

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED
JOURNAL OF



ART LITERATURE &
CURRENT EVENTS

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THE EDITOR, COLLIER'S WEEKLY, NEW YORK CITY

ROBERT J. COLLIER, EDITOR

NEW YORK, JANUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH 1898

THE CUBAN SITUATION

AT the hour when we write, the outbreak of mob violence in Havana, by which the officers of Autonomist newspapers were wrecked, has not been repeated, but no one doubts that the attempt to establish an Autonomist government has failed. The machinery of self-government conceded to Cuba by a royal decree had previously been rejected by the revolutionists, and now it is repudiated by the Spaniards dwelling in the capital of the island. Destitute of any authority, unable to discharge their nominal functions, and shielded from assassination only by the soldiers of the regular army composing the garrison of Havana, the members of the Autonomist Cabinet are the victims of a desperate experiment. When Senor Sagasta became Prime Minister, he recognized that the interposition of the United States, for the purpose of bringing the devastation of Cuba to an end, could be averted only by a promise to give a large measure of local liberty to the island, and both he and his delegate, Governor-general Blanco, seem to have tried sincerely to make the promise good. But the effort was made too late. That which might have been effective in 1894 is useless in 1898, just as the conciliatory overtures, to which the British Parliament had recourse in 1778, were repelled by the American colonies, which would have gladly accepted them four, or even three, years before. The proposal of autonomy had simply the effect of postponing an intervention, which was seen by well-informed observers to be inevitable, and the collapse of the project has furnished decisive proof that by no agency, moral or material, can Spain re-establish her former control of Cuba.

Mr. McKinley has been blamed in certain quarters for failure to heed that plank in the Republican national platform, which declared it to be the duty of the United States to rescue from ruin the commercial and material resources of an island in which American citizens are deeply interested. The charge could be brought with fairness against the President, if his administration had closed without any endeavor upon his part to meet the wishes of his party and of the people in the matter of intervention. As a matter of fact, he has not been in office a year, and, therefore, the accusation of remissness is not well-founded. What is known as the Cuban clause in the Republican platform did not bind the Chief Magistrate to an immediate interposition by force in Cuba, nor even to an immediate recognition of the revolutionists as belligerents. It simply bound him to take such steps as would, in his judgment, lead to a cessation of the war, and to the acquirement of the blessings of liberty by the Cuban population. In the effort to attain those ends, it was his duty to proceed with moderation and discretion, so as to keep the public opinion of Europe on his side, and prevent Spain from securing an ally among the great maritime powers, should he be forced, in the end, to take measures which the Madrid government would construe as acts of warfare. It was foreseen, moreover, when Mr. McKinley was inaugurated, that events were impending in the Far East, which would concentrate the attention of the great European powers upon that quarter of the globe, and would thus leave the United States at liberty to deal exclusively with Spain should overt interposition in Cuba prove the only practicable means of restoring tranquillity to the island. These obvious obligations the President has recognized, and his attitude toward the Cubans has been so shaped that the moral arguments for intervention have become incomparably stronger than they were a year ago. No impartial European onlooker will now deny that to Spain has been given every reasonable opportunity of reasserting her rule in Cuba, either by force or by conciliation, or by both of those agencies conjoined. Had Mr. McKinley undertaken, when he first entered the White House, to interfere, by force, on behalf of the Cubans, or even to recognize the revolutionists as belligerents—an act certain to infuriate the Spaniards,

and to produce an amount of friction that would be likely to result in war—a vehement counter-effort would have been made by the holders of Spanish bonds to obtain the assistance of one of the great maritime powers, either France, or Germany, or Austria. At that time it was not impossible that the effort might be successful, for, as yet, the great maritime powers of the Continent were not openly threatened with troubles of their own. Now, on the other hand, neither France, nor Russia, nor any of the countries composing the Triple Alliance, has any leisure to consider the predicament of Spain, the distribution of power in the Far East having become a question of vital and paramount concern. In the eyes of the great maritime nations, all other international questions are for the moment eclipsed by the inquiry whether Germany shall be permitted to retain her lease of Kiaochow Bay, and, if so, what equivalent concessions are to be made to France and Russia on the one hand, and to England and Japan upon the other. Not only does the question of the distribution of the Chinese seacoast and of the control of China's trade now command, almost exclusively, the attention of European Foreign Offices, but all the warships which the maritime powers can afford to remove from their home waters have been placed in the Pacific, or have been ordered thither. The present is, therefore, an ideal conjuncture for American intervention in Cuban affairs, inasmuch as the President can now do with impunity what would have been attended with serious risk ten months ago. We say, with impunity, because Spain, which has proved incapable of conquering Cuba, would be utterly unable to contend with the United States, unless she could secure some aid in the form of ships, men or money, from some other European power. Such aid she might have got last year, but it is now beyond her reach.

On the whole, then, we seem warranted in saying that the circumspection and deliberation which have characterized Mr. McKinley's Cuban policy have been justified by the event. Grave as the situation is in Cuba, it might have been much worse, from the viewpoint of American interests; for intervention at an earlier epoch might have exposed us to a dangerous war, whereas, now, it is improbable that Spain will offer more than the merest semblance of resistance.

SCIENCE AND THE BOOK OF GENESIS

ELABORATE and ingenious attempts to reconcile the teachings of astronomy, geology and paleontology with the Scriptural account of the creation have been lately made in a book called "Genesis and Modern Science," which has attracted a great deal of attention. The writer, Mr. Warren R. Perce, undertakes to demonstrate that the text of the first chapter of Genesis, if rightly construed, does not, as Professor Huxley maintained, run counter to the conclusions of science, but, on the contrary, is consistent with them. It must, at least, be said for him that he meets the difficulties squarely, and repudiates the various theories devised for the purpose of evading them. He rejects, for instance, the hypothesis that the facts of the creation were revealed to Moses in a series of visions, and that, when we read of the works of the "first day" or of the "second day," we are merely reading about what Moses saw in the vision of the first day or of the second day, although the events themselves, then revealed, had actually occupied vast periods of time. This, obviously, is an hypothesis which is loyal to geology at the expense of the Bible. Another explanation sometimes propounded is that between the events narrated in the first verse and those recorded in the second verse of the first chapter of Genesis there intervened a period of immense and unknown duration, in which were comprehended all the geological ages of whose existence the structure of the earth tells us. Those who take this view regard the remaining verses of the chapter as presenting a history only of those changes by which the earth was prepared for human habitation. This hypothesis in its turn is repelled by Mr. Perce, on the ground that it is loyal to the Bible at the expense of geology. There is yet a third and well-known theory that the Scripture record refers not to the creation in general, but to a creation in a particular locality. It assumes that the word earth in the second verse denotes a certain limited region temporarily obscured and reduced to ruin, but afterward fitted up by the operations of six days for the residence of man. This hypothesis is obviously suggested by the supposed necessities of the case, and is put aside by our author as being true neither to Scripture nor to geology.

Mr. Perce contends that the Bible is correct in the statement that the world was made in six days, but that it does not follow that the world was made in what we term a week. He insists that a single rotation of the earth upon its axis is not the true criterion of the measure of a "day" in all ages in the history of the earth, much less in that of the solar system, and that there is but one definition of universal application amid all the variety of circumstances in the evolution of the solar system, and that is the one proposed by him; namely, a day is one alternation of darkness and of either cosmic or solar light. According to this definition of the word, when we read, "And the evening and the morning were the first day," the idea intended to be conveyed is, that there was first a period of chaotic darkness, and then a period

of cosmic light, the light produced by friction and combustion (when the evolution of our planetary system began), and that these two consecutive periods constituted the first day. By distinguishing between what we now call solar light and the cosmic light which must have existed in the solar system before the outermost planet-forming ring was thrown off, our author meets the objection that whereas, according to Genesis, light is created on the first day, it was not until the fourth day that the sun and moon are said to have been made. Let us see now what, according to our author, we should understand by the words: "And the evening and the morning were the second day." What, in this case, was the evening? The reply is, the long period of darkness which, so far as this planet was concerned, prevailed from the time when the vapor-enshrouded earth ceased to emit light from its internal fires. What was the morning? The passing away of the vapors, which had so long excluded the rays of the sun, and the flooding of the terrestrial globe with sunlight. It was this alternation of darkness and light which constituted the second day. To calculate the length of the second day is impossible, but we can see that the duration of the evening part of it must have been stupendous, when we consider the enormous volume of the ocean, and remember that its waters were once all in the form of aqueous vapor, held in suspense in the atmosphere. It is when Mr. Perce undertakes to account for the length of the third day, also acknowledged to have been immense, that he is obliged to have recourse to a violent hypothesis. He assumes that the axis of the earth originally coincided with the ecliptic, and that, consequently, the whole work of creation, which went on during the third day upon the surface of the earth, must have proceeded in that hemisphere which was perpetually turned toward the sun, the other hemisphere being immersed in impenetrable night and ice. The third day lasted until the axis of the earth changed its position relatively to the ecliptic, not reaching at that time, however, the angle which it was afterward to make. The axis of the earth at the present time inclines to the ecliptic or plane of the earth's orbit at an angle of sixty-six and one-half degrees. For reasons given at some length, Mr. Perce holds that on the fourth day the angle of inclination was somewhat less, or say forty-five degrees. Any considerable inclination, however, would secure at once the alternation of day and night in the period of each rotation of the earth upon its axis; consequently, now for the first time the sun would seem to be set in the firmament to rule over the earth by day and the moon to rule by night.

We cannot, in the space at our command, follow Mr. Perce through the stages of his exposition of the meanings which should be attached to the terms day, nor through his attempted refutation of the assertion that according to Genesis reptiles were created *after* birds, which is counter to the geographical record. A strong case is undoubtedly made against the current construction of the text of Genesis, upon which Professor Huxley laid so much stress. The writer's argument for the universality of the deluge is, also, a striking one, for he assigns an intelligible cause, entirely reconcilable with known scientific data. On the whole, however, we presume that most theologians will, for their part, maintain that the Bible was never intended to communicate scientific knowledge, and that, accordingly, Mr. Perce's well-meant attempt to reconcile Scripture and Science is superfluous.

IS ITALY TO BECOME A REPUBLIC?

A REMARKABLE article which appeared the other day in a semi-official organ of the Vatican, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, and of which a translation has been telegraphed to this country, has brought into the foreground of discussion the question whether it would be expedient and practicable to transform the present Italian monarchy into a federal republic. The importance of this utterance is due, first, to the fact that it could scarcely have been made without the approval of the Pope, and, secondly, to the distinctness with which are outlined the conditions upon which the Papacy might accept the principle of Italian unity.

The unification of the Italian peninsula and the islands of Sicily and Sardinia, under the House of Savoy, has never been accepted by the occupants of the Papal Chair. It is now nearly forty years since the greater part of Italy was combined in a monarchical State, and it is almost thirty years since the last remnant of the possessions of the Papacy were forcibly included in that political entity. Ever since the latter event, however, faithful Catholics have been prohibited by the tenants of the Vatican from recognizing the *de facto* government, by taking part in the elections for the Chamber of Deputies. This injunction, which was issued by Pius IX. soon after the Italian occupation of Rome, and which has since been repeatedly reaffirmed by Leo XIII., has been so generally obeyed that about half of the registered electors have regularly abstained from recording their votes at Parliamentary elections. It is, of course, a formidable menace to the stability of the Savoyard dynasty that Italy should harbor a vast party, representing half of the electorate, which, by its passivity, proclaims an implacable hostility to the present political regime. Hitherto, however, the reigning family and the advocates of a monarchy have had on their side the

passionate desire cherished by Italian patriots for national unity, which has been looked upon as the sole safeguard against those invasions and conquests, to which Italy was a victim for upward of fourteen hundred years. It is this, the firmest prop of monarchy, which the *Civiltà Cattolica* has undertaken to withdraw, by declaring that the Papacy is not opposed to Italian unity, considered as a principle, but only to the particular centralized and monarchical form in which it has been thus far applied. What form would be acceptable is clearly indicated by the commendation of such political types as the Swiss Confederation and the United States of America. The implication plainly is that, if the City of Rome and a circumjacent area sufficient to assure local independence were restored to the Papacy—the writer of the article does not insist on the restitution of all the territory wrested from the Church by Victor Emmanuel in 1870—the re-established Papal State would consent to become a member of a republican confederation, and, in that capacity, would heartily co-operate in the promotion of Italian unity and progress.

Here, then, is an overture from the Papacy. Are the people of Italy likely to accept it? Those who desire an accommodation with the Vatican will argue that only thus can national unity and homogeneity be really compassed. It is, they may point out, at best only a superficial and fictitious unity which exists to-day, seeing that half of the registered electors stubbornly refuse to acknowledge the monarchy as a government *de jure*, by voting at Parliamentary elections. Is it not, then, worth while, they may inquire, to sacrifice the form to the substance, by substituting a federal republic with which almost every one would be satisfied, for a monarchy which is as obnoxious to Republicans and Socialists as it is to the Clericals? It will be remembered that the Italian aspirations for liberty, which found vent after the first French Revolution, and again in 1848, were directed for the most part to democratic types of government. What was heard of in those epochs was a Cisalpine Republic, a Parthenopean Republic, and, again, a Venetian Republic, a Tuscan Republic, a Roman Republic. Not without hesitation and reluctance did the followers of Mazzini renounce their republican ideals, and it was mainly through Cavour's adroitness that they were persuaded to accept, as a makeshift, the consolidation of Italy under the House of Savoy. Their misgivings have been justified by the event. Cavour's calculations, on the other hand, have been proved incorrect in more than one particular. He overrated the power of the Savoyard dynasty to secure the confidence and affection of the natives of Central and Southern Italy and of Sicily, while, on the other hand, he underestimated the power of the Papacy to retain its grasp upon a large part of the population. The close approach of the twentieth century finds Italy unified on the surface only, while her industries are stifled under an inordinate weight of debt, and by political treaties which shut them out from their natural market. In the eyes of those political economists who are Republicans by predilection, the monarchy founded by Cavour has proved a failure, and it would be the part of wisdom to substitute a federal republic, if an end could be put, thereby, to the deplorable political schism which has so long divided the devout adherents of the Papacy from the rest of the Italian people.

It is asserted on the other side that, although the scheme of a federal republic works well enough just now in Switzerland, it has not always done so even there, and that it is unadapted to the countries now held together under the House of Savoy. There is scarcely more sympathy, they say, between the inhabitants of Piedmont and the inhabitants of Sicily, or between the Venetians and the Neapolitans, than exists between Czechs and Germans in the Cis-Leithan possessions of the Hapsburgs. Were the local autonomy, which is implied in the conception of a federal republic, once conceded to those parts of Italy which formerly were independent of each other; were, in other words, decentralization to be officially encouraged; local interests, traditions, jealousies and prejudices would be no longer checked, and centrifugal tendencies would acquire an irresistible momentum. The upshot would be, it is alleged by those who recall the history of Medieval Italy, that the persistently heterogeneous and more and more discordant components of a federal republic would plunge into internecine strife, and, eventually, invite the aid of foreigners against one another.

There is, finally, this to be noted, that some of those who look upon a federal republic as desirable are disposed to deny its practicability. The standing army, we are told, is a tool in the hands of the reigning family. It is an instrument carefully fashioned to the end of centralization. Only to the favor of the sovereign can the officers look for honors and emoluments, and the utmost pains is taken to divest the rank and file of local sympathies by prohibiting the stationing of soldiers in the districts where they were born. The military force at the disposal of Humbert I. is incomparably greater than has ever been controlled by a native Italian sovereign since the downfall of the Roman Empire in the West. How, then, it is asked, is it possible for Italian reformers, however ardent may be their devotion to the Republican type of government, and however potent might be the moral assistance given to them by the Papacy, to overthrow a monarchical regime which possesses a mighty engine of repression, and which, moreover, has at its beck the moral and material support of the Austrian and German Empires?



GREAT BRITAIN

IN THE

WESTERN HEMISPHERE

BY
W. NEEPEWING



HE present session of Congress, if not the most important in the nation's existence, is destined to become a memorable one. It will be, at least, a history-making epoch; for grave and momentous questions, involving a change in our national policy, are already under consideration. It may mean continued peace and prosperity. It may

mean a brief but decisive struggle for the island key to the Caribbean Archipelago, the strategic value of which would, in a measure, compensate for our deficiency in sea power.

It is not the scope of this article to present any argument regarding the annexation of Cuba, either by purchase or conquest. It would be difficult, however, to demonstrate the incalculable advantage its possession would give to the United States, with a view of breaking the chain of fortifications that Great Britain has linked around our coast, without deducing therefrom one of the strongest arguments in behalf of intervention. It is said, "there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." And this is equally true of nations. The present opportunity for the United States to attain supremacy in the West Indies, without an armed conflict, is a golden one—one that may never come again.

"The Caribbean Sea," says Captain Mahan, the distinguished writer on naval strategy, "is pre-eminently the domain of sea power; and while in the combination of the two factors, force and position, force is intrinsically the more valuable, it is always possible that great advantage of position may outweigh small advantage of force. The positional value of Cuba is extremely great."

Owing to Great Britain's immeasurably superior navy, the United States should occupy and hold every possible position of strength. Cuba, commanding, on the north, the entrance to the Florida Straits; on the east, the Windward Passage; on the west, the Yucatan Passage; while the entire southern coast dominates the Caribbean Sea, fulfills every condition of modern naval strategy.

Simultaneously with the convening of Congress, Great Britain bobs up again with another arbitration treaty. On this occasion, a member of Parliament, Mr. W. Randall Cremer, has journeyed across the ocean to present a memorial, which he claims has the signatures of seven thousand representatives of British industrial organizations. Strange that no similar memorial has been presented to Congress by the workingmen of America. However humane and Christian-like may be the theory of



TYPE OF ENGLISH COLONIAL FORTIFICATION SHOWING DISAPPEARING GUNS AND MORTAR BATTERY.

arbitration, by its adoption Great Britain has everything to gain and nothing to lose, while the United States have everything to lose and nothing to gain.

If arbitration with Great Britain must come, let the disarmament of all strategic positions around our coast form the basis of such a treaty. Let us be relatively, if not equally, as strong from a naval and military standpoint. True, she has a navy ten times as powerful as ours, but she has interests to guard in all parts of the world; so that the possession of the most important islands in the West Indies would, to a certain extent, equalize the two forces.

When the Arbitration Treaty was under discussion last year and our Senate was so severely criticised for attempting to modify it, had some of the learned critics been students of naval and military strategy, they could not have failed to be impressed with the gigantic preparations for war that Great Britain has been making around our coast. During the past ten years, it is said, she has spent more than forty million dollars for the purpose of improving her fortifications and mounting modern high-power guns at Halifax, Bermuda, Jamaica, and St. Lucia in the Atlantic, and Esquimaux in the North Pacific; and the defenses along the Canadian frontier have been greatly strengthened.

In addition, military roads and canals have been cut wholly in Canadian territory, so that great bodies of men and munitions of war may be transported from ocean to ocean. On the Great Lakes, the innocent-looking little revenue cutters, forbidden by treaty to carry any armament, are bristling, below decks, with rapid-fire guns and high explosives. A part of the Canadian militia has been drafted into the regular service, and the plan of organization and mobilization, in case of war, has been carried to a high degree of perfection.

Is it necessary to ask what these military and naval preparations mean?

Without any desire to be classed among alarmists, I will state a few simple facts which give color to the belief that Great Britain has been quietly getting ready for the inevitable—a great war with the United States.

Mr. Cleveland's Venezuelan message sounded the keynote of alarm, and England was quick to realize that the time would come, at no distant day, when we would assert the Monroe Doctrine so forcibly that she would be politely invited to abandon all the strategic points that menace our coast. She is aware that the West India Islands are merely an extension of our coast line, and that it is the destiny of this country to acquire them, either by purchase or conquest. When Africa should be thoroughly colonized, she knew that the nations of Europe would turn their faces toward the garden spot of the world, the rich and fertile valleys of South and Central America. The control of the Caribbean Sea and the great rivers of the East coast, would make the nation possessing them the master of one-half the American Continent; and it is my belief that this land-girt sea will some day become a historic battleground, upon the placid surface of which will take place the first great sea fight of modern times. There the nations of the world will struggle for supremacy, as they did during the time of the early Spaniards. Could anything be more significant than the following excerpt from the "Army and Navy Gazette," a recognized British authority. Regarding the strategic importance of Cuba it says:

"Spain has no wish to be aggressive, and her occupation and possession of the island has been without danger to the other European Powers, who are similarly situated in these latitudes. But with Cuba in American hands, the case would be very different. Moreover, looking at the question from a higher point of view, it is impossible to state where this new doctrine of Monroe expanded is to stop, if once it takes such practical shape as to fitch the possession of a neighboring friendly Power. Why should not Canada, or Mexico, or any of the South American Republics, by this new process of reasoning, fall one by one in due course, like ripe plums, into the lap of Columbia? If the European Powers adopt the selfish plan of allowing Spain to be despoiled of her property by her, perhaps, more powerful neighbor, they will only have themselves to thank if at the proper moment, in Uncle Sam's idea, they themselves have to swallow a dose of his new extension medicine."

A close study of the attitude of Great Britain during the past ten years may throw some light upon these warlike preparations. As soon as there arose a discussion over the cod fisheries in the Northeast, the defenses of Halifax were strengthened, until they are to-day second only to those of Gibraltar and Malta. Great docks, capable of repairing the largest battleship afloat, have been constructed; and a permanent garrison is now maintained there.

When it looked as though the protection of the seals in Behring Sea was likely to strain relations, Esquimaux, in the Northwest, was likewise strengthened.

As soon as it was believed that the United States contemplated guaranteeing the bonds of the Nicaragua Canal, and that it would be constructed by Americans, attention was turned to the Island of St. Lucia, which commands the entrance. The headquarters of the British West India regiment was transferred from Barbados to this point and extensive fortifications begun. When the Venezuelan imbroglio waxed warm, two years ago, high-power and rapid-fire guns were shipped to the Island of Trinidad, the English possession nearest the mouth of the Orinoco River.

Though there are many delicate questions affecting our relations with Great Britain, it is not difficult to tell what will precipitate the great war to which I have alluded. President Cleve-

land's attitude, it is true, staggered the civilized world; and many expected that a British fleet would have attacked our coast within a fortnight. It was the first time in the history of the world that John Bull was openly affronted by a power with a navy ten times smaller than his, and the challenge was not couched in either diplomatic or courteous phrases.

If Great Britain hesitated to take up the gauntlet then, students of the art of war know that it was not through any fear of us, but simply because she had more to gain by *waiting* than by *fighting*. To commerce alone is due not only her greatness, but her very existence as a nation; therefore, the command of the seas must be maintained at any cost. To-day our foreign trade is so insignificant that she does not look upon us in the light of a rival, and she is content to remain passive as long as we continue to pay her annually a tribute of millions—to have our goods carried in English bottoms. With the growth of our navy and merchant marine, however, the United States will necessarily become a great sea power, and a dangerous competitor in the carrying trade of the world. Nothing but an unsuccessful war can then arrest our onward march—and we may look for it with our British cousins, whose ambition will be to put us back where we are to-day.

Though there are many old and obsolete stone forts and earthen embankments on the British islands, they do not form the main strength of the land batteries. Circular pits have been dug in the ground, the tops so conforming to the contour of the surrounding country that an enemy can see nothing. In these holes disappearing guns of 9.2-inch caliber have been mounted. Masked batteries have also been located at strategic points. These consist of a nest of rifled mortars or "howitzers," as they are now called, placed behind a natural hillock or an artificial mound, turfed or planted so as to harmonize with the surrounding country. From this point of absolute safety, shells can be thrown over the mound of earth and dropped upon vessels which the gunners cannot see, neither can they be seen by them.

The recent docking of our most powerful battleship, the "Indiana," under the muzzles of British guns, which might some day be trained upon her, is a lesson that should not be forgotten. No incident in the naval administration of this country has ever so justified our being ridiculed by the European press. It is a subject for serious consideration, and, at the same time, calls attention to the almost impregnable defenses of Halifax.

Suppose we had gone to war with Great Britain two years ago over the Venezuelan episode, I wonder if any one ever thought how our battleships could have been docked for repairs. These vessels draw twenty-seven feet of water, and, in action, it is only fair to presume that some of their compartments would have been filled, increasing the draft to thirty feet. Now, Halifax has the only dock on this coast deep enough for them; so that our most formidable ships would have been placed *hors de combat*, or we would have had to request England to grant an armistice until we could build a new dock. The dry-docks at Port Royal and Brooklyn were constructed especially for this class of vessels, but there is not enough water over the bar of the former and leaks have been discovered in the sides of the latter. What we need is a number of docks, at least thirty feet on the sill, with three feet of working space.

I realize that there are many who ridicule the idea of building a navy and strengthening our coast defenses, declaring that Yankee ingenuity and the marvelous resources of our country would come to our aid as they have in the past. Times are changed, however, and with them the conditions of warfare. Modern fortifications and the ponderous fighting machines of to-day cannot be built at a few hours' or even a few months' notice. It requires three years to construct a high-power gun, and almost as long to build a battleship.

When Hawaii is annexed, and Cuba and Porto Rico have been wrested from Spain, we shall have taken our first step toward becoming a great sea power. The British West India Islands, which should form a part of our defenses, will naturally follow. England, however, will not give them up without a fight. It is for this that we should continue our policy of building heavy battleships, for they can be utilized both in offensive and defensive operations.

I have endeavored to confine myself, in the above article, to the danger that menaces us from the fortifications that Great Britain has linked around our coast. The territory owned by her in the West Indies alone occupies 13,750 square miles, and has a population of 1,356,000. She is not the only power, however, that has fortified itself around us, as is shown by the strategic map that illustrates this article. In view of this, I give a complete list of the different islands around our coast that are owned by European powers:

BRITISH.—Jamaica, Turks and Caicos Islands, Bahamas, Antigua, Montserrat, Nevis, St. Christopher, Dominica, the Virgin and Cayman Islands, Grenada, St. Vincent, Tobago, St. Lucia, Barbados, Trinidad, and the islands off the coast of British Honduras.

SPANISH.—Cuba, Isle of Pines, Porto Rico, Bugae, and Culebra.

FRENCH.—Martinique, Guadeloupe, Desenda, Marie Galanta, Les Saintes, St. Bartholomew, and St. Martin (partly Dutch).

DUTCH.—St. Eustatius, Saba, Bonaire, Curacao, and Aruba.

DANISH.—Santa Cruz, St. Thomas, and St. John.



HOLY RUSSIA IN NEW YORK

It made one feel that New York was getting to be an old-world city to see a procession of Russian clergy in their glittering vestments pass through the streets to bless the waters of the East River on January 18.

Our own Western Epiphany had passed by almost unnoticed, for Twelfth Night's glory has departed, but to the orthodox Russian believer January 6, Old Style (January 18, New Style), is a great day. It commemorates the Wise Men's gifts to the Infant Saviour, the Baptism in the Jordan and the First Miracle at Cana, but it also means the end of the season of Christmas.

Over in Petersburg they cut a big cross-shaped hole in the Neva's ice and bless the water through that. Pious peasants dive in the icy water and fewer of them die of pneumonia than one would suppose. But there was no ice to cut in the East River and nobody dived in.

The liturgy, celebrated in the Greek Church at No. 323 Second Avenue, was ended and the choir had chanted the last "Gospody pomylue," or "Lord, have mercy upon us," when the master of ceremonies bustled through the standing congregation—nobody sits except the feeble in an Orthodox Greek Church—selecting the men who were to take part in the procession. When it came down the steps, there was first of all a policeman. (Great is the policeman, and the wave of his hand at too curious boys gave them shuddering fears.) A cross-bearer carried a gilded wooden crucifix, and he it known that the corpus painted thereon was orthodox and not schismatic—the feet were not crossed. The candle-bearers on each side wore big-sleeved gowns of cloth of gold. Following came a man who carried a sacred painting of the face of Christ in a golden glory, men bearing banners in Byzantine art, all blue and gold with quaint pictures of the Virgin and St. Andrew, one bearing a sacred picture of the Baptism in the Jordan and one the big book of the Gospels medallioned as to its cover. All these were in golden dalmatics. The Rev. Alexander Hotovitzky, the rector, in a purple cassock and conical cap with gold chasuble, his assistant, the Rev. Elias Zortikoff, also richly vested, chanted alternately with the male chorus, and last came the Rev. Father Raphael, the archimandrite, gorgeous in golden vestments, a tiara crusted with enameled pictures of saints on his head and a magnificent cross of rubies, diamonds and sapphires blazing on his breast. His acolyte carried his staff, a cross with twisted serpents. Another bore the censer and sprinkling brush. Then followed the people, oar-headed, to the foot of East Sixteenth Street.

There, with much chanting and crossing and swingings of censer, water in a silver tankard was blessed by the archimandrite dipping a cross in it, and sprinkling to the points of the compass and on people as they came up one by one. Some drank of the holy water. Then with chanting all returned to the church.



SCENE IN FORT SMITH ARKANSAS AFTER THE TORNADO OF JANUARY 11



COMMANDER FRANCIS M. BUNCE



COMMANDER CHARLES S. NORTON

OUR NEW ADMIRALS

THE promotion of a naval officer to the rank of rear-admiral is rare in any land, for admirals are few in number in any service—our navy has only six. Yet in the first week of February Commodores Norton and Bunce are both to reach the highest rank in our naval service, through the retirement of Admirals Beardslee and Selfridge. Both officers are of great experience and ability and in the prime of life, as, indeed, are those whom they replace under the law compelling the retirement of naval officers at the age of sixty-two years.

The retiring of Rear-admiral Selfridge gives our Naval Register a peculiar distinction over that of any other country, for we have now in the highest grade two officers of the same name—father and son—who have served their country to the extreme age permitted by law. The senior Rear-admiral Selfridge entered the service almost eighty years ago, yet he still enjoys good physical and mental health.

THE QUARREL OVER CHINA

BRITAIN seemed to be slow in meeting the moves of the great powers that had designs upon China, but at last she had spoken vigorously to Europe through several of her Cabinet officers and to China through the language quicker understood in the Orient than elsewhere—the jingle of gold. She will allow no power to close any portion of China to British trade—not even if she must fight to prevent it. As her fleet, with the addition of that of Japan—a nation which believes China to be its largest and best probable market—dominates the Yellow Sea, Admiral Seymour and Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Minister to China, not the aggressive Germans and Russians, seem now the directors of China's future.

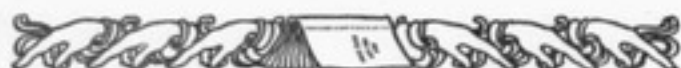
Russia had promised to lend China enough to pay the deferred war indemnity to Japan, but the money has not been forthcoming and China knows how much importance to attach to promises not quickly fulfilled; she had done much promising herself, merely to gain time or other advantage. The British government offers to lend the money due Japan, and the security demanded seems small; it is that no foreign power shall exclude British trade from the Yang-tse-Kiang, that Britain may construct a railway through the two southwestern provinces, and that three new ports shall be open to the trade of the world. One of the ports specified is Ta-lien-wan, and Russia protests mightily; for Ta-lien-wan is very near Port Arthur, where the Russian fleet lies, and on the "Regent's Sword" peninsula down which Russia expects to carry a branch of the Siberian Railway. Should China be reluctant to open the ports, Britain is expected to demand a northern port, as near the Chinese capital as the other powers have established themselves, and Che-foo is believed to have been selected. It lies nearer Peking than Wei-Hai-Wei, where the Japanese are, as near as the Russians at Port Arthur and much nearer than the Germans at Kion-Chou. The Chinese Foreign Board hesitates to grant the security asked, but it will soon yield—unless Russia actually shows the desired money.



SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD



ADMIRAL SIR E. H. SEYMOUR



OUR NOTE-BOOK

BY EDGAR SALTUS

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree;
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

And mid the tumult Kubla heard afar
Ancestral voices prophesying war.



MUZAFFER, Shah-an-Shah, King of Kings, Regent of the Prophet, is in quite the same box. On the uplands of Iran, ancestral voices are prophesying and, what is worse, chiefs are arming. In that stately pleasure dome of his which once held the immensity of the treasure accumulated by Nasr-ed-Deen, but which he has expended—in what I think I have seen somewhere described as riotous living—he may drop his cup of honey-dew, clutch his kris in fierce surmise, turn from the Divan to the Mosque, from Sa'adi to the Koran, he is doomed. Like China, Persia will be effaced from the map, cut up into independent states that shall be dependent, of course, on the sweet will of Russia and of England. And now, while yet he may, Muzaffer should lay off a day, take a jaunt to the Forty Pillars, to the Mountain of the Tombs, to those winged bulls which on the Persepolian plain still protect the ruins of the palaces of Xerxes and of Darius, and there, in what remains of the Hall of the Hundred Columns, reflect, if reflect he can, that the knell of the empire which Cyrus founded is about to ring. This is the end of the past. A page of history is turning, a new century is coming—a new geography as well.

A VISITOR FROM AFAR

Professor Pickering's announcement that the South American annex of the Harvard Observatory has succeeded in photographing a shooting star, lacks only a chart to constitute the most suggestive event which has occurred in a year and a day. In its junket through the highways above—in which the glittering paws of the Great Bear stretched perhaps to detain it—that meteor may have zigzagged over the furrows of space where worlds foment. It may have seen—and dodged—some one of those comets that, descending on the ecliptic, are footballs from one planet to another, and which, struck by Uranus, thrummed by Saturn, buffeted by Jupiter, mauled by the Sun, are kicked sheer across the zodiacal plains back to their cyries again, back into those immensities from which they swoop to startle the stars. In auroras of flame and of light this meteor may have intercepted the enigma of that riddle which has been solved perhaps by minds more vigorous than our own. It may have skirted spheres on which there is a larger life than here, where communication is not telegraphic but telepathic, where senses have been developed which we do not possess, where there are colors to which we are blind, music to which we are deaf, where hope is fulfilled, where dreams come true, where there are higher joys, unimagined refinements, realized ideals, but where there is no ignorance, no poverty, no hypocrisy and no cant.

THE REQUISITES FOR ACADEMIC ELECTION

The American Academy of Letters, as outlined recently in this column, is honored by the abuse of several esteemed contemporaries. The "Criterion," for instance, declares that the views expressed are "singularly reserved," adding almost immediately, "but strangely indiscreet." In just what fashion they managed to be both I give up, yet I fully recognize the justice of the rebuke. "The prime object of an Academy," the "Criterion" continues, "is to preserve the purity of the language and to bestow membership only on such men as in their own writings have shown a care for just such lingual purity." Why not digital? One does not write with the tongue, ordinarily at least, though I admit, at Koster & Bial's, I once saw a cripple write with his mouth. But the prime object of an Academy is not what the "Criterion" fancies. That is a provincial idea. The prime object of an Academy is to flourish names. Purity of language is not a requisite, it is an obstacle. Geniuses often write badly and so much the better for them. Mr. Gilder, whom I proposed for election, is a case in point. So, also, is Mr. Stedman. The genius of these gentlemen is recognized the world around, and yet neither of them has written a thing which is fit to read. That is their passport. The art of expression, the secret of displaying an idea in the only words which fit it, is to be found not in their works but in the pages of inferior writers. These gentlemen do not display ideas artistically or even inartistically. They do not display any. It is for this reason, and for none other, that I proposed them. Were Ward McAllister alive

I should have proposed him. As it is, I propose Mr. Chauncey Depew. An Academy not composed of such people is not an Academy at all.

A COMPLIMENT THAT WAS NOT RETURNED

Mr. Landor, who recently attempted to penetrate Thibet and snap-shoot the Dalai-lama on his shrine, deserves sympathy, no doubt, for the torture which was his welcome, but what else did he expect? The Thibetians don't permit these things. Though their creed is one of charity, they are not entertaining foreigners unawares. They have refused to do so for centuries, and if Siva be with them they will refuse for centuries to come. The gates of Lassa are guarded. Guarded, too, is Potala, where, in his jeweled temple, the Ocean Priest resides. I don't wonder at Mr. Landor's desire to make his acquaintance. I don't wonder, either, that the compliment was not returned. To millions of human beings the Dalai-lama is the representative of the Divine. The religion of which he is pontiff is a compound of spirit-worship and Buddhism so intricate that the Ka'jur, its Bible, is not a book but a library—a collection of more than a thousand separate works. Reputed to be ultimate depositories of primordial knowledge, these works are rumored to contain the lost arcana; the secrets of the mysteries of the cosmos; the sciences which plutonian cataclysms engulfed; recitals of the genesis and metamorphosis of gods; chronicles of the forgotten relations of nature and of man; hygiene and metaphysics; precepts and incantations; the trivial and the occult. Their exegete, the Dalai-lama, never dies. That which we call death is to him the avatar—the passing of his soul into a younger habitation. Prior to his material disappearance into the Incarnate that habitation it is usual for him to designate. It is a child. The latter, venerated thereafter as the arch-saint, is reared in the jeweled pagoda which Mr. Landor wanted to snap-shoot and where the initiate, their almond-eyes half closed, murmur unceasingly: "We are but forms, it is the Spirit that stirs." The occupation is so recondite that in sympathizing with Mr. Landor one may also sympathize with them.

A GOOD OLD PLAY RESTORED

"The Conquerors" has been insulted into Standing Room Only. The central situation, after filling the newspapers, has filled the house. Analyze a good play and you find that it is a slice of life artistically staged. This is not a slice of life, it is a slice of Sardou. It is "La Haine" adapted, transplanted and transmuted into "L'Amour." There is the same hurry-scurry. It is the creator who is absent. The action is brisk, it is the lines that lag. In the original the central situation, if revolting, is strong. In the adaptation that situation, while equally revolting, is weak. We must not blame Mr. Potter for this. His intention was good. He wished to sacrifice something to the proprieties, preserve appearances and embellish Sardou. It was a large order. Hence the insults. Hence, too, that curiosity which spells success. We must not blame Mr. Potter, either, for the lift which he has effected. Goethe declared that there are only thirty-six dramatic situations. Schiller tried to find more and could not find as many. Sardou took them all. For later comers it is pot-luck. The episode on which "La Haine" turns and from which "The Conquerors" sprang, is in Sophocles, in Lope de Vega, it is in Bhavabuti—the Sanskrit poet known as Throat Divine. In these greater hands the episode is entirely tragic. Sardou made from it a melodrama, Mr. Potter a farce. As such it is entertaining. Mr. Faversham supplies an intonation more voluminously Belgravian than anything which has been heard on or off the local stage before. I don't wonder Miss Allen falls in love with him. Among the curiosities which Alphonse Karr used to exhibit was a dagger which he had labeled: "Received from Mme. X.—in the back." To Miss Allen, Mr. Faversham is equally indebted. I marveled a little at the rapidity of his recovery until I remembered that in "La Haine" the hero's recovery is just as quick. Mr. Potter has therefore every precedent. Then, too, people nowadays have so little difficulty in finding new ways of being stupid that we should be grateful to any one who discovers an old way of not being dull.

HOW THE PEERAGE WAS MADE

Lord Rosslyn, whose debut as a dancer is shortly to be effected in Pinero's new play, has the double advantage of being the first English peer to adopt the ballet as a profession and of recalling from history a lively page. His mother, a Fitzroy, was a direct descendant of Barbara Villiers, the splendid beauty whom Lely painted, De Grammont praised, Marlborough captured, and who, emerging as plain Mrs. Palmer into the ruffles and laces of Whitehall, supplanted Nell Gwynne, eclipsed the Queen, and became the Duchess of Cleveland. Colly Cibber relates that when Charles II. presented her to Catherine of Braganza the latter "turned pale, the tears rushed hotly to her eyes, the blood flowed from her nose and she fainted." Blood was insufficient. It was the strawberry leaves she wanted, and what she wanted she got. A quarrel ensued. Says Pepys: "The bottom of it is this: She has fallen in love with young Jermyn, who is now going to marry my Lady Falmouth. The king is mad at her entertaining Jermyn and she is mad at Jermyn's going to marry from her, so they are all mad and thus the king-

dom is governed." The quarrel prolonged. Splendid in beauty, so splendid was this lady's anger that the ruffled Charles gave in. Articles of peace were drawn whereby it was agreed that she should send Jermyn about his business, "not rail any more," and that "in consideration of these condescensions his Majesty should immediately give her the title of Duchess of Cleveland, together with all the privileges and honors appertaining thereto." Subsequently her three sons, Charles, Henry and George Fitzroy, were respectively created Duke of Southampton, Duke of Grafton and Duke of Northumberland. Nell Gwynne's brat became Duke of St. Albans. And thus was the kingdom governed. And thus was the peerage made. Said Browning: "Earth returns through whole centuries of folly." Lord Rosslyn is completing a circuit.

AUSTRAL VERSE

"XXI Poems by Chris. Brennan" is the title of a volume of recent verse. Do not let it alarm you from this paragraph. There is verse and there is verse. There are even three classes. There is that which pleases the author's enemies, there is that which annoys them, and there is that which is over their heads. These poems belong to the latter category. Mr. Brennan is a newcomer in the land of letters. Though his visit be but transient, though this first book be his last, his name will endure and his verses, too. They are stellar. In reading them you feel the influence of a sky deeper and of a horizon wider than our own. You get the impression that somewhere there must be forms of expression subtler than the bookshelves hold. You fancy that there is—or has been—verse which is more than literature. They suggest a recovered work, translations made by a fastidious scholar from parchments disinterred. They indicate a civilization which the world may have known—and forgot. Of the following sample the "Saturday Review," in its usual smug fashion, says: "It twice struck us as beautiful and once left us in doubt." But where is the scavenger that Beauty ever convinced?

"It asks no golden web, no censor-fire
to tell the dense incarnate mystery
where one delight is wed with one desire,
no leaves bestow
that passage to the rose of all fulfilled delight;
no silver trumpets blow
majestic rite,
but silence that is sighed from faery lands
or wraps the feet of Beauty where she treads
dim fields of fading stars
be-round our meeting heads,
each-other-seeking hands.
Draw near, ye heavens, and be our chamber-bars,
and thou, maternal heart of holy night,
close watch what hushed and sacramental tide
a soul goes forth wide-eyed
to meet the archangel-sword of loneliest delight."

THE PLEASURES OF LIGHT READING

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature" continues to sustain the interest which the initial volumes created. In one of the recent issues there is the Declaration of Independence. It is not thrown in to fill up. It comes quite properly after the name of Thomas Jefferson. When you have read it you encounter Sylvester Judd. Personally, if I may venture to speak of myself, I was glad to. I never had before. According to Mr. Warner this gentleman was a figure in his place and time. "And he is still a figure," Mr. Warner adds, "for he wrote a novel—'Margaret.'" Thereupon Mr. Warner supplies a chapter from "Margaret." It is entitled "The Snow Storm." And had I a little girl of six, and did she come to me with a composition as nicely written and as beautifully punctuated as that is, I should pat her on the head and give her a penny. I might even give her two pennies. But it would be clear to me that whatever else fate might have in store she would not earn a living by the sweat of her pen. The late Mr. Judd's story interested me, therefore, very much. After it I expected refreshment from the Letters of Junius. But no. For some excellent reason Mr. Warner decided to omit them. It may be that he thought they would clash. In which case he was quite right. It is an example of conscientiousness which I have noted and applauded before. Among the B's, for instance, you get Beethoven yet not Blackstone. What could be more proper? Bellini, it is true, is not represented, but then you can't have everybody, and besides when the set is complete there will be compensation in finding the Penal Code under P and "Crocker against the Manhattan Club" in the appendix. Like Mr. Warner's other selections they are part and parcel of the World's Best Literature.

LEXUS CACHINNATIS

The Chicago "Inter-Ocean," which, as everybody is aware, is the foremost pathological journal in the world, has scored a beat on "The Lancet." It has discovered, diagnosed, and, I hope, inoculated itself against a new disease. From the cases reported and the data submitted the ailment appears to be a variety of hysteria superinduced by exposure to American humor. The particular form which the "Inter-Ocean" has

discovered is called Lexus Cachinnatis—a very fit and precise appellation. The stages, three in number, are well defined. Treated immediately to a serum composed of four parts Warner's Specific, straight, it yields readily, provided certain precautions are observed. Otherwise the result is fatal. A shifting flush and uneasy merriment are symptomatic. Prolonged hilarity ensues, after which comes delirium, the patient shortly after giving up the ghost with a shout. The experiments conducted in the "Inter-Ocean" laboratory revealed the microbe. First discovered in lower case, its presence was soon detected in the loaded type from which it is directly absorbed by the eye. The effect is almost instantaneous. A few sticks, harmless in themselves, but permeated by these bacilli and so distorted by them that sense becomes nonsense and nonsense fact, induce the shifting flush and uneasy merriment already noted. It is then that the indicated remedy should be applied. Subsidiary precautions recommended are abstinence from all Chicago newspapers, and removal from every exciting influence. But doses of "The World's Best Literature," repeated by main strength if needful, must be given until the temperature is reduced, cachinnation has ceased, and the patient rises not a wiser but a chastened man.

THE DISQUIETING OF THE YOUNG PERSON

The Tennessee Legislature has passed a law making it a misdemeanor to disquiet the pupil of any school or college for females in the State. The measure is eminently proper. Young women there, as elsewhere, should enjoy their maiden meditations fancy free. There should be no such thing as flirting with them, embracing them, or disquieting them in any way. But what of their own disquieting propensities? The average Tennessee girl is as full of the Old Scratch as she can stick. An innocent chap has no show with her. He is disquieted at once. What is sauce for the gander ought to be sauce for the duckling. In the absence of reciprocity there ought to be protection. These young witches should be made to understand that in tampering with the affections of the opposite sex they do so at their peril. It is all very well to give any one intermeddling with them ten dollars or ten days, they should be made amenable to penalties still more severe. It would take the Old Nick himself to disquiet a girl who refused to be disquieted. No mere man has ever been able to flirt with a girl who refused to flirt back. But all she has to do is to begin operations and there he is a goner at once. He needs protection more than she does, he needs it more often, more strenuously. He is in greater danger from her wiles than she is from any enterprises of his own. And what is worse, he succumbs right off with barely a conscious effort at preservation.

TO JAIL WITH THE TENNESSEE LEGISLATURE

The Legislature of Tennessee should take the foregoing facts into consideration. Either a parallel law should be enacted or else the original measure should be repealed. The latter course would be best. Since memory runs not to the contrary young women have been disquieted. They have liked it. They have invited attack and given back as good as was sent. It did them no harm. It never will. When the disquiet ceases that tired feeling may ensue, but how quickly they recuperate! Before you can say Jack Robinson they are ready and anxious for another bout. They are right, too. There is the folly of youth, no doubt, but there also is its charm. "Love in blackest woe," some one some where sagely stated, "hath brilliancies of joy they never know who never knew the depths of love's despair." There is one reason why that law should be repealed. Now here is another kettle of fish. The text of the measure is concise. Its meaning is clear: "Hereafter it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to disquiet the pupils of any school or college for females in this State." And what under the sun is better qualified to disquiet those pupils than that very measure itself? The Tennessee legislators have put their feet in it. In the eye of their own law they are misdemeanants. To jail with them. And hereafter let the dear girls be disquieted for all they are worth. They won't be real girls till they are.

THE PROPER CAPER

Mr. James Payn, in the current "Strand," propounds the riddle, "How may one sit down and write a novel?" The manner in which one may sit down and write a novel must, I should say, vary with the habits of the operator. It may be gradual or abrupt. Then, again, why sit down at all? Poets, for instance, are rumored to soar. And yet there must be exceptions. A bard told me recently that it was his custom to chase the recalcitrant muse about the house until he had caught her, felled her and torn the inspiration from her shuddering breast. I admired him very much. Another whom I questioned declared that he dumped it out on a typewriter. I thought him a very vulgar person. Behind the fan not long ago a lady confided to me she wrote with her nerves. The statement seemed indelicate—it may not have been, but no mere man ever knows what a woman means—and I changed the subject. Journalists whom it has been my privilege to encounter write in any attitude which an editor may indicate. They can't produce a line, though, unless a cheque is first waved at them. Which shows their limitations. But among authors of repute I have noticed a growing tendency to stand up and dictate, and that, I take it, is the proper thing to do.



UNDER THE SUN



HAT a pity that the Margate surf-boat, *Friend of All Nations*, has come to grief! The baldness of this exclamation would be startling did it refer to those of her crew who were lost in the recent terrible storm. But, at the moment, merely a tribute of respect to the boat itself is intended.

Men whose high calling was to save human life; whom a gale on the English coasts summoned to action as simply and naturally as it drives others to shelter; men who habitually turned from wife, child, sweetheart—whatever they held dearest—to risk their lives on a bare chance of snatching strangers from the horrors of shipwreck; men went to set against the extremest fury of the sea their small straining human strength, so backed by the divine spirit of ungrudging love that they were enabled to perform wonders and miracles of valor; heroes of self-sacrifice and fortitude—what shall we, what need we say of them? In their case the plainest statement of facts is a glorious poem of praise.

In the records of the Royal Lifeboat Institution are filed big blue sheets on which writers, whose specialty is not rhetoric at a penny a line, wire their curt and rugged reports:

"Nov. 28.—*Ramsay*—four lives."

"Nov. 29.—*Saltsoun*—five lives and a dog."

In the week beginning Nov. 28 lifeboats were launched eighteen times and one hundred and forty-three lives saved altogether. Out of this number rescued in eighteen launches, it took ten launches to save the odd forty-three lives.

"As no white funnel-boat was in view and seeing *Robert of Rye* showing signals of distress bore down to her and took off her crew. Also crew of fishing-boat *Stella* in collision with her, crew of fishing-boat having jumped on board *R. of R.* Total, fourteen lives saved. Whole gale blowing. Wind N.W. to N. Very cold. Sea heavy."

Somehow this Romance of *Robert of Rye* reads better than even Stevenson or Kipling.

Another message, after the usual brief summary of the situation, closes:

"Having saved fifteen men and three dogs, landed men and handed them over to Shipwrecked Mariner's Society. Please send new book telegraph passes."

At Lowestoft, a rescued schooner's falling mainmast pinned a man against the mainmast of the lifeboat. They took him ashore to hospital and with another man in his place went out and rescued the crew of the *Despatch* of Hull.

Of this intrepid temper were the lost seamen. Sooner or later, one imagines, they were doomed thus to succumb. Indeed, they must have died many deaths already, except for the mere passing beyond the veil—which could hardly have intimidated men of this mettle. Spared the ignoble "straw-death" so scorned of the old Norsemen, their remote kin—drowned on the way to drowning men—one envies them in their Valhalla. And if the heart swell contemplating their last venture, it is rather in pity for ourselves than for those dutiful and dauntless fellows, our own lives seem so sordid in contrast.

Nor would one presume to intrude with many words upon the poignant desolation in the humble homes, where

"The women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to the town."

That group of mothers, widows and orphans is, alas! appallingly large for so small a place. But although their hearts must hunger long, they are, it seems, amply protected from material want. England's bone and sinew, England's spirit at its best, produced these men. England is now caring lovingly and lavishly for her stricken children.

But I mourn for that good boat. There are on land or sea so few, so very few, friends of all nations, well may one drop a tear over the loss of the humblest thing which ever bore that noble and prophetic name. In case she is not recovered may another boat with no delay be christened after her. The world at this juncture can ill brook the withdrawal of her moral support.

There are those who are able, still able, to allude with profound respect, almost with bated breath, to the Powers. Others, less polite, dub them impatiently the Pow-wows, and have the effrontery to maintain that the purple sublimities are composed of naught but creatures like ourselves, hence diligently making mistakes from morning until night. Indeed, the one radical difference between the august conglomeration and the individual blunderer appears to be that the former never, by hook or by crook, acknowledges, let alone repents, its iniquities, but whitewashes them continually before gods and men; whereas the

latter sometimes—now and then; not very often—will admit a fault. He doesn't enjoy owning up. He would rather spin off on his wheel than have a contrite heart. Still his self-righteousness is not adamant—at least, not if you seize him in his better moments. The Powers have no better moments—only worse ones. Besides, you cannot seize them. They can seize you, however, which is quite "another story."

The Powers occasionally meet at Constantinople, Washington, Pekin—anywhere that the prospect pleases—and have picnics which they call conferences, or give a concert—not a very good one—or form an alliance. These are mostly innocuous if insignificant diversions.

The Powers keep in stock a large assortment of the tallest dictionary-words with which, at brief intervals, they proclaim the dewy purity of their statesmanship, their lamblike animus toward neighbors and rivals, and felicitate themselves vociferously upon the unexampled peace, harmony and loving-kindness which—thanks in the first degree to their own magnanimity, and in the second to the divine blessing—exist between them and all mankind. Each Power, it would appear, has grounds to arrogate for its every undertaking the special protection of providence. Inspired, they declare, by the holiest and most pacific designs, the Powers steadily continue to increase their standing armies, to build huge warships and—like savages flaunting awful masks to confound the foe—to call them bigger and bigger braggart names:

<i>Vesuvius,</i>	<i>La Foudroyante,</i>
<i>Formidable,</i>	<i>Thunderer,</i>
<i>Invincible,</i>	<i>Terror,</i>
<i>La Vengeance,</i>	<i>Destroyer,</i>
	<i>Devastation.</i>

At this rate, why not, indeed, *Omnipotent*?

Yet while there is one single little boat afloat, in name and deed, *Friend of All Nations*, it is a consolation, a sign of promise, a harbinger of peace, to those of us who firmly maintain that war at this stage of our evolution is justifiable on no grounds whatever and that arbitration must inevitably succeed our present hideous methods of enforcing opinions.

In Alexander's time, or Caesar's, or even Napoleon's, was no such blessed boat. We slow Humans are creeping along. The hope of an attainable Brotherhood of Nations is born—is gaining strength. Who shall measure the force of its ultimate beneficence?

This is a little harmless intermezzo about goats. The goat is a singularly engaging animal. Once, as we all are aware, he was an honored figure in art and literature and played no small role in sportive episodes illustrating the multifariousness of the great god Pan. Cultured specimens of the race are at present performing sapiently at the *Nouveau Cirque*. They have pensive profiles, venerable beards and a magisterial expression. Their names are for the most part faultlessly serious. No two-legged functionary can surpass them in correctness of deportment. Some people assert that goats have not a really clever air; but that, I take it, is mere prejudice. At all events, they exhibit at the circus no small sense of personal dignity; they do with admirable aplomb whatever is solicited; and when they deign to unbend, their jokes are quite as funny as the clown's and considerably fresher.

But the goat elected to gambol through this paragraph is neither classic nor histrionic. He is the simple, untaught goat of nature. He grazes on the cliffs of beautiful Guernsey, where he is blessed with abundant nourishment, a delicious climate tempered by the Gulf Stream, a pure and bracing atmosphere, a lofty outlook, enchanting sea-views, exceeding kindness on the part of the Humans in attendance; in short, all apparently that goat could wish.—To be sure, he is tethered. But who is not—more or less?

In spite of these amenities, our goat is in no wise content. He looks before and after and sighs for what is not. With thankless hoof, he spurns the near and frantically pursues the unattainable. He desires more, always more, and nothing pleases him except that which is quite beyond his reach. Let the vegetation under his very nose be ever so rich and succulent, he strains his tether to the utmost toward some poorer but alluringly remote tuft. He vehemently tugs at that rope and chokes and tortures himself to the verge of suicide, in his efforts to nibble just that one worthless herb beyond. Oh, goat!

Turn a group of goats loose upon a cabbage-field and contemplate the spectacle. Swift as thought each animal leaps upon a cabbage, rejects the outer leaves, and pounces upon the heart; but, spying a fellow-goat similarly employed, forthwith drops his own unfinished repast and attempts to appropriate his neighbor's. Each is so restless and suspicious, so consumed by greed and jealousy, so afraid he will not get all there is, or that some competitor's cabbage may be balmier than his own, he gives himself no chance to eat in peace and quietness. He really gets very little dinner. He only drops and snatches, snatches and drops, until the whole field is strewn with mangled cabbage-leaves and half-gnawed juicy hearts—and that is the end of the play.

Ah, goat, goat, do you never reflect how very goatesque you are!

To-day, by the way, appears *La Fronde*, the latest thing in French journalism. Not only are its managers and staff women, but also the compositors, the clerks, and, presumably, the printer's devil. A *fronde* is the missile with which David slew Goliath; *fronder* means: "to sling, to cast, to censure, to criticize, to jeer." The field is large. It is, however, suggested that when the ladies come to ornamental vituperation, they will hardly be able to compete with French pressmen.

We wish you success and a noble career, *La Fronde*. You are bright, brave, and very much in earnest. We doubt if you will interlard your leaders with little dolly fashion-plates and the thrilling intelligence that somebody has "created" an evening-cape of yellow taffetas made with a yoke and trimmed with chinchilla and three rows of yellow mousseline de soie (and an ugly thing it seems to be!), as does a Goliath-paper which enjoys notoriety on two continents. Said the squirrel to the mountain: "Talents differ."

But—with deference—this venture is possibly less world-conquering than many would claim. Why should the ladies not be "feminists" if they enjoy it? Then, again, why should they? Is it worth while to be Separatists—if I may borrow a word to "fit the crime"? Had nature created an indefinite number of sexes on this planet wars of extermination would doubtless have been very much in vogue. But since we are only two (and neither of us any better than we should be), are hostilities and pebbles really amusing? Besides, among the things we do better than men, the things we do as well as they, and the other things we are going to do as well as, or better than, they, our way of throwing stones—I pause, overcome by memories and emotion. . . . But seriously, are there more vigorous champions of the Woman's Movement than large-hearted, thoughtful men? A few such on the *Fronde* would hardly jeopardize its prospects. *Dis aliter visum.*

It is significant that a prolonged and unmitigated course of girl's boarding-school, convent or even woman's club may be, in a certain sense, unwholesome. One may say as much, indeed, of almost any innocent thing—mashed potato, for instance. But certainly women who have no men-friends—in the simplest, straightest sense of the word friend—sometimes acquire curiously distorted notions of the other sex. The most impossible novel I ever read in manuscript, so unedifying that even London publishers—who surely "are not shy"—dare not print it, was written by a young, gifted and good girl who lives in idyllic fashion in the country. She meets no men—except the curate—never has known them, never has had unpleasant experiences of any sort, and has seen precious little of life. But out of impressions she gets from books and her own rather riotous imagination she evolves heroes that are monstrosities. Their laugh of cynical cruelty is the most startling thing I ever heard, and their monologues freeze one's blood. The men in *Carmen Sylva's* early stories are also of unearthly mold. She, too, had been reared in seclusion and never, at that time, suspected what a very excellent, considerate and inspiring comrade Goliath may be; nor how engaging he looks when, having mislaid a key, he paces the room with long strides and repeatedly slaps every one of his twenty-three pockets.

Let us give Goliath his due. Men-editors do not exclude women's work. On the contrary. If women send in their copy on time, it is printed as punctually as the men's. It glares at you with the self-same inexorable rigidity. Nevermore may you extract from it a superfluous "and which" or a "split infinitive." Your punctuation—upon which you pride yourself—is so transplanted that you with consternation perceive you are the responsible author of a stranger's sentiments. The accents on your foreign words are omitted or turned the wrong way. As "Liver Pills" and "Beef Suet" in mammoth letters deface a pastoral landscape, so do huge sensational headings, which your soul loathes, rudely check the purling flow of your limpid platitudes. You are treated precisely like the men. In these respects a stony impartiality obtains in editorial sanctums.

Does any philanthropic millionaire happen to be looking about for a permanent engagement? I humbly submit he should found a journal on lines never before attempted (I by no means forget Frau von Suttner's noble enterprise, *Die Waffen Nieder*, or *Concord*, with the same high aim), and call it: *The Friend of All Nations*. None of your international syndicates and cosmopolitan speculations in light literature, if you please. No receptacles for odds and ends of copy unavailable in one's own land. But the best and bravest, the most profound and humane thought the age can produce. A great Daily, of course; morning and evening editions—noon, too, when expedient. Obviously, the editors and staff of this paper must be *âmes d'élite*, but entrenched by considerable bodily equipose and stamina. To speak within bounds they will have rather a lively time of it. They will serve as target for unceasing moral or other brickbats. (That is the inalienable privilege of all who openly refuse to shout "My Country, Right or Wrong," which is but

the colossal reproduction of "Me, Myself, Right or Wrong.") Working for peace is not necessarily peaceful work. The force should be large enough to keep a sound detachment in reserve to relieve such as may upon occasion find repose and cool bandages salutary. The friendly millionaire will look after the frequent damages to the building.

This organ will uphold not only the rights of all persecuted and oppressed races and decadent nations against greed, rapacity, brute force, and pirates in high places, but the rights of children, of prisoners, of animals, of the feeble everywhere; in short, always the rights of "the under dog in the fight." Our Galahads and Parsifals of the pen will not sally forth to meet adventure. Adventure will do the sallying.

In the course of many wanderings I have had the good fortune to meet a few men and women—scholarly, benign, ardent, undaunted, and with a certain genius for self-immolation—whom I should unhesitatingly say were eligible as candidates for the extremely severe tests and rites of initiation which this scheme involves. These *Illuminati* are well scattered over the surface of the earth and range from a prince to a quasi pauper. The races represented—the Japanese, English, French, German, Russian, American, Hindu—present a picturesque variety. An Irish Franciscan friar; an Arab of the *Abou Ben Adhem* sort; a lovely and blithe young Welsh girl of family—who, if anything, is Quaker by conviction, and chooses to live in a "slum" for the inestimable comfort of many; and a superb old Jew of the type of *Nathan der Weise*, would be of invaluable service to the undertaking, so far as they can disengage themselves from the good works to which they devote their lives.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, because of his recent powerful and chivalrous protests against certain hideous wrongs—and for other reasons—is entitled to respectful consideration. I fear he is not yet altogether utopian, quixotic, doctrinaire and visionary enough to insure his election. But he is promising—very promising—and apparently traveling fast in the right direction.

Writers for *The Friend of All Nations* will listen serenely to abuse: "lunatic" and "crank" shall not impair their cheerfulness. From some lips such epithets are purest encomium.

Blessed are visions; for out of them evolve great deeds.

Step up, gentle millionaires. Don't be shy.

In a London drawing-room where, not long ago, patriotism chanced to be under discussion, somebody remarked that in case of trouble between England and the Zulus, were the latter in the right, she should wish to be on their side. It will be observed the lady by no means intimated she should in point of fact sympathize with the Zulus; she did not imply she had reached that level of equity—although one might suppose the most elementary conception of ethics would demand at least this amount of fair-mindedness. She simply indicated a certain trend toward justice.

"Madam," retorted an eminent London journalist with truly Johnsonian bluntness—"Madam, your sentiments are a-b-o-m-i-n-a-b-l-e. England is bound to be right in her dealings with inferior races. But at any rate—England, right or wrong."

Let none innocently infer this gentleman was joking. Not he. He never jokes. He wouldn't if he could, and he couldn't if he would. With all seriousness he but presented, in a nutshell, the quintessence of pinchbeck patriotism. . . . I may adore my Tommy. I may deem him the most truly remarkable child on earth. But if he break into my neighbor's garden, steal his apples, gratuitously insult and maltreat my neighbor's boy, pull his hair and annex his bicycle—what then? . . . At all events, were I proprietor of a great journal (which Heaven forbid), that is not the man who should write my leaders—no, not a leaderette.

PARIS, DECEMBER, 1905.

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

THE CURSE OF THE WOLVES

It was hoped, and seemed to be true, that the wolves would follow the buffalo into oblivion, but they did not do what was expected of them. When the game was cleaned out of the West, the cattle came in and the wolves developed a taste for beef just as the Indian did—perforce.

The cow-men fought them with rifle, trap, dog and poison, but the *loco* is a smart and tenacious animal, gradually able to comprehend all these methods and to get out of their way.

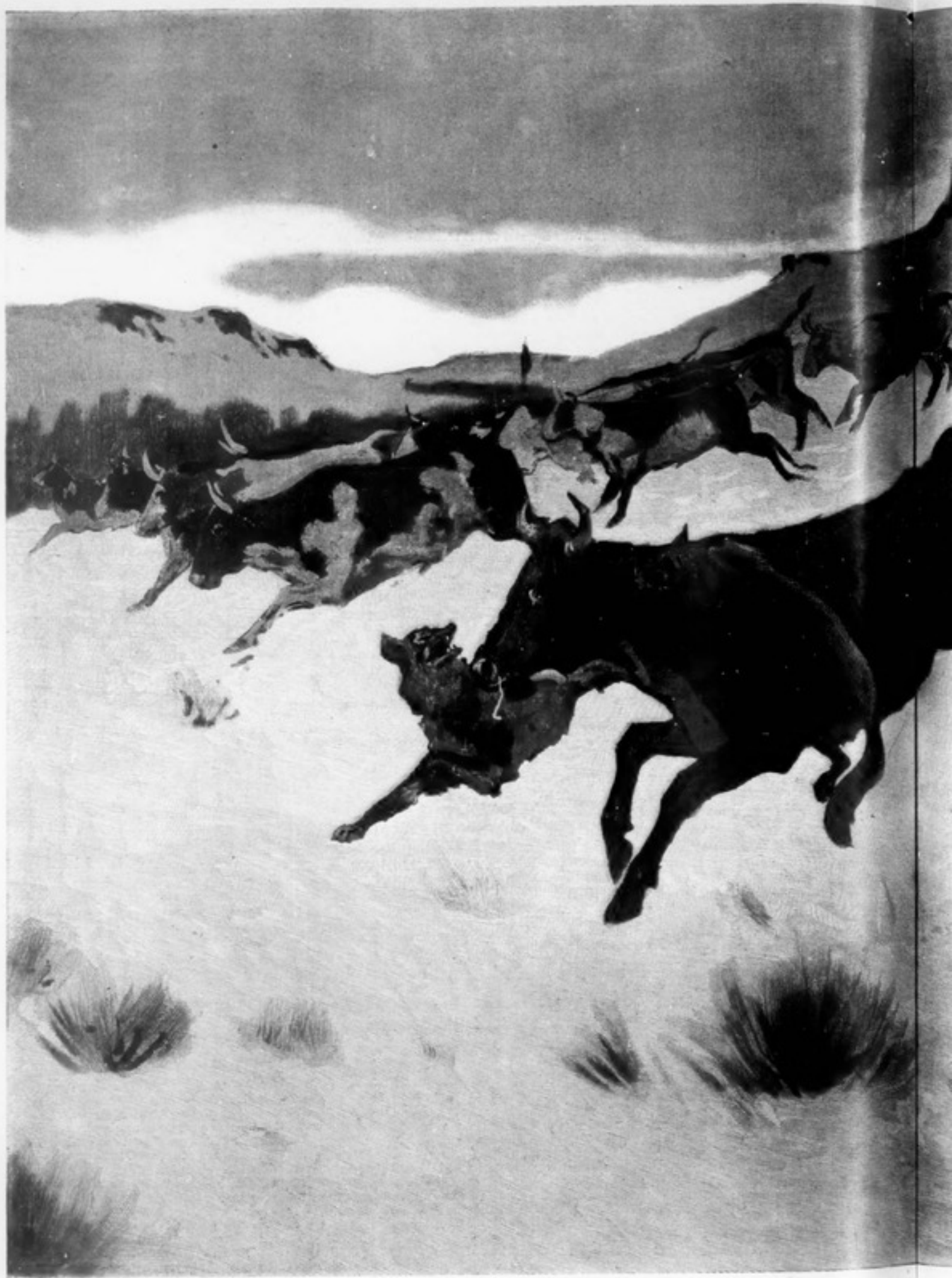
They take the calves first, and then the cows; but a band of wolves can pull down the biggest steer.

The cattle made out to fight the smaller coyotes. On one big ranch I have seen a part of the cows stay with the small calves, while the other half went to water. But the range cattle never were able to cope with the big gray wolves. A rush of wolves into a band of cattle will send them off in a bawling rush, leaving one of their number a victim.

It is quite disheartening to think that such a pest cannot be gotten rid of in this advanced day; but I am afraid the cattle interest will have to put some professional wolf hunter down in the profit and loss columns before it is done.

See next page.

FREDERIC REMINGTON.



Fredone Remington



THE CURSE OF WOLVES IN THE NORTHWEST

AN IMPOSSIBLE HOUSE-PARTY



By CAROLINE and ALICE DUER

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

EMPUS," said Mrs. Fugit, as she entered the sunny breakfast-room at Ballycatchem, "George Washington accepts."

"Does he?" grunted Mr. Fugit from behind his paper.

"And Cleopatra writes that she will be here without fail on Friday afternoon."

"I'm delighted to hear that," responded Mr. Fugit warmly, putting down the "Times" and helping himself to fish. "Who else have you heard from?"

"Nearly all the house-party, I should think," answered his wife, "to judge from the size of the mail, but I haven't opened them all. Here is Laetitia's letter—I have a presentiment that she won't come."

"We can do very well without her if she doesn't," returned Mr. Fugit, who was not fond of Laetitia.

"She is so respectable," said Mrs. Fugit leniently, "and I have my doubts about some of the others."

"Why did you ask them, then?" asked her husband, with some irritation.

"To please you, dear," answered his wife, absently reading her letter. "There! I thought so; listen to this:

"Collatinus and I are so sorry to miss this opportunity of seeing you and your husband, but I have heard, on excellent authority, that there is to be a lady among your guests whom our position makes it impossible for us to meet. Indeed, I am sure, dear, that you cannot have any idea what people in Rome are saying of Cleopatra Ptolemy. Such nonsense!" said Mrs. Fugit; "as if any guest we asked was not good enough for Laetitia!"

Mr. Fugit chuckled, and said he had his own suspicions that Collatinus was not so opposed to meeting Cleopatra as that gentleman's wife imagined.

"Well, it doesn't make much difference," said Mrs. Fugit. "Whose is this wretched scrawl?" and she read aloud:

"MADAME:
"During the last two weeks I have gained twelve victories, taken ninety flags, and killed or wounded over twenty thousand men. I feel, therefore, that I have the right to spend a few days of relaxation in your so agreeable house. The Empress does not accompany me."
"NAPOLEON."

"The ladies don't seem to care for your party," said Mr. Fugit.

"I don't know about that," returned his wife. "Listen to this from Cornelia Gracchus:

"Nothing will give me greater pleasure than to accept your kind invitation, especially as I fear that the Roman air is not agreeing very well with the boys, who are mad with delight at the idea of any change."

"Did you ask those infernal children?" demanded Mr. Fugit, horrorstruck.

"Certainly I did not," answered his wife; "but apparently she means to bring them, and, after all, they will make her more uncomfortable than they will any one else."

"They must be very unlike the general run of children, if they are satisfied with annoying their mother," said Mr. Fugit bitterly.

"Never mind, dear, it won't be for long," said Mrs. Fugit comfortingly. "And perhaps Diogenes won't mind keeping an eye on them, now and then, when he has a leisure moment."

"Diogenes!" cried her husband, in amazement. "What induced you to ask him?"

"Well, he was not one of the original party," said Mrs. Fugit; "but Alexander wrote me such a nice letter, asking if he might bring him, that I was obliged to telegraph that we should be delighted to see him."

"That is just what I am not," interrupted Mr. Fugit gloomily. "Cross-grained, cantankerous old beast!"

"Indeed, Tempus, you could not have refused if you had read Alexander's letter. It came last night, and I forgot to show it to you; but he said that his physician had recommended both physical and mental exercise, so if it would not put us out, he would like to bring his horse, Bucephalus, and his friend, Diogenes, the cynic; and he added that the latter would not be any trouble, as he was bringing his tub with him—he lives in his tub, you know," added Mrs. Fugit, in explanation.

"I'm glad he is not likely to take a fancy to mine," remarked Mr. Fugit. "I never knew a clean cynic yet."

"Elizabeth Tudor and Mary Stuart both accept," went on Mrs. Fugit hastily, in hopes of diverting her husband's mind from the unwelcome addition to the party; "and Nero telegraphs that he will join us on Saturday. I am sure I hope the little Gracchi will not get hold of his fiddle before he comes. He says he will send it by special messenger on Friday. I must be sure that it is taken to his room, myself."

"And I hope they will smash the squeaking thing to atoms, and throw the pieces out of the window," said Mr. Fugit madly. "I have endured the screams of that instrument long enough, and, if Nero will not come without it, I desire that you never ask him to another house-party."

"Very well, dear," said Mrs. Fugit, submissively, inwardly registering a resolve to ask whomever she pleased, whenever it was convenient. "You will be pleased to hear that Horatius is coming."

"Yes, he is more easy to get on with than the others," remarked Mr. Fugit, comforting himself. "Washington is a prig, and Alexander is a bully. I don't know much about Napoleon, but I really think that Nero is crazy." With which charitable comment Mr. Fugit again became immersed in the morning paper and the conversation ceased.

"Look here, Egypt," said Alexander, leaning across the dinner-table on the first night of their arrival, "I think you might have stopped and brought me over on your yacht."

"So I should have if it had not been for your friend Diogenes," returned Cleopatra; "he does not enliven me in the least."

"Oh, he is a good fellow," said the Macedonian. "I often say that if I were not Alexander, I should rather be Diogenes."

"You mean if you were not a king, you would like to be clever," said Elizabeth, snappishly, from the other end of the table.

Alexander looked very sulky, and there was an awkward pause, which the elder Gracchus broke with the innate tact of a child. Looking innocently at the English queen, over his little Roman nose: "Why haven't you got a husband?" he asked shrilly; "all the other queens here have two or three."

"Because no one ever asked her, stupid!" answered his little brother, paying no attention to Mrs. Fugit's frantic efforts to silence him. These were not lost upon Cornelia, however.

"Please do not interrupt my children, Mrs. Fugit," she said gently but firmly. "I have always brought the little things up to say just what they thought."

"Horatius," said Mr. Fugit hastily, by way of turning the conversation, "do not you Romans find it very inconvenient to have the Tiber bridge down?"

"Not inconvenient to me personally," returned the hero easily. "I swim the river every morning before breakfast, merely for exercise."

"Swim—pooh!" said Elizabeth loudly; "I believe any one could wade across if it were not for the mud."

"Don't be too sure of that, ma'am," returned Washington, seeing that Horatius looked a little miffed. "There are times

when the gentlest stream may become a raging torrent. I remember when I was crossing the Delaware—"

"Yes, yes, we all remember that," broke in Napoleon; "but there are worse dangers than the traversing of inland streams. I believe you never brought an army across the Alps."

"Not as yet," answered the American calmly; "but perhaps some day I may."

The effect of this remark was instantaneous. Napoleon, Alexander and Horatius leaped to their feet, and Cleopatra, desisting from the occupation of dropping her host's pearl stud into her champagne glass, looked up with an intentness that boded little good to the audacious speaker.

"In case any of you should require my services," added the diplomatic American, as if he had not observed the storm that his words had created. At this the three warriors, casting suspicious glances at each other, resumed their seats, while Cleopatra, who was sitting next to Washington, murmured softly: "I shall remember that promise, general. It is hard for a lonely woman to lead a great nation to war."

The warm-hearted American was evidently touched by this artless speech, for it was observed that during the rest of dinner their conversation became of so confidential a nature that it was carried on entirely in whispers.

"Why do the sparrows babble of war, when the eagle is silent?" said the gentle Stuart to Napoleon, who was seated at her right; and her eyes flashed as she continued, with a glance which left no doubt as to her meaning:

"For my part, if I were a soldier, there is only one general under whom I should wish to serve."

The Corsican playfully pinched her ear, but did not reply verbally. Mary, who was not accustomed to this form of caress, elbowed him sharply away, with that hauteur she knew so well how to assume. She was angered—the gentle queen—and had no wish to conceal it from her presumptuous neighbor, on whom, however, her unspoken reproof had so little effect that he was observed to repeat his misdemeanor with every appearance of satisfaction. The Scottish queen, finding that hints were lost upon the conqueror of nations, turned away, and began to talk to her host, but her cousin of England, who had been watching this little scene, now broke out with:

"Oddslife, man! hadst laid hand on me, marry, I should have struck you a shrewd blow."

"Bon dieu, madame! The man who offers you a caress were more deserving of a strait-jacket than a buffet," returned Napoleon, with spirit.

Elizabeth, whose temper was always a little uncontrollable, could not resist the sudden impulse of throwing her plate at his head. The little Gracchi applauded loudly, and Mrs. Fugit, whose sensitive nature told her that something was amiss, hastily gave the signal for the ladies to leave the table.

Snorting like a war-horse, the English queen swept out first, followed by Cornelia and the children; but it was some minutes before Mrs. Fugit, waiting patiently by the door, could catch the eye of Cleopatra, so completely had she and Washington abstracted themselves from the general conversation, and when the ladies reached the drawing-room they found a hot dispute raging between their majesties of England and Scotland.

"By our Lady," Elizabeth was saying, "I have a mind to smack you. Is it not enough that you should dilly-dally in secret with the prettiest men of three nations, but that you must allow the open caresses of this upstart Corsican?"

"Those more versed in caresses than yourself, cousin, had hardly so termed a pinch of the ear," responded Mary; "and indeed less noise of tongue and more secrecy in pursuit would better become your own high station in life. There are those who say it was but to save himself from a worse fate that Leicester wed the gentle Amy Robsart."

"Beshrew me, cousin!" cried Elizabeth, laughing harshly, "thou dost not know that it was *thou* who wast proposed to him for wife!"

"And thou dost not know with what joy the noble earl had accepted the honor, had it not been impossible, cousin," answered Mary calmly.

"Thou liest in thy throat!" cried the Maiden Queen, flushing fiery red.

"There, as everywhere, madame, thou

beatest me by a neck," returned the Queen of Scots, with a deep courtesy.

Elizabeth was too choked with fury to reply at once, and, before hostilities could be resumed, Mrs. Fugit led Cornelia to the piano, begging her to oblige the company with one of her well-known songs. This lady had in reality a sweet, though not powerful, voice, and played her own accompaniments with delicacy and precision; but as her children stood on each side of her, the eldest picking out an independent air in the treble, while the youngest beat the bass with both fists, all the tune and most of the words of her song were rendered totally unintelligible to her audience. After this the Serpent of Old Nile drew toward her a curious stringed instrument, and began to play a seductive love-song, to which she accompanied herself with a succession of low running chords. At the first notes of her melting voice the dining-room door opened, and the gentlemen rushed pell-mell into the room.

(To be continued.)



CARPE DIEM

We have another life to live, they say,
Of which this is the twisted shadow—this
The sleep from which we shall awake some day
Into a wondrous land of fabled bliss—
I know not—but this life is passing good.

And happiness and love are dreams, they say.
Oh Fate! that rulest earth and stars and sun,
If we are happy, grant at least we may
Not wake from living till the dream is done,
For love is sweet, and life is passing good.

CAROLINE DUER.



THE ELDEST PICKING OUT AN INDEPENDENT AIR IN THE TREBLE, WHILE THE YOUNGEST BEAT THE BASS WITH BOTH FISTS.



HAWTHORNE'S VITASCOPE



So wide an application has the law of the conservation of energy, that when an immense injustice or outrage has been perpetrated, its reactionary force turns out, sooner or later, to be at least as great as the injury. Human nature will not endure the presence in civilization of anything really and avowedly devilish; it summons all its powers to counteract or throw it aside; and not a few of the great benefits to the world, recorded in history, have had their motive in successful attacks upon the rights or right feelings of mankind.

In our own day, we have seen how the Ottoman power has been brought within measurable distance of extinction by the attempt of the sultan (aided by a certain New York newspaper) to destroy the Armenian nation; whereas, had his imperial Highness been satisfied merely to continue the reign of natural corruption which is proper to modern Oriental genius, he and his successors might have gone on indefinitely in their vicious career, without rousing the indignation of anybody whose business interests were not thereby endangered. Spain, again, might have ruined Cuba beyond the possibility of succor, had not her exceeding greed and cruelty led her to outrage the limits of human endurance; so that first the Cubans themselves rose in irrepressible revolt, and then the horrors of the struggle that followed gradually drove the cowardly and selfish government of this country to adopt an attitude which to-day bids fair to bring about intervention and independence. And many other instances might be adduced to illustrate the truth that nothing is so apt to bring about good as wrong carried to an extreme. It is hardly to our credit that this should be so; but we must accept the kind of redemption we deserve and be thankful. The time may come, in the distant future, when we shall no longer need to be wicked in order to become virtuous.

But although, in such widespread examples of wrong as have been mentioned, the reaction is impressive enough, this effect becomes far more striking when the victim of the wrong in question is not a nation but an individual; because in that case the wrong stands—as it were—on its own merits, and is free from the accidental emphasis due to its ravaging multitudes. Indeed, the "one-man power," admittedly the greatest in human affairs, appears to lose none of its energy when the man is not active but passive; when he is done, instead of doing. The effect upon the public imagination is more acute, because their attention is focused upon a single point, instead of being dispersed over a vague area. The features of the victim, his circumstances, history, character, speedily become familiar to us; we are able to identify his feelings with our own, as we scarcely can when called upon to sympathize with a people. His name becomes our rallying-cry; and our interest is none the less intense because it is partly selfish, in that we picture ourselves as possibly standing in his place, should the hazard of events so operate upon us.

No better illustration of this theme could be desired than is furnished by Dreyfus, who really seems likely to precipitate a national revolution, involving in its ultimate effects the peace of the world. It is still possible, of course, that the man is guilty of the crime charged in the indictment; though it has long since been seen to be very far from probable. But the accident of his being a Jew has taken the matter out of his hands, as it were, and has merged it with interests and animosities antedating and underlying his personal concern. His case occurred in the midst of that anti-Semitic crusade which for some years past has incomprehensibly agitated Europe: I say, incomprehensibly, because nine-tenths of what are by convention known as Christian nations do not at heart believe in the Messiah, any more than did those who crucified him two thousand years ago. It can only be explained, if at all, on the theory of racial antagonism, which means anything or nothing according to what you happen to feel. But there is no doubt about its existence; and the very fact that no one can give an intelligent reason for it renders it indefinitely more bitter and inextinguishable. Meanwhile, Dreyfus is a Jew; Dreyfus has been unjustly imprisoned; and the cry is raised that his fate is the result of a plot hatched by the anti-Semites. The latter of course deny it; but, illogically, the accusation, despite their repudiation of it, seems to inflame their hatred against the countrymen of Moses tenfold. So the students of Paris break forth in fantastic riots, the Legislature is riven asunder, men are defeated at the polls on this sole issue, duels are fought, anybody's reputation is attacked and, if possible, massacred, the newspapers print excited and libelous editorials, and all the fat is in the fire. Besides, wherever in the world there are Jews—and there are Jews everywhere—the quarrel is taken up; Germany is full of Jews, and these inevitably are in sympathy with the Jews of France. Thus we see nation divided against nation, and the seed of Abraham at the bottom of the split. Jews, too, are the great money-lenders of the world, beginning with the Rothschilds; upon them does it depend whether a nation shall or shall not have the means to pay its war-expenses

with. It is all very well to fight the Jews; but what if the Jews mark their displeasure by withholding from you the means of battle? The situation is very mixed; and to cap the climax, M. Zola, with his enormous reputation and literary faculty, leaps into the arena, and shouts for Dreyfus with a power of lung audible to every educated ear in Civilization. The author of "L'Assommoir," "La Terre," "Le Debauché" and "Nana" has always been a firebrand; but his influence hitherto has been felt within the sociological and moral regions only; now, through the avenue of justice and humanity, he bursts blazing into politics, and seems likely to achieve a conflagration compared with which his former exploits shall appear tame. He has already been made the object of a prosecution by the government, and his conviction and imprisonment will make him the rallying point of half France, if not Europe. Whether he be himself a Jew or not, I am unable to state; his mother was a French woman, his father an Italian. But a man does not need to be a Jew in order to feel and declare that the imprisonment of Dreyfus has always been an outrage on justice, occasioned by the desire to shield the really guilty persons, whose position was too exalted to make exposure of them safe. Dreyfus might be guilty, but he was not the only sinner, nor the chief of them. He was the scapegoat; and, in a given transaction, the scapegoat is nine times out of ten less guilty than anybody else. M. Zola intimates with all the literary poignancy that belongs to him that so and so is the true culprit, and challenges investigation. The government arrests him; but it is not strong enough to carry out its programme. Unless the government backs down, M. Zola will overthrow the government; and if it does back down, it will be overthrown by the other party. This wrong done to poor Dreyfus is bound to smash things somehow; it is only to be hoped that Dreyfus himself may, incidentally, get free. Be that as it may, it is past question that he will be the hero of M. Zola's next romance. Nor is there any doubt that the "exposures" of modern political methods which it will contain will be such as to attract the interest of the most unaccustomed as well as of the most jaded novel-reader. The only thing that can prevent that book from being the sensation of the closing century would be the guillotining of the author before he has time to write it. Never was there finer material, or more striking characters ready to a writer's hand; and M. Zola's hand is just the one for the work. I wish, after he gets through with the story of Europe's corruption, he would come over here, and take photographs of Croker, Hanna and the temporarily-eclipsed Platt, as they will appear toward the close of the Midget's official term. We are unable to write our American novel ourselves; but that is no reason why M. Zola might not do it; and then, if he wants a trilogy, let him go to Turkey, or to Russia. Or why should he stop there?—let us have another Series, to correspond with the Rougon-Macquart. Let it embody a comprehensive picture of political rascality and corruption at the close of the Nineteenth Century. Then, if our civilization be destined to perish, the future philosopher will only have to turn to M. Zola's pages for a complete and satisfactory reason. It is true that the philosopher will have to be a very credulous or preternaturally wise person to believe what M. Zola will write: he will be sure to think the author is indulging in flights of imagination. It takes a contemporary to know that nothing that could be said upon the subject could be anything but an understatement of the facts.

THAT WAR MIRAGE

Travelers in certain regions see before them inviting scenes, which recede or vanish as they draw near. They are illusions caused by peculiar conditions of atmosphere and temperature. The political atmosphere and temperature have also been causing mirages of late, in various parts of this and other countries of the globe; but one of the most vivid and persistent is that known as the Cuban-Spanish-American War Mirage. Quite lately it assumed a most realistic aspect, deceiving to some even of the elect. But it will have been noticed that different observers interpreted the apparition differently; one paper, for example, almost hearing the thunder of the opening guns, while another was convinced that only a vicious and dissolute imagination would detect anything worse than the ordinary routine of affairs. In such matters, what may be termed political temperament counts for much; you see what you want to see, and discredit what you dislike. Meanwhile, the evolution of events seems fairly logical. Things at Madrid are in a precarious state; the government is not secure, and every plotter feels that now is his opportunity. The Weylerites in Havana, acting, perhaps, in some sort of disorderly sympathy with the Carlists in Spain, stir up riots directed against Cuban autonomy or anything else that presents itself, like the Donnybrook Irishmen hitting whatever head they see. These rowdies fear peace and order as certain to interrupt their chances of financial prosperity, and care little what mischief they bring about if only it furnishes an opening for loot. War with this country could do them no worse harm than autonomy would, and might throw something in their way. The Sagasta cabinet, meanwhile, hates America as much as do the rioters, but is not ready to risk war; our strength at the point of trouble being at the moment greater than theirs. Consequently they put forward assurances of cordial feeling, which may delay things until they can get ships to the scene of action. Then their tone will change; and whether war is or is not al-

lowed to break forth must depend largely upon whether the Spanish think that Europe is likely to interfere after the first shots have been fired. The attitude of Mr. McKinley, like that of all timid persons in a crisis, is more apt to lead to trouble than would a decided course one way or the other. He is afraid to move our ships until the rioting in Havana overtly threatens Americans there; then General Lee is to press the button, and the fleet is to do the rest. But a great deal, including the hanging of Lee and other Americans, might be done by a mob in six hours; and such acts, though they might be punished, could never be undone. Were these assassinations to take place, they would kindle an anger in the United States which could not readily be appeased. Our people would not be satisfied with chastising Spain; they would know where the true blame belonged; and we should witness scenes at Washington such as have been unknown for six-and-thirty years. The disgust and smoldering indignation caused by the Hanna scandal would then burst into flame; the tendency to lawlessness which has long been apparent in the impunity of lynchers would assume larger features; and there is really no telling what might not happen. If the people once get the rascals on the run, we could not hope that the rout would end with the suffering of the guilty only. Inevitably much wrong and cruelty would be perpetrated; and the absence throughout the country of any recognized and unsalable nucleus and standard of civic and social morality would delay the restoration of order.

Whatever may happen in America, the future of Spain looks black. Sagasta's cabinet, and he himself, cannot survive the loss of Cuba. And when they go down, in so evil a cause, the Crown will have no power to create another ministry. The financial situation of the country is nearly desperate; the elements of revolution are strong, and the failure of the Cuban campaign would give them more than the opportunity they have awaited; for months to come the peninsula would be a cockpit of anarchy. In what shape would the nation finally emerge? There does not seem to be material for a stable republic.

GOD REIGNS AND EVERY MAN HAS HIS PRICE

It seems worth while to treasure this saying, for the behoof of future historians. It expresses Hanna to a dot. The latter clause is not original with our new Senator; nor, in fact, is the former; but the combination of the two is a refreshing novelty. For we are not hastily to dismiss this statesman as a scoundrel: he is doing the best he can. He had been engaged, for several years, in the making of a fortune by dealing in lifeless commodities of commerce; he was ambitious, and thought that, in order to rise in public favor and appreciation, he ought to do business with wares of a better sort—with men, for example. He remembered Washington, Lincoln and Webster: why should not he emulate their glorious immortality? What they had done, he might do; it was all (he thought) a question of spending money. By money, or money's worth, their fame must have been won: he would follow their example. With excellent business acumen, he began by purchasing a President. Looking over the market, he selected a timid, plastic, grateful, moralized person, sure to be favored by old women and respectabilities everywhere, who would therefore be an easy tool in the hands of himself and his henchmen. McKinley was just the thing; he paid his debts for him, put him through his campaign, and deposited him in the White House to be used as required. The next thing was to get himself into the Senate. Here he betrayed the weak point in his make-up; he is deficient in tact. It requires no tact to buy hogs or coal; but in buying men the prudent merchant should proceed with a show of diplomacy. If he does not, he simply has to pay more for the goods. He should not go into the open forum and ask Tom, Dick and Harry, in a voice audible to all, how much his vote costs; they will reply that they are not for sale, and in order to get them he will have to offer more than they are really worth. Besides, he will "insult" them; and when they get a safe chance, they will get back at him. However, we learn by experience; and if Hanna, in his frank, breezy way, made a mistake, he knows it now and will do better next time. He got IN (as Mr. Davenport has observed) at all events; and thereby, as he promptly informed his sympathetic friend in the Executive Mansion, established the important fact that God reigns, and that the Republican Party is safe. The axiom that Every Man Has His Price did not require proof, in Hanna's opinion, and he saved that much on his telegram bill.

But one point seems to us open to question. Hanna appears to assume that his election was a party question. Of the two parties which control the politics of this country, he happens to name the Republican as being devoted to his interests. Why? Were the gentlemen whom he bought Republicans? Perhaps they were; but whether they were or not, how could it affect their action in the premises? They did not vote for Hanna because they were Republicans, or Democrats either; but for reasons of another kind altogether. They supported him, not from love of country, or God, or for honor's sake, or out of loyalty to their party organization, or because they had pledged themselves to their fellow citizens so to do; but simply because they were thereby making provision for their families, and for their helpless old age. "Don't make asses of yourselves!" Hanna exclaimed with natural impatience: "are you any better than the President?" So they voted for him; and thus created a new

party, quite non-political, and to be known as the Hannaites. Of course, Hanna may choose, this term, to call himself a Republican; but let Democrats reflect that next term it may seem to him expedient to be a Democrat; and then the Republicans will be retorting the Democratic gibes about the venality of members of the rival Party. There are just as many Democrats as Republicans for sale; and they will be just as eager to become Hannaites the moment Hanna intimates that he is ready to buy. Hannaism is an arena in which all political differences are harmonized; the tiger and the elephant lie down together. Both animals love money better than anything else; and Hanna is money, or he is nothing. God reigns, and every man has his price: in other words, Hanna and God are members of a firm engaged in political bribery. What God's profit in the business may be does not appear—as yet: but as to Hanna, verily he has his reward!

BOOTHS, MOODYS, ET ALII

This has nothing to do with religion. But about this time of year, as the Almanacs used to say, look out for Revivals and other manifestations of what is by some called religious interest. The organization of the Salvation Army has, it appears, been split by quarrels between certain prominent exponents or leaders of it; and the other day there was a ludicrously solemn meeting between an elder and a younger Booth, which led to nothing, and was described as merely a meeting between the two "as father and son." The Salvation Army is a somewhat grotesque affair, which has done a great deal of good in some ways; it has visited the poor, cared for the sick, and ransacked the slums; and in so far has merited the sympathy and esteem of the community. But it has added to these doings a discipline and terminology of a quasi-military character, with bands and uniforms and other histrionic features, which have pleased (it is to be supposed) the actors, and have undoubtedly amused the spectators. They have made much noise, for which they have now and again been brought to task by the authorities; and have in more ways than one tried the limits of the very elastic patience of the public. On Sundays, as we walk the streets, we are liable to hear the strains of military music, and to see squads of oddly-clad men and women parading behind a drum and fife; or we behold a crowd of languid loafers on a street corner, and amid them the bare head of a male, or the singular bonnet of a female, exhorting all and sundry to "come to Jesus." If we stop to listen to these haranguers, we hear a constant repetition of stock phrases, which are in themselves devoid of meaning or intelligence, and the utterers of which commonly wear the aspect of persons in whose make-up brains and common-sense were the most considerable ingredient. The expression of their faces is such as to inspire compassion in the kindly, and ridicule in the perverse; it is an expression of mingled sincerity and foolishness, with an undertone of self-complacency; and if the listener happen to be encumbered with anything in the shape of religious reverence, he is speedily disgusted by the familiar tone in which the speakers refer to sacred persons and subjects. God, Jesus, Heaven, salvation, regeneration—they know it all; and they tell us again and again that if we will but "believe," or "accept," something not clearly defined, we shall at once enjoy a number of transcendental benefits still less comprehensible. Similar scenes, only carried to the point of epilepsy, may be witnessed in the halls where the meetings of the Salvationists are held. Is this religion?

Meanwhile our old friend Mr. Moody is holding other meetings in other halls; and at all of them occur episodes which are described as "experiencing religion." Persons who came to scoff remain to pray. Lives which hitherto have been spent in the service of the devil are in the twinkling of an eye turned to Christ, and the blackness of their guilt changed to whiteness by the blood of the lamb. There are groans and tears and public confessions of sin; and Mr. Moody's excellent voice rises higher, and his entreaties and denunciations wax more urgent and picturesque. He, too, knows it all. His "converts" have long been too numerous to mention. And all those who harden their hearts against him must go to hell.

Is this religion? If it be, then all self-respecting people will decide that religion is a thing which no sincere and self-respecting person can afford to cultivate. It is simply a riot of spiritual indecency. It is a kind of physiological convulsion, the effects of which may last hours or years, but which in either case have no effect upon the welfare of the soul. Mr. Moody, no more than the Booths and their disciples, has any credentials justifying him in offering salvation to mankind. He is a powerful emotional actor; but inasmuch as what he enacts tends to vulgarize and desecrate sacred things, he is not deserving of the applause which we are glad to bestow upon actors of legitimate drama. I am disposed to believe that his fluff and fury deceive himself as well as others; for he, too, is not overweighted with intelligence; but so far as his influence has any relation at all to religion, it is to mislead darkened minds as to the nature and meaning of that mighty truth.

There are others; but let them pass. If you want religion, you know how to "get" it:—love God, and your neighbor as yourself, beginning with the latter. It is a hard job, and takes at least a lifetime; but there is no singing, thumping, or uniforms in it.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.



MEN MANNERS AND MOODS

LXXVI



LONDON journal not long ago spoke of Mr. William Watson as having assumed the mantle of tradition, having taken unto himself the lessons of the great masters, Webster, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, the Elizabethan lyrists, the best that is in the Restorationists, the best that is in the "Lakers," and so on, thus and thus. All of which means, I should say, that Mr. Watson prefers lighting torches to lighting pinwheels. Nothing, in my judgment, is madder than for a poet to cultivate "novelty" of form.

If he possess any such novelty it will be spontaneous. Literally, he cannot cultivate it. Mr. Swinburne has it in marked degree; it springs from him as naturally as her luster from a star. Tennyson had it in marked degree, though not always, for he was too intellectual a poet not to resemble, in his mode of putting things, the great dead masters who preceded him. His blank verse in the "Idylls of the King" especially showed it, but nevertheless, all in all, Tennyson assumed the traditional mantle rather than having rashly striven to weave one from his own private looms. It may be said of him that he embroidered the vestment till it grew stiffer and weightier with fresh arabesques of gems and gold. But the groundwork remained an authentic heritage. And so it is with every true English poet; he cannot escape his past any more than he can escape his present. Write to-day the best poem your Muse will permit, and Shakespeare will be in it, no less than many of his pupils and inferiors. Even Chaucer will be with you, though you dream it not. You may indeed call yourself, without overplus of vanity, "Heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time." For the real poet is nowadays essentially an heir. He derives his title; he does not create it. If he attempts to do the latter, in our modern poetic letters, he becomes merely erratic, experimental, even calisthenic. Browning hungered after the "original," and hence a good half of his work will sooner or later be pronounced failure. Poetry has now reached a stage almost precisely like that of architecture. One can express plenty of fine feelings and ideas through either medium, but in doing so one must beware of offending taste. And taste is an established barrier, built round both arts. Overleap it, and a ditch of ugly mud awaits you.

Am I then, it may be asked, urging upon our younger poets the necessity of servile adherence to cut-and-dried rules? Not at all. The dimensions of poetic possibility are still vast. They might be compared to those of some planet (a minor one, if you please) voyaging harmoniously round some regal sun. Sea, mountain, meadow and sky all are there. This domain is Shakespeare's, that Dante's, that Goethe's. Others are yet unclaimed. Take your own, if you choose to dwell there, and make it, by your native powers of empery, as large or limited as these will allow. But do not strive to mount above it in painted balloons, and tell yourself that you are lodged more loftily than its other denizens because you hold some petty and transient sovereignty over the lower strata of its atmosphere. All balloons, remember, have a tendency to collapse, and the descent of their occupants, even when not fraught with bodily peril, is sometimes a rather humiliating process. . . . I am always afraid of a young poet who tells me that he is afraid of the academic. For he cannot ignore it. To do so always ends in the ridiculous. It is like insisting upon the propriety of saying "Merry Christmas" to a Hebrew; it is like declaring that you can live comfortably in London without an umbrella. It is like any thinkable thing that is *outré* and absurd. The chief error with young poets is to confuse the academic with the conventional. That error can easily be committed with respect to ideas, but with respect to form, never. Of course I except the imprudence of imitating a meter like that of "In Memoriam," in which a long and famous poem has been written, and in which nobody ever wrote before except Ben Jonson (was it not?), who then cast a short lyric into it, by no means one of his best. But to write queerly, gushingly, wildly, as Browning often did, as Mrs. Browning liked to do, as the unspeakable Chivvers did, as Mr. George Meredith now does, and as not a few living bards (whose names I will not mention) are constantly doing, is simply to beat the air. For myself, I would rather be a William Watson, with ten sincere admirers, than a Walt Whitman with ten thousand. Still, the truly sincere admirers of Whitman, as a poet, could, I believe, be almost counted on the fingers of both hands. Nearly all his "cult" consists of persons who know scarcely anything about the divine secrets, mysteries and splendors of poetry as an art (poetry, by the way, being impossible save as an art), and who care even less.

Boxing Day in London has just come and passed. It is a merry-making succeeded by only one other that I can recall—Boxing Night. The Day is one long diversion; the Night is one monstrous revel. Of course, as everybody knows, the word "boxing," in this instance, refers to the Christmas boxes given to servants of all grades and kinds. With these "Christmas boxes" they are supposed to have no end of a good time, and they mostly enjoy themselves in that infinite fashion. Boxing Day is not now half the nuisance that London once beheld it. Till as late as a half-century ago, householders felt compelled to give money to the clerks in shops of which they were patrons, and to many other persons of inferior place, even including scavengers and lamplighters. As for keepers of shops, they were expected to bestow gifts on the male and female servants of their customers. But after a while the burden of all this became insupportable. In 1836, government took hold of the matter, not tyrannously, but by means of ardent requests to heads of departments, urging specially a cessation of these indiscriminate tips among servants of foreign embassies. Nowadays affairs are much more sensibly conducted, though Boxing Day still survives with a marked remnant of its legendary despotism. People of the more refined sort are loth to attend the many pantomimes which fill the theatres on that night. In former days the audiences always contained an element riotously drunk. Last night proceedings must have been placid, for although five or six new pantomimes were enacted at as many theatres, there are no reports of lawless behavior. As I strolled through Oxford Street at about half-past five in the afternoon, I saw the box-office of the Princess's Theatre besieged by a multitude waiting to secure places for "How London Lives," a melodrama whose *première* was about to occur. Later the streets were filled with singing and roistering crowds. I heard them as they went east and west past my windows in Langham Street, and I have no doubt that their bacchanal dithyrambs rang reckless to the murky skies long after midnight had thrall'd the mighty town.

Mr. Charles Harrison, a member of Parliament and a brother of the distinguished writer, Mr. Frederic Harrison, died very suddenly indeed, a day or two ago. He caught a chill at the funeral of Sir Frank Lockwood, whose death was also sudden, and whose legal and political talents made him so widely respected. Mr. Harrison had married, in middle life, a sister of the Earl of Lanesborough. The marriage was an extremely happy one, and the receptions given by Mr. and Lady Harriet Harrison were long a conspicuous aid and tribute to the eminence and power of the Liberal party. Mr. Harrison was in perfect health until the day that he followed to their final rest the remains of his cherished friend. While standing with uncovered head in the terribly damp and foggy weather, there is no doubt that he contracted the acute attack of laryngitis which so quickly ended his life at the age of sixty-two. Spasms of the glottis made an operation imperative, but after tracheotomy had been successfully tried, he succumbed to heart-failure in the space of a few more hours. And here is the case of this unfortunate man, abruptly torn away from a useful and honored life, for a reason piteously trivial! How many a like ill can the records of England, America and other countries reveal! And yet a senseless custom still obtains. In the worst weather one must stand uncovered beside a grave, while services are being read over the departed, and "dust unto dust" is being practically accomplished. Religion has many peculiarities, but it seems rather uncanny that the risk of suicide should be included among them. Prayer may surely be quite as sincere while the head is protected from damp and blast as when it is bowed, however devoutly, before the rigors of both. It is true that many excellent persons now inhabiting our globe are convinced, with the utmost firmness of conviction, that if men pray to their deity with their hats on they commit a sacrilege. But for some peculiar cause, best known to themselves, they exempt women from any such impious charge. Is this explained by the fact that women are "the weaker sex"? Admit that it is. But how about that percentage of ill and feeble men which nearly always may be found in the dismal *cortège* of the dead? Gradually, no doubt, like many another absurdity, this will be eliminated from popular custom. The mortuary list would be a long one in London if it contained the name of everybody, during a century past, whom open-air funerals have killed.

A remarkable career has been ended in the recent demise of Lady Millais. All London of the "selecter" sort can well remember how high a social rank she held here for years—one which the "smart set" acknowledged while "Upper Bohemia" owed to it, also, a handsome recognition. She was not always Lady Millais, then, for the baronetcy conferred upon her second husband did not fall to his lot until a few years before his death. Previous to her second marriage, as some people may have forgotten, she had been the wife of a man whose name was clad with immense brilliance. Thirty years ago John Ruskin was adored by throngs of worshippers for work in art-criticism whose really permanent future holding it now seems rather difficult to define. In 1848 Miss Euphemia Gray, a brilliant Scottish

beauty, much younger than himself, gave him her hand. The alliance turned out hideously unfortunate. Miss Gray found her husband uncongenial beyond words. In 1854 she met John Millais, then the intimate friend of Mr. Ruskin, a much younger man than he, already a painter of growing fame, and endowed with great personal charm. In the following year she procured a divorce from Mr. Ruskin, amid such a storm of scandal as England had not heard for years. Fierce hisses, ribald and bawdy rhymes, assailed the author of "Modern Painters" and the "Seven Lamps of Architecture." But he stayed absolutely irresponsible and plaintive, making no legal defense whatever. The whole horrid story will of course transpire sooner or later. It is a trifle of so-called "biography" which is bound to come to light. We know the kind of burrower that is usually set hunting for truffles. . . . Mrs. Ruskin, soon after the granting of her divorce, married Millais, and seemingly the union turned out very happy. In his art-work Lady Millais was ever stimulating her husband toward fresh effort. When at last he became ill, she bore herself with great bravery. His disease was a terrible one, and through all its miseries she tended him with unflinching zeal. And now she has died of the same disease, most probably caught through the very ardor and devotion of her vigilance. . . . When Sir John Millais was dying it is well known that the Queen sent her daughter, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, to his bedside, asking what favor she could bestow upon him, in these hours of sorrow and torture. Unable to speak, Sir John inscribed upon his writing-tablet a request that her Majesty would permit his wife to visit her. Victoria, always so strongly opposed to any sort of audience with divorced women, granted this entreaty. What passed between Lady Millais and the Queen will of course never be known, unless the dead participant in this momentous interview may have left of it some written record.

Mr. Edgar Saltus confesses his inability to think of more than twelve eligible members for an American Academy of Forty Immortals. To this gentleman's twelve names I hasten to add another, his own. There we have thirteen, an unlucky number, which may be promptly altered to fourteen by the addition of that able and charming poet, Mr. Maurice Thompson. Then there should be enrolled, I think, the full-throated, lark-like lyricist, Mr. Clinton Scollard. Also Mr. George Parsons Lathrop. Also William H. Hayne, whose songs are too few, and nearly always richly sweet. Also Mr. Mayo W. Hazeltine, who would cast over the assemblage an atmosphere of blended literature and scholarship. Those who do not agree with the doctrines of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll must surely admit that a massive intelligence is responsible for his several published volumes. Mrs. Burnett is not an American; she is an Englishwoman. Why not substitute for her that minor-chorded though dulcet singer, Mrs. Moulton? And if the feminine element is to be included at all, why should we forget either Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins or Miss Murfree? Unfortunately, Professor Roberts and Mr. Bliss Carman are both Canadians. . . . Well, I have increased the potential list until it figures up as high as twenty-two. Forty is a large number, to be sure. But we should bear in mind that there are many members of the French Academy to-day who are known only for their eminence in history, archaeology and science. Without the name of Mr. Edison I should say that any American Academy would make the poorest of showings. And if Mr. Edison, why not others of a like though inferior talent? Let those who respond to Mr. Saltus's polite challenge confine themselves not too closely to tellers of tales and weavers of rhymes.

Rarely, if ever, do I meet an Englishman who can be made to believe that we Americans do not dislike his race. If you answer that we think ourselves disliked by the English he will be very apt to deny that we have any right to this creed: and so it is all a very pretty sort of disagreement as it stands. Nevertheless, one point cannot be overlooked, and it is this: An American may take up his residence in any foreign country on the globe except England, and the charge of disloyalty is not hinted. He may dwell in Geneva, or any other portion of the lovely land which engirds her; he may pass years at Naples or Sorrento or Florence; he may live half a lifetime in Paris and become bone and fiber of what somebody has wittily called our penal colony. He may do all these things with splendid impunity, never running the faintest risk of being called unpleasant names. But let him make England his home. Presto! all is changed. He has "expatriated" himself; he is an Anglo-maniac; he is making himself "a man without a country," and so on, while prejudice gnashes those big yellow tusks whose click we have all so often heard. And yet England is the one sole country, of every other on the surface of the earth, in which a refined American can live happiest outside of his own. Of course Englishmen know of our attitude toward them in this matter of a residential kind, and are nettled by it, as very naturally they should be. Their own countryfolk are not arraigned and sneered at for taking up their abodes in America. Englishmen are perfectly right. Our exhibition of animosity is a mark of shocking taste and also of stupid disesteem. Surely it is time that this babyish manifesto on the part of one great people toward another should cease.

You have evidence of it among members of our best New York clubs, our most cultured assemblages of women and men. The whole little thing is almost too silly to speak of; and yet silly little things, like gnats, can bite. Let us all, who believe ourselves good Americans (whether we are or not), endeavor to destroy the pettiness of this provincialism—a general, popular, social insult, at which we would work ourselves into frenzies if thus continuously paid to ourselves.

Wonderful tales have reached London concerning the Boston clairvoyant medium, Mrs. Piper—whose name I do not know if I correctly spell. Four or five years ago, in New York, occurred, as so many people can verify, the sad death of Mr. George Pellew, a young man of much talent, whom I knew very well. I chanced, one evening, to be a guest at the dinner (not a large or by any means convivial one) which was followed, within a few hours, by Mr. Pellew's untimely death. I shook hands with him in farewell a little before midnight. The next evening a journal informed me that he had fallen (through some sudden apoplectic dizziness) into a deep area not far from his residence at the "Alpine" apartments, Thirty-Sixth Street and Broadway, and had been found dead at dawn. Talented, brilliant, engaging, Mr. Pellew was widely mourned. His intimate friend, Mr. W. D. Howells, wrote a touching memoir of his life, all too brief, since death must have visited him when he had scarcely passed his two-and-thirtieth year. He was one of the most confirmed infidels whom I ever remember to have met. "The idea of a deity," I recall once hearing him say, "is no less unthinkable than that of a square triangle." . . . And now, it is stated, the very surprising Mrs. Piper is on terms of great intimacy with Mr. Pellew's shade. Above all the other shades his appears to control her "psychic" forces. We hear, furthermore, that two Boston friends of Mr. Pellew, a lady and a gentleman, both skeptics of the severest type, went to Mrs. Piper and in extremely scoffing mood asked for tidings of their dead friend. The account has it that they were dumfounded a little while later. The medium made their flesh crawl by her disclosures. They and they alone had knowledge of certain incidents which she related. They left her presence assured that she was the most marvelous of seers. . . . This same Mrs. Piper, unless I err, claims to be in constant communication with the spirit of the late Kate Field. Everywhere that Mrs. Piper went, as one might say, Kate Field's ghost is sure to go. Mr. Pellew now apparently has made the allegiance a divided one. Meanwhile that Mrs. Piper is a whit more "genuine" than the numerous other trance mediums who have preceded her is a matter of much doubt. But if she be not a clever fraud, if in reality she is the exponent of some new and occult law, that is quite another affair. For my own part I think her honesty about as probable as that the sun is a ball of yellow marmalade. Still, that he is not, Mrs. Piper's adherents might with safety retort, has never been correctly proved.

All of which makes one marvel about mankind's love for the marvelous. I often fancy that there is an actual preference, among many people of education and intellect, for the mystic and unknown. They are willing enough that science should progress, but they don't want it to leave them without future materials for a good, first-class shudder. Now, there is not the vaguest doubt in the mind of any thinking and unprejudiced person to-day that provided Mrs. Piper is not a fraud she is an incarnate exposition of some movement as important as the law of gravitation itself. You hear her revelations talked of as "something quite out of the ordinary old business." But that will not do for calm investigators. Everything new is outside of the ordinary old business; if it were not, it would not be thought new at all. Jugglers and prestidigitateurs must produce "new" tricks, or their box-offices will warn them, every now and then, that they should. I wonder if this Mrs. Piper would be willing to submit hers to an absolutely scientific investigation. The chances are that she would not. She takes money for her "trances"—was there ever a person of her sort who did not take it?—and any species of "investigation" would deprive her of just that awesomeness which she doubtless finds commercially valuable. This is the chief difficulty encountered by all who wish to treat with scientific accuracy the phenomena of "mind reading," and to establish (provided they can do nothing more) the plain fact that such phenomena really exist. Mrs. Piper, whether sought or besought, would probably conduct herself with a great deal of impracticable caprice. She would be what the spiritualists themselves term a "bad subject." . . . But then, on the other hand, Mrs. Piper and certain similar ladies (not to speak of the necromantic gentlemen, who indeed are usually unspeakable) seldom receive the least notice from earnest scientific workers. They will not "have them"; they refuse to take them seriously. Huxley would not notice them; Darwin never gave them an instant's heed. Mr. Herbert Spencer would, this hour, I think, rather dip his hand in burning lava than hold with any of them the slightest communication. Blavatsky, Foster, Cora Hatch, Katie King, they all come and go and leave no record behind—except that of pity in some minds, and in others contempt.

LONDON, JANUARY 5, 1896.

EDGAR FAWCETT.



DRAWN BY JOHN LA FARGE

LA FARGE 98

THE TURN OF THE SCREW

BY HENRY JAMES

PART FIRST



HE story had held us, round the fire, sufficiently breathless, but except the obvious remark that it was grewsome, as, on Christmas eve in an old house, a strange tale should essentially be, I remember no comment uttered till somebody happened to remark that it was the only case he had met in which such a visitation had fallen on a child. The case, I may mention, was that of an apparition in just such an old house as had gathered us for the occasion—an appearance, of a dreadful kind, to a little boy sleeping in the room with his mother and waking her up in the terror of it; waking her not to dissipate his dread and soothe him to sleep again, but to encounter also, herself, before she had succeeded in doing so, the same sight that had shaken him. It was this observation that drew from Douglas—not immediately, but later in the evening—a reply that had the interesting consequence to which I call attention. Some one else told a story not particularly effective, which I saw he was not following. This I took for a sign that he had himself something to produce and that we should only have to wait. We waited in fact till two nights later; but that same evening, before we scattered, he brought out what was in his mind.

"I quite agree—in regard to Griffin's ghost, or whatever it was—that its appearing first to the little boy, at so tender an age, adds a particular touch. But it's not the first occurrence of its charming kind that I know to have involved a child. If the child gives the effect another turn of the screw, what do you say to two children—?"

"We say, of course," somebody exclaimed, "that they give two turns! Also that we want to hear about them."

I can see Douglas there before the fire, to which he had got up to present his back, looking down at his interlocutor with his hands in his pockets. "Nobody but me, till now, has ever heard. It's quite too horrible." This, naturally, was declared by several voices to give the thing the utmost price, and our friend, with quiet art, prepared his triumph by turning his eyes over the rest of us and going on: "It's beyond everything. Nothing at all that I know touches it."

"For sheer terror?" I remember asking. He seemed to say it was not so simple as that; to be really at a loss how to qualify it. He passed his hand over his eyes, made a little wincing grimace. "For dreadful—dreadfulness!"

"Oh, how delicious!" cried one of the women. He took no notice of her; he looked at me, but as if, instead of me, he saw what he spoke of. "For general uncanny ugliness and horror and pain."

"Well then," I said, "just sit right down and begin."

He turned round to the fire, gave a kick to a log, watched it an instant. Then as he faced us again: "I can't begin. I shall have to send to town." There was a unanimous groan at this, and much reproach; after which, in his preoccupied way, he explained. "The story's written. It's in a locked drawer—it has not been out for years. I could write to my man and inclose the key; he could send down the packet as he finds it." It was to me in particular that he appeared to propound this—appeared almost to appeal for aid not to hesitate. He had broken a thickness of ice, the formation of many a winter; had had his reasons for a long silence. The others resented postponement, but it was

just his scruples that charmed me. I adjured him to write by the first post and to agree with us for an early hearing; then I asked him if the experience in question had been his own. To this his answer was prompt. "Oh, thank God, no!"

"And is the record yours? You took the thing down?" "Nothing but the impression. I took that *here*"—he tapped his heart. "I've never lost it."

"Then your manuscript—?"

"Is in old, faded ink, and in the most beautiful hand." He hung fire again. "A woman's. She has been dead these twenty years. She sent me the pages in question before she died." They were all listening now, and of course there was somebody to be arch, or at any rate to draw the inference. But if he put the inference by without a smile it was also without irritation. "She was a most charming person, but she was ten years older than I. She was my sister's governess," he quietly said. "She was the most agreeable woman I've ever known in her position; she would have been worthy of any whatever. It was long ago, and this episode was long before. I was at Trinity, and I found her at home on my coming down the second summer. I was much there that year—it was a beautiful one; and we had, in her off-hours, some strolls and talks in the garden—talks in which she struck me as awfully clever and nice. Oh yes; don't grin: I liked her extremely and am glad to this day to think she liked me too. If she hadn't she wouldn't have told me. She had never told any one. It wasn't simply that she said so, but that I knew she hadn't; I was sure, I could see. You'll easily judge why when you hear."

"Because the thing had been such a scare?" He continued to fix me. "You'll easily judge," he repeated: "you will."

I fixed him too. "I see. She was in love."

He laughed for the first time. "You are acute. Yes, she was in love. That is she had been. That came out—she couldn't tell her story without its coming out. I saw it, and she saw I saw it; but neither of us spoke of it. I remember the time and the place—the corner of the lawn, the shade of the great beeches and the long, hot summer afternoon. It wasn't a scene for a shudder; but oh—" He quitted the fire and dropped back into his chair.

"You'll receive the packet Thursday morning?" I inquired. "Probably not till the second post."

"Well then; after dinner—"

"You'll all meet me here?" He looked us round again.

"Isn't anybody going?" It was almost the tone of hope.

"Everybody will stay!"

"I will—and I will!" cried the ladies whose departure had been fixed. Mrs. Griffin, however, expressed the need for a little more light. "Who was it she was in love with?"

"The story will tell," I took upon myself to reply.

"Oh, I can't wait for the story!"

"The story won't tell," said Douglas; "not in any literal, vulgar way."

"More's the pity then. That's the only way I ever understand."

"Won't you tell, Douglas?" somebody else inquired.

He sprang to his feet again. "Yes—to-morrow. Now I must go to bed. Good-night." And, quickly, catching up a candlestick, he left us slightly bewildered. From our end of the great brown hall we heard his step on the stair; whereupon Mrs. Griffin spoke. "Well, if I don't know who she was in love with, I know who *he* was."

"She was ten years older," said her husband.



Frederick Douglass

"THE NEXT NIGHT, BY THE CORNER OF THE HEARTH, IN THE BEST CHAIR
DOUGLAS BEGAN TO READ"

"*Raison de plus*—at that age! But it's rather nice, his long reticence."

"Forty years!" Griffin put in.

"With this outbreak at last."

"The outbreak," I returned, "will make a tremendous occasion of Thursday night;" and every one so agreed with me that, in the light of it, we lost all attention for anything else. The last story, however incomplete and like the mere opening of a serial, had been told; we handshook and "candlestuck", as somebody said, and went to bed.

I knew the next day that a letter containing the key had, by the first post, gone off to his London apartments; but in spite of—or perhaps just on account of—the eventual diffusion of this knowledge we quite let him alone till after dinner, till such an hour of the evening, in fact, as might best accord with the kind of emotion on which our hopes were fixed. Then he became as communicative as we could desire and indeed gave us his best reason for being so. We had it from him again before the fire in the hall, as we had had our mild wonders of the previous night. It appeared that the narrative he had promised to read us really required for a proper intelligence a few words of prologue. Let me say here distinctly, to have done with it, that this narrative, from an exact transcript of my own made much later, is what I shall presently give. Poor Douglas, before his death—when it was in sight—committed to me the manuscript that reached him on the third of these days and that, on the same spot, with immense effect, he read to our hushed little circle on the night—it took almost the whole!—of the fourth. The departing ladies who had said they would stay didn't, of course, thank heaven, stay: they departed, in consequence of arrangements made, in a rage of curiosity, as they professed, produced by the touches with which he had already worked us up. But that only made his little final auditory more compact and select, kept it, round the hearth, subject to a common thrill.

The first of these touches conveyed that the written statement took up the tale at a point after it had, in a manner, begun. The fact to be in possession of was therefore that his old friend, the youngest of several daughters of a poor country parson, had, at the age of twenty, on taking service for the first time in the schoolroom, come up to London, in trepidation, to answer in person an advertisement that had already placed her in brief correspondence with the advertiser. This person proved, on her presenting herself, for judgment, at a house, in Harley Street, that impressed her as vast and imposing—this prospective patron proved a gentleman, a bachelor in the prime of life, such a figure as had never risen, save in a dream or an old novel, before a fluttered, anxious girl out of a Hampshire vicarage. One could easily fix his type; it never, happily, dies out. He was handsome and bold and pleasant, off-hand and gay and kind. He struck her, inevitably, as gallant and splendid, but what took her most of all and gave her the courage she afterward showed was that he put the whole thing to her as a kind of favor, an obligation he should gratefully incur. She conceived him as rich, but as fearfully extravagant—saw him all in a glow of high fashion, of good looks, of expensive habits, of charming ways with women. He had for his town residence a big house filled with the spoils of travel and the trophies of the chase; but it was to his country home, an old family place in Essex, that he wished her immediately to proceed.

He had been left, by the death of their parents in India, guardian to a small nephew and a small niece, children of a younger, a military brother, whom he had lost two years before. These children were, by the strangest of chances for a man in his position—a lone man without the right sort of experience or a grain of patience—very heavily on his hands. It had all been a great worry and, on his own part doubtless, a series of blunders, but he immensely pitied the poor chicks and had done all he could; had in particular sent them down to his other house, the proper place for them being of course the country, and kept them there, from the first, with the best people he could find to look after them, parting even with his own servants to wait on them and going down himself, whenever he might, to see how they were doing. The awkward thing was that they had practically no other relations and that his own affairs took up all his time. He had put them in possession of Bly, which was healthy and secure, and had placed at the head of their little establishment—but below stairs only—an excellent woman, Mrs. Grose, whom he was sure his visitor would like and who had formerly been maid to his mother. She was now housekeeper and was also acting for the time as superintendent to the little girl, of whom, without children of her own, she was by good luck extremely fond. There were plenty of people to help, but of course the young lady who should go down as governess would be in supreme authority. She would also have, in holidays, to look after the small boy, who had been for a term at school—young as he was to be sent, but what else could be done?—and who, as the holidays were about to begin, would be back from one day to the other. There had been for the two children at first a young lady whom they had had the misfortune to lose. She had done for them both beautifully—she was a most respectable person—

till her death, the great awkwardness of which had, precisely, left no alternative but the school for little Miles. Mrs. Grose, since then, in the way of manners and things, had done as she could for Flora; and there were, further, a cook, a housemaid, a dairywoman, an old pony, an old groom and an old gardener, all likewise thoroughly respectable.

So far had Douglas presented his picture when some one put a question. "And what did the former governess die of?—of so much respectability?"

Our friend's answer was prompt. "That will come out. I don't anticipate."

"Excuse me—I thought that was just what you are doing."

"In her successor's place," I suggested, "I should have wished to learn if the office brought with it—"

"Necessary danger to life?" Douglas completed my thought.

"She did wish to learn and she did learn. You shall hear to-morrow what she learned. Meanwhile, of course, the prospect struck her as slightly grim. She was young, untried, nervous: it was a vision of serious duties and little company, of really great loneliness. She hesitated—took a couple of days to consult and consider. But the salary offered much exceeded her modest measure, and on a second interview she faced the music, she engaged." And Douglas, with this, made a pause that, for the benefit of the company, moved me to throw in—

"The moral of which was of course the seduction exercised by the splendid young man. She succumbed to it."

He got up and, as he had done the night before, went to the fire, gave a stir to a log with his foot, then stood a moment with his back to us. "She saw him only twice."

"Yes, but that's just the beauty of her passion."

A little to my surprise, on this, Douglas turned round to me. "It was the beauty of it. There were others," he went on, "who hadn't succumbed. He told her frankly all his difficulty—that for several applicants the conditions had been prohibitive. They were, somehow, simply afraid. It sounded dull—it sounded strange; and all the more so because of his main condition."

"Which was—?"

"That she should never trouble him—but never, never: neither appeal nor complain nor write about anything; only meet all questions herself, receive all moneys from his solicitor, take the whole thing over and let him alone. She promised to do this, and she mentioned to me that when, for a moment, disburdened, delighted, he held her hand, thanking her for the sacrifice, she already felt rewarded."

"But was that all her reward?" one of the ladies asked.

"She never saw him again."

"Oh!" said the lady; which, as our friend immediately left us again, was the only other word of importance contributed to the subject till, the next night, by the corner of the hearth, in the best chair, he opened the faded red covers of a thin old-fashioned gilt-edged album. Then the same lady put another question. "What is your title?"

"I haven't one."

"Oh, I have!" I said. But Douglas, without heeding me, had begun to read with a fine clearness that was like a rendering to the ear of the beauty of his author's hand.

(To be continued.)

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crease of 475,000 tons as compared with
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exports of British machinery during
eleven months of 1897 show a decrease of
331,963 tons as compared with 1896; and
English capitalists are for the first time
face to face with a notable industrial de-
feat at the hands of the rival they have
so long dreaded.

No less conspicuous has been the suc-
cess with which German industry has
established itself in the great and grow-
ing fields of chemistry and electricity.
Unlike iron, these belong to the present,
not to the past, of human progress. They
are open to all the world on even terms,
though Great Britain held enormous ad-
vantages at the beginning of the race.
The discoveries of the uses that could be
made of coal-tar, to mention only one
thing, have revolutionized commercial
chemistry; but whereas England pos-
sessed the raw material and its products,
it was left to the Germans to investigate
their uses and turn them to profitable
account. Consequently the Germans
now manufacture dyes for the whole
world. So also with every branch of
chemical manufacture, from soda to
quinine, and from manures to perfum-
ery, the Germans have mastered every
process which they could either initiate
at home or borrow from abroad, and in
the short space of twenty years have
established themselves as the working
chemists of the world.

In effective supplement of his own
business qualities the German, whether
manufacturer or cultivator of the soil,
enjoys the administrative encourage-
ment of his government in very practical
forms. Whatever may be the ulterior
consequences of protective tariffs, there
can be no two opinions as to their im-
mediate effects in stimulating native pro-
duction—and Germany has protection as
a well-established national policy for the
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England's chief competitors in trade
are Germany, Belgium and the United
States; but the fiercest and most dam-
aging competition comes from the first-
named. The Germans are simply eating
into the vital parts of British commercial
supremacy. And they are doing this in
ways that are perfectly unexceptionable.
Compared with this form of attack, Ger-
many's political and territorial aggres-
sions on Great Britain are mere annoy-
ances. Business is business, and recog-
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