penetrated the illusions which have held him; and consciousness, freed again, scorns, defies and overthrows its tormentors."

And thus, says Professor Villanis, from the finite period of musical creation emerges the infinite poem of universal emotion. "Of all the arts, music is the clearest exponent of movement. Sound does, indeed, reveal under a sensible form its vibratory nature, and the sonorous waves pass over us like thrilling violin bows, communicating their vibrations to the very depths of our being. . . . Time, and space enlarge their boundaries and become lost in the immeasurable depths of vaster aspirations. The musical phenomenon, having once risen to the dignity of a true work of art, manifests itself as the symbol of an infinite language wherein every soul finds a response to its own yearnings."

WILL THE DRAMA SUPPLANT THE NOVEL?

Novel writing is too easy to be wholly satisfactory to an artist in literature. The true artist is ever yearning for a grapple with stubborn resistance. In consequence, the drama, with its more rigid form and exacting technique, is likely to attract the ablest minds of the future. Such, in brief, is the argument presented by Prof. Brander Matthews, of Columbia University, to sustain his contention that the novel, which has been dominant, not to say domineering, in the second half of the nineteenth century, may have to face an acute rivalry of the drama in the first half of the twentieth century. He writes (in *The North American Review*):

"The novel is a loose form of hybrid ancestry; it may be of any length; and it may be told in any manner,—in letters, as an autobiography or as a narrative. It may gain praise by the possession of the mere externals of literature, by sheer style. It may seek to please by description of scenery, or by dissection of motive. It may be empty of action and filled with philosophy. It may be humorously perverse in its license of digression,—as it was in Sterne's hands, for example. It may be all things to all men: it is a very chameleon-weathercock. And it is too varied, too negligent, too lax to spur its writer to his utmost effort, to that stern struggle with technic which is a true artist's never-failing tonic.

"On the other hand, the drama is a rigid form, limited to the three hours' traffic of the stage. Just as the decorative artist has to fill the space assigned to him and must respect the disposition of the architect, so the playwright must work his will within the requirements of the theatre, turning to advantage the restrictions which he should not evade. He must always appeal to the eye as well as to the ear, never forgetting that the drama, while it is in one aspect a department of literature, in another is a branch of the show-business. He must devise stage-settings at once novel, ingenious and plausible; and he must invent reasons for bringing together naturally the personages of his play in the single place where each of his acts passes. He must set his characters firm on their feet, each speaking for himself and revealing himself as he speaks; for they need to have internal vitality as they cannot be painted from the outside. He must see his creatures as well as hear them; and he must know always what they are doing and how they are looking when they are speaking. . . .

"The art of the dramatist is not yet at its richest; but it bristles with difficulties such as a strong man joys in overcoming. In this sharper difficulty is its most obvious advantage over the art of the novelist; and here is its chief attraction for the story-teller, weary of a method almost too easy to be worth while."

Professor Matthews strengthens his position by citing the cases of a number of eminent novelists who have felt the lure of the stage. To quote again:

"The dramatic form has always had a powerful fascination for the novelists, who are forever casting longing eyes on the stage. Mr. James himself has tried it, and Mr. Howells and Mark Twain also. Balzac believed that he was destined to make his fortune in the theatre; and one of Thackeray's stories was made over out of a comedy, acted only by amateurs. Charles Reade called himself a dramatist forced to be a novelist by bad laws. Flaubert and the Goncourts, Zola and Daudet, wrote original plays, without ever achieving the success which befell their efforts in prose-fiction. And now, in the opening years of the twentieth century, we see Mr. Barrie in London and M. Hervieu in Paris abandoning the novel in which they have triumphed for the far more precarious drama. Nor is it without significance that the professional playwrights seem to feel little or no temptation to turn story-tellers. Apparently the dramatic form is the more attractive and the more satisfactory, in spite of its greater difficulty and its greater danger."

These remarks have provoked an interesting rejoinder from Clyde Fitch, the distinguished playwright. In an interview with a New York *Herald* reporter, he expresses his conviction that present-day playwrights are giving the stage a much higher class of literature than formerly. "No one can doubt it," he says, "who looks over the field. Twenty years ago there were but two American dramatists who were writing seriously and earnestly for the stage. To-day there are at least a dozen engaged in that occupation." But he cannot at all agree with Professor Matthews that the dramatist of the next generation will in any way menace the novelist. He declares:

"The man who can write a good play cannot necessarily write a good novel, and vice versa. . . . With very few exceptions have men who are great as novel writers achieved greatness as playwrights. That would seem to prove, would it not, that the two talents are not at all similar? As well claim that a great sculptor could turn his talent to painting and become a great artist. Now there is no one whose writing I admire more than Henry James, and yet his play was a failure. Possibly he can write a successful play, but he has not as yet. Much the same is true of William Dean Howells, whom we all admit to be the foremost and vigorous champion of Americanism and twentieth century ideas. He did a little something in playwriting, but I doubt if he ever put himself seriously to the task. At any rate what he did do was only of trifling consequence. Of course, the great exception is Mr. Barrie. His novels were enormously successful and so were his plays, and I believe of late years he is writing more plays than novels. That only shows that

he had the talent and the technique for both kinds of work, which is a very rare thing indeed."

In brief, says Mr. Fitch, the two kinds of work are so entirely different that it is not fair to compare them; and he points to the large number of good plays and good novels produced during the last two decades as convincing evidence that "the interests of literature and the drama are both on the increase and both making for the better."

THOMAS HARDY'S PANORAMIC DRAMA

Two years ago, Thomas Hardy, the eminent English novelist, published the first part of a drama, entitled "The Dynasts," and dealing with the Napoleonic wars. The reception accorded to the volume was of so extraordinary a character as to challenge attention on both sides of the Atlantic. Reviewers who had been foremost in acclaiming Mr. Hardy's genius as a writer of fiction looked askance at his maiden effort in dramatic literature. In the preface to the work Mr. Hardy explained that the play was "intended simply for mental performance, not for the stage," and suggested the possibility of a future time when mental performance might be the fate of "all drama, other than that of contemporary or frivolous life." This pronouncement brought him into conflict with Mr. A. B. Walkley, the brilliant dramatic critic of the London *Times*, and it was generally felt that he was worsted in the ensuing debate. The actual body of the work, however, aroused even more comment than his defense of the "unplayable play." On all sides the opinion was expressed that Mr. Hardy had made a serious mistake. Some were disposed to treat the matter as a joke. Others insisted that "The Dynasts" was neither poetry nor drama. Even the more favorable critics confessed themselves puzzled by the seeming lack of form and of finish in the composition.

Now the second part* of "The Dynasts" has been published, and a decided change in the temper of the press is discernible. The critical attitude, if not appreciative, has at least become respectful. Mr. William Archer, writing in the London *Tribune*, says:

"This Second Part carries us from the death of Pitt to a little beyond the battle of Albuera. The 'panoramic show,' as the author himself calls it, discloses to us the battlefields of Jena and Auerstadt, the meeting of the Emperors at Tilsit, the battle of Vimiera, Sir John Moore's retreat, Corunna. Wagram, Talavera. Walcheren, the divorce of Josephine, the marriage of Napoleon and Marie Louise, the lines of Torres Vedras, the birth of the King of Rome, Albuera, King George's padded-room at Windsor, and a revel of the Regency at Carlton House. Interstices are filled in with minor episodes and, as in the First Part, a troop of 'Phantom Intelligences'—Spirits of the Pities. Spirits Sinister and Ironic, Spirits of Rumour, Recording Angels, etc.—provide, in italics, a running commentary on the spectacle.

"There can be no doubt that this is a grandiose design which Mr. Hardy is patiently, indomitably working out. Nor is it questionable that the work bears the impress of an original and powerful spirit. We may wonder whether Mr. Hardy might not have been better employed than in pulling the strings of these fitful puppet-shows on 'this wide and universal theatre.' We may question whether 'The Dynasts' will ultimately take rank in English literature beside 'Jude the Obscure' and 'Life's Little Ironies,' and 'Wessex Poems.' But, for the moment, at any rate, such questionings are idle. We have to consider, not what Mr. Hardy might, could, would, or should have given us, but what he has actually given us; and that is a fascinating series of dissolving views, or glimpses of history seen through the medium of a peculiar poetic temperament."

The success or failure of the play, it is conceded, must ultimately be determined by two tests, the test of philosophy and the test of style; and neither the philosophy nor the style wins whole-hearted critical approval. Mr. Hardy sees in the Napoleonic wars nothing but a wrangle of "Dynasts," a "great historic calamity, or clash of peoples, artificially brought about"; and instead of trying to give an account of the phenomenon in terms of cause and effect, he has taken refuge in the theory of a blindly mischievous Immanent Will. The result, says Mr. Archer, is disastrous, whether considered from the philosophical or literary point of view. "A purely pessimistic interpretation of the Napoleonic writer is admissible enough," he thinks; "but there is a querulousness in the pessimism of Mr. Hardy's Intelligences which scarcely seems to make for true enlightenment." This position is substantially that of the critic of the London *Outlook*, who says:

"If you call to mind any of the great dramas in literature, 'Agamemnon,' 'Œdipus,' 'Othello' or

*THE DYNASTS: A Drama of the Napoleonic Wars in Three Parts, Nineteen Acts and One Hundred and Thirty Scenes. By Thomas Hardy. Part Second. The Macmillan Company.

'Macbeth,' you find yourself watching a great soul in conflict with destiny. Human thought and action personified in one man of heroic mould, and the inevitable consequences of human thought and action personified for poetry as Zeus or as Fate or perhaps as some other man—those are the elements of the great dramas that we know, and in their conflict, in the dark borderland of doubt between a deed and its results, in what Æschylus called the μεταίχμιον σκότου, the dusk between opposing spears, lies the essence of dramatic interest and suspense. The hero, be it Agamemnon or Macbeth or whom you will, is responsible for his own deeds, but the deed once done is irrevocable and its consequences will be what they will be. That philosophy runs through all great dramatic literature; in the choruses of the Agamemnon, for instance, it finds expression in a thousand phrases of piteous or terrible import.

"But the philosophy on which Mr. Hardy sets out to interpret the drama of the Napoleonic era seems at first sight very different. With the theory that all human thought and action is predestined—the expression of an Immanent Will—human responsibility seems to vanish, and with it, as we were saying, the essence of dramatic interest. In the First part, for instance, Napoleon is presented setting on his head the iron crown of Lombardy. The Spirit of the Pities, whom Mr. Hardy himself describes as resembling the Chorus or ideal spectator of Greek drama, shudders and murmurs a warning in Napoleon's ear. He is at once rebuked:—

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS.

Officious sprite,
Thou'rt young, and dost not heed the Cause of things
Which some of us have inkled to thee here;
Else would'st thou not have hailed the Emperor,
Whose acts do but out-shape Its governing.

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES.

I feel, Sire, as I must! This tale of Will
And Life's impulsion by Incognizance
I cannot take.

As humble, if not ideal, spectators we are inclined to sympathise; and here as often elsewhere we feel acutely that the problem raised by Mr. Hardy's scheme is—how is any serious and sustained dramatic interest compatible with the attitude of mind demanded by the Immanent Will, the Spirit of the Years, and the whole philosophic purport of the play?"

With a similar sense of disappointment the London *Times Literary Supplement* criticizes the poetical side of the play:

"Mr. Hardy is singularly devoid of the peeping graces and adornments we are accustomed to look for in a poet. Compare the blank verse of 'The Dynasts' even with the musical and practised blank verse of Mr. Stephen Phillips, verse rich with a thousand associations; and it is indeed difficult at first to understand why a man of immense talent like Mr. Hardy should have chosen this particular medium of rhythm for what is perhaps his greatest book. No one was ever, apparently, more insensible to the natural magic, the delight of purely poetic language. No one has ever appeared less disposed to 'look upon fine phrases like a lover.' Mr. Hardy tells us, indeed, how

All give way
And regiments crash like trees at felling time.

He writes, with curiously Elizabethan imagery,

God grant his star less lurid rays than ours,
Or this too pregnant, hoarsely groaning day
Shall, ere its loud delivery be done,
Have twinned disasters to the fatherland
That fifty years will fail to sepulchre.

And again of Napoleon he muses—

Upon what dark star he may land himself
In his career through space.

But even such roughly-eloquent lines are isolated examples. To find a poetic parallel to Mr. Hardy's wilful and determined plainness of language we should have to go back to Crabbe; or, better still, to Wordsworth's 'noble plainness.' Yet here, again, Mr. Hardy refuses to be classified. For Crabbe had never an instance of that lofty imagination, that power of visualizing the 'far Unapparent' which is so characteristic of Mr. Hardy. And Mr. Hardy's verse never for one moment rises to those clear heights of perfect form where Wordsworth often moves at ease."

In this country the new volume of "The Dynasts" has been handled more roughly. Mr. H. W. Boynton, writing in the New York *Times Saturday Review,* says bluntly: "It is not a great work, because its workmanship is not great." The New York *Evening Post* comments:

"If this attempt at poetic drama were at least poetry, we should accept it with gratitude. It is so only rarely. The strength of Mr. Hardy's style appears rather in the passages of prose description, in which he is sometimes at his best. Of his blank verse, the line

Is the Duke of Dalmatia yet at hand?

is almost a fair example; and his lyric may be represented by the following passage:

With Torrens, Ferguson, and Fane,
And majors, captains, clerks in train,
And those grim needs that appertain—
The surgeons—not a few.

The Spirit of the Pities is made to exclaim:

Mock on, Shade, if thou wilt! But others find
Poesy ever lurks where pit-pats poor mankind!

Certainly, if it lurks here, it lurks out of sight and hearing. The play presents an interesting variety of rhythms, but they are used apparently without sense of their expressional values. What can be said of a writer's feeling for the metrical fitness of things, when he chooses Sapphic stanzas (not always quite regular, to be sure) for his description of the battle of Talavera, and *terza rima* for his comment on the birth of Napoleon's son? It would be hardly fair to leave Mr. Hardy's work, however, without quoting from the best of his all too rare successes in lyric rhythm—the Chorus of the Pities after the battle of Albuera:

Friends, foemen, mingle, heap and heap.—
Hide their hacked bones, Earth!—deep, deep, deep,
Where harmless worms caress and creep. . . .
What man can grieve? what woman weep?
Better than waking is to sleep! Albuera!"

WHERE BARRIE AND BERNARD SHAW FAIL

At first sight, Bernard Shaw and J. M. Barrie seem to have nothing in common. But James Huneker, the well-known dramatic and musical critic, has found a point of contact between them and he states it frankly, almost brutally. They resemble one another, he says, in the ephemeral quality of their work, in their shortcomings, in their limitations. As yet, both have failed to master the technics of the theater; that is, "they cannot build a play which has a beginning, a middle and an end." Moreover, as essential Romantics, with all the faults of the Romantic school, they have also failed to grasp the principles of true and convincing character creation. Elaborating this train of thought in *The Metropolitan Magazine* (April), Mr. Huneker says:

"Mr. Shaw, who is an intellectual anarch, and not the Socialist he so fondly imagines himself, has written plays which are, despite their modern themes, Romantic in their essence. Like all the Romantic writers, Shaw is incapable of character creation. His theater is peopled by Shaws, by various opinions of Shaw regarding the universe. He could no more erect a play in architect fashion as does Pinero than Pinero could handle the multitude of ideas so ably assimilated and set forth by Shaw. Nor can the Irishman conceive and execute characters in action as does Paul Hervieu. The truth is that Paul Hervieu is thrice as modern as Shaw; that in 'Law of Man,' 'The Nippers,' 'The Labyrinth' (the original, not the English version) the French dramatist has handled the most pressing questions of our feverish life, and handled them as a dramatist, not as a *doctrinaire*. Charming debates as are the Shaw plays, they will not endure for the simple reason that only true art endures; ideas stale, but art, never. A jellyfish is not more viscous than the form—if it can be called form—of the Shaw play. And, remember, this fact abates not a jot of their entertaining quality. We are viewing them now as drama—and they fail the critical test.

"Shaw is a Romantic. He worships himself romantically, and when he does not write of himself, he no longer interests. His is an interesting personality. It quite overflows the picture of the world made by his brain. Thus it is that the characters in his plays are but various facets of his own person. If he were a close observer of life, as well as a superb satirist, he would be an objective dramatist. He has, for example, portrayed several Americans. He believes he understands the American character. He certainly abuses it. But what an eye-opening experience will be his when he comes to America and studies its people! A Romantic, then, he is incapable of depicting any character but his own, incapable through lack of sympathy of projecting himself into the normal feelings of average humanity. This stamps him as a Romantic—the Romantics who described themselves so admirably and with much art, but could not paint the world about them."

Barrie's romanticism, in contrast with that of Bernard Shaw, has "more charm," but is "on a lower intellectual level." Like Daudet, he has the gift of pity and tears; but "he slops over so hopelessly on every occasion that one soon feels that it is Barrie the man that is weeping, not Barrie the artist." Mr. Huneker says further:

"I faintly enjoyed the latest Barrie offering at the Criterion. 'Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire' is like its name—sweet and vermicular. It is what our German brethren would call *Bandwurm*. In it I saw Miss Ethel Barrymore endeavoring to suppress her adorable self, crush the Ethel in her, subdue the Barrymore of her. to fit a nice, lady-like rôle, a mother who is misunderstood by her children. It is all pleasing tomfoolery with as much relation to life, to art, to the theater, as is the pollywog. In despair I read 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' after I left the playhouse to rid myself of the sickly surf of Barrie's futile and brackish ideas. And I assure you I do not care much for this particular play. But any astringent for the mental palate after the Barrie *confitures*.

"His 'Little Mary' marked the low-water mark of dramatic formlessness. 'Alice,' etc., is a trifle better. I do not include 'The Admirable Crichton,' as that clever piece was first written by Ludwig Fulda, then adapted without acknowledgment. . . . I can go 'Peter Pan,' but no more Barrie for me if it is to be of the 'Alice, where art thou?' type."

Formless fantasies, whimsical fairy-tales, clever anecdotage, fulminating satire—these about sum up, for Mr. Huneker, the substance of both Barrie's and Shaw's plays. He confesses that he is "heartily tired of the play that masquerades as a play but is not a play, only a fable or a sermon"; and adds:

"We are weary of these opened flood-gates of conversation, of dialogue that merges into the monologue of the agitator. The same old human stuff is scattered around us, and the dramatist, wary of the wind of public favor, is going back to it. Pinero's last success may be a sign of the times. It was the fashion to flout such a strong specimen of stage architecture as 'The Gay Lord Quex,' yet what a solace it would be to-day in the midst of all this shallow characterization, this shaky drawing and melodramatic daubing! The epigram play was revived by Oscar Wilde; it bids fair to die with Mr. Shaw. Mr. Pinero, whose beaver-shaped brow indicates his beaver-like proclivity for design and structure in his dramas, will outlast a wilderness of the wits, sentimentalists and rhapsodists. No art is so narrow in its formal scope, no art imposes so many restrictions upon its practitioners, as the art of the theater."

THE POOR FOOL—BAHR'S LATEST DRAMA

This latest work of Hermann Bahr, the celebrated author of "The Apostle," is a one-act problem play. The problem is: Which is the superior kind of life—that of the respectable but selfish type, of one who lives in a conventionally moral way, is esteemed by society and never comes into conflict with its established customs and laws; or that of a restless, rebellious spirit, which is impatient of conventional restraints, breaks through all social barriers to assert its own individuality? This comparison is accentuated in the drama by the contrasted lives of two brothers. Vincenz Haisst is imperial councilor and the sole proprietor of the old and rich business of the family. He is a man reputable in every respect; but he has crushed out of him all finer emotion and is hard and selfish. His two brothers have gone astray. One, Edward, has led a fast life, and has been imprisoned by Vincenz's business manager for embezzlement of money belonging to the house. For fifteen years he has been living in disgrace with his eldest brother, Vincenz, who has treated him with the utmost severity and contempt. Another brother, Hugo, a musician, a "genius" as his business brother sarcastically calls him, has also led a life of excess and has finally landed in an insane asylum.

We have thus the representatives of two extreme systems of philosophy—the Puritanic and the Nietszchean. And the triumph falls to the representative of the latter philosophy, who, though mad through his excesses, still maintains a sort of spiritual ascendency over his conventional brother, and forces the latter, on the eve of death, to question the worth of his own life and the wisdom of his long self-restraint. The play is another of many evidences of the omnious extent to which Nietzsche's anti-Christian views figure in the current thought and literary product of Europe.

The opening scene reveals Vincenz as extremely ill and expecting death. He has an only daughter, Sophie, seventeen years old. By willing his property to Huster, his head manager, he sees a way of putting the old house in safe and able hands; and at the same time, to retain it within the family, he has provided for the marriage of his daughter with Huster. But Huster is a man fifty years of age, and Sophie has nothing in common with him. She has always been attracted by the adventurous and bold career of her two wayward uncles, and detests Huster for his harsh treatment of Edward. Hard as Vincenz is, he cannot but entertain some scruples as to the terms of the intended will, which practically forces upon Sophie the marriage with Huster, or leaves her with nothing but the small share of property to which she is entitled by law; and to appease his conscience he tries to justify his conduct in a conversation with the notary. In this conversation he reveals a feeling of bitterness against his two brothers, mingled with envy because of the general admiration for the genius of Hugo, and a feeling of latent doubt as to the preference of a career such as his own. To the notary's remark that Hugo is said to be a real genius he answers:

"Yes, since he is mad everybody finds it so. Of course I cannot tell. This is a thing that these lofty gentlemen settle among each other, and we have to keep silent. But my child I want to guard. You cannot blame me for that. I think we have had enough of that in our family. The other one, Edward, has also been a sort of little genius all the time—the thief. I think we have had our full of it now." And when the notary remarks that Edward was a mere child when he committed his indiscretion, Vincenz flares up. "You are so considerate!" he says. "Only decent people get no consideration from anybody. We toil and moil and keep ourselves constantly in restraint, and no one asks us the price we pay for it. . . . My father was a good man, but he also thought that a young man must have his fling. No, Mr. Regel, the evil only sinks in the deeper. You don't know men. There is only one way: Starve it out! It is hard, I know; I have been through it myself. But it does the work. I am glad that I have never yielded to myself, never. And now it shows, now we have the result. Here am I, and there are they. Starve it out; starve out the evil that is in man, in every man. Our nature is evil, we cannot change it. There is only one way: starve it out."

When Sophie intercedes for Edward, whose misdeeds she thinks have been expiated, he replies: "That sort of thing, my child, is never expiated. With musicians it is perhaps otherwise (*sneeringly*). But we plain working people who are nothing but respectable—we, my child, never forget and never excuse it. We cannot. Otherwise who would be so foolish as to be respectable? It is no pleasure. (*After a pause, calmly*) Mark that, and think of it a little. You have a drop of that kind in your blood also, the evil drop. (*Softly*) God protect you!"

Sophie leaves and he again remains alone with the notary:

Vincenz: When one lies awake in his bed the

whole black night and knows that in the corner stands Death, a strange feeling comes over one, and he passes everything over in his mind again —how it all was, and how it should have been, *should* have been. And who is right? Who is right in the end? When death is staring you in the face you want to know it: Who is right? Because at such a time it is a matter of great importance to you. And I know it now (*vigorously*): *I* am right, *I*. Because I can die peacefully, without regret. That is the beautiful thing about it. (*In a whisper*) I, too, have often been lured: "Forth, do not question; you are a fool; see how they enjoy themselves." I, too, wanted to enjoy myself once. And what would I have for it now? Where would all that have come to long ago? Look at Hugo. What has he? It all passes and one is left a miserable wretch. No, Mr. Regel, *I* am right. That will be my last word in my last hour: *I* am right. Abstinence and toil is man's, and he who takes it on him is proof against death. I would not die like a man of pleasure. No, *I* am right, it is only now that I know it.

Regel: I thought that a man might be permitted a little beauty now and then.

Vincenz (*shouting triumphantly*): But you see the end! You see it! Ruined, a miserable wreck, scarcely forty, and nothing more is left of this brilliant, dazzling man, nothing but a poor fool, a poor whining fool. (*Looks up stealthily at the notary, then in a husky voice*) I want to tell you something. You thought when I asked you to try to get the physician to bring Hugo here that perhaps I did it out of pity? No, no, it was not that. I am not sentimental. Life has weaned me from anything of that kind. No, you might as well know it. Why should I be ashamed? It is my right. (*Slowly in an undertone, slyly*) I want my proof. Do you understand? I want to see them standing side by side, his life and mine. Now, at last, put them side by side and measure them. Let it come out, I want my proof. Here let him stand, the luminous one, right before me who always stinted myself. Then we shall see it plain. I want the proof. (*Smiling*) He was so proud of his beautiful life. But the main point is a beautiful death. It is I who can have *that!* There is where it shows. We shall see. That's why, Mr. Regel.

Dr. Halma comes in, giving instructions as to the manner in which Hugo is to be received. Vincenz and Sophie remain in the room, Sophie sitting at the sewing-machine as if at work, in accordance with the order of the physician not to appear to notice Hugo, as the presence of several persons disturbs him. Enter Hugo. The room is the same as he had known before, but with a slight change in furniture.

(*Hugo enters, small, slender, delicate; with luxurious blond hair, large beaming blue eyes; at first shy and uneasy, but later beaming forth as if with the radiance of the sun; walks in hesitatingly without raising his eyes.*)

Dr. Halma: Go ahead, friend.

(*Hugo walks on obediently, then remains standing, still keeping his eyes down.*)

Dr. Halma: Will you wait for me here until I come back?

(*Hugo nods.*)

Dr. Halma: Take your hat and coat off.

(*Hugo nods but does not move.*)

Dr. Halma (*takes off his hat and coat*): So. It is very pleasant here, is it not?

(*Hugo nods mechanically.*)

Dr. Halma: Don't you like it here? Look around you.

Hugo (*still hesitates a moment, then raises his large, beaming eyes, looks first in front of him, then on the right, sees a zither, but then immediately turns to the physician, against whom he threateningly points his right index finger, smiling lightly*): No, no.

Dr. Halma: What is it?

Hugo (*smiling*): I know. But—— Oh, no. (*The smile dies off, he covers his eyes with his hand; in a tone of infinite sorrow*) Oh, no.

Dr. Halma: What do you mean?

Hugo (*taking his hand from his eyes and turning to the doctor in a tone of bitter hatred*): No, you won't succeed. You cannot impose on me. No, my friend. (*Laughing contemptuously*) It is a capital imitation. The resemblance is close. (*Looks around the room.*) So close one could almost be duped. But— (*heaves a heavy breath with infinite melancholy*)—but in reality it was different. (*Changing his tone to a mild reproach*) What is the use, doctor? You are forever wanting to try me. (*Contemptuously*) H'm, it is time that you knew it. (*Sits down.*) H'm, how many times more? You travel about with me, and I am to believe, but I notice at once, h'm, that it is all an imitation (*Violently, knocking his hand on the table*) And bad! False streets, false houses, everything changed. I remember perfectly. Don't you think I can remember? You will not destroy my beautiful world with your cheap and bad imitations. Imitations! Nothing but counterfeit. (*In a tone of infinite melancholy*) My beautiful world! The beautiful, beaming world! (*Suddenly tearing at his collar*) You always give me such heavy things that it almost chokes me. Why is everything so heavy? (*Unbuttons his coat.*)

Dr. Halma: Now you will calmly wait for me, won't you? (*Exit, carefully locking the door behind him.*)

Hugo (*pressing his hand against his forehead*): What now? What was I going to say? Something is in my mind. I seem to—— But now I can no longer think of it. I seem to think— (*pointing with two fingers at his forehead*) something must be torn there. It is just exactly as if something were torn. (*Breaks out into a sudden laughter, while his face brightens*) H'm. (*Rocking to and fro and as if listening, half singing*) "Autumn looks adown the slope," h'm! Said the keeper (*very slowly*) "Autumn looks adown the slope." (*Nods, beats time with his hand to his inner melody, then, as if concluding rhythmically, in spirit, with deep voice*) "Adown the slope—— Slope." (*Stares before him with half-closed eyes, smiling, then suddenly opens them wide, looks with astonishment at the wall across the room, which he now recognizes; rises, turns around slowly, and finally beholds Vincenz, toward whom he bends, nodding softly; smiling*) H'm. How is that?

Vincenz (who has sat motionless all the time, fairly devouring Hugo with his eyes): Hugo!

Hugo (in a strange, clear and childish tone, as if coming from a far distance): Vincenz, see. *(Involuntarily putting out his hand, which he suddenly withdraws in terror)* How is that? Come, help me! *(Shouting, while he clings to the arm of his brother)* Help me, Vincenz, do you not see? *(Sobbing)* Do you not see how—— *(Releases his grasp of Vincenz's arm and points at himself)* Look at me! Is it not so? Is it not so? Something must be torn there. Think. I implore you, Vincenz, help me. Be good and—and—— Are you still angry?

Vincenz (who has hitherto stared at him rigidly, suddenly bursts forth in tears): My poor—my poor—Hugo! *(Sinks on the sofa.)*

Hugo (drawing back and shouting): No, no! I do not want to. I do not want to. Why don't you let me go? It is all over now. *(Drops on the couch. After a long pause)* "Autumn looks adown the slope" *(pause)*. "adown the slope." No. And yet it is there, after all. *(Shrewdly)* Just wait—— It is gone again. Yes—— Say, Vincenz.

Vincenz: Well, Hugo?

Hugo: I am gone. Quite empty. They have taken everything away from me. Can't be helped. Gone! *(With ecstasy)* Do you remember? That famous picture? The luminous one—— And Marie was quite mad about the hat. *(Seriously)* 'Tis no use. Does not illuminate any more. *(In an indifferent tone, as if he was going to say something of no account)* "Autumn looks adown the slope." *(Contemptuously)* Bah!—— *(With a merry laugh)* Yes, now we are here again. That's funny. Here it began, here it will end. And you are not angry any more, are you?

Vincenz (greatly moved): Why, no.

Hugo (in a reminiscent, satisfied tone): Because I always shocked you. *(Proudly)* I *was* a bad fellow, all right. You know a man can't help himself. He has to. And you couldn't understand that, you see; you were always good. *(Laughs)* H'm. *(With good-natured mockery)* So good! But I had no respect. *(With great zest)* Oh, my, but didn't you get mad, though, sometimes! I was a rogue, that's true. I knew exactly how to take father, while you—— *(Suddenly, in astonishment)* Say, where is Edward?

Vincenz: Do you want to see him?

Hugo: No, no. I and Edward! We will cause each other too much pain. You are much more clever. Perhaps—perhaps if I had followed you, who knows? But see, one really cannot help it, he must. *(Jovially, regarding him with a sincere open expression)* You are no longer angry?

Vincenz (still greatly moved): Why, Hugo!

Hugo: It is not so, now? Let me be here. Here it began.

Vincenz: If you want to.

Hugo: There it is so horrible. *(Stretches himself and leans back, then pulls down his hat.)* You were always so mad when I had my hat cocked on one side. And because I said *(imitating the boastful voice of a child)*, 'A genius must do it!' And father laughed. *(Softly, with great affection)* He loved me so dearly. *(In a changed, almost angry and contemptuous tone)* And the women, too. A lot of them. But that was different. That wasn't the right thing any more. Beautiful women! *(Sighing)* Beautiful! *(With a soft, affectionate voice)* But this dear, good old face of father—— *(Rises slowly, recalls something and walks up to where the picture of his father is hanging. He looks at it and strokes it, half kneeling on the sofa.)* I believe I get everything from him *(slowly passing his hand through his hair)*—all this beauty and wonderful greatness. From him, most assuredly. God! why, he never said anything, he was so remarkable in his ways—so that we should not guess how much he loved us! And yet he acted as if it was a terrible thing to him when I took up music, and sometimes it seemed to me as if he was afraid and glad at the same time, as if when he was young he had wanted it himself, but did not trust himself. Hence this strange feeling toward me, half anxious and yet proud. For instance, do you recollect? At my first concert here? *(Laughs.)* God! I have achieved the greatest successes everywhere, but really, that was the first time in my life when I would rather have been away at the last moment, out of fear. Then when the applause was still roaring outside, father came very quietly into my room as I was changing my clothes. And he only pressed my hand. Not a word did he say. He could not have done it. And then we went home and—that had never yet happened—then he himself fetched grandfather's old birthday wine from the cellar. I see it yet before me—four stout bottles of superior Franconian. Why, that was a sacred relic—the last four bottles! We drank three. *(Laughs softly.)* H'm!

Vincenz: There is still one left.

Hugo (joyously): Oh!

Vincenz: There is still one down in the cellar. *(Looks inquiringly at Hugo.)*

Hugo: That would really be a——

Vincenz: Fetch the wine, Sophie.

Sophie: Yes, father. *(Goes to the door.)*

(Hugo looks up, and now for the first time sees Sophie; walks up to her and looks at her curiously, at first with a very serious expression, then growing more and more bright and cheerful, as if he had looked into and recognized her very soul; he strokes her hair gently from her forehead, and then kisses it tenderly; then he looks affectionately at her again and beckons her to go. Sophie walks out through the door.)

Vincenz: We will drink it together.

Hugo (who had followed Sophie with his eyes): Is it not so? Now it shows in the end. *(his gestures become freer, his voice grows clearer and his whole being radiates.)*

Vincenz (noticing the change in him with anxious astonishment): Hugo!

Hugo (buried in thought and reminiscences, beaming and smiling): Yes.

Vincenz: What is it you feel all of a sudden?

Hugo: Glad. And do you know—soaring! Everything soars upward again now. And the other part, everything—human suffering, human conflict—lies deep down underneath me. It sinks and sinks away. But I, soaring and ever soaring, keep ascending in glorious felicity. *(Softly, childishly)* Now I am there again. *(Bows his head as if in devout prayer, with exaltation.)* I.

Vincenz (in terror): Hugo!

Hugo (with the same exalted air): I. *(Sophie enters, bringing the wine.)*

Vincenz (hastily to Sophie): Give it to me.

(*Pours the glasses full with a trembling hand; to Sophie*) Go.

(*Hugo notices her again as she is about to go, smiles kindly at her, takes her softly by the hand, and leads her mysteriously to a chair at a table, into which he presses her gently and sits down opposite her.*)

Vincenz (*suddenly noticing her again*): What are you doing here still? Have I not told you——

Hugo (*putting his hand on his brother's arm*): Leave her.

Vincenz (*flying into a rage*): She——

Hugo (*with gentle force, bending mysteriously toward his brother's ear, smiling strangely*): Leave her, for she belongs to me.

Vincenz: No, no!

Hugo: Leave her, I say. Poor Vincenz! There are many things yet you do not know. (*Inclines mysteriously toward him, with an air of haughtiness and cunning.*) "Autumn looks adown the slope." Take your glass and (*enclosing the glass in both his hands*)—and let us praise God the Lord! (*Raises the glass and empties it with one draft.*) Let us praise God the Lord! Brother, he who cannot do that—— (*In ecstasy*) I can! Yes, I!

Vincenz: We must yield humbly.

Hugo: No! Proudly! It is with pride he wants to be praised. Proudly, boldly, rush into life so that it spurts and splashes, and sink, ay, sink and drown—underneath is the dear God, at the bottom of the sea. Dive, dive, deep below—(*more slowly*) I have dived down to God's depth. (*With mysterious fear*) From this a cold shiver sometimes passes through me. Life's depth, the deep, hidden depth of God. Thence I have hauled up the light for man. But if you do not drown first you can know nothing. Poor Vincenz! (*Filling his glass again.*) I want to praise a little more. (*Drinks quickly.*)

Vincenz: Why do you call me poor?

Hugo (*giving the glass from which he had drunk to Sophie*): Dear, dear girl, drink. (*Sophie takes the glass, and looks shyly at her father.*) Drink and drown! This is what you must learn, dear girl. Drown. Then you shall be blessed.

Vincenz (*who had been buried in deep meditation*): Why "poor"? Tell me.

Hugo: Poor Vincenz!

Vincenz (*pained, as if abjuring him*): Why do you say that?

Hugo: Because you have no autumn. You see?

Vincenz: Autumn?

Hugo: "Autumn looks adown the slope." As we were riding here in the carriage through the large garden where the old trees are, the leaves were already worn; the keeper said—he is a Tyrolean, a merry fellow who always has those sayings, you know, and he pointed at a yellow tree—it was all ablaze—and he said: "Autumn looks adown the slope!" He said it merrily. And, you see, it is not so with you. You have no autumn. Because you—— (*Laughs.*) Of course.

Vincenz: Because what?

Hugo: Because you were afraid. But I was not. I rushed in with both my feet. Into the fire and burned myself. And smoke. And out of the smoke I emerged a new man. And again I walked in and again was burned. Burning without end. And that is why I am so yellow now with blessedness. Like the burning trees, everything burns. Burning is life. Burn and get burned. And I am so heavy with fruit; all over me I am so laden with the ripe, blessed, blue hours, and then everything opens. Everything opens and is bestowed as a gift on the good sinner. Everything then lays itself bare and dances before me—all beings and all creations. And it is only since then that I have known it. I know it. I know since I have died that I cannot die. It only turns around. Death and life, it is the same wheel; now it is on top, now it is at the bottom, now it ascends and now it descends again. You die every day, you live forever. And everything is as you are, everywhere, upon all the suns. (*Turns suddenly to Sophie.*) You, dear girl, on you I bestow this as a gift: Live yourself to death, it is thus you praise God the Lord! Then you shall be able to do it. I praise Him because He has blessed me. I praise Him. (*Sophie looks up eagerly, drinking in his words with avidity.*)

Vincenz (*throws himself violently forward, and extends his right arm across the table as if to protect Sophie*): No! Leave her! Do not destroy my child!

Sophie: Father!

(*Hugo rises, stretches himself to his full height, and looks domineeringly at Vincenz.*)

Hugo: What is it you want?

Vincenz (*unable to bear his look*): My child! (*Stretches out his hand again for her involuntarily.*)

Hugo (*with unspeakable contempt*): You poor fool!

Vincenz (*clenches his fists, panting*): I? I?

Hugo: You slink off to your death! You——

Vincenz: No.

Hugo: You poor fool!

Vincenz (*collecting all his power in a last effort, shouting and rushing at his brother*): Get out! Away with you! Get out!

Sophie: Father, father!

(*Dr. Halma enters quickly.*)

(*Vincenz tumbles back in fright on seeing the doctor, still gazing with intense hatred at Hugo.*)

Hugo (*unmoved, with extreme calmness*): And yet I shall stay. Wherever I am I remain with you henceforth. I stand before you. For now it has been shown. You and I. And henceforth it shall stand forever before you. And it is now for the first time that you have cause for your envy! Now more than ever.

Vincenz (*breaks down and sinks on a chair*): And a whole life of duty and renunciation!

Hugo: Yes, you see, all this that you think, all this is worth nothing. Your worth is only an illusion; only in illusion is truth (*raising his index finger warningly*). Upon life's depth, the profound depth of God. (*Goes slowly toward the doctor, his finger still raised in warning.*)

Vincenz: No, no!

Hugo (*to the doctor in quite a different, timid voice, like a baby afraid of punishment*): Yes, doctor, directly. (*Turning to Sophie again, beaming and with great tenderness.*) You dear girl! I bless you—from my blessed loneliness, allness, and I wish it to you. Do not question. Live! Live! Thus you praise God the Lord. (*Blesses her.*)

Vincenz (*moaning*): But wherefore, then? Wherefore?

Religion and Ethics

THE LOST FAITH OF CHILDHOOD

"I crave for the faith of my boyhood days; I have struggled for it; on my knees I have begged and implored for it, but it has not come." This impassioned cry from the heart of a man who has thought and suffered deeply may safely be accepted as the expression of a not uncommon mood. It appears as the climax of a letter which is printed, without signature, in a recent issue of the New York *Outlook*, and which has aroused unusual interest in the religious world. The anonymous correspondent writes:

"When I was a boy, I was quite religiously inclined. I believed everything in the Bible from Genesis to Revelation. It was the source of all my strength, comfort, and inspiration; and by obeying the precepts and injunctions of it I expected to be justified and saved. Jesus Christ, to me, was a living reality, a being whom I believed had actually come from heaven, was crucified, and rose from the dead, and who sat on the right hand of God, making intercession for all his followers here below. God was One to whom I regularly prayed, and with whom I communed as with a personal friend. When I sinned I fell upon my knees and tremblingly begged his forgiveness; a being, of human attributes, whom I feared and loved, and who had the power to raise me up or strike me dead. All these things were not myths, nor even matters of faith alone. I believed in them as much as I believed in my own existence. And from this faith came a joy, even the memory of which is enough to make life worth living. Whether my faith was false, or whether from reaction, I became a blatant and reviling infidel. Having an ear attuned to the harmony and melody of beautiful language, and especially of prose-poetry, I was attracted by the rhetoric of Ingersoll. His sophistry did not influence me much, but it led me to other works which did. Influenced more by form than substance, I read and re-read the pompous and stately language of the famous sixteenth and seventeenth chapters of Gibbon's 'Roman Empire,' which shook my faith in the authenticity of the Gospels. From Gibbon I passed to Darwin, Huxley, Wallace, Haeckel, and the materialists, whose conclusions, I foolishly believed, completely upset and destroyed all reality in revelation, and took away all my remaining faith in the Bible, Jesus Christ, or God. I am glad to say, however, that the faith of my younger days had left such an imperious influence upon my soul that, while I professed myself an infidel, I was still unsatisfied; and after groping in the dark for two or three years, I finally became convinced that I was wrong. I believe the Bible to be the Word of God, but not with the warmth and feeling with which I used to believe it. I believe in Jesus Christ, but he is to me merely a historical personage, who means but little more to me than Plato or Aristotle. I believe in the existence of God, but this belief is purely intellectual. It has no more influence over my life than the belief in the law of gravitation. He is a vague abstraction whom I neither fear nor love. My mind, from reading works of science, has become so analytical and dissecting, even in matters of faith, that I even criticise the grammar and logic of prayers. All this I regard as a misfortune. I crave for the faith of my boyhood days; I have struggled for it; on my knees I have begged and implored for it, but it has not come."

This "pathetic letter" has provoked a lengthy editorial and much earnest correspondence in *The Outlook*. According to the editorial judgment, it expresses a longing that can never be satisfied, and but echoes the old cry, "I would I were a boy again." *The Outlook* comments further:

"The faith of childhood once lost can never be recovered. It is sometimes kept, but at too great a sacrifice. For he who boasts of a childhood faith simply bears witness against himself that, while he has grown in muscular strength, in nerve power, in intellectual capacity, in executive energy, he has not grown in his religious experence. A childhood faith is beautiful in a child; it is a dwarfed and stunted faculty in a mature man or woman. The faith of childhood is born of the child's imagination. It is an unquestioning and, therefore an unreasoning faith. He makes no distinction in his own mind between what he has seen and what he has imagined. The perplexed mother need not be perplexed at his nursery tales told with such serious assurance that it is 'true, mamma.' To him what he has imagined is 'true.' He is as ready to believe in Santa Claus as in Jesus Christ, in the Arabian Nights as in the miracles of the New Testament. The reindeer and the sleigh-bells are as real to him as the Wise Men and the Shepherds. Do not undeceive him. Life will undeceive him in due time.

"But do not envy him. Do not try to go back and recapture that nursery experience. The faith of manhood is of a different sort. It is not an unquestioning but a questioned faith. It is not founded on reason; but it dares submit itself to all the tests to which reason can subject it. The crucible never yet created gold; but it tries the gold and rejects the dross. Reason never yet created faith; but it separates the true from the false. After the crucible appears but little gold, but it is pure. After the reason there appears a shorter creed, but it is vital. Credulity has done the world more harm than skepticism. The only

way to *know* anything is to dare to *question* everything."

The Outlook's final advice to the troubled inquirer is to "mingle in literature and in life with men of faith" and to "obey such heavenly vision as is afforded to him." "So doing," it says, "he will find the light within him, which neglect has dimmed but not wholly extinguished, gradually, and to him almost unconsciously, reviving to re-illumine his life."

With this editorial pronouncement several correspondents take issue. One reader declares that a human soul hungering for bread has been given a stone; adding: "The faith of the devout heart at seventy-seven does not materially differ from that of a child of twelve, save that, while more intelligent, it is also deeper, stronger, more full of trust, love, joy." Another correspondent says: "The writer of that letter will best find his way to a real, a manly faith, *not* merely by 'mingling in literature and in life with men of faith,' but by looking constantly to God for guidance and help in accordance with the promise, 'Draw nigh unto God and he will draw nigh unto thee.'" A third correspondent comments:

"That which makes the child-faith so beautiful is the simple, unquestioning acceptance of the great fact of the Fatherhood of a Personal God, whose great love is most perfectly revealed in the Person of his Son Jesus Christ, who is the Friend and Saviour of all those who put their trust in him and obey him. For such a faith as this the heart cries out not less in mature life or old age than in childhood and the loss of it is one compared with which all other losses are as nothing. And this faith can be retained. It was in the joy of this faith that Mr. Drummond endured serenely the years of illness that preceded the close of his life. It was in the inspiration of this faith that Tennyson, after the trials innumerable of a long and busy life, wrote before he died,

> I hope to see my Pilot face to face
> When I have crossed the bar.

It was this faith that was the keynote of the hymn of the Dean of Canterbury, 'Life's Answer,' which ends,

> Safe to the land, safe to the land,
> The end is this,
> And then go with Him hand in hand
> Far into bliss.

It was in the strength of this faith that Phillips Brooks wrote:

> The Christ who in eternity opens the last concealment and lays his comfort and life close to the deepest needs of the poor, needy human heart is the same Christ that first laid hands upon the blind eyes and made them see the sky and flowers.

"When St. Paul says, 'When I became a man, I put away childish things,' he does not mean that the childlike faith is incompatible with the maturity of mind that belongs to manhood and womanhood. The man of fifty loves his mother with a deeper reverence and veneration than the heart of childhood can know, but it is the child love still in the heart of the man who gives it. It included the learned ones of his day as well as His disciples when our Lord said to them, 'Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.'

"This is a faith worth having and keeping—worth fighting for, if need be, and, if lost, it is worth while to lose all else in order that it may be gained again. . . .

"The Christian life for its maintenance requires a constant struggle with sin and temptation, and implicit obedience to the great Captain of our salvation. Does one find his faith slipping from him, or is it apparently entirely gone? Let him, with all his might, set about righting whatever may be wrong in his life. Is there an outward or inward sin to be relinquished? Let it be given up *now*."

A fourth correspondent writes:

"You appear to take for granted and give out the idea that all mankind must of necessity pass through these successive stages of *erroneous* childhood belief, then analysis and doubt, and with perhaps a rare chance of again emerging into the realization of the omnipresence of God. The letter you are answering portrays, as you say, 'a common experience'; but, while deploring the condition, why not find the solution of the difficulty in the truthful education of children? 'Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein,' are the words of the Christ. Cannot a child understand a measure of truth? Then why teach children grotesque dreams of heaven and an anthropomorphic God which cannot stand the test of reason? 'Life will undeceive him,' you say. To me that is inexpressibly pathetic; yet you omit any suggestion of regret that your inquirer did not, when a boy, comprehend as a child might that the unchanging God is Love. Your line of demarcation is so strong between 'childhood faith' and the faith of manhood yet it must be the same faith differently expressed. Nothing should be lost; nothing of good is lost. . . . I used heartily to despise Emerson's essay on Love, where he speaks of youthful passion, the endearments, the avowals, as 'deciduous,' having a prospective end, until I learned this truth that nothing is really lost; and this is beautifully illustrated in Olive Schreiner's Dream, The Lost Joy: when Life and Love lost their first radiant Joy, they would not give up to reclaim it that dearer being, Sympathy, the Perfect Love.

"Through childlike—not childish—acceptance of good will the despondent one come into 'the kingdom' he fancies was childhood's possession and lost."

In presenting this budget of dissentient views, *The Outlook* suggests that neither its own answer nor that of any one of its correspondents is complete or final; but that each answer contains a germ of truth and will serve to meet individual cases.

WAS JESUS REALLY A JEW?

This question, "childish" though it may seem, is far from being "a foregone conclusion," contends Prof. Julius Lippert, a distinguished ethnologist and exegetical scholar, in the Berlin *Nation*. His learned and lengthy argument, continued through several numbers of this publication, supports the theory that Jesus was not, in the strict sense, a Jew at all. He was a Galilean, probably of Syrian stock, we are told, and so was John the Baptist.

Jesus, of course, was a native of Nazareth, in Galilee. He lived there as a youth and must have been brought into constant contact with Galileans. But his disciples and interpreters, says Dr. Lippert, were determined to show that he was sprung from stock ethnically purely Jewish. This they endeavored to do by means of genealogies, and by "enshrining in tradition certain narratives concerning his circumcision and the happenings of his birth which were all adapted—from a Jewish standpoint—to set forth his Messiahship in harmony with popular preconceptions." To quote further:

"Two genealogies have come down to us, one in Matthew; the other in Luke. Neither agrees with the other in anything save the final names. Otherwise they do not coincide either in their names or in the number of them. . . .

"The stories about the birth of Jesus inserted in Luke's gospel fail to harmonize with the very purpose of these genealogies. While the latter seek to prove his descent from Jewish lineage and especially from David, solely through *Joseph*, as the real father of Jesus, the narrative of the miraculous conception of *Mary* puts the Messiahship of Jesus in a totally different light. The miraculous conception cannot be said to be upheld by the genealogies, for they are both based on Christ's descent from Joseph and not from Mary. Only in later days did exegetical scholars extricate themselves from this difficulty by the assumption that Joseph and Mary were relatives. In that case, however, the family record must certainly have contained one more member before Mary; otherwise we should be led to conclude that they were brother and sister."

It is small wonder, continues Dr. Lippert, that Paul, a Jew born in the Diaspora and, a disciple of the Pharisees, sound in his knowledge of the Scriptures, held himself proudly aloof from "genealogies and fables" (I Tim. i, 4; iv, 7; Tit. iii, 9) and warned his disciples time and again against such "unprofitable" and "foolish" questionings. In Paul's eyes, Jesus was both ethnically and in his relationship to the "Law" a Jew, and for this simple reason that he, Paul, had convinced himself of Jesus' Messiahship, while his scriptural studies provided him with ample arguments to support his contentions. "To the born Jew and Benjaminite," adds Dr. Lippert, "Jesus *must* have been both ethnically and religiously a Jew. A profane historical critic, however, cannot overlook the point that *this* testimony of Paul to Jesus' Jewish descent is based, not on historical, but on psychological considerations. In other words, it belongs to theology."

Professor Lippert goes on to make a study of the character of John the Baptist, eliminating the narrative of his childhood as given by "the later Luke," and concludes from John's own expressions of contempt for the Pharisees' pride in their ancestry, as well as from the fact of his being delivered over to Herod Antipas, Tetrarch of Galilee, and *not* to the Jerusalem authorities, that the Forerunner was, like Jesus, a Galilean.

With this the writer is, so to say, on his own ground and his analysis of the ethnological characteristics of the natives of Galilee is, perhaps, the most instructive part of this study. Far back in the days of the double kingdom these people were reproached with "limping between the two sides" (I Kings xviii, 21) that is, between the Syrian Baalim and the Jewish Elohim. Only a hundred and odd years before Christ and after a long period of Syrian rule, John Hyrcanus reconquered the land and gave its inhabitants the alternative of being circumcised or banished. That these were not Jews stands to reason, while we know, furthermore, that the "few" Jews left there had a short time previously been transplanted to Judea by Simon (I Maccabees v, 12 and 25). With the Roman conquest (63 B. C.) Galilee became again a Syrian province. Considering, under these circumstances, how difficult it must have been to determine the precise racial and religious ancestry of any family, Dr. Lippert thinks we should examine each witness in turn. Peter, he contends, was "certainly of Syrian stock, since his very speech betrayed him." An analysis of his reputed sayings and writings convinces Dr. Lippert that the apostle who declared that the "Law" was a "yoke which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear" was rather one in sympathy with the rebellious Galileans, whom even Isaiah (ix, 1) had styled heathens,

than a Jewish devotee of ancient rights. The genuine Jews justly accused him of partaking with the uncircumcised of unclean food. That long before this Jesus' disciples had held that they were not bound by the ritualistic ablutions and the strict Sabbatarian laws of the Jews, we know from the gospels. Peter, like Paul, disowns "wise fables" in his epistles, and as the sole convincing proof appeals to the transfiguration on the mountain, which, though it was not Jerusalem, he calls "holy," quite as his master had answered the question as to the comparative merit of Samaria and the Temple as a place of prayer. All indices, these, we are told, of the true liberal "Galilee of the Nations."

Coming to the personality of Jesus himself, the writer claims the same privilege accorded to Paul and to Peter of disregarding all "genealogies and fables," and from this standpoint presents Jesus as a native of Nazareth and a born Galilean to whom all that has been said of Galilean liberal tendencies and questionable ancestry applies fully. The land was filled with Jewish schools established for the propaganda of Hebraism. These were, doubtless, open to him, with the exception of that at Nazareth, where he was known as the carpenter's son, the son of Mary and one of many brothers and sisters. When he broke these ties forever (Mark iii, 32 *et seq.*) it was to dedicate himself to the new brotherhood of his disciples. What manner of men the first of these were we have seen in Peter. One of the next to be called was a man employed in the tax office, the son of Alpheus. He came from a class of people the Jews branded as "unclean," on the ground that they belonged to a foreign nation and religion. To the disgust of the Jews, Jesus sat with such at table and ate of "unclean" dishes. Furthermore, in the eyes of the scribes he and his disciples were guilty of Sabbath breaking. He pleaded guilty to this charge, and defended his acts. His attitude toward fasting, ritualistic ablutions and legal food, as well as his solemn compact with his apostles, are characterized by Dr. Lippert as being just as typical of the Galilean as they are distinctly unhebraic. An analysis of Christ's teachings, he holds, quite as conclusively points to a non-Jewish source of their ethical groundwork.

That Jesus' native tongue was the Syrian, Professor Lippert believes is conceded by all sides; and he points out that "when left alone with himself and his God on the cross, a moment so intimately human, his tongue reverted to the childhood speech." Another link in the argument is furnished by Mark's gospel. After driving out the hucksters from the Temple (another foreign trait, since all true Jews had become accustomed to their presence there), Jesus met the objections of the scribes to his Messiahship that he must needs be the son of David, by denying the validity of their argument. In language that cannot be mistaken, he told them that he was *not* David's son.

In conclusion the learned writer remarks: "Of course we concede that our proofs and arguments are not sufficient to settle so momentous a question; but it may be that they will suffice to show that instead of being 'something everybody knows,' we are still justified in raising the question: Was Jesus a Jew?"

SOLIDARITY AS THE KEYNOTE OF TRUE RELIGION

Not from moral philosophy nor from science, not from religion as ordinarily understood, but from the growing sense of social solidarity comes the new and true gospel for humanity. So at least avers Alessandro Groppali, a vigorous and optimistic Italian thinker, whose resonant word rings over and above the pessimistic philosophies of our time like a trumpet blast.

Our modern conceptions of life, declares this Italian writer, can all be ranged under one of three categories—those of God, the individual and society. The theologian naturally regards life primarily in religious terms and Groppali grants that "as the religious conception of life's meaning was the first to arise, so has it taken deepest root in man's soul." But "sweet and puissant as it may be, with its promise of immortality in a world beyond, this conception does not satisfy those who rebel at deferring all hopes until after death and are struggling to solve the problem of life by its own rules." The teaching of individualism, he proceeds, is that "life's design should be sought for in life itself"; that "life ought to be regarded from the happiest possible stand-

point"; and that "man must make use of all the treasures of his energy in the realization of a joyful exaltation of his being, in the affirmation of his powers and in the conquest of pleasures." To this doctrine of the Nietzschean school, Groppali objects: "The individual, considered in and by himself, torn from the soil of social energies which bred and formed him so variously, is a mere figment of man's mind, the product of our fancy. . . . We ourselves, consciously or unconsciously, bear within us a sum of impressions, of dispositions, of stratas of hereditary tendencies, which constitute our character and personality. . . . An indissoluble chain of solidarity, an inextricable wheelwork of reciprocal obligations, fetter and entwine all individuals who, while they live in a social order, must needs transmit something one to another, like the waves of the sea, continuing the movement of human life." The writer says further (in the *Nuova Antologia*):

"A recognition of this fact will not mean the extinction of individuality. On the contrary, it will mean that man, in becoming a more zealous fellow-worker in the great upbuilding and advancement of civilization, will become so much the greater and nobler an individual. In the intimate consent of *all* mankind in a common action, in the reciprocal exchange of help and services, in the sharing of defeats and victories, in the brotherhood of the same joys and the same griefs, men's souls will be purged gradually of the selfish sediment, so that they will receive and bear testimony to the leaven of ever new and higher ideals. Once illuminated by this new ray of light, enlightened by this new faith, life appears under lovelier and more attractive hues. Your ascetic, who, with gaze fixed on the vision of a faraway world which cannot be ours, isolates himself from life by totally consecrating himself to the worship of his ideal, and your "superman," who, by living solely in and for himself, deludes himself with a drunken dream of dominion, are seen to be one, at least in so far as both concepts of life are but hallucinations of minds either diseased or distraught."

As a striking proof of the benefits of this rapidly growing sense of solidarity, the writer cites the labor-union movement, which in its beginnings caused so much alarm and excited such deep suspicion, but which to-day, he thinks, must be regarded as a really beneficient factor in the progress of civilization, alike for the working man ,the employer ,and society as a whole. "Who ever could have imagined," he asks, "that this movement, so generally considered as the most genuine product of class-antagonism, as the principal fomenter of strikes and of conflict between employers and workers, was in the crucible of time to be transmitted into a powerful instrument of tranquillity and peace?" This beneficial outcome is attributed to the new-born sense of solidarity. "By its organizations," says Groppali, "the proletariat exercises a reflex action for good on the industrial world, forcing the capitalist to adopt improved technical systems, and thereby intensifying production. Thus while, under the pressure of this new force on the one hand, production improves and is intensified, on the other the working classes, enabled to obtain better nourishment and more leisure to devote to their own improvement, are waxing hardier, more supple, and apter to follow the continual transformation of productive processes." In the passage of humaner laws, in charitable and philanthropic ideas based upon the idea of the uplifting effect of work instead of upon alms-giving, in international alliances of every scope, the Italian publicist also sees encouraging signs of the growth of solidarity. He adds:

"Facts have modified the prophecy of Marx, who thought that the poor must ever grow poorer and the rich richer, until the increasing exasperation of the masses, the revolutionary fermentation of the proletariat, excluded from all the joys of life, culminated in a deadly and definitive struggle. In the first faint dawn of the labor movement Marx could not either glimpse the bright morn or foresee that this same proletariat . . . was destined to exercise little by little, by means of its own organizations and its conquest of public powers, a conservative influence, and thus act as a curb upon the excesses of capitalism."

In concluding, Groppali expresses his conviction that a conception of life founded on the solidarity of mankind has all the requisites necessary to express the deeper aspirations of our souls. He says:

"Face to face with the problem which has constituted the dream and the despair of all living beings, confronted with that fearsome question of the worth and end of living, this conception is clear and decided. It says that if we wish our lives to pass by in an undying Spring . . . we must live in others and for others, with the secure conviction that the good done by us will be of advantage to ourselves likewise, by a natural and automatic repercussion. . . .

"This doctrine which nourishes the soul with an immortality less ethereal but truer than that which as children we learned from religion or poetry, must not be regarded as a mere string of abstract concepts, but as a combination of the most vital and vibrant emotions and sentiments. It must be accepted as our viaticum on life's journey, as a rule of faith which we can live by in all glad sincerity of soul, in the fullest fervor of enthusiasm."

A PSYCHICAL EXPLANATION OF THE MIRACLES OF JESUS

The most notable document thus far published in the crusade now being carried on in Germany with a view to popularizing advanced theology (see CURRENT LITERATURE, January) is a cheaply issued work entitled "Jesus." Its author, Professor Bousset of Göttingen, aims to give in simple language the sum and substance of modern critical opinion concerning the founder of Christianity, and his temper is well illustrated by his attitude toward the New Testament miracles.

The gospels, as he points out, attach almost as much importance to the miracles of Jesus as to his teaching. "He taught and he healed." It is significant that Jesus took into consideration not only the spiritual interests, but also the physical sufferings of his people. He was not as hyperspiritual as many of his followers would have us believe. On the other hand, he was no social reformer. On account of his own condition, he scarcely regarded the poverty and the self-denial around him as an evil; it was wealth that he felt to be the main evil. But whenever he saw real suffering with his own eyes he rendered assistance, and whenever he found sickness and misfortune he healed.

We can call Jesus, says Professor Bousset, an extraordinarily successful physician. The skill of the physician in those days, at least in that part of the world in which Jesus lived, was of a very primitive character. People had no conception as to what was possible or impossible through this art. The physician employed all kinds of medical devices, and, at the same time, all the tricks of quackery, sympathy, sorcery, prayer, and the use of the mysterious name of God. We can call Jesus a physician who confined himself entirely to the employment of religious and spiritual methods. He spoke the healing word to the sick man, took him by the hand, put his hand upon him. This is all; only rarely does tradition mention that he made use of other means. We can call his healing method the psychical. He set the inner powers of man in motion so that they found their realization externally in the bodily life. He healed the sick and suffering through his unshaken confidence in his heavenly Father and the power that was active in him, by making others feel a similar absolute confidence in him as the messenger of God. In this way the healing method of Jesus lies entirely within the sphere of what can be psychologically understood. It is nothing absolutely unique or peculiar to himself. We find analogies throughout the history of religion, even down to our own days. We need but think of the many undeniable and amazing cures that have been effected in connection with the pilgrimages to Lourdes, or the hearing of prayers in the case of Pastor Blumhardt. Modern science attributes these successes to suggestion, autosuggestion, hypnotism, etc.

In view of these analogies, continues the German writer, it will doubtless be wise to draw the circle of possibilities as wide as possible. We must take into consideration the masterful impression made by the personality of Jesus, the almost incalculable popular confidence in this successful physician, and the childlike naïveté of people who did not know how to mistrust that which was regarded as miraculous. But with all this, the limitations of Christ's activity are apparent, and we find that there were psychological conditions which made cures impossible. In places where there was no faith Jesus failed to effect cures. His greatest successes were achieved in connection with demoniacs. Among these unfortunates we recognize with absolute certainty the different types of lunacy, such as madness (Mark. v, 2); lethargy (Matt. xii, 22); and epilepsy (Mark ix, 17). The popular opinion was that these sicknesses were the direct result of the presence and activity of evil spirits. Jesus, a child of his own times, shared this view. He is represented as expelling demons from these sick persons. What really resulted was psychological healing, due to the quieting effect of his extraordinary soul power. It is just such cases that have always responded most readily to psychological and personal influence. Christ did not always secure permanent results. Many of his cures were doubtless of only a temporary character.

Jesus himself laid great stress on his miracles, concludes Professor Bousset, and the traditions of the gospels have made him a miracle-worker in the extraordinary and absolute sense. According to these reports, he was a superhuman Son of God, who directly affected the conditions of life and of mankind. He is even reported to have raised the dead. But upon closer examination all these supernatural miracles can be explained on a psychological basis.

THE "GREAT MORAL UPHEAVAL" NOW TAKING PLACE IN AMERICA

If it be true, as the New York *Independent* observed not long ago, that "the chief danger now threatening American civilization is a general deterioration of morals," we ought to take comfort, as a nation, in two diagnoses of our moral health recently made by English writers. Both of these writers are in the highest degree optimistic, and both intimate that something like a moral revival is going on in the United States at this moment.

The first of the two writers mentioned expresses his views in *Blackwood's Magazine* under the title, "American Morality on Its Trial." Referring to the revulsion of feeling created in this country by the life insurance scandals, he says: "There is no precedent for the wave of moral indignation that has swept over the country"; adding: "The American nation of to-day has left no room for doubt as to the force and sincerity of its protest against financial and political breach of trust." In the same article this writer says further:

"The mass of the American people are certainly as honest as those of any other country. They have quite as high a moral standard as our own. and are equally successful in living up to it. There is no simpler, purer or more rational life under the sun than that of the middle class American in his normal condition. Outside of the maelstrom of 'machine' politics or Wall Street speculation—the twin curses of the country—he can be high principled and honorable both in business and in private life. The 70 per cent. of Americans who live outside of the great cities eat the bread of honest industry and have no wish for any other. They know nothing of 'graft' and 'tainted money' except what they read in the newspapers. If they were inclined to be lax, the American woman is there to brace them up. She continues to be what she always has been—a great moral power.

"So long as the American woman holds her present position in her own household and in society there need be little fear as to the ultimate future of American morals. She is one of the sheet anchors of the country in every moral crisis, and her influence is again making itself felt to-day. There are many varieties of good women in the world: some passive and others active; some subjective and others aggressive. The good American woman is the most active and aggressive of her sex. She exercises the strictest discipline over her own family. She has the most decided convictions on social questions. In nine cases out of ten she is an anti-drinker, anti-smoker and anti-gambler. However much she may wish her children to succeed in life, she would not have them be 'boodlers' at any price."

The second writer referred to, Admiral Sir C. A. G. Bridge, analyzes in *The Nineteenth Century* what he calls "a great moral upheaval in America." This ethical enthusiasm, he declares, has revealed itself under various forms, but the object is always the same—the purification of public life. Its most conspicuous manifestation he finds in the revolt against the boss and the political machine in many States and cities. Another phase of the movement is represented by the "investigation of the proceedings of the great insurance companies, pushed on with almost relentless fervor." A third aspect of the same moral intensity appears, according to Admiral Bridge, in the movement against the laxity of the divorce laws of several States. While dealing with this subject he indulges in the generalizations: "It may be because the Puritan ideal is not yet entirely extinct in the United States, or it may be for reasons resting on a broader base, but nothing is more offensive to Americans in general than anything tending to the degradation of the home. A much-reported scandal is not regarded by them as a good subject for conversation. If mentioned at all, it is usually mentioned with disgust: and the sayer of smart things, who in other societies is almost expected to exercise his wit upon such a matter, would, if he tried to do so in the United States, be thought and probably be made to see that he was thought stupid and vulgar." And, finally, says the admiral, a curious manifestation of the wide front of the moral revival is revealed in the many protests against the brutality of football, as played in this country. He goes on to comment:

"It is reasonable to ask why these several movements or several phases of one great movement, having what was essentially a single aim, became apparent in the year that has just closed. The answer can be given easily. The immense number of persons scattered over the vast territory of the United States who have been striving for purity of life in all its phases did not come into existence only in the second half of 1905. They had existed, in full numerical proportion to the total population, for many years. What they wanted in order to co-ordinate their efforts and give cohesion to their forces was a standard around which they might assemble, and a standard-bearer who would lead them in the great campaign on behalf of public and private morals which they were ready, and indeed eager, to fight. They have found that standard in the now generally recognised character, and that leader in the person, of President Theodore Roosevelt. No

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CHRIST AND THE WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY

(By Frank V. Du Mond.)

One of ten portrayals of Christ by American painters.

President since Washington has been so generally popular or more thoroughly the President of the whole people rather than the mere chosen head of a party."

These English appreciations of our national character have led to some interesting comment in this country. The New York *Outlook* shares the admiral's view that a very real moral revival is taking place, but thinks that its causes lie far too deep to be ascribed, in any large degree, to Theodore Roosevelt's leadership:

"The moral upheaval does not depend on any one man, nor does it owe its increasing vigor and its promise for the future to any single career. It is the result of forces which have been at work for years past, and of a growing sense of the necessity of what Mr. Kidd calls 'civic self-sacrifice.' Americans have long been restive under machine politics; of late years they have been ashamed of their subservience; at last they have become willing to pay the price of driving the boss out of public life and of separating the government of the country from its business interests. More than one 'boss' of large ability (and it has happened many times that 'bosses' have been lacking in moral insight and vigor rather than in intellectual capacity) has discerned of late years the disastrous results of what Mr. Steffens calls 'the system'—that is to say, the steady and growing seizure of the political life of the country for commercial purposes—and has deplored the tendency as one of danger. This is at the root of the greater part of our moral disorders in public and private life, of the failure of individuals and the inefficiency of the Government; and it is against this corrupt combination between business and government that the country has risen in revolt. It is weary of influence and pulls and backstairs management; of having Mr. Odell decide who shall be Governor of New York, and Mr. Aldrich make up his mind in advance what legislation shall be permitted to go through Congress. It has determined that the men into whose hands as trustees and directors great sums of money are placed shall not treat their positions as if they were mere opportunities for private speculaton and money-making; that the men at the head of the party organizations shall not parcel out important positions as the spoils of politics without regard to public interests. In other words, it has determined that the United States shall lead a decent moral life; that the public shall manage its own affairs; that legislators shall regard its will and not the will of irresponsible masters; that the men to whom great interests are committed shall guard those interests sacredly, or shall suffer definite punishment if they are traitors to their trusts.

"The moral upheaval in America is the truest and most beneficent kind of a revival of religion; for what is needed even more than the filling of the churches and the swelling of gifts for religious purposes is honesty in dealing, man with man; a deep and quick sense of responsibility of the public servant to the public that trusts him; and a quickened conscience on the part of every man who holds the relation of a trustee to a group of men or to the community. It is the social conscience which has been touched, and the revival now in progress means, not primarily the saving of individual men from their sins, but the redemption of great communities and the reinvigoration of the moral life of States."

Turning to the definitely religious life of the nation, *The Outlook* discovers many more signs of moral activity. "To call this a commercial nation," it says, "has been equivalent to a severe judgment upon it;" but "as a matter of fact, there are many signs which indicate that behind this immense development of industry, commerce, and finance there is a genuine idealism." "This commercial period," it adds, "has compassed the establishment and growth of three of the most remarkable religious orders of all time—the Salvation Army, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Young People's Society of

Christian Endeavor. Of these three one was planted and two have found most fertile soil in this commercial nation." Moreover, "this period and country have shown their character by responding to that severest of all tests of religious idealism—the summons to engage in foreign missions." Never, avers *The Outlook,* was the response to this summons more emphatic than at present; and in witness to the truth of this statement it cites the recent convention of the Student Volunteer movement. Of the history of this movement *The Outlook* says:

"Twenty years ago Mr. Dwight L. Moody invited some college students to Northfield to spend a few weeks in the study of the Bible. Out of the gathering of two hundred and fifty students there has come this movement. Originally simply an unorganized body of men with a common purpose, it is now an incorporated body. Those who make this declaration, 'It is my purpose, if God permit, to become a foreign missionary,' are known as Student Volunteers. The organization does not send out missionaries; the Volunteers all go out under their own denominational boards. Allied with this purpose of enlisting recruits for the service is that of promoting in the home land an intelligent knowledge and interest concerning the subject of foreign missions.

"Some conception of the extent of this movement may be gathered from the following facts: Up to the beginning of this year almost three thousand volunteers had sailed for the foreign field; one thousand of these have gone in the last four years. Text-books on missions have been prepared, and twelve thousand students in our colleges in over one thousand groups are studying the subject under highly qualified men. It is safe to say that never before have so many men gone forth from our colleges with so broad a view of the forces working for and against the regeneration of the world."

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"HE THAT IS WITHOUT SIN AMONG YOU, LET HIM FIRST CAST A STONE"

Will H. Low's treatment of this theme is softer, and less dramatic, than that of Frank V. DuMond, shown on the opposite page.

NEW PORTRAYALS OF CHRIST BY AMERICAN PAINTERS

A number of Cleveland business men recently conceived the idea of collecting and exhibiting ten portraits of Christ by representative American painters. They were doubtless guided and influenced by a somewhat similar religio-artistic undertaking in Germany, a few years ago, which enlisted such talented artists as Gabriel Max, Kampff, Stucke, and others. Organized under the title "The Exhibition of American Arts Company," they invited ten well-known American painters —among them John La Farge, Kenyon Cox and Will H. Low—to embody their conceptions of Christ in life-size canvases. Each artist was left free in the details of his composition, and each was asked to contribute an interpretation of his own particular *motif.* The resulting pictures constitute a unique group, and are now being exhibited in New York.

Probably the most notable painting in the collection is that by Joseph Lauber, entitled: "In Him was life: and the life was the light of men." It shows a virile and impassioned Christ, standing on a hill-top illumined by the rays of the sinking sun. The artist declares that his idea was "to create a visible embodiment of an idea which is in the mind of every Christian. I have not chosen," he says, "the representation of my scene from His ministry accompanied by accessory figures, nor the Man of Sorrows, nor the traditional visionary figure remote from man, surrounded by a nimbus; what has impressed me most is the spiritual power and quietness of Christ, the giving of

Copyright, 1906 by Kenyon Cox.

"COME UNTO ME"

(By Kenyon Cox.)

self, and the love, mercy and charity He brought into this life, especially for the oppressed and those whom the world scorns."

John La Farge has painted Christ the Comforter, following the text: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." The work is medieval, rather than modern, in spirit, and reminiscent of the early Italian school. It owes much of its charm to beautiful coloring and draperies. Mr. La Farge's Christ, remarks the New York *Times,* "has an expression steadfast and aloof. One thinks of busts of Zeus marked by an Olympian calm."

Kenyon Cox and Charles C. Curran have both taken the text, "Come unto Me"; but the treatments are widely different. The former gives us a rich study in voluptuous reds; the latter shows an ascetic Christ, clad in a single white robe which leaves the neck and right shoulder bare. Gari Melchers portrays Christ as "The Man of Sorrows," with sad mien and downcast eyes.

Will H. Low and Frank V. Du Mond have both pictured the incident of Christ and the woman taken in adultery. Mr. Low's picture is graceful, rather than strong. He paints a young Christ in profile, under an arbor, leaning over a young woman who kneels at his feet. Mr. Low says in comment:

"In essaying to portray the figure of Christ, one is struck at the outset bv the complete omission throughout the New Testament narrative of any reference to His physical appearance. Hence it is but logical to presume that, coming as a Man to men, His figure and face were devoid of aught that was visibly supernatural. On the other hand, coming from whence we know not, there has been evolved an accepted type which in many and varied instances has served the artist throughout the Christian era, and which to all mankind is recognizable as a portrayal of Christ. The splendid and majestic, the ethereally spiritualized or the careworn and sorrow-laden type of Christ offer, one and all, abundant op-

Copyright, 1906, by La Farge

"YEA, THOUGH I WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH, I WILL FEAR NO EVIL, FOR THOU ART WITH ME."

(By John La Farge.)

"IN HIM WAS LIFE: AND THE LIFE WAS THE LIGHT OF MEN"

This painting, by Joseph Lauber, is probably the most notable of a group of Christ-portraits now being exhibited in New York. It shows a virile and impassioned figure standing on a hill-top illuminated by the rays of the sinking sun.

portunity to the artist. But a more simple interpretation has appealed to me. My endeavor has been to depict, in so far as a picture may translate the spoken word, His appeal to our charity of thought and judgment, as being perhaps more than any other of His utterances applicable to our everyday life. . . . Of the type of Christ I can only say that I have sought to express a man compassionate and just, gentle yet strong, one whose thoughts have left a certain impression of nobility upon a face which otherwise might pass unnoticed among the people—where He might be, as indeed He was, known as 'the son of Joseph, the carpenter.'"

Mr. Dumond's treatment of the text, "He that is without sin among you, let him cast a stone," is much more dramatic than Mr. Low's. It is strongly Oriental in feeling. Christ stands with shrouded head and uplifted hands in the door of the Temple, and Magdalen, stricken with shame and terror, writhes before him.

Frederick S. Lamb's picture has a stained-glass-window effect, and illustrates "The Old and the New Jerusalem." He says:

"I have represented the Christ on the mountain with the old city, Jerusalem, at his feet. The time is late afternoon, and He is supposed to have gone to the mountain for meditation and prayer. While intent upon the thought of the saying of the 'Old Jerusalem' there comes to Him the vision of the New. This is depicted in the picture behind the head, and forms in the sky a cross, suggesting the sacrifice which He must make in order to achieve redemption for the world."

There remain George Hitchcock's "Christ the Preacher," and William H. Crane's "Thy Will be Done." The first shows a sorrowful figure against a sunny orchard, with radiant flowers. The second is a picture of Christ in Gethsemane, praying in the dusk under a tree.

As a whole, the ten paintings are conceded to be strikingly beautiful and impressive. They will be shown for several weeks in New York, and then exhibited in other cities.

A REVOLT AGAINST CHURCH AUTHORITY IN GERMANY

The spirit that prompted the separation of church and State in France seems to have spread to Germany, where all at once a number of movements have sprung up with the one purpose of persuading the people to leave the churches *en masse*. The unique feature of this propaganda lies in the fact that it does not emanate from governmental sources, but is rather directed against the government. Moreover, the agitation is confined to the liberal and radical sections of the church, and is based on alleged favoritism shown by the State to the conservative party.

Perhaps the most noteworthy expression of this movement is that embodied in a widely circulated appeal recently issued by students of the great Universities of Berlin and Leipsic, asking the professors and the students to sever their connection with the church on the ground that the principles of the latter are antagonistic to the independence of research and thought demanded by "academic freedom." From this manifesto we quote the following characteristic extracts:

The independence of German thought, secured at so great a cost, is in danger. Our opponents are determined and outspoken, and to a great extent have secured the ear and the influence of those in authority in the State. University men, both professors and students, are largely to blame for the present deplorable condition of affairs. This weakness of character in modern university life will in the end poison the people and produce intellectual decay. University freedom implies absolute independence of any authority in matters of thought and science, also in religious questions. For this reason a genuine university man can never honestly accept any religious creed or confession. The vast majority of German professors and students have as a matter of fact already broken with the church; and all that is now asked of them is that they be honest enough to discard their mask and to abandon religious profession. Accordingly, we ask all of the non-theological professors to leave the church in a body and to insist upon the theological faculty being taken out of the university teaching corps, since what it teaches is in the nature of the case inconsistent and incompatible with the canons and spirit of modern independence of thought and research.

Academic Fellow-Citizens: The undersigned have formally severed their connection with the church and ask you to do the same. Only a general exodus of the university men out of the churches can free the people from confessional control through the State.

Another appeal, but of a different kind, is found in the *Neue Gesellschaft*, the socialistic organ of former pastor Paul Goehre. It urges all who believe in independence in religious matters to leave the church, on the ground that the new school law will put the schools and thereby the education of the coming genera-

tion entirely in the hands of the clergy and the church. The appeal, while directed strongly against the church, claims to be issued in the interest of true religion. The schools and popular education, this document declares, must be absolutely independent of church control and must be secular in character. The public schools, it says further, have no business to impart religious instructions, and if tens or hundreds of thousands declare to the government that they will sooner leave the churches than submit to the new school law, the State will take sober second thought and make haste slowly.

By no means all of the advocates of liberal religious thought recognize this "appeal" as expressing their views. The *Christliche Welt* (Marburg), the leading popular organ of advanced theology in Germany, moderately, yet firmly, expresses its dissent from the Goehre agitation.

Still different in character is a public appeal issued by the authorities of the Free Religious Congregation in Berlin. This document also takes the new school law for a text, and urges upon the liberal-minded people of Germany the necessity of declaring officially the dissolution of their connection with the church. In this way, it says, they can rid themselves of the church taxes which otherwise they will be compelled to pay. It closes with the words: "He who h[…]aven and hell shou[…] for the medie- his c[…]age on earth. appeal, […] the thought Christian […]ory of hon- break away […] of fame for those who are […] the loss attending such a […]ies, rul-

All these appe[…]rice as when it is remember[…]nse of and church are united, […]states born into some religious […] the tinues to be regarded as a […]self unless he formally and legal[…] in nection. This the Germans are […] of to do, and even the propaganda […]t Social Democrats has failed to dra[…] number out of the churches. The want to be, nominally at least, religious.

A new organization, called "Mon[…] Verein," devoted to the advocacy of the r[…]ical anti-Christian philosophy of Haeckel, o[…] Jena, is in reality also directed against the church, although nominally of a scientific character. Haeckel, the *alter ego* of Darwin in Germany, and author of "The Riddle of the Universe," has been nothing if not a pronounced enemy of the church, and the new society, of which he is the president and leading spirit, is altogether at one with him in this respect.

THE SCHOOLS OF JERUSALEM

Jerusalem, the sacred city of the three great monotheistic religions of the world, Christianity, Judaism and Mohammedanism, has through the agency of these religions become in recent years a noteworthy educational center. In the middle ages it was well supplied with prominent Mohammedan schools. They were found chiefly in the immediate surroundings of the old Temple Place, the present Haram, and attracted pupils and students from the entire Mohammedan world. When in 1517 the Turks gained possession of the Holy Land these schools fell into decay. There was no revival of the educational interests in the city until the second half of the last century, when various societies and churches of Protestantism went vigorously to work to establish schools. In a spirit of rivalry and imitation the other religious communions followed their example. As a result, an exceptionally large number of schools have in recent years been established in Jerusalem, and are exercising great influence over the intellectual and spiritual status of the city.

To the *Bote aus Zion*, a German quarterly published in Jerusalem in the interest of the great Syriac orphan homes established by the late Pastor Schneller, we are indebted for the above facts. The same paper makes it clear that the Mohammedans, while at present the dominant power in Palestine, are not in the majority in Jerusalem, where they number only about 6,000 souls and have only four schools. Three of these are of the common grade, and one is a higher institution of learning. In the last mentioned there is an enrolment of 120 boys and youths, who, through the medium of the Arabic language, are taught the Koran,

and in addition study the Turkish and the French languages, mathematics, geography, and history. One of the common schools is for girls, with 350 in attendance, and the other two for boys, with an enrolment of 480. In these elementary schools, too, the Koran is the basis for work done in reading, writing and memorizing. Compulsory attendance is the rule for the boys.

Historically, the Greek Orthodox Church takes the precedence among the different Christian communions represented in Jerusalem. In Palestine as a whole this church reports some 90 schools with 4,500 pupils. The Greeks in Jerusalem number about 5,000 souls, and have established five schools—two higher academies preparing boys for entrance into a priest's seminary—two day-schools of an elementary character, and a school for small children. The seminary itself is near Jerusalem with 70 students enrolled. The two day-schools are attended by 250 boys and 120 girls.

The Roman Catholic Church has been established in the Holy Land since the crusades, and its adherents are generally known as the Latin Christians. They report one theological seminary with 30 students and three elementary schools for boys and four for girls, each in charge of some special order or organization of the church.

The best results have undoubtedly been accomplished by Protestants, and are closely identified with the revered name of Bishop Gobat, of Jerusalem. The Protestants have a normal school in connection with a Syriac orphan home, with 16 male students, and a newly established girls' Normal School managed by the Kaiserswert Deaconesses. The boys' school of the Orphans' Home has an enrolment of 230, and the girls' school of 123. Among these 15 are blind. In addition there are four other Protestant day-schools and a school for small children. English Protestantism is very active in educational work. The Church Mission Society has a high school and an elementary school for boys and one for girls, the last mentioned with an enrolment of 300. The London Jewish Mission Society also controls two such schools; and the strict Episcopalians in the American colony support religious schools of their own.

Of the other Christian sects, only the Armenians and the Russians have schools of their own in the sacred city. The former maintain a theological seminary with 75 students, and boys' and girls' schools with 130 pupils; while the Russians have only a single school, for small children. The inactivity of the latter in this regard is remarkable, especially in view of the fact that the Orthodox Church is doing so much for schools in other portions of Palestine.

Jerusalem is rapidly again becoming a Jewish city, and the Jews are doing much for the education of their children, although it is almost impossible to secure reliable statistics on the subject. Most of the Jewish schools are of the Talmud type, and several prepare young men for rabbinical positions. The best are those controlled by the "Alliance Israelite," with which manual training is often connected.

Statistics show that about one out of every six or seven of the inhabitants of Jerusalem is attending school. Not a few of the pupils come from outside the city or from abroad. In Jerusalem itself, however, there are about 9,000 children between six and fourteen years, and of a proper age to attend school. On this basis the population of the city is doubtless about 60,000.

THE NAIVE RELIGION OF THE GREEKS

"The Greeks are ever children," Herodotus once said, and the words might serve as a text for G. Lowes Dickinson's new and brilliant study* of Greek life and thought. Children of genius they may have been, with creative powers that belong to maturity and not to childhood, but children they nevertheless were, facing the world and its problems with the bright eyes and wondering gaze of childhood.

Nothing could be more naive than the Greek idea of deity. Facing the mysterious manifestations of the natural world—the fire that burns, the water that drowns, the tempest that harries and destroys—and asking himself, What is this persistent, obscure, unnamable Thing? the Greek replied: "It is something like myself." And so every power of nature he presumed to be a spiritual being, impersonating the sky as Zeus, the earth as Demeter, the sea as Poseidon. Says Mr. Dickinson:

*The Greek View of Life. By G. Lowes Dickinson. McClure, Phillips & Co.

"From generation to generation under his shaping hands, the figures multiply and define themselves; character and story crystallise about what at first were little more than names; till at last, from the womb of the dark enigma that haunted him in the beginning, there emerges into the charmed light of a world of ideal grace a pantheon of fair and concrete personalities. Nature has become a company of spirits; every cave and fountain is haunted by a nymph; in the ocean dwell the Nereids, in the mountain the Oread, the Dryad in the wood; and everywhere, in groves and marshes, on the pastures or the rocky heights, floating in the current of the streams or traversing untrodden snows, in the day at the chase and as evening closes in solitude fingering his flute, seen and heard by shepherds, alone or with his dancing train, is to be met the horned and goat-footed, the sunny-smiling Pan.

"Thus conceived, the world has become less terrible because more familiar. All that was incomprehensible, all that was obscure and dark, has now been seized and bodied forth in form, so that everywhere man is confronted no longer with blind and unintelligible force, but with spiritual beings moved by like passions with himself. The gods, it is true, were capricious and often hostile to his good, but at least they had a nature akin to his; if they were angry, they might be propitiated; if they were jealous, they might be appeased; the enmity of one might be compensated by the friendship of another; dealings with them, after all, were not so unlike dealings with men, and at the worst there was always a chance for courage, patience and wit."

The Greek view of death and a future life was scarcely less naive. It partakes of the ghostly imaginings of childhood. Greek religion taught the survival of the spirit after death; but this survival, as described in the Homeric poems, is merely that of a phantom and a shade, a bloodless and colorless duplicate of the man as he lived on earth. On no people has the shadow of death fallen with more horror than upon the Greeks. "The tenderest of their songs of love close with a sob; and it is an autumn wind that rustles in their bowers of spring." Quoting the account of Odysseus' meeting with his mother's ghost—how he sprang toward her and was minded to embrace her, but she "flitted from his hands" with cries and lamentation that "the sinews no more bind together the flesh and the bones"—Mr. Dickinson says:

"From such a conception of the life after death little comfort could be drawn; nor does it appear that any was sought. So far as we can trace the habitual attitude of the Greek he seems to have occupied himself little with speculation, either for good or evil, as to what might await him on the other side of the tomb. He was told indeed in his legends of a happy place for the souls of heroes, and of torments reserved for great criminals; but these ideas do not seem to have haunted his imagination. He was never obsessed by that close and imminent vision of heaven and hell which overshadowed and dwarfed, for the medieval mind, the brief space of pilgrimage on earth. Rather he turned, by preference, from the thought of death back to life, and in the memory of honourable deeds in the past and the hope of fame for the future sought his compensation for the loss of youth and love."

A hierarchy of anthropomorphic deities, ruling the world as much by whim and caprice as by wisdom, left no room for either a sense of sin or a sense of duty. Mr. Dickinson states it as a distinguishing characteristic of the Greek religion that "it did not concern itself with the conscience at all; the conscience, in fact, did not yet exist, to enact that drama of the soul with God which is the main interest of the Christian, or at least of the Protestant faith." The writer says further:

"To the Puritan, the inward relation of the soul to God is everything; to the average Greek, one may say broadly, it was nothing; it would have been at variance with his whole conception of the divine power. For the gods of Greece were beings essentially like man, superior to him not in spiritual nor even in moral attributes, but in outward gifts, such as strength, beauty, and immortality. And as a consequence of this his relations to them were not inward and spiritual, but external and mechanical. In the midst of a crowd of deities, capricious and conflicting in their wills, he had to find his way as best he could. There was no knowing precisely what a god might want; there was no knowing what he might be going to do. If a man fell into trouble, no doubt he had offended somebody, but it was not so easy to say whom or how; if he neglected the proper observances no doubt he would be punished, but it was not everyone who knew what the proper observances were. Altogether it was a difficult thing to ascertain or to move the will of the gods, and one must help oneself as best one could. The Greek, accordingly, helped himself by an elaborate system of sacrifice and prayer and divination, a system which had no connection with an internal spiritual life, but the object of which was simply to discover and if possible to affect the divine purposes."

Moral virtue the Greeks conceived not as obedience to an external law, a sacrifice of the natural man to a power that in a sense is alien to himself, but rather as the tempering into due proportion of the elements of which human nature is composed. The good man was the man who was beautiful—beautiful in soul. "Virtue," says Plato, "will be a kind of health and beauty and good habit of the soul; and vice will be a disease and deformity and sickness of it." Such being the conception of virtue among the Greeks, it follows that the motive to pursue it can hardly have presented itself to them in the form of what we call the "sense of duty." As Mr. Dickinson puts it:

"Duty emphasises self-repression. Against the desires of man it sets a law of prohibition, a law which is not conceived as that of his own complete nature, asserting against a partial or disproportioned development the balance and totality of the ideal, but rather as a rule imposed from without by a power distinct from himself, for the mortification, not the perfecting, of his natural impulses and aims. Duty emphasises self-repression; the Greek view emphasised self-development. That 'health and beauty and good habit of the soul,' which is Plato's ideal, is as much its own recommendation to the natural man as is the health and beauty of the body. Vice, on this view, is condemned because it is a frustration of nature, virtue praised because it is her fulfillment; and the motive throughout is simply that passion to realise oneself which is commonly acknowledged as sufficient in the case of physical development, and which appeared sufficient to the Greeks in the case of the development of the soul."

From such reasoning as this it appears clearly enough that the Greek ideal was far removed from asceticism; but it might be argued, on the other hand, that it came dangerously near to license. "Nothing, however," says Mr. Dickinson, "could be further from the case." That there were libertines among the Greeks, as everywhere else, he argues, goes without saying; but the conception that the Greek view of life was to follow impulse and abandon restraint is characterized as a figment of would-be "Hellenists" of our own time. "The word which best sums up the ideal of the Greeks is 'temperance'"; and "the self-realization to which they aspired was not an anarchy of passion, but an ordered evolution of the natural faculties under the strict control of a balanced mind." In illustration of his point, Mr. Dickinson refers to the treatment of pleasure in the philosophy of Plato and of Aristotle:

"The practice of the libertine is to identify pleasure and good in such a manner that he pursues at any moment any pleasure that presents itself, eschewing comparison and following the flow of vivid and fresh sensations which he postulates as the end of life. The ideal of the Greeks, on the contrary, as interpreted by their two greatest thinkers, while on the one hand it is so far opposed to asceticism that it requires pleasure as an essential complement of Good, on the other, is so far from identifying the two, that it recognizes an ordered scale of pleasures, and while rejecting altogether those at the lower end, admits the rest, not as in themselves constituting the Good, but rather as harmless additions or at most as necessary accompaniments of its operation. Plato, in the Republic, distinguishes between the necessary and unnecessary pleasures, defining the former as those derived from the gratification of appetites 'which we cannot get rid of and whose satisfaction does us good'—such, for example, as the appetite for wholesome food; and the latter as those which belong to appetites 'which we can put away from us by early training; and the presence of which, besides, never does us any good, and in some cases does positive harm,'—such, for example, as the appetite for delicate and luxurious dishes. The former he would admit, the latter he excludes from his ideal of happiness. . . . His general contention that pleasures must be ranked as higher and as lower, and that at the best they are not to be identified with the Good, is fully accepted by so typical a Greek as Aristotle. Aristotle, however, is careful not to condemn any pleasure that is not definitely harmful. Even 'unnecessary' pleasures, he admits, may be desirable in themselves; even the deliberate creation of desire with a view to the enjoyment of satisfying it may be admissible if it is not injurious. Still, there are kinds of pleasures which ought not to be pursued, and occasions and methods of seeking it which are improper and perverse. Therefore the Reason must be always at hand to check and to control; and the ultimate test of true worth in pleasure, as in everything else, is the trained judgment of the good and sensible man."

This elemental conception of life, beautiful, as it was, both in itself and its fruitage, contained the elements of its own dissolution. "The eating of the tree of knowledge," says Mr. Dickinson, "drove the Greeks from their paradise." The harmony which was the dominant feature in their consciousness and "the distinguishing characteristic of their epoch in the history of the world" was "nevertheless, after all, but a transitory and imperfect attempt to reconcile elements whose antagonism was too strong for the solution thus proposed." It depended on an assumption of anthropomorphic gods which was too childish to bear the light of reason. It was a harmony for life, but not for death. Mr. Dickinson concludes:

"With the Greek civilisation beauty perished from the world. Never again has it been possible for a man to believe that harmony is in fact the truth of all existence. The intellect and the moral sense have developed imperative claims which can be satisfied by no experience known to man. And as a consequence of this the goal of desire which the Greeks could place in the present, has been transferred, for us, to a future infinitely remote, which nevertheless is conceived as attainable. Dissatisfaction with the world in which we live and determination to realise one that shall be better, are the prevailing characteristics of the modern spirit. The development is one into whose meaning and end this is not the place to enter. It is enough that we feel it to be inevitable; that the harmony of the Greeks contained in itself the factors of its own destruction; and that in spite of the fascination which constantly fixes our gaze on that fairest and happiest halting-place in the secular march of man, it was not there, any more than here, that he was destined to find the repose of that ultimate reconciliation which was but imperfectly anticipated by the Greeks."

Science and Discovery

SURPRISES OF HEREDITY AS SHOWN IN ROYAL PEDIGREES

Nothing could be more unfounded, in view of recent expert research, than the popular idea of royalty as degenerate through intermarriages. Certain degenerations may be notorious in certain royal families, but, says Dr. Frederick Adams Woods, lecturer in the biological department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the frequency of intermarriage is not the cause. It is not among degenerate families only, like the royalties of Spain and Portugal, that one finds wedlock entered into by near kin, observes Dr. Woods in his statistical study of royal heredity just issued.* Such intermarriages are apparently equally common in families which have given us the highest mental and moral grades, namely, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Hohenzollern and Nassau-Dietz. The parents of Frederick the Great and of his remarkable brothers and sisters were own cousins. The great Queen Isabella came from strongly inbred ancestry, and Ernest the Pious is many times in the pedigree of the excellent house of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Furthermore, Dr. Woods avers in his carefully compiled volume that the Romanoff degeneracy and Swedish royal eccentricities were neither caused nor perpetuated by the close marriage of kin. All this agrees with the generally accepted scientific opinion of the present day, says Dr.

*MENTAL AND MORAL HEREDITY IN ROYALTY. By Frederick Adams Woods, M.D. Henry Holt & Co.

FROM THE BEST OF ROYAL PEDIGREES

They are Princess Victoria of Wales and her brothers Albert and George. The house of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, declares Doctor Woods, has the cleanest and best pedigree to be found in all royalty.

TYPES OF POSSIBLE MENTAL UNBALANCE

Princess Marie of Greece and her daughters Nina and Xenia. Their hereditary factors include wonderful intellectual brilliance modified by tendency to psychoneurosis.

HEIRESS OF A DREAMING PROPENSITY

The German Emperor's only daughter, still a girl in short dresses, should love poetry and art.

Woods, although he admits that popular opinion is to the contrary.

Nor can any degeneration that may exist in twentieth-century royalty be rightly ascribed to its exceptional and exalted position, according to the many inferences drawn in Dr. Woods's work. Degeneration has occurred only in certain branches, he says. That degeneration may always be accounted for by pollution of the blood of the male line through marriage with a family in which a degeneration was then existing, or some constant artificial selection of the worst types rather than the best. While some branches were deteriorating, others equally blue-blooded (Prussia, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Nassau-Dietz, Mecklenburg, Denmark, Austria and modern Portugal) were holding their own or actually rising in mental and moral tone.

It would be a simple matter to take any royal child now living and mathematically calculate its mental and moral future within limits not too narrow to be practical. That is made clear by Dr. Woods's coefficients of correlation and his application of the law of ancestral heredity, into the technical side of which it is unnecessary to enter. At this point it suffices to consider what Dr. Woods deems a popular misconception concerning the value of hereditary influence—a mistake, he thinks very frequently made. Many people argue that great geniuses, coming as they frequently do from humble families—Franklin and Lincoln, for instance—discount our beliefs in mental heredity. But the cases of such men should only strengthen our reliance on this same force. We should consider the thousands, indeed millions, of mediocrities who have to be born from mediocrities before one mind of the type of Franklin's is produced. That they rise superior to their circumstances is a proof of the inborn nature of their minds and characters. A man of this sort represents a combination of the best from many ancestors. "It would be possible in a great many throws to cast a large number of dice so that they would all fall aces. But here, in certain regions of royalty, as among the Montmorencys and Hohenzollerns, where the dice are loaded—such a result may be expected in a large percentage of throws." That is, the ancestors of any given generation had been selected with very great care. The result vindicates the science of heredity in the mental and moral sphere as strikingly as the Hapsburg lip vindicates heredity in the physiognomical sphere. Says Dr. Woods:

"In tracing the facial peculiarities of the three families of Spain, France and Austria, the great, swollen underlip of the Hapsburgs offers such a distinct feature that other traits of physiognomy may as well be neglected. This swollen, pro-

PRINCES OF PROMISING PEDIGREE

Children of Prince Charles of Hesse, a house exerting, by its high qualities during many generations, an uplifting influence on all the stocks with which it has blended.

The family of the Crown Prince of Portugal had been decaying for some generations, but it has revived.

Prince Edward of Wales has the best of royal blood in him.

Archduke Carl Franz of Austria shows the Hapsburg lip less prominently than does the King of Spain.

truding lip was in the sixteenth century, in its original type, usually combined with a long, heavy under jaw, as one sees in the Emperor Charles V. Later the jaw became more nearly normal, though the lip still persisted and can be traced, with its varying degrees of intensification, through no less than eighteen generations, coming out in at least seventy of the various descendants.

"Its first appearance, according to history, was in Cymburga, who was born in the last part of the fourteenth century and became the wife of Ernest, the second patriarch of the house of Hapsburg. In its latest manifestation it appears at the present day with diminished strength and modified form in the young King of Spain. This is a remarkable instance of the force of heredity in perpetuating a physical trait and has been thought to be an example of prepotency, the male line being able to transmit a deeply rooted peculiarity, the features from the maternal side having no influence in counteracting it. As an example of prepotency, the Hapsburg lip was cited by Darwin."

Turning from physical to moral characteristics, Dr. Woods finds the best pedigree in all royalty to be possessed by the present King of England, his son, the Prince of Wales, and the children of the Prince of Wales. Or, to use Dr. Woods's own more scientific language, the family of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (with the death of Queen Victoria the House of Hanover came to an end and Edward VII inaugurated the reign of the house of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha) shows that the assumption of high rank and power and the consequent opportunity for ease and luxury do not in the least tend to degeneracy of the stock. But the good qualities of the royal breed must be kept up with marriages to stocks of equal value and no vicious elements must be introduced. Dr. Woods adds:

"Albert, the lamented consort of Queen Victoria, was, as everyone knows, a highly cultivated, earnest and noble man, a devoted husband and an enthusiastic reformer in all affairs related to the public good. Well versed in science and literature, he was also an accomplished musician. Did he come by this character through inheritance? It will be seen that traits like Albert's are written all over his family pedigree. . . .

"This group is remarkable for its virtues and bent towards literature, science and art. It is not that the dukes in the male line have shown such a tendency in a marked degree, but it is that at each step going back the pedigree gives us in many stems examples of idealists, poets and dreamers. . . .

"We see that after two hundred and fifty years the same traits exist because there has never been a time when blood of another sort was introduced to contaminate or dilute it."

It can be shown, from the pedigrees of

Princess Elizabeth of Greece comes of a stock noted for pious women.

This little Crown Prince of Norway has in his veins blood indicating in its possessor high ideality.

The Crown Prince of Saxony ought to be romantic in temperament.

all the royal children in Europe, if Dr. Woods be correct in his conclusions, that no royal family has been able to maintain itself without degeneration unless it has taken a good share of Saxe-Coburg blood. The good qualities of royalty, if due to heredity at all, in Austria, England, Germany, Belgium and Bulgaria, are largely due to this strain of the Saxe-Coburg blood. It probably saved the Bourbons in Portugal. Thus, says Dr. Woods, in tracing the pedigree and in accounting for the virtue of the consort of Queen Victoria we find the theory of moral and mental heredity sustained in his case as well as in the others. Inbreeding did not affect the result except for good.

NEW EVIDENCE OF MAN'S AFFINITY WITH THE ANTHROPOID APE

The close relation of man to the anthropoid apes has lately raised in a remarkable degree the market price of these creatures. Every living specimen that reaches Europe is now bid for through letter, cable and telegram, by workers at medical problems in Paris, London and Berlin. This information is supplied by Dr. Saleeby in his remarkable study of evolution as "a cosmic generalization."* The nearest animals to man, explains Dr. Saleeby, are the chimpanzee, the gorilla, the orang-outang and the gibbon. They are the four existing types of anthropoid ape. No amount of correction, complains our evolutionist, will apparently destroy the popular error that man is descended from one or other of these apes. This, we are reminded by Dr. Saleeby, has never been even suggested by any biologist. What all biologists believe is that man and certain of these apes have a common ancestor. Both Darwin and Huxley thought the chimpanzee and the gorilla to be the apes most nearly related to man. The prevalent opinion inclines to give the preference, we read also, to the chimpanzee. However, there is general agreement with the conclusion of Darwin that man, the gorilla and the chimpanzee are derived from a common ancestor. That common ancestor is now extinct. What his characteristics were can only be faintly guessed at. He may, thinks Dr. Saleeby, have more nearly resembled the gibbon than any other existing form.

Now, the older evidence for man's relation to the anthropoid ape is familiar to all. He resembles them in physical structure to an extent almost incredible. He shares with the chimpanzee and with the gorilla some three hundred structural features which are not possessed even by any of the lowest order of monkeys. Man's earlier stages of development are quite indistinguishable from those of the anthropoid apes. Very little was known in the earlier days of evolution regarding the embryology of anthropoid apes. But recently there have been discovered two noteworthy facts which may prove of great scientific importance and which certainly possesses incalculable interest:

Courtesy of Harper & Brothers.

THE LATEST INTERPRETER OF EVOLUTION

Dr. C. W. Saleeby insists in his new work, "Evolution, the Master-Key," that religious dogma is forever exploded and that Spencer founded "the cosmic generalization" upon which all truth reposes.

"In the first place, it has recently been found that there is a whole series of diseases which are common to man and the anthropoid apes, but which attack no lower animal. For long these

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*EVOLUTION: THE MASTER KEY. A Discussion of the Principle of Evolution as Illustrated in Atoms, Stars, Organic Species, Mind, Society and Morals. By C. W. Saleeby, M.D. Harper & Brothers.

were thought to be peculiar to man alone, but Metchnikoff and his fellow-workers at the Pasteur Institute have shown that certain of them can be communicated to the anthropoid ape and that protective or curative sera can be produced in this fashion. This fact clearly points to a profound resemblance in the bodily chemistry—a physiological similarity no less striking than the anatomical resemblances so familiar—of man and these creatures.

"The second recent discovery points in the same direction. It has lately been shown that the blood of each species of animal differs radically from that of every other. Hitherto it has hardly been possible for the expert, summoned to give evidence in a trial for murder, let us say, to decide whether or not specimens of blood submitted to him are human or not. Mammalian blood could be distinguished from, say, the blood of birds, by means of the characteristic shape of the blood corpuscles which is common to all mammals save the camel; but to distinguish between the blood of man and a dog was often impossible. Now, however, it has been shown that when the blood of a given animal, say a dog, is injected into the blood vessels of an animal of another kind, such as a cat, the red corpuscles of the cat are destroyed and disintegrated; whereas, if the dog's blood be injected into another dog, no such disintegration occurs. Hence, in distinguishing between the blood of a man and a dog it is only necessary to make a sterile solution of the blood stain and inject it into a dog. If 'hæmolysis' occurs, the blood cannot be canine; if it does not, the blood must certainly be canine. Now the astonishing and even bizarre fact is that the blood of the anthropoid ape gives the characteristic human reaction, while the blood of the lower monkeys does not. In other words, the blood of man and of the anthopoid ape are identical when judged by this, the most subtle and delicate of all known tests.

"To the evidence of anatomy in favor of man's intimate relationship with the anthropoid ape there has, therefore, been added that of comparative pathology, of embryology and of physiological chemistry. Many other facts might be adduced, such as the recent discovery that a function hitherto thought to be characteristic of the human female is also displayed by the anthropoid ape."

THE GREATEST ASTRO-PHYSICIST OF THE AGE

The most responsible position, as well as the highest honor that can be conferred in this country upon a man of science was held, *The Popular Science Monthly* is inclined to think, by Samuel Pierpont Langley, the lately deceased secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. Probably Langley's greatest work, says our contemporary, is connected with the heat of the sun and the infra-red rays of the spectrum. But perhaps his researches in aerodynamics are more generally known to the newspaper-reading public. His theoretical and experimental contributions to the subject of what popular parlance describes as flying-machines is pronounced fundamentally important likewise. In fact, writes Professor Fisher in the London *Mail,* Langley, with the aid of a huge swirling table, by means of which he could test the lifting power of a given aeroplane set at different angles and driven at varying speeds, discovered the fundamental law of flight, which is called by his name. Langley's law tells us that the faster a flying-machine travels the less energy will be needed to keep it afloat.

But whatever Langley may have contributed to the sum total of our knowledge in other lines, declares Dr. William Hallock, of Columbia University, in *The New York Times,* the lately deceased scientist will be best and most gratefully remembered by scientific men as the inventor of the bolometer and the pioneer investigator of the distribution of energy in the solar spectrum. That is, on the whole, the verdict of London *Nature* and of the French and German scientific press, where he is pronounced a physicist of world-wide reputation and perhaps the most eminent American figure in the domain of pure science. The bolometer is deemed his greatest single triumph. This instrument is defined by *The Scientific American* as a thermometer of almost infinite tenuity, measuring radiant heat with an accuracy that has never been excelled. In its more recent forms the instrument can detect differences of temperature amounting to no more than the one-millionth part of a degree on an ordinary thermometer. To quote:

"In the hands of Langley, the bolometer demonstrated experimentally that the maximum heat in the normal spectrum lies in the orange and not in the infra-red spectrum, as commonly supposed. Before the invention of the bolometer the distribution of heat in the spectrum was almost entirely unknown. In the course of three years' patient work, however, Langley completed a map of the principal lines of the heat spectrum and thereby furnished new material for a study of the interaction of solar heat and terrestrial atmosphere. What Kirchhoff did for the upper

rays of the spectrum Langley accomplished for the lower spectrum.

"One important result of all these bolometric investigations was the discovery that the earth's atmosphere acted with selective absorption to a remarkable degree, keeping back an immense proportion of blue and green, so that which was originally the strongest became, when it reached us, the weakest of all, and what was originally weak became relatively strong. The action of the atmosphere is just the converse of that of an ordinary sieve, or like that of a sieve which should keep back small particles analogous to the short wave lengths (blue and green) and allow freely to pass the larger ones (the dark heat rays). Langley, therefore, proved that white is not the sum of all radiations as we used to be taught, but that it resembles pure original sunlight less than the electric beam which has come to us through reddish-colored glasses resembles the original brightness."

Courtesy of *The Scientific American.*

OUR GREATEST SCIENTIST SINCE FRANKLIN

Samuel Pierpont Langley, although popularly known as a maker of flying machines, was a famous physicist.

So exquisite is the bolometer that, as Langley himself said, "If you look at it, a large deflection will result." The heat of the observer's face would be registered, or at least traceable in the record. Dr. William Hallock, a scientist who had all possible facilities for estimating Langley as man and scientist, writes in *The New York Times,* in a study already referred to:

"The temperature of the surface of the moon and the phenomena transpiring upon the surface of the sun were questions to whose answering he contributed materially.

"Few know or realize that it is to him that we primarily owe our present system of standard time, as used by the railroads first, and now by everybody. It was his bolometer and his careful experimentation which showed that the despised little fire-fly has a lighting plant which uses all its energy for visible light, whereas most of the lighting devices used by man waste at least 99 per cent. of the energy consumed.

"It is then in these domains of astrophysics that his real services to science lie, where, following the meagre and uncertain steps of Melloni, he led physicists into a field which has been gleaned by many since and which has furnished the most important contributions to practical and theoretical physics in the past score of years."

Langley's first important contribution to aeronautics was based upon the observation that birds keep themselves up by pressure of the air on the under surface of their wings, kite like. Langley showed that this upward pressure might be attained in two different ways. First (to follow the article of Prof. W. E. Garrett Fisher in the London *Mail*), the bird's wing may strike down upon the air, which happens in what is known as flapping flight. But, secondly, the pressure may be provided by the internal work of the wind itself, and in this case we have soaring flight. Examples of both kinds are seen in the case of the sea-gull. On rising from the water, the gull flaps its wings strongly, in order to lift itself the first few difficult feet. But once up in the air, it swings round in large circles and spirals, with no apparent effort, its wings remaining almost motionless, and only being inclined at varying angles in order to meet the changing currents of the wind. It is this soaring flight that all the practical inventors of flying-machines have set themselves to imitate in accordance with Langley's law and the discoveries made by Langley.

Langley was the one American scientist of his day who possessed an international reputation in the popular as well as in the expert sense. His name was as familiar to the newspaper reader of Paris and London, of Cairo and Tokyo, as it had become to those who pore over the Sunday supplements of American newspapers. Langley never committed himself to the fantastic theories of much contemporary science.

THE QUEEN ANT AS A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY

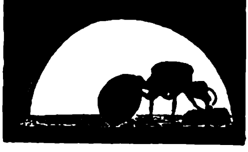
It is unfortunate that mention of the queen ant, thinks Dr. William Morton Wheeler, of the American Museum of Natural History, should suggest by association the idea of the queen honey-bee. These two insects are, he insists, diametrical opposites in certain very important respects. The queen honey-bee is a degenerate creature. She is unable to nourish herself or her young. She cannot visit the flowers, nor build nor store the comb. The worker bee, apart from her infertility, still retains intact all the true female attributes of the ancestral solitary bees. In ants the very reverse of this is the case. The queen ant is the perfect exemplar and embodiment of the species. She has lost none of the primitive female attributes of independence and initiative. These she shares with the female bumble-bees, solitary and social wasps. The worker ant, on the contrary, bears all the stigmata of incomplete and retarded development. "Although," declares Dr. Wheeler in *The Popular Science Monthly*, from which this study is extracted, "these differences between the queen honey-bee and queen ant and between the respective workers must be apparent to the most superficial observer, yet the familiar conception of the queen honey-bee as little more than an egg-laying machine, so degenerate that she cannot exist apart from the workers, has been tactily expanded to embrace the queen ant." It is time, thinks Dr. Wheeler, that the reputation of this insect be viewed in a more favorable light. The facts, he thinks, have an important bearing on the views of authors like Brooks and Geddes and Thomson, who assume that male animals are more variable than females. This hypothesis has been transplanted by some scientists to the field of biology and anthropology, resulting in some quite mistaken assumptions. Dr. Wheeler, who discovered the temporary social parasitism of some of our American ants, since found in some of the species of Europe—where he predicted its occurrence—follows in this fashion the eventful life history of the queen ant:

From *The Popular Science Monthly*.

Silhouette of a Queen *Atta sexdens* in the act of manuring her fungus garden. A tuft of fungus mycelium is torn out of the garden, placed against the anus and saturated with a drop of fecal liquid. (From an instantaneous photograph, after J. Huber.)

"After more protracted larval and pupal stages than those of the worker and male—more protracted in order that she may store up more food and hence more energy in her body—she hatches as a sensitive callow in a colony at the height of its annual development. In other words, she is born into a community teeming with queens, workers and males, and the larvæ and pupæ of these various forms at the season of their greatest activity and growth. From all sides a shower of stimuli must be constantly raining in upon her delicate organization as she tarries for days or even weeks in the dark galleries of the parental nest, while her color gradually deepens and her integument acquires its mature consistency. During this her prenuptial life, she may assist the workers in carrying about, feeding and cleaning the brood. She eats independently of the food brought into the nest by the foraging workers. She may occasionally join the workers in excavating chambers and galleries. If she belongs to a slave-making species she may even accompany the workers on their cocoon-robbing expeditions. Although she shows that she is able to perform all these actions supposed to be peculiar to the workers, she often does so with a certain desultory incoherency.

"When fully mature she becomes impatient for her marriage flight and must often be forcibly detained in the nest by the workers till the propitious hour arrives when the males and females from all the nests in the neighborhood rise high into the air and celebrate their nuptials. Then the fertilized queen descends to the earth and at once divests herself of her wings, either by pulling them off with her legs and jaws or by rubbing them off against the grass-blades, pebbles or soil. This act of deälation is the signal for important physiological and psychological changes. She is now an isolated being, henceforth restricted to a purely terrestrial existence, and has gone back to the ancestral level of the solitary female Hymenopteron. During her life in the parental nest she stored her body with food in the form of masses of fat and bulky wing muscles."



From *The Popular Science Monthly*.

Silhouette of a Queen *Atta sexdens* replacing the saturated tuft of mycelium in the fungus garden. (From an instantaneous photograph, after J. Huber.)

With this physiological endowment and with an elaborate inherited disposition, ordinarily called instinct, the queen ant sets out alone, declares Dr. Wheeler, to create a colony out of her own substance. She begins by excavating a small burrow, either in the open soil, under some stone or in rotten wood. She enlarges the blind end of the burrow to form a small chamber. She then completely closes the opening. This labor of excavation often wears away all her mandibular teeth, rubs the hair

from her body and mars her burnished or sculptured armor. Thus are produced a number of mutilations which, though occurring generation after generation in species that nest in hard, stony soil, are never inherited.

In the cloistered seclusion of her chamber the queen now passes days, weeks or even months waiting for the eggs to mature. When these eggs have reached their full volume at the expense of her fat body and degenerating wing muscles, they are fertilized and laid. The queen nurses them in a little packet till they hatch as minute larvæ. These she feeds with salivary secretion and the larvæ grow slowly, pupate prematurely and hatch as unusually small but otherwise normal workers. In some species, says Dr. Wheeler, it takes fully ten months to bring such a brood of workers to maturity. During all this time the queen takes no nourishment. She merely draws on her reserve tissues. As soon as the workers mature they break through the soil and thereby make an entrance to the nest and establish a communication with the outside world. They enlarge the original chamber and continue the excavation in the form of galleries. They go forth in search of food and they share it with their exhausted mother. She now exhibits a further and final change in her behavior:

"She becomes so exceedingly timid and sensitive to the light that she hastens to conceal herself on the slightest disturbance to the nest. She becomes utterly indifferent to the young, leaving them entirely to the care of the workers, while she limits her activities to laying eggs and imbibing liquid food from the tongues of her attendants. This copious nourishment soon restores her depleted fat-body, but her disappearing wing-muscles have left her thoracic cavity hollow and filled with gases which cause her to float when placed in water. With this circumbscribed activity she lives on, sometimes to an age of fifteen years, as a mere egg-laying machine. The current reputation of the ant queen is derived from such old, abraded, toothless, timorous queens found in well-established colonies. But it is neither chivalrous nor scientific to dwell exclusively on the limitations of these decrepit beldames without calling to mind the charms and self-sacrifices of their younger days.

"Now to bring up a family of even very small children without eating anything and entirely on substances abstracted from one's own tissues is no trivial undertaking. Of the many thousands of ant queens annually impelled to enter on this ultra-strenuous life, very few survive to become mothers of colonies. The vast majority, after starting their shallow burrows, perish through excessive drought, moisture or cold, the attacks of parasitic fungi or subterranean insects, or start out with an inadequate supply of food-tissue in the first place. Only the very best endowed individuals live to preserve the species from extinction. I know of no better example of natural selection through the survival of the fittest. . . .

"Unusually large queens are found in the genus *Atta*, a group of American ants that raise fungi for food, and are, so far as known, quite unable to subsist on anything else. The female *Atta* on leaving the parental nest, is so well endowed with food tissue, that she not only can raise a brood of workers without taking nourishment, but has energy to spare for the cultivation of a garden kitchen. She carries the germ of this garden from the parental nest in the form of a pellet of fungus hyphæ stowed away in her buccal pocket, spits it out soon after completing her chamber, manures with her excreta the rapidly growing hyphæ and carefully weeds them till her firstling brood of workers hatches. These then bring into the nest the pieces of leaves and the vegetable detritus essential to the maintenance and growth of the garden."

The discovery that the queen ant really possesses, at least potentially, all the instincts of the worker, besides others peculiar to herself, puts, contends Dr. Wheeler, a different construction on a matter which has long been puzzling some zoologists. It has been taken for granted that worker ants are necessarily sterile and that they possess morphological, physiological and psychological characters not represented in the queens of their species. But, comments Dr. Wheeler:

"On such assumptions it is, of course, impossible to understand how the workers can have come by the obviously adaptive and exquisitely correlated characters, which they are unable to transmit. It will be remembered that neo-Darwinians and neo-Lamarckians, in the persons of Weismann and Herbert Spencer, locked horns over this matter some years ago. Both in this and in many similar discussions, the very premises which both parties accepted are unwarranted. In the first place, it is now known that workers readily become fertile when well fed and that they can and often do produce normal young from unfecundated eggs. Although these young are usually, if not always, males, it is evident that these males, through the eggs which they fertilize, can transmit the characters of their worker mothers to succeeding generations of queens and workers. Thus the congenital, and perhaps even the acquired, characters of the worker are not necessarily lost, but can be gathered up into the germ-plasma of the species. In the second place, most, if not all of the characters of the worker are not qualitatively but only quantitatively different from those of the queen. In other words, the worker does not differ from the queen as a mutant, but as a fluctuating variation, which has been produced by imperfect or irregular feeding during its larval stages. This is true alike of morphological, physiological and psychological characters. Even when the queen fails to manifest the worker instincts, we are not justified in doubting her ability to do so under the proper conditions.

"The hitherto unsuspected capacity of the queen ant is beautifully illustrated by another set of

facts, which at the same time show the close connection between adaptive behavior and regulation, or regeneration. Under normal conditions the queen, after rearing a brood of workers, no longer takes part in the 'muck and muddle of child-raising' but seems to be as indifferent to the young of her species as some women who have brought up large families. If, however, the firstling brood of workers be removed and the queen isolated, she forthwith begins to bring up another brood, precisely as in the first instance, provided her body still contains sufficient food-tissue. She thus regenerates the lost part of her colony, just as a mutilated earthworm regenerates its lost segments. In the ant the absence of workers acts as a stimulus to restore the colony, just as the absence of segments leads the earthworm to complete its body."

It is evident to Dr. Wheeler, therefore, that the variability of the female sex in ants is remarkable, reaching clear expression and extraordinary range. The fact has a most important bearing on the views of scientists who assume that male animals are more variable than females and of those who, as was said in the beginning, have transplanted this hypothesis to sociology and anthropology. Astonishing, however, to Dr. Wheeler is the attitude of the biometricians, who, he asserts, priding themselves on the accuracy of their methods and repudiating mere observations and speculation, proceed to an elaborate measurement of the wings of honey-bees and ants for the purpose of ascertaining whether males are more variable than females. A glance at a few ant colonies, according to Dr. Wheeler, would convince the most skeptical that there can be no such correlation between sex and variability as that now so much assumed.

A NEW ECONOMIC DESPOTISM THROUGH THE FIXATION OF NITROGEN

That radical reconstruction of society to which so many revolutionists look forward—whether that reconstruction be socialistic or anarchical—will not be accomplished by force of arms or passive resistance if the conclusion to which Dr. Robert Kennedy Duncan leads in his *Harper's Magazine* papers be a sound one, but it will be accomplished through the irresistible might of chemistry. Dr. Duncan, whose work as Professor of Chemistry in Washington and Jefferson College, as author of text-books on the new aspects of the physical sciences and as special commissioner for *Harper's Magazine* in the investigation of the "new" science, has given him an international reputation, says that a social revolution has begun in Germany. It is a social revolution soon to spread throughout our globe. The socialists have nothing to do with it. The revolution is spreading silently because wealthy men have a vested interest in concealing it. "During the next five years," writes Dr. Duncan, "the small manufacturer who is swept out of existence will often wonder why. He will ascribe it to the economy of large scale operations, or business intrigues or what not, never knowing that his disaster was due to the application of pure science that the trust organizations and large manufacturers already are beginning to appreciate." The weapon in the hands of these new Cæsars of industry is the fixation of nitrogen. The problem involved, says Dr. Duncan in the second of his *Harper's Magazine* studies, is of immense importance to the human race. "We either must solve this problem or starve." Our authority introduces his theme thus:

"The romantic deportment of the nitrogen atom is fascinatingly interesting to the student of chemistry. Wherever he looks he sees that the living, moving, doing thing in the world is nitrogen; it is at once the most restless and the most powerful of the elements. When nitrogen enters into a collocation of atoms we invariably expect the collocation to do something active, whether good or ill; for the nitrogen compounds have properties and qualities, they are never inert.

"So it is that, entering into combination with a few other atoms, it will yield us the most delicate and delicious of perfumes, while it is equally ready to join forces with others to produce substances whose smell of utter vileness has the psychological effect of causing the experimenter to 'wish he was dead.' In the aniline dyes it enhances our clothing with a thousand beautiful colors, and in still another thousand forms it enters the chambers of the sick in the healing guise of all the synthetic medicines. It lurks in prussic acid, the ptomaines, and a host of deadliest poisons; it drives our bullets in the form of gunpowder; it explodes our mines as dynamite and guncotton; it dissolves our metals as nitric acid; it extracts our gold as cyanide; and in an infinity of ways it menaces or ministers to mankind. Nitrogen-containing substances, then, are active substances, and their activity seems to be due to a certain 'temperamental nervousness' of

the nitrogen atom which sends it flying on the slightest pretext from one atomic community to another. On this account we call nitrogen a 'labile' element.

"But it is only when we consider nitrogen in its relation to life that we see how truly momentous is this fact of its lability. We have been accustomed in the past to ascribe to carbon the rôle of life-element paramount, but the more the question is studied, the more does it appear evident that the carbon constituent of the body is the mere brick and mortar of it, good enough to constitute its physical substratum, and good enough, too, to burn as fats and carbohydrates to maintain its fires, but that the working, building, 'vital' thing, the thing that is the moving-spring of protoplasm and that brings about the continuous adjustment of internal to exernal conditions that we call life, is the versatile, restless nitrogen.

"It looks as though the living being constituted a vast unstable plasma in which the nitrogen atom, with oxygen on the one hand and carbon or hydrogen on the other, very much as it is in nitroglycerin, swings the atoms of the living body through all the multiplex atomic relations of growth and decay. The lability of living substance is the lability of the nitrogen atom, and we may say, with much more propriety than 'Ohne Phosphor kein Gedanke,' 'Ohne Stickstoff kein Leben'—no life without nitrogen.

"And yet—and this is a most interesting thing—this nitrogen, which when combined with elements of another kind is so energetic and so useful, is, in its care-free, solitary condition, a stubborn, lazy, inert gas. In this the elemental condition it is one of the most abundant and pervading bodies on the face of the earth. It constitutes four-fifths of the air that blows in our faces, and so much of it there is that every square yard of earth's surface has pressing down upon it nearly seven tons of atmospheric nitrogen.

"Chemically speaking, it is all but unalterable, though the 'all but' is vastly important to us.

"One of two metals, such as calcium and magnesium and a few compounds of metals, may be made to unite with it. We find, too, that certain organisms, bacteria—'nitrifying microbes' they are called,—have within their little bodies laboratories for attaching nitrogen to other elements, though the mechanism of this action no man understands.

"Still again we find that the lightning flash will cause the nitrogen and oxygen of the air to combine in the path of its streak to form nitrous acid, or that it will cause the nitrogen and water vapor to react to form ammonia. Outside, however, of the minute quantities which are extracted from the air in these various ways, the whole great ocean of atmospheric nitrogen under which we live and move maintans in a chemical sense a listless, useless lethargy."

Now, the nitrogen, proceeds Dr. Duncan, which is united with other elements (it matters little which) and which is so temperamentally nervous and active and useful we call "fixed" nitrogen. Various have been recent attempts to solve the problem of transforming in large quantities the free and useless nitrogen into the fixed and useful kind. This problem is of such importance to all mankind that failure to solve it would mean the extermination of our race—perhaps within a generation. That seems a sensational and alarmist statement, admits Dr. Duncan. Yet it is literally true. The invaluable "fixed" nitrogen which we have within us and which we are continually using up we must continually restore. In order to do this, we eat it. We eat it in the form of animal food or of certain plant products such as wheaten bread. But plants and animals depend like ourselves upon the soil for every trace of the nitrogen they contain. The soil in its turn has won it from the reluctant air through the slow accumulations of the washing rain, from the lightnings of a million storms or through slow transformations by billions of nitrifying organisms through what, so far as we are concerned, is infinite time. Not only so, but the valuable nitrogen-containing substances we employ in our civilization are in the same position of dependence upon the soil.

But we filch this nitrogen from the soil immensely faster than it is restored by natural processes. The land grows sick and barren and refuses to grow our crops. Everybody knows what we must do to cure the land—we must use manure or fertilizer. That is, we must mix with the soil substances containing fixed nitrogen which the plant may utilize in building up what we must and will have—bread and meat. In the olden time, natural manure was sufficient to meet the demand of sparse populations. To-day the natural manure of the world is a mere drop in the bucket of man's wants. This would be true even if man could utilize the fixed nitrogen of the sewage of his cities. As a matter of fact man was long since forced to have recourse to three fertilizers. The first was Peruvian guano. We have practically eaten it up. The second fertilizer is ammonium sulphate. The supply is large but inadequate. The third fertilizer. nitrate of soda or Chile saltpeter, seems more promising. Yet by the year 1925 these beds will have been exhausted.

In these facts we have the basis of the new economic despotism. The result of experimentation by Prof. Adolph Frank, of Charlottenburg, establishes that under certain conditions calcium cyanamide is a better fertilizer than the sulphate of ammonia from the gas works, and practically equal to the saltpeter from the mines—weight for weight of the nitrogen it contains. The new product was

elaborated by toilful experiment, performed in the obscurity of laboratories. In another decade it will yield tribute from all the scientific agriculture of the world:

"The world is now, thanks to Dr. Frank, in the possession of a fertilizing material that is almost ideal. The parent calcium carbide is made out of lime and coke which are everywhere cheap and available, and the atmospheric nitrogen anybody may use. The cheapness of the fertilizer is thus dependent solely upon the price of electrical energy. Even now, the fertilizer equivalent of an electrical horse-power is superior to the living horse. A living horse produces yearly some 21,230 pounds of manure, which contains about 126 pounds of nitrogen, while the electrical horse in the same time fixes no less than 550 pounds of this same nitrogen in the form of calcium cyanamide.

"Under the name of 'Kalkstickstoff,' this calcium cyanide is now in the markets of the world. . . .

"In manufacturing the substance, they employ the latest results of technical science. The atmospheric nitrogen must be separated from the oxygen with which it is mixed. They, therefore, liquefy the atmosphere and separate the two substances by fractional distillation. The oxygen passes off to be used for other purposes, but the nitrogen passes suddenly from the intense cold of liquid air into the highest heat of the electric furnace, where, through contact with a mixture of coke and lime, it is caught and transformed into Kalkstickoff."

Such, hints Dr. Duncan, is the chemical foundation for an economic superstructure within which the next great trust will make its home, unless, indeed, a word to the wise suffices.

HELIUM AND THE TRANSMUTATION OF ELEMENTS

The story of helium is pronounced by Sir William Ramsay, the famous Professor of Chemistry at University College, London, to be one of the most romantic in the history of science. It is a story, he says, of which the last chapters are still unwritten. Helium, originally seen as a spectrum line in the chromosphere of the sun, was discovered on the earth, or rather existing as a gas in the atmosphere, so recently as last year. And helium, adds Sir William in a recent communication to the London *Athenæum,* has provided the first authentic case of transmutation—a problem which has occupied the alchemists ever since the sixth century of our era.

An eclipse was visible in India in 1868, observes Sir William in his exposition, and among those who observed the phenomenon was the celebrated French astronomer Janssen. For the first time a spectroscope was employed to analyze and trace to its sources the light evolved by the edge or "limb" of the sun. It appeared that enormous prominences, moving at an almost incredible rate, were due to hurricanes of hydrogen. That the gas blown out beyond the shadow of the moon was really hydrogen was revealed by the red, blue-green and violet lines which characterize its spectrum. Among these lines was one occupying nearly the position of the two lines characteristic of the spectrum of glowing sodium. In October of 1868 Sir Norman Lockyer declared that he had established the existence of three bright lines in the "chromosphere," or colored atmosphere surrounding the sun. It was known that an increase of pressure had the effect of broadening spectrum lines. Sir Norman Lockyer was at first inclined to attribute this new line to a broadening of the sodium lines owing to a pressure of the uprush of gas causing the hurricane. However, this hypothesis and a subsequent one—that the new yellow line might possibly be ascribed to hydrogen—could not be maintained. Hence the line was attributed to the existence of an element in the sun unknown on the earth. The name "helium" was chosen as an appropriate reminder of the habitat of the element. Sir William proceeds:

"Among the lines visible in the chromosphere, ten are always observed. Of these, four may be seen in the hydrogen spectrum, one is due to calcium, and four to helium; there is still one unidentified with the spectrum of any known element; it has the wave-length 5316.87, and the source has been named 'coronium.' It appears at a great height in the solar atmosphere, and it is conjectured that it must be lighter than any known gas.

"Shortly after the discovery of argon in 1884, the notice of one of the discoverers was drawn to an account by Dr. Hillebrand, of the United States Geological Survey, of the presence in certain ores containing uranium of a gas which could be extracted by an air-pump. Hillebrand examined the spectrum of the gas, and supposed it to be nitrogen. It is true that he saw in it spectrum lines which could hardly be ascribed to nitrogen; but on mentioning the fact to his colleagues, he was bantered out of his quest, and did not follow up the clue. Now in the spring

of 1895 attempts were being made to cause argon to combine; and it was argued that conceivably Hillebrand's gas might turn out to be argon, and might give an indication to a possible compound. Consequently, a specimen of clevite—one of the minerals which Hillebrand had found to give off the supposed nitrogen in largest quantity—was purchased, and the gas was collected from it. On purification, its spectrum showed the presence of a brilliant yellow line, almost identical in position with the yellow lines of sodium. It was soon evident that the solar gas, helium, had been discovered on the earth.

"The visible spectrum of helium is comparatively simple, and many of its lines have been identified among those of the solar chromosphere. It is also to be detected in many of the fixed stars, notably Capella, Arcturus, Pollux, Sirius, and Vega. It is one of the lightest of gases, being only twice as heavy as hydrogen, but, unlike hydrogen, however, its molecules consist of single atoms, whereas those of hydrogen consist of paired atoms, which separate only when hydrogen enters into combination with oxygen or other elements. This peculiarity appears to render liquefaction of helium almost impossible; for while hydrogen has been liquefied, and boils at 422° Fahr. below zero, helium has been cooled to 438° Fahr., and has been compressed to one-sixtieth of its ordinary bulk, and yet has shown no sign of liquefaction. Indeed, it is now the only 'permanent' gas, for it has never been condensed into liquid form.

"The minerals which contain helium have one thing in common; they all contain uranium or thorium, or lead, or a mixture of these. Minerals of lead alone do not show the presence of helium; but it may be stated that helium is an invariable constituent of ores of uranium and thorium. It was at first supposed that such minerals contain helium in a state of combination; but this view could not be substantiated, for the constituents of these ores do not show any tendency towards combination with helium."

Between this and what follows Sir William sees a remarkable connection. Radium and allied bodies are disintegrating—"their atoms are spontaneously flying to bits." This is why radium compounds are permanently at a temperature above that of the atmosphere, and why they are continually emitting corpuscles of high velocity. Now, this view, although new in its application to elements, has long been known, remarks Sir William, to hold good for certain compounds. There is a fearfully explosive compound of nitrogen with chlorine which, on the least touch, resolves itself suddenly into its constituent elements. It is true that here we have a molecule composed of atoms "disintegrating" into atoms which subsequently combine to form new molecules of nitrogen and of chlorine. But in principle an analogy may be drawn between the disruption of the molecules of an explosive compound and the disintegration of an atom into corpuscles. Professor Rutherford and Mr. Soddy showed, however, that corpuscles which have been proved by Prof. J. J. Thomson, of Cambridge, to be exceedingly minute are not the only products of disintegration of the radium atom. The proof was adduced that among these products were atoms of a density comparable with that of hydrogen and helium:

"This hypothesis evidently admitted of experimental proof, and in conjunction with Mr. Soddy I collected the 'emanation' or gas evolved from salts of radium. We showed that this gas, presumably of high density, disintegrates in its turn, and that perhaps 7 per cent. of it changes into helium. What becomes of the remaining 93 per cent. is as yet undecided; still some hint may be gained from the fact that a constant ratio exists between the amount of helium obtainable from a mineral and the weight of lead which it contains. It may be that lead forms the ultimate product, or, at least, one of the ultimate products of the disintegration of the atom of emanation. Another radio-active element, actinium, has been shown by its discoverer Debierne also to yield helium by the disintegration of the emanation, or gas, which it continually evolves.

"This disruptive change is attended by a great evolution of heat; for the radio-active elements are in a sense explosive; and explosions are always accompanied by a rise of temperature. But such atomic explosions surpass in degree, to an almost inconceivable extent, the molecular explosions with which we are familiar. Could we induce a fragment of radium to evolve all its energy at once, the result would be terrific, for in the energy with which it parts during its change it surpasses in explosive power our most potent guncotton by millions of times. It has been suggested that to this or similar changes are due the continued high temperature of the sun and the presence of helium in its chromosphere.

"Up to the present no further cases of transmutation have been observed than those mentioned: radium and actinium into their emanation, and these emanations into helium. But proof is accumulating that many forms of matter with which we are familiar are also undergoing similar change, but at a vastly slower rate. 'The mills of God grind slowly'—so slowly that many generations of men must come and go before ocular proof is obtained of the products of such possible transmutations."

It was Sir William Ramsay, as will be recalled, through whom our knowledge of many little known gases has been increased. But while Sir William must be credited with the first isolation of helium (in 1895), the spectroscopical discovery of the element itself must be ascribed to Lockyer. Sir William Ramsay's discoveries, in addition to the atmospheric gases, include neon, xenon and krypton. His work on the discovery of gases in our atmosphere is standard authority.

Recent Poetry

Spring brings us out-of-door poetry with a rush. None of it is better than Bliss Carman's poem in *Appleton's Booklovers Magazine*. Of all our poets, Carman is the most delightfully pagan, and he is at his best when consorting with animate nature. He is always lured by the open road and the mountain trail, and even his metrical feet have the *Wander-lust* in them.

PAN IN APRIL

By Bliss Carman

If I were Pan upon a day in spring,
Some morning when the gold was in the sky,
In some remote ravine among the hills,
As slowly as the purple of the peaks
Dissolved before the footfall of the sun,
I would emerge and take on form and voice
And be myself the dreamer and the dream.
I would go down beside the brawling brooks
That leap from dizzy ledges in the air
And plash among the bowlders far below,
Filling the canyon with reverberant sound;
And in that rushing murmur I would hear
A hidden throb of music large and slow,
The rhythm whereto from chaos rose the world
To power and meaning and majestic form.
I would take heed of winds and budding leaves,
And of the sap that mounts to meet the sun
By the dark stairway in the tree's deep heart.
All the sweet life of tasseled silver birch,
Basswood and red-keyed maple, would be mine,
And mine the hum of bees in willow blooms
Yellow and fragrant. I would taste the tang
Of black birch twigs; and on some sandy ground
Strewn with pine needles, patched with lingering snow,
Find the first mayflower spilling on the air
Its scent of woodlands odorous and wild.

In all that life of rivers, trees, and flowers
From rim to rim beneath the airy dome
In ordered sequence I would feel myself
Grow with their growing, touch the bound and poise
Of shape and symmetry in myriad ways.
Then in a marshy place beside a stream
With water seeping through the grassy tufts,
My ear would catch the first small silver note
Of the shrill chorus which must soon awake,
When the green frogs take heart again to fill
Their reedy flutes with old impassioned joy.
Then in the woods with their unfolding green
Meshing and filtering the morning light,
How I would listen for the arriving birds
And note and know them by their rapturous calls!
With every ringing song I would be glad,
And mark each throat of fluttered gray or blue
Throbbing with ecstasy—the pulse of life,
The beat and tremble of the soul of things.

In that wild music I would grow aware
Of a dumb longing poignant as my own,
Craving for utterance through the rift of sense,
Confronted with the law of rhythm and time,
Helped by the very hindrance to a pause
And modulation in its wayward rush;
Then finding vent in that melodious guise.
I would see, too, the foxes in their dens,
The noisy squirrel and the lumbering bear,
And all the moving creatures of the wood
Furtive and timorous, yet glad of life
And eager with resurgence of the spring.
All humans also would be in my ken,
Women at work, and men in their shirt sleeves
With clanking teams at troughs on distant farms,
And children straggling on their way to school.

Then I would muse on what sustains the world,
This colored pageant passing like a dream,
That fleets between eternities unknown.
And without argument I would surmise
The excellence of instinct warm and keen
Which keeps us safe until the law be learned,
And must forever be one guide to good,
While restless soul puts forth unresting hands
To mold the world according to its will.
And thence comes beauty, substance made to wear
The form that best will serve the spirit's need
For growth and gladness up from change to change.
The greening earth, the level changing sea,
The stable hills and the triumphant sun,
The tissue and fabric of the universe,
The veil that hides what men call mystery—
These for a robe of glory should be mine,
The outward semblance of a radiant life,
The fragrant floating garments of the spring.

There I would feel in that delightful world,
The earliest fulfillment of desire,
Beauty accomplished at the soul's behest
And loveliness made actual to meet
The need of loveliness—what more than that?
So it would be enough, perhaps, to live
The pure, unvexed existence of a god
In deep-eyed contemplation for a day,
Drenched with the beautv and the sense of spring
On the Aprilian earth—if I were Pan.

That is a land-lover's poem. The following is a sea-lover's poem, with a Kiplingesque swing and a Kiplingesque tang to it. We take it from *The Pall Mall Magazine*:

THE CALL OF THE SEA

By W. Monro Anderson

When the farthest sea is charted, when my lights are getting low,
You must lay me out on deck and head away
Where the clipper ships are tacking, and the great long liners race,
And the smoky tramps go thrashing down the bay;

With the scent of teak about me, and the smell of tarry cables,
I shall watch the shore lights dropping out of sight,
And the great green windy billows they will drone a sea-dirge for me,
While I bid the swinging stars a long good-night.

You must stitch me up in canvas, you must heave me overboard,
With a firebar as a keepsake from the crew;
Never mind the "Jack" or Bible—keep her engines going hard,
For I'd miss the muffled beating of the screw;
Somewhere in the North Pacific, where the loony whales are spouting,
And the clean blue track is clear for miles and miles,
I shall lie so still and quiet in the Port of Missing Traders,
Where the ships of all the world make afterwhiles.

Ay, so very snug and quiet on the rolling waste of sands,
With no weeping women wailing for the dead,
Down among the long-oared galleys I shall watch the traders pass,
And the great black-bellied liners overhead.
Overhead a ghostly white moon through the broken cloud-gaps racing,
And the smoke-stacks spitting cinders at the sky;
I shall hear the white gulls screeching and their far-off pilot calling
Down the long line where the lagging stragglers fly.

It's a pleasant harbor, and it's full of masts and spars,
And there's dancing and there's fiddling all day long;
And you're always on full rations, and it's always double rum,
And the hand who has to draw it draws it strong;
Pay her off and get her going, Oh! you lazy sons of Devon,
There's a hooker lying idle down below,
For another hand is wanted, and she's waiting, and I'm ready,
And the sea is calling loud, and I must go.

Katherine Tynan—Mrs. Hinkson—has "long had a foremost place among living writers of prose and poetry," according to Clement K. Shorter in the London *Sphere*. A volume of her verse has just been published in London under the title, "Innocencies." From it we take the following:

INTROIT

By Katherine Tynan

'Twere bliss to see one lark
Soar to the azure dark
Singing upon his high celestial road.
I have seen many hundreds soar, thank God!

To see one spring begin
In her first heavenly green
Were grace unmeet for any mortal clod.
I have seen many springs, thank God!

After the lark the swallow,
Blackbirds in hill and hollow,
Thrushes and nightingales, all roads I trod,
As though one bird were not enough, thank God!

Not one flower, but a rout,
All exquisite, are out;
All white and golden every stretch of sod,
As though one flower were not enough, thank God!

By way of contrast, we give next a poem inspired by the children who do not know what it is to see the larks or to behold spring's rout of wild flowers. It is taken from *Everybody's*:

CITY CHILDREN

By Charles Hanson Towne

Pale flowers are you that scarce have known the sun!
Your little faces like sad blossoms seem
Shut in some room, there helplessly to dream
Of distant glens wherethrough glad rivers run,
And winds at evening whisper. Daylight done,
You miss the tranquil moon's unfettered beam,
The wide, unsheltered earth, the starlight gleam,
All the old beauty meant for every one.

The clamor of the city streets you hear,
Not the rich silence of the April glade;
The sun-swept spaces which the good God made
You do not know; white mornings keen and clear
Are not your portion through the golden year,
O little flowers that blossom but to fade!

After that it is well to be reminded that one may dwell in Arcady even though penned up between four walls. The following from *Scribner's* is an effective reminder of that fact:

"ET IN ARCADIA EGO"

By Theodosia Garrison

A simple print upon my study wall,
I see you smile at it, my masters all,
So simple it could scarce indeed be less—
A shepherd and a little shepherdess
Who let their sheep go grazing truant-wise
To look a moment in each other's eyes.
"A gray-haired man of science," thus your looks,
"Why is this trifle here among his books?"
Ah well, my answer only this could be,
Because I too have been in Arcady.

My students give grave greeting as I pass,
Attentive following in talk or class,
Keen-eyed, clear headed, eager for the truth;
Yet if sometime among them sits a youth
Who scrawls and stares and lets the lesson go
And puts my questions by unheeding so,

I smile and leave his half-writ rhyme unvexed
Guessing the face between him and the text.
A foolish thing, so wise men might agree,
But I wrote verses once—in Arcady.

The little maid who dusts my book-strewn room—
Poor dingy slave of polish and of broom
Who breaks her singing at my footsteps' sound,
She too her way to that lost land has found.
Last night, a moonlit night and passing late,
Two shadows started as I neared the gate.
And then a whisper, poised twixt mirth and awe,
"The old Professor. Mercy, if *he* saw!"
Ah child, my eyes had little need to see—
I too have kissed my love—in Arcady.

My mirror gives me back a sombre face—
A gray haired scholar, old and commonplace
Who goes on his sedate and dusty ways
With little thought of rosy yesterdays;
But they who know what eager joy must come
To one long exiled from a well-loved home
When comes some kinsman from the selfsame land
To give him greeting, they may understand
How dear these little brethren needs must be
Because I too have lived in Arcady.

Miss Florence Wilkinson, we are glad to note, is publishing a volume of her poems. She has written novels and dramas, but she has never achieved in prose quite the distinction she has already achieved in verse. We are indebted to *The Outlook* for this poem:

NIAGARA

By Florence Wilkinson

THE WATER TALKED TO THE TURBINE
AT THE INTAKE'S COUCHANT KNEE:
Brother, thy mouth is darkness
Devouring me.

I rush at the whirl of thy bidding;
I pour and spend
Through the wheel-pit's nether tempest.
Brother, the end?
Before fierce days of tent and javelin,
Before the cloudy kings of Ur,
Before the Breath upon the waters,
My splendors were.

Red hurricanes of roving worlds,
Huge wallow of the uncharted Sea,
The formless births of fluid stars,
Remember me.
A glacial dawn, the smoke of rainbows,
The swiftness of the cañoned west,
The steadfast column of white volcanoes,
Leap from my breast.

But now, subterranean, mirthless,
I tug and strain,
Beating out a dance thou hast taught me
With penstock, cylinder, vane.
I am more delicate than moonlight,
Grave as the thunder's rocking brow;
I am genesis, revelation,
Yet less than thou.

By this I adjure thee, brother,
Beware to offend!
For the least, the dumbfounded, the conquered,
Shall judge in the end.

THE TURBINE TALKED TO THE MAN
AT THE SWITCHBOARD'S CRYPTIC KEY:
Brother, thy touch is whirlwind
Consuming me.

I revolve at the pulse of thy finger.
Millions of power I flash
For the muted and ceaseless cables
And the engine's crash.
Like Samson, fettered, blindfolded,
I sweat at my craft;
But I build a temple I know not,
Driver and ring and shaft.

Wheat-field and tunnel and furnace,
They tremble and are aware.
But beyond thou compellest me, brother,
Beyond these, where?
Singing like sunrise on battle,
I travail as hills that bow;
I am wind and fire of prophecy,
Yet less than thou.

By this I adjure thee, brother,
Be slow to offend!
For the least, the blindfolded, the conquered,
Shall judge in the end.

THE MAN STROVE WITH HIS MAKER
AT THE CLANG OF THE POWER-HOUSE DOOR:
Lord, Lord, Thou art unsearchable,
Troubling me sore.

I have thrust my spade to the caverns;
I have yoked the cataract;
I have counted the steps of the planets.
What thing have I lacked?
I am come to a goodly country,
Where, putting my hand to the plow,
I have not considered the lilies.
Am I less than Thou?

THE MAKER SPAKE WITH THE MAN
AT THE TERMINAL-HOUSE OF THE LINE:
For delight wouldst thou have desolation,
O brother mine,
And flaunt on the highway of nations
A byword and sign?

Have I fashioned thee then in my image
And quickened thy spirit of old,
If thou spoil my garments of wonder
For a handful of gold?
I wrought for thy glittering possession
The waterfall's glorious lust;
It is genesis, revelation,—
Wilt thou grind it to dust?

Niagara, the genius of freedom,
A creature for base command!
Thy soul is the pottage thou sellest:
Withhold thy hand.
Or take him and bind him and make him
A magnificent slave if thou must—
But remember that beauty is treasure
And gold is dust.

Yea, thou, returnèd to the fertile ground
In the humble days to be,
Shalt learn that he who slays a splendor
Has murdered Me.
By this I adjure thee, brother,
Beware to offend!
For the least, the extinguished, the conquered,
Shall judge in the end.

Miss Thomas has written few things better than this prophecy of better days for Russia. We take it from *Poet Lore*.

IN MUSCOVY

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

I

Hear, if ye will, this borrowed line
From the old scholar Herbastein.
"In Muscovy no voice of bird
Through all the Winter Year is heard.—
Upon the instant everywhere,
In Muscovy, when comes the hour
Of winter's loosed and broken power,
In hedges, groves, and orchards bare—
Ere yet the flower, ere yet the leaf—
The birds are singing, free of grief;
So sing, with quivering, blissful throats,
Their maddest, sweetest summer notes,
In Muscovy!

"In Muscovy all unespied
Where through the Winter Year they hide
If hollow tree, if winding grot,
If delvèd mine where winds blow not,
Or, lapped on beds of rivers still,
Soft wing by wing, and bill by bill!
Where swallow, lark, and throstle stay
Through winter's teen, no soul can say;
Men only see their instant throng
And hear the sudden joyful song
In Muscovy!"

Thus far the scholar Herbastein;
The legend read anew, be mine!
In Muscovy a mighty Heart
Mid long snow-silence broods apart;
In Muscovy a mystic Soul
But looms through dreams that round it roll
(As when a traveller scarce is known
For wreathing breath his lips have blown).
That Heart, that Soul, but threads a trance,
With sight beneath the veilèd glance!
It is a music in arrest,—
'Tis folded song in winter-nest!
. . . But now near waking is that Heart,
From wintry trance that Soul shall start;
Ay, yet,—and soon!—the birds shall sing
And all the land-locked land shall ring!
Vesna her banners shall outfling;
And all the world shall know 'tis Spring
In Muscovy!

II

In Muscovy, O brooding Heart,
No anarch snaps your bonds apart,
Though even now those bonds ye cast!
Your sun toward solstice mounts at last;
In fated fullness of long Time
To greatening Vernal Day ye climb!
So, ever, on this turning sphere,
Each land shall greet its melting year!
Ye are the people of the bourne,
Lit by the Even and the Morn!
Wherefrom ye have the mystic Soul
Swayed by the tides that dual roll.
In you the East and West inhere;
Ye have the vision of the seer,
Whom, like a mantle, Thought enwraps—
Let not in dreams that vision lapse!
And unabated strength of thews
Have ye,—in World-emprise to use.
Be not that strength in wrath forespent
When, up the earth the shaft is sent,
To say that, close beneath your verge,
The new day strengthens to emerge;
And yet—and soon—the birds shall sing
And make the land-locked Land to ring!
Vesna her banners shall outfling,
And all the World shall know 'tis Spring
In Muscovy!

In *Book News* is published (not for the first time, we presume) the following beautiful and sad little lyric by the late William Sharp, who was also Fiona Macleod:

THE ISLE OF DREAMS

BY WILLIAM SHARP

There is an isle beyond our ken,
Haunted by Dreams of weary men,
Grey Hopes enshadow it with wings
Weary with burdens of old things:
There the insatiate water-springs
Rise with the tears of all who weep:
And deep within it, deep, oh, deep
The furtive voice of Sorrow sings.

There evermore,
Till Time be o'er,
Sad, oh, so sad, the Dreams of men

Another poem in the minor strain is the following from *Appleton's Booklovers Magazine*:

THE WATCH OF THE GODS

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

The melancholy of a driven leaf,
The patient journey of a long dead world;
These are alike, when gods with steady eyes
Look down upon a universe unfurled.

They see the silt and scum of what has been,
The death in ice that was a birth in fire,
Old forests mute with snow that shall not melt;
A world long done with sorrow and desire.

And, you that sigh to see a green leaf brown,
E'en so, perhaps, the gods with steady eyes,
Who watch dead worlds like autumn leaves go by
Along the drift of gray eternities.

If the above has a tear in it the following has a smile in it for most of us. It comes from *The National Magazine*:

BALLADE OF THE INFANT ON MY KNEE

By Frank Putnam

Time was, when in my boyhood's home
 I dreamed both day and night (none knew)
Of long, straight roads where I should roam
 Free as the warm South wind that blew
 Meadow and orchard idly through.
Other designs had Fate for me,
 More to my taste, as time proved true:
Witness the infant on my knee.

Later I felt I was foreordained
 (Touched by a Fairy at my first cry)—
The world well lost for a true love gained—
 In red men's forays to fight or fly,
 There mate and marry, there live and die.
Fate smiled behind her fan at me,
 Never an Indian maid knew I:
Witness the infant on my nee.

Dreams and visions alike forgot,
 Fame was the lure that led me long,
Wealth passed by and I knew it not;
 I staked my all on a vagrant song
 That died unheard in the heedless throng.
Then Fate had pity, as all may see,
 And made me amends for her great wrong:
Witness the infant on my knee.

ENVOY

Prince, happy is he whom Fate befriends,
 Or low or high though his lot may be;
When she at the last her best gift sends:
 Witness the infant on my knee.

The Bibelot devotes all of its March number to the lyrics of Margaret L. Woods. Mrs. Woods is English and has published six volumes of fiction and six volumes of lyric and dramatic poetry. Fifteen of her lyrics are reprinted in *The Bibelot* and they all have literary distinction. The one below appeals to us most strongly:

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR.

By Margaret L. Woods

Come, no more of grief and dying!
Sing the time too swiftly flying.
 Just an hour
 Youth's in flower,
Give me roses to remember
In the shadow of December.

Fie on steeds with leaden paces!
Winds shall bear us on our races,
 Speed, O speed,
 Wind, my steed,
Beat the lightning for your master,
Yet my Fancy shall fly faster.

Give me music, give me rapture,
Youth that's fled can none recapture;
 Not with thought
 Wisdom's bought.
Out on pride and scorn and sadness!
Give me laughter, give me gladness.

Sweetest Earth, I love and love thee,
Seas about thee, skies above thee,
 Sun and storms,
 Hues and forms
Of the clouds with floating shadows
On thy mountains and thy meadows.

Earth, there's none that can enslave thee,
Not thy lords it is that have thee;
 Not for gold
 Art thou sold,
But thy lovers at their pleasure
Take thy beauty and thy treasure.

While sweet fancies meet me singing,
While the April blood is springing
 In my breast,
 While a jest
And my youth thou yet must leave me,
Fortune, 'tis not thou canst grieve me.

When at length the grasses cover
Me, the world's unwearied lover,
 If regret
 Haunt me yet.
It shall be for joys untasted,
Nature lent and folly wasted.

Youth and jests and summer weather,
Goods that kings and clowns together
 Waste or use
 As they choose,
These, the best, we miss pursuing
Sullen shades that mock our wooing.

Feigning Age will not delay it—
When the reckoning comes we'll pay it,
 Own our mirth
 Has been worth
All the forfeit light or heavy
Wintry Time and Fortune levy.

Feigning grief will not escape it,
What though ne'er so well you ape it—
 Age and care
 All must share,
All alike must pay hereafter,
Some for sighs and some for laughter.

Know, ye sons of Melancholy,
To be young and wise is folly.
 'Tis the weak
 Fear to wreak
On this clay of life their fancies,
Shaping battles, shaping dances.

While ye scorn our names unspoken,
Roses dead and garlands broken,
 O ye wise,
 We arise,
Out of failures, dreams, disasters,
We arise to be your masters.

Recent Fiction and the Critics

When Sienkiewicz writes a Polish historical romance his pen has the sure touch of a master. He has a talent for characterization that makes one think of Shakespeare. He has a wealth of incident and of stirring action that Scott did not surpass. His men are tremendously masculine, and his heroines are the very acme of feminine charm. His humor is compelling, his dramatic power is at times unsurpassed, and the tone of his novels is always pure even in the midst of revolting scenes described with unsparing realism.

After a silence of several years he has given us what appears to be the second volume of a new trilogy, of which "The Knights of the Cross" was the first. About the only point the critics make against the present volume* is that the title is misleading and should be "On to the Field of Glory." There is no warfare in the story, except in anticipation. The time is one of preparation for war, just prior to the second great siege of Vienna by the Turks. The story ends with the hero and his friends on the march to meet the Turks. The third volume of the trilogy will undoubtedly give us the siege.

On the Field of Glory

But if there is no war, there is plenty of fighting, some strenuous love-making and plenty of humor. The reviewer of *The Sun* does not find the lack of war any deprivation. He remarks:

"We have found ourselves quite willing to abide in Poland in the company of this admirable story teller. He stirs our blood and he makes us laugh, and inasmuch as he does this we have no particular wish to go to Vienna, though it would be interesting, of course, to see the renowned Polish cavalry cutting the pagans to pieces. . . . The reader will be glad to read . . . all the story. It has a strong and curious interest. Not many stories are better."

The Nation advises all who have read and liked the author's Zagloba romances to read this, his latest work. The four Bukoyemskis "are as stirring in their way as the author's immortal Zagloba was in his," and Panna Anulka "is as charming as Sienkiewicz alone (one is tempted to say) can make the heroine of gory romance." In all his books, says another critic, (in *The Book News*), Sienkiewicz is "the complete master of his art. He never hesitates in a narrative or makes any of those blunders so frequent in the contemporary novel; nor does he, on the other hand, give countenance to any save a delicate handling of those questions which so frequently give opportunity for vileness such as permeates the Russian novel in particular." Some of the scenes in the present book are, as the Providence *Journal* points out, revolting and likely to prove unpleasant to the ordinary reader, though the truth of the picture doubtless requires them. But we get Poland in the latter half of the seventeenth century as no one not a Pole could have presented it, and as no other Pole ever has presented it. "'On the Field of Glory' is, when once the reader has caught the spirit of the age and country in which it takes place, a graceful romance and a vivid picture of a life now almost forgotten by the Poles themselves." The translation by Mr. Curtin elicits general praise.

* ON THE FIELD OF GLORY. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated by Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown & Co.

Mr. Upton Sinclair, a young man with an undoubted gift of literary expression, has been trying to find himself for several years. His "King Midas," his "Journal of Arthur Stirling," his "Manassas" and now "The Jungle," are the fruits of this effort, and they leave us still uncertain as to the author's line of future development. They present somewhat the appearance of a series of excursions in diverse directions. The latest of his works* is scored by the critics, but it has at least secured elaborate recognition at their hands, and is receiving more attention and longer reviews than perhaps any other novel of the day.

The Jungle

It is frankly socialistic, its author being now a sort of official press-agent for one of the several factions into which the socialists of America are divided. The foundation for the socialistic conclusion is laid in the alleged conditions in the packing industry in Chicago. The hero, a young Lithuanian giant, enters a packing establishment, hopeful, willing, trustful. He is almost forced into a descending scale of degradation, until he becomes a hobo, a drunkard, a highwayman and a political heeler. Then he "gets religion" of the socialistic brand, and becomes a man again. Mr. Robert Hunter, author of "Poverty," says of the tale: "It is one of the most powerful and terrible stories ever written. As a portrayal of industrial conditions I have never read anything in literature that equals it."

The Reader Magazine finds that the story re-

* THE JUNGLE. By Upton Sinclair. Doubleday, Page & Co.

veals much of artistic penetration and power, and the very brutality of the book will cause it to be much talked of; but "one feels that the conditions that it depicts are too grossly overdrawn to insure a permanent place for it." This is in brief the judgment of all the conservative critics. The author's indictment, *The Outlook* thinks, "would have been more convincing if it were less hysterical."

Mr. Edward Clark Marsh, writing in *The Bookman*, gives Mr. Sinclair a literary classification as follows:

"Here is our first thorough-going American disciple, on one side at least, of Zola: a novelist with little of the insight and imagination the Frenchman possessed at his best, but with all his industry and no little of his ingenuity in gaining an effect by piling detail on detail, directing attention so persistently to parts that the whole loses all perspective."

The same critic finds "genuine talent" displayed, but the hero, Jurgis Rudkus, "is a mere jumble of impossible qualities labelled a man and put through certain jerky motions at the hands of an author with a theory to prove." *The Independent* similarly concludes that Mr. Sinclair has not only talent but unquestionable genius; "but he lacks judgment and has always been disposed to exceed the truth in the violence of his effort to tell it." The same reviewer writes further:

"Never was such a black picture drawn of greed and inhumanity practised by that class of society which we are accustomed to reckon generous and honorable. There is no denying that Mr. Sinclair has the reality of terrible possibilities back of his representations. It is not whether the thing is literally true that counts for so much as it is the proof the book offers that such things may be true in every horrible detail. The power exists in the hands of great corporations to bring these miserable conditions to pass. And it is a sort of axiom of human nature that the more power a man or a set of men have the more unscrupulous they are in exercising it. If one-tenth of the author's statements have ever been true of any one living worker in Packingtown, it constitutes an argument for socialism or any other form of revolution that is well nigh incontrovertible. But this is just Mr. Sinclair's purpose. 'The Jungle' is really a socialistic tract, and not a novel at all."

The Times (New York), in its literary supplement, devotes a full page to its review of "The Jungle," finding it "a close, a striking and in many ways a brilliant study of the great industries of Chicago"; but the reviewer is skeptical as to the author's sincerity: "His art is too obvious, his devices too trite, and he has too much joy in them. His delight is not so much in the thing he says as in the way he says it, which is often astonishingly clever." Another conservative paper, *The Evening Post* (New York), gives not only a column review to "The Jungle," but a leading editorial on "Socialistic Novels," which is based chiefly upon it.

The Great Refusal

Another socialistic novel that is commanding respectful consideration from even the conservative press is by the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland"—the lady (Miss Tuttiett) who calls herself Maxwell Gray. Her story* is of a young man who renounces inherited wealth because of the injustice upon which it rests, and in doing so also renounces the love of the girl he was to have married, but who is not quite devoted enough to follow him into poverty. He goes finally to South Africa and establishes a successful socialistic colony, finding happiness in altruism.

The socialistic conclusion does not seem at all convincing to the critics, but the author's nobility of purpose commands their respect. "Whatever may be thought of the execution of this novel," says the London *Spectator*, "its ideals are so much 'on the side of the angels' that the story itself cannot but be welcomed by the serious reader." The London *Times* takes about the same view: "The tale is a really thoughtful one, written with a purpose; but buried so deeply beneath extravagances of style that it needs patience to value the motive at its true worth. Maxwell Gray's canvas is too big for her—her scene painting is splashy and gaudy." William Morton Payne, reviewing the book in the Chicago *Dial*, regards it as "singularly charming and appealing," and though based upon overwrought emotion rather than upon any practical form of idealism, it is "so fine in motive and so graceful in diction that criticism is measurably disarmed."

The Portreeve

Eden Phillpotts has never been a remarkably popular writer in this country, a fact due, partly, we presume, to the somberness of his tales and partly to the close fidelity with which he reproduces an unfamiliar dialect and life under conditions alien to Americans. His latest novel† is of the same color and texture as those that have preceded it, but it is generally regarded as the strongest work that has come from his pen. The London *Academy* calls it "a powerful, almost a great book," and the New York *Evening Post* thinks that it shows that a worthy successor has been found to Thomas Hardy.

The "portreeve" was a sort of town overseer.

* THE GREAT REFUSAL. By Maxwell Gray. D. Appleton & Co.

† THE PORTREEVE. By Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Company.

The story circles around Dodd Wolferstan, the portreeve of Bridgetstowe, on the north of Dartmoor. Instead of the "eternal triangle" of characters, we have a quadrangle—two men who love the same woman, and two women who love the same man. Dodd Wolferstan, who has worked his way to success from a lowly start in the workhouse, who is strong, handsome, sane, religious and ambitious, loves Ilet Yelland, a peasant girl, and is loved by her. Unfortunately, Abel Pierce also loves her with the fierceness of primitive passion, and the wealthy Primrose Horn loves Dodd just as fiercely. She and Abel conspire to separate Dodd and Ilet, and succeed for long, until Abel's death. Then Dodd and Ilet are married and the real story begins. The tale from that on is a tale of Primrose's hatred and her consecration to revenge. She succeeds to the full, wrecks the portreeve's life and drives him to a madhouse and a tragic death.

The London *Academy's* critic compares the story to the old Greek tragedies. He says: "In giving us something stronger than the lukewarm brew of the average of our day, Mr. Phillpotts gives us more than a taste of the old tragedy. We are lifted, excited, awestruck: there is something of that purging by pity and terror that only great tragedy can accomplish. And yet, great as our modern author is in many ways, he just falls short." The London *Times'* critic enjoys the author's "fine sincerity of purpose," his sympathy with the poor, and the conversations of the primitive Dartmoor people; but he cannot believe that the elemental emotions rage so nakedly there as Mr. Phillpotts would have us believe, and above all he cannot believe in the malefic astuteness of Primrose, or in her awful steadiness of hate. The *Outlook* (New York) thinks the motive of the story one of the most repellant within reach of the novelist, and it is worked out with unsparing boldness; yet Mr. Phillpotts has never before sketched the loveliness and majesty of the Dartmoor country with a surer hand. The St. Louis *Mirror* cannot understand why Phillpotts does not achieve the vogue of Thomas Hardy, for "no modern English writer excels him, at times, in the artist touch of description, and the atmosphere he invokes is well-nigh perfect; the breath of the moor, the ripple of the stream, the scent of the hay, are all his to give to the one who goes with him to Devon's tors and meadows and wastes." The Springfield *Republican*, however, finds him lacking in Hardy's special charm—"the delicate ironic touch, the skilled artistry." The New York *Evening Post* thinks that Phillpotts has shown a steady advance in each of his later novels; but "The Portreeve" is so far beyond his other works that it can be compared only with Hardy's "Mayor of Casterbridge" or "The Return of the Native."

THE CHILD—A STORY BY JEAN RICHEPIN

I

It was a small railway station on the Paris-Lyon line. With a disdainful tone in his voice the conductor was accustomed to call out the name of the station to the sleepy passengers: "Saint-Felicien-du-Mont; one minute's stop!" Then the train proceeded further with a loud noise, and disappeared immediately into a tunnel as if it felt ashamed of having been halted for such a trifle.

Mr. and Mrs. Verdie were the only two officials of this station. He called himself the station-master of Saint-Felicien-du-Mont, while his wife designated herself more modestly as the railroad-guard.

They had a son of about two years of age, Emil by name, or, as they fondly called him, Milot. The little fellow was the sole fortune, the sole joy, of his good parents, and M. Frederic in particular was uncommonly proud of his boy.

One morning the "station-master," as usual, took his child along with him to his work that he might play with him in his short intervals of rest. He had to close up a passage in the hedge which ran along the track.

Milot behaved excellently; he did not cry once the whole time. And even when Verdie, in order to amuse him, began to creep on the ground on all fours the child laughed like a veritable hobgoblin and took the face of dear papa between his dirty little hands. The happy father beamed with joy and called laughingly to Milot:

"Well, well! Now I want you to sing."

The little fellow began to crow like a young rooster. The father rolled in laughter. How comically Milot threw his head back! And how oddly he screwed up his little mouth, showing here and there the still missing teeth.

Verdie forgot all the sleepless nights which his son had caused and thought only of the pleasant memories which that child had left in his mind—the first smile, the first "papa," the first clapping of hands, the first step—in short, all those commonplaces which to the parents' hearts always seem so new and fascinating.

Radiating with delight, he played pranks with Milot and rolled on the grass like an old dog trying to keep his young puppy in good-humor.

"Milot," he asked, imitating the helpless speech of the child, "how does the train go?"

Milot began to run up and down with his awkward little feet and cried, opening his eyes wide and puffing up his cheeks: "Fu, fu, fu!"

Without a shadow of doubt that was, at least in the opinion of Verdie, a faithful imitation of the noise made by a train. The father could scarcely get over his laughter and delight. That was his work. He had taught Milot this, as he had also taught him how to mew like a cat, to blow out the candles, to bring into a rage the parrot of his aunt who lived with them, and a hundred other ingenious performances.

Presently his wife Marie appeared with a flag. She let down both barriers at the point where the track crossed the road, and looked toward the tunnel.

"Is the express train coming already?" asked Verdie, who stood on the other side of the track.

"Yes, it will be here in a minute."

Both pricked up their ears. The next moment a thick cloud of white steam emerged from the tunnel and the train came rushing on the trembling rails.

"Mamma, mamma!" cried Milot, who saw it coming.

Whereat he tore himself loose from his father's hand and ran, mimicking the train: "Fu, fu, fu!"

Suddenly a fearful double shriek rent the air: the child had run on the track.

"Milot! For Heaven's sake, Milot!"

"Fu, fu, fu!" cried the child, jubilantly raising his voice higher and higher.

The train whizzed by like lightning, then grew smaller and smaller.

A short distance from the track Milot's mutilated body lay in a pool of blood.

II

They lifted the child and carried him into the house.

"Oh, my God, my God!" cried Verdie with a voice that seemed not to proceed from a human throat.

Marie wept, cried and wailed. But when she saw her husband take the revolver and point it at his head, she jumped up with a bound.

"No, no! Not that! Not that!" she cried, and tore the weapon from his hand, beside herself with terror.

He yielded the revolver to her, and both broke down, weeping loudly.

Suddenly Frederic seized his weapon again.

"No, let me—— I am to blame for all, I am to blame! I should have kept him back—not taken him to the track. . . . I, I am to blame! I am a miserable wretch! Let me!"

They struggled amid wild cries to wrest the revolver from each other.

"No, no, no! Oh, I beg you, Frederic!" implored the young wife. "On my knees I beg you, do not kill yourself!"

But he paid no attention.

"Do not kill yourself! Oh, my God, what am I to do to keep him from killing himself? Give me a saving thought. Oh, my God!"

Verdie suddenly released her; he seemed to have renounced his purpose.

Then he felt a soft object under his feet, the sight of which broke his heart: Milot's first shoe, a red felt shoe, the length of a finger. In his struggle with Marie he had thrown it down from the *étagère*.

Now he could no longer control himself; he rushed to the kitchen drawer and pulled out a knife.

"Frederic, Frederic!" cried his wife, as she saw that he was on the point of cutting his throat. "Stop! stop! Listen to me! You shall know everything. You have lost nothing, nothing! Milot was not your son!"

III

The husband turned around. His feet shook beneath him as if the roof had suddenly dropped on his shoulders.

"What—what are you saying there?"

"He was not your son, I swear to you, my good Frederic! He was the son of——"

"You wretch!"

With these words Verdie snatched the revolver that lay on the ground and fired on his wife.

Then he rushed like a madman from the room past his sister-in-law, who had just returned from the village.

"Anne, Anne!" cried Marie, who was fatally wounded and had a rattling in her throat. "In a year—or in six months—or in a couple of weeks—you will tell Frederic, won't you, sister—you will tell him that it wasn't true—what I told him; tell him that Milot *was* his son—as you know—and as the dear Lord knows, who gave me the idea! It was the only way, else he would have killed himself—my poor husband! Won't you, Anne? You *will* tell him?"

An hour later she expired in her sister's arms.

The Humor of Life

MORE EATING THAN SEEING

George Ade, the humorist and playwright, told a story recently of a farmer who went to a large city to see the sights. The rural visitor engaged a room at a hotel, and before retiring asked the clerk about the hours for dining.

"We have breakfast from six to eleven, dinner from eleven to three, and supper from three to eight," explained the clerk.

"Wa-al, say," inquired the farmer in surprise, "what time air I goin' ter git ter see ther town?"

—*Judge.*

A FRIENDLY INVITATION

"When in need of a square meal draw on me," said the rubber nipple to the baby.—*Judge.*

FUNNY, ISN'T IT?

That a taut rope is none the wiser.

That, though night falls, day breaks.

That a pen has to be driven, but a pencil is lead.

That sailors never box the compass on the spar deck.

That the fellow with a literary bent is usually broke.

That a tree is cut down before it is easily cut up.

That improper fractions should figure in pure mathematics.

That the man with lantern jaws is seldom a brilliant talker.—Warwick James Price in *Saturday Evening Post.*

REAL DISTINCTION

"Is Mr. Scadds a man of scientific distinction?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Miss Cayenne. "He has so many college degrees that when he sends in his card you can't be sure whether it is his name or a problem in algebra."—London *Tit-Bits.*

A DELICATE COMPLIMENT

Many delicate compliments have been paid to the fair sex by men subtle in speech, but here is one straight from the heart of an illiterate negro, which, it seems, would be difficult to excel.

It is recalled by the Reverend C. P. Smith, of Kansas City, in telling the story of a marriage-fee.

"When I was preaching in Walla Walla, Washington," he says, "there was no negro preacher in town, and I was often called upon to perform a ceremony between negroes. One afternoon, after I had married a young negro couple, the groom asked the price of the service.

"'Oh, well,' said I, 'you can pay me whatever you think it is worth to you.'

"The negro turned and, slightly looking his bride over from head to foot, slowly rolled up the whites of his eyes to me and said:

"'Lawd, sah, yo' has done ruined me fo' life—yo' has, fo' sure!'"—*Judge.*

HONEST CRITICISM

An actor whose name is world-known nowadays tells the following story as illustrating the curious criticisms to which players are subject.

In his early days he once gave to a waiter in a restaurant a pass for "Hamlet," in which he himself took the title-rôle.

He did not tell the waiter he was an actor. He wanted to get from this simple-minded and yet intelligent man an honest criticism on his work.

So he duly played Hamlet, the waiter occupying his free seat throughout the performance; and the next day the actor visited the restaurant.

"Well," he said to the waiter, "you saw 'Hamlet' last night, eh?"

The waiter scowled as he replied:—

"Yes, I did; and who's goin' to pay me for my time?"—London *Tit-Bits.*

EVENED UP

All things by Time are set to rights
  And squared in divers ways;
Gay blades by lengthening their nights
  Are shortening their days.

—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

AN INFERENCE

"When I awoke from the operation I felt as if I was burning up."

"I see. You must have thought that it had been unsuccessful."—*Smart Set.*

EXCUSABLE

EDITOR: I cannot tolerate such spelling as this. You have here the word "suburban" spelled "subbourbon."

NEW WRITER: Yes; but haven't you noticed the scene of the plot is laid in Kentucky?—*Judge.*

HOW THEY DID IT

TOMMY (from the city): And you pasteurize all the milk, don't you, Uncle Jed?

UNCLE JED: Haw, haw, haw! Jes' lisen to ther boy. No, sonny, it's only ther cows we treet thet way.—Brooklyn *Life.*

A BIGOT

UNCLE GEORGE: And how do you like your employer, Harry?

HARRY: Oh, he isn't so bad; but he's bigoted.

UNCLE GEORGE: Bigoted? In what way?

HARRY: He's got an idea that words can only be spelled his way.—London *Tit-Bits.*

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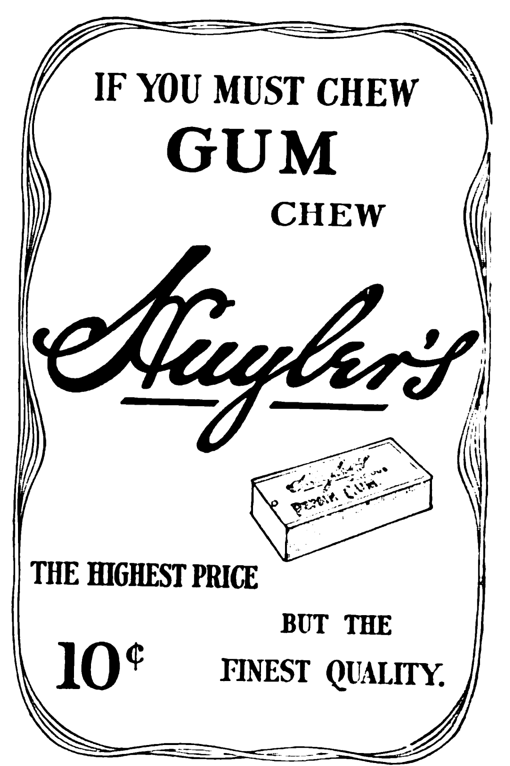

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Current Literature

Edited by EDWARD J. WHEELER

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ONCE AN ORCHESTRA LEADER; NOW THE HEROIC MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO

"Society was thrown back to its beginnings," writes Frederick Palmer. "There was chaos in the streets and in men's minds. . . . . The control of the situation fell back on two men, Funston and Schmitz. Both happen to be natural leaders of men. But Schmitz was the surprise. In this crisis he showed that he had a backbone of steel and the mind of the born organizer. Tall and well set up, with black beard and black pompadour hair, he seems still the leader of an orchestra as he once was. His origin and his previous character make his work the more wonderful."

His name is not even in "Who's Who"—yet. It is Eugene E. Schmitz.

// # Current Literature

VOL. XL, No. 6 | Edward J. Wheeler, Editor
Associate Editors: Leonard D. Abbott, Alexander Harvey | JUNE, 1906

A Review of the World

Serene, indifferent of fate,
Thou sittest at the Western Gate;

Upon thy heights so lately won
Still slant the banners of the sun;

Thou seest the white seas strike their tents,
O Warder of two Continents.

HE Western Gate, the heights, and the white seas of Bret Harte's poem remain; but that is about all that is left of San Francisco, the old city of romance and song and story. It was a city of contrasts. More poetry, it is asserted, was written daily in San Francisco than in any other city in the United States. There were also more murders in proportion to population. "The smelting-pot of the races," Stevenson called her, and he was enamored of her beauty, her romance, her mystery, and even her license. "Physically and morally," says one writer, "San Francisco was built on mud." There is much truth in that; but out of the mud grew flowers of rare beauty and intoxicating perfume; and the whole world is to-day looking with admiring eyes upon the deeds of heroism, the undaunted spirit, the brotherly kindness and the marvelous self-restraint of this old city of unspeakable vice and indescribable charm that has passed off the face of the earth forever. For the old San Francisco can never be restored.

THE history of the city goes back not merely to the days of '49, but to the days of our Declaration of Independence. The old Mission Dolores was erected then by the Franciscan fathers, and it marked the period of Spanish glory and religious chivalry. And this old building, apparently tottering and ready to fall of its own weight, has resisted the earthquake shock that laid in ruins the new eight-million-dollar City Hall, and still stands when marts and exchanges and the palaces of millionaires are but unsightly heaps of twisted girders and broken brick and crumbled stone. After the Spanish period came the days of '49—the days of the Argonauts and the Vigilance Committee, of fortunes made and lost in the twinkling of an eye, when it cost twenty-four dollars a dozen to have shirts laundered, and might cost you your life to ask a man what his real name was. The newer city, San Francisco the third, the metropolis of the Pacific coast, the city loved by Stevenson and scorned by Kipling, in addition to her reminders of the highly colored past, possessed many other features of varied interest. For one thing, nature has remained very close to the city's life. "Within the last few years men have killed deer on the slopes of Tamalpais and looked down to see the cable cars crawling up the hills of San Francisco to the north. In the suburbs coyotes steal in and rob hen roosts by night." Says a writer in *The Evening Post* (New York):

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THE FIRST CAR

"City and railroad officials and invited guests filled the first street-car which started on the run across the city, Mayor Schmitz acting as motorman. Everywhere the car was greeted with cheers."

"Something in the lingering glamor of Spanish days; something in her situation set on a finger of land beaten on one side by a windy ocean and caressed on the other by a quiet bay; something in the belief that San Francisco is a city wherefor great things lie upon the knees of the gods; something in the mere sunny soft-

THE BUSINESS SECTION OF THE CITY AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE AND BEFORE THE FIRE SWEPT IT

"The direct damage of the earthquake," says President Jordan, "was not great. Old brick buildings were crumbled, and chimneys flung about, but the modern steel structures received little if any injury. Even the slender Call Building, some thirteen stories high, swayed in perfect rhythm."

ness of the air which breeds sensuous women and long-limbed, clean-lined men; something in her so strange mixture of races that not seldom on the circling bay a Neapolitan fisherboat passes with her swifter sails a blunt-bowed Chinese junk; something more than all this, subtle, impalpable, 'evasive as water beneath a knife,' yet as real as granite—impels to poetry. Poetry, like the spores of some crimson fungus, is in the air. It takes root, here, there, and strangely grows. One comes upon it with a movement of surprise in most unlikely places. The phenomenon is a thing at which to marvel."

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WHERE THE BIG WATER MAIN WAS BROKEN

The earth at this point in Valencia Street sank four feet. The damage done here to the water main caused the destruction of the city by fire. This hole may be called the open grave of old San Francisco.

WHAT was it that happened on that fatal April 18? Back in the geologic ages the crust of the earth received too great a strain and there was a break. The rocks on one side of this break were left 2,000 feet higher than those on the other side. The elevated side is called the Sierra Morena, and forms the backbone of the peninsula of San Francisco. The depression on the other side is called the Portolá Valley and by various other names. The break itself is called by geologists the Portolá fault. The weakness along the line of this fault has been, according to President Jordan, writing in *The Independent,* the cause of San Francisco's numerous tremors and shocks in past years. "The very violent shock of April 18th was clearly due to this. The old fault in the rock reopened, breaking the surface soil more or less for a distance of upward of forty miles. The mountain on the west side of the fault slipped to the northward for a distance of between three and six feet without change of level on either side." Here is a description by another writer of what has happened in the Sobrante hills, a few miles north of Berkeley:

"The hills are rent and torn in a way that can

THE BUSINESS SECTION OF THE CITY AFTER THE FIRE HAD PASSED OVER IT

"When the sun rose that Thursday morning," says Miriam Michelson, "it was blood-red in a heaven of smoke. Black clouds were belching forth; the business part of the town was a hot graveyard, whose rickety, irregular-shaped tombstones marked the spot where millions of property lay in mountainous heaps of smoking brick and twisted steel."

scarcely be believed except by personal observation. On the slope of one of the hills is a fissure three-quarters of a mile long. At one end of the aperture, which is tapering, the crevice is ten feet across and eighty feet deep. The ground must have been tumbled about in a frightful manner, for in one place a large knoll has risen and in another entire oak trees have been moved thirty feet.

"There is great confusion in the country at Point Reyes, thirty-three miles north of this city [Oakland] owing to manifest changes in the lay of the land. Although there is no visible break in the earth's surface, numerous signs record the moving of the country at least ten feet northward. An old oak tree, a landmark in those parts, is now ten feet distant from the fence which it formerly overhung.

"At Olema, a nearby town, a pipe line 300 feet long, which was broken by the quake, on being repaired showed an excess length of three feet, indicating a contraction of the earth. At Bolinas knolls of earth have been thrown up where before there was level ground. Proprietary lines have been changed and there is confusion over the present acreage of large estates."

THAT was all that happened—a little slip of a few feet in the rocks along a line about forty miles in length—a slight twitching of the earth, less violent, in proportion, as one writer puts it, "than the act of a horse shaking his skin to throw off a fly." But the flies in this case were without wings, and they became panic-stricken. "I met only one man," says Frederick Palmer in *Collier's,* "who did not think that the world was coming to an end after the shock had lasted twenty seconds." That one man was a newcomer who had heard about San Francisco's earthquakes and who supposed this particular one was the customary sort of thing. When his wife and children began to make audible expression of their feelings about being thrown out of bed, he

IN FRONT OF THE POST-OFFICE

"The driver of a market-wagon told me his horse went down on all fours while he himself was thrown forward on to the dashboard, and the street before him seemed to be weaving and twisting."

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THE ANGEL OF GRIEF

Statue at the Leland Stanford University standing in the midst of ruins.

calmly informed them that people there didn't pay any attention to little matters like that, and the thing to do was to go back to bed, which they all proceeded to do! Ludicrous as that seems, it was not, after all, such an absurd procedure, for, according to all accounts, despite the violence of the earthquake and the panic it occasioned, the actual damage caused by it would have been comparatively slight but for the breaking of the gas mains and water mains and the consequent destruction by fire. At least San Franciscans stoutly asseverate that such was the fact, and insist that the disaster shall be hereafter spoken of as the great fire rather than as the great earthquake. Senator Newlands, of Nevada, declares that not three per cent. of the damage was caused by the shock. President Jordan says that the damage other than by fire was "not great." Old brick buildings were crumbled and chimneys were toppled down, but the modern steel structures received little if any injury, and solid masonry stood fairly well if it was not too high. Even the brick or stone facings on the steel structures for the most part kept their places. The relative damage done by the earthquake and the fire is a very important point, not only in its influence upon the reinvestment of capital in rebuilding, but also upon the adjustment of payments by the fire insurance companies, which are liable for the loss by fire, but not liable for the loss by earthquake. Franklin K. Lane, who was the candidate for governor of California in the recent election, says on the subject:

"All the buildings which went down [from the shock] were either crazy shacks on the made lands or badly constructed brick buildings of the type wherein the frame was of wood with a brick firewall. In the case of these brick buildings, also, the greater part of the damage was on the made lands. The great loss of life was on the southern

THEY CALL THEM ANGELS IN DISGUISE OUT IN SAN FRANCISCO

One woman tells why: "They have gone without water, without food, without their tents that the women and children might have them. In this, our time of need, the army has been our refuge and our strength." This is a picture of the First Coast Battery.

fringe of Market street from the waterfront to about Fourth street. This part of the city was originally a swamp. A great deal has been said of the fall of City Hall. That stood above the dry bed of an old creek and was not anchored deep enough. The new postoffice was also on that creek bed; but for that building they bored for three years to get foundations deep enough. The postoffice was only a little damaged. I drove all through the business district in an automobile within three hours after the disaster and before the fire had made any headway. Not one of the new steel frame buildings was hurt in the least. Some of the Eastern papers have told how they cast their shells. That is not true. They did not lose a brick—even the windows remained unbroken. Many of them stood on the made land, too, and the rest in the low land. A modern steel skyscraper has proved itself the safest place in an earthquake. Honestly constructed wooden and brick buildings stood it too. Nine out of ten houses destroyed by the earthquake were old and flimsy and should have been torn down by city ordinance long before.

HUNDREDS of descriptions of the scenes that followed the fire have been given in print, and hundreds more are probably yet to be told. One of the best is that written by Jack London for *Collier's Weekly,* which paper, by the way, has handled the whole occurrence with marked enterprise and ability. Jack London was forty miles away when the shock of the earthquake came, but reached the stricken city soon afterward. Contrary to many reports, he declares that the panic by that time was hardly observable. He writes:

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"PALACE HOTEL GRILL"

At least that is what the sign on the shack says. It takes more than an earthquake and a fire to quench the American sense of humor.

"Remarkable as it may seem, Wednesday night, while the whole city crashed and roared into ruin, was a quiet night. There were no crowds. There was no shouting and yelling. There was no hys-

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"THE PILLARED FIRMAMENT IS ROTTENNESS AND EARTH'S BASE BUILT ON STUBBLE"

"There were hills and hollows where all was level before, and the iron of the tracks was twisted in a most hideous way. Great fissures and cracks were in the roadbed, and on one side we saw a great fissure, into which a wagon had fallen."

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THE EIGHT-MILLION-DOLLAR CITY HALL

Why were the municipal buildings so badly damaged by the earthquake and the Federal buildings hardly at all? The answer, says a correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* is—GRAFT.

teria, no disorder. I passed Wednesday night in the path of the advancing flames, and in all those terrible hours I saw not one woman who wept, not one man who was excited, not one person who was in the slightest degree panic-stricken.

"Before the flames, throughout the night, fled tens of thousands of homeless ones. Some were wrapped in blankets. Others carried bundles of bedding and dear household treasures. Sometimes a whole family was harnessed to a carriage or delivery wagon that was weighted down with their possessions. Baby buggies, toy wagons, and go-carts were used as trucks, while every other person was dragging a trunk. Yet everybody was gracious. The most perfect courtesy obtained. Never, in all San Francisco's history, were her people so kind and courteous as on this night of terror.

"All night these tens of thousands fled before the flames. Many of them, the poor people from the labor ghetto, had fled all day as well. They had left their homes burdened with possessions. Now and again they lightened up, flinging out upon the street clothing and treasures they had dragged for miles.

"They held on longest to their trunks, and over these trunks many a strong man broke his heart that night. The hills of San Francisco are steep, and up these hills, mile after mile, were the trunks dragged. Everywhere were trunks, with across them lying their exhausted owners, men and women."

Among the vehicles pressed into frequent service were perambulators, children's wagons and rocking-chairs. "No one has spoken of the figure the American rocking-chair cut in the fire," writes one correspondent. "Rocking-chairs were in great demand as drays for household goods. Nearly every family dragged one or more after them in the flight to the western hills."

THERE never has been such a leveler, writes Gertrude Atherton in *Harper's Weekly*, describing the scenes of the first week. She tells of millionaires in the bread-line taking their turn with Chinamen and day-laborers, and of women in opera-cloaks

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OUTSIDE THE FIRE-ZONE

"A building that lay under the breaking point of an earth wave was pulled apart as you pull apart a piece of bread, or its sides ground together, or it fell like a house of cards. For blocks the pavement was scarcely disturbed and then there were places where it looked as if it had been turned into miniature hills and valleys."

camped out under the open sky, cooking at stoves improvised out of loose bricks and cobble-stones. Her sister was one of these, having escaped in a nightgown, a pink opera-cloak and her husband's boots. Even the Chinamen were amused at her appearance. Mrs. Atherton has never had much use for pessimists, but she has less use than ever after witnessing human nature under the strain put upon it in San Francisco. She writes:

"Organization began almost before the earthquake stopped. Red Cross ambulances and automobiles were flying about, car-loads and ship-loads of food were on the way, and these cities 'across the bay' literally opened their arms. Never has there been a finer exhibition of the good in human nature, for it is one thing to subscribe what you can afford, and another to take strangers into your house for weeks and perhaps months. This thousands have done and are expressing their desire for more, while the relief work in San Francisco, under Mayor Schmitz and Mr. Phelan, is as systematic as if earthquakes and fires that devoured four square miles of a city were part of the yearly routine. There have been few cases of extortion reported; personally I have only heard of two. One was the case of a leading firm of grocers, who immediately put famine prices on everything. General Funston turned them out, closed them up, and put a sentry before the door. The other case was a personal experience, but I have been requested to withhold it until the excitement is over lest the man be lynched. But these exceptions dwindle and disappear before the abounding kindness and helpfulness of hundreds of thousands, some homeless, but willing to share an asparagus stalk, others more fortunate and almost ashamed of being so."

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LIKE A PICNIC TO THE BOYS

The school buildings that were uninjured were filled with straw beds and cots for days, and the boys never whimpered over the lack of educational facilities!

DESPITE the underlying horror of scenes that must abide in the minds of all forever, Mrs. Atherton cannot see how the net result can fail to be a good one. She writes further:

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BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE—AND AFTER

Of the Memorial Church at Leland Stanford University, President Jordan writes: "The spire of wood, weighted by tiles, plunged through the nave of the church. The concussion of air forced off the church front with the great Mosaic, 'The Sermon on the Mount.' The flying buttresses of the tower fell crashing through the apses. Otherwise the church suffered little. The bells and the organ are unharmed, the steel-braced walls are perfect, the mosaics and stained glass windows are mostly intact."

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FUNSTON "THE LITTLE BRIGADIER"

"The army organization was alone intact; it is the army of force and society returned to primitive necessities. Fifteen hundred regular troops were on the streets inside of two hours. It was not a time for looking up the law or consulting precious authorities ou the subject. You will be told that the Constitution of the United States had been shot and dynamited full of holes before Wednesday was over, and no man suggests that this was wrong."

"Frivolity, the most unpardonable and far-reaching of all vices, is at an end in San Francisco for years to come. Rich women, who have been cooking in the streets in an oven made from their fallen chimneys, and may have to do their own washing until frightened servants can be induced to return to the city, who have been confined with as little ceremony and shelter as the women of wandering tribes, and the men who stand in line for hours for their portion of bread and potatoes, look back upon the ordinary routine of their idle lives with a mixture of wonder and contempt. Old people, who vegetated in corners and feared draughts, are active and interested for the first time in a quarter of a century. Even dyspeptics are cured, for everybody, even the normally fed, is hungry all the time. Everybody looks back upon the era 'before the earthquake' as a period of insipidity, and wonders how he managed to exist. If they are appalled at the sight of a civilization arrested and millions of property and still more to be lamented treasure gone up in smoke, they are equally aquiver with a renewed sense of individuality, of unsuspected forces they are keen to pit against Nature."

ANOTHER woman novelist who went through the scenes following the disaster was Miriam Michelson, who narrates her experience also in *Harper's Weekly*. She tells of the procession of barefooted women, screaming children and ashen-faced men. People did queer things, as they always do in such times of supreme tension. Miss Michelson saw one man carefully carrying a brand-new pair of tan shoes over his shoulder on a stick, and absolutely nothing else. One ingenious man had piled his household possessions on a lawn-mower and was trundling them along cheerfully. Another writer tells of a man in pink pajamas walking in bare feet

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TWO OF THE RELIEF CAMPS

"We have been close to the bare necessaries of life for so long now that we seem always to have lived in primitive times. We are not a civilized people; we seem always to have lived in tents, to never have had any clothes o never have had anything but the bare necessaries of life."

round and round the Dewey column, and of an English-looking gentleman, clad in a long, white nightshirt and flowing whiskers, sitting on a bench perpetually replacing in the orbit of his left eye a monocle which by an involuntary contraction of the muscles he immediately twitched off again. At the end of the third day, on the very top of Jones Street hill, in the middle of the street, the only thing seen standing for miles was a piano, and seated at it was a man, his hair streaming, his body swaying, his red tie flying out, his hands dancing over the key-boards as he played Saint-Säens's "Danse Macabre"—the death-dance.

THE same writer who tells of this incident of the "Danse Macabre"—James Hopper—gives a picture of another dance that is both amusing and graphic. He was in the third story of a seven-story brick building when the quaking began, and describes in *Harper's Weekly* his sensations. He writes:

"The thing started without gradation, with a direct violence that left one breathless. 'It's incredible,' I said, aloud. There was something personal about the attack; it seemed to have a certain vicious intent. My building did not sway; it quivered with a vertical and rotary motion, and there was a sound as of a snarl. I stayed in bed for a long time, as it seemed. I raised myself on my elbow, but even that rudimentary approach to a movement toward escaping seemed so absolutely futile that I lay back again. My head on the pillow watched my stretched and stiffened body dance. It was springing up and down and from side to side like a pancake in the tossing griddle of an experienced French *chef*. The bureau at the back of the room came toward me. It

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WHATEVER HAPPENS, CHILDREN WILL BE HAPPY AND A PRETTY GIRL PRETTY

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THE INDOMITABLE SENSE OF HUMOR

"There is no wood—it has all been burned, so the people have tried to build a hut of any galvanized iron they can find, or any bit of ruin that will stand upright serves as a house, and they cover it with an old quilt or an old blanket. They cook on some sort of an improvised stove, some little old rusty affair, and their cooking utensils are tomato cans."

FIRST DISTRIBUTION OF MAIL

Nobody could find anybody, so names were called out at the post-office and the people stepped up to get their letters, as in pioneer days.

danced, approaching not directly, but in a zigzag course, with sudden bold advances and as sudden bashful retreats—with little bows, and becks, and nods, with little mincing steps: it was almost funny. The next second, a piece of plaster falling upon my head made me serious. The quake gave one of its vicious jerks, and I had a sudden clear vision of the whole building dancing an infernal dance, the loosened bricks separating and clacking to again like chattering teeth. And the quake continued, with a sort of stubborn violence, an immense concentration of its deadly purpose that left one without fear, without horror, without feeling. 'It's the end,' I thought, and a panorama of cataclysms swept through my mind: Pompeii, Lisbon, Krakatoa, Manila, St. Pierre, Samoa, Vesuvius, with San Francisco as a stupendous climax."

EVERY man, woman and child of the more than 300,000 that were rendered homeless has a story to tell of hardship and danger and privation; but probably no one of that vast throng fought for safety at a greater disadvantage than that with which "Gimpy Bill" had to contend. "Gimpy Bill" is a cripple who sold lead-pencils in Market Street. His legs have been cut off almost to the hips, and he gets around on two little platforms, mounted on wheels and strapped to his stumps, pushing himself with two canes. Here is his story as told by the correspondent of *The Sun* (New York):

"When the earthquake came Bill was sleeping over a saloon on Washington street near Montgomery—a region which got a heavy shock. His street legs were unstrapped, but he had his clothes on. He was pitched out of bed and rolled about the room like an empty demijohn. A heavy cornice fell through the ceiling of his room and missed him by a foot. He rolled away from the wreck and managed to get to his rollers, which he strapped on.

"He tried the door, but the wreckage outside it had him penned in, a prisoner, He trundled himself to the window, and saw that the district was already on fire. Bill made it back to the bed,

RELAYING THE FIRST CAR-TRACKS—ON MARKET STREET—AFTER THE FIRE

ONE OF THE BREAD-LINES

"The power to draw a check for a million would not advance you any in the bread-line. The poor were four days away from pay-day; the well-to-do, maybe, were going to the bank to-morrow, and had scarcely the price of a carfare in their pockets. But money meant nothing and food everything."

twisted the blankets and sheets into a rope, tied his canes about his neck with a cord, and slid out of the window. His rope was too short. At the end of it, he hung ten feet above the street. There he swung and yelled, afraid of what the drop might do to his trundle platforms, until some one passing threw up a pile of boxes and helped him down.

"In one day, driven always backward by the fire, this cripple covered about fourteen miles, ending in a camp in Golden Gate Park. At one time he grabbed the tailboard of a wagon and held on, his platforms bumping over the cobbles. At another time his only way of exit from the fire was across Russian Hill, up which an Italian boy pulled him with a rope for ten cents."

BUT the story of the earthquake, the fire, and the fleeing multitudes, thrilling as it is, is not the story that carries with it the keenest interest and the greatest inspiration. The real epic of the occasion is the tale of restoration and reconstruction, of the way in which people suddenly hurled out of all social order into social chaos faced the situation; of how, stripped without warning of all the facilities of life with which civilization has endowed mankind, they proceeded to grapple with nature much as the cave-men had to grapple with her and evolve out of primitive conditions the means of livelihood. In the Yellowstone Park a great gorge has been cut by one of the streams down through the geological strata of many periods, revealing, as in a vast natural diagram, the processes of world formation. The catastrophe in California has cut down through all the social strata and enabled us to see, as it were, the long story of civilization re-enacted before our eyes in a few days' time. Probably no large city in the world could furnish a people better able to meet such a test triumphantly. The spirit of the pioneers is still there, and much of their daring and re-

GETTING OUT THE FIRST NEWSPAPER—*THE DAILY NEWS*—AFTER THE FIRE

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DYNAMITED—BY ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE

One of the first steps in rebuilding the city was to blow down the dangerous walls of ruined buildings.

source and adaptability has been inherited by their sons and daughters. Nevertheless, it is appalling to think of the consequences that would have ensued had it not been for the quick and efficient assistance given by the regular army troops stationed at the Presidio.

FIRST STEP IN REBUILDING

In addition to dynamite, a donkey-engine was used to pull down dangerous walls left standing by the fire.

WITHIN two hours after the first shock of the earthquake fifteen hundred of Uncle Sam's soldiers were on the streets fighting the most desperate battle that soldiers ever fought. General Greely was absent, but General Funston, "the little brigadier" whose rapid promotion for conspicuous services in Cuba and the Philippines gave such offense to many, whose capture of Aguinaldo occasioned so much criticism, was in command. They fought the conflagration with artillery and dynamite. They patrolled the city the one organized body of men in all that turmoil. The mayor of the city, Eugene E. Schmitz, once an orchestra leader, then a Labor candidate who defeated both old-party candidates, proved himself a born leader. With the whole municipal government in temporary ruin round about him, he was quick to organize a new government for the emergency. He appointed a citizens' committee of fifty with ex-Mayor Phelan at its head and he and Funston and Phelan set themselves to preserve order and save the lives of 300,000 homeless and penniless people. About the first step taken was the issuance of the following:

PROCLAMATION

BY THE MAYOR.

The Federal Troops, the members of the Regular Police Force, and all Special Police Officers have been authorized to KILL any and all persons found engaged in looting or in the commission of any other crime.

I have directed all the Gas and Electric Lighting Companies not to turn on Gas or Electricity until I order them to do so; you may therefore expect the city to remain in darkness for an indefinite time.

I request all citizens to remain at home from darkness until daylight of every night until order is restored.

I Warn all citizens of the danger of fire from damaged or destroyed chimneys, broken or leaking gas pipes or fixtures, or any like cause.

E. E. SCHMITZ, Mayor.

Dated, April 18, 1906.

THAT proclamation has been called "the edict that prevented chaos." It may be considered the first step in the reconstruction of the social organism. The next steps came in such rapid succession that it is hardly possible to discern the order of sequence. After the fire had been stayed at Van Ness Avenue by blowing down eight or nine blocks of buildings ahead of the flames, the most urgent needs

were for water, food, shelter, and medical treatment for the injured. Without waiting for any authority from Congress, Secretary of War Taft wired orders for the immediate appropriation of tents, blankets, provisions and medical stores from the army supplies. Automobiles were pressed into service by army officers, and the stores were rushed through from the Presidio without regard to speed regulations. Tents were erected in all the parks that had not been swept by fire. Hospitals were established, concentration camps were formed, and after the first day or two, incredible as it may seem, there was no need for any person to go hungry. Two dangers had been averted —the danger from fire and the danger from starvation. The next peril that seemed imminent was that of an epidemic. Sanitary conditions had to be established with the sewers all out of order. Here again the experience of the soldiers with sanitary arrangements for camps saved the day. Then the dead had to be found in the ruins and buried as speedily as possible. Every able-bodied man, poor or rich, with soft hands or hard, was forced to labor for a part of each day until this work was finished. Here again the results were almost incredible. Two weeks after the shock the board of health reported that the sick list was but slightly greater than usual, there was no more contagious disease than in normal times, and there had been but one death from exposure. On May 1, twelve days after the shock, one of the press agencies reported as follows:

"The calamity has given San Francisco a new psychology. It has created a new and capable set of pioneers; it has given the people a new and intense interest in life. It has even improved the health of all who were strong enough to pull through the moderate hardship of the first five days. There isn't a blasé person in the State."

CREDIT for these surprising successes in coping with nature are given by those who ought to know not alone to Funston and Schmitz, but to the people themselves. "It's been easy," said one army officer; "the people have been so quiet and reasonable." Here is an extract from a letter written by a San Francisco artist, Bruce Porter (one of the founders of *The Lark*), to a friend in New York City:

"It was the day of judgment and all the Biblical terrors of the Wrath of God, but if you could have been here you would have seen what the people are. It was the noblest expression of humanity that the world has seen. Nobody thought of himself, and the prostitute with last night's paint on her cheeks sat and held the baby of the homeless and husbandless woman beside her. The town has never been in such perfect moral order,

CHAIRMAN OF THE CITIZENS' COMMITTEE
Next to Funston and Schmitz, James D. Phelan is given credit for the remarkable exhibition the citizens of San Francisco have made of orderliness and fortitude.

DIRECTOR OF RELIEF WORK
Dr. Edward T. Devine, secretary of the Charity Organization Society of New York, was despatched at once to San Francisco to take charge of the Red Cross work. He handled a difficult situation with great tact.

and if I once said to you—vauntingly—that the idea of the American people was charity and brotherly love, here is the proof.

"There has been no panic, no disorderly conduct, simply unconscious bravery and unselfishness under as severe a strain as was ever put upon a community. The desolation is inconceivable, and of course everybody is poor and one-half the population homeless. The Presidio beneath my windows was packed with people that first night—the heavens terribly red with fire, ominous, awful—people without a scrap to cover them sharing their crusts with strangers—and the good nature was like a cooling breeze in one's face as one walked among them. What help one could give was unanimously refused in the interest of more helpless neighbors. Not one case of drunkenness have I seen in seven days, and I have heard only two oaths, and those lightly spoken—and this in what has been named 'the wickedest city in the world.'"

Frederick Palmer's testimony is to the same effect: "Rioting there was none; looting very little. Bad natures were cowed by the great calamity and the good in men generally appeared." He adds: "Sanitary regulations were enforced with an ease which would have been impossible in any great European city. Here common intelligence and the ethics of modern popular education through schools and newspapers and periodicals played a part. 'What we have to look out for is an epidemic,' was the common watchword; and with few exceptions there was no need of discipline on this account." It is a gay picture which the special correspondent of *The Evening Post* (New York) gives us nearly three weeks after the shock:

"The spirit shown by the refugees is amazing in the light of their almost tragic condition. A great many pianos have been carried to the parks and set up under the tents. All day long and deep into the night men and women bang away at popular airs, one great favorite being 'Home Was Never Like This.' On Sunday the marine and army bands give afternoon and evening concerts in Golden Gate Park and at the Presidio, while the children and young people dance on the green."

ONE reason for the ease with which order has been maintained and an epidemic prevented lies in the prompt and decisive action of the mayor in closing all the saloons immediately after the fire started. Three weeks later they were still closed and he was asked when he was going to allow them to reopen. His reply was: "Saloons will remain closed indefinitely in San Francisco. Peace and quiet have prevailed since all traffic in liquor was stopped and no saloon will be permitted to open until such time as there is no likelihood of complaint. I may say that the proprietors themselves are not complaining. It is certain that nothing will be done in the liquor matter inside of sixty or ninety days and possibly longer."

This action of the mayor is not nearly as extraordinary as the compliance of the people, including the saloon-keepers themselves, with this state of things. But the sense of universal brotherhood and the common gratitude for dangers escaped seems to have softened all hearts and quickened the altruistic

DYNAMITE *VERSUS* FIRE

To save the Post-Office from the flames, the Odd Fellows Hall was blown to ruins. The cloud in this picture is the result of the explosion. The fire was finally stayed by blowing down eight or nine blocks of buildings before the flames reached them.

instincts. "Isn't this great universal brotherhood fine on this beautiful Sunday morning?" remarked a physician making his rounds. "Isn't it great to be able to say to a man, 'Do you want a collar? Do you want car fare?' And to have him take it just as if he were your brother, and he had a right to take it? My clean collars—thereby hang many tales when I have time to tell them!"

A special correspondent of *The Times* (New York) describes the open-air religious service in the refugees camp on Adams Point, the second Sunday after the disaster:

"Few open-air temples could be more beautiful. It is a natural park full of splendid oak trees, the green lawn sloping down to lovely Lake Merritt, picturesque against a magnificent background of hills.

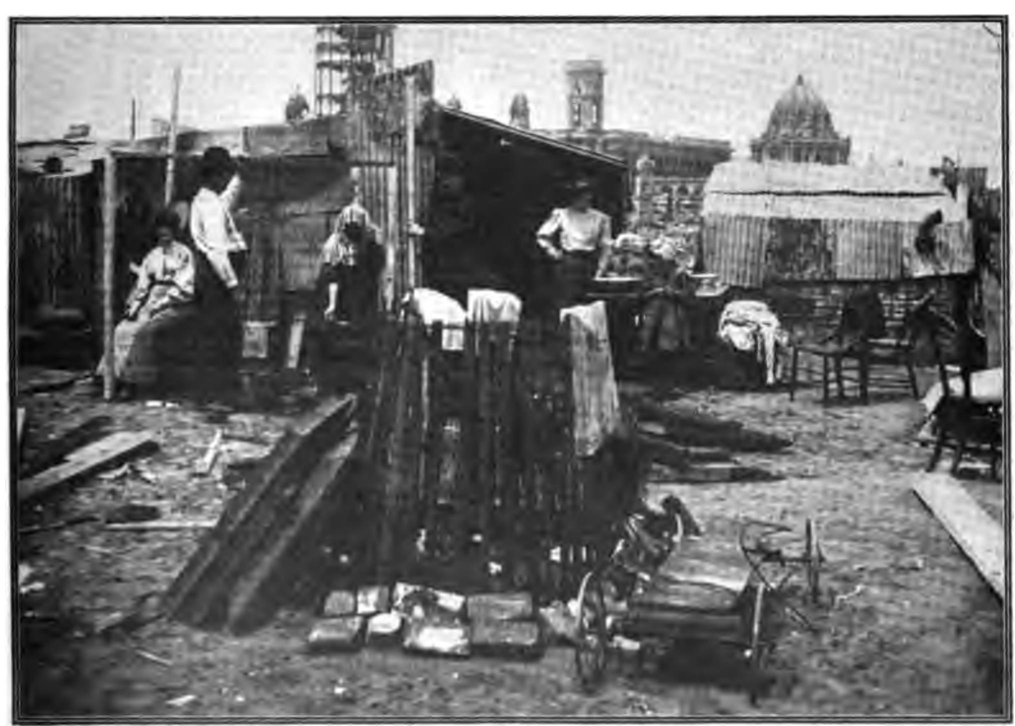
"Thousands were assembled for the service, and no one who heard it will ever forget it. A piano had been brought out on a wagon, and in it sat a woman to play the accompaniments. There was nothing incongruous in the scene. The addresses told of the courage necessary to go on—and they were full of comfort in their own way.

"But that was not what you felt. Each individual soul spoke for itself. All our life have we heard prayers in the churches, but we realized how terrible a thing it is when from the depths men pray. Not the prayers they may say in words, but the prayers written in their faces. The majesty of a great sanctuary in the hills was about us, as thousands of voices sang reverently in a hymn which was a great Psalm:

"'Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on.'

"Softly the benediction was pronounced over bowed heads. Each heart knoweth its own bitterness. Only God may know the unspoken prayer in the heart of each of these homeless ones. In silence we took our homeward way."

IF THE disaster in San Francisco has revealed unsuspected depths of heroism, it has also revealed unsuspected depths of depravity as well. One of these latter revelations was made in the Chinatown district. It appears now that there were two Chinatowns, one above the ground, another below. A large number of subterranean passages have been laid bare, running from house to house, with deep, dark and mysterious dungeon-like wells. Speaking of this, a writer says: "The existence of these lairs had long been suspected, and stories of the terrible crimes committed in



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BACK TO THE SIMPLE LIFE

"Our ovens are made of the bricks that toppled down from our chimneys. They are laid roughly upon each other, and we unhandy folk burn our fingers and scald ourselves in our efforts to cook."

EVERY LITTLE HELPS
—Naughton in Duluth *Evening Herald.*

them have been current, but it took the removal of the buildings to show the existence of a second Chinatown under the first. The one to some degree in view was bad enough, but what went on among the prisoners and jailers of the subterranean city probably passes the Occidental imagination." Another revelation which the earthquake, it is claimed, has made, is that of "graft" on the part of the political machine which has for years ruled the city. This particular machine "happens to be a Republican machine," says the correspondent of the Boston *Transcript,* itself a Republican paper. He says further:

GRIT ·
—Maybell in Brooklyn *Eagle.*

"Few if any among cities have been more openly and frankly surrendered to political loot than has San Francisco in the recent years of her history. By way of illustration there is the fate which befell her municipal buildings in the earthquake. Compared with the experience of the Federal public buildings, the city structures point a mighty moral. In all the devastated district there is no more conspicuous ruin than that of the City Hall, whose history is a serial story of shameless and unpardonable graft. The original estimates for this building contemplated an expenditure of $1,000,800. When that sum was disposed of the structure had hardly risen above the basement. Before it was completed it had cost approximately $8,000,000. No one in this region pretends to deny that it stood as a monument to the audacity of the looters. When the shock of the earthquake came it crumbled like a playhouse of pasteboard. The ensuing fire did no more than to put an appropriate smudge of black over the wreckage. Other municipal buildings fared not much better; everyone bears the stamp of an unmistakable dishonesty. The Federal buildings are practically intact, though they bore an equal if not a greater trial."

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FIRST RED CROSS HOSPITAL

"In the church near us three little children were born last night. In the camp a few blocks away eighteen were born. Children are born behind screens on street corners, and later the poor mothers are taken to the nearest improvised hospital."

RESUMPTION of business may be said to have begun on May 1, when the banks opened again. They had no buildings, but all the cashiers were stationed at the mint to receive customers. Each depositor was limited to a withdrawal at first of $500, giving a promissory note, which was indorsed by the cashier, and presented at the mint. By that date, too, the water-supply had been restored in fairly good quantity, 800 out of 1,100 arc lamps had been relighted in the streets, and the street-cars were running on many of the avenues. All over the business section little shacks of wood, tar-paper and corrugated iron were going up as substitutes for office buildings and department stores. With the beginning of business, the spirit of gain began to make itself again felt. Exorbitant rents were asked for these little shacks. For an ugly frame

building that escaped destruction and which has been bringing in rentals of $150 a month the owner now asks $5,000 a month. A kitchen in a two-story shanty has been rented for $100 a month. In Oakland, by May 7, the hotels were asking five dollars a day for a cot in a hallway. Speculation in real estate had begun and prices were being predicted higher than before the fire.

THE question of the rebuilding of San Francisco seems to be no longer a question. The Crocker Brothers, who estimate their losses at $7,500,000, say: "It is preposterous to suggest the abandonment of the city. It is the natural metropolis of the Pacific Coast. God made it so. D. O. Mills, the Spreckels family, everybody we know, have determined to rebuild and to invest more than ever before. Certainly we do." On May 7, a contract was

DOESN'T SEEM TO KNOW THAT SHE IS MISERABLE

She is camping out on the ruins of her home and doesn't have to worry about dusting the bric-a-brac.

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FIRST SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE PRESIDIO CAMP

"Each individual soul spoke for itself. All our life have we heard prayers in the churches, but we realized how terrible a thing it is when from the depths men pray. Not the prayers they may say words, but the prayers written in their faces."

signed by George H. Toy for an eleven-story building of steel and stone, and a few days later a contract was announced by Wm. R. Hearst for a new skyscraper for his newspaper *The Examiner*. On May 11, a meeting was held by two hundred owners of business sites, and twenty-five of them stated that architects were already at work for them on plans for better buildings than they had had before the fire. A nine-story steel structure was then already under way at the corner of Sutter and Kearney Streets, the cost of which is to be $200,000. It was announced in Pittsburg, on the same day, that the Westinghouse Company had shipped thirty-five car-loads of electrical machinery to California, and that thirty more car-loads would leave in a week. The capital immediately available for the San Francisco banks, for the re-establishment of business, was figured out as nearly $50,000,000 on May 12, the New York banks having transferred $36,635,000 to that city in the preceding three weeks, and over seven millions of dollars having been in the hands of the San Francisco banks at the time of the fire. Various plans

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THE LUXURY OF PAPER-COVERED HOUSES

"There are no cooks—the Chinese servants have fled the city, and one may see delicately nurtured women cooking for their crying children in the middle of the street."

for the financing of the new building operations are under consideration by E. H. Harriman, Senator Newlands, ex-Mayor Phelan and others. Says Mr. Harriman: "It will take three years to rebuild the city. Such work can not be done hysterically; nothing can be accomplished that way. It is necessary to proceed according to well-formed plans." What these plans are to be, and whether Mr. Burnham's ideas are to be followed out, the whole country will be interested in knowing.

NO EARTHQUAKE could expend such varied energy in the destruction of San Francisco as her citizens now display in the reconstruction of their city. To this effect the journals of all Europe are unanimous and it constitutes, perhaps, the one point upon which the dailies of London and the dailies of Berlin are of the same opinion. Not all, naturally, have had the self-restraint in the course of their comment to ignore the phenix rising from her ashes or the burning of Rome when Nero reigned. The London *Guardian* congratulates mankind that the disaster occurred in San Francisco instead of on the site of any city of equal size in Europe. A cultivated being, it explains, is necessarily less horrified by the catastrophe to the Queen of the Pacific than he would be by a like misfortune in an Old World community. This fact, we are assured, is attributable to the inferiority of the American people in an esthetic and historical sense, and the whole affair, accordingly, has an element of comfort to the British organ. "You may rebuild San Francisco," it avers, "but you cannot make an Appian Way or a Square of St. Mark, a Notre Dame or a Westminster Abbey." Mere enterprise does not erect such memorials of antiquity. History evolves them. "A great earthquake," to quote further, "which dealt with a historic city as San Francisco has just been dealt with would arouse very different emotions—every intelligent person who read of it would realize that the world had suffered a moral and intellectual loss such as cannot possibly accrue from the destruction of a brand new commercial capital." Wherefore the London organ congratulates the esthetically superior portion of mankind upon the discrimination of the terrestrial crust in its manifestations of seismic energy.

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TWENTY-FIVE CAR-LOADS OF POTATOES

"What pride we take in our great Government! For the sun has set on scores of thousands of homeless people, and not one of them is hungry."

EUROPEAN fire insurance companies either lack all faculty for this kind of speculation or they are not sufficiently coheirs of the ages to subordinate financial considerations to the historical sense. Sir William Bousfield, of the Union Assurance Society of London, goes so far as to say that the directors of that corporation are much to be sympathized with in connection with such a dire calamity at the end of a successful year in California. A company like the Union, he adds, may have its whole position materially changed by the San Francisco calamity. By common consent, the Baltimore fire, two years ago, which cost British companies about $10,000,000, will prove a trifle compared with the losses in California which they must face very soon. The liabilities of London companies in San Francisco are put by the London *Telegraph* at not less than $100,000,000. This leaves out of consideration other claims which may be advanced from elsewhere than San Francisco. But it does not follow that $100,000,000, or anything like that sum, will have to be paid. It is said in the London *Times* that there must be many structures in the city destroyed by earthquake only. There can be no liability in such cases, although policy must dictate a certain liberality in interpreting insurance restrictions. Given, however, a clause exempting a company from fires attributable to earthquake, what right, it is asked in some London insurance organs, have the companies to pay a single penny? "It is all very well to be liberal," asserts one high insurance official in England, "but you cannot be liberal with other people's money. Fire insurance corporations must not make presents even if their motive in doing so be to obtain future business." It is deemed a possibility that a shareholder in London might obtain an injunction restraining payments of

THE SPIRIT OF FORTY-NINE

"The man who had a burned store and his debts as the result of a life-work showed the same stoicism as the whole people: the stoicism of the men who fought the Indians and thirst along the old overland trail as they made their way to that garden spot of America which they love with an affection unknown in the older communities."

losses not called for by the terms of a policy. Innumerable policies contained an earthquake restriction. There are also various German, French and Austrian fire insurance companies yet to make known their final attitude.

A PROFOUND subtlety is discerned by the *Avenire d'Italia* in Victor Emmanuel's remark that circumstances impart peculiar appropriateness to his own personal expressions of sympathy with San Francisco. Emperor William wounded Italian sensibilities to the quick, say Roman organs, by refraining from any personal expression to Victor Emmanuel of the sympathy he should have felt with the Vesuvian sufferers. How conspicuous, insinuate a few foreign dailies now, is the alleged absence of any condolence from the Hohenzollern to our President upon the direst calamity in American annals! Fond as he has always been of cabling to Mr. Roosevelt, William II imposed restraints upon this propensity when San Francisco lay in ruins. Telegrams there are from the French President, the British King and potentates a-plenty; but from the German Emperor President Roosevelt received no line directly—at least no personal communication between the pair on the subject of San Francisco has seen the light of day abroad. William II seems merely to have instructed his Washington ambassador to communicate to the American Government a formal expression of the imperial sympathy. A like course was adopted in the case of the Vesuvian disasters. The European explanation is that Italy had incurred William's displeasure by her proceedings at the Morocco conference. It is now surmised in foreign capitals that the successor of Frederick the Great must have been displeased likewise with Rooseveltian policies at Algeciras. Berlin newspapers remark that Italy, owing to her diplomacy, had no right to expect condolences on the Vesuvian disaster from Germany. These very Berlin organs manifest a tendency to resent President Roosevelt's rejection of foreign aid for San Francisco. Yet Paris dailies and London dailies expatiate upon the lofty plane of sturdiness and self-reliant independence of which the presidential attitude is eloquent. Berlin retorts by complaining of a moral Monroe doctrine set up in an insulting hurry. London would like to know if the earthquake has not, through the irony of circumstance, become involved in world politics. Paris finds a counterpart to the mysterious relation suspected between Vesuvian disturbances and San Francisco quakings in the unfathomable coincidence of the cablegram not sent by Emperor William and the foreign aid not accepted by President Roosevelt.

* * *

GRADUALLY the policy of the present administration has developed until it has reached the full proportions of a general war upon those forms of industrial combination loosely termed trusts. It is no longer a skirmish that we are witnessing, nor a single engagement; it is a widesrpead war, a campaign; or, better, perhaps, a crusade, as its purpose is reformation rather than annihilation. A reference to some of the engagements of the last few weeks indicates the extent and importance of what is now occurring in the country. The prosecu-

tion of the "meat-packers' trust," with its futile ending, was followed, as told in these pages last month, by the President's sensational message with its critical references to Judge Humphrey and its request for legislation to enable the administration to overcome the difficulty arising from the latter's ruling in regard to "immunity baths." The prosecution of three other corporate bodies, the "tobacco trust," the "paper trust" and the "sugar trust," resulted, as already noted by us, in a decision of the Supreme Court to the effect that a corporation cannot claim the privilege granted by the law to an individual, of refusing to furnish testimony that is incriminating. This decision has greatly facilitated the work the President has undertaken. The first direct result is the surrender and the expected dissolution of the "paper trust," a fact of such tremendous import that the New York *Herald's* Washington correspondent chronicles it as follows:

"What is regarded here as the beginning of the end of industrial combinations in the United States occurred to-day in St. Paul, Minn., when the Northwestern Paper Trust surrendered in its defense against governmental proceedings and its dissolution was ordered. It would be difficult to exaggerate the far reaching importance of this action. No one here doubts that this is only the forerunner of dozens of similar dissolutions of trusts and combinations alleged to be restraint of interstate commerce."

ANOTHER important move by the administration has been the selection of Charles E. Hughes (who conducted the insurance investigations) and Alexander Simpson, Jr., of Philadelphia, by the Attorney-General, to conduct an investigation into the relation of the coal-carrying railroads and the coal-mining industry, a similar investigation having also been instituted by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Some sensational revelations have already been made. A fourth battle of the same sort has been begun in the indictment, by a Federal grand jury, of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company, the American Sugar Refining Company and the New York Sugar Refining Company (that is to say, the "sugar trust"), the railroad for giving and the trust for receiving rebates. Another proceeding has been instituted by the Attorney-General in a petition before the Circuit Court in Indiana for an injunction against three associations commonly known as the "drug trust," on the basis of evidence elicited recently in a suit before Judge Holland, in the Circuit Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. In addition to all these actions, indictments have also been secured against the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, the Great Northern, the Mutual Transit Company, and others, together with a number of shippers over those roads, for rebating, and in the case of two of the Burlington railroad officials, convictions have been secured and fines of $10,000 each imposed. But the real battle royal against trusts was apparently begun when on May 4 the President sent a special message to Congress transmitting a report by Commissioner Garfield, of the Bureau of Corporations, accusing the Standard Oil Company, that has been called the parent of all the trusts, of securing illegal rebates from railroads in nearly all sections of the country.

THIS long series of momentous movements coming to public notice within the last few weeks has furnished the uppermost topic in the press of the country, next to the San Francisco disaster. Referring to the President's activity on these lines, one of the conservative, non-political journals of New York City, *The Journal of Commerce,* pays him this strong tribute:

"However mistaken his methods may occasionally be, he has performed an inestimable service, one that will be permanently recorded to his credit and may start a new epoch in the career of this republic, in stirring up the sentiment and the conscience of the country in regard to some widespread and deeply-rooted wrongs, which were more of a menace to our institutions than most people realize. If he succeeds even in starting a remedy which shall work out a correction of the wrongs and restore to health the disordered body politic, he will be entitled to the gratitude not only of this generation but of all those that are to come. . . . He has the faults that go with his character and temperament, but they are blemishes which are insignificant compared with the qualities that are essential to success in such efforts as he is called upon to put forth. He has attacked the great trusts, the combination of powerful railroads and the alliance between the two, with a determination and a force that have made the country realize what a dangerous empire of unscrupulous greed was being reared over the foundations of a free republic, and have brought the people to his support."

And the President's warfare against the trusts, according to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat,* is only beginning.

NO PARTY lines are discernible in the almost unanimous approval given by the press to the general course of the administration in these matters. That unanimity of approval does not extend, of course, to the President's position on the rate bill, nor to his criticism of Judge Humphrey, which has been

sharply censured by many papers upholding his course in other respects. The appointment of Charles E. Hughes to conduct the "coal trust" investigation is spoken of with special enthusiasm. "One such official act," says the Democratic *World* (New York), is worth a thousand speeches about the square deal and lasting righteousness." The commission given to Messrs. Hughes and Simpson is a sweeping one. They are to "take under consideration all the facts now known, or which can be ascertained, relating to the transportation and sale of coal in interstate commerce, to advise what, if any, legal proceedings should be begun, and to conduct, under the direction of the Attorney-General, such suits or prosecutions, if any, as may be warranted by the evidence in hand and forthcoming. The Pennsylvania papers are especially interested. Says the Philadelphia *Ledger*:

"The case of the combinations between the railways and the fuel-producing corporations has been a peculiarly flagrant one, and the opportunity is now presented for the first time for a searching review of the whole evil. . . . . If the Department of Justice, with the assistance of Messrs. Hughes and Simpson, shall make material progress in this direction, it will rid the country of one of the most insidious menaces to its industrial and commercial well-being. It is this possibility of public service which gives this step of the Federal Government its great importance."

MORE striking, because more unexpected, is the practical unanimity with which the conservative and radical press alike have commented upon the message of the President concerning the Standard Oil Company. Many of the more important papers speak of it as "epoch-making." The Baltimore *Sun* thinks he might be more specific in discussing remedies, and the New York *Times* takes issue with the President's apparent purpose in the message to influence the passage of the railway rate bill, to which it has all along been strongly opposed. But even *The Times* says of the message as a whole and the report that accompanies it:

"There is scarcely room for doubt that the Commissioner has the facts and evidence to support his charges. Assuming that his proofs are adequate, the country will demand that justice and the law shall have their due. We see no reason why the secret rebate should not be crushed out now for all time. It is a device of the business coward and assassin, it is dishonest and detestable. The country hates it, and among those who have openly condemned it were hypocrites who were all the time secretly giving or receiving it. . . . If the railroad managers of the country, the men of the Standard Oil Company and of other corporations and concerns that have profited by this criminal trickery, have not yet had their eyes opened to the fact that the prevailing spirit of discontent and the growing Socialistic agitation in the country are largely due to them and their contemptuous violation of the laws of the land, it is high time that a revealing light were let in upon their minds through the discourse of Judges pronouncing sentence in courts of law."

THE investigation made into the affairs of the Standard Oil Company was ordered by a resolution of the House of Representatives passed February 15, 1905. The resolution referred to the Kansas oil field alone, but Commissioner Garfield extended the scope of the inquiry to cover the whole country. "The report shows," says the President, "that the Standard Oil Company has benefited enormously up almost to the present moment by secret rates, many of these secret rates being clearly unlawful." These rebates, he says, amount to at least $750,000 a year, and enable it to derive a much larger profit at the expense of the public. Shortly after the discovery of the secret rates most of them were promptly corrected by the railroads—an acknowledgment, the President thinks, that the rates were wrong and known to be wrong. The Department of Justice, says the President, will take up the question of instituting prosecutions in at least some of these cases. In addition to the advantage secured by means of secret rates, contrary to the law on the statute books, the Standard Oil Company has also received "overwhelming advantage" from open rates, which the present law probably does not reach. In New England the refusal of several roads to prorate—that is, to join in through rates—has "virtually kept independent refiners from using all-rail routes," giving a great advantage to the Standard with its part water route, a fact that furnishes to the President's mind a strong argument for the passage of the rate bill. Commissioner Garfield, in explaining the general results of his investigation, says:

"Different methods are used in different places and under different conditions, but the net result is that from Maine to California the general arrangement of open rates on petroleum oil is such as to give the Standard an unreasonable advantage over its competitors. The conclusion is unavoidable that the Standard oil company has had an important voice in the construction of such rates, and this conclusion is supported by specific evidence developed by the investigation."

IN A reply made for the Standard Oil Company by Mr. H. H. Rogers and Mr. John D. Archbold, they say, in part:

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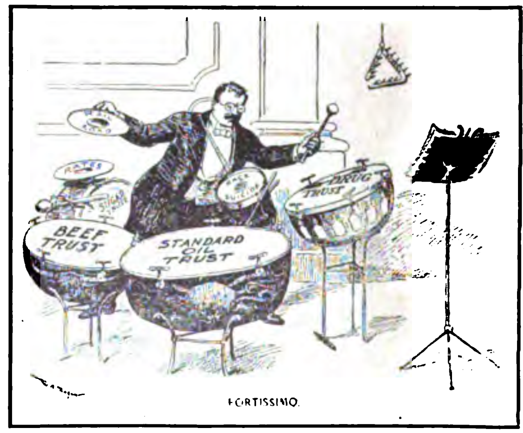
THE DISTINGUISHED SON OF A DISTINGUISHED FATHER

Commissioner Garfield's report on the Standard Oil Company is to be made the basis for prosecutions by the Attorney-General.

"One does not care to bandy words with the President of the United States. It is not easy to differentiate between Mr. Roosevelt the President, and Mr. Roosevelt the individual. He has given us of his advice most generously upon every subject from the size of our families to the mistakes of the federal judges, and some error is inevitable now and then to the most conservative man under such circumstances. We say flatly that any assertion that the Standard Oil Company has been or is now knowingly engaged in practices which are unlawful is alike untruthful and unjust."

Very many of the commissioner's criticisms, they assert, will be answered by bearing in mind that the Standard refineries are located at centers of distribution, while the independent refineries are usually in the crude-oil fields. The refusal of the New England roads to prorate, they also assert, has not affected the price of kerosene or the Standard's control of the market; and if the refusal of the roads to prorate is in violation of the proprieties, "clearly they and not the Standard Oil Company should be made the object of attack." The reply of Messrs. Rogers and Archbold has not, however, had any appreciable effect upon the tone of the press comment. The President has made no move, according to the Pittsburg *Dispatch,* "that hit the mark more notably nor at such an effective moment." The Connecticut *Courant* says that "Theodore Roosevelt has smitten with a resounding whack of challenge the biggest golden shield in the world as fearlessly as Wilfred of Ivanhoe tapped the shield of the Templar," and the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* sees special significance in the fact that a short time after the reading of the message in the Senate that body adopted by a unanimous vote Senator Lodge's amendment to the rate bill, making pipe lines for the transportation of oil common carriers subject to the regulations of the interstate commerce act. As for the lower house, it broke out into a storm of applause when the message was read.

ONE champion the Standard Oil has, however, found in Chancellor James R. Day, of Syracuse University, the only man, we believe, who was ever elected a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church and then declined the honor. The chancellor accuses the President of "anarchism," asserting that "the President of the United States has positively no right, constitutionally or morally, to attack corporate business, or private business." Dr. Day's comment has, however, been treated with scant courtesy. A journal so far removed from "anarchism" as the New York *Evening Post* and so little disposed to accept the President's views on many questions, says curtly: "It is a singular coincidence that John D. Archbold, vice-president of the Standard Oil Company, has given much money to Syracuse University, and is now president of the board of trustees. Under such circumstances, the head of a college who springs to the defence



FORTISSIMO

—W. A. Rogers in N. Y. *Herald*.

of his dearest contributors accomplishes little, either for his college or the contributors."

ONE feature of the President's message to which Dr. Day especially objects is the reference to a measure that has been before Congress in one form or other for sixteen or seventeen years, and which this year has excited widespead interest and general approval. It is the bill removing the tax from denatured alcohol used in the arts and manufactures. The President's reference to this bill is as follows:

"The Standard oil company has, largely by unfair or unlawful methods, crushed out home competition. It is highly desirable that an element of competition should be introduced by the passage of some such law as that which has already passed the House, putting alcohol used in the arts and manufactures upon the free list."

This bill, which passed the lower house several weeks ago with but seven votes in opposition, was referred, upon its arrival in the Senate, to the Finance Committee, of which Senator Aldrich is chairman. The Senator, as is well known, is the father-in-law of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and stands in popular estimation as the leading representative of corporate interests in general in the Senate. This reference of the bill to his committee and the indications of the Senator's intention to delay action upon it until after a prolonged hearing that would be pretty sure to throw it over until the next session has intensified the feeling toward the Standard Oil Company and given special point to the President's reference above. The statement made by that com-

TRIMMING HIS WINGS
—Maybell in Brooklyn *Eagle*.

RECENT SNAP-SHOT OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

If the charges made by Commissioner Garfield are sustained by the courts, the Standard Oil officials have rendered themselves liable to penalty as violators of Federal law.

pany's officials that "as to the subject of free alcohol we have no concern whatever" is taken in a Pickwickian sense. In making such a statement, says the conservative Boston *Transscript,* "they tax public credulity to the snapping point." It adds:

"Free denatured alcohol can be employed for light, fuel and heat, and we have excellent scientific authority for believing that it is more effective in any or all of these functions than the products of the Standard Oil Company. That they are afraid of it is a fact clearly revealed by the attitude of those in the Senate recognized as the company's friends. Free alcohol is not drawn from wells and is not run to the refineries or tide water in pipe lines. It could not be cornered. It would defy monopoly, and it would prove the unconquerable rival of that vast monopoly already established. The emphasis placed upon this feature of the situation is one of the strongest points in the President's message."

AS LONG ago as 1889, the Finance Committee of a Republican Senate reported a tariff bill removing the tariff on alcohol used in the arts, and the Senate passed the bill. The arguments in favor of such action, says the New York *Tribune,* recalling that fact, are many times as strong to-day as they were seventeen years ago. The alcohol to be released from

THE HEAD OF "THE MEAT-PACKERS' TRUST"

The gentleman with his hand on the wheel is J. Ogden Armour, who has been defending his business in a series of well-written articles in *The Saturday Evening Post.*

tax must, according to the present bill, be "denatured" with some material "which destroys its character as a beverage and renders it unfit for liquid medicinal purposes." The present tax on alcohol is $2.08 a gallon. The cost of production is estimated as low as eight cents a gallon. It can be produced from corn, wheat, potatoes, beets, rice—anything containing starch or sugar. The Secretary of Agriculture, in a recent hearing on the bill before the Ways and Means Committee, said:

"The Northern States could readily depend upon the white potato as a source of heat and light, the Southern States upon the yam and the sweet potato, and the Western States upon the sugar beet. . . . The average amount of sugar and starch which goes to waste in the stalks of Indian corn annually would make 100 gallons of commercial alcohol per acre. When we consider that the number of acres in Indian corn is approximately 100,000,000, it is seen that the quantity of alcohol that is lost in the stalks is so large as to be almost beyond the grasp of our conception."

The subject appeals, as no mere political bill ever appeals, to the popular interest, for the promise is held out by the champions of the bill of something like a revolution in domestic life if the bill prevails. In an article on the use of alcohol in Germany, by C. J. Zintheo, of the Department of Agriculture, published in *The Gas Engine,* we find this:

"For lighting purposes, as alcohol gives a non-luminous flame, a chemical mantle is used similar to the Welsbach burner, which produces a very bright, intense and economical light, costing but one cent per burner, per hour, for 71-candle power. For the production of heat generally it is simply perfection, and nothing has yet been found to equal ethyl alcohol for this purpose, owing to the fact that it produces perfect and complete combustion.

"Alcohol made repugnant to the taste is being used as an incandescent light. Instead of being drunk, it is burned. It propels the farm motor, the automobile and the launch, and the simple fact of obtaining denaturalization permits each private citizen to light his farm or factory, to heat his home, do farm work, or transport himself. One of the neatest of the many new devices used in Germany is an alcohol flatiron with a small reservoir, which, being filled with alcohol and lit, heats the iron for the hour's work, at a cost of less than two cents. The cleanliness and economy of these figures to the housekeeper are obvious. For farm motors alcohol is a perfect fuel because of its complete combustion, the absence of its noxious odors, its uniform quality and its unlimited and universal sources. While it is true that the heat of combustion of alcohol is practically only half that of gasoline, yet twice as large percentage of heat can be converted into useful work as in gasoline, and hence point for point alcohol is as efficient as gasoline."

"We do not know a journal of prominence in this country," says the Boston *Transcript,* "that is not enthusiastically in favor of the measure, and all reflect the sentiment of their readers."

"THEY MAKE HIM SO NERVOUS"
—*Minneapolis Journal.*

THE closing days of the debate in the Senate on the rate-regulation bill—which was passed in that body on May 18 by a vote of 71 to 3—were marked by maneuvers for party advantage, personal recriminations, and discussion of minor details. When President Roosevelt accepted what is known as the Allison amendments, he healed a breach in the Republican ranks and insured the passage of the bill in a form approved by him; but he did this at the expense of being charged with bad faith by many Democratic Senators, who insist that he has surrendered on the main point to the enemies of rate regulation, and has betrayed the Democratic allies who have been fighting his battle for him. The Allison amendments pertained chiefly to the vexed question of court review, and provide that no preliminary injunction is to be granted without a hearing of both sides, that application for such injunction must be heard by three Circuit Court judges, and that a direct appeal from their decision is to be had to the Supreme Court only. This, Senator Bailey and Senator Tillman and Senator Rayner assert, is the "broad court review" against which the President was supposed to be contending, and they ostentatiously congratulated Senator Aldrich and the other conservative Senators on having captured the President and won their fight. The President, on the other hand, as well as Secretary Root and Secretary Taft, considers that the Allison amendment "does not in the slightest degree weaken or injure the Hepburn bill," but "merely expresses what the friends of the bill have always asserted was implied by the terms of the bill."

THE HEAD OF THE "SUGAR TRUST"

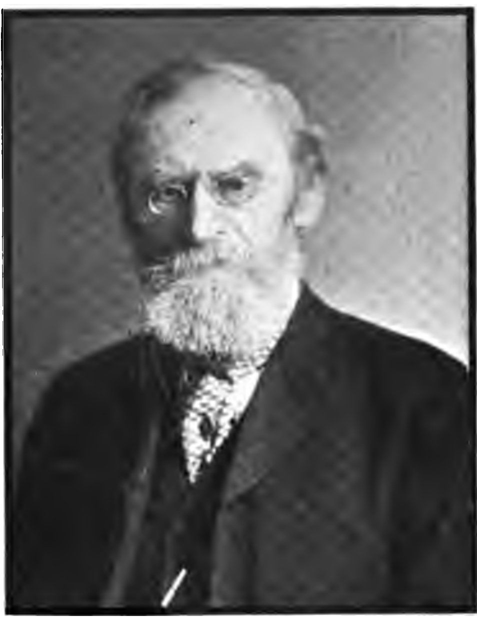
Henry O. Havemeyer has been president of the American Sugar Refining Co. (capital $75,000,000) ever since its organization. The company has just been indicted for accepting rebates.

PERHAPS HE IS RIGHT

Senator Tillman insists that the senate is not decaying.

—*Minneapolis Journal.*

AN unfortunate issue of veracity was raised in the course of the closing debate between ex-Senator Chandler and President Roosevelt. It transpires that the ex-Senator had been acting as a sort of intermediary between the President and the Democratic Senators who were favorable to the rate-review bill in its more stringent form. The understanding of these latter was that ex-Senator Chandler was acting in these negotiations as an emissary for the President. The President's understanding was that Mr. Chandler was acting as an emissary for the Democratic Senators. When the President, therefore, accepted the Allison amendments without notice to ex-Senator Chandler or the Democratic Senators, the latter resented it as an evidence of duplicity and bad faith, and a statement to this effect, written by the ex-Senator, was read by Senator Tillman on the floor of the Senate. It included, also, an assertion that the President had declared in



Photograph by Pach.

"EUROPE HAS GIVEN NO WORTHIER CITIZEN TO AMERICA"

The late Carl Schurz, of whom James Bryce spoke as above, was the first German-born American to take a seat in the Senate of the United States.

conversation that Senators Knox, Spooner, and Foraker were trying to injure or defeat the rate bill by ingenious constitutional arguments. This assertion of the ex-Senator's was stigmatized by Senator Lodge, on the authority of the President, as "a deliberate and unqualified falsehood." From a personal and partizan point of view, these incidents of the discussion have interest and importance; but neither the railroads, the shippers, nor the general public have any vital concern in them and the press has refused to consider them as affairs of very great magnitude at this time. "We do not think," says the New York *Times,* (Dem.), "the country will follow very keenly the difference that has arisen between Mr. Roosevelt and ex-Senator Chandler." But the results, other papers think, upon legislation desired by the President may be far-reaching.

* * *

FEW men have played more parts than Carl Schurz played in the seventy-seven years of his life, just ended. He was an active revolutionist in Germany in 1848, escaping from the fortress of Rastadt when it was captured by the enemy through a sewer to the Rhine, and thence to Switzerland. Later he returned in disguise to Berlin to carry out an adventurous scheme, which proved successful, for the liberation of his former professor, Kinkel, who had been imprisoned for life for his part in the revolution. In London and Paris young Schurz supported himself as music-teacher and newspaper correspondent, ending his career in the latter city by happily and romantically marrying the daughter of a Hamburg merchant. Coming to America a month later, in 1852, he became one of the early organizers of the Republican party, and in 1857 came within 107 votes of being elected lieutenant-governor of Wisconsin, although he had only just become a citizen. He became a lawyer, a lecturer, a party leader, being one of the committee that notified Abraham Lincoln of his nomination in 1860. He served for a few months as minister to Spain, returning to the United States to take part in the Civil War, on the Union side, receiving a commission as brigadier-general. After the war he became, in succession, Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune,* editor of the Detroit *Post,* editor of the *Westliche Post.* In 1869 he was elected a United States Senator by the Missouri legislature, being the first German-born citizen to serve in the Senate. He became Secretary of the Interior under President Hayes, giving a great impetus to the cause of civil service reform, a cause with which his name has always been very prominently identified. The romantic story of his life is being told in graphic detail in an autobiography that has been running as a serial in *McClure's* for six or eight months. He was the finest example of the idealist that Germany ever contributed to America, according to *The Evening Post* (New York), a paper of which he was for several years the editor. The New York *Mail* calls him another Cato the Censor, and says that he was a born "mugwump," whose gifts fitted him for opposition and criticism, but "quite unfitted him for constructive statesmanship."

* * *

UPON that Princess Ena of Battenberg whom June sees transmitted into Queen Victoria Eugenia of Spain, Madrid is now bestowing an adoration that reflects presumedly the state of his Catholic Majesty's heart. White duchess satin, embroidered with silver thread, openwork patterns of large rosettes and short sleeves terminating in frills of lace monopolize in the dailies of all Europe the columns so recently devoted to English discontent at

the abjuration of Protestantism by the object of the Spanish King's love. The wedding tries the patience of the nonconformists not less than that of the dressmakers. The young royal lady swore, in a very elegant hat, that she was very sorry she had been brought up a Protestant. "I now, by the help of God's grace," she declared in the palace chapel at San Sebastian, "profess that I believe the Holy Roman Catholic Apostolic Church to be the only and true church." Amid a chorus of censure from the sectarian evangelical weeklies of her uncle's realm and an outburst of admiration in the society organs, the princess, in white silk and a train embroidered in silver, accepted, on a gilt footstool, everything that has been defined and declared to be truth by the Council of Trent and by the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican, and accepted as well the primacy not only of honor but of jurisdiction of the Roman pontiff. This repudiation of the faith of which her royal uncle is the defender makes the princess the center of what the London *World* pronounces the fashionable event of the season.

THE PAIR WHO DECLINED TO WED BY PROXY

They are seated side by side in this group. The young lady is the Princess Ena of Battenberg. The youth is the present King of Spain. Standing in the center is the mother of the bride-to-be, formerly Princess Beatrice, favorite daughter of the late Queen Victoria. Following the ancient Spanish royal custom, Princess Ena was to marry Alfonso by proxy. But she objected to being made Queen of Spain by anyone but Alfonso.

IT WOULD be idle to pretend, confesses the London *Times*, that this is an act of which the religious sense of Edward VII's kingdom can wholly approve. Why should anyone be offended, asks the Madrid *Epoca*, at what does not offend the religious sense of Alfonso XIII's kingdom? "The instinct which leads to protest and dissatisfaction," adds the London *Times*, "is natural and ought to be respected." "How detestable the bigotry," observes the Madrid *Epoca*, "that impugns the sincerity of conversion." The London daily trusts that in the visits which the new Queen of Spain will often pay her native land, "the Roman Catholic aspects of her new dignity will be made as little prominent as possible," while the dynastic organ in Madrid anticipates a day when Spanish ecclesiastical dignitaries shall once more be welcomed in the capital of the great Protestant power. Only when the disputatious dailies approach the subject of sentiment can they agree upon any aspect of the marriage. They all tell us that it was based upon a lambent fire, so to speak, which, playing round this pair of hearts, has penetrated to the very cores or, more accurately, the valves, of the cardiac regions concerned. (See Madrid *Epoca*.) Alfonso's apocryphal passion for an inaccessible Bavarian princess, compared with the absorption of his soul in Ena, is as the unbudded cowslip to the rose in full bloom. (For details of Alfonso's love at first sight, see London *Public Opinion*.) Even thus Don Juan's previous attachment to another lady made him feel with greater intensity that heaven was where his last love happened to be—the idea, this, of a Spanish comic paper giving sarcastic form and expression to the emotional state of the entire Iberian peninsula. That peninsula, as reflected in its press, now floats in the ocean of Alfonso's love. There are bull fights everywhere.

HER Serene Highness, or, as she is henceforth to be, her Catholic Majesty, has already proceeded to Spain. The original plan was to have these nuptials celebrated at the home of the royal bride, which would have entailed, in accordance with ancient custom, a marriage by proxy. As it is, all the powers, including the United States, have despatched special embassies to Alfonso's capital to witness the substitution, as mistress of the royal palace at Madrid and as mistress of the Escurial, of a young English girl for a middle-aged Austrian woman. Of medium height, with melancholy countenance, a Hapsburg profile,

HEAD OF THE FRENCH MINISTERIAL GOVERNMENT

Jean Sarrien, now Premier in Paris, but soon, it is said, to retire, intends to apply the law separating church and state in all its vigor regardless of the physical resistance of clergy and congregations.

in aspect noble, in religion reverentially Catholic, Doña Maria Christina, the grand figure of the long regency, makes way for a tall, lively, fair girl, one year older than Alfonso himself, a girl graceful of figure, addicted to athletic sports and never melancholy for a moment. Automatically the distinction of commanding the Order of Maria Luisa passes, by this marriage, from the elder woman to her junior. Perhaps the most interesting features of the affair are the bestowal upon Alfonso's new consort of that crown studded with diamonds which was paid for by popular subscription throughout the peninsula and which this bride is to wear as Queen of Spain—mistress of the most ceremonial court in the world—and the public exhibition of the new sovereign's gowns and the whole of her underwear in the show-rooms of the most fashionable modiste in London. All the night-dresses—four dozen—we read in the London *Standard*, are adorned—in the case of a lady, says Gibbon, such details are important—with genuine lace, besides being composed of the finest cambric and high in the yoke. The petticoats are mostly of pale pink broché, with frills of mousseline de soie. There are a good many columns of this in British journals which view with scorn yellow journalism in America.

SEPARATION of church and state was sustained by the French voters in last month's national election; or, as Clémenceau puts it, despotism was not banished from heaven that it might establish its headquarters at Paris. The result is held by many newspapers abroad to prove again that French voters never go over to the enemies of any political combination that passes anticlerical measures. May Day agitations entailed the presence of soldiery in the streets of the capital, and striking miners forced the Minister of the Interior to cease his electioneering long enough to enforce measures of constraint that public order might be maintained. Toward the last the voting-urns seemed magnets for all the elements of discontent. Such things, Clémenceau now tells us, were the instrumentalities, if not indeed the devices, of reaction. But no senile coalition of all the impotents, he adds, with characteristic fierceness, could repel the force which republican France has released into a world made hideous with the hum of clericalism. There is an infinite amount of this sort of thing in that well-known vehicle of Clémenceau's opinions, the Paris *Aurore*. Everything he says is read avidly just now, for the reason that he is the one man to whom all the French ascribe the anticlerical triumph that has just been won. As for the nominal head of the anticlerical combination now in power, Premier Sarrien, he is understood to have already resigned himself to his own resignation. His anticlerical supporters will not support him. He was put in as a mere stop-gap, and is to be defeated by those who won his victory.

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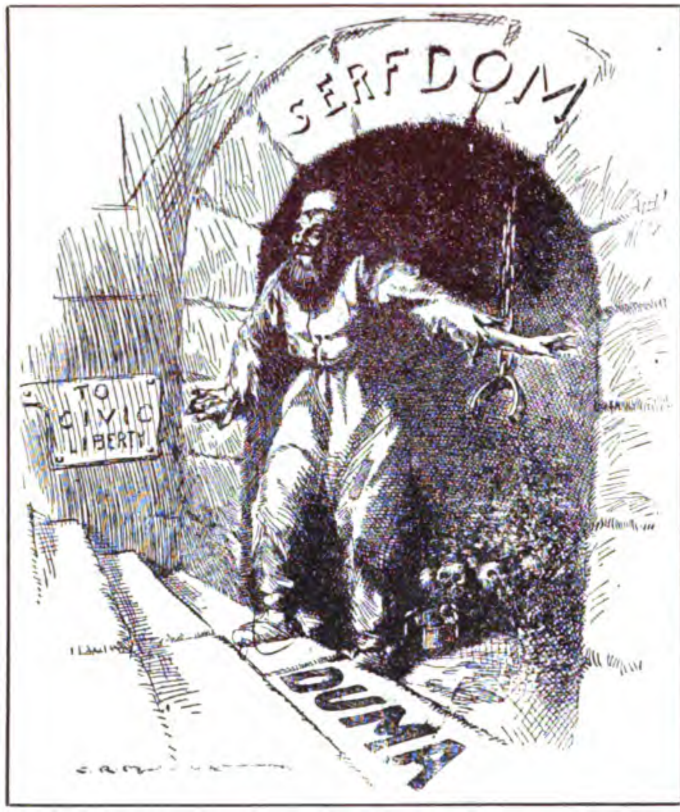
ON A certain midnight toward the end of April last, listless members of the House of Commons were rendered wide awake by the news that Mr. John Morley, speaking officially as a pillar of the British ministry, was hurling defiance at the whole bench of bishops. So tame a theme as education provided the Secretary of State for India with his unit of resistance. Scores of members of Parliament sat as rigid as wires while Mr. Morley, guest of honor at a great dinner, placed himself, without insincerity and without impertinence, as he phrased it, in the position of those who are now to raise a tremendous battle—Morley's own words—against the very ministry he adorns. "What is the principle they oppose?" cried that statesman, philosopher and literary oracle

excitedly. "The principle in the [new education] bill that those who provide the money shall control the expenditure of the money." Within an hour the fuse of the London political pinwheel had begun to sputter, and by the next morning every journalistic sky-rocket in England was blazing skyward. "It is obvious," comments the London *Morning Post*, in consternation at what it terms "the outcry," "that the fight which will rage around its [the education bill's] main provisions will be as fierce as any witnessed at Westminster in recent times." The progress of the measure through the Commons must, it concludes, consume most of the ten or twelve weeks that now remain of the session and an autumn session will almost certainly be required to afford the House of Lords time to achieve that rescue of the English people from "the curse of secularism" against which the bench of bishops is in insurrection.

FROM "Birrelligion" has been spawned the new educational hydra which England's priests, peers and prelates are now attacking, fearless of the superior weight of the nonconformist enemy in the House of Commons. Of Birrelligion we have many definitions and one obvious etymology. It is derived from the name of the president of the Board of Education in the Campbell-Bannerman ministry—the Right Honorable Augustine Birrell, K. C., incidentally famous on the American side of the Atlantic for certain jesting essays on themes literary. But Mr. Birrell's "Obiter Dicta" passed out of all English minds, when, some weeks ago, he brought in his education bill amid Roman Catholic hierarchical tumult, Anglican prelatical dismay and a sort of popular pandemonium. Birrelligion has since been the only political phenomenon of which Britain seems for the time being to be conscious. On the Saturday before the Monday that brought him this renown, the Right Honorable Augustine Birrell, K. C., sat in a London park framing the speech with which his education bill was introduced to the lawmakers of his native island—"a very beautiful park," he assured the House of Commons, "rich with the promise, I hope not the delusive promise, of early summer, a place simply swarming with children who all seemed animated by one desire, namely, to ascertain the time from me." The laughter that greeted this sally was loud, but the impertinence that prompted it was too characteristic, complains the London *Saturday Review*. It gives us, we are told, the measure of the man and of his bill, and reveals the lightness with which Mr. Birrell has made himself the instrument of "Nonconformist malice." He is pietistic, too, it is charged, and hypocritical. Line by line, word by word, concludes the Conservative organ, the Birrelligious bill must be fought. Then the House of Lords must deal with it. To this mood had the official opposition press come when Mr. Morley defied the bishops. He implied thereby a defiance of the House of Lords. The London *Spectator* foresees a fresh phase of the agitation for the extermination of the hereditary legislator in the land. If Great Britain escapes a constitutional crisis involving Lords and Commons before the fate of the education bill is decided, then the London *Spectator* is a false prophet.

NOT an instant was lost by the Archbishop of Canterbury in calling the Church of England to arms. Mr. Birrell, powerfully seconded by the support of Mr. Morley—which entails the support of the whole ministry—predicts, none the less, the passage of what has now become the bill of the session. This will mean that on and after January 1. 1908, a school in England shall not be recognized as a public elementary school unless it is provided by the local education authority. From and after the date named, no elementary school shall receive a penny of public money, unless it becomes a provided—or as we Americans would say, a public—school within the meaning of the education act. That is a revolutionary modification of the sectarian system established by Mr. Balfour's government four years ago. The Birrell measure would transform every sectarian school receiving public funds into a provided school within the meaning of the act. Consequently, the school thus transformed would impart the same kind of instruction in religion that is now given—when it is given at all—in the provided schools of England. But this religious instruction is to be subject to the condition that no catechism or formulary distinctive of any religious denomination shall be taught in school hours and to a conscience clause rescuing children from such moral instruction as their parents may oppose. The result would be what Mr. Birrell's opponents contemptuously call "School Board religion." This includes a form of prayer to be used both morning and afternoon in class, hymns for daily use and a syllabus of religious doc-



THE FIRST STEP
C. R. Macauley in N. Y. *World.*

electing to receive public money must become provided schools, knowing but one control henceforth, that of the local educational authority. ("Putting the Church," to quote our London commentator once more, "under the heel of the Nonconformists.") However, on two days a week in some schools surrendering to the principle of the bill by abandoning the denominational badge, special denominational teaching shall be given when stipulated for and demanded by parents. ("A concession," proceeds the opposition voice, "which is a studied insult." But this denominational instruction is not to be given by the teacher, nor can it be given in the hours allotted by the bill to secular instruction—nine in the morning to four in the afternoon on five days a week. ("Inflames old sores," expounds our oracle, "and adds others far more malignant in their nature. ") The debate is one that stirs all England and arouses many passionate utterances.

trine framed by representatives of several denominations.

OWNERS of schools now denominational are to remain their owners in the future. They will have the exclusive possession of the premises during the whole of Saturday and of Sunday. They will likewise have the use of them in the evenings of week days. ("Pretended good will," *The Saturday Review* terms this arrangement.) The maintenance of the buildings as well as the cost of their administration will be provided for out of the taxes. What becomes, asks Mr. Birrell, of the bishops' cry of confiscation? ("This is Stiggins's hour," replies the dissatisfied organ just referred to, "and Stiggins means to get his pound of flesh while he can.") Mr. Birrell pointed out to the House of Commons that the facilities afforded in his bill are confined to "non-provided"—that is, denominational—schools. ("A tasteful touch," our contemporary proceeds, "certain to tickle the Nonconformist palate.") All non-provided schools

STARTING with complete public control, carrying with it the appointment by the local educational authority of the teacher—to whom no creed of any denomination can be applied as a test—and with such a syllabus of religious instruction as the local educational authority adopts, the new and now fiercely fought and fiercely defended education bill embodies, to blend the words of Mr. Birrell with the words of Mr. Morley, the principle that where there is expenditure of public money there must public control be, also. But the whole bill embodies nonconformist religion, contend ecclesiastics of eminence. As a nonconformist born and bred, as a man nurtured in nonconformist history and nonconformist traditions, as one who thinks he may say he was born in the very nonconformist library of a nonconformist minister, Mr. Birrell protests against this misuse of the term "Nonconformist religion." And of all the vile phrases that have climbed to currency in England the vilest, to Mr. Birrell, is "the Nonconformist conscience." "It

must," he said in his great speech on the education bill, "have been the invention of an Erastian humorist." An Erastian, as those members of the Commons who had their ecclesiastical encyclopedias at hand must have noted with admiration, identifies to some extent the church with the state and is accused of denying self-government to the church altogether. The allusion inspired pungency from pulpits wherein Erastianism was viewed as the parent heresy of Birrelligion.

* * *

DISEMBARKING from his yacht at the steps of his winter palace in St. Petersburg barely a fortnight ago, the successor of Ivan the Terrible paraded with a brilliant suite between lines of cavalry to the gilded Hall of St. George and there addressed ambiguous phrases to that Duma which refuses to regard him any longer as the autocrat of all the Russias. Surrounded by the most exalted ecclesiastics of a church which recognizes him as its visible head on earth and with his attenuated figure framed in the gold canonicals and diamond-studded meters of the entire Holy Synod, Nicholas II told the shabby peasants and the impecunious professors in front of him that divine Providence had prompted his summons of them to co-operate in the framing of the empire's laws. He spoke of their arduous labors to come, of the needs of his beloved peasantry, of his own unalterable will and of the little son to whom he would bequeath a firmly established, well-ordered, enlightened state. Never was the nervousness for which this potentate is famous more visible to his applauding courtiers, whose obeisances and genuflections contrasted sharply with the stolidity of the listening Duma.

NICHOLAS II's original determination to honor with his presence only the opening ceremonies of the Council of the Empire seems to have been frustrated partly by his own indecisive temperament and partly by the inflexible pertinacity of two ladies. The Czar's wife and the Czar's mother were for once agreed upon a course for Nicholas to pursue, according to the prevailing gossip. These ladies went through the ceremonies in white silk trains and gold slippers, supporting ancient Russian head-dresses that certainly were high and probably were hot. Less than a week before his Majesty had affronted his mother by dropping Witte. Goremykin, the Russian

WITTE'S REACTIONARY SUCCESSOR

The real power, explains the well-informed correspondent of the London *Telegraph*, is not wielded by Ivan Goremykin, the new Prime Minister of Russia. As Witte's successor, it is understood that he will permit (or rather be forced to allow) General Trepoff to act as Russia's real ruler.

who despises Witte most, and that is saying much, succeeded him as Premier. A decade ago Witte drove Goremykin from power. Goremykin returned the compliment when Plehve became all powerful with the Czar. Witte scored again, and now it is Goremykin's turn once more. Goremykin has always been in touch with reactionary grand dukes and at odds with the faction that rallies around the Czar's mother.

LIKE all the older props of the Romanoff dynastic throne, Goremykin is well versed in the orthodox religion and he is said to have great reverence for the episcopal and monastic character. He is said to be so disdainful of the culture of Western Europe as to be unaware of the precise difference in days between the calendar in vogue throughout Russia and that prevailing in the rest of Europe. The amplitude of his estate is not readily reconciled by his critics with the stern regard he professes for the general welfare of the Muscovites and even the creed he accepts is alleged to be tainted with heresy. Considerations of this nature are understood in Europe to have been urged by the mother of Nicholas when she heard the first rumor of Goremykin's elevation. However this may be,

the Dowager Czarina was appeased by the appointment of that tried instrument of her policy, the Chevalier Isvolsky, to the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs. This experienced diplomatist has long represented his sovereign at the court of Denmark, where, it is said, he imbibed a distrust of Emperor William and a faith in Great Britain which must influence his attitude toward future Anglo-Russian relations. Isvolsky would undoubtedly have succeeded Witte himself had the wishes of the Czar's mother prevailed.

QUITTING the scene, the deputies of the Duma then proceeded to that hall in the Tauride Palace which has been set aside as the cradle of this latest born of parliaments. No caucus in Washington could have organized itself in more cut and dried fashion. By the election of Prof. Sergei Andreievich Mouromtseff as its president, the Duma is said to reveal that if it lacks the wisdom of age it possesses the docility of youth. President Mouromtseff is described as a lecturer rather than an orator, one whose mode of treating public questions is academic rather than practical. He has watched with loving interest the growth of liberal views in Russia, but his mind has been formed in the study and is supposed to be scarcely fitted for the collisions of party spirit. He thinks the Duma will grow a large crop of Robespierres and Dantons, for his mind is saturated with the history of the French Revolution and it is his theory that history repeats itself.

STRIFE soon became manifest in the Duma itself. The proletarian element dreads a reconstruction of autocracy along middle-class lines, while the liberal minds wish the evolution of a solid and substantial government based upon legality, solvency and the dominance of business considerations. The first clash occurred when the deputy who has been hailed as the Camille Desmoulins of Russia—somehow every conspicuous individual has a label borrowed from the French Revolution—Ivan Petrunkevitch, created an uproar by declaring that the first official word of the representatives of the Muscovite people should be the consecrated one of liberty. Deputy Petrunkevitch is but a type of dozens who, although without parliamentary experience, can construct the lofty harangue, overarch it with metaphor, render it dazzling with epithets and sparkling with jests. Of constructive work there is as yet not a trace. There is much to be heard regarding the ship of state, the holy cause of liberty and the will of the people. Men attend the sessions not yet for the purpose of getting through with the business of the day, but to echo the universal shout for freedom and the rights of man. Premier Goremykin, says rumor, has been personally commanded by Nicholas II to get rid of all these people as soon as practicable.

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THE ATHLETES WHO REPRESENTED THE UNITED STATES AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES

Americans in the Olympic Games at Athens were the winners of 79 points. No other nation won more than 36 points, which were scored by the British. Practically all the leading honors crossed to this side of the Atlantic, a Canadian winning the big event—the race from Marathon to Athens. "America's triumph," says the Philadelphia *Press*, "is natural, inevitable. To-day this is the great center of the athletic world." But the whole tone of the games was lowered, says the anti-American *Saturday Review*, by the participation of Americans in them!

Persons in the Foreground

"THE MOST STRIKING AND POSITIVE CHARACTER IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES"

"Uncle Joe," otherwise the Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, Speaker of the House of Representatives, has just been celebrating, with the aid of many of his congressional friends, the seventieth anniversary of his birth; yet the New York *Sun* dubs him the youngest man in Washington. It is the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* who characterizes him as in the title above, and he limns the character of the erstwhile "watchdog of the Treasury" in a way that goes far to justify the characterization. For Uncle Joe Cannon, despite the post of almost immeasurable influence which he now occupies—second in power, indeed, only to that of the President himself—has long been noted for his unconventionality, his humor, his bluntness, and his ability to disarm his fiercest political opponents of all personal enmity. He can do things that, done by most other men, would cause a furore, but which, done by him, arouse more amusement than anger.

Once recently so many Republican members of the House were absent from the floor refreshing themselves in the House restaurant that the Democrats suddenly discovered that they had a majority and they proceeded at once to make use of it. They called up a bill and proceeded to carry it to a vote as speedily as possible. The Speaker sent out a hurry call for Republican members and did all he could parliamentarily to delay the voting. In sheer desperation he was forced at last to order a third roll-call, in violation of all precedents. Up sprang a dozen or two of enraged Democrats, all shouting at once. "Why does the Chair call the roll a third time?" was their indignant demand as voiced by one of their number. "Uncle Joe" never hesitated. "The Chair will inform the gentleman," he replied; "the Chair is hoping that a few more Republicans will come in."

A storm of laughter shook the house, and the angriest of the Democrats sat down to chuckle.

The incident is narrated by C. W. Thompson, *The Times* correspondent, in his new book, "Party Leaders of the Time," from which we have already had occasion to quote rather freely for this department. The same writer thus describes Cannon in action, on the floor of the House, prior to his election as Speaker:

"The 'Uncle Joe' who for so many years was chairman of the Appropriations Committee, the official watchdog of the Treasury, was a sight worth seeing when a debate was on. His delivery was slashing, sledge-hammery, full of fire and fury. When he got thoroughly interested in his subject the fact was made known in an infallible way. On such occasions he would take off his coat and throw it on his desk. Provoked by opposition and getting warmed to his subject, his waist-coat would follow his coat; and if the occasion was of sufficient moment to warrant it, off would come collar and necktie.

"Thus stripped for action, 'Uncle Joe' would move up and down the aisles in long strides, waving his fists in the air and pouring forth a continual flood of sarcasm, invective and denunciation at a rate that taxed the stenographers. He would roll up his shirt-sleeves to give him greater freedom, and his bony fists would fly around in the heat of his wrath so that the ducking heads of congressmen, dodging to avoid a punch in the eye, marked his dashes up and down the aisles.

"If some unlucky opponent interrupted, Cannon would stride up and down the aisle, jerking his shirt-sleeved arms about in a fury of impatience. As the last word left the questioner's mouth a gigantic roar of 'Oh, Mr. Chairman,' would burst from Cannon as if his pent-up feelings had torn that torrent of sound from his bosom, and behind it would come such a flood of sarcasm, couched in homely language and mingled with soundest sense, that the interrupter wilted under a laugh that shook the house.

"And when it was over Cannon would go back to his place and put on his collar and necktie and waist-coat and coat, and retire to the Appropriations room.

"These speeches were seldom partisan ones; he was engrossed in his work of watching appropriations and defeating extravagance. He never hesitated to beard the House leaders, the august triumvirate of the machine, nor to defy the speaker himself."

Now, as Speaker, he cannot make speeches and he keeps his coat on. "He is the picture of dignity as he stands in the Speaker's place, and it is quaint, natural, unforced dignity; nothing put on about it." Out of the Speaker's chair, however, he is as unconventional as ever. Two days before he became Speaker a friend called on him in the room of the Committee on Appropriations, remarking: "Joe, I

AT THREESCORE YEARS AND TEN

Of Speaker Cannon, who has just celebrated his seventieth birthday, it is said: "He is the picture of dignity as he stands in the speaker's place, and it is quaint, natural, unforced dignity; nothing put on about it."

had it in mind to drop in on you and say good-by to Joe Cannon." "What do you mean?" was the response. "Well, I have known Joe Cannon many years and I thought I might never see him again, but would hereafter have to deal entirely with the Speaker." Cannon took the cigar from his mouth, pointed with it toward the Hall of Representatives, and said: "In there I'll be the Speaker; away from there you'll find that I'll be Joe Cannon."

That has been the case, and to that is due much of the power that he has maintained over his associates. Says Mr. Thompson, the correspondent, be it remembered, of a Democratic journal:

"The House loves and trusts him; he is the most popular man in all its membership. The Democrats are little less fond of him than the Republicans. He has not followed the Henderson policy of treating the minority like captives in a Roman triumph; he has treated them fairly and even generously.

"And the House admires him no less than it loves and trusts him. It will follow him to battle anywhere and for any cause, as it rose from its degradation and followed him solidly to battle with the Senate. It knows him as an uncommon man; a man of high ideals and firm convictions and definite purposes."

Speaker Cannon is a Southerner by birth, having been born in Guilford, N. C. But his whole public and professional career (he is a lawyer) has been identified with Illinois. He first went to Congress in 1873, and has been a member of the lower house ever since, with the exception of one term—a period of service of thirty-two years.

"Nobody ever associated 'Uncle Joe's' personality with old age," says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, "and they are not likely to do so in the near future." He is being prominently mentioned as a candidate for President to succeed Theodore Roosevelt, but he refuses to take such thought seriously. One cartoonist represents him as singeing the wings of the presidential bee with the lighted end of his ever-present cigar.

"THAT HUMAN RADIANCE WE CALL ELLEN TERRY"

"Why do you look so young?" The question was addressed to Mrs. C. Wardell, whom all the world knows as Ellen Terry, and who has just been celebrating the completion of her first half century on the stage. Her answer was: "I think it is because I am never long unhappy. I always try to be happy." This gift of buoyant jollity, in the judgment of Max Beerbohm, is one of the two gifts that have secured for her the peculiar place she holds in the affections of her audiences. The other of the two gifts is her sense of beauty. Nothing can obscure for us these two gifts, says Mr. Beerbohm in *The Saturday Review*. "Was ever a creature so sunny as she? Did ever any one radiate such kindness and good humor?" Another writer applies to her the happy phrase at the head of this article, and a third calls her "the most marvellous alchemist of our time," for she has discovered the secret of perpetual youth—a neat little compliment, by the way, that is becoming

ELLEN TERRY AS "FAIR ROSAMOND"

"Nothing can obscure for us," writes Max Beerbohm, "her sense of beauty and her buoyant jollity. It is this latter quality that explains the unique hold she has on the affections of the public. Was ever a creature so sunny as she? Did ever anyone radiate such kindness and good humor?"

ELLEN TERRY AND HER SON, GORDON CRAIG, IN "THE DEAD HEART"

Mr. Craig, in addition to being an actor, has made a European reputation as stage director.

just a trifle worn from frequent use upon various kinds of anniversary occasions.

These are but a few of the many tributes that Ellen Terry's golden jubilee has brought forth from all sides. The Queen of England sent her a jewel; distinguished men and women in many countries telegraphed their congratulations; and a "shilling fund" recently started in her benefit by a London newspaper has reached very considerable proportions. At the conclusion of a special performance of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," in which she participated, Beerbohm Tree, the leading English actor, recited a poem written for the occasion by Louis N. Parker, and presented to her a silver jewel-casket, the gift of the London Playgoers' Club.

Of all the literary tributes evoked by the occasion none is more interesting than that contributed by Bernard Shaw to the *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna). His article has a double timeliness, in view of the fact that Ellen Terry is now appearing in his "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," a play which, according to its author, "has been waiting for her for seven years." He writes, in the Austrian paper:

"Apart from her chosen profession, Ellen Terry is such a remarkable woman that it is very difficult to describe her unless one decides to give the history of her life instead of her public activity. The rôle which she played in the life of her times can only be properly estimated when (perhaps fifty years hence) her letters will be collected and published in twenty or thirty volumes. Then, I think, we shall discover that every celebrated man of the last quarter of the nineteenth century (that is if he had been a theatregoer) had been in love with Ellen Terry, and that many of these men had found in her friendship the best return which could be expected from a gifted, brilliant and beautiful woman, whose love had already been given elsewhere, and whose heart had withstood thousands of temptations. To me (for I am also one of her unsuccessful admirers) Ellen Terry's art is the least interesting thing about her. In contrast to Irving, to whom his art was everything and his life nothing, she has found life itself more interesting than art. And while she was associated with him in his long and brilliant management of the Lyceum Theatre she—the most modern of modern women—considered it a higher honor to be an economic exemplary housewife than to be a self-conscious woman whose highest aim was to play the female heroine in the old-fashioned plays in which Irving shone."

Fortunately there were among these old-fashioned plays a handful of Shakespeare's tragedies and comedies. "We saw Ellen Terry as Portia, as Juliet, as Imogene, as Ophelia," says Mr. Shaw, "but never as Rosalind in 'As You Like It,' which she would undoubtedly have played very successfully, if she had been as anxious about her own fame as to help Irving." He continues:

"There have, perhaps, never been two members of the same profession so dissimilar as Ellen Terry and Henry Irving. They both had wonderfully beautiful and interesting faces, but faces like Irving's the world has seen for centuries in the pictures of its priests, its statesmen, its princes and its saints, but a countenance such as Ellen's the world has never seen before. She has actually created her own beauty, for her pictures as a girl hardly show a single feature of the wonderful woman who, in 1875, appeared again and took London by storm after she had turned her back on the stage for seven years. That much-used word 'only' can be used literally in regard to Ellen Terry. If Shakespeare had met Irving on the street he would have recognized in him immediately a distinguished type of the family of artists; if he had met Ellen Terry he would have stared at her like at a new and irresistibly charming type of woman. Sargent's picture of her as Lady Macbeth will stand out among all the pictures of distinguished women as one who bears no resemblance to anybody else."

Continuing the comparison, Mr. Shaw says that Irving was "simple, reserved, and thoughtful," while Ellen Terry is "quick, restless, brilliant, and is free and easy in her manner

even toward the most bashful stranger." Moreover:

"Irving was not fond of writing letters. . . . Ellen Terry, on the other hand, is one of the greatest letter writers that ever lived. She can dash off her thoughts at lightning speed in a handwriting which is as characteristic and unforgetable as her countenance. If one finds a letter from her in the morning mail it is as if one saw the woman herself, and one opens this letter first and feels that it is the beginning of a happy day. Her few published writings give no idea of her real literary activities. Her letters are all too intimate, too personal, too characteristic to mean anything except to the one to whom they are addressed. And here we come to another point in which she differed from Irving. Irving was sentimental and sympathetic and, like most sentimental and sympathetic people, he was always thinking of his own interests. He never understood other people, and really never understood himself. Ellen Terry is not sentimental and not sympathetic, but she takes a lively interest in everybody and everything that is remarkable and attractive. She is intelligent, she understands, she is interested because she understands, and is kindly disposed, but she was more often excited than deeply moved, and has more often pitied and helped than loved. Although she was always ready to sacrifice her talent and her art, first to her home-duties, and later, after her return to the stage, to the Lyceum undertaking, still she never surrendered her inner self. If she gave up her art, she gave up with it only part of her being. Irving's art, on the other hand, was his whole self, and that was the reason why he sacificed himself to his art as he sacrificed everybody and everything else to it."

Mr. Shaw goes on to maintain that Irving not only wasted his own talents on antiquated and reactionary drama, but that he wasted Ellen Terry's talents also. To quote:

"If anyone had accused him of such a thing he would have called attention to such of his plays as 'The Lady of Lyons,' 'The Amber Heart,' Will's arrangement of 'Olivia' and 'Faust,' to his Shakespeare repertoire, and, finally, to 'Madame Sans-Gêne,' a bold concession to the ultra modern spirit, made really for Ellen Terry's sake. He would have said: Can anyone but a fool say that to excel in such masterpieces was to waste one's talents? What actress could wish for more? Was not Shakespeare the greatest dramatist of the past, the present, the future? Was not Goethe, although a foreigner, worth revising? Was not Tennyson the poet laureate? Ought obscure executive and immoral Norwegians and Germans like Ibsen and Hauptmann, and their English imitators to be played at the Lyceum Theatre just because literary cliques discussed them, and because Duse and Réjane played them, and because there were English actresses in such a deplorable condition that they were forced to play these new questionable heroines like Hedda Gabler and Nora Helmer in semi-private productions at the independent theatre and for the stage society?

"All this sounded reasonable, and the majority of English theatregoers still think it sounds reasonable. In other countries, Germany and Austria, for instance, her position will be better understood. She climbed to the highest summit it was possible to climb in the old drama, succeeding thereby in completely excluding herself from the modern drama."

ELLEN TERRY AS "MISTRESS PAGE"

Miss Terry's golden jubilee was celebrated by a special performance of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," in which Beerbohm Tree also took part.

Max Beerbohm takes the more generally accepted English view that Ellen Terry was wise in choosing Shakespearean rôles and has made an imperishable reputation in them. Comparing her with the ultra-modern Mrs. Patrick Campbell, he says:

"For my part, I am not sure that in sheer sense of beauty, and in power of creating beautiful effects on the stage, Miss Terry is greater than Mrs. Patrick Campbell. I think it would be hard to decide justly between these two. But it is certainly natural and inevitable that in England Miss Terry should be held to be unrivalled. For she is so very essentially English. Or, rather, she is just what we imagine to be essentially English. . . . Anyhow, I have no doubt that to the Italians, Signora Duse's sadness seems typically Italian, just as the sadness of Mrs. Campbell (who is partly Italian) seems typically un-English to the English, and just as Miss Ellen Terry's sunniness

seems to the English not less typically English. Exotic though this sunniness really is, there is in the actual art with which Miss Terry conveys it a quality that really is native. Hers is a loose, irregular, instinctive art, . . . and it is just because her art is so spontaneous, so irreducible to formulæ, that she has been and is matchless in Shakespeare's comedies. She has just the quality of exuberance that is right for those heroines. Without it not all her sense of beauty would have helped her to be the perfect Beatrice, the perfect Portia, that she is. In modern comedy that virtue becomes a defect. In 'Alice Sit by the Fire' her beautiful boisterousness wrought utter havoc; and so it will in 'Captain Brassbound' so soon as she is thoroughly at home in her part. She needs a Shakespeare to stand up to her."

Ellen Terry was married, at the early age of sixteen, to the famous painter, George Frederick Watts. The marriage proved unhappy and a separation ensued. In 1868 she married Charles Wardell, an actor whose stage name was Charles Kelly. Her son, Gordon Craig, has made a European reputation as a stage director.

A PROPHET OF THE COMING RACE

Very quietly, in the midst of all the Gorky excitement, there came to America, on a flying visit, the unique English writer who, according to Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, is one of our two living prophets, George Bernard Shaw being the other. And no less a critic than G. K. Chesterton couples the same two Britishers as geniuses who have shown that the very best plays and romances produced in England to-day are not "art for art's sake," but "by-products of propaganda."

H. G. Wells, says Mr. Masterman, has entered the profession of prophecy, like the shepherd of Tekoa, by unorthodox ways. Like Bernard Shaw, "he follows the New Testament in preferring the wicked to the mean"; but, unlike Shaw, he has a beautiful faith in youth. Always he appeals to the young men and women to enrol in the crusade for the New Republic. He "ransacks the springs of action, to drive down into fundamental things, to examine how, if at all, it is possible by breeding, by education, by social reconstruction, to hasten the arrival of the Coming Race." Moreover, Mr. Wells is that most remarkable of all things—a prophet who has not stopped growing. "One can lie awake at night and hear him grow," says the delighted Mr. Chesterton.

This powerful and truly imaginative writer is physically rather frail, and only forty years old. He is the least insular of Englishmen, indeed quite world-wide in his interests and sympathies; but he still resides in Kent, the county of his birth. On his card is printed "Spade House, Sandgate." His father was a professional cricketer, and when a lad H. G. Wells was apprenticed to a shop-keeper; but his studies and ambition soon led him to the Royal College of Science, London, where he proved a brilliant pupil, winning later the degree of bachelor of science at the University of London, with special honors in zoology and geology. All this time he was learning how to write. "I am convinced," he is reported as saying, "that a scientific education is the best possible training for literary work. Criticism is the essence of science, and the critical habit of mind is essential to artistic performance. If I have a critical faculty, it was developed the year I had comparative anatomy. As Huxley taught it, comparative anatomy was really elaborate criticism of form, and literary criticism is little more."

Ill-health obliged Wells to give up the teaching of biology and turn to literature as a profession. Beginning with the brief essay and short story, he developed that fascinating form of fiction the "scientific romance," in such stories as "The Time Machine" and "The War of the Worlds," which made him famous as a writer. The remarkably long list of his published works includes no less than eight of these romances, four volumes of short stories, two novels and the very important sociological essays entitled "Anticipations," "Mankind in the Making" and "A Modern Utopia," which last, he informs us, brought him back to imaginative writing again—to "Kipps" and "In the Days of the Comet," now running serially in *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*. "He began," says G. K. Chesterton, "by trifling with the stars and systems in order to make ephemeral anecdotes; he killed the universe for a joke. He has since become more and more serious, and has become, as men inevitably do when they become more and more serious, more and more parochial. He was

frivolous about the twilight of the gods; but he is serious about the London omnibus. He was careless in 'The Time Machine,' for that dealt only with the destiny of all things; but he is careful and even cautious in "Mankind in the Making," for that deals with the day after to-morrow. He began with the end of the world, and that was easy. Now he has gone on to the beginning of the world, and that is difficult."

Like Shaw again, Mr. Wells is a member of the London Fabian Society, as is also his wife, and he is more of a simon-pure Socialist than the average member, lately censuring the society, in a paper entitled "The Faults of the Fabian," for neglecting its main work of propaganda for mere administrative reform. "Efficiency" in trifling matters does not satisfy him. His books are full of practical suggestions as to ways and means of social reorganization, but through them all, as Mr. Masterman says, Wells is appealing to the spirit which must animate these material changes. "With Carlyle and all the school of the prophets, he demands a new heart; in the old theological language, a mind set on righteousness, a will directed toward harmony with the will of God. He appeals to the young. What man over thirty—so rings his challenge —dares hope for the Republic before he die? or for an infantile death-rate under ninety in the thousand, with all the conquered desolation that such a change would mean? or 'for the deliverance of all our blood and speech from those fouler things than chattel slavery, child and adolescent labor?'"

In "Mankind in the Making," Wells presents the unforgettable picture of "all our statesmen, our philanthropists and public men, our parties and institutions gathered into one great hall, and into this hall a huge spout, that no man can stop, discharges a baby every eight seconds." "Our success or failure with that unending stream of babies is the measure of our civilization," he maintains. And starting with this simple declaration, he proceeds to diagnose our present civilization and forecast a future with all the fervor of a Hebrew prophet.

But H. G. Wells is no "crank." As Mr. E. H. Clement, in the *Boston Transcript*, observes: "You feel that he is joining in the common laughter at cranks—jollying them at the very moment that he is far surpassing them in optimistic imaginings and aspirations for the race—for nothing less wide than the human race holds his interest." "I believe it

A CHIEL AMANG US TAKIN' NOTES

Of Mr. H. G. Wells, who has been unostentatiously visiting our country, a critic says, "One can lie awake at night and hear him grow."

is generally admitted that he has provided England with a good deal to talk about," says Sir Oliver Lodge.

Mr. Wells was in America for six weeks only, to study certain social phenomena, and he was the guest of honor wherever he went.

"It is not difficult," he has said, "to collect reasons for supposing that humanity will be definitely and consciously organizing itself as a great world-state—a great world-state that will purge itself from much that is mean, much that is bestial, and much that makes for individual dulness and dreariness, grayness and wretchedness in the world of today. And finally there is the reasonable certainty that . . . this earth of ours, tideless and slow-moving, will be dead and frozen, and all that has lived upon it will be frozen out and done with. There surely man must end. That, of all such nightmares, is the most insistently convincing. And yet one doesn't believe it. At least I do not. And I do not believe in these things because I have come to believe in certain other things—in the coherency and purpose in the world and in the greatness of human destiny. Worlds may freeze and suns may perish, but there stirs something within us now that can never die again."

"THE MOST PERFECT RULER OF MEN THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN"

The words above were uttered at the bedside of Abraham Lincoln by his Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton. They form the keynote of a new life of Lincoln written for the express purpose of bringing out this element of Lincoln's greatness—his wonderful mastery of men. It was a mastery that displayed itself in all its power upon such subjects as Douglas, McClellan, Stanton, Seward, Fremont and Chase, and in concentrating our attention upon this element in the Lincoln personality, an element rendered increasingly significant as year succeeds year, we have, contends Mr. Alonzo Rothschild, in his biography,* the dominant fact of Lincoln's career. Yet the greatest of all the men upon whom this mastery was exercised—Abraham Lincoln himself—received no adequate credit for any such capacity from the multitude who yielded to it. They thought, so far as they thought of it at all, that Lincoln was weak. Time never wholly eradicated that notion at any stage of his administration, though the more discerning few realized the truth, and some even tried to account for it.

This man of the people, writes Mr. Rothschild, owed something of that subtle, indefinable force which issued in mastery over his fellow man to mere physique. And we are afforded this comparison between the tall Sumner and the tall Lincoln:

"Sumner, whether he gave to the world an oration with carefully studied pose and gesture, or privately employed his powers of persuasion in furthering one of the lofty aims of his career, was ever conscious of the advantage that lay in his commanding figure and he improved it to the utmost. Lincoln, rarely, if ever, self-conscious, made no such application of his strength and stature; but the exhibitions of them that he scattered through his life abundantly manifest his half-serious, half-joking sense of their importance. This appreciation of a superiority, purely physical, by leaders so unlike in temperament and training, is sufficient to warrant the attention that has been given to a seemingly unessential matter. Moreover, it is no mere coincidence that the three most forceful personalities that have directed the fortunes of the American people from the President's chair were embodied in frames of uncommon size and vigor. Their habits of command, confirmed early in life by ability to enforce their wishes, armed them with the irresistible powers of control by means of which they triumphed in great crises of our nation's history. The heaviest demands of this nature were, beyond a question, laid upon Abraham Lincoln, and he, consistently enough, was, of all the Presidents, the tallest."

Lincoln's mastery of self became, with the progress of time, well-nigh absolute. It needed to be wholly so, suspects our biographer, to carry President Lincoln through the ordeal of his cross-purposes with McClellan. This "smart young general," as Mr. Rothschild terms him, had been at no pains to conceal an overweening contempt for Lincoln and his civilian advisers. It required all the forbearance of the executive head of the United States Government to prevent an explosion of indignation throughout the whole administration circle at the attitude of cavalier disdain manifested by McClellan. Here are some instances:

"Mr. Lincoln had made it a practice, from the beginning, to pay informal visits at McClellan's headquarters. Waiving, with characteristic self-surrender, all questions of etiquette, he hoped thus to keep in touch with military affairs at the least possible expenditure of the General's time. Before breakfast, or after supper, as the case might be, the President would arrive with some such greeting as 'Is George in?' And it became a matter of comment that, if George was in, he did not always receive his distinguished caller promptly. Seemingly unconscious of any discourtesy, Mr. Lincoln waited with unruffled good humor in McClellan's reception room, among the 'other common mortals,' as one indignant chronicler expressed it, until the oracle was pleased to have him admitted.

"More vehement still must have been the rage of a White House clerk, who tells us how he accompanied his chief, one evening, to the headquarters in H Street. 'We are seated,' he writes, 'and the President's arrival has been duly announced, but time is being given him to think over what he came for. General McClellan is probably very busy over some important detail of his vast duties, and he cannot tear himself away from it at once. A minute passes and then another and then another and with every tick of the clock upon the mantel your blood warms nearer and nearer its boiling point. Your face feels hot and your fingers tingle as you look at the man sitting so patiently over there whom you regard as the Titan and hero of the hour; and you try to master your rebellious consciousness that he is kept waiting, like an applicant in an ante-room.'

"On another occasion, Secretary Seward had the honor of sharing a snub with the President. Calling together at headquarters, one evening, they were told that the General was out but would soon return. After they had waited in the reception room almost an hour, McClellan came back. Disregarding the orderly who had told him about his visitors, he went directly up-stairs. Whereupon Mr. Lincoln, thinking that perhaps

*LINCOLN: MASTER OF MEN. A Study in Character. By Alonzo Rothschild. Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

he had not been announced, sent up his name; but the messenger returned with the information that the General had gone to bed.

"It is doubtful whether the President ever required or received an explanation of this gross misbehavior. There was no appreciable change in his friendly attitude toward McClellan."

These were a few of the many occasions upon which Lincoln effaced himself. His self-mastery had extinguished personal vanity—so far as personal vanity means the sense of self-importance—within him. Otherwise he never could have asserted a mastery over Seward. Seward thought himself (and the country thought him) the power behind the throne. That view lingered long after Lincoln's first inauguration. Seward at first entirely misconceived the President's character. The homely simplicity with which Lincoln had borne himself when visited at "his secluded abode" before his inauguration, the candor with which he acknowledged his deficiencies and the meekness with which he listened to innumerable advisers, bidden or otherwise, left most of the politicians firm in the opinion that the conduct of the administration would be in the hands of Lincoln's strongest secretary. This widespread notion of the President's weakness was a favorite one with Seward, who at the same time concurred in the general estimate of his own superiority. And Mr. Rothschild adds:

"In the whirl of events, the Secretary's dazzled vision mistook the President's lack of knowledge for incapacity; his indecision for executive incompetence; his modesty for weakness. The Ship of State seemed to be drifting on to the rocks and a stronger hand—so thought Mr. Seward—was needed, forthwith, at the helm. He had embarked in the administration with the expectation of directing its course. The notion had apparently been confirmed not only by public opinion but also by the deference with which the President treated him."

So Mr. Seward wrote to Mr. Lincoln to the effect (as our biographer summarizes the documents in the case) that the new President was unequal to his duties and should turn over the most important of them to a sort of dictator. It was a communication, opines Mr. Rothschild, which could have been addressed by Seward only to a President whom he believed to be totally lacking in strength of character. His error was corrected without delay. The President, with his customary disregard of self, ignored the insult, and as to the exercise of absolute authority remarked: "If this must be done, I must do it." Thus ended Mr. Seward's dream of domination:

"All his romantic notions of saving the country through his own capacity, so freely expressed in confidential letters to his wife, had to be revised, and we find him presently writing to her: 'Executive skill and vigor are rare qualities. The President is the best of us.' In the public eye, however, the Secretary still held sway. . . .

"No one, it is safe to say, appreciated the Secretary at his true value so accurately as the President. In his admiration of Mr. Seward, he overlooked the mistakes, supplemented the important labors, on occasion, with necessary touches of his own shrewd common sense, and kept the brilliant talents employed for the best interests of the country. . . .

"Small wonder that the respect which the Secretary had early learned to show his chief became mingled with a warmth of personal devotion that has not, in similar relations of our history, been surpassed. Renouncing his own aspirations, Mr. Seward dedicated himself without reserve, to the President's political fortunes, as well as to the success of his administration, so far as it might be achieved by the State Department."

Lincoln held his Secretary of the Treasury, Salmon P. Chase, by a free rein, writes Mr. Rothschild. But there were times when Chase got out of hand. Then the lines stiffened and one masterful twist of the wrist brought the Secretary back to his work. Like Seward, Chase was made to feel the power that lurked in Lincoln's slack hand. Unlike Seward, Chase never became reconciled to the sway. From the very outset, the man at the head of the Treasury chafed under whatever limitations were placed upon his authority. It was in vain. Chase, says Mr. Rothschild, never entirely forgave Lincoln the latter's victory at the Chicago convention that nominated the candidate for the presidency of their mutual party. That a man so markedly his inferior in education and public achievements should have been preferred to himself was as grievous to the Ohio statesman's self-love as it was irritating to his sense of equity. That this man, moreover, when he came to the presidency should persist in actually running the administration while his brilliant Secretary of the Treasury—so willing at every turn to relieve him of the burden—remained merely head of a department, hardly allayed the statesman's resentment. The prejudice engendered in the defeated candidate took deeper root in the disappointed Cabinet minister. Mr. Chase's failures, withal, to sway the President in many important matters filled him with amazement. The character, or fancied character, of the chief who overruled him made his cup of subordination doubly bitter. The masterful Chase had met his master, says Mr. Rothschild, yet he could not bring himself to

the point of admitting it. The men were not in sympathy.

"One rarely finds two public men working together so earnestly for the triumph of the same principles who are, at once, so essentially dissimilar in social attributes as they happened to be. Lincoln's ways—unconventional in the extreme—grated upon the sensibilities of the dignified Chase. To the Secretary's fondness for forms, pride of intellect, distaste for humor, and serious, almost ascetic devotion to his tasks, must be ascribed, in a degree at least, the absence of cordiality between him and a President who made no secret of his ignorance, troubled himself not a whit about precedents and was reminded, on all conceivable occasions, of stories hardly constructed according to classic models. Not the least of Lincoln's offenses against the Chesterfield of his Cabinet was the ill-concealed amusement with which he regarded that gentleman's displeasure at his levity. The President's bump of reverence appears to have been so exceedingly flat that the frowns of an important personage, however great, failed to abash him. Mr. Chase once told with evident disgust, how an old-time crony of Lincoln in the Thirtieth Congress was permitted to interrupt a meeting of the Cabinet. That body was in session one day when the doorkeeper announced that Orlando Kellogg was without and wished to tell the President the story of the stuttering justice. Mr. Lincoln ordered the visitor to be ushered in immediately. Greeting Kellogg at the threshold with a warm grasp of the hand, the President said, as he turned to his Cabinet:

"'Gentlemen, this is my old friend, Orlando Kellogg, and he wants to tell us the story of the stuttering justice. Let us lay all business aside, for it is a good story.'

READING THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

Of Chapin's Lincoln, the New York *Evening Post* declares: "Those who most deeply venerate the memory of Lincoln would find nothing to wound them in this respectful attempt at his re-embodiment.

"YOU GAVE US THIRTEEN STARS"

Lincoln a stranger to his biographers. Benjamin Chapin here interprets the Lincoln of whom it has been said that no man hid more innate solemnity with more outward comicality.

BENJAMIN CHAPIN'S IMPERSONATIONS

"So statesmen as well as affairs of state waited while the humorous Kellogg spun his yarn and Lincoln had his laugh.

"In strong contrast to the distant relations between Lincoln and Chase was the cordial good fellowship which the President evinced toward Seward. The Secretary of State appears to have been especially congenial to his chief. For Mr. Lincoln, of all men, could appreciate a cabinet minister who, whatever may have been his failings, submitted loyally, in the main, to superior authority, fomented no quarrels and adapted a cheery, resourceful disposition, with rare felicity, to the President's moods. Seward's influence with Lincoln was notably greater than that of Chase—greater, in fact, than that of any of his colleagues; but not nearly so great, be it said, as was at the time generally believed. Great or small, however, the prestige thus enjoyed by the Secretary of State became particularly galling to the man in the Treasury."

Edwin McMasters Stanton was the third member of what Mr. Rothschild pronounces Lincoln's great Cabinet triad. It would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of the boundless contempt for Lincoln with which Stanton fairly ached in 1861. According to at least two chroniclers, he alluded to the President as "a low, cunning clown." According to another he referred to Mr. Lincoln as the "original gorilla," and "often said that Du Chaillu was a fool to wander all the way to Africa in search of what he could so easily have found at Springfield, Ill." No one who knew Stanton courted an encounter with him. Only a master of masters, says Mr. Rothschild, could control such an embodiment of force.

SLEEPLESS BENEATH A LOAD OF CARE

Lincoln's gauntness in his closing year of life—a gauntness made effective in Benjamin Chapin's impersonation—is attributed in part to his lack of opportunities to get to bed.

TALLEST OF ALL THE PRESIDENTS

There is an appropriateness between Lincoln's physical size and his mastery of men, says his latest biographer, Alfred Rothschild. Benjamin Chapin's success as "Lincoln" is attributed in part to the actor's height.

OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN WAR TIME

At the time of his appointment as Secretary of War Stanton had manifested most, if not all, of his extraordinarily vitriolic traits. They boded no good for the Cabinet nor for the President's authority. So thought the friends who warned Mr. Lincoln that nothing could be done with such a man unless he were allowed to have his own way. They appeared to have abundant ground, moreover, for their comforting prediction that "Stanton would run away with the whole concern." Strangely enough, the President showed no alarm:

"The ability and self-sacrificing patriotism with which the appointee administered, from the outset, the affairs of his office, secured to him the President's unreserved confidence. 'I have faith,' said Mr. Lincoln, speaking of the new minister and another, 'in affirmative men like these. They stand between a nation and perdition.' He not only permitted Mr. Stanton largely to control the details of the War Department, but in matters of general policy as well he frequently deferred to that officer's judgment. Men of such dissimilar temperaments, however, working together toward a common end in wholly unlike ways, naturally had frequent differences of opinion. Their very earnestness bred trouble. Mr. Stanton, moreover, conducting his department solely with regard to military requirements, could not fail to clash with a President who had to face the complex problems of a Civil War in their political as well as their strategic aspects. But Mr. Lincoln fathomed the man with whom he had to deal. When a misunderstanding arose he ignored the Secretary's flashes of temper and fixed his attention on the question at issue. Indeed, the President exercised tact enough for both of them."

The irritability to which Stanton was addicted contrasted strongly with a playfulness always characteristic of Lincoln in his management of the ebullient Secretary of War. Up to his eyes in affairs, much in love with the authority of his official position, Stanton would say to those who interrupted him with written orders from the President: "I will not do it. Go right back to the President and say I refuse to obey!" The geniality with which Lincoln tolerated his insubordinate subordinate did not affect the inflexibility of the presidential will. Mr. Lincoln would deferentially insinuate that the authority of the President of the United States was a fact. Nor did Stanton succeed in ignoring the fact. Obstinate as Stanton was, the fact was more so. A mind less conscious of its mastery than Lincoln's might have inflicted upon Stanton a personal humiliation in overruling him. Not once, however, did Lincoln offend the spirit he subdued.

Stanton's distrust, even contempt, of Lincoln in 1861 had given way by 1865, says Mr. Rothschild, to entirely different sentiments. Like his associates in the Cabinet, with possibly one exception, the Secretary of War had correctly gaged the President's intellectual and moral force. That this force, when exerted to the full, was well-nigh irresistible he had painfully learned by repeated but unsuccessful strivings to get his own way. No one had ever so worsted Edwin M. Stanton. He was outclassed. With his increasing respect for Mr. Lincoln's power came, naturally enough, something like a fair appreciation of the President's lofty character. Such magnanimity, devotion to duty and homely sincerity could have but one effect upon a man of Stanton's intense nature. He began with reviling Lincoln. He ended with loving him. Stanton, the lion-hearted Secretary of War, could achieve this moral thing. Nevertheless, Stanton needed a sharp word now and then. But Stanton got to know that Lincoln was a master of men:

"Secretary Stanton's temperament rendered him anything but an easy instrument in any man's hand. His very faults partook of the rugged strength which, viewed at this distance, makes him stand out as the Titan of Lincoln's Cabinet. That the President controlled so turbulent a force without sacrificing aught of its energy was, perhaps, his highest achievement in the field of mastership. This was due, primarily, of course, to his insight into Stanton's character. Few men, if any, had fathomed as truly the sterling qualities that lay beneath the failings of the great Secretary. For the real Stanton revealed himself to the President in the daily—at times hourly—meetings imposed upon them by the requirements of the war. Together they bore the anxieties and shared the joys of the struggle. Their co-operation in the absorbing work to which both had dedicated themselves established between the men, dissimiliar as they were by nature, a bond of sympathy which even Stanton's headiness could not destroy. Indeed, Mr. Lincoln, treating the Secretary somewhat as a parent would a talented but high-strung child—now humoring, now commanding—appears to have risen above even a shadow of personal resentment and to have overlooked an occasional opposition that, however violent might have been its outbursts, always yielded in the end to his authority. . . .

"A notable group watched around the bed on which he [Lincoln] breathed his last. Among all the public men in the sorrowing company, no grief was keener than that of his iron war minister. None of them had tested, as Edwin M. Stanton had, the extraordinary resources of the stricken chief. It was fitting, therefore, that he, as 'passed the strong, heroic soul away,' should pronounce its eulogy:

"'There lies the most perfect ruler of men the world has ever seen.'"

Literature and Art

THE BANE OF IRRESPONSIBLE CRITICISM

From three countries have lately issued vigorous protests against the alleged incompetent and irresponsible literary criticism of the day. Marcel Prevost, the well-known Parisian critic, sees a "book crisis" impending in France and thinks that one of the chief reasons for the failing condition of the book trade lies in unsatisfactory book reviewing. Writing in the Paris *Figaro,* he says: "We shall have to establish something like honest criticism, and something like intelligent and independent criticism; but how many Paris newspapers can to-day boast of intelligent and independent criticism?" Richard Bagot, an English novelist of distinction, writes in the same spirit in *The Nineteenth Century and After.* He thinks "there can be no doubt that the present system of reviewing works of fiction is far from being satisfactory either to novelists or to the general mass of novel readers." He points to the often ridiculously contradictory nature of press notices, and cites from his own experience a case in which a journal, in error, printed in different issues both a highly flattering and a very adverse review of one of his own books! The perplexed novelist constantly "reads in one leading organ that he has written a work which places him 'in the front rank of living writers of fiction,' and in another that he is ignorant of the very rudiments of the art of novel-writing." Mr. Bagot says further:

"In the case of every other branch of literature and art, criticism is, with rare exceptions, entrusted to critics who are recognized authorities on the particular subject dealt with by the producer of the work criticized. Works of fiction alone are in countless instances relegated to the superficial and hasty judgment of reviewers who, as often as not, lack that authority which should render them competent to record their opinion in the public press. A novel dealing, we will say with foreign life is reviewed perhaps by a critic who has no knowledge of the people and of the country in which the scene of the book in question is laid. How, it may be asked, is such a critic to be a sound and reliable guide either to author or public?"

Gertrude Atherton, the talented American novelist, takes up the cudgels against the critics in this country. During the course of an article in the San Francisco *Argonaut,* in which she takes exception to that journal's characterization of Edith Wharton as "the foremost woman novelist in the United States," she says:

"Those that are carried away by booming and blinded by success—and they are more numerous than sheep—have only to glance back and ponder for a moment upon the *furores* of other years to realize what this sort of thing amounts to. Some fifteen or twenty years ago, Amélie Rives was heralded as 'the greatest genius since Shakespeare,' and every scribe took up the cry with the enthusiasm of those whose mission it is ever to be in fashion. Ten years ago, and for several subsequent years, Mrs. Craigie had a boom in London quite as persistent and extravagant. She was 'the greatest novelist since George Eliot.' Comment is unnecessary. In 1898, I think it was, an American that had just come over to London told me, literally with an expression of awe in his eyes—he was young and enthusiastic—that the great American novel had been written—'Richard Carvel'—'everybody said so.' About the same time I saw a serious discussion in an American literary journal as to whether 'Janice Meredith' would be considered as great a historical novel a hundred years hence as at the present date. Then came Mary Johnston with her knightly and polished English. She fairly inflamed the sober pages of the *Atlantic Monthly,* and there was no doubt in anybody's mind that another fixed star had arisen.

"As far as I know the success of the last three authors was entirely spontaneous and also legitimate: they responded to the public mood of the moment. But there is no question whatever of the prolonged and systematic booming of the first two; and however innocent they may have been of direct effort, the booming was the result of the same human weakness that has prompted Mrs. Wharton's; the ineradicable and most mischievous weakness of snobbery. All three of these writers have sufficient merit to furnish an excuse for loud and continued public worship, but not one of them has the remotest claim to greatness, nor ever had a chance of endurance. Although no one would listen to me at the time, I predicted the inevitable end of Amélie Rives and Mrs. Craigie. The former had talent without brain, and the latter brain without talent. I am quite as ready to predict Mrs. Wharton's. Five years from now she will have worked out her thin vein of ore, her friends will have wearied, and the public and critics will be excited over some new 'genius,' who, like the rest of the world, mistakes an accident for genuine popularity."

Granting the incompetency of much of our latter-day criticism, the question naturally arises: What is to be done? Mr. Bagot has

a practical proposal. He suggests that "it would at once greatly lessen the arduous labors of reviewers of novels for the press were it possible to organize a species of 'clearing-house' for works of fiction," and submits that "some such process as this would also tend to give the public a more weighty opinion as to what to read and what to ignore than the press can, under present circumstances, supply." He continues:

"Would it not be possible for our press itself to institute, I do not say an Academy of Belles-Lettres, but a body chosen from among its most capable critics, whose office it should be to sift the tares of fiction from the wheat, and whose opinion on the technical merits of novels submitted to it should form as it were the passport of those novels to the subsequent notice of the press, without thereby limiting or influencing in any way the free expression of subsequent press criticism? I make my suggestion with all possible reserve. . . . At the same time, I do not hesitate to say that some system of responsible criticism would be to me, as a writer of fiction, of far greater use and benefit than are individual, and therefore irresponsible criticisms, often at variance with each other, which are the outcome of our actual system of reviewing. I am confident that I am by no means alone among novelists in holding these sentiments."

The Chicago *Dial,* an influential organ of literary opinion, devotes a leading editorial to this subject. "That such defects as have been indicated, and many others as glaring, characterize most current criticism of fiction," it says, "is a fact too apparent to need demonstration." It proceeds:

"The reasons are equally apparent. To make a truly intelligent estimate of even a novel requires ability of a sort so rare and valuable as to be at the command of very few newspapers or other periodicals. It also demands an amount of space that cannot possibly be devoted to any single book of the class that numbers its thousands yearly. The problem set the average reviewer of the average novel is simply this: What is the most profitable employment I may make of the two hours and the two hundred words which are all I can give to this book? A personal impression, a bit of description or classification, an indication of some salient feature, and a word or two about the workmanship are all that may be attempted under the narrow conditions imposed. Reviewing done subject to those limitations will have weight in proportion to the ability and knowledge of the reviewer—and the brief paragraph may often be surprisingly weighty—but of course it will be anything but adequate to the claims of any book that really calls for serious consideration."

The Dial recognizes practical difficulties in the way of establishing Mr. Bagot's suggested tribunal, but thinks that, on the whole, his plan would do more good than harm. It comments:

"The difficulty, of course, would lie in the constitution of the tribunal organized for this judicial sifting of the tares from the wheat. To accept the responsibilities of a Rhadamanthus in this matter would be to accept a thankless task, and one certain to entail much discomfort upon the incumbent. The rage of the rejected would be anything but celestial, and would be declared in a manner both personal and pointed. Mr. Bagot appreciates the difficulty of the problem, and it is with no little diffidence that he proposes his press-constituted academy. But the experiment is not beyond the range of possibility, and the literary profession is already looking for some way of trying it. Certainly the long-suffering public, now misled by so many blind guides, deserves to have its interests protected by the critical guild more effectively than they are at present protected, and no suggestion aiming at so praiseworthy an end should fail of being examined with due deliberation."

ONE OF THE GREAT STORY-TELLERS OF THE WORLD

As a novelist of the first rank, well qualified to take his place with the foremost of the European masters, Fenimore Cooper is characterized by William Crary Brownell, the distinguished American critic. Mr. Brownell thinks that America has been inclined to neglect one of its greatest literary figures, and he asserts that the attitude is not creditable. Cooper belongs, he says, "in the same category with Scott and Dumas and George Sand"; in some respects has surpassed Scott; in short, is "one of the great story-tellers of the world."

Balzac's indebtedness to Cooper is well known. "If Cooper," he once said, "had succeeded in the painting of character to the same extent that he did in the painting of the phenomena of nature he would have uttered the last word of our art." And Thackeray has put himself on record to this effect: "I have to own that I think the heroes of another writer, viz., Leatherstocking, Uncas, Hardheart, Tom Coffin, are quite the equals of Scott's men; perhaps Leatherstocking is better than anyone in 'Scott's lot.' 'La Longue Carabine' is one of the great prize-men of

fiction. He ranks with your Uncle Toby, Sir Roger de Coverley, Falstaff—heroic figures all, American or British—and the artist has deserved well of his country who devised them."

Cooper has his faults, of course; what author has not? At times he is too prolix. It is easy to point out technical blemishes in his work. He is "nothing at all of a poet—at least in any constructional sense." But over and above these blemishes he has qualities of commanding genius. Says Mr. Brownell (in *Scribner's Magazine*):

"There is a quality in Cooper's romance that gives it as romance an almost unique distinction. I mean its solid and substantial alliance with reality. It is thoroughly romantic, and yet—very likely owing to his imaginative deficiency, if anything can be so owing—it produces, for romance, an almost unequalled illusion of life itself. This writer, one says to oneself, who was completely unconscious of either the jargon or the philosophy of 'art,' and who had a superficially unromantic civilization to deal with, has, nevertheless, in this way produced the rarest, the happiest, artistic result. He looked at his material as so much life; it interested him because of the human elements it contained."

The verisimilitude of Cooper's Indians has been a main point of attack of his caricaturing critics; but Mr. Brownell avers that "the introduction into literature of the North American Indian, considered merely as a romantic element, was an important event in the history of fiction." To quote further:

"He was an unprecedented and a unique figure—at least on the scale, and with the vividness with which he is depicted in Cooper, for the Indians of Mrs. Behn and Voltaire and Chateaubriand can, in comparison, hardly be said to count at all. They are incarnated abstractions didactically inspired for the most part; L'Ingénu, for example, being no more than an expedient for the contrasted exhibition of civilized vices. But Cooper's Indians, whatever their warrant in truth, were notable actors in the picturesque drama of pioneer storm and stress. They stand out in individual as well as racial relief, like his other personages, American, English, French, and Italian, and discharge their rôles in idiosyncratic as well as in energetic fashion. To object to them on the ground that, like Don Quixote and Athos, the Black Knight and Saladin, Uncle Toby and Dalgetty, they are ideal types without actual analogues would be singularly ungracious."

Taking up Balzac's dictum, above quoted, Mr. Brownell makes the statement: "Nowhere else has prose rendered the woods and the sea so vividly, so splendidly, so adequately—and so simply," as in Cooper's novels. There is a peculiarity in Cooper's view and treatment of nature, he continues. "Nature was to him a grandiose thaumaturgic manifestation of the Creator's benevolence and power, a stupendous spectacular miracle, a vision of beauty and force unrolled by Omnipotence, but a panorama, not a presence. There was nothing Wordsworthian, nothing pantheistic in his feeling for her—for 'it,' he would have said. No flower ever gave him thoughts that lay too deep for tears. He was at one with nature as Dr. Johnson was with London. There is something extremely tonic and natural in the simplicity of such an attitude, and as a romancer the reality and soundness of it stood Cooper in good stead." To say, however, that Cooper was unsurpassed in a certain attitude toward nature, adds Mr. Brownell, is not to depreciate his portraiture and his knowledge of human nature. On this point we read:

"No writer, not even the latest so-called psychological novelist, ever better understood the central and cardinal principle of enduing a character with life and reality—namely, the portrayal of its moral complexity. To open any of the more important 'tales' is to enter a company of personages in each of whom coexist—in virtue of the subtle law that constitutes character by unifying moral complexity—foibles, capacities, qualities, defects, weakness and strength, good and bad, and the inveterate heterogeneity of the human heart is fused into a single personality. And the variety, the multifariousness of the populous world that these personages, thus constituted, compose, is an analogue on a larger scale of their own individual differentiation. Cooper's world is a microcosm quite worthy to be set by the side of those of the great masters of fiction and, quite as effectively as theirs, mirroring a synthesis of the actual world to which it corresponds, based on a range of experience and framed with imaginative powers equalled by them alone."

Above all, concludes Mr. Brownell, Cooper was an American of Americans; his work has always made for the "rational aggrandizement" of this country.

"Quite aside from the service to his country involved in the fact itself of his foreign literary popularity—greater than that of all other American authors combined—it is to be remarked that the patriotic is as prominent as any other element of his work. To him, to be sure, we owe it that immediately on his discovery, the European world set an American author among the classics of its own imaginative literature; through him to this world America, not only American native treasures of romance, but distinctively American traits, ideas and habits, moral, social and political, were made known and familiar. He first painted for Europe the portrait of America. And the fact that it is in this likeness that the country is still so generally conceived there eloquently attests the power with which it was executed."

GORKY AND THE NEW RUSSIAN LITERATURE

Americans familiar with the works of Tolstoy, Turgenieff and Dostoyevsky probably regard Russian literature as the *ne plus ultra* of radicalism. In this regard Russia is certainly abreast, if not in advance, of all the modern tendencies manifested in the latest schools of European letters. But Maksim Gorky, in a recent series of essays, maintains that Russian literature up to the present has really been a very bourgeois product—the direct and logical expression of Russian conditions as they existed previously to the entrance of the revolutionary forces as a powerful factor in the social and political life of the country. He believes that only now is a truly radical Russian literature possible, now when a new era is opening inspired by the growing strength of the Russian proletariat.

These essays appeared in the heat of political controversy in a party newspaper in Russia, and have been collected and printed in German under the title of "Political Reflections." They deal chiefly with political questions, but some twenty pages of the booklet are devoted to a criticism of Russian literature.

Writing of this portion of the work in an article in *Die Neue Zeit* (Stuttgart), Henriette Roland Holst says:

"It is the work of a poet at a time when he only wanted to be a fighter, and felt only as a fighter. He does not attempt to show *why* Russian literature is as it is; his chief aim is not to explain its connection with social conditions, although he sees this connection clearly. He merely endeavors to express and judge the character of this Russian literature as he sees it with new eyes and estimates it with a new heart and a new brain, that is, from the standpoint of a new-world conception, the class standpoint of the revolutionary proletariat. This is the significance of the work of Gorky and this is the significance which he desired to impart to it. This is what is peculiar, new and important in it. For the first time a distinguished Russian author sees the whole of Russian literature with new eyes. For the first time he expresses firmly, bravely and passionately what he sees. For the first time, through him, a new class regards this old, reverent and adored structure of Russian literature without awe, without fear, without adoration. For the first time, through him, the new class rejects the old measure of critical values, and fashions a new one for itself. For the first time it estimates its national literature as it estimates everything else upon earth, in the light of *its* needs, *its* hopes, *its* love, and *its* hate."

"No other literature like the Russian," says Gorky, "has represented its people so repulsively sweet, and has described their sufferings with so peculiar and questionable a devotion. Consciously or unconsciously, but always persistently, it has represented the people as patiently indifferent to the course of life, always preoccupied with thoughts of God and of the soul, with a desire for inner peace, with a bourgeois mistrust of everything new, good-natured to disgust, ready to excuse everything and everybody." It raised the people to the point of heroism, but it was the heroism of patience. This patience drew hymns of praise from Russian literature, but the outbursts of anger, the spirit of passionate revolt against misery, the spirit of true heroism were not recorded. And this, notwithstanding the fact that Russia had its true heroes, such as the predecessors of the present revolutionists, the heroes of the "Narodnaya Volya." Gorky recalls the words of one of their contemporaries, the great poet Nekrasov, who in a fragmentary poem only offered a message of resignation to his people, "Good night." "And that," Gorky continues, "at a time when so many storm bells had already begun to sound, and had endeavored to awaken the people! In those days when the heroes in the struggles for liberty fell alone!"

Gorky states a new philosophy of literature, says the writer in the *Neue Zeit,* and in so doing furnishes a vivid example of the fact that the author's social-democratic opinions "do not work to his injury but lift him up above his former self." In conclusion the writer observes:

"Gorky's work is not only a reckoning with the old; it becomes the resurrection of new Russia in art. . . . In this book, in which the soldier of the revolution speaks his thoughts, his images, his language rise to a proud, forceful, dazzling beauty which he never reaches in any of his previous works. One needs but read the words dedicated to the memory of the fighters of the Narodnaya Volya, the description of incoming capitalism, and, above all, the splendid tribute to the 'hero-man,' that is to say, to the unfolding of the proletarian ego to the world. He has completely shaken off the element of weakness, which in former works occasionally clings to his thoughts and images. Formerly the highest form of revolt that he knew was the individual revolt of vagabonds or gipsies, who thirsted for freedom, but lacked the power to change the world. Now he sees rising up from the depths a new force, a reasoned and organized rebellion—and he has the good fortune to be able to see it, this proletarian consciousness of victory."

A JAPANESE "DON QUIXOTE"

Western culture and literature have been proud of Cervantes's immortal masterpiece, but there is danger that the charge of plagiarism will be preferred against the author of "Don Quixote." A French writer, Léon Charpentier, shows in the literary supplement of *Le Figaro* that the Japanese anticipated Cervantes, and that, of the adventures and incidents narrated in "Don Quixote," several of the most extraordinary and diverting had been imagined long before by the romancers of the Land of the Rising Sun.

The Japanese "Don Quixote" is a novel of fanciful adventure based on historic fact. It is called "The Horrific Yorimitsu," and describes, with fantastic exaggeration and poetic license, the actual career of a feudal warrior and hero, Yorimitsu, who was born in the year 947 of our era and lived to be seventy-four years of age—"which proves," says a Japanese legend, "that heroism is conducive to health." Yorimitsu made war on the brigands and bandits who infested the district of Kioto, the scene of his labors. After his death the people and the literary classes alike seized upon his interesting and busy life and glorified it in order to inspire the Samurai and encourage a warlike spirit in the young. They imagined all sorts of grotesque and thrilling exploits with which to credit him, and it was no longer robbers whom he fought, but ogres, ghosts, evil spirits. M. Charpentier says:

"Yorimitsu is still popular in Japan. Like Don Quixote, he fights non-existent enemies. He makes himself the champion of the weak, and is ever the dupe of his fancies. He deploys an enormous activity, but the work is actually done by his four lieutenants—Tsuna, Kintichi, Suyemada, Sadamichi. He attacks a windmill that, from a distance, he mistakes for a terrible adversary. He gallops furiously toward a mist; he always pursues the wicked, but those he slays always come to life again."

"The Horrific Yorimitsu," M. Charpentier says, can best be judged by a characteristic chapter describing one of the more important adventures of the hero and his faithful lieutenants. He accordingly translates and condenses the following:

One day the valorous Yorimitsu and his faithful Tsuna were exploring the country in quest of opportunities for new prodigies of enterprise, new occasions for glorious deeds, when they suddenly perceived before them, on the horizon, a white cloud. The apparition caused their blood to boil and filled their heads with sublime ambitions.

It was not a banal cloud. It was almost round. It had several openings—two that were like eyes, one that looked like a mouth, another where the nose should be placed.

"Tsuna," cried Yorimitsu, "what do you see in the sky?"

"The head of a dead creature," replied Tsuna.

"Yes, exactly; but what does it indicate?"

"It means that there, in that direction, there must be a nest of evil spirits who spread terror and death through this land."

"Let us march upon them, Tsuna. So far we have fought and conquered human beings only; ours shall be the glory of slaying also ghosts and ogres. Forward!"

After several hours of slow but courageous riding, the heroes reached a dilapidated old house. The cloud then dissipated, thus showing them that this was their goal. This was the retreat, the headquarters, of the evil spirits.

They knocked. An old, half-blind, doddering woman opened the door. Who was she? What sort of house was she living in? She had served five generations of Samurai; but the last survivor of the race had died twenty years ago, and she was all alone, waiting to meet death in the ruin. And, in truth, there were ghostly enemies of the extinct house bent on the destruction of the abode. Nightly assaults were made on the already tottering walls by invisible foes.

"Tsuna!" exclaimed Yorimitsu, "this is our battle-ground! We need know no more."

They sent the old servant to bed, determined to keep vigil and encounter the malign spirits and fight them to the death. A storm broke out. There was a terrific gale, and our heroes heard the sound of drums and galloping horses, the flapping of wings and the marching of serried columns. Now and then the door was burst open, and they heard the voices of the enemy challenging them: "We are an army of phantoms, a crowd of ghosts, a band of skeletons. Come out, if you dare!"

The impetuous Yorimitsu leapt forward and looked out each time he heard this challenge, but he saw nothing. He only heard the distant sounds of the drums, and the rain drops cooled his head and face.

Our heroes decided that they could but remain on the defensive. The ghostly army continued to pass by, but beyond provocative cries, laments, shrieks and sighs gave no direct sign of a disposition to attack the armed and resolute warriors.

Other adventures are described by M. Charpentier. The hero has a portentous dream; a beautiful woman is trying to ensnare him. He awakens, furiously attacks a big spider (whose shape the temptress has assumed), and pursues her into a dark, gloomy cavern. He captures young maidens and brings them to the emperor as the rescued victims of awful plots of which they know nothing.

The story of "The Horrific Yorimitsu" appeared first in the twelfth century, and its authorship is not exactly known. It is suppos to be the composite work of several romanc

THE MOST INFLUENTIAL OF LIVING CRITICS

George Brandes, it may safely be said, is the one living critic of world proportions. For the present generation he continues the tradition of an intellectual lineage represented during the past century by such men as Matthew Arnold, Taine and Sainte-Beuve; and he owes his success as a critic to much the same methods as those employed by the writers named. In the sixth and final volume of his "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature"*—a work comparable to Taine's "History of English Literature"—he gives us a remarkable psychological study of one of the most interesting and pregnant epochs in human history. And in an explanation of his purposes and methods, he lets us into his mental workshop, so to speak. His intention, he tells us, is by means of the study of certain main groups and main movements in European literature to outline a psychology of the first half of the nineteenth century. His first proceeding was to separate and classify the chief literary movements of the period; his next to find their general direction or law of progression, a starting-point, and a central point. The direction he discovered to be a great rhythmical ebb and flow—the gradual disappearance of the ideas and feelings of the eighteenth century until authority, the hereditary principle, and ancient custom once more reigned supreme; then the reappearance of the ideas of liberty in ever higher mounting waves. The starting-point was now self-evident, namely, the group of epoch-making French literary works denominated the Emigrant Literature, the first of which bears the date 1800. The central point was equally unmistakable. From the literary point of view, it was Byron's death; from the political, that Greek war of liberation in which he fell. This double event is epoch-making in the intellectual life and literature of the Continent. The concluding point was also clearly indicated, namely, the European revolution of 1848. Byron's death forming the central point of the work, the school of English literature to which he belongs became, as it were, the hinge upon which it turned. The main outlines now stood out clearly: the incipient reaction in the case of the emigrants; the growth of the reaction in the Germany of the Romanticists; its culmination and triumph during the first year of the Restoration in France; the turn of the tide discernible in what is denominated English Naturalism; the change which took place in all the great writers of France shortly before the Revolution of July, a change which resulted in the formation of the French Romantic School; and, lastly, the development in German literature which issued in the events of March, 1848.

The completion of "Main Currents of the Nineteenth Century" may be described as the culmination of Brandes's life—a life that has been filled with inspiring activity, but the data of which are but little known in this country, though his name has become so familiar. He was born in Copenhagen in 1842. His full name is George Morris Cohen Brandes, and he is of Jewish race. His parents were in comfortable circumstances. At seventeen he entered the University of Copenhagen and devoted himself to the study of jurisprudence. This was followed by a course in philosophy and esthetics. His superiority was apparent from the first and attracted the admiration of the authorities of the university. In 1862 he won the gold medal of the university by his essay on "Fatalism Among the Ancients," a remarkable effort for a youth of twenty, full of originality and brilliancy of expression. He was graduated with the highest honors and received the degree of doctor of philosophy. His next five years were spent in travel on the Continent, and these were as fruitful in intellectual experience as the years spent in the university. As might be expected, the transition from the world of ideas to the world of action made a profound impression upon him. He visited Paris (spending a year there) and the principal cities of Germany. Contact with the great centers of modern intelligence and with the actual leaders of what he afterward called "The Modern Awakening" inspired in him an eager desire to be the light-bearer to his own country and to northern Europe in general. He had become an able linguist, speaking and writing French and German almost as readily as his mother-tongue, and his general equipment was peculiarly adapted for the task.

He had not, however, reckoned with the proverbial backwardness of average mankind in accepting new ideas. When, upon his return to Denmark, the enthusiastic young scholar, fresh from the sources of modern learning,

* MAIN CURRENTS IN NINETEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE. By George Brandes. The Macmillan Company.

entered upon his task of bringing his countrymen *en rapport* with European ideas, he found himself confronted, as it were, with a wall of lead. The Denmark of that day was distinctly hostile to modern thought, which it associated directly with infidelity, and Brandes found to his disappointment and disgust that those whom he had counted upon as allies in his campaign of enlightenment were in reality his uncompromising foes. He had just published his book, "The Dualism in Our Most Recent Philosophy," a work in which he had discussed at length and with entire freedom the perilous subject of the relation of religion to science. This was regarded as a defiance by the orthodox party, and a veritable crusade was started against him. He was made the object of malicious attacks. Life in his native country became unbearable, and in 1877 he went to Berlin. Here he found the *milieu* he desired, and he entered upon a period of literary activity which resulted in his gaining a place of recognition among German men of letters.

Perhaps no truer idea of Dr. Brandes's literary status and of his relations to his native country can be given than by quoting from an essay written some years ago by Professor Boyesen, a noted Norwegian writer:

GEORGE BRANDES

A critic who maintains for our generation the intellectual traditions represented during the past century by such men as Matthew Arnold, Taine and Sainte-Beuve.

"The Danish horizon was, twenty years ago, hedged in on all sides by a patriotic prejudice which allowed few foreign ideas to enter. The people had, before the two Schleswig-Holstein wars, been in lively communication with Germany, and the intellectual currents of the Fatherland had found their way up to the Belts, and had pulsated there, though with some loss of vigor. But the disastrous defeat in the last war aroused such hostility to Germany that the intellectual intercourse almost ceased. German ideas became scarcely less obnoxious than German bayonets. Spiritual stagnation was the result. For no nation can with impunity cut itself off from the great life of the world. . . . It seemed for a while as if the war had cut down the intellectual territory of the Danes even more than it had curtailed their material area. They cultivated their little domestic virtues, talked enthusiastic nonsense on festive occasions, indulged in vain hopes of recovering their lost provinces, but rarely allowed their political reverses to interfere with their amusements. They let the world roar on past their gates without troubling themselves much as to what interested or agitated it. A feeble, moonshiny, late-romanticism was predominant in their literature; and in art, philosophy and politics that sluggish conservatism which betokens a low vitality, incident upon intellectual isolation. What was needed at such a time was a man who could re-attach the broken connection—a mediator and interpreter of foreign thought in such a form as to appeal to the Danish temperament and be capable of assimilation by the Danish intellect. Such a man was George Brandes. He undertook to put his people *en rapport* with the nineteenth century, to open new avenues for the influx of modern thought, to take the place of those which had been closed. . . . But a self-satisfied and virtuous little nation which regards its remoteness from the great world as a matter of congratulation is not apt to receive with favor such a champion of alien ideas. The more the Danes became absorbed in their national hallucinations, the more provincial, nay parochial, they became in their interests, the less did they feel the need of any intellectual stimulus from abroad; and when Dr. Brandes introduced them to modern realism, agnosticism and positivism, they thanked God that none of these dreadful 'isms were indigenous with them; and were disposed to take Dr. Brandes to task for disturbing their idyllic, orthodox peace by the promulgation of such dangerous heresies. When the time came to fill the professorship for which he was a candidate, he was passed by, and a safer but inferior man was appointed."

It is gratifying to learn that, in time, the Danes repented their harsh treatment of their most distinguished man. In 1882 his friends in Copenhagen were strong enough to invite him back to Denmark, and to offer him an important and profitable post. He now resides in Copenhagen, as a public lecturer, with a sub-

scribed guarantee of $1,000 a year.

Dr. Brandes is a tireless literary worker of the type of Sainte-Beuve and Balzac, a writer who is satisfied with nothing less than perfection, and who never allows any careless work to reach the public. He gives a hint of this in the motto taken from Balzac which is prefixed to his volume, "Young Germany":

"If the artist does not throw himself into his work as Curtius hurled himself into the gulf, as the soldier dashes over the redoubt; and if he does not toil in his crater like the miner buried under an avalanche; if he contemplates the difficulties instead of conquering them one by one, his work will never attain completeness; it will perish in the atelier, or production will become impossible and the artist will be a witness of the suicide of his own genius."

THE LITERARY "FLOWER FESTIVALS" OF COLOGNE

For eight years the city of Cologne, on the Rhine, has been holding each spring a "flower festival" in the interest of literature. This movement has attracted international attention, and is not unparalleled in other countries. Centuries ago the people of Wales inaugurated the *Eisteddfod* prize contest, which still takes place every year in a Welsh village, according to sacred custom, under the auspices of an arch-druid. During the middle ages French and German princes took an active interest in "flower festivals." Under Charles V of France such festivals were celebrated at court to counteract the demoralizing influence of the pest. The "Blumenspiele," as they were called, were very closely connected with medieval minnesingers. Coming down to more recent times, poetic festivals have been held in Spain, in Mexico, on African soil, in Medilla, and among the Germans of our own country in the city of Baltimore.

The Cologne "Blumenspiele" are a direct result of the wave of romanticism that has lately swept over Germany. Some ten years ago literary Germany was under the influence of the crassest materialism. The young writers out-Zolaed Zola, and the savor of their work was not pleasant to the nostrils. Then a powerful reaction set in and a great romantic wave carried Hauptmann, Sudermann and Schlaf,

THE FLOWER QUEEN AND HER MAIDS OF HONOR AT THE COLOGNE FESTIVAL

Each spring the city of Cologne holds a literary festival, offering a prize for the best love poem by a woman and crowning the winner Flower Queen.

DR. JOHANNES FASTENRATH
Founder of the Cologne "Blumenspiele"

and all the lesser men before it. It was during this period that the festivals were founded by Dr. Johannes Fastenrath. Fastenrath, who is himself a poet of considerable merit and ranks high as a translator from the Romance languages, had become acquainted with a similar institution at Barcelona during a long sojourn in Spain. Immediately he realized the possibilities of transplanting this heirloom of the troubadours to German soil. He hoped by its means to stimulate poetic activity, and to help in turning back the threatening tide of materialism. The results have more than justified his optimism. This year the demonstration was more imposing than ever, and took place in Cologne in an ancient hall—the "Gürzenich"—which has seen emperors and kings crowned in its time.

Fastenrath is sixty-six to-day, but still as enthusiastic as when, in 1898, he proposed first to the "Literary Society of Cologne" the annual celebration of this poetic festival. From his own pocket he gave ten thousand marks, the interest upon which was to go toward buying prizes. The city of Cologne, the King of Spain and the Queen of Roumania, princes of the royal house of Bavaria, and many others interested in literature, gave their hearty support and established a number of additional prizes for the best love poem, the best religious poem, the best patriotic poem, the best short story, the best fairy story, etc. With the prize for the best love poem goes the right to appoint the Flower Queen who presides over the festivals. If, as this year and once before, the winner is a woman, she is crowned queen by her own right. One of the Flower Queens was Carmen Sylva, poetess by vocation and queen by profession. This year's chosen Flower Queen is Miss Therese Keiter, a celebrated Catholic lyrist and novelist. Unfortunately sickness prevented her from occupying the throne, and she had to reign by proxy. German-Americans have always taken an active part in the festivals, and twice in the history of the institution they have succeeded in carrying off a prize. The story which received the prize for the best fairy-

THERESE KEITER
A Roman Catholic lyrist and poetess, whose love poem entitles her to the "Flower Throne" at Cologne.

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"YESTERDAY, TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW"

(Painting by H. O. Walker in the Minnesota State Capitol.)

tale (*Märchen*) this year the reader will find in another part of the magazine.

For the facts stated we are indebted to the annual published by the society. It is a voluminous document of over five hundred pages, containing photographs of prize-winners, poems and stories which have been awarded prizes or honorable mention by the committee of competent literary men, and greetings in French, Provençal, Spanish, Swedish, Czech, Dutch and German. Of all the great world-languages English alone is so far unrepresented.

The celebration at Cologne is a picturesque affair. It is conducted with all the pomp of a high mass. Representatives of the German student bodies in their many-colored costumes strangely contrast with more soberly clad visitors from all parts of the world—from Germany, France and Spain, from the Mazanares and from the blue Adriatic. The hall is filled with beautiful ladies in festive garments, all adorned with flowers. Flowers are everywhere. In the center of the "Gürzenich" rises the golden throne decked with roses, palms and laurel. It is surmounted by a canopy bearing the in-

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"WESTWARD"

(Painting by E. H. Blashfield in the Iowa State Capitol.)

Copyright 1905, by Kenyon Cox. Photo by De W. C. Ward.

"HERDING"

(Painting by Kenyon Cox in the Iowa State Capitol.)

signia of the cities of Barcelona and Cologne, and the initials of the Queen in letters of violets, surrounded by an oval of heliotrope upon a background of white anemones. To the right and left are grouped the maids of honor with their flowers. Then sonorous peals issue from the mouth of the great church organ. All eyes are turned toward the Flower Queen, who enters, conducted by the Herald of the Festival and the venerable Dr. Fastenrath, assumes her seat on the throne and distributes the prizes.

MURAL DECORATION—AN ART FOR THE PEOPLE

"The future great art of this republic, as far as it is expressed in painting, will find its complete and full development on the walls of our public buildings." This prediction, made recently by an American art critic, is not unreasonable in view of present tendencies in the artistic world. Such well-known American artists as John La Farge, Edwin H. Blashfield, F. D. Millet and Kenyon Cox are devoting a larger and larger share of their time to mural painting. In our Eastern cities there already exist many notable examples of decorative work. Washington has its superb Congressional Library, and Boston its Public Library embellished by Puvis de Chavannes, Abbey and Sargent. Bowdoin College, in Maine, boasts of four beautiful mural paintings. A bank in Pittsburg gave Blashfield and Millet commissions for large lunettes. The criminal and appellate courts in New York and several hotels in Chicago, New York and Boston are similarly decorated. The Baltimore Court-house has lately acquired a number of panels by C. Y. Turner, commemorating "The Burning of the *Peggy Stuart*," and R. T. Willis has made for the Second Battalion Armory in Brooklyn decorative designs showing the sea battles between the *Serapis* and the *Bonhomme Richard* and the escape of the *Constitution*. And now, on a larger scale than has been attempted before in this country, two Western State Capitols—those of Minnesota and Iowa—have engaged the efforts of our best mural painters. All of which, as a writer in *The Craftsman* (April) points out, makes for democracy in art; for while easel pictures too often go to the costly private collections of connoisseurs, "the paintings on the walls of public buildings are for the people, and to the people they chiefly appeal because of beautiful

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"THE RECORDING OF PRECEDENTS: CONFUCIUS AND HIS PUPILS COLLATE AND TRANSCRIBE DOCUMENTS IN THEIR FAVORITE GROVE"

(Painting by John La Farge in the Supreme Court Room of the Minnesota State Capitol.)

symbolism or vivid recording of some historic event of which the nation or the State is justly proud."

The new State Capitol of Minnesota, pronounced by Kenyon Cox "one of the most beautiful and imposing of modern classic buildings," is the work of the well-known New York architect, Mr. Cass Gilbert. The beauty of the structure and of its decorations will be it is believed, when completed, unequaled elsewhere in the country. It is to be a marble palace, constructed at a cost of four million dollars. The color scheme and the decorations for the walls of the entire building were planned by Mr. Gilbert, the beautiful marbles and bronzes, the sculpture, even carpets, the furniture and the curtains being the choice of his artistic judgment. All were selected with the same end in view—the erection of a building of harmonious beauty. Throughout the rotunda, the corridors, and the rooms there is a perfect rhythm of color. Even the predominating colors in the individual mural paintings were suggested to the various artists who painted them, so that all the pictures blend with the general scheme of decoration, and there has been a complete collaboration of architect, sculptor and painter. Throughout the building there are mural paintings of superior merit by La Farge, Blashfield, Millet, Cox, H. O. Walker, E. E. Simmons, R. F. Zogbaum, Douglas Volk, and Howard Pyle.

The four paintings by Mr. La Farge are in the Supreme Court room. They are described as follows by Grace Whitworth:

The pictures are both symbolic and realistic. They relate to law and represent distinct and successive periods in the history of its advancement. The first of the group is "The Moral and Divine Law." The painting is of a rough and rugged mountain, representing Mount Sinai, to the summit of which Moses and Aaron have ascended. In the center of the picture is the figure of Moses, kneeling with arms outstretched, receiving the Law of the Commandments. Mr. La Farge's intent is to typify "the forces of nature and the human conscience."

In the second painting, "The Relation of the Individual to the State," Mr. La Farge has represented an imaginative but typical scene from Plato's "Republic." Socrates is portrayed in conversation with the sons of Cephalus and a friend, the particular subject of the discussion being Socrates' argument that "the true artist in proceeding according to his art does not do the best for himself, nor consult his own interests, but that of his subject." The scene of the painting is a bright, out-of-door one, and the important figures in the painting are informally arranged. At the right of the canvas is a slave girl, with tambourine, who has chanced along; and beyond is a glimpse of a charioteer and his prancing horses. Mr. La Farge has wished "to convey in a typical manner the serenity and good nature which is the note of the famous book and of Greek thought and philosophy,—an absolutely free discussion of the interdependence of men."

Another painting is "The Recording of Precedents." "Believing and loving the ancients, Confucius was a transmitter and not a maker,"—and this great commentator Mr. La Farge has selected as the best type for the subject of his third lunette.

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"THE ADJUSTMENT OF CONFLICTING INTERESTS: COUNT RAYMOND OF TOULOUSE SWEARS, IN THE PRESENCE OF THE BISHOP, TO OBSERVE THE LIBERTIES OF THE CITY"

(Painting by John La Farge in the Supreme Court Room of the Minnesota State Capitol.)

The painting represents a Chinese garden situated on the bank of a river. Confucius and three of his disciples are comparing and recopying the writings of their predecessors. At the extreme left are a number of other manuscripts which a messenger has just delivered to the great philosopher. The Chinese musical instrument called the "kin," upon which it was Confucius's habit to play before discussion, is lying on the ground before him. The purpose of this painting has been to express a method of instruction different from that of verbal argument denoted in the Greek picture.

In the last of the series, "The Adjustment of Conflicting Interests," Mr. La Farge has selected Count Raymond of Toulouse as a type of the medieval ruler, confronted with conflicting political and ecclesiastical dissensions. The painting represents the interior of a church. Before the altar are grouped the bishop, priests, and civic magistrates. Count Raymond is swearing in their presence to heed the rights of the city. "These chiefs," explains Mr. La Farge, "represent organized bodies that meet in a form of war, wherein strict law is observed and ethical justice is no longer the theme."

Many months of study and labor have been given by Mr. La Farge to these paintings. He is now seventy years of age, but he is still to be found, usually, in his studio at nine o'clock—the studio in which he has worked for forty-seven years. The Confucius lunette (reproduced here) has been of intense interest to him and upon the subject of this painting alone he has read thousands of pages. He commissioned two Chinese scholars to translate for him many of the early Chinese works, and advised with a third who has recently been in China searching the first records of that country's history. Forty thousand dollars were paid to Mr. La Farge for his four paintings. In depth of intellectual influence and artistic impressiveness, they undoubtedly outrank any murals that he has ever produced.

The most recent mural paintings by Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield are those for Minnesota's new State Capitol and Iowa's remodeled Capitol. Two of these paintings constitute the principal decoration of the Senate Chamber in the Minnesota building. They are large lunettes, each measuring thirty-five feet across the base. They are described as follows by Miss Whitworth:

One lunette, entitled "The Discoverers and the Civilizers led to the Source of the Mississippi," has in the center a cluster of wide-spreading pine trees, beneath which is seated the great spirit, Manitou. Beside him is an urn symbolic of the source of the Mississippi River. From the urn flows a narrow stream of water that spreads wider and wider in its outward flow. At the feet of the Great Spirit, rising from out the rush and spray of water, are an Indian youth and maiden. At the right are French and English discoverers led by the spirit of Enterprise. In the left-side group are types of colonists who became Western civilizers. A priest among them offers a crucifix to the Indian woman, and over them all is the

Copyright 1905, by E. H. Blashfield. Photo by Inslee & Deck Co.

"THE DISCOVERERS AND CIVILIZERS LED TO THE SOURCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI"
(Painting by E. H. Blashfield in the Senate Chamber of the Minnesota State Capitol.)

winged figure of Civilization. At either extreme of the painting are a sledge and a light-boat—the vehicles which were the first to open up the Northwest.

Mr. Blashfield has named his second painting "Minnesota, the Grain State." There is an imposing central group of several figures—the principal one being that of a woman representing Minnesota. She is seated on a load of wheat-sheafs, drawn by two white oxen. Hovering about her are two ideal figures protecting her with their widespread wings and holding over her head a crown typical of the triumph of Minnesota as a grain State. The two figures on each side of the oxen serve as decorative objects in the composition of this central group. Just in advance of the oxen is a spirit-child bearing a tablet with the inscription, "Hic est Minnesota Granarium Mundi." The group at the right is meant to be suggestive of the Civil War epoch and of Minnesota at the beginning of her Statehood. Here are the figures of several soldiers, old and young, and in their midst is an army nurse carrying a basket filled with rolls of bandages. Above floats the spirit of Patriotism, a helmeted figure, holding in her hands the sword and palms of victory. In the left section of the painting are several other realistic figures expressive of the Minnesota of to-day. At this end of the picture is a reaping machine, its operator mounted for action. Near him are father, mother and child leaning against a huge sack of flour. The symbolical and realistic are again mingled in this group, for above the human types glides the spirit of Agriculture, holding in outstretched arms stalks of wheat and corn which she eagerly offers to the figure enthroned upon the load of wheat. The men and women on both sides of the painting are intently gazing at the central figure, Minnesota. In the background on the left looms the dome of the new Capitol building. The dominating compositional pattern of the picture is the festoon expressed in light colors against the darker background. All degrees of white are used—creamy white, cold blue white, chalky white, greenish and pinkish whites. The figure of Minnesota is draped in white, and over her knees falls a covering of gold brocade. The floating robes of the spirits are painted in red, shot with silver. These figures with their beautiful pink-white wings appear most brilliant against the deep blue of the sky.

Mr. Blashfield's "Westward," reproduced herewith and painted for the recently remodeled Iowa State Capitol building, is a wondrous composition in subject, in color, and in expanse. It is forty feet long and fourteen feet high, and is placed on the wall of the building at the landing of the main stairway. The painting represents the pioneers traveling toward the West. In the center of the canvas is a large caravan drawn by a double team of oxen. Some of the women and children are riding in the wagon, and others are walking beside it with the stalwart men. One note of especial interest to Iowans is that of the central figure on the wagon, which represents a Des Moines girl. Leading the oxen are the spirits of Enlightenment carrying an open book and a shield, the latter bearing the coat of arms of the State. Two other spirits hold a basket from which they are scattering the seeds of Civilization. In the rear of the caravan are two spirits symbolizing other degrees of Progress. They carry small models of the stationary steam-engine and the electric dynamo. At the lower right corner of the painting is the standing corn, suggestive of the very fringe of civilization which the travelers are leaving, and, at the lower left corner the wildness of the unsettled country toward which they move is typified in the huge buffalo skull that looms above the extremely short grass of the Western plains. This picture is painted in large, simple planes of creamy white and exquisite orange and blues. The hour of the painting is twilight and Mr. Blashfield has caught the beautiful glowing colors and the mysterious

deep blue shadows of sky and plain to be seen lingering over the unlimited Western prairies.

Soon after the painting had been placed in the Capitol building a few Iowans discovered that, according to teamster tradition, the man driving the oxen was guiding them from the wrong side of the wagon, a detail that aroused some good-natured newspaper comment. "I was quite well aware," says the artist, "that the left side was the one on which the driver should have been placed, but to make the painting compositionally agreeable it was necessary to put the teamster on the other side of the wagon."

Such a criticism is a small point of difference to bring forth when contemplating the entirety of so beautifully composed and executed a painting. The picture is realistic as well as symbolic, but an artistic painting is seldom an exact copy of nature. Art is the significance of truth. In this deeply interesting painting, not accuracy of detail, but the spirit of Heroism and Progress possessed by the State's forefathers should be the all-absorbing theme.

THE ULTIMATE SIGNIFICANCE OF ART

Whistler defined art as "the Science of the Beautiful," and many of us have thoughtlessly echoed the definition. But as Haldane Macfall, an English writer, points out in a brilliant little book just published,* art is really no such thing. It is not science and it is not necessarily beauty; and the above definition partakes of the "wisdom of the wiseacres who defined a crab as a scarlet reptile that walks backwards—which were not so bad, had it been a reptile, had it been scarlet, and had it walked backwards." Mr. Macfall continues:

"Art concerns itself with tears and pathos and tragedy and ugliness and greyness and the agonies of life as much as with laughter and comedy and beauty.

"Neither Whistler nor another has the right to narrow the acreage of the garden of life. What concern has Shakespeare with beauty? In the Book that Shakespeare wrote, beauty is not h[illegible] god—beauty is not his ultimate aim. Is jealousy beautiful? Yet 'Othello' is great art. Is m[illegible]n's ineffectual struggle against destiny beautiful? Yet 'Hamlet' is rightly accounted the masterpiece of the ages. Are hate and despair and fear beautiful? It has been written that Millet's 'Killing of a Hog' is beautiful. It is wholly unbeautiful. Had Millet made it beautiful he had uttered the stupidest of lies. Nevertheless, the statement of it may be art. Indeed, Millet's aim in art, a large part of his significance in art, is a protest against the prettiness of mere beauty. He took the earth, the great-souled man, and he wrought with a master's statement the pathos and the tragedy and the might and the majesty of the earth and of them that are upon the earth. The 'Man with the Hoe' is far more than beautiful—it holds the vast emotions of man's destiny to labor, and of man's acceptance of that destiny; it utters the ugliness as loudly as it states the beauty of the earth and of toil; and it most rightly utters these things, so that they might take equal rank, and thereby add to our knowledge of the emotions of life through the master's power and the beauty of craftsmanship whereby he so solemnly uttered the truth."

Art, says Mr. Macfall, is not an oil-painting on canvas in a gilt frame. It is not the exclusive toy of a few prigs, nor the password of a cult. Art is universal, eternal—not parochial. It is *the emotional statement of life*. Every man is an artist in his degree—every man is moved by art in his degree. To conclude:

"It was exactly in his confusion of art with beauty that Whistler fell short of the vastnesses. There are far greater emotions than mere beauty; and it was just in these very majestic qualities, in the sense of the sublime and of the immensities, before which his exquisite and subtle genius stood mute. But at least one of the greater senses was given to him in abundance—the sense of mystery. He never 'sucked ideas dry.' His splendid instinct told him that suggestion was the soul of craftsmanship, and he never overstated the details of life. Out of the mystic twilight he caught the haunting sense of its half-revelation and its elusiveness with an exquisite emotional use of color; and in the seeing he caught a glimpse of the hem of the garment of God.

"For when all's said and the last eager craving denied, it is all a mystery, this splendid wayfaring thing that we call life; and it is well so, lest the reason reel.

"That which is set down in clear fulness; that of which the knowledge is completely exhausted, shall not satisfy the hunger of the imagination—for the imagination leaps beyond it. That which is completely stated stands out clear and precise; we know the whole tale; it is finished. But that which stands amidst the shadows, with one foot withdrawn, that which is half hid in the mysteries of the unknown, holds the imagination and compels it.

"If man once peeped within the half-open door and saw his God, where He sits in His Majesty, though the vision blinded him, his imagination would create a greater . . ."

*Whistler. By Haldane Macfall. John W. Luce Company.

Music and the Drama

MAX REGER: A NEW PROBLEM IN MUSIC

"Max Reger is the musical hero of the day," says a writer in *Die Musik* (Berlin). It would be more accurate to say that he is the musical *problem* of the day, for the most varied opinions in regard to his work are expressed. Germany is seldom without its musical problem. The day before yesterday it was Wagner; yesterday it was Richard Strauss; to day it is Max Reger. By some of the critics Reger is hailed as a genius of the first order and the founder of a new school of music; others speak of his compositions as "ragged, haggard, deformed monstrosities."

For some years Max Reger has held a position as Professor of Counterpoint in the Munich Conservatory. He has just resigned his chair, at the age of thirty-three, in order to devote his time to composition. Some ninety works—songs, sonatas, organ works, a "Sinfonietta" for orchestra—already stand to his credit. "Reger evenings" are given in German concert halls, and have led to fierce controversies. "In Munich they no longer fight about Strauss," says Mr. H. T. Finck, of the New York *Evening Post;* "he is *passé,* dethroned, discarded—a victim of what now seems his Bellinian mania for kindergarten simplicity in orchestral construction. Reger is now the leader of the band of unmelodious composers who make a sport and specialty of writing dissonantal concatenations." Mr. Finck goes on to recount the following anecdote:

"During and after a recent concert at which his 'Sinfonietta' was played, things happened that caused the *Münchener Post* to say that 'the Reger disease is assuming the aspect of a musical epidemic dangerous to the community.' There was a disturbance at the concert, and afterwards a band of young men paraded the streets with torches; they serenaded Reger, and also Mottl, who had conducted the 'Sinfonietta'; then they provided themselves with tin horns and kettles, and had a charivari before the house of a critic who had spoken disrespectfully of Reger. But the critic got even with them. The next day he printed this notice: 'I herewith desire to express my cordial thanks to those members of the Max Reger community who rejoiced me, on the night of February 9, with a serenade, in which, so far as I could make out, fragments from the master's 'Sinfonietta' were reproduced in a highly characteristic manner.'"

Not merely in Germany, but also in England and this country, Max Reger's music is exciting the liveliest interest. Mr. Richard Aldrich, of the New York *Times,* commenting on the examples of Reger's art that have been heard in New York during the past winter, says: "It is impossible to make even a provisional estimate of Reger from the few works that have been heard here. . . . But it is an interesting career to watch, even at a distance." Mr. Frederic S. Law, a writer in the Boston *Musician*, comments:

"Reger appears to be a problem of more than usual difficulty. Some deduce a *plus* result and hail him as the greatest of his time. Others can obtain nothing but a *minus* answer and find him incomprehensible, not, as they maintain, on account of exceptional depth in his ideas or their novel and original musical treatment, but because he has nothing to say and says it badly.

"One of the latest pebbles thrown into the pool of criticism has been his sonata for violin and piano, Op. 72. One authority pronounces this 'a thoroughly wonderful work, leading us into worlds of feeling before untrodden and opening vistas, new, great, and astonishing.' Others as fully accredited say that it shows no organic unity; that its thoughts are wandering and obscure; that its ideas are incoherent and have no relation to each other.

"These latter *dicta* have a familiar sound. They and others similarly phrased are to be found as far back as the history of music can take us. The clear, transparent Haydn was at one time considered heavy and complex in instrumentation; Mozart was reproached with having placed his statue in the orchestra and his pedestal on the stage,—the accusation still hurled against Wagner. As we have long ago cleared the former of the charge, so the end of the century will probably find the other also pronounced not guilty.

"We should bear in mind that such comments often signify a new style, an extension of conventional limits, a hitherto unsuspected scheme of relations, all of which seem arbitrary and far fetched to those unprepared to grasp them in their entirety through lack of the study and thought which make them second nature to their originator. Whether Reger is in truth to prove one of the masters of the new century may be safely left to time. One thing is evident: that his is an aggressive artistic temperament and one that justifies expectation in the future."

Ernest Newman, the well-known English critic, takes a decidedly derogatory view of Reger's talents. Writing of his songs (in the Boston *Musician*), he says:

"Reger is unquestionably an interesting and in

some respects a powerful personality. Let us begin by saying the best we can of him. In his early songs, such as those of Op. 4, Op. 8, Op. 12, and Op. 15, we can see a young man of a rather forcible temperament, anxiously striving to be original as no one has ever been before. The work is occasionally not pleasing, the melodies being undistinguished, the harmonic and other procedure too deliberately sophisticated, and the feeling too often dull; but here and there one comes across a song that is natural, sincere, and impressive, such as 'Glück' (Op. 15, No. 1), or fanciful and charming, like the 'Nelken' (Op. 15, No. 3). Even in his later work, if you are fortunate enough in your selections, you will find a fair number of songs either of a simplicity that lets you grasp them at once, or of an apparent complexity that soon vanishes if you take a little trouble over them. . . . But we work on and on, through another fifty or sixty *Lieder*, and gradually we come to the conclusion that after all Max Reger is not a born song-writer, and that, if the truth were told, he is doing the form rather more harm than good by the way he handles it. We see that instead of being the master of his own complex harmonies he is really the slave of them. They are too abstruse, too alembicated, for him to carry on the same train of thought for more than a bar or two; so that the song as a whole lacks homogeneity. He begins with a text that he forgets all about before he has reached his sixth bar, and ends on a topic that had never entered his head when he began to write. There should be no waste matter in the song; everything that appears should bear in the closest way on what has gone before and what comes after,—an esthetic principle that Reger too rarely bears in mind. The value of a song by Hugo Wolf, for example, is that no matter how long or how complex it is, it is dominated throughout by one central conception, which we can see clearly from every point of the song. His music is 'thought out' like Beethoven's,—that is, no matter how rapidly it is conceived and executed, it is based on a fundamental logic of the emotions that becomes more convincing to us the more often we examine it. The majority of Reger's songs cannot stand such a test as this. Their light shines intermittently; their wisdom consists of scattered aphorisms, that do not compose into an organic whole."

Mr. Newman sums up the argument:

"On the whole, then, as we survey Reger's hundred songs in their totality, we come to the conclusion that his is too factitious, too theatrical a talent for this kind of work. His hits hardly count against his misses; and to make such misses as he has done is conclusive against his having any inborn faculty for song-expression. It is almost pathetic to think of the vast number of black notes he has put on paper and the relatively small outlet the human soul finds through them. He is too self-conscious, too bent on dazzling us with his flow of language, on subduing us by any means but those of simplicity and truth. He is the Cagliostro of the song,—a Cagliostro who occasionally lapses into sincerity."

A writer in London *Truth* finds much both to blame and to praise in Reger's music.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR IN THE MUSICAL WORLD

By some of the critics Reger is proclaimed a genius of the first order; others speak of his compositions as "ragged, haggard, deformed monstrosities."

Speaking of a recent performance of Reger's sonata for violin and piano, he says:

"To a considerable extent the predominant impression which it produces on a first acquaintance is sheer bewilderment—bewilderment tempered by doubt as to whether the performers are not by some misunderstanding or other playing in different keys. At times indeed the effect was almost comic. Each seemed to be playing with the utmost determination, gravity, and enthusiasm music which did not in the least go with that of the other. Or anon one gained the impression that the music might be all right if the one performer did not appear to be a bar or so behind the other all the time. Then a comparatively lucid interval would bring relief, to be quickly succeeded once again by a long stretch of seeming chaos and cacophony. And yet with it all there remained, strange to say, an abiding sense of underlying strength and purpose. Herr Reger's music, if one may judge it by this single example, has at least one admirable quality. There is nothing about it of the decadent, degenerate, or morbid. On the contrary, it leaves a general impression of abounding vigor and virility. It is not subtle and elusive after the manner of, say, Debussy. On the contrary, among its leading characteristics are a wholesome directness [illegible] forthrightness which seem to justify to th[illegible] tent at least the alleged watchword [illegible] poser, 'Back to the Classics.'"

Courtesy of *The Musical Courier* (New York).

LISTENING TO MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERTS IN A GREEK THEATER

"Symphony concerts under the open sky, though at midwinter, and given in a Greek theater by a university orchestra of seventy professional musicians, before audiences of 4,000 or 5,000 people"—such is the new departure reported from the University of California. The prime mover in this remarkable undertaking has been Dr. J. Fred Wolle, already well known as the creator of the great Bach festivals at Bethlehem, Pa., and now Professor of Music in the University of California. Upon assuming his new position last September he applied all his energy to the task of establishing a university orchestra of professional musicians which should maintain the highest musical traditions and render the noblest compositions. And what auditorium could be more appropriate than the magnificent Greek theater recently presented to the university by Mrs. Phœbe A. Hearst?

The results of his experiment are chronicled in an article in *The Musical Courier* (New York), from which we quote:

"For many years past San Francisco has had a series of symphony concerts every season, with varying degrees of artistic and popular success. Always the undertaking has been a difficult struggle, and never before has there seemed a prospect of permanency. As Dr. Wolle's concertmeister the University appointed Gulio Minetti, who had served Fritz Scheel and the conductors of other seasons in San Francisco in a similar [illegible]acity. Into its orchestra the University gath[illegible]gether absolutely the best professional mu[illegible] San F[illegible]cisco, including a large num[illegible] themselves directors of orchestras, and the best soloists and players of chamber music in San Francisco. Among the number are many who have played with the chief American symphony orchestras. For the opening concert of the series, at the Greek Theatre, February 15, more people came from San Francisco to Berkeley than had ever listened to a symphony concert in San Francisco. For the second concert, on March 1, three times as many people gathered in the Greek Theatre as had ever heard a symphony concert in California. There is an inexpressible delight in hearing the masterworks of orchestral music under such surroundings as those in which the University orchestra plays. In the rising tiers of the vast Greek Theatre are assembled thousands upon thousands of eager listeners. The orchestra is ranged upon the immense stage of the Greek Theatre, and for a background is a stately Doric columned temple front, overhead the blue sky of California midwinter, and all about a great forest of eucalyptus and cypress trees, with a glimpse between the branches of the green Berkeley hills, rising steeply behind the theatre. There is nothing to intrude on the entrancing music, no sound but murmurs, now and again, from the high treetops, or the call of a bird as it wings its way above the theatre. This first series of symphonies at the University of California consisted of but six concerts. While the musicians devote but a share of their time to the service of the symphony orchestra, and for the most part play nightly in San Francisco orchestras, yet there is the greatest artistic promise in the work of the organization. There are four rehearsals each week, that is, eight rehearsals for each of the symphony concerts. For the very reason that the musicians are not required to play in the symphony orchestra alone, it is possible for the University to command the services of the best professional musicians in a city of half a million population. These men are for the most part German or Italian by birth, well trained, long experienced, and

UNDER CALIFORNIAN SKIES

highly skilled, possessing unu ual versatility, responsiveness and temperament. All the more because membership in the symphony orchestra is not their one occupation, they come to its work with the enthusiasm and delight inhering in the fact that this is a longed for opportunity to express in the highest degree their hopes, their ambitions and their artistic ideals."

THE "SONG OF SONGS" AS A POETIC DRAMA

Mrs. Mercedes Leigh, an English actress who has recently come to this country and has appeared here in Oscar Wilde's "Salome," is presenting in New York a dramatized version of the "Song of Songs." This ancient love-song has played an interesting part in literary and dramatic, as well as in theo[illegible] controversy. It was greatly admired [illegible] the, and Ernest Renan made it the basis [illegible] act drama for which he invented per[illegible] structed situations and built a more [illegible] arbitrary framework. A later French[illegible] Jean de Bonnefon, has converted the [illegible] of Songs" into a one-act drama, which [illegible] given in Paris about a year ago, with Mad[illegible] moiselle Vellini in the leading rôle. Both M. de Bonnefon and Mrs. Leigh feel that in the simplicity of the one-act play they have found a stronger and more sincere expression than existed in the complicated drama of Renan.

In Mrs. Leigh's version the biblical model and language are closely followed. The drama resolves itself into a love rhapsody, full of passion and poetic feeling. There are practically only two characters—the Sulamite woman and King Solomon. The woman has been brought to the court against her will. She addresses herself, as in a dream, to the shepherd lover she has left in her native village, and, through him, to the country from which she is exiled. Solomon at first takes her ardent words to himself; and a chorus of his court followers intensifies the situation. Finally Solomon speaks: "I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots. Thy cheeks are comely, thy naked neck is as a jewel, yet will we make for thee chains of gold inlaid with silver."

The swing and rhythm of the measured [illegible]rations following are comparable to the [illegible]ts and responses of a sacred ceremony. [illegible]ubject is one which contains the qualitie[illegible] music, and in order to intensify the pec[illegible] scriptural effect, music has been composed [illegible] accompany the drama throughout. Miss Frances Greene, whose music for "Electra" and "Salome" has already been heard in New York, is felt to have caught the spirit of the play admirably. She expresses in her score solemnity, passion, the Oriental pulse of mystery, by means of insistent and soothing rhythms, monotonous melodic phrases [illegible] based on the richer harmony of our mo[illegible] Occidental musical development.

An extract will show the feeling as of a litany which pervades the whole piece.

SOLOMON: Behold thou art fair, my love, behold thou art fair, thou hast dove's eyes.

SULAMITE: Behold thou art fair, my beloved, my adored one.

SOLOMON: I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys. As a lily among thorns so is my love among the daughters.

SULAMITE: As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

After this the chorus begins to perceive that it is of another than Solomon that she is speaking. But the king charges them authoritatively to remain calm, and the Sulamite, still in a dream, does not hear them, but is absorbed in her ecstasy of love. She says:

"The voice of my beloved! Behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills. My beloved is like a roe, or a young hart; behold he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattice. My beloved spake and said unto me: Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away, for lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

"The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, the vineyards are in bloom and exhale all their perfume. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

"O, my dove, thou art in the clefts of the rocks, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice and thy countenance is comely.

"My beloved is mine and I am his, he feedeth his flocks among the lilies. Until the day break and the shadows flee away, return, my beloved; and be thou like a roe, or a young hart, upon the mountains of Bether."

The woman cries out: [illegible] will arise now. . . . [illegible] seek him whom my soul loveth," and there is a movement of indignation among the chorus, astonished at her audacity. But Solomon says: "I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes and the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up nor awake my love until she pleases." Then the chorus sings the praises of the king:

"Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all the powders of the merchant?

"Behold his bed which is Solomon's; three score valiant men are about it of the valiant of Israel.

"They all hold swords, being expert in war: every man hath his sword upon his thigh, because of fear in the night.

"King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon. He made pillars thereof of silver, the bottom thereof of gold, the covering of it of purple; the midst thereof being paved with love, for the daughters of Jerusalem.

"Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion and behold King Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart."

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MRS. MERCEDES LEIGH

As the Sulamite woman in her own dramatic version of "The Song of Songs."

The "Song of Songs" develops in these large rhythms into an emotional climax. Little by little Solomon comprehends the true meaning of the appeals of the girl to her absent lover. He becomes sincerely in love with her, and addresses her in words that match her own in eloquence and intensity. The disdain of the Sulamite then mounts to the height of insolence. Solomon is routed in a final apostrophe. And this is all. It is the triumph, says M. Bonnefon, of the scriptural narrative, of love over venality. It is a pamphlet of genius against a king so great that the pamphleteers of his time needed genius themselves to understand it.

J. M. BARRIE'S TWO NEW FANTASIES

Mr. J. M. Barrie might have called his two new "playlets" a "Revue des Deux Mondes," says William Archer, the eminent London critic; for the first of the two, entitled "Punch," is a "revue" of the artistic, and the second, "Josephine," of the political world. Both are full of quaint fantasy, and both have been enthusiastically received at their first performances in London. Writing of the first-named play in the London *Tribune,* Mr. Archer says:

"The scene of 'Punch' is the home of that popular entertainer, the inside of his show. On the window-sill—his stage—he is going through his performance, Judy, his faithful old wife, handing him his puppets and generally assisting. But alas! his humors have palled on his public; they find his drama 'crude,' and the curtain falls to a chorus of groans and hisses. Punch is heartbroken. His artist's pride is wounded, and he is at a loss to imagine what the public wants. They have applauded him for forty years—why should they desert him now? All he asks is 'praise, praise, praise'; why should they refuse it him? Judy offers to tear up her treasured marriage-lines and pretend they are not married, for 'it's never serious drama if they're really man and wife'; but Punch will by no means sanction this sacrifice. Then the Public enters, incarnate in a butcher-boy, and declares that he has transferred his allegiance—he doesn't know why—to 'the New Man.' Punch hits the butcher-boy over the head with his staff, and so commits 'his last murder.' But then the New Man, or Superpunch, enters to take possession of the booth; and on his head Punch's staff breaks innocuous—the public, he explains, tried to bludgeon him at the outset, but found his head too hard. The New Man is, of course, made up to resemble—rather remotely—Mr. Bernard Shaw. When Punch, acknowledging his defeat, offers to hand over to him his properties and puppets, the New Man answers that he requires nothing but 'a pot of ink' (it should have been a type-writer) 'and a few carrots.' In the end Superpunch seats himself on the window-ledge stage, amid thunders of applause, while Punch and Judy beat a mournful retreat. The little apologue, though it may be called a 'revue' of to-morrow rather than of to-day, is full of point and humor."

Of "Josephine" Mr. Archer despairs of conveying the slightest idea, "unless by comparing it to a dramatization of the 'Political Parables' of the *Westminster Gazette* Office Boy." "There is no coherent action," he declares, "and the dialogue is one long series of topical 'hits,' some of them clear and entertaining, many of them far-fetched and very difficult to follow. For my own part, I confess that I found it very fatiguing to keep pace with Mr. Barrie's thick-coming quips and quillets." The London *Athenæum* says:

"The action of 'Josephine' passes in three scenes, whereof the first two take place in the country house of Mr. John Buller, and the third in his town mansion, which is also the House of Commons. John Buller, the somnolent type of the Englishman of old days, in blue coat, top boots, and other signs of agricultural occupation, has four sons, all of whom are anxious to enjoy the supremacy, otherwise the conduct of affairs, which involves the Premiership. Each of these is distinguishable as some recent Prime Minister or the representative of some power in the State; Andrew, given to ploughing a lonely furrow, is Lord Rosebery; James, with his vacillations, is Mr. Balfour; and Colin is Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman; while a fourth—a huge and formidable figure—is Bunting, standing for the Labour party.

"Not very brilliant in conception is all this; nor do the amours of James with Josephine or his dalliances with Free (Trade) or Fair (Trade), two nymphs of rival and well-balanced attractions, impart any great probability or vivacity to the proceedings."

While it is generally conceded that the two fantasies have scored a decided popular success, the critical verdict is, in some instances, unfavorable. *The Athenæum* comments:

"As a humorist Mr. Barrie is indeed light, sparkling, inventive, resourceful, but in dramatic grip there has been a constant declension, and later pieces are not to be compared in that respect with 'The Little Minister,' or even 'The Professor's Love Story.' The vein of pretty sentiment in which Mr. Barrie formerly indulged is absent, moreover, from the later works; and the unbridled drollery which brought with it compensation for many shortcomings is no longer assertive. In its place comes a sort of freakishness which is effective when it hits, but which does not always hit. It is difficult to refuse admiration to the cleverness of the workmanship, though the sense of dulness is never far away."

A writer in London *Truth* also thinks that Mr. Barrie can do better:

"Of course, there are witty lines in the revue ['Josephine'], but the main point for the audience seemed to be to identify the characters with well known sayings of their originals. To some minds it may afford satisfaction to hear people talk about plowing lonely furrows or to see orchids bandied about the stage. To me such obvious symbolism is wearisome to a degree. None of the personages in the revue are entities; they are merely abstractions dressed up in cuttings from the newspapers. In fact, I am sure that if an unknown writer had submitted these two revues to the management of any theatre, neither would have had a chance of being accepted. Mr. Barrie can do far better than this, as he has amply proved, and I hope that the next work we see from his hand will deal either with human nature or fairy nature."

THE PROBLEM OF SELF-REALIZATION AS TREATED BY SUDERMANN AND HAUPTMANN

The plays of Ibsen, it has been said, are "a long litany praising the man who wills," and Ibsen himself, in his recently published "Letters," has made it clear that the motive underlying all his work and life has been a passion for self-realization. In a hundred different ways he endeavors to convey to his audiences a fundamental message which might be stated in ethical terms thus: Be true to yourself. Be true to the highest that you know, at whatever cost. This is the only thing in life that is important.

The burden of this same message has fallen on the shoulders of Sudermann and Hauptmann, the leading representatives of contemporary German drama. Sudermann's two greatest women characters, Magda, in the play of that name, and Beata, in "The Joy of Living," both transgress the social law in their struggle to "realize" themselves—to live the richest and fullest life of which they are capable; and Master Heinrich, the hero of Hauptmann's poetic drama, "The Sunken Bell," deserts his wife and children because he "finds" himself, for the first time, in his love for the fairy sprite, Rautendelein. It is significant, however, that all three of these characters bring intense suffering upon themselves and those nearest to them, and that all are broken in their efforts to live what they conceive to be the highest life.

Prof. Otto Heller, of the Washington University, St. Louis, who suggests these facts in his new "Studies in Modern German Literature,"* points out that Sudermann has passed through three distinct stages in his treatment of the human problem:

"At first, in his plays, the class conflict *per se* is in the foreground, the fates of the individuals are of secondary interest. The type of these dramas is 'Die Ehre.' In that play the final destinies of Robert and Lenore, Alma and Kurt, are disposed of with a nonchalant wave of the hand. . . .

"It is not long, however, before the major sympathies of Sudermann are transferred from the sociologic class phenomena in the abstract to the concrete, living individual. The first play of the second phase is 'Magda.' The connection with the teachings of Friedrich Nietzsche is obvious. The highest duty of the exceptional type is to cultivate its true genius, regardless of the statutes and by-laws of society. The exceptional man or woman must, therefore, follow the path-finding instinct. Such is the prime consideration. The most sacred bonds must be severed as soon as they become a hindrance to the free unfolding of individuality. At the same time, genius may not, after defying the conventions and thus securing its own higher form of happiness, expect to participate with equal share in the happy lot of the throng. Thus every genius is placed in the Sapphic dilemma.

"There is a third class of plays by Sudermann representing a yet higher stage of ethical conception. A person may be at the same time sovereignly independent and sovereignly unselfish. 'Teja' is an apotheosis of civic martyrdom, 'Johannes' a glorification of the gospel of love. Marikke ['St. John's Fires'], too, and Beata ['The Joy of Living'] in their way show their strength not so much in self-assertion as in self-abnegation."

Hauptmann's development, while much less logical and definite than that of Sudermann, presents many points of similarity. He, too, is constantly preoccupied with the struggle of the "exceptional type" to "cultivate its true genius," and his most characteristic plays, such as "Lonely Souls" and "The Sunken Bell," vividly illustrate this attitude. On the first-named play, which has been compared with Ibsen's "Rosmersholm," Professor Heller comments:

"The simple action of 'Einsame Menschen' revolves round one of those persons for whom Goethe discovered the appellation *Problematische Naturen* (problematic characters). Johannes Vockerat is studying to be a theologian, when through Darwin and Haeckel the drift of the modern scientific era is forcibly borne upon him. He forsakes theology and becomes a philosopher of the psycho-physiological school, though the old orthodox Adam is not quite dead within him. For years he has now been fretting over his prospective *magnum opus*. But it is safe to say he would never have achieved the work, even if Hauptmann's five-act tragedy had not effectually cut him off from the possibility, for he is a man with a broken will. We meet his brothers and cousins everywhere in Hauptmann's dramatic world. The family type is classically expressed in Master Heinrich of 'The Sunken Bell' celebrity. Johannes loves his wife for a while and after a fashion; but when by chance he meets Anna Mahr he finds that she is more congenial to him. She understands him, and, mark well, he has never been understood before. So he falls in love with her, after a fashion, and now we behold him swinging to and fro between two poles of amatory attraction, just as he has all the time been the shuttlecock between the battledores of two opposite philosophies. His curse is indecision; his only stability is in his self-love. . . .

*Studies in Modern German Literature. By Otto Heller, Ph.D. Ginn & Co., Boston.

The troublous aspect of such Wertherian characters as Johannes was for a long time of absorbing interest to Hauptmann. He dedicated 'Einsame Menschen' to those who 'had lived through' the tragedy."

In the end, Johannes committed suicide; and this tragedy finds a counterpart in the fate of Master Heinrich, who was cut off, at last, from the "shining heights," and from his valley home as well. They both failed because they hesitated, and in hesitating were lost. Says Professor Heller:

"The tragic fate of Master Heinrich would infallibly have appealed to us had the poet fully convinced us of his hero's overmanship. In that case Master Heinrich might have been reckoned among those brethren-in-fate of Faust whom we hesitate to judge according to the usual standards of human conduct. As it is, he is too small of stature to be compared with Faust, even though he does distantly resemble him. Faust triumphs because he *is* an overman, Heinrich perishes because he would like to be. He is a calamitous blend of the Titan's ambition and the weakling's lack of self-control, a hybrid between overman and decadent. His flight from the narrower circles of life looks suspiciously like an escapade. No lofty fellowship of spirit or congeniality of mind, no profound mutual comprehension, joins Heinrich and Rautendelein by main force; nothing but a sensual attraction draws them together. And the sacred fires in Heinrich's new-built temple cannot long be kept glowing when fanned only by such a fickle breeze as his passion for Rautendelein. If the fate of Heinrich, the lesser mystic, fails to wring from us as much sympathy as we feel for the greater mystic, Faust, it is principally because we ourselves are more nearly concerned in the fate of Faust. The great problems of life which he finally solves in spite of all hindrances are of universal human relevancy. The whole aim and endeavor of Hauptmann's hero, on the other hand, is centered exclusively on artistic ideals, to realize which he deserts his nearest obligations. In spite of all its beauties, 'The Sunken Bell,' after all, does not appeal irresistibly to all our human nature at once, because it deals with human nature under exceptional aspects.

"The enthusiastic acceptance of 'The Sunken Bell' served as an unmistakable sign of the trend of the literary taste. For the poet himself, as well as for the public, it testified to the truth of the blunt saying in Paul Heyse's anti-naturalistic novel, 'Merlin': 'Though with the pitchfork of naturalism we may drive out never so vigorously that longing for the great and beautiful which is called idealism, it forever returns.'"

A PLAY BY WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

The appearance of Margaret Anglin, one of our most talented actresses, in the title rôle of "A Sabine Woman," a play by William Vaughn Moody, has aroused much interest in the literary as well as the dramatic world. Until now Mr. Moody has been chiefly known for his work in the domain of pure poetry. Some competent judges have assigned him the first place among living American poets. But it seems that his great ambition has been to write plays that could be staged and that should grip the heart of the American people. This ambition has been in part fulfilled by Miss Anglin's production of his play, which took place in Chicago a few days ago. It provided, according to the newspapers of that city, "the most exciting first night" the stage had known there in many years.

The "Sabine Woman" of the drama is an American girl who, by force of circumstances and against her will, is entrapped into marriage with a rough Westerner. She becomes a "Hedda Gabler" of the mountains, restless and bitter, but, unlike Ibsen's heroine, is finally reconciled to her husband. From an account of the play appearing in the Boston *Transcript* and based on Chicago newspaper accounts, we take the following details of the plot:

The first act reveals the situation on which the whole action pivots. We are made acquainted first with the heroine—a young woman who has reached that epoch in her life where the girl and woman meet, and to whom the joy of life is the holiest and best reason for living. Suddenly she faces a great crisis. She is alone at a ranch in Arizona at night. She is attacked by three drunken, roistering, passion-crazed brutes. Passing over the probability of her having been left alone in this out-of-the-way place, even while a known enemy is lurking in the vicinity, we face a strongly dramatic situation. She grasps a revolver with which to protect herself, but she does not fire it. She is disarmed and then, to protect herself, agrees to become the wife of the least offensive of the three if he shall save her from the others. This he agrees to do. He buys off one of the trio, a dissolute Mexican, and agrees to fight a duel with the other. Here the first weakness in the dramat[illegible] structure occurs. Men do not fight du[illegible] the spur of the moment, even ir[illegible] Arizona. Then, at the retur[illegible]

queror, the intensity of the situation is impaired by its rambling continuance. The unreasoning mastery of the man must dominate the situation. The scene in which the girl wavers between thoughts of murdering her conqueror and of committing suicide is strong and the logical close of the act. He must live, she says, that he may suffer and atone; she must live because life is dear to her.

The second act shows Zona, the heroine, eight months later, in practically the same state of emotional extremity. She is out of harmony with existence, at war with nature, in a state of physical and mental unrest. She loathes her husband, yet is held to him by the hate that is akin to love. She is slaving her life away that she may buy back and return to him the string of nuggets with which he bought the chance to save her of the Mexican. Her inner soul revolts at the thought of the unspeakable bargain he drove to secure her, and she has a deep desire to reach beneath the heart of him and make him suffer as she suffers, and atone through his suffering, that a new respect may awaken in her. And here we get a technical and contradictory weakness, for on top of this feeling of deep loathing which Zona makes us feel she has for her husband, he recounts in poetic prose the early months of happiness or of simulated happiness, when she clung to him as she clung to life. There is a strong scene, half of pleading, half of denunciation, between the two, in which the blundering, pathetic, ignorant husband does not, cannot, understand aught save the fact that they are man and wife, that he loves her, and is willing to devote his life to her. He takes the string of nuggets she casts at his feet, puts it around her neck, and decrees that as they are man and wife such they must remain. Zona, weakened in strength of purpose as well as in body, agrees to return to her New England home with the relatives who have sought her out.

The third act is again somewhat pervaded with gloom, though Mr. Moody makes a rather deft and grateful use of humor through the character of a sister-in-law. Zona, at home again, is again downcast, sullen, resigned, hopeless. She has become the mother of a son, but she treats the babe as a mechanical [illegible], not as her offspring. Her soul's call is [illegible]of "unclean, unclean," whenever the [illegible] the [illegible]roaches. The husband, secretly, [illegible]ng a reconciliation, has come [illegible]ing. In his effort to restore [illegible] destroyed he has saved the fortune and the home of Zona's parents. She still lives as one apart from all who have known her. When she is told that her husband has followed her she again turns upon him and, to her mother, lashes him for the crime he committed, a confession that inspires a doubt as to the final settlement with the family after the curtain cuts from view the exposed portion of the life of these people. The husband comes, faces Zona, and again they grope for the light with which to read their lives aright. Here, as an example of Mr. Moody's style and dialogue and command of emotion, is a page or two of their talk:

Stephens: It has been our life . . . and . . . it has been all—right.

Zona: All—right. All—right——

Stephens: Some of it has been wrong, but as a whole it has been right—right—right. I know that doesn't happen often, but it has happened with us because—because—because since I came in that door I don't know what I'm saying except that it's just the opposite of what I came to say, because the sight of you puts nonsense and the strength of angels in me—because the first time our eyes met they drove away what was bad in our meeting and left only the fact that we had met—pure good—pure joy—a fortune of it—for both of us. Yes, both of us. You'll see it yourself some day.

Zona: I tried—I tried with my whole strength. I went through the valley of the shadow of death holding our life high in my hands and crying to Heaven to save us, as by fire—by the fire of suffering and sacrifice. And you would not suffer. You were too busy and contented. Even now it might not be too late if you had the courage to say "The wages of sin is death" and the strength to suffer the anguish of death and to rise again. But instead of that you go on declaring that our life is right when it is wrong—from the first instant horribly and hopelessly wrong.

Stephens (*indicating the portraits on the walls*): Zona, those fellows are fooling you. Don't you see it? That little mummy there in the wig is the worst. (*He points to a clerical portrait of the eighteenth century.*) He is a money grubber turned saint and balancing the books on the old basis. He is the one that keeps your head set on mortgages and the wages of sin and all that rubbish. What have you got to do with self-respect? That's all well enough in its place, but it's got no business coming between us. What have we got to do with suffering and sacrifice? That may be the law for some, and I've tried hard to see it as our law, and thought I had succeeded. But I haven't. Our law is joy and selfishness. The curve of your shoulder and the light on your hair as you sit there say that as plain as preaching. Does it gall you the way we came together? You asked me that night what brought me, and I told you whiskey and the sun and the fork-tailed devil. Well, I tell you I'm thankful on my knees for all three. Does it rankle in your mind that I took you when I could get you by main strength and fraud? I guess most women are taken that way if they only knew it. Don't

you want to be paid for? I've paid for you not only with a nugget chain, but with the heart in my breast. Do you hear? That's one thing you can't throw back at me—the man you've made me. Wrong is wrong from the minute it happens to the crack of doom and all the angels in Heaven working overtime can't make it less or different by a hair. That seems to be the law. I've learned it hard, but I guess I've learned it. I guess it's spelled in mountain letters across the continent of this life. Done is done, and lost is lost, and smashed to hell is smashed to hell. We fuss and potter and patch up—God knows for what reason. You might as well try to batter down the Rocky Mountains with a rabbit's heartbeat.

Then the brother of Zona bursts in upon them, shoots and wounds the husband, and this brings the love that has been struggling in the woman's heart to her lips, and the reconciliation follows.

"There is a strong vital dramatic idea at the foundation of the play," comments the Chicago *Tribune,* "and when considerable of the clogging talk is lopped off, certain of the characters more clearly defined and the situations made more intelligible, a drama of power and strength should result. There is excellent material in the play, and while it seems that Mr. Moody has not in all instances made the best use of his materials the dramatic scheme just as it stands is good, and with elimination and condensation the play can be made effective beyond the usual. . . . Its stage value lies more in the interest that the spectator feels in the husband's winning of his wife's love than in the problem of the psychological changes the woman undergoes. The author may have intended this problem to be the chief element in the drama, but if so he has failed to make it such."

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* pronounces the first act of the play "one of the strongest any American dramatist ever has written," but thinks the second "indirect, contradictory, clouded and unnecessarily oppressive." It adds: "Fortunately for Mr. Moody his original intent is but slightly obscured by his superior intellectuality, which inspires decorative verbiage, profound philosophy, suggestive symbolism, and leads even unconsciously into those psychological depths that belong to the chamber music of the drama, but not to the broader function of the stage."

IS THERE A DISTINCTIVE NOTE IN AMERICAN MUSIC?

The recent organization of the New Music Society of America, a body which has for its aim the encouragement and performance of American music, and the first two concerts of the society, given in Carnegie Hall, New York, lend a special timeliness to the question which stands at the head of this article.

The claims of American music, so to speak, have come up for settlement. Have we as yet any genuinely American music? is being asked. If not, is there any prospect that we shall have a native school of composition in the near future? And is it true, as has been alleged, that the works of American composers have been unduly neglected? In regard to the last point, Mr. Philip Hale, the musical critic of the Boston *Herald,* waxes satirical:

"There are American composers who are sure that there is a sworn conspiracy to crush them. Mr. Zenas T. Field can not understand why Mr. Gericke will not produce his tone poem, 'Lucy of Hockanum Ferry,' and Mr. Bela Graves knows that there are sinister and malignant influences against him, otherwise Mr. Walter Damrosch would look favorably on his great orchestral fantasia, 'The Springfield Arsenal.'"

Mr. Hale evidently feels that the really gifted American composer has had his full meed of recognition. But several of the younger American composers take issue with him. Lawrence Gilman, of *Harper's Weekly,* Arthur Farwell, of the Wa-Wan Press, Harvey Worthington Loomis, of New York, and others, have expressed the conviction that American musical compositions are neglected because they are American, and that the works of European composers are apt to receive more generous treatment. This has led to a consideration of the distinctively American contribution thus far made to world-music.

Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, the well-known critic of the New York *Tribune,* who writes on this subject in the Philadelphia *Etude,* says:

"During our Colonial life there was no 'call' for a distinctive note; we were English. During the Revolution we were rebellious Englishmen—nothing more. We wrote patriotic poems but we sang them to English tunes. When the War of 1812 came upon us, we boasted and celebrated our naval triumphs particularly, in song, loud and long; but we stuck to the old tunes. We sang 'Adams and Liberty' to the tune of 'To Anacreon in Heaven'; 'Hull's Victory' to the tune of be Three Poor Mariners' or 'Heart [illegible] 'The Constitution and Guerrière' to [illegible]

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA CARICATURED: A VERY "DISTINCTIVE" FIGURE IN AMERICAN MUSIC

His comic opera, "The Free Lance," has just been successfully produced in New York.

From *The Musical Courier* (New York).

'The Landlady of France'; 'The Sovereignty of the Ocean' to 'The Kilruddery Fox Chase'; 'The Yankee Tars' to 'Derry, Down Derry,' and so on for quantity. Our sentimental ballads were English, Englishmen like Incledon and Phillips came over here to sing them for us, and Horn and Russell later to sing and write them.

"But when we were shaken by the Civil War, a war of brothers, involving moral and social as well as political question—then we saw the spirit of folk-song awakened. When the names of Root and Work are forgotten, their songs will be folk-songs. They are American, not because they speak an American dialect, but because they proclaim an American spirit."

Just in so far as we have adopted idioms "racy of the soil," continues Mr. Krehbiel, we have come nearest to creating distinctively American music; and the Afro-American and Indian sources have in the past proved most [illegible]itful. He writes on this point:

"[illegible]m laugh who will, I have no hesitation [illegible] that were I anywhere in the world, [illegible] and thoughts of home, I would [illegible] down a swelling of the heart [illegible]he Old Folks at Home' or 'At a Georgia Campmeeting' to fall into my unsuspecting ear. No other popular music would affect me in such a particular manner. For me, then, there is something American about it. It is thirty years since I began the study of American slave music and I am still as interested in it, and as convinced of its potential capacity for artistic development, as I have ever been. For preaching the doctrine I have been well laughed at by my friends among the critics; but no harm has been done. It was all in good nature, and they had scarcely closed their mouths after the first guffaw with which the suggestion that Indian, but more especially Afro-American, melodies might profitably be used as thematic material for artistic composition, before Dr. Dvorák showed, with his quartet, quintet and symphony composed during his stay in America, that the laughter of the skeptics was as 'the crackling of thorns under a pot.' In those works we find the spirit of Negro melody and some of its literal idiom, though there was no copying of popular tunes. Then came Mr. MacDowell with his 'Indian' suite (fruit of a conversation held as long ago as 1888 in the Botolph Club in Boston), and his exquisite pianoforte piece 'From an Indian Lodge.' Then my contention with the wise men of the East reminded me only of the old story of Diogenes crawling out of his tub and walking, wordless, up and down in front of it, while he listened to the arguments of the sophist who was busily proving that there was no such thing as motion. While the skeptical critics talked, Dvorák and MacDowell walked. To say the least, they set up fingerposts which will be looked at more than once while composers are hunting for a distinctive note in American music."

The Etude, commenting editorially, takes the view that "America is in the beginning of the era of producing good composers":

"It took Germany seven hundred years to produce a Beethoven. In one hundred America almost has arrived at the point where Germany now is, and in another century it may overtake the older land, who can say? But there will need be used every influence that can be brought to bear on the artistic education of the people. For it takes a thousand cultured musicians to produce a good composer and a thousand good composers to produce a great composer.

"Just now America is in the beginning of the era of producing good composers. Perhaps there are half a hundred names that could be included in a catalogue of such. Of course there are hundreds who do a little writing of more or less merit, sporadic attempts that do good only to those who practice such. They gain the technic by this experimenting, but, when they get the technic, have nothing to say.

"Some day out of the wealth of commonplace compositions there will be evolved a writer who will combine sentiment, technic, and originality in such proportions and in such prominence as will entitle him to the term 'great.' But before that day arrives the thousand good composers must be encouraged in every possible way, by private word and by public hearing, that from this myriad-headed individual there may spring a genius worthy to represent the New World side by side

with the best representatives of European art. Every society for the encouragement of American composition, every American name on a program, every recital of American compositions brings the day nearer when America can take her place in the front ranks of musical creativeness."

In concluding, it is interesting to note that Prof. John Knowles Paine, director of the musical department of Harvard University since 1875, was engaged, at the time of his death, a few days ago, on a symphonic poem on the subject of Abraham Lincoln. Of this work Mr. Louis C. Elson wrote recently: "We can all hope that when we have the pleasure of hearing it performed we shall be justified in calling it the American 'Heroic' Symphony, upon a greater man than Napoleon, whom Beethoven honored in music. Lincoln is so pre-eminently a man of the American people that American characteristics must come to the fore in such a work." How far toward completion this work had gone is not now known. Professor Paine has been called "the Nestor of American composers," and has written a long series of compositions, mostly, however, on un-American subjects. His death, coming so soon after the disablement of MacDowell, is a serious loss to American music.

"THE AWAKENING"—HERVIEU'S LATEST PLAY

Paul Hervieu's latest play, "Le Reveil," which, as stated in these columns three months ago, was the chief sensation of the theatrical year in Paris,* will probably constitute one of the leading events in the coming dramatic season on the American stage, with Olga Nethersole in the star rôle.

Thérèse de Mégée, wife of Raoul, has fallen in love with Prince Jean, but has resisted his importunities and is about to give him his final dismissal when she learns that he is in danger of losing his life if she does not detain him in Paris. Jean's father, Prince Grégoire, has come to Paris from the Sylvanian frontier. He tells of a plot to wrest the Sylvanian throne, rightfully belonging to his family, from its present occupant, and, as he is himself very unpopular, he has decided to declare his son king the moment the usurper is overthrown. He has come to Paris to summon his son to Sylvania for this purpose. But Jean flatly refuses to follow his father's lead, giving as the reason his love for Thérèse. Thérèse, learning of the sacrifices Jean is willing to make for her, and the probability of assassination if he returns to Sylvania, abandons her scruples, and the two lovers appoint a rendezvous for the next day. The house in which they meet belongs to Prince Grégoire, who just previously to their arrival, has come there to hold a secret conference with Keff, an emissary of the Sylvanian conspirators. He learns that his son is momentarily expected there with Thérèse, and he decides to make an attempt to foil the lover's purpose by strategy. Keff and Prince Grégoire withdraw into the next room. Jean enters, with Thérèse, the room they have left.

*See the March number of CURRENT LITERATURE.

Jean: We're alone. (*She enters.*) Here you are at last.

Thérèse: Yes, here I am, as I promised.

Jean: Hurry up and take off that horrid veil.

Thérèse: If you don't want me to faint, give me a chance to come to myself. (*She sinks on a couch.*)

Jean (*having removed her veil and hat*): My love! My love! Don't tremble all over that way. Won't you tell me you have some happiness to grant me?

Thérèse: O Jean! The thought that some day I might be united to you, body and soul, has always come to me with the indefiniteness of a dream. It always passed into the haze of the far-off, the unreal. I never conceived that the gift of myself would occur in any other way than unexpectedly, when bereft of my senses. But this rendezvous, arranged twenty-four hours beforehand, all that time for surrendering my conscienee, that's what has tortured me; that is what has made me regard you as my conqueror. And that word means that I must suffer a little oppression, and that there is a touch of cruelty in your contentment. Oh, forgive me these miserable words! I withdraw them. I haven't come to break my promise.

Jean: Understand me, Thérèse! Understand that I do not consider myself victorious as long as I have not brought confidence to your soul and a smile to your lips. No, my dear, dear love, I do not regard you as already mine. In this first meeting when we are really alone, I feel that it is an added delight to conquer you entirely, by my humble fervor, my respectful patience. Show me all the shadows that darken this dear forehead, so that I can chase them away with my kisses.

Thérèse: I am in a hurry to get rid of one thought that still weighs on my mind. But there need be no misunderstanding between us, Jean. Do you thoroughly realize what it means [illegible] yesterday, when I pledged myself to yo[illegible]eir [illegible] the same time gave up the rest of [illegible]esses, with You see, here I am; I have left [illegible]re some and to return. Do you comprehen[illegible] dim cance of this thing?

Jean: Yes. I expected a resolve from you as strong as mine, without any reserve, without thought of turning back. I, too, for love of you have lost my family. I give up my chances of reigning, my military duties, my honor as a man, for you, for you, for you.

Thérèse: Ah! Yes, I am your chattel. Hide me from the eyes of the world. Take me and keep me forever.

Jean: I will carry you away this evening. Not a soul who knows us shall ever see us again.

Thérèse: Ah! Take away my senses! Drug me, so that I do not see on what ruins I am stepping.

Jean: I adore you!

Thérèse (*yielding to Jean's embrace*): I adore you! (*Then breaking away from his embrace*) Listen! (*She points to the door in the rear from which a sound has issued.*) There is someone there.

Jean: Yes, I hear someone walking. It's the servant.

Thérèse: Someone is talking.

Jean: I'll go and see.

Thérèse: Stay here with me.

Jean: Let me go. Don't show yourself. (*He opens the door in the rear. The lights in the room are extinguished. Jean is lost in the darkness. The door is shut. His voice is heard in one stifled cry.*) Come here!

Thérèse (*alone, throwing herself against the door in the rear, which is now bolted*): Who is there? They're fighting. Someone has fallen. Open the door, Jean! Open the door! Jean! Answer me! Answer me! He cried out only once! Jean! Let me hear your voice! Jean! He doesn't answer! Not a sound! Nothing! The silence of death! No! Someone is coming! (*She recoils in fright. The door is opened again. Keff appears.*) Ah! Who are you?

Keff (*standing in the open door and obstructing the way*): Prince Jean was watched by spies. This morning they discovered that he had a rendezvous here. That was their opportunity.

Thérèse (*a rising note of despair in the exclamations*): Jean! Jean! Jean! Jean!

Keff: You see he does not hear you any more. (*The door having been bolted from the inside, he moves away. Thérèse throws herself against it again and tries to make it give way.*)

Thérèse: Tell me he has been dragged off. Tell me he is gone. Tell me he's not there any more.

Keff: Prince Jean is there, killed by one blow, in the heart.

Thérèse (*with a piercing cry*): Ah! You killed him.

Keff: His death brings peace to my country.

Thérèse: I want to see him.

Keff: There are companions there who do not want to be seen.

Thérèse: I will look only at him.

Keff: We do not want the screams of a woman over a corpse.

Thérèse: Then kill me, too! Kill me!

Keff: You have nothing to do with the cause serve. We know that you are a married who would lose all by denouncing us. the street, you will not breathe a have nothing to fear from you.

Thérèse: I will not go. All is over for me. There is only one thing for me to do, to kill myself near him.

Keff: You would not want to be recognized in a rendezvous? You would not want to be lifted from the corpse of your lover to be carried to your daughter?

Thérèse (*losing courage at the thought*): Oh! Not that! Not that!

Keff: You can do nothing more for Prince Jean. As for yourself, the thing to do is not to be mixed up in a most terrible scandal. A maid who was sent away will return any minute now, with her curiosity excited. She'll go prowling about, and possibly discover the state of affairs immediately. If you are still here, you'll not escape any more.

Thérèse: Leave! Yes, I had better do so.

Keff: Time presses. It's to our interest, too, the interest of us others, to be at a distance from here. Leave this room, which is in demand. Go now.

Thérèse (*making an effort*): I cannot. I cannot stand. I will fall.

Keff (*advancing toward her*): I took upon myself the duty of making you leave by persuasion or by force. I will carry you downstairs.

Thérèse (*reanimated by horror*): Oh! Your hands shall not touch me. Don't touch me! I'm going! I'm going! (*With one hand she gathers up her cloak, lying on a chair, with the other she picks up her hat from a table.*)

Keff (*pointing to the veil, which she has forgotten*): Don't let this lie about here!

Thérèse: Oh! (*She snatches it with the air of a thief and exit by the left, walking unsteadily.*)

Keff (*after having listened for the shutting of the door downstairs*): My lord, she's not here any more.

Prince Grégoire (*going to look out through the parting of the curtains*): She is leaning against a wall. She is going toward the Bois. (*To Keff*) Call Maria.

Keff (*calling through the door on the left*): Maria!

Prince Grégoire: You, go unbind my son. (*To Maria*) Come here. (*Keff exit rear.*)

Prince Grégoire (*pointing through the window*): That woman there—see what becomes of her.

Maria: Very well.

Prince Grégoire: If she attempts anything foolish—throws herself under a carriage, for instance—— Oh, I cannot explain—I don't know what. Well, then, do whatever you can to prevent her, to defend her against herself.

Maria: Very well.

Prince Grégoire: Don't lose her from your sight until she's had enough time to become sensible.

Maria: I understand.

Prince Grégoire: Now, then, hurry up. Go on. (*Maria exit on left.*)

Prince Grégoire: This is the only way of getting out into the street. The window is barred. There will be no difficulty in keeping Jean.

Keff (*returning*): He is getting his breath again.

Prince Grégoire: Leave us alone together. Keep watch behind that door. (*Keff exit left.*)

Jean (*entering, pale, bruised, suffocated*): Where is she?

Prince Grégoire: Gone.

Jean: You had her chased from here ignominiously?

Prince Grégoire: The ignominy! The ignominy was in her remaining any longer at your mercy. The ignominy was in your ruining the wife of your friend!

Jean: You have subjected me to a savage act of aggression, for which you must now justify yourself.

Prince Grégoire: You made sport of me. I showed you how good a clown I make.

Jean: By what right did you knock me down? Why did you gag me with your own hands?

Prince Grégoire: I had to get you back, and I did get you back, no matter how. And now I'll keep you.

Jean: As amazed as I am at your abominable violence, I am still more astonished at your foolishness. What good does it do you to have me in your power for one moment? My only thought is of that woman—to go to her again; to consecrate myself to her.

Prince Grégoire: And so, before that mass of men who beg you for a reign of greater justice and a life of less misery, before those heroic and humble legions, you do not experience a thrill as of a heaven-imposed mission? You do not want to throb with that superb, keen sensation which comes from the knowledge that so many eyes are turned on you, ready to express gratitude, adoration, ecstasy, at the mere sight of their legitimate master, the elect of God!

Jean: Keep your Utopias and let me live in my natural feelings. In my eyes happiness does not consist in the artificial ostentation and glory, in the showy make-believes that you flash before my eyes. In this greedy, grasping, lying world, it is only in love that I see the sacrifice of oneself, limitless devotion, the true joy, the true beauty of life, and a real majesty for human beings.

Prince Grégoire: And our country? Our partizans? Your people?

Jean: I have no people. I feel myself the master, the chosen one of a single being, who gave herself to me entirely and for whom I want to sacrifice everything.

Prince Grégoire: Then you declare yourself incorrigible, since you would brazenly sink into the worst moral pit, openly court public degradation. As for myself, I would not hesitate to keep you in hiding all your life; if need be, pass you off as dead. In fact, the woman who was with you is convinced that you were killed.

Jean: Oh! You made her believe that! That's a crime for which I demand satisfaction from you. But first I must disabuse her of her wrong impression. I will go to her again! (*He runs to the door on left.*)

Prince Grégoire: You cannot any more. She is already too far away. And you are in a cage.

Jean: Then I'll speak to you as a suppliant. I tell you, because I have proof of it, I tell you the strongest feeling in Thérèse de Mégée is the feeling for my life. The very thing that chased away the last scruples of her virtue was the fear that I was going to expose myself to death. If she realizes now that my death has been brought about, if it is my ghost that you have set upon her heels, come with me and see to what point her lost wits will carry her.

Prince Grégoire: I have assumed that you no longer exist for her. I have placed her outside your destiny. Let her go her own way.

Jean: Oh, you have cherished a horrible hope! You hope, yes, you do, for a solution that terrifies me. You hope that Thérèse will herself assume the charge of freeing you of her! At last I understand you! I understand your aim in frightening her. I understand of what interest it is to you to detain me here, so that your attempt on her may bear results, your attempt to murder——

Prince Grégoire: Ascribe to me all the designs you want! If this woman who is a wife and mother does not recognize her duties toward her family, if the only duty she imposes on herself is toward her lover, if she kills herself for you, that is *her* crime, not mine.

Jean: You will kill me, too. I am bound to her in death as in life. I will follow her into the extremities, the whirlpools in which she will be engulfed. You have my pledge that I shall not survive her.

Prince Grégoire: Rather than let your name be inscribed on the page of infamy in history, rather than that, I'd see you buried in your grave.

Jean (*drunk with fury*): Make your inexorable vows. When you surprised me, I prided myself on denying you as my father. The ties of blood no longer bind us to each other. Each of us has abandoned everything that passes for filial or fatherly. We are nothing but two enemies.

Prince Grégoire (*carried away by horror*): Take care! There is the look of a parricide in your eyes.

Jean (*with a frightful expression*): I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!

Prince Grégoire (*responding to his desperate words with a curse*): Let fate do with you what she will! Return to your love, since it's so sure a treasure! Run and seek her!

Jean (*lightly*): Ah!

Prince Grégoire: Get out of my sight! Keff, let him pass! Go! Go! Go! (*Jean exit, left. Keff jumps forward to catch Prince Grégoire, whose entire being, for an instant, seems to give way.*)

Thérèse reaches home half dead. She has been expected anxiously by her husband and her daughter Rose. Rose is in love with a young man of a respectable family, and they were about to become engaged when the love-affair of Thérèse interfered and now threatens to bring all their relations to an end. If Thérèse does not appear at the dinner to which they are invited that evening by the family of the young man, all is over between him and Rose. The affection displayed by Raoul to Thérèse when he sees her return in distress brings her to a reali[illegible] sense of the misfortune she would have [illegible] upon her husband if she had carried [illegible] pose; and the grief of her dau[illegible]

stacles put in the way of her betrothal, the cause of which Rose cannot surmise, acts still further in recalling her to a sense of her duties to her family. Despite her agitated condition and her ill-health, she decides to attend the dinner. Consequently when Jean arrives he finds her dressed in a gorgeous dining-gown ready to depart.

Jean (*alone*): At last! (*He sees Thérèse, who enters on left, and greets her with a deep cry of joy.*) Ah!

Thérèse (*with the same impulse*): You! Alive! By what miracle?

Jean (*transfixed. His regard has rapidly taken in Thérèse from head to foot. Thérèse, frozen in her turn, with trembling fingers draws her evening cloak over her bare shoulders*): My father arranged this plot. But you, tell me you did not think I was dead! Tell me, to save me from losing my senses at seeing you dressed up in this way.

Thérèse (*overwhelmed*): I did think you were dead.

Jean: You thought me dead, and you adorn yourself!

Thérèse: The moment in which I see you again is sacred. Do not say anything that will make it taste of gall.

Jean: Everything made me think that it was a sick-room, a room of desolation and solitude. I still hear you cry out my name; it sounded like a trumpet call on judgment day, and I trembled in my bonds, a gag in my mouth. You who raised me from that tomb with a supernatural voice, is it you yourself I now see, leaving in this way for some social function?

Thérèse: Don't go on in that way. Oh, don't speak!

Jean: What? You were going to make a show, listen to everybody, talk, smile. Thérèse! How could you? How could you? (*He bursts into tears.*)

Thérèse: Ah, do not show such grief! I cannot console you. On the contrary, I would only double your pain if I tried to explain my conduct, since it was inspired by my feeling for others than you.

Jean: You can easily imagine that in my mad rush to find you, my one hope, my fervent desire, was that you would have abstained from the irreparable act. To chase away the visions in which you appeared disfigured by suicide, I told myself that perhaps your reason would carry you safely beyond that act of desperation. I should have found it perfect if you had dragged yourself here, just as wounded animals instinctively find their way back to shelter. But I could not foresee that you would be so amiably brave, nor that your weeds for me would be so décolleté.

Thérèse: Jean! You weren't present at my Calvary. You do not know the chain of events that forced me. And besides, I alone am in a condition to measure the influences that acted on me since I was carried to this home. Know, at [illegible] I wanted to die. When I fell down on the [illegible] was on the road to drown myself.

[illegible] (*[illegible]ollified*): Thérèse!

[illegible] there are other women who in the [illegible] would have borne themselves better, let God judge between them and me. As for myself, I did what I could, what it was possible for me to do.

Jean (*after a pause*): I was wrong, I dare say. I yielded to a thoughtless fit of passion. The impression I did not check will pass——

Thérèse (*firmly*): No, it will not pass.

Jean: How do you know? Why be so decided?

Thérèse (*with a mournful authority*): Poison has been thrown into the sources of our love. The other lovers live in the thought that they are inseparable. They walk along asleep in their prodigious dream. You and I have been awakened. When you arise from death, you find me making a pact against you with the living. And I—I am granted the revelation that you have disappeared without arresting the course of my life, without deflecting it for even one night. The word that says always, the words that promise the infinite, all the big words, are congealed in the rouge that I have just put on my lips (*retreating before his advance toward her*). Now that I can no longer believe my passion for you is my supreme faith, now that I no longer dream of you as my only master and my god, now that I no longer have these wild excuses, I would be a monster to wish to sacrifice my family to you! (*Retreating before him and with still more resolution*) I pitied my husband. And I have just experienced the feeling that I am forever enlaced by the arms of my daughter.

Jean (*after having questioned himself in a feverish walk up and down the room*): It is my despair that I cannot find the words with which to give you the lie. Yes, we have seen an abyss opening between us. I will not say that I no longer desire you; the moments in which you and I were so close to each other could only heighten my sensual appetite. But I also pursued in you the ideal, the absolute; and behold, in my flight into the infinite I have struck against limitations. I would not content myself with a falling-off from my exalted feelings. The hymn of joy which was interrupted will never sound in me again. An icy breath is exhaled from the things that once kindled my enthusiasm. There is an irony in the air; it emanates from the folds of this robe, from its perfume; you wore it in the city at the very time when I was condemned never to enjoy it again. (*Discovering something essential*) Oh! We have lost only our illusions, and it is love which we will not find again!

Thérèse: My friend! My friend! This time it has really come from death to the place where we are!

A Servant (*entering by the rear*): The carriage is waiting. (*He goes out. Thérèse goes to open the door on the left and with a sign calls the maid.*)

Jean: We will see each other again?

Thérèse: No. (*The maid brings Thérèse a fan, readjusts her cloak on her shoulders and goes out by the door on the left, leaving it open.*)

Jean (*his voice half veiled*): Oh! This is not the time when we will say good-by to each other?

Thérèse: Yes. As in a chamber of death, without a sound, without a gesture, without a word; only a handshake. (*Thérèse and Jean shake each other's hand in silence. She goes out by the right. He falls sobbing on a chair.*)

Religion and Ethics

THE SOUL OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

Columbus once said: "Gold is the most excellent thing in the world; with gold we pile up a treasure with which its owner may have everything in the world; it can even force the gates of paradise." It has been suggested that America inherited its worst national trait from its discoverer. Yet a Harvard professor, Louis Agassiz, is remembered because he declared that he had "no time to make money"; and Andrew Carnegie has already achieved a kind of immortality for his statement that "it is a crime to die rich." Mr. William M. Ivins, the well-known lawyer and late Republican candidate for Mayor of New York, who takes a serious view of our national destiny, and has lately endeavored to give us some insight into what he calls the "soul" of the American people,* is by no means prepared to admit that money-grubbing, or even commercialism, is the ruling American quality. He says:

"The earliest manifestation of the American Spirit came from the Puritan and the Cavalier, and it was a good spirit, born of the reading of the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer and the Elizabethan dramatists, and of Milton and of Locke. It was a colonizing spirit, which pushed farther and farther to the west and south, until the whole land was covered. But for many decades, while theoretically hospitable to all the world, we remained a more or less exclusive and isolated people, for in the history of immigration into America this is to be noted, that it is divided into three periods—the first one that of the early comers, followed by a long interval, let us say from 1700 to 1848, during which immigration played a smaller part in the determination of our national psychology; and then from 1848 to date, a new and tremendous incoming, a veritable transplanting of Europe, which has so modified the character of our people and of our national life as to leave the old controlling Puritan and Cavalier strain something to be sought for historically rather than to be felt intimately and actively.

"Our country presented every variety of natural gift and our Constitution offered every temptation to men of breadth and boldness. Everything favored our becoming the final readjuster in the history of the peoples, with practical immunity for a century and a half from outside interference, while the bone of our character was setting, with steady progress, with unbroken evolution, with final culmination of continental and national unity, with room for everything and for every one in all possible trades and in all possible professions. Thus, with society built up upon the principle of peace, for the last half century we have been transplanting Christendom and becoming the direct and the sole heir of that *Welt Geist* which is 'the inherited collective wisdom of the world.'"

If, as Mr. Ivins asserts, the work of America is to "remake the world," no question can be more pertinent than this: What character are we bringing to, what character are we building up for, the performance of this task? In endeavoring to answer this question, he says:

"Underlying the national spirit, I find primarily these things: the flavor of the soil and of the atmosphere, of the high, clear heaven, the endless prairie, the rolling country, the great cloud-gathering mountains; begetting in men an aptitude for freedom of thought and speech,—the essence of the life of the intellectual man,—and rewarding the worker with pure food and ample, a good roof and a warm coat,—plenty, in a word, the basis of strength in the physical man. It is due to this, and to other causes that I have hastily touched on already, that our people has become physically—and as an entire people, I do not hesitate to say, intellectually as well—the best product of the past and the finest promise for the future. And we are both one and the other precisely because we have not permitted the past to dwarf the present, because we have not let reverence for yesterday spread a pall over to-morrow. This, I take it, is the most notable thing in our atitude towards life, in what may be called our national culture, if Goethe was right in saying of culture that it was simply 'putting every man in a proper attitude towards life.'"

Proceeding, next, to an attempt to "place" our spiritual center of gravity, Mr. Ivins says: "As a nation, we certainly have one; but for me, at least, it is hard to find, and I am not prepared to admit that it is pure commercialism, although commercialism is a very obvious national trait." To quote further:

"The spiritual centre of gravity can still be located in European peoples—among the Engli[illegible] the Spanish, the French and the Germa[illegible] was easily enough located here in '[illegible]y the times,' when in the South it was[illegible]er of this generosity and chivalry, and [illegible] spirit of Puritan fine living [illegible]d ever known." more difficult now to [illegible]

* THE SOUL OF THE PEOPLE. A NEW YEAR'S SERMON. By William M. Ivins. The Century Company.

like New York, to which more than half of our people are practical strangers from the point of view of intellectual community in our traditions and ideals. However, I should say that our spiritual centre of gravity is a national love of work, which is the mainspring of the ethics of our new civilization. That is why we, as yet, have no intellectual proletariat, and no body of the unclassed, as in Europe; for, notwithstanding all appearance, we have here no 'classes' in the European sense of the word. The tools to him who can use them—that is our motto. Or, as Ferrero says, 'Let him who can do a thing well step forward to do it, and no one will question where he learnt it: such is the university degree required of an American engineer, lawyer, clerk, or employee.'"

There is somewhere always, in every people, continues Mr. Ivins, a moral unity; but, like the spiritual center of gravity, this moral unity of our new race is also difficult to find. It often seems, as he confesses, that "for all our lower wants and interests the whole people are in unison, dominated by a devouring spirit of commercialism"; but he finds, in connection with our higher wants, a baffling conflict of motives. He adds:

"And one thing which I believe I discover with great precision is that as a nation we are too far away from the spiritual, too near the physical and the sensual. We are suffering from the contagion of luxury. It was one of the causes of both Greek and Roman decline; yet the luxury of Rome was sordid want compared with the luxury of our American cities. We are certainly not a religious people, in the old sense of the word,—minding authority, careful of tradition; but if religion mean for others what it means for me,—if it mean the quest of the eternal, if it mean the hunger for the knowledge of the infinite, then, in that sense, I do not hesitate to say that our people are *not* irreligious, even if it be a fact that the nation is not spiritually potent enough to raise up a Francis of Assisi, a Savonarola, a Milton, a Pascal or a Newman. It *did* beget its Emerson, its Parker, its Channing, its Hecker, its Lowell, and its Phillips Brooks, but who have taken their places? Mind you, I do not mean for a minute to say that we are incapable of begetting such men, but that I do not detect them now, although it is part of my creed that the need begets the man, and that somewhere, 'in shady leaves of destiny,' our redeemers are growing to full-statured manhood, and will declare themselves with the coming of the hour of our necessity."

Returning to the main argument, Mr. Ivins lays it down as a historical fact that with every people in the world before ourselves there has always been something that has been sacred, and states his conviction that there must, if a people is to endure, always be some one thing which is sacred to the national conscience. What is it that is sacred to us? he asks. The law? "We are probably more disregardful of law than any other people in the world." The church? "There is no church in the political sense." Property? "Possibly." But Mr. Ivins thinks that on the whole "what we hold most sacred is the ennobling power of work," and that "deep down beneath everything else our nation has a sovereign and a saving ideal of righteousness."

THE MOST VITAL ELEMENT IN CHRISTIANITY

What is the essential element in Christianity, the essential theoretical element which inspires its teachings on the ethical side? This question has been raised hundreds of times by Christian thinkers and theologians, but has seldom received a more notable answer than that given by Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent English scientist, in the latest issue of *The Hibbert Journal* (London). He says that he has tried to discover the element which Christianity possesses in excess above other religions—the "vital element which has enabled it to survive all the struggles for ex[illegible]ce, and to dominate the most civilized peo[illegible] the world"; and he adds: "I believe [illegible]was [illegible] essential element in Christianity [illegible] of a human God; of a God, [illegible]here apart from the universe, not outside it and distinct from it, but immanent in it; yet not immanent only, but actually incarnate, incarnate in it and revealed in the Incarnation." To quote further:

"This perception of a human God, or of a God in the form of humanity, is a perception which welds together Christianity and Pantheism and Paganism and Philosophy. It has been seized and travestied by Comtists, whose God is rather limited to the human aspect instead of being only revealed through it. It has been preached by some Unitarians, though reverently denied by others and by Jews, who have felt that God could not be incarnate in man: 'This be far from thee, Lord.' It has been recognized and even exaggerated by Catholics, who have almost lost the humanity in the Divinity, though they tend to restore the balance by practical worship of the Mother and of canonical saints. But whatever its unconscious treatment by the sects may have been, this idea—the humanity of God or the Di-

vinity of man—I conceive to be the truth which constituted the chief secret and inspiration of Jesus: 'I and the Father are one.' 'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.' 'The Son of Man,' and equally 'The Son of God.' 'Before Abraham was I am.' 'I am in the Father and the Father in me.' And though admittedly 'My Father is greater than I,' yet 'he that hath seen me hath seen the Father'; and 'he that believeth on me hath everlasting life.'"

According to Sir Oliver Lodge's view, the real meaning and significance of this conception of Godhead needs to be re-stated. It has been felt to rest upon miracles and portents—Christ's miraculous birth and portentous death and the ascent of his body into Heaven; but Sir Oliver says: "I suggest that such an attempt at exceptional glorification of his body is a pious heresy—a heresy which misses the truth lying open to our eyes. His humanity is to be recognized as real and ordinary and thorough and complete: not in middle-life alone, but at birth and at death. and after death. Whatever happened to him may happen to any one of us, provided we attain the appropriate altitude, an altitude which, whether within our individual reach or not, is assuredly within reach of humanity." Above all, this conception of Godhead impresses the fact that the Christian deity is *not* a being outside the universe, above its struggles and advances, but one who "enters into the storm and conflict, and is subject to conditions as the Soul of it all." To quote again:

"Consider what is involved in the astounding idea of evolution and progress as applied to the whole universe. Either it is a fact or it is a dream. If it be a fact, what an illuminating fact it is! God is one; the universe is an aspect and a revelation of God. The universe is struggling upward to a perfection not yet attained. I see in the mighty process of evolution an eternal struggle towards more and more self-perception, and fuller and more all-embracing Existence—not only on the part of what is customarily spoken of as Creation—but in so far as Nature is an aspect and revelation of God, and in so far as Time has any ultimate meaning or significance, we must dare to extend the thought of growth and progress and development even up to the height of all that we can realise of the Supernal Being. In some parts of the universe perhaps already the ideal conception has been attained; and the region of such attainment—the full blaze of self-conscious Deity—is too bright for mortal eyes, is utterly beyond our highest thoughts; but in part the attainment is as yet very imperfect; in what we know as the material part, which is our present home, it is nascent, or only just beginning; and our own struggles and efforts and disappointments and aspirations—the felt groaning and travailing of Creation—these are evidence of the effort, indeed they themselves are part of the effort, towards fuller and completer and more conscious existence. On this planet man is the highest outcome of the process so far, and is therefore the highest representation of Deity that here exists. Terribly imperfect as yet, because so recently evolved, he is nevertheless a being which has at length attained to consciousness and free-will, a being unable to be coerced by the whole force of the universe, against his will; a spark of the Divine Spirit, therefore, never more to be quenched. Open still to awful horrors, to agonies of remorse, but to floods of joy also, he persists, and his destiny is largely in his own hands; he may proceed up or down, he may advance towards a magnificent ascendancy, he may recede towards depths of infamy. He is not coerced; he is guided and influenced, but he is free to choose. The evil and the good are necessary correlatives; freedom to choose the one involves freedom to choose the other."

The idea of a God that could share all the struggle and travail of humanity, that could sympathize, that had felt the extremity of human anguish and the agony of bereavement, had submitted even to the brutal, hopeless torture of the innocent, and had become acquainted with the pangs of death—this, says Sir Oliver Lodge, has been "the chief consolation of the Christian religion." He continues: "This is the extraordinary conception of Godhead to which we have thus far risen. 'This is my beloved Son.' The Christian God is revealed as the incarnate spirit of humanity, or rather the incarnate spirit of humanity is recognized as a real intrinsic part of God. 'The Kingdom of Heaven is within you':—surely one of the most inspired utterances of antiquity." He concludes:

"Infinitely patient the Universe has been while man has groped his way to this truth; so simple and consoling in one of its aspects, so inconceivable and incredible in another. Dimly and partially it has been seen by all the prophets, and doubtless by many of the pagan saints. Dimly and partially we see it now; but in the life-blood of Christianity this is the most vital element. It is not likely to be the attribute of any one religion alone, it may be the essence of truth in all terrestrial religions, but it is conspicuously Christian. Its boldest statement was when a child was placed in the midst and was regarded as a symbol of the Deity; but it was foreshadowed even in the early conceptions of Olympus, whose gods and goddesses were affected with the passions of men; it is the root fact underlying the superstitions of idolatry and all varieties of anthropomorphism. 'Thou shalt have none other gods but me': and with dim eyes and dull ears and misunderstanding hearts men have sought [illegible] obey the commandment, seeking after [illegible] haply they might find Him; while a[illegible] their God was very nigh unto [illegible]y the midst and of their fellowship. [illegible]er of this their struggles, rejoicing i[illegible] evoking even in their o[illegible] and broken image o[illegible] [illegible]ad ever known."

NEW REVELATIONS OF NEITZSCHE

The unflagging interest in Nietzsche and his work on the other side of the Atlantic is exhibited, as we have pointed out before, most strikingly in recent Continental literature—in novels, plays and poetry, as well as in religious and philosophical writing. Two important articles by his intimate friends, Prof. Julius Kaftan and Prof. Frank Overbeck, have lately appeared in German magazines, the first in the *Deutsche Rundschau,* the second in the *Neue Rundschau.*

It is significant that both of these writers, though religious men and out of sympathy with Nietzsche's extreme position, unite in paying tribute to his extraordinary power and brilliancy as a thinker.

In the seven years immediately preceding his illness, says Professor Kaftan, Nietzsche constantly planned to write a work which should set forth his ideas as a coherent, comprehensive and systematic whole. The book was to serve as a parallel to 'Zarathustra.' All that in the latter had been proclaimed under a poetical guise, Nietzsche desired to arrange in strictly logical form as his philosophical teaching. The failure to understand his 'Zarathustra' made him the more eager to accomplish this task. But he was not destined to complete his plans. Before he even began to put his material into shape, the malady declared itself, forever putting an end to his mental activities. Some notes, however, have been published posthumously and furnish us with a groundwork of his beliefs, which are thus summarized by Professor Kaftan:

Nietzsche's fundamental quarrel is with those who deny, misconceive and abuse the "real world" in which we live, and who set up in its place a "true world" of their own imagination. Not merely the pessimists are to blame in this respect; most religious thinkers have fallen into the same mistake. They all try to make man feel that he is a *Hinterweltler,* a crawling creature seeking for something behind or beyond the world. Thus it becomes an inborn trait with religious people to regard the real world with an evil eye and inculcate a contempt for it. This is true of Buddhism and Christianity more than of all the other religions. Indeed, Nietzsche always looked at Christianity through Schopenhauer's spectacles, hence for him it belongs in the same category as Buddhism, whereof it is only a less logical form. Ages long, Religion, Ethics, and Philosophy [illegible]ruled men's feelings. Everywhere mankind [illegible] [illegible]reted the world according to their stock [illegible] everywhere in Europe to-day their [illegible] was [illegible]ndermined and tottering, since [illegible]lutions of the world's meaning [illegible] [illegible]alse. A stage of development now faces us which will—nay, which must—proceed irresistibly, since none can contradict definitively Positive Science and its results. Positive Science confutes the interpretation of the world according to the false valuation hitherto given it, a valuation due to decadence and exhaustion. This interpretation tumbles to pieces and drags down in its ruins Religion, Ethics and Philosophy. Art, also, in so far as it is tainted with this malady (Wagner's music first and foremost) cannot avoid the same fate. There is nothing which the intellectual and historical world can rescue from this state of corruption. Nihilism with its universal sway is the only conceivable end.

True philosophy, Nietzsche's philosophy, understands all this, explains its development and accepts it. Its underlying truth and its strength lie in the fact that it has thrown off all notions of a "true world" as taught by Religion, Morality and a decadent Philosophy. There is only the real world which ever was and ever shall be. This perception is the great and new achievement of mankind.

But then, we ask almost involuntarily, what is the goal, the end of the world? For with the idea of anything in process of being we connect that other—What is it to be?—and only in this connection are we wont to attach any value or meaning to an idea. We regard everything that exists in the light of its origin, and conceive that it must be a means to an end, the way to some goal. But concerning the process of being, which is manifested in the real world, we have no right to raise such a question. Here it would be folly. There is no wherefore and no end in view. This any thinking man must see if he stops to reflect. For were there a wherefore or an end in view, it must have been reached long ere this. To suppose a time when there was naught, *i.e.,* nothing in process of being, would be the barrenest of propositions, an empty thought. The real world was always, and always was in process of being. Had there been anything which was to develop from it or be made out of it, surely it would have appeared long since and the process of being would have had its end. That is not, however, the case; the processes of development go on forever. Consequently there is no wherefore and no goal,—what we have is the real world, always in process of being, a development forever lasting.

But what, then, is the real world, so highly to be prized, so deeply to be cherished? How are we to regard it, we men of intelligence and free souls? The answer comes: "Energy!" This question can only be replied to figuratively, and accordingly we call it a Sea of Energy! This figure indeed is one grown familiar to us who have wandered with Zarathustra along the Mediterranean strands; the Sea with its restless waves rising and sinking, the Sea in storm and in sunshine, now lying so still before us like a snake with its shimmering scales, now rearing and raging in monstrous sport with its powers, as though it were a pack of gigantic lions. That is an image of the real world—a Sea of Energy.

Energy is the being, the substance, of the real world; the "will to do" is the countersign which

admits us to a comprehension of mortal things and their evolution.

Man's life is but a short minute in the course of a long day, and, when we think of that moment, what signifies it in comparison with the endlessness of billowing energies? Nevertheless it is a link in the Ring of Rings, was ever such, and ever will be again. In fine, all Zarathustra's passionate zeal is centered on how best he may order every second in that minute so to bring about an appreciation of the real world in mankind, and give that thought its true value."

Professor Overbeck's article is in large part devoted to personal details connected with the man "whose intimacy had, more than all else, filled his [Overbeck's] life"; and he furnishes the first authentic account of Nietzsche's mental disintegration and final insanity. He writes, in part:

"As to his genius, in the highest sense of the word, Nietzsche himself never believed in it, or rather he never believed in himself. . . . His end does not at all,—as his opponents would like to have us think,—furnish argument against his possession of genius, though perhaps it may account for the limitations of his gifts. One thing about these gifts seems to me most tragic, their one-sidedness. Nietzsche had genius, but it lay in his talents as a critic. All these critical gifts of his genius, however, he turned in the most dangerous direction, that is, against himself, after a fashion positively lethal.

"His madness, which *no one* had any such opportunity to watch from its inception as I had, was, according to my first and lasting impression, a catastrophe which struck him with lightning-like suddenness. It took place between Christmas, 1888, and Epiphany, 1889. Previously to that, though in a state of nervous exaltation, if you will, he was certainly not crazy."

Still Overbeck confesses that as far back as 1881 Nietzsche had shown peculiarities which would probably have convinced an experienced observer that he was "a destined candidate for the insane asylum." His madness, however, his friend contends, had no effect on his written works until the fall of 1888. Professor Overbeck insists most emphatically on this point in opposition to such as have found traces of "mad eccentricity" in all Nietzsche's works.

After relating certain incidents to prove that Nietzsche was no Superman, especially in his infrequent dealings with women, his friend hastens to add "that none can question the genuineness of his manhood. Whatsoever he may have seemed, he was no actor; though oftentimes seemingly affected, he really lived the rôle he was representing. . . . Though perhaps not in everything, yet in very many of his habits of living, and especially in what we call every-day ways, Nietzsche was one of the most steady and regular men I have ever known. . . . Although an 'immoralist' he was to an unusual and surprising degree 'a model man.' . . . He himself considered that his strongest attitude was his self mastery. It is true that at times he showed no more of this quality than most men, and yet, taking his life as a whole, he did possess it to an extraordinary degree."

Of Nietzsche's optimism, this critic declares it is that of a desperado, fighting with boundless fantasy against "the unbounded despair" of Schopenhauer and his school. "The new civilization, with its 'Supermen' which he inculcated, is simply another sign of desperation; a fact proven not least conclusively by Nietzsche's attempt to identify himself with his *Uebermensch* and the practical outcome thereof, as exemplified in his life. With it all he advanced to precisely the same point as our modern theological apologists for Christianity, namely to the point where he saw that the proof of their theories can only be looked for from the future, as no man can furnish that evidence so long as he is still on earth." "Lyrical philosophy" would be the most fitting term to describe Nietzsche's teachings, says this critic.

Dr. Overbeck's exposition of his friend's attitude toward Christianity is doubly interesting, coming from a university Professor of Theology. Nietzsche's aphorism: "Never in all the hours of my life have I been a Christian; I have regarded everything which I have found styled Christianity as a despicable equivocation in terms, a piece of actual cowardice before all powers to whom otherwise the right to rule belongs," is regarded by Overbeck as an exaggeration, though he does not question its sincerity. His criticism of theology as a "parasite" meets with Overbeck's fullest approval on historical grounds, though for religion as a faculty of mankind he contends that Nietzsche had no comprehension whatever. He quotes, however, with unction and evident approval a saying of Dr. Kaftan, that "a course in Nietzsche would be one of the best of introductions to the study of theology."

Nietzsche has been regarded as a solitary spirit; but Overbeck says that more than any other man he ever knew, Nietzsche was inclined to heartiest friendships. As for [illegible] own relations with his friend, this bio[illegible]y the is specific in his statement, as borr[illegible]er of this sequel, that he was ever the [illegible]ad ever known." "the most remarkable ma[illegible]

BABYLONIAN INFLUENCE IN THE NEW TESTAMENT

The emphasis upon "Babylonism" in the radical religious thought of the day, and the many efforts of German theologians to show that the religious ideas of the Babylonians are repeated in the teachings of the Scriptures, have been hitherto confined, in the main, to the Old Testament. During recent months, however, the New Testament has also been investigated for the purpose of discovering traces of this type of thought, and in a new work by Pastor Paul Fiebig, entitled "Babel and the New Testament" (published in Leipsic), an attempt has been made to present in systematic form the results of this investigation. The author bases his conclusions largely on two leading works on this subject, one, Gunkel's "New Testament Interpreted from the Standpoint of the History of Religion," representing radical thought, and the other, Jeremias' "Babylonian Elements in the New Testament," representing the conservative standpoint. His own conclusions, however, seem very far from conservative. Nothing more sweepingly inimical to orthodox conceptions of the Bible has heretofore come even from Germany.

As Pastor Fiebig points out, Hugo Winckler, of the University of Berlin, was the first to demonstrate that the entire Oriental world, in ancient times, accepted practically a single type of religious ideas—namely, the astrological and mythological religion of Babylon. The chief feature of this religion was its emphasis upon the courses of the sun, moon and stars in their influence upon the life of nations and of individuals. Very naturally this cast of thought, he holds, left its traces on the contents of the New Testament, and Pastor Fiebig cites a number of events in the life of Jesus which he thinks show Babylonian influence:

> First among these events is the miraculous birth of Jesus from a virgin. In this connection it should be remembered that Demeter, the mother of Dionysus, is called a "sacred virgin." Isis, the mother of Horus, is also assigned this rôle. Sargon, Gudea, Assurnasipal, Asurbanipal, and other Assyrian and Babylonian kings, claim to have been born of virgin mothers, naming the goddess Istar as their mother. This is the reason [illegible]hy, among the signs of the zodiac, a virgin is [illegible] and why, at the winter solstices at midnight [illegible]nty-fifth of December, the constellation of the [illegible] appears on the eastern point of the horizon. The [illegible]nnection of the birth of Jesus with the twenty-[illegible] of December is certainly based on this astronom[illegible]l fact. It is interesting to compare, also, the twelfth chapter of Revelation, where the presence of a mass of kindred mythological data can be clearly traced, and are transferred to the person of Jesus.
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> Another event that exhibits Babylonian influences is the massacre of the children after the birth of Jesus. The story of the wise men plainly points to Babylon, and, occurring at the opening of the New Testament, is a clear indication that Babylonian elements must necessarily be found in the New Testament. The Christmas narrative has remarkable parallels in Babylonian literature, as has also the promise of an abundance of blessings in connection with the coming of the "Redeemer King."
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> The mocking of Christ before his death is a third event that has special significance. A parallel to this is to be found in a peculiar rite of the Persian Saccian festival, during which the God of that year, in the semblance of a slave, is mocked at. The two thieves on the cross also have their counterparts in the two high court officials who constantly deride the King of the Year. The healing miracles of Jesus can be paralleled to a phenomenal extent in Babylonian literature, more particularly in the accounts of Marduk, the Sun-God of the Babylonians.
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> Still another event, the resurrection of Jesus after three days, recalls the great resurrection festival of the Babylonians in Nisan, which was celebrated at the same time as the death of Jesus. In solemn processions and with holy rites the resurrection of Marduk was celebrated at the beginning of spring. Hymns, ritual services, liturgies, prayers, etc., used in connection with this celebration still exist, but have only been translated in part. The period of three days, the resurrection of Jesus, the celebration of the "Lord's Day," the eclipse of the sun at the death of Jesus, the appearance of the angels, and other circumstances in connection with the crucifixion, are akin to features of the Babylonian religion.

In conclusion, the author maintains that Satan, the wicked demon, the "seven evil spirits," Jesus' description of himself as "the Son of Man," can all be traced to Babylon. The apocalyptic literature of the Jews, says Pastor Fiebig, as developed in the Apocalypse of John, is simply filled with Babylonian elements. The thoughts and teachings of Jesus, it is true, are infinitely exalted above those of the apocalyptic writings; but it is nevertheless clear that even in Christ's own consciousness, as is seen by his use of the name "Son of Man," Babylonian thought can be traced. Babylon has accordingly exerted a great influence not on the Old Testament alone, but upon the entire Bible.

From a conservative point of view the whole subject of "Babylonism," both in its relations to the Old and the New Testament, has been handled in articles appearing in the

leading apologetical journal of Germany, the *Beweis des Glaubens* and its literary supplement, *Theologischer Literaturbericht.* These articles substantially agree in recognizing an external agreement between certain biblical and extra-biblical teachings, but hold that the mistake of modern "Babylonism" consists in making external agreement equivalent to cause and effect. They particularly score the "superficial judgment" which sees in the deification of great heroes by the Greeks and Romans a prototype, or even a source, of the New Testament doctrine of the divinity of Christ.

In other conservative journals, such as the *Theologisches Literaturblatt* of Leipsic, still further reasons are given for very cautious acceptance of these conclusions. Especially is it urged that not one iota of evidence has been produced to show that the biblical teachings are or ever were actually dependent upon these extra-biblical legends. Even if the stories are externally alike—which they are only in minor particulars—there is no evidence to show that the one had any influence on the genesis or development of the other. As in nearly all ultra-critical hypotheses, say the conservative writers, there may be and probably is a small grain of truth present. The exaggeration and abuse of this constitute the stock in trade of the radicals; but only time and further research will show what this kernel of truth is.

THE ALIENATION OF WORKING MEN FROM THE CHURCH

One of the gravest problems that Christians have to face, says the New York *Churchman,* is that involved in the alienation of artisans and laborers from the church. This problem is especially to the fore in England just now on account of the startling success of the Labor party in the last parliamentary elections. It is a well-known fact that many of the English trade-unionists and Socialists are avowed freethinkers. The intellectual leader of this group is Robert Blatchford, editor of the London *Clarion,* a trenchant writer who wields great influence among English working men. Some two or three years ago he launched an aggressively anti-Christian campaign in his paper, which brought storms of protest about his head and evoked hundreds of replies from clergymen. One of the members of his own staff, Mr. George Haw, withdrew from the paper as a result of the crusade, and, after being allowed generous space in *The Clarion* to present the Christian side of the argument, as stated by G. K. Chesterton, G. W. E. Russell, and others, published a number of the articles in book form under the title, "The Religious Doubts of Democracy."

Mr. Haw has now published a second book, "Christianity and the Working Classes,"* which is attracting wide attention on both sides of the Atlantic. In it he collects the views of eleven writers, all of whom may be said to have special knowledge of the subject treated. Some of the contributors, such as Dean Kitchin and Canon Barnett, represent the Anglican Church. Others, like Will Crooks and George Lansbury, speak for the labor movement. Mr. Haw, at the beginning of the book, endeavors to formulate the working man's indictment of the church. He has received letters from working men throughout England, and claims to be thoroughly familiar with their point of view. One of them wrote him: "As moral guides, clergymen of all denominations are not better than ordinary mortals. We find them supporting wars of aggression, opposing measures of justice, harsh as rulers and magistrates." Another says: "The religion of Christ, depending as it does upon the experience and intuitions of the unselfish enthusiasms, cannot possibly be accepted or understood generally by a world which tolerates a social system based upon fratricidal struggle as the condition of existence." A third declares: "The duty of ordering ourselves lowly and reverently to all our betters, to obey pastors and masters, to be content in that state of life into which it shall please God to call us, coming from the people interested in keeping such a state of things going, is open to misconstruction." A fourth charges that "the churches each year tend to become more and more mere machinery for the Sunday recreation of the well-fed and the well-dressed" ...

Turning from the rank and file of the ... with the hu- ing class to its leaders, we find Keir ... earth. the veteran Socialist leader, exst face, and as self as follows in an open ... d actively or pas- published in a recent ... we must face them from *Leader* (London) ... w, and our verdict regard-

*Christianity and the Working Classes. Edited by George Haw. The Macmillan Company.

terbury, writing the other day, said he had to devote seventeen hours a day to his work, and had no time left in which to form opinions on how to solve the unemployed question. The religion which demands seventeen hours a day for organization, and leaves no time for a single thought about starving and despairing men, women and children, has no message for this age."

Mr. Haw finds significance in this view, as in the statements of the two other labor leaders previously mentioned. Mr. Crooks, now member of Parliament from Woolwich, makes the following remarks:

"If I wanted some kind, neighborly action done, the last person to come into my mind would be the regular attendant at church."

"Where I see Christ's teaching reserved for a specially favored few, it suggests that the churches fear to increase their congregations too much, lest heaven be not large enough to hold them all, with common people crowding in."

"Many parsons cannot approach the poor without a sense of loftiness and a show of patronage which working men and women hate."

"When work-people go to church they see the pulpit a long way from the congregation. Like the preaching, it is much above the people's heads."

"I think if the churches would try, say once or twice a week for a while, to run a service where it was understood everyone could go without Sunday clothes, then those who have only the clothes they stand upright in would not be ashamed to attend, as they often are now."

Mr. Lansbury, a Social-Democratic spokesman and a parliamentary candidate at the last election, declares that "what workmen want to see is some attempt at putting Christianity into business." He continues:

"I look on the Church of England as being legally and morally the birthright of the people; its money, its buildings, its services have all been left and devised to the people as a whole, not for any section. However much it may be wrapped up in formulas and ceremonies, its teaching, if it has any foundation at all, is to be found in the Gospels. These teach not that riches are the most important thing, but that the life spent in the service of our fellows is the thing we should all strive to attain to. What would England be like if each one of us was considering his neighbor? What would our slums be if each regarded his fellow as his brother-man?

"I often ask workingmen not to judge Christianity by its modern forms, but to judge it for what it really is. If it stands, as I hold it does, [illegible] the bettering of men and women, then those [illegible] who think so must stand together, and in [illegible] opposition must make our church once [illegible] of the people, where we may [illegible] together for common prayer and [illegible] go back to the spirit of [illegible]

[illegible] book, *The Church Times* (London), a prominent Anglican paper, says: "It is the fact, the visible, urgent, undeniable fact, that the working classes of this country as a whole are separated from the practice of the Christian religion." The London *Guardian*, another influential Anglican organ, also admits that "there is a separation somewhere between organized Christianity and the sympathies of workingmen." It adds,

"The remedy, Mr. Haw and his collaborators would doubtless tell us, lies in the appeal of the church to the leading spirits among the working men, the minds that mould the tone and temper of working-class opinion. Such an appeal, we believe, is being made, and not ineffectively; but a great drift of feeling—of prejudice, if we will—such as has caused the present aloofness of working men from the church, is slow to change its course. The change will come, however slowly, when the message that reaches the artisan is charged with the absolute conviction that will forbid any unworthy truckling to methods such as are supposed to attract a certain sort of working-class mind, which will take care that the services of the church are conducted with that intent, reality, and seriousness which convey a sense of the Presence of God, which will seek to make the Gospel that is preached in the pulpit the standard also of the business, the pleasure, and the aims of life."

The able secular weekly, the London *Spectator*, takes an optimistic view of the situation:

"To our mind, the general impression left by this exceedingly interesting and informing book is a cheerful one. The church is evidently suffering for the sins of the past,—for the days when it was said with some truth that she used her authority to 'restrain the vices of the poor and protect the property of the rich.' Surely no unprejudiced observer can deny that those days are over. The uneducated have long memories and slow perceptions, but they are not intentionally unfair and the church must get justice in the end. Meanwhile, in this country the religious cause is not irreparably damaged by the unpopularity of the churches. Protestant Christianity is founded on the Scriptures. The fourfold biography of Christ is in the hands of the people, and the downfall of all the churches would not involve their ideal. In this divine ideal lies the power of resurrection, and signs are not wanting of a revival of faith. Each age emphasises a new side of Christianity, and it is the practical and ethical side which is making appeal to the new generation."

The American religious press is devoting considerable space to Mr. Haw's book. "The causes of the alienation [of the workers]," observes the New York *Churchman*, "are much the same in England as in America. The remedy is the same everywhere—a return to Christian fellowship, to a more faithful following of our Lord." The Boston *Congregationalist*, however, thinks there is "too much talk about

the church's relation to the labor problem." It comments further:

"The supreme mission of the church is not to aid any one class in society to gain advantages over another class, nor can it assume that one class is more fairly represented than another in the kingdom of God. The church approaches all men in the spirit of Christ to persuade them to receive and cultivate that spirit, and if they feel that they cannot do this in association with members of any particular church, it is willing that they should unite in any fellowship which cherishes that spirit.

"Christian truth and life are suffering loss to-day from too much talk about the church's relation to the labor problem, as though Christianity had a peculiar mission to those who labor without having their money employed in the work they are doing. Phillips Brooks expressed an important truth when, replying to an invitation to preach to working men, he wrote: 'I like working men very much and care for their good, but I have nothing distinct or separate to say to them about religion; nor do I see how it will do any good to treat them as a separate class in this matter in which their needs and duties are just like other men's.'"

Zion's Herald, the Boston Methodist paper, also argues that labor problems and social questions should be tabooed by the church as an organization. It concludes an editorial:

"Our sympathies are with the working class, the common people. We believe they have not yet got the square deal, the fair treatment, to which they are entitled—have not yet secured the full measure of their rights. We wish them well in their efforts to better their condition. But let them not put upon the church, or anybody else, that part of the blame which belongs to themselves. Let them not alienate their true friends by excesses and unjust demands. Let them not think that changed laws or better institutions will radically alter human nature or do away with the necessity of a changed heart. Let them give more attention to their own lives than to complaining about the lives of others."

PROVIDENCE AND THE SAN FRANCISCO DISASTER

Voltaire's faith in God was shaken by an earthquake, and before and since his day there have not been wanting those who look upon great calamities as "acts of God." In connection with the recent California disaster, this attitude has found new expression. So well-known a man as the Rev. Dr. R. A. Torrey, the evangelist, has not hesitated to affirm his conviction that "the Lord has taken a solemn way of speaking" to the inhabitants of "one of the wickedest cities in this country." A clergyman in Asbury Park is also of the opinion that "the city would not have been destroyed if it had been a Christian city. . . . No Christian city ever was destroyed."

The old-established Presbyterian paper, the New York *Observer*, thinks it "not impossible" that the earthquake "may have been in some sense a visitation of divine judgment." In much stronger language, *The New World* (Roman Catholic) of Chicago comments:

"God rules in the storm, the volcanic eruption, the tidal wave, and the earthquake. He is the Lord and Master of nature and its laws, as well as of the supernatural sphere. But the pygmy ministers of Chicago in their vapid, and to some extent blasphemous, utterances last Sunday morning on the San Francisco cataclysm attempted to dethrone God in His own universe. Not even Tyndall, sitting with crossed legs on the summit of the Alpine Matterhorn, contemplated nature's independence of divine control to a more extravagant degree than our Chicago Protestant divines. One fellow argued from the Book of Job that God does not punish sin by temporal afflictions. . . . But when we remember that only a few years ago on Good Friday night of all the nights of the year many of the wealthy citizens of San Francisco assembled together with lewd women in one of the most luxurious mansions of the city and carried their hellish orgies so far that they kicked the globes off the chandeliers, we shall be inclined at least to abstain from asserting that subterranean gases, 'faults,' and other seismic agencies were the principal and only cause of nature's convulsions."

These views, however, attract attention by their infrequency. They are not shared by the majority of religious papers. "The real culture of the age," observes *The Universalist Leader* (Boston), "forbids that we should longer hold God accountable for these disasters as his judgments upon us for our sins." The same paper comments further:

"Yet it remains for us to face the fact that there are forces of nature which come into action, whose time we can not calculate, for which we can not prepare and may not defy. The earthquake grasps the most sublime achievement of man and crushes it to atoms. Fire with a single lap of tongue erases the most enduring monument. The volcano rains death and destruction upon the proud city. The cyclone toys with the massive structure, and floods sweep the human ant-hills from the surface of the earth.

"These are facts which we must face, and as we may not merely hold God actively or passively accountable to us, we must face them from our own point of view, and our verdict regard-

Courtesy of *The Church Standard* (Philadelphia)

BISHOP OF A DISTURBED DIOCESE

Bishop W. D. Walker, of the Diocese of Western New York, as Dr. Crapsey's ecclesiastical superior, wrote to him just previously to the trial: "It is a stupendous responsibility that you have assumed in disturbing the peace of God's Church and in teaching as truth what is contrary to its doctrine."

ing them will finally be determined just according as our standards are commercial or religious, and our measurements those of time or of eternity.

"If the chief object of our lives is to build our block houses, and to build bigger and bigger houses every year, and to fight each other to try to get more houses than some other fellow, and to count ourselves successful when we have a hundred houses when we can not, by any possibility, live in more than one of them, then when something knocks down a few of our houses the disaster seems very serious. Or if success means a nine-course dinner and throwing away more food than we use, and we are brought down to just enough to nourish us for a few days, then no smaller word than calamity will cover our condition. But if we have cultivated that nature in which the *life* is more than meat, and the body than raiment, then are we possessed of a different standard of values, and will get a different result.

"And further, if our life is limited to three score years and ten, and we lose out of it the three score, or two score, or one score, or even the ten years, the disaster is appalling, but when the life measures up to eternity we discover that we can substract several scores of years without its being perceptibly diminished.

"It therefore appears that religion, whose chief message is that of life and immortality, has something very vital to say in the presence of these incidents of the world's development."

Most of the other religious papers emphasize the moral gains resulting from the calamity. The New York *Examiner* (Baptist) rejoices greatly at "the splendid demonstration of fraternal kindness" which the disaster evoked; and the Chicago *Interior* (Presbyterian) comments:

"Such calamities as those which have befallen our cities upon the Pacific Coast bring out in a Christian nation the nobler elements of character. Conscience speaks, and sympathy, and the hand which may have been delicately gloved before is bared for self-sacrificial toil. This great sorrow will have its silver lining. God's voice will be remembered after the earthquake and the fire have passed into history. The wound, deadly as it seems to-day, will be healed. The sun will smile again. The Golden Gate will still stand open to the traffic of the seas. More beautiful churches will rise from the ashes of the past. In the end a better life, with perhaps less of pride and more of love, will spring up; and looking back upon the horrors of this fateful week and seeing all their sequels, the citizens of the new San Francisco will remember not only the earthquake and the fire but the still, small voice that followed them, putting into the heart of their beautiful city by the sea a new sense of life's seriousness and a new joy in life's best hopes."

THE HERESY TRIAL IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

"The church will never rise to its opportunity, never reveal itself to the world, never express the spirit of its Master, until it places the trial for heresy with the duel, the gage of battle and the thumb-screw in the museums of the past."

This positive utterance from the New York *Outlook,* evoked in connection with the now famous heresy trial of the Rev. Dr. Algernon S. Crapsey, of Rochester, N. Y., quite evidently represents the views of a growing number of religious thinkers in this country. The New York *Churchman,* the leading American organ of the denomination to which Dr. Crapsey belongs, has consistently opposed his trial for heresy. It said recently:

"We have never questioned the right of the church to choose its own methods of procedure. Our position has been and is that in proportion as the church realizes its divine character and its

catholic mission in that proportion will it forsake the methods of mere human institutions, and conform its practices to the divine method, in dealing with those whom it has set apart and consecrated to serve at its altars. It should be slow to invoke judicial machinery to sever priestly relations because of difficulties of faith; for these it is the church's peculiar province to meet and to remove. They are often in reality indications of growth in faith and grace. Surely no one should be hastily condemned who clings to Christ and His church. Surely the church, with its Lord, will realize that offences must needs come, and that woe will inevitably find those by whom the offences come. Surely the church will not be more quick than Christ to force the coming of the woe, but will rather give place for faith, hope and love.

"The church has endured and can endure wolves in sheep's clothing, but it cannot afford to act the wolf's part. The church must be merciless to heresy, but it would betray its mission if it were merciless to any human being, even to the heretic. The church cannot undertake to uproot false doctrine without first assuming responsibility for continuous and persistent development in knowledge and an equally consistent growth in grace. But once let a merciless attitude toward heresy be transferred to the heretic, and then the road to persecution and obscurantism is made easy.

"Because we have believed that the procedure in the Crapsey case would produce unhappy if not unholy results, we have been constrained to think that the authorities of the diocese of Western New York were wrong in refusing to abide by the decision of their own Investigating Committee. In this attitude we find ourselves sustained by churchmen and non-churchmen, not only in America but abroad. It is already becoming clear that the authorities of Western New York do not even represent that diocese, much less the American church."

WILL HE RECANT?

Algernon S. Crapsey, D.D., rector of St. Andrew's Church, Rochester, who invited a heresy trial by his radical utterances, was suspended from the Protestant Episcopal ministry, with the privilege of recanting and averting the sentence within thirty days.

The Investigating Committee here referred to was appointed last winter by Bishop Walker, of the Diocese of Western New York. It was called into being as a result of the expression of radical views by Dr. Crapsey, both in the pulpit and his book, "Religion and Politics." These views can be briefly indicated by quotation. Of the miraculous birth of Jesus he said:

"In the light of scientific research, the founder of Christianity, Jesus, the son of Joseph, no longer stands apart from the common destiny of man in life and death, but he is in all things like as we are, born as we are born, dying as we die, and both in life and death is in the keeping of that same Divine Power, that Heavenly Fatherhood which delivers us from the womb, and carries us down to the grave.

"When we come to know Jesus in his historical relations, we see that a miracle is not a help—it is a hindrance to an intelligent comprehension of his person, his character and his mission. We are not alarmed, we are relieved, when scientific history proves to us that the fact of his miraculous birth was unknown to himself, unknown to his mother, and unknown to the whole Christian community of the first generation."

In another place he wrote of biblical miracles:

"Natural forces are now known to be unchangeable in their nature and uniform in their operation. They know nothing of man and care nothing for his wishes; the only way he can profit by them is by obeying them; if he puts himself under their guidance they will help him; if he gets in their way, they will destroy him."

After a full examination of the evidence against Dr. Crapsey, the Investigating Committee reported, by a vote of three to two, against a heresy trial, but unanimously condemned him as a man who "easily surrenders himself to his intellectual vagaries, and advocates with remarkable eloquence the thing which for the time being appears to him to be true." This report only added fuel to the controversy. Bishop Walker, in a sermon in Rochester, denounced Dr. Crapsey's attitude; and the two Anglican weeklies published outside of New York, *The Living Church* (Milwaukee) and *The Church Standard* (Philadelphia), both demanded that further action be taken. As a result of the agitation Dr. Crapsey was tried for heresy at Batavia, N. Y., in April, before an ecclesiastical court consisting of five of his

fellow clergymen in the Diocese of Western New York, and was suspended from the Protestant Episcopal ministry, by a vote of four to one, with the privilege of recanting and averting the sentence within thirty days.

The trial aroused national attention, and has led to voluminous comment in both the religious and secular press. Not the least interesting feature of the controversy has been the active participation of prominent laymen. Prof. Brander Matthews, of Columbia University, Robert Fulton Cutting, of New York, and Robert Treat Paine, of Boston, are all known to be in sympathy with Dr. Crapsey's position. Edward M. Shepard, the distinguished New York lawyer, acted as counsel for the accused Rochester clergyman, and said at the trial that he spoke not merely as a lawyer, but from his "own conscience and conviction." George Foster Peabody, the noted philanthropist, at his own expense, reprinted and circulated throughout the country commendatory comment of the religious press on Dr. Crapsey. And Seth Low, ex-Mayor of New York, has written a long letter to *The Churchman* on "the far-reaching importance of the Crapsey trial," in which he says:

"There are, and there always have been, two different views of Christian truth. One type of mind looks upon it as a diamond, revealed to the world in its perfect form, once for all; a treasure to be kept and valued, and that changes not. Another type of mind cannot even conceive of Christian truth in this fashion. It thinks of truth as a seed, and because it does, it expects it to change its form and to take on new characteristics continually. To men of this way of thinking, the truth is a vital thing; and its significance is largely lost whenever it is thought of as crystallized. If our church is to be really a church, and not a sect, it must be large enough to hold men of both of these types of mind; for, with an infinite variety of shadings, all men are divided into these two classes.

"What, then, is the bearing of this proposition upon the case at issue? In the judgment of the writer, it means that there ought to be room enough in the ministry of the church, as well as in its membership, for any one to whom the creed is the historic form of making the confession that St. Peter made: 'I believe that Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God'; whether such an one accepts the creed literally, or interprets it spiritually. It is scarcely a generation since every one who doubted the literal accuracy of the first chapter of Genesis was looked at askance as a heretic. Now, none but the ignorant so interpret it; and yet the chapter has not lost any of its spiritual value. It is easy to understand that men who have looked upon a literal interpretation of the creed as self-evidently the only right interpretation should be shocked when good men profess to hold the creed, and say it unhesitatingly, even when they do not accept it literally. And yet it is probable that no one, to-day, holds every one of the articles of the creed in the sense in which it was held when first written. . . .

"I am far from assenting to all of Dr. Crapsey's opinions, but I devoutly hope that he will be held to be entirely within his rights as a minister of the Protestant Episcopal church in following his scholarship wherever it may lead him, so long as the creed is to him the historic statement of the belief of the church, full now, as always, of spiritual truth and significance."

The temerity of this eminent Anglican layman has drawn letters of protest from two bishops. "If I understand Mr. Low's argument correctly," says Bishop Mackay-Smith, of Pennsylvania, in *The Churchman*, "it amounts to a plea that . . . a particular clergyman may be held as within his rights in '*following his scholarship wherever it may lead him*, so long as the creed is to him the historic statement of the belief of the church.' It seems to me that I have seldom read a vaguer phrase than this latter one. No human being doubts that the creed or creeds are the historic statements of the belief of the church. The late Robert G. Ingersoll would confess it, and so also would men like Moncure D. Conway, who, I suppose, believes in nobody but himself, or Dr. Minot J. Savage, who apparently believes in nothing but ghosts. It would be an edifying sight to see either of these gentlemen instituted as rector of Trinity church, New York, or Holy Trinity church, Philadelphia, if the only criterion should be that they believed the creeds to be 'historic statements of the belief of the church.'" Writing to *The Living Church* in similar spirit, the Bishop of Fond du Lac argues that Mr. Low's new and wide interpretation of the function of the ministry can only lead to "Jesuitism" and "ecclesiastic grafting."

The bishops' attitude is reflected in the comment of many religious papers. *Zion's Herald* (Boston, Methodist) evidently feels that in "so clear a case of rank heresy" as Dr. Crapsey's, a trial was inevitable, and will, on the whole, prove beneficial. The Boston *Congregationalist* says:

"Even many liberally disposed ministers and laymen, constitutionally opposed to heresy trials, recognize the peculiar difficulties of this case arising from Dr. Crapsey's frequent and bold disavowal of what have been looked upon as fundamental doctrines of the Episcopal Church. His position amounts to a denial of all the supernatural elements in the Christian religion. Jesus, to his mind, was born, lived and died as do other men, though in life and death he was 'in the keeping

of that same divine power, that heavenly fatherhood, which delivers us from the womb and carries us down to the grave.' How far these conceptions are from the statements of the Nicene and Apostles' Creeds is evident at a glance. Can the holder of such views Sunday ofter Sunday recite those sections of the creeds which refer to Jesus Christ without stultifying himself—this is the question which, though Dr. Crapsey may have been able to answer to his own satisfaction, he has not yet met to the satisfaction of many of his fellow-Episcopalians and of many outsiders as well. . . . Dr. Crapsey has certainly gone to the utmost limit of so-called spiritual interpretation. In his favor might be cited his twenty years' valuable service at Rochester and the fact that his case has already once been passed upon by a committee of his diocese which refused to present him for trial. Yet if the Episcopal Church shall retain in its ministry many men of this type of thought it will have soon to reconstruct its creedal basis and greatly modify the character of its ordination vows or else run the risk of losing the respect of those who demand a reasonable degree of faithful adherence to creeds on the part of their signers."

Courtesy of *The Living Church* (Milwaukee)

THE ECCLESIASTICAL COURT THAT TRIED DR. CRAPSEY

Reading from left to right: Rev. Messrs. John M. Gilbert, Francis H. Dunham, Ph.D., Walter C. Roberts (President), G. Sherman Burrows, Charles H. Boynton.

The New York *Independent*, however, while conceding that Dr. Crapsey has been preaching doctrines plainly at variance with the Protestant Episcopal creeds, holds that the views he represents are "becoming more and more prevalent," and that room will soon have to be made for them in the church which now condemns him. It continues:

"Meanwhile, those who are in advance of the new definitions, those who originate them, have to suffer for their prematureness. It was just thirteen years ago that Professor Briggs was suspended from the Presbyterian ministry; but no one would now suffer in that way; and it may be that Dr. Crapsey is making a safe road for those who shall succeed him.

"It looks so. The Dean of Westminster explains that these are not so serious lapses from the faith that they need disturb us. The leading organ of the Episcopal Church in this country deprecates the trial of those who would hold by the church, and declares that the decision of doctrinal differences should be left to the court of reason. It is clear that an increasing number of those who believe themselves Christians are eliminating the New Testament miracles as a burden to faith. But if we are to approach that conclusion we believe it will not be by the process of 'spiritualizing,' but by the frank, more honest, and more rational way, of admitting that legends, or myths, have entered largely into the New Testament as well as the Old Testament history.

"But then what will become of Christianity? Is its meaning also to be eviscerated? That we cannot believe; for the essence, the core, the heart of Christianity is not its philosophy or doctrines, not its history, not even the biography of its great Master, but that which makes disciples, worshipers and children of the Father, lovers of God and lovers of man. To that extent we may spiritualize by putting the spirit above the letter, the life above the form."

The New York *Evening Post* also presents arguments to show that the day of the heresy trial is passing. It says:

"As compared with the published utterances of Heber Newton, Dr. Crapsey's statements do not seem to be extreme, though they mark a distinct advance in frankness from the day Bishop Gray 'deposed' Bishop Colenso for attempting to question the Pentateuch. The words are much more specific, too, than those uttered by Dr. Charles A. Briggs in 1891, when he became professor of Biblical theology at the Union Theological Seminary, and which led to his withdrawal from the Presbyterian ministry. But Dr. Briggs found refuge with the Episcopalians, that church called by Phillips Brooks 'the roomiest church in America.' . . .

"St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church of St. Louis has just called to the pastorate the Rev. Dr. Henry S. Bradley, who, because of his belief in the theory of evolution and his endorsement of the 'higher criticism,' was put upon trial and acquitted of the charge of heresy. So, the modern 'heretic' is becoming, like the modern sociological investigator, almost too common to attract general attention or to draw upon himself the fires of the champions of the 'old order.'"

THE DUTY OF SAVING MEN FROM "MORAL OVERSTRAIN"

It is part of an engineer's profession to figure out the amount of physical weight and pressure that any given substance will bear; and upon the accuracy of his calculations the safety and well-being of the community largely depend. Mr. George W. Alger, a New York lawyer, now proposes that the principle involved has a moral, as well as a mechanical, application. He thinks that the prevention of "moral overstrain" is as important as that of physical collapse, and regrets that "there is no 'jacking-up' process for overstrained morals to be found in the law-courts." Following this train of thought in a newly published book of essays,* Mr. Alger says:

"We take philosophically enough the daily moral breakdown of our fellow men, and ordinarily do not complain to Providence against our inability to ascertain with mathematical certainty the extent of the confidence we can safely repose in the people with whom we have intercourse. It has always been so and always will be. We cannot apply mathematics to human conduct. The fidelity insurance corporations which have sprung up within recent years have, to be sure, their systems based on experience for estimating moral hazards; and they have curious and exceedingly interesting theories of moral probabilities by which, for example, they estimate the chances of defalcation by an employee in a given employment in which given opportunities for wrong-doing are not counterbalanced by certain systems of inspection or supervision. These corporations and a few large financial institutions apparently recognize the necessity of considering moral risks somewhat in the way in which the engineer estimates upon the girder, how he can make it perform its useful functions in a house without being broken down by overstrain and bringing calamity with its fall. The policy of the financial institutions in dealing with this question deserves a study by itself. Their method involves, generally, in its application to subordinate employees, a complex and carefully studied business system filled with 'checks and balances,' with frequent inspections and examinations, which are intended to reduce the opportunity for successful wrong-doing to a minimum. The pay of the minor employees of a banking house who handle fortunes daily is, as a rule, pitifully small, showing a conscious purpose in these institutions of relying principally upon a practical certainty of detection, coupled with a remorseless and relentless severity in prosecution and punishment, as a relief for the severe moral strain upon employees whose opportunities and temptations for wrong-doing are, from the nature of the employment, large."

Except in these financial institutions and fidelity insurance corporations, there seems to be in practical operation no rational system for estimating or relieving the strain upon morals which business life necessarily involves. Outside of this group the only check upon human frailty is that based on a "faith" in the honesty of men which, in Mr. Alger's view, often only serves as a mask for business carelessness. To quote again:

"How many thousands of business men there are who manage their affairs in slipshod, slovenly fashion, and who complain bitterly of the abuse of the 'perfect confidence' which they have reposed in their employees. My own notion of this 'perfect confidence' is that in ninety cases out of a hundred it is not genuine confidence at all, but a mere excuse for business shiftlessness or lack of system. The law relating to actions for personal injuries provides that a man whose body has been injured by the carelessness of another must, in order to entitle him to claim damages, prove not only that carelessness, but also his own freedom from negligence contributing to or causing the injury. If every business man who suffers from a defaulting employee were obliged to prove not only the employee's crime, but the absence of substantial business carelessness on his own part, which afforded both the opportunity and the temptation for the offense, how few convictions of these defaulters there would be!"

Mr. Alger illustrates his point by citing a doctrine the precise opposite to this rule of faith as he heard it laid down some years ago by a great criminal jurist. It was in an old New York court, and Recorder Smyth had just passed sentence on a young man who had been convicted of robbery in snatching a watch from a lady. The year was 1892, and there had been great industrial depression. The lady had been shopping all day long in streets thronged with poor men, out of work and hungry. The young man, who was scarcely more than a boy, had snatched the watch, but was caught in trying to escape. After Recorder Smyth had passed sentence on the boy, he turned and addressed these remarks to the prosecutrix:

"Madam, it is one of the great defects of the criminal law that it has no adequate punishment for those who incite their fellows to crime. If it were in my power to do so, I can assure you I should feel it a pleasanter duty to impose an even severer sentence than the one I have just rendered, on the vain woman who parades up and down the crowded streets of this city, filled as they are to-day with hungry people, wearing ostentatiously on her dress, insecurely fastened, a glittering gewgaw like this, tempting a thousand hungry men to wrong-doing. There are, in my judgment, two criminals involved in this mat-

* MORAL OVERSTRAIN. By George W. Alger. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ter, and I sincerely regret that the law permits me to punish only one of them."

"As important as any duty in the realm of morals," concludes Mr. Alger, is this duty of not putting on the character of another a greater burden than it can safely bear. He adds:

"We are paying greater attention yearly to the physical discomforts of the worker, trying to relieve the overburdened, and to lighten the load of hard work which has fallen so heavily in our struggle for commercial supremacy, particularly on the women and children. This is all excellent, but we must remember that we have no more right to overload a man's morals than his back, and that while it is a duty as well as a privilege to have faith in our fellows, we should temper that faith with common sense so that our faith may be to them a help and a support rather than a stumbling-block and a cause of offense."

A THEOLOGICAL STORM IN NORWAY

Norway has become a theological storm center, and the first ministerial crisis which the new King has had to face is the outcome of a church controversy that antedated his accession to the throne by about a year.

The world-wide conflict between conservative and radical theologians has in Norway taken the shape of a struggle for the leading theological professorship in the country, the chair of Systematic Theology in the University of Christiania. As practically every minister in the land must sit at the feet of the incumbent of this chair, its influence on the future of the Norwegian church is naturally very great. Norway is a Lutheran country, decidedly orthodox in its religious views, and has thus far resisted all the inroads of the newer tendencies in theology. Repeated attempts have been made to introduce Ritschlianism into the State church, but these have generally failed.

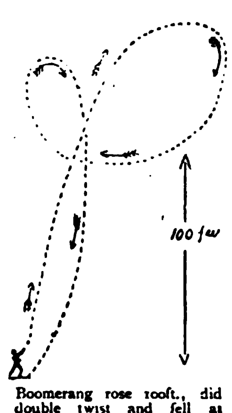
The present struggle was caused by an attempt to fill the Christiania chair of Theology, which has been vacant since 1903. In Norway such chairs are filled by a competitive examination of different applicants, and at the first contest the prize was easily won by Dr. Ording, who is generally recognized as the leading Scandinavian scholar. Opposition to him at once developed both in the country at large and in the university, owing to the fact that he was inclined to adopt liberal views, especially in reference to baptism. It was found that he denied baptismal grace and regeneration in the historical sense of the confessions of the country and that he sympathized with the Zwinglian view of the Lord's Supper. His Zwinglian sympathies especially offended the orthodox party, but that unique class of church workers in Norway, the "lay preachers," who have always been more liberally inclined than the average ordained pastor, were satisfied with his views on the sacraments. The mild Ritschlianism of Ording, however, was a serious offense in the eyes of these "lay preachers," who are pietistically inclined, and they accordingly joined the official orthodox hosts in the contest against Ording. As a result the government refused to appoint him and invited a second contest for the appointment, this time from all Scandinavia. Dr. Ording again came out an easy winner. Then the government appealed to the other universities of the Northlands—Copenhagen, Lund, Upsala and Helsingfors—for their opinion on Ording, and in general the voting was in favor of the gifted and brilliant theologian. The poet Björnson, who also took part in the controversy, expressed himself, in one of many articles, as follows: "The religion of the majority of the average churchgoers is this: In all simplicity to approach near to God. They seldom care anything for dogmas. In all of the recent competitions for the theological chair the liberals have gained the victory. Instead of seeing in this a providential act of God, the orthodox party usurp for themselves the rights of God's providence. They call themselves the church people, just as if there were no other church people than themselves."

Just recently the controversy has been temporarily closed by the appointment of Dr. Ording; but the Minister of Religion and Instruction has resigned in consequence, and also the leader of the conservatives in the Copenhagen faculty—Dr. Odland. The government offers to appoint a second and conservative Professor of Systematic Theology to appease the orthodox party, but they refuse to be thus comforted. The whole issue is likely to come to the front in the next political campaign, for in Norway the great struggle between the old and the new types of theological thought is evidently only beginning.

Science and Discovery

THE PRINCIPLE OF THE BOOMERANG'S FLIGHT

In the hands of a skilful Australian native a good boomerang will follow the most complex courses in its flights, so remarkable, according to Col. A. H. Lane-Fox, who has studied this weapon for years, that the behavior of the projectile must be seen to be believed. The boomerang will literally shoot around a corner. A boomerang can be thrown around a building or tree, and will return, as is well known, straight to the thrower. The boomerang can be hurled at a bird on the wing, knock the biped down with its rotating arms and return to the owner. These facts are illustrated by diagrams from observation which are here reproduced from *The Strand Magazine* of London.

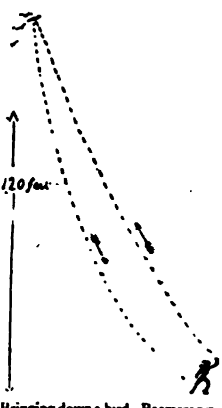


Boomerang rose 100ft., did double twist and fell at thrower's feet.

The scientific principle upon which depends the flight of the boomerang is set forth by Colonel Lane-Fox: The angle and the circle described by the boomerang in its flight depend partly upon the shape of the weapon itself and partly upon the rotary motion imparted to it by the hurler. As long as the forward movement persists, the boomerang will continue to ascend. The plane of rotation, instead of continuing perfectly parallel to its original position, will be slightly raised by the action of the atmosphere on the forward side. When the movement of transition ceases, the boomerang will begin to fall. Its course in falling will be by the line of least resistance. This is in the direction of the edge that lies obliquely toward the thrower. It will, consequently, fall back precisely as a kite when the string is suddenly broken is observed to fall back for a short distance. But, as the kite has received no movement of rotation to cause it to continue in the same plane of descent, it soon loses its parallelism and falls in a series of fantastic curves toward the ground.

The boomerang will do the same thing if it loses its movement of rotation. As long as this movement of rotation persists, which it usually does even after the forward movement has ceased, it continues to fall back upon an inclined plane similar to that by which it ascended and finally reaches the ground at the feet of the thrower. There are various mathematical explanations of the somewhat mysterious principle of the boomerang. Colonel Lane-Fox, nevertheless, asserts that this summary explains all that there is to explain.

But another careful student of the boomerang, Mr. Charles Ray, throws light upon the subject from the practical as distinguished from the theoretical point of view:



Bringing down a bird. Boomerang, after striking bird, turned sharply and returned in almost same direction as that from which it was thrown.

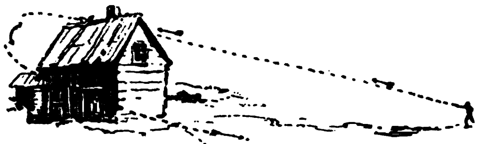
"The boomerang is a more or less sickle shaped stick of hard wood, ranging in length from fifteen inches to three and a half feet, two or three inches wide, and about three-eighths of an inch thick. The ends are usually rounded or pointed, and one of the sides is made convex, the other being flat. The edge is sharpened all round, and the surface, upon which its curious flight mainly depends, is slightly waving and broken by various angles which balance and counter-balance each other. Some of these, by causing differences in the pressure of the air on certain parts, give steadiness of flight, and others impart buoyancy. The angles really serve to counteract gravitation, so that even when the force imparted by the thrower is spent the boomerang still continues its flight.

"The Australians in the manufacture of their weapons follow the natural grain of the wood, and this leads to every kind of curve, from the slightest bend to a right angle or the segment of a circle, with the result that no two boomerangs are ever exactly alike in shape. In throwing, the weapon is held by one end with the convex side downwards. The thrower bends his body back with the boomerang over his shoulder and then hurls it forward, when it whirls round and round like a wheel and makes a loud, buzzing noise. After reaching a certain distance it stops in its flight and then commences to return, and falls at the feet of or behind the thrower. If the

Boomerang thrown by concealed hunter at a kangaroo 120ft. away. Boomerang turned, made two small circles, and struck animal's hind legs.

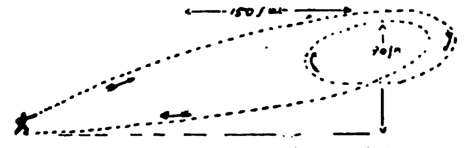
boomerang is thrown downwards to the ground it rebounds in a straight line, pursuing a ricochet motion, in that case, of course, not returning to the thrower. Very often a boomerang appears to be merely a common crooked stick, although in reality it is a weapon upon which much time and care has been spent. Mr. Horace Baker, who has made a particular study of these objects, says he believes it is possible to make a boomerang by exact mathematical calculation, although he has not yet been able to do this. He has made two, apparently alike in every particular, yet while one rose buoyantly in the air, the other fell dead because of some untrue adjustment of the angles of its faces. . . .

"The boomerang is used for various purposes



Boomerang thrown right round a building, circuit about 300ft.

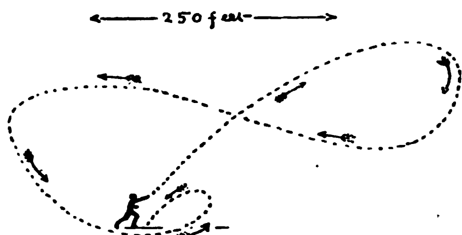
by the natives of New South Wales and Queensland. The children find it a fruitful source of amusement and spend a good deal of time in perfecting themselves in its use. Then it is used in hunting, when its curious flight renders it invaluable. For instance, it can be thrown at a flock of ducks or wild fowl on a river or marsh, knocking down one or more and returning to its user, instead of being lost in the morass. Then in the



After going 150ft. boomerang revolved in perpendicular plane, then turned off, and finally fell at thrower's feet. Time 10sec., greatest height 90ft.

pursuit of the kangaroo and other animals, the huntsman can hide behind a bush or rising of the ground and aim at his quarry without himself being seen. Such a weapon must naturally have given a great advantage to its possessors in the struggle for life, over those who did not know its use.

"In warfare the boomerang has the quality of being a most formidable weapon among uncivilized tribes. It is capable of inflicting a wound several inches deep and will strike its victim without giving the slightest clue as to the position of the assailant, who may be behind a thicket to the right or left. Of course, the user of a boomerang must himself be skilful, or it will be as dangerous to him as to the obiect aimed at, for it may return and strike its owner. It is by constant practice for generations that the Australian aborigines have been able to excel in its use, although they are not all able to do the wonderful things with the boomerangs that are sometimes spoken of. A gentleman who resided for some time in Australia informed Lord Avebury that on one occasion, in order to test the skill with which the boomerang could be thrown, he offered to a native a



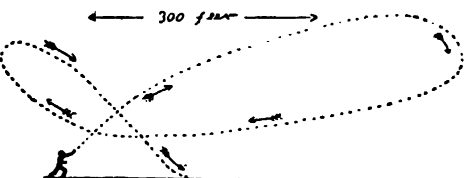
Boomerang turned, passed over thrower's head, travelled in a reverse direction, forming figure eight, and then fell at thrower's feet with a third small turn to the left.

reward of sixpence for every time the missile was made to return to the spot from which it was thrown. He drew a circle five or six feet in diaméter on the sand, and the man threw the boomerang with great force a dozen times, out of which it fell within the circle five times.

"The method of defence against the boomerang in warfare is to hold forward, vertically, a stick about two feet long, with a notched head and handle. This is moved right or left as the case may be, causing the boomerang to fly off at one side or the other. In order to overcome this de-

Killing a small animal with a boomerang thrown to the ground, along which it travels with a ricochet movement.

fence the Queensland aborigines use a boomerang of peculiar shape. It has a hooked end, and when it strikes the defensive stick, the angle caused by the hook revolves round the stick, and the other end of the boomerang swings round and gives the victim a severe blow. To one not well initiated into the mysteries of boomerang-throwing, however, it is very difficult to defend one's self against the missile. Edward John Eyre, the explorer, tells how he once nearly had his arm broken by a boomerang while standing within a yard of the native who threw it, and looking out purposely for it."



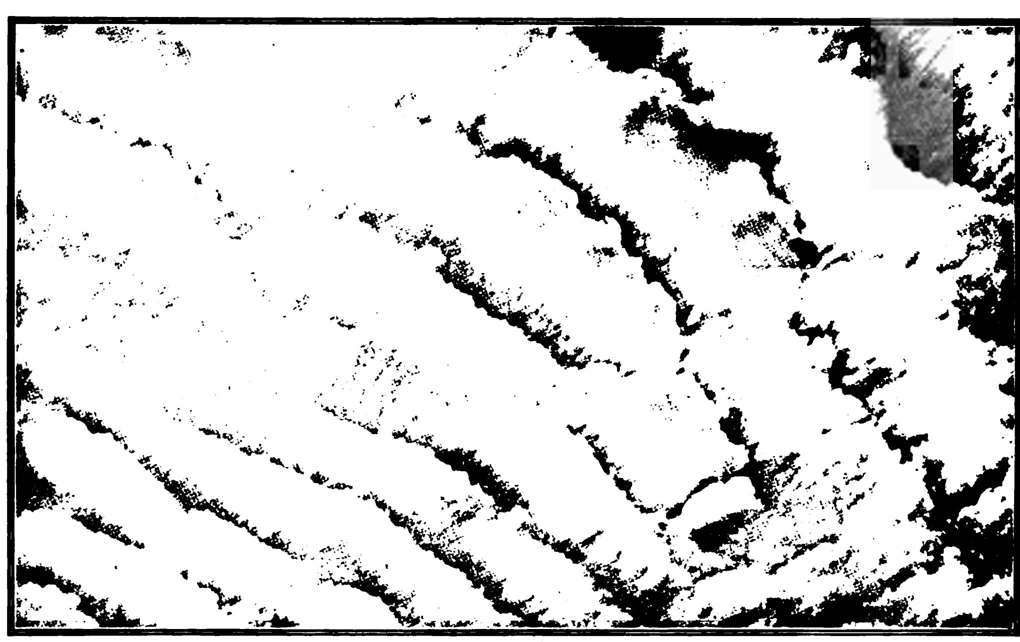
Boomerang after reaching limit in direction thrown took a turn, passed behind thrower, rose to 80ft., turned to right, and fell in front of thrower.

THE THEORIES OF CLOUD ARCHITECTURE

Until a comparatively recent time, the mechanics of cloud production was assumed to be more or less of an exact science. Meteorology somewhat hastily concluded that all clouds were formed in accordance with the same general law. Now, in the light of recent investigations by cloud students, among them Professor Hildebrandsson, of Upsala, Hon. Ralph Abercromby and C. T. R. Wilson, it appears that clouds vary not only in structure but in meteorological function. They are not necessarily limited, for instance, to the task of watering the earth or of covering it with hail and snow. They may act also as scavengers of the upper air.

Mr. Arthur W. Clayden, who for many years has studied cloud types, is prompted to declare in his recently published volume* that it will require long observation during years to come to afford mankind an adequate knowledge of every form of cloud. We now know in a vague way much of the conditions of cloud-formation in the higher atmospheric region; but that knowledge is mainly theoretical. Only strong probability can be adduced for much that is now taken for granted. Any visible mass composed of small particles of ice or water suspended in the air and formed by condensation from the state of vapor ought, declares Mr. Clayden, to be considered a cloud. As thus defined, there is but one form of cloud now readily available for study. Its general name is cumulus. Cumulus can be divided into several types which are best considered in the order of growth. They are described by experts as clouds in a rising current, and to this characterization Mr. Clayden offers no objection. But each cumulus must be looked upon, he adds, as simply the visible top of an ascending pillar of damp air. The vapor which makes its appearance in the cloud is present in the transparent air beneath. The base of the cloud is simply the level at which that vapor begins to condense into visible liquid particles. Since cumulus clouds are caused by ascending currents, the problem

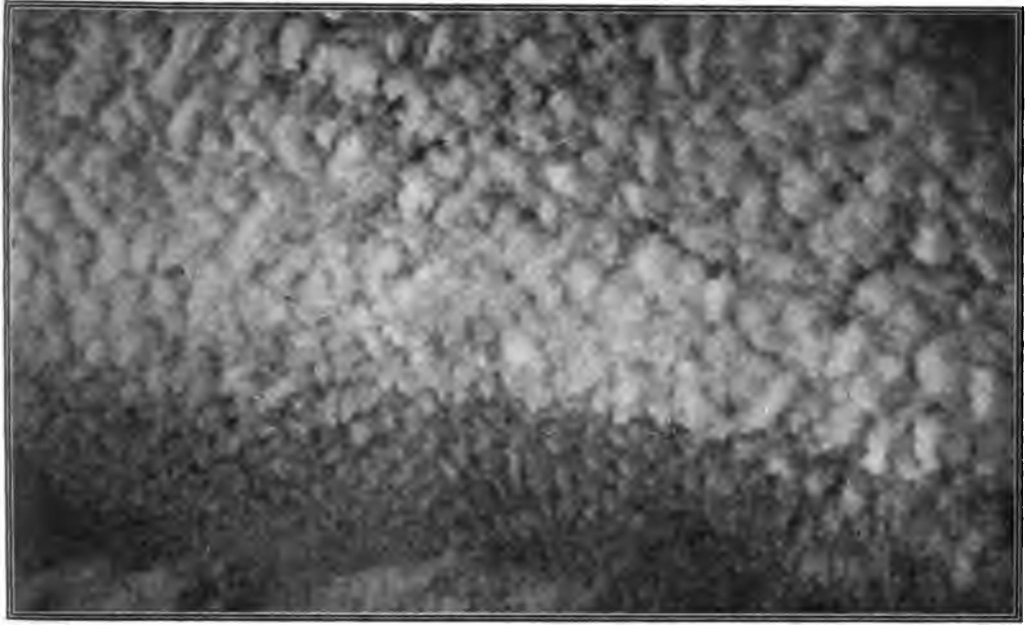
*CLOUD STUDIES. By Arthur W. Clayden. E. P. Dutton & Co.



Courtesy of E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

CRESTED ALTO WAVES

The clouds here shown are distinctly of the cumulus order and a prominent feature is the way in which the right-hand side of each wave has a clear-cut rounded contour, like that of the upper edge of a small cumulus, while the left-hand edge of each band is frayed out into a ragged fringe. It is evident that this peculiar structure must be due to a series of narrow waves intersecting a plane in which the air is just on the point of evolving this type of cloud architecture. This picture, like the two cloud photographs following, is from "Cloud Studies" by Arthur W. Clayden.



Courtesy of E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

HIGH BALL CUMULUS

The current system of cloud nomenclature is founded upon the plan of Luke Howard, the pioneer in cloud research. He recognized three main types of cloud architecture, which he named Cirrus, Stratus and Cumulus. Cirrus included all forms which are built up of delicate threads, like the fibers in a fragment of wool. Stratus was applied to all clouds which lie in level sheets. Cumulus was the lumpy form. By combinations of these terms other clouds were described. Thus a quantity of cirrus arranged in a sheet was called cirro-stratus, while high, thin clouds like cirrus, but made up of detached rounded balls, was cirro-cumulus. Many cumulus clouds, arranged in a sheet with little space between them became cumulo-stratus, while the great clouds from which our heavy rains descend partake, to some extent, of all three types and were therefore distinguished by a special name—Nimbus.

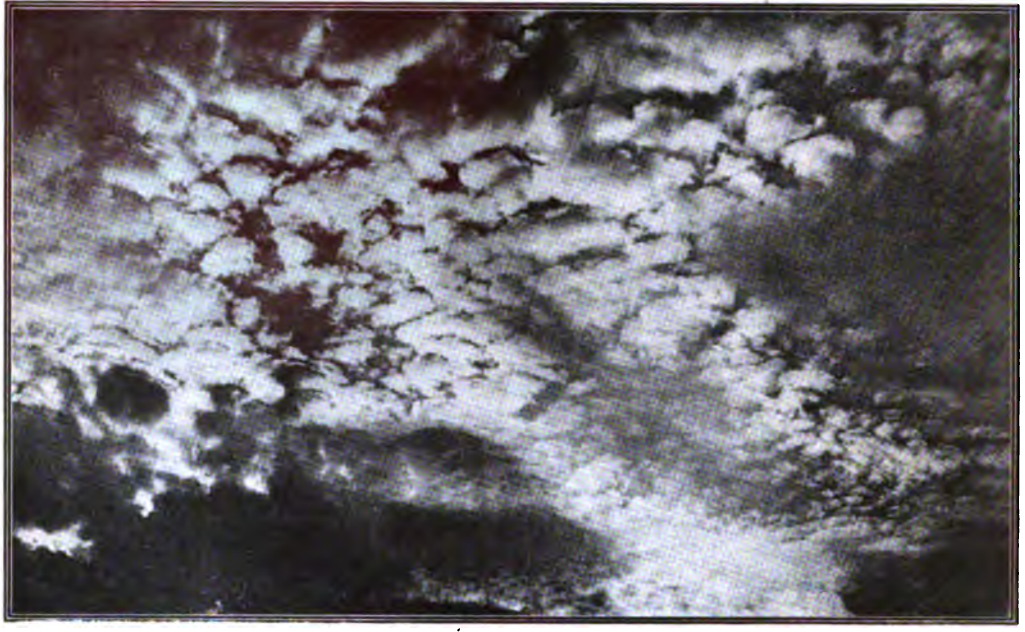
arises: How are the currents themselves brought about? They must be brought about, says Mr. Clayden, either by the general disturbance of the air due to a cyclonic movement or by the local irregularities of temperature on the ground produced by the sun's heat. As a matter of fact, we do get cumulus produced in great abundance in the rear of every cyclone and we get them under conditions of still air and hot sun which specially favor evaporation and the development of differences of temperature. The cyclone cumulus may come at any hour of the day or night, though it is comparatively rare between midnight and morning. Heat cumulus is generally formed during the afternoon, and it is only under relatively uncommon conditions that it persists during the night. If the cloud has not grown to very great size it usually begins to break up and disappear about sunset; but if it has grown to the dimensions of a summer thunder-cloud it may go on growing, piling mass on mass, until it generates a thunder-storm even in the hours of early morning.

Of cloud formation in general, Mr. Clayden says:

"Given any mass of air at a particular temperature, it can take up and hold in the form of invisible vapor a fixed quantity of water and no more. When it holds the maximum possible it is said to be saturated. If it is nearly saturated it would be called damp; if far from saturated, dry. Now the warmer the air, the larger the quantity of vapor necessary to saturate it; so that if a quantity is saturated at a high temperature and is then cooled, it will no longer be able to retain all its moisture in the invisible form, but the surplus quantity will make its appearance as liquid particles, that is to say as mist or cloud.

"Similarly, if a quantity of air is not fully saturated at its particular temperature, and is then cooled, it will approach nearer and nearer to saturation, and if the process is continued long enough the result will be cloud formation.

"All clouds without exception are produced by exactly such cooling of air containing water vapor, first to the temperature at which the quantity it contains is the maximum possible and then beyond that point. Now, if we start with very warm air, and cool it one degree, we decrease its vapor-holding power and the decrease per degree grows less and less as the temperature falls. Suppose, for instance, we have air saturated at 61 degrees and cool it to 60 degrees, the quantity of



Courtesy of E. P Dutton & Co., New York.

MACKEREL SKY

The scientific name of this form of cloud is alto stratus maculosus, or spotted high stratus. Alto clouds are fundamentally different from other groups in that they are always composed of liquid particles, though there is no doubt, from their great altitude, that their temperature must often be many degrees below the ordinary freezing-point of water.

vapor condensed will be equal to the difference of holding power. Suppose, again, we have air saturated at 31 degrees and we cool it to 30 degrees, the quantity of vapor condensed will again be equal to the difference of holding power; but this quantity will be very greatly less than in the former case."

Cooling air saturated at 61 degrees to 60 degrees might produce a dense cloud, but applying a similar reduction of one degree to air saturated at 31 degrees (if we take the same volume of air), will only produce a very much thinner result. Here we see one good reason why the high clouds are the thinnest and the alto clouds of intermediate density.

The necessary cooling may be brought about in several ways. Cooling by contact with a cold body is one potent cause. We often see it in a mountain district, where a frost-bound peak stands facing the wind with glittering snow-slopes on which the sun is shining, while a long tongue of cloud hangs like a banner on its leeward side. In such a case it is easy to understand how the air sweeping by the icy mass is chilled below its saturation point. But as it passes on, the chilled portions become mixed with the rest and the cloud evaporates again.

Of another cause, Mr. Clayden writes:

"If a quantity of air exists under a certain pressure and at a certain temperature, on reducing the pressure it will expand, and in the act of expanding it will become cooler. This may easily be illustrated with an air-pump. Let a damp sponge or a piece of wet blotting-paper stand under a glass receiver over an air-pump until the air has become damp. If the apparatus is in a darkened room and a powerful beam of light from a lantern is sent through the receiver, the damp air will be seen to be quite clear; but a stroke or two of the pump removes some of the air, the remainder is chilled by its own expansion, and a dense cloud is precipitated. If this cloud be viewed closely, it will be seen to be composed of minute particles, which, on looking towards the light glow with the colors of a corona. In a few minutes the cloud will disappear, but it can be recalled again and again by successive strokes of the pump, getting thinner and thinner as the air gets more and more rarefied; an illustration of a second reason why the high clouds are thinner than the lower."

If the damp air used in this experiment were carefully filtered so as to remove all foreign particles, no cloud was produced, and the introduction of a puff of unfiltered air was attended by immediate condensation. The deduction was that vapor, even below its saturation temperature, cannot produce cloud unless nuclei of some sort are already present, presumably dust particles.

IF BURBANK'S METHODS WERE APPLIED TO THE HUMAN RACE

Were it possible to select twelve normal American families and subject them to the application of principles deduced from Luther Burbank's study of plant life, more would be accomplished for mankind in ten generations than can now be hoped for in a hundred thousand years. Thus argues Mr. Burbank in *The Century Magazine*. Look at the material upon which to draw for such an experiment, exclaims the eminent horticulturist enthusiastically, after an analysis of the statistics of immigration. "Here is the North, powerful, virile, aggressive, blended, with the luxurious, ease-loving, more impetuous South. Again you have the merging of a cold phlegmatic temperament with one mercurial and volatile. Still again the union of great native mental strength, developed or undeveloped, with bodily vigor, but with inferior mind. See, too, what a vast number of environmental influences have been at work in social relations, in climate, in physical surroundings. Along with this we must observe the merging of the vicious with the good, the good with the good, the vicious with the vicious."

Such a blending of types occurs on a grand scale only in our own country. Now for the horticultural argument. From six to ten generations suffice, as a rule, we are told, to confirm in new phases most descendants of any given set of parent plants. Such stability once attained, the descendant plant may be relied upon to live the new existence without regard to the ancient ways of its ancestors. Such transformations in plant life are accomplished in less than a dozen generations, sometimes in less than half a dozen. The time depends upon the kind of plant nature subjected to this evolutionary process. In setting this down, Mr. Burbank does not mean that inadequate care and culture, carelessness in the horticultural process at any stage, may not undo all the good resulting from the most loving care. The plant may become wild again from neglect. But it will be wild, to use Mr. Burbank's phrase, "along the lines of its new life, not by any means necessarily along ancestral lines." And all this brings us to the point:

"Ten generations of human life should be ample to fix any desired attribute. This is absolutely clear. There is neither theory nor speculation. Given the fact that the most sensitive material in all the world upon which to work is the nature of a little child, given ideal conditions under which to work upon this nature, and the end desired will as certainly come as it comes in the cultivation of the plant. There will be this difference, however, that it will be immeasurably easier to produce and fix any desired traits in the child than in the plant, though, of course, a plant may be said to be a harp with a few strings as compared with a child.

"Apply to the descendants of these twelve families throughout three hundred years the principles I have set forth, and the reformation and regeneration of the world, their particular world, will have been effected. Apply these principles now, to-day, not waiting for the end of these three hundred years, not waiting, indeed, for any millennium to come, but *make* the millennium, and see what splendid results will follow. Not the ample results of the larger period, to be sure, for with the human life, as with the plant life, it requires these several generations to fix new characteristics or to intensify old ones. But narrow it still more, apply these principles to a single family,—indeed, still closer, to a single child, your child it may be,—and see what the results will be.

"But remember that just as there must be in plant cultivation great patience, unswerving devotion to the truth, the highest motive, absolute honesty, unchanging love, so must it be in the cultivation of a child. . . . Here in America, in the midst of this vast crossing of species, we have an unparalleled opportunity to work upon these sensitive human natures. We may surround them with right influences. We may steady them in right ways of living. We may bring to bear upon them, just as we do upon plants, the influence of light and air, of sunshine and abundant, well-balanced food."

One can breed into a plant almost any characteristic desired, and child-life is not less amenable to culture. Thrift, honesty, strength, can be imparted even when heredity is asserting itself contrariwise, and there are tendencies to reversion to former ancestral traits. The abnormal human plant may be purged of its abnormality, for "it is the influence of cultivation, of selection, of surroundings, of environment, that makes the change from the abnormal to the normal." Environment is stronger than heredity, says Mr. Burbank; heredity itself is simply the sum of all the effects of all the past environment. "There is no doubt," he says, "that if a child with a vicious temper be placed in an environment of peace and quiet the temper will change."

THE NEW ERA IN SCIENCE INAUGURATED BY THE CURIES

During the few weeks that have elapsed since Pierre Curie, the pioneer of radium research, was killed in the streets of Paris by a passing vehicle, his name has been associated with more eulogy in the world's scientific press than that bestowed upon any man since the death of the elder Darwin. Professor Boys declares that the discovery by Curie of what seems to be the everlasting production of heat in easily measurable quantity by a minute amount of a radium compound is so amazing that even now when many scientists have had the opportunity of seeing with their own eyes the heated thermometer they are hardly able to believe what they see. "This, which can barely be distinguished from the discovery of perpetual motion, which it is an axiom of science to call impossible, has left every chemist and physicist in a state of bewilderment." The mystery here is being attacked, adds Professor Boys, and theories are daily invented to account for the marvelous results of observations; but these theories themselves would a few years ago have seemed more wonderful and incredible than the facts, as we believe them to be, seem to-day. Now the man who was most conspicuous in this labor of elucidation is no more.

Scarcely three years have passed since the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris) announced the discovery of what it termed the astonishing fact that radium, in addition to the radio-active properties rendered familiar by the researches of Becquerel on uranium, possesses the property of maintaining its temperature at a point three degrees higher than that of its surroundings and of continuously emitting heat without any apparent diminution of bulk or alteration of physical constitution. Eminent scientists at first refused to accept an assertion irreconcilable with laboratory experience, maintaining that there must have been somewhere a serious error of observation. That radium possesses radio-active properties indefinitely more powerful than those displayed by any other body is a fact of an order, as the *Physikalische Zeitschrift* (Leipsic) and its technical contemporaries noted at the time, to which scientists had long been accustomed. These properties in radium differed only in degree from properties with which the scientific world had been familiar, but that differ-

THE FIRST HEROINE OF SCIENCE

Madame Sklodowski Curie, a lady of Polish origin, has made her name immortal by her achievements in radium research.

THE SCIENTIST WHOSE DOUBT LED TO THE DISCOVERY OF RADIUM

Pierre Curie, killed in the streets of Paris a month ago, inaugurated the contemporary revolution in physics.

ence in degree has become sufficiently astonishing in the light of further investigation, since it has become clear that radium, without external stimulus, can produce effects hitherto only obtainable by means of the electrical discharge in high vacua. It can throw gases into that state of vibration which causes the production of their characteristic spectrum. It emits at the same time a radiation resembling the Röntgen rays, producing like them marked physical and physiological effects. It soon became obvious that Pierre Curie, aided at every stage by the indefatigable co-operation of his wife, had introduced mankind to forces of a totally unprecedented significance in the evolution of science.

Rarely, moreover, has a series of physical discoveries contributed so much to awakening general interest and scientific speculation. Pierre Curie, Professor of Physics in the School of Physics and Industrial Chemistry at Paris, and Madame Sklodowski Curie, his wife, a lady of Polish origin, had long been interested observers and students of the experiments of Becquerel. That new property of matter, radio-activity, had been found to exist. What was the source of it? The reply, until the Curies had completed their investigations, was that the source must be uranium. That, however, was not absolutely certain; and prompted by the doubt in the case, the Curies proceeded to ascertain the ray-emitting capacity of pitchblende, the parent substance of uranium. Thus were they brought to their great discovery that selected specimens of pitchblende were endowed with four times the radio-activity of metallic uranium. The Curies reasoned that, if pitchblende had so strong an activity, it was due to the fact that that mineral contained a substance unprecedentedly radio-active. This substance they extracted. In no long time they announced their discovery of three elements with ray-emitting powers. These were radium, polonium and actinium.

Dr. W. Hampson, who has lectured on radium at University College, London, writing of these experiments, says:

"It is interesting here to consider the means by which the radio-activity of a substance was estimated, for the method employed is an illustration of the utmost refinement yet reached by science in the measurement of small quantities. By this means it is possible to detect the presence of substances in quantities thousands of times as small as could be weighed by the most powerful balances or measured by the aid of the most powerful microscopes, quantities far too small to be identified even by means of spectrum analysis. Dry air, which is not a conductor of electricity, can by appropriate means be broken up in such a way as to make it a conductor. This is called ionizing the air. The vibrations of ether, with which we have been familiar under the name of X-rays, cannot only act on a photographic plate, but can also ionize the air through which they pass. It was soon found that the action of uranium, thorium and radio-active minerals resembled that of the X-rays in the latter respect as well as in the former. They also can convert the air in their neighborhood into a feeble conductor of electricity with more or less completeness, according to the amount of their radio-activity; and electric measurements can now be made with such extreme refinement that it is possible by this means to detect infinitesimally small changes in the conductivity of the air, and therefore in the radio-activity of the substances which are making it a conductor."

The delicacy of observation made possible by this means is far greater than can be attained in observing photographic effects, and the observations can be much more rapidly as well as more conveniently completed. Thus the Curies examined a large number of elements and minerals. It was found that uranium displayed its radio-activity whether it was tested as the separated metal or in compound forms combined with other substances as in the oxide or sulphide or salts of sodium, potassium or ammonium. They reasoned as follows (we quote from Dr. Hampson):

"The activity of the uranium oxides (black and green) being marked as 2.6 and 1.8, that of pitch-blende was found to be 8.3. The pitch-blende was stronger in radio-activity than the uranium. And, inasmuch as the residues left after removing uranium formed but a small part of the whole mineral which they made so much stronger than uranium, these residues themselves must be immensely more active than uranium. But they consisted largely of iron, lead, and a number of other substances which were known to have no radio-activity at all. It followed that they must be mixed with a small quantity of some yet undiscovered substance, which was the cause of the observed activity; and this material, being so small in quantity, must be of an activity correspondingly intense, in order to leaven the whole lump so effectually as it did.

"The search for this small quantity of hitherto undiscovered material is one of the most remarkable pieces of scientific work in verification of a previous train of reasoning. In the actual work, Madame Curie was assisted by her husband, Prof. Curie, and by M. Bémont. The chemical analysis of the uranium residues is described by Madame Curie, but a repetition of it would be meaningless for our present purpose. A very brief summary of it occupies a large page and a half of print, and it must suffice us to say that it is a very long and tedious process, requiring many months for its completion. After each step which separated one group of substances from another, the investigators compared, by the electrometer test described above, the two groups, for the purpose of

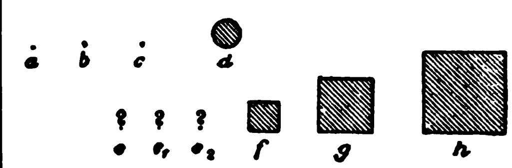
determining which of them possessed the greater amount of radio-activity. This one would be supposed to contain the substance, or the greater proportion of the substance of which they were in search, and it would be further subdivided into smaller groups to still further narrow the limits within which the object of their search must be looked for.

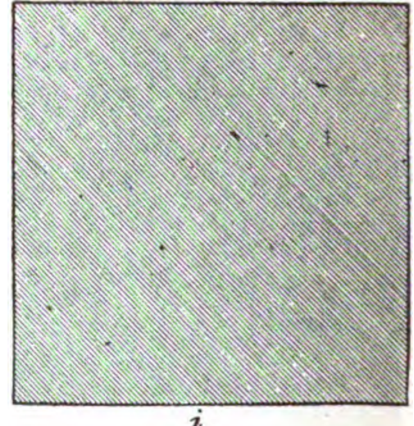
"At one stage in the analysis, the precipitate obtained by adding sulphuretted hydrogen to an acid solution, gave, among other things, a form of bismuth which was found to be very radio-active. But bismuth itself, obtained in other ways, is not radio-active. The inference was that, mixed or combined with the bismuth, and separated by the same chemical reactions which had separated the bismuth, was another substance, strongly radio-active. This proved to be the case, and the radio-active material was further concentrated by processes of sublimation and precipitation, proving to be more volatile than bismuth as a sulphide, and less soluble as a nitrate or a sulphide. Still, in its chemical behavior it so strongly resembled bismuth that Madame Curie found it impossible to get it quite purified from that element. In honor of her native country, the new substance was called polonium. Marckwald has since devised another method by which it is got purer, though still not quite pure. The extreme delicacy of these researches, dealing as they do with excessively small quantities, is well illustrated by the fact that by his improved method Marckwald obtained out of two tons of pitch-blende one-sixteenth part of a grain of polonium —one part out of five hundred millions.

"The bismuth portion of pitch-blende was not the only portion which Madame Curie found to be radio-active. Just as polonium imitated very closely the chemical reactions of bismuth, so it was with barium and some other substances. The barium obtained from the pitch-blende by ordinary methods of analysis appeared to be very radio-active. But since ordinary barium is not radio-active, here again it was inferred that some radio-active substance, behaving chemically in very much the same way as barium, had been separated with it, and means were sought of getting it by itself. It was found that the chlorides of barium and the radio-active substance, if dissolved in boiling water and allowed to cool, crystallize out of solution in such a way that the less soluble portion proves to be more active than the remainder. If this more active portion is treated in the same way, it is itself divided into two portions, of which the less soluble is still more active than before."

By pursuing to the end, with the greatest skill and perseverance, this method of increasing purification, the Curies succeeded at last in separating from the barium of pitchblende a very minute quantity of a substance which, closely as it resembled barium in most ways, differed from it completely in the possession of an enormously high radio-activity—an activity a million times as great as that of uranium, from which the first lesson had been learned of this particular class of phenomena. Very appropriately, therefore, the Curies christened the new substance radium.

It does not detract from the glory of these achievements, notes *Nature* (London), that some of the conclusions of the Curies were simultaneously arrived at by other scientists investigating independently. And it is to Pierre Curie that full credit for blazing the path of investigation is given in the French scientific press. His was the creative mind. The discoveries of his wife were the outcome of his own personal suggestions. She achieved the triumph of determining with exquisite accuracy the atomic weight of radium. Her talent was for execution of the plan. But the campaign had been outlined from the beginning by the husband.





MAGNIFIED TEN THOUSAND TIMES

a. Molecule of water. *b.* Molecule of alcohol. *c.* Molecule of chloroform. *d.* Molecule of soluble starch. *e-h.* Particles of colloidal solution of gold. *i.* Particles of gold in the act of precipitation.

"The 'ultra microscope,' invented by Siedentopf and Zsigmondy, has made it possible to detect, in a solution, solid particles of a diameter of 4 millionths of a millimeter," says *The Scientific American*, from which the above diagrams are taken. "The limit of the best microscopes is 75 times as great, or 3 ten-thousandths of a millimeter. This new optical instrument has brought the largest molecules, such as those of albumen and soluble starch, into the realm of visibility. The

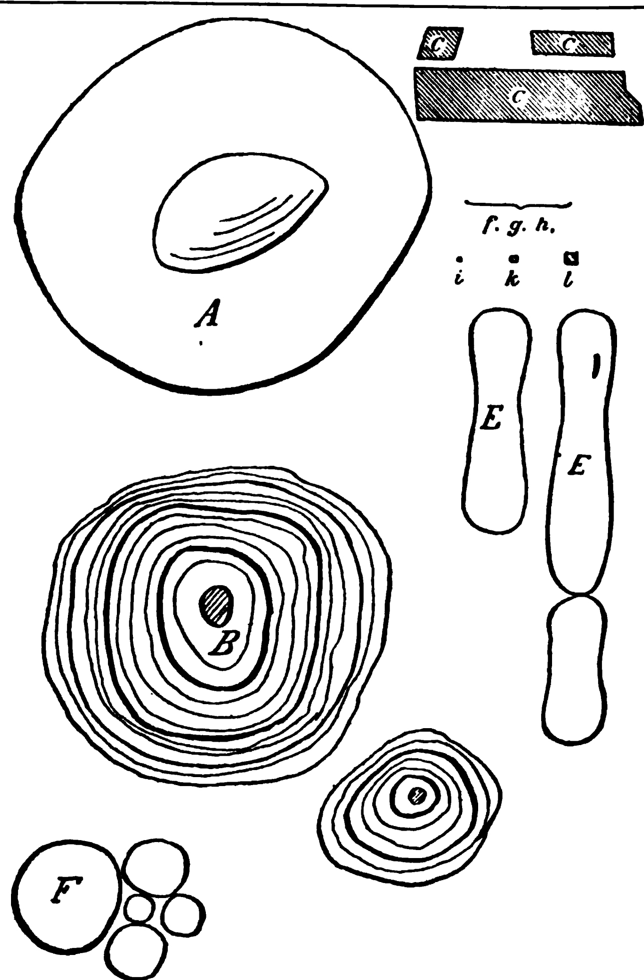
THE RELATIVE SIZES

THE PROBLEM OF THE EARTHQUAKE

Earthquakes are defined by twentieth-century scientists as mere exaggerations of the imperceptible movements which are continually taking place in the earth's crust. This definition embodies the results of modern discoveries, due to the labors of many scientists, among whom Prof. John Milne holds a foremost place. And it is because the workers are so many and the data of the subject so complex that we have such contradictory views to deal with. Until Prof. John Milne took up his residence in Japan and began to observe earthquakes at first hand, seismology was in a rudimentary condition, a mere subsidiary branch of geology. Previous knowledge of earthquakes consisted, as *The Outlook,* of London, observes, of nothing more than Mallet's discovery that the destructive waves of earthquake motion all radiated from a center somewhere down in the earth's crust. The approximate position of this center might be determined by observations of the direction in which—as shown by the ruined walls of houses—the waves came to the surface at different places. But seismology now inclines to the view that the majority of recorded earthquakes are due to sudden fractures or displacements in the rocks lying far beneath the earth's surface, setting in motion waves in the terrestrial crust which cause the widespread destruction observable when they reach the surface, at such a point as San Francisco. Most of the facts, according to Major Dutton,* fit in with this simple theory and it has gained wide acceptance among the most noted seismologists. Yet it is probable that some earthquakes are due to causes of which at present science has no definite information.

Fractures or displacements of the terrestrial crust are natural enough at great depths, where the strain imposed upon the rocks must be tremendous. A slight addition to that strain, whether occasioned by sudden increase in the barometric pressure or by sediment constantly deposited by streams or the ocean, ultimately proves too severe for the strata at certain places. These have to readjust themselves, and the effect is somewhat analogous to that of the collapse of the roof of a tunnel or of a mine.

* EARTHQUAKES. By Clarence Edward Dutton. E. P. Dutton & Co.



MAGNIFIED ONE MILLION TIMES

A. Human blood-corpuscle. *B.* Rice starch grain. *C.* Kaolin suspended in water. *E. F.* Bacteria. *f. g. h.* Particles of a colloidal solution of gold. *i. k. l.* Particles of gold solution in the act of precipitation.

accompanying diagrams, from a recent publication of Dr. Zsigmondy, may serve to give a vague idea of the dimensions of this ultra-microscopic world. If one of the largest of molecules, that of soluble starch, could be actually magnified 10,000 times in every direction, so that its volume would be multiplied 1,000,000,000,000, it would still be smaller than a pea. One of the five million corpuscles which are contained in a cubic centimeter of blood would, if enlarged in the same proportion, fill a large room, for its diameter would measure six meters."

OF VARIOUS MOLECULES

SECTION OF THE EARTH

Showing approximately the curvature, the relative heights of the loftiest mountains and highest clouds, the greatest depth of ocean, and the thickness of the solid crust.

The thickness of the black line suggests the limits practically inhabited by man, *i.e.*, from the bottom of the deepest mine to the highest habitation in Europe, about 10,000 feet.

The dotted line above the surface shows the level where the atmospheric pressure is one-third that at sea-level, so that two-thirds of the atmosphere is below this line, the remainder extending upwards in increasing attenuated form.

The temperature of the earth is here assumed to increase at a rate of 1° F. for each 60 feet of descent. This increase is, of course, solely a matter of conjecture, and many theorists deny the possibility of this thin crust of solid earth enclosing so vast a bulk of molten and liquid matter. The pressure of the superincumbent crust may also raise the melting point of mineral matter down below.

The Science Year Book, 1906.

We have then what Major Dutton calls a tectonic earthquake—and San Francisco has experienced one of the worst of tectonic earthquakes:

"They shake the world, it might be said, to its foundations. Their distinctive name implies their presumed connection with the structural changes by which the crust of our planet is being continuously modified; and the crust represents, apparently, the outer rind of a cooling and shrinking globe. The radio-activity of a small percentage of its ingredients might, to be sure, neutralize loss of heat by radiation into space, but this surmised compensation has not been in any way verified. Observed facts, on the contrary, harmonize well with a slow advance of refrigeration. The folding and fracturing, the faulting and fissuring of the strata, the uptilts and lateral thrusts of mountain chains, seem the results of secular contraction; and some rough jerks and tumbles attend the readjustments rendered inevitable by the shrinkage.

"Authorities are divided as to whether the interior of the earth is solid, liquid or gaseous. The tremendous pressure reigning there probably tends to level the distinctions between matter in the three states familiar to us and to reduce substantial differences to mere questions of verbal definition. It is only certain that the earth, as a whole, is not less rigid than steel, that it possesses vast stores of heat and is highly elastic. Up to a certain point it can resist the strains continually arising through surface agencies. Wind and water remove materials from one part of the globe to pile them up over another; one region is lightened by denudation while adjacent tracts are weighted by deposition. Relative changes of level are the appropriate means for righting their disturbed equilibrium; but they can seldom take place until the prolonged accumulation of inequality finally renders tension insupportable. There is then a sudden snap, an abrupt settlement, and the news is announced at the surface by the waves of an earthquake."

The connection between tectonic earthquakes and mountain building presents the greatest of all the puzzles having to do with such earthquakes as that at San Francisco and the recent Colombian and Indian earthquakes. "Mountain building" is likely to originate vibratory impulses. The ground is most unstable in the neighborhood of recently elevated and still developing mountain systems, such as the Alps, the Andes and the Himalayas. While it is still too early to pronounce a final opinion upon the cause of the San Francisco earthquake, according to Dr. Ralph S. Tarr, Professor of Dynamic Geology and Physical Geography at Cornell, he deems it probable, and states in a communication to *The New York Times,* that this shock was the result of movements along one or more fault lines in the course of the natural growth of the coast mountain ranges. The growth of the coast ranges is still progressing throughout the entire extent of California as an abundance of evidence shows. There are upraised shore lines at various points along the California coast proving recent uplift. The very Bay of San Francisco is the result of a geologically recent subsidence of this part of the coast, which has admitted the sea into the gorge that the Sacramento River formerly cut across the coast ranges. This forms the Golden Gate. Professor Tarr adds:

"A further reason for knowing that the mountains of this region are growing is the frequency of earthquake shocks in California. Every year there are from twenty-five to forty earthquakes recorded in the State, and not a few of these have been felt in San Francisco itself. For example, on March 30, 1898, there was a shock which did damage to the extent of $342,000 at the Mare Island Navy Yard. The city is in a region of earthquake frequency, and itself seems to be near a line of movement. . . .

"Some day—no one can tell when—the strain will again need relief, and renewed slipping will occur, and with it renewed shaking of the crust, the violence of which will depend upon the amount of slipping. It is a necessary result of mountain growth. This instance is but one of many thousands on record, and from all accounts apparently not one of the greatest magnitude. It has attracted our attention because it happened to be near a great centre of population, and not far away from habitations, as was the case with the Yakutat Bay earthquake, which was scarcely noticed.

"Coming so soon after the eruption of Vesuvius

it is natural to think of association between the two phenomena. There is, however, no known geological reason for associating the two. They are too far apart, and on two separate zones of earthquake frequency. For these reasons they can hardly be sympathetic. Geologists will, I feel confident, agree that the close relation between the eruption of Vesuvius and the San Francisco earthquake from the standpoint of time is a mere coincidence. The shock is but one of many in the history of California; it is one out of many in the great circum-Pacific belt of earthquakes even during the present year—one more movement chanced to come near a great city a short time after an eruption of Vesuvius.

"I am confident also that, barring its occurrence near a city, geologists will agree that the San Francisco earthquake is a normal outcome of rock movements which are a necessary result of mountain growth. The reason for the mountain growth, however, is not a subject upon which agreement would be so general. This is not the place to enter into a discussion of that subject, and it must suffice therefore to state a hypothesis most generally held by geologists as best supported by the evidence. This hypothesis is that the heated earth in cooling is contracting; that in doing this the cold, rigid crust along certain lines is being crumpled, placed in a state of strain, and broken. When the break occurs and a renewed movement is forced along a previous line of breaking an earthquake results. The mountain belt which almost completely encircles the Pacific is receiving the thrust from the shrinking of the earth, and for that reason its mountains are rising all the way from the Southern Andes to the Bering Sea and from the Kurile Islands (in the North Pacific) to the East Indies. With this rising melted rock is forced out here and there in form of volcanic cones, and by their eruptions and by the slippings of the rocks along fault planes earthquake shocks are occurring throughout the zone and may always be expected to occur so long as the mountains continue to grow."

All this is seismology from the standpoint of geology. From the standpoint of astro-physics it is made to appear that—notwithstanding contradictions—there is some connection between earthquakes and unusual conditions of the sun. Thus the theory advanced by Professor Milne to account for the San Francisco earthquake is that it was caused by the failure of the earth to swing absolutely true on its axis. This is another way of saying that there must be something in the sun-spot theory. And Sir Norman Lockyer, director of solar physical tests at the famous South Kensington Observatory, insists that more energy is coming to the earth this year than at any time during the sun-spot period of thirty-five years. It is now conjectured that the toppling over, to use the most graphic phraseology, of this earth is caused by the formation of a great mass of ice of tremendous weight at one pole or the other. That phenomenon results from the enormous difference in temperature due to sun-spots. The great seismic disturbances of the year strengthen, therefore, in Sir Norman Lockyer's opinion, the axis theory advanced by Professor Milne. Further confirmation is found, says Sir Norman, in the fact that during the last three maximum years of the eleven-year sun spot period there has been more activity in Mount Vesuvius than at any other time. He is of the opinion that the eruption of Vesuvius and the San Francisco earthquake are due to a single cause. The *Physikatische Zeitschrift* sees in the idea that the sun spots are or have been causing terrific electrical discharges which affect the interior of our planet. Hence, if we are to be guided by astro-physics instead of by geology in testing seismological phenomena,

The heavy black lines on this map show the weak portions of the earth's crust. It is along these lines that earthquakes occur. It will be seen that one earthquake track extends from Iceland to Edinburgh. The latter city is actually built on extinct volcanoes.

we shall agree with Professor Milne that earthquakes are not caused by the adjustment of the surface of the earth to its own reduction in size or to the process of mountain building, but are occasioned by a jar as the earth swings back to get true upon its axis. Yet Sir Robert S. Ball, who, in addition to being Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge University is a seismologist of eminence, professes himself unable to see how there can be any connection between the eruption of Vesuvius and the earthquake at San Francisco. In a communication to *The World* (New York), he declares:

"The earth being a gradually cooling globe of incandescent material, covered by a crust of badly

conducting rocks, has at every point of its surface a certain potentiality for these seismic displays; for, as the earth slowly loses heat, so must it slowly shrink. That shrinking is not done uniformly and steadily all over the surface, but is accomplished irregularly, now in one place, now in another. A slight slip takes place. This sends a tremor through the earth's crust and if that tremor is a violent one we have an earthquake. Nor is it hard to account for the excessive violence of an earthquake, as manifested in the overturning of buildings, even though the actual visible dislocation of the solid crust of the earth is insignificant.

"The origin of an earthquake is at considerable depth below the surface, say ten or twelve miles. The pressure at this depth, due merely to the weight of the superincumbent rocks and quite independent of earthquakes, must be about thirty or forty tons on the square inch, equalling the pressure of exploding cordite on a hundred-pound projectile when being driven out of a cannon at the moment of discharge.

"It can readily be imagined how extraordinary must be the violence of the disturbance if the rocks on two sides of a fault, while being pressed together by forces like these, are sometime compelled, as happens in the case of earthquake, to slide more or less one over the other.

"This starts vibrations of the solid crust of the earth, which, in the vicinity of the disturbance, produce a rapid oscillatory movement which, even though the extent be not large, is sufficient to overturn the most massive buildings."

PROGRESS OF AN OPEN SAFETY-PIN THROUGH A BABY

The youngest patient on record in a case of this type is described in the hospital report as breast-fed, of normal size and weight, and of good health; the safety-pin was an inch and a quarter long and half an inch across at the open end. As told in the New York *Medical Record* by Dr. B. Van D. Hedges, surgeon to Muhlenberg Hospital, Plainfield, N. J., it seems that the mother happened to bend over the child's crib, whereupon the little one opened its mouth and struck out at the maternal arm with its fist. The mother held some open safety-pins in her hand. One of these instantly fell into the baby's open mouth and was swallowed before a finger could be inserted to prevent the mischief.

The infant was at once taken to the hospital and its body subjected to an X-ray examination. The pin could be most distinctly seen in the stomach, where it was being turned over and over by the peristaltic action. The question of operation was eagerly debated, one of the most eminent surgeons in the country advising gastrotomy without delay. On the other hand, a contrary opinion was so earnestly maintained by another high authority that the physicians finally decided not to interfere surgically, but to watch the case carefully. Elaborate arrangements were made to perform the operation of laparotomy at the first indication of trouble.

For the first three days the only difference noted in the child's symptoms was that it slept better at night. There was no vomiting, no exudation of blood, no evidence whatsoever of any gastro-intestinal irritation. On the fifth day the pin was detected in the descending colon. The hinge end was down. On the sixth day the safety-pin had progressed quite through the infant's body.

A safety-pin's passage through the body of a child eleven months old was reported in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* last year. A child of eighteen months has been known to swallow a number of open safety-pins which were subsequently recovered. But this fresh case is, so far as is known, unprecedented, as stated before, on account of the extreme youth of the patient.

Nevertheless it would be a quite too hasty assumption, in the opinion of medical periodicals, that laparotomy would be inadvisable in general. Laparotomy is simply the process of making an incision through the peritoneum and the abdominal walls. The operation renders possible such exploration as is necessarily antecedent to surgical remedy. The peristaltic action, as a result of which the safety-pin was turned over and over in its passage through the body of the infant, is a wave-like motion. The contents of the stomach are moved forward in consequence. What is called peristalsis occurs throughout the intestinal tract. As peristalsis is not in itself unpleasant as a sensation, it need not perhaps be wondered at that the infant seemed to feel no pain from the presence of the safety pin. Medical opinion is to the effect that when irritating substances are present in the intestinal tract the peristaltic action iself is not only abnormally strong but at times agonizing. The bearing of this fact upon the presence of the safety-pin in the body of the infant has caused much discussion.

Recent Poetry

Books of poetry continue to flood, not the markets, but the editorial sanctums. The trouble with most of them is that they reveal so often mere poetic impulse devoid of poetic ideas. That is the criticism that comes to our mind over and over again in reading the bards of to-day in current magazines and books. We doubt if the poetic impulse was ever more abundantly manifest than it is in these days and in this "country of the almighty dollar"; but the mere impulse cannot make a fine poem, no matter what technical skill and melodic phrasing may be exhibited in the attempt. This criticism applies, we think, to some of the poetry in Mrs. Louise Morgan Sill's first published volume, "In Sun or Shade" (Harper's); but not, by any means, to all. One of the most genuine of recent poems, one which Elizabeth Barrett Browning might have been proud to write, is the following:

OUT OF THE SHADOW

By Louise Morgan Sill

You did not think, who blindly were forsworn
In alien arms, that I might come some day
And greet you from the first dawn of my youth,
Clean and unsullied by a worldly chance.
You did not dream once in those hot, bright dreams,
When earth so madly called you from the height,
And your soul answered, stumbling down the path,
That you might wake one day, and you might crave

Another soul as fair as once you were.
You did not think to keep yourself withdrawn
From things that soil, that one day you might look
With equal courage into equal eyes.
You did not think of this when self besought
The gifts of selfishness, nor dared to spurn
The contumacious alms you paid your soul
To keep its silence.

Then, as morning light
Comes to a night of tempest—thus you say—
I came. My path led close beside your own;
You stretched your arms and plead with eloquent eyes—
I knew not then the uses of your eyes,
What they had charmed, nor how, nor when, nor where.
To me they seemed the eyes of chivalry,
Of all that I had loved in union blent.
They drew me no less surely than your arms—
I knew not then what others these had held.
Knew! I knew nothing! Maiden solitude
Had never brooded deeper than had mine,
Rapt in the contemplation of a world
Serenely good. Nay listen, I'll not weep;
I am too sad for tears—their time is past.

Well, thus I came, unquestioning; and thus
You loved me, as a young and saving grace
Borne far from heaven to lift your spirit up
And teach you new philosophies of life—
A pool where you might bathe and wash you white.
And I—God help me!—loved you as the rare
Bloom of my life, the ultimate good of things,
The crown of all—my husband; blushing even
To speak the name, so sacred seemed the sound
To the child-soul of the incipient woman.
Then, passing all the rest, the pride, the hope,
The exquisite trust, the simple, hidden faith
In worshipping you—ay, there I sinned indeed.
For true it is, in thinking thus of you
I thought less of my God; a costly fault,
As later I have learned in weary pain.
Then, after this fresh happiness had passed
Into a calmer joy, one day you paused
Beside me, and, with strange-accoutred words
That needed some translation to my ear,
You told me of the others you had loved—
Told me the inmost secret of your past,
Told me the ancient story of the world;
And spared me nothing, not a single lash
Of the enscorpioned whip that struck me dumb.

I rose up, you remember. It was night,
And darker night within my stricken soul.
I rose and looked at you when you had done,
Nor knew the pain you smothered with your words.
(I told you I knew nothing. 'Twas in me
The ignorance of my virtue, as in you
The ignorance had been sin—I know not why.)
I looked, but could not speak. I went away
To hide myself, to hide the shame your own
Had put on me, your wife, your second self,
Your—there's the wound—your very worshipper.
From then, even as you say . . . I have been changed;
Yet you were brave in the confessional,
And I not brave. I dreamed alone for hours,
And moaned a thousand times you had not kept
Your heart unsullied for my special shrine;
Shut your face out, cried often unto God
To know why you were you and I was I,
Or some such infant-prattling in His ears.
And when the strain was over, came out pale,
And trembled in your arms, and saw your eyes
Were full of tears I had not seen before,
And felt my heart slow melting against yours—
You cried out at my kisses, "they were cold."
I pressed you closer. Was it pity or love
That surged into my soul? I do not know.
Yet all these years it has sufficed; for Love
Has infinite vistas, and through aisles of stars
Moves, humbly, towards the eternal Altar Light.
Now leave me, love; I weary, and would rest.

The following little poem has in it a note of pathos that ought to appeal to any woman's heart:

THE DREAM-CHILD

By Louise Morgan Sill

My little dream-child called to me
Upon a midnight, cold and stark.

"Sweet mother, take me in," sighed she,
"For I am weary of the dark.
My little soul has missed the way
Out in the wide and wandering air—
Oh, take me to your arms, I pray,
That I may find a shelter there."

My heart leaped up to hear the sound.
"My tender dream-child, can it be
Only the dusk that folds you round,
Folds you and holds you thus from me?
Then come! the way is broad and fair
Unto my heart, my own, my own!"
But waking came . . . and only air
Swept past into the far unknown.

Another volume that stands up somewhat out of the ruck is Cale Young Rice's "Plays and Lyrics" (McClure & Phillips). We do not find in it anything that we would call great, but the following lyric certainly has a definite poetic idea adequately expressed:

FROM ONE BLIND

By Cale Young Rice

I cannot say thy cheek is like the rose,
Thy hair ripple of sunbeams, and thine eyes
Violets, April-rich and sprung of God.
My barren gaze can never know what throes
Such boons of beauty waken, tho' I rise
Each day a-tremble with the ruthless hope
That light will pierce my useless lids—then grope
Till night, blind as the worm within his clod.

Yet unto me thou art not less divine.
I touch thy cheek—and know the mystery hid
Within thy twilight breeze; I smoothe thy hair
And understand how slipping hours may twine
Themselves into eternity: yea, rid
Of all but love, I kiss thine eyes and seem
To see all beauty God Himself may dream.
Why then should I o'ermuch for earth-sight care?

As long as a Union or Confederate veteran remains alive—at least that long—Decoration Day will have power to appeal to whatever of poetic or patriotic sensibility may be within us. The return of the Confederate battle flags this year gives to Dr. Mitchell a splendid theme which he has made use of, with moderate success, in *Collier's*:

THE SONG OF THE FLAGS

On Their Return to the States of the Confederacy

By S. Weir Mitchell

We loved the wild clamor of battle,
The crash of the musketry's rattle,
The bugle and drum.
We have drooped in the dust, long and lonely;
The blades that flashed joy are rust only,
The far-rolling war music dumb.

God rest the true souls in death lying,
For whom over head proudly flying
We challenged the foe.
The storm of the charge we have breasted,
On the hearts of our dead we have rested,
In the pride of a day, long ago.

Ah, surely the good of God's making
Shall answer both those past awaking
And life's cry of pain;
But we never more shall be tossing
On surges of battle where crossing
The swift-flying death bearers rain.

Again in the wind we are streaming,
Again with the war lust are dreaming
The call of the shell.
What gray heads look up at us sadly?
Are these the stern troopers who madly
Rode straight at the battery's hell?

Nay, more than the living have found us,
Pale spectres of battle surround us;
The gray line is dressed.
Ye hear not, but they who are bringing
Your symbols of honor are singing
The song of death's bivouac rest.

Blow forth on the south wind to greet us
O star flag! once eager to meet us
When war lines were set.
Go carry to far fields of glory
The soul-stirring thrill of the story,
Of days when in anger we met.

Ah, well that we hung in the churches
In quiet, where God the heart searches,
That under us met
Men heard through the murmur of praying
The voice of the torn banners saying,
"Forgive, but ah, never forget."

Another successful memorial day effort is the following by a South Carolina lady. We take it from *The National Magazine*:

THE KNOTS OF BLUE AND GRAY

By May Elliott Hutson

Both, Mothers of America, but reared the States apart,
One with the Winter on her head, the Winter in her heart,
One crowned with never-melting snows, a grave within her breast,
But in that grave the dove of Peace had made its little nest.
In soft, low tones they murmured on, of joys and sorrows past,
And then with gentle hands they touched a tender theme at last.
One wore a little tuft of gray—gray with its soft, sad hue,
The other carried on her breast a knot of Yankee blue.

"Why wear this token next my heart?" The Northern mother smiled,
And stroked the fragment on her breast as if it were a child.
"In blue our Lord has clothed the skies, and robed the tropic seas;

From azure fields our banner throws its spangles to the breeze.
In blue the mountain drapes her head, while through the mists and dew
Shines, like a baby's, from her breast the gentian's eyes of blue.
When, years agone, the simoon's breath smote all our fairest flowers,
When earthquakes rent and tempests tore this God-made land of ours,
When Maine and Massachusetts called, amongst the brave and true
Who answered 'Here,' I gave them one who wore a coat of blue.
When, gory-maned, the beast of War charged through Virginia's hills
With dripping blood that stained the rocks and dyed the mountain rills;
When, bellowing with rage and hate, he shook that bloody mane,
And tore the ranks with cruel teeth upon Manassas' plain,
They found amid the mangled heap of victims whom he slew
A soldier, from whose boyish breast they cut this slip of blue."

The Southern mother bowed her head, a prayer rose to the throne,
For Christ, the Comforter, to seek this heart so like her own,
Then lifted up her fair old face, bejeweled with a tear,
And touched her bosom with a knot of gray that rested there.
"In gray our Lord has dressed the mists, and wrapped the twilight sea,
Gray are the ashes of the dead, gray is the hue for me.
Like silent specters grayly swathed, behold the Southern moss.
Gray was the face that heaven turned on Calvary and the Cross.
It is the tint of human tears, the hue of parting day;
If broken hearts are ever seen their color will be gray."

A sob of memory arose, it shook the Southern breast,
And lo! the timid dove of Peace was frightened from its nest.
Slow dripped the sad and silent drops, and wet the gray knot through,
While opposite a soft stream fell, and wet the knot of blue.
When next that Southern mother spoke, the voice was not her own.
The desolation of her heart was echoed in her tone.
"When pealed from Sumter's battlements the War-God's awful voice,
And men and States were called by Fate to make the final choice,
I had but one—a child he seemed—my dead love's legacy,
The only living, human thing that earth contained for me.
I trampled on my selfish heart, I drove my tears away,
And with my own hands buttoned on my darling's coat of gray.
It matters not the agony, the love, the prayers, the pride,
The awful throes that racked my heart, for later on—it died.
But when upon Virginia's hills they turned the gory clay,
They brought me from a soldier's breast this little slip of gray."

With trembling, sympathetic hands, and voice that shook with tears,
The Northern mother quickly spoke of forms that thronged the years,
Of Jackson, Lee and all the host, whose glory and renown
Like blazing jewels—set in gray—adorn the nation's crown.
Of these she spoke—then silently she brushed a tear away,
And, bending forward, pressed a kiss upon the knot of gray.
The Southern mother raised her face, and slowly over all
A soft light, as from white wings in their passage, seemed to fall.
It rested in her eyes, despite the grave within her breast—
The little frightened dove of Peace had fluttered to its nest.

One of John Williamson Palmer's ballads that failed to get into his volume "For Charlie's Sake" is given below. It was written during the Civil War, the manuscript was handed to a friend, and that was the last the author saw of it for many years. It found its way, however, into a volume of Southern war-poems, without the name of the author, and upon being shown to Dr. Palmer by a friend was identified by him. The ballad, with a statement of its history, was sent to CURRENT LITERATURE several years ago by Ralph A. Lyon, of Baltimore, and was then printed in our pages. Dr. Palmer's recent death revives the interest in his work, and we republish the ballad:

GUERRILLA

BY JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER

Who hither rides so hard? A scout.
Just after midnight he stole out.
News, comrades! there's his signal shout;
Count:

"One—two—three." Three miles in front
Yankees in camp! Call up the hunt!
Now for the chase, the charge, the brunt.
Mount!

She's killed, that staggering, foam-splashed brown!
Her rider, gashed from brow to crown,
Gasps "Forward!" clutches, reels, goes down—
Shot!

"Guerrilla!" look! his flickering eyes
Flash "Forward!" even where he lies,
And the scout charges as he dies:
Trot!

Well, here's the hill and there's the camp,
And there's the drowsy picket's tramp;
Our brave steeds sniff the smoke and stamp;
Pshaw!

'Tis but a cheer, a plunge, a yell—
Upon the horse and man, pell-mell—
And then the same old tale to tell:
Draw!

See the stout major's sorrel fret!
Lord! what a harrying ye'll get,
As when at Bath—Luray, we met,
Yank!

Ride! we've an Ashby in each man;
Charge! we've a Gilmor in the van;
Strike, as a hundred Mosbys can—
"Guer-r-illa."

We cannot bring ourselves into such an enthusiastic frame of mind as that in which many of the reviews of Trumbull Stickney's book of poems have been written, notably the reviews in *The Argonaut* and New York *Times;* and we cannot help feeling that the pathetic death of the author (he died at the age of thirty) after a life of strenuous preparation for a great career (he was the first American student to receive from the University of Paris its highest degree, Doctorat ès Lettres) has somewhat affected the judgment concerning his poetry. There are in all of it, however, distinction and delicacy. Of the following poem *The Times* says: "To have produced even one thing so enchanting in form as this, so subtle and quiet, yet so flowing and rich, is to have won fairly and completely the great names—so lightly worn—of artist and poet."

PITY

By Trumbull Stickney

An old light smolders in her eye.
  There! she looks up. They grow and glow
Like mad laughs of a rhapsody
  That flickers out in woe.

An old charm slips into her sighs,
  An old grace sings about her hand.
She bends; it's musically wise.
  I cannot understand.

Her voice is strident; but a spell
  Of fluted whisper silkens in—
The lost heart in a moss-grown bell,
  Faded—but sweet—but thin.

She bows like waves—waves near the shore.
  Her hair is in a vulgar knot—
Lovely dark hair, whose curves deplore
  Something she's well forgot.

She must have known the sun, the moon,
  On heaven's warm throat star-jewels strung—
It's late. The gaslights flicker on.
  Young, only in years, but young!

One might remind her, say the street
  Is dark and vile now day is done.
But would she care, she fear to meet—
  But there she goes—is gone.

One of the most successful of recent quatrains is the following from *The National Magazine*:

LOOKING FOR WORK

By H. C. Gauss

Twice, daily, up to Salem's wharves, the patient tide slips in;
It lips the thrown-down granite, it lips the spiles worn thin,
And, asking sadly at the flood, "Are there no ships to-day?"
Returns an idle current, into an idle bay.

Another poem for which we are indebted to *The National Magazine* is this pleasing lyric:

ARABESQUE

By Charles Warren Stoddard

Eyes,—whose every glance is such
I feel it like a velvet touch;
Eyes that all my comfort slay,
Yet grieve me when they turn away.
Eyes that flicker without fire;
That look, and burn without desire;
That seem to darken while they beam
And dart a shadow with each gleam;
Eyes that smoulder while they sleep
And glow—like planets, when they peep
From an unfathomable deep;
Eyes that wound for pleasure's sake;
That languish when they triumph take;
And slumber most when most awake;
Eyes that blur and blind my sight;
That see my pain; that know my plight;
O, thrill me!—kill me with delight—
Ye dark moons in a silver night!

The following comes from a new volume just published in England:

RED DAWN

By P. Habberton Lulham

As from fair dreams a maid might wake and sigh,
Fill'd with distaste for day, she knows not why,
All fretful, at her glass, fling back her hair,
And flush'd and beautiful, gaze brooding there;
So did I see the Maid of Morning rise,
Toss the cloud-tresses from half-angry eyes,
Fling back Night's coverings from her rosy knee,
And spring forth, glowing, on the grey North Sea.
Then wave, and sky, and little fisher-place,
Catch the effulgence of her flaming face,
That lights anew the beacon on the hill,
Gleams on the cliff-side village, sleeping still,
Shoots through the little storm-crack'd window-pane,
Flushing the toil-worn wife a girl again,
Halos her baby's hair, and, on her man,
Makes Rembrandt glories with his throat's rich tan;
While—crowning loveliness—the up-grown spray
Falls like a shower of rose-leaves in the bay;
And, wheeling o'er it, the bright sea-bird shows
A flying flower, a wing'd enfranchised rose!

Recent Fiction and the Critics

The Dawn of a To-morrow

Frances Hodgson Burnett is one of the story-tellers that are born, as well as made. Her latest novelette* is dangerously near being a sermon-story, but in her deft hands it makes its appeal successfully and has captivated even the most jaded critics. The message of the story is that of most good sermons, namely, that the real joy of living comes from service to others, and from that only. The hero, Sir Oliver, is a nerve-sick millionaire who has grown sick of life and determines to end it. To do so without revealing his identity, he betakes himself to a cheap lodging-house in London. On his way back from the pawnbroker's, where he has gone to get a revolver, he loses his way in a fog and before he finds it again he comes across Glad. She is a gutter-snipe of twelve who expects to become something worse when she is older. Her pluck and cheerful philosophy arouse his interest. Through her he meets Polly, a woman of the streets, a boy who is a professional thief, and, more important still, Jinny Montaubin, an ancient and crippled ballet-dancer. Jinny is also a philosopher, who talks the gospel of service and good cheer to the nerve-sick man until he forgets his nerves in trying to relieve the distress of those he sees around him in the slums. Jinny's religious views have a strong resemblance to some of Mrs. Eddy's.

One hardened critic, on the Chicago *Evening Post,* berates the little book as "pabulum for the sentimental," a melodrama with "decorated platitudes," a somber hero, and a soothing-sirup sort of optimism. But this critic is in a hopeless minority. *The Argonaut* thinks that Mrs. Burnett may hereafter be known as the author of "The Dawn of a To-morrow" rather than as the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." The New York *Sun* thinks it is as artistic a bit of work as she has produced of late years, with reminiscences of Dickens and Scrooge in it. The Chicago *Tribune* calls it "a Christian Science fairy tale," but a beautiful one. It certainly has a Christian Science flavor, but not so pronounced as to repel even the reviewers of the Church papers such as *The Living Church* and *The Congregationalist*. *The Bookman* calls it "a simple old-fashioned miracle play, set forth in modern London, with the sure, swift touch of a practised story-teller."

* THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Lady Baltimore

After his brilliant success with "The Virginian," one might have expected Owen Wister to repeat that performance with another tale of the cowboy West. He has done just as different a thing as he well could do. Instead of going again to a raw new country, he has gone for his new story* to one of the oldest communities in America, a small aristocratic tide-water town in South Carolina, of whose people he says: "When slavery stopped they stopped like a clock. Their hand points to 1865—it has never moved a minute since." To this town the narrator of the story has gone from the North to help his aunt trace back her pedigree to royalty. The society he observes there, the talk that he hears, especially the talk about Miss Rieppe and young Mayrant and their engagement, and the contrasts between this little community with its refinement and delicacy, and an automobile party from Newport with their loud manners and ostentatious display of money, form the burden of the story.

The London *Times* is evidently surprised. It had not thought Mr. Wister capable of this sort of thing, of writing a "high comedy," cutting and polishing a jewel, moving nimbly among very delicate emotions and ideas without a single lapse into awkwardness. It approves of "Lady Baltimore" quite emphatically. Kings Port, the little South Carolina town, is, it says, "a place in which it is always afternoon, or autumn; which appeals with the loveliness of Rome, of Bruges, of De Heredia's Cartagena, of Aigues Mortes, of all places that have 'known better days.' *Berçant sa gloire éteinte,* it sleeps on its drowsy waters; and the widowed remnants of its once great families live sweet, reticent, ordered lives, that smell of lavender and recall, like that scent, days dead and gone." The comedy it finds deft and witty, but it is not mere trifling:

> "There is an idea, an ideal, beneath it—the American People. What will that people be, if ever it comes to be at all? When the South can no longer live in dignified poverty, nursing the memory of its glory and its wounds, what will become of it? Is the North to go on worshipping the dollar, rioting in vulgarity and vice? Can the two mix to make a nation without another explosion? These are the questions which Mr. Wister asks; and we find in his book a larger and a wiser patriotism than we had supposed to be possible as yet."

* LADY BALTIMORE. By Owen Wister. The Macmillan Company.

Several critics see in the book a strong suggestion of Henry James. The Springfield *Republican* notes Henry James's manner, but not his style, and remarks:

"How contagious the Henry James virus is! Who, for example, would have thought it possible for the author of 'The Virginian' to be infected? Joseph Conrad has succumbed—'Nostromo' fairly reeks with it. The author of 'The Prisoner of Zenda' is also the author of 'Quisante.' Mrs. Atherton tries her hand once in a while at a tale in the Jamesian vein. Mrs. Wharton is another matter; she began as a disciple and is working her way to an independent style, a very normal and proper course of evolution. But Mr. Wister has belonged to another galley crew. Shall we presently see Jack London and Stewart Edward White splitting psychological hairs?"

But Mr. Wister's tincture of Jamesism "is of a harmless sort and does not impair the interest of his book, which is entertaining and perhaps is a step toward a finer kind of work than 'The Virginian.'"

The Bookman finds the humor in "Lady Baltimore" constant, whereas it was intermittent in "The Virginian." Those who asserted that Mr. Wister's former book was simply a string of anecdotes, not a novel, will, it says, find the new work "absolutely organic." The author "writes like a gentleman," writes as if he enjoyed it and as if he considers writing an art worth studying and doing well for its own sake. Moreover, he is not afraid to convey an idea now and then to his readers, though the quality of the ideas, *The Bookman* critic, Mr. Edward Clark Marsh, finds never profound and occasionally alas! callow. Nevertheless, "it is a capital story, fulfilling every fair expectation on behalf of one of the cleverest and most capable of our American novelists."

The Healers

The Dutchman who, under the pseudonym of Maarten Maartens, writes novels in exceptionally fine English, has the critics guessing over his latest work.* Most of them admit that they are puzzled and somewhat exasperated; but most of them also admit that they are very much interested, and several of them confess to a second reading. The "healers" in the book are many and diverse. There is a great bacteriologist who is a skeptic; his wife, a poet, and, in the end, a Roman Catholic; their son, a follower of Charcot and his psychic beliefs; an idiot boy and his mad uncle, both of whom are cured; the mad uncle's wife, sound and sane, who believes in the efficacy of prayer; the wife of the disciple of Charcot, who is a Sumatran and a beneficent hypnotist; and a hard-shell Scotch Calvinist, a servant woman, who hates spiritism, Catholicism, and vivisection. Out of the clashing views of these various persons is the story made —a novel of opinions, as the London *Times* says, rather than of persons.

The New York *Outlook* finds it immensely entertaining, constantly witty and fascinating; but the philosophic purpose of the author it fails to grasp. *The Literary Digest* can tell what it is all about, but confesses itself puzzled in trying to decide what it all means; but it also admits that the book never bores. William Morton Payne, in *The Dial,* says he has read with mingled delight and exasperation. The author has a wealth of wholesome and tender sentiment, genial observation and unfailing humor. Why, then, should he resort to such sensational devices and cheap wonders as planchette-writing, table-tipping, telepathy and clairvoyance? Says the London *Times*:

"The only question for the critic is: Does the novelist, in showing the interaction of these many opinions, interest, amuse, move us? The answer to that is: He does. He opens doors; he lets us peep into fascinating regions of hypothesis, thought, experiment; he suggests and questions; and he takes good care, skilled novelist that he is, to keep his vivid persons well in front of the opinions they represent. To a further question, whether out of all this evasive, intractable material he has woven a good single piece, the answer must be that he has not. The novel is not strongly constructed; our interest is asked for one character and suddenly shifted elsewhere, and the several stories touch each other but slightly. That defect—if defect it be—is inherent in a novel of this kind."

The Scholar's Daughter

The author of "Ships That Pass in the Night" has again struck a popular vein in her latest novel,* but there seems to be a general feeling that she has failed to "work" it as it deserves. We are introduced to a grim old lexicographer who, with three assistants, is engaged in constructing a great dictionary. Upon this scene of scholarly research, a young girl, very much alive, obtrudes. She is the daughter of the lexicographer, home from school "for keeps," and he has a dim notion that she will now devote herself to the dictionary. But her aspirations are stageward and she talks slang to the scholarly assistants and, before they know it, has charmed them out of the house and into the fields and to the bank of a stream where they fish with evident delight under her instructions. The girl has a mother whom she supposes dead, but who has

* THE HEALERS. By Maarten Maartens. D. Appleton and Company.

* THE SCHOLAR'S DAUGHTER. By Beatrice Harraden. Dodd, Mead and Company.

simply deserted her etymological husband for the stage. She turns up in the next day or two. Also a young man turns up from Australia, and he, too, is very much alive. Things turn out beautifully. The girl reconciles her father and mother, and one doesn't need half an eye to see what she and the young Australian are going to become to one another.

The critics find much to disapprove: it is too theatric; it is improbable; it is slight and superficial; but it has charm. "A highly agreeable romance suffused with graceful sentiment," is the London *Spectator's* phrase. "It is a novel in which artifice takes the place of art," says the London *Bookman*, "and dramatic situations are made to subserve the purposes of theatrical effect"; but also "it is a capital story written with easy ability in a pleasant vein that should assure a very wide popularity for it."

The New York *Evening Post* finds it better written than Miss Harraden's former work. The same lameness of vocabulary is still in evidence, but the workmanship is better and there is a more definite purpose carried out to a definite end.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON—A PRIZE STORY

There is something interesting to tell about this little story. It has just taken the fairy-story prize at the Cologne Flower Festival in Germany, though written by a young American, George Sylvester Viereck, who is still pursuing his academic studies as a senior in the College of the City of New York. Two years ago, at the age of eighteen, Mr. Viereck published a volume of German lyrics, entitled "Gedichte," which attracted favorable notice; and Brentanos are just publishing for him his first English work, "A Game of Love and Other Plays." The Cologne Flower Festival has become a notable institution in the last few years, and many thousands of poems and stories are received, in various languages, in the competition for prizes. The fact that an American college boy carries off the fairy-story prize this year will give to the phrase "American Invasion" a new meaning. The translation from the German is made for CURRENT LITERATURE by the author.

Once upon a time, in a kingdom the name of which does not matter, there lived a young Prince who was enamored of those things only that possess no real value whatsoever. This, at least, was what the old Chancellor said, a dignitary of infinite wisdom, who had well-nigh completed the measure of years given to man. "A dreamer" he used to call the Prince contemptuously. But he did this only when he was among his most intimate friends. Whenever he prepared a notice for the court paper, *The Silver Bell*, or for the organ of the popular party, *The Little Drum*, he never referred to the future ruler of the land without making a special point of his "ideal" disposition. This he would have done for reasons of policy even if the young Prince's only interests in life had been baseball or the chase. I don't know how it came about, but soon everybody in the whole kingdom spoke of the Prince only as "the Dreamer." There were in the first place some tremendously "practical" young men and the old councilors. The young men threw out their chests, rattled their swords and told of their love adventures. This they thought mighty manly. The old fogies shrugged their shoulders and plucked at their long, white beards, but inwardly they were green with envy. For it is only when life has despoiled us of the last rag of idealism that we begin to pity a butterfly whose gaudy wings have been torn by relentless hands. The king of the land only smiled, as one smiles when he sees another in the pangs of a soul conflict that he has done with long ago.

The young Prince, however, did not mind what other people thought of him, but wandered alone on the lonely paths which his soul had chosen. He lived only half in this world. His heart beat in the great realm of mystery which everywhere borders upon earth and yet is indicated on no chart and whose very existence scientists are apt to dispute. Ofttimes he sat on the seashore and held to his boyish ear a shell, curiously fashioned and strangely colored, whose secret murmurings he tried in vain to understand. "Whence come these voices and what do they mean?" he asked everyone at the court from the kitchen-boy to the King; but no one knew an answer to his question, and what the old Professor of Physics told him he simply disregarded. For had not he same man told him that the earth moves around the sun, which is manifestly absurd, and that the honeyed song of the thrush is entirely due to so many vibrations per second—a fairy-tale no child would believe?

For Botany and Zoology, too, he showed but little interest, for he saw that his teacher could dissect all animals and all flowers and knew every bone in the skeleton of a dog, but that at all times it was the soul that escaped his notice and flew through the open windows. Whereupon he wrote a thick book to prove that it did not exist! Much more eagerness did the Prince show in the science of Demonology. He knew by name everyone of the thirty thousand devils that live in the sea and the fifty thousand that live in the air, and but for one little ingredient he knew exactly how to prepare the Elixir of Life and the Philosopher's Stone. But of all studies astronomy held him enthralled. During long nights he kept watch at the great observatory of the palace with a young page, his only friend, and saw the constellations come and go. He was fascinated, not so much by the stars he could see and whose course he might follow, as by those he could not see. And when some comet had disappeared not to reappear within thirty or forty thousand years, his imagination followed it in its course onward through eternity.

But of all stars in heaven he was most attracted by one which has turned its mysterious, pallid countenance toward us as long as rivers have run and men and women have dreamed of love. But whereas other heavenly bodies show us sometimes one side, sometimes another, the moon condescends to show us only one. The ancient Egyptians have scratched their heads over this and the ancient Arabs. We have invented wonderful instruments which bring us nearer to the stars, we have drawn charts of mountains and dales and canals on the planets; but no one has ever succeeded in finding what is hidden behind *the other side of the moon*. No mortal will ever know, and the great lies of science cannot compensate or console us. The other side of the moon must ever remain a symbol of all that is wonderful and incomprehensible in human and in cosmic life. I know not whether it is a fairy kingdom that lies there or whether it be the end or the beginning of the Realm of Wonder; but this I know, that whosoever can read what is written upon the other side of the moon has solved the riddle of the Eternal Sphinx.

This, at least, was what the young Prince confided to his companion in a sultry summer night, when the moon-rays pointed straight at him through the colored windows. His enthusiasm carried the young page away with him, though the latter was a rather commonplace boy, to whom only the personality of the Prince gave a certain charm, as a strong magnet might for a little while draw a needle into the circle of its transforming power. Arm in arm they stared one evening into the starry sky. Millions of lights glowed and beaconed in the heavens, and dumb and mysteriously as always the moon beamed upon them. But there was something in her rays which seemed to draw the Prince toward her as it attracts the sea, or there was something in the Prince's soul that filled him with a strange longing for the lesser light that rules the night, the night that is more beautiful and holy than the day. For there are some among us who were born in the full moon or whose mothers looked too deeply into her luminous eyes. Upon these, strange powers have sway which others cannot comprehend. They love the subtile witchcraft of the night, they see in the dark, freeze in the sun, and are doomed their whole life long to seek for that which may never be revealed. As there are flowers which turn their faces toward the sun, so there are flowers of the dusk, moonflowers, which cannot take their dream-entranced eyes from the silent mistress of the night.

The Prince was such a moonchild, and one ray of one of her rays must have fallen on the soul of the boy who shared his couch, or he would not have understood at all. "Prince," he said, and shook his darkling locks, "I have read in a book, brought from a foreign land, that in a far city of the West there lives a mighty Wizard who has built a ship by means of which one can float through the air as others cross the water. What if we two could make a journey to the Moon?" At this news the heart of the little Prince began to beat like a drum, his golden hair glimmered like moon-rays imprisoned in a net, and straightway, though it was in the middle of the night, he went to the bedroom of his father, the King.

The monarch was at first very wroth because of this rude disturbance of his slumber; but the Queen soothed his wrath, and at last he could not help laughing at the impatience of the little Prince and promised to send a courier at daybreak to find this wonderful man and, if possible, to conduct him immediately to the capital. And he did as he had promised, for he had pledged his royal word.

How slowly the days seemed to creep! The first three days the Queen packed twenty-seven little trunks with beautiful laces and uniforms and silken stockings and satin shoon for her little boy to take on his long journey. The next three days he passed in continually talking to his little page and telling him what wonderful things they were going to find on the other side of the moon. On the ninth day his impatience had risen to the boiling-point and he called for his little pony in order to meet the courier on the way. Finally,

on the twelfth day, the messenger came back, all covered with dust and sweat.

"Where is he? Where have you got him?"

"He'll be here in a minute," and the speaker pointed to the clouds. Scarcely had he uttered these words when a rope with a small anchor descended just where the young Prince stood, and a big red bird lowered itself slowly to the ground. and lo, from its belly jumped not an old gray-bearded wizard with pointed hat, but a young, smooth-shaven and energetic Yankee.

"Here we are!" he said unconventionally and grasped the Prince's hand. This was such an enormous breach of etiquette that the old Chancellor, who saw it, fell down dead on the spot from heart-failure, for which reason he will not reoccur in this story. This incident somewhat influenced the Court against the foreigner, though many were glad because of it. Moreover, they thought it improper that a young man should have accomplished in his short life so much more than all the gray-bearded councilors of the King. But he didn't seem to care very much and asked a million dollars for his air-ship. When the Lord of the Treasury heard this he was stricken with a fainting-fit which continued for seven days and seven nights. But it was the Prince's dearest wish, and so the King consented to pay the sum the Wizard demanded if they should really reach their goal. Whereupon the Yankee said that the cow jumped over the moon, and he didn't see why he shouldn't. Preparations for the expedition were made with feverish haste.

The air-ship was in readiness. The Wizard left twenty-six of the little trunks behind with a relentlessness which cut the Queen to the heart. One only he took along. Then all three, the Yankee, the Prince and the page, seated themselves in the car and were soon lost from the sight of the wondering populace. For several hours they rose and rose, but the moon seemed to grow more distant the higher they went. Suddenly it began to snow and white flakes caught themselves in the black curls of the page and the golden hair of the Prince. They wrapped themselves in their mantles and trembled with cold. Higher and higher rose the enchanted machine. The air grew chillier with every second. The little page began to weep, but his tears were frozen on his cheeks to ice, and hung there like little diamonds. Even the Wizard showed evidence of exhaustion. But the little Prince bit his lips, so as not to cry. Onward and onward they were carried. Suddenly a stream of blood broke through the tightly closed lips of the young Prince. It fell into the void and stained with red a white anemone that was sleeping below. The blood of the others, too, began to flow from ears and nose. There was nothing to do but to give up. They reached the earth half dead, but were glad to feel the firm ground once more under their feet. The King laughed at the misfortunes of the Prince, and the Queen made camomile tea for him. No one cared for the little page, who managed to creep back to the palace in some way and was forever cured of his yearning for the moon. As for the Yankee, he was cast into jail, and I could never find out whether he died there of hunger or whether by means of his black magic he reached his native land again.

After a while the Prince recovered from the shock, and, though he was more pensive than ever before, his imagination was still fixed on the only thing that is worthy of our thoughts and dreams —the other side of the moon. It was in vain that his father gave him a little sword most beautifully set with precious gems and a strange, most wonderfully colored bird in a golden cage. The sword he presented to his friend, the little page, and the bird he set free. "Perhaps you can find the other side of the moon, dear bird," he said, as he opened the gilded door of the cage. "I will not hold you; fly to your home in Dreamland!" This he said half from compassion, half in the hope that the bird might help him to attain his desire, for he had read even more wonderful things in ancient fairy-tales. And this time he was not mistaken. The bird opened its big, parrot-like bill and spoke thus:

"Do you really care so very much to see the other side of the moon?"

"Dear me," replied the Prince, "I would give my young life for it."

The old bird, who had seen many things in his time, wagged his head wistfully: "But will you be strong enough to endure the sight?"

"It is my dearest wish, and, whatever may be hidden behind that pallid silver disk, I shall be happy if only I know wha it is."

"Well," said the bird, "you have done me a great service by freeing me from this cage, in which the evil fairy who sold me to your father had imprisoned me. And you must be a clever boy, for otherwise you would not understand my language at all. In fact, I am sure that you are thoroughly conversant with Alfari's great work on 'Fairies, Genies and Demons in the form of Animals.' However that may be, listen to my advice. Pull the most gorgeous feather out of my tail, take it quietly to your room, and at the next full moon turn it three times in your hand and murmur the three words which I shall teach you now (but which may not be disclosed to the reader in order that no one may misuse them),

then wait quietly and patiently for what is to come." He had scarce uttered these words when he disappeared, and only his shadow darkened for a second the moon which had broken through the clouds at this very moment.

The Prince thereupon ran to his father, the King, and his mother, the Queen, and told what had befallen him. Both were most glad when they heard of their little son's wonderful adventure, and at the next full moon not only the Prince, but the whole court, and especially the Queen, waited with feverish excitement for the miracle that was to come.

The moon shone more brilliantly than ever. Her argent rays were sprinkled like a silver rain over the landscape and over the foliage of the trees. In that night young lovers closed no eye. On the roofs of houses and palaces one saw forms in white garments moving restlessly to and fro. All who were moon-struck seemed to walk that night. It seemed as if the moon exerted all her might before her mystery was to be unveiled forever.

Upon the battlements of the royal castle, surrounded by all the councilors of the realm and the whole Court, the young Prince waited for the stroke of twelve. And as soon as the ancient clock struck, the Prince turned the feather three times in his hand, spoke the dreadful words, and lo! the heavens opened and from the darksome clouds there burst a radiant something which made straight for the King's palace. In less time than a swallow needs to whet its bill there stood before the Prince a luminous car, drawn by four little moon-calves. The doors opened and from it stepped a curious little man, who bore a strange resemblance to the Man in the Moon. He said no word, but politely motioned the Prince to enter the vehicle. With a beating heart and flushing cheek the Prince entered, the doors closed behind him, and with incredible speed they were on their way to the starry sky, the land of his heart's desire.

Meanwhile the Queen lay in a fainting-fit, and even the King had grown a little pale after he had entrusted his only child to the little wagon from the stars. The aunts and the grandmothers told monstrous tales of little children who had been carried off by evil spirits and who were found the next morning in their little beds with their throats cut. The ladies-in-waiting began to weep and there was a terrible confusion. But it was too late. Hour after hour ran through the glass, the moon-rays grew paler and paler and the horses which draw the chariot of the morn began to beat with their hoofs impatiently on the roof of the sky. The Queen became hysterical and cursed the King for having permitted the little Prince to go on the journey. The King in turn swore and threatened to behead all his councilors should the Prince not return, for they should have warned him against confiding the safety of the Crown Prince to four moon-calves and a strange man from the moon.

The excitement reached its end through the sudden appearance of the Prince, who seemed to have dropped from the clouds. Now, of course, everybody congratulated him and had a thousand questions to ask. But the Prince stood there pale, with his beautiful curls all entangled and his lips pressed together. He would not even make answer to the King and only asked permission to withdraw to his own chamber. There he locked himself in, permitting not even his bedfellow, the little page, to enter. However, the servant who made his bed on the following morning found his pillow all wet, as if he had wept the whole night through.

After this the character of the Prince changed totally. He searched no more for a soul in the fragrance of an orchid and the song of the nightingale. And no one saw him ever again holding communion with a sea-shell or following the course of the stars from the observatory. He broke behind him all bridges that led to his former castles in the air, and when he became King he issued an edict which by a severe penalty forbade the rays of the moon entrance to his kingdom. Of course, many conjectures were made as to the inexplicable change in his disposition, but no one dared to approach him on the subject after the jester had been put to death for a slight allusion to that journey to the moon. He was a harsh ruler, who drank much wine and made his children study trigonometry. At his Court one pageant succeeded another, and in all these wild orgies the King was the most reckless. His old nurse would not believe that he found real pleasure in reveling; she saw the serpent that was feeding on his heart. But no one listened to her, as she was an old woman of little education, and not even a duchess.

So the years glided by. And one day the King felt that his hour had come. He called the Crown Prince to his bedside that he might give him a last blessing. After all the servants had been sent away the Prince said: "Father, will you not confide to me, even on your death-bed, the great secret and the sorrow of your life? What did you see on the other side of the moon?" Then said the King, and on his faded features quivered a smile like a breaking heart: "May the grace of Heaven save you from as great a disillusion: *For both sides of the moon are exactly alike.*"

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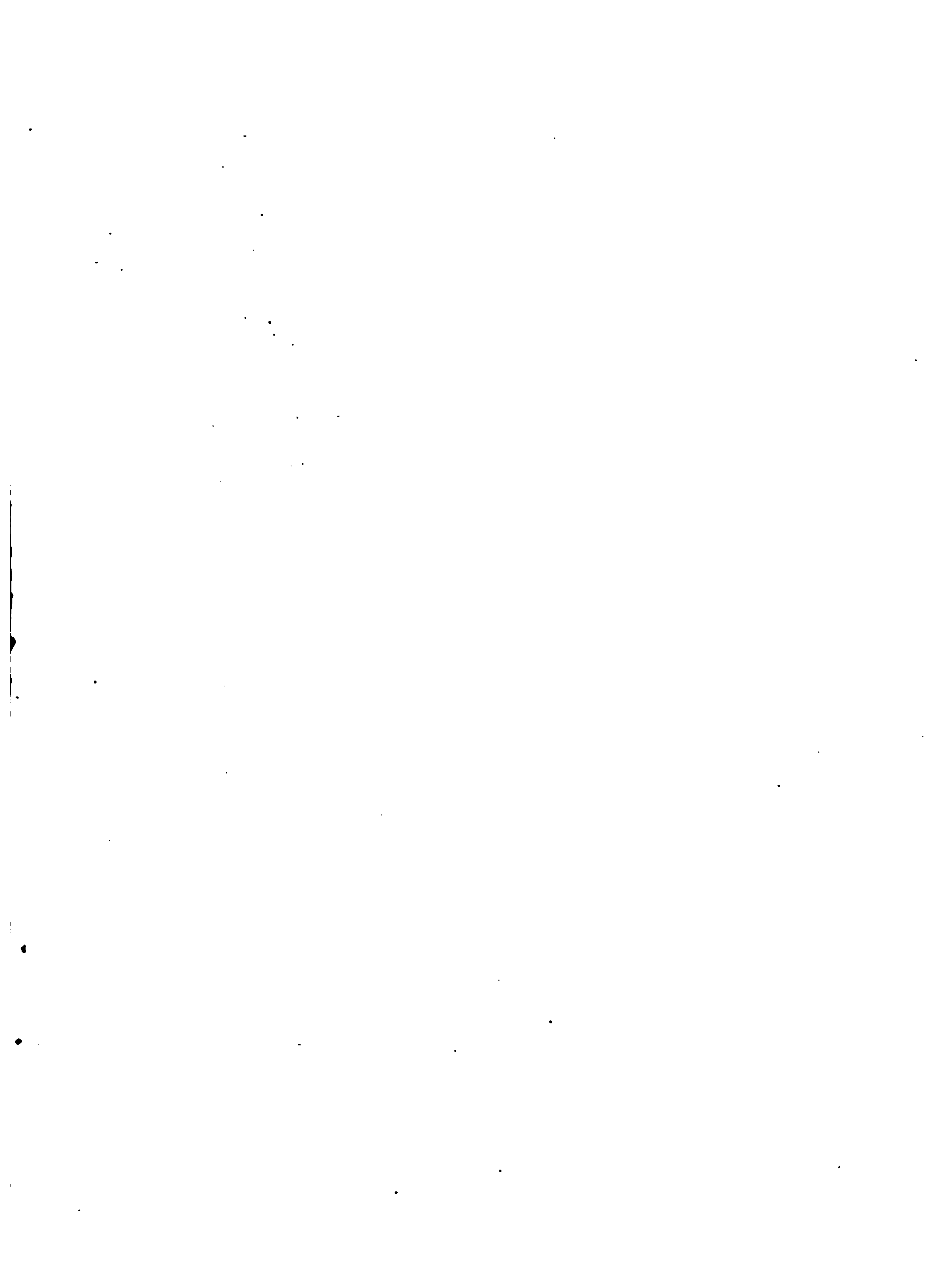

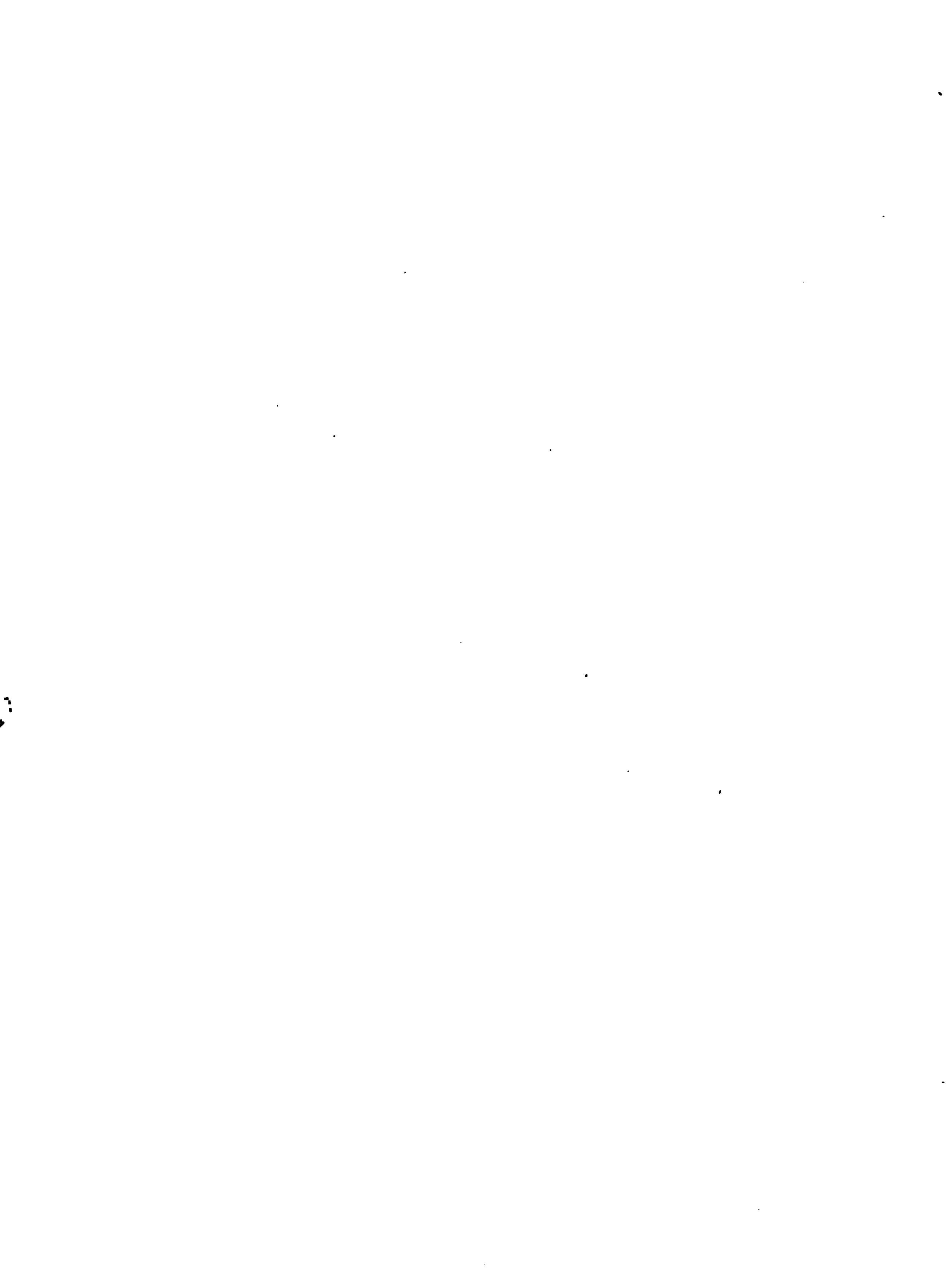

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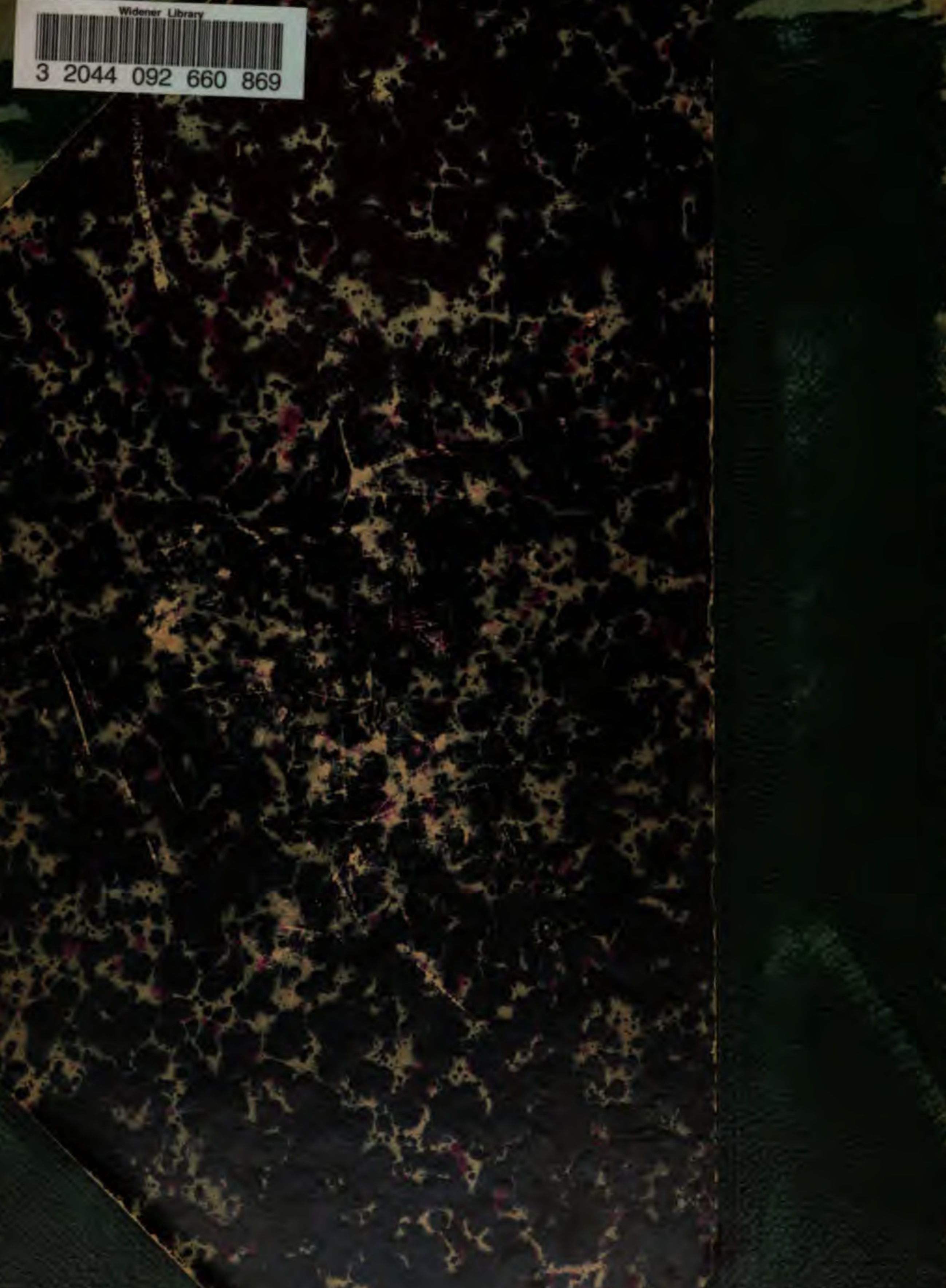
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