



TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Sultan Speaks.

THE fact that severe criticism of the Ottoman government has appeared in *THE CENTURY*, in connection with the Armenian massacres and other matters, does not make it less, but more, desirable that place should be given to the highly interesting deprecatory statements by the Sultan himself, printed in this number of *THE CENTURY*, in connection with the article by the Hon. A. W. Terrell, lately Minister of the United States to Turkey.

There is significance in the fact that, in granting this interview, it was the deliberate intention of the Sultan to appeal, in a friendly spirit, to the public opinion of America in answer to popular attacks upon the Turkish government.

But this is not the first time that *THE CENTURY* has been able to lay before its readers the reply of an autocratic Old-World government to printed criticism. This magazine having published articles reflecting upon Russian treatment of political suspects and offenders, as well as Russian treatment of the Jews, a member of the Russian diplomatic corps was permitted to make brief reply in *THE CENTURY* for February, 1893, in an article entitled, «A Voice for Russia.» While this was, of course, not an «official» document, it was an officially permitted statement which might be described, in the phraseology of diplomacy, as *officieux*.

But the utterance of the Sultan has even more importance, as coming directly from the supreme authority in an empire. It is interesting not only in its political bearings, but also, with Mr. Terrell's accompanying remarks, as throwing light upon the personality, upon the psychology, of a ruler who is now playing a part in the very foreground of the world's theater of great events.

Tennyson.

FORTUNATE in life and in death, Alfred Tennyson is fortunate again in the volumes dedicated to filial devotion to his lofty and undimmed memory. These volumes are not only worthy in their contents, but in their reticence. Doubtless a sharper interest might have been given by the retention of some of those momentary judgments on the part of the subject of a memoir, or of his correspondents, the record of which pleases the cynical and leaves a rankling pain in the hearts of survivors or surviving friends; but the good feeling and good judgment of the son, and of the friends who have been consulted, have resulted in a dignified and satisfactory memorial to the laureate—one which can work injury to none, which lifts no veil of too sacred privacy, and which, with his printed books, completes the picture of a noble mind.

This «Memoir»¹ is the history of the mind of an artist—an artist pure and simple. The intensest pleasure in

the reading of such a book must be for those who really love poetry, and especially for those who care something for the method of its making. One could imagine how Tennyson himself might have devoured such a book, were it written of another.

It is no surprise to find how soon the poet felt that verse was to be his employment; that when a boy he would «reel off hundreds of lines»; that at eight he «covered two sides of a slate with Thomsonian blank verse in praise of flowers»; that at fourteen and fifteen he wrote poems and plays of promise; that «from his earliest years he felt that he was a poet, and earnestly trained himself to be worthy of his vocation.»

To the man of letters hundreds of details are of lively interest—the new proofs of the author's sense of color in nature; of his interest in and grasp of scientific phenomena; of his delight in verbal music; as well as his carefully preserved comments on poets, old and new, and on the art of verse. To all readers there is a lesson in these details—a lesson of professional devotion to all workers, in whatever work under the sun.

The suggestion of personal charm is here; of a nature capable of great and loyal love. There was at times a «gruffness» of manner in the poet, which is little more than hinted at in these volumes; but as that was a superficial trait, the records of deep-hearted comradeship and family affection give for us the profound and permanent traits.

«An artist pure and simple,» we say; yet the great impression made by this book is that of a nature magnificently dowered with expression; of a career held steady to artistic aims; but also of an artist to whom this expression was a sacred power, given not only for the pleasure, but for the ennobling of humanity. Here was a creator of beauty not only for the pure delight in beauty, no utilities being permitted to impair the form; but the beauty was by no means to carry impairment with it to the soul of the recipient; and all the better if, indeed, the beauty had the highest uses, the most noble inspirations, for mankind.

How well we can now see that Tennyson's life was a line of his own clear and exquisite verse; for in every way a man can—in his attitude toward his art, as to all else—he exemplified

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control.

He was «born well,» and in a family remarkable for refinement; his own heredity and associations helped him to a pure life: yet there was no lack of fire. There was plenty to «control»; but he fed in himself the passion for purity and the things of the spirit.

Tennyson had not only a true poet's respect for his art, and an unusual sense of responsibility, of consecra-

¹ «Alfred, Lord Tennyson: A Memoir,» by his Son. London, Macmillan & Co. (Ltd.); New York, The Macmillan Co.

tion, and of service to humanity at large, but he had a keen sense of the nation. The great poet was a good citizen, a genuine patriot: interested in the large politics of the day; deeply interested in the men who were fighting for the nation in field or forum. His relations with the Queen were as self-respectful as they were heart-loyal, and deeply creditable to both. Not the least charming part of the book is the correspondence with his good neighbor on the Isle of Wight, Victoria of Osborne. He was no perfunctory laureate: his noblest patriotic poem, it now appears, was written with entire spontaneity and out of admiration for the great duke.

Much of all this we knew from the rich artistic utterance of a long lifetime. But by means of this delightful «Memoir» our knowledge is fuller and more accurate. The poet's son—Hallam, Lord Tennyson—has done his duty in a way which should be an example; and many choice spirits among Tennyson's closest friends have added their recollections and impressions with generous and loving hands. Such a book is a new and priceless gift from the spirit of one of the loveliest and purest poets who have set human speech to immortal music.

WE have spoken of Tennyson's good fortune in his nativity and in his associations. In the papers in the November and December CENTURY, by Mr. V. C. Scott O'Connor, there is given a fuller account than we have elsewhere seen of the immediate family of Tennyson, whose members were men and women of exceptional character and charm. In the December instalment will be found appreciative mention of her who, it is now more clearly understood, was the strongest and best influence of his life, his most valued critic, his highest inspiration.

Mr. O'Connor's papers, which, by the kind permission of the son, describe the home and the home life of the poet at Freshwater, will be found to constitute a valuable supplement to the «Memoir.»

Some Good Literary Advice.

THE letters of Dr. Holmes printed in the October CENTURY, and the just-published «Memoir» of Tennyson, each have some very kind and wise words to amateur makers of verse, of whom the number seems to increase rather than diminish in our day.

It is the opinion of some critics that the more persons there are who can write fairly good poetry, the fewer there are who can write excellent verse; and that in our day the democratic tendencies lower while extending literary production. However this may be, there is in our time a surprising number of men and women of culture who can occasionally produce poems that have not only feeling, but a certain amount of art; while there is a still greater number who are constantly «indulging in verse,» as it is suggestively called, without ever getting above the level of the amateur.

Dr. Holmes, in his books, has said some very clever and kind things about these ineffectual poetizers. In his letter to a New Orleans friend he says one thing that, if taken to heart by the amateur verse-maker, would save him from many a conspicuous error. He states it as an axiom that the more personal and inti-

mate the feelings which a poet reveals, the higher the art required to justify their exposure.

It seems that although Tennyson was much tried by the pater of uninspired verse that showered upon him, nevertheless he sometimes took the trouble to say kind and useful words to the amateur. Here is his letter to an old Sheffield blacksmith:

I should have a heart harder than your anvil if I were not deeply interested by what you tell me. I thank you for your pretty verses. The spirit which inspires them should give the lesson of cheerful resignation and thankfulness and faith to all.

Being able to do this by writing such verses, you will always have work of the noblest and best to do.

Accept from me my best wishes, and believe me

Truly yours, TENNYSON.

But his touching and wise letter to a workingman who asked him whether he should adopt poetry as a profession is of such wide application that a part of it might be kept as a circular by other men of letters for use on like occasion. The correspondence is a typical episode and shows the great heart of the poet:

I write in compliance with your request, tho' I fear that I can say little to comfort you. Believe me, however, that I am grieved for your loneliness and your sorrow.

Let me hope that you, having, as I think, found the God of Love, will feel day by day less lonely among your fellow-men; for, loving God, you cannot but grow in love towards them, and so forget yourself in them, since love begets love.

As to your poem, it is so much the habit of the age to try and express thought and feeling in verse, each one for himself, that there are not, I suspect, many listeners (for such work as yours), and therefore poetry is not generally profitable in a money point of view. By all means write, if you find solace in verse; but do not be in a hurry to publish. Poetry should be the flower and fruit of a man's life, in whatever stage of it, to be a worthy offering to the world.¹

A Historic Warning.

THE tragic ending of the royal family of France, so graphically described by Miss Bicknell in this number of THE CENTURY, contains a warning which ought ever to be kept in the attention of a people devoted to the forms of elective government.

It is a warning of greatest import to commonwealths that are masters of their own political destinies, because in times of social disturbance they are most prone to forget that the safety of organized society depends on a general deference to its traditions, and is always endangered by a resort to extra-legal remedies dictated by popular clamor.

Mob rule is always tyrannical and brutal whether exerted against monarchical forms of restraint or against the laws of a republic. Men possessed with a sense of a real or fancied grievance come together to offer a «living petition» to the constituted authorities, public or private, for «justice.» No matter how peaceful the original intentions of a «living petition,» the basic idea of a multitude marching upon a center of property or law is to back up a demand for benefit or privilege by a show of physical force. The threat involved is instinc-

¹ These extracts are made with the permission of the publishers.

tive to men gathered in numbers for a common purpose, whether they go open-handed or armed with weapons; and once they are baffled, the impulse to use their conscious power is spontaneous; then, if the torrent of human passion is not dissipated by a counter-force exerted by the guardians of the law, the mob satisfy themselves with vengeance; and after their passion is exhausted, law and order resume their ordinary sway on the ruins. This is the inevitable course of mob rule, whether the social disease it represents is localized or spread through the whole body politic.

If Louis XVI had been a wise and firm ruler to the same extent that he was a brave and conscientious man, he might have held the allegiance of France to her ancient traditions until the new ideas of human rights and citizenship had worked a needed change in the state; but his kindly temporizing with «marching petitions,» and deference to unlawful agitation, fostered the wilfulness of mob rule until the new love of liberty became a demon of tyranny, and the vision of human brotherhood a living torment. The fate of the poor king and queen and their helpless children—almost the saddest in history—is typical of the extreme penalty any community may suffer when its citizens

temporize with mob attempts to right wrongs or inflict punishments contrary to law.

The story of the mobs of the French Revolution has a horrible psychological likeness to the record of the cruelties of those avenging mobs which have recently shocked the better public opinion of America. From the French Revolution is often derived the moral of the peril to society that lies in justice postponed. Mobs and lynchings have sometimes been promoted in America by the postponement of justice or the suspicion of its postponement, though this does not fully account for the great number of American lynchings and the novel barbarity of some of them.

The mainstay of order in a republic must be the general feeling that laws are impartial, and corruption does not make them or interfere with their administration. So that in good citizenship, in the extinction of bribery, of blackmail, and of political corruption, the assurance of justice as between man and man and as between the citizen and the government—in these will be found the best guaranties of social order; in these, —in the regard for law which grows from confidence and respect,—and in the firm upholding of the public peace by the constituted authorities.



OPEN LETTERS

James Hammond Trumbull.
THE TRIBUTE OF A NEIGHBOR.

NEWS has reached this shut-in corner of the world of the death of an illustrious neighbor and friend of mine, Dr. Trumbull of Hartford. He was probably the richest man in America in the matter of knowledge—knowledge of all values, from copper up to government bonds. It seems a great pity that this vast property is now lost to the world—that it could not have been left to some college, or distributed among deserving paupers, of whom we have so many. The increment of it was so distributed, and with a free hand, as long as the billionaire lived: one may say that of Dr. Trumbull. He spent his riches in a princely way upon any that needed and applied. That was a great and fine feature of his character, and I am moved to say this word about it lest it be forgotten or overlooked. He wrote myriads of letters to information-seekers all over the world—a service of self-sacrifice which made no show, and is all the more entitled to praise and remembrance for that reason.

I asked him a question once myself about twenty years ago. I remember it yet—vividly. His answer exhibited in a striking way his two specialties—the immensity of his learning, and the generous fashion in which he lavished that and his time and labor gratis upon the ignorant needy. I was summering somewhere away from home, and one day I had a new idea—a *motif* for a drama. I was enchanted with the felicity

of the conception—I might say intoxicated with it. It seemed to me that no idea was ever so exquisite, so beautiful, so freighted with wonderful possibilities. I believed that when I should get it fittingly dressed out in the right dramatic clothes it would not only delight the world, but astonish it. Then came a stealthy, searching, disagreeable little chill: what if the idea was not new, after all? Trumbull would know. I wrote him some cold, calm, indifferent words out of a heart that was sweltering with anxiety, mentioning my idea, and asking him in a casual way if it had ever been used in a play. His answer covered six pages, written in his fine and graceful hand—six pages of titles of plays in which the idea had been used, the date of each piracy appended, also the country and language in which the felony had been committed. The theft of my idea had been consummated two hundred and sixty-eight times. The latest instance mentioned was English, and not yet three years old; the earliest had electrified China eight hundred years before Christ. Dr. Trumbull added in a foot-note that his list was not complete, since it furnished only the modern instances; but that if I wished it, he would go back to early times. I do not remember the exact words I said about the early times in my answer, but it is not material; they indicated the absence of lust in that direction. I did not write the play.

Years ago, as I have been told, a widowed descendant of the Audubon family, in desperate need, sold a per-

fect copy of Audubon's «Birds» to a commercially minded scholar in America for a hundred dollars. The book was worth a thousand in the market. The scholar complimented himself upon his shrewd stroke of business. That was not Hammond Trumbull's style. After the war a lady in the far South wrote him that among the wreckage of her better days she had a book which some one had told her was worth a hundred dollars, and had advised her to offer it to him; she added that she was very poor, and that if he would buy it at that price, it would be a great favor to her. It was Eliot's Indian Bible. Trumbull answered that if it was a perfect copy it had an established market value, like a gold coin, and was worth a thousand dollars; that if she would send it to him he would examine it, and if it proved to be perfect he would sell it to the British Museum and forward the money to her. It did prove to be perfect, and she got her thousand dollars without delay, and intact.

WEGGIS, SWITZERLAND.

S. L. Clemens.

Herr Andrée at the Congress of 1895.

NONE of the delegates to the Sixth International Geographical Congress at London, in August, 1895, can have forgotten the interesting, in fact sensational, general session when Herr Andrée presented his plan for a balloon expedition to the north pole; nor can they have failed to retain a vivid impression of the hero of that arctic field day, who has since sailed away into the unknown ether more courageously than his viking ancestors sailed out into the great ocean.

Herr Andrée came to London to present his scheme to the assembled geographers of all countries, virtually unknown to them, or at best considered a visionary, and his project chimerical; but before the tall, heroic-looking Swede had finished reading his carefully written English paper the majority of his listeners had to admit the feasibility of the plan, and their sympathies were all his, captured by Andrée's interesting personality, his force and determination, his courage and enthusiasm. They saw a typical fair-haired Swede, keen-eyed, strong-jawed, tall beyond the average, broad-shouldered and muscular, with an alertness, a spring and positiveness, in his movements that proved him the man of daring, the one for emergencies. Plainly he was the man who could succeed, who knew neither fear nor vacillation, who had well considered everything, and who, inspired by his great idea, was willing to venture his life to carry it out. He did not look like a dreamer, a visionary, an enthusiast, with an impracticable, impossible scheme; and as he developed his idea and explained it to every least detail, his seemed as reasonable as any other attempt to reach the pole.

The discussion which followed was the most exciting one of the congress, and not even the sharp debate on «African day» between Count Pfeil and Mr. H. M. Stanley, aroused such interest and brought forth such a demonstration. Sir Joseph Hooker, Sir Erasmus Ommaney, General Greeley, Admiral Markham, Colonel Watson, Dr. John Murray, Dr. Neumayer, Mr. Silva White, and others of experience and theory, took part in the discussion, and there was much criticism, even open ridicule and denunciation, along with honest, carefully weighed doubts and fears.

Herr Andrée gave close attention to each speaker, making pencil notes the while; and when Sir Clements Markham asked him to the platform to answer his critics, all nervousness was gone, and he was keyed by the occasion to speaking a clearer and more fluent English than his carefully read paper led one to expect. He took up each objection, disposed of it, and crossed it off his penciled list, the silence of the audience while he spoke, and the rounds of applause that followed his telling arguments and retorts, showing how closely he held his listeners.

«If anything happens to my balloon, how will I get back?» he asked. «Well, when something happened to your ships how did *you* get back? and *you*?» addressing his words and his forefinger directly at certain of his critics whose arctic experiences had barely fallen short of Sir John Franklin's. «I risk but three lives in *my* (foolhardy) attempt, and you risked—how many? A ship-load!» And the audience gave emphatic proof of appreciation of the points scored by him.

With a final stroke of his pencil the impassioned Andrée crushed the note-paper in his hand, and slowly repeating the words, «He hopes I may succeed in *trying* to raise the money, and at least make the attempt»; he paused a second, and with a vigorous swing of the whole arm, added in exultant tones, «Well, I—*haf—gott—the—money!*»

Then all those sedate and learned geographers, Sir Joseph Hooker, Dr. Neumayer, and the most venerable of them, applauded and cheered until the great hall of the Colonial Institute rang; and Sir Clements Markham's face beamed with enjoyment at this dramatic climax, and the storming of the congress by the intrepid Swede.

Herr Andrée had left the stage with the same energetic tread with which he mounted it, and was on a back bench, wiping his brow and taking deep breaths like an athlete just come from the stadium, long before the applause ceased. He did not manifest any resentment toward critics or detractors,—not if such opponents possessed any polar or aerial experience likely to benefit him,—and he cheerfully turned the other ear to anything helpful or suggestive that he could obtain from them. The audience was not a little amused, after the program had turned to quiet paths, to watch the tall Swede tip-toe round the hall to the front bench, slip in beside Judge Daly, and secure through him an introduction to the arctic explorer who had most severely condemned the balloon plan, and forthwith engage this polar pessimist in a long and earnest conversation.

Herr Andrée was in England for the sake of his polar expedition only. He was sought for, but not always found, at the many social entertainments that crowded the afternoons and evenings of the congress week; and he was the most talked about lion in London that month, and the most interesting figure of the great geographic gathering. Although agreeable in manner and conversation, Herr Andrée was a bit chilly and absorbed, as very well became one whose thoughts were in realms far beyond our ken.

His balloon of 1896 differed a little from the one first described to the Stockholm Academy and the Geographical Congress; and the delay of a year in the actual start enabled him to make further improvements before the huge silk bubble of 1897 was cut loose and sailed away

on its incredible journey. Whether he returns at once, spends a winter on the ice, as Nansen did, or two winters, one may as confidently expect to see Herr Andrée at the Geographical Congress at Berlin in 1899 as he was positive in stating that he would be there.

Eliza Ruhamah Seidmore.

Another University in Washington, and How to Secure It.

THE agitation that has been vigorously carried on by the Hon. John D. Hoyt during the last few years has awakened a great deal of interest in the possibility of establishing a national university in Washington. Clear and ample statements have been put forth respecting the intellectual attractions of the capital. The development of the idea from the days of George Washington until the present has been carefully studied. A large number of persons, more or less engaged in the advancement of higher education, have expressed their sentiments with more or less emphasis; and a small committee, including several gentlemen of the highest distinction, have consented to act as a body of promoters. A bill has been drafted, circulated, modified, and presented for the consideration of Congress, and it has passed the first stages of senatorial legislation. Now comes a halt.

Three things have been demonstrated by this agitation.

First, there is a strong desire, not only among the residents of the Federal city, but among the lovers and promoters of learning throughout the country, that the libraries, collections, instruments, and apparatus belonging to the government should be opened to students, not as a favor, nor by exception, nor as a passing entertainment, but for study and experiment, according to suitable regulations, and especially under the guidance of such able teachers as may be already engaged in the service of the government, or may be enlisted hereafter for the particular offices of education. So far as this there would be a unanimous, or nearly unanimous, assent.

Second, the universities existing in Washington and near to it, including those of New England, would regard with disfavor, and probably with distrust, an effort to establish, by congressional action, the University of the United States. In some places there would be positive opposition. Already the capital has the old Columbian University, with its liberal charter, its buildings and funds, its faculty and alumni; the Georgetown University, likewise vigorous; the Catholic University, which has sprung with a bound, under the direct patronage of the Pope, into a position of great distinction and influence; the Methodist University, which is not likely to drag, if a strong, wide-spread and popular religious denomination can be relied upon; and the Howard University, devoted to the interests of the colored race. At the distance of an hour's ride the Johns Hopkins University offers the advantages of libraries, laboratories, and teachers of renown. What will any one of these institutions say, what will be the force of their collective opposition, if another aspirant is placed in the field? What will Pennsylvania, Columbia, Princeton, Yale, and Harvard say when the issue is finally made up? What will be the attitude of Ithaca, Ann Arbor, Chicago, Evanston, Minneapolis, and other

Western seats of learning if the bounty of the United States draws off their faculties and their students?

Third, outside of academic circles, as well as inside, there is a great distrust of the principle that Congress should provide for and direct university education. The fears may be foolish. It is easy to laugh at them. Apprehensions may be pronounced groundless; nevertheless it will be difficult to get rid of them. There will be an ever-present expectation of political interference, first in the governing body, then in the faculty, and finally in the subjects and methods of instruction. It is true that partizan entanglement may be avoided, but it will be difficult indeed to escape the thralldom?

Is it possible to reconcile these conflicting views? Can the natural and wide-spread desire to participate in the intellectual resources of the capital be gratified without awakening the antagonism of the universities already established, and without involving congressional control or political interference?

There is a way—not a way of compromise, but of combination.

The Smithsonian Institution was founded «for the advancement and diffusion of knowledge.» It has an admirable, an unblemished record of more than half a century. It is under the patronage of the government, but it is managed by a board of regents selected for their wisdom, character, and public spirit, and for their interest in the progress of literature and science. They have never shown any ecclesiastical, partizan, or sectional bias. They have never encountered the ill will of the public. They have received generous gifts from individuals. They have administered their funds with economy and prudence. They have always been progressive. Each successive administration has adapted its arrangements to the demands of the times.

The first secretary began the publication of learned memoirs which might not otherwise see the light; he encouraged the study of American antiquities and aborigines; he promoted international exchanges of books and journals; he initiated the plan of weather observations that has grown into the actual Weather Bureau. The second secretary developed two great institutions, the United States Fish Commission and the National Museum, each the offspring of the Smithsonian. The third secretary has established the Zoölogical Gardens, has carried on fundamental inquiries into the nature of light, and has made such important researches respecting aerial locomotion that the «flying-machine» is already here.

Now let the Smithsonian take another step forward. Let it organize a plan by which the literary and scientific institutions of Washington may be associated and correlated so far, and so far only, as relates to the instruction and assistance, under proper restrictions, of qualified students. If a plan can be set forth upon which these institutions are agreed, the funds for its support will be forthcoming. Costly buildings are not necessary. The current expenses will not be large. The same liberality which has hitherto promoted the Smithsonian will certainly be continued. At any rate, an experiment will not be expensive.

The outlines of such a plan may now be indicated as a basis for further suggestions. To begin with, a head of this branch of service must be announced. This may

well be the secretary; but if he is already too much occupied, let there be an assistant secretary in charge of advanced instruction and research. He must be the organizing and administrative officer. Next the inventory, already published, of the literary and scientific resources of Washington must be reexamined, and the conditions on which these resources may be opened must be clearly stated. A certain number of teachers must be enlisted who will give, for proper consideration, instruction and guidance in their specialties. There should be no attempt to provide a general or liberal course of education, but only opportunities and encouragement for the prosecution of certain specific courses. Consequently there will be no curriculum, no public examinations, no degrees. On the other hand, there must be abundant opportunities. Any person of either sex, from any place, of whatever age, without any questions as to his previous academic degree, should be admissible: provided, however, that he demonstrate his fitness to the satisfaction of the leader in the subject of his predilection. Evidence of preparation in one department will be totally different from that required in another.

Of course the objection will be made that this is «not a university.» Is it not? What is a university? Etymologically and originally, a university was simply an association, a society, a corporation. It might be for almost any dignified purpose. Gradually the term was restricted to a society of scholars. *Societas magistrorum et discipulorum* (the union of masters and pupils) is all that is essential to the idea of a university.

Such a learned society may be developed more readily around the Smithsonian Institution, with less friction, less expense, less peril, and with the prospect of more permanent and wide-spread advantages to the country than by a dozen denominational seminaries or one colossal University of the United States.

To the special opportunities that the Smithsonian and

its affiliations could offer, every university, at a distance or near by, might be glad to send its most promising students for a residence of weeks, months, or years, never losing control of them. Many other persons, disconnected with universities, but proficient to a considerable degree in one study or another, would also resort with pleasure and gratitude, and with prospect of great advantages, to the rare opportunities which Washington affords for study and investigation in history, political science, literature, ethnology, anthropology, medicine, agriculture, meteorology, geology, geodesy, and astronomy.

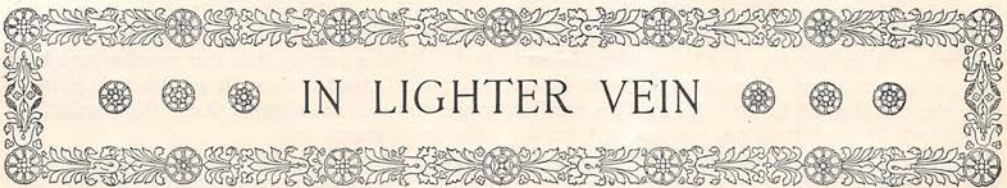
Daniel C. Gilman.

«Washington Portraits.»

IN my article on «Washington Portraits,» in THE CENTURY for February, 1892, I published a reproduction of a very elaborate hard-paste porcelain plaque of Washington, which I unequivocally ascribed to the Bristol potter Richard Champion. The owner of the piece—Mrs. Kennon—was, however, insistent that she knew nothing whatever about it, further than that it came from Mount Vernon, which fact was stated in a note.

During a recent investigation of the unpublished letters to Washington in the State Department, I found a letter from Champion to Major William Jackson, private secretary to Washington, sending to «the President of the United States,» when he was on a visit to South Carolina in 1791, where Champion then resided, this plaque and the one of Franklin mentioned in my article, thus confirming the opinion I had formed upon an examination of the piece. Champion states the interesting fact that these plaques were «made from a beautiful native porcelain which is to be found in America.» Both Champion and Wedgwood experimented with kaolin from the Cherokee country.

Charles Henry Hart.



Abbie's Accounts.

A MONOLOGUE.

SCENE: *Sitting-room.*

(*Curtain rises, discovering Abbie at her desk.*)

Abbie: There is one comfort about being a married woman—that is, of course there are more than one—a good many; but one especially, I mean. And that is to have a right to some of the luxuries of life. Now, a husband is n't like an elder sister. Of all creatures that tyrannize over their kind, an elder sister is the very worst. A husband is rather—well, rather bossy,—Alfred says «bossy,» and it's a real good word,—but then you prefer that from them. Besides, one's husband is a man, you know; and one expects men to be a little masterful. Alfred is, sometimes, and—I think I like it. It is such a comfort to have some one else to take the responsi-

bility for things, you know. And that reminds me. Alfred said I should keep accounts, now I'm married. Where has that account-book gone to, anyway? I'm sure I put it here under this pile of invitations to those five-o'clock nuisances—I just hate them! The impudence of that Hanson woman—with her teas! She seems to think tea is a kind of legal tender! I've sent her cards for the last six—where in the world is that account-book? Oh, I remember; I left it in the pocket of my blue serge—or was it my gray cashmere? That old cashmere! I meant to leave it at home, but Ellen packed it in. It's worse than the «Colonel's Opera-cloak.» Let me see—it's in the closet up-stairs. (*Starts toward the door; then returns.*) No; it is n't in the cashmere—that has n't any pocket; it was torn out. I remember now; I put it in the top drawer of my desk—one of them.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

Citizenship in the Tenements.

MR. RIIS, in his bright picture of «Merry Christmas in the Tenements,» the first article in the *CHRISTMAS CENTURY*, treats with his characteristic and contagious optimism a subject concerning which he is the best-known and most widely read expert, namely, life in the crowded districts of New York. His books, «How the Other Half Lives,» and «The Children of the Poor» are brimming as well with the drama of lowly life as with facts and practical suggestions—suggestions which in a few short years have borne fruit even beyond the hopes of this cheerful and persistent philanthropist.

In his present Christmas study, by the way, Mr. Riis brings out one fact that cannot too often be insisted upon. The conventional idea of Christmas among the poor is the descent upon them of gifts from the rich—the generously distributed turkeys, the holiday feast prepared by individual or associated charity. But altogether the most interesting feature of the merry season is the neighborly interchange of presents and kindnesses between the poor themselves. Indeed, the poor are the greatest givers at Christmas and at all other times. The very poorest are generous with their little store; they give not only of their worldly goods, but of their time, their labor, their helpful sympathy. Heaven knows what would happen, in the constant tragedies of loss among the lowly, if instant help were not at hand—the arm outstretched to the drowning, without formal reference to friendly visitors and official committees. It is the poor that render quickest assistance when their fellow-tenants have been thrown out of work, or ejected from their apartments, or have been burned out in the frightening fires of the tenements. No one should belittle or discourage the organized efforts made to bring light and happiness into the homes of the poor; but no one should forget what the poor are doing for themselves. We would have the richest and most generous men and women in the community remember how difficult it will be for them to match the generosity of the poorest poor in the Christmas days which are so near.

It is instructive to note the changed attitude of the public mind with regard to the great masses of the population herded together in the tenement-house districts. The first human interest in them was along the established lines of philanthropy—public and private hospital and dispensary service, and mission work. The next change came from the discovery of dangers to health, not only in the districts themselves, owing to unsanitary conditions, but danger also to the community at large through faults of local sanitation. Last of all has come the full realization of fellow-citizenship with regard to these masses. At one time the poor, so far as political action was concerned, were virtually abandoned, as a matter of course, to the sordid blandishments and manipulations of vulgar and corrupt politi-

cians. The expansion of the college-settlement idea has been one of the means to a new state of things; at any rate, there is a new state of things in which the dwellers in the tenements are not solely considered as subjects of religious endeavor, or as objects of sanitary inquiry and betterment, but also as fellow-citizens whose interest in good government should be as keen as, if not keener than, the interest therein of those more fortunately placed in the community.

As an incident of the new condition, campaigns for the election of civic officers are likely to be hereafter conducted in New York, as in the recent election, largely as an appeal to the civic necessities and the civic patriotism of the people of the tenements. More and more they will have the opportunity to learn, through popular presentation, of the workings of the city departments, of the way the government of the city touches their lives—not through «pulls,» but in the ordinary administration of the law, and in the conduct of the regular business of all the departments of the municipality. They will more and more be made to realize that indirect taxation is none the less taxation, and that in the long run it is better to have justice than to have «influence.»

In a city like New York and others of our large cities the variety of races and the difference of language constitute a barrier to the education of the masses in the duties of citizenship; but this is only one of the obstacles that must be overcome in the building up of a purer and nobler civic life.

International Relations of Authors.

IN the recent «Memoir» the evidences given of good feeling toward America and Americans on the part of Lord Tennyson have been noted in the papers. To be sure, one might ask, «Why not?» And yet there were special annoyances from American sources which must have been particularly trying.

An American man of letters visiting England, years ago, spent some time not far from Freshwater. Knowing many of Tennyson's American and English friends, it would have been natural, perhaps, for him to obtain an introduction; yet he even kept away from Tennyson's end of the Isle of Wight. Meeting once, in London, the younger son of the Laureate, he told him he could tell his father that at least one American was not peering over his fences or shying stones at his Farringford chickens.

The prying English tourist made himself a nuisance to the Laureate; but the tourist who came across the seas was perhaps a little more likely to be troublesome, owing to his greater enthusiasm and enterprise.

But however a sensitive bard may have resented intrusion upon his privacy, and whatever complaints of their inconsiderate countrymen some visiting Americans may at times have had to listen to, it is evident that good feeling for «kin across sea» was at the bottom of

the poet's large heart. Some of his American friends are named in the book; but there were other American acquaintances, some of an earlier date than certain of those chronicled. There were Americans unknown to fame who met with warm welcome from the master of Farringford, and gained there a genuine, helpful, and lasting friendship.

A pleasant chapter in the curiosities of English literature could be made of international literary relations — those between Scott and Irving, Emerson and Carlyle, for instance. Such a chapter might include the friendship of American and English writers with individuals less distinguished of the opposite country. Some of the most intimate friends of the Brownings were Americans, and Lowell had English friends true and steadfast.

International relations of this kind do not depend upon any treaty; they ought to, and do, favorably affect the public opinion of the two countries. While writers on both sides have done much to fan the flames of unreasoned prejudice, men of letters, being often, fortunately, men of imagination, insight, and good will, have also stood for brotherhood, and not for the brutal inherited instinct of fight.

Letter-writing not a Lost Art.

OF late years not much has been heard on the once favorite theme of a decline in the art of letter-writing. This argues, perhaps, that persons of culture, who are always most conservative as to their intellectual amusements, are becoming reconciled to a new epistolary standard. This modern taste, derived from new conditions, enjoins upon the letter-writer a strict adherence to topics of personal knowledge addressed to a personal interest. General subjects, no matter how deftly treated, are voted a bore; and letter-writing is now so universal that each person who loves to exchange thoughts with fellow-beings is very sure to receive from family and friends as much epistolary literature as a normal appetite should crave. The time-honored models no longer count for much, because in the main they were written from the point of view of a general intelligence for a common apprehension; their place is now filled by the salient observations of the leader-writer and the clever descriptions of the press correspondent.

In the days of slow transit and dear postage, letter-writing was such a special habit that tomes of letters which were little more than prosy narrative and stilted dissertation found favor, partly on account of a reverence for any manifestation of the art, and as much, perhaps, for the sake of their modicum of personal flavor. But at the present time the epistolary taste of the public is so highly fed by private interchange that letters must have great historical value, or possess the rarest intellectual charm and vivacity, to attain the distinction of being put to press at a publisher's risk. Letters of the latter quality appear, if at all, in the biographies of men and women of public reputation, so interwoven as to impart with their modern personal quality an autobiographic flavor. And the fashion of telling a story in letters has well-nigh died out, as demanding a literary legerdemain of amazing dexterity in order to adapt the racy, individual details of a modern letter to the unfolding of human types.

By limiting the field of subjects to the personal environment, the modern epistolary standards have raised the mental horizon of the average letter-writer. From being anticipated by the telegraph and outdone by the newspaper, he has come into a knowledge of his own better materials; he has discovered that the telegraph and the newspaper leave untouched the inner life, the play of thought and feeling, of the individual man.

Whether the element of literary charm enters into the epistle is a matter of temperament and natural aptitude; but a satisfying substitute for intellectual charm are directness and individual flavor, and these qualities abound in the commercial, professional, and social correspondence of this fast-mail era. It is this faculty of hitting off the purpose of a letter with engaging force of character which is the highest function of the epistolary art; and although the deliberate goose-quill has been supplanted by the impetuous type-writer, the happy faculty of apt expression has been fostered by the separation of the mental process from the physical drudgery of writing. The slight tendency to prolixity which comes with facility in dictating to a stenographer is the key which unlocks the mental restraint of many men otherwise inclined to write of practical affairs with formal dryness, and in part accounts for the stimulus which invigorates the business correspondence of the time.

The importance of cultivating the art of letter-writing has grown with the enormous expansion of mail facilities and the corresponding use of the letter as a commercial and social instrument. To-day the postman's contribution to the life of the kitchen exceeds in volume the mail of the drawing-room fifty years ago, and not infrequently exceeds it now.

No part of a student's equipment is so well worth looking after as the practice of expression with pen and paper; for the ability to write a good letter is no longer to be regarded merely as an ornament: it is a prime factor in business and professional success, and a passport to social appreciation, and without it the mental training and literary accomplishments imparted at school and college are shorn of half their advantage in the modern contest for position and happiness.

"The Century's" Prizes for College Graduates.

THE CENTURY announced in the public press on July 24, and afterward in the magazine for September, three annual prizes of \$250 each, for the best poem, essay, and short story, written by persons who should receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts in any college or university in the United States during the commencement seasons of 1897, 1898, 1899, and 1900.

Since the announcement of these prizes letters have been received from persons who had received, or expected to receive, the degree of Ph. B., which degree in certain cases, it was claimed, and not without reason, was equivalent to the degree of B. A. It has also been suggested that graduates of the United States naval and military colleges should be included.

On careful consideration and conference, it has been decided not to make any change in the present series of prizes; and the prizes will be confined, as originally stated, to graduates receiving the degree of B. A.



OPEN LETTERS

A City's Small Pleasure-grounds.

IN a scheme of public pleasure-grounds the minor open spaces of a city are indispensable. They provide agreeable contrast with their urban surroundings, refreshing the eye with the verdure of grass and trees, and delighting it with the beauty of flowering plants. They afford breathing-space for dense populations, refuge from the heat and vexation of crowded tenements, places for social intercourse in the open air, and playgrounds for the young.

The aspect of social intercourse is one of the most important. Whoever has spent any time in a Mexican city must have appreciated the notable factor in the life of the people played by the public plaza, the *zócolo*, the paseo, the alameda. The plaza, with its central garden and its band playing through the warm evenings, is a sort of great free public club-room. It is this function of a public outdoor club-room which should be particularly borne in mind in the designing of the minor open spaces of a city. To this end, just as a club, in the planning of its house, administers to the pleasure and comfort of its members to the greatest possible extent, so the public pleasure-grounds of a city should be made to meet the greatest possible variety of recreative uses in the outdoor life of the population, bringing all these uses into harmony with one another, that the pleasure of no one class shall conflict with that of another. One of the most essential of these uses is that of a playground for children: an element that needs to be most carefully considered, that it may not degenerate into an abuse.

In designing a small city park the character and needs of the neighborhood should be thoughtfully studied. The requirements are quite different, for instance, for an environment of fine residences or of the homes of a well-to-do class, and for a crowded tenement section or a population of the industrial classes. In the former case a certain elegance and richness of design is demanded. By giving the place a character of this sort, the desirability of the surrounding property is made more permanent, and the taxable values thus assured contribute to the prosperity of the entire community. The beauty of such a pleasure-ground is enjoyed by the public at large. The facilities for recreation in a place of this character need be little more than abundant strolling and promenade room, with good provision for babies and young children out for an airing.

In designs for the open spaces surrounded by the homes of the poor and the lowly quite another class of needs must be taken into account. The aspect of beauty should be considered no less than in the former case. Indeed, it is really more important, on account of its educational influence and its service in bringing joy into care-burdened lives. Then, too, in a democratic com-

munity nothing should be held too good for the common people. But in this class of grounds provisions for more positive forms of recreation are needed; the considerations of beauty should not limit these, nor should they be permitted to mar or debar the needed beauty.

The amplest playground room consistent with the entire space at command, and with the comfort and convenience of the neighborhood, should be provided; but it is essential that orderly conduct and orderly maintenance should be strictly observed. Play is educational no less than study, and unruly behavior in a public place breeds lawlessness. Then in a small pleasure-ground certain forms of sport cannot be permitted which would be quite in keeping with more ample room. Games like base-ball, for instance, would endanger passers on a small ground, while their boisterousness would make them a nuisance in a thickly populated neighborhood. With surroundings of a decent character, such sport on a small ground would be likely to depreciate property. Where ball-grounds and the like are permitted in an urban neighborhood, the total space should be of considerable extent, and the games should be kept in the middle, with ample space between them and the border. Playgrounds should also be graveled and neatly kept. If turfed, they quickly become shabby and ragged, and their influence upon habits of public order correspondingly bad.

The city of Boston, which, besides a magnificent system of large parks, is remarkably well provided with numerous minor open spaces, possesses a number of model grounds of this character, as well as many of the worst examples of the class. The former are of recent design, and are in charge of the Department of Public Parks. The riverside pleasure-ground—the Charlesbank—is a fine example of the class. It serves a large tenement neighborhood, and is the most popular small park in the city. It has a frontage of about half a mile on the Charles River, and an area of fourteen acres. It was designed by Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted. Along the river-wall there is a broad promenade, bordered on one side by an abundance of seats, placed with reference to rest and enjoyment of the river view and the air from the water. Some of these seats have awnings, and are reserved for women with infants. Back of the promenade the ground is irregularly sloped, with grass, trees and shrubbery, and winding paths. The aim here is to screen out the street and its buildings from intrusion on the park. At each end of the grounds there is an open-air gymnasium, with very complete apparatus for practice. One of these is for men and boys, and the other for women and girls. Their use is absolutely free, and both are extremely popular. The best of athletic instruction is given by the professionally trained persons in charge. The gymnasium for men has turned out some of the best athletes in the country. There is a fine house, with

rooms for dressing and bathing, and hundreds of lockers for clothing. The attractions for exercise here have kept thousands of young men out of mischief, away from the bar-rooms so numerous in the neighborhood, and given them healthy inclinations. The oval space is surrounded by a high, open iron fence, and the animated spectacle within is exceedingly interesting to spectators. Perfect order is maintained, and it is very seldom that a policeman has to be called in. Between the fence and the fine five-lap cinder-track for running and bicycling that surrounds the gymnasium ground there is a ribbon of velvety grass with shrubbery, and this is never disturbed. In the winter the ground is flooded for skating. Young men of all classes, from college students and those most favored by fortune to those most humbly circumstanced, resort here for the fine opportunities for outdoor training, and associate in democratic equality in their sports.

The women's gymnasium has a similar house, but the grounds are carefully screened from publicity by thick masses of shrubbery. The requirements for apparatus are simpler, and so the ground occupied for this purpose is much smaller; the space inclosed by the running-track is covered by a velvety lawn where little children can tumble about on the grass to their hearts' content, while their mothers sit and watch them under a pleasant shelter. There are also sand-courts where children can play and dig. A charitable organization—the Women's Emergency and Hygiene Association—volunteers to take charge of this women's gymnasium and crèche, and poor mothers who go out to work for the day can leave their children here to be taken care of.

Another feature of the place are landings where row-boats, canoes, etc., are let on moderate terms. The multitudes that throng here on pleasant summer evenings make one of the sights of the city, and in the daytime there are hundreds of babies out with their mothers and sisters. The fresh summer air from the river has, since this park was established, saved the lives of many hundreds of little ones who otherwise would have perished from cholera infantum.

Another typical small park is that under construction at the North End. Adjoining the ancient Copp's Hill burying-ground—until now the only open space in this crowded section, and therefore for a number of years past open for playground purposes, with children permitted to romp among the quaint old gravestones—the steep northern slope has been laid out in terraces, with hundreds of seats for enjoyment of the air and the fine view over a portion of the upper harbor. A foot-bridge over Commercial street is designed to connect these terraces with a charming water-park into which some old wharf properties are being transformed. Two pleasure-piers for promenading, with landings for boats, inclose a little cove. Facing the water, a pretty lawn space is bordered by a curving beach where children may wade in the water and dig in the sand.

A different type of minor open space, and equally a model, is the Charlestown Playground. This is a rectangular area of ten acres, now under construction, and designed with a surrounding promenade, with trees and grass borders. With the exception of two outdoor gymnasiums and their buildings, designed for the two sexes, as at the Charlesbank, the entire space is occupied

by a great playground, with a surface of rolled gravel, for ball-playing and other games. The place has a frontage on the Mystic River, with a boat-landing and floating baths. Near by is the small park of Charlestown Heights, where four acres of a steep, unpromising hillside have been converted into a strikingly picturesque spot, designed especially for a neighborhood breathing-place for rest and promenading in the enjoyment of an extensive and varied prospect over the river and the suburban landscape beyond.

It will be noted that all of these are waterside pleasure-grounds. In locating small parks in a city, it seems desirable to take advantage, so far as possible, of sites with a water-frontage, on account of the superior advantages for air and recreation thus offered. An ideal would be to have no part of a city's population more than ten minutes' walk from a public pleasure-ground of some description. A law recently passed in Massachusetts provides for the encouragement of playground and garden spaces adjacent to tenement dwellings by leasing the land to the city at a nominal rental, equivalent to the taxes on the same, the areas to remain in charge of the proprietors. By thus making such lands free from taxation, it would seem that much might be done toward providing model tenements with much-needed open space about them.

Sylvester Baxter.

Conscious False Vision.

[THE following deals with a variety of double personality that is as unexplainable as the cases heretofore mentioned in THE CENTURY. It is a true experience of a patient, given in his own language, and now, fortunately, only a memory: will conquered nerves.—H. C. WOOD, M. D.]

It is about eighteen years since I had my first experience of voluntary and involuntary false sight. For months, by an effort of will and imagination combined, I could see, with an externalness and sharpness of outline which things never assume in the ordinary mental perception of them, an object which I wished to project on space. The image thus placed before my bodily eyes seemed as actual and touchable as the chair that stood beside it. Yet I was too young to have tampered with drugs or stimulants, or even to know the effect which such articles produce. The will could banish at its pleasure specters that it had itself evoked. But there were others that came uncalled, which would not avault, however emphatically the command was uttered, till they were ready to vanish.

I remember how, during those wakeful nights so long ago, I felt constrained to rise again and again and peer into the darkness at the tiny goblins capering in the narrow space at the side of the bed, though I knew them to be spectral illusions. They forever vanished as soon as it occurred to me to try the effect of pushing the bedstead close against the wall.

For several years, whenever I looked up from my bed at a certain part of the ceiling, I saw my mother gazing down upon me, compassionately, but serenely and hopefully. What I saw was an etherealized or transfigured face softly glimmering from a sort of halo or glory. The large gray eyes, with their long lashes, were most distinct of all the features. Indeed, it was rather the expression of the face as familiar to me in life—rather

the bright, affectionate smile, the steady, inspiring light of the eyes—than the mouth or eyes themselves that I perceived. At this time I used also to feel and see my mother's soft, firm hand grasping mine, as I lay longing for the end of painful days and nights. And, strange to say, the face and hand comforted me, though I never for a moment doubted that both were wholly imaginary. So real were vision and touch that if I had been superstitious I could hardly have failed to believe them. Fortunately, faith is less easy than dissent for me on most subjects. Once I heard my father ask me a question, and, turning, saw him standing at the door, and began to reply, before I discovered that I was entirely alone. He was at the time in the lower story of the house.

Sometimes, day after day, the traditional ghost stalked after me when I ascended the stairs. I felt his bony hand clutching my arm, and saw him plainly if I glanced over my shoulder. Often I have seen myself floating overhead, or the air has been filled with apparitions of my bedstead, though not more than fifteen inches long, and in each lay a tiny image of myself. Or at the same instant a dwarf and giant double of myself, or perhaps a crowd of them, leaned over me.

Frequently the creations of poets and artists have appeared at my side as though clothed in flesh. More than once I have (the ego nevertheless all the while preserving its identity) seemed to myself to be *Lady Macbeth* vainly rubbing her hands; or Ruggieri, in Dante, with the teeth of Ugolino fastened in the nape of his neck. And the mental and physical suffering I endured as these characters seemed apart from, and additional to, the pain I felt from disease in my own person. Many nights during one winter in my early youth, as soon as I lay down, I saw the insane wife of Rochester in «Jane Eyre» enter the open door of an adjoining room, and approach my bed to set it afire. And when she bent over me, holding a shovelful of live coals, I could hardly resist the impulse to scream. I shut the door in her face, and she never came again! The sense of double consciousness, the contradiction between me and myself, which accompanied these apparitions was one of their most disagreeable features.

One summer, two or three afternoons in the week, I would see Monadnock towering above me, rosy from base to summit, as I had seen it once at Keene. Once my room became a forest of burning firs. The blazing trees stood out in bold relief against a dull-purple sky, like a cameo cut in amethyst.

For a long while a specter eagle perched between my shoulders. I felt its hard beak pressing against the back of the brain, and the weight of its warm, yielding body on my spine, and saw it if I turned my head, and yet knew that it was a false creation of the mind. Several times I have been unable to eat a meal, because everything before me assumed an untrue appearance, taking form and life. Eating with closed eyes or being fed did not take away the creatures of the brain. The hungry stomach cried out for food, but the disorderly nervous system gave a repulsive *shape* to the most appetizing viands, though the sense of *taste* was not in a visionary state.

Monkeys and squirrels and horrid snakes often made their appearance on the mantelpiece or the foot-board

of the bed. Bells rang, or pistols exploded, or I was suffocated by an odor of sulphur as strong as though a large quantity of matches were on fire. The smell of brimstone invariably preceded a summer storm. One day the thunder pealed, the wind blew, and the sudden rain dashed in torrents against the rattling window-glass; yet the sun shone brightly all the while from a cloudless sky, and the trees were motionless. But this storm, which I knew to be an illusion, startled me as much as a real one would have done.

One takes all things as a matter of course when in this visionary state. For instance, my body seemed suddenly to become longer than the bed, and without the slightest feeling of surprise I accommodated myself to circumstances, and allowed my feet to pass through the foot-board as if it were nothing but air or water. Meanwhile I philosophized silently about this hallucination, and laughed at the absurdity of fluid wood, for the foot-board *looked* all right. I have often had a very vivid but consciously false impression that my head and four limbs were separated from the trunk and lay upon the bed about an inch from my body, but in their relative positions. Or I have seemed instantaneously and violently to fly into innumerable pieces and reunite. And the catastrophe, while recognized by one of my selves as a mere prank of the nervous system, seemed so real that had an atom fallen off the bed, no doubt, forgetting that I was all to pieces, I would have sprung up to recover it!

The Portrait of Clement C. Moore.¹

It is stated under the picture of Clement C. Moore, in this number of THE CENTURY, that the original was painted for his children. In the volume of verse from which we have copied «A Visit from St. Nicholas» this portrait is referred to in a poem entitled, «To My Children, After Having My Portrait Taken for Them.» The verses have none of the vividness of the well-known «night before Christmas» lines, but they have a sad and touching sincerity. It was from the same good heart that came the rollicking verses that have delighted generation after generation of children and this outpouring of fatherly affection. We quote a few of the stanzas:

This semblance of your parent's time-worn face
Is but a sad bequest, my children dear!
Its youth and freshness gone, and in their place
The lines of care, the track of many a tear!

Amid life's wreck, we struggle to secure
Some floating fragment from oblivion's wave:
We pant for somewhat that may still endure,
And snatch at least a shadow from the grave.

Oh! that the artist's pencil could portray
A father's inward bosom to your eyes;
What hopes, and fears, and doubts perplex his way,
What aspirations for your welfare rise.

Then might this unsubstantial image prove,
When I am gone, a guardian of your youth,
A friend forever urging you to move
In paths of honor, holiness, and truth.

The Repulse of the Confederate Ironclads near Dutch Gap.

GENERAL PORTER'S recent account of the descent of the Confederate ironclads to the vicinity of Dutch Gap, in

¹ See page 201.

the winter of 1864-65, is correct enough as far as it goes. But one important item might be added. A column of colored troops, commanded by Brigadier-General E. A. Wild, together with one or two regiments from the Twentieth Corps, to which I belonged, spent about thirty-six hours on the banks of the river, subject to a heavy shell fire from the Confederate batteries and an occasional shot from the ships. There were very few casualties on our side. We kept up a continuous fusillade upon the ironclads, making it quite impossible for them to survey the channel or show a single sign of active work of any kind. The Richmond papers of the next day distinctly stated that this fusillade was a principal cause of the failure of the expedition; yet I do not remember having seen any mention of it in any history or report.

Charles W. Greene,
Late Capt. 116th U. S. Colored Infantry.
MERCHANTVILLE, N. J.

Traitors.¹

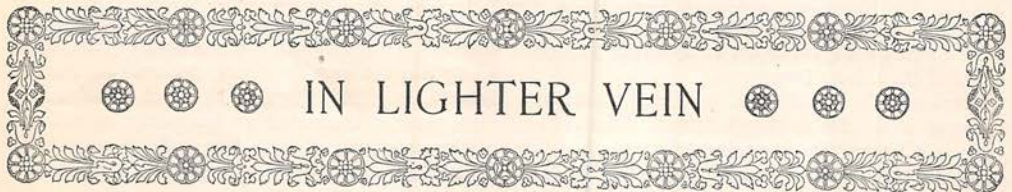
HE who but sold the key to Hudson's gates,
Fettered with Judas, cowers among the shades.
Lord, what still blacker infamy awaits
Those traitors battering down her Palisades!

L. McK. G.

Miss Scidmore's Articles on Java.

SINCE the appearance of Miss Scidmore's articles «Down to Java» in the August CENTURY, and «Prisoners of State at Boro Boedor» in the September number, Miss Scidmore has had the benefit, in time for the correction of the articles in book form, of the criticism of Mr. R. A. Van Sandick of Amsterdam, editor of two leading Dutch Indian periodicals.—THE EDITOR.

¹ See «A Way to Save the Palisades» from destruction by quarrymen, in «Open Letters», THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for June, 1897.



Outlines.

IN a country far away the king's person was sacred. Revolutions might come; new men and new parties might come into power; but none could lay a finger upon him, or make him less a king. But none gave heed to his counsel. He was fed, and clothed, and cared for as a child; others ruled the state.

But a certain prince came to the throne who chafed at this. He would rule. He gave counsel that was not heeded; he gave commands that were not obeyed. At length there came a time of trouble, when the people armed in revolt. The king stood at his window, and watched the crowds and the tumult and the rallyings. And when night came, he stole out of his palace in disguise, and joined himself as a common soldier to the side where his heart was; and he fought the next day in a battle. And in the midst of the battle an arrow pierced his breast, and he fell, wounded to death. And they found him lying on the ground, dying; and the great men lifted him tenderly, and chided him for his rash deed. But he rebuked them, and said, «I have lived a puppet and a slave; but I die a king!»

To a man were given two seeds. One he planted in the sand; and for lack of nutriment and care it grew a withered life, and bore no bloom or any good thing. The other he planted in rich ground; and it flourished greatly, and bore beautiful flowers and good fruit. And the man said, «Blood will tell.»

He did not know that both came out of the same pod.

THROUGH fear of being laughed at, a man refrained from doing a certain thing which he believed it to be right and wise to do. Now, when it came to be known

that he had so refrained through fear of being laughed at, he was laughed at.

BECAUSE it has always been, therefore it will not always be. The one thing that is sure is change.

A BOY read tales of the sea; and he said: «When I am a man I will quit the plow; I will sail up and down the high seas, north and south and east and west; I will visit all the lands of the earth.»

But when he was a man there were those for whom he must care, and he must needs wait. And so, day after day, year after year, till he was old and bent and gray, between the two handles of his plow, over and over he trudged his narrow field, still sailing up and down the high seas, north and south and east and west, visiting all the lands of the earth.

A MAN, walking with his friend in a frequented path, dropped a coin, and began to look for it. But his friend said, «Do not search for it; some child will be more glad in its finding than you are sorry in losing it.»

NATURE, with closed eyes, seemingly unseeing, sees everything; and with the same rude, strong hand that shakes the foundations of the earth till the mountains totter and fall, she fashions and adorns the down upon the insect's wing.

1863.

SOLDIERS of North and South, who fought that day in the Wilderness, do you remember that moon of the night of the second of May?

Berry Benson.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

On "Voting Straight."

THERE are some who take the position that after a man has once chosen his party,—or been born into it, which is the usual method of choice,—he must vote for its candidates unflinchingly during the rest of his mortal life. It is a favorite saying with such thinkers, and they utter it with a sense of originality as keen as that of a young poet with his first rhyme, that they "would vote for Satan himself if he got the regular nomination." Others who take a similar view will, however, concede that a man may with honor shift his party fealty; may go over, body and boots, to the opposite party, though when once there he must be under the same obligation, in like circumstances, toward his satanic majesty. In the latter case, however, it is held by the political casuist that the change of party should not be too prominently complicated with a cash reward.

It is interesting to note that some of those who espound this doctrine most vociferously have themselves exercised the prerogative of "bolting" whenever their political fortunes or political prejudices made such a course seem desirable. It is furthermore significant that all who favor "straight" voting on conscientious grounds will acknowledge that, of course, the time may come when a partizan should not follow party dictation, either on account of some new and wrong principle announced by a party convention, or on account of the gross unfitness of a candidate, or on account of some too flagrant mismanagement on the part of the party machine, or of the dominance of that machine by corrupt forces.

In fact, all voters except those who announce themselves as cheerful supporters of Satan's candidature on a straight ticket—all partizan voters of any conscience at all—will say, being pressed, that there is a point in voting where every one must draw the line. The question at any given election is whether this is the time and the place for conscientious voters to "draw the line."

It ought to be possible to look into this question of party fealty without undue heat; without, indeed, that semi-insanity which often obscures the discussion of the subject. The more deeply the question is looked into the better will it be understood that it is hardly possible, under existing conditions, or under any possible conditions, to avoid occasionally drawing the line. There should be no superstition or nonsense about it. If there is any function in life calling for a quiet and rational, rather than an emotional, or a rankly prejudiced, or a stupid state of mind, it is the exercise of the right of suffrage.

A citizen who takes the humblest part in political action may feel called upon to surrender something of his own individuality while seeking for the advancement of certain principles through organized effort. The more responsible his part in the organization, the more will he desire to stand loyally by his associates. He may try to bring them to his own way of thinking; but if this is impossible, after the decision is once made he may feel

that he must go with his own people, so as to get the best results attainable along the general line of his party's aims. But the citizen must remember that at every fresh step there must be for him individually a decision in which conscience takes no silent part. He may compromise on expedients and on methods; but the moment he begins to compromise on principle he is in danger of doing mischief to his own character, to his party, and to his country.

The individual voter, who is not personally responsible for party management, has a right to look mainly to the large policies and tendencies of his party; but he too will do harm to his own character, to his party, and to his country if, in his decision as to his own attitude in any given election, he does not refuse to be drawn into the support of bad men and infamous measures.

The most convinced partizan, if he is thoughtful and honest, will eventually learn the necessity of exercising individual judgment as a corrective of the universal tendency downward of all organization. The moment a cause—even a spiritual, a religious cause—seeks to extend itself by means of an organized propaganda, it is in danger of losing something of its spirituality through the handling of worldly weapons. If throughout its history the church itself has been again and again tainted and demoralized by the very success of its organization, how much greater is the danger in the case of political organization? "Reform" in both cases is absolutely necessary, and abuse of the "reformer" is as unphilosophical in the one instance as in the other.

The tendency of a "regular" political organization is to be "run" by those who will give most time to its affairs, and such men are apt, unfortunately, to be the least disinterested and the least scrupulous, though this should not be so, and will not be so when every citizen does his whole political duty. The doctrine of "straight" voting is hypocritically preached by those who, thus taking the time for the work, succeed in controlling the machinery of nomination—men often who have no interest whatever in the questions of the day or in the principles of their party; men who are in politics either for the fun of the game, the love of power, or on account of the perquisites to be obtained. Straight voting is so evidently in the interest of such central groups of politicians in each party, and so inevitably tends to perpetuate all the evils of American political life, that it is astounding that it has as much hold upon the popular mind as it undoubtedly continues to possess.

Consider what would take place if it should be universally accepted as a religious duty among our citizens to make no effective protest against bad nominations and erroneous policies—and protest can be made effective only as a last resort by means of adverse votes. All that designing politicians would have to do would be to get control of the nominating machinery, and thus force themselves and their immoralities upon the community for an indefinite period. This is exactly what has

already happened in some of our States and smaller communities, and the result has been perpetual corruption and scandal. Corrupt machines through legislation make independent nominations legally difficult; they nominate their own tools for office, the party masses elect, without knowing or caring about the personality or character of the candidates, and the candidates thus blindly elected, on the score of regularity, make appointments that satisfy the machine, but which shock the moral sense of the people.

In some of our communities a state of affairs has been brought about wherein the two party machines, being each composed of men of like character and aims, effect a pleasing exchange of sordid courtesies. This exchange is not, of course, on the plan of equal distribution; but, at any rate, in such proportion that each party machine avowedly prefers to have its «friend the enemy» in power, instead of the nominees of any honest and independent body of citizens who have at heart only the people's good. Rather than have good men in office whom it cannot control, a party machine would rather have an ostensible enemy in office with whom it can «deal.»

To say that nothing should be done to break in upon such a vicious circle is to take a position untenable by any man claiming to be a good citizen. As a matter of fact, the habit of making independent nominations, and the habit of voting independently, is constantly growing. Though still cherished by immense numbers, the superstition of straight voting seems to be on the wane. Independent voting is especially on the increase in connection with municipal elections, and it is being better and better understood that the saving of our cities from spoliation by corrupt rings, who have obtained possession of city governments largely through the strength of party loyalty in the community, can be made certain only by a spirit of manly independence among the voters. So long as party machines unite for plunder, the people must unite for good government.

In various city elections of late years great numbers of citizens have been willing to set aside national and extraneous questions, and vote for candidates nominated, in the first place, independently, and pledged to administer city affairs solely for the benefit of the city, instead of according to the old plan of using the so-called «patronage» for the benefit of one or the other of the national party machines. In this spirit of independence lies the hope of improvement, not only in the government of our cities, but in our whole political system.

The Effect of Patronage upon Popular Elections.

It has so long been customary in America for the successful party after an election to find public places for political workers, that the comparatively new merit system in the civil service is very naturally regarded by the old-fashioned party hack as an absurd, impertinent, unjust, and unendurable obstacle. It is not surprising, therefore, that President McKinley's admirable conduct in broadening and fortifying this system, in the spirit of the original law, should excite amazed and indignant remonstrance, and that those who look upon party machines as little else than high-class «labor bureaux» should gather all their forces for the overthrow of the entire system of appointment by merit instead of by «pull.»

The hack politician knows but one way of playing the

political game, and he has little conception of the effect of ideas, especially of moral ideas, in elections. They require a certain amount of imagination for appreciation either of their nature or effect, and the old party hack is not gifted with imagination. He deals with «war-cries» that have become well-nigh meaningless; he plays his game with the prejudices and meannesses of men; and he looks upon the control of office, not as an opportunity of public service, but of partizan payment. When what he calls the «substantial fruits» of partizan victory slip away from his grasp, when the minor offices are actually bestowed for fitness and merit and without regard to the politics of the recipient, he is seized with a loathing for civil-service reform which affects his whole mental and physical being, and he breaks out into moans and cries that resound from, let us say, New Hampshire to Ohio.

All this is natural and to be expected; but it is really strange that even the hack politician should put forward in favor of the spoils system the old plea that the distribution of offices brings victory in popular elections. That hunger for office gives muscle to a campaign of «the outs» may be true. But actual experience as to office distribution, in connection with the fortunes of any party, is against the contention of the spoilsman. In a national election it would seem to be easier to displace a party holding all the offices than to keep such a party in power; and in State elections instances are easily cited to prove that the «distribution of patronage» is a curse to the party in power, and that there is a melancholy truth in the adage that each gift of office makes on the average one ingrate and nineteen enemies.

When Folger, Republican, was beaten by Cleveland, Democrat, for governor of New York by a majority of one hundred and ninety-three thousand votes, all the Federal offices throughout the State were in the hands of the Republicans. Since then a Democratic candidate for governor has lost the State by one hundred and fifty thousand votes, with most of the Federal offices in the hands of Democrats.

Take the case of Kentucky, where, on account of the number of distilleries, there is probably a greater force of internal-revenue officers than in any other State, in proportion to the population. When the Republicans held all the Federal offices steadily for years, there was a regular Democratic majority of from forty to sixty thousand. When Cleveland first came into the Presidency, there was a «clean sweep» in Kentucky. The Democrats put up one of their most popular men, General Buckner, for governor, but the Democratic majority was nevertheless cut down to about seventeen thousand. Harrison succeeded Cleveland; there was another clean sweep in the Federal offices, bringing the Republicans once more into possession. Though the Democrats did not put up a popular candidate for governor, their candidate was elected by a majority of nearly thirty-five thousand. When Cleveland returned to power, the Federal offices in Kentucky, not being yet classified, reverted to the Democrats. The Republicans now put up for governor the same man who had been defeated by many thousand votes when they held the Federal offices, and elected him by more than nine thousand votes over the Democratic candidate.

Now, outside of the classified service, there have been

changes again under McKinley, and the Democrats have carried the State by seventeen thousand majority, or, adding the vote of the Sound Money Democratic nominee for clerk of the Court of Appeals, by a majority of over twenty-six thousand.

Notwithstanding facts like these, a prominent politician has recently given it as his solemn opinion that if offices had been distributed by President McKinley in accordance with the good old fashion of the spoils system, the party in power would have made a better showing in the recent elections! Does any unprejudiced observer of recent political events believe a word of this?

Patriotism and Imagination.

Is it fantastic to maintain that if people had more imagination they would have more patriotism? Suppose that a man about to cast a ballot for Tammany Hall, or about to join a lynching-party, should be suddenly stricken with a realizing sense of the effect that a Tammany victory or a new mob outrage would have upon the reputation of the American republic, would he change his ballot? would he drop the rope?

Suppose a politician who was about to perform the part of Benedict Arnold in relation to any given political conflict should, before the act was fully accomplished, realize in a flash of the imagination not only the harm he was about to do to his own honorable name, but to the cause of good government, would he not pause and turn from his lamentable course?

We once heard a man, whose patriotism had doubtless been touched with imagination, avert from himself the compliment of "good citizenship" by sincerely pleading in extenuation that there was in his zeal for cleaner and nobler government in his city and in his country a strong admixture of downright human pride. He said that he endured such a keen and personal sense of shame at any fault attributable to American institutions that he felt no moral credit for his efforts to bring about, through public opinion, a state of affairs more satisfactory and honorable.

There is no lack of patriotism in America; no war-threatened country of the Old World would be quicker to fly again to arms on any genuine occasion: but political scandals would perhaps be fewer, the barter of ballots would not be so frequent, the guardians of some of our large corporations would be less often accused of criminal complicity in bad government, if men's imaginations were quickened as to the relation of such evils not merely to the individual conscience, but to the fame and fortune of the republic. Many of the men guilty in these ways would any day, if necessary, give their lives in battle against foreign or domestic foes. If their imaginations were aroused, would they not see their civic treachery in the same light as that in which they now regard treachery in stress of war?

Surely patriotism, like religion, is "an appeal to the imagination"; and it should be the part of the pulpit, the school, and the press to intensify that appeal so that it may bear perpetual fruit in the sentiment and practice of a noble citizenship.

Southern Protests against Lynching.

WHILE the crime of lynching has not of late by any means been confined to our Southern States, certain

well-known conditions have made it more frequent there. It is therefore interesting to note that from the South have lately come some of the most earnest protests against this disgrace to our civilization.

In an address delivered not long ago by Edward J. McDermott of Louisville, Kentucky, strong ground was taken against these outrages from the point of view of a lawyer and a statesman. The papers have recently printed a charge to the grand jury in Nashville, Tennessee, by Judge Anderson, in which he urged the enforcement of the law against those who take the law into their own hands. Said the judge: "An application of this law to a few mobbers will give them a respect for the law and a regard for the peace and order of the community that they never felt before. Whenever occasion arises," he added, "I intend to see, so far as I can, that it is enforced in all its provisions; and I am sure that you will not be found remiss in your duty in regard thereto. Let the law be promulgated, and the people understand that it will be enforced if violated, and then rarely, if ever, will occasion arise for the infliction of its penalties."

But the most important recent Southern deliverance on the subject which has come to our notice is that of Governor Atkinson of Georgia. His message to the General Assembly of the State on the 27th of October last discusses the whole subject with freedom and force. It seems that since November 1, 1894, there have been lynched in Georgia one negro woman, two white men, and nineteen black men—twenty-two in all. Nine of these, including one white man, were not charged with the revolting crime, or the attempt thereat, which occasions a majority of the lynchings in the Southern States.

The governor, in the course of his presentation of the subject, makes the startling statement that he believes that during his administration there have been several men lynched who were not guilty of the crimes with which they were charged. "How many cannot be known, for their tongues are hushed, and they are denied an opportunity to prove their innocence. I am informed," says the governor, "that one man whom the mob believed to be guilty was shot down. A question then arose as to his identity, and he was salted down like a hog, shipped to the location of the crime, and found to be the wrong man!" The governor calls attention to the fact that during the past year evidence has come to light in other States showing that victims of the mob have been innocent men. During this governor's term, one man who was rescued from the mob was afterward tried and proved innocent. Another fled from the mob to the executive office, obtained protection and a trial by jury, and he too was proved not guilty.

Again, it appears, as would naturally be expected in such circumstances, that false charges have been made against men with a view of bringing about their convenient removal by lynch law, though in the special instances cited without the complete success of the plot. In one case this was the means sought for the suppression of evidence against a violator of the prohibition law; in another case the object was to prevent the collection of a debt!

Governor Atkinson insists that lynch law tends to let the guilty escape; that it discourages investment, drives away immigration, advertises the State as lawless and half civilized, and degrades the character of the peo-

ple. «This barbarous practice,» he declares with patriotic indignation, «does not decrease, but increases, crime. Having stained their hands in blood, its perpetrators are more easily led again to violate law. Recently a man tried on the charge of murder and convicted of shooting a citizen through the window, as he sat by his own hearthstone at night, confessed also that he it was who tied the rope around the necks of the two men who were lynched in Columbus in 1896. I condemn it, and will not apologize for such lawlessness. To exterminate the practice, it must be made odious and dangerous. The penalty should be the scorn of the people and the punishment of the law.»

The governor recommends stricter laws against the offense most often giving occasion to lynching, more

prompt administration of justice, and also laws more effectually protecting prisoners in the charge of State officials; but, above all, he appeals to that public opinion which not only makes but enforces legislation. Responsibility for the crime of lynching, as the governor well says, rests not only upon the actors, but upon the community which permits and tolerates the crime. He declares truly that «it can and will be stopped when the better element who deprecate mob law aggressively condemn and determine to suppress the practice.»

What is true of these infamous lynchings is true of all the other crying evils of our social and political system. If decent people would stand together, not only in condemning but in actually suppressing them, they would soon cease to tarnish the fair fame of the republic.

OPEN LETTERS

Andrée's Pigeon Message.

MR. JONAS STADLING, who described in the November CENTURY the departure of Andrée by balloon for the north pole, and who had charge of the carrier-pigeons while Andrée was waiting for a favorable wind, sends to THE CENTURY a facsimile of an undoubted message received from Andrée, with the following letter:

«I inclose a facsimile of the message from Andrée sent with the carrier-pigeon which was shot on the whaler *Alken* on July 15. The genuineness of the despatch cannot be doubted, it being written in Andrée's handwriting, and the pigeon carrying the stamps on the inside of its wings which I made. The literal translation of the message runs as follows:

Från Andrées Polarexp.
till Aftonbladet, Stockholm.

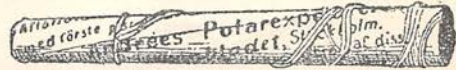
d. 13 juli
kl. 12.30 midn.
Lat. 82° 2'
Long 15° 5' öst.
god fart åt
ost 10° syd.
Allt väl
ombord.
Detta är
Fredje duf.
posten. r
Andrée

«(July 13th, 12:30 o'clock noon. Lat. 82° 2', long. 15° 5' east. Good speed eastward, 10° to south. All well on board. This is the third pigeon-post.

«(ANDRÉE.)

«We cannot understand why it should have taken some forty-four hours to make so comparatively short a distance as about 400 kilometers, the wind being strong southwest all the time as far north as we know. Nor can we understand why Andrée did not, according to promise, send a shorthand message.

«If we ever hear from the intrepid fellows, I hardly think we shall do so before next summer.»



The envelop shown above, in its natural size, is of parchment saturated with paraffin, and was made fast by threads to a tail-feather of the pigeon. The open end of the tube was closed with wax to render it watertight. It was addressed as follows: «From Andrée's North Pole Expedition to (Aftonbladet,) Stockholm. Open the envelop on the side and take out two messages. Telegraph the one in ordinary writing to (Aftonbladet,) and send the one in shorthand, by the first mail, to the same newspaper.» As Mr. Stadling explains above, no message in shorthand was found.

Charity or Economy?

OCCASIONALLY one reads a pathetic tale supposed to show the destructive effect of comfortable living on poetic genius, and implying that only grinding poverty can draw forth the sweetest songs. There is no doubt as to the educating power of keen suffering of whatever sort; but it must be questioned whether a sufficient supply of bread and butter would ever cause literary paralysis in any one whose work could not well be spared. However, be this as it may in regard to litera-

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.

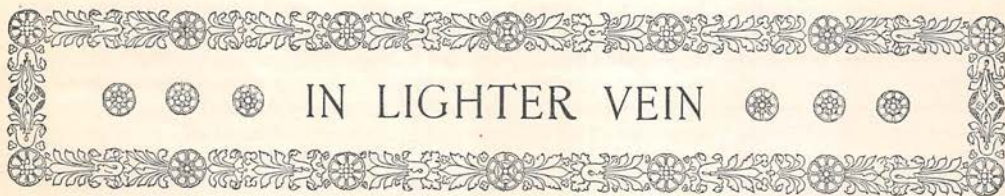
It is scarcely necessary to-day to argue in favor of the importance of this work. The immense progress in medicine and the arts due to scientific investigation pure and simple has convinced most thoughtful people that it is a factor in the progress of civilization which is not to be despised, and a few 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?

* * *



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-

TOPICS OF THE TIME

With Regard to Age.

THE incoming of the new year, about the time when this is written, would seem to make the subject of age a timely Topic. Perhaps it is natural that the less age a person has, the less vitally interested he is in the subject. And yet, on the other hand, the more age a person has, and the more interested he is in the subject, the less agreeable its contemplation and discussion seem to be. The young, as a rule, can talk about age, even old age, without any sense of unpleasantness, because the young, while they expect to live forever, do not expect ever to be old. To the young the state of old age is unthinkable. Young people like to play with the idea of old age. Young poets are apt to write verses about it; but the interest on their part is a matter of sentimentalism rather than of true sentiment.

After writing thus far there comes to memory a story printed in this magazine for March, 1876. Mr. Edward Bellamy, in the days before he was transformed from an imaginative artist into an earnest propagandist,—when he was writing those delightful and original stories which we dare say he now regards as comparatively a waste of powers, save as they gave him his training for the ingenious works which carry his «message» to such an immense number of readers,—in those old days Mr. Bellamy wrote a little story in which he shows the usual attitude of youth toward the idea of old age, and also the disturbing effect of that idea when circumstances have brought it home to young minds in a novel and pressing way. A group of young people belonging to the social club of a New England village resolve to have an «old folks' party.» The plan was to dress so as to resemble what they expected to look like fifty years hence. They were to study up their demeanor to correspond with what they expected to be and feel like at that time. As Henry, the originator of the happy thought, put it, they would just call on Mary next Wednesday evening to talk over old times, and recall what they could, if anything, of their vanished youth, and the days when they belonged to the social club at C——. It was to be a sort of ghost party—«ghosts of the future, instead of ghosts of the past.» There is a touch, by the way, of the coming Bellamy in the remark of one of the characters: «Ghosts of the future are the only sort worth heeding. Apparitions of things past are a very unpractical sort of demonology, in my opinion, compared with apparitions of things to come.»

There was great amusement at the old folk's party. The boys and girls entered into the idea with heartiness and ingenuity. But their parts had been so well studied, and were so well played, that after the thing had gone on awhile «the pathos and melancholy of the retrospections in which they were indulging became real.» All felt that if it was acting now, it was but the rehearsal of a coming reality. So when, finally, Mary went to the

piano and sang, to an air in a minor key, «The days that are no more,» the girls found themselves crying. Suddenly Henry sprang to his feet, tore off his wig, letting the brown hair fall over his forehead, and cried: «Thank God, thank God, it is only a dream.» Instantly the transformation was effected, and the boys and girls were waltzing in the «maddest round that ever was danced.» After an exhausted pause, they noticed that the one real grandmother at the party was smiling through tears. About her they gathered with affectionate caresses, weeping again because they could not take the old lady back with them into youth.

But would the old lady have wished to go back—unless they could have revived for her the companions of her own young days? To this same old lady they had come for costumes, and to ask her to go with them to the party and, as a matter of fact, also to observe the peculiarities of old age; and she had said to one of them, as if she «saw right through» her: «I suppose, my child, you think being old a sort of misfortune, like being hunchbacked or blind, and are afraid of hurting my feelings; but you need not be. The good Lord has made it so that at whichever end of life we are the other end looks pretty uninteresting; and if it won't hurt your feelings to have somebody in the party who has got through all the troubles you have yet before you I should be glad to come.» Was it bravado on the old lady's part? Was it the habit of an unselfish lifetime, to make the girls cheerful by pretending that she herself was cheerful? Or was she content? Who knows, except the old women and the old men themselves?

Notwithstanding Charles Dudley Warner's contention that fiction, or at least some fiction, is stranger than truth, there is enough strangeness in truth to account for the familiar proverb. Something has just come to our notice that has an inverted resemblance to Mr. Bellamy's story. (We wish Mr. Bellamy would put it in his note-book.) A «veteran» of the Army of the Potomac, one of the youngest officers in that army, by the way—dropped in the other day, and told us that his friends were about to celebrate his eighteenth birthday. It seems that, just before the exact date of that birthday, a Confederate projectile plowed a hole along the top of his head,—you can lay your finger in the furrow now,—and left him in no condition for festivity. He was for a long time more dead than alive, and funereal honors would have been more appropriate at the time than any other ceremonies. It was the only birthday of his fifty odd which had passed without celebration, and his friends thought that it was a pity that his heroism should stand in the way of a proper birthday feast, even if this should have been unavoidably delayed a third of a century. We do not know just how the «occasion» is to be «improved.» We hope the veteran will remember to forget everything that has come to pass since he recovered consciousness in the very stress and agony of the

great war. As it happens, his hair is still dark, and he can look the part to singular perfection. We can see the fire and determination in his eye as he addresses the assembled company; we can see him as he urges «the boys» to stand by the flag, and «honest old Abe,» and the imperiled Union. And these grizzle-beards about him, do they partake of the illusion? Though, most of them, so much older, is it not as easy for them as for him to throw off, in their minds, the accidents of age, and again, with breathless frenzy, «up and at them» through storm of whistling bullets and howling shells?

Of one thing we may be sure: that most people who are called old feel younger, and therefore may be said to be younger, than they are called. And one reason why most people feel younger in their middle and old age than others regard them is that the first impression is the deepest, and our first impression of ourselves is that we are young. Not that every one does not have at various times a strong sense of age; but this sense may come upon one with as great force in youth as in advanced years. A friend, not young, once told us that he had never had the realization of advancing age thrust upon him with more powerful effect than when, over thirty years before, he entered a barber-shop, and with fear and shame offered his virgin mustache to the remorseless blade. It seemed as if «youth, the dream,» had indeed departed. The same self-observant psychologist remembered another sobering and disillusioning plunge into something like old age. His salary had been raised; he was no longer to be the struggling, and therefore perhaps somewhat interesting, young economist that he had believed himself destined always to be. Our friend said that it was singular, in this case, how soon the melancholy of accomplishment and of age-in-youth disappeared under the growing conviction that his unexpectedly large income was in reality not half large enough to meet his absolutely necessary expenses.

The attitude of Mr. Bellamy's young people toward the old is well-nigh universal in the Occidental world, whatever may be the feeling in the Orient; and perhaps we do not fully understand the psychology of the Orient. It is impossible for an old person to argue away the feeling of a young person toward an old person. It is an attitude of affection, of respect, of awe, of all sorts of sentiments, according to individuality; but in relation to the one quality of age, the younger gives «the look from above downward,» just as the grandmother in Mr. Bellamy's story suspected. The young person may not be fully aware of this attitude on his own part; and the older person may be philosophical about it, and think little of it, as he should; but, as a rule, it is there.

What good would it do for the old person to say: «My young friend, you take a very unphilosophical position with regard to my age. I am merely myself, which includes all that youth which you now have, and a good deal more besides. I simply have succeeded in keeping alive. You know what Tennyson says about (the glory of going on, and still to be.) Well, unless you are deprived of this glory, you will soon have passed through that brief experience of youth with which every life begins. And, besides, I may be a good deal younger than you suppose. For age is relative. Men and women nominally of the same age are by no means truly so. Every life is a clock, wound up to go so many hours, and

then to stop, so far as this world is concerned. One human machine is wound up to run, barring accident, say fifty years; another seventy years; another ninety or a hundred years. Suppose that three men were born on the same day, and you asked each of them, forty years after birth, how old he was; would forty years old be the correct answer in each case? Of course not; and it is the injustice of such calculations that makes most women and many men sensitive on the subject of their age. Popular arithmetic is deficient in this particular. You need not smile. Go and ask some biologist if I am not right. It is the amount of initial vitality that counts. You think you are twenty years younger than I am, and you look down upon me from your altitude of youth. As a matter of scientific fact—in the strict measurement of vitalities—you may be six months older than I am. There is enough that is tragic about age without complicating the subject with conventional inaccuracies. Yes; perhaps I am hovering about the seventies. There is nothing in that to frighten any but the plenary inspirationist and strict constructionist; for sanitary science, medicine, and surgery long ago antiquated the psalmist's baleful (threescore years and ten.) Any actuary can tell you that human longevity is increasing. And, besides, as the commander said to his troops in the thick of the battle, does a man want (to live forever?)»

One of the «Heroes who Fight Fire.»

THE mention by Mr. Riis, in his article on «Heroes who Fight Fire,» of the heroic death of Battalion Chief Bresnan, in December of 1894, brings to mind the career of a typical New York fireman of our day. In the days before the establishment of the new Fire Department there were «heroes who fought fire»; but these heroes had a singular tendency not only to fight fire, but to fight anything in sight. Those were the days when a fire was dreaded by the community, not merely for the destruction of property by fire and water, but on account of the lively rivalry sometimes engendered. In fact, it is said that the fire sometimes had to wait for proper attention while the companies were giving their minds and fists to the decision of the more important question of precedence.

The old volunteer system became as unbearable as it was exciting and interesting, and the paid and disciplined department took its place. There were good and capable men in the old department, for all its faults. In the new department arose to authority men like the present able Chief Hugh Bonner, like Battalion Chief Ahearn, mentioned by Mr. Riis, and like the late Battalion Chief John J. Bresnan. It has long been, as a whole, a department of which our city is right to be proud. It has often been studied and imitated by other cities, though the recent experience of London seems to show that all it is capable of teaching as to organization, management, and methods has not been taken sufficiently to heart there.

Bresnan had two characteristics in his profession: he was scientific and minute in his interest in and knowledge of detail, and he was a quick and utterly fearless leader when it came to a direct attack upon the fire enemy. He knew all about all parts of the apparatus for fire-extinguishment—he had, indeed, made several useful inventions of details in this line. He knew a fire as a botanist knows a flower—seed and

stalk, bud and blossom. And when it came to putting his knowledge into practice he was almost reckless in his courage.

The laws on fire-proof construction, and the other laws for the prevention of fires in tenements, which the Tenement-House Commission of 1894 were instrumental in placing upon the statute-book, were partly the result of his suggestions, both privately and publicly made; and on his tragic death, the Commission passed resolutions heartily acknowledging his services.

So much for his position as an expert. A few words about him as a man. Bresnan was born in Ireland, and was brought to New York when two years of age. He had little school education, but a head full of learning not taught in schools. He knew his city better than most people in any walk of life, and the city's recent history. His language was racy, with a phraseology strange to scholastic ears, but full of pith and marrow. All heroes are not modest. Bresnan added to heroism the charm of modesty. You might have known him for years without learning from him that he had saved a single life; yet he had saved many. As Father van Rensselaer, his close friend, said at his funeral: «He never made mention of himself in his report when he did a brave deed. He was always in the background when his own praise was concerned, but always in front when discharging his duty.» The priest eulogized him, too, for his tenderheartedness, and declared that he was «not only one of the finest and bravest firemen in the city, but also a noble man.»

Along with all this he had great personal attraction. He was a fine fellow in every way, quiet, kindly, forcible. One felt that one had been in «good society» after an hour with Bresnan. There are no men in the service in New York just like him; but there are firemen here, and in all our cities, equally brave, and equally unpretentious in their bravery—men with whom heroic deeds come naturally and without self-applause, sometimes without notice from any source, «all in the day's work.»

Letters or Business.

It was recently stated in the gossip of the press that a certain son of a millionaire had abandoned his chosen career in the «field of letters,» after the publication of a single book of travels, and was about to enter his father's business firm.

Upon this change of purpose the gratified parent is reported to have made the following comment: «A million men can write books, but few have the opportunity my son enjoys to become great in the business world. A book is read by few. A large commercial or manufacturing enterprise, well conducted, is a blessing to the world at large.»

Whether accurately repeated or not, these words are charged with a wisdom worthy of the founder of a large and useful mercantile business. Anybody of average mental capacity may cumber the shelves of book-stores with printed and bound paper arranged to look like books. Anybody, as well, with an orderly mind and a habit of industry, may live a useful life in the walks of commerce. But it is only the heirs of ruling princes, and of great merchants of independent fortune, who are given a great part to play in human affairs for the mere taking. To accept such a rôle is more a matter of duty than of inclination, and especially in the boundless field of business; for, as the sagacious father justly says, a well-conducted commercial enterprise «is a blessing to the world at large.»

No doubt a great book is in equal, if not wider measure, a blessing to mankind, but great books are not the outcome of a deliberate purpose to pursue the «career of letters.» Literary genius, in various conditions and walks of life, has exhibited a sporadic or continuous activity which in the final estimate may be loosely described as a «career»; but in the deliberate practice of writing for publication we have merely the pursuit of a profession, in which the rewards are distinctive or commonplace, under the same conditions as in the so-called learned professions. In these various walks the parent who has gained distinction in them is able to pass along only a very intangible professional «good will» to his son, and the literary father none at all. He who enters the field of literary competition does so as an orphan without heritage. Let the man with a worthy business career born to him pause before he throws it away for the hollow honors of average literary success.

Among the men and women who have achieved literary fame are a goodly number of sons and daughters of great and wealthy merchants. They were writers from necessity just as truly as the literary geniuses who have written in poverty when the pursuit of a practical career might have given them a comfortable living. But in general only harm comes to letters from the amateurish efforts of young men who have inherited, or are to inherit, wealth acquired in commerce, and who desert the splendid opportunity for usefulness built up by a lifetime of parental toil. Some of them seek the notoriety, excitement, or power that is supposed to come from the control of periodicals, monthly, weekly, or daily, and, with their wealth for a backing, have been known to force the methods of the press in ways distinctly not resulting in «a blessing to the world at large»; and others among them look to the affectation of letters as a graceful excuse for a life of ease, forgetting that, like all the other walks of artistic effort, the «career of letters» entails unending drudgery and devotion, and yields intangible and uncertain rewards.



OPEN LETTERS

The Way to Solve the Servant Question.

TRAIN THE MISTRESSES!

WE hear nowadays a great deal about the trials of housekeeping and the inefficiency of our servants, but nothing about the inefficiency of our housekeepers. Is it not just there that the root of all the trouble lies? Can a woman expect to have a well-ordered household and capable servants, when she, their head and director, is all but ignorant of the first principles of household economy?

Of course the average housekeeper does not acknowledge that she is ignorant; nor does the average mother think any training is necessary to fit her daughter to rule over a household. «My daughter is intelligent,» I have heard mothers say. «She will easily learn by herself what it is natural for all women to know.» Some girls do, but, alas! through bitter experience, with endless discomfort to themselves and others, needless waste of time and money, and often with exhausted strength and shattered nerves. Others never learn. Did one but know the secret history of many a shipwrecked marriage, one would doubtless find that household discomforts and worries, and ignorance in money matters, were the beginning of more serious troubles.

This important part of a girl's education is all but neglected in this country. No matter what our strong-minded «woman's rights» sisters may say to the contrary, woman's real sphere is, and always will be, matrimony and maternity; and household duties fall to the lot of almost every woman, whether she be married or single. What preparation for these inevitable duties do our girls receive?

We do not think of sending our boys out into the world without fitting them for their life's work; yet a daughter is expected to manage a household and bring up a family without the slightest preparation or experience. Totally ignorant, she is placed in a position which requires knowledge, tact, and system, and an executive ability quite as great as is needed for the management of many a business or profession. Our boys work their way gradually into positions of responsibility and trust; but our girls are forced to assume them without any preliminary training. A few lessons in cooking, after a girl's education is supposed to be finished, do not make her an efficient housekeeper. Systematic instruction in sweeping and dusting, washing dishes and cleaning silver, in the mending, washing, and ironing of linen, and the making of fires, as well as in the handling of money and the keeping of accounts,—in fact, the working and the needs of each and every department of a household,—should form part of a girl's education from the time she begins to learn her A B C's. In after life she may never need to put her hand to any of these things; but the knowledge thus gained will be of ines-

timable value in enabling her rightly to judge and intelligently to direct the work of those in her employ. She must be taught that this is as important and necessary a part of her education as her French and music—that it is preparing her for her life's work. Any one who has watched a little girl sweep up the nursery with a toy broom, and witnessed her delight in caring for a doll's house, will realize that the housewifely instinct is natural, and needs only to be judiciously fostered and trained.

As long ago as 1848, Miss Beecher wrote a little book urging mothers and teachers to instruct young girls in the principles and practice of domestic economy; but her words seem to have fallen upon stony places. Physical culture, the neglect of which Miss Beecher also deplored, has made wonderful strides; and women's colleges have sprung up all over the land, testifying to a love of study and a desire for higher education among our women. But are they better versed in household lore than they were fifty years ago?

We have fortunately ceased to think that a rudimentary education and superficial accomplishments suffice for our daughters, and that fancy-work should satisfy their souls; but with this striving for a higher education, a wider sphere, and a more active life, are we not in danger of neglecting duties which lie close at hand? What our women need to learn is that domestic duties are not beneath them; indeed, as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu said, «The most minute details of household economy become elegant and refined when they are ennobled by sentiment. . . . To order dinner is not merely arranging a meal with my cook; it is preparing refreshment for him whom I love.»

A woman should regard her household cares as dignified, important, and difficult duties which require her best and most intelligent efforts; not as troublesome, petty annoyances which take her away from more important or more amusing occupations, and which might be avoided if only her servants were better. It is too true that the majority of our servants are ignorant and incapable; but it is not altogether their fault. They cannot learn in their homes what we demand of them; but many an ignorant girl could be made a good servant with a better mistress. When our daughters are thoroughly taught housekeeping and the management of their households, then, and not till then, shall we have capable servants. Efficient service will then be intelligently demanded, and it will be forthcoming; but we cannot hope for it as long as the mistress is more ignorant than her humblest hireling.

A foreign woman now living in this country once told me that she could not understand the ceaseless complaints she heard on all sides of the inefficiency of servants; that, although she came here a stranger to the

language and ways, she had never had the slightest trouble; and she attributed this fact to her thorough domestic training in early life, and her knowledge of what she should demand from her servants. She expressed surprise at the ignorance of the average mistress in this country, and her desire to be rid of all responsibility and care.

It is no wonder that our women take little pleasure in what they do so badly, and grow weary and disheartened when wrestling daily with a problem they cannot solve. But let them once take a more serious view of their household duties, and be better trained for them, and housekeeping will cease to be the trial and bugbear it now is. They will find an interest and pleasure in their work such as they had never known before. As a man laboring for the maintenance of his family has certain hours in the day when nothing is allowed to interfere with his work, so should the wife, his partner, be equally conscientious and systematic in doing her share toward providing for the comfort and welfare of the family. And much could be done to aid and encourage her in these labors if men were more ready to acknowledge her difficulties and appreciate the value of her services. A man works for tangible results, pecuniary or professional, and these act as an incentive. A woman's work in her household savors of the treadmill. A kindly word of appreciation is the only reward she can hope for; and how often does she get it? Comforts are taken for granted, her best efforts are ignored, and too often the only comment upon all her labors is a complaint that the bills are too high. If a woman had the handling of all necessary moneys, the bills would doubtless not be so high. A man requires a certain capital to carry on his business, and would be annoyed beyond endurance were it controlled by another; but the average woman has little or no money she can call her own, and consequently rarely knows how to control her expenditures. With a definite sum at her disposal, a woman will learn to adapt her expenses to her income; and only by seeing the result of small economies, and reaping the benefit of them, can she be taught thrift and the value of money. The habit of charging to her husband everything she purchases robs her of the responsibility of paying, and leads to carelessness and extravagance. A man is placing a woman in an undignified position, to say the least, when he will not trust her with some of his «worldly goods» after «endowing» her so freely with them all.

I do not wish to maintain that our women should become domestic drudges; but they ought to exercise an enlightened and systematic oversight of their households, and realize the importance and dignity of their position. If they could be brought to understand that it is in their own interest to become good housekeepers, perhaps women would give the matter more serious attention. Besides being aware of efficiently fulfilling their destinies, they would be free, in a well-ordered household, from the petty annoyances caused by the shortcomings of ill-trained servants, the countless worries and complications which beset them would be lessened, and they would have more strength and more time for other occupations.

Really competent housekeepers have the most leisure at their command. The training which has taught them

to manage their homes with precision has made them capable of doing good outside work. One woman I have in mind, who was thus trained by a New England mother, takes an interest and pleasure in the humblest details of housekeeping; yet she has found time to assist her boys in preparing for college, has done good literary work, and takes a prominent and efficient part in both charitable and municipal undertakings. Another, not less well versed in the domestic arts, has mastered a difficult branch of science, and her work meets with praise and recognition from those highest in the profession. Competent housekeepers are free from the petty tyranny of the servant who knows she is indispensable—knows that her mistress cannot do the work. How many of our women could, in an emergency, prove their ability to rise above such tyranny, as I heard of a foreign-bred woman once doing? Her husband, a diplomat of high rank, was giving a large official dinner, and just as she was dressing to receive the guests, word came from below stairs that my lady of the kitchen had departed. In those days—some thirty years ago—our caterers were not so many or so efficient as they are to-day, and assistance from outside was not to be thought of; so, hastily summoning her young daughter to take her place and make her excuses, she went to the kitchen, and served her guests with a dinner perfect in every detail. Not until they returned to the drawing-room and found her waiting to receive them did they realize that the «sudden indisposition» had been a ruse, and that the diplomat's wife was a good cook as well as a gracious hostess.

But it is not only the women who have servants and money at their command who need to take a higher view of domestic work. It is the women of all classes and conditions. There is a growing tendency among them all to despise housework, and among the younger generation an alarming ignorance of its first principles. I say alarming, for the evil effects will be serious and far-reaching; and the greatest service our women of leisure could render their sisters of the working-classes would be to make housework fashionable. There are hard-working mothers all over the country who foolishly think that they are bringing up their daughters to be ladies by not allowing them to do any housework. A most pernicious influence in this direction is our daily press. It would be difficult to calculate the wide-spread evil our newspapers work in chronicling the doings of a small set of people, and in giving a senseless and undue prominence to their wealth and amusements. The longing for such a life, all «beer and skittles», and the desire to copy the women who apparently have no duties and no responsibilities, have destroyed the happiness of many a home. The idea that housework is beneath them, and the home sphere too limited, has also flooded the country with art students who will never paint good pictures, and would-be musicians who will never rise beyond teaching unwilling children badly. How many among them—among the countless women working for a living—are fit to marry and care for a family? They almost all look forward to matrimony; and, indeed, this very fact is often used as an argument against employing women instead of men; but what degree of comfort can their husbands hope for, and how can their children become useful men and women?

It is well that women should be self-supporting, and not unnatural that the activity of a professional or business life should attract them; but they can never entirely escape domestic duties, and would not their lives be easier and happier if they were taught in childhood how to meet them?

Another result of this distaste for household occupations is the wide-spread custom of boarding—an American custom which astonishes the foreigner who visits us, and is the ruin of family life. Women of means, incapable of conducting a household, take refuge in hotels and apartment-houses to be rid of the «worry of servants.» Some plead economy as a reason; but if they were willing to give more personal attention to their housekeeping, and would not attempt to emulate their richer neighbors, they might have the comforts and advantages of homes of their own, and still find time for intellectual and social pleasures. Many women with limited means and only a couple of servants expect to run their households on a scale which demands twice that number—to use as much silver and have all the leisure of their richer friends; and they grow disheartened when they fail. One often hears them praise the ease of life abroad; but in foreign countries they are willing to live far more simply, and are not tempted to compete with their neighbors. The benefit to her children in being removed from the baneful influence of hotel and boarding-house life ought to recompense a mother for any extra efforts. If her daughters were obliged to assume some of her duties, they would lessen her cares, and would also gain the experience they so badly need.

The false estimate placed upon housework has likewise lowered the standing of domestic servants in this country. Our native-born men do not hesitate to marry shop-girls or factory-hands; but they consider a girl who has been out at service not their equal socially. Our servants are better paid than any other women, well housed and fed, and sheltered from many of the temptations which surround the working-girl; they are nursed when ill, and not immediately thrown out of employment; and often in old age or prolonged illness are tenderly cared for by their former employers. Yet many a girl will struggle to keep body and soul together on starvation wages rather than incur the stigma of having been a servant. It is doubtless true that girls prefer the greater freedom of shop and factory; and they also have no means of fitting themselves for domestic service.

The majority of our servants are foreign born and bred, and have had their training in their native countries, either as under-servants in large establishments where a professional housekeeper rules, or in modest households where the mistress, often a woman of title and position, is willing to give personal attention to her housekeeping, and is capable of training her servants. The wages they receive are necessarily small, but they look upon the board and lodging they get as sufficient compensation until they are fit to assume more responsible positions.

In our country the housekeepers always demand skilled labor, and in their eagerness to secure it are willing to pay any price. Thus wages have been forced up far beyond the value of the services rendered, and

all but the rich are debarred from having an adequate staff of servants. The supply does not meet the demand, so even the badly trained can secure such prices that the standard of efficiency remains low. Our women of the leisure class, who are singularly devoted to their efforts to aid the suffering and the needy, and to bring some brightness into their lives, can in no way so well further the well-being and happiness of the whole race as in teaching women and girls to take a different view of housework. Well-cooked food and cleanly homes are the best weapons with which to fight the attractions of the saloon, and habits of order and thrift will do more to raise the material welfare of the poor than almsgiving.

Much is being done, but not nearly enough, and not altogether in the right direction. It is the educated, the well-to-do, who must take a different view of household economy. Good mistresses are needed far more than good servants. Let us secure the former, and we shall soon have the latter. But my readers will say: «How can we make our daughters good housekeepers? There is no time for it. The school demands so much that they have all they can do, with their music and dancing and foreign languages besides.»

The real trouble is that household economy is not recognized as a fundamental part of a girl's education. But even in existing circumstances much may be done. In the first place, there are the long summer holidays, when it would be far better if the time were not given up entirely to idleness, and when sewing-classes and cooking-classes might easily be made a source of amusement. Or, in the winter, could not the dancing-class be omitted for a season? and the music-lessons, which are often mere drudgery, and lead to nothing? Then, after school hours, some small task that need not take many minutes should be obligatory each day; and on Saturday mornings, why not teach them to trim lamps, or to clean silver, or to mend the linen and to dust the drawing-room?

Young girls usually like this sort of occupation; and if they do not, the same authority which keeps them unwilling captives at their books and piano could easily insist upon it, if the necessity were once recognized. And let them be taught to look after their own belongings, and not to depend entirely upon a maid.

By the time a girl is fifteen she will thus have learned all the manual part of the workings of a household. Then give her the responsible charge of one and another department. Let it be her duty to see that the drawing-room is properly cared for, or the lamps correctly trimmed. Give her by turns the keys to the wine-cellar, the care of the linen-closet, or the sorting of the week's wash with the supervision of the mending. Later the dining-room can come under her care, and, with a fixed sum at her disposal, let her provide the candles, the fruit, and the bonbons for the table. And then, as she grows older and is emancipated from the school-room, teach her to do the marketing and catering. She will like the authority, if she is not burdened with too much at a time, and is not hampered by too much criticism and interference. The responsibility of having a definite task to perform, with the consciousness that others are dependent upon her, will be great factors in forming her character. She will learn habits of thrift and the

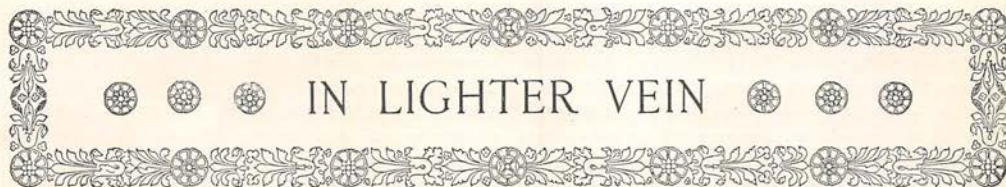
value of money if she is given an allowance and taught to keep accounts. Let it be for small things at first, and gradually be increased to cover the more important items, until she learns to pay for everything she buys. With such a training she will be thoroughly equipped to assume the management of her own household; she will not be forced to submit to the tyranny of inefficient servants, nor made nervous and miserable by cares that are too much for her. How much easier and happier will her life be than that of the average young housekeeper! Cannot mothers see the wisdom of such a course, and realize that this is the way to solve the servant question?

Louise Griswold.

Relics of Lee's Surrender.

MISS ALICE BARBARA STAHL, of Galena, Illinois, states, in behalf of the family of Major Wilmer McLean of Appomattox, that Major McLean did not voluntarily part with the table and other relics of the surrender of General Lee mentioned in General Porter's concluding article in the October CENTURY. It is said that he threw down the ten-dollar bill offered by General Sheridan for the table on which General Grant wrote the terms of surrender, and that the table was subsequently removed by the soldiers, after which Mrs. McLean picked up the bill.

Editor.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Graphical Solution.

JUSTIN STURGIS was «shy» a column on Wednesday night, and copy had to be in on Thursday morning, for the «Weekly Whirl» went to press at four o'clock. The «Whirl» was a better paper than any one except the editor and Justin Sturgis knew. It ran good half-tone work, and it not only had the best literary quality of all the papers on the coast, but it would have felt at home in London, so the editor said. It did n't matter much to the editor what news was in the paper, as long as it was briskly written, for he took the «Savoy» and the «Yellow Book» and the «Revue Blanche», and he went in for the «precious» methods in literature. If there was an actress to be written up (and there's «business» in that very often, what with selling half-tone blocks and extra copies), he hated to have Sturgis go to see her, for fear he would n't get enough sprightly imagination into it; he much preferred to have it done in the office, for Sturgis could turn out «good stuff» if he had to.

The consequence was that Justin got into the way of putting everything off till the last moment, and then working under high pressure. This week the photographs of the «Military Sports at the Presidio» had n't come out well enough to run, and the editor came into Sturgis's room, and told him he'd have to do about a thousand words to fill space. «Can't you do a good (guy) article?» said the editor. Sturgis had done a stinging skit on «Charity War-Horses» three weeks before, that had set all the society women talking, and the editor had been after Sturgis ever since to write another. «But we must have something by nine o'clock, sure,» he said.

«How about the (American Caricaturists)?» suggested Sturgis.

«Oh, we're not down to that yet,» said the editor, with a grin, as he went out.

The «American Caricaturists» was a sore point with Justin Sturgis. He had written the article with a great deal of care some six months ago, and had looked up

all the illustrations himself, and had had them well reproduced. The whole thing was in type, and had lain in a galley on the stone table up-stairs for almost half a year; but the editor, for some reason, would never run it. «Oh, that'll wait all right,» the editor would say. «We'll get in a hole some day, and run her in. It is n't (timely) enough.» So the «American Caricaturists» had become the joke of the composing-room, and it lay on the stone, marked «live matter,» outliving galley after galley of «standing ad's.» Several times the foreman had seen the chief pull a proof of the article with his own hands, and trim it with the long shears, and try to patch it into the dummy, and Justin Sturgis and the foreman would nudge each other, and wait with anxiety. But every time it was «crowded out» by the timely arrival of some dog-show article or other that had been delayed by the «narrow-measure» linotypes.

So Justin Sturgis was «at home» to ideas that evening. But the ideas persisted in staying away. He had sat up all night with himself and a dose of strychnia, — a one-sixtieth-of-a-grain tablet, it was, that was to be an immoral accessory before the fact of his originality.

He thought of all the most romantic things he had ever been interested in: of the fourth dimension; of the impossibility of defining the absolute difference between the right and the left hand; of preëxistence; of the theory that parallel lines *may*, perhaps, meet this side of infinity; of the analogy between atomic motions and the orbits of star systems; of the significance of the lines on the soles of one's feet and the capillary markings on one's thumbs; of conventional moralities, and how they would be affected by a sojourn on an uninhabited island; of the final disposition of mislaid pins; of the effect, if any, of a mucilage cocktail; of pictures painted by blind artists; of the number of bricks in one's house, compared with the number of hairs in one's head; of the absurdity of minus quantities; of the phenomena of semi-nudity in dream; of the euphonious naming of infants; of the geographical center of the United States and the County of San Francisco; of the amount of bird-shot one could swallow without ill effect; and of

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Numbers.

IF Matthew Arnold had delayed his first visit to America, his preachment to us Americans on the subject of «Numbers» would have been less needed. As our country gets to be more and more numerous in its integral parts; as everything in it multiplies at such an astonishing ratio that in many directions the multiplicity has the menace of infinity, we less and less need the warning voice of the prophet to keep us from being in-fatuated by either numbers or size. It was some time ago that Americans became less boastful concerning mere extent; and the orator who argues greatness from length of rivers, or spread of territory, or aggregations of population, is apt to awaken the sense of humor rather than the sentiment of sublimity. It seems long ago that it was oratorically demonstrable that, because the Mississippi and its affluents were so many thousand miles long, therefore the American republic was etc., etc., etc., as compared with such and such republics and empires, ancient or modern. Nowadays the orator, to be effective, must put forth an entirely different argument. One of the most telling after-dinner speeches listened to lately was that of a young Philadelphian who spoke at a public banquet in New York on the eve of its expansion into the so-called greater city, and who, amid hearty applause, deprecated the confounding of size with true «greatness» casually remarked upon the better appreciation of New York's tall buildings by the citizens of Philadelphia, who at that distance could see them in more favorable perspective, and openly hinted at a comparison between the so-called greatness of the metropolis with, as to size, the less «great» historical cities of Athens and Jerusalem.

As time goes on, and the directories and the censuses wax bigger and bigger, it is seen that an increase in numerosity produces changes not only in degree, but in kind. It is not only that the mails and the tenement-houses and the means of transit become congested, but there seems to be through this physical increase, at times, also a spiritual congestion; a change seems to be taking place in all sorts of things that one might think not necessarily affected. An increase in the number of Chinamen in China might not have the same effect as an increase in the number of Americans in America, because the Chinamen would maintain a certain monotony of thought and custom for centuries. But increase the number of Yankees, for instance, each one of whom goes to work to contrive and invent, to criticize, to make over—*i. e.*, re-form—all creation, and the change in physical, mental, and moral conditions will go on at an enormous ratio. Each Chinaman counts, say, one one-

thousandth as compared with one Yankee; for the latter sets to work at once to make a new world.

The consequence is that changes which might take hundreds or thousands of years to manifest themselves in other races and in other conditions proceed here before our very eyes, sometimes creating not only serious apprehension, but alarm, on the part of the thoughtful.

There are changes in the streets, and under the streets, and above the streets. Steel construction turns highways into cañons, and produces mountain-ranges along the line of greatest social pressure. The telephone reduces travel, and the trolley and the flying trains, again, increase it. Electricity is being developed to such an extent that even specialists can hardly keep up with the record of development and discovery. Mere numbers are affecting college life and the social life of cities in unexpected ways. The religious life of the people, as related to association, is affected by innumerable societies, local, national, and international. New social machinery is demanded by the new conditions relating to our amusements, our charities, and our government. Our politics are more complex, and require more attention for their understanding and practical manipulation. The rotary press and the cheap «process» produce a profusion in the literary and pictorial «output» which has a tendency to befog the intellect and lower the standards of taste.

The multitudinousness of modern life is increased by the facility of intercommunication and the universality of the newspaper. Any given community not only has to endure its own noise, but, to some extent, that of all the world. When any one wishes to be heard, for the sake of his message or of his business, he must not only make more noise than his neighbor, but more noise than his neighbor's neighbor. Even the peanut-stand nowadays is advertised by its own steam-whistle. Some Western town, by the way, lately tried to suppress the peanut-man's steam-whistle by local ordinance. This is a good sign, for objection to noise is an evidence of civilization.

In these times of many things, more and more is the need felt of a choice of a few things. The lesson for the day should be the lesson of discrimination. Though the outer ear be dinned upon, it is important that the inner ear should preserve its delicacy, so that the still, small voice may be heard. Longevity has increased, but not in proportion to the increase in the number of things human beings are asked nowadays to consider and to do. Never was there more need of the spirit of criticism and selection, when so many ideas, so much to read, so many causes, so many geniuses, so many prophets, so many and so much of everything, press upon the mind of man.

The «Mystery» of General Grant.

A READER who had followed with analytical interest General Horace Porter's revelation of the every-day thought and action of his commander, in «Campaigning with Grant,» on reaching the end, said with a tinge of disappointment: «While he brings us much nearer to the man, he does not solve the mystery of Grant's success as a soldier.»

Nor does any other writer solve the mystery; least of all General Grant himself, for the reason that his «Memoirs» are in themselves the most direct proof of honesty and simplicity of character, and of intellectual power, or, in other words, of those qualities which, in the line of human action, work wonders without theatrical effect, and leave no impress on the results differing from a logical situation produced by natural agencies. To the reader looking for a mystery, in giving unconscious proof of unusual abilities General Grant seems to evade a disclosure of the methods by which he organized victory. Like the cunning quack with a sovereign remedy, he seems to withhold the recipe.

During the progress of the Civil War no mystery was imputed to General Grant: he appeared to his comrades in arms, and to the people, as a resolute man of common abilities and impulses, and, as some thought, far too common. The mystery, then, so far as there was any, was divided between those who at least recognized his achievements, and those who saw in his generalship nothing but brute force, guided by careless luck. With the former the mystery was that other generals, with more impressive manners, did not have equal success; and with the latter it was a mystery why General Grant was allowed by the powers in Washington to keep on blundering into success, from Fort Donelson and the fierce struggle at Shiloh to the daredevil triumph at Vicksburg. Thereafter most of his detractors became resigned to his leadership, on the theory that he was being taken care of by his staff, and that he had the knack, peculiar to mediocrity, of winning from the supreme authority a coöperation which had been withheld from others on account of jealousy.

It was only after the war, when the recognition of heroic deeds produced a demand for a leading soldier-hero, that men began to pad General Grant's figure with mystery in order to make him appear, to their eyes, of the stature of a true Ulysses. That he was the logical candidate for the position no one could deny; and no opinion in support of his fitness was more conclusive than that of the most picturesque hero of the war, who was distinctly the alternative choice for the first place in the national pantheon. And when General Grant was formally installed, the imputed mystery reconciled to his fame even those who could not, or would not, see his natural greatness.

His fate in this regard has not been different from that of other men of action who have done great deeds without personal display, and in subordination to a higher authority. They have had to wait for time to dissolve their own envelop of reserve, and for history to vindicate their common humanity. Even then something of mystery will seem to encompass them, as the garment in which men prefer to dress their demigods. When, as in General Grant's case, there is no mystery about a man's acts, or the results they achieved, it is necessary

to go back beyond the line of possible demonstration, and impute a mystery to the personal agency. But when, as in Shakspeare's case, the acts are really a mystery, because unknown, and the resultant works a miracle of superiority, then there are minds so perverse as to reject the idea of mystery in the agency, and to seize upon a palpable prodigy like Bacon as the only possible solution of a work of genius.

But some other ground than human fancy must be found for General Sherman's espousal of the theory of mystery as to General Grant. In fact, he stated it so strongly as to make it quite possible that the vogue the theory has acquired is due, in some measure, to his authority. For it may be assumed that the views he expressed in a letter to a friend,¹ fourteen years after the war (dated November 18, 1879), were deliberate conclusions, after much speculation on a subject always near to his thoughts, and in line with what had been his usual attitude toward the character of his friend and chief. Speaking of General Grant's demeanor while being fêted in San Francisco, General Sherman says:

«He is a strange character. Nothing like it is portrayed by Plutarch or the many who have striven to portray the great men of ancient or modern times. I knew him as a cadet at West Point, as a lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry, as a citizen of St. Louis, and as a growing general all through a bloody civil war. Yet to me he is a mystery, and I believe he is a mystery to himself.»

The explanation of Sherman's estimate of Grant's character, as containing something inscrutable, we will venture to say may be found in contrast. Sherman was too great a man to have any illusions in regard to himself, and he knew from the comparisons of soldierly intercourse that in knowledge and self-reliance he was not inferior to the quiet man in whom the sense of danger was no bar to the boldest enterprise. Contrasts in their characters began there, and continued along the lines of intellectual habit and temperament. In yielding the full measure of confidence to Grant as his worthy and official chief, Sherman, with his dread of the political mind working in the dark, may well have marveled at Grant's easy mastery of the politicians, and, with his hotspur nature, have regarded as incomprehensible Grant's power of resolving the personal obstacles and disappointments of official life in his mighty reticence. In the crisis of battle and in the focus of honors, he had beheld in Grant the same modest, imperturbable spirit, and from him the ascription of mystery to his comrade's character was merely a graceful way of testifying to his own belief in Grant's superior authority.

General Schofield, in his book, which has just come from the press, entitled «Forty-six Years in the Army,» refers to Sherman's statement that he could not understand Grant, and doubted if General Sherman understood himself, and adds:

«A very distinguished statesman, whose name I need not mention, said to me that, in his opinion, there was nothing special in Grant to understand. Others have varied widely in their estimates of that extraordinary character. Yet I believe its most extraordinary quality was its extreme simplicity—so extreme that many have entirely overlooked it in their search for some deeply hidden secret to account for so great a character, unmindful of the general fact that simplicity is one of the most prominent attributes of greatness.»

¹ See THE CENTURY for April, 1897.

The near view of Grant while performing the greatest task of his career as a soldier, given to us by General Horace Porter, harmonizes with the estimate of General Schofield, which is reinforced by Colonel William C. Church's «Ulysses S. Grant,» in the Heroes of the Nations series. Indeed, Colonel Church uses effectively the authoritative data of recent years, such as the evidence of Lincoln's perfect understanding of Grant's abilities, as revealed in Nicolay and Hay's «Abraham Lincoln,» to portray a consistent military character of which great things were predicted from the earliest period of the Mexican War, and from which he easily shows that success flowed, in almost every military enterprise intrusted to him, because Grant, «as a soldier, . . . met all the conditions of his time, and rose superior to them. It was not (luck,) it was energy, zeal, and singleness of purpose, directed by exceptional military capacity, that explain his success.»

A writer in the «Revue des Deux Mondes,» who devotes ten pages to a review of General Porter's memoirs, is appreciative of the interest attaching to the Civil War, which impresses him as resembling the rude combats of antiquity rather than a contest between modern European nations. So far from finding anything mysterious in the character of General Grant, he deprecates the author's effort to include him among the great captains of the world, and even can find nothing in General Porter's recital «which gives the impression of a captain of genius.» On the contrary, to this French writer General Grant's deeds and virtues mark him for «a good citizen» rather than a great soldier. Foreign heroes who chance to call at the French Valhalla are apt to find the place already overcrowded; but it will not touch American susceptibilities to know that General Grant has been turned away on the ground that he belongs properly to a new line of soldiers, who were first of all good citizens. In fact, it is that view of his personality which appeals most forcibly to the American people, and which speaks from the face of the tomb they have erected as a sign of their belief in his greatness; for on it is written all there is of mystery in his character as a soldier. It is his own simple message: «Let us have peace.»

Playing to the Galleries.

No doubt there are in Congress sincere opponents of reform in the civil service, but to lookers-on in Washington who are familiar with the real conviction of the average senator or representative, half distracted by the scramble for office, the attacks upon the merit system during the present session take on the aspect of a farce. In some cases the wink of the legislator, as he rises to speak, can almost be heard. The listener pricks up his ears and rubs his eyes. Can that be the honorable gentleman from — who is pleading so tearfully for the liberties of the people—he who is compelled to resort to subterfuge and locked doors to defend his privacy against the invasion of the clamorous office-seeker?

Not only do legislators confess, in moments of private candor, to the relief which they would have in the abolition of congressional patronage, but most of them are committed publicly to the abandonment of the system. To interpret the platforms of the chief political parties from the point of view of common honesty, it would seem that no stronger pledge could be framed in

words than that which each has given that the merit system shall be maintained and extended. Members of the party out of power are not absolved from its promises to the people; while those who are nominally responsible for the conduct of the government are doubly committed to civil-service reform by the arraignment and promise of this resolution in the Republican national platform of 1888:

«The men who abandoned the Republican party in 1884, and continue to adhere to the Democratic party, have deserted not only the cause of honest government, of sound finance, of freedom, of purity of the ballot, but especially have deserted the cause of reform in the civil service. We will not fail to keep our pledges because they have broken theirs, or because their candidate has broken his. We therefore repeat our declaration of 1884, to wit: The reform of the civil service, auspiciously begun under the Republican administration, should be completed by the further extension of the reform system, already established by law, to all the grades of the service to which it is applicable. The spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all executive appointments, and all laws at variance with the object of existing reform legislation should be repealed, to the end that the dangers to free institutions which lurk in the power of official patronage may be wisely and effectively avoided.»

The pledge of the Republican platform of 1896, written when the classified service was substantially as at present, was unmistakable:

«The civil-service law was placed on the statute-book by the Republican party, which has always sustained it; and we renew our repeated declarations that it shall be thoroughly and honestly enforced and extended wherever practicable.»

Unless national politics is to take on the aspect of bunco-steering on a colossal scale, these reiterated pledges must be kept.

If it is asked why legislators, distinguished ordinarily by the strictest exaction of party fealty,—a common but not very enduring form of distinction,—are willing to play fast and loose with the people on this question, going so far in their violence as to make vulgar attacks upon the personal character of a man like Mr. Schurz, or to declare that they would be satisfied with «any old thing» (*sic*) in place of the merit system, the answer must be looked for, not on the floor of the House, but in the galleries to which the cheap comedians are playing. In these galleries are gathered from congressional districts of many States a horde of office-seekers of the professional type, who pay the civil service its highest compliment when they confess it is an obstacle to their voracious desire for office. These malcontents, who are not willing to try for the public service on their merits, must be placated from the floor of the House. Each is a possible center of discord for some timid congressman, and altogether they seem for the moment to stand for the American people. Their applause is always ready for the declaration that there is a screw loose in the Constitution when any system can prevent the payment of personal or political pledges to incompetents out of the public crib. The twenty men to each office who, as we write, are in Washington, impeding currency reform and other pressing public business, will thus be able to tell the «home folks» that «our member» made a beau-

tiful speech, and «poured hot shot into the law»; while their place at the capital will be taken by a new set of constituents, who will continue to make life a burden for the congressman, who, on his part, is secretly cursing the day he ever consented to accept a nomination. To this farce which goes on in the name of Liberty and «the people» no American satirist has ever done justice.

The insignificance of the professional spoilsman as an element of our national life is cogently set forth in an editorial article in the «Indianapolis News» of December 22, 1897, from which the following extracts are made:

«The spoils system is a cunning device of a class that would retain to itself the administration of public affairs. One might as well argue, from the chronic jurymen that hang around court-houses, that the people are interested in being drawn on juries, as to argue from the clamor of spoilsmen that it is the people who want the offices. The people—the great mass of the seventy millions in this country—do not want offices, and they have no time for them. They are pursuing life, liberty, and happiness in their own way. . . . But there is a little coterie of men in every city, in every town, in every hamlet almost, that hang around the post-office, or the county court-house, or whatever center of public activity, who seek to make of politics the means of living. . . . These folk are always to the front. They are out on the curbstone, making a noise. Merely passing along the street, you might think, to use the common phrase, that the «whole town» is talking; whereas the whole town is in shops and stores and offices and factories, engaged in the business of life, while a mere handful of people are in the highways and byways, making a noise. . . . Put this question to a test, let a vote be taken, and the spoilsmen would see that they would not amount to a chip on the tide, to a leaf in the gale. They are simply as nothing, either in numbers or influence, compared with the great mass of the people who are attending to the business of life, and who want their public affairs administered as they administer their private affairs—honestly, thoroughly, efficiently, and because of fitness and not favoritism. We challenge the spoilsmen to any test they want to make. They are not merely not a majority of the people: they are an insignificant moiety of the minority.»

This pressure for public support is an instance of the inverted view of the function of government which survives among us, and which, if it be encouraged by narrowing the scope of the merit system, will place a tremendous strain upon Republican institutions at a time when they are already laden with a hundred burdens. The merit system is in the interest of the whole people; for, unlike the spoils system, it cannot be used by a faction to defeat the will of the people. Civil-service reform has never been a party question in the nation, for it stands for the interest of Republican, Democrat, Populist, Prohibitionist, Free-drinker, Single-taxer, Laborer, Revenue-reformer, and Protectionist

alike. It is a protest against playing the game of politics with loaded dice, furnished by the people against themselves.

The Century's Prizes for College Graduates.

THREE months remain in which the graduates who received the degree of Bachelor of Arts at any college or university in the United States during the commencement season of 1897 may submit manuscripts in competition for the three prizes of \$250 each, offered by this magazine. These prizes, which will be renewed to similar graduates of 1898, 1899, and 1900, are (1) for the best metrical writing, of not fewer than fifty lines; (2) for the best essay in the field of biography, history, or literary criticism, of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words; (3) and for the best story of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words.

Each manuscript, type-written, must be received at the office of THE CENTURY not later than June 1; must be marked outside and inside, «For the College Competition»; and must be signed by a pen-name which must also be written on the outside of a sealed envelop containing the name and address of the author. This envelop will not be opened until the prizes have been awarded.

As the object of the competition would be in part defeated by an award in any class, in case no manuscript of the class should be thought worthy of public attention, the editor reserves the right to withhold the award in such a case, and also the right to print the manuscripts receiving prizes, without further payments. But three months after the appearance of the prize manuscripts in the magazine, the copyright will be surrendered to the successful competitors.

Manuscripts for the first competition were received before the beginning of the new year; and the letters of inquiry from all parts of the Union indicate a very general interest among the graduates of 1897. Inasmuch as the chief motive in limiting the competition to graduates was to avoid any interference with regular college work, the editor wishes to place emphasis on the condition that each manuscript offered in competition for a prize *must be the product of literary work done after graduation*. Essays, poems, and stories prepared during the college course, as a part of the college work, or as contributions to college publications and to the activity of the literary societies, will not be considered. The sole object of the competition is to encourage literary activity among students immediately after leaving college, with the view of assisting those having such ambition to test their capacity for literary work.

A circular explaining the objects and conditions of the competition may be had on inclosing a stamp to THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.





OPEN LETTERS

Women's Work for Women and Children.

THE State of Massachusetts now has by legislation given to women a place on each board of trustees of the State charitable and reformatory institutions and on the Prison Commission. Women also have served on the State Board of Lunacy and Charity since 1880, by appointments of successive governors, though there is no statute which makes this obligatory. How have women gained these privileges, or, rather, have been allowed to perform these responsible duties? It has been said by ardent woman suffragists that «a sop» has been thrown to them in this way, as a partial compensation for their deprivation of the ballot.

Such, however, is not the case. It is a curious and interesting object-lesson to review the past, and to learn how women have been gradually introduced into the offices formerly held by men alone. The Prison Commission was established in 1870. To the legislature of that year a memorial was presented by two private charitable corporations who had been for some years engaged in the attempted reformation of discharged female prisoners. It was signed by a large number of prominent men and women concurring with the petitioners, and asked for a separate prison for women, and for a reformatory discipline in existing prisons. At the hearings before the Prison Committee of the legislature, there were various speeches on the subject. Men of high standing advocated the measure, and a few women found courage to tell the story of their experiences, and to give reasons for their request.

In answer to this petition, the legislature of that year established a Prison Commission. It consisted of three men and a secretary, the latter alone to receive compensation, and an «advisory board» of three women, who had no power whatever but the right to inspect prisons.

The prison for women was not provided; but the persons interested in its establishment continued to work for it, and at every legislature came forward to ask for it. At the suggestion of Mary Carpenter, the English philanthropist, when in Boston in 1873, a «Woman's League» was formed, which extended all over the State, and which sent in large petitions from men and women of high standing for a reformatory prison for women, under the management of women. Such a prison was built and opened in 1877, and has been in successful operation ever since.

Now this is an important thing to notice: these women who carried their measure at last, in spite of most discouraging obstacles, had no *political power*, and no personal end to gain.

They were perfectly acquainted with the matter in hand, and knew exactly what was needed for the class of persons which they desired to benefit. Their plans were founded on their own experiences in private charitable organizations. They could prove by the result of

years of labor in these that there was good reason to expect success in the prison management of women by their own sex, and also that the work of reform should begin in prison. Long after the first hearings before the Prison Committee of the legislature, a well-known politician, chairman of the committee, said to a political friend: «I remember, when those ladies first came before us, and pleaded earnestly for something to be done for outcast women, I whispered to B— [a member of the committee], and I said, (I tell you, B—, there ain't any *politics* in all this.)»

In 1887 certain women who were dissatisfied with the working of the State almshouse and the State primary school—the latter an institution for children especially, and for training them to self-support—quietly induced two benevolent members of the legislature to introduce a bill for the appointment of a board of three women visitors to those institutions, which was enacted. They asked for no power except the right freely to inspect them, and to make an annual report to the legislature. This board merely plowed the ground; but so thorough was the plowing, and so evident was their capacity to manage charitable work, that in 1879, when the legislature reconstructed the charity laws of the State, they put two women trustees on each board of control of the State almshouse, State workhouse, State primary and reform schools, and also on the Prison Commission, giving them equal powers with their male associates. In 1884 the State Board of Lunacy and Charity recommended, in their annual report, that two women trustees should be added to each board of control of the State lunatic hospitals, and a woman physician to the medical staff of each. This was enacted by the legislature of that year, and the result has been satisfactory.

Before women had attained to their present standing on State boards, Miss Elizabeth Putnam of Boston, who had been for years working among neglected girls, had seen the value, as many others elsewhere have done, of personal friendly relations with individuals among them. She felt that the employment of paid male agents to place and visit the minor wards of the State was not the best method for *girls and young children*. She proposed to the official at the head of that department of the State board that he should avail himself of the services of women in this important work.

After several conferences with him, a plan was formed, which was carried out, and has been in operation ever since. Miss Putnam, with the assistance of two or three others, found in every county of Massachusetts certain women who were willing to perform the required service. There has now been since 1878 a corps of «auxiliary visitors», as they are termed, at present eighty-one in number. Some of these are living in other States adjoining Massachusetts, where homes are found for dependent children. They have no legal status, and no pay; but their traveling expenses necessary to the per-

formance of their duties are reimbursed quarterly from a State appropriation. They are simply private individuals acting as advisers to the State official at the head of that department. Boys over ten years old are still placed and visited by paid male agents; but girls of all classes, except the very young children who are boarded in families at State expense, come under the care of the voluntary and unpaid women visitors. The result has been excellent. Whenever Mr. Wrightington receives an application for a child to adopt, or a girl to assist in domestic work, he sends it to the visitor for that district. She visits the family, and ascertains whether the home is a suitable one. Her decision is final. She reports her reasons for disapproval, if any, to Mr. Wrightington—of course in strict confidence. She is required to find out not only whether the members of the family are of good character and able to support a child, but whether they are such persons as will train her to virtue and usefulness, and make her reasonably happy.

When the girl is placed, the visitor must see her as often as is necessary, report at least quarterly upon her condition and treatment, oftener if there is anything peculiar in the case. As some of these girls have been sentenced for petty offenses, are immoral, ill-tempered, and perverse, great patience is necessary in guiding and influencing them. Some require several changes of place before the right one is found. Volumes could be filled with the interesting details of the work. There are tragic episodes, and very funny ones. Of course the visitors are not equally zealous or efficient, but they have been, on the whole, excellent.

The Massachusetts reform schools for boys and girls are under one board of trustees, and the legislature of 1895 gave to this board increased powers. They now can find homes in suitable families for the inmates of the reform schools, and visit them personally or by agents. The two women trustees have devoted (unpaid) nearly their whole time to this new work, with excellent results.

The State primary school for children at Monson formerly contained about four hundred inmates. This institution has been abolished, owing to the boarding-out system having become general; and the Board of Lunacy and Charity now employ several paid women agents in addition to the auxiliary visitors to carry on this additional work caused by the closing of the school.

It is often said, in regard to the security of investments, that «everything depends on their management.» There are in the world born leaders, of clear sight and organizing ability in business undertakings. So it is with benevolent labors. We have only to look at the noble work achieved by Charles L. Brace for destitute children in New York to see what one man can accomplish. Mrs. Lowell's long life of charitable work, and that of Miss Louise Schuyler, in the same city, also show what leading spirits, faithful and unwearied, have done for humanity. In Mr. Brace's most interesting biography, just published, we find him forty-five years ago lamenting the supineness and selfish ease of the majority of persons at that date, and pointing out the great field untilled, where noxious weeds were daily springing up to poison society in the future. Mrs. Nassau Senior's report to Parliament, in or about 1870, on the condition of workhouse children, led to the boarding-out system for young children in England. This has been

copied in Massachusetts. Beginning in 1870 with the placing in families of foundlings and deserted infants, under medical supervision by the Board of Lunacy and Charity, with great saving of life from this method, it has been extended to older children in charge of that board. Not only are children far better in every way reared in domestic life than in the best-managed institution, but they become useful and self-supporting at an earlier age.

It is sad to read the long columns of our metropolitan journals which describe the doings of women,—hospitality perverted into ostentatious display, wholesome recreation sunk into a life of pleasure-seeking, women's clubs uttering a great deal of frothy nonsense and mutual admiration,—and to contrast this with the depths below of misery, vice, and ignorance—a turbid stream beneath these bubbles on the surface of society.

There is an army of women of leisure in this country who have the ability to transform our wretched slums into abodes of comparative peace and comfort, had they the unselfish spirit of Octavia Hill in England, and Mr. Brace, Mrs. Lowell, and others in this country. It is a curious fact, however, that women of leisure have not been the only or chief workers for the unfortunate and degraded classes. Mothers of families, some of them of narrow means and many cares, have done much service—the more efficient because the care of a family is an excellent training-school. Mothers of children, if they are true mothers, should best understand the needs of all children.

To sum up: The flood of immigration has brought to us an army of homeless, ignorant, neglected children. The experience of the most successful workers among them has proved that removal from large cities, and introduction into rural domestic life, is the true way to make them good citizens and virtuous men and women. Also that institution life for children should be only a temporary makeshift, because it cripples their faculties, besides exposing them to the contaminating influences of the more vicious ones. That personal, friendly influence, especially of women, is necessary to them as individuals; and that personal knowledge and visitation of children placed out in families is essential to their safety and protection from ill-usage. That the legislation necessary to the improvement of public charitable methods can be influenced by women without the ballot better than with it, as it comes through the efforts of non-partisans who have no personal ends to gain.

Clara Temple Leonard.

Rest and Exercise, and Pulmonary Consumption.

FROM rather an extended study of the subject of pulmonary consumption, I feel quite sure that very few opinions are more widely diffused than the one that sufferers from this disease must have an abundance of physical exercise before they can get well. So tenaciously is this notion held that consumptives persist in being up and in walking about until the last vestige of their strength is gone, and they are compelled to exemplify the pathetic but truthful saying that «a consumptive never goes to bed of his own free will unless it is to die.» No one will, I think, be rash enough to assert that exercise has no place in the treatment of

this disease; for the least thoughtful attention to this matter will make it evident that the harm which comes from it is due to its indiscriminate employment—due to its application when rest should take its place; and it is in the hope of being able to say something which will make clear the indications for the use of each of these two important measures in the management of this disease that these lines are written.

At the very outset I wish to state that the idea of exercise in pulmonary consumption is based on a wrong foundation. It assumes that because exercise gives strength when taken in health, it must do the same thing in disease. A moment's reflection will teach us, however, that health and the disease which we are here considering are two widely different conditions. One represents the fullness of energy and vigor, and the other an exhausted state of the resources of life. The wasting, the general weakness, the shortness of breath which is out of all proportion to the amount of affected lung area, the slight evening fever, the loss of appetite, all indicate that from the very beginning of his disease the consumptive suffers more from constitutional debility than from local pulmonary disorder. In financial language, the healthy man is like a plethoric bank, while the consumptive is like a financial institution verging on bankruptcy. Following this argument, I would say there is no axiom better established than that money makes money if it is put to proper use, and hence he who has moneyed capital always has the chance of increasing his capital. But the banker whose capital is reduced to a minimum, and whose income does not equal the amount of his expenses, must, in order to escape being pushed against the wall, either increase his income or diminish his expenses. If he does both he will get out of his straitened condition more quickly than if he does one alone.

Accepting the dictum, then, that the consumptive is on the verge of physiological bankruptcy, what is the most reasonable course to pursue in order to restore his broken health? Is he to go on and take an abundance of physical exercise like his healthy neighbor? Shall he walk, ride horseback, row, hunt, mount his bicycle and fly through the country, or climb the mountains? Has he anything in common with his more fortunate and robust companion who by exercising draws on his reserve strength and so increases his physiological capital? Is there anything which would warrant him in doing this? No; for most of his reserve strength is gone, as has already been said; and if any of this energy is now devoted to physical exercise, it will make a serious drain on that which should be applied to the maintenance of other bodily functions, like digestion, breathing, circulation, etc., and in consequence these functions suffer, and the patient complains of an inability to eat, difficulty of breathing, of a weakened heart, etc. If he wants to save himself from physiological insolvency he must follow the same line of conduct as that which is pursued by the banker who wishes to escape financial insolvency. He must economize the forces of his body by reducing his expenses, and, if possible, by increasing his physiological income by means of more food. How this may be best accomplished is an important question.

May we not learn a serviceable lesson from Nature

herself in this respect? What promptings does she give him who exhausts his strength in daily toil? Does she tell him to continue his work and sap his forces still further, or does she admonish him to lie down and seek restoration in quietness and in sleep? What does she do when one is smitten with a debilitating malady like typhoid fever? Does she not compel him to seek a lying-down position—a position in which his muscles and his nerves are enabled to obtain the best possible rest? And why should not similar treatment apply to the consumptive? He is in the same situation in so far as the drain on his vital resources is concerned. With him it is a real living warfare between the strength of his body and the strength of his disease. The line which divides these two states is neither hard nor fast, but shifts its position in accordance with the ebb and flow of his bodily strength. When he is weak the disease advances, or gains ground; and when he is strong it is less aggressive, or goes back. The first duty of the physician is, therefore, to fortify and to invigorate the consumptive's condition, and to place him in that position in which he will have the best advantage to battle against his disease; and the foremost remedy in accomplishing this purpose is well-regulated *rest*. By placing the consumptive on his back, all that strength is economized which is otherwise wasted in walking, standing, and sitting; and when we realize that about one fifth of the energy of the body is devoted to these purposes, it does not require a very wild flight of the imagination to perceive that this means a marked cutting down of his expenditures. Practically this is followed by immediate beneficial results; for that part of his physiological capital which was previously diverted to the support of voluntary muscular motion is now distributed to the maintenance of the other and more essential functions. The digestion improves, the heart is less excitable, the breathing becomes easier, the cough and expectoration diminish, and altogether there is an air of vigor about the patient which was absent before. On observing this improvement, one is at a loss to know the reason for the existence of the general opinion that the salvation of the phthisical depends on plenty of exercise. Before I fully appreciated the great value of rest in the treatment of consumption, it was frequently a source of bitter disappointment to me to see patients whom I considered well enough to leave bed, walk about, and do work, almost invariably have a relapse when they did so. Although it was a puzzle to me then, it is clear to me now why it could not have been otherwise. They were allowed to leave their beds prematurely.

Rest bears its best fruit in the treatment of consumption only when it is applied systematically and persistently. It will not do to allow the patient to act for himself in this matter. He must be placed under the care and supervision of either a physician or a well-trained nurse. The following instance pointedly illustrates the difference between the results which are obtained when rest is applied in a loose and in a methodic manner. Some years ago, when I began to employ rest, I had a patient under my care who lived a long distance from me, and whom I was able to see only at long intervals. At the very beginning of the treatment I placed him on a diet of the most nourishing character, gave him what I thought was appropriate

drug medication, and ordered him to keep quiet, without any very specific directions as to how it should be carried out. He obeyed me strictly as to the food and medicine, and mapped out a general course of rest which he believed was proper in his case; that is, he sat up most of the day, walked up and down stairs and on the piazza and lawn, and occasionally took a short stroll on the street. This course was continued for about five months, at the end of which time I saw him again, and found that he was no better—in fact, not so well; for he had lost in weight, had a poor appetite, and about the same degree of fever as before, and there was no improvement in the local condition of his lungs. I now placed him under the care of a good nurse, and ordered him to bed, and to remain there day and night until I saw him again, but made no other change in the previous treatment. At the end of two months he was permitted to sit up an hour each day for the following two weeks, after which he was gradually accustomed to being up all day. In consequence of this change from exercise to rest, he began to improve at once, and in four months after the enforced rest treatment had been begun he had gained seventeen pounds in weight. When we consider that this patient made all this improvement with the existence of a good-sized cavity in the upper part of his right lung, it is a striking demonstration of what absolute rest did for him. He was soon engaged in his former occupation, to which he has become gradually readapted, and with the exception of not being allowed to do heavy lifting or violent exercise, he is now, and has been for the last five years, able to perform all the duties of his business.

After a consumptive has progressed far enough to be up and lead a more active life, how should he conduct himself so as to avoid a relapse? How is he to resume a vocation? These are to him most serious problems. To solve them he must bear in mind the principle which has secured his recovery thus far—he must economize his strength. He must avoid becoming tired, and forego physical strain. He may become fatigued provided this is readily put to one side by rest and food; but when he exhausts himself to such a degree that he feels weary and out of sorts from morning until evening, and fails to be refreshed by food or sleep, it is evidence that his body is wasting its resources faster than they are accumulated, and that he should call a halt, and rest. He should also shun the straining which comes from lifting, running, jumping, etc., so as not to throw too great a burden on the weakened blood-vessels of the lung, and avoid the risk of hemorrhage from this source.

Thomas J. Mays, M. D.

Fraudulent Mexican Antiquities.

SINCE the opening of the railroads of Mexico, which have so shortened the time and facilitated the visiting of the country, many thousands of Americans annually visit this land of never-ceasing surprises, perhaps the most wonderful of which are its antiquities and their histories. Naturally, when so many well-to-do people visit a country, they desire to bring back mementos of their trip, and the demand must be supplied in some way. Nowhere has the native better succeeded than in Mexico, where the manufacture of antiquities to supply the

traveler, the collector, the museum, etc., has been carried on for many years. The ever-increasing demand is more than met by the enterprising manufacturers.

These objects can be found in quantity in any of the antiquity-shops of the city of Mexico. They are often so cleverly made, and have been sold in such a roundabout way, that the most cautious have been deceived. But even more ingenious are the ways in which these articles are disposed of to the unskilled or to the unwary collector. One collector had unsuspectingly purchased for years of an old woman who had informed him of the trips of days to the mines and other places where she might be likely to find such objects. In one instance she had walked for ten or twelve days without obtaining anything; and then, again, for days she would watch a single excavation from which she might obtain only one or two objects. In fact, she made it her business to watch every important excavation made near the city, the result being that at each excavation she had found only an occasional object, thus keeping up the price. These she either made herself or bought of the manufacturer.

In the pottery objects, especially those made of dark clay and for sale everywhere, an enormous series was examined. Especially in one collection, which contained nothing else, the greatest freedom, and in fact skill, was used by the manufacturer. Vases described by Dr. W. H. Holmes a few years ago, about two feet in height, with a wealth of decoration in the form of heads of the Aztec type, are worthy of notice. The most remarkable objects were the large groups representing sacrificial scenes. In these sometimes as many as six or eight figures were represented as standing about a small corner of the ancient Mexican calendar-stone, on which was laid, or about to be laid, the victim. The figures were represented as engaged in various ceremonies, such as cutting out the heart; and in several instances the heart had been cut out, and was being held in the hand of one of the figures. These groups, as well as a large series of vases and other objects which are not copies of anything existing in Mexican archæology, but are also fabrications, are made by putting together such exaggerated features of Mexican archæology as would strike unsuspecting purchasers that the objects offered were remarkable Mexican antiquities. Thus one can purchase anywhere miniature copies of the water-godess, which weighs twenty-two tons, and which has recently been removed from the pedestal where it had rested for centuries to the National Museum in the city of Mexico; and many others are rarely, if ever, true copies of anything existing in Mexico.

Many objects are made of the so-called Mexican onyx or aragonite from Pueblo. These are carved in facsimile of the small stone figures found in the valley of Mexico, often in fanciful shapes, with superfluous decoration, occasionally representing animal figures, the work throughout exhibiting a certain amount of Aztec spirit. In the large number examined were masks and heads made of this material, in which had been inserted the eyes, nose, and mouth of obsidian, made by lining the cavity with flakes of obsidian, which occurs as rolled pebbles in abundance throughout the valley of Mexico, and as an entire hill at Pachuca. This obsidian ornamentation sometimes extends to the head-

dress, and in one instance obsidian flakes were inserted as ear-ornaments. Gray and red obsidian objects, in the form of masks, elephants, small idols, and other objects, are made by a peon residing in the city of Mexico. Some of these fraud objects have found their way into European museums, and in one of Europe's greatest museums I found a series, since eliminated. Recently some dozens were successfully sold in New York city to a dozen collectors.

The most remarkable object of this kind that I saw—a mask measuring about eight inches in height and six and a half inches in width, and weighing eight or ten pounds—is carved in a crude manner, and polished, representing so much work and ingenuity to make that it might easily be mistaken for a genuine antiquity. Another very abundant type of these remarkable fabrications consists of masks about the size of the human face, and jars or kettles on feet, all of which are decorated with flakes of obsidian. These jars and vases, some of which are from ten to twelve inches in height, generally show where they are supposed to have been struck in bringing them out. An examination of these breaks will show that the interior is copper. They are made of a thin sheet of copper, to which has been added a layer, an inch or more in thickness, of some earthy substance mixed with bitumen found in the city of Mexico. While the mixture is still soft these long flakes of obsidian are inserted, one for the nose, and one for the mouth, and two more for the eyes, on the masks. They are applied so that the effect is most startling; and many an unsuspecting tourist cannot but believe that he has secured a rare Mexican mask or vase, especially when the copper is visible.

While examining the ruins of San Juan Teotihuacan with a well-known guide, the conversation drifted to the camera which the writer carried; and, strange to say, the guide seemed rather to fancy the idea of being photographed. It was with pride that he informed the writer that he was the maker of many of the clay figures and other objects that are sold at the station and throughout the city of Mexico. He also not only consented to show the writer how it was done, but also to allow him to see the furnace, and the molds in which these objects are pressed or cast. The clay used to make them is very fine-grained and smooth, and when pressed into the molds took a beautifully clean impression of them. The pieces were then united, and baked in a small, low oven in the open air, alongside of the little cactus-walled abode of the potter, which contains objects in all stages of manufacture; and the manufacturer very kindly allowed several pictures to be taken of the interior of his cactus-walled hut, the entire walls of which were formed by planting and allowing the tall club to grow so close together that the walls were almost as compact as those of a log cabin.

George Frederick Kunz.

Boldini's Pastel of Verdi.

IN response to an inquiry by the editor, Mr. Boldini has made the following note of the circumstances under which he painted in Paris, in 1886, the striking por-

trait of the composer Verdi which, by his kind permission, is reproduced as the frontispiece of the present number, and which is included in the brilliant group of portraits which he has recently brought to America:

"I had just completed a three-quarter-length portrait of Verdi for his native town, when he called, one day, to bid me good-by, as he was to leave the same evening for Italy. He wore a white neckerchief, an overcoat, and a silk hat, as shown in the portrait. I begged him to stay for a few moments, so that I might make a small sketch as a souvenir; but he said, '(I have no time.) I pressed him to spare me a few moments; but he still excused himself because of his early departure. Finally, however, he sat down for a chat, and I immediately took a pastel canvas, and began to draw. So as to hold his attention, I recalled to him a scene in one of his early operas, which I had heard during my youth at Ferrara. He then became interested, and began to sing with so much emotion that the tears came into his eyes, and instinctively I made the eyes in the portrait weep also; but after Verdi became somewhat calmer I had to blot out the tears. The sitting of a few moments had lasted four hours.

"Verdi, as you will see in this portrait, was a strong man, of robust health, although somewhat nervous. His conversation is charming, and gives one the impression of a clear, simple, and attractive melody."

The composer, who was seventy-three years of age at the time this portrait was made, is now, at the age of eighty-four, reported to be failing in health.

Mr. Giovanni Boldini, one of the distinguished painters now resident in Paris, was born at Ferrara, Italy, in 1845. He has lived in France since 1872, but has not relinquished his Italian citizenship. His work, both in figures and landscape, has long been popular in America, but his portrait-painting, to which of late years he has devoted himself increasingly, is less familiar. He is an associate of both the great French art societies, and is *hors concours* at the old Salon. He was awarded a grand prize at the Paris Exposition of 1889, and was made a member of the Legion of Honor the same year.

Among his chief portraits painted in Europe, five of which have recently been shown at Boussod, Valadon & Co.'s in New York, are those of Mr. Whistler, the Princess Poniatowski, and Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg. Other portraits have been painted during his visit to America.

In general Mr. Boldini's work is characterized by dashing style, clever characterization, masterly technique, and agreeable color.

A Popular Error as to the Moravian Church.

THE Rev. Paul de Schweinitz of the Moravian Church, Nazareth, Pennsylvania, writes to protest against the literary habit of referring to teachers in the Moravian schools as "nuns," an error which Longfellow has helped to establish by his "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem at the Consecration of Pulaski's Banner." The unmarried women of the church, he says, are technically called "single sisters," but they never take any vow of celibacy or other sisterhood vow.

«But you don't need to—»

«I like being my own boss,» she said. «I've done a lot o' figuring, Jim, these last three years, and it's kind o' broadened me, I hope. I can't go back where I was. I'm a better woman than I was before, and I hope and believe that I'm better able to be a real mother to my children.»

Jim looked up at the moon filling the warm, moist air with a transfiguring light that fell in a luminous mist on the distant hills. «I know one thing, Nellie; I'm a better man than I was before, and it's all owin' to you.»

His voice trembled a little, and the sympathetic tears came into her eyes. She did n't speak at once—she could n't. At last she stopped him by a touch on the arm.

«Jim, I want a partner in my store. Let us begin again, right here. I can't say that I'll ever feel *just* as I did once—I don't know as it's right to. I looked up to you too much. I expected too much of you, too. Let's begin again, as equal partners.» She held out her hand, as one man to another. He took it wonderingly.

«All right, Nell; I'll do it.»

Then, as he put his arm around her, she held up her lips to be kissed. «And we'll be happy again—happy as we deserve, I s'pose,» she said, with a smile and a sigh.

«It's almost like getting married again, Nell,—for me.»

As they walked off up the sidewalk in the soft moonlight, their arms were interlocked. They loitered like a couple of lovers.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Political Bearing of «Three Meals a Day.»

WHEN one manifestation of a moral disease is cured, men sometimes think that the disease itself is rooted out, until another form of it unpleasantly shows itself. It is well to be optimistic enough to believe that the world is getting «better»; but it is well to be philosophic enough to understand that the evils and immoralities which were glaring in the past, even though for a time apparently cured, are likely to manifest themselves in the present and the future, though in different forms, and often in moderated intensity, until that good time coming, in this world or the next, when, the processes of evolution or of grace finally completed, «men shall to angels turn.»

Not that there is not, on the whole, visible progress made on moral lines. Public opinion, which is the regulator of public morality as well as its barometer, does not permit certain things at the end of the nineteenth that it permitted in former centuries, though it occasionally permits public crimes as black as almost any in the old days. Christian sovereigns do not, as formerly, procure the assassination of their enemies, as Philip of Spain cheerfully instigated the murder of William of Orange. Political assassination by proxy is certainly not now considered respectable. But take another form of public crime—the practice of torturing criminals, as a preliminary to execution. That is no longer a legal practice; in fact, we see the law attempt, by new and scientific methods, to make less painful the fatal ordeal. And yet we have seen in America not only a recrudescence of lynch-law, but, along with illegal execution, the illegal reintroduction of the most horrible ante-mortem tortures.

To turn to public crimes of venality, the custom on the part of kings and statesmen of paying secretly, in cash, for political service rendered by citizens or foreigners is no longer the universal practice. This custom of statesmanship and diplomacy has greatly diminished among the highly civilized nations; though not so greatly, perhaps, in their dealings with communities of inferior civilization.

Again, the purchase of votes on the part of candidates has passed from the usual and the not altogether disreputable to the unusual and the disreputable. In England, bribery at elections, even in the most indirect way, is not only minutely forbidden, but the practice, if not extinguished, works by extremely remote methods. In America, while direct vote-buying continues, it is being reduced in quantity by law and by public opinion; and in both countries it is nowadays thoroughly disreputable and dishonoring.

And yet—and now we speak only of American conditions—any one who supposes that the moral disease at the back of the various forms of political bribery has nearly disappeared is in a state of fatuous unenlightenment. It is probable that downright, obvious corruption is less than at other periods in our history, and the progress of the merit system in displacing the spoils system is most salutary and encouraging.

But the natural and desirable conflict for the means of living, the necessity of «three meals a day,» the pressure to obtain support for self and family, leads not only to the best and most ennobling uses of human energies, but tends also to a demand so universal and tremendous that, humanity being what it is, the supply is inevitably tainted in part with corruption. It is fortunate that the very constitution of the business world necessitates

at least a conventional honesty, or this infinity of pressure for support would more often lead to short cuts to obtain money for such needs. The effect of this pressure for support upon political conditions may be said to be at the bottom not only of many of the more notorious acts of political corruption, but it is at the bottom of the boss system itself.

Of course at the back of political corruption there are other passions besides the passion for the mere means of living. There is the desire not merely for the wherewithals of life, but for its more refined comforts, for its pleasures, for its distinctions; there is the «love of the game,» there is social ambition, and the love of power. The senator who virtually buys his place, either with money or with some form of patronage, is corrupt for another reason than the need of winning a decent maintenance for his family; but the money he has let loose in his State, and the federal, State, or other offices he distributes among the little army of his retainers, furnish simply a supply to the demand of their necessities. The men who, as political strikers and heelers, obtain a livelihood in politics take part in a system of corruption that, if unchecked, would eat the life out of the republic. But they have not enough imagination to realize this. They are, as a fact, often in many ways good citizens, frequently live a life largely dominated by religious emotions, and would die for their country in any foreign war, though they themselves constitute a public enemy more dangerous to the nation than any armed foe that ships can land on our shores.

The fact that, in one way or another, a considerable part of our population has set its mind upon getting all or part of its living out of the national, State, or civic government is a reason for a good part of the political immoralities of the day. In our largest American city we find just now thoroughly triumphant the principle of using the government for the direct support of the retainers of a political organization, and the indirect enrichment of certain of its leaders. The object-lesson is the more effective, in this case, because the organization happens to be a secret one, and the benefits of its success at the polls are restricted to those who are personally obsequious to a single leader. Though not in office himself, he rules the city absolutely, through the agents named by him for the various offices. The civil-service reform and other laws furnish an obstacle to the working out of the boss's plan; but ways are sought in many instances of overcoming or minimizing these obstructions. The political machine perfunctorily opposing the boss is given some of the places for its retainers, under a convenient arrangement known as the bi-partizan system of commissions. In one American community the understanding as to the distribution of offices is said to have been so amicably established that the «opposing» bosses agreed that the booty in dispute should be simply a fifth of all—in other words, that the «outs» should never have less than two fifths of the offices, the campaigns, with their «necessary expenses» and heavy contributions from the men of wealth devoted to the «good old parties,» of course going merrily on as before!

Political organizations, or machines, have become in America virtual labor bureaus. It is this that gives them much of their power, and it is partly for this rea-

son that they are the source of so much corruption. The rank and file of their active membership is made up largely of office-holders, office-seekers, and of men who expect to profit financially in some other way from connection with them. People interested in politics as such, rather than as a means of livelihood, sometimes wonder at the intensity of interest in «ward politics» on the part of factions of the large organizations. They wonder that men who care apparently nothing for political principles get so hot over the choice of petty leaders, for instance, as to «pay with their persons» to the extent of «cleaning out» halls by bodily pressure. But, bless you! that is nothing to the domestic pressure upon these gentlemen of commanding an income to obtain their three meals a day, with «extras»!

The men who run politics in the petty districts, as a rule, get a living out of it, directly or indirectly; and the larger leaders know full well that their dominance depends upon their ability to provide support in one way or another—either by cash in hand, by public office, by patronage obtained from subservient corporations, by opportunities through public contracts, or otherwise.

One reason for the demagogic attitude and the political timidity of certain politicians holding representative positions is the fact that if they should lose their seats they would be totally unable to obtain an equal income, either on account of the condition of business in their districts, or because of their own lack of business ability. Political defeat for these statesmen frequently threatens a lack of the means to obtain «three meals a day» for themselves and for those near and dear to them.

Now, when a man's living is imperiled he is not in a condition to take a disinterested view of any public question. We know how capitalists sometimes lose a sense of ethical values when their private interests are to be politically affected; we have seen the business men of a great State allow their State to be represented in Congress by «decadents,» because if the moral issue were pressed they might be in danger of losing some financial advantage in the adjustment, for instance, of tariff schedules. How, then, can we be surprised when we see ward politicians cling to corrupt and discredited bosses, and corrupt and discredited machines, when to do otherwise would mean for them the cutting off of the hope of emolument from the only source to which they are accustomed to look for a subsistence?

The «machine» is naturally, in these circumstances, supported with blind and unreasoning obedience, especially when there is mingled with interested loyalty to it a certain amount of disinterested loyalty to the party for which it is supposed to stand. It is seldom that in conventions, or in any public utterance, the real bread-and-butter reason is given for the ordinary professional leader's or retainer's loyalty to the machine. Except when off guard, he uses language which belongs to patriotism, and he tries to excite in others the sentiment of patriotic party loyalty; but the loyalty with which he deals constantly leads to an actual reversal of the moral law.

Let us refer again to the assassination of the Prince of Orange, in pursuance of the ban of the Spanish king—this time in order to illustrate the reversal of the moralities in public affairs. After several attempts by various creatures, it will be remembered, instigated by

the announced desire of the king, the dreadful deed was accomplished, to the everlasting shame of humanity. Thereupon the Prince of Parma congratulated Philip that so pernicious a man as the great and good William the Silent, one who had caused so much ill to Christianity, to the service of God, and to the king, had received the punishment worthy of his crimes! The relatives of the «sainted assassin» were promptly looked up and ennobled.¹ So, in the service of the machine which furnishes bread and butter,—and furnishes, too, those high offices which constitute an American substitute for «nobility»,—moral delinquency is regarded as a matter for reward; and good deeds, manly independence, conscientious and public-spirited action, are subjects for denunciation and political punishment.

Take the situation in the city of New York. Accord and connivance with the machine now dominant in our city government put a man under moral suspicion in the community; yet under the government of that machine interested and unmanly subserviency is, of course, rewarded as a virtue. On the other hand, interested and unmanly subserviency to the State machine of the opposite party is likewise rewarded; and any member of the legislature who simply acts as the moralists say all men should act,—that is, with honor, conscience, and independence,—every such man is marked for revenge.

That Tammany Hall should be proud to consider itself a labor bureau is natural; but its leaders are not intelligent enough to see that the strong appeal they thus make to their immediate constituents must more and more discredit them with the disinterested portion of the community. It has been amusing to note, for instance, the perfunctory fury of Tammany politicians at the importation of a few teachers for a higher grade of instruction by the Board of Education. That the interests of the children should be considered in making appointments was apparently never even suggested to the minds of the leaders; the positions to be filled were simply so many plums which should in no circumstances be permitted to fall into the mouths of outsiders. What an unconscious revelation to all intelligent voters is such a barbarous view as this of the scope and intention of the system of public instruction!

It can easily be seen that the political labor bureaus constantly tend to the lowering of their own moral standard and that of the community. If they give their energies to getting governmental employment and opportunities, and try to drive out all men of honor and sensitive conscience, they will, of course, progress downward morally instead of upward; and that is the actual tendency of the party machines as we now see them.

There are, as we have intimated, other sources of political corruption besides those connected with the search for three meals a day. That spirit of commercialism which Mr. John Jay Chapman speaks of in the «Atlantic Monthly» as having captured government in America, is responsible for a good deal of political demoralization; in fact, the struggle for daily bread in the field of government, on which we have commented, may be a mere incident of the general commercial spirit—a manifestation of the same perverted view of the functions and uses of government.

¹ «William the Silent, Prince of Orange,» by Ruth Putnam.

The only deep and permanent cure for the evil of which we write is a general increase of virtue and intelligence on the part of the people; but among the immediate practical alleviations that have been suggested are these: first, frank, direct cash payment for political services for campaign and other «organization» work, instead of reward by means of public office; thus (second) letting the offices more and more widely be filled on the merit instead of the spoils system; and (third) the interjection into politics of greater numbers of citizens who take up political duties in a disinterested spirit—of men who fit themselves, with patriotic intention, not only for practical political work, but as experts in government methods and practices—men who can turn in and do good service in campaigns as speakers or workers, and who, between elections, help to form a body of expert critics that will keep public officials up to the mark, and give tone to that public opinion which is the supreme power in every community; one way of securing this new infusion of citizenship being (fourth) the reformation of the primaries, and (fifth) a free use of the right and power of independent nomination.

The Uses of a Literary Center.

THE late Laureate's description of the typical poet as

Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love,

will apply also to a practitioner of prose when he is dealing with the obstructive persons and things of his own profession.

A case in point is that of the gentleman who recently gave expression, through the «Evening Post,» to his disappointment with New York as a field for literary employment. That journal had commented discreetly on a Western indorsement of New York city as the literary center of the United States. As a contribution to the discussion, the gentleman undertook to show that such pretensions cut a figure of no great distinction, as reflected in his own unhappy experiences.

His letter, to be sure, savored of a well-equipped mind, trained in the usual forms of literary expression. It testified to recognition as a writer in another part of the world. And yet, when he placed himself in the whirl of the literary center of the United States, his centripetal efforts were overcome by a centrifugal force which swept him forth to the verge of starvation.

No delver in the same field, who is more fortunate than he, but will sympathize with him in his disappointment and distress, as well as honor him for the manly way in which he turned to a less inviting resource. There is a gentle satire on the literary center intended in his explanation that the needed relief came, not from utilizing his several acquired languages and other accomplishments in the intellectual exchange of the metropolis, but by employing them, and the languages in particular, in a successful effort to vend soap.

It may be feared that the gentleman's allusion to his languages indicates a dependence on them in the way of literary recommendation, or as «trimmings» to the vernacular. Such versatility may be brought to the front boldly in urging soap on the polyglot population of a literary center. But the highly educated man who is trying to storm the literary defenses would do well

to keep his linguistic reserves in the background, lest they should aggravate the natural tendency of the holders of the citadel to repel scalars. English is the Excalibur of the literary center of the United States, and of him who can wield it effectively no questions will be asked, either as to how he acquired the knack, or as to his other languages. This fact does not imply a disrespect for scholarship, but indicates, rather, an overmastering interest in the vital necessities of the situation.

By his comparison of the smaller towns of the country with the literary center, to the disadvantage of the latter, as regards the ease with which the literary aspirant may obtain in them recognition for his abilities, the gentleman apprehended a great truth, but stated only part of it. The more notable part relates to the fact that in the matter of literature proper it is just as easy to gain attention in the literary center by remaining in the remotest hamlet as by fetching manuscript in person to the great mart. Inexperienced writers sometimes adopt the latter course, with the expectation that a spell may be worked by personal blandishments, or that editors and publishers will supply them with full specifications for articles and stories which, for that reason, must inevitably prove to be «available.» Manuscripts are indeed «ordered» in a literary center, but on the same business principles that prevail when a stovepipe of peculiar shape is sought from a tinsmith: the first care is to apply to an artisan who has learned his trade.

When the gentleman further shows that he cherishes the old illusions with regard to the uses of a literary center, it is easy to understand why he should have failed in the competition. An intelligent person who, after scraping acquaintance with the literary markets of New York, deliberately concludes that they are run by rings, on lines of favoritism, and that the avenues of inquiry and experimentation are difficult to a stranger, has a facet in his mind through which

neither the facts of experience nor the products of the imagination will appear in quite the proper perspective. There is no market for the literary products of a warped judgment, especially in a literary center, which is, first of all, an emporium run on a strictly commercial basis.

It is the commercial aspect which renders such a thing as a «literary ring» a practical impossibility, unless we assume that the highest attainable talent might, by accident, be found in a «ring»; but the term is always used to imply that inferior talent is being sustained at the expense of genius. No literary enterprise could long survive such a policy, except it were used as a vehicle for exploiting vanity and unlimited money. In the fair field and no favor of a literary center the stranger with a brilliant manuscript arouses more joy than ninety and nine well-known writers with productions of average excellence. Scarcely a periodical comes from the presses of the metropolis that does not contain names unknown to the reading public. The publisher who should fail to provide easy access to his editorial and counting rooms for such as they, would be as foolish commercially as the owner of a water-supply who should take the trouble to divert the rivulets of his watershed away from his reservoir. In no field of human effort is the competition so free and democratic as in the literary center of the United States. Superior talent, practically applied, will have little trouble in making room for itself; but at the bottom, where the minor work is done, as in every other profession, even the waiting-lists are overcrowded. And as for the courtesy of the anterooms, while the editors of some newspapers find it absolutely necessary to the accomplishment of their work, if not to their physical welfare, to be difficult of access, it may be doubted if in any other profession the inquiring friend and stranger has so much time and attention lavished upon him as in the editorial rooms of New York; for courtesy, as an aid to the search for the casual gem, is also one of the uses of a literary center.



OPEN LETTERS

Fights between Ironclads.

I AM asked to give a chronological list of the engagements that have taken place between ironclads, and to assign to the fight of the *Huascar* and the Chilean vessels, described in the present number of *THE CENTURY*, its significance in the record of naval warfare of this sort. Following is a list of the engagements. Of course it is not a complete list, for ironclads have taken part in various battles where the part they played was insignificant.

Iron-clad floating batteries were used in the Crimean war; but they were simply water forts which were used against land forts. The beginning of modern ocean war-

fare—that is, of ocean warfare in which steam and armor, the ram, the torpedo, and the high-power gun are the prime factors—dates from our civil war. The first and the most important of all engagements between modern vessels was the epoch-making fight of the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads, in March, 1862. Ironclads took part in many other actions in the civil war, notably off Charleston and Fort Fisher. The *Atlanta* and the *Albemarle* were Confederate iron-clad rams of note. The former was taken in an engagement with two monitors. The latter was sunk by Cushing's torpedo-boat. At Mobile Bay monitors took part in the attack on the iron-clad ram *Tennessee*.

Next in importance to the fight between the *Merrimac*

mac and the *Monitor* comes Tegetthoff's great victory off Lissa, where, for the first time, squadrons of ironclads fought each other, the Austrians using the ram with effect against their Italian foes. This was in 1866, and for the next thirteen years ironclads did very little. Then, in 1879, took place the famous fight of the *Huascar*, so well described in the present number of THE CENTURY. In 1882 there followed the English bombardment of Alexandria. In 1891, during the Chilean civil war, there occurred some very instructive actions between torpedo-boats and ironclads. A couple of years later there was a somewhat similar, but rather burlesque, civil war in Brazil; and in 1894 and 1895 occurred the fighting between the Japanese and Chinese—the most considerable fighting of the kind that had taken place since that off Lissa.

The fight in which the *Huascar* was conquered may properly be called a famous sea-fight. The *Huascar* was built in 1865, less than five years after the first ironclads that ever fought—the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*—were built, and from twenty-five to thirty years before the great battle-ships which alone are now habitually called «modern» by experts, were constructed. She was built before some of the ships engaged in Tegetthoff's sea-fight off Lissa in 1866, and she was less formidable and less modern than they were. Her two chief opponents, the Chilean ironclads, were built in 1874. They were diminutive vessels, judged by the modern standards, and were probably inferior to such an ironclad as the *New Ironsides*, which served in the United States navy during the last year of the civil war, and fought at Fort Fisher. Compared with the *Merrimac* (although not with the *New Ironsides*), the *Huascar* might be called «modern»; but compared with the *Iowa*, she is very antiquated indeed. The gap between the first ironclads and the *Huascar* was much less than the gap between her and the giant battle-ships which form the fighting-line in the navies of to-day. She had a career so dramatic that it will always be kept in mind by men who prize instances of naval heroism such as was shown both by her Peruvian commander and her Chilean foes; but this is its chief interest. Her fights have an importance, just as all fights between ironclads have an importance, for the student of the newly formed and partly tried armored fleets of to-day; but it is only as the engagements during the later civil war in Chile, and the war between China and Japan, and the bombardment of Alexandria, possess an importance. All of these fights, by the way, including those in which the *Huascar* took part, are described at length in Mr. Wilson's admirable book on «Ironclads in Action»; and excellent reports concerning the *Huascar's* fights, and concerning the British bombardment of Alexandria, respectively, have been published by Lieutenant Mason and Captain Goodrich of the United States navy.

None of these fights was in any way as important as the fights in which ironclads took part during the American civil war, or as the sea-fight between the Austrians and Italians off Lissa. The encounter between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, both genuine ironclads, marked a revolution in naval warfare as complete as the revolution which separated the era of row-galleys and hand-to-hand fighting from the era of sailing-ships which relied mainly on their artillery. Of less importance,

but still of great importance, was the fight off Lissa, inasmuch as it was the first in which squadrons of ironclads took part against each other, and the weaker fleet won, Tegetthoff with his own flag-ship, an ironclad, sinking one of the heaviest Italian ironclads.

The *Huascar*, like all the early armored ships, was clad in iron; but modern armored vessels are sheathed in steel. Sometimes the armor is backed with wood, whether fire-proof or not; sometimes it is not backed.

As yet the great modern navies are in the experimental stage, just as the sailing navies of the seventeenth century were in the experimental stage. When De Ruyter and Tromp fought Blake and Monk, the fleets on both sides consisted of all kinds of vessels, all of which took part in the *mêlée*. Custom had not crystallized the distinction between line-of-battle ships and frigates; indeed, there were no hard-and-fast lines between the different classes of ships. Nowadays, also, it is difficult to draw exact lines of demarcation among the multitudinous classes of ships; for every great nation has experimented with exceptional types of craft, and every great nation is apt to build along its own particular lines, even in the ship classes which are common to nearly all nations. Certain clearly recognized types, however, have appeared. All ships the vitals of which are defended by armor are called armored ships. But this definition has only a rough value; for if the armor is very light, it serves no purpose whatever against moderately powerful modern guns. A protected ship is one which has inside the outer works a steel deck covering its vital parts, but which has no outside armor. Virtually all modern vessels of any size are either armored or protected.

The heavy armored ship, the analogue of the old-style ship of the line, is called a battle-ship. Vessels of this class are usually from eight to fifteen thousand tons in size. They are very heavily armored, and carry huge guns of from ten to sixteen inches' caliber in their main batteries, while they have secondary batteries of numerous smaller guns, usually rapid-fire, of varying caliber. The armored cruiser represents another type, smaller than the battle-ship, with lighter armor and a lighter main battery, although her secondary battery may be even more formidable. The protected cruiser is usually much smaller, although in exceptional instances vessels of this type, like the English cruisers *Powerful* and *Terrible*, are as large as the largest battle-ships. These vessels usually have some armor in the shape of turrets, barbets, sponsons, or gun-shields. A commerce-destroyer is simply a large cruiser of great speed and coal endurance, but comparatively light armament, built primarily to run away rather than to fight, the purpose being to make war on an enemy's commerce, and to run from his battle-ships and fighting cruisers. The battle-ship is the mainstay of the navy; it is the ship which must gain control of the seas by helping to destroy the adversary's fleet; it is the only ship which can be put against his powerful ships or powerful fortresses. The heavy cruiser is handier and more seaworthy. It may fight in the line, but is more apt to be used against ships of its own class. Its cheapness and mobility, as compared with the battle-ship, are supposed to make amends for its inferiority in fighting power.

As said before, all these types of vessels grade into

one another. What are called second-class battle-ships in one navy may be called armored cruisers in another. Thus, in Mr. Laird Clowes's admirable little «Naval Pocket Book» we find all but one of the modern Spanish armor-clads classed as armored cruisers; yet they are really heavier vessels, both as regards tonnage, armor, and armament, than are the *Texas* and the *Maine*,¹ which we call second-class battle-ships, although Mr. Clowes counts the *Maine* also as a cruiser. Among the new ships building for the German navy there seems to be literally no difference between the battle-ships and the armored cruisers, so called, except that the latter are a little smaller, their armor a little thinner, and their guns somewhat fewer.

Theodore Roosevelt.

Translations from Bacchylides.

THE poems of Bacchylides, so unexpectedly restored, come to us at a suggestive time when, reviewing Tennyson's life-work, we celebrate the golden wedding of lofty thought and perfect art. It was long since pointed out that Bacchylides does not soar, like Pindar; he is not freighted with rugged intellect, like Browning; but his thought is noble, and his art has won instant recognition for its Sophoclean grace.

One of the new poems (No. XIX) is ostensibly a laudation of Athens. The first few lines are in reality the poet's own self-appraisal. Dante knew in advance his own fame, nor was he unmindful of «the beautiful style that hath done honor to me.» So Bacchylides, commissioned, like Keats, to partake of and to swell the

«Endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink,»

proudly speaks of the poet's «manifold path» of song, paved with lofty thought, and bordered with the flowers of the Graces.

«Pathway of song never-ending,
Divinely its melodies blending,
Ever its dower fresh sending—
This is the path his feet may go
On whom the Muses their gifts bestow.

«Then, too, by the Graces deified—
The Graces, wreath-winning and violet-eyed,
In all fair tasks with the Nine allied—
May he with honor encircle his lays,
And win from the Graces the wreath and
praise.

«Brooding thought of the Cean isle,
Poet's care men praised erstwhile,
Weave me now a web of song
Resplendent, fit for Athens strong,
Where love and loveliness belong.

«High is the path that thou must tread;
Beauty to thy words must wed;
Preëminent is this gift to thee
Apportioned by Calliope.»

This claim to many-sidedness can be made good for Bacchylides from the old fragments and the new poems. In addition to noble ethical sentiments, we find the most

¹ This article was written a few days before the recent catastrophe to the *Maine* in the harbor of Havana.—
EDITOR.

vidid dramatic narration. Besides the praises of the athlete, not discordant with the plastic art of a Myron, there is pathos well-nigh equal to that of Simonides. Thus, out of unknown lips breaks a lament for a child, a fragment of two lines, in a meter that may be reproduced in English:

«Ah, woe for our child, for our child!
Baffling outcry, grief has appeared to us; speechlessness
be its mate.»

Of games and athletes he has much to say—the winning race-horse of many contests, the Olympic victor, even the young girl in the favorite game of cottabus: «As often as with bended arm, while the young beau look on, she flings the wine, her white forearm outstretching.»

No less honor accrued to the Greek athlete's home than nowadays encircles as with a halo some musty judge or lawyer, happy father of a brilliant quarterback. Bacchylides, indeed, never tires of praising Ceos, his island home, one of those bright stepping-stones between Asiatic and European Hellas.

The following short poem is a serenade sung by the Cean folk before the doorway of Lachon, victor in the foot-race, on his return from Olympia:

«Our Lachon's lot from Zeus most high
Is glorious fame for foot-race, run
Near where Alpheus floweth by.

And there, ere this, with hair wreath-bound,
Olympic youths sang songs around,
How Ceos, with her vineyards crowned,
The boxing and the foot-race won.

«Thee, now, song-queen Urania's hymn
Ennobles, O thou wind-fleet one,
Of Aristomenes the son,
Thy praise as victor homeward bringing,
And here before thy lintel singing
How thou, thy way through stade-race winging,
Won praise for thy Ceos that time cannot dim.»

Among the old fragments is one Alcæus-like in tone. Unlike the more complicated meters of the new poems, its meter may be fairly approximated in English. Over his wine a man builds castles in the air, and rises from one fancy to another—first love, then success in battle, then a kingly sovereignty, the Greek tyranny, in a gleaming palace whither converge, as over beaten highways, many vessels dipping to their gunwales under the wealth of their lading.

The fragment begins abruptly in the middle of the stanza:

«. . . a charm imperious
Leaps from the cups, and with Aphrodite fires his
Bosom: hope goes pulsing through and through the
breast,

«Commingled with gifts of the wine-god Dionysus,
Raising the fancies to high and higher achievement.
Now he is sacking some city's walls embattled;
Now in thought he 's lord alone o'er peoples all;

«Now palaces shimmer with iv'ry light and golden;
Laden with wheat, o'er the glittering waters glide now
Ships that are bringing from Nile-land vast enrichment.
Drinking ever, thus and thus his heart doth muse.»

Francis G. Allinson.