

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED
JOURNAL OF

ART LITERATURE &
CURRENT EVENTS

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George Wharton Edwards.

WAITING

COLUMBIA—"SHALL IT BE PEACE OR WAR?"

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THE EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY NEW YORK CITY

ROBERT J. COLLIER, EDITOR

NEW YORK, MARCH FIFTH 1898

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MAINE

AT THE hour when we write, which is less than a week after the catastrophe which befell the United States battleship *Maine* in the harbor of Havana, there is a widespread and sincere effort on the part of the American people to comply with her commander's request for a suspension of judgment. To take for granted, however, that the disaster was the outcome of an accident occurring, in the normal course of things, within the vessel itself is not to suspend judgment, but to pronounce it. It is to lay, by implication, the blame for the catastrophe on the constructors of the ship or on her commander, Captain Sigsbee, and his fellow officers. An internal accident must have been due either to some defect inherent in the structure and internal arrangement of the *Maine*, for which her constructors were responsible, or else to some lack of foresight and vigilance on the part of the naval officers who were expected to be familiar with the shortcomings of the vessel under their charge and with all possible sources of danger from within. It would be cruel injustice if, without waiting for the findings of an official court of inquiry, we were to point the finger of suspicion at the survivors of a horrible calamity. We have but little patience, therefore, with those who, on alleged ethical or legal grounds, profess to consider it a duty, in the absence of conclusive evidence to the contrary, to attribute the loss of the *Maine* to accident, and to assume that the Spaniards are innocent of a dastardly crime until they have been proven guilty. The doctrine that every man is innocent till he has been proved guilty is accepted in the municipal law only of England and of those existing or former colonies of hers, whose system of criminal jurisprudence is modeled upon hers. No such principle is admitted by Spain or any other country on the Continent of Europe, and no one has ever claimed for it a place in international law. The *Maine* has perished under circumstances which, under the criminal code of every European nation except England, and also under the law of nations, raised a strong presumption against the innocence of individual Spaniards, if not of the Spanish authorities in the city of Havana. Nevertheless, most Americans, as we have said, have thus far acquiesced in Captain Sigsbee's suggestion that judgment shall be held in abeyance pending an investigation of the facts, and they have, therefore, refrained from pressing the *prima facie* presumption.

Before these words, however, fall under a reader's eye, it is probable that the findings of the court-martial will have been rendered public, and it will, therefore, do no harm if we recapitulate such data as have been already verified. In the first place, the inner harbor of Havana is known to be elaborately mined; that is to say, torpedoes or ground mines are planted thickly in it, and these, at any moment, can be raised, or moved or exploded by wires connected with stations on shore. The *Maine* did not choose her anchorage, but was assigned to one by the Spanish authorities, who must have known the relation of the spot designated to the submarine mines. At the time when she blew up, the evening of Tuesday, February 15, she was lying with her port side turned toward one of the shore stations which communicated with a submarine mine. When she exploded, she was flung over from her port to her starboard side, and it is noteworthy that, not only are her aft magazines intact, but her forward magazine on the starboard side also is said to have been found uninjured. As it was this latter magazine, which lay at no great distance from the coal bunkers, if it did not actually adjoin them, the explosion cannot be attributed to spontaneous combustion of the coal. It remains for the court of inquiry to learn whether, in the small forward magazine on the port side, or anywhere in the part of the vessel which lay between the forward and rear magazines, there was a quantity of explosives sufficient to have rent a battleship asunder and driven its bow violently upward. If, on the other hand, a torpedo or ground mine, operated by a wire from the shore, had struck the

vessel on its port side, and amidships, all the otherwise mysterious phenomena to which we have referred would be at once explained.

Assuming, for the sake of argument, that the official court of inquiry will impute the destruction of the *Maine* and of over 250 American seamen to the devilish ingenuity of a submarine mine, what could we do about it? We could not take for granted that the Spanish authorities at Havana were privy to an atrocity which would place Spain beyond the pale of civilization. We should, however, call upon them to undertake forthwith a rigorous investigation, and to see to it that the assassins, if discovered, received condign punishment. We should require them, moreover, to absolve themselves not only of deliberate complicity in an abominable act, but also of criminal neglect, whereof they would be guilty if they left avowed and malignant Weyerites in charge of stations connected with submarine mines. In the course of their self-exculpation, we should also wish them to explain how it came to pass that the catastrophe excited no surprise on the part of many persons in Havana, who, on the contrary, at once referred the noise of the explosion to its true locality and cause. They would likewise be expected to account for the peremptory directions which compelled the *Maine* to anchor at a spot where a careless or treacherous hand might involve her in appalling wreck. Even if a Spanish court of inquiry should acquit the Havana authorities of any criminal design or *laches*, we should still have the right, and American public opinion would force us to exercise it, to institute a second inquiry of our own, for the purpose of bringing home, if possible, the enormity to its authors and accomplices. In any event, should the destruction of the *Maine* be ascribed to an outside agency, even though it should prove impossible to trace the crime to its perpetrators and accessories, we should demand from Spain an indemnity not only for the battleship, but for all of those ill-fated Americans who were foully done to death in what professed to be a friendly harbor.

To suppose that a long-headed statesman like Prime Minister Sagasta, or that his representative in Havana, who knows the wishes of his chief, would instigate or countenance an act which, if brought home to them, would make their country an outlaw among nations, is an insult to common sense. But it must be remembered that, with very few exceptions, all the military and naval officers of Havana and throughout the rest of Cuba are vehemently opposed to the programme of autonomy and conciliation, and share Weyler's ferocious hatred for the United States. If General Blanco, on his return from his visit to the east of Cuba, had detected cause to dread an attempt to injure the *Maine*, and had striven earnestly to place trustworthy officers in charge of all the stations connected with submarine mines, he might well have found it difficult to pick his men. From the first, his position has been one of anxiety, if not despair, and he may be personally pained for that his term of office, apparently destined to be short, was not permitted to close without a horrible catastrophe.

MR. MCKINLEY'S FOREIGN POLICY

IT SEEMS to us, as impartial observers, that the objections made to the President's conduct of our foreign affairs are not well taken. His critics, apparently, do not appreciate his responsibilities. It is probable that the very men who are inclined to rebuke him for slowness or remissness would evince as much caution as he, were they burdened with the duties of executive office. He does not move fast enough for them, it seems, but they do not stop to calculate the possible consequences of moving faster. We believe that, upon mature reflection, it will be acknowledged by reasonable men that Mr. McKinley has fulfilled every pledge concerning our foreign policy, which he took by accepting the programme framed at St. Louis, except so far as the country's vital interest has not permitted the fulfillment. We cannot discern any ground for the charge that he has omitted or postponed any act out of deference to considerations affecting a class rather than the whole of the community.

Let us look, for instance, at Hawaii. It is well known that the American Sugar Refining Company, popularly known as the Sugar Trust, is opposed to the acquisition of the Hawaiian Islands by the United States. Why the managers of it are opposed is immaterial; for our present purpose it suffices that they are. We are told that they have a good deal of influence with certain Senators, and it is manifest that there is considerable opposition to the Hawaiian treaty in the Senate; apparently enough to prevent a confirmation by the necessary two-thirds vote. Is there, on the other hand, a trace of evidence that the Sugar Trust possesses any influence at the White House? Was it able to prevent, or even to delay, the negotiation of the annexation treaty, which has been for some time pending in the Senate? Is it not notorious that every Senator who is *persona grata* at the Executive Mansion is an advocate of the treaty, and that no pains have been spared by the President and his Cabinet to bring into line those Senators who have shown themselves recalcitrant or wavering? The country at large unquestionably desires the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands, regarding them as a buckler of defense to our Pacific coast. The President shares that desire, and has striven to give it fruition; he is, therefore, entirely beyond reproach so far as this matter is concerned.

Let us turn to the President's attitude with reference to the war in Cuba. Will any fair-minded man assert that he has

done nothing on behalf of the Cuban revolutionists? No one can say this, who will contrast the state of things in the island under Prime Minister Sagasta and his appointee Blanco, with that which prevailed under Cañovas and Weyler. It may be said that the Cuban revolutionists repudiate the scheme of autonomy which has been established in the island wherever the Spaniards have control. That may be, but the President is not to blame for it. Again, we are told that, wherever the autonomist government is nominally operative it is actually a fraud. That cannot be laid to Mr. McKinley's charge. On the face of things, the system of local self-government bestowed by Spain upon Cuba is one of the most liberal ever given by a mother country to a colony. On paper, Cuba has been treated almost as generously as was Canada in 1867 by the British North America Act. It is true that the insular legislature has not absolute authority over the imposition of customs duties, but the mother country is to receive a preference of only ten per cent. It is true that this concession rests only on a royal decree; that it probably would not be ratified by the present Cortes, and probably may not be sanctioned by the next. But these are things which President McKinley obviously cannot take for granted. He cannot take for granted that a friendly government has deliberately tried to deceive him; he must assume that its professions are sincere, until they are falsified by the event. Without such a basis, international dealings would be impossible; the whole substructure of diplomacy would be dissolved, did we not proceed temporarily on the assumption that a foreign government means precisely what it says. It must be left to time to determine, whether promises will be kept, or can be kept. Ostensibly, there has been a signal change for the better in the Cuban situation since Mr. McKinley took office. General Weyler has been recalled. For the arbitrary rule of the Captain-general, or Governor-general, as now he should be called, has been substituted a liberal scheme of local self-government, which the revolutionists could avail themselves of if they chose, and which has been put in motion wherever the Spaniards are masters. Weyler's order, compelling all the inhabitants of the rural districts to congregate in the towns, has been revoked. It is true that the persons thus congregated, the so-called *reconcentrados*, are still undergoing horrible sufferings. But that, apparently, is not the fault of Sagasta or of Blanco, for the plight of many of the Spanish soldiery is almost as bad. It certainly is not the fault of President McKinley, since he has appealed on their behalf to the charity of the American people. Does anybody imagine that the lot of the *reconcentrados* would be alleviated to-morrow should a war break out between the United States and Spain? Or would they all be massacred?

When it has been demonstrated, beyond a doubt on the part of the least friendly European government, that the attempt of Prime Minister Sagasta, however well intended, to quell insurrection and abate suffering in Cuba, has entirely failed, we may be sure that President McKinley will recognize his duty, and will do it. Meanwhile, let us all, as good Americans who in foreign affairs know no politics, hold up his hands, and wish him God speed.

THE ZOLA TRIAL NEARING ITS END

AS WE pen these words, it is understood that the verdict of the jury in the Zola case, a verdict for which only a majority vote is needed, will be rendered on Wednesday or Thursday, February 23 or February 24. If the jury shall absolve the accused from the charge of defamation, the agitation for a re-trial of Dreyfus will continue, and the same result may be expected should the novelist be convicted, but subjected to only a nominal fine. Should he, on the other hand, be imprisoned for a considerable term, it is probable that the campaign organized by the friends of Dreyfus will be, for a time at least, suspended. Meanwhile, although as yet we know not what the verdict will be, we can record certain important effects of this remarkable trial.

In the first place, the impression that Dreyfus is really guilty has widened and deepened, and is beginning to be shared even by some of those who, hitherto, have held him to be innocent. The testimony given by General Pellieux, confirmed as it was by General Boisdeffre, had great weight, for it referred among other things to documents found upon the person of Dreyfus after his arrest. The handwriting on one of these papers corresponded with that of a diplomatic note subsequently intercepted and which, apparently, referred to Dreyfus under the initial letter of his name. M. Zola, himself, was affected by this testimony, and, instead of reasserting his faith in the honesty of Dreyfus, is said to have remarked that all he had striven for was light. Admitting, however, for the sake of argument, that Dreyfus did commit the treacherous acts of which he was accused, we must still recognize that light is needed on some other aspects of the affair. If conclusive evidence against Dreyfus was in the hands of the Court which tried him, why was it not produced, so that he and his counsel might examine it? It is obvious that a man may be guilty, and yet may be illegally condemned. Under such circumstances, a new trial is granted in all civilized countries. Why have the French military authorities refused a new trial in this instance, and why have they been sustained in thus refusing by the Ministry and the Court? It is nonsense to speak of the condemnation of Dreyfus as *chose jugée*

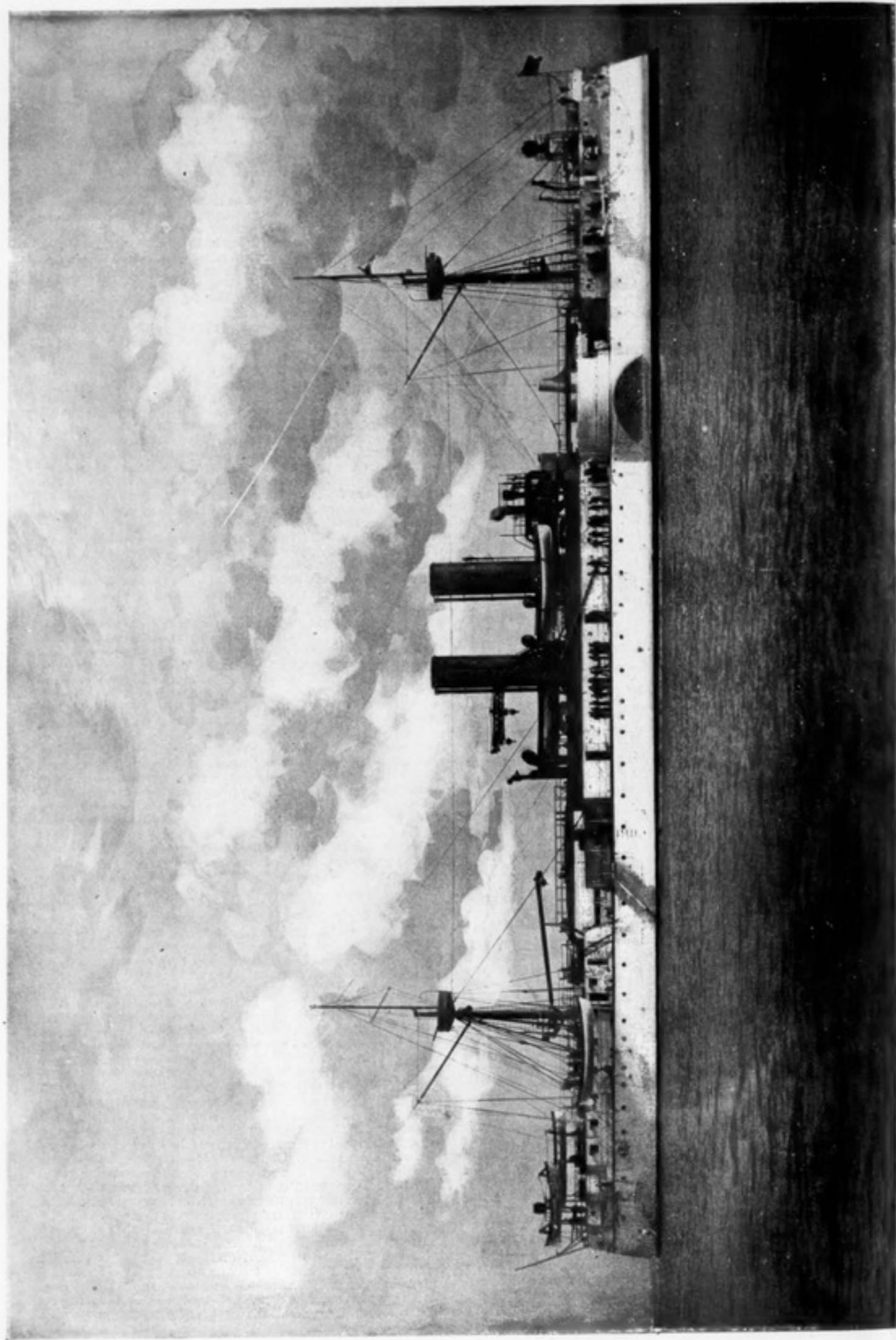
or *res adjudicata*, for, in the eye of the law, a man who has been improperly tried has not been tried at all.

Various reasons have been given, and others have been surmised, for the inflexible opposition to an opening of the Dreyfus case. It has been alleged that the discipline of the French army would be fatally weakened if the judgment of a court-martial were set aside on the score of injustice or impropriety. Should the mass of the soldiers serving under the colors lose faith in their chiefs, the most vital interests of France would be, it is said, imperiled. It is better that a single officer should be convicted without strict conformity to legal procedure, especially if he is known to be guilty, than that the nation should be put in jeopardy. The answer to such assertions is that no man can be known to be guilty until he has been tried, and that, if he is tried at all, he has a right to be tried in accordance with the laws of his country. As for the effect of a re-trial of Dreyfus on public opinion in and out of the army, one would think that more harm would be caused in the end by the suspicion that military chiefs are capable of withholding from an accused person his legal rights than by a frank admission of error and the exhibition of a wish to redress it. That is the view of the situation which has been taken from the outset by M. Clemenceau in his newspaper, *L'Aurore*. He disclaims having any opinion on the question whether Dreyfus was guilty or innocent, and denies the right of anybody else to express an opinion until Dreyfus has been fairly tried. No man, he says, whether soldier or civilian, Christian or Jew, can be, on any pretext, deprived of the fundamental safeguards of life, liberty and honor, to which he is entitled by law. Assume, continues Clemenceau, that Dreyfus was a traitor; still, if you fail to prove him so by due process of law, and, on the plea that the safety of the country requires it, rob him of a fundamental right, do you not see that you are transforming a traitor into a martyr?

So far as argument goes, those who contend that Dreyfus should either be released or be re-tried have it all their own way. What, then, is the undivulged mysterious reason which prevents the French military authorities from trying Dreyfus again, and producing the secret document on the strength of which, as it is acknowledged, he was convicted? The first answer given to this question was that the publication of the document would involve France in war with a foreign power. What power? Not Germany, not Austria, not Italy; for every one of the governments combined in the Triple Alliance has, in terms that compel belief, repudiated any connection with Dreyfus. Besides, it is a customary thing for military and naval *attachés* to seek information regarding the resources of the country to which they are accredited. They procure such information as best they can, and they do not repel it because it comes from a person who had no right to impart it. If the *attachés* are found out, they are sent home, and there an end. Their delinquency is not considered a *casus belli*. Another theory has been that the data concerning the military resources and mobilization plans of France were given to Russia at a time when that country was uncertain whether an alliance with France would be expedient. From the Czar's own point of view, it would be a perfectly legitimate proceeding on his part to institute inquiries concerning the real value of French co-operation in the event of a European war. He could not be reasonably expected to take on trust the assurances of a French ambassador. The French people have too much common sense to take umbrage at his desire to learn what their army amounted to before he committed himself to a league, especially as his subsequent assent to a coalition proved that the result of his researches had been satisfactory.

The mystery, then, remained unsolved by any of the conjectures named. At last, however, a theory has been suggested which accounts for the reluctance of the Ministers, as well as of the military authorities, to produce the secret document on which Dreyfus was condemned. That document bears witness, it is alleged, to an agreement between Russia and Germany whereby the former power engaged to reveal to the latter all the intelligence regarding the French army which it might secure through its relations of peculiar amity and intimacy with France; Germany, on her part, pledging herself to make a corresponding betrayal in the case of another power, probably Austria. This hypothesis would be deemed incredible but for the recent disclosure of the fact that Bismarck, after he had entered into the closest relations with Austria, made a secret treaty with Russia irreconcilable with the interests of his ostensible ally. Was the betrayal of France by Russia the *quid pro quo* for a betrayal of Austria by Germany? If the French believed, or even suspected, that the question should be answered in the affirmative, they would not tolerate the alliance with Russia for an hour. According to those who give currency to this story, Dreyfus learned of this agreement between Germany and Russia, and used his knowledge to blackmail both parties. Of course, if such an agreement existed, one can understand the refusal to produce a document divulging it, because both the Ministers and the chiefs of the army consider an alliance with Russia indispensable to the safety of France.

An ominous outcome of the Zola trial has been the refusal of the street crowds to tolerate the cry *Vive la République!* which, at first, was raised in opposition to the cry of *Vive l'armée!* If the hour has come when people are forbidden in Paris to cheer for Republican institutions, the inference is a fair one that the man on horseback is not far off.



THE UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP "MAINE" AS SHE APPEARED WHEN AFLOAT

THE SPANISH FLAG IN NEW YORK HARBOR

WHEN the *Maine* was ordered to Havana, several weeks ago, our Government was so regardful of Spanish pride as to suggest that the visit should be returned by one of Spain's naval vessels. The suggestion was accepted by the Spanish Cabinet, who at once ordered a fine armored cruiser to proceed to several American ports, but when it was learned that the vessel's captain had made, several years ago, some uncomplimentary comments on Americans in general his orders were countermanded and the *Vizcaya* was substituted for his ship.

When it was announced that the *Vizcaya* had sailed our Government prepared to do her fitting honor. As she is a large armored cruiser, almost new, and of high quality in every respect, our Navy Department withheld the crack cruiser *Brooklyn* from the squadron of evolution in the Gulf of Mexico, to which she belonged, and sent her South to meet, greet and accompany the distinguished visitor. It was supposed that the *Vizcaya* would touch at Havana and then come up the coast, so the *Brooklyn* lay several days in Hampton Roads, awaiting the visitor's movements. But the Spanish armor-clad, instead of following the usual sailing route from Spanish ports, came across on a direct line, touching only at the Canary Islands, so her whereabouts was unknown until she was sighted off the New Jersey coast and boarded by a pilot. Heavy fog kept her off Sandy Hook for two days; despite our courteous intentions there was no naval vessel to meet her, and the first news she obtained was of the destruction of the *Maine* at Havana, and then she learned that extraordinary safeguards had been created for her during her stay at New York.

Captain Eulate of the *Vizcaya* is a Spanish sailor and a Spanish gentleman, and his conduct in the trying and depressing circumstances was characteristic of a gentleman and a sailor. Instead of departing in haste, assuming that his visit was unwelcome, he entered the harbor, half-masted his flag, out of respect for the *Maine* and her dead, begged that the guard-boats be removed and declared that he preferred to trust to American sense of honor. The many courtesies customary when a foreign ship enters the port of New York were exchanged, the only exception being an incident for which the new Mayor of New York has not yet made a satisfactory explanation. The Spanish captain, accompanied by the Spanish Consul-general, called on the Mayor at the City Hall. Mayor Van Wyck does not speak Spanish; he is of Dutch descent and the Dutch have ancient reasons for hating Spain; nevertheless the Mayor seems to be

the only Chief Magistrate of this hospitable city who ever received a foreign and official visitor in silence and with a grim grin.

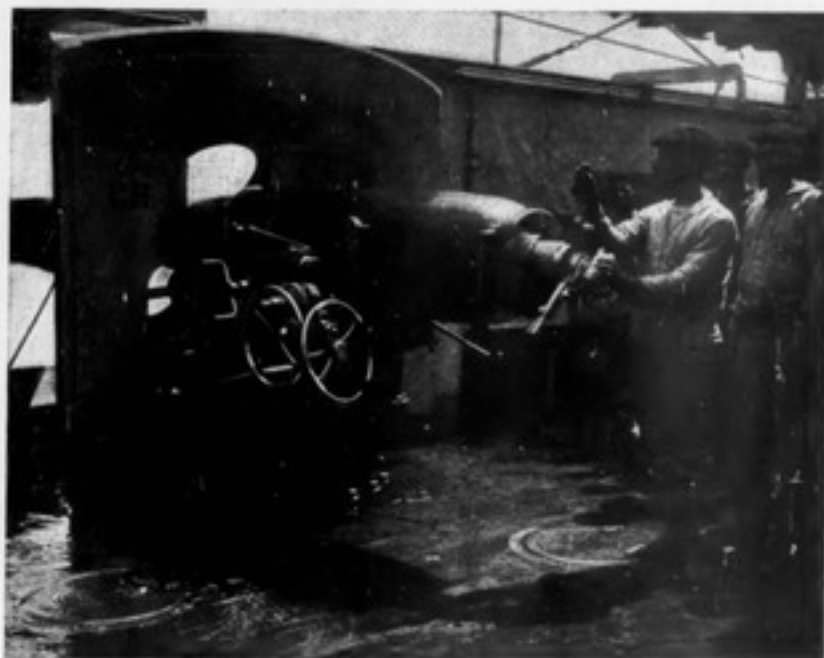
Spain's consular representative in New York made access to the *Vizcaya* extremely difficult; war vessels in foreign ports in time of peace are largely controlled by the political departments of their Governments. On Washington's Birthday the *Vizcaya* "dressed ship" (see illustration), and on the following day Captain Eulate received many representatives of the press and gave

them "the run of the ship." The knights of pen and pencil agreed that they never had met a more affable and hospitable host, and that if they did not see and know of everything aboard they had only themselves to blame. The average newspaper reporter is as imperturbable and hard to astonish as a whole tribe of Indians, but when the press representatives in the *Vizcaya's* cabin learned that the midshipman who was acting as interpreter bore the familiar and honored name of Farragut they raised their eyebrows and could not believe their ears. When they asked if the young man was a relation of the American admiral the captain replied:

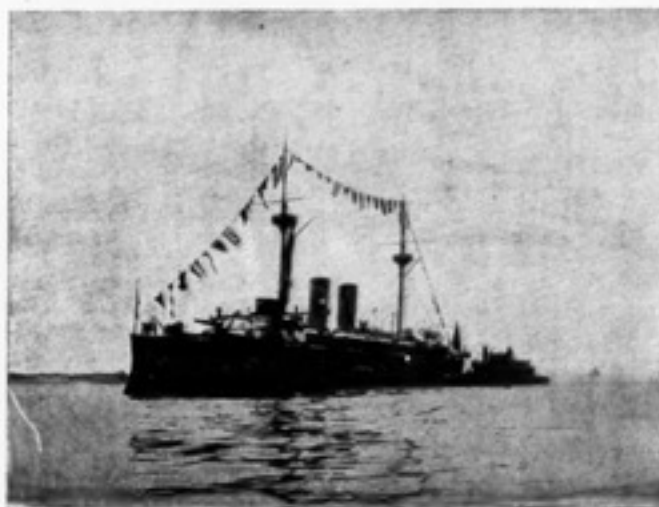
"I should not be surprised. My midshipman was born on the island of Minorca, off the coast of Spain, and if I remember rightly it was from Minorca that your great admiral's progenitors came."

The *Vizcaya* is so fine a vessel that any American could wish her in our navy with many of her class to keep her company. She is a compromise between cruiser and battleship, having the armor of the latter, the speed and coal endurance of the former, and an armament in parts peculiar to both. She is one of three that were built on identical lines, and whether, everything considered, she is better or worse than our own *New York* or *Brooklyn* is a question that will puzzle naval experts who are neither Americans nor Spaniards. Her crew appears to be much superior, physically, to any other that has come to New York from any South European nation, and would compare favorably with the men of an English or German cruiser.

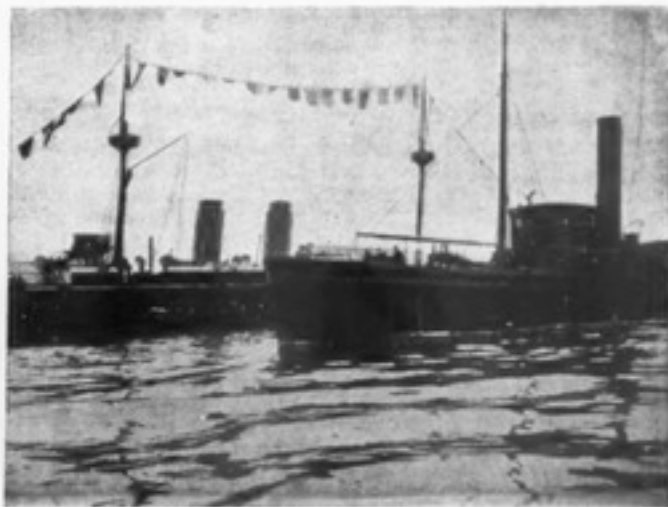
The *Vizcaya* was expected to visit several American ports, but on the 24th she was ordered to proceed at once to Havana, to which city several other Spanish cruisers are said to be under orders to hasten; as the meaning of "haste" depends upon the nation using the word, the movements of these cruisers cannot be anticipated, except that on reaching Havana not one of them will be assigned to moorings over a mine.



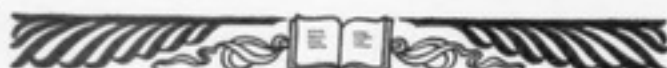
A GUN OF THE "VIZCAYA'S" MAIN BATTERY



THE "VIZCAYA" DRESSED IN HONOR OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY



COALING SHIP POLICE BOAT IN FOREGROUND



OUR NOTE-BOOK

BY EDGAR SALTUS



CAPTAIN SIGSBEE deserves a medal. There is none for him and there should be. Editorial praise is very nice and general applause delightful. But the one evaporates, the other subsides. In the march of events both are lost. History alone remembers, yet negligently, with that indifference which is the characteristic of the tired old gossip that she is. In the phonograph of our annals his name for a while will squeak. A hero deserves better by a nation than that.

From the cornucopia of Congress honors should flow. The Constitution may inhibit, but it was drawn in a simpler epoch and should be made elastic enough to cover complex days and deeds. With treachery on one side, hysteria on the other, and a ship blown up between, Captain Sigsbee, though in flesh and blood, suggested a statue in stone. It is splendid to be brave, it is glorious to conquer and sometimes very easy, but in the circumstances in which he stood and withstood the hero stood as well. That there are others like him, no one doubts. Yet a little encouragement might draw them out. Over the way the Victoria Cross has been serviceable in revealing quite a number. To get it men have balked the grave. It is a toy, perhaps; but in its sawdust are small letters which spell great deeds. They are honorable to the recipient. They are honorable to the giver, too. It would be becoming on the part of Congress to institute a McKinley Cross and authorize the President to bestow it. In a little while it may be needed. In time of war prepare for heroes.

DREYFUS REDUX

Zola's arraignment of the French Government has shown several things and will result in one of two others. It has shown that he was justified. It has shown that the Government was also. It has shown that Dreyfus was illegally convicted. It has shown that his defender is a bigger man than had been suspected. It has shown the instability of France, the venality of the press and the bigotry of the masses. Incidentally, it showed that the Jew was guilty. That, however, is a side issue. The question raised did not concern his innocence. It did not concern the authorship of the bordereau. Whether that was the work of Dreyfus or of Esterhazy is a detail. The entire matter is one of mere justice. It was less an inquiry than an inquest. The main question raised was whether Dreyfus, during the trial which resulted in his conviction, enjoyed that legal protection which every prisoner has a right to exact. In other words, did he or did he not hear all the evidence advanced against him? For reasons of public policy a portion of that evidence was heard behind his back. Morally, that portion sufficed. Legally, it did not. So much has Zola's arraignment shown. Now for the result. Barring an eventuality, after the coming elections the case will be reopened. The Government is aware that even Zola hushed there will be always others ready and anxious to arraign it. There are too many interests involved for silence to ensue and forgetfulness to follow. A rehearing is the one possible solution—unless, indeed, meanwhile Dreyfus should die. Perhaps he will. The island to which he was sent is not over healthy. Long ago his coffin was prepared. It is there, waiting for him; a jar of embalming fluid as well. It may be that of his own accord he will utilize them. If not he may be invited to. When people were in the way that was the custom at Rome. The methods of modern France are quite as direct and sometimes just as secure. All's well that ends well. Better a trial unrevised than frontiers that might be.

THE TERROR OF THE BALKANS

Athanas is in quod. Details are lacking. The fact of his capture is all that a recent cablegram recites. It was at Kuslowitz that he was taken. There, for some time past, he has lived quite peacefully, not in disguise either, but as a citizen, respected by his neighbors, admired too, perhaps feared as well. Before he retired from business he was a big man. He was known as the Terror of the Balkans. It was he who at Tscherkesskoi, a few years ago, held up the Orient Express, ran a party of tourists up into the mountains and kept them until they were ransomed. He is the last of the brigands. There are some in Italy still, no doubt, but they are not of the immemorial breed. They are mongrels. They do not enjoy the esteem of the people. Their romance is gone, their traditions too. It is the same way in Spain. There, also, brigandage has fallen from its high estate. Fra Diavolo is no more. Neither is Hernani. The latter may have been a myth, but the former is historic. He came of the great race of bandits that, beginning with a Latin chief, culminated in Napoleon. One of the most typical and fascinating of the lot was a Calabrian, who from a peasant became Emperor

of the Mountains, King of the Woods and Lord of the Highway from Florence to Naples. And not for the swaggar of it, either. He forced Ferdinand I. to treat with him as with an equal. Fra Diavolo was another of the same stamp. Queen Caroline's pet, a favorite at court, from bandit he turned hero, not in Auber's opera comique merely, but in a revolution. Robin Hood was a little boy beside him. Then there was Corocotta, founder of the Iberian clan, for whose head Augustus offered a million, and who brought it himself, very high on his shoulders at that, claimed the reward, and squandered it with Lalage and with Lydia. It is from such splendid outlaws as these that Athanas descends. It is a pity to put him in prison. He would look better on the stage, better still in the pages of a novel.

FROM THALES TO TESLA

Thales—Franklin, Franklin—Volta, Volta—Faraday, Faraday—Morse, Morse—Tesla. There is a formula not algebraic but convenient, which, imagination aiding, represents the diminishing leaps that electricity has taken in avoiding capture by man. The archaic and monstrous reptile is not wholly fanged as yet. But its elusiveness is clipped. In the processes to which it has been yoked the world is assisting at the domestication of an enigma. Presently it will be quite tame. Meanwhile from the garrulities of its purr the solution of multiple mysteries is obtainable. Wherever thought is, there, too, are sentries of science, a hand to the ear, listening. Among them is Moissan. Recently the monitions which he intercepted were so luminous that he saw diamonds, he saw more, he saw nature in her laboratory, and, following her method, with little else than iron, a crucible, electricity and brains, he produced solid sparks, little gems which are real diamonds. Memory aided, of course. He knew that Sir Humphry Davy had shown that the diamond is formed of but two elements—time and carbon. But though Sir Humphry could dissolve he could not construct. Carbon he could manage, yet not time. For time Moissan substituted electricity; or, more exactly, an electric furnace in which the heat equals that of the sun, the bowels of the earth, the throne of Satan—four thousand degrees Centigrade. Into it the iron went. The result was dissolved carbon in a crystalline form, and behold! the chemist had assisted at the birth of a diamond. Similarly from silica opals come. The receipt for a ruby reads, First get your aluminium. Given now an oven and a little cook-book and we won't have to go to Tiffany for our groceries any more. To such feminine uses will the reptile come.

OMAR AND FITZGERALD

Mr. Heron Allen's translation of Omar Khayyam, recently published in London, is a serviceable and instructive work. It shows that however the talent of the Persian poet may be regarded, that of Fitzgerald is superior. Presupposing Mr. Allen's rendition to be literal, the examples which follow display the tortuousness of the one as curtailed of the other. In Omar were the ideas, in Fitzgerald their expression. What Omar lisped Fitzgerald sang. The later poet was the development of the earlier, unless indeed the second happened to be a reincarnation of the first.

OMAR.

"I desire a little ruby wine and a book of verses,
Just enough to keep me alive and half a loaf is needful;
And then, that I and thou, should sit in a desolate place
Is better than the kingdom of a sultan.

"If a loaf of wheaten bread be forthcoming,
A gourd of wine and a thigh-bone of mutton,
And then, if thou and I be sitting in the wilderness—
That would be a joy to which no sultan can set bounds."

FITZGERALD.

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow."

THE QUEST OF HAPPINESS

Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton's final work, "The Quest of Happiness," is enjoying the honors of posthumous consideration. That was to be expected. The title is not new, the subject is always fresh, and the book is beautifully printed. In addition to these good qualities it provides no receipts and fewer definitions. There is its wisdom. Happiness is what we think it is, but only when what we think it is, is what we have not got. Wealth is refreshing and fame delightful. But they don't bring happiness. Nothing does. Kant declared it to be in essence intangible. He demonstrated that the wish for it is insatiable, and he concluded that the desire is forever unappeased. The quest remains. Mr. Hamerton notes that no one can get there after

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the age of thirty-five. With commendable haste he immediately adds, "Or before." Schopenhauer could not have done better and Leopardi neglected to do as well. The subject is one on which they both failed to be witty. They took it seriously. The seriousness was due to a suspicion that they were being cheated. And so they were. But out of an illusion merely. Mr. Hamerton seems to have rid himself without annoyance from anything of the kind. Hence the value of his treatise. Where it errs is in unsuggestiveness. Pruning is all very well; grafting is better. Admitting the goal to be imaginary, there should be something to take its place and there is. Epicurus provided it. He called it Contentment. Given that, and the possessor can dispense with happiness every day in the year. Its factors are twofold. The first is health; the second, indifference.

THE QUEST OF SIOUX FALLS

Mr. Hamerton, in the course of his essay, touches on a subject of love. Here, too, he avoids definitions. It is true there are not many. One of the best is that which catalogues it as the fusion of two egotisms. One of the worst is that which describes it as the reduction of the universe to a single being. But Mr. Hamerton's concern is less with love than with matrimony. He thinks the two incompatible. The idea is not entirely novel. There are and have been and presumably will be numbers of marriages that are delicious. The trouble is none are perfect. But, then, does perfection exist? The deponent has heard matrimony described as resulting in one woman more and one man less; he has also heard it praised for the opportunities which it offers in the development of the affections known as platonic. With such theories he has declined to collaborate. Besides, they are archaic. It is a long time since the noose matrimonial ceased to be news. The trouble, when trouble occurs, is due to the fact that prior to the contract the parties to it display attributes which subsequently won't wash. Mr. Hamerton says that a woman must have a poor nature who does not, after marriage, reveal qualities that her lover had not included in his conception of her gifts. The man, too, for that matter. And it is just on those unexpected revelations that Sioux Falls was built. Many are the surprises registered there. But divorce is the mother-in-law of invention. Then, too, there are people who would rather lie about each other than not. The point is that in the history of matrimony no blind man has ever asked to be freed from a deaf-mute. The circumstance may seem inapposite. It is the reverse. When husband and wife resolutely ignore defects, then, and then alone, with all their faults may love abide among them.

THE ELYSIAN FIELDS OF MESCAL

Mr. Havelock Ellis in the current "Contemporary" calls attention to a new intoxicant and incidentally to an old religion. The latter is cactus worship. The believers are the Tarahumari, a tribe of Mexican Indians to whom one of the varieties of the plant is a god, approachable only after fastidious rites, the head uncovered, the body perfumed with copal, the heart entirely devout. No wonder. The god provides paradise, not hereafter, but there and then. Properly placated, it yields a substance brown, brittle and bitter, of which the effects resemble those of Indian hemp. Yet differently. They are more acute and evocatively vivid. The initiate rises from them refreshed. It is not the senses that have been stimulated, but the intellect. Mindful of the unholy reverence which the plant inspires, botany catalogues it as *Anhalonium Lewonii*. The substance itself is known as mescal. It has, however, nothing in common with the agave preparation of the same name. Moreover, unlike the latter, it does not inebriate, it inspires. From experiments conducted it appears to induce neither conversation nor stupor, a series of visions merely, in which the consumer is beckoned into fairyland and then shown out again—provided he gets the proper dose.

THE UPLANDS OF HASCHISCH

In a personally conducted tour through the yonderlands of haschisch the deponent's initial surprise was the change that occurred in the room in which he sat. The walls, which had been neatly and inexpensively papered, dissolved into cataracts of light. The floor, too, obscurely carpeted, changed to running streams of red, from that to black, and back through canary, pink and olive to red again. From the ceiling, previously unnoticed, came flood after flood of colors that were fused with music and burdened with scent. There were the odors of lilacs, the harmony of harps, combinations of both in surbursts of scarlet, striated with series of ascending scales and propelled on claps

of thunder. As surprise diminished the noise subsided, the colors decreased, the lights went out. The odors remained, but after the fashion of perfumes inhaled from a distance. They suggested lilacs that are far away. The harmonies, too, after advancing, seemed to retreat inordinately. And yet in neither case did they appear to have gone; it was rather as though some solid had surged suddenly and partitioned them off. The room meanwhile had grown quite dark. The walls recovered their neatness, the floor became entirely demure. The deponent thought it high time to go and couldn't. To complete the darkness stupor descended like a mist. When that departed the room had got strangely contracted and yet everything in it seemed curiously remote. It was as though you were looking at objects through the wrong end of an opera-glass. An interloper intimated that a headache would ensue. It did.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. ELLIS' FRIEND

Mr. Ellis' adventures were more picturesque. Mescal aiding, he encountered a vast field of golden jewels, perfumes also, on which flower-like shapes convoluted into gorgeous butterflies, gyrated in loops of flame and performed skirt dances before him, provided him with living pictures, or rather what he, with perhaps a higher conception of decorum, calls "living arabesques." In the background were architectural sweetmeats in the Maori style—whatever that may be—enhanced "with the *mouchrabieh* work of Caro." This sort of thing continued for hours; until, indeed, Mr. Ellis went to bed, when he became "greatly impressed by the red, scaly, bronzed and pigmented appearance" of his limbs, particularly, and strange to say, whenever he was not gazing directly at them. Dissatisfied with the result, he experimented on a friend, to whom he gave an overdose, and who with some pathos relates that thereupon he had a series of paroxysms which made him feel as though he were dying. He had a sense of speedy dissolution accompanied by entire inability to resist, yet quickly followed by an acuter apprehension that one of his eyes had turned into a vast drop of dirty water in which millions of minute tadpoles were afloat. Then he, too, was gratified with a spectacle of arabesques which arose, descended and slid, for which, however, he was presently punished by a succession of sudden sensations. His left leg became solid, his body immaterial, the back of his head emitted flames, to his mouth came a metallic taste, to his ears a buzzing, interrupted by the impression of skin disappearing from the brow, of dead flesh and finally of a skull. From all of which one is free to conclude that while Artificial Paradise may be a poetic term for the pleasures which mescal induces, Real Hades would not be an inexact one.

MERE AESTHETICS

Mr. Onativia, whose recent marriage revived former personalities, was sufficiently misguided a few years ago to parade through a city of ready-made clothes in unexceptionable trousers. They were not otherwise noticeable, but just because of that they were noticed. Sociologically, the circumstance is significant. In Wilmington a short time since a man was set upon and nearly done for. He had not interfered with any one, he had committed no sin, he had engaged in no crime, but he wore a frock-coat. There have to be people of every kind, and it is philosophic to accept the fact that there are natures to whom frock-coats are affronts. In darkest Delaware that is all very well. But in a community such as this, a man who not merely observes the elegances of life but attempts to heighten them, instead of being lampooned should be applauded. Where there are fine streets, fine feathers and fine birds surely there might be fine trousers. On the part of the exhibitor they indicate a cultivated taste and a desire to please. A casuist could find no fault in that. Yet inasmuch as fault-finding there has been, it may be serviceable to seek the cause and determine why superiority in dress should ever constitute a grievance. As a matter of fact, it never does in any land except our own. Here it expands as civilization decreases. Rare on Fifth Avenue it is frequent in the slums, and prolific in the country. Analyzed, it discloses surprise and anger. The surprise is due to the unexpected, the anger is due to the understanding which follows that irreproachable trousers predicate prolonged meditations, the means to express the result of those meditations, and represent on the part of the wearer a suggestion of wealth and leisure which the beholder may envy yet cannot share. Immediately a grievance leaps into being. According to the individual in whom it addles it may occasion anything from assault and battery to repartee. "How shall I go to Mrs. Bradley Martin's fancy ball?" a beautifully dressed young man inquired last year of a sedater senior. "Go as you are," was the reply; "you are fancy enough already." If correction seem needful, that kind of talk ought to be better than lampoons and superior to overt violence.

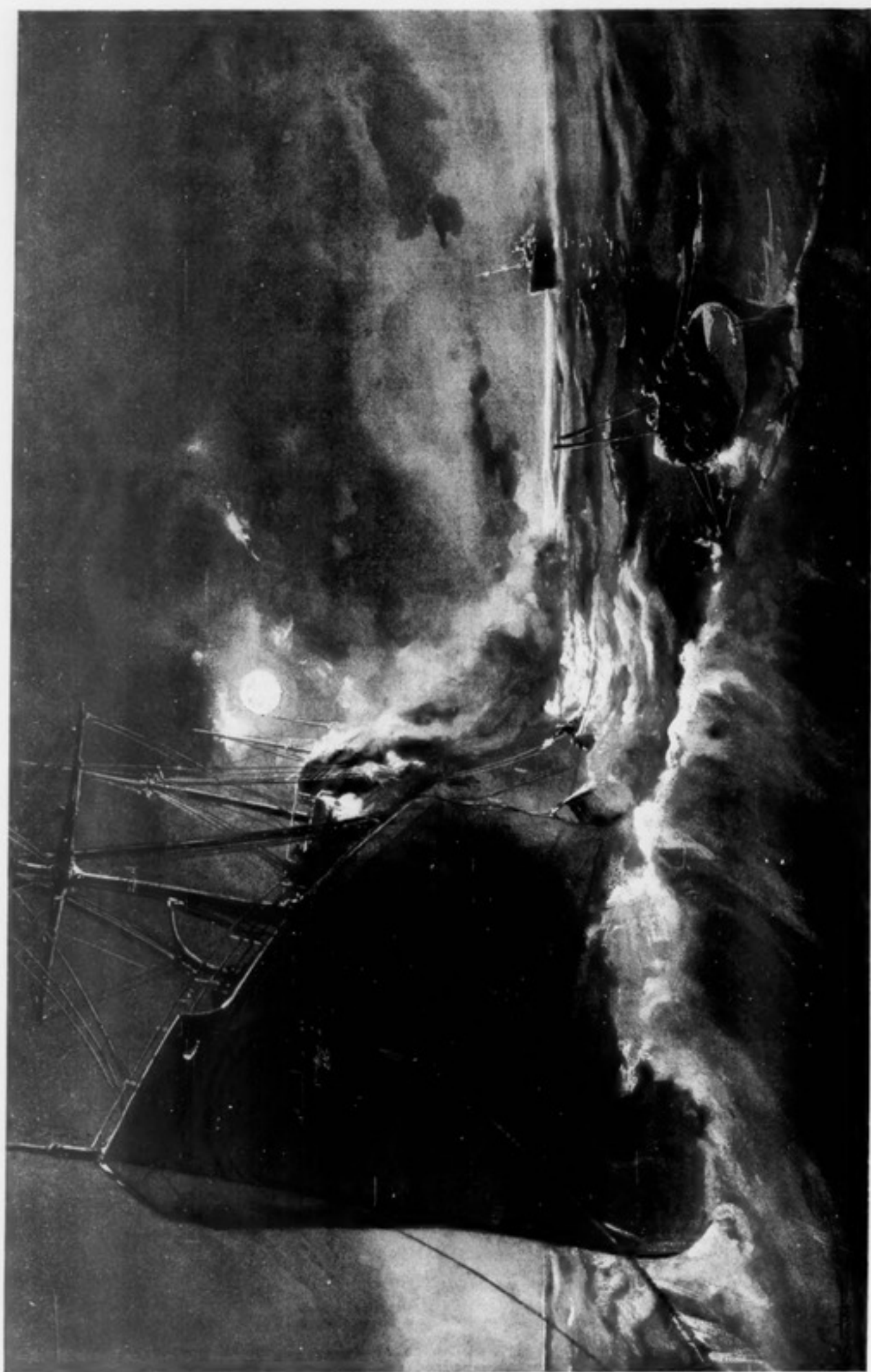
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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST—ALTHOUGH LAP-DOGS ARE POPULARLY SUPPOSED TO BE DEARLY LOVED BY THE GENTLER SEX, IT IS A FACT THAT AT ANY DOG SHOW THE LARGEST THROGS OF WOMEN ARE FOUND IN THE VICINITY OF THE GREATEST AND MOST POWERFUL ANIMALS. THE FAIR VISITORS SEEM NOT TO FEAR EVEN THE DOGS REPUTED TO BE BAD-TEMPERED, NOR ARE THEIR ATTENTIONS EVER RESENTED. OUR ARTIST DEPICTS A CASE IN POINT



SUDDENLY the American people have been set to thinking seriously of the possibility—not probability—of war with a foreign power, and to wondering as to their means of offense and defense. No one anywhere, least of all in the United States, doubts the quality of American courage and sense of honor, but every one knows that the bravest and noblest man alive cannot resent insult or injury if he lacks a proper complement of legs upon which to stand and arms with which to fight. As with individuals, so with nations.

Assurance of self-defensive powers should be ample before any attempt is made to punish an enemy. At present our national defenses consist almost entirely of seacoast forts. Supposing these to be well armed and manned—although they are not—could they keep portions of hostile fleets from entering our harbors and destroying or laying under ransom our cities, the places of exchange of all that we sell or buy abroad? If the forts ashore could not do this unaided, have we enough floating forts—battleships and coast defense vessels—to give the necessary assistance? If not, why not?

If we are weaker than we should be, no one can blame our army and navy. Soldiers and sailors cannot make or withhold military and naval appropriations.

The following article traces the changing relations of fleets and forts in the last fifty years, and answers many questions that are asked thousands of times a day. Although the navy of Great Britain is the general standard of comparison, the possibilities indicated might be the same were a smaller naval power than Britain to attack forts better than our own.

The comparative strength of the Fort and the Battleship is a question upon which experts differ, and, it is fair to presume, they will never agree until a "fight to a finish," under the conditions of modern warfare, settles the controversy. Both schools have their followers, and each, like the gentlemen of pugilistic fame, claims the championship. Whichever side may win, the Battleship will always represent the *offense*, and the Fort the *defense*; and nothing but a judicious combination of the two will ever place the United States on a proper war footing.

Naval and military gunnery is, at its best, only a tentative science, and the changes that are taking place every day, both in ordnance and ships, necessitate constant vigilance, if we do not wish to fall behind in the race. Under the old conditions, there were engagements between shore batteries and fleets, from which one might draw almost any conclusion. Not so many years ago, the *Pompee*, an 80-gun ship-of-the-line, and the frigate *Hydra*, it will be remembered, anchored within eight hundred yards of two guns situated on the extremity of Cape Licos. Broadside after broadside was poured into the fort, until both ships had expended all their ammunition. The land battery replied with slow but destructive effect, hulling the *Pompee* forty times and carrying away her mizzen topmast. Seven men were killed and thirty wounded. After the second shot, the carriage of one of the shore guns became disabled, and the weapon was fired as it rested on the port sill. Here was a case of a single gun ashore, without any material injury, successfully engaging a battleship and a frigate.

On the other hand, during our Civil War, in the face of two forts, a Confederate ram more powerful than the *Merrimac*, three paddle-wheel gunboats, and a harbor alive with torpedoes, Admiral Farragut forced the passage of Mobile Bay. Out of a fleet of four monitors and fourteen wooden vessels, the only serious mishap was the loss of the *Tecumseh*, which was torpedoed

early in the engagement. One of the forts mounted, en barbette and in casemates, seven 10-inch, three 8-inch, and twenty-two 32-pounders, smooth-bore guns; and two 8-inch, two 6.5-inch, and four 5.8-inch rifles; while the other had, en barbette, three 10-inch Columbiads, five 32-pounders, two 24-pounders, and two 18-pounders, smooth bores, and four 32-pounder rifles. Among the Federal forces, the monitors were the heaviest ships, two being double-turreted, armored with ten inches of iron and carrying two 15-inch Dahlgren guns.

Again, during the same war, Fort Fisher, a temporary sand work having guns mounted en barbette, but with a bomb-proof cover, was attacked by the Federal fleet, consisting of thirty-three vessels, under Admiral Porter. The average rate of fire was one hundred and fifteen projectiles per minute, and forty-five thousand of these were poured into the shore batteries. The only result of this bombardment, the heaviest on record, was to temporarily silence the guns. The works fell later in an attack from the rear by General Terry.

A few years afterward, in 1882, at the bombardment of Alexandria by the British fleet, which was really the first engagement between sea and land forces under anything like modern conditions, the superiority of the Battleship over the Fort was established beyond peradventure. The result of this engagement had an important bearing upon naval warfare and sounded the knell of fortifications built of masonry. It created a revolution in land batteries, and out of the smoke and ruins came a new order of things.

During the Brazilian Revolution, in 1893, the Battleship and the Fort fought to a draw. There was a daily duel between Admiral Mello's flagship, the *Aquidaban*, and the harbor forts, but the ship passed in and out at will, the great projectiles from the shore batteries having no more effect against her armored sides than raindrops upon a metal roof. The *Aquidaban* was, in every sense, a modern battleship, having been launched in England during the year 1885. Her main battery consisted of four 9.2-inch and four 5.7-inch breech-loading rifles, and her auxiliary of six 4.7-inch rapid-fire guns, two of 2-inch, eleven of 1-inch, and five of .45-inch.

She was a double-turreted twin-screw vessel, protected by ten inches of armor on her turrets and seven to eleven inches on her sides. The most powerful fort was Santa Cruz, mounting two 10-inch breech-loading rifles and several smaller guns. Fort Sao Joao had one 10-inch Armstrong rifle and a number of machine guns.

The engagements during the recent war between China and Japan throw no new light upon the comparative strength of the Fort and the Battleship, for the shore batteries were poorly manned and offered little or no resistance to the Japanese fleet.

Such is a brief summary of the engagements between forts and ships in actual battle, from which, unsatisfactory as they are, we must draw our conclusions as to the tactics and methods for attack and defense. New theories are born every day, but will they stand the test of battle? The lessons of the past lead one to believe that while the Battleship may not be able to silence the guns of the Fort, except at intervals, neither can the Fort destroy or prevent the passage of an entire fleet. Some of the vessels, owing to poor marksmanship ashore, heavily armored sides, or the smoke and confusion of battle, may escape uninjured and run the gantlet of the forts.

The destructive effect of modern high-power guns, rather than their increased range, has expanded the zone of defense, and wrought the greater part of the changes in fortifications. Machine and rapid-fire guns, capable of hurling a storm of shot

and shell, against which no body of men can remain exposed, have also demonstrated the futility of mounting guns on barbette—that is, without cover—except on very high sites. These factors have rendered obsolete the old-time fortress, just as steam and hydraulic power have done away with sails and wooden sides. Instead of concentrating the fire behind stone walls, the desire now is to individualize the defense, and to separate the battery as far as possible without impairing its efficiency. The disappearing gun, which rises out of a circular pit, delivers its fire, and then sinks out of sight again, closing after it an armored top, like the familiar "Jack-in-the-box," has simplified the problem. Groups of rifled mortars, arranged in subterranean nests, capable of delivering a vertical fire upon the decks of warships, are also employed in the new system of defense. This distribution of the guns and masking of the battery under ground, or behind the natural contour of the hills, offers no target, except at the instant the gun rises to discharge its projectile—indeed, the men behind the guns are never visible to the enemy, neither do they see the object of their aim. The disappearing gun is loaded, trained, and pointed under ground by means of reflecting sights; while the gunners in the nest of mortars are simply machines controlled by the brain of one man in a directing station situated often at a great distance from the battery.

The two points in the latter system are, of course, connected by electricity. The observer has a "position finder" by which he can ascertain, to a fine degree of accuracy, how to lay the guns. They are not so trained that they can hit the target at any distance, but the vessel has to arrive at a certain point in her course. The training and elevation to which the howitzers are to be laid, so as to accord with the "position finder," is telegraphed to the battery, and when this is done and wired back to the observer, he quietly sits and waits until the enemy has reached the position selected. The electrical firing key is then pressed and the battery belches forth its tons of shot and shell.

An interesting comparison is the difference in the size of target offered by the Fort and Battleship, under the conditions existing to-day. If an end-on view of a single gun is presented, and the battery is always planned to offer this and no other, the area is a little less than one square yard. Even looked at on the flank, the area is only six square yards, while that of the average battleship is four hundred. This fact alone gives the Fort an immeasurable superiority over the Battleship, so that to silence all the guns of the former is to-day almost an impossibility. Were it not for these changes, the assault which can now be made from a war vessel would give her equally as great an advantage if the rapidity of fire and weight of metal thrown by a high-power gun are considered.

An 80-gun ship-of-the-line, which is a fair type of the old class, threw about twenty-five hundred pounds of metal at a single discharge, while the average battleship of to-day throws about eight thousand. The latest type of English ship carries four 12-inch and twelve 6-inch breech-loading rifles, and twenty smaller rapid-fire guns. Upon either broadside they should be able to bring to bear the four 12-inch, eight of the 6-inch rifles, and at least eighteen of the rapid-fire guns. The four 12-inch guns should be capable of delivering two shots a minute, the 6-inch guns, twenty-four, and the machine guns to pour out projectiles like a stream of water. If the shore battery were exposed, a shot from one of the 12-inch guns would disable any piece or carriage, as would also one from the 6-inch guns, unless the angle of impact was very oblique, and no force could withstand the storm of projectiles that would be hailed upon them from the machine guns.

Disappearing guns, mortar batteries, and submarine torpedoes are the general methods of defense employed to-day, though a mushroom-shaped turret, constructed of great blocks of chilled cast steel, with deflecting angles so that no projectile can strike at a normal, is sometimes used for the protection of rivers and harbors—in fact Romer Shoals, in the lower bay, is to be so defended. As the armor of such a turret may be increased to any thickness, it may, of course, be made absolutely impenetrable; but there are two objections to it that should not be overlooked. The chase of the gun must necessarily be exposed at all times, and one shot, though it may not enter the turret, can disable the piece. Again, the great expense of armor, and the difficulty of manufacturing it in this country, is a serious, if not insuperable, objection. The first method of defense has the advantage of both economy and protection to recommend it. Sand is a trifle cheaper than armor, and if enough of it is used, as a resisting medium, it is superior to even nickel-steel. If the guns are not entirely under ground, but are placed behind hills, they are protected by the unlimited thickness of the surrounding country. In this system expensive smokeless powders are also unnecessary, as the smoke of discharge, drifting far to leeward in the wind, may often deceive the enemy as to the actual position of the gun. The efficacy of the disappearing gun is appreciated in this country as well as abroad, for Commander Goodrich of the U. S. Navy, who was present at the bombardment of Alexandria, closed his report to the Navy Department with the remark, "No piece should be mounted en barbette, and disappearing guns have proved very efficient."

Though the Fort, under existing conditions, would have a decided advantage in a "fight to a finish," there are also advantages possessed by the Battleship that must not be overlooked.

The Ship is a moving target—the Fort a fixed one; and the former can change its position at will, while the latter must remain in the same spot. Again, in engaging shore batteries, the admiral always has his choice of the weather conditions, remaining outside as long as it is clear, and running close up for a fight whenever darkness approaches, or the atmosphere becomes thick and hazy. The Ship always knows where to train her guns, but the Fort must necessarily remain in doubt until after it has been attacked.

Submarine torpedoes, which some suppose render a harbor absolutely safe against attack, can be easily countermined by the detonation of other high explosives in the neighborhood. Let us suppose, for instance, that a fleet of twenty-five English battleships should appear off Sandy Hook. Say, that we have only ten to oppose them, and that, after a fierce engagement, the American vessels, overcome by a greater number of guns and ships, were forced to retire. The Englishmen, after a loss of five ships-of-the-line, still have twenty left to attack the harbor batteries. Of this number, suppose they had to sacrifice twelve in running the gantlet of the forts. Would not eight modern battleships, with their heavy guns trained upon the cities of New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, be able to demand any money ransom that might be desired? What would it avail us, even though the interior cities might be secure against attack, or that we might have two hundred privateers destroying English commerce upon the high seas? If the enemy's admiral chose to demand one million dollars for every merchantman captured or destroyed, does it stand to reason that we could afford to argue while the great guns of eight ponderous fighting machines menaced many thousand million dollars' worth of property?

Another factor of warfare that should be considered is the establishment of an effective blockade. What would be the value of the most formidable land batteries, if a fleet declined to engage them, but should remain outside, at a safe distance, for the purpose of capturing or destroying any vessel that might attempt to enter the harbor? How long would a city be content to remain with her commerce completely paralyzed? Many were the criticisms leveled at our navy during the War of the Rebellion for not more zealously seeking to catch Confederate blockade-runners and privateers upon the high seas. Our naval policy proved to be a wise one, however; for oceans are long and wide, and even to see a privateer is not to catch him. The traditional needle in the haystack can be found far more easily than a vessel upon the high seas. These are possibilities that it would be well for Congress to study while Great Britain is building ten vessels to our one.

Our next war, when it does come, must necessarily be a naval one—and the main defense of New York will be neither Sandy Hook nor the harbor forts, but a fleet of first-class battleships. As I have shown, in a previous article, that Great Britain is the power whose preparedness for war should stir us, it might be interesting to study the fighting strength of the two navies as they are to-day, showing exactly what ships she could send against us and what we have to meet them with. In such an event, the brunt of battle would be borne by the armored ships of both nations, the cruisers and other light vessels serving merely as commerce-destroyers or convoys to merchant ships in distant seas.

The official list of the navies of Great Britain and the United States, according to Lord Brassey, the recognized naval authority, accredits the former with ninety armored ships, and two hundred and twenty cruisers; while we have only thirty-three ironclads and thirty-four cruisers. In addition, though no official list of torpedo boats has been compiled for either power, it is safe to say that England could mobilize more than two hundred, while I doubt if we could muster fifteen.

Comparison of our navy with that of Spain is to our advantage. Spain has but a single battleship, the *Pelayo*, while on the Atlantic coast we have four; all of these but the *Texas* have heavier armament than the *Pelayo*, and at least two—the *Iowa* and *Massachusetts*—are faster, and, like the *Indiana*, have heavier main batteries, than the *Pelayo*. Nevertheless, Spain has three cruisers of the type of our late visitor, the *Vizcaya*, that are as heavily armored as battleships, as well as faster, although their main batteries, consisting each of two 11.2-inch guns and ten of 10.5-inch, are greatly inferior to the four 13-inch, eight 8-inch and four 6-inch guns that each of our first-class battleships carry. Much has been said of three still better armored cruisers that Spain launched years ago, but the truth is that none of these is completed, although certain American newspapers have described them as minutely as if they were in commission. Of only 150 tons less displacement than our armored cruiser *Brooklyn*, 9,250 tons displacement, is Spain's armored cruiser *Carlos V.*; the two greater guns of her main battery are of 11-inch caliber, but the *Brooklyn* carries eight of 8-inch, so the weight of metal is in favor of the *Brooklyn*.

In unarmored cruisers of 1,000 tons or more, our navy is much stronger than Spain's; we have also several double-turret monitors with heavy rifled guns that would be of great service in defending a harbor against a fleet or single vessel. In number and average quality of torpedo boats Spain's navy exceeds ours, although but few of her torpedo craft could cross the ocean.



—Hans Sonntag Jr.—



THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN FORT AND BATTLESHIP

SANDY HOOK'S WELCOME TO A FOREIGN FLEET

FRAGMENT

They met by chance. She because she had the time
To waste, and thought such waste no crime
Where theft from none it was; and he
Because of natural readiness to see
Some fair, some woman face—to see, to know,
And then forget. Alas! an hundred so
Had passed across his life. But like the bowl
That once too often sought the well, he stole
One chance too many from Dame Fortune's urn,
And forthwith found that he likewise must learn
The cruel truth that comes to every one—
The truth that comes and scars and spareth none.
And so, he loved! And loving, he did yearn,
And sigh, and heave, and wake o' nights, and burn
For that which every lover hath desired
Since Eros with his darts the earth first fired.
And she—ah! she. . . But never may I say
What she or thought, or said, or did. The day
That from my lips the sacred secret falls
May all the pillars and the massive walls
Of Sampson's ruined temple rise again
And bury me from out the sight of men!—A. L.



UNDER THE SUN

WHEN that stalwart warrior in the army of the Lord, Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, swings his moral battle-ax it usually hits the mark. He preached a sermon upon the "Lockout" not long since at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly. His audience consisted for the most part of very intelligent-looking workmen, many of them actually engaged in the conflict.

Mr. Hughes began by remarking affably that he was aware a Sunday sermon upon such a theme would be regarded in many excellent circles as little less than sacrilegious. But if Christianity was something that must walk by on the other side when thousands of human beings were struggling under conditions amounting practically to civil war—productive of as much suffering, misery and loss of life as if the fight were with bayonets and cannon—then, in his opinion, "Christianity was played out." Having thus neatly cleared his path—to his own and his public's obvious satisfaction—he tackled his topic in masterly fashion. He is a spirited and able speaker. The men listened with closest attention. Among them were pale, thoughtful faces that looked only too well aware of the gravity of the situation. Intense stillness, frequent and vigorous rounds of applause and quick bursts of laughter responded to his rapid changes of tone.

Mr. Hughes sketched the entire previous campaign. His sympathies were frankly with the engineers, but he was careful to say nothing of an inflammatory nature. On the contrary, he strenuously urged the necessity of exceeding moderation and the utmost patience. A part of his text was, *Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.*

"That means," he explained, looking about slowly and with a wise smile upon the crowded hall—"that means: give your angry passions the full benefit of the eight-hour day." A great shout of laughter and applause evinced neither dullness nor bad feeling on the part of his hearers.

Mr. Hughes complained forcibly that nowadays the employed can no longer lay their petitions before the veritable employer—cannot appeal to a reasoning individual who listens and responds.

"How," he cried scornfully, "are you going to tell your griefs to a—Limited Liability Company?"

According to a Paris paper, in spite of the "unsympathetic" theme of *Le Repas du Lion*, the *Théâtre Antoine* was crowded recently with women of fashion. After which statement the reporter said no more about the play, but proceeded to discourse with sustained enjoyment upon the shape of the back of a frock worn by a leader of society in one of the boxes—a liberal shape, as it seemed.

Unsympathetic? Quite so. Hunger, cold, dirt, squalor, overwork and underpay—never a chance of fresh air, baths and clean linen, let alone books, pictures and music, are altogether unsympathetic—particularly to those who have to put up with them.

M. André Antoine, founder of the *Théâtre Libre*, where he produced several of Ibsen's dramas and other modern naturalistic works, seems to be continuing indefatigably on the same lines at the *Théâtre Antoine*.

The Lion's Share handles more or less cleverly that supreme problem of our time—aristocratic individualism versus democratic solidarity. The author, M. de Curel, attempts, at any rate arrives at, no solution. He suggests indeed not the remotest hope of solution. His hero is a rather neurotic youth whose views make so gigantic leaps to and fro one puts small

faith in his successive conversions, and the last state of the play is worse than the first. The crowd of imbibed socialist miners make a vivid impression: yet after Gerhardt Hauptmann's *Workers* all plays dealing with angry mobs seem weak.

M. Curel's play may be at moments obscure and ill-proportioned: in its logical framework seem to be more than one radical fault: but it has also its strength. It presents under varied aspects and with startling poignancy the increasing gravity of the conflict between capital and labor; it saddens, but it rouses thought.

If desired to make an honest search for an essentially unsympathetic production we need look no further than Massenet's much vaunted "*Sapho*" at the *Opéra Comique*. This work was so heralded with all the trumpets and banners of the press, so exalted to the skies before and after the event, so systematically "boomed"—possibly because *Die Meistersinger* being so brilliantly successful, "patriotism" demanded the triumph of a French composer—that even now, after ten days or more, it is difficult to get a seat without paying a triple price. Nevertheless, an unimportant minority of one, differing from the inordinate laudations of the French press, ventures to believe that this is no long-lived work. Massenet seems to have attempted more than he could perform. One may say as much perhaps always of the achievement of every artist, but the fatal discrepancy is rarely so insistent. He could not well fail to give us melodious and graceful passages, yet, as a whole, it is music that haunts neither the head nor the heart. One listens with surprising apathy. A single song—a *Chant Provençal*—sung by Mme. Calvé is a gem.

Those who have read Daudet's novel, from which the libretto is drawn, will desire no sketch of the plot. To those who have not, the soundest possible advice is: "Don't." Life is not long enough. And more's the pity—Daudet can be so utterly delightful.

No better exposition of the blatant ugliness of men's clothes could be desired than we are privileged to behold upon this stage. If the opera should incite fortuitously a revolution in this respect, *Sapho* would have one appreciable claim upon public esteem.

Jean Gaussin, the lamentable hero—played by a tenor who sings as well as he can with a cold voice—in a short and tight gray suit, retund as to the waistcoat, looks like a respectable commercial traveler. He wears a perpetually surprised air, which does not suggest excessive mentality, and he is tossed hither and thither by the exigencies of the piece with no more personal initiative than has the long-suffering bolster in a school-boy's dormitory. The bolster-simile is in more than one respect not inapt. . . . When Massenet lets the trumpets of tragedy blow, and this young man thus attired takes his two strides forward to the footlights—the familiar rise and dip, dip and rise of the Donizetti hero—he is ludicrous. When his mother chides, he weeps and promises to be a good little boy. When *Sapho* reclutches him, she being of somewhat heroic proportions, his helpless juvenility is again accentuated. One trembles lest in their agitated interviews she may inflict the drastic chastisement proposed by Mme. Sarah Grand for the men of England. But in a scene as offensive as it is incredible and inartistic, a confrontation of *Sapho* and six or eight men at a restaurant, one could hardly demur should the entire group receive this not unmerited discipline. In fact, there is a moment when one would with alacrity provide the slipper.

That Calvé sings superbly it is needless to add. Others sing and act well. But all the perfumes of Araby cannot sweeten the piece. A success? Shades of Gounod and Bizet!

A lady whose emotions are not wholly convincing is Mme. Jane Hading. She wears her pretty face and says her lines as *Marie de Mancini* at the *Gymnase*, where they have revived the elder Dumas' *La Jeunesse of Louis XIV.* It is a good old-fashioned, romantic, dashing piece, full of preposterous situations, delightful impossibilities, conspicuous secrets and court intrigues, while the king in disguise scampers about at midnight—his intentions as benevolent as Haroun al-Raschid's—and personates everybody's lover without awaking the least suspicion on the part of the several damsels. But the action is swift, the spirit joyous; Anne of Austria is the living image of her portrait; a pack of genuine English hounds come on in the hunting-scene, but voiceless;—they stare and do not bay; the little Duke of Anjou is a charming rogue; the rich costumes and historical flavor appeal to you; you like to look your beloved Molière in the face and hear him utter the most high-toned sentiments; and you are persuaded that if Louis XIV. ever resembled in the least degree the royal stripling whom the thrice delightful Dumas presents in so attractive guise, the monarch's subsequent years were an insult to his youth. "There is stuff enough in him," said Mazarin, "for four kings and an honest man." Alas that Louis chose to be the four kings!

The dominant figure in this play is *Cardinal Mazarin*, portrayed by M. Leraud with admirable skill. The pale old man in his scarlet robe, with his lustrous dark eyes, soft voice and child-like broken French, exerts a peculiar charm and convinces you, quite apart from the scraps of history you call your own, that a profound and subtle intellect dwells in this frail being. In the vital scene where he has to justify to the angry Louis

certain high-handed measures, oppose yet conciliate him, the Cardinal with a gently meditative air remarks:

"Sire, I have been, whether with zeal or with ability, thirty years at statesmanship. Zeal I had in my youth: ability—always. I may as well admit it, for it is the very worst reproach they make me. Well, sire, I do not pretend that my policy has been in every instance honest, but never was it clumsy. To attempt to restore Charles II. to the throne of England would be not only dishonest, but—a blunder!"

Now it is all a mere matter of taste, but I would rather hear this mild old fox discourse thus sweetly with his royal master—is it supposable that Queen Victoria and the Marquis of Salisbury hobnob in this lively manner?—I would rather watch this astute statesman—as a man petty in small things, niggardly, tricky, yet capable of rising to pure heights of self-sacrifice, as when he immolates his immense personal ambition for the sake of his loyalty to France—than go to see The French Maid, or the Shop Girl, or the Circus Girl, or the Milliner Girl, or any of those other little girls that have been enchanting serious London for a long period. . . . An old-time fragrance may haunt the play—as the rose-jar of a long buried beauty—but happily Louis XIV. need not be "up to date." By no means great, it is at all events a clean play, a clever play, a play that one leaves with a smile on the lips and a contented heart; and as always wherever Dumas père leads us, there are live men in it, generous impulses, chevaleresque daring, and human affection unselfish and simple. These qualities, let us hope, will never become antiquated.

It is quite clear why one goes to see Loie Fuller: why one takes care to arrive at the place illumined by her radiance, just in time to watch her rise above the theatre-horizon; and why, when she sets, one hurries away, appalled by the turbulence of shrieking little jockey-girls turning handspins.

"La Loie" is a poem and a delight. Unterrestrial, a vision from Vega or Aldebaran, she unfolds, expands, glows in iridescences, reveals the moonlight and starlight of dreams and wreathes herself with long flaming lines of beauty. Her strange dawnings, her luminous twilights, her flames merging into flowers—great silvery-white, other-world exotics—all her marvelous phantasmagoria weaves a spell which projects the imagination into immensities of space, where evolve eternally things fiery and wonderful. . . . Suddenly from these unearthly gleams and glooms something human peeps out and recalls one from cosmic woolgathering. A face—winsome, candid, utterly untheatrical—and the fresh smile of a child.

At one of Loie Fuller's At Homes—which in London and Paris are frequented by interesting men and women—Camille Flammarion and the late Alexandre Dumas met for the first time. The astronomer expressed some surprise that their paths had never before crossed.

"Ah, *cher maître*," retorted Dumas genially, "that is easily accounted for. You rarely come down from heaven, while I—never go up there."

How pretty our wings will look hanging in the hall.

At any hotel the modern woman may arrive with the ordinary luggage plus bicycle and typewriter. People who not even yet have gauged the profound significance of these adjuncts stare. Others smile. She forgives them. She can afford to be magnanimous. A woman with a good wheel will forgive anybody for anything. Besides, she knows that they will not lounge in their rocking-chairs much longer before the porters will be bringing in her wings also. Or her balloon or air-boat. The name is a detail.

How serenely and superbly we soar in dreams. With what royal disregard of trifles such as weight and gravitation we float over housetops and cathedrals, abyss and mountain summit. So plebeian a method of progression as tamely putting one foot before the other seems not the fashion in dreamland. Physiologists maintain that we owe this delightful sensation of uncurbed freedom to a compression of our lungs during sleep. But nothing in the world is easier than to disbelieve flatly this unedifying paradox. Science to the contrary notwithstanding, many persons, in whatever attitude they lie and when compression of their sound and tranquil breathing-apparatus is wholly out of the question, habitually float in sleep. Curiously enough, one seems to be not unaware that it is rather a nice thing to do, and with mild pride encourages dream-spectators to try it. (Does vanity never slumber?) There is not the least flapping, agitation or effort. One rises calm as the dove-girls in the pretty Gringoletti ballet: one moves with supreme ease through the atmosphere somewhat after the fashion of the *Rheinflechter* in their watery depths, except that in *Rheingold* space is limited and evolutions are foreordained by wires, while the realms of sleep have boundless horizons.

Why do we fly in dreams? Ah—about that we can speculate at our leisure. We are at liberty to hug the squeezed-lung-theory if we are fond of it. We may surmise that our airy poise is both a memory and a prophecy. Or we may hope and believe that our spirits at such moments are actually freed and roaming in the vast unknown—"the undiscovered country."

At all events it would appear that we—the human race—

have always been longing to fly and never shall rest until flying is achieved. We watch birds wistfully, nay with a distinct envy—say a sea-gull rising straight against the storm-wind, or swallows circling high above giant crags. Thought is ever on the wing. And what are all our efforts to put a girdle round the earth—the railway, ocean-steamers, the telegraph, the telephone—other than clumsy expressions—poor translations—of the innate powers of the spirit impatient of its bonds and eager to soar beyond time and space.

It is significant that many sports at their best suggest flying. Riding has a touch of it, when, dominated by the sense of spirited and glad movement, one is hardly conscious of the body, while all the fleetness and lightness of the adorable creature beneath one seem one's own. Skating, one flies; and in waltzing, under perfect conditions, still more, because borne along upon the pinions of rhythm and tone. Swimming possesses a marvelous poetry of motion. Well out among long soft waves—dreamily watching drifting clouds, flitting sea-birds and dipping sails, one is wafted, lifted, set free—in a strange obliviousness of one's corporeal impedimenta. Rowing, or rather being rowed, upon a silent summer sea, where hovers a sort of twilight of the gods, also has the floating feeling. And a good sail-boat—ah, that is a bird! But, given an upland road smooth as asphalt and stretching on interminable miles and miles between magnificent beech woods, oaks, pine woods—undulating meadows and farms, woods again cool and fragrant—woods at intervals all day long—a sky slightly clouded, a breeze from behind, and the wheel you love—the rest may reason and wonder, but (with apologies to Abt Vogler) we bicyclists know what flying is. One forgets one's self and the machine. One feels only power, swiftness, joy, the freshness on one's cheek, the scents of forest and field, vistas of ever changing loveliness, and a glorious sensation of perpetual flight. . . . "Is it not terribly fatiguing to the knees?" people are always inquiring. How shall we convince them that cyclists in such circumstances have no knees.

Victor Hugo objected to the prosaic form of our railway trains. He regarded their box-like angularity, particularly the rampant ugliness of the locomotive, as indicative of the unesthetic feeling of our age and a lost opportunity. The engine, he thought, ought to be a dragon—a griffin—a chimera, followed by chariots of fantastic shapes and beautiful flowing lines. True, our trains are odious things—thundering, aggressive, intimidating. But imagine the *Notre Dame* gargoyles enlarged to gigantic dimensions—roaring, vomiting fire and shooting into our stations! Surely we should think the apocalyptic beasts were let loose upon us and our *fin-de-siècle* nerves would collapse utterly. No, thanks. A Pullman, please, though it be ugly, and its upholstery an itinerant microbe-plantation. Still it will not be very long before they who come after us will gaze at catalogued specimens of these primitive and rude conveyances, as we stare at the lumbering coaches in the *Musée de Cluny*. What is the cleverest invention but a clumsy thing, a mere makeshift, until we are wise enough to do without it? However, once the airship problem is solved, there is the chance for the poet's fancies; for the chariot of Phoebus Apollo, the train of Aurora, for Odin and the Valkyrie, for contours and colors delectable. To-day a man skims along with surprising rapidity on his wheeled feet. Give him but a winged cap and some nice little electrical adjustment on his arms and lo—a Hermes.

Already we seem to discern the fore-rumblings of indignant polemics against flying women. Ouida and Mrs. Lynn Lynton with all the force of their admirable vocabularies will denounce feminine high-flyers as now cyclists of their sex. Debates upon costume will be animated, since, with the best will in the world, we shall reveal as much as the soles of our shoes—unless we slip them into a tail-train, à la mermaid. (Patent applied for.) People will not say "in the swim," but in the "whirl," or on the "fly" or "float." There will be Air-Fleet Societies (Limited), Boreas Insurance Companies and fashionable flying-schools with nets to catch us when we fall. "Oh, fly with me," the lover will implore quite literally. The misguided legion who with us and in England grumble about draughts, in France shriek at that beneficent thing, a *courant d'air*, and in Germany cry "*es zieht, es zieht*," if you open a window half an inch, will presumably not join the flying squadron. Mrs. Grundy, too, will be left behind. Wheels have already greatly lowered her prestige. Perhaps she'd better go to China, where gods, no longer useful, are officially degraded in rank.

The flying-machine "is in the air." Not only the great of whom we know are concerned with its construction, but in every land one stumbles upon an undiscovered genius in the throes of invention, and hears of more or less happy experiments in bumping against tree-tops. Meanwhile, also strongly in evidence are the men who wear that unclouded smile of superiority—to contemplate which is one of earth's priceless boons—and who will expatiate to you by the hour, in suave language perceptibly adapted to your comprehension, upon the fundamental laws of the universe which preclude success in aerial navigation. . . . When the primeval man first hollowed out a tree-trunk and shoved it upon the face of the water, doubtless another primeval fellow stood grinning on the bank and explaining why it was distinctly impossible for the thing to float.

PARK, FEBRUARY, 1908.

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.



DRAWN BY JOHN LA FARGE

LAFARGE 98

THE TURN OF THE SCREW

BY HENRY JAMES

PART THIRD

VIII



HAT I had said to Mrs. Grose was true enough: there were in the matter I had put before her depths and possibilities that I lacked resolution to sound; so that when we met once more in the wonder of it we were of a common mind about the duty of resistance to extravagant fancies. We were to keep our heads if we should keep nothing else—difficult indeed as that might be in the face of what, in our prodigious experience, was least to be questioned. Late that night, while the house slept, we had, in the schoolroom, another talk, and then she went all the way with me as to its being beyond doubt that I had seen exactly what I had seen. To hold her perfectly in the pinch of this, I found, I had only to ask her how, if I had "made it up," I came to be able to give, of each of the persons appearing to me, a picture disclosing, to the last detail, their special marks—a portrait on the exhibition of which she had instantly recognized and named them. She wished, of course—small blame to her!—to sink the whole subject; and I was quick to assure her that my own interest in it had now violently taken the form of a search for the way to escape from it. I encountered her on the ground of a probability that with recurrence—for recurrence we took for granted—I should get used to my danger; distinctly professing that my personal exposure had suddenly become the least of my discomforts. It was my new suspicion that was intolerable; and yet even to this complication the later hours of the day had brought a little ease.

On leaving her, after my first outbreak, I had of course returned to my pupils, associating the right remedy for my dismay with that sense of their charm which I had already found to be a thing I could positively cultivate and which had never failed me yet. I had simply, in other words, plunged afresh into Flora's special society and there became aware—it was almost a luxury!—that she could put her little conscious hand straight upon the spot that ached. She had looked at me in sweet speculation and then had accused me to my face of having "cried." I had supposed I had brushed away the ugly signs; but I could literally—for the time, at all events—rejoice, under this fathomless charity, that they had not entirely disappeared. To gaze into the depths of blue of the child's eyes and pronounce their loveliness a trick of premature cunning was to be guilty of a cynicism in preference to which I naturally preferred to abjure my judgment and, so far as might be, my agitation. I couldn't abjure for merely wanting to, but I could repeat to Mrs. Grose—as I did there, over and over, in the small hours—that, with their voices in the air, their pressure on one's heart and their fragrant faces against one's cheek, everything fell to the ground but their incapacity and their beauty. It was a pity that, somehow, to settle this once for all, I had, equally, to remunerate the signs of subtlety that, in the afternoon, by the lake, had made a

miracle of my show, at the moment, of self-possession. It was a pity to be obliged to reinvestigate the certitude of this moment and repeat how it had come to me as a revelation that the inconceivable communion I then surprised was, for each of the parties to it, a matter quite of habit. It was a pity that I should have had to quaver out again the reasons for my not having, in my delusion, so much as questioned that the little girl saw our visitant even as I actually saw Mrs. Grose herself, and that she wanted, by just so much as she did thus see, to make me suppose she didn't, and at the same time, without showing anything, arrive at a guess as to whether I myself did! It was a pity that I needed once more to describe the portentous little activity by which she sought to divert my attention—the perceptible increase of movement, the greater intensity of play, the singing, the gabbling of nonsense and the invitation to romp.

Yet if I had not indulged, to prove there was nothing in it, in this review, I should have missed the two or three dim elements of comfort that still remained to me. I should not, for instance, have been able to asseverate to my friend that I was certain—which was so much to the good—that I at least had not betrayed myself. I should not have been prompted, by stress of need, by desperation of mind—I scarce know what to call it—to invoke such further aid to intelligence as might spring from pushing my colleague fairly to the wall. She had told me, bit by bit, under pressure, a great deal; but the blur of a little dumb spot behind it all still sometimes brushed my brow like the wing of a bat; and I remember how on this occasion—for the sleeping house and the concentration alike of our danger and our watch seemed to help—I felt the importance of giving the last pull to the curtain. "I don't believe anything so horrible," I recollect saying; "no, let us put it definitely, my dear, that I don't. But if I did, you know, there's a thing I should require now, just without sparing you the least bit more—oh, not a scrap, come!—to get out of you. What was it you had in mind, before Miles came back, when, in our distress over the letter from his school, you said, under my insistence, that you didn't pretend for him that he had not literally ever been 'bad'? He has not literally 'ever', in these weeks that I myself have lived with him and so closely observed him: he has been an imperishable little prodigy of delightful, lovable goodness. Therefore you might perfectly have made the claim for him if you had not, as it happened, seen an exception to take. What was your exception, and to what passage in your personal observation of him did you refer?"

It was a dreadfully austere inquiry, but gayety was not our note, and, at any rate, before the gray dawn admonished us to separate I had got my answer. What my friend had had in mind proved to be immensely to the purpose. It was nothing less than the circumstance that for a period of several months Quint and the boy had been perpetually together. It was nothing less than the circumstance that she had ventured to criticise the propriety, to hint at the incongruity, of so close an alliance, and even to go so far as a frank overture on the subject to Miss Jessel. Miss Jessel had, with a very strange manner, requested her to mind her business, and the good woman had, on this, directly approached little Miles. What she had said to him, since I pressed, was that she liked to see young gentlemen not forget their station.



Ernie Pyle

HOLDING MY CANDLE HIGH, TILL I CAME WITHIN SIGHT OF THE TALL WINDOW

I pressed again, of course, at this. "You reminded him that Quint was only a base menial!"

"As you might say. And it was his answer, for one thing, that was bad."

"And for another thing?" I waited. "He repeated your words to Quint?"

"No, not that. It's just what he *wouldn't*!" she could still impress upon me. "I was sure, at any rate," she added, "that he didn't. But he denied certain occasions."

"What occasions?"

"When they had been about quite as if Quint had been his tutor—and a very grand one—and Miss Jessel only for the little lady. When he had gone off with the fellow, I mean, and spent hours with him."

"He then prevaricated about it—he said he hadn't?" Her assent was clear enough to cause me to add in a moment: "I see. He lied."

"Oh!" Mrs. Grose mumbled. This was a suggestion that it didn't matter; which indeed she backed up by a further remark. "You see, after all, Miss Jessel didn't mind. She didn't forbid him."

I considered. "Did he put that to you as a justification?"

At this she dropped again. "No, he never spoke of it."

"Never mentioned her in connection with Quint?"

She saw, visibly coloring, where I was coming out. "Well, he didn't show anything. He denied," she repeated; "he denied."

Lord, how I pressed her now! "So that you could see he knew what was between the two wretches?"

"I don't know—I don't know!" the poor woman groaned.

"You do know, you dear thing," I replied; "only you haven't my dreadful boldness of mind, and you keep back, out of timidity and modesty and delicacy, even the impression that, in the past, when you had, without my aid, to flounder about in silence, most of all made you miserable. But I shall get it out of you yet! There was something in the boy that suggested to you," I continued, "that he covered and concealed their relation."

"Oh, he couldn't prevent—"

"Your learning the truth? I dare say! But, heavens," I fell, with vehemence, a-thinking, "what it shows that they must, to that extent, have succeeded in making of him!"

"Ah, nothing that's not nice *now*!" Mrs. Grose lugubriously pleaded.

"I don't wonder you looked queer," I persisted, "when I mentioned to you the letter from his school!"

"I doubt if I looked as queer as *you*!" she retorted with homely force. "And if he was so bad then as that comes to, how is he such an angel now?"

"Yes indeed—and if he was a fiend at school! How, how, *how*? Well," I said, in my torment, "you must put it to me again, but I shall not be able to tell you for some days. Only, put it to me again!" I cried in a way that made my friend stare.

"There are directions in which I must not for the present let myself go." Meanwhile I returned to her first example—the one to which she had just previously referred—of the boy's happy capacity for an occasional slip. "If Quint—on your remonstrance, at the time you speak of—was a base menial, one of the things Miles said to you, I find myself guessing, was that you were another." Again her admission was so adequate that I continued: "And you forgave him that?"

"Wouldn't you?"

"Oh yes!" And we exchanged there, in the stillness, a sound of the oddest amusement. Then I went on: "At all events, while he was with the man—"

"Miss Flora was with the woman. It suited them all!"

It suited me too, I felt, only too well; by which I mean that it suited exactly the particular deadly view I was in the very act of forbidding myself to entertain. But I so far succeeded in checking the expression of this view that I will throw, just here, no further light on it than may be offered by the mention of my final observation to Mrs. Grose. "His having lied and been impudent are, I confess, less engaging specimens than I had hoped to have from you of the outbreak in him of the little natural man. Still," I mused, "they must do, for they make me feel more than ever that I must watch." It made me blush, the next minute, to see in my friend's face how much more unreservedly she had forgiven him than her anecdote struck me as presenting to my own tenderness an occasion for doing. This came out when, at the schoolroom door, she quitted me.

"Surely you don't accuse *him*—"

"Of carrying on an intercourse that he conceals from me? Ah, remember that, until further evidence, I now accuse nobody." Then, before shutting her out to go, by another passage, to my own place, "I must just wait," I wound up.

IX

I WAITED and waited, and the days, as they elapsed, took something from my consternation. A very few of them, in fact, passing, in constant sight of my pupils, without a fresh incident, sufficed to give to grievous fancies and even to odious memories a kind of brush of the sponge. I have spoken of the surrender to their extraordinary childish grace as a thing I could actively cul-

tivate, and it may be imagined if I neglected now to address myself to this source for whatever it would yield. Stranger than I can express, certainly, was the effort to struggle against my new lights; it would doubtless have been, however, a greater tension still had it not been so frequently successful. I used to wonder how my little charges could help guessing that I thought strange things about them; and the circumstance that these things only made them more interesting was not by itself a direct aid to keeping them in the dark. I trembled lest they should see that they were so immensely more interesting. Putting things at the worst, at all events, as in meditation I so often did, any clouding of their innocence could only be—blameless and foredoomed as they were—a reason the more for taking risks. There were moments when, by an irresistible impulse, I found myself catching them up and pressing them to my heart. As soon as I had done so I used to say to myself: "What will they think of that? Doesn't it betray too much?" It would have been easy to get into a sad, wild tangle about how much I might betray; but the real account, I feel, of the hours of peace that I could here and there catch is that the immediate charm of my companions was a beguilement still effective even under the shadow of the possibility that it was studied. For if it occurred to me that I might occasionally excite suspicion by the little outbreaks of my sharper passion for them, so, too, I remember wondering if I mightn't see a queeriness in the traceable increase of their own demonstrations.

They were at this period extravagantly and preternaturally fond of me; which, after all, I could reflect, was no more than a graceful response in children perpetually languished over and hugged. The homage of which they were so lavish succeeded, in truth, for my nerves, quite as well as if I never appeared to myself, as I may say, literally to detect them at a purpose in it. They had never, I think, wanted to do so many things for their poor protectress; I mean—though they got their lessons better and better, which was naturally what would please her most—in the way of diverting, entertaining, surprising her; reading her passages, telling her stories, acting her charades, pouncing out at her, in disguises, as animals and historical characters. They astonished her above all by the "pieces" they had secretly got by heart and could interminably recite. I should never get to the bottom—were I to let myself go even now—of the prodigious private commentary, all under still more private correction, with which, in these days, I overscored their full hours. They had shown me, from the first, a facility for everything, a general faculty which, taking a fresh start, achieved remarkable flights. They got their little tasks as if they loved them, and indulged, from the mere exuberance of the gift, in the most unimposed little miracles of memory. They not only popped out at me as tigers and as Romans, but masqueraded with brilliancy as Shakespeareans, astronomers, and navigators. This was so singularly the case that it had presumably much to do with the fact as to which, at this late day, I am at a loss for a different explanation: I allude to my unnatural composure on the subject of another school for Miles. What I remember is that I was content not, for the time, to open the question, and that contentment must have sprung from the sense of his present supreme little show of cleverness. He was too clever for a bad governess, for a person's daughter, to spoil; and the strangest, if not the brightest, thread in the pensive embroidery I just spoke of was the impression I might have got, if I had dared to work it out, that he was under some influence operating in his small intellectual life as a tremendous incitement.

If it was easy to reflect, however, that such a boy could postpone school, it was at least as striking that for such a boy to have been "kicked out" by a schoolmaster was a mystification without end. Let me add that, in their company now—and I was careful almost never to be out of it—I could follow no scent very far. We lived in a cloud of music and love and success and private theatricals. The musical sense, in each of the children, was of the quickest, but the elder in especial had a marvelous knack of catching and repeating. The schoolroom piano broke into all grewsome fancies; and when that failed there were confabulations in corners, with a sequel of one of them going out, in the highest spirits, in order to "come in" as something new. I had had brothers myself, and it was no revelation to me that little girls could be slavish idolaters of little boys. What surpassed everything was that there was a little boy in the world who could have for the inferior age, sex and intelligence so fine a consideration. They were extraordinarily at one, and to say that they never either quarreled or complained is to make the note of praise coarse for their quality of sweetness. Sometimes indeed, when I dropped into coarseness, I perhaps came across traces of little understandings between them by which one of them should keep me occupied while the other slipped away. There is a *naïf* side, I suppose, in all diplomacy; but if my pupils practiced upon me it was surely with the minimum of grossness. It was all in the other quarter that, after a lull, the grossness broke out.

I find that I really hang back; but I must take my plunge. In going on with the record of what was hideous at Bly I not only challenge the most liberal faith—for which I little care; but—and this is another matter—I renew what I myself suffered, I again push my way through it to the end. There came suddenly an hour after which, as I look back, the affair seems to

me to have been all pure suffering; but I have at least reached the heart of it, and the straightest road out is doubtless to advance. One evening—with nothing to lead up or to prepare it—I felt the cold touch of the impression that had breathed on me the night of my arrival and which, much lighter then, as I have mentioned, I should probably have made little of in memory had my subsequent sojourn been less agitated. I had not gone to bed; I sat reading by a couple of candles. There was a roomful of old books at Bly—last-century fiction, some of it, which, to the extent of a distinctly deprecated renown, but never to so much as that of a stray specimen, had reached the sequestered home and appealed to the unwavering curiosity of my youth. I remember that the book I had in my hand was Fielding's "Amelia" and that I was very wide awake. I recall also both a general conviction that it was horribly late and a particular objection to looking at my watch. I figure, further, that the white curtain draping, in the fashion of those days, the head of Flora's little bed, shrouded, as I had assured myself long before, the perfection of childish rest. Lastly I recollect that, though I was deeply interested in my author, I found myself, at the turn of a page and with his spell all scattered, looking straight up from him and hard at the door of my room. There was a moment during which I listened, reminded of the faint sense I had had, the first night, of there being something undefinably astir in the house, and noted the soft breath of the open casement just move the half-drawn blind. Then, with all the marks of a deliberation that must have seemed magnificent had there been any one to admire it, I laid down my book, rose to my feet and, taking a candle, went straight out of the room and, from the passage, on which my light made little impression, noiselessly closed and locked the door.

I can say now neither what determined nor what guided me, but I went straight along the lobby, holding my candle high, till I came within sight of the tall window that presided over the great turn of the staircase. At this point I precipitately found myself aware of three things. They were practically simultaneous, yet they had flashes of succession. My candle, under a bold flourish, went out, and I perceived, by the uncovered window, that the yielding dusk of earliest morning rendered it unnecessary. Without it, the next instant, I saw that there was some one on the stair. I speak of sequences, but I required no lapse of seconds to stiffen myself for a third encounter with Quint. The apparition had reached the landing half way up and was therefore on the spot nearest the window, where, at sight of me, it stopped short and fixed me exactly as it had fixed me from the tower and from the garden. He knew me as well as I knew him; and so, in the cold, faint twilight, with a glimmer in the high glass and another on the polish of the oak stair below, we faced each other in our common knowledge. He was absolutely, on this occasion, a living, detestable, dangerous presence. But that was not the wonder of wonders; I reserve this distinction for quite another circumstance: the circumstance that dread had unmistakably quitted me and that there was nothing in me there that didn't meet and measure him.

I had plenty of anguish after that extraordinary moment, but I had, thank God, no terror. And he knew I had not—I found myself at the end of an instant magnificently aware of this. I felt, in a fierce rigor of confidence, that if I stood my ground a minute I should cease—for the time, at least—to have him to reckon with; and during the minute, accordingly, the thing was as human and hideous as a real interview: hideous just because it was human, as human as to have met alone, in the small hours, in a sleeping house, some enemy, some adventurer, some criminal. It was the dead silence of our long gaze at such close quarters that gave the whole horror, huge as it was, its only note of the unnatural. If I had met a murderer in such a place and at such an hour we still at least would have spoken. Something would have passed, in life, between us; if nothing had passed one of us would have moved. The moment was so prolonged that it would have taken but little more to make me doubt if even I were in life. I can't express what followed it save by saying that the silence itself—which was indeed in a manner an attestation of my strength—became the element into which I saw the figure disappear; in which I definitely saw it turn, as I might have seen the base varlet to which it had once belonged turn on receipt of an order, and pass, with my eyes on the villainous back that no hunch could have more disfigured, straight down the staircase and into the darkness in which the next bend was lost.

(To be continued.)

NOTE.—Sketches of the Zola trial, made in the courtroom by Mr. Henry Mayer, special artist correspondent of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, were forwarded by steamer *Champagne*, which is now six days overdue. It is expected that the sketches will arrive in time for our next issue.—THE EDITOR.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NORTON, 233 PUSEY STREET, BOSTON, U. S. A.



HAWTHORNE'S VITASCOPE



HERE it is the middle of February, and I am sitting on the deck of a yacht lying off Key West, with the very loveliest turquoise-blue water in the world rippling and dancing all round me, a delicate cobalt blue sky overhead, soft white fleecy clouds standing low down on the eastern horizon, coral keys, overgrown with green, breaking the sky-line south and west: a warm breeze breathing over the ship from stern to stem, and the thermometer climbing toward the eighties. Gulls swoop and swing about, uttering delicate squealing sounds: big porpoises roll and spout voluptuously in the warm waves: everywhere is the perfection of summer and of freshness. How is it, this day and hour, in Boston, Chicago, or New York? Truly this is a great country!

When I set forth the other day on the trail of Tennyson's swallow, it was a white blizzard, and the temperature was four above zero. Even in Washington it was but nine. Snow lay on the ground as far south as North Carolina, and further for aught I know, but I went to bed. The next morning I was gliding through Georgia, and the snow was gone.

The story of Georgia as seen from a car window could soon be told. Its elements are flatness, swamps, and pines. The visible inhabitants are some negroes and a few crackers. The railway stations and the buildings and appurtenances are all of a dingy saffron yellow hue, with "Plant System" inscribed all over them. There are also, adjoining these stations, wooden shanties with "Southern Express Company" over the doors. On the steps and verandas of the shanties lounge and sprawl the cream of the local population. I have seen more loafing concentrated about these express offices than anywhere else in my native land. "Lotus-Eating Company" would be a more suitable appellation. Occasionally a relic of the war—a Confederate veteran with a white beard and an empty sleeve or trouser-leg—stumps slowly up and down before the building; or two or three pretty quadroons, in garments of the simplest sort, add interest to the scene. But the essence of laziness is over all; it is impossible to conceive of these folk as doing anything except nothing.

It occurred to me, however, that the deadly monotony of life and scene hereabout may be a prime cause of the lynching-bees of which we hear so much. Some excitement is necessary. Negroes are not much use anywhere; but he may take the place of a circus or a lyceum lecture by forming the subject of a cremation and strangulation experiment. In judging the acts of our fellow-creatures, such considerations should be borne in mind. I noticed a certain stiffness of demeanor on the part of the whites toward the blacks, as if they were mindful of the inferiority in point of numbers, and would make up for it somehow.

MORRO CASTLE

I slept that night on the yacht; and when I came on deck next morning I was well on my way across the narrow sea that separates the land of the free and the home of the brave from the island which nature created a paradise, and Spain transformed into a hell. A strong norther had been blowing for ten days past, and the sapphire sphere of sea in which the summer isle of Eden was lying, was deeply agitated in consequence. But the wind was going our way, and though the everlasting stream of the warm Gulf was against us, the long toss and plunge of our movement was anything but unpleasant to me. As the glorious day wore on, we began to scan the forward horizon for the loom of land; but nothing was to be seen in that direction but a soft, impenetrable haze. Had Cuba been engulfed by an earthquake? or was this haze the brooding smoke of a Battle of Armageddon? At all events, it was not until we were within five miles of the land that it became discernible; and then we found that we were a dozen miles west of our objective point. We turned and ran up the coast toward the entrance of Havana harbor.

All the coast hereabout is low, though in clear weather you can see mountains far inland. A long white beach stretches like a thread beneath the bluffs, and the surf breaks whiter yet on the reef that lies half a mile from shore. Morro Castle stands on a promontory of moderate height which forms the northern side of the narrow mouth of the harbor. The promontory dips steep and rugged into the sea; the lines of the brown fortification of hewn stone slope back and up, and cut clear against the sky, with broad, smooth flanks and re-entering angles; but of course a twenty-minutes' bombardment by a couple of guns such as the *Maine* carries would reduce it to a heap of gravel. The picturesqueness of the pile is accentuated by the lighthouse tower which rises from the corner of the cliff and overhangs the dark swirl of water below.

Morro cliff is the highest land in the vicinity, and is continued for near a mile along the northern shore of the harbor. Then it melts away, and the southern and western boundaries are but little above high-water mark. The City of Havana lies opposite

the Morro cliff—a beautiful site to look at, but obviously too low for good drainage. The appearance of the buildings is low and whitish, with flat roofs for the most part; near the wharfs are large, many-windowed edifices, which might be hotels, warehouses, or public buildings. A few towers rise above the general level, gray with age. A mellow tone pervades the scene: the city has stood here so long that nature has harmonized it with herself.

The harbor is an irregular-shaped pocket with a narrow neck: its diameters vary from a mile to two miles. At the upper extremities it is shallow, and the foulness of the bottom, composed of sewerage centuries old, renders the emanations fatal to the crews of ships that cast anchor there. The famous *Competitor* schooner lies far up in one of these bights; and her bottom is said to be so rotten that it would drop out were an attempt made to move her. In the middle of the harbor, neighboring the spot in which we dropped anchor, lay three ships of war: a French frigate of the style of fifty years ago, with tall black wooden sides, heavy masts and ponderous lines, used as a schoolship; a Spanish ironclad, built on a formidable plan, but of a dirty and slovenly aspect, and helpless for war, owing to the decay of her boilers; and, finally, our own *Maine*, an up-to-date battleship in perfect condition, bristling with polished guns, and populous with three hundred athletic tars. A quantity of small merchant shipping is clustered about the ancient stone wharfs of the town, and little sail-boats, heavily and clumsily built, with a hooped awning over the after part, bunt their way to and fro over the short waves, and come about with the aid of an oar when they miss stays.

Extending along the summit of the long cliff that culminates in Morro Castle is a line of stone fortification, of a whitish and pinkish hue, much weatherworn: behind these walls, on which the sunshine falls so pleasantly, the Cuban prisoners were confined; and here they were murdered. There is but a handful of them remaining now. Buzzards hover over the place, suggestively or reminiscently. Half a dozen guns of small caliber are mounted below one of the bastions; and it is said that an enormous Krupp is stationed on the top of the hill to the right, and is trained upon the *Maine*. It is also rumored that the latter vessel is lying over a torpedo, which can be exploded from the shore by touching a button. Moreover, a cable is stretched across the neck of the harbor, with explosives threaded upon it like beads upon a necklace, and by tautening it as a ship passes across, annihilation can be wrought. Nevertheless, Havana would be a very soft snap indeed even for such a miniature little navy as ours.

HAVANA

After the custom house officers and the police had done their worst to us (which indeed amounted to nothing more than the wearying of our ears with senseless and ineffectual palaver) we got into the naphtha launch and went ashore.

The breeze, setting in from a northerly quarter, made a splashing against the face of the wharf, and the launch bobbed up and down; so that one must be acrobatic to leap ashore dry-shod. I found myself in a sort of court, asworn with little Spaniards and Cubans, most of them shabbily attired, and all of them, of course, dirty, not excepting the soldiers, who wore very tight gray tunics and trousers, trimmed with red braid, and did not look in other respects warlike. I passed beneath a big stone archway into a narrow street, hemmed in with houses from one to three stories in height. They were built of blocks of coral rock, or of brick, faced with plaster, and washed over with pale tints of blue or pink, now subdued by time and weather so as to give a softened variety of hues to the stone. The sidewalks were from one to three feet in width; two pedestrians could not easily walk abreast on them; so most of the population took the street, which was paved with large, rough stone blocks, unevenly laid.

None of the streets were crowded, and many of them were nearly empty. There were two-wheeled carts, very wide between the wheels, drawn by small horses or large mules, the latter as fine as any I ever saw, and decorated with headstalls and harness studded with brass nails and festooned with red tassels. Most of the horses, besides being small, were in wretched condition. The people on foot were of the wizened Spanish type, slim-waisted and meager-jawed; though occasionally one saw good, well-filled out figures; they were dressed in dark colors, with black derby or slouch hats. Few women were to be seen; they usually wore black skirts and mantillas, and their faces were pallid and heavily powdered. They walked in pairs. There was a considerable intersprinkling of negroes, and a black-robed and hatted priest now and then. Altogether, the human effect was anything but brilliant. Handsome men were rare; some of the women had a heavy, dull comeliness, their eyes being their best feature. Once in a while there tottered slowly by a ghastly figure, ravaged by famine or disease, a relic of the Spanish policy against the insurgents. But no one paid any attention to them.

The windows of both stories of the private houses were heavily barred: there were verandas or balconies above the ground floor; between the bars, or from the balconies, occasionally looked women's faces, the owners of which were always ready to exchange oglings with the male passers-by in the street. The bars

were derived from the Moorish conquerors of Spain a thousand years ago; and the eye-flirtations are probably of as old a date, and are not considered compromising. I saw no damsel for whose sake I could imagine any sensible cavalier climbing a silken ladder; but something of the sort must be prevalent, for Havana is reputed to be one of the most dissolute towns in the world.

I drove to the Hotel Inglaterra in a cab—an open chaise, with a deep hood brought over it. The plan of the town is irregular, and the blocks small, and there are a dozen routes by which any given point may be reached, none of them much longer or shorter than another. My cabman, if he found his road blocked by other vehicles (as often happened) did not wait to get through, nor give way to vociferations, as we do in New York, but simply turned round and went another way. The courtesies of the street, and other minor courtesies, are much better observed in Havana than with us: and it is to be hoped rather than expected that when Havana has become an American town in acquiring our few virtues it will not be vitiated by our many faults.

The hotel is on the Prado—a large square laid out with grass plots and palm and other tropic and semi-tropic trees. It is the only space in town large enough to hold a big crowd, and it was here that the chief scenes of the late riot took place. The houses surrounding it are large, and some of them are noticeable architecturally; all of them—and all Havana, for that matter—have a certain beauty of fitness and character: they look as if they represented something, some idea, some type of nationality, some definite stage of civilization; and centuries of use, custom and tradition have touched them with the charm which time only can bestow. Havana is like no other city that I have seen: yet its tone is quiet and undemonstrative; there is nothing bizarre; and when, as not seldom happens, you come upon some special scene or feature which is beautiful exceedingly, you perceive that it is mainly an accidental or incidental beauty; it was not deliberately designed or premeditated, as all our "fine" and "handsome" architectural effects are. Havana is not a self-conscious city. It makes a distinct and agreeable impression upon you; but you feel that much of this is due to nature, to light, to climate, to an involuntary Spanish-tropical flavor; and much to that simple source of fascination which surprises with loveliness the builder who was seeking only use. An aerial stairway winding round the outside of a tower, lifted against the sky, and mellowed with the green of clinging shrubs, is an example of the sort of thing I mean.

Besides the large cafe of the hotel itself, and two or three others immediately adjoining it, there are numbers all through the city: large, open, airy places, where you sit at marble-topped tables, with slabs of white limestone under foot: they are leisurely resorts, not feverish dives or gorgeous palaces, where the last thing you look for is any decent form of social enjoyment. You may get a fair meal at many of them, with a bottle of Spanish or any other wine you choose to pay for; the prices are not exorbitant. Or you may simply order drink of any kind; and take your time in drinking it. Very good beverages are served, if you know what to ask for: one of the best is the fresh juice of the green cocoanut, poured out of the nut (the end of which is chopped off by the bartender in your presence), and drunk with a dash of gin in it. Huge, heavy tumblers, holding an imperial pint, are used, and into the liquid you dip a fragment of some white, crisp, sugary substance, which immediately crumbles and dissolves, and adds the final charm to the flavor. That drink is food as well, and a couple of them makes you feel as if you had dined with the Lord Mayor.

The hotel is a big, barren, rather comfortless place, and after a look over it I had no difficulty about making up my mind to make my headquarters in the yacht. The rooms are big and tall and drearily furnished and anything but homelike. Spaniards do not understand what "home" means to Anglo-Saxons; their mode of life and prejudices do not admit of our domestic arrangements and sentiments. You may be comfortable in a French inn, still more in an English one; but if you wish to enjoy a Spanish or Cuban one, you must restrict yourself to reading about it in the pages of Gil Blas or Don Quixote.

Driving about the city, I crossed a large open drain of very ill savor, flowing in the midst of a thickly inhabited region. "It comes from those slaughter-houses up yonder," said my companion, a native of the city. "Why not have the slaughter-houses outside the city limits?" I wanted to know. "Oh, the government gets a big revenue from the butchers," he replied, "and so they are allowed to remain there." The sluggish stream which flowed beneath a culvert across the road was a current of gory filth, foul enough to breed a dozen pestilences even beneath the sun of the temperate zone. But there was money for government in letting it flow there, and perhaps its bloody nature was an additional inducement to them. Our own municipal government has been occasionally censured, I believe, but I doubt if they would have swallowed a drain like that. There were a number of other instances as bad and almost as bad as this which I noticed that day, and they all were due to the operation of the same cause. Wonderful indeed must be the vitality of a country which can outlive things like these and still yield enormous revenues. But "when the Spanish officers have sucked us dry," remarked my friend, "you may know there isn't much blood left in us!"

I have written elsewhere about the starving people in Havana and its environs, and do not care to return to that harrowing subject here. No provision whatever for them was made by the authorities; they were brought there to die, and they died. They were all women and children, the children and the mothers of the new Cuban generation, which is thus extirpated forever, with no possibility of renewal. "Has there been no change of policy for the better under Blanco?" I asked. "Yes, in name," said my interlocutor; "but in fact everything goes on much the same; these people are not only starved, but outside of Havana they are also cut up with the machete, burned, and tortured." The idea seems to be, since it has proved impossible to conquer the rebels in the field, to use this means of conquering them ultimately. Their existence has been limited to the span of their natural lives; after they are dead, there will be no posterity to inherit their patrimony. Whether or not Spain is forced to withdraw from the island, in a few years there will be no Cubans in it. It will be populated by a new race, from this and other countries. We may have whatever satisfaction can be derived from the reflection that, owing to our negligence—our extraordinary respect for international courtesies—a whole people has actually been exterminated within ninety miles of the domain of the United States; and exterminated with cruelties such as have been unknown in Christendom for a thousand years.

General Lee has large and cool apartments in an office-building in one of the narrow streets in the city. He is a broad, bluff, dignified, yet genial American, and I liked him more and more the longer I knew him. At this writing I cannot properly recount many of the most interesting subjects of our conversations. It may be surmised that he was aware, as were many others, of the condition of things in Havana and its harbor; and the recent tragedy could hardly have taken him completely by surprise, any more than it did the men on the doomed ship. To me, knowing what I knew from observation and intimation, it came as the premature confirmation of an anticipation. Before this paper is read, the truth about the whole matter may probably be known. But the Spanish authorities, true to their inheritance, are only too likely to evade direct blame of the occurrence. If men were hired by them to do the deed, it would be with precautions such as would make it difficult or impossible for the actual murderers to put the responsibility where it belongs. Doubtless, too, the murderers will have been smuggled out of the island long ere this. The best chance for discovering the facts will be the offer of rewards in money for conclusive information; for Spanish honor is not so fashioned as to withstand the temptation of gold; for that, they will not only sell country and friends, but will live on the proceeds in perfect peace and contentment.

I must chop off this random string here. Other opportunities may come for telling more about Havana and the situation there during the first weeks in February.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.



MEN MANNERS AND MOODS

LXXXI



IN A literary London club I was talking, the other day, about American poets. My interlocutor mentioned Holmes, and maintained that despite his merit he was oddly lacking in distinction. This word, "distinction," was first invented as a literary epithet, if I mistake not, by Matthew Arnold; and when in America he harped most persistently on the complete absence of distinction from our newspapers—a reproach hailed with jeers by those same sheets, from sea to sea. Heretofore the word had been used with reference to human presences, not to prose style—with reference to people, not poetry. It was a happy "find" for Arnold—happier, I should say, than his "sweetness and light", a phrase which had too heavily scented an effect upon our nostrils, and which hinted more of effeminacy than of plain living and high thinking. As regards Holmes, the more one asks for distinction in him, the less one is apt to perceive it. In that perfect lyric, "The Chambered Nautilus," we find it, and in those thrillingly eloquent lines, "The Voiceless." Then, too, "The Last Leaf" possesses it, and a handful more of his poems. "Well," it may be urged, "can a poet not be saved without distinction?" Hardly, comes the cruel yet inevitable reply. Holmes's chief trouble was his thirst for impermanent applause—the light laugh of the moment, and especially the after-dinner laugh, which is lightest of all. He never cultivated originality of form, and his best verses have the ring of Pope or Dryden. It is nothing against him that he loved the traditional and academic, but one marvels why he should have made no effort to improve upon either in a purely individual sense. He has left us nothing that is really "Holmes," except his nimble and lambent wit, which he incessantly wreaked upon the most ephemeral subjects. With this wit he might have

made himself the greatest satirist of his century, since "good humor" was by no means the most salient trait of his metric facility, but stings of severe irony dwelt in it as well. He achieved, however, an enormous repute for "good humor." I have my private beliefs that this reputation, accumulating like a rolled snowball from year to year, must often have bored him to the bone.

Holmes, apart from his poetry, was a man of much scientific medical knowledge, and of moods which therefore were often intensely serious. You can never somehow get over the fact that he had his appointments with his Muse, his "at homes" with her, his days "in" and his days "out," like the records of those little tin, shifting plates which we see in the vestibules of flats. His beloved Harvard class wanted him to "read something" at one of their reunions. Oh, he mustn't refuse that invitation!—and he didn't. A few days beforehand Euterpe was told that she must come. She always obeyed, and rarely with any other literary result than the general recognition that she had been summoned and had obeyed. Banquets of commemoration, banquets of celebration, banquets of welcome to some important potentate, through a period of almost fifty years, at last made Holmes the Oracle of the Occasional, and by this name he will probably be famous as long as his fame at all endures. One doesn't want to underrate him in the least, but one cannot help feeling that coexistent with this disinclination bides the impression of how recklessly he underrated himself. You glance over his poems, now, and wonder what it is that they chiefly lack, apart from the distinction which I have already mentioned. Then suddenly the word "atmosphere" occurs to you, for page after page is almost tediously without it. The atmosphere of Boston pervades them, if you please, but that, in letters, has only a provincial little meaning. Universality, largeness of symbolism, magnitude of sentiment, of sympathy and of outlook, are what we ask for in a poet so widely praised; but of these qualities we get scarcely a glimpse. You grow persuaded (fatal persuasion!) that he treated literature as a pastime—that he chose to be the Divinity of Dinners rather than the laborious artist of a lofty ideal. You grow conscious of how utterly he ignored passion, of how, while often lauding beauty, he searched none of its enchanting vistas, cared nothing for its magnificent thrills. Nor is any sign of real imagination, save at long intervals apart, to be lighted on in his work.

From America, in fact from New Jersey, I have frequently received, of late, a slender pamphlet, whose color is the most delicate fawn, and which is entitled:

THE JURNAL

OR

ORTHOEPI & ORTHOGRAFI

Phonic Speling, Yufonic Wurdz, Fitnes ov Wurdz.

I have stated that this publication emanates from New Jersey, but that, after all, is a somewhat cruel disclosure, since ridiculous things will happen everywhere. The little magazine, as it stands, makes you think of Josh Billings and Artemus Ward, with all the fun left out. Indeed, who on earth can help being profoundly impressed by the great seriousness of such a passage as?—

"It iz wel non that the subjekt ov fonetik speling haz for yezr attrakted the attenshun ov the skolarz ov Ingland and Amerika, that speling reform assoschashunz hav bin formd in meni lokalitiz, and that a number ov the most abli edited publik jurnalz ar its earnest advokats. The subjekt hausever iz wun hwich mor depł konsernz the welfar ov thoz hu ar engajd in farming than iz jeneralli non or suppozd, and hwich shud faind among farmerz its most zelus supporterz az it iz but a fu months at the longest that thar children, partikularli thar boiz, kan attend skul, konsekwenti farmerz children hav no taim tu devot tu the memo-ruizing ov the autlandish speling ov the thausandz ov wurdz in aur langwey even tho this be a nesessari fad for children hu attend villej and siti skulz."

Well, we have "reform" nearly everywhere. Would it were as drastic in our politics as this "filological jurnal" aims to be in our language! On the whole, it is a great blessing for those who love to laugh, that so few people in the world know when they are really funny. I may be drenched in the stagnant waters of superstition. It has never particularly occurred to me that I am, but I cheerfully make the admission that I may be, nevertheless. And yet, in spite of this probable degradation, I must confess myself unable to discern why the demand of "farmerz" children, or any other conceivable children of any other conceivable class, makes it "nesessari" to strip from the English tongue every shadow of that dignity and charm which were born of tradition, of association, of gradual yet keenly interesting growth. This little "Jurnal of Orthoepe and Orthograft" is, in itself, scarcely worthy of notice. But it evidences a deplorable American impulse, and one that should be stoutly antagonized. Innovations in our language, the correct coinage of new words, the recognition of certain words which are now labeled "obsolete," perhaps the spelling of past-participles in a more succinct way—all this may easily be classed under the heading of "toler-

able." But almost everything else is brutal and barbarous—a horror to all true men of letters, a shock to all true philologists. I wonder who are the real "skolarz ov England and Amerika" who with straight faces can counsel these kinds of "speling reform assoshashunz." Luminaries in Lancashire, it may be, or pundits in Peoria. If I had to write "city" "siti" I should not be willing to live in one. If I had to write "country" "kuntri" I should either take to a balloon like André, or live on the top of a pillar, like St. Simeon Stylites. If there is any department of human experience where conservatism is justifiable, avoidance of this "fonetic" trash represents it. Our language needs, in many ways, enlargement, amplification. There are new words, as it were, crowding at its gates. We don't expand it and deepen it with half enough industry and zeal. We have too sluggish a linguistic peace. There are words I should like to see guillotined; there are others I should like to see banished to the *oubliettes* of some implacable Bastille. But there are many brave republican words that I should like to see toss their triumphant caps in the air. Our language is copious yet arid, generous yet parsimonious. It has its rich soil yet also its tracts of sand. An enormous amount of rectification, of rehabilitation, of fertilization, is possible to it. All in all, it is an extremely opulent and beautiful language, but still it contains parlous of pauperdom which all who have carefully roamed its domain must have met and deplored. This, however, is a question quite apart from the silliness of "fonetics." These persons (rather fanatics than "fonetics") are mere vandals, unutterably tasteless, and vulgar beyond speech. They are of the kind who would hang in their rooms a loud and tawdry chromo of the Dresden Madonna, who would find no difference between a bit of rare old *Cinque Cento* silver and a neat Gorham-plate imitation of it. They want to tear the moss off the roofs of delicious old words. They have no respect for the sweetness and tenderness of antiquity that clothe them like ivy, that engird them like a grove of yews. They are little insurgents, without any cause to fight for save a demolition of the suggestive, the poetic, the memorial. The tempest they are trying to raise isn't even measured by a teacup; its area is at best a thimble. Thunders there are perforce puny.

All London is talking, just now, about the new book of poems published by Mr. Stephen Phillips. Yesterday, at a social dinner, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Phillips. He bears his new honors with great modesty, and during quite a long conversation with him I did not hear the faintest reference to his profusely praised book. Personally Mr. Phillips is tall, with a full-molded brow and features very sensitively cut. The large eyes are of a light, brilliant blue, the nose prominent but of classic chiseling, the mouth small, and of an expression singularly sweet. Altogether it is a very striking face, and not by any means unsuggestive of Byron's. With Mr. Phillips's "Christ in Hades" American readers may be already somewhat familiar. It has attained an extraordinary vogue here, and holds, perhaps, the place of honor among his "Poems." Christ is supposed to enter the glooms of Hades at a time when

"Restless grew their queen Persephone;
Who, like a child, dreading to be observed
By awful Dis, threw little glances down
Toward them, and understood them with her eyes.
Perpetual dolor had as yet but drooped
The corners of her mouth; and in her hand
She held a bloom that had on earth a name.
Quickly she whispered: 'Come, my Hermes, Come!
'Tis time to fetch me! Ah, through all my veins
The sharpness of the Spring returns: I hear
The stalk revive with sap, and the first drops
On green illumined grass; now over me
The blades are growing fast; I cannot rest.
He comes, he comes! Yet with how slow a step,
Who used to run along a sunny gust!
And O a withered wreath! no roses now
Dewy from paradise. Surely not his
Those earnest eyes, that ragged hair; his face
Was glad and cold. This is no god at all,
Only some grieving human shade, with hands
Unightly, and the eager Furies wheel
Over him.'"

The appearance of Christ in Hades creates an unbounded awe among its legions of ghosts. For a while all agonies are suspended, while this new Presence stands and gazes about him. Prometheus and other damned souls address and entreat him, but he makes no reply. The whole poem is sub-entitled a "fantasy." But apart from its fantastic element it is informed with much mysticism. Christ, without uttering a word, departs from Hades, and leaves its habitants to a new sense of their hopeless despair. "The Spectator" calls it "a wonderful dream, a dream that stirs the heart in almost every line." Other journals echo this eulogy. "The Saturday Review" says: "This much at least is certain, that here we have a new and powerful

personality, standing quite alone among our younger poets." "The Daily Chronicle" says: "Its impressiveness is immediate and permanent; it is haunting as are certain great passages in the austere classics." . . . Meanwhile Mr. Phillips bears his new dignities with fine composure, and shows not a sign that he is being lavishly raved over by all literary London.

Mr. Owen Seaman, who wrote that delightful book of humorous verse, "The Battle of the Bays," is a personality of much attraction. He has a smooth-shaven face, decidedly serious till a smile lights it, and rather the grave air of some busy barrister than that of a man who has given to thousands a fresh tingle of mirth. We spoke together, a night or two ago, of Mr. Gilbert's "Bab Ballads," and I was glad to find that he shared with me an extreme admiration of them. He seemed to regret, however, that Mr. Gilbert's great triumphs as a librettist should have caused people to forget (for a time, at least) these rare lyric drolleries. Mr. Seaman is on the staff of "Punch," and there his metrical duties, as he tells me, often take a far from fun-making turn. His work is unsigned, but not seldom it strikes the obituary and elegiac note. I can imagine that he might be admirable in sober moods, for his command of rhymes and rhythms cannot be disputed, while his power of pungent phrase is efficient beyond all cavil. Who that has ever appreciatingly read it could forget his Swinburnian parody—"A Song of Renunciation"? Delicious are his lines breathing

"Of embraces that clasp and that sever,
Of blushes that flutter and flee
Round the limbs of Dolores, whoever
Dolores may be."

Or, again, while he asserts that

"Far-rolling my ravenous red eye
And lifting a mutinous lid,
To all monarchs and matrons I said I
Would shock them—and did!"

Once more, how matchless is the amusement of this stanza!—

"Thee I sang, and thy loves, O Thalassian,
O 'noble and nude and antique!
Unashamed in the 'fearless old fashion'
Ere washing was done once a week;
When the roses and rapture that girt you
Were visions of delicate vice,
And the 'lilies and languors of virtue'
Not nearly so nice."

Or, still again:

"From the sweets that are sour as the sorrel's
The bees have abortively swarmed,
And Algernon's earlier morals
Are fairly reformed."

It has been stated that Mr. Swinburne was annoyed by this burlesquing of his genius. But one is tempted to discredit the report. Only so original a poet could be parodied with so victorious a skill.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 5, 1898.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

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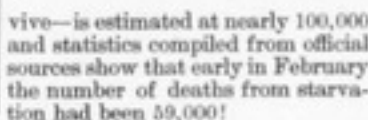
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Late and apparently trustworthy reports from the province of Matanzas, containing the city of the same name, contain some figures indicating that the suffering has reached appalling proportions. The normal population of the province is a little in excess of 250,000. The number of persons now in a starving condition—living, yet unlikely ever to recover, even if they sur-



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