TABLE OF CONTENTS FOR APRIL 1900

At Yaidzu.....Lafcadio Hearn..... 18

Brereton Falls in with the Enemy...P. L. Ford.... 54

Brook Farm.....Lindsay Swift..... 70

In the Courting Meadow.....Mary Johnston..... 30

Ina Coolbrith..... 16

Under Fire in South Africa..... 7

Editorial Comment..... 1

Another Hero—Light Horse to the Front—Misjudging Army Operations—The Literary Output—Successful Books—Needed—A Satirist—Facts About the Grip—A Pantheon—Educational Deficiencies—Prevention of Ugliness—Business Profits—Nurses for the Army—Longer Life.

Among the Plants: Garden, Field and Forest..... 82

Alpine Flowers..... 83
Floral Pageants in California..... 83
Japanese as Flower Lovers..... 82

Animal Life: Stories, Studies and Sketches..... 91

Do the Lower Animals Suffer Pain?..... 95
Eagles and Babies..... 91
Employing the Carabao in the Philippines..... 92
Great Seal Rookeries, The..... 93
Salamanders and Salamander Cats..... 91

Applied Science: Invention and Industry..... 50

American Gems..... 52
Calculating Machines..... 53
Century's New Power..... 50
Danger to the Rubber Supply..... 51
Mauser Bullet's Work..... 50

Book List: What to Read—Where to Find It..... 109

Brief Comment: Literary Sayings and Doings..... 102

Contemporary Celebrities..... 11

Cardinal Gotti..... 13
Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil..... 12
Famous Surgeon, A..... 15
General Lawton..... 12
Lord Kitchener..... 11
Osman Digna..... 14

Current Literary Thought and Opinion..... 34

Author and the Publisher, The..... 34
Cash Author, The..... 36
Charles Reade and His Books..... 37
Gospel of Blackmore, The..... 35
Mr. Bridge's Poems..... 36
Unity of French Literature..... 38

Educational Topics of the Day..... 61

Facts and Figures: The Little Encyclopedia..... 79

General Gossip of Authors and Writers..... 43

In the World of Religious Thought..... 74

Age Limit in the Ministry..... 74
Church of Humanity, The..... 75
Ecumenical Missionary Conference, The..... 77
Is the Christian Religion Declining?..... 74
John Wesley..... 76
Mormons in the South..... 77
Types of Religious Life..... 74

Library Table: Glimpses of New Books..... 104

Matters Musical, Artistic and Dramatic..... 39

Edward Emerson Simmons..... 40
Making Up the Opera Repertoire..... 42
Music and Men of Genius..... 41
An Artists' Loan Association..... 39
Opera in Chicago, The..... 39

Open Questions: Talks with Correspondents..... 111

Over the Wine and Walnuts..... 85

Random Reading: Miniature Essays on Life..... 26

Age of the Nations..... 26
British Courage..... 26
Capacity for Work..... 29
Discussion, not Abuse..... 28
Temper..... 27
True Character of a Cynic..... 27

Sayings of the Children..... 78

Sketch Book: Character in Outline..... 98

Andy Shanks' Liberality..... 99
Creepy Experience, A..... 99
Witches of Dartmoor..... 98

Sociologic Questions of the Times..... 66

Employers' Liability..... 66
In Famine-Stricken India..... 67
Profit on Municipal Gas in Great Britain..... 69
Women in French Industries..... 66

Sport, Recreation and Adventure..... 57

American Turf Problems..... 57
Danger in Sports..... 57
Disabled Hunter and a Blind Panther, A..... 58
Lawlessness of Baseball Players..... 57
Professionalism and Sport..... 60

Vanity Fair: Fads, Foibles and Fashions..... 87

Audiences at the Opera..... 89
Dancing Among Orientals..... 87
Decline of Beauty..... 87
Decline of Good Manners..... 88
Jewels at the Opera..... 90
What Some Gowns Cost..... 90

World Over: Pen Pictures of Travel..... 20

Finding of a Lost Tribe..... 20
Graveyard of the Atlantic..... 24
Great Salt Lake..... 22
Lost Mines of Mexico..... 20
Two Royal Weddings at Johore..... 22

Poetical Departments:

American Poets of To-Day, 16-17—Choice Verse, 48-49—Dialect Verse, 64-65—Minor Key, 32-33—Newspaper Verse, 60-97—Page of Quatrains, 25—Treasure Trove, 80-81.

Allen-a-Dale.....Sir Walter Scott..... 81
April.....John Greenleaf Whittier 81
Beside the Dead.....Ina Coolbrith..... 17
Bill's Courtship.....Atlanta Constitution 65
Bobs.....Rudyard Kipling..... 80
Brook, The.....Ina Coolbrith..... 17
Bugle, The.....J. J. Bell..... 48
Bullet, The.....George Crouch..... 97
Burgher Smit of the Transvaal..J. J. Rooney..... 32
Come, Rest In This Bosom..Thomas Moore..... 81
Confessional.....London Academy..... 33
Daisies.....Ina Coolbrith..... 17
Dolcino to Margaret.....Charles Kingsley..... 81
Empty Nest, An.....Margaret E. Sangster 32
Faces in the Street.....Henry Lawson..... 33
Flying Fish, The.....Mary McNeil Fenollosa 49
Gold-Headed Cane, The.....F. L. Knowles..... 49
Her Mother.....Theodosia P. Garrison 33
How They Fixed It.....Punch..... 97
Human Owl, The.....Washington Star..... 97
In Blossom Time.....Ina Coolbrith..... 16
In the Grand Cañon.....Ina Coolbrith..... 17
"In the Roaring Forties"....Morgan Robertson... 48
Joke on Pat, The.....Ellis Parker Butler... 64
Kalamazoo.....Denver News..... 97
Lariat Jim.....Cleveland Plain Dealer 96
Life.....I. R. Askew..... 33
Mother, The.....New York Press..... 32
New York—Midnight.....Dora Read Goodale.. 48
O Thou of Little Faith.....George MacDonald.. 81
Onward Through the Village Square...Déroulède 9
Pantoum, A.....Carolyn Wells..... 5
Perfect Day, A.....Ina Coolbrith.....
Prairie Idyl, A.....Roy Farrell Greene..
Poet, The.....Ina Coolbrith.....
Rebuke.....Ina Coolbrith..... 17
Ronkonkoma.....John Jerome Rooney 49
Rosemarie.....Elizabeth R. MacDonald 32
Snowshoer.....Theodore Roberts..... 48
Suburbanite, The.....Theodosia P. Garrison 96
Till Then.....Arthur Sherburne Hardy 49
When I am Dead.....Kate Thyson Marr... 33
When Love is Dead.....Ina Coolbrith..... 16
When Pa Put Up the Stovepipe..San Fran. Exam. 65
Which Shall it Be?.....Ethel Lynn Beers..... 80
Who May With the Shrewd Hours Strive..A. Colton 49
Worst Teacher, The.....H. F. Day..... 64

EDUCATIONAL

Universities and Colleges.

MARYLAND, near Baltimore, Charles Street Avenue.

Notre Dame College.

First Catholic College for Women in America.

Chartered in 1864. Empowered in 1896 to confer College Degrees. Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame, a religious Society of the Catholic Church, devoted exclusively to educational work. Teachers specialists in every department. Lecturers of National reputation. System of education thorough and progressive. Courses of Study Regular and Elective. Exceptional opportunities for the study of Music and Art. Location unsurpassed. Suburb of Baltimore. Spacious buildings, completely equipped, in the centre of a beautifully wooded park and grounds of sixty-three acres.

Notre Dame Preparatory School for Girls. Primary, Academic and College-Preparatory Classes. Firm discipline. Physical training. Individual supervision of manners, methods of study, habits of life, out-door exercise, tennis, croquet, basket-ball, rowing, etc.

Address, NOTRE DAME COLLEGE.

ILLINOIS, Chicago, 1503—100 Washington Street.

Chicago College of Law.

LAW DEPARTMENT OF LAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY.
Hon. THOS. A. MORAN, L.L.D., Dean.

Three-Year course leading to the degree of L.L.B. Prepares for admission to the Bar in all the States.

For catalogue, address the Secretary,
ELMER E. BARRETT, L.L.B.

ILLINOIS, Chicago, 167 Dearborn Street.

Illinois College of Osteopathy, Surgery and Medicine (Incorporated).

Those who desire to follow a lucrative profession should investigate our advanced methods of teaching. Our college course is preeminently liberal, practical and scientific. Ours is the only Osteopathic Sanitarium anywhere. Home comforts! The demand for Osteopathic practitioners is greater than the supply. We employ more operators than any other Osteopathic Institution in the world.

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* says: "This college is universally acknowledged as the leader in the teaching and practice of this new science which makes Nature her own doctor."

References: Chicago Newspapers. Write for illustrated treatise and college announcement. Sent free. Address
D. E. KERR, Department X.

ILLINOIS, Chicago, 151 Throop Street.

The National University.

University Extension and Non-Resident Courses (including all post-graduate) lead to the usual college degrees. Instructions by mail in any desired subject, including journalism, law, technical, commercial and preparatory subjects. Established thirteen years. Address F. W. HARKINS, Ph.D., Chancellor.

PENNSYLVANIA, Philadelphia.

The MacGibeny College.

Music, oratory, elocution, drama. Seventy-five instructors. Modern scientific methods. Graduating course one year. Send for booklet. 1730 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia.

Academical and Preparatory.

ALABAMA, Birmingham.

The Taylor School.

Thorough preparation for leading colleges or business life. High location. Mild climate. Four boys received into principal's family at $300 each. WILLIAM PIERRE TAYLOR, A.B. (Yale), Principal.

NEW JERSEY, Short Hills.

Carteret School.

Forty boys. Preparation for college and scientific school. Military Drill, Manual Training. New building.
ALFRED COLBURN ARNOLD, Headmaster

COLORADO, Denver.

Wolfe Hall.

The Diocesan Girls' School of Colorado. An ideal home in Denver for delicate girls of the East. $310 a year. LUCIA OLCOTT STREETER, Principal.

COLORADO, Denver.

The Denver Normal and Preparatory School

Eight Complete Departments.
FRED. DICK, Ex-State Superintendent, Principal.

NEW JERSEY, Pompton, "Pamlico."



The Henry C. de Mille.

Seventh year of the Henry C. de Mille School for Girls re-opens October 2, 1899. Number limited. Vacancies few. A beautiful home-school in the country. Adantages of New York City. All departments. Torough training in sewing, cooking and housekeeping. Send for circular.

Military.

GERLACH ACADEMY

Brielle, Monmouth Co., N. J.

MILITARY BOARDING SCHOOL

Prepares for American and European Universities

Location

Brielle, the location of Gerlach Academy, is one of the prettiest spots on the Jersey shore and it is an ideal place for a boys' school. It is situated on the Long Branch Division of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, fifty-nine miles from New York City.

Practical Instruction

A very important feature of the Gerlach Academy's course of studies and one to which the attention of parents and guardians whose sons or charges are to enter business is especially called, is its instruction in Geometrical, Architectural, Free-hand and Industrial drawing, and finally to special practical instruction in various WORKSHOPS.

The Table

It is well supplied with food of the best quality. The location renders it easy to obtain daily absolutely fresh meat, vegetables, milk, etc. This is of itself a great advantage.

Religious Service

The academy is non-sectarian. Morning and evening prayers and Sunday services at the village churches, at which all cadets are required to attend.

WE TAKE CARE OF YOUR BOY DURING YOUR TRIP TO PARIS THIS SUMMER

NEW JERSEY, Matawan.

Glenwood Collegiate Institute (Military Drill).

College Preparatory and Business Courses. Modern Languages and Music. Thorough instruction. Home influence. Resident pupils limited to 30. Open September 20, '99. Catalog.
Prof. C. G. BROWER, Principal.

NEW YORK, Peekskill.

Worrall Hall Military Academy.

Forty-two miles from New York City.
Thorough training for college, business, West Point and Anapolis.
Strict military discipline.
Parents are cordially invited to inspect the school at any time, or to call at our New York office, 51 West 10th Street. Summer school session begins June 26th. Open Wednesdays from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Catalogue Sent on Request. — Col. CHARLES J. WRIGHT, B.S., A.M., President. Major CHARLES M. DUNCAN, } Principals. WILLIAM NICHOLS-MARCY, A.B. }

Unclassified.

ILLINOIS, Chicago, 33d Street and Armour Avenue.

Chicago Free Kindergarten Association.

Normal Training Class. Armour Institute of Technology. Class organized September 21, 1899. Address as above.
EVA B. WHITMORE, Gen'l Superintendent.
ANNA E. ERYAN, Principal Normal Dept.

PENNSYLVANIA, Philadelphia.

Marshall Seminary, Oak Lane, Philadelphia, Pa.

An ideal location for school for girls. Academic and Music Classes. College Preparatory. Illustrated circulars.
THE MISSES MARSHALL, Principals.

NEW YORK, New York City.

Private Kindergarten Training Class.

Twenty-first year begins October 10, 1899. For particulars address
Mrs. SARAH MARIE HARRIS,
Care of J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., 3 East 14th Street.

THE COLLECTOR

American and English publishers are requested to send to the Editor information about new, limited and subscription editions, bibliographical works, etc., that will be of interest to book-lovers and collectors. Booksellers, autograph and print dealers, and auctioneers will confer a favor by sending their catalogues regularly. Information or suggestions will be gladly given to subscribers on lines pertinent to this department. Address

THE EDITOR, THE COLLECTOR DEPARTMENT,
CURRENT LITERATURE, Bryant Building, New York.

Auction Rooms

DAVIS & HARVEY
AUCTIONEERS
1112 Walnut Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Book Department conducted by Stan. V. Henkels
The only Auction House in the country where the cataloguer cries the sale, a pre-eminent advantage over and above all competors.
Books, Autographs and Engravings a Specialty

Bookbinding

BOOKBINDING,
PLAIN AND ARTISTIC
In all varieties of leather at MODERATE PRICES
HENRY BLACKWELL
56 UNIVERSITY PLACE, NEW YORK

Books

JACKSON & HOVENDON
DEALERS IN NEW AND OLD BOOKS
Highest Prices Paid for Private Libraries and Books in Small Lots
28 ANN STREET, NEW YORK CITY

RARE BOOKS 100,000 Volumes in Stock
Catalogues issued monthly and mailed free to any address
LIBRARIES PURCHASED
JOS. McDONOUGH, Ye Olde Booke Man
53-55 State Street, ALBANY, N. Y.

The Burnham Antique Book Store
400,000 volumes ...in stock...
Basement of the Old South Meeting House, BOSTON, MASS.
Our new Catalogue ready about April 15th. Copies mailed upon application.

The Humboldt Library of Science is the only publication of its kind—the only one containing popular scientific works at low prices. It contains only works of acknowledged excellence by authors in the first rank in the world of science. In this series are well represented the writings of DARWIN, HUXLEY, SPENCER, TYNDALL, PROCTOR, and other leaders of thought. *Catalogues free;* or send fifteen cents for a sample volume to
THE HUMBOLDT LIBRARY, 64 5th Ave., New York

In a Library

The living ofttimes vex us—
The wise old dead are best.
When life's vain games perplex us,
'Tis here we turn for rest.

The New York Times' Saturday Review assures us that the days of "finds" have not gone by, and gives the following record of "bargains meet for purses lean" found in the city of New York within a year:

A copy of the first edition of Alice Through the Looking Glass, purchased in the store of the American Tract Society in Nassau street for 20 cents. It is in the original covers and in perfect condition.

First edition of Charles Lamb's Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets, 1808. Bought three days ago in Fourteenth street for $1. Uncut and in good condition.

A rare eighteenth century book on The Elements of Musick, by William Tans'ur, Sr. Bought from a Roumanian who has a basement store in Grand street, near the East river, for $1.

First edition of Lang's Blue Fairy Book, bought in Park row for 25 cents.

Two volumes made up of fifteenth and sixteenth century maps and views of cities. Probably took the collector many years to get together. A large number of the plates are unique. Sixth avenue. $2.

William Loring Andrews' brochure on bookbinding. Fifty copies issued. Japanese paper. Sixth avenue. Fifty cents.

Lang's Lost Leaders, first edition, large paper. Fourth avenue, $1.

Lang's Old Friends, first edition, large paper. Brooklyn, $1.50.

Lang's Oxford, first edition. Park row. Fifty cents.

Lane's translations of The Thousand and One Nights, first edition. London, 1839-41. Three volumes. Bought at a furniture auction, $4.

There will soon be placed on exhibition at Dodd, Mead & Co.'s about 150 finely bound volumes, representing the work done during the last two or three years by the Club Bindery of this city. There are a few, of course, who have been familiar with the character of the work the Club Bindery is accomplishing, but to the general book-loving public the coming little exhibition will be a delightful artistic surprise.

The sale of the library of the late Carl Edelheim of Philadelphia at the American Art Galleries of this city was well attended, and good prices were paid. Book dealers were the chief buyers. The bidding on the Grolier Club publications was particularly lively, and some good prices were paid. The first and rarest of the Grolier publications, Decree of Star Chamber Concerning Printing, brought $180. The Grolier Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam brought $100, and Irving's Knickerbocker History, in two volumes, was knocked down at $51. None of the Elzevirs went above $12. A first edition of John

Books

NEW BOOKS

Every person of refinement and intelligence desires to keep posted on current literature, to know what is new and readable, to be able to discuss new books, titles and authors. Book news is now a universal topic of conversation.

Brentano's publish every month a catalogue and price list of new books, containing a list of all publications of the preceding month. This list gives everything new in Fiction, Biography, History, Poetry and Drama, Theology, Science, Adventure, and French and German Books. This catalogue will be sent you

FREE EVERY MONTH

Send us your name and the catalogue will be sent you promptly the first of each month. Safe delivery of books by mail guaranteed throughout the world.

BRENTANO'S
31 Union Square, New York, and Chicago, Washington and Paris.

OLD AND RARE BOOKS
Catalogues issued regularly. No. 4 now ready, containing many rare first editions, and interesting items of old fiction, Americana, History, Travels, Art, Drama, Wit and Humor, Indians, etc. Send your address on a postal and a copy will be mailed you.
F. W. BIRD, 58 and 60 Cornhill, BOSTON, MASS.

WANTED TO BUY
Libraries, Rare English Books, Autographs and Prints, Americana, Books and Views on early New York.
E. F. BONAVENTURE
6 West 33d St. (Opposite the Waldorf)

"JANICE MEREDITH" ALL $1.50 Books 99c.
Sent by mail, 15c. extra.
Address,
Rector Street Book Store Co.
Send for free Catalogue. New York City

THE COLLECTOR

Books

FIELD, FOREST AND WAYSIDE FLOWERS

With chapters on Grasses, Sedges and Ferns. Untechnical Studies for Unlearned Lovers of Nature. By MAUD GOING. Crown 8vo, cloth, decorated, illustrated with many half-tone and line engravings, $1.50.

"The pictures are exceptionally successful, showing more clearly than pictures in black and white usually do the textures and indefinable characteristics of the subject. The text is delightfully untechnical. We can thank Providence that at last there has been acknowledged the division between botany and just common knowledge about the green and tinted things which God has given us."—*New York Press.*

"Will lend zest to an outing, abounds in suggestions for observation lessons."—*The Dial.*

Sold by all Booksellers. Sent postpaid by

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.

5 and 7 East 16th St., NEW YORK

The Only Modern Book on the Subject **Magna Charta**

AND THE OTHER ENGLISH CHARTERS

With a historical and critical essay by Boyd C. Barrington, of the Philadelphia Bar. 342 pages; 12mo. cloth, gilt top, untrimmed edges. Sent prepaid on receipt of price, $3.

WILLIAM J. CAMPBELL, Publisher

1218 WALNUT STREET **PHILADELPHIA**

Old and New Books

P. K. Foley & Co.

26 Bromfield St.

BOSTON

Dramatic Biography and History; First Editions of American and English Authors, Science, Art, etc.

Catalogues on application.

BURTON'S ARABIAN NIGHTS

THE BURTON SOCIETY is printing for private circulation among its members, an illustrated facsimile of the original edition of Burton's Arabian Nights, in 16 vols. 4 vols. now ready. Full particulars on application.

The Burton Society, 19 Barth Block, Denver, Colo.

GEORGE D. SMITH

4 E. 42 St., New York City

DEALER IN

RARE BOOKS also **STANDARD and ART BOOKS**

Including selections from some of the best libraries recently offered for sale in New York, Boston and other cities. Many of these works are exceedingly rare and costly in elegant bindings.

Catalogues mailed promptly on application.

Donne's poems, printed in London in 1633, sold for $48. Twenty-one volumes of first editions of George Eliot's works brought $4.75 a volume. An example of the old chained book, bearing one and a half feet of chain, dated 1478, was disposed of at $27.50. A French manuscript, Book of Hours, went at $92.50. A fine old manuscript Bible, bearing the arms of Pope Alexander VII. stamped in gold on the sides, from the collections of William Morris and the Duke of Sussex, was knocked down for $47.50.

At the sale of the Wernicke collection on February 14 a French show cabinet made for the Paris Exposition, and said to have cost Mr. Wernicke $2,750, brought $275, the highest figure of the day. A warrior's shield, from the Cannibal Islands, did not seem to be in very great demand. It went for $5, and a "Napoleon" hat brought only $2.50. An antique suit of armor was knocked down for $60, and an old ship chronometer brought $35. At a continuation of the sale on February 20 a French Kingswood cabinet brought $290; two very fine candelabra, $900; two ormolu figure lamps in Louis XVI. style, $180; an old French mahogany drawing-room cabinet, $230, and a Battersea jewel box for $7.

About 300 objects, comprising Japanese blue and white porcelain, Japanese faïence and old pottery, and Japanese cloisonné enamels, were sold for $1,725 at the sale on February 26 of the collection of the late Professor O. C. Marsh, of Yale University, at the American Art Galleries. Some of the sales of Japanese cloisonné enamels were an incense jar, medallion and mosaic designs, $26; a large bottle vase, with a grotesque procession of mice and emblems, $16; a pair of large vases on tripods, with designs of fish and birds, $11 each; old Shippo placque, $8.50. In Japanese faïence and old pottery a Satsuma ovoid vase brought $16.50; an antique Kyoto vase, $11; an antique Imari jar, with decoration in medallions, flowers and other designs in gold, was knocked down at $22.

A copy of the rare first edition of Laurence Sterne's A Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy, in two volumes, 12mo, beautifully bound by Stikeman in full crushed levant morocco, London, 1768, brought $46 at Bangs' recently. At the same sale Samuel Rogers' Italy and Poems, two volumes, octavo, first editions, London, 1830, magnificently bound by Bradstreet in full crushed orange levant morocco, brought $84. Twelve lithographic views of New York, by C. F. W. Mielatz, published by the Society of Iconophiles, $30, and W. M. Thackeray's The Paris Sketch-Book, with illustrations by the author, two volumes, post octavo, half-crushed levant morocco, by Bradstreet, London, 1840, $34.

The Boston Public Library has just bought in London what appears to be the earliest impression of Benjamin Franklin's little pamphlet, Advice to a Young Tradesman, Written by an Old One. The text consists of only four pages. It was printed at the New Printing Office of Benjamin Mecom, in Boston, probably some time between 1762

Books

JAMES A. JENKINS

BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER

467-469 Fifth Avenue, New York

Between 40th and 41st Streets

FINE STATIONERY, ENGRAVING, NEW BOOKS AND FRENCH BOOKS.

Send for Catalogue of French Books

Liberal discount on books.

EDUCATION

We publish seven periodicals for teachers, also hundreds of helpful books and aids. If interested let us send you our catalogue. Over 100,000 teachers take our papers.

E. L. KELLOGG & CO., 61 E. 9th St., N. Y.

BOOKS

Americana
Old and Rare
Fine Arts
Natural History
Library Sets

50 to 75 per cent. off

CATALOGUES ISSUED

Geo. H. Rigby, **1113 Arch Street Philadelphia, Pa.**

NATURAL HISTORY BOOKS

Botany, Entomology, Ornithology, etc. Just ready:

IN THE ACADIAN LAND: Nature Studies. By Robert R. McLeod. Illustrated. 12mo, 75 cents.

GRASSES, SEDGES AND RUSHES of the Northern United States. By Edward Knobel. Fully illustrated, with 28 full-page plates. 12mo, net, $1.00.

FIELD KEY TO THE LAND BIRDS. In 9 plates. A simple and perfect guide to all the song birds. By Edward Knobel. With 150 figures in color. 12mo, net, $1.75. ☞ *Send for my list of publications.*

BRADLEE WHIDDEN, Publisher and Bookseller,

18 Arch Street, BOSTON, MASS.

BOOKS At LIBERAL DISCOUNTS

When calling, please ask for Mr. Grant. Whenever you need a book, address Mr. Grant. Before buying books, write for quotations. An assortment of catalogues and special slips of books at reduced prices sent for 10c. stamp.

F. E. GRANT, Books, 23 W. 42d St., New York. Mention this advertisement and receive discount.

CASH PAID TO AUTHORS!

Authors who have a manuscript to submit for book publication may find it to their advantage to consult us before offering their work elsewhere. Our usual plan of publication is not only to assume all expense of publication, advertising and handling of the books, but in addition we usually prefer to buy the manuscript outright for cash instead of paying a royalty on sales. Payment is made upon acceptance of the manuscript and not upon publication of the book.

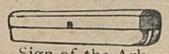
In a general way we are in the market for any good literature that is interesting, wholesome or profitable and promises a sale. We cannot publish to advantage collections of short stories, poems or highly sensational literature.

THE PENN PUBLISHING CO.

923 Arch Street **PHILADELPHIA**

THE COLLECTOR

Books


Sign of the Ark.

Write for ...Catalogue...

An Ark full of RARE, OLD and CURIOUS **BOOKS**

Americana, Genealogies and General Literature

NOAH FARNHAM MORRISON

893 Broad Street **Newark, N. J.**

Libraries and small collections of books purchased from executors and others

Burton's Arabian Nights

THE BURTON SOCIETY is printing for private circulation among its members, an illustrated fac-simile of the original edition of Burton's Arabian Nights, in 16 vols. 4 vols. now ready. Full particulars on application.

THE BURTON SOCIETY,
19 Barth Block, Denver, Colo.

AMERICANA We carry one of the largest stocks in the country of old and rare books relating to America's history, and are continually adding to the collection valuable books and pamphlets from all quarters of the world.

Bibliotheca Americana, 1893, containing 7488 titles of books and pamphlets in all classes of Americana. 8vo, 275 pp., paper: price 50c. net

Recent Americana, 1893-1897, with some remainders. Contains 532 titles of books and pamphlets not in the above. 8vo, paper, 32 pp. Free with Bibliotheca.

JUST PUBLISHED

East Tennessee and the Civil War

A history of the determined struggle in East Tennessee for the preservation of the Union in the great civil war of 1861-65. By Hon. Oliver P. Temple, author of "The Covenanter, the Cavalier and the Puritan." 1 vol., 8vo, 604 pp., cloth; $3.50 net. By mail or express prepaid.

THE ROBERT CLARKE CO.
Publishers, Booksellers and Importers
Nos. 31-35 East Fourth Street Cincinnati, O.

HOLIDAY

IS WELL INVESTED IN BOOKS

Attractive list, illustrated by Gibson, Wenzell, Remington, Nicholson, and printed in colors, sent on request.

R. H. RUSSELL, 3 W. 29th St. New York

MONEY

Do You Write?

Instruction by mail in literary composition.

Courses suited to all needs. Revision, criticism, and sale of MSS. Send for circular.

EDITORIAL BUREAU
120 Liberty St. N.Y.

and 1764. Mecom was Franklin's nephew and apprentice, and followed pretty closely the Franklin style of type and open page. It is not known how many copies of the Advice were printed. Advertisements for the whole period of the New Printing Office have been searched exhaustively, but no announcement of this pamphlet has been found. It was probably considered too short to be worth advertising. Henry Stevens of London found this copy bound up with a contemporary pamphlet entitled Debtor and Creditor, and other pamphlets of miscellaneous authorship.

John Anderson, Jr., held his first book sale in the auction rooms which he lately opened in this city on Tuesday, February 6. The starting of a new book auction house in a city where book sales have been practically held by two houses for the greater part of a century is an interesting event. The first book sold, A Brief Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Transport Premier, Near the Mouth of the River St. Lawrence, London, 1845, brought $10. The book is worth much less, but there is always considerable sentimental interest connected with the first volume to come under the hammer on such an occasion. A more important book, in the original boards and in first rate condition, was Judah's Gotham and the Gothamites, New York, 1823, which brought $5. Thompson's History of Long Island, New York, 1843, two volumes, went for $16. This is the second and best edition, and was cheap at the price. Prime's Pottery and Porcelain of All Times and All Nations, New York, 1878, $19. Previous sales are as follows: October, 1898, $16.50; November, 1898, $18; Cox sale, April, 1899, $26; June, 1899, $18.75.

A very interesting paper was read recently before the Library Association of Washington, D. C., by A. P. Spofford on the subject of Rare Books. Among other things he said: "The passion for rare books, merely because of their rarity, is a low order of the taste for books. But the desire to possess and read wise old books which have been touched by the hoar-frost of time is of a higher mood. When you hold in your hand Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream (A. D. 1600), and read with fresh admiration and delight the exquisite speeches of Oberon and Titania, may not the thought that perhaps that very copy may once have been held in the immortal bard's own hand send a thrill through your own? The genuine book lover is he who reads books; who values them for what they contain, not for their rarity, nor for the preposterous prices which have been paid for them. To him book hunting is an ever-enduring delight. Of all the pleasures tasted here below, that of the book lover in finding a precious and long-sought volume is one of the purest and most innocent."

Catalogues Received

Alex. Denham & Co., 137 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., rare books, first editions and autograph letters (148 titles).

William J. Campbell, 1218 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Klemscott Press publications and Americana (No. 24, 205 titles).

Books

FRENCH BOOKS

All New, Standard, and Illustrated, constantly in stock. Catalogue free.

FRENCH CALENDARS, 1900

With DAILY QUOTATIONS from French Authors, 40c., 50c., 60c., 75c., $1.00, $1.50.

WILLIAM R. JENKINS
851 and 853 Sixth Ave. (48th St.), New York

JUST PUBLISHED **W. J. THOROLD'S NOVEL**

NEAR THE THRONE

One volume beautifully illustrated with over 40 half-tones. Photos of James K. Hackett, Theodore Babcock, Frank Mordaunt, T. B. Bridgeland, Corona Riccardo, Mary Mannering, taken from life by G. G. Rockwood. Bound in cloth; price, $1.25.

MEYER BROS. & CO., PUBLISHERS
1132 BROADWAY NEW YORK

Catalogues

First Editions, Autograph Letters Presentation Copies, etc., of

FAVORITE AUTHORS

offered for sale in NEW YORK by

ALEX'R DENHAM & CO.

(OF LONDON) at 137 FIFTH AVE

Philately

100 U. S. STAMPS

ALL DIFFERENT FOR $1.00

Including Postage, Department Envelope and Revenues.

FULTON STAMP CO.
85 Nassau Street New York

Bound Volumes

THE BOUND VOLUMES OF

Current Literature

Comprise the most valuable collection of literary gems, and are a necessity to every library table. They all contain the choicest selections of poems from magazines and newspapers, Gossip of Authors and Books, Readings from New Books, Literary Comment, Current Facts and Opinions, and special articles of *great value* on Science, History, Philosophy, Art, Music, Drama, Travel, Adventure and Sport. The Monthly Book Lists give the best books published during each month.

For prices and full particulars address

THE CURRENT LITERATURE PUBLISHING CO
55 LIBERTY ST., NEW YORK

EDUCATIONAL

TWENTIETH CENTURY SCHOOL BOOKS

NEW IN INCEPTION, DESIGN AND CREATION

Stamped with the Mark of Popular Approval, in addition to the Special Commendation of Distinguished Educators

SOME OF THE WORKS

Southern Literature, ... $1 00

[Illustrated.]

By Miss Louise Manly.

This book has no rival. It occupies the field alone. It is the only book that contains a comprehensive review of the Literature of the Southern States of the American Union from the year 1579 to 1895. More than that, it is the only book that is devoted to a systematic review of that richest of all American Literature—the Literature of the Sunny South—gems of thought which have been rescued from newspapers, magazines and miscellaneous volumes scattered here and there, and which for the first time may be seen sparkling in a single crown—Manly's Southern Literature. This book contains 540 pages, with copious extracts and criticisms. It is intended for the use of schools and the general reader. It contains an Appendix, with a *full list* of Southern Authors.

Williamson's Life of Lee, . . . $0 25
Williamson's Life of Jackson, . . 30

[Handsomely Illustrated.]

By Mrs. Mary Lynn Williamson.

Two very charming books. The most successful supplementary readers that have been published recently. The Life of Lee is adapted to readers of the Third Reader Grade and the Life of Jackson to pupils of the Fourth Reader Grade. These books are not military reviews, but simple, charming stories of two of the purest and most interesting characters that the country has produced. Everything that is interesting in the life of each hero is vividly portrayed. The author is specially gifted in writing child stories, and these two books are the best that have yet come from her pen.

Lee's New Primary History of the United States, ... $0 50
Lee's New School History of the United States, ... 75
Lee's High School History of the United States, ... 1 00

[Revised and Enlarged.]

By Mrs. Susan Pendleton Lee.

Thoroughly revised and brought down to date, with many additions to text, illustrations, maps, and devices for study and teaching. These Histories are in three separate volumes. Each volume is a complete History for the grade of pupils for which it is intended. Lee's History is considered by impartial critics to be the fairest School History of the United States on the market. Teachers find it the most teachable History published. Pupils study the History with increasing interest and pleasure.

Johnson's First Reader, ... $0 16
Johnson's Second Reader, . . . 25
Johnson's Third Reader, . . . 35
Johnson's Fourth Reader, . . . 45
Johnson's Fifth Reader, . . . 60

[Revised.]

By E. C. Branson.

A complete series of Readers constructed upon the latest approved pedagogic plan. The lessons in each book have been carefully graded and selected with a view to encouraging all that is good, pure and noble. Selections from the world's best literature are found in this Series of Readers. Southern authors are given more prominence and better representation here than in any other series offered to the public. The illustrations are by the best artists of the country, and have been prepared with special reference to their educational value, aside from their use as pictures illustrating the text.

B. F. JOHNSON PUBLISHING COMPANY

EDUCATIONAL

SOME OF THE WORKS

Southern States of the American Union, $1 00

By J. L. M. Curry, D.D., LL.D.

This book is not controversial. Its aim is to reconstruct ideas and opinions adverse to the South, in so far as they are founded on ignorance and prejudice. It embodies in one neat and compact volume of 272 pages the result of the studies on Constitutional History of one of the ablest and most accomplished leaders of this country. The writing of this book is timely. Some of the greatest political events of the past are being adjusted into truthful history, and new light is being added by the facile pen of a man whose master mind analyzes with the clearness and power of a spectrum. This book should have a place in the curriculum of every high school, academy, college and university of this country. The schools of the South can ill afford to be without it.

The Carnefix Reading Chart, . . . $5 00
Metal Chart-Stand, ... 1 25

By Miss Fannie D. Carnefix.

Much prejudice exists in some quarters against Reading Charts. The enormous prices charged is responsible for this condition of affairs. The Carnefix Chart is offered at a reasonable price. Teachers who are using this Chart regard it as an indispensable assistant. It contains 100 well-graded lessons, beautifully and profusely illustrated in colors. A Chart Manual accompanies each Chart. In the Manual Miss Carnefix shows the teacher how to use the Chart to the best advantage. A miniature Chart in the form of a Primer can be had for five cents. Each child studying the Chart should have the Primer.

CURRENT LITERATURE FREE

Any one of the pamphlets mentioned below will be sent free on application. For each additional one ordered enclose a two-cent postage stamp to cover the cost of mailing, or the entire number—eleven—will be sent on receipt of five two-cent postage stamps. Persons not willing to pay at least the postage on these pamphlets will not be sufficiently interested to read them.

1. **The Revival of Interest in Southern Letters and a Plea for the Preservation of the Southland's Past.** By Charles W. Kent, M.A., Ph.D.; Linden Kent, Professor of English Literature, University of Virginia. **Literature On the South.** By Hamilton W. Mabie, Editor of The Outlook.
2. **A New Era in the Educational Development of the South.** By Prof. T. S. Minter, Superintendent of Schools in Bryan City, Texas.
3. **Interesting Study of Women.** By Mrs. Elizabeth Burgess Buford, President of "The Academy," Clarksville, Tenn.
4. **Tripartite Education.** An address delivered by B. F. Johnson, President of the B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, at the annual meeting of the Southern Educational Association, held in Memphis, Tenn., December, 1899.
5. **The Pen Mightier than the Sword.** From The Manufacturers' Record, Baltimore.
6. **A Report of the History Committee of the "Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans,"** held at Houston and Birmingham.
7. **Some Thoughts on United States Histories.** By John Hart, A.M.
8. **A National Crime at the Feet of American Parents.** By Edward Bok, Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal.
9. **Address of Hon. J. L. M. Curry, LL.D.,** General Agent for the Slater and Peabody Fund. Delivered before the Association of Confederate Veterans, Richmond, Va., July 1, 1896.
10. **The Duty of the State Towards Higher Education.** An Address delivered by Dr. J. H. Kirkland, Chancellor of Vanderbilt University, before the Southern Educational Association, Memphis, Tenn., December, 1899.
11. **Our 1900 Book Catalogue,** containing descriptions of over sixty school books, with testimonials from distinguished educators in all parts of the country.

901=903=905 East Main St., Richmond, Va.

UNCLASSIFIED

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

125th THOUSAND

By Mary Johnston

Author of "Prisoners of Hope"—$1.50

The New York *Times*' Saturday Review says:

"There is nothing possible but unstinted praise for a book of qualities as unique as they are admirable. Original in plot, thrilling in its situations, strong and sweet in its character drawing, vital with noble emotion, perfect in style, 'To Have and to Hold' compels a breathless interest from its first page to its last, and is remembered as one remembers an uplifting vision of the mountains or the salt breath of the sea."

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS. SENT POSTPAID BY

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

Burlington Route

"ONE-night-on-the-road trains" from both Chicago and St. Louis to

Denver

"That Buffet-Library-Smoking Car on the Burlington's Chicago-Denver Limited is great. It's a genuine delight to settle down in one of those big comfortable library chairs. In the Dining Car the exquisite neatness and niceness of the napery makes a good meal taste all the better, and I never saw such a lot of well-trained waiters."
—*Interview with a prominent merchant.*

"Colorado" "California"

Are the titles of valuable descriptive booklets which can be had for six cents in postage each by sending to P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent C. B. & Q. R. R., CHICAGO

FROM ST. MICHAEL TO MANILA, 11,974 MILES.

And the Stars and Stripes affording protection to American Commerce all the way.

See the new "Round the World" folder of the New York Central Lines, just out.

A copy will be sent free, post-paid, on receipt of three cents in stamps, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

For mutual advantage when writing to an advertiser, please mention CURRENT LITERATURE

Current Literature

A FEW years ago the Albany Journal declared CURRENT LITERATURE to be a "magazine of fiction, a magazine of poetry, a magazine of science, a magazine of gossip, and a number of other magazines, all in one." At about the same time the St. Louis Globe-Democrat gave it as its opinion that there was "no magazine published on either side of the Atlantic that gives at the same time a larger quantity, better quality, and more interesting reading matter," and added that "it should be in every American home." The improvements which are now being made in this magazine are intended to affect its character only in so far as they broaden its departments, increase its reading matter, raise its literary standard, improve its typography and general attractiveness, and make it more than ever the favorite magazine of the home circle.

We invite the attention of our readers to the following pages, which give a brief description of the departments of the magazine and some of our contemplated improvements:

EDITORIAL COMMENT

The department of Editorial Comment was originally intended to be a group of unsigned articles upon literary and general topics of current interest contributed by those best qualified to write them. Beginning with the new year, an effort was made to make this feature most interesting and complete, and giving it somewhat of the character of a survey of the editorial writing of the day. There is a great deal of interesting news in the domain of the arts and sciences treated editorially, and it appeared evident that this material, properly edited, would make a department of surpassing interest and value. Our judgment has been approved by our readers. The most careful attention will be given to this department, enlarging and strengthening it along the lines that are now winning it so much favor.

THE WORLD OF LETTERS

BIOGRAPHICAL DEPARTMENTS

Celebrities: At Home and Abroad.—Stories, sketches and characteristic anecdotes from the literature of the world, on celebrities in every field of life and effort.

Gossip of Authors and Writers.—Biographic sketches and articles, anecdotal and gossipy, of the authors of not only this country but of the world. This department is thoroughly abreast of the times, and gives information about all literary workers deserving special recognition or in whom the general reader may be interested.

Brief Comment: Literary Doings.—A bird's-eye view of the whole literary world—biographic data; gossip of the home-life, personal appearance, manners, habits and doings of authors; notes of new and forthcoming books; bits of criticism and comment from famous people; giving a résumé in pleasing form of all literary events of the times.

These departments cover current biographical literature broadly and with greater detail than those of any other periodical. More than one hundred articles of considerable length appeared in the first two departments during 1899. There was scarcely a person whose achievements in politics, science or literature attracted attention who was not promptly represented among these character studies. The department of Brief Comment will be enlarged, and it is the intention to make it cover its special field more thoroughly than heretofore.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL DEPARTMENTS

Book Reference of the Month.—A classified list, under subject, of the best books from all publishers. It is thoroughly up to date on all subjects and arranged alphabetically, with publisher's name and book price, so simple and clear as to make this list invaluable for reference.

Library Table: Glimpses of New Books. A selection of the best obtainable book reviews from the leading critical journals—American and English—on the most important current books.

Magazine Reference of the Month.—The contents of the principal magazines of America and England, alphabetically indexed and classified every month under subject, so that titles to all articles on any subject can be seen at a glance. Invaluable for the scholar, the teacher and librarian.

The Collector.—Special articles and careful gleanings of current information about autographs, prints and rare books. It is intended for the literary collector, and the information is as full and authentic as it is possible to make it.

These departments have always been popular with book-lovers and librarians. Special attention will be given to The Collector, and among some of the more important articles that will appear in this department will be Some Rules of Book Hunting, What Constitutes a Well-Bound Book, Tendencies of American Collectors, American Book Clubs, Limited Editions, Book Making as a Fine Art in America, Our Awakening Interest in Artistic Book Making, and Tips to Collectors—the substance of one hundred replies from American collectors and experts. In addition to these special articles, the most careful attention will be given to gleaning from American and English sources all the information of value to the enterprising collector.

CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

It is the purpose of this department to give the best individual thought and opinion on books of the day, the relation of authors to their books, studies in style, literary comments and tendencies, suggestions for readers, and a frank, unprejudiced presentation of all great literary questions. Upward of fifty articles appeared in this department last year, and among the authors represented were Hamilton W. Mabie, Agnes Repplier, Margaret Deland, Richard Watson Gilder, John Davidson, John Burroughs, Andrew Lang, Clement K. Shorter, Bret Harte, Brander Matthews, Maurice Thompson, and Henry James. This has always been regarded as one of the most important departments in the magazine, and additional space will make it still more valuable.

SELECTIONS FROM NEW BOOKS

Upward of a dozen pages of the most interesting and valuable material possible to select are taken each month from the newest and most deservedly popular books of the day. In our August number, for instance, there were ten books represented by readings, and among them were Richard Carvel, The Hooligan Nights, The Miracles of Anti-Christ, Bonhomme, An Experimental Wooing, McTeague, Tiverton Tales, The Lady of the Flag-Flowers, The Trail of the Gold-Seekers, and Windy Creek. These selections are not always confined to fiction, but represent during the year nearly every department of literature.

IN THE WORLD OF SCIENCE

Applied Science: Invention and Industry.—Articles on the newest inventions in the wonderland of science and their practical application to everyday life, and processes in the manufacture of different products.

In Garden, Field and Forest.—Descriptions of the wonders of plant-life of all nations, methods of cultivation, fruit and flower lore, great gardens, and all that the comprehensive title "In Garden, Field, and Forest" can cover in the plant world.

Stories and Sketches of Animal Life.—The life of birds, insects, fishes and animals treated in a popular way, giving their natural history, how they live, what they do, what are their uses, how they are hunted, and all that is of interest in their relation to nature and man.

Medical, Surgical, Sanitary.—In no branch of modern science has greater progress been made in the past decade than in the one covered in this department. The articles are deeply interesting to even the lay reader, and touch on all the modern wonders in discovery and operation.

Scientific Progress and Problems.—The great movements in science, the new discoveries and marvelous advances, are given in simple, popular form, an admirable reflection of great steps in scientific progress.

Special attention has always been given to current scientific literature and information. More than two hundred articles appeared in these departments during 1899. Nearly all the best scientific writers and periodicals were represented. More space will now be given to these departments, and especially to scientific news in paragraph form, which contains so much that is interesting and valuable, especially to those who wish to keep abreast with the progress in the world of science.

DEPARTMENTS OF POETRY

American Poets of To-Day.—A series of selections of the best and most characteristic work of leading living American poets. One poet is represented in each issue by selections and an introductory note.

Living English Poets.—A series of selections of the best and most characteristic work of living English poets, prefaced by a short introductory note and reprinted by permission.

Chords in a Minor Key.—Poems of love, sorrow, passion, tenderness, absence, death, the sad introspective and retrospective moods of life. Verses that are distinctly heart poems, appealing to the sentiments.

In Dialect: Character Verse.—The poems in this department are for the most part narrative and excellent for recitation, furnishing elocutionists with new, fresh and valuable readings from month to month.

Child Verse.—Beautiful poems of child-life, the doings and play of the children, with lullabies and slumber songs that sing themselves as you read.

Newspaper Verse: Grave and Gay.—Much of the best literary work of the day in prose and verse is found in the columns of the daily press, and its life is but ephemeral except as it is selected and preserved in magazine or book form.

Society Verse: In Lighter Vein.—Dainty and musical vers de société, illustrating the ballade, rondo, rondel, roundel, pantoum virelai, sestina, villanelle, kyrielle, triolet, and other forms of verse, including many delicate trifles in meter and exquisite gems of love song.

Treasure Trove: Old Favorites.—A reprint each month of well-known poems of the past now buried in old collections and scrap books. Many of these are famous single poems by minor poets and are often difficult to obtain. This department adds greatly to the value of the poetry in the magazine when the numbers are bound and indexed.

Verse from Books and Magazines.—The best verse from the new books of verse of America and Europe, and from the current magazines, selected on a basis of intrinsic merit, not merely for the name attached.

Poetry has always been a specialty with CURRENT LITERATURE from its first number. The best current verse from American and English newspapers, magazines and books promptly appears in its pages. In the December number, which was no exception, more than fifty poems were printed and thirty American and English poets represented. During 1900 selections will appear in the American Poets Series from the poems of Ina Coolbrith, Will Carleton, Joaquin Miller, Edwin Markham, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Edgar Fawcett, Paul Laurence Dunbar, Stuart Sterne, and George E. Woodberry. A new department of Living English Poets will shortly be added, and arrangements have already been made for reprinting selections from the poems of Algernon S. Swinburne, Richard Le Gallienne, Sir Edwin Arnold, Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, Stephen Phillips, W. B. Yeats, Norman Gale, Mrs. Alice Meynall, and Nora Hopper.

RELIGION AND EDUCATION

World of Religious Thought.—To-day is a time when religious thought is large, free and liberal. The great issues are herein handled by the ablest thinkers. No space is given to sectarian questions, but the great living questions that touch all men.

Educational Topics of the Day.—The latest and best of the advance thought on the "new education," the protest against the machine processes of to-day, and live, practical discussion and popular suggestion on all phases of educational reform.

Nearly a hundred pages were given to these two departments last year. The July issue was a special educational number, and contained an important group of special articles. The coming July number will be our second annual educational number, and it is hoped that it will be of value to educators as well as to the general reader.

ART, MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

These topics are treated from the popular point of view, the personal and explanatory rather than the heavily critical tone, and giving valuable information on the different schools and on the representative leaders in them. About fifty articles appeared in this department last year, and nearly all of considerable length, and covering a wide range of information.

TRAVEL, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

World Over: Pictures of Travel.—Descriptions of life, adventure, manners and customs, scenery, and people the world over, including the results of the latest researches of geographers, travelers and explorers. These articles give the color, atmosphere, spirit and activity of all lands.

Sport, Recreation and Adventure.—The sports and pastimes of the nations, their games, their athletics, hunting excursions, mountain climbing—adventure and sport of every description, varied from month to month so as to cover the entire field.

About one hundred articles appear in these two departments during the year. This is perhaps much more space than any other periodical—unless it is devoted exclusively to travel or recreation—can give. Our plan of selecting the best wherever it may appear—whether in newspapers, magazines, or books—gives these departments a peculiar breadth and interest. Our June number will be devoted especially to out-of-doors literature, and we can safely predict that it will be one of the most interesting numbers of the year.

WIT AND HUMOR

Told Over the Wine and Walnuts.—After-dinner stories, bright, witty and pointed. Selected from the new books, papers and magazines of the world.

Wit and Humor of the Press.—The cream of the humor of the contemporary press is given every month in a carefully edited department, usually collated on some special subject or topic, forming a grouping of witticisms found nowhere else.

Sayings of Young Philosphers.—The bright and clever sayings of the children, compiled from the world's magazine and newspaper press.

There is scarcely a humorous publication that does not contribute its choicest material to these departments. And, in addition to these sources, the humorous departments of American and English newspapers, magazines and new books are closely and systematically read for selections. Much original material appears in Sayings of Young Philosophers. These departments have always been an attractive feature of this magazine, and constant effort will be made to improve them.

A GROUP OF UNIQUE DEPARTMENTS

In addition to the regular departments already outlined CURRENT LITERATURE has a group peculiarly original and entertaining. **Random Reading: Miniature Essays** contains clever and entertaining papers on the whole range of human thought and experience; not heavy, prosy papers, but genial, easy expression of thought on all topics. The eclectic plan of the magazine gives opportunity for great variety in authors and subjects. **Historic, Statistic and General** is devoted to matters of interest not covered in any of the other departments, comprising reminiscences of historic events, statistics, manners and customs and general information. **Sociologic Questions of the Times** is composed of articles by leading thinkers and writers at home and abroad on all of the social questions of the hour—labor, man and woman, emigration, marriage, crime, etc. **Concerning Eating and Drinking** treats of the manners and customs of the nations at table; food-gossip and food-lore; strange dishes; famous dinners and diners; the sanitary, historic, reminiscent and gastronomic side of eating and drinking in all its phases. **The Sketch Book: Life of To-day** contains brief character sketches and studies, humorous, tragic and pathetic. Many excellent bits of writing in the newspapers, books and magazines are here collected and preserved. **Vanity Fair: Fads and Fashions** is a collection of bright and clever papers on the lighter side of social life, its fads, its follies, extravagances, its weakness, and its peculiarities. **Superstitious, Unusual and Weird** treats of the debatable land between science and superstition, between myth and custom, suggested by psychic research, hypnotism, mind-reading, delusions, ghosts, phantoms, telepathy, etc. **Philosophy of Life** is composed of extracts, aphorisms, epigrams, thoughts, reflections, and opinions on life and character compiled from the speeches, letters and writings of some great author. **Facts and Figures** is a department of paragraphs in which often times the essence of long articles on research, discovery, or general information are focused in a line or two of statement of fact or statistics. The amount of matter condensed monthly into this miniature cyclopædia is wonderful. **Open Questions: Talks with Our Correspondents** is a department devoted to answering the queries of our readers for almost all kinds of information.



MISS INA COOLBRITH

(See American Poets of To-Day, page 16)

Current Literature

A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XXVIII., No. 1 — *"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne.* — APRIL, 1900

Another Hero

Whatever else may be thought of him, there is no one, even among the British, who will deny to General Piet Cronje the merit of being one of the shrewdest and one of the bravest of men. He has compelled the whole world to pause and admire the indomitable pluck of the handful of men whom he commanded in one of the most trying situations in which an equal force was ever placed. Though his case was hopeless, and though he was threatened with almost certain annihilation, the picture of this stolid patriot holding an enemy ten times his size at bay while the very ground about him was putrid with death, only for the moral purpose of giving his countrymen a chance to concentrate for better defense, approaches a heroism which is almost sublime. His attitude called forth from a sympathetic writer in the Tribune of New York these lines, even before his surrender, which we cannot refrain from quoting:

Beyond doubt, General Cronje is entitled to unstinted praise. His midnight march up the Modder River, from the point where he set a death trap for Lord Methuen to that at which he found himself in such a trap, was conducted with great skill. Certainly it was not less creditable, perhaps more creditable, than General Yule's much-praised march from Dundee to Ladysmith. As for his resistance at Paardeburg—what shall be said of it? Surrounded on a practically open plain, with no cover and no chance to make fortifications, by an army three times the size of his own, his camp the centre of a circle of fire from guns of all types little more than a mile away, his position has aptly been likened to that in the crater of a volcano. Six hundred British troopers won immortal face by riding through a "valley of death." But this man and his comrades have been for a week encamped in the very heart of such a valley. Whatever he may have done before, and whatever shall be his ultimate fate, General Cronje has in this campaign shown himself a man, a warrior and a hero. Matched against one of the greatest soldiers in the world, he has shown himself a worthy antagonist.

Light Horse to the Front

Nothing has been more definitely acceded in the Boer war than the value in land operations of a thoroughly equipped light cavalry force. Germany has observed this and decided to strengthen her army accordingly. The mobility of the Boers has been remarkable, and is to be accounted for by the fact that they are all mounted. The swift movement by General French, which was the key to the successful movement against General Cronje, was rendered possible only through the superior activity of his light horse. Referring to the subject the New York Times says:

The mounting of a larger proportion of an army than has been customary heretofore is evidently in accordance with the modern tactics developed by the increase in the range and precision of small arms. This has entailed a more open order of fighting, insomuch that even a captain of infantry has now to be mounted in order to retain complete control and oversight of his company. But while the increase of cavalry is thus logical, the modification of cavalry is inevitable. We need not wonder that the German experts find that "mass charges" are no longer practicable. Indeed, that was plain before this war, from the experience of the wars of 1866 and 1870, in both of which every such charge was attended with disaster. The charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava, which was successful, would now be as mad an enterprise as the calamitous charge of the Light Brigade was recognized to be at the time. The corollary is that heavy cavalry, the object of which is to overcome the enemy by the momentum of its charge, is entirely obsolete. Forty years ago Captain McClellan, as he was then, reported to our Government that we needed only light cavalry in the strict sense of the term. That is what we have, and all we have. Our troopers are not equipped with the lance, and they make no use of the sabre. Their arms are carbine and revolver. Mr. Kipling, whose Indian experience gives special weight to his words on this subject, has recorded his impressions of the American cavalrymen he encountered in the West. He quotes a remark of a trooper who said to him, "As a matter of fact, I suppose we are only mounted infantry, but remember we're the best mounted infantry in the world," an estimate in which the visitor signifies his concurrence. It is at all events satisfactory to know that in this respect our little army is already abreast of the very latest developments of military science.

Misjudging Army Operations

It is curious that the public at large unfortunately prejudges the acts of nearly every general in the field, utterly unmindful of the actual facts, and, as a rule, making no allowance for circumstances beyond the individual's control. The New York Advertiser calls particular attention to the cases of Generals

Buller and Methuen, the first of these having, by dogged persistence, at length pounded his way to the relief of Ladysmith, the other having won the first victory of the war with inadequate means at his hand, while both have been subjects of prejudged criticism, which their cases do not altogether merit:

It is a ticklish thing, since the time of the original demos, to serve a democracy in the field. The obscurer contemporary history of war, by England and the United States, is full of instances of senseless impatience and ignorant injustice, shown to generals in the midst of tedious and difficult operations and gladly forgotten on arrival of the victory to which the operations tended from the first. These disappear so quickly from the permanent history of war that their lesson must be snatched quickly or lost; but some instances are preserved in private letters and memoirs, and some get into histories written with the color and passion of Kinglake's "Crimea," which pilloried Lord Raglan for the faults of the War Office with the cocksure zeal of a war correspondent in the field. Most unjust public criticism of generals springs obscurely from information furnished privately by subordinate officers and men, since these alone have the little knowledge which is the most dangerous source of error. This nagging from below is always going on in war, though it gets no notice, except when the public imagination is excited by disaster or irritated by delay it does not understand. It is certain that the provocation of the furious attacks on Buller and Methuen came from their own camps, as distorted remarks of officers and perverted letters of soldiers provoked the insane crusade upon Gen. Otis in Manila. We printed a surprising example of this camp criticism about a month ago, in the letter of one of Wellington's officers, written near the culmination of the brilliant Peninsular campaign, only a month before he defeated Soult in the Pyrenees, and only a year before his triumphant invasion of France. The letter was written from Frontera March 14, 1813, and runs thus:

"Lord Wellington is now as severe as he was before lenient, and orders a general court-martial for the slightest alleged offenses; his popularity, among the army, at least, is nearly at an end, and his reputation as a general has suffered material diminution, as it is notorious to every officer in this country that he was most completely outmanœuvred by Soult, and that the disparity of force was by no means so great as represented in the despatches."

The Literary Output

Statistics about the annual literary output of the United States are always interesting. The activity of 1899 was shown in all departments excepting theology, political, social and medical science, which registered a decline. The summing up which follows is from an article in the Chicago Evening Post:

Glancing at the classes into which the literary production is divided, we find that, as usual, fiction heads the list. Seven hundred and thirty-eight new novels were published and 182 new editions of old works. Law comes next, then juvenile literature, then education and languages, literary history, poetry, biography and memoirs, history, political and social science, fine arts, travel and description, and so on, in the sequence given. Under humor and satire, the last class on the list, twenty-six new books and but one republication are recorded. Two or three volumes of this species we recall, but the rest have already been claimed by oblivion. It is not uninteresting to learn that 246 new historical books were issued and 302 volumes of poetry. Yet it is a somewhat popular assumption that our commercial and prosaic day is fatal to the inspiration and devotion essential to the cultivation of the poetic gift.

To those who think our book market too active, and who would like to see the output curtailed, it may be pointed out that Germany, a poor country, with a population far smaller than ours, publishes regularly more books than Great Britain, France and the United States combined. In 1898 she issued 23,739 new books; and in 1897, 23,861. Though justly regarded as a nation of students and serious thinkers, Germany publishes enormous quantities of light and ephemeral stuff, her fiction alone averaging 3,000 volumes a year.

Successful Books

We may note, quite apropos of literary statistics, that the four great selling books of the past year have been the Dooley papers, David Harum, Richard Carvel and Janice Meredith. The present year opens with still another phenomenal book, To Have and to Hold, by Mary Johnston. The last of these only strengthens the remarks which follow from an article in the New Orleans Picayune, which finds in the eagerness of the reading public for both humor and history a brighter promise for American authors during the coming century than ever before:

The success of these four books—a success so signal as to inspire one bright, observant mind with a cheerful anticipation of the literary destiny of the most powerful country in the world for a century to come—proves, at least, that there are four American authors who have known how to suit the taste and catch the fancy of the readers of fiction and of light literature in the United States, not to mention other English-speaking lands. How much more it proves it would be difficult to show from any consideration of such facts as are quite evident, or may be fairly taken for granted. Two of the books in question are to be regarded as successful upon the ground that they exhibit the nearest approval so far achieved to the existing standard of American humor; and two of them deserve praise because they have demonstrated that the tone of an earlier American society, the distinctive traits of American character, and the decisive events of American history furnish fit material for the employment of the highest and finest literary art. It is to be apprehended that grave critics generally will attach a greater literary importance to Janice Meredith and Richard Carvel than to David Harum and Mr. Dooley. The average mind, posing in an attitude of judicial severity, is almost certain to associate some suspicion of frivolity and inconsequence with every expression of humor for

its own sake; but, in reality, there is hardly anything that more profoundly probes the national character of any people than a thorough exposure of the limit and direction of its sense of fun. Humor, it is true, comprehends the springs of tears as well as of laughter; but American humorists, as a rule, have been but very little attracted by the more sober side of their province, and this fact, taken alone, might easily leave an impression of something at once hard and superficial in American character. The most famous names in the history of literature, indeed, are those of humorists; but the most eminent of the humorists have invariably manifested a certain sense of sympathetic fellowship with their fellow-men, with which, as is evident to every appreciative critic, they could not have parted without losing more than half their charm.

Needed—A Satirist

Quite in line with the foregoing train of thought is an interesting article in the New York Commercial Advertiser, which discourses upon the need of a satirist:

If satirist is the name for him, he must be a satirist compounded of three parts humor to one of wit. The old-fashioned kind would do his most useful work in the more humble capacity of a discourager of silliness. Nowadays we leave this work to the reformer, and he does it badly. He is forever crucifying trifles. He reveals a disproportionate moral purpose. He turns on some poor muddle-headed man and calls him a viper, and he wastes a sulphurous vocabulary on social foibles. So he makes his earnest purpose look like an obsession, and instead of influencing people to think as he does he sets them to cracking jokes at his expense. There are some things that never can be set right by his heavy hand.

The discourager of silliness will not make his moral purpose too conspicuous, and he will show some judgment in the choice of his means. He may not play a prominent part in movements for the elevation of this or that or make many public speeches about books and culture and ideals, but he will help things on in his own way, just as Cervantes did in Spain, and we need a Cervantes more than we do a Savonarola. This new critic or satirist, or whatever he may be, will not waste any strength in trying to keep the dull man out of his own, but he will not call a thing a good piece of work because it is morally respectable, and he will find a healthy pleasure in pricking an inflated reputation here and there. But it will be done in a way to give the least pain to the victim and the most cheerfulness to society at large. When he praises it will not be like the praise of a circus poster, and when he blames it will not be like the blow of a battle-axe. And he will have a great deal to say about a number of morally indifferent things on which our serious-minded ones do not think worth while to touch. Where work is ill done, for instance, he may even talk a language not unlike Carlylese, but it will be on the subject of the work, not of the workman.

All of him may not be found in one generation—certainly not in this—but small fragments can be made out even now. A man like Mr. Augustine Birrell, built somewhat larger and having more of a turn for affairs, might be the beginning of him, and Mr. Andrew Lang, with more extensive renovation, would also suggest him. Over here our nearest approach just now is the author of Mr. Dooley, who, in spite of too close comic confinement, has done something toward keeping us sane. But whether these men have done much or little, they are certainly on the right track.

Facts About the Grip

A writer in the New York Tribune calls attention to the fact that the grip has by no means died out, and that many of the earlier observations regarding it have proved fallacious. The grip originated some eight or nine years ago, and since then has appeared in various parts of the world, having during the winter just passed been particularly violent in England, where the mortality from it has been almost as great as in the epidemics of 1890 and 1895. The writer above referred to says of it:

Some of the theories once entertained regarding this distressing disorder have not been entirely sustained by later observation. It was believed at one time, for instance, that a single hard attack would render its victim immune, much as smallpox does. But no difficulty would be experienced in finding a good many people who have suffered from the grip once or twice a season for several years. Again, it was supposed that a mild winter was peculiarly favorable to the spread of the contagion. Yet England has a harder time with the influenza than America this winter, although she has experienced severer weather, comparatively speaking. A third proposition, which now appears to be untenable, was advanced by Dr. Foster Palmer a few years ago. He declared that Englishmen had a greater power of resistance against the grip than Russians, French or Americans, the last mentioned, in his judgment, having undergone some kind of physical deterioration. The notion was discredited by the medical press and profession on this side of the Atlantic, however, and this season the facts seem to be against it, too.

Although the influenza, pure and simple, is a serious matter in itself, the doctors say that its indirect effects are more to be dreaded than the direct. By enfeebling the system it renders its victims susceptible to other diseases, particularly those of the respiratory apparatus. Thus, last year the 304 deaths specifically attributed to influenza in Chicago constituted only 2¼ per cent. of all the deaths during the same period. But the mortality from all causes was raised 14 per cent. above the average for five years in which the grip was almost entirely absent. Perhaps the most fatal of the complications that arise is pneumonia. The Hospital remarked the other day that the latter often seemed to be "a mode rather than a prime cause of death." Measles and whooping cough in the young and influenza in the old peculiarly predispose patients to pneumonia. Not merely for what it is, then, but also for what it may lead to, the grip is to be avoided by those who are delicate or advanced in years. To be sure, this is not altogether within one's control. But a moderate degree of safety can be secured by keeping out of public conveyances and away from infected persons when the disorder is known to be generally prevalent.

A Pantheon

Whoever may be the anonymous giver of $100,000 to the University of New York for the purpose of perpetuating in a colonnade building the fame of our worthiest Americans, he has at least set all tongues wagging as to the names of those who will adorn the so-called Hall of Fame. This Pantheon is to rest above and overlooking the Hudson. The terms and conditions of the gift are herewith reproduced from the Brooklyn Eagle:

If it were only possible to insure to subscribers a place among the names which the new building is to preserve subscriptions would be easy to obtain, but the anonymous donor of the fund has guarded against that possibility, and his plan for the selection of names has been devised as carefully as possible to shut out influence and personal feeling in the selection. In the first place, no man's name can be inscribed on these tablets until the man has been dead for ten years, time enough for mere temporary distinction to die out and to give at least some perspective as to the permanent character of the work which it is proposed to reward. There will be about 150 tablets in all, for those fifty names are to be selected during the present year. Thereafter, five are to be added at the end of every fifth year, so that the list cannot be completed until the end of the twentieth century. Any one who wishes to suggest names for the first fifty inscriptions can send them to Chancellor McCracken of the university before May 1.

At that date the Senate of thirteen of the New York University will look over the suggestions. All the names which are seconded by any members of the senate will be put on a list to be sent out to a hundred men who are considered authorities on American history. No name can be placed upon a tablet unless its selection is approved by a majority of this hundred and is approved beside by two-thirds of the senate of the university. After all that will come the trouble of reducing the hundred or more names which are likely to pass all these tests to the fifty for whom there are tablets. There need be little fear that the society in the Hall of Fame will not prove sufficiently exclusive for even the most critical. The selection of the first fifty names is supposed to be completed about October 1, and at that time discussions as to comparative merits of great Americans will rage in the columns of the newspapers as virulently as the asperities of the political campaign which will then be in full blast.

Educational Deficiencies

A paper recently read by Dr. J. S. Sankford, before a Texan medical society, calls attention to one of the evils of modern education as follows:

"What shall we say of the death-dealing mental burdens placed upon our children? We impart to the child by heredity and example an ambition to know everything, or if he doesn't happen to have that ambition, we proceed to hammer everything into him. We reach out eagerly to grasp and incorporate all the affairs of the universe in our course of instruction. Regardless of aptitiude or natural tendency of mind, we group the pupils in enormous classes and give them all just the same. . . . The burden is too heavy, and just as sure as effect follows cause in natural law, our generation of children is being weakened and unbalanced, and a still weaker generation will follow. Our great public-school system, designed to bless the nation, will become a national curse. This is not a false alarm or an idle prophecy. Visit the schools and see the careworn teachers, always working beyond nature's reasonable limits, and you can better understand why she or he seeks your aid before the middle of the term in order to be able to continue work. And here in this broken-down condition of the teacher we see an index to the heavy course and wrong classification."

Commenting upon the above remarks the Medical Record says:

The ever-increasing tendency to desert the country for the town has placed a fresh problem before our scientific men and sanitarians. Children are born and pass their youth amid unhealthy surroundings, in many instances improperly and irregularly fed. In addition to these serious disadvantages they are still further handicapped by the undue stress of school life. The sole aim of modern education would seem to consist in the attempt to develop the mind at the expense of the body. The necessity of exercise and fresh air as a part of a child's training is strangely overlooked. Mental and physical education should go hand-in-hand. Wherever possible playgrounds of ample scope should be attached to schools, and, above all, young children should never be expected to work longer than two hours at a stretch.

The health of the young is a matter of vital importance to a nation. As with individuals, so it is with races in the struggle for predominance, the weakest will go to the wall. To insure the physical and mental well-being of the rising generation considerable modifications in our existing system of education will be necessary. Physical culture is not inconsistent with mental culture, and when this significant fact is thoroughly grasped by our boards of education, the present faulty methods of training the young will be changed to those more in harmony with the laws of nature.

Prevention of Ugliness

There is a redeeming note in the discovery which Edward T. Porter, of the Social Science Association, has made with regard to the greed and wantonness of this generation. While he has found that these qualities are "paving the way to make the earth a dreary, ugly place to our posterity," and instances the destruction of the Palisades, of the giant trees of California, of our beautifully feathered birds, etc., as proof of it, yet it is also true that modern civilization, in spite of this tendency, shows a greater appreciation than ever of the beauties of natural scenery. The New York Evening Post, speaking of this, says:

In an address on "The Preservation of Natural Scenery," delivered before the Cairngorm Club of Aberdeen, not long ago, Mr. Bryce notes that, speaking broadly, "the conscious interest in, and

love for, the beauties of nature is, perhaps, not more than one hundred and twenty years old." The fact of itself is a strong argument for intervention, since the more general is appreciation of nature the greater the service of its protection. Mr. Bryce names three chief foes of scenery—advertisers (who, of course, come first), commercial companies and railways. As a striking example of the unchecked greed of commercialism, Mr. Bryce instances the destruction of the Falls of Foyer, "certainly the most beautiful and striking waterfall, for its size and for its surroundings, in the United Kingdom." An aluminum company has, it seems, bought all rights in the falls; built a tunnel and diverted the stream, so that now the water simply trickles down over the rocks—a pathetic reminder of a brutally obliterated past. In the case of railways, which Mr. Bryce discusses at length, he, of course, acknowledges that the superior claims of utility must often be decisive, justifying, for example, the famous railway under the St. Gothard Pass, although its construction has ruined the beautiful cascades on the south side. But no like claim of general advantage can justify the proposal to build a railway through the English lake region, where, as Mr. Bryce says, "the scenery is on so small a scale, and of so finished and delicate a character, as to suffer irreparable injury." Yet even that delicacy and finish of beauty may fail in its appeal. Canon Rawnsley tells of meeting an "intelligent American," while traveling by coach from Ambleside to Keswick, "who pointed to the hills, and observed that you could not walk about without finding good places upon them for the advertisement of pills and plasters. One mountain he pointed to was Helvellyn!" The same considerations apply to the current discussion whether the fine old village street in Deerfield, Mass., shall be ruined in beauty by running a trolley railway through it. England has a number of allied æsthetic societies—devoted in general to the objects for which Mr .Bryce would create a "department of state"—of which, perhaps, the most active is "Scapa," the society for checking the abuses of public advertising. This society has recently won a notable victory, the corporation of Edinburgh having obtained from Parliament the passage of a private act conferring upon the local authorities control of the places where advertisements are to be placed. This is the principle of a general act, for the passage of which Scapa is strongly pressing. It is interesting to note that the Paris Figaro is conducting a campaign for the removal of all unsightly advertisements during the period of the Exposition—a campaign which, if successful, would be literally an object-lesson to the world. The most remarkable triumph of æstheticism is, however, to be credited to Hawaii. There, as Mrs. Todd states in Corona and Coronet, "a border of natural growth must be left along the highways," and the total prohibition of advertising signs on rocks and in conspicuous places is enforced by law.

There are encouraging signs of the development of sound sentiment in the United States. The rapid multiplication of "village improvement societies" during recent years illustrates a growing appreciation of the value of beauty and taste in community life. The development of great park systems, largely along artistic lines, by our chief cities, in the rawer West, as well as in the oldest East, marks a similar tendency. The State and the nation are also coming to apply the same principles as the village and the city in the creation of "State reservations" by Massachusetts to preserve the beauty of Greylock and other fine mountains, the rescue of Niagara Falls by New York, and the preservation by the United States for the world of the Yellowstone and Yosemite National Parks.

Business Profits

We reproduce the following summary of the bill of complaint made by Mr. Frick in his suit against Mr. Carnegie because of the interesting insight which it gives into the possible profits of a great industrial monopoly. The summary was specially prepared for the American Machinist, and is as follows:

"In 1892 there were two limited partnerships:

"1. Called Carnegie Brothers & Co., Limited, with a capital of $5,000,000, who made steel rails and owned only the Edgar Thomson steel rail mill in Braddock Township, and 2. Called Carnegie, Phipps & Co., Limited, with a capital of $5,000,000, who made all kinds of steel plates, structural material, iron forgings; made the material for and built bridges, made armor plates and made material for the same.

"This latter firm owned the Upper and Lower mills in Pittsburg, the extensive Homestead mills at Homestead, the Keystone Bridge Works in Pittsburg, the armor-plate mill near Homestead, the Hartman Steel Works in Beaver County, and other properties.

"Carnegie owned over 50 per cent. of each of the old firms, and he, with Frick, Phipps and others owning interests in each, formed in 1892 what constituted a new partnership, called the Carnegie Steel Company, Limited. In this Carnegie retained over 50 per cent., and now has 58½ per cent., while Frick has 6 per cent. Both old firms were merged into the new, which had a capital of $25,000,000 and operated all the old works.

"The business from 1892 to 1900 was enormously profitable, growing by leaps and jumps from year to year until in 1899 the firm actually made on low-priced contracts in net profits, after paying expenses of all kinds, $21,000,000. In November, 1899, Carnegie estimated the net profits for 1900 at $40,000,000, and Frick then estimated them at $42,500,000.

"Carnegie valued the entire property at over $250,000,000, and avowed his ability in ordinarily prosperous times to sell the property on the London market for £100,000,000, or $500,000,000.

"Frick now alleges, right at the height of this enormously successful business, whereby, at least in part, he made for Carnegie these enormous profits and values, that Carnegie suddenly, and with malevolent intent toward him, on December 4, 1899, arbitrarily demanded of him his resignation as chairman, and this without any reason except to gratify Carnegie's malice.

"Frick, in the interest of harmony, gave his resignation, and subsequently on January 11, 1900, after Carnegie had thus deprived him of his office, he (Carnegie) demanded of Frick that he (Frick) should sell to the firm his interest in it at a figure which would amount to less than one-half of what this interest was fairly worth. Frick refused to sell at that price, but offered to sell and allow three

men to value the interest sold. Carnegie refused this and left Frick, threatening him for not yielding to his demand."

As to the capital actually paid in to create this business, whose value is stated by Carnegie to be about $500,000,000, some light is thrown by that part of the bill which tells of the formation of the present organization. On this point the summary says:

"The agreement of 1892 provided that capital to the extent of $20,000,000 should be paid in cash on or before June 30, 1892, but made no provision for the remaining capital—viz., $5,000,000. Said amount of increased capital was never paid into the association in cash, either on or before June 30, 1892, or later. Said increase was made in the manner following:

"On June 30, 1892, the firm of Carnegie, Phipps & Co., Limited, declared a dividend of 200 per cent. on the capital stock of $5,000,000. The amount of this dividend thus declared was $10,000,000. On said June 30, 1892, the firm of Carnegie Brothers & Co., Limited, also declared a dividend upon their then capital of $5,000,000 of 200 per cent., making the amount of the dividend thus declared $10,000,000. Checks were given by Carnegie, Phipps & Co., Limited, to their members, and by Carnegie Brothers & Co., Limited, to their members, for their several shares of said dividends, said members being the subscribers to the articles of association of the Carnegie Steel Company, Limited.

"These checks thus given to said members were indorsed over by them in payment of their several subscriptions to the Carnegie Steel Company, Limited. In fact, no cash was paid by either of said limited companies, neither by Carnegie Brothers & Co., Limited, nor by Carnegie, Phipps & Co., Limited. There was no cash in bank to the credit of either company to meet said checks thus by each drawn.

"The actual capital stock of the present concern is, according to this, $25,000,000, of which only $20,000,000 was paid in, and this not in cash, but in the form of shares of stock in previously existing companies, together with checks representing the 200 per cent. dividend which was not paid, and which there was no money to pay.

"On this capitalization of $25,000,000 thus formed Frick estimated the profits for the present year at $42,500,000, and the accompanying figures show that the estimate is well based. Very many of the manufacturers of the country are very well satisfied to make 10 per cent. dividends upon capital invested, but suppose that this concern were to make 20 per cent., there would still be, over and above this 20 per cent., the vast sum of $37,500,000, or enough to constitute a very respectable percentage of the selling value of all the iron and steel used in the country."

Nurses for the Army

One of the results of the war with Spain has been to emphasize the need of a regularly organized force of army nurses, and a measure has been drafted and laid before Congress to organize such a body. The bill calls for the establishing of a Woman's Nursing Service as a part of the medical department of the army. The service is to be recruited from the hospital training schools, and to be under the direction of a superintendent appointed by the Secretary of War. The New York Mail and Express says of the proposition:

The promoters of the bill, in the memorandum which they have prepared to accompany it, point out that the war with Spain emphasized the necessity of providing for an organized body of trained nurses, and, they argue, "this provision for the army should not be again deferred until the emermency occurs, nor should it be left to private patriotism and charity. It should have the sanction and permanence of law." The bill, in a word, proposes to make the military hospitals equal in all essentials to other hospitals of the best grade—a proposition which obviously is fair and reasonable.

Longer Life

Quite a little attention has been directed of late to the question of longevity in its relation to heredity, and certain writers have gone so far as to advocate the enactment of laws which would make it impossible for those to marry who are not in every way physically perfect. A more moderate proposition appears in the following article from the Philadelphia North American, showing as a fact that such things have a tendency to correct themselves without the need of advocating radical social innovations:

A well-known physician has recently declared that the time is not far distant when the man who dies under a hundred will be charged with having committed suicide by violating the laws of health and sanitation. This may be the view of an extremist, but it is a fact that within a half century the average of life has been extended over ten years. For a long time it was fixed at thirty-three years, but it is now close to forty-five. It is noticeable that with the lengthening of the average of life has also come the lengthening of the age of mental and physical activity. The statistics prove that mental and physical vitality are not mere matters of years, but that they depend upon judicious conservation of the vital forces. It is a fact, however, that there can be traced in contemporaneous history a noticeable increase in the length of human vitality. In this day we find men undertaking great enterprises at an age when their forebears were in the "lean and slippered pantaloon," and proving themselves capable of long and sustained effort equal to that of the most lusty youth. De Lesseps stands out as a brilliant example of this lengthened vitality. Dana at eighty was the peer of any of his contemporaries for mental strength, and Bryant was as forceful at seventy as when he wrote "Thanatopsis" in the very morning of his career. The world has never seen a more vigorous campaign or a more skilfully executed retreat than were involved in the operations conducted by General Cronje, a man well along in the sixties. The number of graybeards on bicycles gives evidence that the age of full physical vitality has been considerably advanced. The age at which men in our day go into enterprises demanding concentration of thought, physical strength, buoyancy of spirits and the sustained courage that can only come from sound health proves that the man of mature years is able to do his full share of the world's work.

Under Fire in South Africa

How It Feels to Be Bombarded

[The following letter was sent to the London Mail by that very able and successful journalist, Mr. G. W. Stęevens, who died of enteric fever at Ladysmith last January]:

Ladysmith, Nov. 10, 1899.

"Good-morning!" banged four-point-seven; "have you used Long Tom?" "Crack-k-whiz-z!" came the reviving answer, "we have." "Whish-h-patter, patter!" chimed in a cloud-high shrapnel from Bulwan.

It was half-past seven on the morning of November 7; the real bombardment, the terrific symphony, had begun. During the first movement the leading performer was Long Tom. He is a friendly old gun, and for my part I have none but the kindest feelings toward him. It was his duty to shell us, and he did, but he did it in an open, manly way. Behind the half-country of light red soil they had piled up around him you could see his ugly phiz thrust up and look hungrily about him. A jet of flame and spreading toadstool of thick white smoke told us he had fired. On the flash four-point-seven banged his punctilious reply. You waited until you saw the black smoke jump behind the red mound and then Tom was due in a second or two. A red flash—a jump of red-brown dust and smoke—a rending crash; he had arrived. Then sang slowly through the air his fragments, like wounded birds. You could hear them coming, and they came with dignified slowness; there was plenty of time to get out of the way. Until we capture Long Tom—when he will be treated with the utmost consideration—I am not able to tell you exactly what brand of gun he may be. It is evident, from his conservative use of black powder, and the old-gentlemanly staidness of his movements, that he is an elderly gun. His calibre appears to be six inches. From the plunging nature of his fire, some have conjectured him a sort of howitzer, but it is next to certain he is one of the sixteen 15-cm. Creusot guns bought for the forts of Pretoria and Johannesburg. Anyhow, he conducted his enforced task with all possible humanity.

FIDDLING JIMMY.

On this same 7th a brother Long Tom, by the name of Fiddling Jimmy, opened on the Manchesters and Cæsar's Camp from a flat-topped "kopje" three or four miles south of them. This gun had been there certainly since the 3d, when it shelled our returning reconnaissance; but he, too, was a gentle creature and did little harm to anybody. Next day a third brother, Puffing Billy, made a somewhat bashful first appearance on Bulwan. Four rounds from the four-point-seven silenced him for the day. Later came other brothers. In general you may say of Long Tom's family that their favorite habitat is among loose soil on the tops of open hills; they are slow and unwieldly and very open in their actions. They are good shooting guns; Tom, on the 7th, made a day's lovely practice all round our battery. They are impossible to disable behind their huge epaulements unless you actually hit the gun, and they are so harmless as hardly to be worth disabling.

That bombardments were a hollow terror I had aways understood, but how hollow not until I experienced the bombardment of Ladysmith. Hollow things make the most noise, to be sure, and this bombardment could at times be a monstrous symphony, indeed. The first heavy day was November 3. While the troops were moving in and out on the Van Reenen's road the shells traced an aerial cobweb all over us. After that was a lull till the 7th, which was another clattering day. November 8 brought a tumultuous morning and a still afternoon. The 9th brought a very tumultuous morning, indeed; the 10th was calm, the 11th patchy, the 12th Sunday.

BOER CHARACTERISTICS.

It must be said that the Boers made war like gentlemen of leisure; they restricted their hours of work with trade unionist punctuality. Sunday was always a holiday; so was the day after any particularly busy shooting. They seldom began before breakfast, knocked off regularly for meals—the luncheon interval was 11.30 to 12 for riflemen and 12 to 12.30 for gunners—hardly ever fired after tea time and never when it rained. I believe that an enterprising enemy, of the Boer strength—it may have been anything from 10,000 to 20,000, and, remember that their mobility made one man of them equal to at least two of our reduced 11,000—could, if not have taken Ladysmith, at least have put us to great loss and discomfort. But the Boers have the great defect of all amateur soldiers—they love their ease, and do not mean to be killed. Now, without toil and hazard they could not take Ladysmith. To do them justice, they did not at first try to do wanton damage in the town. They fired almost exclusively on the batteries, the camps, the balloon and moving bodies of troops. In a day or two the troops were far too snugly protected behind

"schanzes" and reverse slopes, and grown far too cunning to expose themselves to much loss. The inhabitants were mostly underground, so that there was nothing really to suffer except casual passengers, beasts and empty buildings. Few shells fell in town, and of the few many were half-charged with coal-dust, and many never burst at all. The casualties in Ladysmith during a fortnight were one white civilian, two natives, a horse, two mules, a wagon and about half a dozen houses. And of the last only one was actually wrecked; one—of course, the most desirable habitation in Ladysmith—received no less than three shells and remained habitable to the end.

SHELLS ON THE BRAIN.

And now what does it feel like to be bombarded? At first, and especially first thing in the morning, it is quite an uncomfortable sensation. You know that gunners are looking for you through telescopes; that every spot is commanded by one big gun and most by a dozen. You hear the squeal of the things all above, the crash and pop all about, and wonder when your turn will come. Perhaps one falls quite near you, swooping irresistibly as if the devil had kicked it. You come to watch for shells—to listen to the deafening rattle of the big guns, the shrill whistle of the small, to guess at their pace and their direction. You see now a house smashed in; a heap of chips and rubble; now you see a splinter kicking up a fountain of clinking stone slivers; presently you meet a wounded man on a stretcher. This is your dangerous time. If you have nothing else to do, and especially if you listen and calculate, you are done; you get shells on the brain, think and talk of nothing else, and finish by going into a hole in the ground before daylight, and hiring better men than yourself to bring you down your meals. Whenever you put your head out of the hole you have a nose-breadth escape. If a hundrdth part of the providential deliverances told in Ladysmith were true, it was a miracle that anybody in the place was alive after the first quarter of an hour. A day of this and you are a nerveless semi-corpse, twitching at a fly-buzz, a misery to yourself and a scorn to your neighbors. If, on the other hand, you go about your ordinary business, confidence revives immediately. You see what a prodigious weight of metal can be thrown into a small place and yet leave plenty of room for everybody else. You realize that a shell which makes a noise may yet be hundreds of yards away. You learn to distinguish between a gun's report and an overturned water tank's. You perceive that the most awful noise of all is the throat-ripping cough of your own guns firing over your head at an enemy four miles away. So you leave the matter to Allah, and by the middle of the morning do not even turn your head to see where the bang came from.

At Mafeking

[The correspondent of the London Times writes of the bombardment of Mafeking]:

Mafeking, Dec. 20, 1899.

The straits of a beleaguered city are only just beginning to come to Mafeking. It is now nearly six weeks since Mafeking was proclaimed as being in a state of siege, and, although there has been no single opportunity of any commercial reciprocity between ourselves and the outside world, the ruling prices are at present but very little above normal, distress is wholly absent, danger is purely incidental and, indeed, it would seem, as Colonel Baden-Powell said in a recent order, that "everything in the garden was lovely." From time to time Colonel Baden-Powell has issued orders congratulating the townspeople upon their spirit, and commiserating with them upon their unfortunate predicament. They are indeed deserving of great sympathy, since the manly way in which they have come forward in support of the situation has very materially aided the successful resistance by Mafeking. The Boers have been repulsed for seven weeks, and without the walls of Mafeking an almost impregnable defense has been constructed. It is perhaps a detail if our defenders be armed with Snyders, Enfields, a few Martinis and a still less number of Lee-Metfords. These are the more material elements of our defenses, and to them may be added the strength of the Protectorate Regiment, the Bechuanaland Rifles, and the native contingent, numbering, with the town guard, some 800 men.

THE BOER TACTICS.

Against that we must place an enemy whose tactics are surprising everybody, whose artillery fire is admirable, whose guns are numerous and first-class. They stand off five miles and shell the town with perfect safety, while under cover of their fire they project their advanced trenches daily a few feet nearer the town. We have endeavored with our artillery and by night sorties to check their progress, but the sapping of Mafeking continues, and is at once a very serious if not our sole danger. Should their trenches advance much further it will be impossible to move about during daytime at all, and, although we have thrown up bales of compressed hay and sacks of oats to act as shields against the enemy's bullets and the flying splinters of passing shells, there is no hour in the day in which the streets of the

town are not sprayed by Mauser bullets. It is not possible for us to advance very far from our own lines, since, as eagles swoop down upon their carrion, so would the Boers from other quarters attempt to rush the town. Yet there is no doubt that such a movement would be very welcome, affording as much keen pleasure to the volunteers of the town as to Colonel Baden-Powell and the newly raised units of the garrison. We nurture a wild desire to attempt to spike Big Ben, and it may be that before long Providence will turn from the side of the enemy by presenting us with some such golden opportunity. The big gun is hedged around by barbed wire, guarded in front by mines, and flanked upon the one side by a Nordenfeldt-Maxim and upon the other by a Hotchkiss. Truly they could deal out a very warm reception to those who chanced their luck, but a little novelty these days atones for many hours of tiring inactivity, and if the Colonel chose to put a price upon the task there would be no trouble in enlisting for the venture some 500 volunteers. The siege, as it progresses, seems to give fewer opportunities for coming into positive contact with the enemy; such occasions as there have been are few and far between, and, although Colonel Baden-Powell holds out the promise of such a venture, it has been so constantly deferred that we are for the most part becoming incredulous.

THE QUESTION OF CASUALTIES.

[Of the same siege the correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette writes]:

When the guns first engaged us we passed the time by keeping tallies of the number of shells fired; but everybody has given that up now. We know that up to date 1,300 projectiles have flown over us or burst in the town, yet the number of persons killed or injured by the shells only totes up to about half a dozen or so! Search the war history of the world, and I believe you will find this to be the most marvelous thing of its kind on record. If the people only continue to act on Colonel Baden-Powell's advice and "lay low," like Br'er Fox, I am certain that the list of casualties will not be materially increased. At the same time, it must not be imagined that we are having a picnic here. We heard much in London about the precise marksmanship of the Boer. Acres of literature were written on the subject, and everybody who knew nothing about the burgher said that he never pulled the trigger without killing or maiming. The result of the bead-drawing around Mafeking has shown how unwise it is to be too cock-sure. In the fight on the Ramathlabama road the enemy was terribly punished, and our loss was slight; in every scrap we have had with them since the same lesson has been repeated. As a matter of fact, I would back an Egyptian battalion against Cronje's "commando" for marksmanship. The Boer looses off at our outside defenses, and fires so high that his bullet comes flying over the town more than 500 yards from the mark. My theory is this: He is used to the Martini, and has not been practiced much with the Mauser. The trajectory, or curve, described by the Martini bullet fired at 1,000 yards is something like forty-five feet, while the trajectory of the Mauser is very flat.

The Boer Commissary.

[The following is part of a letter sent to the Paris journal La Liberté, by Col. Villebois-Mareuil, a distinguished soldier, who threw up his commission in the French army and joined the Boers]:

If you consider both men and things, here is a curious mixture of very ancient and modern methods. The concentration of troops was carried out by railway with the greatest ease and without a hitch, as with trained troops. Land transport is assured by those massive, canvas-covered wagons, drawn by sixteen pairs of oxen. Filled with blankets and provisions for the longest journey, they formed the only vehicle before the railway was constructed. To-day they are on all the Natal routes, and on the banks of the swollen rivers when it is impossible to discover a ford. In camp is a commissariat officer who serves out provisions with a liberality to which our commissariat officers have not accustomed me. The meat is admirable. Bread for the army is baked in Glencoe by a Frenchman named St. Croix, some of it in the ovens left there by the British. If bread should run out there is Boer biscuit, which is softer, more palatable and far better than ours. The Government still keeps the men supplied with tea, coffee, rice, potatoes and condiments; it is your universal provider, this Government—your tailor, outfitter, saddler, shoemaker, and all without the slightest fuss, without the bother of filling up forms. All you want is a voucher from the field cornet, who is responsible to his own conscience for the reasonableness of the orders he signs. With its marabout tents, its kitchen in the open air, its Irish stews, the Boer "laager" would give the illusion of an Algerian camp but for the enormous wagons, drawn up in line or in square, the multiplicity of animals and the silence and calm of the men.

PERSONAL FREEDOM.

Guard duty is taken in turns by successive groups all night long. The tent of the General, the Major or the Field Cornet serves as a club for any one who likes. The life of the chiefs is

for me a mystery of physical and intellectual endurance in the midst of this continuous invasion.

There are no punishments, no recompenses, no altercations, nor coercive measures, everything being done freely as a duty. Though there is no restraint, there is never a reprehensible act.

The "laagers" have a telegraphic and postal service like that of modern European armies; electric searchlights, perfectly equipped ambulances and a commissariat department that works with admirable regularity.

RELIGIOUS FERVOR.

But, after all, the "laagers" are chiefly interesting for the spirit that animates them. An atmosphere of deep religious feeling pervades the camp, which commits everything to God—the fate of the Transvaal, the defense of its liberties, and the rights of its people against the aggressor. If you compliment a general he replies: "God has permitted it." The Boer, whose secret aspirations are thus encouraged, lifts eyes of faith to heaven.

When I came here I thought I was marching to the sacrifice, and I expected that General Buller's operations would be crowned with success about the end of January. When I landed at Delagoa Bay I was not quite so sure of Sir Redvers Buller. After the battle of Colenso, as soon as I saw how a general like Botha could be improvised, I began to wonder whether Lord Roberts himself would be able to cross the Tugela, even with his last reserves and all Old England at his back. There is something on our side that is invincible—God is fighting for us. Any man who has seen the Boers night after night, gathered in groups, some on horseback, others on foot, punctual in all weather, taking up their nightly stations, is constrained to bow before the superior power which can transform lives so free as theirs and mold them to the needs of warlike discipline. The rain is often heavy, night falls, but they press stoically forward without noticing it, and until the hour of dawn, crouching among the rocks along a slope, bogged in the mire or drenched in the flooded fields, they will keep vigil or sleep under the southern sky, offering their lives in continual sacrifice to their country. No man who has seen them in battle, their eyes ever on the alert, their deadly magazine rifles in their hands, quick to change their position or to strengthen a weak point, inflexible and yet at the same time generous, stopping their fire as soon as it has produced its effect, refusing to pursue after the enemy has been put to flight—no man who sees them such perfect masters of their strength can fail to understand that they are a people apart, these extraordinary Boers—sure of their eye as of their nerve, of their resolution as of their endurance.

Tommy Atkins

[The following selections are from a letter sent to the Outlook by Mr. James Barnes, the South African correspondent of that journal]:

I have grown to have a strong affection for "Tommy"—patient, careless and happy-go-lucky "Tommy," who sings generally sentimental songs by the way, curses not a little, and who fights like any other man might work who knew his trade. He is different in many ways from our American "doughboy." He has not the initiative of the latter, perhaps; he leaves everything to his officers, and lets them do the thinking; he has not the slightest sense of responsibility on his own part; and if "a ship without a captain is a man without a soul," the average English company without an officer is a ship without a helm. . . .

Tommy has no hatred of the Boer. He treats the wounded kindly, and his water-bottle is at any luckless burgher's disposal. But the latter is suspicious. He has been told—and this I know, for I have seen evidence of it—that if captured he will be poisoned. For hours some of the prisoners who spoke no English refused both meat and drink. In the hospital train one of the nurses had a bowl of gruel dashed from her hands, and at the same time a wounded man struggled to his feet and kicked her, crying, "Poisoner!" Who is responsible for this? Who has so purposely misled these people? It would be hard to say. It is a feud, with the suspicion and hatred all on one side. As yet the English have no hatred; the army is not even angry! It might be said that a man traveling constantly with one army must necessarily hear but one side, and be prejudiced. I grant that I am, next to an American, an Englishman. But even if an American, whose sympathy leaned in the other direction—to the Boer—were to see the fair and square, straightforward way the men in "khaki" fight, he would feel as I do.

All he wishes is that "this bloody war was over and he was 'ome again," and the everlasting dust and the everlasting thirst and the bullets and the heat were things to talk over in the barrack-room. A new striped ribbon might adorn his tunic; he may have gone in a private and come out a corporal; or he may have gone in a living man and never come out at all. But this is the long and the short of it—he doesn't much care about the politics or the question as to the right or the wrong of it. He is a paid soldier, and his pay is small. He has the honor of his regiment at heart; he does his duty because he has been trained to do nothing else.

Contemporary Celebrities

Lord Kitchener

Lord Kitchener is among the heroes of the hour, and the London journals are filled with appreciative accounts of him from which the following pen pictures of the man are made up:

Major-General Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener stands several inches over six feet, straight as a lance, and looks out imperiously above most men's heads; his motions are deliberate and strong; slender but firmly knit, he seems built for tireless steel-wire endurance, rather than for powers or agility. Steady, passionless eyes, shaded by decisive brows, brick-red, rather full cheeks, a long mustache, beneath which you divine an immovable mouth; his face is harsh, and neither appeals for affection nor stirs dislike. Neither age, nor figure, nor face, nor any accident of person has any bearing on the essential Sirdar. You could imagine the character just the same as if all the externals were different. He has no age but the prime of life, no body but one to carry his mind, no face but one to keep his brain behind. The brain and the will are the essence and the whole of the man—a brain perfect and a will so perfect in their workings that, in the face of extremest difficulty, they never seem to know what struggle is.

* * *

In the course of a clever article in the Nineteenth Century Mr. John Macdonald gives a sketch of Kitchener when he was only Lieutenant Kitchener, R. E., and was taken by Colonel Taylor, of the Nineteenth Hussars, to look at the new fellah cavalry. "A tall, slim, thin-faced, slightly-stooping figure in long boots, 'cut-away' dark morning coat, and Egyptian fez somewhat tilted over his eyes—such, as I remember him, was the young soldier who was destined to fulfill Gordon's task of 'smashing the Mahdi.'"

* * *

Charles Lewis Shaw, who was with the Canadian Voyageurs under Lord Wolseley in 1884-85, says of Kitchener that he used to spend his leaves of absence in Arab villages, in crowded bazaars, and on desert oases. For two years he wandered from the Red Sea to Berber, from Cairo to Abu Hamed. He was chief of the secret service, and many strange tales were told of his mysterious doings. The Mudir of Dongola was in camp with several thousand followers, ostensibly as allies, possibly (it was suspected) with other designs. Mr. Shaw and a comrade, hearing there were ructions among the Dongolese, went in among them, mingled in the fray, and "we wound up in the guard tent." He was chatting with his comrade there "when a tall man, tied apparently hand and foot, was thrown among us. I thought he looked a different brand of Arab than I had been accustomed to. He was—he was Kitchener. He was after the conspiracy. I didn't know much Arabic in those days, but we could hear the Dongolese—they were all Dongolese—talk and talk in excited tones the whole night, the bound man occasionally saying a few words. When we paraded in and before the large open-faced orderly tent next morning we were almost paralyzed to see Lord Wolseley himself seated at the little table with Kitchener beside him, both in full staff uniform. A tall, fine-looking Arab, the handsomest Dongolese Arab I ever saw, was being examined through the interpreter. He didn't seem impressed by the glittering uniforms or the presence of the commander-in-chief, or embarrassed by their questions. Once or twice an expression of surprise flitted over his face, but his eyes were always fixed on Kitchener, who would now and again stoop and whisper something in Lord Wolseley's ear. Once he raised his voice. The prisoner heard its intonation and recognized him. With a fierce bound the long, lithe Arab made a spring and was over the table and had seized Kitchener by the throat. There was a short, swift struggle. Wolseley's eye glistened and he half drew his sword. Kitchener, athletic as he was, was being overpowered, and the Arab was throttling him to death. There was a rush of the guard . . . and within ten minutes a cordon of sentries surrounded the Mudir of Dongola's tent. Within three days he was a prisoner in his palace at Dongola, guarded by half a battalion of British soldiers. The conspiracy was broken." How widespread it was only half a dozen white men knew at that time, but that it embraced the Courts of the Khedive, the Mudir and the Mahdi leaked out in after years. To it the treachery of the Egyptian garrison at Khartoum and the death of Gordon was due, and the preservation of the desert column can be placed to its discovery. One of the pluckiest deeds recorded of Kitchener was done when he went ahead of Sir Herbert Stewart's column with two native guides in the first dash for the wells of Gakdul. Near there a notorious robber leader, who had accompanied Mahdists in their merciless raids, was surprised and chased by Nineteenth Hussar scouts. He and his followers would probably have escaped if Kitchener, who was well mounted, had not over-

taken them. Alone and far ahead of the Hussars he closed with these ferocious freebooters, and called upon them to surrender. The cool daring that had so often succeeded told in this moment. Deceived by it into the belief that they were surrounded by unseen foes whom the bold Englishman had at his command, they parleyed and were lost, for this gave the Hussars time to come up and make prisoners of the band. It was a bold and characteristic act, which established Kitchener's reputation with British soldiers. It was as Governor of Suakim, in the Eastern Soudan in 1886, that Sir Herbert Kitchener obtained his first and real opportunity of showing the manner of man he was. Great as were the achievements of the Sirdar in railroad construction, in no campaign in any country has work of a magnitude to compare with the new line from Wady Halfa across the desert to Berber and the Atbara ever been attempted. The solution of the transport difficulty meant the certain and relatively easy reconquest of the Soudan."

Villebois-Mareuil

The following account of Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil is particularly interesting as the author of one of the articles quoted in the budget of South African sketches printed in this number of Current Literature on page 9. What follows is from the London Daily Mail:

The Boer authorities persistently represent Colonel De Villebois-Mareuil, late of the French Army, as the accredited attaché of the French Republic. As a matter of fact, however, Colonel De Villebois-Mareuil has unquestionably entered the Boer army as an active officer, with the rank of a general, and with the heavy responsibility of revising and, if necessary, improving upon the plan of campaign already worked out by General Joubert for the present occasion. Indeed, he has been intrusted with the plans for defending Pretoria when the bombardment of the Transvaal capital takes place. Colonel De Villebois-Mareuil was engaged by Dr. Leyds early in September, the negotiations having taken place at De Villebois-Mareuil's castle, Bois-Corbeau, in Brittany. It should be noted that he had severed his connection with the French Army in 1896, and was at liberty to enter the service of any army he chose. His reasons for sending in his resignation to the French War Office were because he had been refused the command of the Madagascar expedition, and because the state of affairs which predominated in the French Army and the petty jealousies and intrigues which obtained in the Etat Major were not to his taste.

In accepting the high post in the army of the South African Republic he was actuated by none of those sentiments which characterize the French Anglophobe. On the contrary, Colonel De Villebois-Mareuil's tastes are, in many respects, essentially English. He speaks English fluently; his daughter was under the tutelage of an English governess, and his tailor lives in a street off Hanover Square; while during his residence in Algiers, where he held the command of a division, he used to entertain all the prominent members of the English colony. Being, however, only fifty—and a soldier at that age is in the prime of life—and essentially a fighting man with great talents for strategy and tactics, he eagerly jumped at the offer and the tempting remuneration held out to him by Kruger's representative. At the same time he thought it advisable to keep his engagement secret in order to elude the inquisitiveness of French officialdom, with which every Gaul, be he in the military or civil service, whether active or retired, remains to some extent in touch. With the exception of his friend, Comte de Rothays, and his daughter, nobody was aware of the new career Colonel De Villebois-Mareuil was about to embark upon.

General Lawton

A writer in the Home Magazine gives this personal outline of the late General Lawton:

Of commanding stature, impressive features, magnificent bearing, a form straight as an arrow, and with a piercing, fearless eye, he was physically a model soldier, while his true heart and ready mind endowed him with the courage and quick appreciation of each military situation necessary for the achievement of success as the officer in command. Enlisting as a non-commissioned officer in the volunteer forces of the United States Army when he was but eighteen years old, at the beginning of the Civil War, continuing in service during that contest, always at the front until its close, he soon after entered the regular army, and participated in many expeditions against warring Indians in the Far West. Serving at the front in command during some of the hottest engagements of the Spanish War, leading in some of the most important undertakings of the campaign in the Philippine Islands, and having been almost always successful, his was indeed a glorious military experience, such as rarely falls to the lot of any man in these modern days of deadly arms, terrible carnage and sharp and decisive contests.

A correspondent of Collier's Weekly, in Manila, gives the circumstances of his death, which are not generally known, in a letter dated December 22. He says:

"It won't be worth your while to go with us on this trip," he said to his wife. "We are only go-

ing out to garrison San Mateo with two battalions of infantry and an escort of Colonel Lockett's cavalry. Maybe there are two or three hundred insurgents up there. They'll fire a few shots and run, as usual."

Early in the afternoon a heavy rainstorm set in. On his way at nine o'clock in the evening out to the pumping station, where the little force was to be mobilized, he stopped at the palace for a final word with General Otis, who told him again that he was needlessly exposing himself to the storm and to turn the command over to Colonel Lockett. "Oh, I'm all right," he said. "This will keep the rain off," referring to a long, yellow oilskin coat that he was wearing.

The death of no man in the army ought to have been less of a surprise. But bullets had so often knocked up the dust at his feet and nipped the twigs over his head we had come almost to believe that in his instance they were respecters of persons. The Filipinos were familiar with his towering form crowned by a white helmet, directing the fire of his men. He came upon them by surprise like an avenging spirit, and gave them no rest. They called him "the sleepless one." In the confidence that it will give them his loss means more than the reduction of our forces by a brigade. If all the lead that has been spent in trying to bring him down were molded in one piece it would make a man twice his size.

It was as hard for him to keep out of the thick of the fight as for some small boys to keep out of mischief. When the bullets were unusually thick he would take off his white helmet and hold it between his two hands as if he was trying to discover why it attracted them. His staff begged him again and again to discard this helmet, which made him as prominent—he was always standing or on horseback—as the church-steeple in the landscape of a town viewed from a distance. He only laughed and said: "It's very comfortable. Keeps my head cool. Bought it at Suez for a dollar and a half. Bargain, wasn't it?"

In one sense the manner of his death was quite worthy, in another sense quite unworthy, of his character. His was not the spirit to have borne with a bad wound which would have enfeebled him for life. For a Major-General to be potted in an exchange of shots for which skirmish is too dignified a name is appalling to the military mind. For Lawton to fall while he was passing along his firing line doing the work of a lieutenant was wholly in keeping with Lawton's career. The man who was fond of undergoing the same hardships as his men fell by their side. The brooks had become torrents and the mud was knee-deep that morning. When his position entitled him to be in town, he was out with his men in a drenching storm. The bullet which passed through his body just above his heart, causing instant death, may have been aimed at the rain-coat which he wore or it may have been only a random shot. It was not so out of place that the body of the man who had followed Indian trails on the Western plains, had retained his buoyant spirit in the days of doubt when our army was lying before Santiago, and had made forced marches across muddy dikes and through jungle in Luzon, should have been borne across the stream into San Mateo on the shoulders of his men, who were waist-deep in the water. He died without knowing that he was a brigadier in the regular service, but with the satisfaction of knowing that another town of those that he had taken was being garrisoned.

Cardinal Gotti

The Cardinal whom Pope Leo XIII. would make his heir to the papacy if he had the power is thus described in the New York Tribune:

He is a man of humble origin, his father having been a dock laborer at Genoa. He received his education from the Jesuits, but joined the novitiate of the Carmelite order at the age of sixteen, and eventually became a Carmelite monk, under the name of Father Gerome. He took part in the Ecumenical Council as theological adviser to the general of the Order of Carmelites in 1870, and in 1881 became general of the order. It was while general and chief of the Order of Carmelites that he visited this country, as well as every land where the Carmelites had any houses in Europe. He spent a number of months in England and Ireland, and in 1892 resigned the office of general of his order and proceeded as special delegate of the Pope to Brazil, for the purpose of reorganizing the Roman Catholic Church there, the constitution of which required extensive modifications in consequence of the abolition of the monarchy and the establishment of a republican form of government. He spent several years in Brazil, giving satisfaction alike to the Brazilian Government and to the Pontiff by his spirit of conciliation, and on his return to Italy was created Cardinal, taking for his title church St. Marie Delle Scala, which is the property of the Carmelite Order. Cardinal Gotti is a man about sixty-four years old, and still in the full force and vigor of age. His knowledge of canon law is asserted by many to be superior to that of any other member of the Sacred College, while his generalship of the Carmelite Order has had the effect of endowing him with prompt and thoroughly businesslike habits. He is a distinguished orator, speaks French with rare perfection and Latin with

as much grace as Leo XIII. His most conspicuous characteristic, however, is his spirit of conciliation, and it is precisely this that seems destined to stand in the way of his election as Pontiff, for he will have against him all the powerful intransigeant party in the Sacred College, as well as the whole weight of the Order of Jesuits, which is opposed to him, not only as the member of a rival order, but likewise as one who, after receiving his education from the Jesuits, deserted their company in order to become a Carmelite monk.

Osman Digna

Osman Digna, who was captured through the treachery of his followers, has been an interesting figure, and the following account of him from the Pall Mall Gazette will be read with interest:

Osman Digna, leader of the Dervishes at Tamai and now in honorable captivity at Rosetta, is, according to a popular legend, half a Scotchman, and we should be unwilling to shatter such a pleasing tradition. The story goes that his father was a Scotch seaman, or marine engineer, who had somehow got stranded in Cairo. Here he had two sons, Osman and another, by an Arab woman, and the father dying shortly afterward in indigent circumstances the mother brought them up in the native fashion. When the lads were still in their childhood the family removed to Suakim, near which town lived the Hadendowa, the mother's tribe. According to a likelier version, Osman's ancestors were Turks from Constantinople, who had settled in Suakim and intermarried with the Hadendowa. However that may be, there is no dispute as to the fact that some thirty years ago Osman, then a young man, was established at Suakim as a merchant in European goods. This was the ostensible business, but he had another and more lucrative trade—namely, the supply of slaves to the Turks and Arabs on the other side of the Red Sea. Obnoxious firmans as to the suppression of the slave trade, and still more the objectionable presence of British gunboats between the Suez and Aden, convinced Osman that an honest broker had no chance of earning a decent living as a dealer in "black ivory." He came to loggerheads with the Governor of Suakim, and, finding himself in danger of arrest, fled to his mother's tribe. When, in 1882, Mohammed Ahmed proclaimed the holy war, Osman Digna was among the first of his adherents. Osman's military talents were soon recognized, and in 1883 the Mahdi appointed him Emir of the Eastern Soudan and sent him to drive out the "Turks" from Suakim and the other towns on the coast, with special instructions also to guard the caravan route to Suakim from Berber. Early in 1884 the hurly-burly began. Tokar fell, and the heroic Tewfik Bey and the gallant 600 men who formed the garrison of Sinkat were all massacred when making a desperate sortie. This happened almost within range of the guns of Admiral Hewitt's ships, then in Suakim harbor. The bluejackets were most anxious to go to the help of the Egyptians, but the Liberal Ministry of the day absolutely forbade the landing of a single man. However, the total rout of Valentine Baker's force near Tokar by Osman altered the situation, and General Graham (who died a few weeks ago) was sent to Suakim with a British force. It was at his time that Admiral Hewitt issued a proclamation offering a large reward to any one who would bring in Osman Digna dead or alive, but Mr. Gladstone insisted on the withdrawal of the offer. Graham defeated Osman at El Teb, but the spirit of the Dervishes remained unbroken. On March 13 following (1884) another battle was fought at Tamai, and it was on this occasion that the Arabs broke the British square and captured some Gatling guns. A desperate hand-to-hand conflict ensued, the advantage ultimately going to the British in consequence of the cavalry charges under Colonel Wood. In the following year came the battle known under the name of McNeill's Zareba, in which, once more, Osman was within an ace of winning the day. However, he lost it, and in 1886 he had a new foe to meet in Colonel (now Lord) Kitchener.

Osman had already twice been officially reported as killed; he now began his famous vanishing trick. Kitchener organized the friendly Arabs against him, and in January, 1888, paid a surprise visit to the Dervish leader's camp. Osman got wind of the move in time, although he fled with such haste as to leave his camp stores and munitions behind. In a few months' time Osman came up smiling again, and actually besieged Suakim so that the Sirdar (General Grenfell) had to come down, defeating Osman—December, 1888 — at Handoub and Gemaizah. Throughout 1890 Osman held on to the neighborhood, but in February, 1891, he received his quietus (as it was fondly imagined at the time) at Tokar, being utterly routed by the Egyptian and Soudanese troops under the command of Colonel Holled-Smith. Again it was officially reported that Osman was slain, and the same news reached the Khalifa at Omdurman, where for a time all was grief and consternation. Osman was not dead, but he had been dealt such a blow that his great prestige with the Dervishes was gone. Yet he did a bold thing. Beaten and disgraced as he was, he went to Omdurman, where he had not

been since the Mahdi's death, and personally faced the wrath of his incensed master, the Khalifa. Exactly what hold over Abdullahi Osman had we do not know, but the Khalifa, who had removed from high office or killed every other Emir of note not belonging to his own tribe, spared Osman. He was sent to Adarama, a place on the Atbara, and there for eighteen months he rusticated. In 1892 Osman was again in the neighborhood of Suakim, and in the following years was fighting the Abyssinians in the Kassala district. He did not, however, come prominently again before the public eye until the reconquest of the Soudan had been begun by Lord Kitchener. In 1897 General Sir Archibald Hunter, after seizing Berber, thought to have caught Osman, but he arrived at the camping ground of the Dervishes two days too late. By this time Osman certainly seems to have come to the conclusion that discretion was the better part of valor. It, therefore, created no surprise when it was learned that at the battle of the Atbara, fought on Good Friday, 1898, Osman fled early in the day, and it was regarded as a matter of course that Osman left the fatal field of Omdurman as soon as he saw the fortunes of war were going against the followers of the Khalifa. Still Osman stuck to Abdullahi and retreated with him to the wilds of Kordofan. He was present at the last fight of all, when Sir Francis Wingate succeeded in bringing the Khalifa to bay at Om Debrikat. Osman did not care to share death with his master, but as eye-witnesses stated, he left quite early in the fight, taking nothing with him but a stick. Some time ago it was reported that he was lurking in the neighborhood of Suakim, waiting for an opportunity to escape to Arabia. Everybody expected him to effect his purpose, but fate and Major Godden were against him, and Osman Digna, caught at last, will probably reconcile himself to a life of honorable captivity, for it is impossible for the Cairo people to treat him worse than they treat Zobehr or Arabi Pashas. It is more than likely that he will follow Zobehr's example and dress in irreproachable broadcloth. There will probably be no one among the inhabitants of the Soudan to mourn Osman's fate. He had done great things for the Dervishes, but by his ruthless cruelty had alienated the Arabs from his cause. The harsh measures which he meted out to the tribesmen have had much to do with his capture. Without the aid of the Suakim sheiks Osman would never have been captured; and, doubtless, in guiding the officials to his hiding place they were revenging themselves for the injuries he had inflicted upon them. Osman is somewhat above the average height, and has, or used to have, a commanding presence.

A Famous Surgeon

We take from London Tit-Bits this account of the surgical experience gained by Sir William MacCormac in the Franco-Prussian war:

Sir William is in the front rank of the world's surgeons. He has had some stirring experiences, and has obtained a unique reputation. He is a battlefield doctor, and one of the best men in the world to take charge of Tommy Atkins when a bullet has unhappily made him unfit to fight for Queen and country. His first battlefield experience was gained in the Franco-Prussian War. At the beginning of that war the Americans in Paris appointed a committee to organize an ambulance. Owing to a dispute between this committee and its surgeons the latter separated, and, in company with a few English friends, formed an Anglo-American ambulance. MacCormac was put in command of the English section, and ultimately of the whole ambulance. The ambulance was dispatched immediately to Sedan, and it arrived there on August 30, taking possession the next day of the Caserne d'Asfeld, which had been converted into a hospital for its use. Almost immediately the cannon commenced to roar, and the great battle of Sedan began. At night the ambulance went over the battlefield and had many of the wounded transported to the hospital. MacCormac performed operations one after the other as fast as he could that day and the next, when the wounded were being brought along in a continuous stream. A message came in that a number of wounded were lying helpless at the village of Balan, a little way outside. MacCormac took possession of a house which happened to be empty, and, with the help of the villagers, quickly converted it into a hospital. Beds were arranged on the floor, and an operating table was set up in one of the rooms. His first two cases were for leg amputation, and he had about thirty others to deal with. All through the war the work of the Anglo-American ambulances was a brilliant success. At Asfeld, during that bloody September and October of 1870, 610 cases of injuries were treated, of which the comparatively small proportion of 137 resulted in death, and 138 operations were performed, 61 of which had fatal terminations. Regarded as surgical experience this was, of course, magnificent. MacCormac became at once a specialist, as it were, in bullet wounds, and even nowadays if a high social personage should get a pellet in his leg or body while on the moor that was intended for a partridge or a hare, it is Sir William MacCormac's advice and help he most covets and secures. The experience he gained in the Franco-Prussian War he backed up afterward by further aid to the wounded in the Turco-Servian War.

American Poets of To-day: Ina Coolbrith

Miss Ina Coolbrith was born in Illinois, and went to California when a child. Her education was secured in the public schools of Los Angeles, and through such studies pursued thereafter alone in odd moments that she snatched from work. There was no church of Miss Coolbrith's faith at Los Angeles at that time, nor book stores, nor public library. One or two books —a Shakespeare and a Byron—which they had brought over the long overland trail, and an occasional volume, mostly fiction, borrowed from some traveler, was all the reading matter which she could command. Notwithstanding her limited advantages she qualified for a teacher, and began writing verse for The Californian, the Overland Monthly and the eastern magazines. In 1874 she became librarian of the Public Library at Oakland, and held this position until 1893. Later she was librarian of the Mercantile Library of San Francisco, and now holds a similar position with the Bohemian Club of the same city.

Miss Coolbrith's first collection of poems, A Perfect Day, was published in 1881, and the contents issued in 1895, with some forty additional poems, in a volume entitled Songs from the Golden Gate. It is from this volume, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, that the following selections are made, with both the poet's and her publishers' permission. Miss Coolbrith is a true, melodious and natural singer. Her work is characterized by great delicacy and refinement of feeling, and comprises dainty love songs, verses of deep religious feeling, stately odes, written for special occasions, and charming bits of description. She has been called the "Sweet Singer of California," and surely the work of no one of that State is more worthy of recognition from the lovers of true poetry.

A PERFECT DAY.

I will be glad to-day: the sun
  Smiles all adown the land;
The lilies lean along the way;
  Serene on either hand,
The full blown roses, red and white,
  In perfect beauty stand.

The mourning-dove within the woods
  Forgets, nor longer grieves;
A light wind lifts the bladed corn,
  And ripples the ripe sheaves;
High overhead some happy bird
  Sings softly in the leaves.

The butterflies flit by, and bees;
  A peach falls to the ground;
The tinkle of a bell is heard
  From some far pasture-mound;
The cricket in the warm, green grass
  Chirp with a softened sound.

The sky looks down upon the sea,
  Blue, with not anywhere
The shadow of a passing cloud;
  The sea looks up as fair—
So bright a picture on its breast
  As if it smiled to wear.

A day too glad for laughter—nay,
  Too glad for happy tears!
The fair earth seems as in a dream
  Of immemorial years:
Perhaps of that far morn when she
  Sang with her sister spheres.

It may be that she holds to-day
  Some sacred Sabbath feast;
It may be that some patient soul
  Has entered to God's rest,
For whose dear sake He smiles on us
  And all the day is blest.

WHEN LOVE IS DEAD.

Nay, then, what can be done
When love is flown,
  When love has passed away?
  Sit in the twilight gray,
Thinking how near he was,
Thinking how dear he was,
  That is no more, to-day!

How can the day be fair
Love may not share?
  How day go by,
Hearing no fond words said,
With no dear kisses shed—
Oh, how can love be dead,
  And yet not I!

IN BLOSSOM TIME.

It's O my heart, my heart,
  To be out in the sun and sing—
To sing and shout in the fields about,
  In the balm and the blossoming!

Sing loud, O bird in the tree;
  O bird sing loud in the sky,
And honey-bees, blacken the clover beds—
  There is none of you glad as I.

The leaves laugh low in the wind,
  Laugh low, with the wind at play;
And the odorous call of the flowers all
  Entices my soul away!

For O but the world is fair, is fair—
  And O but the world is sweet!
I will out in the gold of the blossoming mould,
  And sit at the Master's feet.

And the love of my heart would speak,
  I would fold in the lily's rim,
That th' lips of the blossom, more pure and meek,
  May offer it up to Him.

Then sing in the hedgerow green, O thrush,
O sky lark, sing in the blue;
Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear
And my soul shall sing with you!

THE BROOK.

Through the dreary winter,
Ice-locked, white and chill!
All its laughter sleeping,
All its music still;
Not a flower to love it
From the bank above it;
Not a bird to trill,
In its ripples laving
Yellow wing and bill;
No green, shadowy silence,
Where one may go at will,
And dream and dream one's fill.

Without voice or color,
In a barren land;
Dripping skies bent over,
Dripping trees that stand,
Forlorn, on either hand.

But a little sunshine—
How its voice shall wake!
Over sand and pebble
Ring the silver treble—
Glad, for summer's sake.
Fairy boats shall ride it,
Lovers walk beside it,
Birds build in the brake;
Flowers and flowering sedges
Laugh along its edges—
Glad, for summer's sake!

Just a little sunshine,
And the clouds will part;
All its fettered beauty
Into life will start.
Be glad, thou shining rover,
With bird, and bee, and clover;
Sing summer through and over,
Oh, happy that thou art!
Just a little sunshine—
O my heart, my heart.

DAISIES.

Wherefore is it, as I pass
Through the fragrant meadow-grass,
That the daisies, nestling shyly in sweet places,
Lifting crispy, curly heads
From their wee, warm clover-beds,
Seem to my imagining little elfin faces?

Can it be the daisies speak?
Leaning rosy cheek to cheek,
In a merry gossiping, lightly nodding after?
Or a fancy, that I heard
Just the faintest whispered word,
And a silver-echoing ripple of soft laughter.

REBUKE.

"The world is old and the world is cold,
And never a day is fair," I said.
Out of the heavens the sunlight rolled,
The green leaves rustled above my head,
And the sea was a sea of gold.

"The world is cruel," I said again,
"Her voice is harsh to my shrinking ear,
And the nights are dreary and full of pain."
Out of the darkness, sweet and clear,
There rippled a tender strain,—

Rippled the song of a bird asleep,
That sang in a dream of the budding wood,
Of shining fields where the reapers reap,
Of a wee brown mate and a nestling brood,
And the grass where the berries peep.

"The world is false, though the world be fair,
And never a heart is pure," I said.
And lo! the clinging of white arms bare,
The innocent gold of my baby's head,
And the lisp of a childish prayer.

BESIDE THE DEAD.

It must be sweet, O thou, my dead, to lie
With hands that folded are from every task;
Sealed with the seal of the great mystery,
The lips that nothing answer, nothing ask.
The life-long struggle ended; ended quite
The weariness of patience, and of pain,
And the eyes closed to open not again
On desolate dawn or dreariness of night.
It must be sweet to slumber and forget;
To have the poor tired heart so still at last:
Done with all yearning, done with all regret,
Doubt, fear, hope, sorrow, all forever past:
Past all the hours, or slow of wing or fleet—
It must be sweet, it must be very sweet!

THE POET.

He walks with God upon the hills!
And sees, each morn, the world arise
New-bathed in light of paradise.
He hears the laughter of her rills,
Her melodies of many voices,
And greets her while his heart rejoices.
She to his spirit undefiled,
Makes answer as a little child;
Unveiled before his eyes she stands,
And gives her secret to his hands.

IN THE GRAND CANON.

The strongholds these of those strange, mighty gods
Who walked the earth before man's feeble race,
And, passing hence to their unknown abodes
In farther worlds, left here their awful trace.
Turrets, and battlements, and toppling towers,
That spurn the torrent foaming at their base,
And pierce the clouds, uplifting into space.
No sound is here, save where the river pours
Its ice-born flood, or when the tempests sweep
In rush of battle, and the lightnings leap
In thunder to the cliffs; no wing outspread
Above these walls, lone and untenanted
By man or beast,—but where the eagle soars
Above the craigs,—and by the gates they guard,
Huge, and as motionless, on either hand,
The rock-hewn sentinels in silence stand,
Through the long centuries keeping watch and word.
Up from the sheer abysses that we tread,
Wherein pale shadow holds her mystic sway,
And night yields never wholly to the day,
To where, in narrow light far overhead,
Arch capping arch and peak to peak is wed,
We gaze, and veil our eyes in silent awe,
As when Jehovah's form the prophet saw.

At Yaidzu*

Under a bright sun the old fishing town of Yaidzu has a particular charm of neutral color. Lizard-like, it takes the gray tints of the rude gray coast on which it rests—curving along a little bay. It is sheltered from heavy seas by an extraordinary rampart of boulders. This rampart, on the water-side, is built in the form of terrace-steps, the rounded stones of which it is composed being kept in position by a sort of basket-work woven between rows of stakes driven deeply into the ground—a separate row of stakes sustaining each of the grades. Looking landward from the top of the structure, your gaze ranges over the whole town, a broad space of gray-tiled roofs and weather-worn gray timbers, with here and there a pine grove marking the place of a temple court. Seaward, over leagues of water, there is a grand view, a jagged blue range of peaks crowding sharply into the horizon, like prodigious amethysts, and beyond them, to the left, the glorious spectre of Fuji, towering enormously above everything. Between sea wall and sea there is no sand, only a gray slope of stones, chiefly boulders, and these roll with the surf so that it is ugly work trying to pass the breakers on a rough day. If you once get struck by a stone wave—as I did several times—you will not soon forget the experience. . . .

At certain hours the greater part of this rough slope is occupied by ranks of strange-looking craft, fishing boats of a form peculiar to the locality. They are very large—capable of carrying forty or fifty men each, and they have queer high prows, to which Buddhist or Shinto charms ("mamori" or "shugo") are usually attached. A common form of Shinto written charm ("shugo") is furnished for this purpose from the temple of the Goddess of Fuji. The text reads: "Fuji-san chojo Sengen-gu dai-gyo manzoku," meaning that the owner of the boat pledges himself, in case of good fortune at fishing, to perform great austerities in honor of the divinity whose shrine is upon the summit of Fuji.

In every coast province of Japan—and even at different fishing settlements of the same province—the form of boats and fishing implements are peculiar to the district or settlement. Indeed, it will sometimes be found that settlements, within a few miles of each other, respectively manufacture nets or boats as dissimilar in type as might be the inventions of races living thousands of miles apart. This amazing variety may be in some degree due to respect for local tradition, to the pious conservatism that preserves ancestral teaching and custom unchanged through hundreds of years; but it is better explained by the fact that different communities practice different kinds of fishing, and the shapes of the nets or the boats made at any one place are likely to prove on investigation the inventions of a special experience. The big Yaidzu boats illustrate this fact. They were devised according to the particular requirements of the Yaidzu fishing industry, which supplies dried "katsuo" (bonito) to all parts of the Empire, and it was necessary that they should be able to ride a very rough sea. To get them in or out of the water is a heavy job, but the whole village helps. A kind of slipway is improvised in a moment by laying flat wooden frames on tne slope in a line, and over these frames the flat-bottomed vessels are hauled up or down by means of long ropes. You will see a hundred or more persons thus engaged in moving a single boat—men, women and children pulling together in time to a curious melancholy chant.

The big boats, with holy texts at their prows, are not the strangest objects on the beach. Even more remarkable are the bait-baskets of split bamboo—baskets six feet high and eighteen feet round, with one small hole in the dome-shaped top. Ranged along the sea wall to dry, they might at some distance be mistaken for habitations or huts of some sort. Then you see great wooden anchors, shaped like ploughshares, and shod with metal; iron anchors, with four flukes; prodigious wooden mallets, used for driving stakes, and various other implements, still more unfamiliar, of which you cannot even imagine the purpose. The indescribable antique queerness of everything gives you that weird sensation of remoteness—of the far-away in time and place—which makes one doubt the reality of the visible. And the life of Yaidzu is certainly the life of many centuries ago. The people, too, are the people of Old Japan; frank and kindly as children—good children—honest to a fault, innocent of the further world, loyal to the ancient traditions and the ancient gods.

I happened to be at Yaidzu during the three days of the "Bon," or Festival of the Dead, and I hoped to see them beautiful farewell ceremony of the third and last day. In many parts of Japan the ghosts are furnished with miniature ships for their voyage—little models of junks or fishing

*Reading from In Ghostly Japan. By Lafcadio Hearn. Little, Brown & Co. $2.00.

craft, each containing offerings of food and water and kindled incense; also a tiny lantern or lamp, if the ghost-ship be dispatched at night. But at Yaidzu lanterns only are set afloat; and I was told that they would be launched after dark. Midnight being the customary hour elsewhere, I supposed that it was the hour of farewell at Yaidzu also; and I rashly indulged in a nap after supper, expecting to wake up in time for the spectacle. But by ten o'clock, when I went to the beach again, all was over, and everybody had gone home. Over the water I saw something like a long swarm of fireflies—the lanterns drifting out to sea in procession; but they were already too far to be distinguished except as points of colored light. I was much disappointed; I felt that I had lazily missed an opportunity which might never again return—for these old "Bon" customs are dying rapidly. But in another moment it occurred to me that I could very well venture to swim out to the lights. They were moving slowly. I dropped my robe on the beach, and plunged in. The sea was calm, and beautifully phosphorescent. Every stroke kindled a stream of yellow fire. I swam fast, and overtook the last of the lantern fleet much sooner than I had hoped. I felt that it would be unkind to interfere with the little embarcations, or to divert them from their silent course, so I contented myself with keeping close to one of them and studying its details.

The structure was very simple. The bottom was a piece of thick plank, perfectly square, and measured about ten inches across. Each one of its corners supported a slender stick about sixteen inches high, and these four uprights, united above by crosspieces, sustained the paper sides. Upon the point of a long nail, driven up through the centre of the bottom, was fixed a lighted candle. The top was left open. The four sides presented five different colors—blue, yellow, red, white and black; these five colors respectively symbolizing ether, wind, fire, water and earth—the five Buddhist elements which are metaphysically identified with the five Buddhas. One of the paper-panes was red, one blue, one yellow; and the right half of the fourth pane was black, while the left half, uncolored, represented white. No "kaimyo" was written upon any of the transparencies. Inside the lantern there was only the flickering candle.

I watched those frail glowing shapes drifting through the night, and even as they drifted scattering, under impulse of wind and wave, more and more widely apart. Each, with its quiver of color, seemed a life afraid — trembling on the blind current that was bearing it into the outer blackness. . . . Are not we ourselves as lanterns launched upon a deeper and a dimmer sea, and ever separating further and further one from another as we drift to the inevitable dissolution? Soon the thought-light in each burns itself out, then the poor frames, and all that is left of their once fair colors, must melt forever into the colorless Void. . . .

Even in the moment of this musing I began to doubt whether I was really alone—to ask myself whether there might not be something more than a mere shuddering of light in the thing that rocked beside me—some presence that haunted the dying flame, and was watching the watcher. A faint, cold thrill passed over me—perhaps some chill uprising from the depths—perhaps the creeping only of a ghostly fancy. Old superstitions of the coast recurred to me, old vague warnings of peril in the time of the passage of souls. I reflected that were any evil to befall me out there in the night—meddling, or seeming to meddle, with the lights of the dead—I should myself furnish the subject of some future weird legend. . . . I whispered the Buddhist formula of farewell—to the lights—and made speed for the shore.

As I touched the stones again I was startled by seeing two white shadows before me, but a kindly voice, asking if the water was cold, set me at ease. It was the voice of my old landlord Otokichi, the fishseller, who had come to look for me, accompanied by his wife.

"Only pleasantly cool," I made answer, as I threw on my robe to go home with them.

"Ah," said the wife, "it is not good to go out there on the night of the 'Bon'!"

"I did not go far," I replied. "I only wanted to look at the lanterns."

"Even a Kappa gets drowned sometimes," protested Otokichi. "There was a man of this village who swam home a distance of seven 'ri,' in bad weather, after his foot had been broken. But he was drowned afterward."

Seven "ri" means a trifle less than eighteen miles. I asked if any of the young men now in the settlement could do as much.

"Probably some might," the old man replied. "There are many strong swimmers. All swim here—even the little children. But when fisherfolk swim like that it is only to save their lives."

"Or to make love," the wife added, "like the Hashima girl." "Who?" queried I.

"A fisherman's daughter," said Otokichi. "She had a lover in Ajiro, several 'ri' distant, and she used to swim to him at night, and swim back in the morning. He kept a light burning to guide her. But one dark night the light was neglected —or blown out—and she lost her way and was drowned. . . . The story is famous in Idzu."

The World Over: Pen Pictures of Travel

Finding of a Lost Tribe.....New York Sun

The Federal authorities at Ottawa have been notified of the discovery, on a lonely island in Hudson Bay, of a lost tribe of Esquimaux, a community which has been for centuries without intercourse with other representatives of the human species, and whose members never saw a white man until a few months ago. They are still in the stone age, knowing no metals; they grow no plants, and their houses are built of the skulls of whales. The home of this strange tribe is on Southampton Island, a piece of watergirt land nearly as big as the State of Maine, and situated at the north end of Hudson Bay. Apparently the people have dwelt there ever since pre-Columbian times, and to-day they subsist in exactly the same way as they must have done then. Having been isolated for so long a period, it is natural that they should possess many peculiarities. A collection of their utensils, weapons of the chase and other objects, was secured by a whaling vessel that recently visited their island, but to the regret of the Canadian authorities they have all passed into the possession of persons in New York. Their houses of skulls, more properly described as huts, are built by putting together the great jaws of whales and then covering them over with skins. In the middle of the primitive dwelling is an elevated place, on which stands the inevitable stone lamp, employed for lighting, heating, cooking, melting snow, drying clothes, and in certain arts. The lamp is nothing more than an open dish of whale or seal oil, with a wick of dry moss soaked in fat. The whale is the chief means of subsistence of these strange people. They use the whalebone in a variety of surprising ways, making even their cups and buckets of it, by bending it into round shapes and sewing on the bottoms. Many of their implements are of whalebone; with it they make toboggan-like sleds. They also manufacture sledges with walrus tusks for runners and deer antlers for crosspieces.

It would be hard to find more daring hunters than they are; the seal, the walrus and the wary caribou contributing to their game bags. The tribe comprises only fifty-eight individuals, about equally divided between the sexes. Its members speak a dialect peculiar to themselves, and quite unlike that employed by any other Esquimaux. Straits thirty miles broad separate Southampton Island from the western shore of Hudson Bay, where there is a colony of Esquimaux, and once in a very long while the straits freeze over. It is said that this happened seventy-five years ago, and then a few hunters came over from the island to the mainland, where they were much surprised to encounter other human beings like themselves, having doubtless imagined that they were the only people in existence. This is now a tradition with the natives of the mainland, who say that the strangers brought two sledges with them, but went away again and never returned; neither before nor since, so far as can be ascertained, has any news come from the lost tribe until recently. On Southampton Island there is no soapstone, which among the Esquimaux elsewhere is the favorable material for pots and kettles. Hence the people of the lost tribe are obliged to make such receptacles out of slabs of limestone glued together in rectangular shapes with a mixture of grease and deer blood. In the same way they manufacture their lamps, and this fact is another evidence of the prolonged isolation of the community, inasmuch as other Esquimaux, when they can obtain no soapstone in their own neighborhood, will make trips lasting several years in quest of this rare material.

The "Lost Mines" of Mexico...Verona Granville..Land of Sunshine

Among the rich mines worked by the Spaniards was the Tarasca, in Sonora, of which Humboldt writes so fascinatingly, and Ward and other historians mention favorably. The history of Tarasca is one of evil deeds, of duplicity, of theft, of greed, and all the base passions incited by the love of gold. The mine was worked long before the Spaniards arrived in Mexico, and the gold and silver fashioned into ornaments by the aborigines. A family in Guaymas has a necklace of flying-fish purchased from a Pima Indian chief, who stated that the metal was dug from Tarasca. The mine was worked by various Spaniards and later acquired for the crown of Spain. It was extensively worked, barring certain periods during Apache wars, until the epoch of the French intervention, when the shafts and tunnels are said to have been concealed by the "administrador," Don Juan Moreno, an Imperialist, who was forced to seek safety in flight. After the restoration of peace, Tarasca was looked for in vain, and to the present time no one is certain of its location, though the mine now known as Ubarbo is believed to be the Tarasca. Ubarbo had been extensively worked when rediscovered years ago, and the shafts and tunnels concealed under earth and brush. Rich pillars of ore were found in the drifts, and the mine corresponds in many respects with

the description in the archives of the American consulate at Guaymas.

But the lost mine about which tradition gathers thickest is Taiopa, supposed to be located in the Sahuaripa district, in Sonora. Little documentary evidence exists to prove Taiopa a reality, and that has evidently been manufactured by unscrupulous manipulators. A wealthy Mexican gentleman recently made a trip to Madrid, and after minute search, at great expense, found absolutely no data to prove that such a mine was worked for the crown of Spain, and no reliable data in the Mexican archives or elsewhere to prove that such a mine was ever known. But quite as trustworthy as most written documents are the traditions gathered from the Pima Indians. They stoutly maintain that Taiopa exists, and a few claim to know its locality. Small quantities of very rich ore are occasionally sold at the mountain mining camps, but all attempts to follow the Indians to the spot where it is found, or bribe them to reveal it, have failed. Wanting but little in addition to the corn they grow, they are imbued with a superstition that if they reveal the locality of a mine they will instantly drop dead. To one unacquainted with the Indian character this statement may seem incredible; but any prospector or miner in the Sierra Madre will affirm its truth. Large sums of money have been offered the Pimas to tell where the "mina tapada" is. They scorn money, and the only open sesame is mescal, by the liberal use of which the Indian may be made to disclose many things, but so far he has held inviolate his vow to reveal to no mortal man the famous Taiopa. But the fascinating secret, in part, has been revealed to a woman. All tales of lost mines have for their central figure a grateful Indian, and this story is in that particular like the rest.

About a year and a half ago an old Pima chief fell ill in one of the valley pueblos, and was cured by a Mexican lady so well known and so estimable that her statement is universally accepted. The old Indian returned to his tribe, and from time to time sent her rich bits of ore, which assayed thousands of dollars to the ton. All her efforts to induce him to lead her to the mine were futile. He said the Great Spirit would strike him dead if he did. Last summer the plucky señora went to the mountains and lived among the Indians for three months, doctoring the sick, and giving presents of calico and gay ribbons to the women and small quantities of mescal to the men of the tribe. She became convinced beyond doubt that the spot from which the rich ore came was Taiopa. The chief admitted that it was the "mina tapada," that was worked when he was a boy. After much persuasion and the gift of a goodly portion of the fiery product of the maguey, he directed two women of the tribe to take her to within a few yards of the mine, that she might discover it unaided and save the Indians from the penalty of sudden death for revealing it. Overjoyed at gaining so much, the Mexican woman had two burros packed with provisions, and mounted on mules the three women set out. They traveled mostly at night, passing through deep cañons and over lofty mountain passes. The fourth night, some hours after dark, the Indian women led her into a deep cañon and paused a short distance from a large rock. In the dim moonlight an old arrastra was seen, and across the cañon was a large ore dump, from which opened a tunnel. The woman gathered bits of ore from the dump and arrastra, but was hurried away by the Indians, who said they would be killed if they delayed beyond the time given them by the chief. They traveled until the moon went down, rested a few hours, and went on before daylight, completely baffling the Mexican woman as to the route they had brought her. They arrived at the pueblo at nightfall, and having taken four days to reach the mine and but one to return, the obvious conclusion was that she had been led about in a circle—a curious method of putting at rest the complex Indian conscience.

Despairing of gaining more, the Mexican woman returned to her home. In September she returned with her young son, a "mozo" and a few burros, to search for the elusive Taiopa. In crossing Rio Aros the "mozo" and two of the burros were drowned. Disappointed but not discouraged, the plucky woman left her son to work at a mining camp, and returned to the valley for fresh supplies, promising to return and prosecute the search. May her courage be rewarded by all the treasure tradition attributes to the famed Taiopa!

Other lost mines of which one hears innumerable tales are Reina Mercedes and the Casa Blanca, which are said to have been the property of the crown during the Spanish occupation of Mexico. Both have probably been rediscovered and worked to-day, under other names. The Reina Mercedes is said by the Pima Indians to be one of the rich Concheña group of mines, and the Casa Blancha the Casitas mine, thirty miles west of Mulatos. Near Casitas is an ancient mine, now worked by a Mexican company, that had open cuts on the surface for more than a mile, and several miles of underground workings, when redenounced by the Mexicans. Near this mine, where a once large church has fallen into ruins, were found two copper bells, bearing the name of Guadalupe de Taiopa; thus leading many to believe that the Tajos mine is the long-lost Taiopa.

Great Salt Lake.....Colonel Henry Inman.....Lippincott

Few persons, I think, realize how wonderfully, strangely beautiful is this inland sea. Where have I not seen sunsets, by land and sea, in Asia, Africa, Europe and America, and where can I say I have seen more wondrous coloring, more electrifying effects, than in the Great Salt Lake of Utah? The magic change of sunshine, storm and calm, beneath the thunderstorms of June, the gorgeousness of color painted on the clouds of autumn, the weird effects of the summer mirage. The strangeness of the desert places is miraculous, where no man comes, that are washed by the waves of this briny sea! There is a witchery about the wonderful mirage of this vast sheet of water which is far beyond the power of the artist's palette. The sky a golden-gray absolutely dazzling with light, while the islands and their reflections are a fiery yet perfect blue. Gold-gray, gold-white clouds with distant water of the same tint as the sky which it appears to be. Close into the beach, the water is an exquisite green, resembling in its scintillations the changes of an opal when flashed in the sunlight; beyond the shore-line the ripples of the waves reveal the sapphire, caused by the faintest, gentlest touch of wind. When the heavens are flecked by the fleecy clouds of gold as the warm sun gilds them, then the water assumes a royal purple, shifting to all the iridescent colors of the rainbow. Another beautiful effect, which is entirely local, is when, in the deliciously quiet hours of the summer twilight, the pale fairy-like tints are kissed by opposing currents of gently breathing breezes; then the entire surface of the lake shimmers and trembles like a robe of satin studded with pearls.

If the Great Salt Lake were situated on an open prairie, this richness of color would not, perhap, produce such gorgeous effects of beauty. On every side are lofty mountains, which, although at varying distances, some many miles away, appear to rise from the surface of the water. On their bare and serrated crests eternal snow lies in great patches, thrown into deep shade by the towering summits. Some of these ranges of mountains, to be sure, are relatively close; some of them, entirely surrounded by the water, simply islands, yet each one has its own peculiar color—from that of brown mother-earth to all the shades of blue and the other tints of the rainbow. At noon, when the sun blazes out at its best, the crests of these great ranges are distinctly seen, and the shadows tell where the mighty gorges or cañons are. In the darkness of night, or under the rays of the pale light of the mid-continent moon, a perfect black outline of the whole range is marked against the sombre hue of the horizon.

The water of the Great Salt Lake is clear and transparent, with a bottom of fine white sand and a margin of incrusted salt. It is one of the purest and most concentrated brines in the whole world. Its waters give sustenance to no living thing; there is not the smallest insect or worm to frighten the most timid bather, and the bathing is the most perfect sea-bathing in the whole of North America or in Europe. No human body can sink in it.

One may actually walk the water, no matter how deep it is. Your body will persistently rise up, the shoulders above the surface, or you may even sit down in it. Its wonderful buoyancy must be experienced to be realized. No knowledge of swimming is necessary; one may enter the lake without the slighest fear; all you have to do is to lie down and float. But to swim in it, that is another thing! When your hands are put under the water to take a stroke, your feet, like Banquo's ghost, will not down; it is impossible to keep more than one end of your body under the water at a time. You cannot swim, but if you are a man you may float on your back with your arms crossed under your head, and smoke your pipe or cigar with as much ease as if in your own room. The water is so salt that it cannot be swallowed without great danger of strangulation; a small drop in the eye gives much pain.

But, in spite of all the dangers, bathing in the Great Salt Lake is refreshing and invigorating, notwithstanding that the body must be rebathed in fresh water afterward to remove the immense quantity of salt which adheres to the skin. It is hard work to make any headway, even against the smallest waves. Nearly half a million people bathe in the Great Salt Lake every year; they come from all over the world, and tourists are beginning to realize that Salt Lake City and the magnificent surroundings presents the greatest scope of novelty, and is destined to be a leading watering place. Salt Lake is nearer to New York than was Buffalo forty years ago. Newport, Saratoga and Mount Desert will never be abandoned, but the Great Salt Lake, as the years roll on, is likely to become the most popular place in the whole interior of the continent.

---

*Two Royal Weddings at Johore.....H. Cayley Webster**

I was fortunate enough to be in Johore at the time when the Crown Prince who, since his father's death, has been crowned Sultan, was married to his cousin. The ceremony—which, being Eastern, was of course of a most gorgeous na-

*Through New Guinea and the Cannibal Countries. Frederick A. Stokes, N. Y. $5.00.

ture—took about three weeks to accomplish. The preliminary ceremony, performed on a Thursday, was principally noteworthy for the absence of the bride. Various passages from the Koran were read over by the high priest to the bridegroom, who stood upon the dais in the Bali Besar, surrounded by an enormous retinue and numerous guests. A few minutes sufficed for this portion of the proceedings, and then the bridegroom, after prostrating himself and after a great deal of handshaking, returned to the Istana—the palace—where he remained in his own apartments guarded by sixteen women, and from then until the following Thursday, according to the Mohammedan rite, he was not allowed outside. On that day a second and far more imposing ceremony took place, the Crown Prince appearing in most gorgeous apparel of cloth and gold—with the palms of his hands, his nails and his feet, which were bare, dyed a brilliant red, according to the Malay custom. A procession was formed in the following order: The royal ensign, the military brass band of the Johore forces, the Cabulis Guard, the Guides, consisting of four princes in a State coach; a State coach containing two Royal Kris Panjang Bearers, the Bearer of the State Sword, and the Bearer of the Royal Betel Box, the bridegroom in a gilded State carriage drawn by a beautiful team of horses, and accompanied by two princes as groomsmen, twelve of the Royal Body-guard, who marched at equal distances apart on either side of the State carriage, four royal carriages containing the sixteen women who had been in attendance during the past week, each carrying the royal candlestick; the Royal Malay Military Guard, commandant of the Johore forces, royal carriages and guests. The whole cortege proceeded at a foot's pace through the principal streets of the town, and eventually reached the Istana Zahrah, where the bridegroom held a reception. On the following Tuesday evening the bride made her first appearance to the public, accompanied by the bridegroom, for on this occasion they were to partake of the public bath, a custom never omitted, and the most essential part of a Malay royal wedding. This bath resembles somewhat a monument, the summit of which is reached by short, steep steps, upon which the royal retinue of women were seated. At the top, and surmounted by a gilded dome, a fountain is in such a way manipulated as to throw water over the whole structure from top to bottom, consequently when the Prince and his bride arrived beneath the dome, water which had been laid on from a reservoir some two miles distant was suddenly started, and the whole assembly drenched to the skin. The beauty of this function, which took place at night, was greatly enhanced by the fact that the whole scene was lit up by thousands of fairy lights and Japanese lanterns in all colors. After a gorgeous display of fireworks and the Sultan's national anthem performed by the bands in attendance, the royal couple descended; the nuptials were complete, the Crown Prince and his bride were man and wife.

On the following week another royal wedding took place, the bridegroom on this occasion being "Unku Salaman," a nephew of the Sultan. This second wedding was exceedingly interesting, though much less imposing than the first. It took but three days to complete the ceremony. The bridegroom was an hour and three-quarters late at the initial ceremony, and consequently we were all kept waiting. On his arrival he told us his bride's brother, whose consent as her guardian was indispensable, had been missing, and had only just been found in the middle of a game of billiards in a house some half a mile away. I afterward learned from another member of the royal family that the real reason of the bridegroom's absence was accounted for from the fact that he had fallen asleep on the veranda of his own house. When he came he was accompanied by the Judge of his district, sword-bearers and eight female attendants, who chanted Malay melodies throughout the whole proceedings. After the high priest had pronounced his benediction, the bridegroom was led behind a screen at the nd of the room, and there, before twenty girls, whom I perceived squatting on the floor, changed his dress to one literally ablaze with gold and diamonds, from the wonderful ornament on his head to the bejeweled slippers on his feet. After having received our individual congratulations, he repaired to the Istana Zahrah, where we followed him and found all the doors barred and zealously guarded by the ladies of the harem, as, according to Malay custom, a tax is levied before the bridegroom can gain admission to his bride. We were all, therefore, invited to help pay the tax, and many were the dollars, gold pieces and notes thrown over the door to the eager sirens within. By this means door after door was opened to us. One door only remained, but, alas! the funds of the whole company had become entirely exhausted, the only remaining coin that could be found being a bad dollar, which had been palmed off on me by a wily Chinaman the day before; however, it answered well enough, and the remaining door was passed, but we found that a more exciting part of the performance was yet to come. At the top of the stairs stood the bride, but between her and the attacking male party were at least a hundred ladies. Through these we had to force our way,

and eventually, very hot and exhausted, we reached the bride and handed her over to the bridegroom, who was placed upon a magnificently gilded couch to again receive the congratulations of his guests.

Graveyard of the Atlantic.....Gustav Kobbé.....Ainslee's Magazine

Such is the apt cognomen of Sable Island, that grim, ghost-haunted fragment of sand, strewn with more wrecks than any other twenty miles of the earth's surface. It lies so flat on the sea that of a gray day it is hardly distinguishable from the ocean itself. It is an ambush of ships, for all around it is a tanglework of insatiable shoals ever feeding on wrecks. Everywhere along these shores death lurks. In the space of a single year these shoals claimed more than two hundred lives. The island itself is fighting for self-preservation. It seems as if it drew ships into its fatal embrace as rallying points for its loose and shifting sand, thus to protect itself by a bulwark of wrecks against annihilation by the sea. Tradition says that when Sable Island was discovered by Cabot in 1447, it was eighty miles long and ten miles wide. In 1802, when a rescue station was established there, it was only forty miles long. Since then it has shrunk to but little more than twenty miles in length, and in width it is only a mile at its widest. The island belongs to Nova Scotia, and is 145 miles from Halifax.

Aptly enough, the authentic history of Sable Island opens with a tragedy. When Sir Humphrey Gilbert made his fatal attempt to establish a colony in Newfoundland he lost on Sable Island one of his ships, the Admiral, with a hundred men.

In 1598 the Marquis de la Roche, who had been appointed Lieutenant-General and Viceroy of Canada, set sail with forty-eight convicts. His first landfall was Sable Island. Instead of sailing on toward the main, he anchored off the island and set the convicts ashore for safekeeping, he himself intending meanwhile to select a place of settlement on the mainland. But stress of weather caused his plan to miscarry. He was compelled to weigh anchor and sail back to France. There he was seized and imprisoned by creditors, and it was not until five years later that an expedition was fitted out to visit the island and ascertain what had become of the convicts. A mere fragment of them was found. Of the forty who had been set ashore only eleven remained. At first they had fought with one another, and several were killed in this way. At last, finding that by concerted action they could make better provision to survive the rigors of the desolate sand-bar on which they had been deserted, they made peace with one another. From a Spanish wreck—for even in those days when but few prows vexed those waters there were wrecks on Sable Island—they obtained timber for a rough shelter and a few sheep. There was plenty of driftwood for fuel along the shores of the island. De la Roche had left some agricultural implements, and with these they tilled a small, sheltered valley called to this day the "French Gardens." When they had been carried back to France and were brought before the King, clad in rough sealskins and presenting a pitiable sight, the King relented toward them, pardoned them, and settled a sum of money on each. Strange to say, these men elected to return to the island, where for many years they did a thriving trade in the skins and ivory of walruses which in those days came to the island in large numbers. Such yearning for savage surroundings is not infrequent. In Labrador I became acquainted with a Hudson's Bay factor, who after many years' service had retired and gone to London. He grew so homesick and lonely there, that he again sought service with the company and returned to the wilderness of rocks and morass, where he had spent so many years of his life.

The loss of the Admiral was but the beginning of many horrors. As North America became settled and as shipping increased, Sable Island became a veritable hotbed of villainy. In summer, bands of wreckers from the mainland settled there, lured ships ashore and not only despoiled the dead, but killed and robbed those who survived the perils of shipwreck.

But at last there occurred on the island a double catastrophe so great, that civilization no longer dared content itself with merely looking on and shuddering. In 1801 the British transport Amelia, officers, recruits and crew numbering two hundred, was wrecked on Sable Island. Every soul was lost. A gunboat sent to search for possible survivors was also wrecked on the island. But there were survivors of this second disaster who brought back with them a story which established as facts the horrors that had been only surmised. Moreover, these disasters had involved government vessels, and the government now took hold of Sable Island. As a result, the nucleus of the present stations was established, and since then no one has been permitted to live on the island without a license.

But while this precaution put a stop to crimes of man against man, the story of shipwreck has kept on apace with the ever-recurring fogs and storms. A carefully maintained record shows that since the establishment of the government station more than two hundred vessels and two thousand lives have been lost on Sable Island.

A Page of Quatrains

The Arch Perpetual.....Marrion Wilcox.....Harper's Weekly

As well annul the thrilling words millions of men have heard—
As well a faithful promise that the nation's heart has stirred.
White symbol of Art's conquest, here is Sculpture's flag unfurled,
And the message of this beauty has gone forth to all the world!

The Rainbow.....Susie M. Best.....New York Home Journal

I saw the lightnings and I heard
The hurtling thunderbolts of Jove;
It seemed the Universe was jarred,
When lo! the rainbow pledged His love.

Utile Dulci.....Carrie Blake Morgan.....The State

Grow flowers, that thou mayst perfume have and give;
Grow cabbages, that thou mayst eat and live;
For life is complex and its needs demand
That flowers and cabbages go hand-in-hand.

The Lost Room.....Louise Chandler Moulton.....At the Wind's Will

When I came out of the fair House of Youth
I heedlessly behind me closed the door—
Now every hour is bitter with the truth
That I can find that portal never more.

Labor.....Arthur J. Stringer.....Harper's Magazine

War not on him!—his dread artillery
Doth lie in idle arm and rusting tool;
And lo! he sets his ruthless legions free
When once he lets his sullen anvils cool!

Dandelions....Andrew Downing...The Trumpeters and Other Poems

Bright coinage of the generous sun,
Down-flung and scattered, one by one—
They star with gold the green plateau,
And light the landscape with their glow!

Contrasts.....Benjamin F. Leggett.....Bookman

The sun-kissed blade and the dull, red rust,
Sweet love and the hate that mars;
Low under our feet the smallest dust,
And over our heads the stars.

Of Humiliation.....From the Persian.....London Spectator

Repent, forsooth, of swaggering at your inn
With drunken homage to a dimpled chin:—
Repentant lips and heart on mischief bent—
Grant, Lord, of such repentance we repent.

A Drop of Intellectual Lymph.....B. H. H.....New York Sun

The fool, the wit and the wise man
Should ne'er forget great Nature's plan,
And that is; there is sure to be
A bigger fool, a greater wit, a wiser man than he.

Dare Not.....Clarence Hawkes.....Donahoe's

Dare not to falter when the wave rolls in
That beckons you to action strong and grand,
For it may pass and leave upon the sand
A shipwrecked life that dared not to begin.

Truth..... .....Charles H. Crandall.....Chords of Life

Truth is a strong and widening stream
That floweth evermore;
And knowledge but the nearer waves
That break upon the shore.

Riches.....Mary Sebastian Lawson.....Penny Magazine

Who knoweth how good gifts to get
Is wise,—is almost rich, indeed!
Who knoweth how to lose and yet
Remain in peace, he hath no need.

Friends.....Will T. Hale.....An Autumn Lane

Though we are worn and weary from some loss,
Yet on life's journey many friends there be—
The Simons who assist to bear the cross
Along the stony road to Calvary.

Too Soon.....Tom Masson.....Munsey's

Like Galileo, watch I for a star.
Patience! It sweeps not into my small ken;
I need an instrument too great by far.
One hundred years from now—I'll see it then!

To Christina Rossetti.....Mackenzie Bell.....Pictures of Travel

I marvel not that God hath called away
Thy peerless soul to where His saints abide;
Rather I praise Him that He bade thee stay
On earth so long—to be a heavenward guide.

Transformation.....Clifford Lanier.....Sunday School Times

The humblest life that lives may be divine;
Christ changed the common water into wine.
Star-like comes Love from out the magic East—
And Life, the hermit, finds his fast a feast.

Pope .....Edward Robeson Taylor.....Moods

The choicest vintage of ambrosial wine
He knew not, nor the harmonies divine;
But who has matched, or who shall hope to match,
The wit and sparkle of his rapier line?

The Girdle .....Herbert hipman.....Munsey's

I send thee this to girdle thee
With love and tenderness;
A poor dumb thing that cannot know
Its own great blessedness.

Into My House and Heart...Charlotte W. Thurston...Harper's Mag.

Close following Love into my house and heart
Crept Love's pale brothers, Pain and great-eyed Fear;
Now are they welcome grown—welcome and dear—
Since with their passing Love and I must part.

Her Rose.....Madeline Bridges.....New York Home Journal

How can it live, the rose thou wearest, glowing
Upon thy burning breast?
Never before was seen a flower growing
On a volcano's crest!

Random Reading: Miniature Essays on Life

British Courage.....*London Spectator*

One would like to know a little more accurately than one does know how far the kind of courage which involves extreme, if temporary, unselfishness is generally diffused among our people. We imagine there is a good deal of it. The great Sir Henry Havelock was, perhaps, a little optimistic when he told the present writer that "in every regiment there were a hundred men who would storm the gates of hell, eight hundred who would follow them and a hundred who would slink—if they dared—into the nearest ditch," for that would mean that of all recruits taken at random 10 per cent. are heroes and 90 per cent. brave men. That is a friendly estimate even for soldiers, and we must not forget that our soldiers are not conscripts, but elect themselves out of the population. Most men are aware, in their own hearts, if they are timid, and it is not probable that any great proportion of the timid select the army as a convenient means of livelihood. No man familiar with facts would rank the whole population, or 90 per cent. of it, as high as the soldiers in courage, but still the proportion of brave men must be very large. One rarely or never finds policemen, or sailors, or miners, or the very large classes endangered by machinery quail when there is any duty to be done, or when suddenly overtaken by some destructive misfortune. They are less cheerful than the soldiers, for they are not self-selected men, and have not accustomed themselves in the same way to the idea of physical danger; but their temper, as a rule, closely resembles that of Mr. Winston Churchill's friend, the engine driver, who, when wounded, swore that he had not hired himself for "bloomin' work of that kind," and evidently thought the risk ought to have been considered in his wages, and then worked at his trade for an hour under a heavy fire. The stokers in a man-of-war work on quietly until the vessel sinks, risking death by drowning in a steamy box, and this writer has known of engineers on the Irrawaddy, not men-of-war's men in any way, who, under a hail of shells, went on oiling their engines as slowly as if all were serene above. In spite of all that is said of our growing effeminacy a large proportion of our population, perhaps 70 per cent., must be ready on occasion to face the chance of a violent and painful death, and almost a certainty of injury, if convinced that duty called, and that is as much as can be demanded of any free people. We fancy, being sensible persons, with respect for themselves as well as others, they want the stimulus either of duty or of a clearly understood contract, but having that they will face any danger which still leaves them the possibility, however remote, of escape. To get men to face a certainty you must winnow them again, taking only those of the type which volunteers for a forlorn hope, or who will stand to be shot at from behind without looking round.

Age of the Nations.....*Richard Whiteing*.....*Centur*

Can an old people make itself young again? The question is almost answered in its terms. Yet the hope is so fascinating that it tempts to new experiments again and again. Japan began it the other day, and is still encouraged or deluded with the belief that it is renewing its youth. The French began more than a hundred years ago when they were still most ancient of days—of the moderns, unquestionably, the oldest folk in Europe. They were a polity and a civilization when the English analogue of the man in the street was Gurth the swineherd, and when Italy had for the moment crumbled back into the animate dust of the races out of which Rome was made. Oh, how old they are! It flashes on you without preoccupation and without warning in modern Paris as well as in the remote provinces. The wrinkles show in the majestic delays of their bureaucracy, in a thousand medievalisms of their ways of thought. I will not say they show under the paint, for that would do injustice to my meaning in doing injustice to them; for it is an honest attempt to effect the change by the diet of ideas and by the regiment of institutions. In the Revolution they were for doing away with the old Adam in a day and a night. It was the most prodigious day and night in all history; but when it was past the would-be stripling sat down and wiped his still furrowed brow, and relapsed into the habit of age—into aristocracy with the empire, into limited suffrages, into the theory of statehood as mere organized conquest. The new effort came with the downfall of the Second Empire, a catastrophe brought about solely by the failure of the system to serve the old military ideals. It is going on to-day. The problem is still unsolved. Is it better for a nation, as for an individual, to accept the inevitable, to take itself frankly at its actual count of years, and to make the best of it? Is there anything more to strive for than a mere artful prolongation of forces which are still necessarily on the decline? I have sometimes had

a curious fancy that these ages of nations might be fixed by a sort of typical correspondence with the ages of individual man.

In this view England has turned sixty, but is still hale, hearty and well preserved, still better equipped for a day on the moors of empire than many a youngster of them all, yet still within measurable distance of an allotted span. Poor Spain is as rusty in the joints as her national hero of romance, and has manifestly entered her dismal inheritance of labor and sorrow. So has Italy. The grand republic is in the very prime of manhood, and therefore past the period of his first youth. He has lost some of his illusions, for he lives fast. He will be thirty next birthday—I hope I am not rude. Russia is younger, in spite of the chronologies, and the shock-headed young giant has not yet attained to the proper combing of his hair. Germany is five-and-forty if a day, but amazingly well preserved, thanks to an elaborate chamber gymnastic, the results of which have yet to be tested in the field work of the world. France—well, it is an ungracious exercise of fancy at the best, and I leave it an open question. Sometimes you hesitate to give her a day over twenty. Then comes an "affaire," or some other disenchantment, and you are sure she will never see ninety again, and that, do what she may, she can never shake off the enemy as he creeps on with his fateful burden of old habits, old ways of life and thought.

Temper.....*Scotsman*

Few words are more in men's and women's mouths than "temper." Few things go further toward the world's happiness and comfort or toward its misery and irritation than a prevailing good or bad temper in its inhabitants. A world in which the temper of everybody was placid and forgiving, generous and unselfish, would be a veritable Paradise Restored. In such a world the teachers of ethics and the preachers of religion would find their work easy, if their occupation had not altogether gone. A world in which the general temper of men and women was harsh and vengeful, cruel and suspicious, would be a Hades let loose. Life would not be worth living. Every man's hand would be against his neighbor, and society and civilization would soon come to a miserable ending. The process of evolution could not have taken place in the face of a prevailing evil temper on the part of living beings. There is not a single mental or bodily attribute which contributes toward the "survival of the fittest" more strongly than the right kind of temper in man or beast. Too much leniency or too great irritability and suspicion of temper are equally hurtful in the struggle for existence. The gentle dove and the quarrelsome magpie hold their own in the world with some difficulty, while the self-reliant but pushing starling and sparrow thrive and multiply in their thousands.

But temper, one sees at once, cannot be taken and treated of by itself, as if it were a thing irrespective and independent of other attributes of the living organism. Especially, we believe, it cannot be taken "per se" as a mental or moral faculty and metaphysical entity, and regarded apart from the life, the structure, and the vital processes of the body. The more one studies it the stronger becomes the conviction that instead of being a quality standing alone, it is really in a large degree a sum and resultant of all the other mental and bodily forces and potentialities of the living and acting organism. If we try and define it this comes out strongly. There is no really comprehensive or true definition of temper. It covers so much ground that no form of words can capture and include its multiform shapes. For the description of its varieties the English language has been ransacked for adjectives. A bad and good temper, a suspicious, an irritable, and a shrewish temper; a placid, a sweet, and an even temper; a quick, a queer and a hasty temper; an angelic, an arrogant and an ungovernable temper are only a few of the myriad phrases that are applied to it. But such are descriptions, not definitions. Like "life" and "sanity" and "consciousness," temper has not been and never will be correctly defined. Curiously enough, when one begins to think of the adjectives used to describe the varieties of temper one finds that there are far more reprobative than approving words in common use for this purpose. It would thus seem as if there existed more of evil than of good varieties to be described.

True Character of a Cynic.....*London Speaker*

Since the sect of Antisthenes decayed, the name of cynic has assumed from age to age a great perplexity of shifting applications that have yet, when you consider instances, a common ground and essential consanguinity. We call a statesman so that treats affairs as his pastime; Don Juan who swears all fair ones have their price; augurs who wink, and scoffers who suspect all augurs to be winking; suitors of every kind who offer fees indelicately, as being confident they shall not be refused—and persons twice corrupt who take fees and disappoint the suitors. By this uncertain appellation we bring the tub-keeping philosopher (that spurned "the great Emathian conqueror's" condescension) into company with the Psalmist crying All men are liars; with Machiavelli, who

taught tyrants to tyrannize securely; with La Rochefoucauld declaring that few honest women are not weary of their trade; with Swift, who would have his friend "deal with every man as a villain, without calling him so or valuing him less." Such various patterns of cynicism are worlds asunder; but an imputation of jaundiced and illiberal misanthropy, with pessimism in supposing or impudence in profiting by a low morality in the race, is nearly always understood; and that the title, at least, sounds opprobrious in most cases (which is doubtless a reason why it should seem so flattering to a few) is not to be disputed, if you observe how palpably malicious is the object of bestowing it undeserved. You shall find many a villain detected dubbing his denouncer cynic, that he may disparage his free judgment by an odious suggestion of bias. So in times when great numbers of men are most blindly and flabbily complacent, a damnable cynic by the verdict of the herd is whosoever points to injuries, or foibles, or dangers that all within themselves acknowledge. So rashness and roguery fasten the epithet upon integrity and thrift, and sanguine spendthrifts upon such as are not careful to pretend they have not trusted them too often. It is the meed of an indignant justice, a dispassionate candor, an ordinary prudence, when they chance to offend their contraries.

Certainly the name is an ill name; and that is the more strange, as in the widest scope of its vague acceptation it is seldom merited by your downright bad man. There are a few little scoundrels indeed that have been thrown among greenhorns and sensualists all their lives and grown fat upon the greed, the vanity, the crimes r the silliness of others. Their partial experience justifies them in a sort of smiling contempt for a world of dupes and cheats, where laws are made to be broken, and where wisdom and integrity are held miraculous. But such uniform success is rare, and the philosophical villain who has seen much of life seldom underrates the opposing forces; rather the halls of his memory are peopled with incorruptible battalions, and in his ears echo constantly the voices of the simple who have unmasked and resisted and disdained him.

The genuine type is rarer than we are apt to fancy, and it is not often to be looked for where we are apt to look. There are false cynics who are called so by their enemies and deserve very different attributes. There are false cynics who put on the part out of a perverse fatuity and an itch to seem more knowing and more audacious than the rest, to give scandal to sedentary imaginations, and possess at once the awfulness of the unbending censor and the dizzy fascination of examples to avoid. There are false cynics wh put on the part through an interested sophistr and a calculating indulgence, who, in order to e cuse their own obliquity, persuade others (a sometimes at the last persuade themselves) th most men are no better; and assume, in the ho of creating, an atmosphere of shamelessne around them. It is frequently the optimism of d pravity. But the true cynic? There is perha no cynicism so complete, so utterly natural or s shocking to the ordinary intelligence as the cyni ism of the good and the innocent—of little chi dren, saints, hermits, primitive peoples and e treme idealists. Consider some proverbs, the wi dom of simplicity, the epitome of accumulated i experience. "'Tis a wise child that knows h own father." So generalized the kindly soul th succored the first foundling. "There is no smo without fire!" A village gossip said that if sh had been acquainted with courts she had been le credulous of scandal. When children imagi monstrosities and horrors—as they do—being i norant of mere wrong, and when youths cry o upon the perfidy of a whole sex because their fir love proves a jilt, when countrymen exaggerate s laughably the perils and temptations of the tow and solitary men never suspect a single calumn against a world they do not know—what else is in them but what in less amiable or less reputabl types we make no scruple to call gross cynicism But it is an ill name (as has been said), and onl pleases fatuous minds. Therefore we use it, no and then, as a compliment to insincerity, but mo usually as a cudgel for unpopular characters; w never dream of attaching it to the ingenuou views of life that experience rarely fails to com plicate and tone down, often enough at a dispro portionate expense.

Discussion, Not Abuse.....*Outlo*

One of the best remedies for pessimism is t turn back the pages of history a century or tw and get into the atmosphere of another time. I for example, one is disheartened, as the man o sensitive mind must be, by the readiness of me to substitute emotion for thought and passion fo intelligence, he will do well to read the history o the discussions of Milton's time. He will tak heart when he discovers how violent, vituperativ and even malignant many of the good, honest, as piring spirits of that time were in the expressio of their differences from other men equally hon est, intelligent and right-minded. The Elizabetha drama is full of the worst kind of personal abuse even the kings fall upon each other with lou language, and the ecclesiastics are often little be ter than blackguards; that was the habit and fash

ion of the time. There has been a great advance in the amenities of discussion; and this advance is one of morals quite as much as of manners. It registers growth in mutual respect, in a wider vision, and in that tolerance which is born of a kindlier and more intelligent attitude toward others. And yet there is much more to be learned; for there are still men of sincerity and the highest integrity who are peculiarly open to the temptation of believing that the side of a question which they espouse is the only side which can be intelligently or honorably taken, and must attack those who differ with them.

The painful time has come again in this country when men who have stood together for many years are being thrust apart by new cleavages of opinion. During the last year a group of new questions has come to the front; and it is evident that the new century will be compelled to devote its thought largely to the solution of new problems. These new questions present very great difficulties; any attempt to deal with them involves new departures from old ways of thought and action. They cannot be ignored; their existence is no longer debatable; they have passed out of the region of discussion into that of history. It is no longer a question whether the American people are to take up responsibilities beyond the limits of the American continent; those responsibilities have been thrust upon them; the open question for the future regards the manner in which those responsibilities shall be met. What the country needs now is not heat, but light, and it is discouraging to find so many sincere and right-minded men bringing to this discussion no light, but an abundance of heat. Nothing will be gained, and much will be lost, by the attempt to call the anti-expansionists traitors on the one side, or to call those who do not see any way of avoiding expansion greedy money-seekers. Every ounce of intellectual and moral energy spent in abuse is not only lost, but contributes to the confusion of ideas which so widely prevails, and therefore to the obscuration of the real things at issue. The function of a minority is not to abuse the majority, but to curb its excesses, correct its errors and modify its action. Those who believe that expansion involves a violation of the principles on which the American State rests ought to substitute educational discussion for personal abuse; and those who believe that expansion is desirable or inevitable ought to give their opponents a fair hearing and credit them with the average amount of common sense. That men who believe deeply should feel deeply is natural and noble; but deep feeling ought not to find expression in abuse or misrepresentation.

Capacity for Work.....Saturday Evening Post

Nothing is more abused than education. On the threshold of school we are too often dazzled and misled by that will-o'-the-wisp, a nebulous and elusive ambition dancing far off over the quagmires of imagination. Many a youth has dreamed through college with his eyes on the Presidency of the United States, and when it was too late found himself unfitted even for the office of justice of the peace. Now and then a rail-splitter or a canal-boat driver has picked up ample resources for doing the work of Lincoln or Garfield. "Know thyself" is a fine admonition; but the capacity for work is the best self-knowledge; it never misleads its possessor. If we could but discover early in life our limitations, if we could apply the nutrition of school training and home training to such of our faculties as nature has made sound and capable of efficient development; if we could but recognize the absolute and unavoidable law of fitness and be satisfied with the life we are fit for, there would soon be a great lessening of the heaviest and most galling strain of existence. The capacity for work ought to suggest to its possessor what particular work demands his activity. If I am eminently fitted to excel as a hedger and ditcher, my mental training should not be direected so as to destroy that fitness and lead me into the delusive dream of peddling lightning-rods. This rule of native fitness, this criterion of capacity, is perhaps, applied with less judgment in the field of literary work than in any other area of ambition. Every man and every woman who has reached any commanding eminence in letters has had to bear the greatest strain of sympathy and pity caused by constant contact with persons who have persisted in throwing their lives recklessly away trying to do the impossible—trying to find a way by which lack of capacity could be bridged over and success in literature attained despite the most obvious unfitness for literary work. It is a curious dream, ravenously indulged in by many excellent people, that the whole of literary success depends upon getting their writings printed. They assume that capacity exists; they assert that there is favoritism at the publisher's counter; that a friend at court can make matters all right with the editors. No amount of reasoning on business grounds, or from a basis of common sense, can drive them from this destructive delusion. They do not know themselves; they mistake desire for capacity; they go on from year to year aiming at Scott, or Emerson, or Tennyson, and wondering in desperate wrath when their efforts land far short of dime novel and doggerel. Truly the capacity for work must precede ambition.

In the Courting Meadow*

By Mary Johnston.

[The story opens in Virginia, in the first quarter of the seventeenth century. Great excitement prevails because of the arrival of a shipload of maidens from London. Every bachelor in the colony has hastened to Jamestown hoping to find a wife. Among them is Ralph Percy, Gentleman, who thus describes his marriage]:

The long service of prayer and thanksgiving for the safe arrival of the ships was well-nigh over when I first saw her. She sat some ten feet from me, in the corner, and so in the shadow of a tall pew. Beyond her was a row of milkmaid beauties, red of cheek, free of eye, deep-bosomed and beribboned like Maypoles. I looked again, and saw—and see—a rose among blowzed poppies and peonies, a pearl amid glass beads, a Perdita in a ring of rustics, a nonpareilla of all grace and beauty! As I gazed with all my eyes, I found more than grace and beauty in that wonderful face—found pride, wit, fire, determination, finally shame and anger. For, felling my eyes upon her, she looked up and met what she must have thought the impudent stare of an appraiser. Her face, which had been without color, pale and clear like the sky about the evening star, went crimson in a moment. She bit her lip and shot at me a withering glance, then dropped her eyelids and hid the lightning. When I looked at her again, covertly, and from under my hand raised as though to push back my hair, she was pale once more, and her dark eyes were fixed upon the water and the green trees without the window. The congregation rose, and she stood up with the other maids. Her dress of dark woolen, severe and unadorned, her close ruff and prim white coif, would have cried "Puritan," had ever Puritan looked like this woman, upon whom the poor apparel had the seeming of purple and ermine.

Anon came the benediction. Governor, councillors, commanders and ministers left the choir and paced solemnly down the aisle; the maids closed in behind; and we, who had lined the walls, shifting from one heel to the other for a long two hours, brought up the rear, and so passed from the church to a fair green meadow adjacent thereto. Here the company disbanded—the wearers of gold lace betaking themselves to seats erected in the shadow of a mighty oak, and the ministers, of whom there were four, bestowing themselves behind pulpits of turf.

As for the maids, for a minute or more they made one cluster; then, shyly or with laughter they drifted apart like the petals of a wind-blown rose, and silk doublet and hose gave chase. Five minutes saw the goodly company of damsels' errant and would-be bridegrooms scattered far and near over the smiling meadow. For the most part they went man and maid, but the fairer of the feminine cohort had rings of clamorous suitors from whom to choose. As for me, I walked alone for if by chance I neared a maid she looked (woman-like) at my apparel first, and never reached my face, but squarely turned her back. So disengaged, I felt like a guest at a mask, and in some measure enjoyed the show, though with an uneasy consciousness that I was pledged to become, sooner or later, a part of the spectacle. I saw a shepherdess, fresh from Arcadia, wave back a dozen importunate gallants, then throw a knot of blue ribbon into their midst, laugh with glee at the scramble that ensued, and finally march off with the wearer of the favor. I saw a neighbor of mine, tall Jack Pride, who lived twelve miles above me, blush and stammer, and bow again and again to a milliner's apprentice of a girl not five feet high and all eyes, who dropped a curtesy at each bow. When I had passed them fifty yards or more, and looked back, they were still bobbing and bowing. And I heard a dialogue between Phyllis and Corydon. Says Phyllis: "Any poultry?" Corydon—A matter of twalve hens and twa cocks. Phyllis—A cow? Corydon—Twa. Phyllis—How much tobacco? Corydon—Three acres, hinny, though I dinna drink the weed mysel'. I'm a Stewart, woman, an' the King's puir cousin. Phyllis—What household plenishings? Corydon—Ane large bed, ane flock bed, ane trundle bed, ane chest, ane trunk, ane leather cairpet, sax cawfskin chairs, an' twa-three rush, five pair sheets an' auchteen dowlas napkins, sax alchemy spunes—— Phyllis—I'll take you.

At the far end of the meadow, near to the fort, I met young Hamor, alone, flushed, and hurrying back to the more populous part of the field.

"Not yet mated?" I asked. "Where are the maids' eyes?" "By——!" he answered, with an angry laugh, "if they're all like the sample I've just left I'll buy me a squaw from the Paspaheghs!" I smiled. "So your wooing has not prospered?" His vanity took fire. "I have not wooed in earnest," he said, carelessly, and hitched forward his cloak of sky-blue tuf-taffety with an air. "I sheered off quickly enough,

*A reading from To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

warrant you, when I found the nature of the commodity I had to deal with." "Ah!" I said, "when I left the crowd they were going very fast. You had best hurry, if you wish to secure a bargain." "I'm off," he answered; then, jerking his thumb over his shoulder, "if you keep on to that clump of willows, you will find Termagaunt in ruff and farthingale."

When he was gone I stood still for awhile and watched the blue sweep of a buzzard high in the blue, after which I unsheathed my dagger, and with it tried to scrape the dried mud from my boots. Succeeding but indifferently, I put the blade up, stared again at the sky, drew a long breath and marched upon the covert of willows indicated by Hamor. As I neared it I heard at first only the babble of the stream which flowed through it; but presently there came to my ears the sound of a man's voice, and then a woman's angry "Begone, sir!" "Kiss and be friends," said the man. The sound that followed being something of the loudest for even a hearty salutation, I was not surprised, on parting the bushes, to find the one nursing his cheek, and the other her hand. "You shall pay well for that, you sweet vixen!" he cried, and caught her by both wrists. She struggled fiercely, bending her head this way and that, but his hot lips had touched her face before I could come between.

When I had knocked him down he lay where he fell, dazed by the blow, and blinking up at me with his small, ferret eyes. I knew him to be one Edward Sharpless, and I knew no good of him. He had been a lawyer in England. He lay on the very brink of the stream, with one arm touching the water. Flesh and blood could not resist it, so, assisted by the toe of my boot, he took a cold bath to cool his hot blood. When he had clambered out on the opposite bank and had gone away, cursing, I turned to face her. She stood against the trunk of a great willow, her head thrown back, a spot of angry crimson in each cheek, one small hand clenched at her throat. I had heard her laugh as Sharpless touched the water, but now there was only defiance in her face. As we gazed at each other a burst of laughter came to us from the meadow behind. I looked over my shoulder and beheld young Hamor—probably disappointed of a wife—with Giles Allen and Wynne, returning to his abandoned quarry. She saw, too, for the crimson spread and deepened and her bosom heaved. Her dark eyes, glancing here and there, met mine.

"Madam," I said, "will you marry me?" She looked at me strangely. "Do you live here?" she asked at last, with a disdainful wave of her hand toward the town. "No, madam," I answered. "I live up river, in Weyanoke Hundred, some miles from here." "Then, in God's name, let us begone!" she cried, with sudden passion.

I bowed low, and advanced to kiss her hand.

The finger tips which she slowly and reluctantly resigned to me were icy, and the look with which she favored me was not such an one as poets feign for like occasions. I shrugged the shoulders of my spirit, but said nothing. So, hand in hand, though at arms' length, we passed from the shade of the willows into the open meadow. "I must first satisfy the treasurer," I said, coming to a halt as we drew near a pulpit of turf.

She drew her hand from mine, and looked me up and down. "How much is it?" she asked at last. "I will pay it." I stared at her. "Can't you speak?" she cried, with a stamp of her foot. "At what am I valued? Ten pounds — fifty pounds——" "At one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco, madam," I said dryly. "To what name upon the ship's list do you answer?" "Patience Worth," she replied.

I left her standing there, and went upon my errand with a whirling brain. Her enrollment in that company proclaimed her meanly born, and she bore herself as of blood royal; of her own free will she had crossed the ocean to meet this day, and she held in passionate hatred this day and all that it contained; she was come to Virginia to better her condition, and the purse which she had drawn from her bosom was filled with gold pieces. To another I would have advised caution, delay, application to the Governor, inquiry; for myself I cared not to make inquiries. The treasurer gave me my receipt, and I procured, from the crowd around him, Humphrey Ken, a good man and true, and old Belfield, the perfumer, for witnesses. With them at my heels I went back to her, and, giving her my hand, made for the nearest minister.

"Your name?" asked the minister, opening his book. "Ralph Percy, Gentleman." "And yours?" he demanded, staring at her with a somewhat too apparent delight in her beauty.

She stood a minute in silence, her eyes upon the darkening sky. Then she said, in a low voice, "Jocelyn Leigh." It was not the name I had watched the Cape Merchant strike off his list. I turned upon her and made her meet my eyes. "What is your name?" I demanded. "Tell me the truth!" "I have told it," she answered proudly. "It is Jocelyn Leigh." I faced the minister again. "Go on," I said briefly.

"The Company commands that no constraint be put upon its poor maids. Wherefore, do you marry this man of your own free will and choice?" "Ay," she said, "of my own free will."

In a Minor Key: Sorrow, Sentiment, Tenderness

Rosemarie.....Elizabeth R. MacDonald.....University Monthly

Rosemarie plays in the firelight's blaze,
Her shadow is dark on the wall,
Her eyes are dim with the dream of him;
(Ah, how the storm-winds call!)

He will come to-night in the storm's despite—
(Dark in the woodland way),
She hears the beat of his horse's feet,
In her heart there is holiday.

More rich, more clear, as the hour draws near,
The clangorous keys rejoice;
In her eager heart fond thoughts upstart,
And music finds them a voice.

Of those eyes she dreams where the love-light gleams
Warm as the heart of June,
On her lips the while the slow sweet smile
Grows glad with the golden tune.

What the white storm hides in its drifting tides
Will the eyes of the dawn betray?
The cold wind calls from the mountain walls,
Dark is the mountain way.

Ah sweet, dream on till the night is gone
And the tender hope is dead;
In those dearest eyes the death-chill lies,
There is snow on that shining head!

An Empty Nest. .....Margaret E. Sangster.....Frank Leslie's

Never a sign in this empty nest
Of the love that mated, the love that sung;
The birds are flown to the east and west,
And the husk of their homestead has no tongue
To tell of the sweet still summer eves,
Of the sweeter, merrier summer days:
Only a nest in the falling leaves,
And silence here in the wood's dark maze.

But I hold in my hand the dainty thing,
Woven of feather and fluff and reed.
Once 'twas the haven of breast and wing,
And the shelter of callow and helpless need.
It tells of a passionate gladness gone;
It dumbly whispers that love is best;
That never a night but has had a dawn—
And I drop a kiss in the empty nest.

The Mother.....New York Press

A little ring of gold—a battered shoe—
A faded, curling wisp of yellow hair—
Some penciled pictures—playthings one or two—
A corner and a chest to hold them there.

Many a woman's fondest hoard is this,
Among her dearest treasures none so dear,
Though bearded lips are often hers to kiss
That once made only prattle to her ear.

The sturdy arm, the seasoned form, the brow
That arches over eyes of manly blue
Mean all joy to her living memory now,
And yet—and yet—she hugs the other, too!

With that rare love, mysterious and deep,
Down in a mother heart thro' all the years,
That placid age can never lull to sleep
And is not grief, yet oft brings foolish tears.

She often goes those hoarded things to view
And finger the wee treasures hidden there—
To touch the little ring and battered shoe
And kiss the curling wisp of yellow hair!

Burgher Smit of the Transvaal....John J. Rooney....New York Su

I.

Burgher Smit of the Transvaal, alone on the kopje's crest—
Beneath, in the mud, a pool of blood—a ragged hol in the breast—
A groan and a chill—a fever chill—a prayer for a soldier's rest.

II.

Burgher Smit of the Transvaal, in the heat of th tropic sun,
Had stood that day thro' the deadly fray to his roc and his belching gun
With only a hope to guard the slope till the grim assault was done.

III.

And Burgher Smit of the Transvaal had worked his heart's desire—
He had held his own on his rock-ribbed throne thro the storm of steel and fire—
He had proved his heart a worthy part of the heart of his trekking sire!

IV.

But Burgher Smit of the Transvaal felt a hand o ice at his soul;
He saw, or he felt, his native veldt, with its ocean dip and roll—
He looked thro' the night and saw the light stream out from his "landbouw" knoll.

V.

And there he saw his little ones—he heard their mother's call—
As best she can, like her own good man, she works in the cattle kraal—
But her heart is away, the long, long day, away o'er the mountain wall!

VI.

But Burgher Smit of the Transvaal shall come no more to his own:
He has gone the road that his fathers trode—he has trekked to the last Unknown—
And the Father above, in justice and love, shall reap what these hands have sown!

Faces in the Street.....Henry Lawson.....London Daily Mail

They lie, the men who tell us in a loud, decisive tone
That want is here a stranger, and that misery's unknown;
For where the nearest suburb and the city proper meet
My windowsill is level with the faces in the street—
Drifting past, drifting past
To the beat of weary feet—
While I sorrow for the owners of those faces in the street.

And cause I have to sorrow, in a land so young and fair,
To see upon those faces stamped the look of Want and Care;
I look in vain for traces of the fresh and fair and sweet
In sallow, sunken faces that are drifting through the street—
Drifting on, drifting on,
To the scrape of restless feet;
I can sorrow for the owners of the faces in the street.

Confessional.....London Academy

Lord God, whom we besought so late,
Thou wouldst not suffer us forget
Thy Name and our weak human state—
Have patience, Lord, a little yet.

To-day no pomp of empire fills
The wintry land; amazed and awed
We watch Thy slowly grinding mills
Mete out to us our just reward.

To-day, by foemen sore beset,
Dismayed we drew our destined lot,
We prayed to Thee "Lest we forget,"
And, even as we prayed, forgot.

With foolish, rash, vainglorious words
And sorry self-sufficiency
We boasted, girding on our swords,
As those who laid their armor by.

Wherefore the curse upon us lies
Of warriors all unready found,
Of braggarts blinded to despise
Their foe before the trumpet's sound.

Humbly we call upon Thy Name,
Ere sounds once more the grim assault,
We do confess, O Lord with shame,
Our fault, our very grievous fault.

Give back our fathers' stern disdain
Of idle brag and empty boast,
So shall we stand erect again,
And face unmoved the hostile host.

When I Am Dead..... .Kate Thyson Marr.....Form

I do not ask the mourner's tear
Of those who pass around my bier,
I do not ask the tragic grief
In tears alone that finds relief,
But bending o'er my narrow bed,
Speak kindly of me—when I'm dead.

Ah! Lay not flowers white and sweet
In rich profusion at my feet,
But bring some mem'ries with you there
That link my name with scenes once dear,
And beg a blessing o'er my head,
As you look on me—when I'm dead.

If I have failed! Ah! then forget
The bitterness of vain regret;
Let it for me atonement plead,
Forget the thoughtless word or deed,
And breathe a prayer for me instead
As you look on me—when I'm dead.

Ah! Could we of another's life
Its record find of dangers rife,
Of disappointments, sobs and tears,
Temptations, doubts, and loves, and fears,
We'd pause, as tragic lines were read,
In admiration of the dead.

Ah! Question self, and who can tell
Could you have filled my place as well,
Life's troublous ebbs and tides have braved,
Though yearning for some love you craved.
So whisper prayers above my head,
And judge me kindly—when I'm dead.

Life.....I. R. Askew.....Canadian Magazine

I saw a beam of light,
It shimmered on its way through realm of gloom,
More swift than shuttle in a weaver's loom,
And shone upon my sight.

I saw a falling tear,
It glistened in the glory of the sun,
Like threads of crystalline reflection spun,
But soon to disappear.

I saw a speck of white,
Far out upon the bosom of the deep,
Like some fair goddess sinking in her sleep,
Into the liquid night.

I saw a falling star,
It shot its golden course along the sky,
But perished in the twinkling of an eye,
Within the deeps afar.

I saw a human soul,
It looked on Time, and with a piercing cry
It faded into Immortality,
A part of the Great Whole.

Her Mother.....Theodosia P. Garrison.....Harper's Bazar

I cannot think of her as one of His
Exquisite angels, fair, and very wise
In all the many ways of perfect bliss,
Treading the flowered fields of Paradise.

Nay, she is still the little child that knew
No thing beyond my arm's warm tenderness,
That spoke no word, my little child who drew
My love by very strength of helplessness.

Lord, when before the doorway of Thy house,
A timid, new-born soul, I, trembling, stand,
Let her not come with glory on her brows,
A fair, strong angel, bearing Thy command;

But let mine own, my child, look up at me
With the same eyes that need me, crave me, and
Draw me across Thy threshold tenderly
With her own hand—her little, tender hand.

Current Literary Thought and Opinion

The Author and the Publisher...Walter H. Payne....New York Times

The art of book selling in the United States is just coming to a realization of its opportunities. The prosperity of the great mass of the American people and their intelligence afford the best book market perhaps that there has ever been in the world. The publisher who really knows the people of the United States and sympathizes with the intellectual aspirations of the masses has a better opportunity to exert a wide influence in shaping the life and thought of the nation than the publishers of any preceding time ever had. It is commonly supposed, for instance, that nobody now buys the poets; within a week I have seen half a million volumes of the English and American poets in a book factory where poets are made as shoes are made at Brockton. They are as much a staple in the trade—these cheap, clearly-printed volumes—in the department stores, especially of the smaller cities, as sugar is a staple in the groceries. The literary journals and the professional literary class—did you ever think of it?—talk about a book only for the few days or weeks when it is new. Nine-tenths of the books that are read are read after they are months or years old. So-called literary circles are so small a part of the book-reading world that they might be left out of the calculation of publishers—except for the deference always paid to professionalism.

The increased efficiency of publishers in selling books and the increased number of authors who have caught the knack of pleasing the public taste—rather, who have a true insight into American character—have made the incomes of authors much greater than they formerly were. This is a legitimate result to the writers of successful books; but it has caused a misapprehension in the minds of not a few writers of less successful books. "Writers have gone on a strike!" recently exclaimed one of the best of all our publishers, "and some of the younger ones, I observe, regard all publishers with suspicion. They forget, if they ever knew, the part—the important part—that publishing plays in the game." The adventurer who has turned publisher finds these writers easy prey. He simply offers them extravagant royalties and gambles on the chance that some of them may succeed. The author of this kind almost always has to pay the penalty of his misinformation and of his suspicion. He takes only the business view of the publisher. There has been developed within a few years the distinct type of the suspicious writer. It is excedingly difficult, perhaps it is impossible, for a publisher to serve such an author with the best results. The relation implies a confidence so frank and complete that it is hard for the most efficient publisher in the world to take a genuine and permanent interest in a writer's work when the writer himself considers his own work and the publisher's in only a mercenary way. There are authors who for this reason have no real publisher. Their books are brought out and put on the market in a routine fashion, and they often wonder why they meet with no greater success. In many a case neither writer nor publisher nor the public understands the failure. The most successful authors are, as a rule, always the easiest to serve and to deal with. They enter into a real co-partnership with their publishers, and the publishers can and do become their true servants. One of the most successful writers now living has lately shown his publisher the consideration to refuse as large a royalty as was agreed on for a book that has not turned out to be as successful as they both hoped it would be when it was published.

A publisher has not the privilege of choosing his authors, except by exclusion; but the author can choose his own publisher if he goes about it right. And no writer of a book in these days goes long without a publisher of some sort. Every once in a while an adventurer comes forward who publishes (at the writer's expense) all those books that have been declined by the legitimate publishers during the previous three or four years. These scavengers of the literary nether world appear periodically, and they do a thriving business for a year or two. At less frequent intervals a corresponding adventurer begins the publication of a magazine, and accepts the manuscripts that have been rejected by other editors on condition that the contributors also become paid subscribers! A magazine in one of the Central States lived five years on this basis.

At some time just before the millennium some enterprising public servant will establish a school to instruct authors how to wisely select a publisher. The existing literary agents do not quite accomplish this aim, since they not unnaturally work along the line of the greatest immediate profit, and especially since their method tends to substitute a relation between themselves and the publisher for a personal relation between the author and the publisher. For this personal relation between publisher and author there can be no substitute. An author, however successful

can get the best results of his work only by the sympathetic interest—I came near saying the affectionate interest—of his publisher, and no publisher has a right to add to his list any writer's book that he does not himself know and have an intellectual interest in. The true publisher becomes identified with his authors, and their aims become his aims. He lives and works to further them. He makes a continual study of public opinion with reference to his chance to affect it by the machinery that he controls. Then the selling of books becomes not a mere trade but a noble profession; it is directed toward an intellectual and moral end. A publisher's list stands for the ideas of the authors on it, for their art and their influence; and the well-directed and long-continued use of his machinery develops it into an institution as a university or a great gallery is an institution. With its foundations in the business of selling books his house becomes an encouragement to literature. But its real foundation, nevertheless, is the confidence of good writers and identification with them.

The Gospel of Blackmore.....E. P.....Black and White

Blackmore was an artist first and last. Unconsciously, because that conviction laid at the root of his life and dominated him at his tree-pruning, his trout-fishing, his novel-writing; he taught the great lessons of courage and clean living—taught as an artist teaches, by accident. His heroes were men of no finical complexity; his heroines were women on the sweet, feminine, noble lines of Shakespeare's women. Regard Alice Lorraine in her clear-eyed and stately progress, in her loves and sorrows, in her strength and readiness to yield life rather than give herself to a base man; view her, and then contrast her humor and steadfast faith with the modern woman's heroine—she who marries the wrong man with unfailing stupi lity and then spends the rest of her days whining and probing her soul and making fatuous generalizations based on her own errors of judgment.

He painted with the men of big brushes, and will stand with them. It is the fashion to speak of him as the writer of Lorna Doone rather than the artist who produced a dozen great stories and finished each with the same wonderful care; for Lorna Doone, though Mr. Blackmore always ascribed its amazing popularity to an accident, has the very life-blood of the writer in it, and John Ridd is as near to his creator as ever character stood to novelist in the whole history of fiction. Absolutely fearless, he answered to none but his own lofty ideal, and no critic ever handled his work with greater severity than did he himself. But art is apt to lead those who criticise it rather than suffer them to lead; and so of late the modern school, by persistently trumpeting and bellowing its own cleverness, has blinded reviewers not a few to the greater qualities and strength of the older writers who painted large. Every paper that devotes attention to literature heralds weekly some little genius and gushes over some fresh, thin trickle of cleverness in verse or prose. And these newcomers, with their airs and graces and paragraphs and lectures—for your modern novelist is as vain as an actor and as hungry of publicity—fill the papers, while the man who does not devote some portion of his time to the arts of "booming" is merely rated by his work, and appreciated by those who matter.

Of course Blackmore will endure. Pearlycross—his own favorite; Lorna Doone—the world's favorite; Springhaven, Mary Anerley, Christowell, Alice Lorraine, and others—in that they give a noble and true picture of the life of this country at various great periods in our history, will take their proper rank with the immortal fiction of the nineteenth century; and it may be that, weary of the short long story, with its straining and its fever, and its affectations and frantic pursuit of the phrase, those clever leisured women and occasional cultured men, who go to make up the little band of novel readers that need to be taken seriously in this country, will turn again to Blackmore and find in his broad sweep and scope, his genial manliness, his simplicity, his detestation of what is mean and small, a sort of tonic they may come to need in years not far distant.

Full of open air are his books, and long before the coming of that unique artist, Richard Jefferies (though Mr. Henley says that he is not one), you shall find Blackmore noting all the dainty details of rural scenery and setting them forth, as only an artist can, in their due relation to the mass of mountains, to the volume of rivers, to the life of men and women. Jefferies, indeed, knew nothing of men and women, yet one may be an artist and not concern himself with humanity, as The Pageant of Summer alone proves to most people beyond all possibility of denial. Perhaps to appreciate Blackmore it is necessary that a man should know the country well and share with him something of that great love of green, growing things which is often a source of his happiest inspirations. His fruit pictures alone have no equal in the language. The cherry, the strawberry, the peach and the vine are in his work as no other artist has ever showed them, for he paints with dawns and sunrises and the diamond dews born of starry nights.

No man who ever wrote good novels was so free from vanity. His sea-deep humor kept his

soul sweet even under the success of Lorna Doone. He erred, indeed, in undervaluing his work, and slighting his own genius; but he never made the other and more common mistake of taking himself too seriously, or attaching more than just importance to the opinion of his public and his critics.

Mr. Bridges' Poems.....Edmund Gosse..... ....Independent

Just at this moment, when the British public is absorbed in its African troubles, Mr. Bridges comes forward with the long-awaited edition of his collected poems. I am afraid that the roar of the cannon will drown for most ears this delicate flute-music. A fate attends some people, and Mr. Bridges has been always unlucky in his address to the world at large. He has never, in this quarter of a century of his poetical existence, scored a single popular success. Perhaps this is exactly why he is so very dear to an inner circle of admirers; they are sure not to have to discuss their favorite with any adverse or unsympathetic outsider. In his own little clan Mr. Bridges reigns supreme. There it is quite legitimate to put forth the claim that he is the greatest English poet since Swinburne. For my own part, I should cavil at the word "greatest," for Mr. Bridges does not present aspects of magnitude. But if one of his special admirers attacks me with such epithets as "most delicate" or "most an artist," he meets from me but very scant opposition. Of one thing I am certain: Mr. Bridges can well afford to dispense with instant popularity, for his successes owe nothing to their immediate attractiveness, but to their adhesion to the inherent laws of poetical beauty. Alone among our modern poets, he does not attempt to deafen us with sound or blind us with dazzling color. The determination of writers, in all languages, at this end of a century, to excite their readers upon every occasion, and to be forever producing electrical effects upon the senses, is a feature which will probably attract the notice of future historians of literature. In Mr. Kipling—so far as he can be considered a poet—this habit reaches its extremity. In his ballads the note is invariably forced: the rain "threshes," the rollers are "drunken," the islands are "painted vermilion." With Mr. Bridges the opposite is always the case. He pushes reticence to the point of dryness, and in his anxiety not to do wrong to the sacred dignity of beauty, he neglects those sensuous aspects of it which all the world has learned to demand from the poet. Hence there are passages and even whole pages in his work which the absence of any species of ornament makes exceedingly difficult for a modern attention to follow. Mr. Bridges is diametrically opposed to the majority of recent poets in not considering verse as a canvas mainly intended to carry the embroidery of fine fancies and voluptuous language. He attempts, not always with success, indeed, but always strenuously, to return to the antique notion that poetic value resides, not in the attributes, but in the essence of what is written. Readers who dread the strain of contending with compositions which impress them as hard, and therefore barren, should confine themselves to the shorter lyrics of Mr. Bridges, among which they will discover some of the finest and simplest poetry of our age.

The Cash Author.....London Saturday Review

The literary hack has been with us for generations, and is often a useful person doing useful work of the compiling or annotating kind. The cash author only arose among us a few years earlier than those professional players who are ruining football as a sport; he is, for the most part, a writer of fiction; and in those few years he has waxed prodigious. He has not, indeed, reached the height of printing "Cash Author" on his card; and that is a pity—it would be so consistent with the rest of him. But in all other more important matters he imitates as closely as he can the other cash tradesmen; he writes only to sell, and only such things as will sell largely; he is in no less a perpetual anxiety about the taste of what he calls the Great Public; he is no less ready to supply that taste, however bad it may be; he is equally careless about the quality of the goods with which he supplies it, or whether he may supply them honestly; and he advertises himself and his shoddy with an equal, brazen shamelessness. He differs from his brother tradesmen only in one thing: he is in no fear of prosecution under an adulteration act, for legislation has dealt but little with the food of the mind.

He writes then, as he will tell you, with a defensive, blustering pride, for the Great Public; and by the Great Public he means idle women and that great mass of men who are fondly described as having been educated by the board schools or as having received a sound commercial education. It will be urged that the fact that these people read gives them the right to be written for, that they must have their mental fodder. It is a fair contention; but we will never applaud the man who feeds the donkey only on thistles. We are assured that the donkey likes thistles; we know that thistles are cheap, and easily cultivated; but we are convinced that a thistle-fed donkey is neither as good a donkey nor does as good work as a donkey which is fed on grass. We know also that the mental soil of most of the cash authors will only bear thistles; and though we think that

they have mistaken their trade—they should have been provision dealers—we do not cast Nature's unkindness to them in these poor tradesmen's teeth. But there are others of them whose mental soil will bear, if not good grass, at any rate grass of a sort; yet because thistles are easier to sell, they pander deliberately to a depraved craving for thistles.

Now, we urge no counsel of perfection; we make no silly suggestion that a writer should not sell his work, but be content with the pleasure he has derived from doing it, and with the glory it brings him. If he have written the best that is in him, and it sell, it is only just that he should have his fair share of the money. Our contention is that work which is written first of all to sell, in which there are suppressions or additions to suit the demand of a market, is dishonest work, not worth doing, and not fit to be sold; that the producer of such work, supplying rank sensation, mechanical romance, puling sentimentality, or what not, to suit the taste of the Great Public, is a mere tradesman, supplying literary shoddy for the misguided lovers of the cheap.

It is likely that some of these cash authors began as gentlemen; but how has the mere using the methods of the tradesman turned them all tradesmen alike! Listen to their talk, and you will hear them discussing markets, what the Great Public wants, percentages, and the number of guineas a thousand for all the world like provision dealers in a pot-house discussing the sanding of sugar, and the demand for cabbages, and whether they should be sold at a penny each or two for three-halfpence; of the literary quality of the work you will hear no word. Consider the words of the popular novelist, who coming to a literary dinner, bubbling over with a carefully prepared speech, learned that Mr. Austin Dobson had been invited to reply for literature: "What!" he cried. "He speak for literature! Him a poet! I should like to see his sales!" or the words of the cash author, when a distinguished man of letters protested against a piece of egregious self-advertisement, "What is he putting in his spoke for? Call him a literary man! Why he doesn't make £50 a year out of literature!" or of another who, when an evening editor wrote to him that he could not continue to pay him five guineas for his weekly column, but only three, accepted the three and added, "But, of course, you cannot expect me to be as humorous for three guineas a column as for five." Could anything be more in the spirit of the tradesman than these utterances?

If the cash author were content to keep his place as tradesman, he would continue to enjoy our contempt, but he would excite less our just anger. He is not; for purposes of self-advertisement he seizes any and every occasion to thrust himself forward as a representative of English literature; he will take an indecent advantage even of a national crisis to thrust himself forward with this impudent pretension. He has no more right to speak for English literature than has a green grocer; the pretentious humbug discredits the mere name of English author.

Charles Reade and His Books..W. J. Johnson..Gentlemen's Magazine

Charles Reade was a born story-teller. No English writer has ever been able to spin a yarn, pure and simple, with the directness and force, the terseness and dramatic vividness, of this writer. In every one of his eighteen books he tells a story of fascinating interest, which grips the attention of the reader from the first line and holds it as in a vise until the last enthralling word is read. The man or woman who can read The Cloister and the Hearth, or Hard Cash, or Griffith Gaunt, without having his knowledge of other men and other times vastly extended, his views of life broadened and his sympathies and feelings stirred to the very quick, has a very thick head and a very cold heart. But, as it was the ambition of Scott and George Eliot to be great poets rather than great novelists, it was Reade's lifelong struggle to gain success as a dramatist. It is said that he would willingly have given up all his fame as a novelist to have had one unqualified triumph on the stage—a triumph that never came. The comedy of Masks and Faces certainly did take London by storm in 1852, but Reade was not the sole author and could not claim all the credit, though the best part of that play must be attributed to him. He conceived and elaborated most of the characters: Peg Woffington, the beautiful Irish woman who could turn the men folk round her little finger, but was melted by the sight of her rival's tears; Triplet, the writer of unacted tragedies, the man who lived in imagination in king's palaces and who could not fill the mouths of his starving progeny with bread; Mabel Vane, the sweet, unsophisticated country girl who came to London town after a weak and erring husband. It was Reade who invented the story and most of the incidents; but Tom Taylor, his collaborateur, threw the whole into dramatic shape and gave the play its most sparkling passages of dialogue. A year later Reade turned his part of the work into a story, calling it Peg Woffington. This is his first and one of his finest books. It is a model of artistic construction, containing neither a word too much nor a word too little. It tells a charmingly fresh and original story, the reading of which is like setting one's

teeth in a juicy pear fresh from the sunshine. It is related that in his early days Reade said: "I am like Goldsmith and others—I shall blossom late," and, true enough, he was almost forty years of age before his life-work began. He deliberately sets out in his diary at this time the plan that he intended to follow in the writing of fiction. He proposed never to guess where he could know; to visit all the places and experience all the sensations he intended to describe; to understand all that was possible of the hearts and brains of the people he intended to portray—in a word, to be a writer of truths instead of a writer of lies. "Now I know exactly what I am worth," he says. "If I can work the above great system, there is enough of me to make one of the writers of the day. Without it—no, no."

His first long novel, It is Never Too Late to Mend, gives a lurid picture of prison life in England in the early years of the century, and brought about some important changes in the law with regard to the detention of prisoners. The atrocities practiced on Tom Robinson by the brutal governor and his warders are written, as Reade himself said of another book, "in many places with art, in all with red ink and the biceps muscle." While he was writing this book he took the utmost pains to verify every fact and incident that is described. He visited many prisons, he put himself in the convict's place, he did his turn on the treadmill, he turned the crank, he even submitted to incarceration in the dark cell, and suffered while there unspeakable torture. He supplemented the information gained thus by reading libraries of blue books, pamphlets, letters and volumes dealing with prisons and prison life. In Hard Cash he exposed, with the same ruthless pen and the same strength of invective, the villainies and dark deeds practiced on the unfortunate inmates of private lunatic asylums; and in Put Yourself in His Place, he dealt in the same trenchant style with outrages committed by illegal trade unions. These three stories, if they are not distinguished by any subtle exposition of character nor by any abstruse psychological analysis of motive and conduct, simply reek with human nature and pulsate with life and movement from beginning to end. In the writing of them Reade may have totally disregarded the canons of art (so-called), but he did not mind any such puny limitation on his genius when he had a story to tell. In every one of his books the reader is sucked into the wild current of the narrative on the very first page, and carried with feverish haste from one scene of excitement, daring, terror or pity to another, until he suddenly finds himself stranded on the last unwelcome word "finis."

It was the fate of Reade, as it was the fate of Shakespeare and Scott, not to be appreciated at his true worth during his lifetime. The capacity of the public to digest mediocre work is stupendous, but its appreciation of the fruits of genius is limited, and for a time Reade's books did not get all the attention they deserved. However, in spite of Time's handicap The Cloister and the Hearth is almost as well known and appreciated to-day as David Copperfield, Ivanhoe or The Newcomes.

The Unity of French Literature.....G. McLean Harper.....Atlantic

From the earliest times of its history, 850 years ago, there has been no break in the seamless unity of French literature. Its characteristics have been the same from age to age. It has been a living organism, marked by the same excellences, the same defects, at all stages of its development. Take it at any point you will, and you must find it interesting, full of life, vividly concerning itself with contemporary history. M. Brunetière, in his fine essay entitled Le Caractère Essentiel de la Littérature Française, sums up the distinguishing quality of French literature in the word "social"; meaning that it has, in the main, and more than other literatures, been produced with direct consideration of the tastes and needs of an immediate circle of readers. The appropriateness of M. Brunetière's remark becomes apparent when we consider what a large part of French literature consists of letters, memoirs, literary criticism, comedies and dramas of private life. I would go a step farther than M. Brunetière, and say that French literature is not only social, but appeals to the taste of a high and aristocratic society. It is marked by a noble distinction and courtly grace. It has the urbane quality which comes from city life. It has that lucidity, that definiteness and positiveness, which seem also to be the results of high-pressure eixstence in a metropolis. On the other hand, its deficiencies, as compared with English literature, seem to be a want of variety and freedom, a want of depth, too, which three qualities, I think—variety, freedom and depth—are the glory of English literature. The remarkable thing is that it has maintained its character from first to last, so that one studying the poems of Charles d'Orleans and Villon in the fifteenth century finds them, in spirit and weight, curiously like the poems of Théophile Gautier and Alfred de Musset in our own day. This majestic fullness and this sustained identity of character are mainly due to the fact that the French have been, generally speaking, a very homogeneous and united people—one in religion, in patriotic ideals and in social impulses.

Matters Musical, Artistic and Dramatic

The Opera in Chicago.....Henry T. Finck.....International Monthly

Chicago claims a population of 2,000,000, and it is estimated that among these there are perhaps 400,000 who were born in Germany, or born in America of German parents. The Germans are certainly more devoted to good music than any other nation in the world, yet when Mr. Maurice Grau invaded Illinois with an opera company which New York had patronized to the extent of nearly a million dollars, leaving him a clear profit of $100,000, Chicago, with its hundreds of thousands of Germans, treated it with such neglect that Mr. Grau solemnly resolved that he would never go there again. Last November, nevertheless, he made another attempt, changing his tactics by taking his company to Chicago before the New York season; thus silencing the objection that he did not give Western audiences a chance to hear his singers until their voices had been worn out by four months' work in New York. Again, however, his expenses exceeded his receipts, and this time he was charged with the crime of taking his company to Chicago first, in order that the performances there might serve as rehearsals for New York!

The indifference shown toward Mr. Grau's company in Chicago seems almost incredible when we look at its make-up. No opera house in Europe has half as many singers of the first rank as he took West in November. The names of the prima donnas alone would take away the breath of opera-goers in any European city. There were not only the two most eminent American singers —Mmes. Eames and Nordica—but five of the foremost German and Austrian artists of the century: Mmes. Sembrich, Ternina and Schumann-Heink and MM. Van Dyck and Dippel; the two French tenors, Saleza and Salignac, and the great Plançon; the admirable baritone, Signor Campanari, and the incomparable bass, M. Edouard de Reszke. Besides these, there was Mme. Calvé, whose magic art alone should have filled the auditorium every night. In the preceding season, illness had considerably reduced the number of sopranos, and the failure in Chicago was, by some, attributed to that; but this time the list of sopranos was exceptionally strong—Calvé, Sembrich, Ternina, Nordica, Eames—yet the result was even more discouraging. Nor can the failure be attributed to the absence of M. Jean de Reszke, because his presence did not save the preceding season, though in New York his name makes a difference of at least $3,000 in the receipts.

One of Mozart's most famous and popular operas, "Le Nozze di Figaro," was given in Chicago with a $5,000 cast, including Emma Eames, Zélie de Lussan, Sembrich, Campanari and Edouard de Reszke, yet the receipts did not much exceed $1,000. The mystery deepens when we hear that the highest price for a seat in Chicago was $3.50, as against $5 in New York, and that while Chicago was deaf to all appeals, New York subscribed nearly $400,000 to hear these singers.

When the result of the Chicago season was telegraphed East, various conjectures were offered as to the cause of the failure. One of the most plausible of these, at first sight, was that Chicago, like Boston, preferred concerts to operas, Theodore Thomas to Maurice Grau. But Mr. Grau had actually incorporated the Thomas orchestra with his company during its stay in that city; and as for Chicago's love of concerts, the less said of this the better. It is true that some public-spirited rich men and women engaged Mr. Thomas, and provided the means for the establishing of a first-class orchestra. But if these same individuals had not been willing to make up a huge deficit every season, these concerts would have soon come to an end.

An Artists' Loan Association.....T. B. Clarke.....N. Y. Times

A condition that leads to depressing incidents in many a gifted painter's life might be and should be remedied. There is no place to-day where an artist can get a temporary loan of money upon his pictures and studio effects. This mortifying fact is exceptional with the painter. The carpenter can raise money with his chest of tools for security, the physician can borrow upon his surgical apparatus, and so on, but the artist with property of value—so proved in public and private sales—can rarely if ever get temporary financial help. He is often denied the source of relief which an auction sale would furnish, and is forced into the humiliating position of being refused by friends or strangers. A loan concern to advance money upon all sorts of art property could be profitably operated in this and other large cities. It should be such an organization as would advance money temporarily to artists, actively engaged in their profession, who would give their productions and studio property as security. A fixed rate of interest should be agreed upon and exacted, so that all concerned might be protected. If in the course of a year or more, or at any time specified, the artist or owner should

not refund the advance made, there should be widely advertised public sales. These auctions should be absolute ones, and would attract buyers. The loan company's experts would never over-advance, and consequently the sale would not show a deficit. A profit above the charges would in all probability be shown, and this could be a matter of fair adjustment. The necessity for such a loan company is manifest to all owners of art property. Its existence, however, would be of especial benefit to those men and women of the profession who have the right to receive some pecuniary recognition for their property and to maintain their dignity when they apply for temporary aid. That an organization such as has been imperfectly outlined, but which must have abundant capital and excellent storage and exhibition facilities, would be a profitable and helpful scheme there can be no doubt. Artists could afford to pay interest for accommodation of money, and the relief that such advances would afford would give strength and courage to many of the best members of the profession.

Edward Emerson Simmons.....Arthur Hoeber.....Brush and Pencil

At the schools in his earlier years his easel was a favorite loafing-place for the other members of his class at Julien's; in his studio later on, fellow-workers would stand and watch him draw with charcoal or paint "morceaux" with surprising facility; and to-day, when he has, as the French say, "arrived," he finds seemingly none of the perplexities that worry most men. To his intimates, however, there is another side to the medal, and they at least know of the discouragements he has met and overcome; for to arrive at his present prominence he has passed through the experiences consequent upon success.

Mr. Simmons comes from good old Massachusetts stock on both sides. His mother is a sister of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and the artist was born at Concord. He graduated with honor from the class of 1874 at Harvard College, a class containing many men who have since risen to distinction in various ways. His first "envoi" to the Salon was in 1881, when he sent a portrait of a gentleman in Highland costume. The picture was well received, and attracted some attention, and the following summer he went to Brittany, where he was destined to remain some time. The village chosen to be the scene of his labor was Concarneau, in Finisterre, a fishing port famous for its sardines, and full of the activity of such French towns where life was picturesque and living primitive. Here he was untrameled, and was able to experiment with landscape, marines and the figure, and the years spent in this place were of great advantage. He speedily took the foremost place in the art life of the colony, containing many painters, French, American and English. He sent from here, in the year 1882, a picture called "La Blanchisseuse," showing the youthful figure of a Breton girl carrying a basket of clothes from a washing place by a brookside, as is the custom there. It was a charming, naïve work, beautifully drawn and well painted, and it brought Mr. Simmons an honorable mention.

The fascination of life abroad, however, did not swerve Mr. Simmons from a well-considered notion he had of a return and permanent residence in his own country, and he awaited the opportunity, which came in 1891, when his old class determined upon a memorial window at Harvard College. With the decision for this work, Mr. Simmons' name was immediately thought of, and he was summoned to New York for a conference, which resulted in his obtaining the commission.

Those who visited Chicago in 1893 need not be told how well he succeeded with his first decoration of the dome of the Liberal Arts Building, with his four forms of American labor—wood, iron, stone and fibre. Here were strength, directness, simplicity and dignity; in every stroke was seen the able technician, the capable artist and the thoughtful man, who, having something to say, said it with much pith and soberness. It was his initiation into the mysteries of mural decoration, and the lesson taught was not lost. Mr. Simmons saw his opportunity and made the most of it, for the possibilities thus opened up were utilized almost immediately in the shape of a commission for the decorations of the criminal court buildings of the courts of Oyer and Terminer in the city of New York. These were sympathetic themes, and were worked out with enthusiasm. The subjects represented were "Justice," in the shape of a stately, dignified figure, holding a globe in one hand and scales in the other; she is draped in an American flag—always a difficult problem, but one which the artist overcame cleverly. The side panels to the right represent the three Fates, while to the left are Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

There came now the commissions for the decorations of the Congressional Library at Washington, the tympanums of the north corridor leading from the main entrance hall being intrusted to Mr. Simmons. For this he prepared a series of nine paintings, representing the muses. Each one of the muses is shown as a seated figure. In several of the tympanums the muse is accompanied by little geniuses, who serve to bring out the special character of the central figure. The work is thoughtful, serious and able; and besides the ad-

mirable technical excellence displayed there is felt the intellectual power behind the compositions. Various ceilings for private residences came from his studio, and an important series of works for the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, the decoration of the smaller ballroom adjoining the larger hall. In this place there are schemes of brilliant, gay color, and subjects of the various months of the year.

Music and Men of Genius.....New York Post

One of the most singular phenomena of genius is the total absence of any appreciation of music among many famous men of letters. Andrew Lang, in fact, goes so far as to say that most poets and literary men hate music, confessing that for his own part he can "bear a song" if the words are pleasing, and that he is affected by the refrain of Gregorian chant much as a dog which howls when certain notes are struck on the piano. On the whole, he agrees with Dr. Johnson, who spoke of music as "the least disagreeable of sounds." According to Mr. Cunningham Moffet, who writes in Music, the absence of the musical ear is not an intellectual but a cerebral characteristic. Mr. Moffet instances the case of General Grant, whose repugnance to music was so great that it caused him intense suffering to sit through a grand opera or even to hear a song. His common reply to the question, "What shall I sing?" was the rather dampening one, "Something short!" Catherine II. of Russia, after trying in vain to cultivate a love of music, said that to her it was "noise and nothing but noise." The two Napoleons also found it difficult to tolerate music. Mr. Moffet agrees with Lang that many men of letters have had little ear for music, but he instances among the music lovers the names of Gautier, De Musset and a large proportion of the English and Scottish writers, including Shakespeare, Milton, Coleridge, Addison, Goldsmith, De Quincey, Moore, Charles Reade, Darwin and even Carlyle, who declares music to be "the speech of angels." But when we come to look at the other side of the picture we find a large array of famous names. Charles Lamb has told us all about his musical capacities, or incapacities, in his essay on Ears. He was apparently destitute of what is called a taste for music, as much of it usually confused him, and an opera was merely a maze of sound in which he almost lost his wits. A few old tunes ran in his head, and now and then the expression of a sentiment, though never of song, touched him with rare and exquisite delight. He has told us, however, how he reverenced the fine organ playing of Mr. Novello, and admired the equally fine singing of his daughter. I don't know whether Macaulay really disliked music or not, but he certainly cared very little for it, and remembered less. Writing in his journal for June 14, 1851, in giving an account of a dinner at Windsor Castle that he attended, he says: "The band covered the talk with a succession of sonorous tunes. The Campbells Are Coming was one." To this his biographer and nephew, Sir George Otto Trevelyan, adds in a footnote: "This is the only authentic instance on record of Macaulay's having known one tune from another." Dean Stanley had absolutely no ear for music; he really detested it as much as General Grant did, and fled from it when he could. Professor Max Muller in a recently published book quotes him as saying to Jenny Lind after she had sung Handel's I Know That My Redeemer Liveth: "You know I dislike music; I don't know what people mean by admiring it. I am very stupid, tone-deaf, as others are color-blind. But," he added with some warmth, "to-night when from a distance I heard you singing that song I had an inkling of what people mean by music. Something came over me which I had never felt before! or, yes, I had felt it once before in my life." Jenny Lind was all attention. "Some years ago," he continued, "I was at Vienna, and one evening there was a tattoo before the palace performed by 400 drummers. I felt shaken, and to-night, while listening to your music, the same feeling came over me; I felt deeply moved." "Dear man," she added, "I know he meant it, and a more honest compliment I never received in all my life." Dr. Thomas Arnold, of Rugby, was also entirely lacking in musical taste. Speaking of this defect he says: "I can no more remedy it than I could make my mind mathematical, or than some other men could enter into the deep delight with which I look at a wood anemone or wood sorrel." Charles Kingsley belonged to the same class; he liked music because it was "such a fine vent for the feelings." Henry Buckle, the historian, could not tell one tune from another, although, like Macaulay, he had a most marvelous memory for almost anything else. He once acknowledged, however, that he was moved when he heard Liszt play in London. Byron had no ear for music, and Rossetti found the art "cool unto the sense of pain." Shelley had a voice, it is said, like a peacock's, and Tennyson had only verbal music in him. Sir Humphrey Davy had a fine perception of the beautiful in nature, but had so poor and ear for sound that he could not even catch the simple air of the British national anthem. He was also deficient in time, for while a member of a volunteer corps he could never keep step. Dean Hook used to mantain that Handel's Messiah had turned more sinners to righteousness

than had all the sermons that were ever preached. Yet the Dean himself knew only two tunes, God Save the Queen; and the other, said he, "I don't remember."

Making Up the Opera Repertoire.....New York Sun

Mr. Grau arrives at his office before ten o'clock. The mail lying on his desk ready to be opened includes the customary variety of communications that come to every man before the public in addition to those connected with his business. There are requests for seats, offers for the services of the singers in concert in various parts of the country, attempts to secure appointments that Mr. Grau may hear voices belonging to aspiring young singers or played-out old ones who find themselves adrift in New York. Answering these letters requires the services of a stenographer who can write in French and German as well as English, and there is indeed one in the opera house who can answer letters in both Polish and Russian. Her services, however, are usually confined to the French and German. Attention to details in the management of the theatre falls to Mr. Grau's subordinates, although it is he who acts finally in every case, and to whom all matters are finally referred. Meetings of the Maurice Grau Opera Company, talks with the stockholders and directors of the Metropolitan Opera Real Estate Company, and discussions with different persons on the hundreds of varied topics that may come up form a part of the manager's daily routine. Mr. Grau does not shirk work. On the other hand, he rather courts it, and consequently there are a great many things to do which might be avoided, if he cared to. It is the making up of the repertoire which is really his principal occupation, and attending to the changes necessary from time to time in the programme.

Signor Mancinelli helps him in this when it is the arrangement of the French and Italian repertoire that is in hand. Mr. Paur lends his air and counsel when the discussion is confined to Wagner. A typical scene in Mr. Grau's office was one that occurred not long ago when a German opera was to be given. Everything was placid in his office, when the news suddenly arrived that the tenor was ill and that the opera would have to be given up, as the singer who customarily took his place was also under the weather. Signor Mancinelli was immediately summoned. He and Mr. Grau went over the list of available singers for that night and thought of the operas. It was decided to put one prima donna on in what is thought by many to be her most brilliant part. A telephone message was sent to her husband.

"Will your wife do me the great favor of singing to-morrow night?" was the question that came from the management. It was very earnest and eloquent, and the speaker showed plainly that he meant what he asked. But that made no impression on the prima donna's husband.

"If you had wanted my wife to sing," was the heartless answer that came back, "you should have announced her in the first place," which was followed with a "Good-bye" that brought the conversation to an immediate end.

One opera was already eliminated. The list of available works was small.

"Go up and tell Mme. X," said the manager, "that under her contract she is bound to sing, if we advertise her name for twelve hours before the performance. Tell her that we have plenty of time—she's got to sing. If she doesn't it will count as a performance lost."

The emissary dispatched by the manager, as well as his superior, knew that the prima donna would, in all probability, refuse to sing first, would have to be cajoled and threatened, and finally reminded that she would lose her fee for the evening if she didn't sing. He would suggest to her that for a person who had come to this country to make money, and was presumably in the profession for the same purpose, it was very foolish to allow a caprice, or some idea of wounded vanity, to interfere with her accomplishing this main business of life. Naturally, the prima donna yielded. With her secure, it was necessary to visit all the other singers and discover if they would also be ready for the performance on the following evening. Such storms as this very frequently burst in a perfectly clear sky. Another instance of this sudden call to arms took place when a prima donna who was to sing the leading rôle in a neighboring city was suddenly taken ill. All the principal singers in the company accustomed to take that part were in turn asked to act as substitute, and every one of them refused, although it meant a loss that ranged from $1,000 up.

When no sudden crisis arises the morning is devoted to making out the repertoire, which is always outlined provisionally at least six weeks ahead. The husbands of the prima donnas have to be interviewed as to what they will do, and if they are not supplied with these useful adjuncts it is to the agents that the talking has to be done. It would be considered beneath the dignity of the greatest artistes in the company to come to the theatre. Jean de Reszke, for instance, was never seen about the opera house except when he was there to sing, and Mme. Sembrich is said never to have put her foot in the theatre except on the evenings that she watched the performance from a box or was herself on the stage.

General Gossip of Authors and Writers

An amusing tradition of the way the late Richard Blackmore, author of Lorna Doone, was regarded by his neighbors in his suburban home near London is recalled by the Springfield Republican: "He did not exactly 'cultivate literature on a little oatmeal'—as a witty Edinburgh reviewer perverted Virgil's line," says the Republican,"but he raised small fruits and vegetables for the city market, the while he gained thereby leisure to write. It is related that his neighbors were much puzzled by the tourists from across the Atlantic who asked after Mr. Blackmore as an author (commonly mentioning Lorna Doone), and who were told that 'Blackmore the gardener lives yon.'"

In one of the shady avenues that winds its way among the shrubs and flowers that adorn Laurel Hill Cemetery, San Francisco, the visitor may read over the portal of an unpretentious tomb, festooned in ivy and embowered in ever-living foliage, the family name of "Woodworth." It is probably not commonly known that the father who sleeps there on the very Western verge of the continent was in his lifetime well known, and is to-day widely remembered as the author of the dear old household lyric, The Old Oaken Bucket. To many an ear it may strike a discordant note to hear that one to whose heart "the scenes of childhood" were so dear, should have found a final resting place the breadth of a whole continent away from "that loved situation." Yet it was through the performance of filial duty that this came about. Years ago the mother died here beneath the roof-tree of an affectionate son, and was laid away to rest at Laurel Hill, then known as Lone Mountain Cemetery. The son caused the remains of the father, whose death had occurred years before in the East, to be brought all the way from the Atlantic shore and placed here by her side, so that in death they "might not be divided." The circumstances under which The Old Oaken Bucket was written were thus recounted by the poet, George P. Morris, who knew Samuel Woodworth well: "It was written in the summer of 1817, when the family were living in Duane street, New York. The poet came home to dinner one very warm day, having walked from his office somewhere near the foot of Wall street. Being much heated with the exercise, he drank a glass of water—New York pump water—exclaiming, as he replaced the glass on the table, 'That is very refreshing, but how much more refreshing would it be to take a good, long draught on this warm day from the old oaken bucket that I left hanging in my father's well at home!' Hearing this the poet's wife, who was the inspiration of many of his sweetest lyrics, said: 'Selim, why wouldn't that be a pretty subject for a poem?' The poet took the hint, and, under the inspiration of the moment, sat down and poured out from the very depths of his heart those beautiful lines which have immortalized his name." The name "Selim" was the nom-de-plume under which most of his poetical productions originally appeared. It was perpetuated as a family name, borne by his distinguished son, Commander Selim E. Woodworth, an officer of the United States Navy during the War of the Rebellion, and has been handed down to his son, now an active Lieutenant in the same service.—Willard B. Farwell, in San Francisco Chronicle.

The following has been often quoted, but it cannot be too widely known. It is an account in Coleridge's own words of how he was led into the fatal habit of using opium: "I wrote a few stanzas twenty-three years ago, soon after my eyes had been opened to the true nature of the habit into which I had been ignorantly deluded by the seeming magic effects of opium in the sudden removal of a supposed rheumatism, attended with swellings in my knees and palpitations of the heart and pains all over me, by which I had been bedridden for nearly six months. Unhappily among my neighbors' and landlord's books were a large parcel of medical reviews and magazines. I had always a fondness—a common case but most mischievous turn with reading men who are at all dyspeptic—for dabbling in medical writings, and in one of these I met a case which I fancied very like my own, in which a cure had been effected by the Kendal black drop. In an evil hour I procured it; it worked miracles—the swellings disappeared, the pains vanished; I was all alive, and all around me being as ignorant as myself, nothing could exceed my triumph. I talked of nothing else, prescribed the newly discovered panacea for all complaints and carried a bottle about with me, not to lose an opportunity of administering instant relief and speedy cure to all complainers simple and gentle. Need I say that my own apparent convalescence was of no long continuance? But what then? The remedy was at hand infallible. Alas! it is with a bitter smile, a laugh of gall and bitterness, that I recall this period of

unsuspecting delusion and how I first became aware of the maelstrom, the fatal whirlpool to which I was drawing, just when the current was beyond my strength to stem. The state of my mind is truly portrayed in the following effusion, for God knows from that moment I was the victim of pain and terror, nor had I at any time taken the flattering poison as a stimulus or any craving after pleasurable sensations. I needed none, and oh, with what unutterable sorrow did I read the Confessions of an Opium Eater, in which the writer with morbid vanity makes a boast of what was my misfortune, for he had faithfully and with an agony of zeal been warned off the gulf and yet wilfully struck into the current. Heaven be merciful to him!"—Chicago Chronicle.

The Chicago Times-Herald prints the following interesting account of how the "Hoosier Poet" got his start: "James Whitcomb Riley's success began with what he considered a terrible misfortune. He had been hired to write poems for the Indianapolis Journal, and was devoting himself exclusively to that work. Before he had been at it very long, however, there was a change in the editorial department of the paper. 'Lije' Halford, afterward private secretary to President Harrison, became managing editor, and at once decided that expenses would have to be reduced. After looking around for a good place to begin retrenching he decided that Riley must go. 'We like you, Jim, and we like your poetry,' he said, 'but it isn't worth what we are paying you for it. Of course, if you want to contribute poems for nothing we'll be willing to print them.' Having the poems printed would be very gratifying, but it would be necessary for even a poet to eat and wear things, so Mr. Riley decided that he would not enter into any sort of agreement at that time to write for nothing. He tells his friends that the day on which he was discharged from the staff of the Indianapolis Journal was one of the darkest of his life. The future seemed to hold nothing for him. It happened, however, that a State political convention was held in Indianapolis at about that time, and among the nominees was a very portly gentleman who had never made a public speech. The convention called for him after he had been nominated, and when he appeared upon the platform a speech was demanded. He cleared his throat, stood on one foot and then on the other, and said: 'Gentlemen of the Convention: I thank you for the honor you have given me. I can't make a speech, but I can tell you one thing. The ticket you've nominated here to-day is a-goin' to win "When the frost is on the pun'kin and the corn is in the shock."' The uproar which followed indicated that Riley's poem, first published only a few days before, had been read by everybody present, and that it had touched a tender spot. This circumstance more than anything else induced the business manager of the Journal, who was Riley's steadfast friend, to undertake in partnership with the poet to have a little book, The Old Swimmin' Hole and 'Leven More Poems, published. It made an immediate hit, and gave Riley a national reputation. Major Halford and Mr. Riley are now, as they have always been, good friends, and it affords the latter pleasure when the two happen to meet in company to admit that he got his start in life by being discharged."

Writing of Marie Corelli in the Minneapolis Journal, Ida Husted Harper says: "Of Miss Corelli's origin it is impossible to obtain the slightest information. She guards well the secret of her life—she has a right to do so, it is hers—but it is singular in this day, when the searchlight of the public press leaves almost no spot unexplored, that one should be able to hide even her own personal history. To find matter for a little biographical sketch I searched three public libraries, including that of London, and finally resorted to the British Museum. In this largest collection of printed material in the world I could glean nothing whatever except that she was adopted when an infant by Charles Mackay, the song writer and litterateur. When was she an infant? Less than forty years ago, one must decide from her appearance, possibly less than thirty-five. 'Had she a father? Had she a mother?' Somebody certainly endowed her with a wonderful talent. Tradition says her father was Highland Scotch, her mother Italian, and that Minnie Mackay took her mother's name to make it famous. She was educated in a French convent, and, having great musical ability, was intended for the career of a musician, and began to write an elaborate opera at fourteen. But she was always filled with a dreamy mysticism and longed to write out her visions. She finally did so in the Romance of Two Worlds. Although scarcely noticed by the press, it sprung at once into popularity and reached a sale of 70,000 copies in a short time. This was in 1886, and she has written a novel every year since. They have been translated into every language, including Russian, Greek and Hindustani, and sell by the hundreds of thousands. Tennyson complimented them in a letter written with his own hand, and Lord Salisbury has expressed his appreciation. Gladstone called upon the author frequently when he was Prime Minister, and she has been invited more than once to dine with the Prince of Wales.

She receives letters from all parts of the globe, but has a dread of publicity, and has never had a photograph taken for fear it might get into the shop window. Her favorite books are Plato and the Bible, in which she declares she finds something new every time she opens their pages."

An article on Princes in Journalism in the Baltimore Herald contains the following: "Prince Bariatinsky has just inaugurated his active editorship of the Severny Kuryer (Northern Courier), at St. Petersburg. The young Czar's former private secretary, traveling companion and intimate friend, Prince Uchtomski, has for three years past been editor of the great St. Petersburg daily, the Viedomosto, which is supposed to reflect the personal views of the Emperor, while Prince Metcherski, one of the most trusted chamberlains and friends of the late Alexander III., still owns and edits the St. Petersburg Daily Grahdanim. Besides these, there are in Russian journalism at the present moment three Princes Troubetskoi, two Princes Volkonskis, Prince Tserteleff, and Prince Shcherbadtoff. In England we find at least two peers of the realm actively engaged in daily newspaper work. One of them is Lord Glenesk, proprietor and editor of the London Morning Post, while Viscount Mountmorres is at the present moment editor and business manager of that Scottish Life, which was started and edited for a time by Lord Rosslyn, whose sister, the Duchess of Sutherland, is among the contributors. Lady Greville, a peeress of the realm, earns her living by writing weekly letters on social etiquette and fashion in the London Graphic and other weekly newspapers,while the Hon. Algy Bourke, brother of the Earl of Mayo, and Lady Randolph Churchill's son derive importance and prestige from their connection with the London Times. The proprietor of London Truth, and its editor, Henry Labouchere, M.P., is a nephew of the late Lord Taunton, and related to half the peerage, while the late Earl of Desart was the managing editor of another London weekly paper, namely, Vanity Fair, at the time of his death. Even Queen Victoria's son-in-law, the Marquis of Lorne, is glad to turn an honest penny by writing for English and American weekly and monthly publications, while the Duchess of Rutland, who died only the other day, was a constant contributor to the Queen and other fashion papers. Unless I am very much mistaken the Countess of Warwick now likewise has a weekly paper of her own, and Lord Frederick Hamilton, brother of the Duke of Abercorn and of the Duchess of Buccleuch, is in the employ of Mr. William Waldorf Astor as managing editor of the Pall Mall Magazine. At Madrid nearly all the newspaper proprietors are titled, the editor and proprietor of the Epocha being that Marquis of Valdeiglesias who, while attached to the Spanish Legation at Washington, used to be known under the name of Don Alfredo Essobar. In Rome the Tribuna was for long edited and owned by Prince Maffeo Sciara Colonna, while the Catholic Osservatore Romano was at the same time under the direction of the Marquis Baviera. Its present editor, unless I am much mistaken, is the Marquis Crispoldi, while Prince Lancelotti is the editor of the Voce Della Verita. At Berlin a long list of nobles of both sexes are to be found among the contributors to the daily and weekly press. There are likewise several great nobles, such as the multi-millionaire Count Henokel Donnesmark, who own newspapers. There has, however, been no titled managing editor of any Berlin newspaper since Baron Hammerstein was convicted a few years ago of embezzlement and forgery, perpetrated while he was in charge of the ultra-Conservative organ, the Kreuz Zeitung.

The Philedalphia Record prints the following sketch of Henri de Regnier, who, with Mme. Regnier (daughter of the poet Heredia, and herself a writer of verse), recently arrived in this country as the annual lecturer to the "Cercle Français" of that university, and to speak before Bryn Mawr College and the University of Pennsylvania: "M. Henri de Regnier was born at Hanfleur, near Havre, France, on December 28, 1864. His first verses were published in November, 1885, under the title of 'Les Lendemains' (Yesterdays). This was followed the year after by another work, 'Apaisement.' This début was not unnoticed, but it was only in 1887, with the publication of a collection of sonnets entitled 'Sites,' that he attracted the attention of the literary world. M. de Regnier belonged to the group of young poets that received the name of 'Decadents' or 'Symbolists,' this last name being permanently attached to those who recognized Paul Verlaine and Stephane Mallarme as leaders. From 1887, M. de Regnier's works appear in quick succession. The titles of these various poems are as folows: 'Episodes,' 1888; 'Poems Anciens et Romanesque,' 1890; 'Tel qu'un Songe' (Like a Dream), 1892; 'Arethuse,' 1895. A three-volume reprint of these contains also a number of new poems which are considered among the best written by M. de Regnier. In addition to his poems he published, in 1895, a series of stories, 'La Canne de Jaspe,' and another one in 1899, 'Le Trefle Blanc.' He contributed both in verses and prose to the most important magazines or reviews of the 'avant-garde' or new

movement. He contributes to the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' and to the 'Revue de Paris,' and also to several important papers literary articles over his signature which are highly appreciated. The French Academy awarded him this year the Prix Vitet for his works, and M. Gaston Boissier, the secretary of the Academy, expressed himself in the following manner in his official report: 'M. de Regnier is one of the leaders of that new school which pretends to do no less a thing than modify the form and the spirit of French poetry. The enterprise is a daring one. Everybody recognizes that M. de Regnier has very rare poetical gifts; abundance and richness in images; amplitude and harmony of the period, a grace both provoking and natural that makes him admired even of those his boldness displeases.' M. de Regnier was made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1897."

Mr. Robert Buchanan's recent attack on Kipling, whose part Sir Walter Besant at once championed in the Contemporary Review, lends fresh interest to the revival of an old tale of one of his early literary imbroglios. The Providence Journal tells the story as follows: "In the October number of the Contemporary for 1871 Mr. Buchanan had a pyrotechnic article on The Fleshly School of Poetry. In this he scored William Morris, a charming, innocent gentleman, and Swinburne, and especially Rossetti. At the time the article appeared Buchanan was away on his yacht in the Mediterranean, and the article was signed, without his knowledge,with the nome-de-guerre of Thomas Maitland. In this screed he accused poor Rossetti of making 'fleshliness the distinct and supreme end of poetic and pictorial art.' Rosetti brooded over this in his sensitive, ill-advised fashion, and, foolishly enough, tried to cross swords with this rugged and fat Scotch duellist. He published his reply in the Atheneum—if one remembers aright—and insinuated mildly that Mr. Thomas Maitland was a coward, who dared not fight under his own name. He dubbed his article 'The Stealthy School of Criticism.' Thereupon Mr. Buchanan 'got back.' And there are few things more amusing in literary warfare. Under his own name he published a pamphlet. In this he re-enforced his first attack; threw in a few half-baked criticisms of Baudelaire; garnished the whole with quotations from A Whip for White Wantons, and had the brochure bound in covers sprawled over with passion flowers. Then, to close the historical account of this famous quarrel, Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne took up the cudgels and did mightily belabor Mr. Buchanan in a booklet called Under the Microscope. And if one cares to learn all the vituperative and blackguard capabilities of the English language, one should give one's days and nights to Under a Microscope. But now, mark you! And this shows the fine, virile honesty of this man Buchanan. It came to pass in 1881 that he learned how much he had misjudged Rossetti; he saw deeper into the medieval Italian soul of this man who painted like Perugino and sang like Dante in his softer moods. Forthwith he dedicated to his old foe that stark and unforgettable novel, God and the Man. This novel, by the way, antedates Hall Caine's book, The Bondman, and in purport is much akin to it. So this dedication was written in facile verse, and Mr. Buchanan's emotion curdles and bubbles as he sings of Mr. Rossetti's 'honored head' and his pure purpose, blameless song and sweet spirit."

A Liberal of the Liberals—an avowed annexationist—Louis Honoré Fréchette, poet laureate of French Canada, is firmly ensconced in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen in and out of the Dominion. Born at Levis, in the Province of Quebec, just sixty years ago, Louis Fréchette completed his classical studies at the College of Nicolet. He took degrees at Laval University, Quebec, at McGill University, Montreal, and at Queen's University, Kingston. He was admitted to the Canadian bar in 1864. In early youth he began to write verse, and at eighteen had achieved even more than a local reputation. "Mes Loisirs" was his first published work. From 1866 to 1871 M. Fréchette made his home in Chicago, where he edited the French paper "L'Amerique." It was while in this city that he wrote "La Voix d'un Exile," generally admitted to be one of his finest poems. During his residence here the poet-editor made many steadfast friends, who were attracted to the young man by his winning personality. Shortly after the great fire he returned to Quebec and there resumed the practice of law. In 1874 he was elected to the House of Commons at Ottawa by the County of Levis, and sat with the Liberals until the fall of the McKenzie Government in 1878. M. Fréchette was the first Canadian to present himself as a candidate for Parliament, with the clause of annexation to the United States as part of his declaration of principles. . . . It was in 1880, when the poet was in his forty-first year, that his finest creations were published in a book of poems entitled "Fleur Boreales et Oiseaux de Neige," which work was crowned by the French Academy, its author being the only foreign-born writer ever so honored by the "Forty Immortals." It remained for his serious effort, "La Legende d'un Peuple," however, to earn for him the title of poet laureate of French-Canada.

For this book Jules Claretie wrote an admirable preface, in which the distinguished member of the Academy proved his right to be classed as a critic of the highest attainments. "La Legende" is really Canadian history in verse from Jacques Cartier to Riel. M. Fréchette is a leader of the movement for the advancement of the French language and literature. His style is rich and varied, vivid in coloring, broad in scope, with the French qualities of conciseness and crispness of detail. His prose writings include "Letters à Basile," "Histoire Critique des Rois de France," and several dramas and comedies, and a new book called Christmas in French Canada, which is the author's first incursion into the English field of letters. Combined with an ideal home life is the firm friendship maintained by the poet with those he loves and admires, which no changes or vicissitudes can undermine. Even his bitterest political opponents have only kind words for the man himself. Although connected in an official way with the legislative council in Quebec, M. Fréchette makes his home in Montreal, where he is the Nestor of all that younger literary element which is fast making the Canadian metropolis a factor in the great world of letters. Besides his poet laureateship M. Fréchette is an officer of the French Academy, chevalier of the Legion of Honor, member of the Imperial Institute of England, companion of the Order of St. Michel and St. George, England, and fellow of the Royal Society of Canada.—Chicago Evening Post.

The death was recently announced of Richard Hovey, collaborator with Bliss Carman in the Songs from Vagabondia, and translator of the plays of Maeterlinck. In making the announcement the New York Times gave the following brief sketch of the poet's life: "Richard Hovey was the son of the late General Charles E. Hovey, of Washington, D. C. He was born at Normal, Ill., May 4, 1864, and was graduated from Dartmouth College with the class of '85. The Dartmouth Ode, written by him as a memory of his college days, was accepted by the college after a competition which had been held open two years. After leaving Dartmouth he studied for one year in the General Theological Seminary, and was a lay assistant to Father Brown at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, in this city. However, he did not enter the priesthood, and he subsequently became in turn journalist, actor and dramatist. His verses, which were published in various periodicals, gained for him popular favor from the first, and his more serious works gained singularly unanimous praise from critics. His translation of Maeterlinck's dramas were the only ones published in America, and were remarkable for his retention of the simple style and diction of the Flemish dramatist. He himself entered the field of dramatic writing with the poem Launcelot and Guenevere, a series of dramas, including the Quest of Merlin, The Marriage of Guenevere, The Birth of Galahad, and Taliesin. His best-known work perhaps was the Songs from Vagabondia, written in colaboration with Bliss Carman. It was his success with both readers and the critics in these unconventional verses that led to his rejection by the superintendent of the Washington public schools two years ago when he applied for the position of instructor in English at the High School. It was feared by the school authorities that, however delightful Mr. Hovey's verse might be to read, there was in his English too much defiance of prosody and grammar for the guidance of high-school pupils. Such, however, was not the fear of the authorities of Columbia University. In 1898 Mr. Hovey was appointed a lecturer in the university and held the place of Professor of English in Barnard College.

Many who have read her stories in the popular magazines, and those who have read her historical story In the Brave Days of Old, will be interested to learn more about Miss Ruth Hall. She is now living in Catskill, New York, whither her parents removed from Schoharie when she was very small. Her father was the late Joseph B. Hall, a politician and editor; her mother belonged to the oldest colonial stock. Miss Hall was educated at Catskill, partly at a somewhat famous private school, more by the good books with which she has always been surrounded. During two years of her girlhood she traveled quite extensively in the West and South, and her home letters attracted so much attention that they led to further writing. Her father published a newspaper, to the editorship of which his sons succeeded. Miss Hall did a great deal of writing for that paper in all its various departments. Her literary work has been very varied; indeed she will be believed when she says that she does not think there are a great many writers who, in the same time, have sold so many sorts of work. She originated and filled for a time the "Between Us Women" column of the New York Mail and Express, and has contributed stories, verses and puzzles to juvenile magazines, and serious and humorous verse and prose to nearly a hundred of our magazines and papers. She last year added a second historical novel for boys to the catalogue of her work. This is entitled Boys of Scrooby, and it is published by the same house that issued her previous book, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Choice Verse: From Books and Magazines

New York, Midnight...Dora Read Goodale...Springfield Republican

Moon! like some maid remote from earthly strife,
Thou with clear gaze o'erlookest human life,
Nor aught dost reck to what a haunt of sin
The beams of thy chaste radiance enter in.

Shine, midnight moon; and on what festering walls,
Undimmed, the floating, heavenly halo falls!
Not shame itself, with poor sick breast, would fly
That large, all-seeing, all-unseeing eye.

Moon! need we shrink, could one with soul as clear
Know that we do, read what we suffer here?
Our basest thoughts, our sorest sins divine?
All were well judged by purity like thine!

"In the Roaring Forties"...Morgan Robertson....Collier's Weekly

"All—hands—on—deck!
Tumble out—shorten sail!
Here's a snow squall upon us; here's a Cape Horn gale;
The ship is scuppers-under, and the seas are boarding green,
And the maintopsail's going, and the fore's gone clean;
And the weather fore brace and the weather fore lift
Have parted at the band and the fore yard's adrift.
Man the fore clew garnets,
Ease away the sheets and tack,
Keep a tension on the buntlines,
And be careful how you slack.

"It's a bully sail for scudding when the wind comes fair;
So we'll bundle up the foresail, boys—leave her what she'll bear.
Lay aloft—spread along—never mind you how she swings.
Get the gaskets clear and handy. Are you ready in the slings?
Never mind your bleeding knuckles: this is just a little weather.
Sing out the furling chantey. Now, my bullies—Altogether:
Away! ha a-a-ay yah! ha-a-a-ay yah! hoo-oo-oo-oo!
We'll pay
Paddy Doyle
for his
BOOTS!"

The Snowshoer.....Theodore Roberts.....Canadian Magazine

Under the moon and the stars,
And over the round, white hill,
The snowshoer, singing, strides,
And the heart of the world lies still.

The north-lights flash in the north
Like Olaf's cloak, tossed red;
The drifts are molded and white
Like the grave-clothes of the dead.

But the trapper, Pierre Letonne,
Sings, as he hurries along;
And a little wind in the spruces
Mimics his lilted song.

"Eyes like the heart of the sea,
Hands like the foam on the shore—
Oh, sweet, my queen, Vivette,
Do you wait for me at the door?"

A cry comes out of the stillness,
But the lover gives no heed.
"Vivette, the trail's merry,
For I follow where kisses lead!

"The miles slip by, forgotten,
For you, and the town are there;
The warmth of the high, red windows—
The warmth of your golden hair."

A cry comes out of the forest.
The snowshoer turns his head.
He sees the long, white drifts
Like the grave-clothes of the dead;

And he hears, at the edge of the wood,
Mingled, and mad, and shrill,
The cry of the great gray wolves—
The wolves who gather to kill.

The snowshoer bends and runs
And his brave lips shape a prayer.
He thinks of the warm, red windows,
And the sheen of her regal hair.

He prays for her dear, white hands,
And her eyes, like the heart of the sea.
The gray wolves leap, and leap
And the north-lights clash in their glee!

Under the moon and the stars
His brave song rings no more;
The lights at the windows are dead
And a shadow comes to the door.

The Bugle.....J. J. Bell.....Songs of the Hour

I can hear it in the darkness, I can hear it in the light,
When the air is stormy wild or stricken still;
And I hear it in its fulness when the north wind cleaves the night—
The Bugle sounding up at Maryhill.

When I heard the Bugle play in the peace of yesterday,
I never felt life's thread of sorrow thrill;
'Twas but music to my ears, made familiar by the years—
The Bugle sounding up at Maryhill.

But I hear the Bugle nowadays, and oh! the call strikes deep,
However it may reach me, soft or shrill,
And I wonder if it's making any lonely woman weep—
The Bugle sounding up at Maryhill.

For the shells are ripe to burst, and the blades are keen with thirst,
And the guns' black mouths prepare to spit and kill,
And the lads grow very dear, when I sit alone and hear
The Bugle sounding up at Maryhill.

The Gold-Headed Cane..F. L. Knowles..Wesleyan Literary Monthly

It stands in the corner yet stately and tall,
With a top that once shone like the sun.
It whispers of muster-field, playhouse, and ball,
Of gallantries, courtship and fun.
It is hardly the stick for the dude of to-day
He would swear it was deucedly plain,
But the halos of memory crown its decay—
My grandfather's gold-headed cane.

It could tell how a face in a circling calash
Grew red as the poppies she wore,
When a dandy stepped up with a swagger and dash
And escorted her home to her door.
How the beaux cried with jealousy, "Jove! what a buck!"
As they glared at the fortunate swain,
And the wand which appeared to have fetched him his luck—
My grandfather's gold-headed cane.

It could tell of the rides in the grand yellow gig,
When, from under a broad scuttle hat,
The eyes of fair Polly were lustrous and big,
And—but no! would it dare tell of that?
Ah me! by those wiles that bespoke the coquette
How many a suitor was slain!
There was one though who conquered the foe when they met
With the gleam of his gold-headed cane.

Oh, the odors of lavender, lilac and musk!
They scent these old halls even yet;
I can still see the dancers as down through the dusk
They glide in the grave minuet.
The small satin slippers, my grandmamma's pride,
Long, long in the chest have they lain;
Let us shake out the camphor and place them beside
My grandfather's gold-headed cane.

Ronkonkoma.....John Jerome Rooney.....Catholic World

Ronkonkoma!
In what far spring or Indian summer fair
Fell first thy name upon the evening air?
Was it some dusky hunter of the wood
Who named thee thus, as on thy beach he stood,
Or yet, perchance, some tribesman, bold and free,
Who knew the tempest thunders of the sea.
And, wandering inland, marveled much to find
Thy gentle breast untouched by any wind,
Ronkonkoma?

Ronkonkoma!
When the young moon is up and midnight's hour
Has woven round thee her weird, ghostly power,
Say, dost thou see, within thy secret cave,
The anguished spirit of the love-lorn brave
Who sought the depths where the dark currents flow—
Flying to thee for solace of his woe?
Are the strange risings of thy moonless tide
His lover's tears for a long vanished bride.
Ronkonkoma?

Ronkonkoma!
Where, like a diamond, gleams Geneva's lake
On prouder shores the silvery waters break;
'Mid the sweet music of the Irish rills
Killarney smiles between her emerald hills—
Yet, tho' thy charms be not so bravely blown,
They are no less for being all thine own;
They are no less, but sweeter, better far
That they are calm, as gentle maidens are,
Ronkonkoma!

Ronkonkoma!
Not from the lowland sources hast thou sprung:
No gossip thou with every brooklet's tongue!
The hills—the hills thy eager springs supply—
The granite hills and the o'er-reaching sky.
So, may thy hidden fountains, coming down
All undefiled by touch of field or town,
Tell us our springs of life and joy are stored
Untainted in the Mountains of the Lord,
Ronkonkoma!

*The Flying Fish.....Mary M. Fenollosa.....Out of the Nest **

Out where the sky and the sky-blue sea
Merge in a mist of sheen,
There started a vision of silver things,
A leap and a quiver, a flash of wing
The sky and the sea between.

Is it of birds from the blue above,
Or fish from the depths that be?
Or is it the ghosts
In silver hosts
Of birds that were drowned at sea?

Till Then.....Arthur Sherburne Hardy.....Independent

Like the south-flying swallows the summer has flown;
Like the fast falling star, from unknown to unknown
Life flashes and falters and fails from our sight,—
Good-night, friends, good-night.

Like home-coming swallows that seek the old eaves,
Like the buds that wait patient beneath the dead leaves,
Love shall sleep in our hearts till our hands meet again,—
Till then, friends, till then.

"Onward Through the Village Square".. Déroulède....Independent

As onward through the village square
Our column tramped with tapping drum,
I spied, with those who came to stare,
A maid who cried, with winsome air
And laughing lips, a rosy pair:
"Courage, lads!" Quick as speech could come:

"Courage?" I said; "I'd have my share
If I might kiss a face so fair."
She eyed me, arch and debonair,
Then turned her cheek, and said: "Take some."
More I'd have had, and some to spare,
But onward through the village square
Our column tramped with tapping drum.

Who May With the Shrewd Hours Strive?....A. Colton....Ainslee's

"Who may with the shrewd hours strive?
Too thrifty dealers they,
That with the one hand blandly give
With the other take away.

"And glitters there some falling flake,
Some dust of gold, between
That hands that give and hands that take
Slipped noiseless and unseen.

"Ah, comedy of bargainings!
Whose gain of years we found
A little silt of golden things
Forgotten on the ground."

---

*From Out of the Nest. By Mary McNeil Fenollosa. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25.

Applied Science: Invention and Industry

The Mauser Bullet's Work.....From a London Cable Despatch

The work of the Mauser bullet in South Africa continues to excite almost incredulous comment in medical circles. Letters received from Mr. Frederick Treves, the eminent London surgeon, now at the front, speak of one bullet which entered the top of the head, passed downward through brain into the mouth, and finally out at the side of the neck. A little headache and a slight squint in one eye were the only perceptible effects, and recovery was complete and rapid. In many cases the abdomen, bowels and liver have been penetrated almost without inconvenience. Wounds piercing the lungs often give rise to nothing more than a little blood-stained expectoration. In one phenomenal instance a bullet entered just below the collar bone, traversed the whole length of the chest and body, emerging from the inner side of the left thigh, without effecting more than a little temporary shock. The wound of entrance, as Tommy Atkins says, is little bigger than a flea-bite, and the point of exit a mere slit in the skin, instead of a huge crater like the tear-out of the old-fashioned bullet. Such delicate drilling is the Mauser capable of that one volunteer in an armored-train encounter had his ring and little fingers shot clean through, and although both bones were fractured both fingers are now as good as ever. These results are largely due to the long range at which fighting has taken place. At from 1,500 to 2,000 yards the Mauser penetrates like a needle. At 500 yards it will shatter an arm or leg bone into a score of fragments. Moreover, the terrible suffering and mortality of the old wound fever have been averted by the package of sterilized dressings, sealed and waterproof, which the British soldier now is careful to see in its proper pouch before he starts into battle, and with which he can dress his wound aseptically at once.

The Century's New Power.....H. D. Cooke.....Leslie's Weekly

Compressed air and electricity are secondary forces, the handmaids and servants of steam, or other primary powers—their conservators and distributers. Each has special spheres of usefulness in which each excels, and neither should be placed in false mechanical positions by its too ardent advocates. As the work that each can do better than the other is understood, rivalry ceases. It has been well said that the "strongest manifestation of power is its widest distribution." In the field of power distribution where distance alone is considered, electricity excels; but wherever large volumes are required, compressed air is without a rival.

The elasticity of air is a natural law, hence it is unfailing in its operation. Released from pressure it returns to atmospheric density. It is not changed in compression, but can be kept indefinitely, and is regular in its operation. It is absolutely free from the vagaries of its brilliant but volatile ally, electricity. All nature is a vast air-using machine. What better can man do in mechanical devices than imitate nature? Steam-using engines operate with air. The application of air power is a proved mechanical fact. First chosen for special work in mines and other places, regardless of economy, now that its niceties are understood, its use is extending in all mechanical fields. Early used for air brakes, it made its way upon the railways and extended into general use for operating signals and switches, and then in the shops. It is now used in all lines of industry, in individual machine work, drills, pumps, etc.

It is passing strange that, after its successful use in brakes for stopping trains, it was not earlier used for propelling trains, a field into which it is now largely entering. In several cities of France there are street railroads operated with compressed air; in Berne, Switzerland, and elsewhere in Europe. Air motors of American design, to meet the high requirements of service in this country, are in successful operation in Chicago and New York City, and find favor with the street railroads and the public. Properly constructed, they are found to be noiseless and free from nuisance, and in economy of operation and maintenance excel all other forms of street railway traction. Compressed air is keeping pace with other powers for automobile propulsion. It is in use on a light wagon, the engine of which weighs thirty-six pounds. This wagon seats two people, and is propelled a mile with sixty feet of free air. In Europe Paris is the largest user of compressed air. There are many miles of mains, serving customers with air through pipes and meters, as gas is distributed, and operating machines, large and small, in all lines of industry. The loss in conveying air through these mains is stated to be only 3 per cent. This system started at St. Fargeau Station with a capacity of 2,500 horse-power. Other stations have been established with a total capacity of 24,000 horse-power.

Elevators and other engines in the Paris Bourse are operated with air; also electric dy-

namos, distributing currents to incandescent lights. In this instance the air is not heated, but used cold, and the exhaust furnishes refrigeration to cold-storage rooms, where meats, vegetables and other products are stored. Butchers, caterers and hotels are in this manner supplied with refrigeration. The pneumatic telegraph-postal system has been in use for thirty years in Paris for delivery of telegrams. Similar services exist in London, Berlin and other European cities. It is gratifying to note the establishment of a similar system in this country. In New York there are now twelve miles of eight-inch tubes, connecting the main post offices of New York and Brooklyn, and extending to the New York Central Railroad depot. Letters placed in sealed carriers are transmitted at a velocity of over thirty miles per hour, and the mail from Brooklyn post office, formerly closing two and one-half hours before, now closes twenty-five minutes before the departure of New York Central trains.

As the tendency is toward higher pressures, liquid air suggests interesting and prolific possibilities. To an American belongs the honor of first producing it in commercial quantities. Its use in mechanics is limited, owing to present cost of production, which will be cheapened, no doubt. It is made by compression and self-refrigeration, the latter accomplished by liberating and expanding compressed air about coils that contain air under pressure. The temperature of liquid air is 312 degrees below zero, Fahr. Its chief advantage is its compactness in storage, approximately 800 feet of free air being contained in one foot of liquid air.

Danger to the Rubber Supply.....New York Sun

The increasing uses for India rubber and gutta percha, and the fact that the supplies of these gums do not increase in like proportion and even threaten to become smaller in few years unless extraordinary means are taken to keep them up, have led to many attempts on the part of inventors to produce some substitute which would fill their place at least for some of their more important commercial uses. The recent rapid extension of electric installations with the attendant call for insulation for miles and miles of conductors has emphasized the demand for rubber and gutta percha substitutes for insulating purposes, and the proposition now being actively agitated to extend the great sea cable telegraph service of the world by laying a submarine cable from the United States to the Philippines makes the question of immediate interest.

The consumption of rubber is estimated to be about 60,000 tons a year. The finest quality as well as the largest quantity sent from any one region comes from the Para district in Brazil, and the recent high prices and great demand for the extra-elastic sorts for bicycle, wagon and automobile tires have so stimulated the work of the Brazilian rubber gatherers that in 1898 the exports from Para reached about 25,000 tons, as against 22,000 the year before. Reports from that district indicate a serious danger of exhausting the rubber trees unless a systematic method is adopted of replanting, and considerable interest has been evinced in other parts of the world regarding the possibilities of growing rubber trees successfully. No substitute which has yet appeared seems to offer success for those purposes which put the strength, durability and elasticity of Para rubber to their most severe tests, but considerable progress appears to have been made in providing substitutes of like qualities for a number of other uses, and notably for that of electrical insulating. The Singapore rubber is the variety best fitted for work of this sort and the shipments of this do not increase, and in 1898 amounted to only about 2,600 tons. The last Atlantic cable took about 500 tons of Singapore rubber to insulate it, and a Pacific cable would take a much larger amount.

The inventor who wished to find a substitute for rubber and gutta percha naturally turned toward other vegetable products for a base, and considerable success seems to have been attained by a number of clever men in this direction. Some time ago there was described a process by which linseed oil was turned into a fair substitute for rubber, made capable of vulcanization and of taking the place of rubber for many uses. The linseed oil in this process was prepared by oxidization, changing its character just as it changes when it is applied to surfaces as paint. The principal point in this invention was the method of oxidizing the oil thoroughly. This was accomplished by dipping bunches of tow into the oil and then exposing the oil thus subdivided on the filaments of tow to the action of warm air. A large factory was built in England to manufacture articles under the patents which cover this process. A later process, which has been described recently, uses linseed oil as a basis also, but treats it instead with nitric acid. The product is called velvril. It is composed of a mixture of nitrated oil and nitro-cellulose. Either linseed or castor oil may be used. The nitrated oil is prepared first and the nitro-cellulose is added to this. A homogeneous mass is obtained whose final qualities of hardness and elasticity may be altered by varying the proportions of the mixture. The proportions which yield a product most closely resem-

bling Para rubber are two pints of nitrated oil and one pint nitro-cellulose. Castor oil is said to be superior to linseed oil for this purpose. Advocates of velvril declare that this mixture has an elasticity of twenty-five per cent., and that its durability exposed to the weather is superior to that of rubber. Samples in England have been exposed for three years, it is said, and still show but slight signs of disintegration. Velvril, it is said, can be worked and moulded under heat and pressure or it can be turned into a varnish by dissolving it in a suitable volatile solvent. In using it for cable protection it may be applied in the form of a thick paste, each coating being allowed to dry before the application of the next, or it may be applied directly by the aid of heat and a pressure of fifteen tons to the square inch. It may also be used as rubber is, upon tape windings. It is asserted that velvril is superior to vulcanized rubber when used on copper, because it contains no sulphur, and hence has no action on the copper. The use of velvril is not, however, confined to electrical insulation. According to those who are interested in it, it will answer as a substitute for rubber in many forms, besides having uses peculiarly its own. No information has been given as to its cost.

American Gems.....Brooklyn Eagle

The United States have never taken their proper place among the gem-producing countries, principally, it would appear, because of the superior gains offered in the metal mines. Patient and skillful working of the gem mines, however, would appear to promise as well as many of the metal industries. There are in Montana sapphires of beauty and value. True, they are light in color, but they have more brilliancy than the Asian sapphires, and often exhibit dichroism, or double color, under different lights. The supposition that a sapphire should be dark blue is possibly responsible for the slowness of their acceptance in the market, but as a matter of fact sapphires are not of necessity blue; they are green, yellow, purple, white, and when they are red we call them rubies, for the ruby and sapphire are identicaly the same save for a fraction of a per cent. of coloring matter.

Every gem known to the lapidary has been found within our borders, except that form of chrysoberyl known as alexandrite, a stone most commonly found in the Urals and showing green by day and red by artificial light. We have also found but few of the vari-colored garnets of which Russia furnishes such remarkable and beautiful examples, and none that have their brilliancy, though the red garnets of Arizona and contiguous territory are unsurpassed in richness. We have several gems, moreover, that are almost peculiar to this country, and that should be used more extensively because of their intrinsic beauty. Such are the golden beryls of Connecticut, that are of a brilliant yellow, full of light and sparkle, and the curious chlorastrolites and thomsonites of Lake Superior, that are useful as green or mottled grounds in the making of designs.

Among the lesser known but interesting and often beautiful minerals that are found in this country and that lend themselves to purposes of ornament are the grass-green hiddenite, the superior of emerald in vivacity; the duller green diopside, the utahite, which is a rival of turquoise, if it can be made to keep its color and texture; the zircon, of red and brown, and especially the tourmaline, which presents a wide range of color, from jet black to almost water white, and including pink, brown, blue and almost every shade of green. These tourmalines are more appreciated abroad than they are at home, and whereas we buy sapphires and rubies from Burmah, and diamonds from Africa, and topazes from Japan and Brazil, and turquoises from Persia, we remain seemingly indifferent to the gems that come from Maine and Connecticut. Collectors have known them for years, however, and have prized them at their value. Many of the crystals show two and even three colors, being red at one end and green at the other, or green without and deep pink within. Of these tourmalines $2,000 worth were mined last year at Mount Mica, Me.

Turquoise has been known to the Indians of the Southwest for centuries, and there is good reason to believe that it was mined by the Aztecs. Brooklyn capital has been invested in one of the New Mexico mines, and it is said that a superior quality has been produced. There is probably no ornamental stone that is so extensively imitated. Hundreds of people are wearing what they suppose to be turquoise, but is in reality glass or enamel or a composition that closely copies its color and apparent texture, and does not fade, as the stone itself is apt to do. There has been an addition to the semi-precious stones of a new variety of garnet known as rhodolite, of a pale rose red, but not many specimens have been brought to the cities, and it has not appeared to any extent in jewelry. It would seem to be worth our while to work our gem deposits more thoroughly, for, according to the report for 1898 by Mr. George F. Kunz, the expert, there continues to be a profitable activity in the making of jewelry. This country has imported as much as $14,500,000 worth of gems and gem material in a single year, while the home production has always been rela-

tively slight, albeit there is a gain. In 1898, for instance, the production of precious stones in the United States represented about $161,000, as against $130,000 in the year before and $98,000 in the year before that. The indications are that we have mineral veins and deposits that will, when adequately worked, offer rewards far in excess of these figures.

Calculating Machines.....London Pall Mall Gazette

The ancient abacus and its variant, the Chinese swanpan, are rude calculating machines. So, after a fashion, is a handful of beans or a pile of counters. But the first real attempt at calculation by a mechanical appliance was made about 1650 A. D. by the French philosopher Pascal, then a lad of nineteen. His machine, working by a series of gear-wheels with numbers on them, could add and subtract, but was of little practical use. Better machines were made by the German philosopher Leibnitz and by Professor Saunderson, of Cambridge University, and these led up to what is still regarded as the prince of calculating machines—that of Charles Babbage.

To describe this machine in full, and tell the story of its manufacture, so far as it went, would take several volumes, since even a large quarto volume, devoted entirely to the subject, leaves out a great deal about it that it would be interesting to know. Babbage's machine was designed to calculate elaborate tables and automatically set them up in type, or else supply a mold in which stereotyped plates of the tables could be cast. After many experiments, he constructed his first difference engine, as he called it, for the reason that he employed the method of differences as a general principle on which to base the calculations.

As soon as the first machine was completed, Babbage received instructions from the British Government to construct another and more comprehensive one at their expense. Six years after this order was given, the Treasury appointed a very strong committee to examine and report upon the portion of the machinery then executed and the design for the whole engine. The result was a very strong expression of opinion in favor of the machine, but the expense was enormous. The Government finally declined further supplies, and in 1833 the construction of the engine was relinquished. The second difference engine was a huge instrument of marvelous power, and an illustration, that Babbage himself uses as a kind of illustration of a miracle, shows one feature of its performances in an interesting way. He said that his machine could go on for years working by the same formula. It could then change without human intervention to another formula for a single calculation, and subsequently resume working by the original formula. But, great as were the powers of this second difference engine, Babbage had conceived an even more elaborate machine, which he called the analytical engine, which would completely supersede the difference engine, on which, in its incompleted state, the Government had already spent £17,000. It is not wonderful that the Chancellor of the Exchequer declined to supply any more funds under these circumstances.

Since Babbage's day many small calculating machines of various kinds have been invented. But only five of these machines are worth mentioning. One of these, invented during the past few years, is Burroughes' registering accountant, which performs addition by striking keys like those of a typewriter, and at the same time types on a strip of paper the amounts that have been added. This machine seems to be mechanically successful, but is, we believe, not now commercially obtainable. It is somewhat heavy and cumbersome, requiring ten keys for every column in a row that it is desired to add. Another moderately practical machine is an American invention called the comptometer. This also is actuated by keys like those of a typewriter, and, by means of it, it is simple to add, feasible to subtract, and within the bounds of possibility to multiply or divide; for the latter purposes it is altogether inferior to Tate's arithmometer. A machine that has much that is pleasing about its design is the Brunsviga, but its workmanship is not sufficiently good to stand much wear and tear. The writer obtained one about five years ago, and has long since worn it out.

The only really satisfactory machine for multiplication and division was invented by Thomas de Colmar about 1850. This was subsequently improved in design and workmanship, without being altered in principle, by an Englishman named Tate, and years of hard work at one of these machines has led to the keenest appreciation of its powers. It never makes a mistake, it practically never gets out of order, it performs multiplication and subtraction with ridiculous ease, it makes the abstraction of the square root quite a fascinating operation, and for many purposes can be used by an unskilled operator with entire confidence that the calculations will be correctly performed. the arithmometer is largely used by life insurance companies, and any one whose work consists to any great extent of calculations can scarcely be too thankful that it was invented. It is contained in a box about two feet long and six inches high.

Brereton Falls in With the Enemy*

By Paul Leicester Ford.

[Janice Meredith, a Tory, falls in love with Colonel Brereton, a young Englishman who came to America as Charles Fownes, and bound himself as a servant to Janice's father. The reading which follows describes the Colonel's adventures when, later, on a mission for Washington, whose aide he became, he stops at the Meredith stable and leaving his tired horse, takes a fresh one, Joggles by name, to finish his mission to General Lee. While getting away with Joggles he meets some British troopers, cuts an arm off of one of them and escapes. The reading which follows represents the scene following this and Brereton's attempt to return the stolen horse.]

The sound of shots outside put a sudden termination to the supper in both the dining-room and kitchen of Greenwood (the Meredith home), and served to bring the inmates and candles to the front and back doors. Beyond the moment's rush of a body of horsemen past the house no light on the interruption was obtained, until some of the escort of Clowes were dispatched to the stable to learn if all was well with their horses. They found the wounded man stretched on the snow, and just within the doorway lay Janice in a swoon, with Clarion (the dog) licking her face. Both were carried to the house, and while Mrs. Meredith and the surgeon endeavored to save the officer by a rude tourniquet the Squire held Janice's head over some feathers which Peg burned in a bed-warmer.

"Did they kill him?" was the first question the girl asked when the combined stench and suffocation had revived consciousness.

"He's just expiring," the father replied. "His arm was struck off above the elbow, and he bleeds like a stuck pig."

Janice staggered up, though somewhat languidly. "May—— Did he ask to see me?"

"Not he," she was told. "Come, lass, sit quiet for a bit till thy head is steady, and tell us what 'twas all about."

Janice sank into the chair her father set before the fire. "He was on some mission for His Excellency," she gasped, "and stopped here to get a fresh horse—that was how I came to know it—and while we were talking we heard the dragoons coming, so he mounted to escape. Then I heard a cry—oh, such a cry!—and the pistols—and—and—that's all I remember!"

"Why went he to the stable rather than to the house in the first case?" demanded her father.

Janice looked surprised. "He knew the troopers were here," she explained.

The Squire was about to speak when Clowes' hand on his shoulder checked him. "There's more here than we understand," the latter whispered. "Let me ask the questions." He came to the fire and said:

"Why did he take this route if he was bearing dispatches?" The first sign of color came creeping back into the pale cheeks of the girl as she recalled the double motive the aide had given. "Colonel Brereton said he did not know the westerly roads, and so——"

"Colonel Brereton!" rapped out her father; "and what was he doing hereabout? Plague take that scamp, that he must be forever returning to worry us!"

"How much of a force had he with him?" asked the Commissary.

"He was alone," replied Janice.

"Alone!" exclaimed the Baron incredulously; then his face lost its look of surprise. "He came by stealth to see you, eh?"

There was enough truth in the supposition to destroy the last visible signs of the girl's swoon, and she responded over-eagerly: "I told you he was on a mission for His Excellency, but stopped here to get a fresh horse."

"Ay!" growled the Squire, "he steals himself, then steals my crop and now turns horse-thief?"

"He was not stealing, dadda," denied Janice. "His own horse was so tired, so he left her and said he'd return Joggles some time to-morrow evening."

Clowes whistled softly as he and the Squire exchanged glances. Just as the former was about to resume his questioning the sound of the front door being violently thrown open gave him pause, and the next instant Phil hurriedly entered the room.

"The troopers at the stable say ye found Captain Boyde. Is he badly hurt?" he demanded.

"To the death," spoke up the Squire, for once missing the Commissary's attempt to keep him silent. "Hast caught Brereton?"

Janice had sprung to her feet and now stood listening with a half-eager, half-frightened look.

"Brereton!" cried Philemon. "Did he head the party?"

The growing complexity was too much for the patience of the simple-minded owner of Greenwood. "May Belza have us all!" he fumed, "if I

*A reading from Janice Meredith, by Paul Leicester Ford. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

can see the bottom or even the sides of this criss-cross business. Just tell us a straight tale, lad, if we are not to have the jingle brains."

"'Tis a swingeing bad business," groaned Phil. "Our troop rode over from Princeton yesterday, an' the houses at Brunswick bein' full of soldiers I tells 'em that we can find quarters here. We was gropin' our way when the enemy set upon us, an' in the surprise cuts down the Captain and captures three of our men."

"Dost mean to say ye let one man kill your Captain and take three of ye prisoners?" scoffed the Squire.

"One man!" protested the dragoon. "Think you one man could do that?"

"Janice insists that there was but Brereton—but Charles Fownes, now a rebel colonel."

"You may lay ter it there was mor'n——" Then Philemon wavered, for the sight of the flushed guilty look on the girl's face gave a new bent to his thoughts. "What was he here for?" he vociferated, growing angrily red as he spoke and striding to the fire. "So he's doing the Jerry Sneak about you yet, is he? I tell you, Squire, I won't have it."

"Keep thy blustering and bullying for the mess-room and tavern, sir," rebuked Clowes sharply, also showing temper. "What camp manners are these to bring into gentlemen's houses and exhibit in the presence of ladies?"

"'Sdeath, sir!" retorted Phil hotly, "I take my manners from no man, nor——"

"Hoity, toity!" chided Mrs. Meredith entering. "Is there not wind enough outside but ye must bellow like wild bulls within?"

"Ay!" assented the Squire, "no quarreling, gentlemen, for we've other things to set to. Phil, there is no occasion to go off like touchwood; 'tis not as thee thinks. What is true, however, is that we've a chance to catch this same rogue of a Brereton, if we but lay our heads together."

"Oh, dadda!" expostulated Janice; "you'll not, for I promised him to tell nothing—and never would have spoken had I not been dazed—and thinking him dead. I should die of——"

"Fudge, child!" retorted Mr. Meredith. "We'll have no heroics over a runaway redemptioner who is fighting again our good King. Furthermore, we must know all else he told ye."

"I passed him my promise to keep secret——"

"And of that I am to be judge," admonished the parent. "Dost think thyself of an age to act for thyself? Come, out with it; every word he spake!"

"I'll not break my faith," rejoined Janice proudly, her eyes meeting her father's bravely, though the little hands trembled as she spoke half in fright and half in excitement.

"Nay, Miss Janice, ye scruple foolishly," advised Lord Clowes. "Remember the old adage, that 'A bad promise, like a good cake, is better broken than kept.'"

"'Children, obey thy parents in the Lord, for this is right,'" quoted Mrs. Meredith sternly.

"God never meant me to lie, and that's what you would have me do."

The Squire stepped into the hall and returned with his riding-whip. "Thou'rt a good girl to be whipped, Janice," he announced; "but if thou'rt not old enough to obey, thou'rt not too old for a trouncing. Quickly, now, which wilt thou have?"

"You can kill me, but I'll keep my word," panted the maiden, while shaking with fear at her resistance at the threatened punishment, and still more at the shame of its publicity.

Forgetful of everything in his anger the Squire strode toward his daughter to carry out his threat. Ere he had crossed the room, however, to where she stood his way was barred by Philemon.

"Look a-here, Squire!" the officer remonstrated, "I ain't a-goin' ter stand by and see Janice hit, noways, so if there's any thrashin' to be done you've got ter begin on me."

"Out of my way!" roared Mr. Meredith.

Phil folded his arms. "I've said my say," he affirmed, shaking his head obstinately, "and if that ain't enough I'll quit talkin' and do something."

"The boy's right, Meredith," assented Clowes. "Nor do we need more of her. Send the girl to bed, and then I'll have something to say."

Reluctantly the Squire yielded, and Janice, with glad tears in her eyes, turned and thanked Philemon with a glance that meant far more than any words. Then she went to her room, only to lie for hours staringly awake, listening to the wild whirring and whistling of the wind as she bemoaned her unintentional treachery to the aide, and sought for some method of warning him.

"I must steal away to-morow to Van Meter's barn at nightfall," was her conclusion, "and wait his coming, to tell him of my—of my mistake, for otherwise he may bring Joggles back and be captured. If I can only do it without being discovered, for dadda——" and the anxious, overwrought, tired girl wept the rest of the sentence into her pillow.

Meantime, in the room below, Lord Clowes unfolded his plan and explained why he wanted the maiden away.

"'Tis obvious thy girl has an interest in this fellow," he surmised, "and so 'tis likely she will try to-morrow evening to see him, or get word to him. Our scheme must, therefore, be to let her go free,

but to see to't that we know what she's about, and advantage ourselves by whatever comes to pass."

The storm ceased before the winter daylight and with the stir of morning came information concerning the missing dragoons. The body of one was found close to the stable, with a bullet in his back, presumably a chance shot from one of his comrades; a second rode up and reported himself, having in the storm lost his way, and well-nigh his life, which he owed only to the lucky stumbling upon the house of one of the tenants, and Clarion discovered the third, frozen stiff within a quarter of a mile of Greenwood.

"'Tis most like that rebel Colonel and horse-thief shared the same fate, for 'twas a wild night," remarked Clowes at the breakfast table. "Howbeit, 'twill be best to have some troops hid in your stable, for he may have weathered the storm."

The morning meal dispatched, Philemon rode over to Brunswick to report the death of his superior to the Colonel, as well as to unfold the trap they hoped to spring, and Harcourt considered the news so material that he and Major Tarleton accompanied Philemon on his return. After a plentiful justice to the dinner and to the decanters, the men, as the early winter darkness came on, settled down to cards, while Mrs. Meredith, in mute protest against the use of the devil's pictures, left the room, summoned Peg, and in the garret devoted herself to the mysteries of setting up a quilting frame. As for the dragoons, they sprawled and lounged about the kitchen, playing cards, or toss, and grumbling at the quantity and quality of the Greenwood brew.

Had Janice been older and more experienced the very unguardedness would have aroused her suspicions. To her it seemed, however, but the arrangement of a kind of destiny, and not daring to risk a delay till after tea, when conditions might again so favor her, she left the work she had sat down to in the parlor after dinner, and tiptoeing through the hall, lest she should disturb the card-players in the Squire's office, she secured her warmest wrap. Returning to the parlor she softly raised the window and slipped out.

Speeding across the garden, the girl crept through a break in the hedge, then stooping low she followed a stone wall till the road was reached. No longer in the sight of the house, she hurried on boldly till within the sight of the Van Meter farm. She skirted the house at a discreet distance and stole into the barn. With a glance to assure herself that the mare was still there, and a kindly pat as she passed, she mounted into the mow, where, for both prudence and warmth, she buried herself deep in the hay. Then it seemed to Janice that hours elapsed, the sole sounds being the contented munching of horses and cattle, varied by the occasional stamping of a hoof.

Suddenly the girl sat up, with a realizing sense that she had been asleep, and with no idea how long. A sound below explained her waking, and as she listened she made out the noise to be that of harnessing and unharnessing. Creeping as near the edge of the mow as she dared she peered over, but all was in blackness.

"Colonel Brereton?" she finally said.

A moment's silence then ensued before she had an answer, though it was eager enough when it came. "Is't you, Miss Janice?"

The girl came down the ladder and moved blindly toward the stalls. As she did so somebody came in contact with her. Instantly she was enfolded in a pair of arms, and felt a man's eager lips first on her cheek and next on her chin.

Janice struggled to free herself as Brereton tried to caress her a third time. "Don't!" she protested. "You—— How dare you?"

"A pretty question to ask an ardent lover and a desperate man, whose beloved confesses her passion by coming to him."

"I didn't!" expostulated the girl, as, desperate with mortification, she broke away from the embrace by sheer strength and fled to the other side of the barn. "How dare you think such things?"

"Then for what came you?" inquired Jack.

"To warn you."

"Of what?"

"That you must not bring Joggles back, for they —the soldiers—are watching the stable."

"You told them?"

The girl faltered, hating to acknowledge her mistake now that it was remedied. "If I had, why should I take the risk and the shame of coming here?" she replied.

"Forgive me, Miss Janice, for doubting you, and for my freedom just now. I did—for the moment I thought you like other women. I wanted to think you came to me, even though it cheapened you. And, being desperate, I——"

"Why?" questioned the girl.

"I have failed in my mission, thanks to Lee's folly and selfishness. Would to God the troopers who lie in wait for me would go after him! A quick raid would do it, for he lies eight miles from his army and with no guard worth a thought. There'd be a prize, if the British did but know it."

"Thanks for the suggestion," spoke up a deep voice, and at the first word blankets were tossed off two lanterns, followed by a rush of men. For a moment there was a wild hurly-burly, and then Brereton's voice cried: "I yield!" As the confusion ended as suddenly as it had begun, he added scornfully: "To treachery!"

Sport, Recreation and Adventure

Lawlessness of Baseball Players .....Rochester Post-Express

Baseball is the distinctively American sport. The decline in the popularity of the game, which is now much lamented by American newspapers and by lovers of clean sport, is due mainly to the lawlessness that the club owners and managers encourage in the play. The decisions of the umpire are not respected in baseball as they are in all other kinds of sports. Even in pugilism, more degraded than any other sport, the decision of the official who is in charge is not followed by an assault; and the defeated pugilist and his seconds seldom or never swear at him or call him insulting names. On the baseball field, however, even when hundreds of women are among the spectators, language is used that is simply disgraceful. No wonder attendance at the game falls off and women dislike to go. In the cities embraced within the National League complaints of rowdyism on the field are universal and continuous. The club owners meet annually and pass stringent rules for the protection of the umpires, giving this official power to punish a player by fine, or by compelling him to withdraw from the game and get out of sight; but a particular club owner, though he may have voted to give this power, is pretty certain to telegraph a protest against the man who exercises it, and yell "robber" and "fraud." There used to be a time when the owners of baseball franchises were genuine sportsmen, but now little sporting blood flows in the veins of any of them. They are in the game for money, and if they cannot win by fair means, they do not hesitate to resort to foul means. The lovers of baseball can bring them to their senses by continuing to remain away from the games. Appeals through the press are useless; they can be reached only through their pockets.

Danger in Sports .....Denver Time

Those who oppose football are finding much delight in the mortality record of the season recently closed, during which eleven deaths resulted from injuries received on the gridiron. It is noticeable, however, that these fatalities occurred in small schools, where expert training was not had. Football is a severe test of physical endurance and the man who goes into the game should be in the fittest condition. No sensible horse owner would enter for a race a horse which had not been properly trained, and no coursing man of experience would send his greyhounds down for the killing courses when they had not been thoroughly hardened in muscle and worked for wind. A "soft" horse or dog not only has no chance of winning a race, but is very likely to injure himself through over-exertion, for which he is not conditioned. If we have consideration for our brutes, why should not even more attention be given to the physical development of our young men who enter into severe athletic contests? As to the casualties in outdoor sports, it may be said that all sports are indulged in with more or less risk to life or limb. If one argues against one, he should argue against all. Otherwise it is scarcely fair to single out one particular sport and urge that it is criminally dangerous. During the short hunting season just ended seven men were killed in Wisconsin while in the woods deer shooting. In Michigan nine were killed, and in the Adirondacks twenty-three hunters lost their lives in as many days. Two deer hunters were killed in Pennsylvania. Twenty-two moose and deer hunters were killed in the State of Maine. Nine baseball players were fatally hurt on the diamond during the past season. The deaths on the polo field numbered three, while on the links two men were killed by being struck on the head by the golf ball. Eight pugilists were killed in the prize ring. Mountain climbing, tobogganing, ice yachting, skating, fox hunting, bicycling and other kindred sports each year add to the list of fatalities that occur in open-air sporting amusements. Football is a rough game and the men who play it take many chances of injury; but the casualties in other sports show that it is no more dangerous than the others.

American Turf Problems.....New York Tribune

Reports filed at Albany indicate that the turf organizations in New York State had last year a fairly prosperous season. Under the present law the clubs give a percentage of their revenues for the benefit of county fairs. The figures sent to the State Capital show that the Coney Island and Brooklyn Jockey Clubs had a profitable year. Brighton, Westchester and Aqueduct lagged behind the two clubs in Kings County, but Saratoga flourished surprisingly. Racing in the Empire State last spring began with a boom. Had the promise of the opening weeks been kept all the associations would have paid big dividends. Thoroughbred contests are popular when they are managed in the right way, but unless the management is sound and strong it is easy to alienate and repel a great majority of those whose good-will

is most needed. Nevertheless, it is difficult to convince the owners of the tracks and the officers of the clubs that the sport must be held well in hand if intelligent citizens are to look with favor upon a pastime which is so encompassed by betting rings. Many mistakes were made last year. Week after week trainers and jockeys and bookmakers were allowed to play tricks. Later in the season penalties were imposed, but the mischief had been done. Americans are proverbially the best-natured people on earth. They bear a great deal that should not be borne, but when they make up their minds that they are constantly duped by the betting rings without effective interference from the stewards they sometimes find fault. They did so last season. Year after year of leanness had come and gone. With the spread of general prosperity the jockey clubs had tempting opportunities. Racing had regained its popularity, and nine months ago the outlook was inspiriting. Trouble came quickly. Professional gamblers, evil-minded plungers and schemers were soon busy. The turf rulers did not meet the emergency promptly and boldly. They let things drift and scandals multiplied. When they began to bestir themselves and to suspend or expel trainers and jockeys they found that they had not acted soon enough to restore public confidence. In few seasons since the first race was decided in this State was there so much reason for suspicion and censure as in several months last year. The prospect for the coming season is not alluring. The Jockey Club—practically a self-constituted body—has re-elected the stewards whose work last year was not all that it should have been, and the stewards have reappointed the short-sighted, narrow-minded, inefficient employees who did so little when they ought to have done so much. The owners of turf property in most cases have been overanxious for immoderate gain, and have not conducted the tracks in a manner that has been satisfactory to the owners of stables or to the general public. When D. D. Withers ruled Monmouth all the net earnings above a fair interest on the capital actually invested were applied to the increase of stakes and other prizes. He was no seeker of fat dividends. He did not try to make money out of Monmouth. There was no water in the stock. If he were alive to-day Monmouth would still be one of the great courses of the world. After his death a greedy clique grabbed the property and tried to extort profits which were beyond reason or excuse. A revolution on the turf in this State must occur at no distant day. The Brooklyn Jockey Club grounds will be cut up for streets within a few years. The lands owned by the Coney Island Jockey Club cannot long be reserved for racing. Certain capitalists who desire to promote the true interests of sport hope to lay out a new course on Long Island, to be handled as Mr. Withers handled Monmouth. These gentlemen intend to turn over to the racing fund, in order to increase stakes and purses, all the profits, reserving only a modest interest on the capital. When that plan is rounded out racing may again invoke the zeal of the masses.

A Disabled Hunter and a Blind Panther.....Seattle Post-Intelligence

We were hunting for big game among the Black Hills, and one day, when there were signs in the air of a coming snowstorm, I left camp and wandered away for three or four miles. After an hour or two, as I stood resting beside a tree, a deer broke cover in front of me and only a pistol-shot away. It was a fine buck, and he walked into the open as cool and unconcerned as if hunter had never thirsted for his life. I ought to have dropped him dead at that distance, but he fell at my fire, to get up and limp away, and, believing him to be wounded mortally, I followed at my best pace. The ground was rough and covered with young cedars, and, being a bit excited, I paid little heed to what was under foot. Of a sudden I found myself falling, and, as I went down, I dropped my gun to clutch at the nearest branches. I went down twelve or fifteen feet over the edge of a ravine, struck on my feet, and then plunged forward and brought up on a ledge or shelf about four feet wide by ten feet long. This shelf overhung a depth so black and dismal that I dared not wonder how far down it was to the tiny stream flowing over the rocks at the bottom. The ravine was about fifteen feet wide, and directly opposite me, in a mass of rocks, was an opening which I knew at first glance to be the den of some wild animal. I did not take note of these things at once, for in the fall I had broken two ribs and been badly bruised, and was almost unconscious for a quarter of an hour. When I rallied a bit I found a wall fifteen or twenty feet high behind me, and as for the ravine in front, I could not have crossed or descended into it even had I not been injured. I had just taken in the situation when the sky grew dark, the wind swept up the ravine with a long-drawn moan, and snowflakes whirled thickly around my head. I was lying quiet and hoping the pain soon would become easier, when I got such a shock as nearly put my wits to sleep again.

Directly in front of me, across the ravine, coming out of his den with great dignity, appeared the largest panther I had ever seen. He stood snuffing the air and looking full at me, and when I realized how helpless I was things turned dark

and I groaned in despair. It was only a fair leap for the beast across the ravine, and I expected him to make it at once and attack me; but as the minutes passed away and he still hesitated, I began to wonder over his actions. He turned to the left and trotted along over the ground a distance of about twenty feet. Then he wheeled and passed the den by about the same distance the other way. When he had gone over this beat two or three times I discovered what was the matter. As he came toward me I got a clear view, and saw that he was stone blind. There was a white film over each eye, and he could not see a tree in his path. Disease or accident had blinded him, but instinct had taught him the lay of the ground. His movements were as regular as the pendulum of a clock. Just so far down the ravine and return; just so far up the ravine and return. In going down he avoided a stunted cedar growing in a crevice in the rocks; in going up he avoided a bush which was in the direct path. Grace, litheness, strength, ferocity. The lower jaw was down, and I had a fine view of the fangs which could rend the hide of a horse. At every move the terrible claws clicked and grated—claws which would sink to the bone of a man's leg and then strip the quivering flesh off in fragments. There was a curious fascination in watching the beast as he took his promenade. I forgot my plans as I rejoiced over his blindness. Had he been in possession of his natural vision—could he have but seen ever so little—he would have sprung upon me, fastened those yellow fangs in my throat, and in thirty seconds all would have been over. But he was blind, and I hoped he could not discover my presence if I remained quiet.

Of a sudden there was an alarm. The snow was falling more thickly, but the beast was so near that I could catch his every movement. As the wind whirled up the ravine it created an eddy, and from one of the circles of this eddy he got my scent. Stopping midway in his promenade, he reared up and sniffed the air with savage growls, and my heart beat so hard that it seemed as if he must surely hear it and follow the sound until his hot breath was on my face. Sniff—snuff—growl! To the right, to the left, straight ahead. After a minute he lost the scent, and then he stood still and uttered continuous growls as he waited to catch it again. His long tail swept the ground in a half circle, and his ears worked swiftly back and forth. After a minute he got the scent again. He reared up, whirled about three or four times as if on a pivot, and then he pointed full at me. A tape line fifteen feet long would have covered the ground between us—between where I lay helpless and he half crouched for a spring. If the film could be torn from those eyes, how they would glint and glitter and blaze! There was something in the sound of his low growling which chilled my blood—a menace, a warning of what was to come, which forced me to shut my eyes and utter a last prayer. Why does he hesitate? What delays his spring? He waited so long that I concluded his blindness reasoned against his ferocity. But he finally made up his mind to try. I could tell that by his continuous growls, by the ears laid flat back on his head, as you have seen in an angry cat; by the click of his claws on the flinty rock as he sought a foothold for a spring. As he was on the point of taking the leap the capricious breeze played him a trick. He suddenly lost the scent and walked slowly down the shelf to pick it up again, perhaps reasoning that I had moved my position. Ten feet to the right he got it, and with a fierce snarl he crouched and made his leap. Did the beast know the lay of the ground before losing his eyesight, or was it the subtle instinct given to the feline tribe? It was a clear leap of fifteen feet—maybe a foot or two more. Only at that spot could he strike the shelf on which I stood. He rose in the air like a bird taking flight, described a graceful half-curve in the air, and landed so light that I felt rather than heard him. He was ten feet away from me, and he reared up and snuffed at the air in every direction. But for the wind and the snow the beast must have got my scent so close at hand. On the contrary, after about two minutes he leaped back across the ravine and disappeared into his den. Then, with many a groan and half-suppressed ejaculation, I drew myself back until I rested against the cliff. I knew that my ribs were broken, and that unless dicovered by accident I could never leave that ledge alive. It certainly had set in for a snowstorm, and it took only a few moments to hide me from sight under the white mantle. This was my salvation again. As the pain made me half-unconscious a full grown female panther, followed by a cub which may have been a year old, scrambled down the rocks on the opposite side of the ravine to the den of the blind beast. Some taint of my presence must have been in the air, even though so faint they could not locate me. They snarled in anger and sniffed at the air, and it seemed to me as if both looked directly at me for several seconds. If they did I was so buried under the snow that they failed to make out what sort of an object I was. They finally turned and disappeared in the cave, but were out of sight only a moment. When they reappeared the blind panther was with them, and the three scrambled up the rocks and disappeared in the forest. There

had been a killing somewhere and they had come to conduct him to the feast. Perhaps they brought to him food now and then, but he must have had to go with them for water.

I was waiting for I know not what when the end of a strong bark rope with a noose in it suddenly was let down in front of my eyes. No one had come in search of me. Peter, our Indian guide, had discovered the panther den the day before, and had come back on this day in hope of getting a shot. Indian like, he had taken a close survey of things while waiting, and after a time had discovered me on the shelf below. Few men would have tried what he did. As soon as I had slipped the noose over my shoulders and drawn it tight, he began pulling, and though I weighed fifteen pounds more than he did, he finally succeeded in landing me on the edge of the cliff. The rough usage I received made me faint away, and it was while I was unconscious that the three panthers returned. As they scrambled down the rocks and stood for a moment the Indian fired and killed the female. She dropped dead in her tracks, and he fired again and killed the cub. Then something like a tragedy occurred. The blind panther could have saved himself; in fact, he did dash into the cave, but, as if realizing that those he depended on for food and drink were dead, and that without them he must perish, he reappeared, sniffed at their bodies, and then, with a scream in which there was more lament than anger, he leaped into the ravine and vanished into the darkness, to be mashed to a pulp on the rocks below.

Professionalism and Sport.....M. J. Jackson.....Fortnightly

The enormous growth in the popularity of most of our athletic sports and pastimes during the last thirty years has not been free from disadvantages, prominent among which is the introduction of professionalism into games which hitherto had been solely confined to amateurs. It has been said, with a certain amount of justification, that money is the root of all evils; and certainly, in connection with sports, money is usually responsible for all that detracts from its natural advantages. There is hardly a game which, if indulged in purely as a sport, would not be more healthy in its surroundings, and more beneficial to mankind in general, than it is when its chief exponents are paid. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule, as in the case of golf or tennis; but in football, cycling, athletic sports and many other games the introduction of professionalism supplants a sport promoted for the pleasure of those who participate in it by a spectacle arranged for the enjoyment of those who pay to look on. Cricket probably suffers least among British sports by reason of the gate-money it sometimes draws, and this is accounted for by the fact that tradition has set up a standard which professionals follow and the maintenance of which amateurs insist upon. Besides, cricket is not such an exciting or attractive game for the masses to watch as is football, and accordingly only county teams, or a few very powerful elevens, afford a sufficiently amusing spectacle to draw enough "gate" to pay expenses. With football, cycle races and athletic sports it is different. The time occupied by them is much less than by cricket, and the excitement afforded is much greater. The finer points of these pastimes are not difficult to understand, whereas only a cricketer can appreciate good cricket. In golf and cricket the professional is an ancient, honored and necessary institution. He is the servant of the game; so also, in a lesser degree, is the professional at tennis, lawn-tennis and rackets. He teaches the young amateurs how to play, he marks the scores, prepares its courts, and generally is useful to the game. He occasionally plays exhibition matches, but, like the cricketer, his profession does not fail him when he cannot keep his place as a skillful performer. He can still teach the young ideas how to shoot, he can look after the grounds, courts, etc., and he can officiate as marker or umpire. In such games as these the man who joins one for a living adopts a profession which he can follow as long as he could an ordinary trade, and if he be thrifty he can well save enough to provide for his old age. In football the paid player can expect to earn a living only for a very few years. He may lose his skill, meet with an accident, or have a serious illness, either of which mishaps will deprive him of his livelihood. During his playing career he may receive wages far in excess of what he would earn as a laborer or artisan, but "per contra" he has so much spare time and acquires such comparatively expensive habits that he usually spends all that he earns, and when his football career is finished he is reduced to either taking a very small public-house, with a precarious living, or must perforce return to his trade or previous occupation, for which he has probably become unfitted, or with which he is sure to be discontented, by reason of the indolence and pleasures he enjoyed and the extravagant habits he acquired while engaged as a footballer. So it is in rowing, cycling and atheletic sports. Only so long as the professional is good enough to win races can he earn a living, for very few are able, either as trainers, coaches or ground keepers, to obtain any occupation in connection with the professions they have adopted.

Educational Topics of the Day

[This deparment has been compiled from the report of the United States Commissioner of Education for 1897-'98.]

Textile Schools on the Continent

The manufacturers of the leading European nations, and notably the German manufacturing communities, have for several years seen in the trade school a very valuable auxiliary if not a supreme necessity to their business. The textile manufacturers especially have seen that the system of training their workmen in the mill was inefficient and unsatisfactory, that the textile mill was an institution for the purpose of producing goods and not for training captains of industry, and consequently they have been the means of establishing textile schools in many European centres. The most perfect system of training textile manufacturers, agents, superintendents, overseers, and so on is undoubtedly a judicious combination of practical work in the mills and theoretical textile education by some convenient method available to all mill workers, so arranged that theory and practice can go hand in hand.

The expression "Textile School" is used to denote an educational institution where instruction is given either in the day or evening in the spinning, weaving, dyeing, bleaching and printing of textiles or textile fibres.

The day schools are usually attended by sons of manufacturers. The evening schools by artisans who are engaged in a mill or machine shop during the day. Arrangements are made by which these artisans can obtain a thorough technical education at a low cost. Sunday morning is utilized for lectures and practical work. Some of these Sunday classes are attended by crowds of students, and are very popular.

In some districts it is customary for manufacturers to send workmen to the schools, paying their fees and a small wage while at school, the idea being to qualify them to take positions as overseers and managers. This is especially the case in Switzerland, Austria, Germany and Italy. In Italy I have seen girls in one of the schools who had been sent by their employers from the neighboring mills to learn the weaving of new or intricate patterns.

The textile school has certainly come to stay in Europe. There is no manufacturing district and there are few manufacturing cities of importance that are now without a textile school, either in the city or at some convenient town, from which the school can be utilized by the young men of the district. The staffs of the schools are held in high esteem, and their advice is sought by manufacturers in cases of difficulty, while the Government draws on the schools for expert work, especially in judging exhibits at large expositions.

A feature which is being now introduced in many of the best textile schools is a textile museum. There is no doubt that the museum at Crefeld is stimulating other schools to follow its example. The museum at Crefeld, in Germany, is one of the best in Europe; in fact, I have only seen one other which is approximately equal to it, and that is the Museo Archeologico, at Florence, in Italy. In the Crefeld school are 8,000 pieces of fabrics. The collection is of extreme historic value, including fabrics thousands of years old, from the tombs of the Egyptians, down to the fashionable designs of the present year.

Technical Schools in England

The English agitation for technical schools began about 1879. It made but slight progress until 1890, when, because of an unusual circumstance, technical schools were sown broadcast throughout England. In the session of 1890, Parliament, after levying additional duty on the manufacture of beer, to the extent of 6 pence per barrel, which was estimated to yield an income of $3,750,000 per annum, found that the money was not applicable for the purpose for which it was originally intended and a fresh use had to be found for it. Friends of technical education were wide-awake to the opportunity; they took the matter up, and in a very few days the whole sum was appropriated for the advancement of technical education.

The amount was appropriated to each county or county borough in the country, which in turn made sub-appropriations to individual towns, villages and institutes, and thus indirectly the brewers of the United Kingdom support the technical schools. The immediate results of the distribution of this sum of money, and the knowledge that a similar sum would be distributed annually, resulted in the establishment of technical schools or technical classes wherever needed. Scarcely a town of any importance but has an organized class or technical school for systematic education in the local industry, and even large villages have schools. The forced establishment of some kind of technical instruction has resulted in much ill-advised expenditure, in educational development in wrong directions, owing to the lack of knowledge as to what technical education really meant,

and in, perhaps, the greatest evil of all, the establishment of classes without an adequate supply of trained teachers. But the result of this legislation has been, on the whole, beneficial. There are great possibilities in store for the English technical school. The errors in organization and in non-centralization will be corrected in the natural course of events, the supply of teachers will be created by the demand for them, and the certainty of a fixed and permanent income will materially help the movement.

Technical and Industrial Schools for Girls on the Continent

The technical instruction of girls has taken a front rank in the municipal cares and duties of almost every town and city in Central Europe. Thirty years ago the schools were unknown; to-day they are counted by the hundred in all the kingdoms of central Europe. Formerly the public authorities paid little heed to the instruction of girls beyond seeing to their moral and religious training and teaching them needlework. It is now admitted on all sides that girls should also be taught to earn their bread in an honorable and suitable occupation, and, above all, that they should be well trained in domestic economy.

There are two kinds of schools in Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria and Hungary—the head schools and the hand schools. They are both under the same roof, and the pupils attend for three hours at one of the schools, and three hours at the other; in other words, half the day is given to ordinary education and half to whatever trade or profession the girl has chosen in which to earn her bread. When a girl leaves these schools she is able to command a fair salary, thus avoiding the dangers of apprenticeship in the ateliers. These schools are found so useful that in most cities and towns two-thirds of the expenditure is defrayed out of municipal funds and one-third by the national treasury, the fees charged being only nominal. First come Les Ecoles Ménagères, or housekeeping schools; secondly, Ecoles Professionnelles des Jeunes Filles, or handwork schools for girls. The handwork school for girls at Amsterdam is not only the oldest, but also one of the finest of the kind in Europe. It was founded by private subscription in 1865, and is lodged in a fine building close to the botanical garden. It is intended for the daughters of the "bourgeoisie," or shopkeepers, but any girl over twelve years of age is admitted if she can pass the preliminary examination in reading, writing, arithmetic and drawing. A small fee is charged and the course is one of three years, the principal classes being for drawing, leather work, wood carving, dressmaking, millinery, plain needlework, artificial flowers and lace. New occupations, such as typewriting, telegraphy, etc., are constantly added. There are more than two hundred girls, all externes, and the proceeds of their work pay about one-third of the annual cost, the rest of the burden being shared equally between the Dutch Government and the municipality of Amsterdam.

At Brussels the housekeeping school is in the workmen's quarter near the Allée Verte. It is in connection with a kindergarten, and the communal or national girls' school that is in adjoining premises. It is limited to ten girls at a time, who must be over twelve years old, and must have finished the ordinary course in the primary school of reading, writing, drawing and arithmetic. The girls are taught in batches of ten for a week, each class coming back four times in the year; thus each girl receives nearly thirty days' instruction per annum, and at the end of their term, which lasts usually about three years, she is quite able to manage a small or even a good-sized establishment. The corporation allows 6d. a day for each person, and the girls must limit their expenditure to this sum. They go to market themselves, and out of this modest sum all necessaries—bread, butter, meat, vegetables, fruit, beer and sundries, but not fuel—for two meals must be provided.

The cookery school at Brussels costs the municipality 12,000 francs, or £480 a year, and teaches 100 girls in the year.

Brussels is also proud of her Ecoles Professionelles for girls. The earliest and principal one was founded in 1865. The object of the founder was to save girls from factory labor by teaching them practically lucrative employments. The course of instruction extends over three years, and includes arithmetic, history, geography, natural sciences, dressmaking, hygiene, domestic economy, drawing, modeling, painting on china, artificial flowers, millinery, lace making, embroidery, typewriting, telegraphy, etc., so as to enable girls to earn their own livelihood after leaving school. Drawing is the groundwork of all technical education on the Continent; it is considered necessary for every profession.

Würtemberg and Bavaria have made great progress in the technical education of girls. Not far from Stuttgart is the famous girls' work school of Rentlingen. Some of the Swiss cantons have evening technical class for girls, and near Zurich there is a very remarkable working girls' school. In Austria there are 398 working women's schools attended by 18,000 girls. Some of these schools are maintained by charitable women, some receive subsidies from the crown or the local authorities, some are free, while a fee of two or three shillings a month is charged in others. Most of them

are modeled after the Ecole Professionelle at Brussels. Vienna has a school founded by charitable women, where the highest form of cooking is taught by one of the first chefs in Vienna. The duties of housemaid and waitress and the most necessary art of mending table linen is also taught. The girls have to pass a practical examination before receiving their diploma. But the glory of Vienna is the Government Art School of Embroidery, the classes of which are under the direction of Madame St. George, perhaps the most accomplished designer and needlewoman in the world. The entire course of instruction, which is quite free, lasts five years, but many pupils leave after two or three years, especially ladies who do not intend to make art work their profession, and are satisfied with knowing the rudiments of either lacework or art embroidery, for every year has its special course. Every year's course has its special room and instructress, and the pupils cannot go from one to the other until the year expires.

A movement is on foot in Denmark, corresponding with the needlework industries of England and Ireland, to advance the farming and dairy interests for the benefit of women. Little girls are being trained to raise poultry, make cheese and butter, and brand them with the badge of excellence. The agricultural, industrial and scientific worlds are levied upon for improved machinery and appliances. By the use of special methods ten per cent. more butter is extracted from a gallon of milk than has heretofore been the custom. These fancy products are put in the highest markets, and yield a much greater revenue than by the old system of woman's work.

How the Indian School Teacher Is Supported

That the schools of India have not been more potent in elevating her people is due in part to the fact that they had no adequate financial support. Too much was intrusted to voluntary interest. The "schoolmaster's fields" furnished too meagre an income for the honorable padha or teacher. He was too often obliged to gratuitously entertain and clothe the pupils who came to seek his instruction. He was prohibited in every religion (except the Sikh) by inexorable custom from receiving stipulated wages, but must give his services "Lillah," for the love of God. Such a course was sufficient to impoverish any "pundit," were it not for the custom of making presents to these respected men. Feast days and lunar observances formed the occasion for such gifts. "Pundits" are often supported by what is called "Jajmance" or "Katha," which is a subscription made by a number of families to whom they act as religious teachers. Occasionally a wealthy man will employ a "maulvi" to teach his own son and the sons of relatives, allowing the "maulvi" to supplement his pay by private tutoring. A few celebrated "Banya padhas" adopted the custom of migrating to neighboring villages, offering to teach children the multiplication tables, ciphering, bookkeeping and drafting bills within a certain time. Some illustrious "padhas" received as high as 100 rupees per month, but the average teacher's wage is the despicable sum of 10 rupees, or $5, per month. In some localities pupils have a custom of presenting each week to the teacher the sum of two pice (one thirty-second of a rupee), giving the same to his Hindoo "padha" on Sunday or to his Mohammedan "rawal" on Thursday. Presents of food are also made—seven loaves per month for the Mohammedan, and certain measures of flour, ghee, dal, salt and vegetables ("sida") for the Brahmin "padha." A cash present is also given at the commencement of each new book, on the occasion of a wedding, birth of a son, graduation or important public festival. In Landé schools the Brahmin "padha" gets flour, ghi, salt, vegetables and pepper on the 11th of each lunar month, and a large present on the 4th of the light fortnight ("Bhadon"). A curious custom prevails on this occasion. The teacher, accompanied by his pupils, visits all the parents. Before starting, each pupil places before the idol Ganésh, who is the patron of learning, offerings of flour and ghi, also two or four sticks suitable for fencing practice. The teacher appropriates the eatables and blesses the sticks. The boys then, carrying the sticks, march in squads of four and go through the fencing drill at each house. The patrons feel obliged to treat the boys with sweetmeats and present the teacher with money, food or a new turban. In Koran schools presents to the teacher are always in order. The boys are expected, besides, to assist as pupil teachers and by any personal service which the teacher may require, such as bringing water for house uses, kindling fires, and collecting refuse wood, going to the bazaar or market for supplies, and caring for the teacher's small children. When a boy finishes the Koran, wealthy parents are expected to present a "padha" a hundred rupees, or a field for rice culture, or a cart, with bullocks to draw it. The school observes a holiday. The pupils, with their respective teacher, meet at the graduate's house, the "maulvi" receives his present, and all unite to sing the "Amin" as a blessing upon the graduate. The refrain is caught up by the audience in Arabic, viz.: "Praise be to God, who sees us," sing the students, and the chorus responds, "Amin, ilahi, Amin," Amen, O God, amen!

In Dialect: Selections of Character Verse

The Worst Teacher.....H. F. Day.....Lewiston Journal

That teacher was the worst we ever tackled,
He warn't so very tall and he was light.
—It is best to lay your egg before you've cackled,
Though we never had a notion he could fight.

For he acted sort of meechin' when he opened up the school,
—We sort of got the notion he was It—and we tagged gool.
We gave him lots of jolly in a free and easy way,
And showed him how we handled guys as got to actin' gay.
We showed him where the other one had torn away the door
When we lugged him out and dumped him in the snow the year before.
And soon's we thought we had him scart, we sat and chawed and spit,
And kind o' thought we'd run the school—concludin' he was It.

It worked along in that way, sir, till Friday afternoon.
—We hadn't lugged him out that week, but 'lowed to do it soon.
That Friday, 'long about 3 o'clock, he said there'd be recess,
And said, "The smaller kids and girls can go for good, I guess."
And he mentioned smooth and smily, but with kind o' greenish eyes.
That the big boys were requested to remain for exercise.

And when he called us in again he up and locked the door,
Shucked off his co't and weskit, took the middle of the floor,
And talked about gymnastys in a quiet little speech.
—Then he made a pass at Haskell who was nearest one in reach.
'Twas hot and swift and sudden and it took him on the jaw,
And that was all the exercise the Haskell feller saw.

Then jumpin' over Haskell's seat, he sauntered up the aisle,
A-hittin' right and hittin' left and wearin' that same smile.
And when a feller started up and tried to hit him back,
'Twas slipper-slapper, whacko-cracker, whango-bango—crack!
And never, sir, in all your life, did you see flippers whiz
In such a blame, chain-lightnin' style as them 'ere hands of his.

And though we hit and though we dodged, or rushed by twos or threes,
He simply strolled around that room and licked us all with ease.
And when the thing was nicely done, he dumped us in the yard.
He clicked the padlock on the door and passed us all a card.
And this was what was printed there, "Professor Joseph Tate,
Athletics made a specialty and champion middleweight."

That teacher was the worst we ever tackled,
He warn't so very tall and he was light.
—It is best to lay your egg before you've cackled,
Though we never had a notion he could fight.

A Prairie Idyl.....Roy Farrell Greene.....Kansas City Independent

She struck the ranch a week ago with cheeks as fair an' rosy;
An' sorter soft an' velvet-like as any prairie posy.
Her hair's a sort o' bunch-grass tint an' fluffy like the branches
O' these here rag-weeds, bloomin' things 'at grows aroun' the ranches.
Her lips are red as roses wild, an' mighty sight the sweeter,
An' say, I'd rather face a catamount than meet her!
It ruffles me until I'd like to crawl beneath the table,
Fer I'm a woolly cuss an' she's the ranchman's daughter Mabel.

Jehosophat! her learnin's rich as some bonanza placer;
Ye see the ol' man's run the ranch an' she's been off to Vassar,
Wherever that be; seems as if the sentences o' Latin
An' Greek slip out her pretty mouth as slick and smooth as satin.
Doggone my skin, I know a lot of Sioux an' Choctaw lingo,
But I can't lasso half my words to talk with her, by jingo!
I try to round up sentences an' find I'm no ways able,
Fer I'm a woolly cuss an' she's the ranchman's daughter Mabel.

I reckon she's got pretty eyes ef out their cage she'd free 'em;
She wears a pair o' goggles an' ye never get to see 'em!
It may be style, but somehow glasses look so kind o' scary
They're never counted beautifyin' out here on the prairie.
I s'pose her dresses cost a heap, but gowns ain't all of beauty;
I like her 'cause she likes her dad, an' likes to do her duty.
A can of fruit that's good, you know, ain't bettered by the label,
An' silk don't make a mite more sweet the ranchman's daughter Mabel.

The Joke on Pat.....Ellis Parker Butler.....Chicago Inter-Ocean

Shure now, Mis' O'Malley, it's me that is tellin'
The joke on me mon, Saints presarve him the day,
Fer it's him that it is knows no writin' nor spellin'
Nor can't rade his name, an' his hair's turnin' gray.

But Pat's a great wan fer to hear all that's goin',
An' Kitty's the lass, now she's tendin' the school,
That got sich a scholard it's her that is knowin'
Both radin' an' spellin'. Och, Kitty's no fool.

Shure then, Mis' O'Malley, the soight's worth the seein'
When tay toime is over, an' Pathrick an' me
Sits list'nin' to Kitty, an' you'd be agreein'
The darlint looks swate wid her book on her knee.

Last night bein' coldish, when Pat quit his workin'
He stopped at O'Toole's fer a wee bit o' gin,
Fer a small glass o' gin, as ye know, is quite cheerrin'
An' warms up a mon, both widout an' widin.

Well, Pat whoile awaitin' ('twas thus that he told it),
He spies on the bar, all a-folded so nate,
A bran' new newspaper; shure Pat up an' stoled it,
To bring home to Kitty a bit of a trate.

The thing, Ted O'Toole, he will never be missin'
(Thinks Pat), an' how noice, by the foire, after tay,
Shure now, we'll be foine as we sits there to listen,
Whoile Kit rades out lowd all the news o' the day.

So home comes me Pat wid his illegant paper
Hid snugly away in the top o' his hat,
An' hands it to Kit wid a bit o' a caper,
An' says to her: "Kitty, me darlint, how's that?"

Then Kit takes the paper, and quick she unfolds it,
An' Kit turns it over, wrong side an' roight.
But this way or that way, no use how she holds it,
The darlint is stumped, an' she can't rade a moite.

Och, Pat he was sad, an' shure now it did grieve me
To lose of the news we was wishin' so much;
But shure, Mis' O'Malley, I hope you'll believe me,
Bedad, if the blissed ould thing wasn't Dutch!

When Pa Put Up the Stovepipe.....San Francisco Examiner

When pa put up the stovepipe, then
My ma would say, "I'll come again
'Bout nex' week Friday." Then she'd go,
An' I—I wished I could, you know.
'Twan't no use wishin'; I must stay
An' hear the things my pa would say
When that there stovepipe had no fit—
But pa he had one, I'll admit.

Firs' pa he'd take a joint of pipe
An' say, "Now hit that end a swipe."
An' when the soot his bald spot mussed,
My pa he mostly up an' cussed
Until he thought about his swears
An' says, "That, Alfred, was my prayers,
Fer I drink from devotion's cup
Whene'er I put a stovepipe up."

An' then he'd take a biggish joint
An' try to pound it to a point
To drive it in some little end.
An' when the pipe would seem to bend
An' sort o' swipe him on the jaw,
The things my pa said then, why, law!
I couldn't tell you if I tried,
But I jus' laughed until I cried.

An' when my pa said, "Son, commere!"
But I—I didn't come real near,
Because just then he slipped an' fell
An' six joints tumbled, too, as well,
An' soot came, too, straight in their track
An' poured three gallons down his back
An' in his mouth an' served to calk
Him up so tight he couldn't talk.

An' that is all, except I got
A pail of water, middlin' hot,
An' washed him out an' washed him off,
An' all that pa could do was cough
Until he said, "Now get a man
To fix this dang pipe ef he can!"
The man he fixed it pretty soon—
An' ma came home that afternoon.

Bill's Courtship.....Atlanta Constitution

Bill looked happy as could be
One bright mornin'; an' says he:
"Folks has been a-tellin' me
Mollie's set her cap my way;
An' I'm goin' thar to-day
With the license; so, ol' boy,
Might's well shake, an' wish me joy!
Never seen a woman yit
This here feller couldn't git!"

Now, it happened, that same day,
I'd been lookin' Mollie's way—
Jest had saddled my ol' hoss
To go canterin' across
Parson Jones' pastur', an'
Ax her fer her heart an' han'!
So, when Bill had had his say
An' done set his weddin' day
I lit out an' rid that way.

Mollie met me at the door—
"Glad to see yer face once more!"
She—says she: "Come in—come in!"
("It's the best man now will win,"
Thinks I to myself.) Then she
Brung a rocker out fer me
On the cool piazza wide,
With her own chair right 'longside!

I about two hours I knowed
In that race I had the road!
Talked in sich a winnin' way
Got her whar she named the day,
With her shiny head at rest
On my speckled Sunday vest!
An', whilst in that happy state,
Bill—he rid up to the gate.

Well, sir-ee! . . . He sot him down—
Cheapest lookin' chap in town!
(Knowed at once I'd set my traps!)
Talked 'bout weather an' the craps,
An' a thousan' things, an' then—
Jest the lonesomest o' men—
Said he had so fur to ride,
Reckoned it wuz time to slide!

But I hollered out: "Ol' boy,
Might's well shake, an' wish me joy!
I hain't seen the woman yit
That this feller couldn't git!"

Sociologic Questions of the Times

Women in French Industries....Ada Cone.....Contemporary Review

The reports of the French Labor Bureau show that the proportion of women to men in the industrial establishments of France has been as follows: In 1864 it was 21.1 per cent.; in 1873 it was 33 per cent.; and to-day it is 38.1 per cent. This steady gain of women upon men in the factories seems to be due not alone to an actual increase, but—and this is not without its interest—in part to an actual decrease in the number of men. It appears, in fact, from a report of the Labor Bureau that during the last four years, while the feminine element in the factories has increased by 120,000 units, the whole number has increased by but 47,425 units; from which it should follow that during this time the number of men has decreased by 72,575 units. The whole number of women to-day in the industrial establishments subject to the labor laws is 850,456, and the whole number of men is 1,650,456. But these figures do not show the entire number of women in industrial establishments. The Labor Bureau reports add, after the number of women, the limiting clause—"exclusive of charitable establishments." There exists, in fact, an important category of industrial establishments, situated in convents, and directed by female religious orders, that employ women in the making of underwear. These houses are officially classed as charitable, but they are acknowledged to be regularly mounted "sweating rooms," working by contract for the trade. In these convent manufactories 150,000 women are occupied on contract job work. Nothing equivalent to this exists for the men. This number is then to be added to the whole number of women in industrial establishments, which gives a round million of women against a million and a half of men, or 40 per cent. of women in the industrial establishments of France. These figures refer to the number of workers in factories only. A great number of both sexes are in industries outside. If we look at the entire population in industries as given in the annuaries, we arrive at the following interesting result: Of the 18,500,000 that compose the masculine element in France, 10,000,000 earn their living, and 2,500,000, or one-fourth of the men earning their living, are found in industries; while of the same number composing the feminine element 4,000,000 earn their living at wages, and 1,500,000 or three-eighths of those earning their living at wages are found in industries; which gives as engaged in industries a larger proportion of women who earn their living than of men who earn their living. In other words, the wage-earning women of France turn in greater proportion than the wage-earning men to industries for a livelihood.

Employers' Liability.....Official Reports

Two reports on employers' liability have been issued recently — one by the New York State Bureau of Labor Statistics, the other by the Federal Government. The latter deals with the law in certain of the United States and abroad in relation to workmen's compensation, but is purely technical. The first gives a general exposition of the question. Employers' liability has never produced widespread enthusiasm in this country, probably because it is so obvious that any act intended to compensate injured workmen, or to provide for the families of those killed while at work, would simply add to the profits of the legal profession unless that compensation should take the form of a pension paid by the State and raised by a tax on employers of labor. Our experience with military pensions naturally makes us hesitate to adopt an industrial pension system. We quote the following summary of the question from the report of the New York State Bureau of Labor Statistics:

Nowhere, says Commissioner McMackin, has the modern State assumed that its help is not needed by the working people in dealing with the problem of accidents. It has, as a matter of fact, pronounced gross negligence on the part of the employer to be criminal under certain conditions. It has, through its Legislature or its courts, required employers to erect and maintain safeguards about machinery, and has placed upon the employer a financial responsibility to his injured employees, to be inforced by an action for damages. The liability of American employers to pay civil damages to injured employees rests largely upon the doctrine of common employment; by which an employer is not responsible for the negligence of his agent or employees, provided the person injured is also in his service.

The absurdity of the doctrine of common employment was recognized in Germany nearly a generation ago (1871). England partially abrogated the doctrine in 1880 and replaced it with entirely new methods of enforcing employer's responsibility in 1897. Throughout Europe the doctrine long since lost all defenders, but in this country it is still upheld, except in a few of the

States. Alabama followed England in 1885 and Massachusetts in 1887. A few other States have restricted its application by statute or by the courts.

The abolition of the doctrine of common employment appears at first sight a simple and adequate remedy for the establishment of the responsibility of employers in cases of accidental injury to workmen. It was so thought by the workingmen of Europe until an experience of from ten to twenty years convinced them of the utter failure of employers' liability laws to secure justice. In order to obtain a verdict for damages, the workman is obliged to break down a host of defenses set up by clever attorneys. He must prove first of all that he himself exercised the utmost care, else he will be adjudged guilty of 'contributory negligence,' and his case dismissed. He must prove that he was carrying out orders of his superiors; that he was engaged at work within his own employment; that machinery was defective. Finally, after he has given legal proof of these and other technical facts, he must show that he gave notice to his employer of any defect in the machinery that may have contributed to the injury. If he was aware of any defect and failed to make complaint, he thereby 'acquiesced' in the situation and had no legal remedy. The element of uncertainty is, therefore, of great importance even with the best employers' liability laws, and deters scores of workmen from attempting to secure a just compensation. Other deterrents are the heavy expenses of litigation and the absolute certainty of losing employment. On the other hand, the liability laws were only a little less distasteful and unsatisfactory to the employers, who were often put to enormous expense to defend themselves against the legal attacks of professional 'accident' attorneys. The money that fair-minded employers would willingly have paid to an injured employee in compensation they saw absorbed in the costly processes of litigation.

The principle of liability laws requires the fixing of the responsibility for the accident. That it is extremely difficult to trace this to a single person was shown in a German investigation in 1887, in which the causes of 15,970 accidents were gone over. It was shown that 20 per cent. of these accidents were caused by the fault of the employer, 26 per cent. by the fault of the injured, 4 per cent. by the fault of both and 3 per cent. by the fault of a third person, particularly a co-employee. That 44 per cent. of the accidents were due to inevitable risk when at work, and for the balance no cause could be assigned.

In order, therefore, to do away with the heavy expenditures for litigation, which benefit no useful class in society, to secure adequate compensation for every accidental injury during work, and to replace hostility between employer and employed with industrial peace, both employer and workman in the great European countries joined in promoting legislation which gave to every workman, injured while at his occupation, the right to a stipulated compensation without recourse to law. The underlying principle of these workmen's compensation acts, as they are called, is the demonstrated fact that most accidents are an incident of the industry rather than the fault of individuals. Laws for the prevention of accidents have accomplished so little, principally because a vast number of accidents is positively inevitable under the pressure of competition. The hazard of accident is to be treated in precisely the same manner as progressive business men have treated the danger of fire, i. e., to be insured against, and the cost of insurance charged against the expense account. It thus becomes a charge upon the industry, and is eventually paid by the community as consumers. In some countries accident insurance is compulsory, the purpose being the prevention of losses to injured workmen whose employers become insolvent.

Germany was the first country to enact a workmen's compensation law in 1884. Austria followed in 1887 and Norway in 1894. England, after long years of agitation for the reform of the employers' liability act of 1880, finally accepted the principle of compensation and enacted the workmen's compensation act of 1897. England's decisive action brought to a head the sentiment in favor of compensation acts in the countries of Continental Europe, and within a short time the legislatures of Denmark, Italy, France and Switzerland fell into line, and nearly every other country in Europe has undertaken investigations preliminary to parliamentary action. Insurance companies have entered the business of assuming the liabilities of employers according to a fixed schedule of rates. Two or three of the British companies have opened branch offices in this country, while many American companies have also in late years entered into competition for the business, which has grown rapidly.

In Famine-Stricken India.....New York Times

It is officially stated that in October last the famine area in India was estimated to comprise about 100,000 square miles in British territory, with a population of 15,000,000, and about 250,000 square miles in native territory, with a population also of about 15,000,000. The revised estimates now show the famine area in British territory to be about 140,000 square miles, with a population

of 22,000,000. In a further area of about 10,000 square miles, with a population of about 2,500,000, scarcity and distress prevail of a sufficiently general character to require the opening of famine relief works, and in a yet further area of about 65,000 square miles, with a population of about 10,000,000, severe scarcity also exists. In native territory the famine area, including tracts where conditions of severe scarcity approximating famine prevail, may be put at about 230,000 square miles, with a population of about 27,000,000. The acutely distressed, or true famine area, in native territory may be taken at about 160,000 square miles, with a population of about 18,000,000. For the whole of India an area of close on 500,000 square miles, with a population of some 60,000,000, is affected by the famine, more than 60 per cent. of this area and population acutely so. Such is the general situation. Detailed reports from the various provinces affected all agree in saying that never before in the history of the country has so dire a calamity of such stupendous magnitude overtaken it.

There are at the present time close on four millions of people on famine relief. The number is growing at the rate of something like a quarter of a million weekly. And the worst pinch of the famine has not yet been felt. That will come later, in the spring and early summer. It is difficult to realize the extent of the famine relief operations which will be necessary in two or three months' time. They will tax the resources of Government, both in men and money, to an extent never before heard of or even contemplated. Already all available officials are working practically continuously on famine relief in the affected areas. But these areas are so immense, the distances so great, and the pressure of work so enormous that already it is apparent that there are not half enough workers in the field. A single official may have an area of 10,000 square miles, with a population of 1,000,000 in his immediate charge. Under these circumstances much of the minor detail has to be left in the hands of native subordinates. But, unfortunately, these subordinates, true to the immemorial customs of the Orient, are to a great extent corrupt and dishonest.

Thus it is to be feared that in too many cases the people on relief are plundered and exploited by the petty native officials immediately in charge of the relief operations. In ordinary times this evil would be remedied, or to a great extent mitigated, by the employment of a large number of military officers, men who belong to native regiments, and who accordingly are well acquainted with the country and the people. Many such were lent to the civil governments when the famine began, but it is no longer possible to spare any more. The war in South Africa has drained India of some hundreds of officers, and it is with difficulty that the routine work of regiments can be got through. Accordingly the civil government will have to do the best they can with their own officers. The war also affects the famine in another way. No charitable relief can be expected from England, the various war funds draining all superfluous money into their coffers. In the famine of three years ago no less than £500,000 was subscribed in England for charitable relief in India.

The scarcity, coming, as I have said, on the top of a series of bad years, has affected the people to an extraordinary degree. They are resigned, phlegmatic, helpless and hopeless. Lord Sandhurst, the Governor of Bombay, reports that the famine has affected seriously a higher stratum of society than has ever been the case before. The same might be said with equal truth of other parts of India. From all parts come reports of crops either wholly spoiled or simply non-existent. The cotton crop in some of the most renowned cotton districts is said to be not one-twentieth of the normal yield. In many districts it is not worth gathering in. The yield of all India is less by some 700,000 bales than was the case last year. The ground nut crop is but an eighth of last year's crop. The wheat crop will be wretched. In many districts it was impossible to carry out sowings, owing to the intense dryness of the soil. In others the seeds either never germinated or the young plants withered and died. Only on irrigated lands will there be any appreciable return. And even in this case the crop will be deficient, for, owing to the scanty snowfall in the Himalaya, the rivers, and consequently the canals, have been running abnormally low, and irrigation has been curtailed to an unprecedented extent.

Cattle are dying now by tens of thousands. In many places peasants are with difficulty keeping their beasts alive by means of dried leaves, the thatch of houses, weeds and similar rubbish. In Kathiawar, the peninsula on the west of India, which is composed entirely of small native States, the mortality among the cattle is appalling. Wells have been dug elsewhere, and some small supply of water obtained, but in many parts of Kathiawar this is impossible, owing to the brackishness of the water, the whole country, in times gone by, having been covered by the sea. It being against the religious principles of the Hindus to kill their cattle, even when they are dying in intense agony of thirst and hunger, the poor beasts are turned loose in thousands in the desert to die miserably, their wretched skeletons being speedily picked clean by jackals and vultures. Hides to the extent

of hundreds of thousands have been exported from places where previously there was little or no trade in such articles. In some places the railway cars are choked with hides, the rolling stock being insufficient to deal with the immense numbers brought in.

Meanwhile crime, the invariable accompaniment of famine, stalks abroad. The police are unable to cope with it, and from many quarters come reports of assaults, highway robberies and even murders, carried out publicly and in the light of day. The money lenders especially appear to be marked down for the people's wrath. In one district alone a dozen such have been robbed and beaten within the space of a single month. All books, deeds and the like are invariably burned on these occasions, and the loss to the bankers, all natives, is, of course, immense.

Profit on Municipal Gas in Great Britain..E. W. Bemis..N. Y. Times

Any one skeptical of the results of municipal operation should carefully study English gas history, not only because, next to water, the gas industry and its management by municipalities is the oldest of any municipal undertaking for profit, but because most of the opponents of such public operation have given up the fight against public operation of water works and concentrated attention on gas and electricity. I have made a study of 109 private-owned gas companies and 79 public plants in six northern counties, using the latest returns to the House of Commons that are at hand, viz., those for the fiscal year 1897-8. These private companies, with sales of 15,537,705,000 feet, received from gas, rent of meters and stoves and from residuals and other sources 74.7 cents per 1,000 feet. The public plants, selling 20,511,331,000 feet, obtained 75.4 cents, or seven-tenths of a cent more than the private companies. On the other hand, not only were the operating expenses, before deducting residuals, 2.3 cents less in the public plants, being 52.4 cents per 1,000 feet, as compared with 54.7 cents in the private companies, but the consumer obtained three advantages from his slightly higher payment of less than three-quarters of a cent per 1,000 feet on the average. One of these advantages arose from the considerable payment to the sinking fund, so that ultimately, after the debt has been paid, the cities will be able to sell gas at merely operating cost, if they so desire. In the second place, so far as the consumer is a taxpayer, relief in tax burden from the net profits of the gas works equaled in a large proportion of cases the very slight additional charge for gas. The third advantage of the gas consumers of the public plants, and one that alone much more than counterbalances the above three-quarters of a cent of increased charge, was the higher candle power. Of the gas sold by the public plants in these six northern counties, 41.8 per cent. was above 18.5 candle power and only 2.3 per cent. was below 16.5 candle power, while of the sales by the private companies only 27.5 per cent. was above 18.5 candle power, and 37 per cent. was below 16.5 candle power. A clearer illustration of the superiority of public management under what the critics consider substantially similar conditions could not be imagined. To be sure, the average sales of the 109 private plants, of about 142,000,000 feet, was considerably less than the average sales of 260,000,000 feet in the public plants, but after the output of a plant reaches 140,000,000 feet the economies do not increase rapidly with the increase of another 120,000,000 feet. In the above companies is sold nearly one-half of the gas of the public-owned plants and one-fifth of that of the private-owned plants of the United Kingdom.

It is no wonder that during the past ten years thirty-eight private gas works have been bought by cities and no changes have occurred in the opposite direction in Great Britain. There would be much more rapid change to public ownership of the gas industry were it not for the English laws, which prevent a municipality entering upon this business without first buying out the existing company at its franchise value. Gas franchises in England were granted many decades ago, before limitations of time and provisions for public purchase at reasonable prices were thought of.

On March 6, 1899, the Local Government Board, as previously ordered by the House of Commons, submitted a return of all the leading municipal undertakings from which any revenue is derived in the United Kingdom. It appears that the average annual net profit on water works during the five years ended March 31, 1898, was 4.2 per cent. of the outstanding capital. In gas works the profit was 7.47 per cent., in tramways 6.09 per cent., and electric lighting 4.6 per cent., making a total average profit of £3,215,281, or 5.14 per cent. of the total capital outstanding in March, 1898, of £62,547,969. The total average annual net income on certain other municipal undertakings, such as markets, baths, cemeteries, working-class dwellings and piers, was £308,387, or 4.27 per cent. of the capital of £9,335,263. Still other undertakings of municipalities, such as sewage disposal, slaughter houses, public libraries, harbors, etc., were not investigated, since the revenue feature with them is intentionally and rightly made subordinate to considerations of health, education and general social advantage in their management.

Brook Farm

[The following account of the organization of Brook Farm as an association, and of life there, is from Brook Farm, Its Members, Scholars and Visitors, by Lindsay Swift (The Macmillan Co., $2.00). For two years Brook Farm was an association of men and women banded together for the gaining of a simple livelihood, in peace and good-fellowship. During the last three years of its life it tended toward the Communism of Fourier. Fourierism was inimical to life. "Admirably did Emerson penetrate the mesh when he said that Fourier in his scheme had slipped no fact but one, namely, Life." The direct cause for the disbanding of the Brook Farmers was financial stress brought about by the burning of the Phalanstery.]

In the summer of 1840 Mr. and Mrs. Ripley boarded on a milk farm in West Roxbury. It was a pleasant place, varied in contour, with pine woods close at hand, the Charles River within easy distance. A close inspection of the substratum of sand and gravel would have confirmed a suspicion in the mind of a practical farmer that there was a reason why there had been no attempt to produce anything but milk on the estate; but the meadows, which formed a large part of the farm, were fair to see, and the fertile farms adjoining seemed to indicate a favorable soil and location. At all events, the Ripleys left it feeling that they had found a spot on which to carry out what had become their dearest wish: "To insure a more natural union between intellectual and manual labor than now exists; to combine the thinker and the worker, as far as possible, in the same individual; to guarantee the highest mental freedom, by providing all with labor adapted to their tastes and talents, and securing to them the fruits of their industry; to do away with the necessity of menial services by opening the benefits of education and the profits of labor to all; and thus to prepare a society of liberal, intelligent and cultivated persons, whose relations with each other would permit a more wholesome and simple life than can be led amidst the pressure of our competitive institutions." "To accomplish these objects," Ripley wrote to Emerson, in a letter of November 9, 1840, "we propose to take a small tract of land which, under skillful husbandry, uniting the garden and the farm, will be adequate to the subsistence of the families; and to connect with this a school or college, from the first rudiments to the highest culture."

When Ripley first talked over the subject of an association with Emerson, he thought that $50,000 would be necessary for its equipment; but at the time of writing the above letter he had decided that $30,000 would supply the land and buildings for ten families, and allow a sufficient margin to cover the first year's expenses. This sum he proposed to raise by forming a joint stock company among those who were friendly to his enterprise, each subscriber to be guaranteed a fixed interest, and the subscriptions to be secured by the real estate. Ten thousand dollars of the amount he believed could be raised among those who were ready to lend their personal co-operation to the undertaking, the rest could be furnished by those whose sympathy could only take the form of financial encouragement. The shares he would place at $500 each; five per cent. interest would be guaranteed, and the privilege of withdrawing would be allowed to any shareholder who gave three months' notice of his intention. This last proviso, however, was modified when the articles of association came to be drawn up.

In the winter of 1840 Ripley decided to buy Brook Farm, making himself at first responsible for its management and success. About the 1st of April, 1841, he, with his wife and sister and some fifteen others, including Hawthorne, Mrs. Minot Pratt and children, George Bradford and Warren Burton, took possession of the farmhouse which, with a large barn, was already on the estate. The first six months were spent in "getting started," especially in the matter of the school, of which Miss Ripley was largely in charge, and it was not until the early fall—September 29—that the "Brook Farm Institute of Agriculture and Education" was organized.

The farm was bought of Charles and Maria M. Ellis, and, according to the deed, dated October 11, 1841, contained "about 170 acres of land in that part of the town of Roxbury which has lately been set off from New town," and on "the westerly side of the road leading from Dedham to Watertown." Another parcel of land, called the "Keith lot," lying on the opposite side of this road, was included in the same conveyance, but there is nothing in the deed showing the area of this lot, and it would be difficult at this time to establish its boundaries with any degree of certainty. The area was twenty-two acres. The consideration for the whole estate is stated to be $10,500. On the same day, October 11, 1841, Ripley, Hawthorne, Dana and Allen, as trustees, mortgaged the property to Daniel Wilder and Josiah Quincy, commissioners of the sinking fund of the Western Railroad Corporation, to secure the payment of $6,000 in three years and twenty-one days. They also made a second mortgage to

secure to George R. Russell, Henry P. Sturgis and Francis G. Shaw the payment of $1,500 each, and to Lucy Cabot the payment of $500. If the consideration named in the deed from Ellis and his wife was the real consideration (and it probably was), it would seem that the trustees succeeded, at the start, in mortgaging their property for $500 more than it cost them.

Each subscriber was entitled to the tuition of one pupil for every share of stock held, instead of his interest, or tuition to an amount not exceeding 20 per cent. interest on his investment. The consent of the trustees was necessary to the legal transference of stock, and any stockholder might withdraw his stock, with the interest due thereon, by giving twelve months' notice to the trustees. Every application for resident membership was to be received on a two months' probation, and at the end of that time the established members were to decide on his merits as a permanent acquisition, a two-third vote being required for his admission. It was agreed that labor should offset the price of board, a year's labor for a year's board, with lesser amounts in the same proportion. Three hundreds days' labor was to be considered the equivalent of a year's labor, and was to entitle the associate to one share of annual dividend; sixty hours were to constitute a week's labor from May to October inclusive; forty-eight hours from November to April. The price of board to associates who did not work was fixed at $4 a week, this to include rent, fuel, light and washing. The children of associates, over ten years of age, were to pay $3.50, "exclusive of washing and separate fire."

The association was a joint stock company, not incorporated. Every person who held one or more shares of stock was to be considered a member of the association, and to be allowed one vote on matters relating to the disposition of its funds. The stock was non-assessable. The property was to be vested in and held by four trustees, chosen each year by the association. The interest on the stock was to be paid in certificates of stock, although the subscriber was to be allowed, if he preferred, to draw on otherwise appropriated funds the amount of interest credited in his favor, for no stockholder was to have any claim on the profits accruing to the association beyond his guaranteed five per cent. interest. . . .

A seeker after country quiet and beauty might easily be attracted to-day by the undulating acres of Brook Farm, as were those who sought it as a refuge from social discouragement nearly sixty years ago. The brook still runs slenderly through the meadow; there are still the sunny uplands, the dim groves, the denser woodlands, and human life still teems over it all. The farmhouse, which stood not far from the road when the life of the little community began, and which was naturally put to immediate use, was speedily christened the Hive. It was the heart of the community, though perhaps it would have been superseded had the Phalanstery reached completion. It was a house with two rooms on each side of a wide hall; those on one side were occupied by the vivacious Mrs. Barlow and her three sons, who came as boarders, and those on the other side served as sitting-room and dining-room, the kitchen being back of the latter. The upper rooms were used as sleeping rooms. With a growing family some reconstruction soon became necessary, the two of the rooms on the first floor were thrown together to make a larger dining-room, which should also serve as an assembling place, not only for "Hiveites," but for the other residents, and both these needs it met so long as the community survived. Its ceiling was low. At each end of the room were two windows, and in the middle of one end was an old-fashioned fireplace of brick. There were as many as six long pine tables with benches on either side, painted white. The neatness and attractiveness of the apartment were emphasized by white linen and white tableware. The room on the other side of the hall became parlor and office. Mr. Ripley's library was arranged along either side of the hall, and from a door at its farther end one could step out into the meadow. To the original building were added two wings containing rooms for laundry and other purposes, with spaces for shed and carriage room underneath. There was a room, for example, where mothers could leave their children in care of the nursery group while they attended their daily work—a clear forerunner of the present "day nursery." . . .

The Transcendental Brethren of the Common Life had it well in mind not only to think together, though not certainly alike, to drudge with a holy and equal zeal, no matter how humble or how high the diverse tasks, but to give the theory of association the sharp test of a communal table, and to elevate domestic service to noble conditions. If, during the years of trial, there were grumblings over necessary economies of fare, there was hardly a note of shirking or dissatisfaction among those who humbly yet proudly served. "Nathaniel Hawthorne, Ploughman," in his first enthusiasm wrote to his sister: "The whole fraternity eat together, and such a delectable way of life has never been seen on earth since the days of the early Christians. We get up at half-past six, dine at half-past twelve, and go to bed at nine." This seraphic content died soon in

the heart of the romantic ploughman, but the health and joy born of simple food and unpretending quality satisfied the Brook Farmers so well that they varied little the household plan with which they began. "Our food was very plain, but good," says Miss Russell; but she adds that fresh meat was not always to be had. On Sundays beans and pork were furnished, not only in accordance with local tradition, but also as a luxury befitting the day and in recognition of that occasional orgy which a latter-day English Socialist holds to be a necessity of human life. Pandowdy is mentioned by one writer as a delicacy, while Miss Russell speaks with feeling of brewis —a dish now passing into undeserved neglect, but once in New England of great repute.

Simple as the dietary was, there were in this hive of oddities some who went even yet further from the world's way of eating. There was a Graham table, at which sat vegetarians, who were for eating no flesh while the world stood, and who even denied themselves tea and coffee. It was an era of cold water and unbolted flour. It was not so much a question what to eat as what not to eat. Emerson, it is remembered, decided not to invite Charles Lane to sit at his Thanksgiving board lest that over-principled co-partner of Alcott should make an occasion for ethical improvement over the turkey. The vegetarians had a fair chance at Brook Farm to test the comparative value of their faith, and it is known that they stood well with their associates for endurance, persistence and general good health. This relatively equal footing may, however, have been due to the voluntary continence of those who choose a wider but at best a very unpretentious menu. It has been said that it was the custom to put a cent down by one's plate for each cup of tea ordered, but whether the rule held for all, or only for visitors, it is not possible to say. . . .

Enjoyment was almost from the first a serious pursuit of the community. It formed a part of the curriculum, and was a daily habit of life. . . . Nothing bears weightier testimony to the wholesomeness of the life at Brook Farm than the simple and spontaneous character of the sport which found acceptance. Out-of-door life was a passion which, like all noble passions, absorbed in itself many less worthy emotions, and lifted very ordinary amusement out of the sphere of the commonplace. Even the uncommendable habit of punning, by which the entire community, led by the arch-punster Ripley, was at times infected, may perhaps be explained as one of the forms of effervescence induced by superabundant oxygen.

After meals, in the evening, and when it was possible to be in the open air, the associates made happiness a duty, and their high courage held them to harmless fun when their fainter souls would have dropped at the whisperings of evil days ahead. Except in the dead of winter, the varied acres of the domain itself, as well as the surrounding country, served as a setting for the animation which the finished labors of the day had set free, and the younger members of the family especially walked and picnicked through the outlying regions. . . .

Although there would be now and then during the winter a "fancy party," the true revels of this sort were reserved for warm weather, and were held in the still beautiful grove. Dancing was much in vogue, and was enjoyed by all who knew the art. . . .

If dancing was the froth of their life, conversation was the substance. Dr. Codman says Brook Farm was "rich in cheerful buzz." The talk ran from heavy polemics, fortunately occasional, of Brownson, and the cheerful impetuosity of the high-souled Channing, down to the thinnest sort of punning. To revile this manner of jesting is almost as commonplace as to indulge in the practice itself, but if we may trust to friendly memories, the habit was really a feature of the intellectual life. The certainty that the custom was rife would help to establish an impression that some high intelligences are devoid of nice perceptions of wit, as it is evident that they often lack the faintest relish for music or art. To have been present at one of these joyous gatherings, and to have heard the gay sallies, would have softened the hardest objector, but little thanks are due the painful diarists who have embalmed the persiflage in such a way as to remind one of that sorry humor at the "pension" in Balzac's Pere Goriot. Another frank touch of mediocrity was the constant iteration of phrases. For a long time after one of Mr. Alcott's visits, a pie was always cut "from the centre to the periphery"; and Mrs. Howe avers that a customary formula at the table was: "Is the butter within the sphere of your influence?" Mrs. Ripley declared herself at one time weary of "the extravagant moods of the young girls," and "sick of the very word 'affinity.'" "Morbid familism" was a frequent reproach brought against exoteric civilization. But extravagance was a mood of the era and not of the place. A striking instance of this excess occurs in an article on Woman, signed "V.," and printed in the "Present": "Throw your libraries into the streets and sewers on the instant you find, as you will, all knowledge within yourselves." . . .

When about their work the women wore a short skirt with knickerbockers of the same material; but when the daily tasks were ended they attired

themselves after the simpler of the prevailing fashions. There was a fancy for flowing hair and broad hats, and at the Hive dances there might be seen wreaths woven from some of the delicate wild vines and berries found in the woods, twined in waving locks.

It is said that the motive of economy was responsible for the adoption by the men of the tunic in place of the "old-world coat." This favorite garment was sometimes of brown holland, but often blue, and was held in place by a black belt; and for great festivals some of the more fortunate youths possessed black velvet tunics. Such an unusual article of raiment excited as much dismay in the outer world as the idiosyncracies of other reformers, and has been described as a compromise between the blouse of a Paris workman and the peignoir of a possible sister. Colonel Higginson speaks of the "picturesque little vizorless caps" worn by the young men as being "exquisitely unfitted for horny-handed tillers of the soil." Economy of labor may have been accountable for the unshorn face, but the beard was certainly in high favor at Brook Farm, and a predilection for long hair was also current. One of the residents, probably Burrill Curtis, who had been a model for a portrait of Christ, is described by Mrs. Kirby as a "charming feature in the landscape," while the quality of his temper was attested by the serenity he showed when stoned by some boys on a pier for daring to leave his hair unclipped in the presence of wharf rats and other good Tories. . . .

The most immediate, and at times the only, source of income was the school, the establishment and maintenance of which always held a conspicuous place in this scheme. The transcendental philosophy could not well avoid laying stress on intellectual development and culture, and the student life of the farm was animated by a pervasive enthusiasm and held to an unvarying standard. In certain particulars the educational policy was ideally good, proceeding as it did on the theory that perfect freedom of intercourse between the students and a teaching body of men and women whose moral attainments were not distanced by their mental accomplishments, could not fail to justify itself. During the first two years the chief disciplinary measures consisted in an attempt to rouse a sense of personal responsibility, and to communicate a passion for intellectual work. There were no study hours. Each pupil studied when and where he would, and recitations for the elder students were distributed through the latter part of the day.

The farm was always short of "hands," but there was never any lack of heads in the Department of Instruction—an incidental testimony to the superiority of the association's brain power as compared with its muscular ability. There was an infant school for children under six; a primary school for those under ten; and children whose purpose it was to take the regular course of study laid down by the institution were placed in the preparatory school, which fitted youths for college in six years. Otherwise the studies were elective. There was a course in theoretical and practical agriculture, which covered three years, and which was in charge of John S. Brown.

There were students from Manila, Havana, Florida and Cambridge—for Harvard College indictated Brook Farm as a fitting resort for young men whose consecration to extra-collegiate interests rendered them subjects for temporary seclusion, and preferably a country life. Reasonably enough, perhaps, botany was exceedingly popular with those who were feeling their first real contact with natural beauty; and since the neighborhood provided liberally in the way of specimens, there was every excuse for rambles to wood and river. . . .

It would be an injustice to the good sense which underlay the external artificiality of this life to say that the people who assured to the association a lasting memory cherished any special faith in the immediate success of the undertaking. Twenty-five years had been set as a reasonable limit for the accomplishment of the high purposes announced. It is probable that Ripley and Dwight were the really sanguine ones, for the influential members as a body must be fairly credited with a modicum of that ordinary human judgment which recognizes the adventitious quality of any new enterprise. These hoped for good fortune, but they were prepared for partial failure at least. When the community dissolved the majority of its members met the crisis with good-natured stoicism common to Americans. The hopes of the overbuoyant could not fall far, for the issues of success or failure had not rested on their shoulders, and those who had grumbled could easily find another opportunity. Brook Farm, like college life, was a slow-working inspiration to those of ordinary endowment who, in after years, prospered moderately through their contact with free and wholesome influences in the association. One member of the latter group, William H. Teel, writing twenty-five years after, made the acknowledgment that what little he possessed of "education, refinement or culture and taste for matters above things material" he owed to this alma mater "by adoption." He probably voiced a gratitude felt by other inconspicuous members in their maturer years.

In the World of Religious Thought

Age Limit in the Ministry.....Alfred Brown.....Atlantic

Recently the most prominent organ of one of the two largest denominations in the country printed an advertisement calling for an assistant pastor to a large city church. In this frank paragraph two cardinal points of qualification were mentioned: The man for the place must be already in a place. The man must be young.

Stand far off, you men who have sacrificed self and dearer selves to high ideals for sweet peace's sake, for love's sake, for Christ's sake; and have left your pastorates lest some root of bitterness springing up might excite tumult in the church of Christ. You we do not want. Give us the man who sticks to place and salary, no matter at what cost of spiritual integrity. His restive church may long have wished him out of it; but he has had the transcendent merit of having looked out for his own advantage, and he has held on. Such as he are eligible to the vacancy in the great city church—eligible, that is, if young. If you have a few gray hairs, if you have been in the ministry long enough to know what not to do, there is no place for you here. You have learned patience, steadiness, effectiveness. Obviously, this is final. We are sorry for you, but you were born a generation too late. Our age cannot use you. We must have boys.

A man is a lawyer. At forty-five he is counted as just ready to enter upon the best period of a life of strenuous, telling service in his profession. Or he is a physician. We do not send for boys to trifle with us, in hours of grave physical crisis. Plunge into your arduous profession, young men, if you can; but do not be discouraged if the men of experience are chosen before you. It will take you years to win a foothold; but by the time you are forty, if you have the right stuff in you, you may be heard from, and have thirty good years ahead of you; riches and honor may increase.

A man is a banker, an editor, a manufacturer, a professor, a technician, a merchant. His youth may be full of promise, but the actual and cumulative strength of his powers shall reveal itself after he has passed the equator of life.

But a man is a minister of Christ. He has espoused the loftiest of callings. He has to do, not with men's perishable bodies, but with their immortal part. He is to speak to the human soul—to interpret God, life, death, the eternal mystery. Surely this man must be no newcomer in the field of life. He must have dwelt long in the presence of the Deity. He must have studied ceaselessly and profoundly upon the truths of a divine revelation. So one would reason.

But what is the fact? An utter reversal of all the conditions of professional demand and usefulness; a denial of all the laws which elsewhere hold sway. Is this perchance the realm of faith, where the ripest reason is discarded? Experience—elsewhere the indispensable qualification—is in the ministry fast becoming a disqualification to any position of large influence. While we will not trust our bodies or our business in the hand of callow youth, to youth we insist upon intrusting the care of our spiritual being, the handling of the divine revelation, the building up of the body of Christ in the most holy faith.

A promising student, fresh from the divinity school, will be allowed to try his apprentice hand on a church of moderate pretensions. If by any means he shall come into the public view in this pastorate, he will be in good repute and eligible to the larger churches for a period of about ten years—from thirty to forty. From forty to fifty he is respectfully regarded as not wholly ineligible, but still at a disadvantage as compared with younger men, unless he has acquired an exceptional name—such a name as is too often won by sensational success. From fifty to sixty his case is pitiable, unless he be fortunate enough to find some comfortable professorship or secretaryship, or some modest parish into which he can retire. From sixty to seventy he is superannuated.

This is to say that a man of good average ability, contemplating the ministry as a calling, and not aspiring to a place among the first twenty-five or thirty of his sect, may count in a general way on five years in which to make his name; ten years in which to maintain his rank; ten years in which he may hover on the borders of ministerial usefulness; and twenty indescribable years beyond the border of public usefulness, but this side the border of life.

Types of Religious Life.....Rev. C. A. Briggs.....Pop. Sci. Mo.

So far as the great mass of mankind is concerned, the chief factor in the Christian religion is the fundamental one of the Christian life and the Christian institution, and the advance or decline of Christianity will be judged from this point of view. Here, however, we must recognize that there are several types of religious life which sometimes combine in one community, but which ordinarily exist apart as characteristic of different temperaments, different nations, different

races. The lines of cleavage in historical Christianity are for the most part racial, national or temperamental. We have to take this into account when we consider the religious life and institutions of different countries. What a difference there is in religion from this point of view in the great centres, such as Rome, St. Petersburg, Berlin, London, Edinburgh, New York! That man would go far astray who should undertake to use any one of these as a test of any or of all the others. Let us consider, for example, the question of participation in the services of the Church. Rome has apparently, from a Protestant point of view, an abnormal number of churches, and in these churches an extraordinary number of chapels and altars. The reason for this is that there is an immense number of clergy in Rome, and all these altars are needed that they may perform the most important of their duties—the sacrifice of the mass. The churches, chapels and altars are not erected for the people merely—if so, vastly fewer would be necessary—but for the priests who sacrifice for the people even when they are absent. Berlin has apparently very few churches, and these are not always well attended by the people, and are used infrequently except on Sundays. Judging from this, it would be a very irreligious city; but any one who really knows Berlin would not say that it is less religious than Rome. The religion of the German people finds its expression in a mystic type of personal piety and of family and social life; it maintains and propagates itself without frequent attendance upon public worship. In London regular attendance upon public worship is commonly regarded as indispensable for the maintenance of the Christian religion. Therefore Christian people frequent the churches to an extent that is unknown on the continent of Europe. But to make the British habit of frequenting the church for public worship a test of the vitality of the Christian religion in the great cities of the Continent would be altogether unjust and untrue. The historical development of religion in Great Britain has brought about an entirely different state of affairs there from that which we find everywhere else in the world. The situation in Great Britain is therefore special, peculiar, and, one might say, abnormal as compared with the situation in other parts of the world. In the United States the original population was chiefly British, and therefore followed British methods in religion. But in the present century our land, and especially our cities, have filled up with a population from the continent of Europe, bringing with them continental methods of worship which would not yield to or readily adopt British methods. Intermarriage with the British stock and familiar converse in society have tended to assimilation, and therefore the situation has gradually and inevitably emerged that the Christianity of New York and Chicago and our other great cities has assumed an intermediate position between that of the Continent and that of Great Britain. The religious customs characteristic of British Christianity have undoubtedly declined—they have yielded to the influence of Continental Christianity. If British Christianity is the norm by which we are to judge, then Christianity has declined in the United States. If, however, it is not the norm,then it might appear that an intermediate position, such as we have attained by the assimilation of the British and the Continental types, may be a real advance and gain, because of the appropriation of some of the best features of both methods and the rubbing off of some of the eccentricities and excrescences of both. A decline in the relative attendance upon the public worship, and especially upon the second service on Sunday, is exactly what we would anticipate under the circumstances. It is altogether probable that the decline is much less than we had the right to expect in view of the vast influence exerted upon us by Continental types of Christianity during the past half century. And it is altogether probable that the decline has not reached its normal goal.

---

*The Church of Humanity..... Literary Digest**

On a recent visit to London the writer, Dr. Wauer, attended the services in the Church of Humanity, the meeting house of the Positivists. Their temple is a small hall, on one side of which are found large cases of books, and on the other, near an altar-table, a picture of the Sistine Madonna. To the right is a reading desk and a small pulpit, near which is a marble bust of Comte. Around the room on brackets are pictures of men—and in one case that of a woman, namely, Heloise—who have been conspicuous for their services to humanity. Above the fireplace are the words, "Let us praise only famous men"; and by the side of it was the date according to the Positivist calendar, namely, 22 of Cæsar, in the year 111; the beginning of the era of the positivists being the French Revolution, and each month, week and day being dedicated to the memory of some friend of humanity. The services opened with a prelude, and were conducted by Dr. Congreve, as the priest of humanity. A simple but rather complete liturgy was used, in

*Translated from an article in Welt (Leipsic, No. 40).

which the sacred formulæ of Positivism opened, namely, Love as an impelling motive, Order as the foundation, and Progress as the aim of the society. Then followed an address in which the service of humanity was held up as the highest aim for the ambitions of mankind. This was followed by the reading of Acts xxv., and by three prayers, for the family, for the State, and for the Western nations. Another address followed, discussing the merits of Cæsar, to whom the month was dedicated; of Trajan, to whom the week, and of Augustus, to whom the day was sacred.

Comte, the founder of this philosophy and religion, was born in 1798 in Paris, and received his first training in an atheistic college. In 1826 he began to deliver his lectures on philosophy. He regarded as the chief corner-stone of his system the discovery of the "sociological law" that man engages in theological schemes only in the first and lowest stage of his development; that in the second or metaphysical or abstract stage, he puts abstract ideas in the place of supernatural things; and that only in the last or third stage does he throw aside all speculations on matters that do not fall within the province of his experience. This Positivist stage, for mankind as such, began with the era of the French Revolution and was definitely inaugurated in the year 1855, when Comte authoritatively declared his teachings to be a religious system. With the exclusion of all speculation on matters outside of experience, naturally all such sciences as logic, metaphysics, theology, etc., fall away. The basis for everything is mathematics, or the science of space and time, followed by the sciences of the material and the inorganic world, such as astronomy, physics and chemistry; then by those of humanity, such as biology, sociology and morals, the whole resulting in a hierarchy of the sciences upon which Comte laid great stress. The religion of Comte is only indirectly connected with his philosophical scheme, and is probably best expressed in the "Catechisme Positiviste." By the term religion the author understood merely the harmonious relation among mankind in love and faith, the latter implying the subordination of reason to outward order. The humanity, both of the present, the past and the future, constitutes the "great being," which is the only existing reality. All individual existences are but an abstraction from this and have an objective existence only here upon earth, while, after death, the subjective, immortal existence begins for at least those creatures who serve the essence of mankind for the purpose of perfecting it. All individual mistakes and errors will be forgotten in an eternal death, but all the existences will find their importance in their relations to that one true being; and the purpose of our thought should be to recognize that and to love it, and through such a cultus to ennoble and elevate ourselves. The religious relation of the individual to this great being is that of absolute dependence. The whole of humanity is best personified in woman, so that the first object of the cult in detail is the mother, and secondarily the sister and the daughter. The last sacrament, that of incorporation into subjective mankind, into the great being, is performed seven years after death, at the side of the coffin. The public cult includes the adoration of all the great representatives of the cause of humanity, and the thirteen months of the Positivist calendar (each of twenty-eight days) are dedicated to such men as Moses, the founder of theocracy; St. Paul, founder of Catholicism; Charlemagne, founder of feudalism; Frederick the Great, founder of modern political systems, etc.

John Wesley.....Augustine Birrell.....Scribner's Magazine

John Wesley, born as he was in 1703 and dying as he did in 1791, covers as nearly as mortal man may the whole of the eighteenth century, of which he was one of the most typical and certainly the most strenuous figure. He began his published journal on October 14, 1735, and its last entry is under date Sunday, October 24, 1790, when in the morning he explained to a numerous congregation in Spitalfields Church "The Whole Armor of God," and in the afternoon enforced to a still larger audience in St. Paul's, Shadwell, the great truth, "One thing is needful," the last words of the Journal being, "I hope many even then resolved to choose the better part."

Between those two Octobers there lies the most amazing record of human exertion ever penned or endured. I do not know whether I am likely to have among my readers any one who has ever contested an English or Scottish county in a parliamentary election since household suffrage. If I have, that tired soul will know how severe is the strain of its three weeks, and how impossible it seemed at the end of the first week that you should be able to keep it going for another fortnight, and how when the last night arrived you felt that had the strife been accidentally prolonged another seven days you must have perished by the wayside. Well, John Wesley contested the three kingdoms in the cause of Christ during a campaign which lasted forty years. He did it for the most part on horseback. He paid more turnpikes than any man whoever bestrode a beast. Eight thousand miles was his annual record for many a long year, during each of which he seldom preached less frequently than five thousand times.

In the course of this unparalleled contest Wesley visited again and again the most out-of-the-way districts—the remotest corners of England—places which to-day lie far removed even from the searcher after the picturesque. In 1899, when the map of England looks like a gridiron of railways, none but the sturdiest of pedestrians, the most determined of cyclists can retrace the steps of Wesley and his horse and stand by the rocks and the natural amphitheatres in Cornwall and Northumberland, in Lancashire and Berkshire, where he preached his gospel to the heathen. Exertion so prolonged, enthusiasm so sustained, argues a remarkable man, while the organization he created, the system he founded, the view of life he promulgated, is still a great fact among us. No other name than Wesley's lies embalmed as his does. Yet he is not a popular figure. Our standard historians have dismissed him curtly. The fact is, Wesley puts your ordinary historian out of conceit with himself. How much easier to weave into your page the gossip of Horace Walpole, to enliven it with a heartless jest of George Selwyn's, to make it blush with sad stories of the extravagance of Fox, to embroider it with the rhetoric of Burke, to humanize it with the talk of Johnson, to discuss the rise and fall of administrations, the growth and decay of the constitution, than to follow John Wesley into the streets of Bristol, or on to the bleak moors near Burslem, when he met, face to face in all their violence, all their ignorance and all their generosity, the living men, women and children who made up the nation.

If you want to get into the last century, to feel its pulses throb beneath your finger, be content sometimes to leave the letters of Horace Walpole unturned, resist the drowsy temptation to waste your time over the learned triflers who sleep in the seventeen volumes of Nichols, nay even deny yourself your annual reading of Boswell or your biennial retreat with Sterne, and ride up and down the country with the greatest force of the eighteenth century in England. No man lived nearer the centre than John Wesley. Neither Clive nor Pitt, neither Mansfield nor Johnson. You cannot cut him out of our national life. No single figure influenced so many minds, no single voice touched so many hearts. No other man did such a life's work for England. As a writer he has not achieved distinction, he was no Athanasius, no Augustine, he was ever a preacher and an organizer, a laborer in the service of humanity; but happily for us his journals remain, and from them we can learn better than from anywhere else what manner of man he was, and the character of the century in which he lived.

The Ecumenical Missionary Conference.....Christian Observer

Probably no religious gathering of the present year will attract greater attention than the Ecumenical Conference on Missions to be convened in New York on April 21. It is to be truly ecumenical or "world-embracing," so far as Protestant Christianity is concerned. Two thousand delegates, representing nearly every country on earth and nearly every evangelical denomination, have been appointed, and the conference will be notable for the presence of men eminent not only as missionaries, but as educators, statesmen and financiers. The idea of this conference is not a new one. The first of the kind was held at Mildmay in England in 1878. The second was held in London, England, in 1888, and had a very decided influence in the development of foreign missionary work. In the year 1888, the British contributions to foreign missions were $4,666,780; the next year after this conference (1889) they increased to $5,367,946, and in 1890 to $6,457,235. This is the first general conference that has ever been held in America, and we hope that its effects will be as marked and as encouraging as the previous conferences. It will be a representative Christian gathering of the world. It is expected that ex-President Harrison will be the president of the conference, and that President McKinley and ex-President Cleveland will be among those who will preside at some of its sessions. A whole column would hardly be sufficient to enumerate the men of national and international reputation who have indicated their purpose to be present. Its topic will be, "The Evangelization of the Nations." Its discussions will bear upon the problems arising in the conduct of the work. Its personnel will include workers from almost every foreign missionary field. Its aim will be to promote unity, harmony and co-operation between missionary organizations, and to stimulate the interest of the Christian world in foreign missions. Such topics as the following will be discussed: The authority and purpose of foreign missions; the consecration of the church to this work; its support by home churches; the relations of students and other young people to the foreign missions; the best methods of the administration of the work; the various forms of the foreign mission work, viz., evangelistic, educational, literary and medical; and benevolent work, such as orphanages, famine relief, etc. At this conference statistics from the Protestant missionary societies of the world, more complete than have ever before been obtained, will be secured. They will doubtless fairly represent the growth and the results of foreign missionary labors during the century now drawing to a close.

Sayings of the Children*

——A devoted uncle took his very small nephew out in the country one bright day not long ago, and his friend, the farmer, suggested he should go out and hunt for eggs. Of course, the small nephew went along. The uncle knew where to go, and, though he is fat and scant of breath, managed to gather a number from all sorts of hiding places. Presently he stooped and picked up a bantam's egg. The small nephew saw it. "Put it back, unk," he shrieked, "don't oo see zat one isn't ripe yet!"

——"Now," said an English schoolmaster, as he displayed a bright five-shilling piece (a crown) between the tips of his finger and thumb, "the first boy or girl that puts a riddle to me which I cannot answer will receive this as a gift. Any more?" he asked as soon as silence was restored and no one had claimed the coin. "Yes, sir," sang out a little fellow from the further end of the schoolroom. "Why am I like the Prince of Wales?" "The Prince of Wales?" said the master thoughtfully; "really, Johnny, I see no resemblance in you. I'll give it up." "Because," cried the boy, joyfully, "I'm waiting for the crown!"

——Senator Vest, of Missouri, has a grandson he is very proud of. The other night his mother went into the nursery to kiss him good-night. "I have come to hear you say your prayers, Harry." "I've done said 'em, mamma." "Why, you can't say them by yourself." "Yes, I can. I said, 'God bless grandpa and make him well and fat again; God bless mamma and papa, and make 'em give me everything I want. And please, God, bless and take care of yourself, for you are the boss of us all!'"

——A story is told of a neighbor meeting a little one in the street, and saying: "Good-morning, my little dear. I never can tell you and your sister apart. Which of the twins are you?" And the little one made answer: "I'm the one what's out walkin'."

——"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed little Arthur, all out of breath, I've just been playing with the Goodwin children, and they have the measles at their house. Now, can I eat all the cake I want to? 'Cause, you know, I'm going to be sick anyway."

——A little girl, who was trying to tell a friend how absent-minded her grandpa was, said: "He walks about, thinking about nothing, and, when he remembers it, he then forgets that what he thought of was something entirely different from what he wanted to remember."

——Daisy—When I am big, mamma, I'm going to marry a doctor or a minister. Mamma—Why, my dear? Daisy—'Cause if I marry a doctor I can get well for nothing; if I marry a minister I can be good for nothing.

——Johnny—Do they have elephants in Asia? Papa—Oh, yes. Johnny—Do they have circuses in Asia? Papa—No-o; I think not. Johnny—Well, what's the use of having elephants if they don't have circuses?

——Little Mary Austin came into her papa's office one morning while the doctor was examining a skull. Mary wanted to know all about it, and asked many questions. Presently one of her friends came in and the little ones began to discuss the skull. "Where did you get it?" asked the little visitor. "Why," said Mary, "papa killed him."†

——"You can't go out to play, Harold, till you have learned your Golden Text for next Sunday," said his mother. "I know it all right now, mamma!" exclaimed Harold eagerly, "'Wisdom is better than rubbish!'"†

——Little Jennie's boots were the worse for wear, and one day she walked into the room, and, holding up her foot, said, as she showed the sole hanging off, to her auntie, "See, auntie, what shall I do, the skin is coming off my boot?"†

——Edgar was visiting his grandfather, who always asked a blessing at the table. One day the little fellow had been playing hard all the morning, and was unusually hungry when dinner time came. As the family gathered about the table, Edgar climbed up into his high chair, and electrified them all by exclaiming: "Come, grandpa, hurry up, and read your plate, I'se awfully hungry!"†

——Daisy was only three years old when she began going to Sunday-school. When the box was passed to receive the children's pennies, one little girl had forgotten to bring hers, so she didn't put any in. Daisy, observing this, looked up smilingly in the teacher's face and remarked: "You 'dot left' dat time, didn't you?"†

———A little boy was in the habit of cutting the ground with a hatchet. One day he was cutting as usual when the hatchet struck a stone and made sparks fly. He ran to his mother exclaiming: "Oh, mamma, I hit the bad man on the head!"†

*Compiled from Contemporaries.

†Contributed to Current Literature.

Facts and Figures: The Little Encyclopedia*

——Sixteen ounces of gold are sufficient to gild a wire that would encircle the earth.

——As many as 4,061 muscles have been counted in the body of a moth.

——Between Madagascar and the coast of India there are about 16,000 islands, only 600 of which are inhabited, but most of which are capable of supporting population.

——Russia's Asiatic possessions are three times the size of Great Britain's, but hold only 23,000,000 inhabitants, as compared with England's 297,000,000 subjects.

——Wire fences are blamed for damage to live stock by lightning stroke. The director of the Iowa Weather and Crop Service recommends the use of earth wires at intervals along the fences.

——The Bank of France pays to the Government a royalty on notes issued in excess of the cash reserve, based on a percentage of the ruling rate of discount. In 1899 the royalty thus paid was $960,000, against $648,500 in 1898.

——Almost all the towns in Siberia are having arc lights for street use and incandescent lights for houses, and the larger proportion of the people in Siberia have never seen gas, which they regard as an illuminant of a past age.

——More than $100,000,000 worth of paper is produced in the United States annually. A third of this is used by the newspapers, and the wrapping paper used amounts to two-thirds as much as that consumed by the newspapers. About half as much is used to manufacture books as to print newspapers. Paper boards amount to 300,000 tons a year. Builders use 60,000 tons of paper and 45,000 tons of wall paper is produced annually.

——Scotland Yard, widely known as the headquarters of the London police, is an historical place, said to have been the site of a palace where kings of Scotland were received when they came to London. It is located near the Banqueting hall, Whitehall. The Scotch kings retained possession of it from 959 till the rebellion of William of Scotland. Milton, Sir Christopher Wren and other notables lived in Scotland Yard.

——People who live on the New England coast like to use ocean driftwood as fuel in open fireplaces. It is impregnated with copper and ocean salts, and when burned gives out the most brilliant colored flames. It is asserted that a New Bedford dealer has orders for the wood from all parts of the country, and even from Europe, and ships hundreds of barrels of it yearly. Various attempts have been made to imitate this wood by artificial process, but without success. Long submersion in the sea water is necessary to produce the brilliant flames.

——According to the latest census of the newspapers published in the British Isles there were 2,473. London had 521 and the provincial press numbered 1,052. There were altogether 1,685 magazines and 684 quarterly reviews published in Great Britain and Ireland. There have been recent additions made of illustrated journals in London. The last aspirants to public favor are The King, The Spear, and The Spheres. In war times the pictorial paper always courts the eye. There are some fifteen illustrated papers in London today. It remains to be seen whether there is a place for so many.

——No one who has not seen an African "kopje" can easily realize it. It is not a hill so much as the stump of a hill—what is left of it after ages of denudation; but the special feature of it is that it is almost invariably covered with a breastwork of boulders. Tropical torrents have washed away the earth and all the soluble components of the rock, and what is left consists of heaps and lines of detached masses of sandstone, ironstone or granite. The "kopjes" are the Boers' fortifications, and they have any number of them.

——The process of fireproofing wood very much resembles embalming. The wood is first relieved of its saps and juices, which are really its blood, and a preservation fluid is injected to take their place. The planks to be fireproofed are put into a sort of boiler or digester. This is closed, and steam at a low pressure is run into the digester and the wood parboiled for from one to fifty hours. This is to soften or loosen the dry saps or juices in the fibre. After the steaming process a powerful vacuum pump draws the saps and juices from the wood, leaving a finely divided cellular structure. Next the fireproofing solution is pumped into the chamber, the absorption and saturation being assisted by the partial vacuum. A pressure of from 80 to 200 pounds a square inch is next applied and maintained until the absorption is complete. After draining off the excess solution the wood is withdrawn and thoroughly dried in a kiln, with the result that the interior cellular wood structure is left filled with minute crystals of fireproofing salts.

*Compiled from Contemporaries.

Treasure Trove: Old Favorites Recalled

Which Shall It Be ?.....*Ethel Lynn Beers*

Which shall it be? which shall it be?
I looked at John—John looked at me,
(Dear patient John, who loves me yet
As well as when my locks were jet);
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak:
"Tell me again what Robert said!"
And then I, list'ning, bent my head.
"This is his letter:

" 'I will give
A house and land while you shall live
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for "aye is given." ' "
I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty, and work and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.

"Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep"; so, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where the new nameless baby, slept.
"Shall it be Baby?" whispered John,
I took his hand and hurried on
To Lily's crib. Her sleeping grasp
Held her old doll within its clasp;
Her fair curls lay like gold alight,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white;
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said: "Not her—not her."

We stopped beside the trundle bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed,
Athwart the boyish faces there
In sleep so pitiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.

Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace;
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave
Bids us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
"And so," said John. "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in willful way,
And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee";

The while my heart beat audibly.
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
So like his father. "No, John, no—
I cannot, will not let him go."

And so we wrote in courteous way,
We could not give one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
Happy in truth that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work, for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in heaven!

Bobs *.....*Rudyard Kipling*

There's a little red-faced man,
Which is Bobs!
Rides the tallest 'orse 'e can—
Our Bobs!
If it bucks or kicks or rears,
'E can sit for twenty years,
With a smile round both 'is ears—
Can't yer, Bobs?

Then 'ere's to Bobs Bahadur—
Little Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
'E's our pukka Kandahader—
Fightin' Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
'E's the Dook of Aggy Chel,
'E's the man that done us well,
An' we'll follow 'im to 'ell!
Won't we, Bobs?

If a limber's slipped a trace,
'Ook on Bobs;
If a marker's lost 'is place,
Dress by Bobs.
For 'e's eyes all up 'is coat,
An' a bugle in 'is throat,
An' you will not play the goat
Under Bobs.

'E's a little down on drink,
Chaplain Bobs;
But it keeps us outer Clink—
Don't it, Bobs?
So we will not complain,
Tho' 'e's water on the brain,
If 'e leads us straight again—
Blue-light Bobs.

If you stood 'im on 'is 'ead
Father Bobs,
You could spill a quart o' lead
Outer Bobs.
'E's been at it thirty years,
An' amassin souveneers
In the way o' slugs an' spears—
Ain't yer, Bobs?

*Lord Roberts.

What 'e does not know o' war,
Gen'ral Bobs,
You can arst the shop next door—
Can't they, Bobs?
Oh, 'e's little, but he's wise;
'E's a terror for 'is size,
An' 'e—does—not—advertise—
Do yer, Bobs?

Now they've made a bloomin' Lord
Outer Bobs,
Which was but 'is fair reward—
Weren't it, Bobs?
An' 'e'll wear a coronet
Where 'is 'elmet used to set;
But we know you won't forget—
Will yer, Bobs?

Then 'ere's to Bobs Bahadur—
Little Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
Pocket-Wellin'ton an' arder—
Fightin' Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
This ain't no bloomin' ode,
But you've 'elped the soldier's load,
An' for benefits bestowed,
Bless yer, Bobs!

April.....*John Greenleaf Whittier*

"The spring comes slowly up this way."—Coleridge.

'Tis the noon of the spring time, yet never a bird
In the wind-shaken elm or the maple is heard;
For green meadow grasses, wide levels of snow,
And blowing of drifts where the crocus should blow;
Where windflower and violet, amber and white,
On south-sloping brooksides should smile in the light,
O'er the cold winter beds of their late waking roots,
The frosty flake eddies, the ice crystal shoots;
And longing for light, under wind-driven heaps
Round the boles of the pine wood the ground laurel creeps,
Unkissed of the sunshine, unbaptized of the showers,
With buds scarcely swelled, which should burst into flowers;
We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of the south,
For the touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy mouth,
For the yearly evangel thou bearest from God,
Resurrection and life to the graves of the sod!

Come, Rest In This Bosom.....*Thomas Moore*

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the Lord have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast
And a heart and a land all thy own to the last.

Oh, what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
And thy angel I'll be 'mid the horrors of this,
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee—or perish there too!

Allen-a-Dale.....*Sir Walter Scott*

Allen-a-Dale has no fagot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning,
Come, read me my riddle! Come, hearken my tale!
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side,
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;
Yet the fish of the lake and the deer of the vale
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight
Though his spur be as sharp and his blade be as bright;
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word.
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will veil
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing has come,
The mother she asked of his household and home:
"Though the Castle of Richmond stands fair on the hill,
My hall," quoth both Allen, "shows gallanter still;
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles!" said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone,
They lifted the latch, and they bade him begone;
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry,
He had laughed on the lass with his bonny black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale!

Dolcino to Margaret.....*Charles Kingsley*

The world goes up and the world goes down
And the sunshine follows the rain,
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come back again,
Sweet wife,
No, never come back again.

For woman is warm, though man be cold,
And the night will hallow the day;
Till the heart which at even was weary and old
Can rise in the morning gay,
Sweet wife,
To its work in the morning gay.

O Thou of Little Faith.....*George MacDonald*

Sad-hearted, be at peace: the snowdrop lies
Buried in sepulchre of ghastly snow;
But spring is floating up the Southern skies,
And darkling the pale snowdrop waits below.

Let me persuade: in dull December's day
We scarce believe there is a month of June;
But up the stairs of April and of May,
The hot sun climbed to the summer's noon.

Yet hear me: I love God, and half I rest,
O better! God loves thee, so all rest thou,
He is our summer, our dim-visioned Best;—
And in His heart thy prayer is resting now.

Among the Plants: Garden, Field and Forest

EDITED BY ROBERT BLIGHT.

We should not be guilty of any exaggeration if we said that the veneration of man for plant life is coeval with the existence of man as a species on the face of the earth. It is by no means rare to find in the study of primitive peoples that they believed that they derived their own existence from trees. The folk-lore of ancient Greeks, Romans and Saxons abounds in legends pointing to such a belief in man's origin. Knowledge and eternal life are alike ascribed to trees in the Hebrew Scriptures. The ancient Egyptians, also, had their "Tree of Life," and the Buddhists believed that the juice of the Soma tree conferred immortality. Primitive man also worshipped plants and dedicated them to his divinities; thus Jupiter had his oak, Apollo his laurel, Minerva her olive, Aphrodite her myrtle, and many another. Daphne and Syrinx, fleeing from Apollo and Pan, were changed for safety into the laurel and the reed. Souls, too, were supposed to take up their abode in the flowers, when they left the mortal tenement; and doubtless the use of lilies and white roses for funeral wreaths is remotely connected with such a primitive superstition. The study of folk-lore is full of enchanting interest, whether we regard plants in their use for sacred purposes, or for witchcraft, love-charms, dreams, medicine and fairy-lore. Modern knowledge may smile at such things as these, but they indicate a close connection which man has conceived as existing between himself and the mystery of life as shown in the flowers. Civilization may refer the love of plants to esthetic tastes, to innate admiration of beauty of form and color and richness of perfume, but there is a deeper origin for that feeling which draws us toward these works of Mother Nature. The following passage is well worth reading in this light:

Japanese as Flower Lovers.....Philadelphia Press

The buildings of the imperial palace are surrounded by a wall in fortress style, and a moat, which in August is full of lotus blossoms. Such is the Japanese enthusiasm for these flowers that people will get up in the middle of the night and come a long distance to see them open their petals at daybreak. I remember reading of an admirable Japanese school teacher who gained the undying love of his pupils by collecting them about three o'clock of a summer morning and walking five miles with them to see and rejoice over the beauty of the lotuses.

The Japanese love of flowers is one of the most engaging traits of this most engaging people. It is so joyous and universal and unaffected, so elemental, if one may use the word, that it seems a part of their very life. The year is divided into periods according to the flowers that hold sway, and the perfection of each is made the occasion of a genuine popular festival. In February the short winter comes to an end with the bursting into blossom of the still leafless plum trees. Then all Tokio repairs to Kamada to feast on their loveliness. The bare stems are a-flutter with scraps of paper on which poems are written in praise of the trees and their blossoms. For everybody in Japan is a poet, or at least a versifier, just as everybody is an artist. Here is one little instance of this facility at verse making. The officers of a Japanese man-of-war were entertaining the officers of one of our American gunboats at dinner. Each of the menu cards had a different flower painted on it and a bit of Japanese writing. One of the Americans turned to his right-hand neighbor and asked for a translation of the characters on his card. The flower was a deeply pendant bunch of wistaria. The Japanese officer addressed, apologizing for his imperfect English and his lack of familiarity with the rules of English verse, without a moment's hesitation offered the following extempore translation:

The lower the flowers hang down,
The higher the attention they call.
An eminent who humiliates himself
Is much admired by all.

The second flower festival is that of the cherry blossoms in April, which is one of the most important of the year. In May come the peonies, wistaria and azaleas. The wistaria is especially wonderful. The Japanese gardeners have cultivated it with such success that the trailing bunches of purple or white flowers are often four and sometimes six feet long. The vines are generally trained to grow on arbors built at or over the edge of artificial lakes, so that the beauty of the flowers may be doubled by reflection. Late May and June belong to the irises. At this season the whole country about Yokohama and Tokio is a nosegay, for every thatched hut of peasant or fisherman has a row of beautiful purple "fleurs-de-lis" growing along the ridge pole of the roof, of whose mossy thatch they seem the logical and harmonious output. Next come the lotus flowers in August, then the great national feast of chrysanthemums in early November, which derives its semi-official character from the fact that the Mikado's crest is the sixteen-petaled chrysanthemum. Last of all, before the snows, is celebrated the turning of the maple leaves.

There is little doubt that the love of flowers is making great progress in our own land. Whether

the idea has been imported or not, floral parades, festivals and exhibitions are rapidly multiplying. Cities and country places have their parades, and although the sacrifice of blossoms is enormous, the love of beauty, the delicacy of taste and refinement, engendered thereby are valuable gains. Churches have their flower festivals, the gifts of which go to carry a gleam of comfort to the bedside of many a patient in our hospitals. Professional gardeners and amateurs have their exhibitions, and the competition results in new and more lovely forms of rich and rare color and perfume. In the following passage we have an account of the way in which California, the land of flowers, is aiding in this movement:

Floral Pageants in California.....Detroit Free Press

One might as well try to tell a blind man who never had the sense of smell of the delicate beauty and fragrance of a rose as to describe floral pageants to a person who never saw them in California. "It is a sweet dream in blossoms, a lovely symphony in color," said the Rev. Edward Everett Hale as he viewed a floral procession at Santa Barbara. A description of the floral parade and festival as it has been evolved at that place tells the story, in the main, of similar affairs in California. The weather at this season is always pleasant. The sky is cloudless for weeks at a time. The breezes of early summer blow softly from the ocean. The whole town is in holiday dress for the festival. Business is generally suspended and the schools are closed. Flags and pennants of bunting float from every prominent building. Festoons of flowers and bunting are draped along the fronts of buildings and the eaves of houses. Across the main residence thoroughfare in the town great arches of fantastic designs of flowers and vines have been built. Some of them are decorated with palms and vines from the cañons, others are completely covered with poppies, smilax, marigolds or pampas plumes. For a half mile the avenue is barred by ropes. Along a convenient space on the avenue the tribunes have been arranged, tiers of seats built over the sidewalks and along the curb of the avenue.

A committee of non-resident artists sits as judges on the relative merits of the classes of vehicles that move past. Silken banners and other prizes have been provided, and the judges ceremoniously award them for the several displays at the close of the parade. The tribunes are occupied by thousands of spectators. Down the avenue come spanking bays with harnesses completely covered with yellow silk ribbon, drawing a tally-ho that has been so coated with orange blossoms and violets that one would never know how the equipage is constructed. There are young ladies seated on the top. Their very complexions harmonize with the color effects, and their parasols and gowns have been selected for artistic reasons. Then follow dozens of drags of wild mustard, traps of lilies, landaus of geraniums and victorias of roses in a dozen varieties. There is a long class of two-horse vehicles—phaetons of daisies and rosebuds, buggies of marguerites and pony surreys of pampas plumes.

The caballeros, who are a feature of all floral pageants in California, are very picturesque. They are the descendants of the ancient Spanish families who owned all California half a century ago. They ride fine horses and wear big sombreros covered with poppies, lupines, jasmine, smilax, violets or marguerites. Their short velvet jackets with brass buttons, silken cords and white puffs at the elbows, and their white trousers slashed so as to show gaudy colors beneath, are attractive to the eye, but when they adorn themselves with girdles and sashes of solid flowers in harmony or contrast to the color of their horses, the effect is charming. The horses' bridles are wound with ribbons to harmonize the colors, and the saddle blankets are woven solid with other flowers. Thus there are caballeros who ride white horses, and have a solid decoration of violets—sometimes several thousands of them. Other caballeros bestride glistening black horses, wearing golden poppies, others, with creamy horses, are decorated with heliotrope. Then there are the bicyclists. In some pageants over a hundred bicyclists ride wheels so thoroughly covered with flowers that a man from Mars could never know of what a wheel was built. The artistic skill and purpose to create a color effect obtains among the bicyclists. Not a flower is used or a color worn that is not a part of the harmonious whole. Bicyclists in white satin suits of the style of Louis XV. ride wheels covered with jasmine and wistaria. Other riders in sailor suits have wheels decorated in orange blossoms, and so on. The pageant marches and counter-marches past and through the tribunes, the bands play, the spectators wave flags and handkerchiefs in token of their appreciation.

Let us turn from this artificial, fashionable, but gorgeous display of flowers to the simpler, but lovable, manner in which Nature herself spreads her beauties before us. The extract given below is from an enthusiastic lover of flowers, and well illustrates the delight which such a passion may add to rambles in valley and mountain. It is taken from a "letter from Europe," by Mary J. Lincoln, the whole of which is full of enthusiasm for natural beauty, but from which we can only cull the portions devoted to the flowers:

Alpine Flowers.....American Kitchen Magazine

After passing the level stretch of land and the few hotels and chalets at Andermatt, we turned west into a road which runs straight for ten miles,

past the villages of Hospenthal and Realp, and gradually ascends to the western end of the Urseren Valley. Here we had our first sight of the flowers, and after many exclamations of delight, we could not be content with the view from the carriage, so we asked the driver to walk the horses while we strolled into the fields. I gathered great handfuls of "bluebells and harebells nodding on hairy stem," and many others that were new to me. Then, to my great surprise, I found a dear little home flower, almost buried by the masses of taller flowers, one which I had never seen growing wild. Thinking to surprise D——, I repressed my delight, and when we met at the carriage, I shouted: "You can't guess what I have found," and in equally exultant tones, she echoed my words, but with greater emphasis on the personal pronoun. Determined not to be outdone, I exclaimed, "None-so-pretties." "Dear little forget-me-nots," said my friend in the same breath, and then, like children, we exchanged our treasures and decorated ourselves to our hearts' content.

Further on we alighted again, gathered large buttercups, some of them double, a variety of composite flowers that looked like red, orange and brown dandelions, lovely pink flowers like thistles, minus the prickles, and a great variety of small blossoms full of the sweetest fragrance. We could not stop to think what to name them, or to trace their family. Then we began another zig-zag climb at the upper end of the valley, and several times alighted and "cut across lots," from one road to the next above, peeped into the little brown chalets perched on the narrow mountain shelves, and set the flocks of sheep scampering off up the steep paths; then sadly out of breath, and with dress skirts laden with flowers, would join the carriage and declare, "we would not pick another one." But near the top, amid the melting snows, we were again allured to scale the steep banks for the low gentians, whose delicate perfume betrayed the nearness of something sweet.

We gradually ascended to the snow-covered heights of the pass, going through cuttings of snow twenty feet in depth, and yet even here we saw many delicate flowers and leaf buds springing up wherever the snow had just melted, and having all the sickly, yellow and red shades of our tulip beds when first uncovered.

The next morning, in a dense fog, we started on again, down the other side of the pass, close beside the Rhone glacier. Here we saw blue violets, buttercups and columbine that in home gardens grow, and myriads of other flowers, until our eyes fairly ached with trying to distinguish them. I kept saying, "I will not look at them," but the road was so steep and the turns so sharp I was thankful when a turn brought me on the side next the steep banks above, where I could see the flowers, instead of the unknown depths of the other side. The fog lifted, and as we rode along the fields we found ourselves speechless with delight and amazement at the wealth of the floral display, which was far more extensive and wonderful than that of the Urseren Valley. We had exhausted all the adjectives in our vocabulary the afternoon before, and could only gaze and gaze as if we feared that one would escape our notice, and then turn and look in each other's eyes—which were, perhaps, brimful of tears—and say, "Is there anything on earth more beautiful?" Every hour or two we would get out and walk a while, and load ourselves with the lovely treasures, only to replace them with other varieties that appeared as we went down the valley. We loved every one of them, and enjoyed them so much more than the flowers we had seen in Spain and Italy. The texture was delicate, the color more lovely and the fragrance indescribable.

Now, I might tell you that we saw hundreds of fields like those I have described, and perhaps that might give you some idea of the quantity of flowers that we saw, but I want you to see them as I saw them, and perhaps this comparison will give you a more accurate picture. You know how a field of clover, at the old farm, looks when it is just in the full-flush of green leaf and crimson flower, before any of the blossoms are ripe or brown. Imagine such a field and put it into another field of the thickest dandelions you ever saw—only of several varieties and colors, some gone to seed—and mix these uniformly with the clover. Then put in a generous sprinkling of buttercups, some very tall and double, with quantities of cinquefoil running along among the clover, and several varieties of the lousewort. Then the same amount of bluebells, harebells and other blue flowers, with great patches of forget-me-nots in the damp parts of the field. Here and there close by the road put great clumps of none-so-pretties—really, in some places I found patches as big as I could clasp in both hands of nothing but these lovely violet and yellow faces. Now scatter all over the same field the taller flowers, daisies of many colors and as close as we see them in our hay fields, then the graceful, nodding plumes of some unknown white flowers, and a perfect forest of the caraway, wild carrot and hosts of pink and white blossoms of that family. Near the wheel tracks and edges of the paths, and along the walls between every crevice, put great masses of small moss-like flowers of all colors, and you will have the picture.

Over the Wine and Walnuts*

Why He Refused.—A good story is told about Mr. Croker and Pat Donahue, a prospective power in one of the New York Irish wards. Donahue was from the "auld soil," and Mr. Croker invited him to dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria. Fearing that Donahue might make a break if allowed to order from the French menu card, Mr. Croker volunteered to order the dinner, and advised Pat to follow suit and say nothing. A waiter tumbled over himself in his endeavor to be the first to wait upon Mr. Croker, and the political magnate said: "Well, Pat, I think we'll start off with a cocktail." Pat hemmed and hawed, bit his lip in vexation that he should be forced to object to his host's first order, but finally screwing his courage to the point of speech, blurted out: "If ye have no objiction, Mr. Croker, and as I'm not fond of that part of the chicken as goes over the fence last, I'll take part of the brist."

A Telling Postscript.—Miss Jones was ill and in great haste to go out of town. She wrote to the proprietor of a mountain farmhouse that had been recommended to her to engage board. This is the reply: "Miss Jones—My terms are $5 a week each, where two occupy a room; $6 when occupied by one. House is very near the river, and a large brook runs through the place. Table of the best, with milk and cream in abundance. Plenty of shade about the grounds. Horses and wagons at disposal of guests." But it was the postscript that went to the heart of the matter (and of Miss Jones). It read: "I could not accommodate you this year, as my house was burned to the ground last May."

Unsuitable.—A member of the Episcopal Church tells of a young woman who was buying her Christmas gifts and had succeeded in getting a suitable present for everybody on her list except two aged relatives, one a maiden lady and the other a widow. She told the patient clerk her trials, and he showed her nearly everything in stock, and finally took her to the book counter, showed her the books and said: "Would something religious suit?" "Oh, no," she hastily replied, "they are Episcopalians!"

A Club Anecdote.—A member of one of the great London political clubs once lost his umbrella, and put up a notice in the hall requesting "the nobleman" who had taken it to return it when he had done with it. The committee, in due course, desired to be informed why he had ascribed its possession to a peer. The member blandly refered them to the rule, which said that the club was composed of "noblemen and gentlemen," and added that no gentleman would have taken his umbrella.

General Lee Taken for a Chinaman.—General Fitzhugh Lee received much attention during his recent visit to the United States. He had stories to tell, and one of them concerned his name. It was after he had gone to Cuba, and the manipulators of the telephone were not familiar with his name and reputation. "What name is that?" asked the operator. "Lee—Fitzhugh Lee," was the response. "Spell it, please." "F-i-t-z-h-u-g-h L-e-e." "Thank you. Plague take those Chinamen!"

A Happy Issue.—At a recent dinner given by a prominent club a man who is unusually young for the prominence he has won in his chosen field rose to respond for the first time in this city to a toast. His beardless face was flushed and his manner embarrassed. In hesitating tones he began: "Gentlemen: Before I entered this room I had an excellent speech prepared. Only God and myself knew what I was going to say. Now God alone knows." And he sat down.

Misjudged.—Lord Ludlow, who died in England the other day, was an honored judge and a great social favorite, being a large and liberal entertainer. On the bench he was courtesy itself, and it is said of him that he was tender of the feelings of the rawest and most inexperienced junior. In the same way he was always eager to make things as pleasant as possible for floundering, timid or badgered witnesses. His benevolence in this respect led sometimes to unexpected results. Once, during cross-examination, the question was raised whether the witness had been intoxicated at a certain time, and whether he had subsequently denied the imputation. The man was much flustered, and either could not or would not give a straightforward answer. Lord Ludlow determined to help him out. Smiling upon him kindly, he asked: "Did you say, 'I was not drunk, sir?'" Instantly the witness found his

*Compiled from Anecdote Department, Short Stories Magazine.

tongue. "I did not say anything about you at all," he blurted out, totally upsetting the gravity both of the Judge and the court.

Followed Instructions.—"I left my husband's death notice here this morning," said the widow. "Yes," said the bright clerk in the publication office of the Daily Squib. "Now," continued the widow, "I want you to add to the notice 'Gone to Rest' in an appropriate place." "Yes, madam," replied the bright clerk, and the next morning she read: "Gone to rest in an appropriate place."

Uncertainty That Was Unpleasant.—Sir William MacCormac, the president of the Royal College of Surgeons of London, is at times quite absent-minded. He is an indefatigable worker, and often to save time when studying in his laboratory has a light luncheon served there. Once his assistants heard him sigh heavily, and looking up saw the doctor glaring at two glass receptacles on his table. "What is the matter, doctor?" asked one of the youngsters. "Nothing in particular," was the reply, "only I am uncertain whether I drank the beef tea or that compound I am working on."

Choate's Joke on Philadelphia.—Mr. Choate, Ambassador to England, is credited with the latest joke on Philadelphia. It was at a dinner given to him by the members of the Philadelphia bar. The toasts of the evening had been given, when the chairman, with a jocular remark, called for a eulogy of the Quaker City. Mr. Choate arose and, with a bow, began what promised to be a magnificent encomium upon the glories of the city of Penn. So magnificent, indeed, were his compliments that a feeling of apprehension began to creep over the company. It occurred to them that perhaps there was an element of sarcasm in these honeyed phrases. Finally the speaker paused. "I wish to congratulate you especially," he then said, "upon the possession of two of the most distinguished citizens since the days of Washington—Albert Gallatin, of Geneva, and Benjamin Franklin, of Boston."

Begging a Privilege.—An old farmer who was in the habit of eating what was set before him, asking no questions, dropped into a café for dinner. The waiter gave him the dinner card and explained that it was the list of dishes served for dinner that day. The old gentleman began at the top of the bill of fare and ordered each thing in turn until he had covered about one-third of it. The prospect of what was still before him was overpowering, yet there were some things at the end that he wanted to try. Finally he called the waiter and, confidentially marking off the spaces on the card with his index finger, said: "Look here, I've et from thar to thar, can I skip from thar to thar and eat on to the bottom?"

A Change of Color.—Sir Algernon West's Recollections contains this amusing anecdote. A man at election time tried to sell some kittens with blue Tory ribbons on, and failed. The next day he tried to sell them with yellow Liberal ribbons on. "Why," said some one, "they were Tories yesterday!" "Yes," he said, "but their eyes are opened since then, and they have become Liberals."

A Quiet Retort.—To a young man who stood on the street corner in Chicago, peaceably smoking a cigar, approached the elderly and impertinent reformer of immemorial legend. "How many cigars a day do you smoke?" inquired the meddler in other people's affairs. "Three," patiently replied the youth. "How much do you pay for them?" continued the inquisitor. "Ten cents each," confessed the youthful sinner. "Don't you know, sir," continued the sage, "that if you would stop smoking and save up that money, by the time you are as old as I am you might own that big building on the corner?" "Do you own it?" answered the smoker. "No, I don't," replied the old man. "Well, I do," said the young man.

Bishop Creighton's Discovery About Hens.—The Archbishop of Canterbury, in his youth, had some experience as a farmer. Evidently the Bishop of London's education in that respect was neglected. In the account of one of his speeches at the Church Congress he is reported as saying: "There is a certain class of people who are like hens when they have laid an egg. They form their opinion with such difficulty, apparently, and so seldom that when they have formed one they go and crow to all the world to show that they have done it." We would respectfully advise Dr. Creighton not to draw an illustration from crowing hens if he should ever be addressing a rural audience.

A Republican Hat.—Michael Joseph Barry, the poet, was appointed a police magistrate in Dublin. An Irish-American was brought before him charged with suspicious conduct, and the constable swore, among other things, that he was wearing a "Republican" hat. "Does Your Honor know what that means?" inquired the prisoner's lawyer of the court. "I presume," said Barry, "that it means a hat without a crown."

Vanity Fair: Fads, Foibles and Fashions

Dancing Among Orientals.....New World Magazine

The King of Siam enjoys the royal prerogative of keeping bands of dancing and singing girls. At five years of age, and sometimes before, the tots are set to work practising in the royal gymnasium, and small wonder is it that their bones seem to be made of gristle and that they are really the most flexible of human creatures. The most astonishing and marvelous thing the dancers do is to pick up bits of straw with their eyelids. Naturally this can be done only by the youngest and most supple. It is one of the exercises in the gymnasium. The cup dance is a most graceful and intricate measure, and to the looker-on it seems almost miraculous. It may be called the national dance. A row of young girls, each with a cup on her head, take their places in the centre of the great hall. To the accompaniment of the band they kneel down, fold their little hands, and bow their small heads until their foreheads almost touch the polished marble floor, keeping the cups steadily on their heads all the time by a series of skillful jerks of the neck. They also make a series of rapid and intricate circles bringing into play almost every muscle of the body, without in the least disturbing the cups.

As a rule, the Chinese do not care for so frivolous a recreation or pastime as dancing. They do not dance themselves, but they hire dancing girls who are bred to the profession to amuse and entertain them. Bands of dancing women are maintained at Pekin for the entertainment of the court on occasions of rejoicing, and the flower boats which line the banks of the rivers near large cities have dancing girls aboard to amuse the visitors. The girls wear most exquisitely embroidered garments, and are as dainty and delicate as flowers, and, in spite of their compressed feet, some of them are exceedingly graceful. An old legend tells us that Fei Yen, the favorite concubine of the Emperor Chi End, 18 B. C., was so skilled in the art of dancing that she could tread a measure on the palm of his hand or within the circumference of a small bowl. The devil-dancers of China are a sort of spiritual mediums, who claim to be possessed, going into a state of ecstatic frenzy, and when in this state answering questions as to disease, and remedies to be applied.

Most Corean cities have geishas, who form themselves into a sort of guild, with fixed prices for various entertainments. Like their sisters of Japan, they are the best educated of their sex. . . . But to see the geisha in all her native loveliness one must go far afield, even in Dia Nippan. One must be present at a fête dedicated to the Sacred Dragon, where maidens who perform no other dance interpret song and story, sheltered by lacquered walls upon which are emblazoned paintings of the Seven-clawed Dragon.

Decline of Beauty.....Edgar Saltus.....Cosmopolitan

Beauty, it has been noted, lacks a synonym, yet in days when the world went slower it possessed personifications. In Greece it was called Aphrodite; in Egypt, Hathor; in Persia, Anahita; Tanit in Carthage; Mylitta in Babylon; Baaltis in Byblus; Ashtaroth to the Sidonians and Aschera in the glades of Judæa. Blissfuller than any bloom of bliss, devoutly these personifications were worshiped. They were categories of the ideal, the germ of stars, the essence of things. They were Beauty.

This occurred in what we think we have seen somewhere described as the good old days. They are gone, worse luck. Customs have changed and consciences, too, climates with them, the sky as well. There are manufactories where green and yellow was; the shriek of steam where gods have strayed; Baedekers in ruins that never heard an atheist's voice; solitudes where there were splendors; the snarl of jackals where once were birds and bees. With customs and consciences, there are colors and there are arts that have passed with religions from a world to which trolley cars, advertisements and telegraph poles had not yet come, a world that was ornate and unutilitarian, a world which still had its myths and mysteries; one in which piety and poetry went hand in hand, a world without newspapers and cant.

Beauty then was really revered. To-day it is worshiped no longer. Semi-occasionally encountered, it is admired and, by the circumspect, avoided with care. Yet it exists. Beauty has not vacated the planet. But it is folding its tent. It is preparing to steal away. We picture it like Joy, a hand on its lips, bidding farewell.

There is a Persian manuscript which, read one way, is a metrical invocation to Love, and which, read backward, is a text-book on mathematics in prose. Beauty examined is both a poem and a treatise. It stirs the pulse and detains the mind.

In certain memories and memoirs there is a luxury of charm and of grace, there is a plenitude of features chiseled to the brow. In certain halls there are women who with but a look can clothe one down with kisses. In certain homes

there are girls who put flowers in one's thoughts —flowers to which years later we may turn and find fresh and unfaded still. There is much that is seductive and more that is pretty. In the presence of either we forget that beauty is rescaling the skies. From lack of incentive the desire for it is subsiding. To its glamour we are becoming disused. For Aphrodite and the enthralments of her, one searches and searches in vain. In her high place at Paphos she may be seated still. But her temple has tottered; her sanctuary is sacked.

There is a reason for all things. There is one for this. There are even two. Beauty's patent of nobility is to be useless. The trend of the age is distinctly utilitarian. In Anglo-Saxony progress is the most important word. Progress is constantly providing things uglier and more useful than ever were things before.

There is still plenty of taste, but it is all so bad. That, though, is a detail. The point is that whatever loses its efficiency Time lops and leaves behind. As is the case with an ugly angel, a utilitarian Venus is an anomaly which the mind refuses to conceive. In an epoch as remorseless as the present the need of inefficient beauty is ceasing to be felt. Moreover, in the mammoth menageries of money-getters with which the planet is disfigured, where shall Beauty reside?

Already the remote and mysterious influences which we call heredity, when we don't lump them into evolution, are taking that matter in charge. The study of both has been pursued in vain unless they show that everything which lives either advances or retrogrades, develops or disappears in accordance with its surroundings.

As a consequence, where utility and ugliness reign the useless and the beautiful retreat. In that sample morrow which the future holds woman may be wise and, at a pinch, she may be winsome, but the witchery of her will have faded with the witchery of faith.

Beauty then will be dead as the dodo, extinct as the novel with a purpose. As some of us pay to see monstrosities now, so will others pay for a peep at loveliness then. It will be just as uncanny, too, yet hardly as brazen. For though beauty may be degraded, never can it be vulgarized. But it will feel itself a survival and depart as survivals do.

Decline of Good Manners... .....Cornhill Magazine

A gentleman of the old school said some years ago: "When I was young two gentlemen meeting in the street took off their hats and bowed to each other; a few years later and the bow had ceased; then came a time when they merely touched the brims of their hats; and now a jerk of the chin and a little grunt—'h'm, h'm,' is considered sufficient salutation between two men of quality and fashion." The habit of remaining uncovered in the presence of ladies died hard, but it is a good many years since the late Lord D—— was conspicuous as the only man who always stood bare-headed in the crush-room of the Opera. "Mesdames," said an old lady, some fifty years ago, in reply to some complaints upon the changes in men's manners, "vous êtes descendues de votre piédestal le jour où vous avez permis aux messieurs de fumer devant vous." She little thought that in the days of the granddaughters of the women whom she was upbraiding the smoking-room would be common to both sexes, and the very idea of standing on a pedestal almost a subject of derision.

If we may judge by the courteous bearing and exquisite urbanity of many of the old people who were ornaments to society some twenty years ago, we should be tempted to say that manners must have been at their best in the first quarter of this century; unless we are to think that the courtliness which charmed us was one of the virtues of old age, like the greater indulgence and kindliness, and other fruits of the experiences of life, which are among the attributes of the old. It is, alas! more likely that their polished manners were the survival of habits acquired in youth, and that there is but little hope that the manners of the present generation will—like wine—improve as they get older. One boisterous day last winter some ladies in Paris were complaining of the unpleasantness of getting about, and that men were not as obliging as might be wished in the matter of giving way in tramcars, etc. "Well, I always do," said a gentleman present. "Oh, but your are eighty years of age," was the instant reply, with a smile and little bow of graceful homage.

"The decline of good manners is the fault of the women," is the often-repeated accusation, and it may be that their intrusion into so many domains which were formerly reserved to men, their abandonment or relaxation of many of the rules of "bienséance" which formerly prevailed, may have had a large share of responsibility in the changed order of things. But the causes alleged have been as multifarious as the results, and their enumeration would be as tedious as, in many instances, the remedies would be unobtainable, ranging as they do from the numerical superiority of the gentle sex and the changes in the marriage laws, down to the newest caprice of fashion on the part of the women, and the greater indolence of habit in the men, bred by the very excess of the modern appliances for the promotion of ease and the saving of exertion and trouble. It is said that there

is a reaction against the excessive "sans-gêne" of manners that was the rule three or four years ago; that the lament of the ball-giving hostess has at last got a hearing, and that there is a return to the civilities of former days in the matter of answering invitations and paying duty-calls. Perhaps, in time, it will cease to be considered within the limits of tolerated manners for gilded youths to arrive at supper-time, where the cuisine is known to be good, and to leave the house again without taking the trouble to go upstairs and make their bow to their hostess.

Audiences at the Opera.....New York Sun

The curtain rose on the last act of the opera after a longer intermission than usual, and the American prima donna began the long and laborious aria which promised to be the most brilliant feature of her performance during the evening. The society matron who possibly more than any one else in the long and glittering horseshoe is always the observed of the audience, gave a smiling word to the last of the men who during the entr'acte had been visiting the box. Then she turned her eyes casually to the stage. The artist was singing gloriously, putting all her experience and years of labor and all her natural gift into the performance of the great air which was to decide whether or not she could rank with some of her predecessors in the same rôle. The society matron eyed her casually, swept the house with her glance immediately afterward, and then turning to the young man beside her, evidently informed him that she was ready to leave. At all events, she arose just as the prima donna uttered a superb declamatory passage in remarkable fashion. The society matron did not even look over her shoulder to see what had happened. Immediately the rest of the boxes on the subscribers' tier began to show evidences of disturbance. Women began to talk, some rose and left their seats, the men retired to get their wraps for them in the rear of the boxes. The opera was over. To be sure, there was one scene immortal in the history of operatic music still to come in addition to much that is beautiful, but the particular woman who is most viewed in society had left; the effect was plain in the orchestra stalls. Subscribers who had learned from the programme the number of her box, and had come to recognize her face, moved nervously in their seats. Nobody listened to the American prima donna except some hearers so far up aloft that the social leader was invisible to them. The prima donna never got "a hand," as the expression goes, and to all intent and purposes the opera came to a close when one of society's most conspicuous women turned her back on the prima donna at the climax of her part.

This incident illustrates a phase of the opera which is more emphasized this year than it has been in many seasons; the social side of the performances is so conspicuous that it must impress itself even on the casual spectator. Chatter has been more marked; the occupants of the boxes exhibit less interest in the stage proceedings and the attitude of the audiences is coldly casual and disinterested. Some of the artists of the opera have recently expressed their opinion that a clacque ought to be hired that the public may be enough warmed up to show some interest in what is going on on the stage. Several times during the season some tremendous "tour de force" has aroused an outbreak from the spectators, but these occasions have not been frequent enough to compensate for the lack of enthusiasm exhibited at other times when enthusiasm was mostly to be expected.

All the artists here are astonished by the coldness of the audiences, which they are unable to understand. They are not familiar with the customs that formerly prevailed in the auditorium at the Metropolitan, or they would know the reason for this new attitude. The lights in the Metropolitan Opera House were formerly lowered during all the performances so that it was impossible for a person sitting in an orchestra seat to see the occupants of the boxes during the progress of the opera. This season the lights are lit, excepting at the Wagner operas, and so far as the ease of recognizing persons in the theatre goes, newcomers may enjoy themselves just as much during the progress of the opera as during the intermission. This year the subscription is very large for the second time. It was large last season, and the persons who bought tickets for the entire year were those who had been in the habit of going to the opera frequently in the past, although there were, of course, among them some seat-holders who found themselves for the first time regular attendants at the Metropolitan performances. During the present season the number of subscribers of this kind is very much larger than ever. The horseshoe of boxes filled with women whose names constantly figure in the lists of the most brilliant social incidents was never before revealed to them. It is as if somebody had suddenly raised the blinds at the Waldorf during an Assembly ball and given the patrons of the restaurant an opportunity to look in and see the people whose doings would be reported in the newspapers the next morning. It takes a very earnest and devoted lover of music to keep his thoughts constantly on the opera while this dazzling array is visible during three hours, or rather during two

hours and a half, as the new subscribers are compelled for the first half hour of the performance to content themselves with watching the stage, for society does not arrive until half-past eight or nine.

Jewels at the Opera.....New York Post

"The most magnificent jewels in the world may be seen at the opera," said an expert, who is at the head of the largest importing house in New York. "In Paris there are but a few boxes where jewels are displayed at the opera, and in London perhaps twice as many. But in New York City there is a double-banked horseshoe which fairly scintillates with gems almost every night during the opera season. The other night I saw a New York woman, well known on both continents, who had diamonds on which I know were worth over $400,000—the tiara, necklace, corsage sprays and stomacher. On the opposite side of the house sat another in a box who wore gems which I have reason to know are valued at $275,000—just the pieces she wore that night. Dealers in precious stones know the value and location of every noted jewel and mounted mixed piece that is sold. At the opera house the other night I did some little figuring, and at a low estimate I valued the jewels in the boxes and those in the foyer which I could see at $5,000,000. In no other city in the world can such a sight be seen."

The American style of cutting the diamond which is now being adopted throughout the world —round with low tables—displays the jewels to much more advantage, and the delicate corsage sprays which make such magnificent ornaments are as yet practically unknown to the world outside of the United States. In England and France the diamonds owned by wealthy women are all of the old square, heavy cut. In England they look postively heavy. The European woman too often seeks a size which, with the peculiar, massive cut, bears no comparison in beauty with the American cut. Some of the most famous family jewels in Europe are now undergoing a change in appearance, so won over to the American style have their owners become. Each stone will suffer a loss of from one-quarter to two carats or more, but the result is worth it. And any of the old-cut diamonds to-day can be sold only for what they will reproduce in the new cut. The very latest cut of diamond is in the form of a full heart encircled with rubies or emeralds. This has not yet been shown to any extent, but it will be the reigning favorite, lapidaries say, for engagement rings the coming year. Many of the largest houses in the city are cutting their engagement jewels into this form.

What Some Gowns Cost.....Scottish Review

A certain type of male lays much store by what he shall eat and drink and wherewithal he shall be clothed, for the youthful springald of to-day's monde must have his hats and collars, his boots and garments, of precisely the correct cut, quality and dimensions. But the range of his possible variations in attire are happily restricted within comparatively narrow limits of pattern, material and tint. It is reserved for the other sex to elevate dress into a passion. With them it has become in this our epoch of intensified luxury one of the most elaborate and engrossing of the fine arts. A distinguished novelist has said that in dealing with womankind the sharpest of men are apt to overlook in their calculations the paramount influence of dress. Nor would we that the skirted sex should lose the instinct to vest themselves in pretty and becoming apparel, or hold cheap the secret of outward adornment, provided the outlay thereon is kept within the reasonable capabilities of the individual woman. But here it is that smart society exercises one of its greatest tyrannies. The costliness of some women's habiliments is startling to read of. We know that the costumes turned out by the Elises and Worths, the Paquins, Redferns and Félixes, of the great Anglo-French-American world of fashion are only purchased at prodigious prices. Tailor-made clothes have once more become a rage among the feminine sets which are nothing if not "modish," and even hand-painted gowns for indoor wear would appear to be among the latest developments of the art of spending huge sums of money on the coverings of one's person. A peep into the periodicals which purvey for women is a revelation of the modern sumptuousness in feminine drapery. George Pilotelle, we are told in a leading fashion journal, is a great "maestro" among the art-designers of female costume to-day. He asserts that "at no time in the world's history have there been such beautiful clothes as are made and worn now-a-days." But, then, he gives us the "per contra" of the present prevalent extravagance and frenzy for dress, which is alleged to have laid hold of every class of women in this country. "Times," says M. Pilotelle, "have changed very much since I was a youth. Women who, in those days, would have spent a hundred pounds a year, will now spend ten times that sum on their clothes; and on one occasion I was called upon to design £40,000 worth of costumes for one lady." He further instances a single pair of stockings bought for £100, and a tea-gown which cost the wearer £1,700. Fashionable women have become absolutely callous to cost where exterior adornment and the subject of clothes are concerned.

Animal Life: Stories, Studies and Sketches

Eagles and Babies.....C. J. Cornish.....Cornhill Magazine

Most people must have felt doubts as to the stories of eagles attacking men, even when their nests were being robbed. But an instance of such an attack occurred not long ago to Mr. Turner-Turner, a well-known sportsman and amateur fur hunter, in British Columbia. Seeing an eagle in the distance he stood still to watch it, as he had not seen one in the neighborhood where he was shooting. "The ground was covered with six inches of snow, except on the summits of the mountains, where it was deeper," writes Mr. Turner-Turner, "and I was, therefore, a conspicuous object. Presently I was surprised to see how close the bird was approaching, but concluded that it must have mistaken me standing still for a stump, and would immediately discover its error. It never deviated from its course or changed its position, except to drop its legs slightly when about ten yards off and in line with my head. These it quickly drew up again, flying directly at my face, which so took me by surprise as to leave me hardly time to throw up my rifle as a guard, and to wave my left hand. This caused the eagle to pass above me with the rush of a half a dozen rockets. Up to this time the thought of harming the bird never occurred to me. But I then faced about and fired at my retreating foe. Then with a rapid wheel it turned to renew the attack, this time making an undoubted and intentional swoop at my head, in which it would have been successful had I not suddenly ducked. It was not a common bald eagle, but, as I afterward learned, a mountain or golden eagle."

The stories of infants carried off in the Alps by large raptores have been wrongly attributed to the lammergeyer, and in all probability the golden eagle was the culprit, as the lammergeyer is not particularly bold, and mainly feeds on bones and carrion. But that it is powerful enough I proved by putting into the talons of a large specimen bird a doll weighing over eight pounds—that being the average weight of a six-weeks'-old baby. I pushed the front and back talons through the doll's clothes at its waist, and allowed the other claws to close on and catch where they liked. Taking hold of the shank of the leg so that the skin might not tear, I found that the claws of one foot of a dead and dried lammergeyer were sharp enough and curved enough to hold up the clothes and the eight-pound dummy of a baby.

Recently a story widely published in the French press gave a circumstantial account of the carrying off of an infant by an eagle in the mountains near Nice. Why any one should doubt that a golden eagle could lift an infant is difficult to say. Their common food is the mountain hare, which weighs from 6 to 6½ pounds, and one has been seen in the island of Reay carrying one of these at a great height from the ground while mobbed by carrion crows. They can also carry a brown hare, the weight of which is 7½ pounds.

Salamanders and Salamander Cats.....N. Robinson....Pop. Sci. Mo.

In many places in the extreme Southern States, especially in what is locally known as the "piney woods," one of the most notable features is the constantly recurring mounds of yellow sand which everywhere dot and, it must be confessed, disfigure the monontonous landscape. These piles of earth are usually nearly circular in form, fairly symmetrical in contour, from six inches to two feet in diameter, and, save where they have been beaten down by rain or winds or the trampling of cattle, about half as high as they are broad. Often these sand heaps are pretty evenly distributed, sometimes so thickly as to cover at least one-fourth of the soil surface. If you ask a native the cause of this singular phenomenon, which you will perhaps at first be disposed to consider a kind of arenaceous eruption which has somehow broken out on the face of Nature, your informant will sententiously reply, "Salamanders!" All this disfigurement is indeed the work of a curious little rodent popularly so named and about the size and color of an ordinary rat. He is never seen above ground if he can possibly help it. He digs innumerable branching underground tunnels at depths varying from one to six feet, and these mounds of sand are simply the "dump heaps" which, in his engineering operations, he finds it necessary to make. After carrying the excavated earth to the surface this cautious little miner takes the greatest pains to cover up his tracks. No opening into his burrow is left. How he manages to so carefully smooth over his little sand mound and then literally "pull the hole in after him" is as yet unexplained. The work is mostly done at night, when observation is especially difficult. Sometimes, when he is a little belated and the early morning twilight admonishes him that it is "quitting time," he gets in a hurry and slights his work. Then a little depression at the top of the mound tells where he has made a hasty exit. Ordinarily the rounding out of the sand pile is as deftly done as though it had all been managed

from above. Indeed, the feat actually accomplished by this little underground builder appears more puzzling the more it is considered. The most skilled human engineer would confess his inability to thus pile up a mound of loose sand, go down through it, leave the top perfectly smoothed over, and, with no supports save the sand itself, to so fill up the passageway above him as he went down that not the slightest mark should be left to indicate his pathway of retreat. Even if you dig into and under one of these sand mounds you will find very little to betray the builder's whereabouts. It is seemingly all solid earth, and unless you know exactly when and where and how to dig you will probably give up the search in disgust, with your labor and your backache but no "salamander" hole for your pains. Indeed, the cunning of this little rodent in hiding his burrow is quite as conspicuous as his skill in digging it. "Strategy" is his strong point. If by any chance you come upon his burrow it is probably an old abandoned one that is closed up and leads nowhere. The chances are ten to one that his real burrow is rods if not furlongs away.

Why this little underground dweller should be called "salamander" is one of those mysteries of popular nomenclature which is seemingly inexplicable. There is certainly nothing in the habits or appearance of the animal to suggest the fabled fire-proof batrachian. Like some other lovers of darkness, he has quite a number of aliases by which in various portions of the South and West he is known. "Gopher," "pouched rat," "hamster" and "muelos" are some of the titles by which he is locally known. "Salamander" appears to be the most generally accepted one. This enterprising little rodent belongs to an ancient if not honorable family. By naturalists he is generally known as "pocket gopher," and is classed among the "Geomyidæ." Some fifteen known species have been recognized, with possibly more to hear from, and with a habitat extending quite across the continent. The Florida species is probably "Geomys tuza" (Ord.), and though not as large as one or two others, is quite the peer of any of his cousins in enterprise and ability to look out for himself.

The food of "Geomys bursarius" appears to be exclusively vegetable. Native roots and root stocks, cones and bulbs, together with the root bark of various trees, are eaten by him, and sometimes in a very annoying way. Orange trees are peculiarly liable to his attacks. He gnaws through and around the tap root as near to the surface as he can without disturbing it or in any way calling attention to his work, and not infrequently he continues his depredations until every root of any size is eaten off. This, of course, means the death of the tree. From the "salamander" point of view, however, the greatest food "bonanza" of all is a sweet-potato patch. "A 'possum up a 'simmon tree" or a "pig in clover" is not more alive to the delights and advantages of the situation. He not only eats all he can stuff, but invites his relatives and friends. Nor is this all. He has learned that in autumn sweet potatoes are liable to suddenly disappear, so he "takes time"—and the potatoes—"by the forelock," and packs them away in liberal measure in his burrow for winter use. So well understood are the ways and weaknesses of this underground marauder that any suspicious mound of earth in a sweet potato field is the signal for an active campaign which ends only in the intruder's flight or death.

One of the most curious results of the existence and habits of this elusive little burrowing rodent is the development of a new and peculiar breed of "Felis domestica," called "salamander" cats. Ordinary tabbys do not understand or admire the ways of "Geomys bursarius," or, for some other good and sufficient feline reason, do not include him in their game list. The variety of cats in question which, so far as the author knows, is confined to Florida, appears to have been developed spontaneously and with very little if any human agency, and is noted for its special skill in catching "salamanders," as well as a decided liking for the sport. Any Mrs. Tabby of this breed, especially if she has a family to provide for, is up betimes in the morning. The particular object of her pursuit is a remarkably early riser, and finishes his day's work before most people have begun theirs. So if there is a convenient fence around the grounds she proposes to hunt, she mounts it with the first peep of day, and, with a sharp eye to landward, starts on her tour of observation. Any fresh pile of sand is closely scrutinized. The slightest movement there brings her to the mound with a spring, and she is at once crouching behind it; so when Mr. "Geomys" comes up in a big hurry with his next load of sand he finds somebody to meet him that is in a bigger hurry still, and so the unsuspecting victim is borne off in triumph.

Employing the Carabao in the Philippines.....Scientific American

The relative value of the mule and the carabao, or, as it is commonly called, the water buffalo, for army purposes in the Philippines has been a subject of speculation and experiment during the operations of our army in the archipelago through the rainy season. The almost indispensable character of the carabao to the natives made it seem advisable to try the creature for transport

PAGE(S)
MISSING

The Bullet.....*George Crouch*.....*New York Sun*

Whiz, whiz! goes the little blue bullet. "Get out of the way when I hum.
"You can laugh at round shot and shell, and dodge as they clumsily come.
"The big round shot is a bully—loudly he blusters and roars;
"And the shrapnel shell gives warning to all as high in the air he soars.
"As I fly on my death-dealing errand, the men that I hit never hear;
"It's the ones that I miss that flinch at my hiss, and listen again in fear.
"I go to my work unseen. I neither bluster nor blow;
"I but whistle and sing, as I wing my way, and straight to my billet go.
"I cut through muscle and bone, I cut through heart and brain,
"I can make the men at the big guns quake as I cut and come again.
"I laugh at the glittering sword, the lance and the bayonet's steel.
"I volley them back, heaping dead in the track, as the wounded stagger and reel.
"A fig for the round shot and shell, as they finish in smoke and dirt.
"When I hit my mark, I leave wounded and stark. Whiz, whiz! See the life-blood spurt!
"'In days of old, when knights were bold,' and, armed cap-a-pie,
"They faced the spear; they faced the sword, but never fronted me."
Whiz, whiz! goes the little blue bullet. Ping, ping, and pit, pat, pat.
When the rifles shoot, skedaddle and scoot, or don't show the top of your hat.
"Now look them over, O Red-cross men. Count them up, and say;
"Was it shot or shell, weapons of steel, or the bullet that won the day?"

Kalamazoo.....*Denver News*

I often go backward in fancy
To a winter I long ago knew
In a town known to fame by its musical name,
Which the same it is Kalamazoo.

O, Kalamazoyzle—mazizzle—
Mazazzle—mazeezle—mazoo!
That liquid, harmonious, easy, euphonious
Name known as Kalamazoo!

Where it got such a name I can't tell you,
But I've heard, and I doubt not 'tis true.
There's a mixture of Greek and of Choctaw and Creek
In the make-up of Kalamazoo.

Yet, although the name is so soothing,
The winters don't take the same cue.
They're rasping and rigid, they're frosty and frigid,
Those winters in Kalamazoo.

It stood 28 below zero
And lasted a whole month or two;
My whiskers I froze, and my nose and my toes,
That winter in Kalamazoo.

In fact, 'twas so cold for a season
The very air seemed to turn blue;
Though people who knew said that this fact was due
To the swearing 'round Kalamazoo.

Those same people also informed me,
And swore that the statement was true,
When it thawed out in spring that these swear words, 'i jing,
Would explode over Kalamazoo.

There were days that I wished most devoutly,
When "northers" from Canada blew,
For a skin made of leather to stand the cold weather
They had around Kalamazoo.

O, Kalamazouzle—mazazzle—
Mazawzle—mazizzle—mazoo!
With your name I was smitten, but I got frostbitten
When I tackled you, Kalamazoo.

How They Fixed It.....*Punch*

As thro' the Strand at eve we went.
The Strategist and I,
We taught the Generals their trade,
We threw Von Moltke in the shade,
We knew the reason why.
O blessings on the good conceit
That never need be shy,
That could each difficulty meet
And every peril spy.
For when we came to Charing Cross,
And would have passed thereby,
A Brompton 'bus we did not see
Came at us—bang!—
And where were we?
The Strategist and I?

The Human Owl.....*Washington Star*

I've known a lot of folk to win
The good opinion of mankind
By simply being cautious in
Their moods, when you would speak your mind,
When strife is general and intense
And fierce emotions deep are stirred
They turn to him with confidence—
The man who never says a word.

Perhaps his wisdom is so deep
That into silence he must sink;
And then perhaps he goes to sleep
Because he has no thoughts to think.
But whatso'er the reason be,
The world has solemnly deferred
To him throughout all history—
The man who never says a word.

Your knowledge may be wondrous great,
Somewhere a flaw it will display.
Keep talking on, and soon or late
You'll surely give yourself away.
And men will straight forget the good
Which from your lips of old they heard,
And turn away in mocking mood
To him who never said a word.

The Sketch Book: Character in Outline

Witches of Dartmoor.....E. P.....Black and White

I awnly knaw as I had it from my gran'faither an' he heard it from his; so as 'twas handed down by my own flesh an' blood from the fourth generation, I reckon as it must be true.

'Twas this way: Tom Chowne, the huntsman, were alive then—an' never a chap runned hounds better'n him; an' harriers they was, as be gude dogs for this country still, though sport ban't what it was in them days, I warn 'e.

Well, up to wheer Tom was used to draw for a hare, on the moor edge, theer stood a cot as scowled like a sulky human under its low thatches. Gert hag's tapers uprose afore the door—a noted witch flower, as you might have hearc about; an' a witch it was as lived theer—awfulest auld black witch ever I heard tell on.

Auld as Cosdon her was an' the scorn an' hate of the country-side. But none durst so much as think ill against the woman, for satan's a true friend to the likes o' she an' never goes back on his half of a bargain by all accounts.

How she lived none knawed ezacally; but theer comed a time in the hunting season when a terrible coorious thing happened; an' it led to the fatal end of the woman as I'll tell 'e.

You must onderstand that her li'l gran'son lived along wi' her—him an' a cat an' a nanny-goat bein' awnly live things she had any account in. An' many folks would have taked the orphan cheel an' brought un up in a Christian fashion; but auld witch—Cherry Ward her was called—or Charity Ward, 'cordin' to the name given her at baptism—the auld witch wouldn't part with the bwoy, an' so Sammy Ward grawed to twelve year auld in that black company, an' none else. He was a smart young chap, an' the huntsman, Tom Chowne, liked un well, for Sammy allus knowed wheer a hare was aquotted 'pon the moor, an' many a shillin' he got by bringin' Crowne news on a huntin' marnin'. An' he never lied, for a hare was allus to be met with wheer he said. But, coming to think 'pon it wan day, an' calling home all his gert runs as hadn't ended wi' a kill, Tom Chowne suddenly made the discovery as he never catched the hares what Sammy Ward found — never wance, though they allus gived his hounds a brave run an' gude sport. He thought 'pon this, then he seed how 'twas, an' grawed so cold as a gashly twoad to think on't. 'Twas auld Cherry Ward as played the hare! For witch hares was so common as mushrooms in them days. An' of course no hound ever pupped could catch a witch hare. You can't even shoot 'em onless you've got a ball as have dipped in holy water.

Tom he ups an' tells his maister what he've discovered; an' Squire Carew, as awned the dogs an' was a bad un to beat an' a hard rider, swears by all saints an' angels as he'll be even wi' the baggerin' auld she-devil next time, an' see his harriers run her down or else break his neck for it. So the day comed when they was huntin' out old witch's way, an' sure 'nough Sammy Ward had seen a hare, an' he got his shilling as usual, an' away went the hunt on a hot scent wi' Squire an' Tom Chowne behind the dogs an' meanin' to do or die.

Us can awnly guess what that sport was like, for theer ban't no such huntin' nowadays. 'Twas a gray hare as sat up an' waited till the hounds comed wi'in fifty yards of her, then lopped off so easy as if she was just changing her feedin' ground. But come presently she seed them riding along wi' the pack meant business, an' they drove her from start to finish; for even a witch hare's awnly made o' flesh an' flax—'tis part a natural beast an' part a trick o' the devil, if you onderstand me.

The hare runned an' the hounds hunted, an' the men rode hell for leather till them behind all lost sight of the maister an' huntsman an' dogs. Theer was awnly the splashed peat bogs an' spattered grasses an' broken hurdles or frighted sheep huddled in the corner of a pen to shaw where the hunt had passed like a band o' demons.

An' meantime they hounds beginned to gain 'pon auld gray hare, an' she, as had gived 'em the slip so oft, seemed like to be in a tight corner 'fore she'd done with it. The hare comed in a gert circle, as hares will, an' presently what should Squire Carew espy long ways ahead of un but the moor edge an' Cherry Ward's sulky, frownin' cottage perched lonely theer! 'Twas pull devil, pull baker, accordin' to the auld phrase then; an' a sweatin', gaspin', gurglin' hunt 'pon the very scut of the hare.

Then a hundred yards from the cottage door the huntsman's fear was shown to be founded on fact sure 'nough, for theer stood the young lad, Sammy Ward, an' his face was white as curds, an' he shook like a leaf to see the dogs, wi' theer teeth, a yard from the hare. An' he cries, wi' all his power:

"Run, granny! Run for it! They'll have 'e sure's death if you can't go a bit faster!"

The auld gray hare, wi' her ears back an' her eyes back, gives a squeal like a cheel as have hurt

itself; an' then, wi' a last kick an' struggle, reaches a drain of slates, an' scutters in out o' reach o' the dogs.

'Twas a shave, an' Tom Chowne gets off his stretched an' snorting horse, an' Squire gets off his; an' Tom sez:

"Us be beat, sir."

An' Squire sez:

"No, by G——, us ban't!"

Then, wi'out by your leave, he breaks open the cottage door, an' marches in, an' what should he see fust thing but auld Cherry Ward a lying 'pon the stone floor of the kitchen a-gaspin' next door to death. She was scratched and torn sore, wi' the life near out of her; an' when he comed in she just lifted two eyes—cat-green they was—to Squire's, an' had strength to spit at him; but no wind for words. So out he goes, an' tells the country-side as Cherry was an anointed witch. An' next week they comed an' took her down to Throwley horse-pond an' ducked her thrice. An' she floated, you mind, which shawed more'n ever she was a witch, for a Christian sinks like a stone, accordin' to the will o' God.

Andy Shanks' Liberality.....Thomas P. Montfort....Harper's Bazar

An old pioneer gold-hunter was speaking of his early-day California acquaintances.

"Now thar wuz old Andy Shanks," he said. "Knowed old Andy better than I knowed my grandmother, an' I reckon thar never wuz a fairer, squarer, an' a more honorable man than he war. An' conscientious! Why, Andy wuz so skeered of intrudin' on other people that he'd ruther give away a foot of his own rights than to chance sloppin' over a inch on somebody else's. Wouldn't wrong nobody out o' nothin' for nothin' on earth if he knowed it.

"'Member one time somebody stole a gold nugget from Andy. Don't recollect jest how it wuz, but in some way it 'peared powerful plain that old Sam Woods war the thief. Andy was so plumb shore of it that he jest took his gun an' went out an' shot old Sam down. That thar wuz all right an' proper enough, and nobody didn't think nothin' of it.

"'Bout a week later, though, it came out that old Sam wa'n't the thief, an' that it war one o' them dog-goned onery Digger Injuns what stole the nugget. When Andy found out 'bout this he war plumb sorry that he'd killed old Sam, an' took it to heart dreadful.

"'Boys,' he says to us, 'I never wuz so cut up 'bout nothing in all my life as I am 'bout shootin' of Sam. Why, I'd actually 'a' ruther lost twice that much gold than to 'a' killed Sam an' him innocent. I would, shore.'

"We tried to chirk Andy up, tellin' him it war all jest a mistake, but he didn't seem to feel satisfied 'bout it. He mout 'a' took a more cheerful view of the matter if it hadn't been that Sam had a wife in the camp. Andy seemed to kind of pity her, an' he wuz so dog-goned conscientious that he felt like he owed her somethin' for deprivin' her of a husband. Sam war no good, an' we didn't feel that his wife had lost no great shakes in losin' him, an' we told Andy so, but he wouldn't look at it in that way. He 'lowed even if Sam wa'n't no 'count, his wife valued him up a right smart, an' he war bound to value him at her figgers.

"Waal, Andy studied the matter over for a while, then one day he went down to see the widder 'bout it.

"'Mrs. Woods,' he said, 'I'm plumb downright sorry 'bout the way I done Sam, but of co'se you understand that it war all a nateral mistake that anybody was liable to make, an' thar ain't no use, so fer as I kin see, in grievin' over spilled milk. Sam's gone, an' thar ain't no bringin' him back, so thar ain't no use foolin' 'bout him no more. I want to repair the wrong I done you as fer as I kin, an' I'm goin' to act white with you. I'm willin' to do the fair thing by you.

"'What are you willin' to do?' the widder asked.

"'Thar ain't but one think I kin do, I reckon,' Andy replied. 'You lost your husband through my keerlessness, an' it's my duty to make that loss good. I'll jest marry you myself.'

"Couldn't nobody offer fairer than that, for Andy war worth a dozen of Sam. But, strange to say, that thar widder wouldn't nigh have it that way. Seems like women can't sometimes appreciate the liberality of men, nohow."

A Creepy Experience.....New York Post

"In 18—, you will perhaps remember, I bought that old house just out of Chambersburg in Pennsylvania. You will recall the big dining-room, with its old-fashioned fireplace, and you may recall my mastiff, Hubert, 'Hube,' we called him. There wasn't anything mysterious about the house. It was one of those old-fashioned colonial affairs, without any special traditions of interest, and unassociated with any crimes that I ever heard of. Nothing occurred in it to disturb a pleasant life that I led there with my family until the winter of 18—. Dave Pettus had come down, and had been visiting us for several weeks. The fact is, we were doing some work together on a book, for which we had a contract. It was about the early history of Louisiana, and Pettus had accumulated a great bulk of material for the purpose. He and I used to sit before that big fireplace at night, after the family had retired, and discuss our work

with a bottle of old whisky on the table. Nearly always Hube would lie on the rug before the fire, and Alice's big cat would be pretty sure to be asleep on the cushioned bench at the corner of the chimney. One night, while we were talking about Lafitte and General Jackson, Hube growled ominously, jumped up, and, backing against my chair, began to bark violently and exhibit unmistakable signs of terror. The cat, with her fur standing on end, made a break for the closed door, and began to cry piteously to get out. The disturbance was so sudden that Pettus and I were startled. There stood the dog with his tail drawn down between his legs, his nose pointing at the southeast corner of the room, and his head slowly turning as he barked, as if his eyes were following something that was slowly crossing the room diagonally to the northwest corner, and all the time he was pushing against my chair with his hind quarters. He finished this performance when the object of his excitement had evidently disappeared, by walking over the trail with his nose down to the northwest corner of the room, and there giving a farewell bark to the wainscoting. I took a lantern and went outside, Pettus following me. There was a light fall of snow on the ground, and not a break in it anywhere of a footprint or a carriage wheel. The dog, instead of searching for trespassers, appeared to be relieved to get out of the house, and when we went back it was with some difficulty that I got him in again. But he utterly refused to go into the dining-room. As for the cat, she disappeared for three days. 'It's the most extraordinary performance I ever saw,' I remarked to Pettus, 'and I can't imagine the cause.'

"'Something passed across your room,' said Pettus. 'That is unmistakable to me.'

"Then we diligently examined the room, shaking the curtains, inspecting the wainscoting, moving the furniture, sounding the floor, and going through all the familiar proceedings of such a search. But everything was right and tight, not a rat or loose board, window shutters hooked tight and the sashes fastened, not the slightest evidence that vermin or any kind of intruder could have got into the room, and there was no warrant for believing that Hube and the cat would have been terror-stricken at any terrestrial intrusion.

"Finally we returned to our original positions, made Hube lie down again on the rug, gave the fire a poke, and waited to see if we could induce a repetition of the disturbance. But, of course, that is something which I suppose you know never can be done, and about one o'clock we went to bed. I don't think we either of us said much about it to the family the next day, for fear that they would naturally attribute it to the whisky-bottle. But as soon as Pettus and I got together in the library we fell to talking about it, to the neglect of our work, and to my astonishment Pettus, instead of trying to find any rational explanation of it, coolly assured me that there was no sort of doubt that some terrifying thing had gone across my room only visible to the animals. You can understand that such an easy assumption would bring on an argument, and Pettus amazed me still more by saying that any other proof than the evidence of the animals' actions was not needed. 'I think,' said he, 'that it is a kind of protective clairvoyance they have. If you have ever been in a caravan on the Great Desert at night, you will remember some of the strange experiences, when the thin line of camels huddle closer and every cameleer takes warning from these beasts that there are lurking close in the dense darkness strange djans and affrites. I saw in southern Morocco the astonishing spectacle of a caravan stopped at night and cut in two by a great gap, while the latter half of it waited for an invisible procession to pass through.'

"All this, I dare say," observed Crampton, "sounds very fanciful and medieval, just as it did to me, and the smile on your face is a reflection of the same superior incredulity that I wore myself. Well, Pettus went back to Louisiana, and the whole thing passed out of mind as the year rolled by. But at the beginning of the summer the Journal of Psychologic Knowledge asked me to prepare a paper on a woman by the name of Tibbits who was attracting a good deal of attention at that time as a clairvoyant. I called on her—she was living in a shabby-genteel quarter, on Varick street, and had already been overrun by reporters and doctors. I found her an uneducated woman of about thirty; lymphatic, unvolitional and very impressionable, but rather shrinking from public attention and a little afraid of her own powers, which, in a purely scientific sense, presented a most remarkable case of clear sight. I satisfied myself that the woman had no fraudulent intent, had, indeed, a most excellent moral character. She was singularly candid in avowing her own ignorance, and equally disinclined to be made a subject of public discussion. She did not prescribe, had no nostrums to sell, and never, I believe, overcame her repugnance to the trance condition. She had lost her husband some years before, and lived upon a small annuity which was sufficient to support her comfortably with economy. Here was a rare opportunity to study a physical and perhaps a psychical phenomenon that was already eliciting the wonder of the psychologists in France and Germany, and was not at all confused with any Spiritualistic claims.

In June Mrs. Tibbits came to Chambersburg and became my guest. She proved a very acceptable inmate of the house, was fond of children, lent a willing hand in the domestic arrangements, and proved a modest, retiring, methodical woman, who gave herself to the scientific experiments with something like a mild protest. Dr. J—— and I succeeded in eliminating everything of a supernatural character from the investigation, and hers proved to be a remarkable case of unsuspected visual function. She undoubtedly did in certain conditions read a book which was pressed against the back of her head when her eyes were blindfolded, and at other times recognized different faces in total darkness, but she made no claim of communication with departed spirits.

"One night Dr. J——, my wife, Mrs. Tibbits and I were sitting in the dining-room—it must have been quite early in the evening. We were listening to the doctor narrate some of his army experiences. We sat in a careless semi-circle between the dining-table and the big fireplace, which was now closed with a screen. Mrs. Tibbits was in the middle of the circle with her back to the table. Hube, the dog, I should have told you, had died a month or two before. I noticed that Mrs. Tibbits, who was very much interested in what the doctor was telling us, kept looking behind her at intervals, as one will when somebody annoyingly interrupts a conversation. Suddenly she stood up, turned round, and in an attitude of intense eagerness and terror stared into the southeast corner of the room. My wife jumped up, crying out, 'What is the matter?' and both the doctor and I rose quickly. There she stood, her elbows drawn up, her eyes seeming to project, and the lines of her mouth rigidly constricted, so that she showed her teeth. Then her head turned slowly, as if following something that was crossing the room diagonally. The doctor caught hold of her quickly, and she swooned away in his arms. We got her upstairs as quickly as possible, and the doctor and my wife worked over her well into the night. She appeared to be overcome with mortal terror, nor could any of us elicit the slightest information as to the nature of the apparition that had frightened her. My own appeals to her the next morning were of little avail. I asked her to be rational, and for my sake describe what she saw. But she only shuddered and said, 'Something terrible crossed your room.' 'What was it like?' I asked. 'I don't know,' she replied, 'I never saw anything like it before. I must get away from here to-day.' This was unbearably aggravating, but nothing could induce her to stay in the house, and the day after the occurrence I took her to the station, she acting during the whole journey very much like a woman pursued by some unmentionable horror. I am not a man to be scared by the visions of an uneducated woman, but when she corroborated some kind of clear vision in two animals I made up my mind that there might be more things than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

Remitted His Fine ..... *Harper's Magazine*

In the days antedating railroads in northern Iowa, the days of saloons and circuit courts, a certain ponderous Judge was for many years accompanied on his rounds by District-Attorney Wood, popularly known as Old Timber-Wood. He had been christened Timothy, the same was curtailed to Tim, and by easy evolution developed into Timber. Old Timber-Wood was a unique and interesting character; rough but dignified, of sound intellect, gifted with a keen sense of humor, and far surpassing in mental acumen his professional superior, whom, however, he usually treated before the world with an almost ostentatious deference. They were the warmest of friends, the feeling between them was romantically tender, notwithstanding that they had frequent and violent public fallings out. The Judge, who was entirely lacking in personal dignity, really needed the support of his friends' deferential attitude to keep him in countenance, and when it was temporarily removed, Old Timber-Wood's love of satire occasionally betraying him into the sacrilege known as "contempt of court," he was stung to fury, and promptly punished the offence. Many a fine had the attorney been subjected to for his incautious witticisms. Being in a constant state of impecuniosity, he invariably applied to the Judge himself for money to pay these assessments, a favor which was never refused, the fact that he must humble himself to ask it sufficiently restoring his Honor's complacency. The Judge was of a thirsty habit, and frequently left the bench, substituting Wood in his place—as an old-time schoolmaster substituted one of the larger boys when he wished to absent himself from the room—and stepped out to refresh himself at a neighboring saloon. On one occasion, very shortly after a skirmish with the attorney, in which he had finally avenged his insulted dignity in the usual way, he abruptly called Wood to the bench and started down the aisle. Wood hastily slipped into his place, and before he had reached the door rapped sharply on the desk and called out: "Gentlemen, before proceeding further with the case, the Court wishes to instruct the clerk to remit the fine lately imposed upon Attorney Wood." The Judge halted, wheeled about with a very red face, and opened his lips to protest, but the bar and the jury drowned him out with laughter.

Brief Comment: Literary Sayings and Doings

——The first cover page of Current Literature this month bears the portrait of Mark Twain, engraved from a photograph recently taken in London. The white hair emphasizes his advancing years, but the face is the same strong and kindly one so familiar to Americans. Mr. Clemens, so it is announced,will return to this country some time this month. It is said that unpleasant memories will make it undesirable for him to return to his old Hartford home. Nothing more is said about his living in Princeton. It is probable, for some time at least, he will make New York his headquarters, if he does not permanently locate here.

——It is said that Bret Harte is contemplating a second series of Condensed Novels.

——Mr. Blackmore left stringent instructions in his will that no memoir of him was to be published.

——Two interesting biographies to be issued this spring in England deal with Coventry Patmore and Edward Fitzgerald.

——The next important biographical work to appear in the Century Magazine will have Martin Luther for its subject. The Hon. Andrew D. White, our Ambassador at Berlin, is engaged in its preparation.

——Marion Crawford is hard at work on a new novel to be brought out early in the autumn. It will be called In the Palace of the King: A Love Story of Old Madrid.

——A new book by Dr. Henry van Dyke will be included among the spring books of Charles Scribner's Sons. It is a collection of poems, and will bear the title The Toiling of Felix.

——Mr. Casper Whitney, the well-known writer on sports, in connection with a group of others interested in these matters, including one of the Harpers, has purchased the Outing magazine, which he will edit.

——The sale of Richard Carvel continues unabated. Its popularity, like so many books, is not confined to this country, but has extended to the East and to Australia. Already Mr. Churchill has earned from it more than $25,000.

——Meyer Bros. & Co. announce the early publication of Bibliomania in the Middle Ages, from the Anglo-Saxon and Norman periods to the introduction of printing into England by Somner Merry Weather. The work will be published uniform with Philobiblon.

——The American Anthology, compiled by Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman as a companion to the Victorian Anthology, has been delayed by the illness of its editor, but the large paper is now expected to be issued shortly and the regular edition in the fall.

——Miss Johnston's new novel, To Have and to Hold, is to be issued in England, but there it will have to take another title, that which is already familiar here having been used already. The English edition will appear under the title By Order of the Company.

——Mr. Kipling has completed the manuscript of a long story which he has spent more or less time on since his illness. The scene is laid in Burmah. The title is not yet announced, but it is probable that it will be published serially in McClure's Magazine.

——Mr. William Le Queux has received the permission of the Russian Government to travel through Siberia and investigate the progress of the new Trans-Siberian Railway and the state of the penal settlements. His observations will result in a book descriptive of Siberia as it really is.

——The Century Company is printing a large new edition of Hugh Wynne. This story, by Dr. Mitchell, although on the market for two years, continues to have a large sale. The illustrated high-priced two-volume edition issued last autumn was one of the most popular of the holiday books.

——Thirteen thousand copies of Mr. Markham's Man with the Hoe and Other Poems have been sold since last June. A cheaper edition is now on the market, with an introduction by the author explaining that he meant neither the French peasant nor the American farmer, but anybody who drudges.

——A work which will appeal strongly to students of literature and to lovers of Russian novels will shortly be published by D. Appleton & Co., under the title A History of Russian Literature, by Waliszewski. The subject is one in which there is comparatively little information in English, and will surely be, therefore, of unusual interest.

——The first important book on the Anglo-Boer war from the standpoint of an Englishman strongly opposed to the policy of the English Government will be published immediately by the Macmillan Company. It will be called the War in South Africa; Its Causes and Effects, and is by J. A. Hobson, who was recently the correspondent in South Africa for the Manchester Guardian.

——Mr. R. H. Russell will begin the publication of a new periodical called The New Magazine, June 1. Mr. Russell is to be editor-in-chief and

publisher. He has already secured contributions from many of the most popular writers and best artists. It will be sold for ten cents per copy, and Mr. Russell says a circulation of 150,000 is absolutely guaranteed for two years.

——One of the most important features of the Educational Exhibit of the United States at the Paris Exposition will be the two-volume work entitled Education in the United States, which has been planned and edited by Professor Nicholas Murray Buller, of Columbia University. The work consists of nineteen monographs, each prepared by an eminent specialist, and covering every aspect of education in this country.

——There appears to be a Cromwell revival in the air not unlike that which Napoleon lately enjoyed. In addition to the current magazine biographies, a Life of the Protector is soon to be published by the Putnams. It is the work of Mr. C. H. Firth, of Oxford, who, it is modestly claimed by the London Daily News, knows "more about the Cromwellian period than any living student."

——"The extraordinary leap into public favor of Miss Mary Johnston's To Have and to Hold," says the New York Times, "is certainly marvelous if not absolutely unprecedented. The book was published two weeks and a half ago. To date 111,000 copies have been sold, and the one hundred and twenty-fifth thousand is in press. Even Uncle Tom's Cabin, probably the most popular American novel ever published, cannot show these figures. Within two months after publication 100,000 copies of Mrs. Stowe's book had been sold, but it took a year to dispose of twice that number."

——The manuscript collection of the Boston Public Library has just been enriched by the gift, on the part of his widow, of the late Rufus Wilmot Griswold's manuscript correspondence, which had in part been printed in the memoir published just before his death by his son, the late William McCrillis Griswold. Some 1,200 pieces range from the year 1830 to 1870. Correspondence of John Brown with the Boston friends more or less privy to his Harper's Ferry design has been given by one of their number, Colonel Higginson, to the same institution. It numbers 207 letters.

——The London Academy has this year divided the total sum of its awards to authors into six portions of twenty-five guineas each for poetry, fiction, biography, history, translation and miscellaneous. The awards are as follows: For poetry, W. B. Yeats for The Wind Among the Reeds; for fiction, to Zack (Miss Gwendoline Keats) for On Trial; for biography, to Helaire Belloc for Danton: A Study; for history, to G. M. Trevelyan, for England in the Age of Wycliffe; for translation, to Mrs. Garnett for her translation of the novels of Turgenev; miscellaneous, to H. G. Graham for The Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century.

——The John Ruskin volume, which Mrs. Meynall some time ago undertook to write for the Modern English Writers series, is now nearing completion, and will probably be presented in the early autumn. Its scope is less biographical than expository, the aim of the author being to provide the student as well as the general reader with a handbook to the teaching of nearly the most voluminous author and fruitful thinker of our time.

——A correspondent of the London Daily News has this to say about Blackmore's literary methods: "Not being naturally a story-teller, though a splendid recorder of stories, he invented very little, and depended largely on fact and memory. I think he told me that for almost everything he had written he had the authority of some original. John Ridd had his counterpart in life, and Blackmore's own father, a clergyman of the old type, had served his son for a model several times. I think Lorna herself came more directly out of the heart of its creator, and I see Blackmore's own nature in many of his children, both male and female, but he did not greatly trust himself in the invention of incident, and the wings of his imagination always kept close to the ground. Hence, no doubt, the vivid reality of his narrative, and hence, also, the slowness of his pace."

——Mr. Kipling's poem, The Absent-Minded Beggar, has received severe criticism from certain English journals and critics because of alleged disrespect to the British soldier. Mr. W. L. Alden, in replying to these strictures, says: "Mr. Kipling has actually succeeded in revolutionizing public sentiment as to the British soldier. Before he wrote The Barrack-Room Ballads it was taken as a matter of course that the soldier should be treated as an outcast, unfit to drink at a bar with drunken civilians or to sit with them in a theatre. Now the publican who should treat Tommy Atkins with incivility would find himself boycotted. And this change of opinion runs throughout everything. The soldier is no longer regarded as low and despicable, and the uniform is no longer a disgrace. This change is due to Mr. Kipling and to no one else, and yet when he writes a poem that brings thousands of pounds to the relief of the families of soldiers people can be found who gravely accuse him of having insulted the army. Such people make General Mercier and his views of the honor of the French Army comprehensible."

Library Table: Glimpses of New Books

FICTION.

To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. With illustrations by Howard Pyle, E. B. Thompson, A. W. Betts and Emlen McConnell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

To Have and to Hold is interesting throughout. Miss Johnston already commands a style so full of dignity and grace, so picturesque in descriptive power, that it is worth more than passing comment. Note the opening paragraph of chapter 1: "The work of the day being over, I sat down upon my doorstep, pipe in hand, to rest a while in the cool of the evening. Death is not more still than is this Virginian land in the hour when the sun has sunk away, and it is black beneath the trees, and the stars brighten slowly and softly, one by one. The birds that sing all day have hushed, and the horned owls,the monster frogs and that strange and ominous fowl (if fowl it be, and not, as some assert, a spirit damned) which we English call the whippoorwill, are yet silent. Later the wolf will howl and the panther scream, but now there is no sound. The winds are laid, and the restless leaves droop and are quiet. The low lap of the water among the reeds is like the breathing of one who sleeps in his watch beside the dead." This is no sentimental "fine writing," no straining for effect; it is the casual—not careless—expression of a poet who interprets nature in impressive terms, and is an element to be welcomed in the work of American novelists, where it has been but feebly in evidence of late. From beginning to end this vigorous tone is evenly maintained. In the construction of her plot the author is happier than in the earlier novel. She pays more reasonable regard to the probabilities; her exuberant invention is under steadier discipline. Like Stevenson, the lady is fertile in incident and in the excitement of sustained suspense. There is an abundance of action, and that dramatic; but the story is stronger for the absence of those impossible achievements of endurance and those exhausting draughts on the reader's sympathy as well as his credulity which lessened measurably the effect in Prisoners of Hope. To be sure, the privateering cruise to the Indies—naming it by the gentlest possible term—is an audacious episode, and the least convincing portion of the book. We are not assured that in this way only lay relief and rescue for the shipwrecked wayfarers. It is distinctly incongruous to find Captain Percy in such a situation, and it looks as though a sneaking inclination to go a-pirating were alone responsible for the exploit. The historical motive in her plot Miss Johnston takes from the Indian uprising under Opechancanough, and her portrayal of Indian character is interesting. It is the idealization of romance, and it is well-nigh an impossible task to make such portraiture impressive in the fiction of to-day. Nantauquas belongs to that shadowy type born from the romance of the forest which Cooper gave us long ago. The author's rare descriptive power does not fail her here: the picture of the wily Opechancanough, his body sleek with oil, glistening all over in the sunshine with powdered antimony, speaking fair words with a smiling face, while the inner devil looks through his cold snake eyes—this is very fine.—Atlantic Monthly.

The Worshipper of the Image. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: John Lane. $1.25.

Too evanescent, too elusive in form for classification as an allegory, although at first glance one might readily so designate it, The Worshipper of the Image is not, on the other hand, a love story. Rather should one entitle it a prose poem about love and love's vagaries and fatalities. Silencieux, the masculine French name of a female mythus, a something part divine and part demoniac, is the "image" adored by an artist named Antony, of whose beautiful wife it is the mute counterpart. Through love for the image the man neglects and, in his soul, forsakes the living embodiment of its loveliness. Antony and Beatrice (for such is the wife's name) have a little daughter, called Wonder, whose pathetic death for a time brings about a reunion betwixt the estranged couple. In the end, however, the fascination of Silencieux triumphs over the real, natural affection. The narrative is a marvel of artistic weaving—in diction delicate, exquisite, fragrant as the perfume of a moss rose.—Home Journal.

Yeoman Fleetwood. By M. E. Francis. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

The author has a story to tell, and she tells it with art and sincerity. She has human lives to interpret, and she interprets them with knowledge and sympathy. And all this, added to a direct and cultivated style, goes to the making of a book of wonderful charm. Perhaps she has been led into the feminine fault of overdrawing the masculinity of her hero. The strong, silent, tender man suffers a little at a woman's hands. The defects of his qualities appear too glaringly.

Surely Eton and Oxford would have left some traces on Simon Fleetwood, and in spite of the dominance of the aristocratic principle of a hundred years ago in England he would not have accepted his position so humbly. His constant putting of himself into false positions seems to argue a lamentable want of sense. And he has not a single compensating vice for all his virtues. Yet he is a noble and heroic figure, who commands our esteem.—London Literary World.

With Sword and Crucifix. By Edward S. Van Zile. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

There is a tropic luxuriance of high-flown adjectives in Edward S. Van Zile's With Sword and Crucifix, and a certain rhythmical quality, often transforming the prose into blank verse, that smacks of cheap melodrama and grates upon the reader's nerves. The effect is a trifle "rococo," and arouses a prejudice in those who hold that strong situations should be described in terse and virile Anglo-Saxon. But this is a trifling defect, and one that grows less as the interest of the story grips more closely the reader's attention. The story is a romantic one, relating "the strange adventures of Count Louis de Sancerre, companion of Sieure de La Salle, on the Lower Mississippi in the year of grace, 1682."—Argonaut.

At Start and Finish. By William Lindsey. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.25.

Mr. Lindsey's stories have an appearance of personal experience, and the lack of literary polish apparent in some of them strengthens the impression that it is the former professional athlete and afterward coach to athletes who is relating passages in his own life rather than the practiced "short story writer" narrating the real or imagined experiences of others. Whether this inference is sound or not, the stories have a homely vigor about them which will commend them to all who are interested in athletic sports. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BIOGRAPHIC.

The Life of Edward White Benson, Sometime Archbishop of Canterbury. By his son Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 2 v. $8.00.

The biographer tells us that in the compilation of these two volumes he has been signally assisted by the perfect order in which his father kept his letters and papers, by the readiness with which friends and contemporaries have contributed recollections and by the fullness with which in later days, the subject recorded in his diary the daily events of his life. In truth, the account of the subject's Primacy is mainly autobiographical. It is not, of course, to be inferred that we have here a full transcript of what the Archbishop set down; for many reasons sufficiently obvious, it would be impossible to publish the whole of the Archbishop's letters and diaries during the present generation; his son, however, entertains the hope that the whole may be eventually given to the world. With regard to the memoir before us, we should point out at once that up to the time of his acceptance of the Primacy the late Archbishop Benson was brought into connection with interesting people, but not with public events. The greater part of his biography is simply the history of a vivid nature, touching life at many points, and throwing itself with equal ardor into antiquity, religion, literature and tradition.—New York Sun.

Recollections 1832-1886. By the Right Honorable Sir Algernon West. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers. $3.00.

Sir Algernon's Recollections cover scenes and experiences in English public life during half a century. University life, court life, civil service life, diplomatic life, life in country homes and in parliament, life in the Crimea and on the Continent, society life and office life, furnish the scenes of the panorama which these pages unroll before the reader. A wide and varied experience, a distinguished acquaintance with famous men and women, easy entrance to offices of State and the drawing-rooms of the nobility, a quick ear, a prodigious memory, and a very happy knack at narrative combine to make the book almost unique for its wealth of incident and anecdote and for the light it throws upon the high life of England in the era just closing.—Literary World.

The First American. By Leila Herbert. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.00.

A pathetic interest attaches to the biography of Washington by Miss Herbert from the fact that the work, described by so competent an authority as Henry Cabot Lodge as worthy of "a permanent place in the Washington literature," was the first and only fruit of a bright life cut short in its promise. The daughter of Cleveland's Secretary of the Navy, Miss Herbert had always know the atmosphere of public life and of patriotism, and her life of Washington was the natural outgrowth alike of her instincts and of her surroundings. It is a story of the personal and social life, of the times and surroundings and influences, rather than of the mere historic dates and names and details, but it is all the more interesting in that it presents those incidents of life and aspects of character of

"the first American" which appeal most deeply to those American sympathies typified in the life of the author.—New York World.

ECONOMIC.

Tropical Colonization. By Alleyne Ireland. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

Mr. Alleyne Ireland, known through his articles in recent magazines on various problems of colonial government, now appears with a more systematic treatise under the title of Tropical Colonization. It is, perhaps, needless to say that the subject is treated in its practical economic and political bearings, and not in its ethical relations: a treatment for which the author has the qualification of several years' experience in the British colonies and dependencies in various parts of the world. He modestly calls his work "an introduction to the study of the subject." After a lucid explanation of the experiments and practice of government of colonial possessions by the four great colonizing nations—England, France, Spain and Holland—he proceeds to the discussion of trade and the labor problem. Valuable original tables elucidate his statements.—The Dial.

Democracy and Empire. By Franklin H. Giddings. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

The keynote of his discussion is struck in the first chapter, where, in considering the development of the spirit of empire in the two most thoroughly democratic nations, the author asserts that all successful national life is now based on "ethical like-mindedness," which consists essentially in "a common loyalty to the common judgment and will, in a common willingness to share a common destiny, and in a common conviction of the priceless value of individual, religious and local liberty" (p. 10). This generalization it is the function of the remainder of the book to explain and to illustrate by reference to current social problems. Professor Giddings' conclusions as to the course of empire, too, are foreshadowed in this chapter, where he says that, "when a nation makes itself the nucleus of an empire" it can become even more democratic, "while at the same time maintaining a strong imperial government for purposes of a common defence, on the one inviolable condition that, as it lengthens the reach of government it must curtail the functions of government." Whether human progress must follow the lines laid down by Professor Giddings; whether equality and liberty, might and right, may be harmonized as he believes—these questions must be referred to the careful reader; and such a reader is likely to be aided in reaching a decision by taking the point of view of a man of the next generation. In any case, the book must aid students of sociology by illustrating and supplementing the author's Principles of Sociology, must suggest new points of view for the student of political science and must give new inspiration to the citizen who rejoices that he is an American. That the subject-matter is at times difficult, that the connection betwen chapters is not always obvious, that the conclusions may here and there be criticized, that the philosophical point of view is sometimes so far above the earth that the unaccustomed observer grows dizzy—all this may be admitted; but still the book is one that may be read and reread, always with profit, by any thoughtful person interested in the great problems of human society and human welfare.—Book Reviews.

A Dividend to Labor: A Study of Employers' Welfare-Institutions. By Nicholas Paine Gilman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

A Dividend to Labor sets forth the advantages to workingmen resulting from plans devised and carried out by liberal-minded employers, which have for their general epithet, "Welfare Institutions." These "Welfare-Institutions" stand midway between the wages system, where the employer pays only what he must and the employed gets what he can, on the one hand, and the profit-sharing schemes which are a contribution to the evolution of industry. Mr. Gilman starts his discussion by the utterance of his profound conviction that "a true and natural aristocracy—the leadership of the competent—is to endure in the industrial world as elsewhere for an indefinite time," that "progress toward co-operative production is slow, though not so slow now as formerly," and that the "fundamental rationality of the men who employ their fellow-men is more and more manifest," and that, on their part, "there is a predominant desire to be fair and just." The result is an optimistic tone running throughout the work, and a plea for the moralizing of industry, so that the employer shall not become sordid, and the employed shall not be eaten up with discontent.—New Church Review.

HISTORY AND TRAVEL.

The Yangtze Valley and Beyond. An Account of Journeys in China, Chiefly in the Province of Sze Chuan and Among the Man-tze of the Somo Territory. By Mrs. J. F. Bishop. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2 v. $6.00.

The twelfth volume of Mrs. Bishop's travels will be heartily welcomed and enjoyed by the reading public at large, who have long been interested in her movements in unknown or little-

known regions, where she has acted like a searchlight, illuminating the dark places of the earth and bringing out details and characteristics in odd nooks and corners which would be unnoticed by less observant and less intelligent travelers. Even residents in such well-known places as Shanghai, Hankow, Ichang and Chungking will be indebted to her for awakening their attention to their surroundings and for bringing to their notice the many admirable qualities of the agricultural and laboring classes of China, who form the great bulk of the population of the Chinese Empire. Her gifts of observation and expression can be estimated at their due value by comparing her description of her boat journey of 200 miles up the Yangtze Gorges and over the rapids, when the river was at its lowest stage, with those of other travelers who have given accounts of their ascents from the time of Captain Blakiston's expedition, which thirty years ago gave rise to the Admiralty survey of the rapids between Ichang and Chungking. London Speaker.

A History of American Privateers. By Edgar Stanton Maclay, A. M. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $4.50.

One of the most glorious chapters in the history of our navy is that which relates the deeds of daring and bravery of the American privateers. Edgar S. Maclay, whose History of the United States Navy is considered the standard work upon that subject, now presents in an octavo volume of over 500 pages, bearing the title of A History of American Privateers, the results of several years of diligent research in a field which, prior to his advent, had been practically untouched. Before the appearance of this volume no comprehensive history of American privateers had ever been published. In preparing this work the author was compelled to depend upon the fragmentary and scattered records contained in the periodicals of those early days and on private letters, log books, and the traditions that have been preserved by the descendants of noted privateersmen. These sources, supplemented by old monographs, and the archives of historical societies, have proved fruitful, and through the intelligent handling of Mr. Maclay we now have these memorials collected and arranged in an interesting volume, which leaves nothing to be desired.—New York Times.

The Highest Andes: A Record of the First Ascent of Aconcagua and Tupungato in Argentina, and the Exploration of the Surrounding Valleys. By A. E. Fitzgerald. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.00.

This handsome volume is a record of a series of expeditions in the Andes of Chili and Argentina around the loftiest summit of the whole range of the Cordilleras, the gigantic extinct volcano of Aconcagua. Mr. Fitzgerald, a young American who had already won his spurs in the Alps, and done some brilliant climbing in New Zealand, where he succeeded in making the first ascent of Mount Cook, or Ao Rangi (as it is sometimes called), set himself to explore and triangulate the region lying around Aconcagua and reach its pinnacle. His first attempt failed from bad weather, the wind being exceptionally furious. On the second, Mr. Fitzgerald, having got within about one thousand feet from the top, was stopped by exhaustion, want of breath and violent nausea. His guide Zurbriggen, however, went on alone and reached the summit alone. Another attempt a month later had the same result, but on this occasion Mr. Vines, an English member of the party, accompanied by an Italian porter named Lanti, had just strength enough to push on and gain the top, where, in spite of the intense cold, he remained for eighty minutes, obtaining a magnificent view, which reached more than 200 miles north and as far south, and extended far out into the Pacific Ocean, the margin of which is about 150 miles from the mountain. The book is well written throughout, without any of those attempts at florid description or at forced fun which have sometimes been censured in the narratives of mountaineering expeditions. There are a good many reproductions of photographic views, many of them very well done, and greatly adding to the value and interest of the book; while the appendix contains an account of the minerals and fossils collected, from the very competent hands of Professor Bonney, of Cambridge (England), and of Mr. G. C. Crick.—New York Evening Post.

The United Kingdom. By Goldwin Smith. 12mo.; cloth. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.00.

The publication of a new historical work by Professor Goldwin Smith is a literary event of considerable importance. It bespeaks the vitality of the author, that in old age he has undertaken, and successfully accomplished, a task so great as the present one. In The United Kingdom the object is simply to furnish the ordinary reader with a clear, comprehensive and succinct account of the history of the English empire as it appears in the light of recent investigation and discussion. The narrative begins with the very earliest times, and is brought down to the close of the Indian mutiny. There is no attempt to apply to the problems of the future the lessons to be derived from the study of the past. Professor Smith intimates that this would be outside of his province as a historian. He relates the story of English

development with much skill, and, on the whole, his volumes are as readable as a novel. His estimates of early English rulers are generally refreshingly original, and, though possibly iconoclastic, impress the reader as consistent and highly probable. "England," the author remarks, in his explanation of the interest which the history of the United Kingdom excites, "has taken the lead in solving the problem of constitutional government—of government that is, with authority, but limited by law, controlled by opinion, and respecting personal rights and freedom. This she has done for the world, and therein lies the world's interest in her history." This sentence admirably indicates the author's attitude, since his narrative is always conscious of the importance of the civil and domestic development of the nation.—New Orleans Picayune.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Reincarnation or Immortality. By Ursula N. Gesterfeld. New York: The Alliance Pub. Co. $1.00.

This book is devoted to a refutation of the doctrine of reincarnation, as preached by the Theosophists and believed by a large number of students of new scientific religions. Mrs. Gesterfeld makes the point that Karma does not account for a first incarnation, although it may for subsequent ones, and the doctrine is, therefore, imperfect. She also claims that in reincarnation no allowance is made for a man's will, his individuality or for the higher law, which allows each incarnated soul to choose the manner in which he will accept the experiences he is forced to live through. Mrs. Gesterfeld makes some good arguments against the Theosophical doctrines of reincarnation and Karma. The defect of the work is its wordiness and its repetitions.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Hitherto Unidentified Contributions of W. M. Thackeray to Punch. With a Complete and Authoritative Bibliography from 1843 to 1848. By M. H. Spielmann. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.75.

Mr. Spielmann had access to a Punch editorial day-book in which the name of the author of each article was recorded, so there can be no question as to the authenticity of these "hitherto unidentified contributions." Mr. Spielmann assumes that in his anonymous writings Thackeray expressed his opinions with greater freedom and candor than he would have done if his name had been signed to the articles. In view of Mr. Chamberlain's angry protest against recent caricatures of Queen Victoria in French papers, it may be interesting to state that Punch was excluded from France because of Thackeray's article on Louis Philippe and the cartoon which accompanied it, representing Louis Philippe as a beggar soliciting alms. In his contributions to Punch, Thackeray appears as satirist, cynic, pessimist, politician, social historian and statesman. He writes on all sorts of subjects with rare humor or biting wit. He wrote lampoons upon the Prince Consort, Daniel O'Connell, Ledru Rollin and others, some of which show him in bitterest mood. He satirized fashionable writers of his day and a certain class of critics in Leaves From the Lives of the Lords of Literature. Most of these contributions are equal to the lighter verse and prose included in previously published collections. Some of them, however, are trivial, and scarcely worth reproduction. Many Punch cartoons are reproduced—illustrations drawn by the famous author for his own writings.—Baltimore Sun.

Healthy Exercise. By Robert H. Greene. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.00.

In its 150 pages there are innumerable directions concerning baths, bathing, the choice of an exercise, and the proper use of the one chosen. Nearly all forms of exercise are treated, illustrations make the explanations clear, and the theory of the work is given in detail.—Argonaut.

North American Forests and Forestry. By Ernest Brunchen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

This volume will appeal to those who are seriously minded enough to enjoy well-written books on subjects at once practical and scientific. It is a careful and comprehensive survey of a subject of vast and increasing importance, and it is so written that readers become interested in its relation as well as impressed by its figures and statements. The distribution of forests is not accidental, and the study of the forests of North America as an organism are duly traced by our author, who goes on from thence to discuss the forests as in the control of man. Forest industries are, of course, of immense economic importance, and the chapters in which Mr. Brunchen treats of these industries, and of "Destruction and Deterioration," forestry and management and government and fire fighting, are of vital importance to capitalists, farmers and workers. Mr. Brunchen's book closes with chapters on "Reform in Forestry Methods" and "Forestry as a Profession." The book is one of the best on its subject, and its subject is of vastly more importance than the careless among us have realized.—Portland Transcript.

Book List: What to Read—Where to Find It

Biographic and Reminiscent.

Alexander the Great: Benjamin Ide Wheeler: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons.....$1 50
Carlo Crivelli: G. M. Neil Rushforth: N. Y., The Macmillan Co..... 1 75
Charles A. Berry, D.D.: A Memoir: James S. Drummond: N. Y., Cassell & Co., il..... 1 50
Charles Francis Adams: By his son, C. F. Adams: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co.... 1 25
Early Married Life of Lady Stanley: Ed. by J. H. Adeane: N. Y., Longmans, Green & Co 5 00
First American, The: Leila Herbert: N. Y., Harper & Bros., il..... 2 00
Five Great Oxford Leaders: Rev. A. B. Donaldson: N. Y., The Macmillan Co..... 1 25
George Buchanan: Robert Wallace and J. C. Smith: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons.... 75
Henry Hart Milman, D.D.: By his son, Arthur Milman: N. Y., E. P. Dutton & Co..... 5 00
John Ruskin: M. H. Spielmann: Phil., J. B. Lippincott Co..... 2 00
Letters of Thomas Gray: Selected by H. M. Rideout: Bost., Small, Maynard & Co..... 1 00
Life of Chopin: Franz Liszt: Trans. by John Broadhouse: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. 2 25
Life of St. Paul for the Young: George L. Weed: Phil., G. W. Jacobs & Co., il..... 57
Memoir of the Duchess of Teck, A: C. K. Cooke: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons, 2 v.. 7 50
Sir Arthur Sullivan: Arthur Lawrence: Chic., H. S. Stone & Co..... 3 50
Sovereign Ladies of Europe: Ed. by the Countess von Bothmer: Phil., J. B. Lippincott Co. .....

Educational Topics.

First Days in School. A Primer: Seth T. Stewart: N. Y., American Book Co..... 25
Practical Study of Languages: Henry Sweet: N. Y., Henry Holt & Co..... 1 50
Rational Grammar of the English Language: W. B. Powell and Louise Connolly: N. Y., American Book Co..... 60
Rhetoric and Oratory: J. F. X. O'Connor: Bost., D. C. Heath & Co.....
Schilling's Spanish Grammar: Trans. and Ed. by Frederich Zagel: N. Y., Cassell & Co.. 1 25
School Sanitation and Decoration: S. Burrage and H. T. Bailey: Bost., D. C. Heath & Co.. 1 50
Secondary School System of Germany, The: F. E. Bolton: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.... 1 50
Vision of Sir Launfal and Other Poems: J. R. Lowell: N. Y., The Macmillan Co..... 25

Essays and Miscellanies.

Amateur Minstrel Guide: Frank Dumont: N. Y., M. Witmark & Sons..... 1 50
Anglo-Saxon and Others: Aline Gorren: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons..... 1 50
Billy Baxter's Letters: W. J. Kountz, Jr.: Harmanville, Pa., Duquesne Co..... 75
Book of Whales: F. E. Beddard: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons..... 2 00
Danger Signals for New Century Manhood: E. A. Tabor: N. Y., The Abbey Press..... 1 00
Earlier Monologues of Robert Browning: N. Y., The Macmillan Co.....$0 50
Esther: A Drama of Jewish History: W. H. Gill: Phil., G. W. Jacobs & Co.....
Healthy Exercise: R. H. Greene: N. Y., Harper & Bros..... 1 00
Group of Old Authors, A: Clyde Furst: Phil., G. W. Jacobs & Co..... 75
Historic Tales from Shakespeare: A. T. Quiller-Couch: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons.... 1 50
Home and Garden: Gertrude Jekyll: N. Y., Longmans, Green & Co., il..... 3 50
Indian Story and Song from North America: A. C. Fletcher: Bost., Small, Maynard & Co. 1 50
Interpretations of Poetry and Religion: G. Santayana: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons... 1 50
Ivory Apes and Peacocks: "Isrefel": N. Y., A. Wessels Co..... 1 75
Monopolies and Trusts: Richard T. Ely: N. Y., The Macmillan Co..... 1 25
Opportunity and Other Essays: J. L. Spalding: Chic., A. C. McClurg & Co..... 1 00
Outside the Garden: Helen Milman: N. Y., John Lane..... 1 50
Renaissance and Modern Art: W. H. Goodyear: N. Y., The Macmillan Co..... 1 00
Ten Years' War: Jacob A. Riis: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co..... 1 50
Trusts or Competition: A. B. Nettleton, Ed.: Chic., Leon Pub. Co..... 1 00
Whist: American Leads and Their History: N. B. Trist: N. Y., Harper & Bros..... 1 00

Fiction of the Month.

At Start and Finish: William Lindsey: Bost., Small, Maynard & Co..... 1 25
Cambric Mask, The: Robert W. Chambers: N. Y., F. A. Stokes Co..... 1 50
Captain Dieppe: Anthony Hope: N. Y., Doubleday & McClure Co..... 50
Cardinal's Musketeer, The: M. Imlay Taylor: Chic., A. C. McClurg & Co..... 1 25
Folly Corner: Mrs. H. Dudeney: N. Y., Henry Holt & Co..... 1 25
Fortune of War: Elizabeth N. Barrow: N. Y., Henry Holt & Co..... 1 25
Geber: A Tale of the Reign of Haroun Al Raschid: Kate A. Benton: N. Y., F. A. Stokes Co..... 1 50
High Stakes: Lawrence L. Lynch: Chic., Laird & Lee..... 75
Iroka: Tales of Japan: Adachi Kinnosuke: N. Y., Doubleday & McClure Co..... 1 25
Joan of the Sword Hand: S. R. Crockett: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co..... 1 50
Judgment of Helen, The: Thomas Cobb: N. Y., John Lane..... 1 50
La Strega: Ouida: Phil., Drexel Biddle, il.. 1 50
Love of Parson Lord and Other Stories: Mary E. Wilkins: N. Y., Harper & Brothers.... 1 25
Lying Prophets: A Novel: Eden Phillpotts: N. Y., F. A. Stokes Co..... 1 50
Manifest Destiny, A: Julia Magruder: N. Y.: Harper & Bros..... 1 25
Master Beggars, The: L. Cope Cornford: Phil., J. B. Lippincott & Co..... 50

Minx, The: Mrs. Mannington Caffyn: N. Y., F. A. Stokes Co.....$1 50
Nerve of Foley, The, and Other Stories: Frank H. Spearman: N. Y., Harper & Bros..... 1 25
Priest's Marriage, The: Nora Vynne: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons..... 1 50
Professor, The: C. Bronte: Introd. by Mrs. H. Ward: (Haworth Edition): N. Y., Harper & Bros..... 1 75
Realists, The: Herbert Flowerdew: N. Y., John Lane..... 1 25
Remember the Maine: Gordon Stables: Phil., G. W. Jacobs & Co., il..... 90
Romantic Triumph, The: T. S. Omond: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons..... 1 50
Seekers, The: Stanley Waterloo: Chic., H. S. Stone & Co..... 1 25
Stephen, the Black: Caroline H. Pemberton: Phil., G. W. Jacobs & Co.....
Sweet Little Maid: Amy E. Blanchard: Phil., G. W. Jacobs & Co..... 75
Tales from Town Topics: March, 1900: N. Y., Town Topics Pub. Co..... 50
Terence: Mrs. B. M. Croker: N. Y., F. M. Buckles & Co..... 1 25
To Have and to Hold: Mary Johnston: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co..... 1 50
Thro' Fire to Fortune: Mrs. Alexander: N. Y., R. F. Fenno & Co..... 1 25
With Sword and Crucifix: E. S. Van Zile: N. Y., Harper & Bros., il..... 1 50
Woolet Papers, The: A. Wellington Woolet: N. Y., The Trade-Mark Record..... 1 00
Yeoman Fleetwood: M. E. Francis: (Mrs. Francis Bundell): N. Y., Longmans, Green & Co..... 1 50

Historical, National and Political.

Americanism and the Philippines: W. A. Peffer: Topeka, Crane & Co..... 50
Anglo-Boer Conflict: Alleyne Ireland: Bost., Small, Maynard & Co..... 75
Collapse of the Kingdom of Naples: H. R. Whitehouse: N. Y., Bonnell, Silver & Co... 1 50
Elements of International Law: G. B. Davis: N. Y., Harper & Bros..... 2 50
History of Eton College: Lionel Cust: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons..... 1 50
History of the Spanish-American War of 1898: R. Titherington: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. 1 50
Practical Agitation: John Jay Chapman: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons..... 1 25
Principles of Colonial Government: H. N. Fisher: Bost., L. C. Page & Co..... 20
Transvaal Outlook: Albert Stickney: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co., il..... 1 50
Who Ought to Win: Spencer Randolph: Chic., Laird & Lee., il..... 75

Poetry of the Month.

Chants for the Boers: Joaquin Miller: San Francisco, Whitaker & Ray Co..... 25
Elecampane and Other Poems: Thomas J. Moore: Cincinnati, R. J. Clarke Co.....
Garland of Sonnets, A: C. L. Betts: N. Y., A. Wessels Co..... 1 25
Open Road, The: Compiled by E. V. Lucas: N. Y., Henry Holt & Co..... 1 50
Songs of All Lands: W. S. B. Mathews: N. Y., American Book Co..... 50
Sword and Cross and Other Poems: C. E. Banks: Chic., Rand, McNally & Co..... 1 25
Wagner's Nibelungen Ring: English Verse by R. Rankin: N. Y., Longmans, Green & Co..$1 50
Waif, The: W. T. Mersereau: N. Y., The Waif Pub. Co..... 75

Religious and Philosophic.

Christ Came Again: W. S. Urmy: N. Y., Eaton & Mains..... 1 25
Post-Millennial Advent: Rev. Alexander Hardie: N. Y., Eaton & Mains..... 25
Man, Whence and Whither?: E. H. Westbrook: N. Y., Peter Eckler..... 25
Problem in New Testament Criticism, A: M. W. Jacobus: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons.. 1 50
Problems in Ethics: J. S. Kedney: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons..... 1 50
Psychology of Religion, The: E. D. Starbuck: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons..... 1 50
Rise of the New Testament: D. S. Muzzey: N. Y., The Macmillan Co..... 1 25
Secret Instructions of the Jesuits: N. Y., The Truth Seeker Co..... 50
Sinai and Olympus: N. Y., The Truth Seeker Co. 50
Sunday Afternoons for the Children: E. Frances Soule: N. Y., Fords, Howard & Hulbert 50
Temple Opened: A Guide to the Book: W. H. Gill: 3rd ed.: Phil., G. W. Jacobs & Co.. 90
Was Savonarola Really Excommunicated?: J. L. O'Neil: Bost., Marlier, Callanan & Co. 1 00
Words of Exhortation: Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt: N. Y., Longmans, Green & Co..... 1 50

Scientific and Industrial.

Corn Trade and Option Markets, The: F. Hammesfahr: N. Y., G. E. Stechert..... 50
Criminal, The: A Scientific Study: August Drahms: N. Y., The Macmillan Co..... 2 00
Cyclopedia of American Horticulture: Ed. by L. H. Bailey: v. i.: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. 5 00
Man and His Ancestor: Charles Morris: N. Y., The Macmillan Co..... 1 25
Our Rarer British Breeding Birds: Richard Kearton: N. Y., Cassell & Co..... 7 00
Prevention of Factory Accidents: John Calder: N. Y., Longmans, Green & Co..... 2 50
Races of Man, The: J. Deniher: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons..... 1 50
Stromberg's Steam Users' Guide and Instructor: St. Louis, Stromberg Pub. Co.... 2 50

Travel, Sport and Adventure.

Dominion of Canada, The: Karl Baedeker: 2nd ed.: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons..... 1 50
Fifteen Years' Sport: W. A. Baillie-Grohman: Chas. Scribner's Sons..... 5 00
Glimpses Across the Sea: Sam T. Clover: Evanston, Ill., Windiknowe Pub. Co., il....
London Souvenirs: C. W. Heckethorn: N. Y., A. Wessels Co..... 2 00
Notes on Sport and Travel: G. H. Kingsley: With Memoir by M. H. Kingsley: N. Y., The Macmillan Co..... 3 50
Pyramids and Progress: John Ward: London, Eyre & Spottiswoode.....
South Africa of To-Day: Capt. Francis Younghusband: N. Y., The Macmillan Co.. 2 00
Two Gentlemen in Touraine: Richard Sudbury: Chic., H. S. Stone & Co..... 3 50
With a Palette in Eastern Palaces: E. M. Merrick: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons.... 1 75

Open Questions: Talks with Correspondents

Correspondents are invited to make use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A large number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

577. *Mother Shipton's Prophecy:* Will you kindly reprint Mother Shipton's Prophecy, and tell me in Open Questions where it may be found and something of the author?—E. A. S., New York City.

[Mother Shipton was a Welsh prophetess of the fifteenth century, whose predictions were generally given forth in rhymes. Her right name was Preece, and she is said to have foretold the death of Wolsey, Lord Percy and others. The special prophecy to which our correspondent doubtless refers seems little short of miraculous when we consider that it was written in 1488, since which distant time it has been fulfilled in every particular, saving the matter of the final couplet. Allibone's Dictionary refers to several old books concerning this interesting woman: Mother Shipton's Prophesie, London, 1641; Two Strange Prophesies, 1642; Mother Shipton's Life and Death, 1677; Mother Shipton's Life and Curious Prophesie, 1797; Mother Shipton's History, 1797, and other tracts under this name (Shipton), published about 1642, when there seems to have been a general revival of interest in the seeress and her prophecies. The following is the prophecy alluded to above:

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
Water shall yet more wonders do,
Very strange, yet shall be true—
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at the foot of tree.
Through hills man shall ride
And no horse or ass at his side.
Under water men shall walk—
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green.
Iron in the water shall float
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found, and found
In a land that is not now known.
Fire and water shall wonders do;
England shall at last admit a Jew.
The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.]

578. *Your First Sweetheart:* Will you in Open Questions tell me where I may find the poem entitled, Your First Sweetheart, beginning:

She seemed in your boyhood as fresh and fair
As snowflakes floating adown the air.

and ending with:

How few there are in this world of ours
Who marry the love of their childhood hours!
Yet where in their way bloom brighter flowers
Than blossoms that bloomed in childhood?

I think the poem is by Eugene J. Hall. Will you reprint it if obtainable?—Roy Farrell Greene, Arkansas City, Kansas.

579. Will you please give me through your department, the Indian—Cherokee preferred—equivalent for "Bon Air," "The Pines," "In View of the Universe," "My Rest"?—H. E. W., Bon Air, White Co., Tenn.

[Indian scholars please take notice.]

580. *Russian Folk-Lore:* Can you give me any idea where I can find a book on Russian folk-lore, mythology, or any book pertaining to the legends and superstitions of the Russian people, from the beginning of their history to the present day? Any information you can give me regarding such a book will be very gratefully received.—Mrs. C. B. Shepard, Brenham, Texas.

[Way & Williams, Chicago, publish R. Nisbet Bains' Russian Fairy Tales, a translation of Polevai's work. There is also a collection of Russian Folk Tales, made by W. R. S. Ralston, and published in New York, but the name of the publisher escapes us.]

581. Please inform me where a magazine can be obtained which is devoted to essays, discussions, articles, clippings, etc., of a religious nature—theology, criticisms, etc.—H. B. Alexandria, Neb.

[The London Sunday Magazine and Great Thoughts are English magazines that may suit your requirements. Why not order specimen copies through your bookseller? The Outlook and The Independent also are New York weekly publications, issued in magazine form, with which, if you do not know them, you should acquaint yourself.]

582. *Two Little Feet:* Will some reader kindly inform me of name of author of poem entitled, Two Little Feet, and beginning:

Two little feet so small that both may nestle in one caressing hand,
Two little feet on the untried borders of Life's mysterious land.

Where can same be procured?—Francis Riley, Florence, Colo.

583. Mention is made, in a recent leaflet, of set forms of verse, among which is the Virelai, and Kyrielle. I would be very thankful if you could

tell me the name of works wherein I may find these two forms.—H. C., Santa Cruz, Cal.

[See Gleeson White's Ballads and Rondeaus, London, 1887; Walter Scott, publisher.]

---

584. *Voyage to New South Wales:* I avail myself of your invitation and ask for information relating to a book which has been in my possession since 1842, printed by John Swain, New York, but no date given. The title-page reads as follows: "A Voyage to New South Wales, Comprising an Interesting Narrative of the Transactions and Behaviour of the Convicts; the Progress of the Colony; an Official Register of the Crimes, Trials, Sentences and Executions that Have Taken Place. A Topographical, Physical and Moral Account of the Country, Manners, Customs, etc., of the Natives. As Likewise Authentic Anecdotes of the Most Distinguished Characters and Notorious Convicts that Have Been Transported to Botany Bay. By George Barrington, Principal Superintendent of the Convicts; to Which is Annexed, His Life and Trial. New York, Printed by John Swain." Paper, printing and binding give it the appearance of a centenarian, but it is well preserved. The size of the book is eight inches by five, and there are 184 pages. Could you give me any information about the date of publication or Swain's printing establishment—when it existed? J. D. Laflamme, Winchester, Ontario.

[We regret that we are unable to aid you in this matter further than by publishing your communication where it may attract the attention of some one who can give you the desired information. Why not write to one of the dealers in old books mentioned in The Collector, a department in our advertising pages?]

---

585. Can you tell me where I may find the poem a few lines of which are,

Oh, give me back my bended bow,
Oh, give it back to me!
I hate these consecrated halls
They're not the place for me.

It is the appeal of an Indian who has been taken from his hunting grounds and sent to school. He chafes under the confinement, and longs to get back to his old haunts again. I heard the poem when a boy. It made a deep impression upon me. Perhaps you or some of your readers might be able to set me on the track of it. If so you will greatly oblige me.—Albert Smith, Leslie, Mich.

---

586. *High and Low Dutch:* Will you please let me know the difference between the High and Low Dutch of Holland? Until recently I thought it meant the educated and uneducated classes, but have been told that the High Dutch live in the high part of the country, and the Low Dutch live in the lowlands, and that the names are used without regard to educational advantages.—Elizabeth Brown, Cumberland, Pa.

[The German language is divided geographically into (1) Low German, German of the Netherlands, including Friesian, Dutch, Flemish and Old Saxon; (2) High German, including the Thuringian, Franconian, Swabian, Alsatian, Swiss and Bavarian dialects. Formerly, the word Dutch was used to designate anything German, so that High and Low Dutch and High and Low German were synonymous. At the present time, however, Dutch refers only to the Low Germans, and their dialects, especially the Hollanders.]

---

587. Can you tell me anything about medals given by President Buchanan to the Indian Chiefs in 1857? I do not know to what Indians they were given or if given to all Indian chiefs. The medal has the bust of President Buchanan, with name, date and President of the United States on one side, and on the other an Indian scalping a man, a bow, quiver, arrows and pipe, with a school, church and an Indian plowing corn in centre. Can you tell me anything about its value and to whom and why it was given?—An Old Subscriber, Coal Harbor, N. Dak.

---

588. *Amelia B. Edwards:* Can you send me an account, or inform me where I could learn anything about the life of Amelia B. Edwards? Can you tell me where she lives? I will be very much obliged to you for any information you can give me.—M. L. S., Williamsport, Pa.

[Amelia Blanford Edwards, world-famed as a scholar and Egyptologist, and writer of many pleasing novels as well, was born in London in 1831, and died on Good Friday, in the year 1892. Most encyclopedias give a brief account of her life and achievements. Current Literature for June, 1892, contains such an article. The number can be had at this office.]

---

589. *Weed's Letters:* Can you inform me through your columns where may be obtained and the value of Letters from Europe and the West Indies, 1843-1852, by Thurlow Weed, published in 1866?—J. C. B., Newburgh, N. Y.

[We advise you to communicate with any of the dealers in old books mentioned in The Collector, a department in our advertising pages.]

---

590. *Dago:* I would be extremely obliged if in your Open Question column you would answer this question: What is the origin and meaning of the word Dago, as applied to Italians and, sometimes, Greeks?—Mrs. T. W. Nealon, Atlanta, Ga.

[Walsh's Hand-Book of Literary Curiosities (Lippincott) gives the following explanation of the word Dago: "This word, now generally applied to Italians all over the United States, originated in Louisiana, where it at first denoted people of Spanish birth or parentage, but was gradually extended so as to apply to Italians and Portuguese also. It is undoubtedly a corruption of Diego (James), a common name among Spaniards, San Diego being their patron saint.]

UNCLASSIFIED

FOUR REASONS

Why the ...

Y. & E. Card Index System

Is the ideal method of keeping records of every description.

IT IS Limitless in Capacity
Manifold in Adaptation
Unrestricted as to Classification
Unhampered by Dead Matter

New matter can be added or old matter discarded by the insertion or removal of cards. Your record is always up to date, never has to be rewritten, and reference is instantaneous.

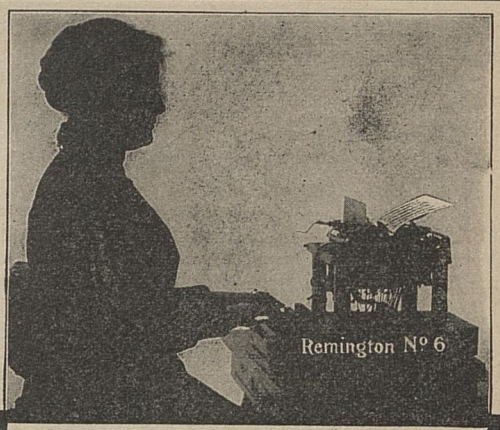
Write us for catalogue and sample cards of any form of record you have in mind.

Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co.

Successors to Office Specialty Mfg. Co.

Factories and Main Office, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

PRINCIPAL BRANCHES: New York, 360 Broadway; Chicago, 138 Wabash Ave.; San Francisco, 29 New Montgomery St.; TORONTO, The Office Specialty Mfg. Co., Ltd., 77 Bay St.



There is MUCH in the TOUCH!

Remington

TYPEWRITERS

Have the Lightest Touch—that Saves Labor; and do the Quickest Work—that Saves Time

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT
327 Broadway, New York.

A Tonic

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

The most efficient remedy known for the relief of **languor** and **exhaustion,** so common in the spring and summer months.

Taken after exhaustive illness it acts as a wholesome tonic, giving strength and vigor to the entire system.

Taken before retiring, quiets the nerves and induces refreshing sleep.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS

Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper



Find Your True Level

Are you wasting time in a lowly position when you should occupy a higher one? Increased salary and opportunity always follow a course in the theory of your trade or profession. If you are tied to an uncongenial occupation you can change to a better one. Select the study which interests you and we will guarantee your success in mastering it by our method of education by mail without loss of present salary. Study in your odd hours.

Others Have Raised Themselves

Write for interesting details of the advancement of our students in salary and position while studying. Thorough courses in **Mechanical or Architectural Draughting, Electrical, Mechanical, Steam, or Civil Engineering; Architecture, Surveying, Telephony, Refrigeration, Mining, Plumbing, Heating and Ventilation. Chemistry, Bookkeeping and Stenography BY MAIL.**

Established 1891. Capital, $1,500,000. 130,000 students and graduates. *We can refer to a student in your neighborhood.* Write and tell us what profession you wish to enter.

The International Correspondence Schools,
Box 1204 Scranton, Pa.

CLASSIFIED

CRESCENT



PLEASES THE

WORLD



SOMEHOW the Crescent Bicycle is a wheel that no one finds fault with. It seems to have been built to order and gives immediate and permanent satisfaction.

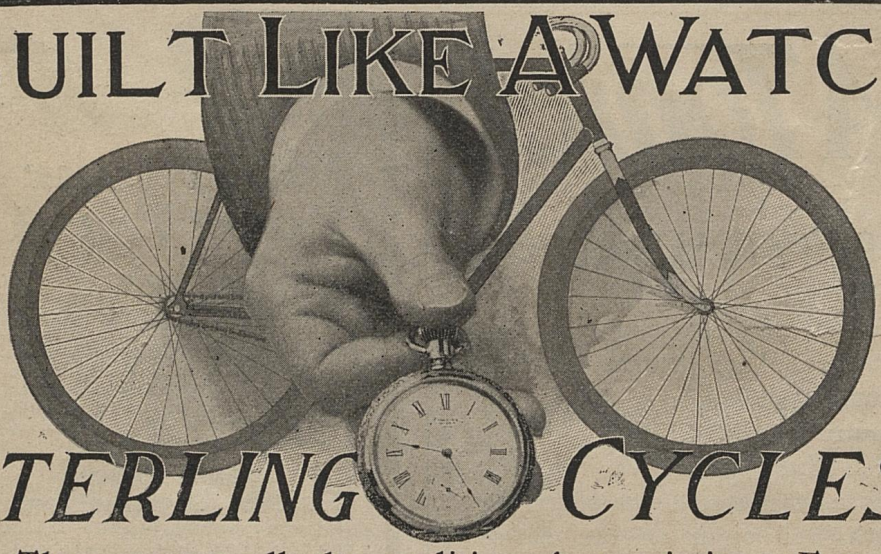
It's the mount for the People, and the best way to learn of its many good points is to ask its riders.

Bevel-Gear Chainless Models, - $60.
Adult Chain Models, $25, $26 and $35.
Boys' and Girls' Models, - - - $25.

SEND FOR NEW CRESCENT CATALOGUE.

AMERICAN BICYCLE CO.,
WESTERN WHEEL SALES DEPT.,
501 Wells St., CHICAGO. 36 Warren St., NEW YORK.

BUILT LIKE A WATCH



STERLING CYCLES

They possess all the qualities of superiority. Experts select the materials, the best of workmen make the parts, the most skilful of mechanics assemble them. And when the wheels are finished, satisfied people ride them.

Bevel-Gear Chainless Models, $75. Roadsters, $40. Light Roadsters, $50. Send for Sterling Catalogue.

American Bicycle Company,

501 Wells St., CHICAGO. *WESTERN WHEEL SALES DEPT.* *36 Warren St., NEW YORK.*

CLASSIFIED

THE Featherstone BICYCLE

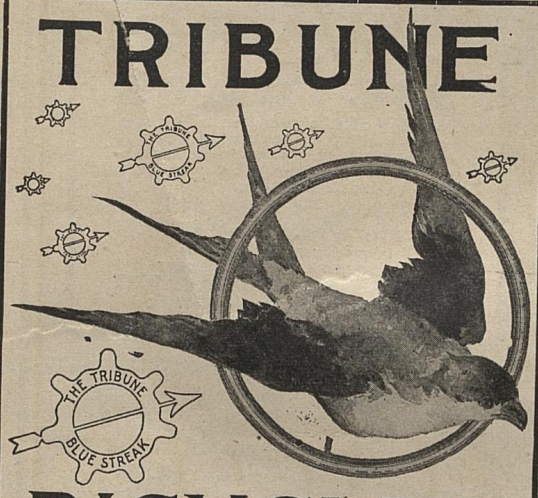


THE Featherstone's graceful model, its strength and ease of action make it pre-eminently a favorite with every rider.

ROADSTERS, $25 and $35.
30-INCH WHEELS, $40.
... Featherstone Catalogue Free ...

AMERICAN BICYCLE CO.,
FEATHERSTONE SALES DEPT.,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Eastern Office: 48 Warren St., New York.

TRIBUNE



BICYCLES

NOTHING short of flying equals the pleasure of riding a Tribune Bicycle. The parts are so nicely adjusted and balanced that, once the wheel is put in motion, it glides on with scarcely an effort of the rider.

Bevel-Gear Chainless, $75. Roadster, $40.
Light Roadster, $50. Racer, $60
Tribune Catalogue FREE.

AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY,
FEATHERSTONE SALES DEPT., Chicago, Ill.
EASTERN OFFICE: 48 Warren Street, New York.

The MONARCH BICYCLE

Well Named



NO Bicycle was ever more properly named than the Monarch. The sovereign among bicycles, its strength, endurance and speed remain unsurpassed. With hosts of rivals, it has no peer . . . .

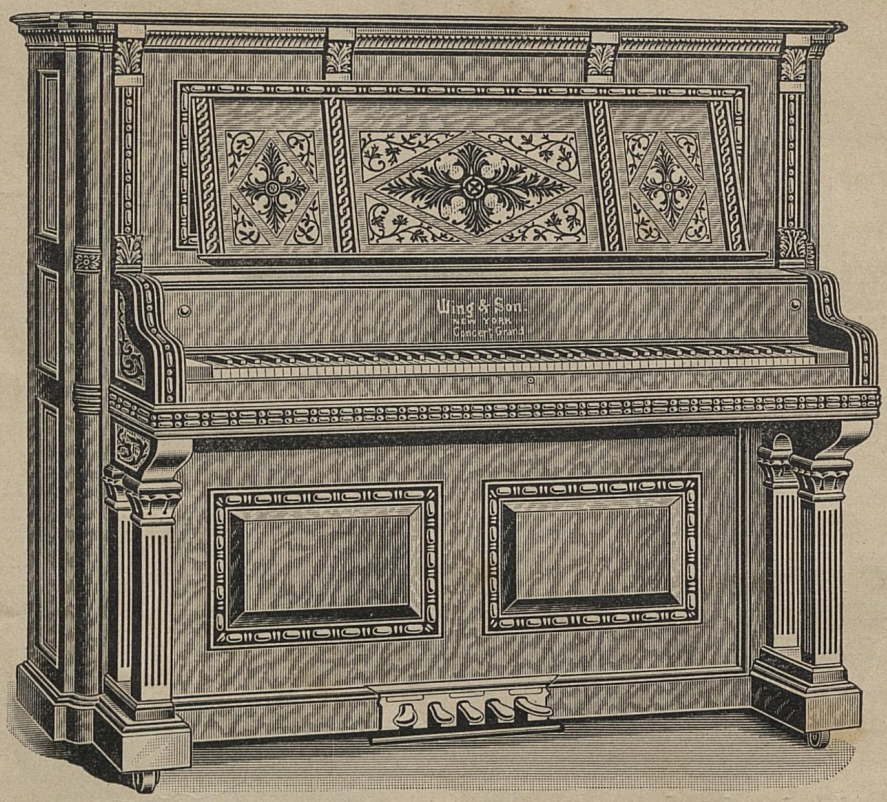
CHAINLESS MODELS, $60.
ROAD, $30. LIGHT ROAD, $40.
Catalogue Free.

American Bicycle Company,
MONARCH SALES DEPT., Chicago, Ill.
Eastern Office:
20 Warren Street, New York.

THE WING PIANO

STYLE 29. CONCERT GRAND UPRIGHT

No other Piano made equals this in style and design of case



We aim to make the best piano possible and to sell it at the lowest price possible.
If you wish to buy a fine piano at a low price, write us.

SENT ON TRIAL

FREIGHT PREPAID. We will send this piano, or your choice of 23 other Wing Pianos, on trial to any part of the United States, all freights paid by us. We will allow ample time for a thorough examination and trial in the home, and if the piano is not entirely satisfactory in every respect, we will take it back at our own expense. There is no risk or expense to the person ordering the piano. No money is sent to us in advance. We pay all freights.

THE INSTRUMENTAL ATTACHMENT

imitates perfectly the tones of the Mandolin, Guitar, Harp, Zither and Banjo. Music written for these instruments, with and without piano accompaniment, can be played just as perfectly by a single player on the piano as though rendered by a parlor orchestra. The original instrumental attachment has been patented by us and it cannot be had in any other piano, although there are several imitations of it.



Every Wing Piano is guaranteed for twelve (12) years against any defect in tone, action, workmanship or material.

We will send free on request "The Book of Complete Information about Pianos," 118 pages, handsomely bound in cloth. Every one who intends to purchase a piano should have this book. Sent free on request with twelve (12) pieces of music.

WING & SON

282 and 284 EAST 12th ST. NEW YORK

1868—32D YEAR—1900.