

ture, there is a line of work in which, owing to the patience and persistence required, only the smallest discount need be made for incapables; one in which freedom from anxiety is almost essential to the best work, and yet one the cash values of which to the world at large and to the individual worker are in inverse proportion; and that is scientific investigation.

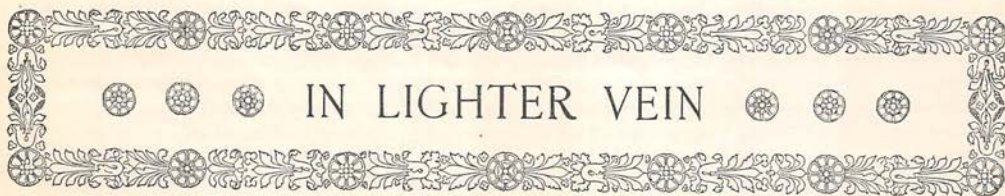
It is scarcely necessary to-day to argue in favor of the importance of this work. The immense progress in medicine and the arts due to scientific investigation pure and simple has convinced most thoughtful people that it is a factor in the progress of civilization which is not to be despised, and a few realize its tremendous value. Nor is its worth limited to those branches which, by their nature, appeal most strongly to us. Moreover, it is work which cannot be carried on by the untrained, and which cannot be pursued by those engrossed in business, but which is, or should be, a profession in itself, only, alas! it does not «pay.» Of available investigators only a few with an assured income can devote themselves to it; a few more, physicians and professors, can give part of their time to such labors while they carry on their practice or lecture and teach in our large universities; others, who love research, and pursue it at all costs, risk their health and lessen their efficiency by attempting each to do the work of two: one man's work—often more than should justly be given to one—must be done in teaching or in other lines to furnish food and

clothes, and then investigation is carried on when rest or recreation is needed; but the majority are forced to give it up just when their training has made them valuable, because they must earn a living, and cannot earn it in that way.

There has been an unreasonable habit of looking on students receiving scholarships as in some sense objects of charity; and even a fellowship, although given as an honor, sometimes seems to bring upon the holder a touch of patronage. Further, the holder of a fellowship will, with perhaps a very few exceptions, be thrown upon his own resources as soon as he has proved his ability to carry on original research and has received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Is it not a fearful waste to allow so much preparation to fall short of its purpose?

Surely it would not be charity, but economy, to insure a living to such persons, so that they might devote their energies to the common good along lines where there is such urgent need of workers. Our men of wealth think nothing of hiring an array of people to care for their horses, or their yachts or their business affairs, and do not begrudge large fees to their physicians. Would it not be equally just, reasonable, and judicious to pay others to devote their time to those questions of pure science, and to the causes and prevention of disease, which lie back of, and are the foundation for, all medical and surgical knowledge?

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Galicized English.

SINCE it is evident that no Volapük or other arbitrary and scientific language can ever find large acceptance, and since English, being the most unscientific and whimsy of tongues, has thereby the best chance of adoption, every sign of its inroads on other people's preserves is interesting. The enthusiasm that the French are showing for our language is perhaps encouraging, certainly amusing.

In the matter of foreign names the French have never known the torments and factions of the English peoples. We have seen fierce wrangling over the weedless-dum and -dee of Cadmus and Kadmos, of Sissero and Kickero. Even the «Dunciad» pinks the disputants of the problem:

To sound or sink in *cano*, O or A;
Or give up Cicero to C or K.

As early as Ben Jonson's days you can read his Boswell, Drummond of Hawthornden, quoting this as one of Saint Ben's «jeasts and apothegms»: «A translatur of the Emperour's lyves translated Antoninus Pius, Antony Pye.» Gifford glosses it as no more absurd than «Mark Antony,» and Browning quotes it in jus-

tifying himself for sticking so close to the Greek as *Klutaïmnestra* and *Apollon* in his translation of the «Agamemnon.»

The French, however, make no bones of unanimously Frenching all proper names. Achilleus becomes Achille; and Aristophane, Aristote, Petrocle, Œdipe, Sénèque, Tite-Live, Angleterre, Allemagne, Siloh, Tolède, Vésuve, get so far from their originals that their owners would be wise indeed to know them.

The more ignorant of us, it is true, drink at cafes, and wonder at General Bullangger; but the literates of France still make no attempt to pronounce our words as we speak them. They rest content with nasalizing *les rues* Vash-in-ton, Fran-klin, Meel-ton, Nev-ton, Lor'-Bee-ron. Their best works misspell even the names they try to keep intact.

The curious contentedness of the French with gross errors in foreign nomenclature is notable. Thus Jules Claretie, in his latest book, «Brichanteau, Comédien,» speaks of Shakspeare as «le cygne de Stafford-sur-Avon.» It is not strange that they should slip up in discussing our politics, and gravely announce in their journals that, since President Cleaveland had declined to serve again, he had nominated M. Mac-Kinley to fill his place. But that the simple process of translating titles for cata-

logue purposes should give room for many picturesque blunders, is passing strange.

The catalogues of the two salons achieve some *chefs-d'œuvre* of perversion. They show the insidious evils of putting trust in lexicons when the idioms and other idiocies of a language are little known.

A late catalogue of the Champ de Mars Salon contains such translations as «Joung Girl in Wight», «In the Park of Oysters», «At Sun» («Au Soleil»), «Old People Christmas», and «M. Fritz Thaulow and is Childrens.» «Intérieur Bourgeois» becomes «Aristocratic Interior»; «L'Ingénue» is mysteriously translated «Prowdy»; «Printemps Nu» is equally strange as «Spring Nude Fijmes»; «À la Cantine» is easily made «To the Canteen.» The picture of a doughty gunner, «Le Vainqueur du Tir», is Englished «The Conquer of Gunshot»; «Baptême» is turned into «Chirstining»; «Gamin» into «Blaguard»; and «La Pensée qui s'Éveille» into «The Taught Awehening.» There are other curious blunders, but none, perhaps, greater than a passion scene on the Mount of Olives, «Le Jardin des Oliviers», which is translated «The Garden of Eden», and this descriptive title, «Avril (peinture à fresque reconstituée selon la tradition des primitifs),» which is Johnsonesed into «April (fresh paintings reconstituted as the primitive tradition).»

The increase in the use of English terms in France is indicated in the «Almanach» for 1897 issued by the house of Hachette, which gives four of its crowded pages to the meaning and pronunciation of foreign words which, it says, are in constant use in the journals, but are not found in the dictionaries. It does not include English words that have been incorporated into the very fiber of the language, like *wagon*, *le coaching*, *sport*, *la boxe*, and the like; but it is quite up to date with our catch-phrases and with technicalities of sport.

Of a total of 342 terms and phrases, 36 are Spanish, 20 German, 17 Italian, 3 Russian (these will surely have to be increased), 3 Turkish, 3 Latin, and one each for seven other languages—Arabian, Hindu, and the like. The rest are English, and, if my reckoning is nice, they approximate 253.

The words borrowed fall into a few classes:

There are the fabrics and garments. *Sartor* is here *resartus* indeed, with beaver, cover-coat, overcoat, and redcoat, knickerbockers, legging, suit, smoking, and other words.

Then there are various vehicles: break, buggy, dog-cart, cab, drag, four-in-hand, mail-coach, sulky, rocking-chair, yacht, schooner, and other sea things.

Social intercourse between the nations has smuggled in some terms. One of the most venerable of these is «club», a word much used, and one that I was surprised to find in an Italian annotation on a group of young spendthrifts mentioned in Dante's «Inferno.»

Boarding-house, garden-party, fashionable, gentleman, high-life (pronounced *ha-i-la-i-fe* here, but usually made to rhyme with fig-leaf), lunch, miss, mistress, pedigree, shake-hand, snob, toast, spleen (translated by *ennui*), struggle for life, and swell, are proudly used by the French cosmopolite. «Snob» has been greedily adopted, and Jules Lemaitre has written an attack on «literary snobs», in which he uses the word in a considerably altered sense. There was a French journal called «Le Snob», possibly still extant.

Though «dude» and «fop» do not seem to have obtained a foothold, «dandy» has the authority even of Balzac.

A laugh always greets the French actor who uses on the stage the word «shocking» or the expression «five-o'clock tea.» I have even heard the verb *fivecloquer*.

«Home» is a blessed word the definite idea of which the French language seems incapable of expressing in one term, though the thing itself they certainly have in a beautiful degree. In a French libretto of Sudermann's «Heimath,» where the thought of home is recurrent, the struggles of the French translator to find suitable expressions are pitiful. He is driven to such chill substitutes as *la vie domestique*, *la maison*, *la maison paternelle*, *le toit paternel*, *votre foyer*, *votre propre foyer*. «Home, sweet home,» becomes *le foyer*, *le doux foyer*, *un heureux intérieur*, *un doux intérieur*, and *son chez elle*, *son doux chez elle!*

Our new journalism, which the French cannot wonder at enough, and are imitating more and more, has given them the words «reporter» and «interview.»

Foreign politics and diplomacy, matters of vital moment to the European, have thrust upon them many German, Spanish, and English terms, like alderman, *ayuntamiento*, blue-book, choke-bore, *furia Francese*, foreign office, income tax, *Landwehr*, portfolio, self-government, speaker, Tory, trade-union, Knight of Labor, home-rule, and speech (*spit-che*).

The French have caught a great enthusiasm for certain English diversions, particularly for racing, or, as it is here called, *ressinng*. Other sports are foot-ball, cricket, golf, hurdle-race, lawn-tennis, «rallye-paper» (*course suivant la trace de papiers semés*), rowing, steeplechase, and whist.

But racing, as it is the most popular sport, furnishes the most terms, among which are betting, blood horse, bookmaker, broken-down, canter, cob, crack, dead heat (*déd itt*), defaulter, false start, featherweight (*fezeur-ouét*), flying start, go ahead, handicap, light-weight, match, pace-maker, scratch, stayer, stud-book, stepper, walk-over, winning-post, three-years-old (*zri-ierz'old*), two years old, and tipster.

Hunting and the kennel give terms like markman, retriever, king's-Charles, and colly-dog.

International exchange in foods and drinks accounts for many new words, such as brandy, cocktail [*mot-à-mot*: *queue de coq*, *Boisson Améric*. (*bitter*, *champagne*, *citron*)], malt, pale ale, pickles, plum-cake (*ploumm-kè-que*), pudding, punch, sherry-cobbler, soda-water, stout, and whisky.

All those good Americans that have not had to die to go to Paris, know how necessary to the Paris cafés and restaurants are the three foreign graces, sandwich (generally pronounced *sanveech*), *rosbif*, and *biftek*. This last word is spelled in all conceivable fashions between *biftek* and *beafsteack*.

A silly-seeming class of borrowings is that including the words for the declaration of passion and undying affection: darling (*darlingne*), forever, *forquette-minotte*, and *ri-memm-beur*. The word «flirt» is here defined as «the person with whom one is in coquetterie; example: my flirt.»

The English have contributed «all right» (*oll ra-i-te*), «God save the Queen» (*Godd-sé-ve-se-Cov-inn*), «Rule, Britannia,» «right-man-at-the-right-place» (*raï-te-man-*

ate-ze-rai-te-plé-ce), «that is the question» (*zatt iz ze quou-ech-tienn*), «time is money,» and «to be, or not to be.» «Barnum» has passed into the Valhalla of French, as well as English, etymology.

This would be a dull life if those who lived in glass houses were never privileged to throw stones. Our own attempts upon the French language are hardly less amusing. We have been recently made familiar with them through du Maurier's Laird, with his «Je prong» and his «May too seese ay nee eesee nee lah,» and his «Oon pair de gong blong.» But for many years before him the old Webster had been solemnly announcing that *embonpoint* was to be pronounced *ông-bông-pwông*, that *ennui* was sounded *ông-nwe*, and that the French language cherished such monsters as *nôn'-sha-lôn's*, *sü'-long'*, and *sông'-soo'-see'*.

No Frenchman, however, can look cheerfully upon any intrusion on his sacred code of pronunciation. With us it is different. We can sit patiently at ease awaiting the coming of all peoples to our dictionary. The hospitable smile with which we greet their advances will not be without a *soop-song* of merriment.

Rupert Hughes.

Fables of To-day, With No Moral.

I.

AN X ray met the prismatic spectrum traveling toward the earth.

«Your day is past,» said the X ray. «Go back to heaven. Men are looking through things, not at them.»

«What joy have they?» asked the rainbow.

«They have no joy,» said the X ray; «they have the higher criticism.»

«I think I will keep on,» reflected the rainbow, «and create a want.»

II.

A QUARTZ crystal once said to a piece of glass, «Go to! I am harder than thou! I can make my mark in the universe. I and my family have six sides tapering to a point. We are very distinguished»; and she glittered her angles and tossed a spark of fire out of her head.

To whom the piece of glass replied, «My family has had the privilege of introducing light to darkness, and of protecting warmth from cold. We are very superior to form. Allow me»; and she took the front seat.

After this the sun set, and family distinctions were lost.

III.

A LETTER and a telegram were lying on the editor's desk.

«I am a conservative,» said the former. «No one knows anything until it has passed. I make records of the only realities. Because of me

men learn dimly that their neighbors have had joy and sorrow.»

«Ho!» said the telegram, «I am the prophet of the coming day. I say: (Come to dinner at seven.) A message like mine holds its joy, or sorrow, in the future, sir, in the future.»

«Probably you do not know,» said the letter, «that I am the answer to you. Progress, my dear sir, is not made in a straight line.»

IV.

A KINDERGARTEN gift drew her skirts aside so that she could pass the multiplication-table without touching him; but in spite of this precaution, she stumbled and fell over seven times eight.

«It is fifty-six,» said he, firmly, without removing his hat or assisting her to rise.

«You are so uncompromising!» she cried.

«Yes,» said he; «but if I were not, the bottom would fall out of the whole duty of man, proportions would be lost, humor destroyed, and the direction of life would run into a hole in the ground.»

«What is up from a ball rolling through space?» murmured the kindergarten gift.

«You would be,» said the multiplication-table, «if you had known me.»

Ellen Bulkeley.



«Abraham Lincum, whar's dat cooky?»
«I dunno. Uncle Mose said dar was a cake-walk yest'day ebening, and maybe it hain't got back yet.»