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THE ETHER AND ITS NEWLY DISCOVERED PROPERTIES.

BY PROFESSOR A. E. DOLBEAR.

When Kepler discovered that the planets moved about the sun in elliptical orbits, he knew of no mechanical reason for the phenomena. He therefore assumed that each one had a guiding spirit, whose business it was to direct its motion. Such an idea as that bodies at such immense distances from each other could possibly affect each other's motions had not apparently entered his mind. How it was possible for one body to act upon another one not in contact with it, had been debated by philosophers for hundreds of years. Some thought it possible, others not. The discovery of the law of gravitation in 1683 proved that the celestial bodies did in some manner react upon each other in degrees that depended upon their distance apart. For astronomical purposes it is not necessary to inquire how such effects can be explained. The law of gravitation is not an explanation of gravitation; but Sir Isaac Newton plainly saw the necessity for some sort of a medium between distant bodies, in order that they should act upon each other. In a letter to an acquaintance, he wrote in substance that, to think that one body could act upon another body at a distance from it and without some sort of a medium between them, was so great an absurdity that no competent thinker could believe it. Further researches in the phenomena of light and electricity led him to the conclusion that there must be some medium different from ordinary matter

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that was concerned in all kinds of phenomena. He closes his Principia thus: —

> And now we might add something concerning a most subtle spirit which pervades and lies hid in all gross bodies, by the force and action of which spirit the particles of bodies attract each other at near distances and cohere if contiguous, and electric bodies operate at greater distances, as well repelling as attracting neighboring corpuscles, and light is emitted, reflected, inflected, and heats bodies, and all sensation is excited, and the members of animal bodies move at the command of the will.

Nevertheless, he did not employ this subtle spirit even hypothetically in any of his work, but kept much closer to ordinary mechanical ideas, and his corpuscular theory of light maintained itself for one hundred and fifty years. The idea that light was a wave motion in a space-filling medium had as fair a start as its rival; but Newton's name was all controlling. Young had shown early in this century that the phenomena of interference could be perfectly explained on the assumption of wave motions in an ethereal medium; but a crucial experiment that should determine which of the rival hypotheses was the true one was not hit upon until 1850, when Foucault devised an apparatus for measuring the rate of propagation of light in water, when it was found to be less than in air; while if the corpuscular theory were the true one, it would have had greater velocity in the water. That experiment may be said to have ended all controversy as to the existence of an interplanetary medium called the ether, having for one of its functions the transmission of light. It has often been called the luminiferous ether, and a great deal of ingenious experimenting has since been done to determine the velocity with which light is transmitted in interplanetary space, and is now believed to be very nearly one hundred and eighty-six thousand three hundred miles per second. That it fills all space, is not molecular, and possesses an immense amount of energy, is very certain. Its extent in every direction is so great that the light of some distant stars requires probably ten thousand years to reach us even with the speed of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second. Some of these we see to-day may have ceased to shine ages ago, and any physical change affecting their brightness could not be discovered by us for ten thousand years. That it is not made up of minute individual particles, is indicated by the character of the wave motions of light

which it transmits. These are transverse to the direction of the ray, and a gas of any degree of minuteness cannot transmit such waves. Some of these waves are shorter than the hundred-thousandth of an inch, and their amplitude less than the million-millionth of an inch, — probably less than the millionth of that small quantity. There is also no evidence whatever that bodies of matter are retarded in their motions while moving in it. Thus the earth, in its immense sweep about the sun, has an average velocity of about nineteen miles a second. If it were being retarded by the medium it moves in, the length of the day and year would be changing; but there has not been a change in the length of the day so much as the hundredth of a second within the past two thousand years; neither has the length of the year changed appreciably. Comets in the neighborhood of the sun have been seen to move at the rate of nearly four hundred miles per second, but with no trace of friction. Neither is there any evidence that the ether is subject to the law of gravitation which holds so rigorously for every particle of matter near or remote. Such phenomena are all in marked contrast to the phenomena exhibited by matter made up of the elements and their compounds. If the ether be a substance which is boundless in extent, not made up of particles, frictionless, and not subject to gravity, then it ought not to be confounded with a substance that is limited, is made up of particles, is frictionable, and is subject to gravity.

That the ether possesses an immeasurable amount of energy, is certain for many reasons. The waves we call light bring to us the energy of the sun and distant stars, and while it is in transit the ether has it. The sun radiates from his surface not less than ten thousand horse power per second from each square foot of his surface, and there are not less than one hundred million of similar bodies in sight, each pouring into the ether its proportional amount. In addition to this, there is the energy represented by gravitative stress. The attraction of the sun for the earth expressed in tons of force is three million six hundred thousand millions of millions, which, if replaced by steel telegraph wires, would require four for every square inch over the whole surface of the earth, and then they would be stretched nearly to the breaking point. This is the tension or stress that the ether bears between these two bodies; but let one remember that

there are so many millions of other bodies in the universe, each adding its own stress to that of the rest, and he will see, not only what an enormous total there must be, but also what peculiar qualities the ether must have to maintain it.

The apparent action at a distance exhibited by electrified and magnetic bodies had engaged the attention of physicists. Faraday mapped the region about a magnet, and showed that even a ray of light was twisted when in its neighborhood; while what was known as induction implied some kind of a medium different from ordinary matter, which could be put in a state of stress by molecular motions. The stress produced by an electro-magnet may be as great as two hundred pounds per square inch. What appeared singular was that these stresses overlapped. They existed in the same space without modifying each other in the slightest degree.

It was not philosophical to assume as many mediums as there were different kinds of phenomena to be explained; yet the difficulty of conceiving how any kind of a medium or ether could act mechanically in the manner observed was so great that physicists were slow in coming to any conclusion. There are three classes of physicists: First, those who are satisfied only with inductively established theories; second, those who hold only to mathematically deduced theories, and third, those who base their expectations upon mechanically established facts, and who feel but little interest in either of the others. Experimenters and discoverers are generally of this latter class.

While it is true that most physicists have for some years felt reasonably confident as to the existence of the luminiferous ether, there have been some who were ready to welcome any corroborative evidence. When, therefore, three or four years ago, Hertz discovered a method of producing, by electrical means, ether waves which could be reflected, refracted, and made to interfere in precisely the same way as light waves could, it was hailed for two reasons: First, as making it practically certain that the waves produced by heated bodies and those produced by electro-magnetic means were substantially identical. This is called the electro-magnetic theory of light. Second, as settling the question as to the ether possessing electro-magnetic relations; that is, it was the same medium as was concerned in the phenomenon of light.

This establishment of the electro-magnetic theory of light

has made it easy to understand how light waves are produced in the ether. It has been a puzzle to conceive how the vibrations of molecules could produce such waves as they do: waves in which the vibration is at right angles to the direction of the rays. We have had good evidence for many years that atoms of all sorts are magnetic, and that all magnets have what are technically known as magnetic fields; that is, the space about the magnet, within which it is able to attract and repel other magnets, and this extends to an indefinite distance on all sides. The form of the magnetic field depends upon the form of the magnet; so if a magnet changes its form, there is a corresponding change in its field. If a horseshoe magnet vibrates like a tuning fork, it sets up waves in its field; and these travel outwards with a velocity which depends upon the ability of the ether to transmit motions — not at all upon the source of the disturbance. Transfer the mechanical conception to the atoms. If they are magnets and are elastic, as we know they are, then when they are heated they are vibrating. Because they are so small and so highly elastic, they make an enormous number of vibrations per second, — hundreds of millions of millions; and the corresponding wave lengths are but small fractions of an inch. The brightness of an electric spark or of a flash of lightning is not, then, due to any visible something called electricity, but to the air particles themselves, made to vibrate energetically by chancing to lie in the path of concentrated ether waves. Everybody who has experimented with Geissler's or Crookes' tubes has seen them shine when in the presence of working inductive coils and static electrical machines, but without contact with them, and Tesla has lately shown how even filament lamps may be lighted by simply being in the space in which such ether waves are present.

The phenomenon of the Aurora is made comprehensible. It has been known as being directly related to electric and magnetic changes of some sort, and some attributed the light to currents of electricity in the rarified air. Inasmuch as air is an extremely feeble conductor, and highly rarified air a still feebler one, there was no experimental ground for thinking such an explanation to be the true one. Auroral displays are accompaniments of solar disturbances, and are most frequent and brilliant when sun

spots are most numerous, while at the same time all magnetic needles on the earth are simultaneously disturbed, and telegraphing sometimes is brought to a standstill by the strong currents induced in the wires. The new knowledge enables us to interpret the terrestrial phenomena in the air and earth as due to magnetic changes going on in the sun. The solar magnetic waves have the same velocity as light, and they cause the greatest disturbance at the earth where the magnetic conditions of the earth are most sensitive; that is, near the poles north and south.

Thus far we have considered only the properties of the ether as they are related to exchanges of motion and of energy between matter and itself; but there is one more consideration of as much importance physically and much more importance philosophically, than any of the rest; that is, the probability that matter is itself but a mode of motion of the ether. The common idea of matter has been that atoms are created particles endowed with certain properties. Some have indeed imagined that matter might have been made out of some pre-existing something; yet there are some seventy different kinds of elements, each one having properties different from all the rest, so there would be needed either seventy different kinds of substances out of which they were formed, or else these properties were impressed upon them by creative fiat.

While reflecting upon the properties possessed by vortex rings such as one may see projected from the lips of a smoker and sometimes from a locomotive, Sir William Thomson, now Lord Kelvin, considered whether it were not possible that the atoms of matter might be similar rings of ether. As the ether is frictionless, such a ring in it would be a permanent structure; that is, it would be indestructible, as we have reason to believe matter to be. It would have energy, momentum, inertia; it would be elastic, and capable of vibrating in periodic times. Its two sides would possess different properties corresponding to polarity. Different volumes of ether and different rates of volition would give characteristic atomic differences. Other characteristics of atoms have been noted. The evidence for such a theory has been accumulating fast within a few years, and there is a growing conviction that something like it must be true.

See, then, to what degree of simplicity the apparent

complex phenomena of nature may be reduced — a single space-filling medium in which different kinds of motions produce all the variety of phenomena. An atom is a whirling ring of ether in the ether. Its vibrations constitute heat; its rotations constitute electricity. Light is an undulation in the ether; magnetism a whirling motion; gravitation is ether pressure. The ability of such a ring to absorb ether waves of all such kinds as itself can produce results in exchanges in energy, and every atom has a hold upon every other atom in the universe, and every motion it makes affects every other particle; and all this through the same agency, the ether. The latter is an unlimited reservoir of energy. If every atom of matter should be annihilated, there would still be a universe filled with energy of various kinds; and if matter were itself alive, there is no corner of the visible universe where abundance of energy for maintenance is not present. This is a hint that physics gives on the question of immortality. This conception is a long remove from the ideas prevalent not long ago, and, indeed, not uncommon now, of *forces* in nature such as heat, light, electricity, etc., which governed phenomena. They have one and all been discharged from service, and there is left but matter, ether, and motion as the factors; and if matter itself be resolvable into ether, as is highly probable, there is left but ether and motion.

The sympathetic relation between matter and the ether before alluded to, by which any given kind of motion of a given atom or molecule tends to produce the same kind of motion in another similar atom or molecule, has a significance apparent at once when stated. Grant that mental action is accompanied by molecular motions of any sort, and it follows that there must be corresponding ether waves; and similarly constituted molecules in other bodies must as necessarily move in consonance with the first as if the source was heat motion upon a similar molecule; and such phenomena as thought transference would be looked for and explained as simply as the phenomena of the exchange of heat.

One may now profitably read again what Sir Isaac says at the close of the Principia, for his surmise of two hundred years ago is the well-nigh universal opinion of to-day. It shows that Newton's mechanical instincts were more to be trusted than some of his more carefully elaborated work.

THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.

BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

I DO not propose, in this paper, to discuss the legal rights of children. The one point to be considered is as to what are their moral, their ideal, rights. It is not what has been or is, but what ought to be.

What, then, are the rights of a child? Our rights over them will be more or less mingled with this first part of the discussion, though I shall take that up later on.

The first right of a child — if I may be pardoned the Hibernicism — reaches back beyond the time when the child has any existence. Its first great right is to be well born. Some one wittily says that a child cannot be too careful in the selection of its parents; and this covers a great truth. If it were possible for a child to have anything to say in regard to so grave a matter as that, it would be the most important act in the child's life. A child has a right to be well born, to be started right; not to be weighted, crippled, burdened, hampered from the outset, by physical disabilities, by moral twist or taint, by intellectual defect. Of course there is no way by which this matter can be reached except by the indirect way of instructing mankind, by elevating the moral ideals of the race. But if men and women are enlightened, so that they comprehend what they are doing, and deliberately choose the wise and the noble, then the children will be well born.

If a man knows that he has a physical defect of any kind which science has taught him may be transmitted, or if it is serious enough so that by being transmitted it may seriously cripple the child in the race of life, then he should gravely consider as to whether he has a right to be a father. A man with a taint of insanity in his blood; a man with the seed of some incurable disease, no matter what it may be; a man who has reason to suppose that, either on account of his own fault or the fault of his fathers, he may transmit some moral weakness or tendency,— such a man has no right, it seems to me, to assume the responsibility of calling an immortal out

of the unknown, and placing it, disabled at the outset, in the midst of this great world of competition that we call life. Here, then, is the first right: the right to be born, not of disease, not of carelessness, not of passion, but to be born of love; to be born of health; to be born with a clear brain and a true heart. All other inheritance a child might consent to forego, could he be sure of that.

The next right is to a happy childhood. A happy childhood! This may be taken away from the child in one of many ways. It may be taken away by the selfishness of father or mother, by their carelessness, by their indulging in perpetual fault-finding, nagging, interfering, the result of "over-nerves" on the part of either father or mother. It may be the result of a temper not properly controlled, the result of superstition. It may be because the child at too early an age is put at task-work for the sake of increasing the income of the family.

An unhappy childhood may occur, then, from one of many reasons. There are places where the children know nothing of what true childhood means,— children in mines, by the hundred and thousand, the moment they are able to work to add a penny to the household income; children in mills and factories, made to carry the burden and care of life before they have known the light of its morning. The laws of civilization are beginning to take account of conditions like these, but as yet only a few of them are reached. There are hundreds and thousands of children in this city of Boston who, as they grow up to maturity, will never be able to look back to a dewy, sunny, sweet, bright sunrise and early morning of life. And yet I believe that the child, as he or she goes on in the world, can have no finer thing than that to look back upon. And it is not merely the rest that may come of it, though that is indeed important enough of itself to make it worth our while. How many of us who, in spite of the hardship or poverty perhaps, which was hardly appreciated or realized,— how many of us who did have a happy childhood, find ourselves wandering in that old land when we are worn and weary, and finding rest and peace in sweet associations with the shadowy forms of those who walk on earth no more! It is worth while for one to keep this as a romance-land, a fairy-land, a place to which the old man can go back to unburden and refresh and rest himself for an hour.

But it means more than that. As a man goes on in life, there come great crises: hours when he needs something to hold to — when perhaps he loses his faith in man or woman; and if he has this ideal memory, there will be one woman at whose shadowy feet he will forever bow in reverence, finding an accession of trust come to him for life at large, and rise a braver and stronger man for the worship of his mother. But if he can add to this that superb respect for his father which makes him feel that, whatever else happens, however he may look upon other men, *there has been a man*, then he will find it easy to believe in humanity, in the possibilities of the future. So this may be not only comfort and peace, but also strength and support and guidance in future years.

The third right of a child is the right to be properly educated. I shall divide this part of my subject into two or three parts. It has the right to be educated into a fitness for self-support; and this is a right the importance of which is growing constantly with the spread over the earth of democracy, and with the social and industrial ideals which we believe in and cherish in this country. This is the prime end, in my judgment, of education. Teach the child, boy or girl, that he or she has come into a world that is not rich, but that is comparatively poor; a world where he has no right to take away from the store of accumulated wealth without adding at least as much, by his own effort, in its place. In other words, the first quality of manhood or womanhood, in my judgment, is this. It is the basis of all honesty in dealing with mankind. Each child should insist, as it goes through the world, on being of as much use to the world as the world is to it, so far as possible. It is not a matter of prime importance as concerns poor children alone. I do not need to insist on this side of the subject in dealing with poor children, because they must do it, whether they will or not. But I think it is of prime importance that fathers and mothers whose children do not "need" to do it, as they say, should learn the lesson, and teach it to their children. Thousands of young men are every year spoiled for the highest ideals of manhood merely because they can say, "Father's got enough, and it does not make any difference what I do." That canker eats into and eats out the essence of all manhood, until these men not only take out of the world's store of accumulated wealth, but they

become examples of all that is disintegrating and dishonoring in social, industrial, and political life. No matter how you do it, but teach your child, as a matter of the greatest importance, that it is her business or his business to look upon the things of this world, its accumulated results, as an inheritance, not earned, nor theirs of right, but something intrusted to them, and which it is their business to transmit to the next generation, not only unimpaired, but, if possible, augmented, and so made the means of still mightier good in the years to be.

When you have taught your child self-support, when you have taught it the principles of right and wrong, the ideals of a noble life, then you may enter, if you will, the other field, which sometimes is regarded as being the principal thing in the matter of education. Teach these things first that I have pointed out, — self-support, the main lines of right and wrong as they run through this world; and then for the joy of the child, for the enrichment of the child's life, put into that child's hand, if you can, the keys by which to unlock all the world's storerooms of inherited wisdom and achievement. Make the child able to enter into the world's literature. Make the child able to understand the world's achievements in poetry. Make the child able to at least catch something of the meaning of the wonders of the world's music. Teach the child at least the rudiments of the language of the world's art, so that he may walk the picture galleries of earth, and have the masterpieces of the ages speak to the imagination, heart, and soul; that he may walk the sculpture galleries of the world, and commune with Phidias, with Michael Angelo; may be able, at least, to gain a glimpse of the magnificent visions of beauty that dominated these great lives. Teach your child, after he has learned the principles of right and wrong, after he has learned how to enter into life's great inheritance, to find here inspiration, loyalty, and respect for the possibilities of mankind.

But there is one thing more. Too many educated men and women wander selfishly, aimlessly, through these fields of the world's past achievement, and become *dilettanti*, admirers only of that which is great. I was very glad — glad for what it meant, glad for our university of which we are so proud — to learn the other day of a lecture which had been

given in Cambridge by Professor Charles Eliot Norton. I suppose there is no man in America more highly, truly, and delicately cultured than is he. He is the one man fitted to be merely *dilettante*, if he chose, with every faculty and taste keenly alive to everything that is beautiful and fine in the literature, art, and architecture of the world. I was glad, I say, to find that, in addressing the students of Cambridge, he pitched his key-note to something magnificently high, something grand, when he told the students that the one thing that Harvard University ought to exist for, the one thing that they ought to place before them as the grand ideal of their lives, was a noble citizenship in this republic, — manliness, which means service of one's fellows. He told them — what I wish could be echoed in the ears of all the young men of America until they could never forget it — that as yet even this republic is but an experiment, but that it carries with it the last and highest trust and hopes of the race in the way of liberty, in the way of industrial civilization, in the way of a free and independent manhood, so that the highest outcome of the education of every young man or young woman ought to be to teach them to appreciate the value of this grand heritage that has come to us here in this country; that they should feel that the one thing that the knowledge of Greek or Latin, or German or French, of literature, of poetry, of music, of sculpture, of painting, of history, of architecture, of anything, — or a knowledge of all these things, — the one thing they ought to culminate in is simply a self-poised man. He knows that these things are to minister to one's manhood, and that with his manhood he is to minister to his country. He knows that this ministry to his country is only the indirect service which he as a man is to render to mankind.

One more right of the children, — the right to a rational religious education. I speak, and write when I have an opportunity, with a great deal of feeling on this matter; for there seems to me to be such a carelessness, such an inscrutable fatuity on the part of thousands of liberals in this country as it seems to me to be almost impossible to comprehend. I marvel at it. Many liberals seem to think that liberalism means "don't care"; means indifference; means that it does not matter; that one thing is just as good as another, and that none of them are worth much. Thousands

of people have outgrown the old ideas. They fear no more; and so they think that life is a mere race of "go-as-you-please."

It seems to me so strange that people do not understand that in this highest of all things is the last place for carelessness, for playing with the souls of their children, with the relations of their souls to the infinite Source and Father.

Teach your child false arithmetic if you will. He will get that knocked out of him very speedily in a short business experience. Teach him false geography — that the Grecian Archipelago is in the Indian Ocean. That is a matter of very slight importance. Teach him false history. It will make very little difference to him whether he can tell who came first, Richard III. or Henry VII. Teach him falsely almost anywhere else, and it is of slight importance compared with false teaching here. The world, as a result of age-long struggle, is beginning to be free, beginning to gain glimpses of light, beginning to have higher and nobler thoughts of God, beginning to see the path along which human hope is beckoning. Do not dare, then, carelessly or thoughtlessly to train your child, so that he shall become a block on the wheels of God's chariot which carries the desires, the trusts, and the longings of the race towards a better future. Train your child not as though you were infallible. Train the child to go beyond your teaching, but not to get behind it or one side of it. Train your child to keep a clear-eyed vision of the highest and last truth that God reveals, and to listen with attentive ear to the last word He whispers. This, on your peril, is the most important thing you can do for your children.

There is space only to hint a few things concerning the less important part of my subject, — the rights of parents over their children. The most of what I have to say is negative, for I believe our rights over our children are very few and very small.

What is the right that you have over your child? You have no personal, no selfish rights at all over your own child. You have invited an immortal to come into your temporary keeping; and you have only the right to treat that as a reverent trust committed to you for a while, which you are to discharge with the highest and noblest sense of responsibility which you can attain. That is your right

over your child. People have had in the past an idea, and many people think still, that they have a right to use the service, the brains, the physical strength, of the child as a mere adjunct of the family, as a source of income. If a father or mother be very poor, and the child comprehends the situation, generally there need be no force to lead the child to do what it can to add to the general support. But the right of the father to compel him is a very limited one, indeed; and it stops a long way short of the right to sacrifice the welfare, the future, of that life to even this exigency. Even for the sake of appeasing hunger in the home, I say no father, no mother, has a right to sacrifice the future of the child, so that in the years to come the child shall feel, I have not had half an opportunity to become what was possible to me.

What rights have parents in regard to exacting instant, immediate obedience on the part of children, and inflicting punishment? I think all fathers and mothers, if they will carefully look back on their lives, will confess to themselves that more than one half the time when they have quickly said yes or no to a child, it has been a matter of thoughtless impulse instead of any deliberate judgment as to what was best for the child. Now you have no right, you have not the shadow of the shade of a right, to coerce and compel the child into the shape of your own impulses, your own vagaries, your own fancies, your own whims. Some years ago I heard a man say, and he said it as though he were praising his father: "My father took no nonsense from his boys. If they didn't mind him at the first word, he would knock them down." I do not consider that very manly for a man; and I should consider it pretty mean for a brute. What right have father and mother, merely as a matter of impulse, of whim, to exact this or that, and then compel the child, at any extremity, to meet their peculiar notions? That is barbarism, not civilization. It is unworthy of men and women. You have the right only to study the nature of your child; to try to find out what is best for the child's development. And then compel that? Yes, so far as you can without injuring the child. More than that you have no right to do. But always let the child understand that it is not your whim, not your arbitrary wish, but that it is your calm and deliberate judgment as to what

is best for the child. Then the child will learn to respect you, even though he may differ from you in judgment.

This matter of punishing children in the past has been carried to the extreme of barbarism; and I think that the saying attributed to Solomon,— but that Solomon could never have been the author of if he was half as wise as he was reputed, — "Spare the rod, and spoil the child," has been the cause of no end of child abuse and of unhappy homes. I believe that you should rather reverse the saying. A thousand times more children have been spoiled, ruined, by the rod than have ever been ruined by the lack of it. You have no right to punish a child merely because you feel like it. And here again most fathers and mothers will confess that they have been in the habit of punishing children under the impulse of anger, out of personal spite; not as the result of the calm, deliberate judgment that they were doing the child a service, that they were helping the child to be what he ought to be. The answer of the boy to his father is pertinent here; and the solemnity of the meaning will be none the less even if you smile. "Johnny," said the father, "do you know why I am going to whip you?" expecting, of course, a confession on the part of the child of the particular dereliction which he had been guilty of. But the boy replied: "Yes, father, I know; it is because you are bigger than I am." That is generally the reason. You have no rights of this sort. You have only the right to train the child by love, by force if must be, but to train the child into the noblest and highest ideals of right; to let the child feel that you are the servant of that which is highest and noblest in you, and that the one thing you are to do is to cultivate and develop that in him.

There is one other right which is often claimed which I wish emphatically to deny. There are young men and women whom fathers and mothers never allow to grow up — whose lives are absorbed by the selfishness of parental love. I know cases where the mother would stand square in the way of her boy's best future out of what she calls love, but which, if you analyze it, is only a clinging, whining kind of selfishness, which could not bear the boy out of sight; a jealousy of any other love which the boy might cherish,— standing in the way of his future, and yet calling it love. There is no love about it. It is the veriest selfishness when

it comes to the point of sacrificing the welfare of the boy to this desire to see him forever by the mother's side.

Then I have known cases of young women. Because the father or mother wanted them in the home, because they wanted their service, these parents would stand in the way of the grandest right that is before the footsteps of any young woman: the right to love, the right to motherhood, the right to a home, the right to the unfolding of that which is divinest and highest in her. Do not dare to claim this sort of selfish absorption of the lives of your children as a parental right. It is not a right, but a wrong.

What, then, is the outcome? The one thing for father and mother to do is to make themselves needless just as early as possible. We do not know how long we shall be here. We need to make the boys and girls self-centred, independent, masters of themselves, masters of their surroundings, competent to deal with the practical affairs of the world, competent to choose the right and refuse the wrong, competent to walk alone or to choose their companions. We need not to get rid of them. If we bind them by the bands of love, they will stay by fast enough as long as they can; but if you bind them by any other bonds, they will snap them as soon as they are able. Push them over the edge of the nest as fast as you can — not because you do not wish them to come back, but because you wish them to learn to use their wings. Teach the children, boys and girls both, to be independent. A healthy body, a sane mind, ability to earn one's own living, a knowledge of right and wrong, possession of a key to unlock the storehouse of the inherited wealth of the world, love for father and mother that shall be deathless, a happy memory of a happy childhood, the ideal of a manhood that makes service of one's age the noblest thing to be dreamed of, a consecration to the highest ideal of God, trust in Him, a faith that can walk serenely out into the dark, a manhood, a womanhood self-poised, independent, able to walk alone, — is not that the ideal? That is the right of every child; and the only right that you have over the child is the right of bestowing this.

ISHMAELITES OF CIVILIZATION; OR, THE DEMOCRACY OF DARKNESS.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

I.

THERE is to-day in all populous centres of civilization a world of misery, where uninvited poverty abounds: a commonwealth of victims whose wretchedness fills the heart with mingled sorrow and indignation. No more pathetic scene can be imagined than the daily battle waged by this battalion in retreat, who yet struggles for a foothold on the granite of honesty and virtue. There is, however, another spectacle still more soul-sickening, because of its added blackness. Below the social cellar, where uninvited poverty holds sway, is a darker zone: a subterranean, rayless vault — the commonwealth of the double night. In the upper stratum we find gloom; here perpetual darkness. Above, the closing door of opportunity to live, the frightful pangs of hunger, and the ever-present dread of sickness shut out the sunshine of external enjoyments; still, so long as virtue and integrity remain, the inner temple is illuminated. In the sub-cellar, however, even the soul's torch goes out; hence there is twofold darkness. So long as the fires burn on the altar of morality, the soul knows an exalted pleasure, even in the bitterest want; for the mystic power of the Divine impearled in every mind holds supremacy, and the spirit stands erect. When, however, this light disappears, the soul grovels in the mire, and the incentive to walk is less strong than that to crawl and wallow in animality. In this under-world vice and crime mingle with poverty; bestial passion is the goddess of its denizens; here the acme of pleasure is reached in sensual gratification; here men do not look you in the eye; the glance, even among one another, is furtive when not defiant. *This is the real inferno.* No need to wander into other worlds for hells of God's creation. Man has made an under-world, before which the most daring imagination of poet or seer staggers. Over its portals might well be blazoned Dante's soul-freezing legend.

If its inhabitants came hither voluntarily, their conditions might merit less concern, even though they would in no less degree be a menace to society. But the truth is, the vast majority are driven hither by relentless influences, over which they have no control; such, for example, as the cupidity and avarice of powerful individuals, the selfishness of a short-sighted and indifferent civilization, reinforced by the intangible but potent influence of heredity, on the one hand, and the still more irresistible power of environment on the other.

And in this subterranean world, as in the world of hope, we find men, women, and children plying their trades and eking out an existence as fate or inclination dictates. Here, however, schools, universities, and libraries contribute little to the satisfaction of man's appetites and aspirations; but in their stead we find the omnipresent saloon, catering to all that is worst in frail humanity.

Yet it must not be understood that all pleasure is exiled; a certain kind of enjoyment remains; it is a counterfeit coin, which, however, in the absence of that which is real, passes current. It possesses none of the pure essence which endures and is refining and elevating. Moreover, the pleasures known here consume the life of their votaries, and are mingled with bitterness, which increases with each hour of indulgence. They end also in death, prefaced by an existence loathsome to even the depraved souls who reap their certain fruitage.

II.

Would you glance at the pseudo-pleasures current in this lower zone of life? Come with us as we skirt this realm, and see what it has to offer those who have recently crossed its threshold. We are in Boston, within rifle-shot of the gilded dome of the State House and the palaces of Beacon Hill, and yet we are entering this under-world. It is Monday night. At the station-house we are politely received by the officer in charge, who observes that we have chosen the worst night in the week. Saturday and Sunday, he explains, are always a kind of Saturnalia for numbers of people in this part of the city; but Monday night there is little to be seen; these people are "resting" or "broke." While he is speaking, a drunken man is brought in, — a searcher for pleasure and gratification, — who, losing reason, has been overtaken by the

law. "Do you make many arrests daily?" we asked. "Oh, yes, here is the record: For Saturday, fifty-six cases; yesterday, thirty-five, mostly drunkenness. Ah, here is the officer who will go with you." We set off, threading our way through a commonwealth of poverty and vice. Here are thousands of people herding in crowded quarters where dwelt, a few decades ago, the very elite of the "Hub."

We have now reached a nest of old buildings with an unsavory record. Here we find negroes and whites mingling together. The creaking stairways are worn and carpeted with filth; the walls and ceiling blistered with the foul accretions of months and perhaps years. It is a noisy spot; snatches of low songs, oaths, coarse jests, and the savage voices of poor wretches whose brains are inflamed and tongues made thick with rum, meet our ears on every side. The air is heavy with odors of spoiled fish, decayed vegetables, smoke from old pipes, and stale beer. From one room loud and angry voices proceed, a note of fear mingled with a threatening tone; the room seems perfectly dark. With a quick movement the officer lifts the smoking lamp from a stool in the hall, and opens the door. The scene is sickening in the extreme, one of the most disgusting spectacles in the under-world, none the less terrible because it is common. A filthy den, occupied by a young girl whose career has not yet brought upon her unmistakable signs of debauchery, save in a certain expression of the eyes and a brazen smile, which speak volumes against the liability of restoration. She is probably a Creole. A wealth of black hair falls in great waves over her head; she has a deep olive complexion; neither her hair nor her features indicate negro blood; a large head, arching brow, and eyes which once must have been extremely beautiful, for even yet, though slightly dimmed by dissipation, they are very expressive. On her countenance one detects something inexpressibly sad: the sunshine of girlishness blending with the shadow of vice. A few years before she must have been a remarkably beautiful child, richly endowed by nature with those physical charms so dear to womanhood, and which to-day are a fortune to a maiden in easy circumstances. This girl, surrounded in early life by healthy influences, schooled in virtue, and given a fair chance, would probably have graced society and added to the dignity of womanhood. But the accident of

an unkind fate willed otherwise, and now we find her in a filthy den, the air of which is heavy with fumes of liquor and other nauseous odors; her companion a low-browed, thick-necked negro. Heart-sick we turn from this spectacle, too common to the officer to even call to his face a momentary shadow of disgust. In this child of a dark fate we see a type of thousands of poor girls who seem doomed to wed despair. They may have entered life in the social cellar, where they have never seen, with anything like clear-cut vision, the line of demarcation between right and wrong. They may have drifted to the city for the purpose of making an honest living, but have been driven into vice and crime, in order that soulless greed might flourish and they still live. Or they may belong to the commonwealth of betrayed maidenhood who being betrayed have found all society's doors barred against them, lest, perchance, they contaminate innocence, brush too closely against undiscovered sin, or annoy the lepers who have accomplished their ruin, and who still move unabashed in the upper world. In any case to them birth was a calamity, life a bitter cure, death their sweetest heritage.

We leave this rookery, having caught a glimpse of life's sad quest for pleasure in the modern inferno, and traverse a street filled with brilliantly lighted saloons. The counters are thronged with scores of men seeking pleasure in guzzling beer. At the corner of the street a striking picture is presented. In the front window of a large saloon sits a company of young men and girls, laughing hilariously over their liquor. The men are boyish in appearance. One of the three women present is not a novice. Her face is typical, and carries a significant history: brazen eyes, steeled and slightly dimmed; countenance stamped with the unmistakable history of reckless indulgence, doomed to grow more terrible as she is pushed, with ever accelerating speed, toward her frightful end. The features of the other girls show small traces of dissipation. They are well dressed; a rosy flush suffuses their brows, born of excitement rather than rouge; their eyes, not yet dimmed by debauchery, sparkle brilliantly; their voices also possess a silvery ring. They seem happy, as, with rapid words, jests pass from lip to lip over the clinking glasses.

Behind this partitioned compartment, the bar, thronged

with men, is the scene of that coarse merriment which is ever found in saloons in low parts of great cities. We turn the corner, and, passing the rear of the same establishment, catch another kaleidoscopic view of the pleasures of this dismal life. Here, in a rudely partitioned box, which partially shuts it from the bar, but which opens on the street, are a half-dozen withered women, some aged before their time; others, though still young, haggard and corpse-like; their faces, like their ragged gowns, are faded, their voices harsh and rasping, their laugh barren of all merriment and carrying notes of defiance and despair. In the front of this saloon is laughing girlhood; in the rear besotted womanhood. The difference is that these poor creatures have pursued the *ignis-fatuus* a little longer than their younger neighbors — they are several rungs lower in the ladder — that is all. As we momentarily pause before this pathetic picture, one poor woman whose dull eyes are sunken far into their sockets, and whose face is of an ashen hue, rises, and, extending her long, bony finger, beckons to our company. The grin on her face, which in childhood was doubtless a smile, is so ghastly that we are thrilled with horror. Ah! poor Ishmaelites of our nineteenth-century civilization, terrible is your fate! *

Of another pastime we catch a glimpse in passing a basement poolroom. Here is a certain fascinating excitement which games of chance ever possess for the human mind, but here also we find the atmosphere which seems everywhere present in the subterranean world; fumes of liquor and tobacco are as omnipresent as coarse profanity, and still more repulsive jests.

This scene suggests another I witnessed some time ago in going through a wretched rookery in the North End of Boston. We were in search of a poor sick woman, said to be in a starving condition. Passing one room and hearing loud voices, my friend, who spends his life in relieving the suffering of the poor, quickly opened the door. Around a rude table were seated four men playing cards; the revolver by one and whiskey flask by another were as symbolic of the lives of these young men as their hardened, depraved countenances and red eyes. There was a certain ferocity in the

* In Chicago, in 1890, more than thirty girls and women attempted suicide in the station-houses of that city.

expression of their faces. In one corner of the room I noticed a man hastily throwing some things he had been handling into an old box. The moment the door opened, all the gamblers sprang to their feet, defiant and yet uneasy. Their furtive glances wandered from us to the box. My impression was that they were whiling away the day gaming for the booty or spoils of the previous night. "Does Mrs. —— live in this building?" inquired my friend. "We don't know," grumbled two or three voices, as we closed the door.

Such are the pleasures of this under-world, — as false as they are short-lived; utterly spurious; a counterfeit coin; bearing small resemblance to true enjoyment, whose influence is ever refining and uplifting. Pure pleasure is a sun which warms into life all that is noblest in nature, calling out that which is sweetest and richest, developing the flower and fruitage of a noble character; while the pleasure of which our nineteenth-century inferno boasts, bears precisely the relation to its victim which the candle does to the moth: it dazzles with its light, it warms with its heat, it fascinates with its radiance, but it destroys!

III.

Let us now examine some facts relating to this commonwealth of darkness, where vice and crime mingle with misery and want. It is with the great cities that we are chiefly concerned in the present discussion, although its baleful influence has already extended to the smaller cities and towns; for a nation takes the tone of life largely from her metropolitan centres. Dr. Lyman Abbott has well observed that "The whole country is affected, if indeed its character and history are not determined, by the condition of its great cities."

In the outcropping of the lower world in our courts, we catch a glimpse of one aspect of this problem, although it must not be forgotten that the records of our criminal courts represent a small proportion of the crime committed. Thus, for example: The prison returns for Great Britain for 1889 showed that there were fourteen thousand seven hundred and forty-seven known thieves at large, to say nothing of seventeen thousand and forty-two suspected persons. With this thought in mind, let us take up the records of New York

City. In 1889, we find there were eighty-two thousand two hundred arrests; in 1890, eighty-four thousand five hundred and fifty-six arrests. Of the number of persons apprehended in 1889, over five thousand were taken on the charge of theft or robbery, and more than five thousand for assault and battery. Another fact in this connection worthy of thought, is the enormous expense required to keep in partial check this commonwealth of darkness. The police department of New York costs yearly four million eight hundred thousand dollars.*

And what is true of the criminal records of New York is, to a certain extent, true of the smaller cities. Take, for example, Detroit, Mich. In 1890, we find there were eight thousand six hundred and ninety-three persons arrested, of which over nine hundred cases were for murder, rape, assault and battery, burglary, larceny, or robbery. In speaking of these returns, Commissioner Robinson observes: †

"The whole number of arrests for the six years (1885–90) was fifty-one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six, a yearly average of eight thousand six hundred and forty-six. According to population, there was one arrest for every twenty-three persons; but as four hundred and seventy-three persons were recidivists and figure in two thousand three hundred and sixty-three arrests, it appears that one person in every thirty-one was a prisoner for some cause or other in 1890." If we take the still smaller town of Saginaw, Mich., we find in 1891 there were two thousand six hundred and twenty-four arrests, in writing of which Commissioner Robinson observes: "The number of arrests in the city of Saginaw for 1891 was two thousand six hundred and twenty-four, a slight increase over former years. No allowance being made for reconvictions, one person in every 17.6 of population was a prisoner in the year ending March 22, 1891."

These facts merely hint at the nature and extent of the waste of wealth in our cities, caused chiefly by the subterranean vaults of social life. The financial aspect, however, is unimportant in comparison with the ethical significance. Whatever adds to the sum of human misery, increases the volume of crime, lowers the standard of morality, entails physical weakness, mental imbecility, or moral degradation,

* "Darkness and Daylight in New York," pp. 499.

† Ninth Annual Report of Bureau of Labor Statistics of Michigan, pp. 491.

rises above all financial considerations, and is of supreme importance.

In descending into the under-world, we find no monotony or sameness in life. There are many gradations in crime and vice. Here we see the murderer, the thief, and the burglar; the gambler, the courtesan, and the confidence man; the bully, the sneak thief, and the common drunkard, who, like a maniac, is always a possible murderer. Here also we find pedagogues in crime, as well as, what is still more soul-sickening, traffickers in vice. Some striking illustrations of these phases of life are necessary, in order to impress terrible facts vaguely believed but not realized by the great majority of our thoughtful people; for a typical case pictures in miniature a particular class or condition more impressively than any amount of generalizing. Doubtless few people realize that there are Fagans in real life to-day no less terrible than Dickens graphically pictures in his fiction; and we need not go to London or Paris to find them; they are flourishing at our own door.

A most striking illustration of this character was given to the public in the well-known case of David Smith, which was widely discussed at the time of his apprehension and conviction, a little over two years since. The story, briefly stated, is as follows: Edward Mulhearn, a youth of fourteen years, who lived in a neighboring town and was rather wild, ran away from home to seek his fortune in New York City. After he had exhausted his resources, and while debating in his mind the advisability of returning home and his probable reception from a somewhat stern father, he was accosted by David Smith, who cordially invited him to his boarding-house. Delighted at the prospect of supper and bed, the boy accepted the invitation, was taken to one of the worst lodging-houses in the city, introduced to Smith's friends, and by his newly found protector flattered and cajoled. "I will make a man of you in less than a week," exclaimed Smith. The next week was one of license; the modern Fagan determined to "show his little friend the city," with all the terrible significance of that expression when uttered by one hardened by years of vice and crime, and who is determined to thoroughly compromise his victim, while firing all that is worst in his nature. Next, Edward was shown how carelessly the women carried their purses; how often they were merely

slipped in the outside pocket of their wrap. Edward was assured that it was an easy thing to take them. He was induced to make the attempt. He succeeded, and was a few dollars the richer. The boy was complimented by Smith and lionized in the den, where the easily acquired wealth was squandered. His self-appointed guardian, being a positive nature, soon psychologized the youth. The friend and protector now became the iron-hearted master, and the boy a servile slave. He was next taken or sent on several thieving raids. When, however, Smith was not present to direct him, he rarely returned with any booty. This was naturally very unsatisfactory to his master, who saw little revenue to be gained from a poor thief. His fertile brain, however, soon hit upon another expedient. One morning when Edward returned penniless, our modern Fagan deliberately locked the door; the boy was then securely bound, after which his arms were horribly burned with heated irons pressed deeply into the flesh. The frantic shrieks and pitiful entreaties of the poor lad produced no effect upon his callous master, who into the wounds poured acid which greatly inflamed them. He was now ready for Smith's purpose, and, after being assured that he must beg money and beg *effectively*, if he did not wish his arms *burned off*, he was sent into the street, Smith, however, did not allow him to get beyond his sight. He was compelled to tell all who were willing to listen a most pitiful story of how, while hard at work in a factory, he was crippled by having some poisonous acid fall on his arms. Edward begged faithfully each day under the close surveillance of his master, and at night turned over a goodly sum, in return for which he received scanty food and a filthy bed. Smith, meantime, was spending his nights in the reckless abandon characteristic of an old debauché who has sounded the lowest depths of vice. One day, however, Edward's father, who was searching New York street by street, discovered his boy. Smith was arrested and sent to the penitentiary. This is doubtless an extreme case, and yet events are constantly coming to the surface which show how prevalent is this pedagogy in crime. Inspector Byrnes some time ago observed that during the last two or three years, at least four hundred boys and young men had been arrested for crimes originating in low lodging-houses, which are the headquarters for our modern Fagans.

There is another pursuit in this under-world even more terrible than this systematic schooling of the young in theft, — a crime so revolting that it is seldom mentioned, and for this reason is gradually growing to enormous proportions. I refer to the traffic in girls. The terrible revelations of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a few years since, sent a shudder through all civilized lands, because, in addition to the horrors of the crimes depicted, they revealed two startling facts: the prevalence of this polluting white-child slavery, and, secondly, that at the head of fashionable society stood the battalions of social lepers, for whom these wretches plied their infamous trade. The author of a recent work * on the dark side of Chicago life, commissioned a number of earnest, high-minded persons to investigate this phase of evil in his city. The results were appalling. These commissioners found that many women were engaged in this loathsome traffic. Incoming trains are frequently boarded. The young, unsophisticated country girl was readily recognized; her acquaintance easily made, after which friendly conversations elicited all the procuress desired. If the girl proved to be a stranger and had no one to meet her, she usually fell an easy victim. This, however, was only one of many methods employed to decoy to ruin the innocent. It has, until recently, been the custom of some of these procuresses to obtain visitors' tickets, by which they were enabled to enter the wards of the County Hospital at Chicago at all times. Here they watched for attractive girls who were convalescent. The fact that they were in the County Hospital proved that they were without resources; and with false promises of lucrative pay for easy and honorable employment, they led them to a fate more terrible than death. The author of the work referred to above, states that he has been authoritatively informed that the warden of the County Hospital had recently called in several visitors' tickets, and now demands a more thorough examination into the standing of those who apply for tickets, because of having discovered the terrible work going on. I have only room for one case cited; but it will illustrate the horrors of this traffic in human virtue, and should prove a warning to parents. The noblest and purest girls of to-day may be ruined, in spite of themselves, in our great cities; and owing to that false sentiment which would

* "Chicago's Dark Places."

conceal from the onward-moving victims the pitfalls which lead to death, armies of pure and noble girls year by year fall into snares hidden from view until too late.

Here is the story to which I have referred: —

A girl, not yet fifteen years of age, came up from a town in a neighboring state. She had been a clerk in a grocery store in her native town; and things not being so comfortable at home as she desired, the thought that in Chicago work could be found and an independent living made, urged the child to leave home and come here. After she had been here a few days, the weather being cold and frosty, she slipped on the curbstone and broke her ankle. Helpless and alone, without home and money, there was but one place for her to go, the County Hospital, and thither she was sent. After awhile she was removed to the hospital at Dunning, where she remained for several months. Just as she was about to be discharged, a woman came, and, passing through the ward, spoke to her, and asked if she wished a good position as a nurse-girl. A glowing account was given to her of the sweet and beautiful children and their elegant home, surrounded by all refinements; and the poor child, her imagination thus worked upon, asked the doctor if she might be discharged. The physician gave her the permit to leave; she was brought by the woman into the city; a hack met them at the depot, and she was taken to a house of shame, and there kept under lock and key for a lengthened period. A lady commissioner, visiting the house, was heard by the imprisoned child pleading with another of the girls to leave her life of sin; and the final plea struck an attentive ear: "If you do get tired of this place, come to us at —— and we'll care for you!" The young prisoner determined, if possible, to escape; and a few days later, her door being accidentally left unlocked, she ran out, and, escaping detection, found her way to the house, where loving hearts were ready to welcome and help her.

Thus far we have caught a few glimpses of the horrors of the abyss, have heard some distant plaints from the inferno of our civilization, some notes from the symphony of despair; only enough, however, to hint at the measureless misery of this world of gloom, where bloom no fragrant flowers, and from whence hope and joy, inseparable companions of the uncrushed soul, have forever departed, the democracy of the

night, typified by the bat and the owl, the lizard and jackal, the wolf and the dull-eyed serpent. Ah! poor Ishmaelites, your sins are many; but you also have suffered from the weight of a world's selfishness, and you have been denied justice and education, which are the handmaids of progress.

IV.

I now come to notice a few basic causes of the appalling increase in crime at the social nadir, an idea of the tropical growth of which may be gained by noting the facts that in 1889 the number of murders known to have been committed in this country were three thousand five hundred and sixty-eight. In 1890 there were four thousand two hundred and ninety; and in 1891 this mania for human life had so increased that the records show five thousand nine hundred and six murders known to have been committed,— an increase in two years of two thousand three hundred and thirty-eight murders. Now, it must be evident to the most casual observer, that there are certain potent causes operating in such a manner as to increase the borders of this commonwealth of social night. Space prevents my touching upon more than three or four which seem to me to be most immediate in their baleful effects.

1. *The decline in integrity, incident to the rise of the present speculative age, and the ascendency of the aristocracy of the dollar.* — It would be impossible to estimate the evil effects upon the social cellar of the rapid accumulation of wealth by extra-moral methods, which has attained such general currency during the past three or four decades, and which, while not necessarily transcending the letter of our criminal law, outrages every principle of justice, humanity, and moral rectitude. But it is safe to say that upon no class of people, unless it be the world of wealth, at the head of social life, has the injurious influence been more marked than upon those who dwell at the social nadir. They are not moles, these children of the cellar; many of their number are among the shrewdest and most alert of men; they quickly recognize any deflection from rectitude on the part of those who profess respectability. From the lips of many who have fallen within the clutch of the law, we have heard self-justification on the score of having merely imitated the kings and barons of the commercial and speculative world,

showing how closely they follow the questionable movements and methods of the Napoleons of modern finance. Now, this under-world has beheld what all thoughtful persons have noted who have watched the ferocious struggle for fortunes in recent years. They have seen shrewd, calculating men, who in secret council have determined upon a speculative movement by which they expected to reap in a few hours, or days, millions of dollars, the success of which depended upon their ability to deceive those who still had faith in the integrity of man. They have seen the minions of these commercial brigands for weeks, and sometimes months, industriously engaged in circulating false and intentionally deceptive reports upon the street and through the press. They have watched the grand *denouement* — the crash of fortunes, the wreck of banks, the despoliation of hundreds, and the consequent suicide of not a few; while the calculating conspirators, who from the beginning held the winning hand, have emerged with millions of plunder, amid the applause of a society so morally enervated that justice and human rights sink into insignificance before the gold of the successful bandits. They have also observed the rise of men, not by honorable competition, but by crafty and cunning methods which have enabled them to relentlessly crush out all competitors, and thus, over wrecked hopes, honest toil, and ruined fortunes, climb to the heights of the many times millionnaires. And they have also seen the still more common spectacle, of men acquiring millions through the aid of injustice, in the robe of special privilege, and that still more cruel wrong, the scaling down of wages of the toiling multitude to the starvation line. They have time and again seen poor girls and haggard men pushed to the brink, nay, even driven into the lowest cellar, through these ruthless destroyers of the happiness of millions; and then, when for policy's sake, or as a sedative for some latent twinge of conscience, or yet because they wished the applause of the multitude, they have carelessly written a check for the church, or with easy grace have tossed a bag of gold to some theological school, some library, or for a popular charity, they have beheld the sad spectacle of the church, the city, or the society greedily clutching the polluted wealth and applauding the giver; while the nation raised sycophantic cries of adulation. Ah! these scenes of shame have not escaped

the watchful vigilance of the shadows who glide to and fro in the darkness below. The prevalence of this moral bankruptcy has exerted its influence upon the under-world. "What is right above is right below; we may not proceed as cautiously, our course may be more direct, but we will acquire what we gain at a less expense of human happiness, and less loss of lives to the victims." Such is the philosophy of the sub-cellar; and who can gainsay its truthfulness? We often talk of the moral miasma which comes from the submerged millions; it would be well for society to pay more heed to the scorching rays of avarice, which from above are withering millions of souls, drying up the fountains of human hope, peace, and joy, and enervating the integrity of a nation.

2. *Unjust social conditions, especially as they relate to taxation.* — What is true of the evil suffered in the social cellar is almost equally applicable to the sub-cellar; for the crowding of people in squalid dens brutalizes and criminalizes; and so long as landlords have comparatively low rents to pay for old, rickety, disease-laden, and vermin-infected rookeries, they will not replace them with clean, healthful, or more commodious buildings; and while vacant lots, adjacent to a city are lightly taxed, land speculators will hold them out of the reach of the poor. Thus, our present system of taxation acts as a two-edged sword: it encourages the landlord to preserve as long as possible the most wretched old buildings, and it practically bars the poor from securing homes near the outskirts of the city. A recent writer on social problems has pointed out the important fact that, frequently wealthy people buy tracts of land on which live poor tenants, tear down the buildings, and leave the land vacant, because they do not want the poor near them. Thus the gulf is even in environment, widening day by day between the rich and the poor; and as one author suggests, Fifth Avenue loathes the slums, and the slums hate Fifth Avenue. The present system of taxation is essentially unjust: it places a fine on industry; it favors the avarice of landlords; it adds to the misery of the slums, and increases our criminal population.

3. *Another fruitful source of crime is unrestricted immigration.* — Says Superintendent Byrnes:* "It has fre-

* "Darkness and Daylight in New York."

quently been stated to me by thieves that a large number of foreign criminals have their passage paid to this country by the authorities in their native lands or by somebody else. When they land here they have no money, or very little, and they immediately seek a cheap lodging-house, where they can live for almost nothing, meet people congenial to them, and be put in the way of again engaging in criminal pursuits." To what extent this is true, we cannot say; certain it is, however, that large numbers of criminals, who are closely pressed by the authorities in the older civilizations, or who view the new world as an El Dorado for daring souls, do drift penniless to our shores, and thus immensely aid in swelling the volume of crime. Our immigration laws should be more stringent. Our nation should cease to be the asylum for the moral wrecks of the world, at least until we have better facilities for reformation than those in operation at present. As the case now stands, the criminal emigrants, as well as thousands of penniless incomers, drift to the cheap lodging-houses, which are already swarming with the lowest and most vicious of our people. And thus the dead sea enlarges its banks; crimes increase; prisons, almshouses, public hospitals and insane asylums are crowded to overflowing.

4. *Great as is the reinforcement given* to the lower world by immigration, its influence in this respect is meagre compared to *the cheap lodging-houses*, which, as one careful writer avers, more than counterbalance in evil all the good resulting from free lectures, reading-rooms, and all other agencies of reform. In the city of New York there are two hundred and seventy of these houses. The price of a night's lodging is from twenty-five cents down to three cents a "spot." At most of them the price is below fifteen cents a night; and in these very cheap quarters we find filth, vermin, foul odors, and everything repulsive — nothing inviting. Here congregate the most wretched, dilapidated, and vicious of our people. In some of these houses men and women pay for a hammock, in others for a bench; while still others pay a few pennies for a spot on the floor. Superintendent Byrnes declares that "they have a powerful tendency to produce, foster, and increase crime. They are," he continues, "largely the resorts of thieves and other criminals of the lowest class, who here consort together, and lay plans for crime. During

the last two or three years, hundreds of young men have been arrested for crimes that originated in these places. In many cases it was the first step in wrong-doing." He then recounts the following significant facts, which illustrate the legitimate fruits springing up from the poisonous atmosphere of the cheap lodging-houses: *

"Lying on my desk are two tintypes of the cheapest sort, evidently taken in the Bowery. They represent two young 'toughs,' each holding a pistol at the head of the other. They were taken from the pockets of the young fellows, who were brought into my private room on charges of robbery. These photographs interested me, and I asked the boys how they came to be taken in that style. 'Oh,' they answered, 'we held a pistol up to the head of a man one night and got his money, and we just thought we would like to see how we looked when we did it.' They seemed proud of their achievement. I mention this as an illustration of the sort of young criminals the cheap lodging-houses turn out."

That we may gain a more comprehensive idea of the magnitude of this evil, let us note some facts in relation to the lodging-houses of New York City. According to the official report of the police department, there were in 1890 four million eight hundred and twenty-three thousand five hundred and ninety-five lodgings given in New York's two hundred and seventy lodging-houses. Of this number one million four hundred and fifty-two thousand and twenty were given in the sixty-four houses found in the eleventh precinct. Thus we find thirteen thousand two hundred and fifteen people on an average sleeping in these nurseries of moral and physical contagion each night; while in the eleventh precent alone, almost four thousand persons, on an average, are huddled together nightly in filthy quarters.

5. *Next we notice the saloon*, the supreme curse of the nineteenth century, because its influence extends in all directions; and wherever it is felt, human misery, degradation, and moral eclipse follow. It is the devil fish of our present civilization, whose every tentacle crushes to death. It pollutes politics; it degrades manhood; it makes a possible murderer of every victim; it fills the slums with want and wretchedness; it crowds to overflowing our jails, and is

* "Darkness and Daylight in New York."

a leading factor in populating insane asylums, almshouses, and the Potter's Field; it destroys the physical strength of manhood; it beclouds the intellect; it obliterates moral integrity. But towering above all this, its crowning evil, and that which makes its existence the national crime of the age, is its effect upon the guiltless. Through it more innocent suffer than guilty. The wife, the prattling children, and the unborn child each bear the mark of its curse. This is the phase of the problem which makes its toleration a crime of measureless proportions. The supremacy of the saloon affords a most impressive illustration of the possibility of a whole nation becoming morally anæsthetized by a curse constantly before its vision, and whose wealth is lavishly used to quell all opposition which would deal it mortal blows. We build insane asylums and incarcerate madmen, for the protection of the lives of their families and others; but here we find a nation giving the stamp of legality to a traffic which is daily so maddening its slaves that they are murdering the innocent and defenceless. We imprison thieves, that society may be protected; but here is a traffic, licensed by a Christian nation, which takes from thousands of lives every gleam of hope and happiness, clothing bodies in rags and minds in perpetual fear. If the saloon cursed only its victims, the case would be different; but it is the gloved hand behind the automatic victim which is responsible for a large proportion of the crimes against the innocent, yearly committed. Let me illustrate: A New York journal* recently published a careful summary of the history of twenty murderers who have expiated their crimes upon the present public scaffold in the city of St. Louis, Mo. Of this score of murderers all but four committed the crimes for which they were executed while under the influence of liquor; while a number of the murders were primarily caused by drink, or, in other words, the victims were those against whom the drunkards had no more grudge or motive for murder than a maniac exhibits when he kills his best friends. I have only space for a brief record of one of these murders, but it is sufficient to illustrate the point I am making, that the saloon to-day is the primal cause of many of the most heinous crimes against the innocent.

"At the age of twenty-three, young Patrick O'Shea, a

*The "Voice."

sturdy mechanic, married a beautiful girl named Lizzie Welsh. No happier couple existed than they, and at the end of two years a little boy stranger was added to their family circle; but a cloud appeared on the horizon. Pat began to spend his wages in drunken debauchery, and their once happy hearthstone was becoming anything but a home. His wife struggled on, earning by the wash-tub food and clothing for herself and boy; and often did her crazed husband, returning from a drunken carouse, compel the weary wife and mother to give up what few dimes she had earned during the day, that he might spend the same for rum. Things went on from bad to worse. Willie had grown to be a strong boy of eleven, until, one awful day in March, the patient mother, returning from a long day's work, found her husband sleeping in a drunken stupor. Silently tiptoeing about the room, she quietly prepared a frugal supper, and, lovingly tapping him on the shoulder, — for she loved him still, — said: 'Awake, Pat, and get a bite to eat.' He did awake. 'Whiskey,' he demanded. 'Give me some money!' But there was no whiskey and no money. He overturned the table, cursed and blasphemed until, with demoniacal rage, he drew a knife, and caught his wife by the throat. Brave little Willie seized a poker, and struck the father, then fled, followed by the crazed parent, knife in hand. Pat, unable to overtake his son, rushed back to the house, and locked the door. Little Willie, from the outside, heard a short, sharp struggle, a shriek, and a fall. The father staggered to the door with the knife dripping with blood, and the poor boy saw his loving mother writhing in the agonies of death, her entrails lying upon the floor."

There is still another indictment, as grave as this last, to be brought against the saloon, and that is found in its influence on posterity. It is calling into life a generation of maniacs and murderers, who come into the world predestined to curse society. This fact was recently impressively emphasized by Hugues Le Roux in a thoughtful paper on "Phases of Crime in Paris," in which he cites the eminent Dr. Paul Garnier, chief medical officer of the prefecture of police, as authority for the statement that in "Paris, during the past sixteen years, lunacy has increased thirty per cent." Here is an appalling statement, and the author continues: —

The progress of alcoholic insanity has been so rapid that the evil is now twice as prevalent as it was fifteen years ago. Almost a third of the lunacy cases observed at the Depot Infirmary are due to this disease. Every day it declares itself more violently, and with a more marked homicidal tendency. The accomplice of two thirds of the crimes committed, upon whom the criminals themselves throw the responsibility of their evil deeds, is alcohol. *It visits upon the child the sins* of the father, and engenders in the following generation homicidal instincts. Since I have frequented the haunts of misery and vice in Paris, I have observed gutter children by the hundred who are only waiting their opportunity to become assassins — the children of drunkards. Moreover, there is a terrible flaw in these young wretches — a flaw which doctors do not observe, but which the psychologist sees clearly and notes with apprehension — the absence of affectionate emotions ; and as a matter of fact, if these criminals are neither *anesthétiques* nor lunatics, their characteristics are insensibility and pitilessness.

The terrible influence of liquor upon the civilization of to-morrow is further emphasized by this author in the following words : —

A few months ago I was present in Dr. Garnier's consulting-room, watching the prisoners from the dépôt filing past. We were informed that a child had been brought by its parents to be examined. These people were shown in ; they belonged to the respectable working class, and were quiet and well mannered. The man was the driver of a dray belonging to one of the railway stations, and had all the appearance of a stalwart workingman. The boy was barely six years old ; he had an intelligent, rather pretty face, and was neatly dressed. " See here, Monsieur le Docteur," said the father, " we have brought you our boy ; he alarms us. He is no fool ; he begins to read ; they are satisfied with him at his school, but we cannot help thinking he must be insane, for he wants to murder his little brother, a child of two years old. The other day he nearly succeeded in doing so. I arrived just in time to snatch my razor from his hands." The boy stood listening with indifference and without hanging his head. The doctor drew the child kindly towards him, and inquired, " Is it true that you wish to hurt your little brother ? " With perfect composure the little one replied : " I will kill him ; yes, yes, I will kill him ! " The doctor glanced at the father, and asked in a low voice, " Do you drink ? " The wife exclaimed indignantly : " He, sir ! Why, he never enters a public-house, and has never come home drunk." They were quite sincere. Nevertheless, the doctor said, " Stretch out your arm." The man obeyed ; his hand trembled. Had these people told lies, then, in stating that the man had never come home the worse for drink ? No ; but all through the day, wherever he had called to leave a package, the people of the house had given him something to drink for his trouble. *He had become a drunkard without knowing it*, and the poison that had entered his blood was at this moment filling the head of his little child with the dreams of an assassin.

V.

What is to be done? In my judgment the *initial step* to practical and enduring reform is the patient, exhaustive study of the social cellar. We must systematically examine into the great root causes of poverty, vice, and crime, and also the bearing of the social cellar to the world above. We must accumulate statistics and facts, not for the purpose of proving any special claim, but that we may arrive at the truth, and thus show precisely where the root evils lie, and the relation of each to the sum total of crime and misery. Armed with these facts, an agitation can be inaugurated which will result in a revolution of measureless importance to civilization. But to do this, we must have (1), organization; (2), sufficient means to properly prosecute the work; (3), consecrated lives — persons willing to devote their best service to the noblest of crusades. All these requisites the Church possesses; and if the spirit of the great Master, Whose life was a prayer for the social cellar, still blazes within her sanctuary; if, indeed, the spell of the golden calf has not become more powerful than the golden rule, she can, by embracing this supreme opportunity, win back the millions Jesus declared He came to seek and to save, but whom she has alienated by withdrawing from them. And what is more, she can work a revolution for humanity which will change the front of civilization, while she touches with her sweet, inspiring influence millions of our fellowmen who are now struggling without hope. This great reform might easily be inaugurated by a union of churches. If half the churches in any large city would unite, the solution of the problem of the social cellar would be an early achievement, because they possess the requisites — *organization*, *resources*, and *earnest lives*, ready to give their best service to the supreme demand of our day and generation.

I will outline a plan of work, merely as a suggestive measure, which I believe would be thoroughly practical, and which would ultimately result in the inauguration of an educational agitation, which would inevitably mean a peaceful but radical revolution; while its immediate results would outweigh, although not necessarily interfere with, present work along charitable lines, it would also bring the Church into touch with the lower world. Of course, I only give these

views as hints of what I believe would prove feasible if any considerable portion of the ministry and their communions in our cities appreciated the great need of immediate measures of relief and reform, and the necessity of placing the principles enunciated by Christ and exemplified in His life, above all considerations of fashionable plutocracy. I would suggest that in each church the minister and all deeply interested in the cause of human brotherhood organize themselves into a band, pledged to the double work: first, of scientifically and impartially studying the root causes of poverty and crime, and the results flowing from these causes, from ethical, economic, and social points of view; also the relation of these curses to posterity; and second, to the labor of aiding this submerged world with immediate succor. I would have the band of each congregation adopt a simple, broad but binding pledge, and further elect officers who would constitute a governing board for that special battalion of light; the pledge for the members should carry absolute and unquestioning obedience to the commands of the superior officers or the board. It would be absolutely necessary, it seems to me, to adopt a pledge of obedience as binding as that of a military organization, in order to secure the best results. The governing board for each congregation should affiliate with those of all churches in the movement. And here I would suggest that the governing boards of all the affiliated bodies elect superior officers, under whose direction each board would work precisely as subordinate officers in a regular army. In this manner there would soon be formed a magnificent organization representing the flower of all the churches under perfect discipline, and prompted by the single desire of elevating civilization and ennobling manhood and womanhood.

The work could be divided into two distinct divisions: one devoting its energies to the temporary relief of the poor and the rescue of individuals; the second working for the abolition of the curses which are prime causes in producing poverty and crime. It would be the duty of division one to systematically carry on palliative work by establishing coffee-houses, free reading-rooms, free concerts, lectures, industrial schools, and factories for those temporarily out of employment. This work would have a healthy and uplifting influence, while relieving wretchedness and bringing gleams of

hope into otherwise rayless lives. The labor of the second division would, of course, be vastly more important. Upon its committees and the individuals employed would devolve the duty of carrying on the most critical and scientific investigation of the various aspects of life in the submerged world that has ever been attempted. The work in this department should be divided into several sections; the duty of each section to collect data, statistics, and facts relating to crime and poverty. All arrests should be noted, the cause and, as nearly as possible, the expense of each case, as well as the penalties imposed; the history of criminals, their antecedents, the causes which led to crime; the approximate influence of competition, unjust economic conditions, intemperance, and other evils, as well as the influence exhibited by environment and the law of heredity, in each case examined. Criminology must be studied as a science — so must life in the slums — before we can get the authoritative data essential for a victorious crusade. We must obtain indisputable facts, be able to assign to each evil its proper place, classify the cardinal causes of poverty and crime, and the relation each bears to the sum total. Once set in motion this machinery, and an educational agitation will be inaugurated as irresistible as the Reformation, ushered in by Luther, in Europe, or the twenty years' anti-slavery agitation of Wilberforce, in England. Monthly meetings should be held, where all important data and information gathered should be classified and incorporated in carefully prepared reports; and ministers should devote at least one sermon a month to this great work, presenting the facts gathered in the most effective manner. Collections should be taken up regularly, and each congregation or community canvassed for subscriptions for the effective and vigorous carrying on of the work. Carefully prepared bulletins containing tables of statistics and data obtained and the central facts secured, should be published at least every three months. In this manner the conscience of our civilization would be stirred to its profoundest depths.

If this great question is to be solved peaceably, it must be solved at an early day; and if the solution is to come from above, it will be essential to have absolute facts upon which to base the indictments and carry on the agitation. Mere sentimentality will not answer. We must have incon-

trovertible data upon which to base our arguments. And to secure this, it is necessary to have *organization and concerted action*, *money* to properly prosecute the work, and *men and women* willing to devote their lives to the noblest crusade for the emancipation of our fellow-men ever undertaken.

I have a firm and abiding faith in the future. I believe that the education which has become so general, the inventions which have woven a world into a family, and the strides of science, with its multitudinous blessings, have brought civilization to the threshold of a new day, in which brotherhood will triumph over class or condition; in which the ideas of ancient days, which have enslaved the brains of men, favored the development of the selfish and sensual side of man's life, and degraded the position of women, will disappear. I believe, despite the sneers of self-satisfied conservatism, that the heart-hunger of the age for a higher, broader, and purer life is a prophecy of the accomplishment of that vision of the ages of which prophets, philosophers, and sages have caught luminous glimpses, and which every aspiring soul, since the morning of our race, in moments of holy exaltation, has yearned to enthrone in the royal chamber of the mind — that ideal life which, held on the sensitive plate of human thought, is, generation by generation, being rapidly developed, until even now we behold a splendid prophecy of a dawning reality.

But while entertaining this firm conviction, I do not for a moment lose sight of the more vital truth that upon us devolves the responsibility of ushering in this approaching day by prompt, conscientious, and persistent labor for the elevation of the children of the social cellar; for the emancipation and redemption of civilization's miserables, and securing for all who are oppressed that full-orbed justice embraced in the golden rule, and without which there can be no enduring civilization.

THE LAKE DWELLERS OF SWITZERLAND.

BY WM. D. McCRACKAN, A. M.

THE earliest traces of man's existence which have been found in the territory covered by modern Switzerland, are represented by some fragments of basket-work imbedded in a lignite formation at Wetzikon, near Zürich. Geologists recognize two glacial eras as having passed over the country, and this lignite is the vegetation, now carbonized, which sprang up after the retreat of the first ice and before the advance of the second, so that the presence of man in these regions has been established during a period the antiquity of which can only be estimated by geological formulas.

Man's next appearance dates from the time when the second glacial era was on the wane, and the outskirts of the country were already free from ice. Traces of a primitive people, known to antiquarians as Troglodytes, have been discovered in a few isolated caves at the foot of the Salève near Geneva, at Villeneuve, and notably at Thayngen near Schaffhausen. At this last place a cave has been exhaustively examined, and has amply rewarded the pains expended upon it; for besides a mass of flint and bone implements, the searchers came upon a bone fragment upon which the image of a reindeer was engraved. The drawing is so good, that there was some excuse for the incredulity with which its appearance was popularly received. Amongst the contemporary fauna may be mentioned the mammoth, the woolly haired rhinoceros, two species of wild bull, the elk, the cave bear, and the hyena, besides a number of animals still existing in Switzerland. These Troglodytes knew the use of fire, but not that of metals. As for their origin and subsequent fate, both are absolutely unknown; there is little doubt, however, that they belonged to the same race which has left similar traces over the whole of Western Europe.

After an interval of many centuries, during which the climate changed to something like its present condition, and the animals enumerated above, vanished or emigrated, the so-

called Lake Dwellers made their appearance. Probably the transition from Cave Dwellers to Lake Dwellers came about through a complete change of race, for even the earliest lake dwellings bear evidence that their inhabitants were many degrees in advance of their predecessors in everything that constitutes civilization.

The discovery of these lake dwellings in Switzerland ranks amongst the most notable achievements of modern antiquarian science. From time to time during the first part of this century, and even earlier, ancient wooden stakes and stone implements of finished workmanship had been noticed along the shores of the Lakes of Zürich and Constance. They were objects of wonder for awhile, but were soon forgotten. Finally, during the severe winter of 1853–54, a peculiar circumstance forced the whole subject upon public attention. In that year the lakes and rivers of Switzerland were unusually low, and the receding waters left great stretches of bottom-land exposed to view. The inhabitants of Obermeilen, a village on the Lake of Zürich, profiting by this rare opportunity, set to work reclaiming as much as possible of the uncovered ground for gardens and quays. In the course of their labors they came upon piles driven deep into the soil, and presenting every appearance of great age; while scattered about in the immediate vicinity lay stags' horns and stone utensils. Fortunately the village schoolmaster, Herr Aeppli, was sufficiently impressed by these finds to notify the Antiquarian Association of Zürich; and so it was that Dr. Ferdinand Keller, the president of that society, repaired to Obermeilen, and, having examined the remains, announced the discovery of prehistoric lake dwellings.

As compared with some of the great tourist show-places of Switzerland, the Lake of Zürich cannot perhaps claim to possess exceptional beauty of scenery. It has neither the romantic loveliness of the Lake of Luzern, enhanced as that is by historical and legendary traditions, nor the wealth of color and the majestic sweep of Lake Leman; but the discovery of the first lake dwellings upon its shores has secured it an imperishable name in the annals of science. By searching the shores of other lakes in Switzerland, similar remains were found in great quantities, grouped in stations or villages, the number of which has now grown to more than two hundred. Usually, however, the most important discoveries were made

by accident, like that of Obermeilen, when dredging operations were in progress, or piers were being built in the water. Some years ago the Swiss government inaugurated a great engineering enterprise, known as the "*Correction des Eaux du Jura*," which was designed to drain a district of marshland lying between the Lakes of Neuchatel, Bienne, and Morat, and marked upon the map as the "*Grosse Moos*." This undertaking is now practically complete, and the level of the three lakes has been lowered some six or eight feet, unexpectedly revealing the existence of numerous lake-dwelling villages along the shores, which had heretofore been hidden under water. In the same way interesting finds were made at Zürich when the beautiful new promenades were being built along the lake front.

These discoveries in Switzerland stimulated antiquarian researches in other parts of Europe, so that traces of lake dwellings have been found throughout an area extending from the British Isles to the great rivers of the Black Sea, and from Scandinavia to Northern Italy. Besides the typical lake dwellings, such as are found in Switzerland, there are other varieties: the *crannogs* of Ireland and Scotland, the *terp-mounds* of Holland, and the *palafittes* and *terramare* of Italy, all bearing witness to the extent to which this curious manner of building obtained at one period of man's development.

The only references to these lake dwellings which have come down to us in literature are contained in two passing notices of Herodotus and Hippocrates. Says Herodotus: "And they likewise who inhabited Lake Prasias [near the mouth of the Struma in Macedonia] were not conquered by Megabazus. He sought, indeed, to subdue the dwellers upon the lake, but could not effect his purpose. Their manner of living is the following: Platforms supported upon tall piles stand in the middle of the lake, which are approached from the land by a single narrow bridge. . . . Each has his own hut, wherein he dwells, upon one of the platforms, and each has also a trapdoor giving access to the lake beneath; and their wont is to tie their baby children by the foot with a string to save them from rolling into the water."

Hippocrates' account is confined to a few lines, and refers to settlements along the River Phasis, to the east of the Black Sea.

Fortunately, however, for the cause of science, the deposits which had gathered under the dwellings in the course of centuries, have been preserved for the inspection of antiquarians, by the mud in which they were imbedded. It has, therefore, been possible to examine these layers or *Kulturschichten*, as the Germans so aptly call them, and to reconstruct a certain amount of the history of these ancient Lake Dwellers.

The writer does not intend to present a complete and finished picture of this early civilization, especially as the whole subject has recently been exhaustively treated by an archæologist of note, Mr. Robert Munro, in "The Lake Dwellings of Europe." But for the sake of those who do not care to enter so deeply into the matter, let me sum up the principal discoveries which have been made, and the theories to which they have given rise.

Taking all the settlements together, they have demonstrated in a very striking manner the correctness of the classification of prehistoric remains into the great periods of stone, bronze, and iron, which antiquarians had made before the discovery of lake dwellings. There are stations where only stone and bone implements have been found, and no vestige of metal appears; others in which copper and bronze utensils begin to show themselves in small quantities; others, again, where bronze predominates, and faint traces of iron are to be seen; and finally there is one settlement, at least, La Tène, in which iron reigns supreme. Some stations even passed through several successive stages, but in general those situated in the eastern part of Switzerland did not long survive the first appearance of metal, while those of the western part continued through the bronze and into the dawn of the iron ages.

Amongst the chief articles found in the deposits under the dwellings, the following will give an idea of the truly astonishing advance in civilization which this mysterious race had made.

There are hearthstones, corn-crushers, spindle-whorls, sickles, scissors, needles, harpoons, fish-hooks, crucibles, axes of various descriptions, flint-saws, arrow-heads, lance-heads, clubs, daggers, and swords; parts of a chariot, of horse-bits and bridles, a wooden yoke, a canoe, basket-work, and a bow of yew-wood; for personal adornment there are bracelets, armbands, rings, hair-pins, beads of amber, glass, and gold, combs

of wood and bronze, and girdles; specimens of woven cloth, of fish-nets, mats, thread, ropes, even of embroideries and checked muslin. As for examples of pottery, they are of all kinds and of all degrees of fineness; but it is noteworthy that while the Troglodytes decorated their implements with images of real objects, as, for instance, of a reindeer, the Lake Dwellers drew only imaginary designs, such as geometrical patterns and arabesques. A few rude plastic images of animals have been discovered, but no drawings of them. Owing to the fact that most of the lake dwellings were burned down, a number of perishable articles were carbonized and thus preserved for inspection much in the same way as similar remains at Pompeii. In this manner antiquarians have been able to identify samples of wheat, oats, millet, flax, poppy, etc., as well as apples, hazel-nuts, plums, strawberries, raspberries, pease, lentils, and other vegetable substances; they have also found the bones of horses, cattle, sheep, goats, pigs, dogs, and cats, and of bears, deer, beaver, swans, geese, and various species of fish.

For a long time there was a great deal of speculation about the appearance of the lake dwellings, until the fortunate discovery of a hut at Schüssenried in Württemberg, in a very fair state of preservation, threw light upon the subject. It is a rectangular wooden structure, measuring some ten by seven metres, divided into two rooms, one of which only had a door giving access to the exterior. In the first and smaller room were discovered the remains of a stone hearth; the flooring was made of round logs laid side by side, while the walls were constructed of split logs. During the stone age the platforms upon which these huts rested were considerably smaller and nearer the land than in the succeeding ages. Narrow bridges connected the platforms with the land, and ladders led down to the water's surface.

Of human remains there is not a very large collection, but the few skulls and skeletons found in the cemeteries or in the deposits, reveal that the race of the Lake Dwellers was probably smaller than our own, although well formed, and in no sense inferior to us in anatomical structure.

Many questions naturally arise in regard to the origin and fate of this curious people, which cannot be answered with absolute certainty. There is still room for endless speculation. Dr. Ferdinand Keller was of the opinion that the

remnants he examined at Obermeilen were of Celtic origin, but his theory has not been confirmed by subsequent discoveries. It is now generally conceded that the earliest Lake Dwellers, at all events, belong to a more primitive race. Mr. Robert Munro states it as his conclusion that the original founders of the settlements were immigrants who penetrated into Europe from the East during the neolithic period. He thinks that they spread from the regions surrounding the Black Sea and the shores of the Mediterranean, up the Danube and its tributaries into Styria, into the valley of the Po, and to the Swiss lakes, and that the Scotch and Irish crannogs, with analogous remains in other countries, are the cases of the system cropping up in out-of-the-way corners after the great lake-dwelling centres had already collapsed. Although it is impossible to fix upon precise dates for this lake-dwelling era, the approximate age of the earliest settlements has been computed as perhaps 2000 or 3000 B. C. and the latest as 800 or 1000 B. C.

No very definite explanation has yet been given of the reason why these people invariably built their homes over the water. Some writers ascribe this practice to a desire for protection; others to the primeval forests which covered the available land, or to the facilities for communication and for fishing. Personally I am inclined to think that it was a racial custom which they brought with them from their homes in the swamps of Asia, and which had become a fixed tradition amongst them.

As for the subsequent history of the Lake Dwellers, it is shrouded in complete mystery; for when we next hear of the territory occupied by modern Switzerland, it is described as inhabited by Celts, living in towns and villages on the land. This strange race, therefore, returns to the darkness from which the discoveries of Obermeilen momentarily caused it to emerge.

THREE ENGLISH POETS.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

It is not often that three volumes by well-known poets are issued almost simultaneously, as has lately been the case, when new books by William Morris, Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith), and Sir Edwin Arnold appeared within a few days of each other. Of these three singers there can be no question as to which is the poet *par excellence*. The high gods gave their royal largesse to William Morris at his birth; and though he may choose to be decorator, printer, or socialist, he cannot resign his divine inheritance — he must be always and above all a poet. What is the spell that from first to last makes one his captive? — how impossible it would be to put it into words! It is something remote from the present world; for when he writes of social problems and the clamorous issues of the time, he ceases for the nonce to be a poet, and we are no longer his thralls. But when he returns to his true *metier*, he carries us with him, and bears us on to regions east of the sun and west of the moon — to the dreams and the visions of long ago.

Of all Morris's books, I have been wont to prefer, hitherto, "The Defence of Guenevere"; and not even in "Poems by the Way" do I find anything so absolutely compelling and unforgettable as is "The Haystack in the Floods," in that earliest volume. But in his latest work Morris seems to have gone back again to the old days and their magic; and this present volume belongs, in spirit, to his earliest, divinest epoch. What shall I say of it? How can I fitly express its glamour and its charm? The lark and the nightingale sing in it together. It is Norse in its spirit, — so far as it belongs to any people on this earth, — but it is, above all, William Morris; and he has no forerunner, and I fancy he will have no successor.

In his song there is no note of complaint or of repining; but there is the tender, pervasive sadness of him who has looked into the eyes of Fate, and learned that death is neigh-

bor to love and life. How subtly these minor chords are touched in the opening poem, where the poet dreams of waking, with his love, on some morn of spring,—

> Glad at heart of everything,

and wandering on among the meads, till from very stress of joy they long for rest, and sit down in the porch of the sun-god; and there, at last, the desire for the great sea stirs in them,

> And the spring day gins to lack
> That fresh hope that once it had.

What shall I say of "The Wooing of Hallbiorn, the Strong," or of "The Raven and the King's Daughter," of "Hildebrand and Hellelil," of "The Hâll and the Wood," "Love's Reward," and many another, all of which are too long for quotation, but full of the rare bewitchment that makes the reader's eyes grow dim with that delight in beauty which is so keen as to be almost pain. Though it is by the incomparable loveliness of these longer poems that one is most deeply moved, there are those among the slighter verses that have the same beguiling individuality, and could have been written only by William Morris. Read, for instance: —

A GARDEN BY THE SEA.

I know a little garden close,
Set thick with lily and red rose,
Where I would wander, if I might,
From dewy morn to dewy night,
And have one with me wandering.

And though within it no birds sing,
And though no pillared house is there,
And though the apple boughs are bare
Of fruit and blossom, would to God
Her feet upon the green grass trod,
And I beheld them as before.

There comes a murmur from the shore,
And in the close two fair streams are,
Drawn from the purple hills afar,
Drawn down unto the restless sea:
Dark hills whose heath bloom feeds no bee,
Dark shore no ship has ever seen,
Tormented by the billows green
Whose murmur comes unceasingly
Unto the place for which I cry.

For which I cry both day and night,
For which I let slip all delight,
Whereby I grow both deaf and blind,
Careless to win, unskilled to find,
And quick to lose what all men seek.

Yet tottering as I am, and weak,
Still have I left a little breath
To seek within the jaws of death
An entrance to that happy place,
To seek the unforgotten face,
Once seen, once kissed, once reft from me
Anigh the murmuring of the sea.

I take up the last book by Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith) with a sense of personal bereavement, which makes its title, "Marah," seem singularly appropriate. How long, how very long ago it seems since I — a verse-loving girl — bought, one summer day, in a little blue and gold volume, the "Poems of Owen Meredith." The book lies before me now. It is very shabby, for I read it a great deal in those long-past days — not critically, but with a girl's eager delight in music and in sentiment. I learned by heart, I remember, "Aux Italiens," and "Madame la Marquise," and "At Home During the Ball"; and perhaps I cared most of all for "Astarte," that Don Juan lyric, in which the singer grieves for her — the one among the many: —

And again she comes, with all her silent graces,
The lost woman of my youth, yet unpossessed;
And her cold face so unlike the other faces
Of the women whose dead lips I since have prest.

And he consoles himself by thinking that he shall find her in the Hades to which lovers and poets go: —

If I fail to find her out by her gold tresses,
Brows and breast, and language of sweet strains,
I shall know her by the traces of dead kisses,
And that portion of myself which she retains.

Is it because I am older and colder now, I wonder, that nothing in "Marah" moves me as did the linked sweetness and melancholy of those earlier strains? Or is it that William Morris has put me out of tune with Lord Lytton, as an hour under the white enchantment of the moon, among the wide spaces of the night, might unfit one for the electric lights of the ballroom?

Yet, as I turn these Meredithian pages, I catch some hint of the old-time grace,— as one catches in the ball-room the flash of jewels, the odor of heliotrope, and the soft rustle of silken skirts — and I go back, as one led in a dream, to the emotions of that old time when first I read Owen Meredith. The title of "Marah" is amplified and emphasized in its

PROLOGUE.

Lured by the promise of a better land,
They wandered in the wilderness of Shur —
Vagrants, from bondage fled, a weary band,
Whose weariness each day made wearier;
And waterless was all the desert sand,
No wells at hand!

A place at last they reached, in sore distress,
Where water flow'd, but from a bitter spring.
Then cried they, "Here we die of thirst, unless
God turn this bitter sweet!" and, murmuring,
They called it "Marah," nor can speech express
More bitterness.

After this hint that the paths of love lead evermore to sorrow, the author goes on to string his own rosary of love lyrics. Here are two of the most graceful of them: —

ABSENCE.

Not in my life, but yours, I live;
And from myself I seem to be
As far away, dear fugitive,
As you are far from me.

Unlit by you, no light have I —
A fainting lamp that's fed by none!
The earth seems left without a sky,
The sky without a sun.

Come back! Come back! and with you bring
All that with you is gone away —
Warmth, life, light, love, and everything
That stays but where you stay!

And this other song I will copy for you, which is "Marah," indeed: —

I gave her love; I gave her faith and truth;
I gave her adoration, vassalage,
And tribute of life's best: the dreams of youth,
The deeds of manhood, and the stores of age.

She took my gifts, and turned them into pain;
Each gift she made a bitter curse to be.
Then, marred, she gave them back to me again,
And this is all she ever gave to me.

If poets ever really meant anything that they sing, this book would lead one to imagine that Lord Lytton had tasted of love only its bitterness; but, somehow, one feels very sure as one reads, that these love poems were the outcome of his imagination and never, by any chance, the passionate cry of his heart. He tells us that he has her "dreadful letter, with its heartless close," and that his "wronged heart is tortured, as by a burning knife;" and many other "words to that effect;" but surely Lady Lytton, though she were the loyallest of ladies, could hardly have so complacently gathered up these vagrant flowers of song and offered them to the world of readers, had she not known that the soil from whence they sprang was not the living heart of a man, but only his sun-warmed and well-cultivated fancy.

The most really touching pages of this volume are certainly those with which it concludes; for they contain the last poem Lord Lytton ever wrote — of which, indeed, the ink was not dry when death seized him. It were impossible to read without a thrill of pitying pain the last words of this man who so loved his task that, like the swan, he sang even while dying.

From the sadness of Lord Lytton and his fate, it is a far cry to the mature friskiness of Sir Edwin Arnold, in "Potiphar's Wife and Other Poems." Does not the frank story of the fair Asenath, the wife of Potiphar, belong to "the locked book-case"? Surely no French novel was ever more "realistic." From this impassioned tale of her "who loved not wisely but too well," Sir Edwin skips to "A Pair of Egyptian Slippers" — "threes," he tells us, and "of gilded and stitched calf-skin." But these gilt "threes" have "outlived the Pharaohs."

The poet concludes the Egyptian section of his book with a really picturesque poem, "The Egyptian Princess," who lay dying: —

There in the palace hall where once her laugh had loudest been,
Where but last Feast Day she had worn the wreath of beauty's queen,
She lay a lost but lovely thing; the wreath was on her brow.
Alas! the lotus could not match its chilly pallor now!

The second and longest division of Sir Edwin's book is devoted to "Japanese Poems"; and here he is as completely at home as if he had been born "in Komadzu Town." He tells, in true Japanese-wise, the story of "The Grateful Foxes" — he indites a poetical screed to "Fuji-Yama," the "fairest of his friends" — he pictures for us "The Musmee," with her small, brown face, her arched eyebrows, her teeth the pearl merchants might come leagues to see, and her hair that "could teach the raven's wing how to seem ebon." Really one does not wonder that Sir Edwin returned to Japan. Here is the song he sang, aforetime, when he sailed away from her shores: —

AT SEA.

Tangled and torn, the white sea laces
  Broider the breast of the Indian deep.
Lifted aloft, the strong screw races
  To slacken and strain in the waves which leap.
The great sails swell, the broad bows shiver
  To green and silver the purple sea;
And, down from the sunset, a dancing river
  Flows, broken gold, where our ship goes free.

Too free! too fast! With memories laden
  I gaze to the northward where lies Japan.
Oh, fair and pleasant, and soft-voiced maiden!
  You are there, too distant! O Yoshi San!
You are under those clouds by the storm-winds shaken,
  A thousand ri, as the sea-gull flies,
As lost as if Death, not Time, had taken
  My eyes away from your beautiful eyes.

Yet, if it were Death, of friends my fairest!
  He could not rend our spirits in twain:
They came too near to be less than nearest
  In the world where true hearts mingle again.
But sad is the hour we sigh farewell in;
  And for me, whenever they name Japan,
All grace, all charm, of the land you dwell in
  Is spoken in saying "O Yoshi San!"

Let us hope that Yoshi San can read English!

In the third division of his book, entitled "Other Poems," Sir Edwin bestows a little attention on America. In "Mothers" he chronicles "A Dialogue at Boston, Mass., U. S. A.," which appears to have taken place between himself and one of those "Boston Girls," who, as he poetically says, "seem up to everything," anent a "noisy child," a "lit-

tle lambkin bleating, made for mint sauce," whom he, the poet, "would like to choke" Ah, but this is quite too hard hearted! He prints also what he entitles a "Sonnet to America"—a sonnet which does not quite conform to sonnet laws, but which makes amends by calling ours the "Land of Freedom's Bird" and the "land of all lands most fair and free and great," which is unusually generous for an Englishman.

Why is the wicked and witty *National Observer* severe on a poet so enthusiastic and so amiable as Sir Edwin? In its review of "Potiphar's Wife" this shrewd *Observer* refers to a recent book by Mr. Traill on Minor Poets, and remarks, unkindly: "Sir Edwin is a minor, no doubt, for Mr. Traill has included him in his famous list; but assuredly he is not a poet." The *Observer* amiably suggests that "perhaps, in Boston, U. S. A., there may be societies for the study of Sir Edwin"; though, from the *Observer's* own point of view the knightly poet writes verse "as a journalist," and is, in short, so completely akin to the *Daily Telegraph* that you "cannot read the verses and not feel that you are somehow in the same room with the journal." But at least in candor we must confess that the *Daily Telegraph* is a splendid popular success; and so, surely, is its wandering editor, Sir Edwin Arnold. And if in the present volume he is less purposeful and serious than usual, shall we not forgive him, in view of the intoxications of Japan, and the little feet, clad in white silk, that have danced with him "The 'No' Dance"?—and, by the way, it were ungracious not to say that "The 'No' Dance" is a really charming poem.

THE BED ROCK OF PURE DEMOCRACY.

BY A. C. HOUSTON.

EVERY student of the times knows and feels that the present ferment of society, manifesting itself in a great industrial movement, is a condition that cannot be ignored, much less wrongfully opposed. Opposition to what is just will inflame and madden. Resistance to what is inevitable will increase impetus, and may magnify harmful result.

The great duty of the hour, therefore, is to recognize the true causes of trouble, and then, if possible, to determine some legal or economic principle of reform upon which to advance — a living principle that will not only furnish motive power, but a limit to effort.

The conservative intelligence of the country must do its work well, or some red-mouthed anarchist will do it badly. Responsibility cannot be avoided or shifted, much less the common lot of possible future evil. We are of each other, learned and unlearned, rich and poor.

When you undertake the work of diagnosis, when you thread your way from the cry to the locus of pain in the political body, you find a festering all along the line where the state and the individual come in closest contact, where their duties are made to overlap and their rights conflict. For example, in the great field of transportation, — a department of human activity which in this country, within recent years, has attained a wonderful magnitude; where the individual, under corporate rights granted by the state, is performing a public duty, — you find employers harassed, and employees restless and rebellious. There are oppressions and strikes: a contest on the road between laborers and Pinkerton detectives, the hired agents of the corporation; a contest in the courts between the citizen and the company; a contest before the state and interstate commissions for and against restraint, and a contest in legislative halls for and against greater rights and privileges. The statute books of the country are burdened with the results of these struggles, and the dockets of the courts crowded with the names of the

litigants. Colossal fortunes arise on the one hand, and on the other poverty and distress become common lot. The producer and the laborer, as a remedy for ills, are demanding government ownership; while the individuals behind their corporate powers, under the stimulus of enlarging opportunities and increasing wealth, are binding together their iron ways, and levying fresh tribute.

Is there any good cause for all this trouble? Is there anything wrong in principle underlying the operations concerned which inevitably produces evil? Let us see.

One hundred years ago there was but little division of labor. Each family within itself supplied nearly all its wants. Outside of official duties, the miller and the ferryman alone followed avocations "affected with a public interest." The framers of our Constitution made provision for the regulation of coastwise commerce; but overland, interstate trade was then a matter so trivial that it did not demand a thought. Natural development and civilization have wrought a great change. Wool is clipped in Texas to provide a shirt for a Michigan lumberman, and the manufacturer of Massachusetts lives upon wheat garnered from the fields of California. Product and interest have been diversified and interdependence increased, so that in time *distribution of product* became not only a public necessity, but a public duty. The question arose, Who shall perform it? The nation, driven to hesitation by the struggle that was going on between contending theories of government, shrank from the work, and transferred its right of eminent domain, and delegated the discharge of a public duty, to a metaphysical entity called a corporation and representing individuals. Later it gave these individuals a princely domain of public land, and supplied them with credit by governmental pledge. The experiment was a mistake. The act was wrong in principle. A public duty should be performed by a public servant, and the profit of his labor should result to the people. The seeds of monopoly were planted, and a harvest of oppression has been reaped.

Another example, in the department of finance: Here is the loudest cry, and the sternest preparation for the greatest battle between the classes. One demands an increase in the circulating medium and cheap money; the other contraction and dear money; the one bimetallism, the other monomet-

allism; the one loans on land and products at low interest; the other loans on national indebtedness, with the power to control the circulation; the one demands its money direct from the government; while the other demands the privilege of discharging the nation's duty, with the compensation of interest from the people.

Is there anything wrong in this financial system that necessitates trouble and makes oppression inevitable?

One hundred years ago, where mere barter did not obtain, gold, silver, and copper constituted the medium of exchange. The framers of our Constitution gave the federal government the power to "coin money," to put its stamp upon so many grains of metal. There was nothing else to be done. No one knew what the womb of the future held hidden. The miner dug the ore from the bowels of the earth, and the superscription of Cæsar was added. The individual was the producer and the distributer, but overwhelming necessity forced the supplementing of this medium by "promises to pay." Paper with the government stamp upon it was made the equal of gold, and with this new development arose the necessity for the exercise of a new power by the government — the power and duty of *distribution*. Again the government shrank from the performance of its duty, and transferred its power to that metaphysical entity — a corporation representing individuals. A most iniquitous financial system was inaugurated, in which the essential features of tyranny and oppression inhered. Individuals were given absolute power over the circulating medium, and realized enormous profits from the exercise of a governmental duty which should cost the people nothing.

I have used only two examples (but they are typical) from the fields of transportation and finance.

In regard to the first, it is asked, with a terrible emphasis of truth: "If the market lie in the East, what does it profit me to raise wheat in Oregon, with a Wall Street speculator to determine the freight?"

With regard to the second, it is asked, with a still greater emphasis of truth: "What does it profit me to be a citizen of a free country, if my government forces me to borrow of a fellow-citizen the money which belongs to me in common with all, at a rate of interest determined by that citizen?"

If these things are true, what is the remedy? Manifestly,

separate the state and the individual. Make the state perform its whole duty to the citizen, shrinking from nothing but the violation of the rights of the individual. Make the state perform all public duties and the individual all private duties.

It is not difficult to determine the dividing line. Wherever the work is one "affected with a public interest," there lies the duty of the state. Wherever a doubt arises, give the "benefit of the doubt" to the individual.

Does this look like Nationalism? At first blush; but upon closer consideration, it appears the bed rock of democratic faith, securing a government of, for, and by the people.

It seems strange, when we come to look at it and think about it, that the masses of the people should so long have borne the tyranny and oppression of individuals, their own fellow-citizens, in the performance of public duties, and that they should have allowed these individuals, from the discharge of public functions, to reap a great profit which of right belonged to the people. And stranger still would it seem if they allowed this policy to continue after they have reached a point in their history when, with a good measure of truth, it can be determined how great is the evil that has resulted. Experience has taught us that state power, allied with that of the individual always creates a monopoly that oppresses the people. Especially in the history of municipal government we have learned that the town itself, through its own officers, can supply the public necessities of its citizens with greater economy and less oppression than when the discharge of these duties is transferred to individuals.

That which gives rise to oppression is the natural desire for profit; and the tendency, always on the part of the individual acting under corporate powers, is to reach the maximum of profit consistent with the continuation of the employment. This is the ruling principle in the management of all private corporations where they are discharging public duties. On the other hand, when the government, through its salaried agents, performs public duties, the object is to reach that minimum of cost to the public served, consistent with the expense attending the work. If a profit is made, it results, not to an individual, but to the people.

It is no experiment. The theory is old. The principle has been applied with success in almost every department of

national economy, and especially in representative governments, where a change of servants at the will of the people is possible. But even if it were an experiment, the objection loses its force where the converse of the proposition has been tried with evil result.

We now find our government, under a definite grant of power, discharging a great public duty in its post-office department, through salaried agents, for the people. All are satisfied, and not a thought of change is expressed. If one should attempt to have the service transferred from the government and the power delegated to a corporation of individuals, the indignation of the people would be overwhelming. But suppose for a moment that "post roads" had been established in our early history by individuals, and that they, usurping the rights of the state, had been performing the public duty of transporting the mails, and that now for the first time it was proposed that the government should undertake this work as a public duty. What an outcry would be raised by many. "What!" says the ranting objector, "do you propose to subject all our private affairs to government surveillance? Do you propose to put a hired official, a government spy, in every town, at every crossroads, to possess himself, when he sees fit, of our secret thoughts? Do you propose to settle a great army of locusts upon us, to eat up our substance? What is to hinder my enemy from conspiring with these hired officials to obtain the secrets of my business, to defraud me of my rights, and ruin my prosperity? Away with your proposition! It is incompatible with human freedom and the liberty of the people."

Now, when the question is asked by the Kansas farmer, "Why cannot the government transport to New York, at the minimum charge consistent with the expense, my corn as well as my letter, and with as much safety to me?" it is difficult to give a good reason. But if you were to offer constitutional objections, he would reply: "Then amend the Constitution if the welfare of the people demands it."

No jurist or political economist would maintain that our present system of laws is perfect. It has been a growth, a historic development. Each defined principle at its initiation was an experiment, and either has been or is now being tested. The growth in every department has not been uniform. Barbaric and despotic features still linger in our

laws, and grow by the side of principles that have already reached the full flower of equity and justice. And what is remarkable, legacies of wrong and oppression in some departments of governmental administration have a life and strength here that in the mother country, from which they descended to us, have long ago been overthrown and discarded. Along some lines of human freedom even despotic Europe has left free America to lag behind.

There are features of our social and political life that should fill us with alarm: the increasing concentration of power in the hands of individuals through iniquitous legislation, that makes it possible for them, by combination, to bring prosperity or ruin to whole sections of country or departments of industry, to build up or destroy fortunes in an hour; that, in short, renders them stronger than the government, stronger than the people — the aggregation of great wealth in the hands of a few, while the toiling masses grow poorer and more debt-ridden; and with all this an on-coming storm of indignation, on the part of the oppressed producers of wealth, that may, if the inevitable struggle be bitter, sweep in fury to the winds the accumulated glories of a century of national life.

It would seem that the only method by which to reach the cause of trouble and to pluck it up by the roots, is for the state to take back the rights and privileges it has wrongfully delegated to individuals, and to assume, of its own rightful power, the discharge of all its duties to the citizen.

Such a course, without violating any of the inalienable rights of the individual, which have cost so much blood and treasure to obtain, would put an end to private monopolies, prevent the aggregation of wealth in the hands of the few, and emancipate the toiling masses from wage slavery.

A FLAW IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

BY RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

THE idea is still a comparatively new one, that the community owes an education to each of its members; that it should furnish him with a good share of worldly experience, in order that he may properly fill his future place in society.

Even the strongest advocate of individualism cannot deny that this idea is a thoroughly socialistic one, since to allow people a share of the common stock of knowledge, for the sake of making them more useful as members of the community, is socialism, applied to learning.

As a civic institution, the public school is only about three hundred years old; but in that short time it has become a giant.

Although European countries had all the advantages of experience and scholarship; although they were dotted here and there with universities and colleges of much renown, whose teachers were looked upon with respect and veneration, and formed a caste by themselves, America has kept pace with Europe in the development of her public schools. In this respect the young republic stands second to no other country, even though, owing to her youth, she may be behind her elder sisters in scholarship and art.

It is not mere patriotic sentimentality nor vanity which prompts the assertion that our public schools are as good as, if not better than, any in the world. Unprejudiced comparison will demonstrate the fact. In making comparisons, two points must be kept in view.

1. That which is desirable in and applicable to one country may not be equally so in another.

2. Even the best-managed institutions may still be improved.

In comparing our schools with those of other countries, it is well to consider the liberality of the people in supporting them; the endeavor to give the poorest child the same advantages offered to the richest, and the jealous watchful-

ness of all citizens over the work of the public schools, which proves the love of the people for them.

It is true that the system of object-teaching originated in the old world, and that the idea that education means the development of the whole person, and not merely a part of him, has not been long indorsed in America; but both are now understood, and the teachers of this country will soon stand abreast with most modern educators, if they do not already keep pace with all.

But in the mechanism of our public schools, there is a flaw, seen by a few persons only; and even these few deem it unwise to direct public attention to it.

A flaw in a wheel or a shaft of iron — a spot where the particles of metal do not hold closely together, and the least exertion will cause a break — is the more dangerous, because it is hardly visible, is often unsuspected, and can only be repaired by smelting and recasting the metal.

The flaw in our educational system is *the overwhelming preponderance of women's influence in our public schools.*

No one is less likely than the writer to undervalue the ability of the female sex in any branch of science, literature, or art; no one would more readily concede to women equal rights with men; no one is less likely to propose to close against them a profession for which nature seems to have fitted them, in which they have achieved most brilliant success.

There is no avenue in life out of which men have been crowded by women almost completely, like that of teaching, and no profession to which women have shown themselves better adapted. Would it not, therefore, be wrong to close the career of a teacher to them? Would it not, on the contrary, be right to give them the few remaining places yet held by men, if they show the necessary qualifications? The female first assistant who teaches the class, in the absence of the master, with perfect satisfaction, ought to be entitled to a principalship in case of vacancy.

To utter a word, in these days, which may be construed into an attack upon the equality of the sexes, or as an expression of doubt as to woman's ability, not only to hold her own, but even to surpass the male sex in any line of activity, is in rather bad taste.

But the question at issue is one in which are concerned,

not the teachers only, but the children to be educated by them. It is not whether male or female teachers are preferable either to the other, but whether a child can be properly educated by either men or women alone. Are not both needed to produce a thoroughly successful educational result? That the profession of teaching has been, and is still, almost entirely in the hands of males in the European countries, is no proof that this is a wise arrangement or that it enhances educational results; nor is it at all certain that, because in this country more females are employed, our system is a good one.

So long as the word "education" represented a course of drilling, or cramming a certain number of facts into a child's cranium, and he who could read, write, and cipher, was familiar with geography and history, and could perhaps quote passages from popular authors was considered an educated man, it was immaterial whether the drill-master was male or female. Such an education was understood to be a lever, given to a person to lift him out from among the masses, who were obliged to earn their livelihood by manual labor, and to secure for him a position in which he could win a better income for himself with greater ease.

From that point of view, it is as immaterial who holds the text-book as who wields the rod; and a woman teaching, not only reaches the same result as her male competitor, but usually surpasses him in patience and endurance. If the sole aim of public-school education is to cram a child's memory with facts, a woman can do that and teach the rules of grammar, the multiplication tables, the names of rivers in Asia, or the alphabet, as well as a man.

But, fortunately, this standpoint is abandoned. Educating a child now means something far more than merely training his memory; the *whole* boy or girl is sent to school to be there put under educational influences. Equal care is bestowed upon the body as upon the mind, and the eye and the hand are to be trained, no less than the memory and the reason. Beyond and above all, the greatest care ought to be given to the formation of character, and all the slumbering forces in the human soul should be awakened. Education is no longer designed to be the privilege of any particular class of people, but all citizens have a right to demand for their children a full physical, mental, and moral unfoldment, so

that in time to come the community may receive the benefit of the work.

The consequence of the former conception of education was that it produced a class who were a burden to themselves and a greater one to the community; a class despising manual labor, yet unable to substitute brain work for it; a class of "literary proletarians."

With the newer idea of true education, it is evident that both male and female influences are needed for the full development of a child's nature; that girls need as much to be brought up under the influence of a man's mind as boys need to be influenced by female intellectuality. Either without the other gives one-sided results, and the education of the child is imperfect. Nature has shown the way, giving to a child both father and mother; and experience repeatedly teaches that a boy or girl, brought up by either father or mother solely, lacks a something indescribable, which leaves him or her imperfectly developed.

The care for the coming generation must be equally shared by male and female instructors, if the modern idea of education is accepted instead of the old one, which made a public school a mere memorizing machine.

Why have women won so complete a victory over men in the profession of teaching? Even allowing for their aptitude, enthusiasm, intelligence, and industry, their victory is due no less to the fact that they are able to sell their labor cheaper than men can in teaching, as in so many other branches of industry; so that labor unions begin to insist that a man's wages should be the standard of pay.

In the field of teaching as well, the salary received by male teachers should be the standard of pay for teaching by a woman. Under present conditions, men have withdrawn from the unequal struggle because they found it impossible to work for the salary for which female teachers offer their services.

There are many reasons why women are willing to work for less wages than men. Suffice it to mention one. A man chooses an occupation, with a view to the support of a family; while a woman usually selects hers as merely an incidental, for the time being, until she marries, or in order to gain independence as an unmarried woman, in either case having to consider only her own person.

From an economical standpoint, it may be said that such a consideration as that of the man for his family ought not to be of weight in the labor market; and that an employer has a perfect right to take advantage of the condition which makes it possible to procure the labor of one person cheaper than that of another, as one would buy a bale of hay in the market.

This may be, where labor represents muscular exertion. In a factory, the cloth, the shoe, the watch a woman makes, may be of the same value as that made by a man, who demands higher wages; but the same economic standard is by no means applicable to the profession of school-teaching. Here it *does* make a difference whether the future citizen is brought solely under the influence of women or not; it becomes a matter of necessity to bring upon the child the influence of an equal proportion of masculine mentality. To crowd out the male teacher simply because three excellent female teachers can be hired for the salary of one man, or that to hire an equal number of male and female instructors would cost three times as much as the present system, is highly dangerous to the educational development of future citizens.

The position of a teacher, to whom is to be entrusted the physical, mental, and moral welfare of our successors, is an exceptional one; and to be a teacher one should be a manly man or a womanly woman, with high intellectual powers and careful training. An inducement to choose the profession should be offered that would lead them to devote their life to it. A man should receive a salary which will enable him to lead an intellectual life and establish a family, and a woman should be given the same opportunities. A young person who shows aptitude and enthusiasm for the profession should be educated at public expense, kept from want, and cared for all his lifetime, and secured a pension when superannuated or unfit for work.

Sooner or later, unless the whole system of public schools is recast, the flaw in the mechanism, which cannot be remedied by any kind of patchwork, will surely cause a break in that weak spot.

LIFE INSURANCE.

BY DAVID N. HOLWAY.

"It bids the heart whose sun is low, to borrow
A smile upon the credit of a golden morrow."

THE eighteenth century was the experimental period in life-insurance history. During those hundred years the corner stones were wrought and laid. The nineteenth century has become the practical progressive era, and has already built thereon so marvellous a superstructure that the world pauses and thoughtfully admires what has been accomplished. And yet the most intelligent and philosophical can scarcely comprehend what has been done, and still less what the greater fruitage is yet to be. How few there are who realize that American life companies alone have already paid to the families of deceased members *six hundred and thirty-three millions of dollars*.

Is it among the possibilities for any of us to measure the refining, educational, home-preserving value of that vast sum as it was bestowed in blessed benediction upon five hundred thousand homes?

If every aspirational thought for another's benefit finds its sure response in the heart to which it is sent, how great must be the volume of benefaction that these five hundred thousand manly souls have bestowed upon their loved ones in addition to the absolute financial provision rendered.

Again: American life companies have already paid *one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars* in matured endowments to over sixty thousand persons who have thus found themselves enriched and made more independent as unproductive years came into view. The question may fairly be raised, How many of these recipients would have had this money if compulsory prudence had not induced them to methodically put the money into the hands of these corporations? The voluntary admissions of these policy-holders would indicate that it would have been an exceedingly small per cent.

The older countries of Europe founded, and were the first to put into practice, the great system of life insurance. This was particularly true of Great Britain, as we find at the present time that there are two companies within the kingdom that are one hundred and seventy-one years old, one that is one hundred and thirty-five years of age, while there are nine that range from eighty-two to one hundred and seven, and twenty-eight that are between fifty-seven and eighty-two years old. The average age of all the English companies is fifty-nine years.

The first half of the nineteenth century witnessed but a feeble expression of the value of the great idea. Prior to 1850 the entire amount of outstanding life insurance in the world was considerably less than the amount now issued in a single year in America.

From 1850 to the breaking out of our civil war, American companies were gradually feeling their way toward a practical development of the business. An inventory of the world's life insurance taken at that time (1861) shows that the entire amount outstanding was $1,195,000,000. Great Britain held $850,000,000 of it while the continent of Europe had $168,000,000 and the United States $177,000,000. The mere statement of these facts demonstrates how much in advance of the rest of the world Great Britain was in inaugurating the life-insurance idea, and fostering it until it became a large factor in the national life.

History attests that the sturdy Saxon pushes to practical conclusions the most important things in the world's progress. Life insurance has proved no exception. The sons of the fathers became pioneers in American life, and the Anglo-Saxon element reasserted itself with an increased intensity in our midst. When we again inventory the world's life insurance at the end of the next decade (1871), these astonishing results appear: —

Amount outstanding in Great Britain .	$1,455,000,000
Amount outstanding on continent of Europe	606,000,000
Amount outstanding in United States .	2,186,000,000
Grand aggregate	$4,247,000,000

The civilized world within this brief period accepted the principle and philosophy involved in the system of life insurance as never before. The advancement made in Great

Britain and the continent of Europe demonstrated a healthy progress, while the amount attained in the United States was phenomenal. This exceeded by more than *two billions of dollars* the amount existing ten years before, and was fifty per cent in excess of the amount held by the mother country at that time.

The next decade (1871-1881) witnessed the unprecedented financial panic of 1873 in America, and the disastrous results that commercially and financially followed from it. As a natural consequence the ability to purchase life insurance was temporarily limited. In 1881 the world's life insurance was as follows: —

Amount outstanding in Great Britain (including Canada and Australia) . .	$2,506,000,000
Amount outstanding on continent of Europe	1,497,000,000
Amount outstanding in United States .	1,594,000,000
Grand aggregate	$5,597,000,000

While we were enduring the stringency of this panic it is pleasant to note that the beneficence of the system was being incorporated more fully than ever among other nations.

Amidst the sunshine of prosperity in which America rejoiced during the succeeding ten years, results were reached that are interesting to record.

The world's outstanding life insurance at the beginning of 1891 was as follows: —

Amount in Great Britain (including Canada and Australia)	$3,077,000,000
Amount on continent of Europe . .	2,715,000,000
Amount in the United States . . .	4,101,000,000
Grand Total	$9,893,000,000

Within this decade the world's life insurance increased in volume *seventy-five per cent*, while the volume in the United States increased *two hundred and sixty per cent*, or $2,507,000,000 in amount. These figures eloquently declare how universally men are acknowledging that their financial obligations to posterity and their estates find easier and completer fulfilment through life insurance than through any other form of investment.

At the beginning of 1892 the insurance in force throughout the world is found to be as follows: —

Great Britain (including Canada and Australia)	$3,218,000,000
The Continent of Europe . . .	3,015,000,000
The United States	4,447,000,000
Grand Total of World's Life Insurance .	$10,680,000,000

From the figures just given it appears that during 1891 the life insurance of the world was increased by the substantial sum of *seven hundred and eighty-seven millions of dollars.* Of this amount Great Britain contributed $141,000,000; the continent of Europe, $300,000,000; and the United States, $346,000,000. The gain in this country was made against much of a depressing character. Aside from the various forms of disturbance in commerce and finance, one of the largest American companies was subjected to an exceedingly rigid investigation. In a certain sense all American companies shared in it. The fact, however, that it emerged therefrom with unquestionable financial strength, and that prompt and effective measures of reform in every department were inaugurated, is pleasing evidence of the remedy always at hand through state supervision, and the absorbing interest of the company's own policy-holders to guard against disaster. The growing public sentiment of the country in regard to life insurance is fast becoming a tremendous power, and will largely aid in maintaining the integrity of the business in the future. The management of American companies was never more efficient and honorable than now, and a distinct tendency exists toward the most careful and conservative methods of securing and maintaining the business.

Of the $4,447,000,000 which American companies have in force at this time, $495,000,000 has been placed in foreign countries. The amount existing upon citizens of the United States is therefore $3,952,000,000. This great volume is divided into two distinct parts. *First*, — $3,470,000,000 upon about one million four hundred thousand people whose policies average $2,500 each. These have been mostly issued upon persons in financial, commercial and professional life. The death claims under them in 1891 were 19,600 in number and $48,946,000 in amount. *Second*, — $481,000,000 upon over four millions of wage-earners of the country. This

is fittingly called Industrial Insurance. The average amount of each policy is one hundred and twenty-one dollars. It forms the A, B, C of American Life Insurance. All the members of a family insure each for a small amount secured by weekly payments. In this way they mutually protect each other. The amount of death claims paid under this form of insurance in 1891 was $7,725,000 upon 63,900 policies. Aside from the direct and incalculable benefit which the bestowal of this large amount among so many households afforded, the educational process whereby this vast number of people are taught the value of self-sacrifice for the benefit of others, and to fully realize that there is a system whereby they can surely do it, is of immeasurable value to the future of the republic. Instead of being a blind force of uneducated power, they become conservatives because they represent property. They range themselves on the side of law and order. To many of them is thus exemplified for the first time the beautiful sentiment that has come down the centuries, "Bear ye one another's burdens," and they find pleasure in expressing it in this practical way. As these persons rise in the social scale and become supervisors, inventors and proprietors in the world's great affairs, they will increase their insurance, and thus become patrons in an enlightened sense of the companies which practice the ordinary methods. There is therefore no clashing of interests between the two plans of conducting the business, but rather a mutual helping of each other forward toward an ever enlarging success.

The number of American life companies corresponds very closely to the states in the Federal Union. While they are strong and unique in their individuality, each forming a little republic by itself, they are bound together by common ties like the states of the Union. The wholesome restraints of competition, and the establishment of state laws governing non-forfeiture, reserves, and surrender values, has lifted the entire business to a higher plane of action than formerly, while the formation of a large number of Life Underwriters' Associations in different sections of the country has brought together in pleasant and profitable fraternity the field managers and workers of the various companies. The result of these associations is also felt in the enlightenment of the public upon many matters appertaining to the business

through the attendance at their gatherings of leading citizens, and quite a list of carefully prepared papers that have been very widely read.

The fact that Hon. John Wanamaker, post master general of the United States, has $1,550,000 of life insurance, provokes this natural question: How largely ought any American citizen, under any circumstances to insure? The query is an important one, and deserves a candid answer.

In fire and marine insurance the amount placed upon buildings, ships, or merchandise corresponds to the value of each. Ordinarily the actual value determines the maximum amount. We cannot apply this to persons. Human life cannot be valued. The earning power of human life, however, is a well-known factor. The average duration of human life, from any given age, is also an equally well-known factor. If the person *lives*, he will bestow upon himself and those about him the amount which is obtained by multiplying the income by the number of years that people of his age will live on an average. It is the business of life insurance to provide for the sure payment of such an amount as will put his estate at his death in the same condition as he would have provided if he had lived. It is the duty and privilege of the healthy citizen to do this, and he has but to deduct such an amount as would cover his own personal maintenance during those years from the amount already indicated, and the balance clearly is the sum for which insurance should be effected. When this is done, people will proceed as judiciously in providing for their posterity or estates as they now provide against loss from fire or shipwreck. Whenever this occurs the charities of the present time, under the wise guidance of the donor, can be fully carried out, as the pressure for accumulation is largely anticipated by having the insurance. Financial credit is thus maintained, and all rude shocks to business interests avoided. The man himself lives a truer, grander, longer life.

In placing this large amount upon Mr. Wanamaker, it was found that American life companies unitedly could carry but a little over half of it, and the balance was obliged to be placed in leading foreign corporations.

With the constant increase in wealth, and the ability of many, in special ways, to earn much more than formerly in this country, it becomes an interesting question whether any

American citizen of sufficient health should not have the privilege of placing at least *one million dollars* of genuine life insurance in companies organized and managed by Americans.

Life insurance is purely a scientific financial procedure. It guesses at nothing. It assumes that mortality, interest, and expense (the three important factors) may each year in the future prove disappointing. The amount charged for each thousand dollars of insurance is a strictly scientific premium. Under the mutual plan, upon which nearly all American business is conducted, whatever saving is made from year to year, belongs to the policy-holders, and is returned to them at stated periods. If extraordinary mortality, unusual expense, or sudden change in interest occur, the margin is there as an emergency fund to meet it. The paramount duty is to always know, beyond a peradventure, that every policy will absolutely be paid, under any form of contract, and under any combination of circumstances.

An object lesson in this regard, drawn from actual experience, will best illustrate what I mean.

In 1870 the amount of outstanding life insurance in the United States was . . .	$1,981,915,000
The assets were	262,808,000
The surplus was	29,781,000
Ten years later (the panic of 1873 having intervened) at the beginning of 1880, the same American companies had in outstanding insurance	$1,975,878,000
The assets were	509,559,000
The surplus was	54,000,000

It will be noted that almost exactly the same amount of insurance was in force in 1880 as in 1870. The assets however, had nearly doubled, increasing from $262,808,000 to $509,559,000, and the surplus from $29,781,000 to $54,000,000. The scientific premium performed its duty. During these ten years it had paid all the accruing death claims, amounting to $215,864,000; also the maturing endowments, besides returning many millions of surplus to reduce the cost of insurance, and provided this larger amount of assets for the sure coming increase of mortality, resulting from the fact that so large a proportion of the policy-holders were older. Indeed, all companies must provide for two things yearly:

First, the actual death losses. Second, such a reserve as together with the future payments, will meet all future losses.

At the opening of 1892, American life companies held in outstanding Insurance	$4,447,000,000
The assets were	846,330,000
The surplus was	102,820,000

Within the past twelve years the amount of insurance in force has increased two hundred and twenty-five per cent, and the assets one hundred and sixty-five per cent; while the surplus has nearly doubled. This is also strictly scientific. The past ten years have witnessed a much larger net increase of business in force. Consequently the proportion of new to old business is very much greater than in the former comparison. It needs no explanation to make clear the fact that the proportion of assets to the amount in force must be in accordance with the average age of the policies.

The history of the fifty American life companies, now actively engaged in business, extends over an average period of twenty-eight years. Holding each of them strictly accountable for their financial transactions, the aggregate result is found to be as follows: —

First: the gross amount paid to their policy-holders since organization . . .	$1,447,453,137
The amount of present assets Jan. 1, 1892	846,430,678
Payments to policy-holders plus present assets	$2,293,910,815
Second: gross amount of premiums received since organization	2,147,104,177
Excess of payments to policy-holders plus present assets over premiums received. . .	$ 146,749,638

This accounting still further illustrates the efficiency with which the scientific premium, to which allusion has already been made, performed its work. It also illustrates the prudence and skill with which the business has been conducted. With such a wonderful *beginning*, what must the future be?

There is a universal law of sympathy in the human heart. It is God-given and ennobling. It only needs to be touched by the right talisman to spring into immediate action for the benefit of others. Over much of the long past it has slumbered, or, if temporarily kindled, found no adequate form

of expression towards those other lives to whom they were bound by the most sacred ties. With the advent of the life-insurance idea, came the ability to put in practice this inborn principle. But humanity was busy. Each was absorbed in his own work, and apprehended not the golden opportunity open to him. The sunshine was there, but the clouds of circumstance veiled his eyes. But the world's needs find final fulfilment through instrumentalities specially provided for the service, who appear at the right time. The history of life-insurance procedure forms no exception. During the past thirty years a gradually increasing force of soliciting specialists have been developed, that have proved to be the talismen that have touched the inherent sympathetic vein of the American heart, and the result has been the creation of a business in volume and quality unequalled elsewhere in the world's history. This American life-insurance solicitor is the peer of any class among the large list of specialists for which this country is noted, in intelligence, patience, perseverance, and honor. His work attests it. The future of life-insurance progress would be of little moment without him. Both the companies that employ him, and the public whom he serves and teaches, acknowledge it. We have only to add that in 1891 this army of specialists placed *one billion one hundred and seventy-eight millions* of dollars of new business in American companies to demonstrate the vastness and importance of the work they are carrying forward.

It is indeed a great business which has systematically and conservatively arranged for the future payment of nearly *eleven thousand millions of dollars* to twenty million beneficiaries throughout the civilized world; which during 1891 paid six hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars *daily* to policy-holders and those beneficiaries whose "hearts were full to bursting of the sorrow none may share;" and during the same year issued new insurance to the amount of *one billion seven hundred and seventy-eight millions of dollars*. With all its enormous achievements, however, it is only at the threshold of a much more enormous future. To quote the words of an officer of one of the leading American companies: "Life insurance is only beginning to touch the homes and lives of the people. Its horizon is still expanding. We have only begun to realize how much of a factor it is to become in the

economy of that better civilization into which we are daily growing."

Life insurance is the world's financial democracy. It unites all classes under a protecting, ameliorating power greater and better than the world has hitherto known. Its mission of practical beneficence finds expression when all else fails. As an eminent statesman recently said, "It is solving this matter of socialism."

That quickening power which is fast dominating human thought and action during these closing years of the nineteenth century will animate mankind everywhere to clearer apprehensions of the scope and power of life insurance, and thus an ever-increasing number of persons will be set free from the annoyances of worry and emboldened to

> "Act, act in the living present
> Heart within and God o'erhead"

as never before. Thereby shall the world's progress be enhanced and enlarged, and we may safely predict that this gracious service of mutual help shall have so multiplied among all peoples, that when the twentieth century dawns the outstanding volume shall be at least *twenty billions*, more than half of which shall be credited to America.

"AUTOMATIC" WRITING.

BY B. F. UNDERWOOD.

In writing this article my main object is to encourage the careful study of a class of phenomena from which most people stand aloof because the subject seems to them uncanny and hardly a proper one for scientific or even serious investigation.

Camille Flammarion, the astronomer, who in his youth was a medium, and who wrote automatically the chapter entitled "Genesis" in Allen-Kardec's "General Uranography," has thus stated in THE ARENA the difference between automatic writing and ordinary writing: —

"In the normal state, when we wish to write a sentence, we mentally construct that sentence — if not the whole of it, at least a part of it — before writing the words. The pen and the hand obey the creative thought. It is not so when one writes mediumistically. One rests one hand motionless but docile on a sheet of paper, and then writes. After a little while, the hand begins to move and to form letters, words, and phrases. One does not create these sentences, as in the normal state, but waits for them to produce themselves."

With some it is necessary to give attention to the writing, else it becomes incoherent; but others write just as well or even better when their normal mental powers are otherwise employed.

Alfred Binet, in his essay on "Double Consciousness," says that automatic writing "may be described under the general name of unconscious movements produced by ideas." The ordinary consciousness "furnishes the idea, and the second consciousness determines the manner in which the idea shall be expressed; there is accordingly a concurrence of the two consciousnesses, a collaboration of the two egos for one common task."

It is certain that the movements of the hand form no part of the activity which can be properly classed under habit or instinct. They are performed by a conscious personality

that has ideas, emotions, and mental peculiarities. *The writing is not, in fact, automatic.* Automatic actions are those, the frequent repetition of which during a long time has caused the nerve groupings to become closely organized in the brain centres. Such actions are performed unconsciously. As mental processes become automatic, we act not from volition, but from the force of habit; memory, reason, and feeling disappear, and the acts are performed without thought, without consciousness. That the brain has automatic power, there is, I presume, no doubt; and this probably enters into all the processes of the secret mechanism of thought. Dr. Carpenter says that this power, which he calls "unconscious cerebration," has its origin in the previous habit, and that its conclusions are mainly the resultant of the previous mental action and discipline. While several have written learnedly in regard to the unconscious, automatic mental power, M. Ribot declares that all unconscious actions of the organism are purely physiological phenomena. Be this as it may, the writing wrongly called automatic is not directed by an unconscious intelligence, nor are the thoughts written derived from an unconscious source. This is certain.

Charles Richet, professor of physiology in the Faculty of medicine in Paris, some years ago advanced the hypothesis of an unconscious ego which gives attention, perceives, reflects, and reasons, unknown to the conscious self. This supposition in no way helps to explain thought and movements which show consciousness as evidently as does ordinary writing or speaking. Connected words and sentences, philosophical reflections, intelligent replies to questions and rhythmical verses, leave no room for doubt that their source is conscious intelligence with directive volition. Sometimes when the last word of a sentence has been written, or in the middle of a sentence, the hand moves backward or upward, stops at a word, and erases and substitutes for it or adds to it another word or clause. When questions are asked, not infrequently the pen in the hand is moved to words already written, which, connected in thought, serve as answers to the inquiries, thus saving time and effort. Often there is hesitation, and sometimes a few words are written, then erased, and a new sentence begun.

Automatic writing by Mrs. Underwood, who related some of her psychic experiences in the August ARENA, I have

observed closely for nearly two years. During the writing her mental condition is entirely normal, and there is nothing unusual or peculiar in her physical appearance — in her expression or manner. She questions and criticises as freely as I do. When she or I ask a question she writes it down in her own usual handwriting, and then waits for the answer, which is written rapidly under the question. The sentences, written without conscious effort on her part, either in the composition or the movements of the pen, are often written much more rapidly than she is able to write by her own volition, and in handwritings the style of which is in marked contrast to her own. The theories and opinions presented in these writings are more often at variance than in accord with our own. They are often expressed in an oracular manner. Direct dissent from or vigorous criticism of statements made are often met with replies to the effect that the limitation of sense perceptions makes our conceptions of things, as they actually are, inadequate and distorted. With some of our adverse comments upon unverifiable statements, more petulance than patience is shown; but generally the spirit exhibited is kindly and generous. I in no way consciously contribute, directly or indirectly, either to the writing or to the thought expressed in these answers, except by my presence, and generally, but not always, by my attention and questioning, which are invariably invited by the controlling intelligence. I have no mediumistic powers, and never had. Years ago when I attended spiritistic circles, a number of times I was told by the managers that I was "positive"; and in order to make the conditions magnetically and spiritually harmonious, I was usually assigned a seat where the opportunities for testing the genuineness of the performances were the poorest. But my presence has been and is now one of the conditions of Mrs. Underwood's getting connected and coherent writing. Only a few words and a sentence or two have been written occasionally in my absence. Once when I was absent from home the peculiar sensation which had always been felt in Mrs. Underwood's right hand before the writing began, was felt in the left hand, with which a name was written with letters reversed, and she could read it only when impressed to do so. She held it before the mirror. It was the name of a person two hundred miles distant, who was still alive, but, as was subsequently learned, in an uncon-

scious state at the time, and very near death, which occurred two or three days afterwards.

The word "death" is never used except with "so-called" before it, or "which is a new birth," or some other explanatory or qualifying expression. The writing purports to be from extra-mediumistic and extra-mundane sources — from invisible human beings who once inhabited this earth. The writing always, whether purporting to be from a person of high or low degree, claims that the controlling intelligence is a spirit — a discarnate human being. Any intimation that the communicating intelligence may be the medium's subconscious ego, a fraction of which only rises to the level of conscious knowledge, is met with responses to the effect that it is strange anybody can believe such a vagary. One claim, to which there has never been exception in any writing purporting to be a message, is that a "spirit," a discarnate human being, moves the hand that holds the pen. Generally names and dates are not given; and when they are, they are as liable to be wrong as correct. In answer to questions as to the reason of this, it has been said substantially that memories and reminiscences are only gathered up as the departed are able to come in contact with persons and objects of earth. Strange as it may seem, I get tired and nervous when this writing is prolonged; it exhausts me much more than it does Mrs. Underwood, on whom it never leaves any depressing influence.

To me the wonderful thing is that the intelligence operates without conscious effort or participation on the part of the person whose hand holds the pen. There must be a consciousness of the thought and composition and of the effort to produce them involved in this writing, but it is certainly a consciousness not included in the chain of memory and psychical activities that belong to the waking state, even though it be a part of the total consciousness of the same personality.

The intelligence which seems to be extraneous, which invariably claims to be a departed spirit, now one, now another, is sometimes inferior intellectually to the medium; at other times, in certain lines of thought, in the use of words, and in the statement of facts, the intelligence that directs the pen evinces larger knowledge than Mrs. Underwood consciously possesses. The spelling is sometimes dif-

ferent from her own, and the style is often stilted, courtly, and even grandiose, while her style is simple and natural. In some cases the writing relates to what is entirely unknown to the writer, — to her ordinary consciousness, — though in some of these cases I can conceive it as possible, and deem it probable, that the writing relates to what has been noted or learned by the passive consciousness, and is evoked therefrom, even though there is no recognition of its having been included in the person's experience. But in other cases the writing has contained evidence of knowledge that Mrs. Underwood never could have obtained in any known way. She gave one or two instances in the August ARENA. I will relate another of her experiences which, in my opinion, proves that there are supernormal methods of obtaining knowledge.

One morning, a message purporting to be from a young man recently deceased was received. Neither Mrs. U. nor I had ever seen his handwriting. We knew his name only as William S. The message was signed "Z. W. S." At the time, I remarked that I did not believe there was any Z in his name, and in this opinion Mrs. U. concurred. A few days afterwards we met the father and the mother of the young man, who were so impressed with the resemblance between the handwriting and that of their son that they wished to take the writing with them. There was a Z in the name, but it was the initial of his second name, and not of the first, as it was written. In the presence of the young man's mother, Mrs. U.'s hand was moved to write, and the lady asked if her father would give a test by writing his name. The first name, Solomon, was written slowly; and after a pause, the surname was written very quickly. Mrs. U. did not know and never had known the name, which was written correctly; and Mr. S., who is a lawyer and a man of critical and discriminating mind, and his wife both declared that the signature closely resembled that of the old gentleman. Some days ago I wrote to Mr. S., asking him whether, after further reflection, he could suggest a possible explanation of what Mrs. U. wrote without recourse to any occult theory. He replied and referred to the message purporting to be from his son, thus: "I have compared it with signatures of our boy. As I told you in Chicago at the time, the writing bears a *very* strong resemblance to his writing. Mrs. U. did not, in my opinion, either consciously or uncon-

sciously, have any knowledge of Will's full name. The writing, while quite similar to Will's, is very different from Mrs. Underwood's." My wife's father's name had not been mentioned at all. Never had been in Mrs. U.'s presence. I don't think she had ever met a member of Mrs. S.'s family by that name, yet she certainly wrote the name of Mrs. S.'s father, Solomon M., very plainly, when asked to write the name of the person who had just written that he had something to say. This writing was also *very, very* similar to the handwriting of the old gentleman. The test, to my mind, was quite convincing — more so than almost anything I ever saw; yet I have no fixed or positive opinion as to how it was done. Still, I must, in justice to my own intelligence, record myself as against the theory of subconscious action on the part of Mrs. U. on the ground that she never knew, consciously or otherwise, enough on the subject to write what she did. Telepathy might apply to Mrs. S.'s father's name because she was thinking strongly of him at the time; still, the theory, in my opinion, falls very far below what I would call proof of telepathy, though I am quite a believer in telepathy as an established fact."

Fully aware that incidents long forgotten may be recalled, that possibly no lapse of memory is irrevocable, and that under certain conditions from the submerged self may be sent up memories which cannot be distinguished from newly acquired knowledge, still, I am confident that Mrs. Underwood's hand has written names and statements of facts not only once, but several times, which were not and never had been any part of her conscious knowledge.

Professor Stainton Moses, editor of *Light* (London), says: "I have written automatically precise statements of facts, subsequently verified and found to be exact, such facts being demonstrably outside of my own knowledge." This is a correct statement, also, of Mrs. Underwood's experience, be the explanation what it may.

In most of the automatic writing I have seen by different persons, there is a general sameness of thought, and even of expression. We are accustomed to regard our personal consciousness as a closed individuality, insulated from other individualities; but it may be that intelligences interpenetrate one another; that the subconscious self is susceptible to a common psychical influence, a certain stratum of the

Zeitgeist, to use an expression of Professor James, — and this may explain the similarity in the thought and style of trance speaking and automatic writing; for as Professor William James says, "the odd thing is that persons unexposed to spiritualist traditions will so often act in the same way when they become entranced, speak in the name of the departed, go through the motions of their several death agonies, send messages about their happy home in the summer land, and describe the ailments of those present. I have no theory to publish of these cases, several of which I have personally seen."

Dr. E. Von Hartmann in his "Der Spiritismus" has recourse, to explain some of the alleged spirit phenomena, to a supposed hidden consciousness, somnambulic in its nature, which exists throughout the normal life of the subject which possesses telepathic power, and may see the entire past and present of another's life — a consciousness that sometimes becomes clairvoyant, and, bringing the subject into relation with absolute being, enables him to know whatever is or has been. But I cannot regard this as anything more than a mere fanciful hypothesis, though an ingenious one, with which some of the psychical experiences are consistent enough.

Those who have accepted the spiritistic theory to account for automatic writing, or are investigating the subject, should at least acquaint themselves with the conclusions which have been reached by French physiological psychologists. Ribot classes automatic writing with the phenomena of double consciousness. He advances the theory that organic individuality is the basis of all the different forms of personality; that the ego is the resultant of a cohesion and co-ordination of states, conscious or unconcious; that certain states of consciousness, by reason of alienation, may come to be regarded by the ego as no part of itself, but as objective, and as a distinct, independent foreign existence. There are thus two egos existing in the same person. It is certain that we have authentic records of patients who, at certain critical periods, passed into the condition of secondary consciousness which lasted months, and was connected by memory, not with the ordinary consciousness, but with the previous secondary consciousness. There was, to all appearances, entire lack of fusion between two periods of psychic life. Facts

like these lead Binet to assume that there may exist in hysterical persons two rational faculties that are unknown to each other. Indeed, after referring to the case of Félida, described by Dr. Azam of Bordeaux, and others who presented two successive lives with two different characters and two different chains of memory, Binet says: "We have established, almost with certainty, in fact, that on such subjects there exists, side by side with the principal personality, a secondary personality, which is unknown by the first; which sees, hears, reflects, reasons, and acts."

Most "automatic" writers are entirely normal when they write, and many of them are in health, have never been hypnotized, have never suffered mentally from any physical derangement; the intelligence that directs the hand is not a partial or incomplete personality, but an intelligence equal to that of the person whose hand is moved; and during this writing, there are no indications in such person of any impairment of intellectual power, as would doubtless be the case if the controlling intelligence were an alienation from the personality of the automatic writer. But the works of Ribot, Binet, and Richet contain a large amount of information on the subject of double consciousness, and a knowledge of these writings is only necessary to satisfy any intelligent person that much which passes current among spiritualists as due to the agency of discarnate spirits, is clearly nothing of the kind.

I take the liberty to give the following suggestive passage from a letter which I received a few weeks ago from the eminent philosopher Dr. Edmund Montgomery: "As regards the seeming and all but unconsciously expressed views through automatic writing, I think we have not far to seek for analogical phenomena of a well-known kind; namely, the familiar dramatic performances that take place with such lifelike appearance in our dreams. Other persons, not friends, but perfect strangers, are most vividly and distinctly perceived, and utter, audible to our understanding, sentences that nowise seem our own, but, on the contrary, quite foreign to our mode of thinking or even to our conscious knowledge. Not mere memory is here to play, but a new creation of forms, incidents, and thoughts. I have always believed that Shakespeare must have possessed the faculty of controlling at will and when awake the course of dramatic performances of the very kind that are so char-

acteristically played in our dreams beyond our will. The same theory that would explain the dramas of dreamland, enacted by persons or beings not consciously forming part of ourselves, seemingly moving in a sphere outside our own personality; the same theory that would explain this every-day occurrence, would also suffice to explain the nature of automatic writing."

These dramatic performances, which occur in dreams while the ordinary consciousness is partially anæsthetized by sleep, seem to be, nevertheless, a portion of the experience of this consciousness; but in automatic writing the ordinary consciousness, though fully awake, appears to take no part in producing the writing. Furthermore, dreamland experiences do not include the learning or uttering of what is no part of the knowledge acquired in the waking state; or so far as they do, they imply supernormal means of obtaining knowledge, and are no more explained than is automatic writing.

A very common statement is to the effect that so-called automatic writing is one of the forms in which neurosis manifests itself; but this explains nothing, for neurosis is a term of such wide meaning that it cannot be applied exclusively to any class of psychical activities. Many writers, from Seneca to Lombroso, Moreau, and Ribot (not to mention Dryden), have written in regard to the relationship between genius and insanity. J. F. Nesbit, in his recent work, "The Insanity of Genius," applying what is now known in regard to the localization of brain functions and the kinship of many mental and nervous disorders to the life histories of hundreds of the greatest geniuses, reaches the conclusion that genius and insanity, although at opposite poles of the intellect, are but different phases of neurosis; that genius, whether considered as the creative gift in literature and art, or that native ability which is necessary to excellence in any given sphere of thought or activity, is a manifestation of nerve energy due to nervous sensibility of, or lack of balance in, the cerebro-spinal system; that all special aptitudes depend upon the fact that certain areas of the brain have a greater supply of nerve force than other areas, and possess, therefore, more vivid recollections and more enduring records. "Both the man of genius and the madman owe their thought and action to the excessive stimulation, the de-

pression, or the excitability of certain regions of their brain." The difference between them is not in the degree of susceptibility, but in the area that is supplied with nerve force. The explanation of the genius of Shakespeare is that he was a victim of neurotic disease! And yet of genius Oliver Wendell Holmes says it is "the Zeus that kindled the rage of Achilles; it is the muse of Homer; it is the demon of Socrates; it is the inspiration of the seer; it comes to the least of us as a voice that will be heard; it lends a sudden gleam of sense and eloquence to the dullest of us all; we wonder at ourselves, or, rather, not at ourselves, but at the divine visitor who chooses our brain as his dwelling-place, and invests our naked thoughts with the purple of the kings of speech or song."

I do not accept the spiritistic hypothesis, but I know of no other hypothesis that is satisfactory in helping us to explain the facts. Automatic writing belongs to a class of phenomena, the investigation of which may show that personality is larger and more inclusive than we have believed. "I entirely agree with you," says a well-known man of science in a private letter, "that there are latent powers in the human personality more profoundly significant, more vastly comprehensive, than are expressed in the common run of life by our discursive thought and action." The significance and comprehensiveness of these powers can be understood only by a study of all the facts of that class to which automatic writing belongs. I believe that automatic writing has been an important factor in the world's religious thought and history; that in Egypt, India, and Judea it was believed to be communications divinely dictated or inspired; and that in modern times it has led to belief in special revelations and to the inauguration of great religious movements. The phenomenon should be no longer ignored; it should be made the subject of the most careful and thorough scientific examination.

THE TRUE BASIS OF CURRENCY.

BY MILES M. DAWSON.

THE most stubborn superstition we have inherited is that gold is a precious metal. Its high price or exchange value was originally occasioned by the admiration of primitive men for its color. In the same way brilliant glass beads are said to command a high price among African savages at the present time. The one-time scarcity of the metal operated to preserve the fictitious value thus originally placed upon gold. To have something one's neighbor could not possess was then, as now, too often deemed a mark of superiority, served as a criterion of class distinction and social caste. Many metals, including silver, now considered dross, and many stones now esteemed common pebbles were in early days similarly overvalued. Naturally an article upon which so high a price was originally set, found few uses other than personal ornament; in fact, any real use was considered an extravagance. This is yet so far the case that it is difficult to name the uses other than ornament which might be made of gold. Because it does not tarnish, it is excellent material for tableware, for a watch case, for a tooth-pick. Because it does not dissolve into poisonous salts under the action of saliva, it answers well to repair decayed teeth. Because of its color, it does to letter a sign, gild a frame, and fill some small offices in art. The sciences also find use for a very little.

Among civilized men, gold is of itself an ornament no longer; it has become too cheap and common a commodity to distinguish the most vulgar noble from the vulgar herd. To be sure, the metal is still used as a setting for jewels.

The scarcity of gold, necessary to render desirable its use as an ornament, is now entirely fictitious, since the demand for currency purposes takes much the larger part of the supply. That demand is constant and insatiable, calling for many times more than can be produced. If gold were not used as coin and the large demand for currency purposes should cease, the overstock of the market would surely

render its use for personal adornment almost impossible. The price, therefore, ought to fall to a figure fixed by the demand for actual uses; in which case it seems clear that it would hardly command one tenth the present price, that the amount of gold now contained in a dollar would hardly exchange for one tenth a bushel of wheat.

It might seem that this excessive demand for currency should have created and sustained a price high enough to continue its use for ornament. But arbitrary demands, with the privilege or possibility of substitution, do not always result that way. At most times, a fixed proportion has been sustained by arbitrary custom between the values of gold and silver, and at that proportion, substitution was permitted. The issuance of bills has also operated to subdue the craving; and in various ways a constant upward tendency of the price of gold has been avoided. The practical retirement of gold ornaments evidences the fact that in spite of the great artificial demand, and also despite the apparent rise in value by the standard of the price of silver, the price of gold has really declined. This fact is disguised by the fact of the era of cheap production of things of real value, the price of such articles declining perhaps much more than that of gold. The natural result of such an era would have been a large apparent enhancement of the value of gold even if it was stationary in reality, because of the depreciation of that with which it is compared. Moreover, the impetus given to production and the multiplication of exchanges, and of articles to exchange should have created by the enormously increased demand a higher value for gold and silver. Credit, a fiction founded on a fiction, a promise to pay gold which you have not and cannot get, and which would be worth but little if it were paid, alone prevents the artificial scarcity from exceeding the actual scarcity of olden times. Governments and banks of issue are solvent only because the world does not ask them to pay their debts; to ask them to do so would cause a rise in gold to panic prices. Yet the actual value must be small; that the world can spare the larger part of the supply for currency purposes, argues that the actual uses are few and unimportant, and the value for use, therefore, small. That the world can and does make use of many other things for currency, including flimsy and ridiculous promises, proves that the metals are inadequate to per-

form the offices of money — that by themselves they would rather impede than facilitate exchanges — that they in no sense automatically balance the production of other commodities so as to avoid inflation and contraction, the two euphemisms for fluctuations of the value of the unit of money.

The evils of such fluctuations are very sensible, in that it is no little hardship to repay a loan on your farm, originally equivalent to one thousand bushels of its produce, by a payment equivalent to two thousand bushels. Likewise is it unpleasant to have the position reversed, if you happen to be caught by the shifting of values and robbed of one half your dues. Exchange values of course always fluctuate or appear to do so even when stable, quite as the land seems to move when you look from a railway car. But that the actual value of a circulating medium should fluctuate is altogether a different matter, as witness the awful crises of the commercial world. That it is possible for it thus to fluctuate is clearly demonstrated by financial history, and is conclusive proof that the currency is on a false basis and does not represent absolute value or the "prime utility," as the Austrian school of economists would phrase it. The friends of a gold basis only claim for it that it is "the least fluctuating of commodities," a claim, comparatively modest, to be sure, but not borne out by investigation.

The Austrian terms are very apt and suggestive. It is plain that some one sort of commodity there must be, which men would always prefer to all others, if they could obtain but the one. It seems equally plain that the commodity sure to be thus chosen has absolute value, stable and unvarying, is the article without which none other would be called into being, or would be of value if produced. Such a commodity when found should be a natural measure of values, the ideal basis for currency. Other things are of no value when by men's greatest efforts the prime utility can barely be obtained; they begin to be of value, in fact to be produced, only when there is no great difficulty in obtaining the prime utility. Therefore, the surplus of the prime utility over the requirements of its owners balances all other commodities, and also, which is of the greatest importance, controls and limits the possibilities of production. All other commodities have been in their turn final utilities, that is to say, the last article which the abundance of the prime utility has made it

possible to produce, and which men have chosen to produce rather than another. Such commodities are not necessarily of little value or small price. On the contrary, each must originally have been esteemed worth the quantity of prime utility foregone to accomplish its making, and that is often large. But the value of such commodities is evidently insecure and unstable. To the later utilities — that is, to those furthest removed from prime utility — belong all articles of ease and luxury; and far down the list come the so-called precious metals, disqualified by their excessive tendency to fluctuation from acting *per se* as currency. That this is true is plain from recent events; for despite Europe's great hunger for gold, the hunger for bread has turned the flood back across the Atlantic. The people stood in need of an utility of far more stable and real value than gold.

In the nature of things money must represent this prime utility. Gold is but one of the counters, with the value of which as a counter the intrinsic value of the metal has nothing whatsoever to do. The whole currency at all times represents the part of the prime utility which can be foregone by its possessors in order to obtain for themselves other commodities. This quantity fluctuates but its units are of stable and absolute value. The volume of the world's currency, that is the number of nominal units, fluctuates somewhat, but by no sort of conjunction or correspondence with the fluctuations of the units of prime utility. Suppose the volume of currency to be stationary, which might very well be for a short time. Let the currency volume be 100 x; and the volume of prime utility vary, being at one time 100 y, at a second 150 y, and at a third 50 y. Then in the first instance, according to algebra

$$100\,x = 100\,y$$
$$\therefore\ x = y.$$

In the second

$$100\,x = 150\,y$$
$$\therefore\ x = \frac{3\,y}{2}$$

In the third

$$100\,x = 50\,y$$
$$\therefore\ x = \frac{y}{2}$$

These crude illustrations roughly illustrate the fluctuation of the value of currency units, occasioned by the fact that while all the currency must represent the varying quantity of units of prime utility, the number of currency units does not vary with the number of units of the utility.

The illustration assumes the number of units of currency to be fixed, which of course is not the fact, though by the present system the volume of currency in circulation varies but little. Whether the times be good or bad, there is about the same amount of money in the world. The quantity which is performing the primary and principal function of money varies greatly, however, and thus intensifies rather than causes hard times while at other times preventing the advent of prosperous seasons. It has not escaped observation that when the farmers have plenty of money, it is a harbinger of brisk business and good times for all. The natural trend of the circulation of currency is toward the town from the country, a flow which is reversed only when the products of the farm are sent to market. The flood of money from the farms to the shops carries with it to each person a potential control over the prime utility, which renders it possible for him to produce something else. If that flood is scanty, commerce and industries languish, and sometimes grim want stalks through the avenues of trade and manufacture. If, for some reason, the money is denied the farmer by means of "low prices," the anomaly of "over production" teaches man that none is so poor as he who has too much. The natural starting-point of all exchanges is the farm; the increase of its products means an increased demand for currency, a diminution means a reduced demand for currency. At some time during the year every dollar of real money exchanges for food products; for food is the prime utility, and the surplus food product the natural currency.

Many have assumed that labor is the true cause of value and natural basis for currency. But the wild apple may taste as juicy as the fruit of the orchard; the flesh of the deer may be sweeter than that of the ox. The proletarian civilization with its wage system has done much to make plausible the conception of labor as a basis, since wages are commonly paid for a fixed number of hours of labor, instead of for a certain quota of production. But labor can be wasted, and it is by no means sure that its product will

repay the outlay. At the best the quantity of labor could determine nothing more than the cost price below which an article will not be again produced. In that way, it would, of course, be an element in determining the price. But in endeavoring to use labor as an unit of currency, it would be necessary to take into account the efficiency as well as the amount of labor. The amount is easily determined by time measurement, but the efficiency can only be determined by reference to the concrete product. Thus the concrete commodity becomes the measure of the measure, and the labor standard is shown to be secondary, requiring a reference to another standard. This in its turn is secondary, and a variable, unless it chances to be the prime utility. For only when the world can afford it — that is when the prime utility is so abundant as to allow of the production of all things which men prefer to it, and yet have enough left to support those who produce it — can it be produced, or will men think it of value. Indirectly through its various products, labor is measured by units of the prime utility, and by the same its powers are directed upon the production of other commodities. The amount of labor that can be expended on other things is strictly limited by the surplus of the prime utility; since if mankind by united effort could obtain but the prime utility, all energy must be devoted to that.

Within the limits to production set by this surplusage, there is room for human choice on the part of whosoever has potential control of the surplus. Articles approaching the prime utility in usefulness and necessity are, of course, first produced, and then articles of comfort and ease as the surplus permits. The original price of each article so produced is fixed by the necessary quantity of the prime utility required by the toilers who produce it; such toilers will, of course, require to be as well repaid as if they had labored to produce the prime utility unless some monopoly has shut them from the possibility of laboring in that way. In that case, slavery of a more or less irksome sort supervenes, and of course interferes with the natural cost of the articles they produce. But from the simplest of the commodities, commonly termed "necessaries of life," to the last luxury that plenteous food has made possible, it is possible and natural to express the value of other products in terms of food. By that standard only can prices be properly computed and cost

of production estimated; for food is the prime utility and surplus food the natural balance of the possibilities of diversified productions.

The occasion for the use of money is not primarily exchange but diversity of industry. The barter which took place of old between sheikhs and patriarchs, trading one possession for another, really required no medium of exchange. The growth of a system of travelling hucksters induced the use of metals as an actual commodity for exchange, most desirable to the huckster because of their convenient weight. The barbaric love for display made them valuable, and the huckster made his gains by playing on the vices of men. But to measure actual values no standard was required, for commerce was yet to be. The prices put upon the luxuries and gewgaws, which were articles of barter, were all fantastic and whimsical, the creatures of casual lusts. But when commerce began and industries sprang up, gold and silver had become the commodities which most readily passed current among the rich. The control of the necessaries of life was in the hands of the rich. The laborers, therefore, were ready to accept that for their products which would buy bread from the rich who controlled it. It was bread they required; and had the rich who usurped the right to the earth and its fruits demanded any other commodity in exchange for food, that commodity would, perforce, have been money. Whatever represented food and would secure food for a man was money.

In the earlier history of the world when the earth was less crowded, the problem of existence was too simple to require deep study or systematic arrangement. Food was obtained by hunting, fishing, or very rude and even careless attempts at tillage. A large surplus over the producers' wants was easily obtained when desired; but in the main no great need of such a surplus was apparent. The wants of mankind were simple and for some centuries perhaps the only diversity of labor was in the family. The very abundance of the prime utility prevented men from understanding that only when farmers produce enough beyond their own needs to feed others can there be diversity of employments and the volume of all other products is limited and balanced by the current quantity of surplus food.

But that is clearly the case. If the united labor of all

men could scarcely produce sufficient food to sustain the lives of all men, no other commodity would be produced, no other article be of value. The savage did not tan the skin of the beast until he was sated with its flesh. Just so many men can engage in other occupations as can be supported by the food which the others produce beyond their own needs. In a community of three, no raiment will any one have until he can get food to live upon while he plays the tailor; only when one has shown special skill at tailoring and also when two are able to supply food for the three, can any one set up as a tailor; he in his turn would not accept such a change unless he was fed while making garments for himself as well as the others. In other words the standard of living is raised and man no longer lives by bread alone. Commercially the clothing he produces is the equivalent of the surplus food they produce, and each garment can be readily expressed in terms of food. The exigencies of a more complex commerce of course involve this transaction; but every problem of production can be reduced into the same elements, and all values be resolved into food units in the last reduction. Food is the sole common denominator of commodities; it is that which creates values, alone permits values, and by its own scarcity destroys values. If coin or bills paid out in the process of production could not buy food, it might buy everything else but would buy nothing worth the having.

The food measure is automatic, self-adjusting to the requirements of production and exchange; for exchange depends upon production and production upon the surplus of food. The rule admits of no exception for it is the rule of causation. The food unit is fitted to the office of a standard; for alone among commodities it is of stable and constant value. Whether abundant or scarce, in times of plenty or famine, a bushel of wheat supports life equally long; its intrinsic or absolute value is the same. The abundance of food should mean prosperous days for all, extended production, greater diversity of industry, a larger quantity of other commodities. The standard of living should become higher, and the individual should enjoy a greater measure of comfort. A rise in wages — that is, an increase in the number of food units placed in the workman's power — should follow a considerable increase in the surplus food product. Such a rise would of course increase the cost of commodities pro-

portionately, but would augment the demand for commodities, and encourage the activities of production. That such is not the case argues the existence of an imperfect currency which does not properly perform its function of facilitating exchanges. That one set of men should be compelled to use corn for fuel in Kansas, while at that very hour another set of men skilled in coal mining starved in enforced idleness at the very mouths of mines rich in coal, is proof positive that something must have ailed the medium of exchange. Such an exchange would have taken place, had there been no money whatsoever; in the most primitive days the common sense of mankind would have urged that the corn of Kansas be traded for the coal of Pennsylvania. The money of the world not only did not facilitate the barter, it actually impeded it. The difficulties in the way of the exchange were in no sense the result of combinations among mine owners. Such conspiracies are indeed criminal, and in all cases largely augment the distress of the poor; but they are only effective against those who have succeeded in exchanging their own productions for money. That was precisely what the poor Kansan had not succeeded in doing. The price of coal was, after all, of little consequence, so long as corn brought no price at all.

Yet at that time, as at all times, the currency really represented the surplus food product. But the units of currency were seeking a new adjustment to the units they represented; the volume of the currency was nearly stationary while the volume of surplus food was enormously increased; the unit of currency had greatly increased in real value in the hands of its possessor, and the unit of food product had correspondingly shrunk in the hands of its possessor. Low prices and a glutted market prevailed both in coal and corn, not because no miner was hungry and no farmer cold, but because in all this "over production" the possessor of currency needed no more food and no more coal than before. The potential control over the farmer's corn is in the hands of those who have control over the currency; the wants of the farmer and miner, though such as could be supplied by each other to mutual advantage, are nothing to the possessor of gold unless he sees a desire of his own to be sated.

How completely unnatural such a situation is, one can readily see if he will but imagine it to exist in a simple com-

munity during the infancy of exchange. Suppose four persons to constitute such a community; that, when at an earlier date it became possible for three to produce food enough for all, the love of display caused the three to set the fourth at gold-digging. Assume that now that it is found possible to spare one more from food-producing, all four have become so blinded that they are each unwilling to trade for anything but gold, except when hunger forces the miser to give up his hoard. Diversification of industry would stop at gold mining, and even if the passion for the yellow dirt relented sufficiently to make industries possible, the control and direction of the forces of production would have passed from the hands of the farmers to the hands of the owners of gold. From that day the labors of mankind would minister primarily to their wants; the needs of others would be secondary and subordinate. Thus by a foolish determination to trade for but one thing, the birthright of humanity, the right to freely exchange products, is sold for a mess of pottage. The requirements and desires of the farmers are the fountains of the world's industries, and for the good of mankind, the potential control over the surplus food product should be in their hands. As this product is the natural measure of possible production of other commodities, of the possible magnitude of commerce, of the number that can be spared and supported in other employments, of the standard of living, and the accession of comforts, and in short of the prosperity in material things of mankind, it alone really performs the true office of currency, that of facilitating and regulating commerce. A currency predicated upon the food in their hands should be issued direct to the farmers in the form of warehouse receipts, certifying the quantity and quality of the products warehoused. Such money would be solid and of definite value, and would flow out from the farmers to enliven the processes of production, each unit in due time returning to the government for redemption. Just enough and none too great would be the volume of the currency at all times, for the quantity would accurately represent the amount of production other than agriculture possible for men to accomplish. As in the creation of other industries the production of food must of necessity take the initiative, so the initial or starting point of currency should be not the mine but the farm.

CONFESSIONS — I. THE PHYSICIAN.

ANONYMOUS SERIES.

I AM proud of my profession as a physician, and therefore interested in its glory and its shame. Its shame — which is the common shame of our selfish humanity in all pursuits — is an inheritance from dark ages, embodied and castled in corporations, and therefore very persistent; its glory is the wellspring of tenderness in human hearts, which responds to human suffering, and the heroism that fights and dies in defence of society against pestilence, leading the best and bravest to early deaths, and making our profession the most short-lived of all that assist society. "There," said an old doctor, "look at my books, — there are $20,000 recorded that I shall never see, — what an amount of toil that represents, what long rides, what broken rest, what night vigils, what wearing anxiety, and doubt, and despair! I shall never go through it again; it is time for me to rest," and in a few years he reached his final rest. That man was a social benefactor as well as he knew how to be. He did not lead; he did not investigate; he simply toiled like a soldier under orders. The *authorities* of the profession were enough for him; he trusted and obeyed. They told him to despise heresy and innovation, and he ignored the best investigations of his time. The brightest truths that dawned in his vicinity were nothing to him; he hardly knew of their existence. Calomel, aloes and rhubarb, tartar emetic, and salts, quinine, opium and the lancet were ninety-nine hundredths of his dispensations. It was all honestly done, following illustrious examples, for Sir Astley Cooper gained a lordly income out of a barbarous practice, in which he confessed to using only five remedies. If the old doctor's mortality of patients was great, it was no worse than that of his neighbors, and he believed it was the best result possible. He disbelieved all marvellous cures, and took no interest in new remedies.

But, says the optimist, the old doctor exists now only in

fossil remains — he is an extinct species. This I might believe if I had not encountered so many surviving specimens, and sometimes rescued the patients whom they had pronounced hopeless.

Why is it that after the correct treatment of a disease has been discovered, it requires from twenty to a hundred years to induce the profession generally to adopt it? It took about one hundred and sixty years for the rational and successful treatment of scurvy to be adopted in the British navy, and during all those years of official stolidity and indifference, which now seem criminal, scurvy was the terror of the ocean, more deadly than a naval war; indeed, I remember reading the following in a well-known cyclopædia: "It is believed that more seamen perished from scurvy alone than from all other causes combined, whether sickness, tempest, or battle." And yet the adoption of the correct treatment, which was made known as far back as 1636, virtually abolished the disease by arresting its very commencement. Who is guilty of all the suffering and death between 1636 and 1795, when the authorities condescended to admit of a rational treatment?

Is there any crime greater than that of the sentinels who sleep or loiter on their posts, and refuse to listen to the loudest warnings, when the diseases against which they are supposed to guard are decimating society? If I were addressing a professional audience, I might occupy hours in the sad narrative of many scores of instances in which diseases really curable in ninety or ninety-five per cent of the cases have been allowed to ravage the world with a mortality of from thirty to seventy-five per cent — the deadly practice being not only maintained, but sternly enforced to prevent all dissent or criticism, by the unrelenting authority of colleges and societies, which enforce their creeds by professional extermination of heretics.

This is the SHAME of the profession. I am confessing for others, not for myself. It is due to the selfish motives which lead young men to fall in with whatever is current in society, and attach themselves to majorities without stopping to inquire if they are right or wrong. Until a more conscientious principle shall prevail, the profession must advance slowly. We depend upon the integrity of the young men, and that depends upon the instruction and examples of par-

ents. The moral sentiment is the foundation of all real progress.

I confess to falling in with the throng, and attending a college of the old-fashioned sort, for nothing better was within my reach. If I had followed the dogmatic practice of the professor of therapeutics, I shudder to think now of the number of deaths for which I would have been responsible. I firmly believe that nine tenths of his practice was accomplished with three remedies, and that calomel was the majority of his prescriptions in both number and quantity; but he was an honest dogmatist. Peace to his ashes.

The love of freedom being my ruling passion, I have looked into all systems. All have their merits; all have their faults. But above all systems is THE MAN who applies them. I would not say, as Pope said of governments, "that which is best administered is best," for a system may be so faulty that no administration can make it beneficent. But those horrid systems are dying out everywhere, and in the present status of medical science, all systems are so far advanced beyond what was current in my younger days, that a competent man is *generally* safe, no matter what school he comes from; but I would not accept for myself or my family any man who had not attained independence of all schools, and learned to follow clinical experience without regard to theories. All physicians claim to follow clinical experience, but it is a very poor experience which is limited to one school and to their own limited personal observations.

The true physician is an experimental inquirer and a laborious student of modern progress in all schools, and this faithful study alone is enough to impair his vital energy, and take a few years from his life, even if he kept out of the atmosphere of disease and night practice. The profession is the defensive army of society; its members must expect suffering, and a death too early, if they keep in service, and in such a heroic life they should have higher motives than the soldier who simply fights for pay, and I think many do attain the heroic level of action.

But, above all, the true physician is the man who is competent to detect and understand disease. If he is not competent to do this, he ought not to be allowed to enter the profession, for he must enter it as an impostor — as a blind blunderer whom all the colleges in the world could not make

a successful physician, any more than a blind man could be a painter. The faculty for detecting and comprehending morbid conditions generally depends on a distinct innate faculty, as much as music, poetry, or marksmanship; for human diseases are the most complex and indescribable of all things under the sun. Disease is to be sought and detected by a peculiar intuitive perception, which cannot be explained or taught. It is like the skill of the Indian hunter, or the trailing power of the bloodhound, or the skill with which some men can shoot a dollar or shatter a glass ball thrown in the air, not even taking aim. This faculty no college can give; in fact, the colleges seem to know nothing about it, and I personally knew some of the most famous and learned medical lecturers to be peculiarly defective in it, and really unfit for the practice which came to them in consequence of their official positions.

The man who has this faculty is the born doctor, divinely commissioned to battle with disease, because he knows *where it is and how it is*, and very little teaching or study will make him a skilful physician. The man who has it not should not be allowed to enter the profession, for his practice will be full of blunders and fatalities. It is such blunderers that have disgraced the profession in all ages, and brought upon it the sarcasm of all wits. Many a woman, many a nurse, many a farmer, has been able to see through these professional blunders, and, if educated, they would have made good physicians.

Dr. Buchanan calls this faculty PSYCHOMETRY, and I had the good fortune before the war to receive his instructions and those of his colleagues at Cincinnati; for they represented one branch of the profession of which they founded the parent school. I admired his teaching, and he convinced me that I possessed this faculty, and taught me to use it in many ways; and to that instruction I owe the best results of all my professional labors. I have trained the faculty to accuracy; and when I go into a consultation, I care not what others think, or how many they are. I know that I am right; I speak the truth, and they generally acquiesce; or if they are stubborn, the result proves them wrong by the autopsy or the recovery. My correctness in diagnosis compels them to respect the unbounded freedom and peculiarity of my practice. I have found a few whom nature has thus

qualified for the profession, and I have taught them as I was taught by Buchanan, to the great benefit of the communities in which they live.

This brings me to the one great measure for elevating the medical profession which neither colleges nor medical journals would favor or even tolerate; hence I have not urged it. But under cover of the anonymous papers of THE ARENA, I feel free to say that the pompous talk about elevating the profession by Greek and Latin, by prolonged terms of study, by adding to the interminable scholastic cramming of the memory with soon-to-be-forgotten details, and giving the colleges an absolute, exclusive monopoly of the healing art for their overcrammed pupils, who are afraid to develop an independent opinion, is the height of folly; for it substitutes memory and dogmatic scholasticism for practical intellect, and gives us a brood of doctors *indiscriminately picked up*, many of whom would be no more competent to diagnose a difficult case than a lapdog to engage in a fox hunt, and would fall short of some of the most ignorant country doctors in practical success. The only way to secure an able and competent corps is to *weed out the incompetent* as we do with army recruits; do not let them enter the college. Never mind their literary accomplishments, — there are thousands of good doctors who cannot spell correctly, — but test their capacity for diagnosis, and make sure they can distinguish between pregnancy and a fibroid tumor, or between disease of the heart and disease of the brain, and will not pronounce death imminent from consumption or cardiac disease when digestive disorder is the only trouble, or order a dangerous surgical operation when it is entirely unnecessary.

I trust my suggestions will not wait as long for adoption as the cure of scurvy proposed and proved in 1636; but I see no prospect of action in any direction, for the colleges know nothing about this faculty of psychometric diagnosis, and will probably treat it as a vagrant fancy. Nevertheless, what I have said is true, and truth must in time be recognized. But in the trades-union policy, which governs the profession, what college would cut off any portion of its own patronage, even if convinced of the truth as I have stated, by rejecting as students men unfit for practice. Nevertheless, a false system that afflicts society, and has afflicted it with malpractice ever since medical schools have been in

existence, cannot endure forever; and these suggestions, based on a long experience, will set some to thinking.

That the psychometric faculty, as Buchanan styles it, or the diagnostic faculty, as I call it, or the sixth sense, as many term it, does exist among thousands, and that certain persons without medical education do make a correct diagnosis of any disease, is well known to all who have prosecuted their studies or observations in this direction; but this knowledge is most carefully excluded from the pupils of all colleges, so that their graduates smother their own intuitions, and try to judge of disease, exclusively by formal symptoms described in the books, until necessity forces them to develop their natural powers.

On the other hand, I have known physicians who understood and used this faculty to rise most rapidly to eminence, and I am sure there are no very successful practitioners anywhere who do not owe their superior success to this faculty, giving them superior diagnostic power.

When individuals, possessing this innate diagnostic genius, discover the condition of a patient laboring under malpractice, and are able to suggest a remedy, why should not they do so, and be honored for their skill? Has not every man a right to give valuable information on any subject to his neighbor and to receive pay for it, if the neighbor is willing to pay? and who has any moral right to interfere in such a transaction between two adult citizens who are competent to make their own contracts. It is a matter beyond the legitimate jurisdiction of government. It is the function of government to protect each from injury by others, not to interfere with one's liberty in the "pursuit of happiness" in his own way.

It is no part of the glory of the medical profession, but its damning shame, that for the sake of monopolizing fees, it is willing, or at least its legislative lobbyists are willing, to punish with vindictive malice every effort of personal benevolence in the relief of suffering which is independent of collegiate authority. I rejoice to see such benevolence in private life. I recollect that our materia medica was chiefly built up by contributions of that kind, by acts which legislatures have forbidden, by experienced or intuitive people learning the use of plants, and proving their value in practice. We have borrowed from the people largely. Let

them go on, and we may learn still more from them. Freedom of competition never injured any science or art, but the suppression of competition has a paralyzing effect. Germany gives free competition, and we ought to be ashamed that the *avarice* of our profession has placed the United States behind Europe, and *made benevolence a crime.*

The practice of medicine depends on a correct diagnosis of the patient's disease and a correct understanding of remedies, and the people have been our benefactors in this line heretofore; but now-a-days the druggists are pushing the profession along in spite of the grumbling of the old fogies. I recollect when the president of a state medical society assailed them, vigorously denouncing them for crowding new remedies on the profession. But these follies are passing away with the antiquated ignorance which sustained them. That higher evolution, which to the religious mind appears a millennium, is approaching — from a great distance; and as it approaches, men become enlightened, Christian sects cease to fight each other, and become willing to co-operate, and medical sects do the same. Sectarianism is a mark of ignorance, jealousy, or depravity. It marks all the past history of medicine. It has been very prevalent and intense in this country through the greater part of this century; but its decline is just beginning, and by the end of the next century the profession will be ashamed of its sectarian history, and will know what the colleges do not know now, that the healing art should be trusted to those alone whom the ruler of the universe has specially qualified; and if a majority of these should prove to be of the gentler sex, which is very probable, what man who honors his mother would have any objection?

WHY SHE DID IT.

BY FREDERICK TAYLOR, F. R. G. S.

AFRICAN expeditions and explorations have occupied considerable public attention for some years. In many cases the results have been dubious, despite attending great loss of human life and enormous expenditure of money.

Eighteen months since, the press of the world announced the interesting news that an American woman, Mrs. M. French-Sheldon, the celebrated authoress, a woman of undeniable culture and refinement, surrounded by everything calculated to make life desirable, proposed to organize and carry out at her own expense, as sole leader and commander, unattended or supported by white or other lieutenants, an expedition into East Africa, to the country of the savage Masai, at the northern limit of Kilimanjaro, the so-called "Mount Olympus of Africa."

After much discussion upon the visionary character of this enterprise, came suggestions, editorially and otherwise, that the English and German governments, holding possessions in East Africa, should employ prohibitory measures to prevent this daring lady's suicidal course.

A universal prophecy predicted that the project of her expedition was utterly beyond the pale of woman's possibility, and, like too many of the sterner sex, she would sacrifice her life in Africa. She must be mad.

What was her project? She was not a representative of any philanthropic, religious, scientific, journalistic, or governmental body; then what were her motives?

Success, distinction, fortune, and happiness were hers; then why engage in such a hazardous, irrational venture?

Those who knew were silent, and speculation ran riot with the facts as known to Mrs. M. French-Sheldon's self; and for the first time since her *début* as an "African lunatic," and her triumphal success, is it possible to fully and accurately state the true inwardness of "Why she did it" without surmise. And the following statements I may term Mrs. M. French-Sheldon's own "confession of purpose."

"From my earliest girlhood I have been interested beyond expression in travels and explorations, it made no matter by whom undertaken or where the compass pointed. Circumstances have permitted to me an extensive acquaintance and, in many instances, friendship with a large number of the most famous men of my day who have contributed so much to the enlightenment of the world.

To be brief, having journeyed much to gratify an inherent love for travel, and having had a training which fitted me for a life in the "open," the African stride was not, to my own mind, so very wide afield.

The entailed study necessary before I could convey the intricacies of Flaubert's "Salammbô" into equivalent English created the aspiration to attempt an original English work of a similar character. As the work gradually crystallized in my brain, I found the *mise en scene* required the study of primitive people, pure and simple, removed from the touch of Christian religion or civilization. As my romance was African, naturally, in harmony with the fact, I must seek local color and African primitives in Africa. Where, then, were my ideals to be sought, was the problem for me to cautiously solve.

Some years rolled around, during the period of which I made indefatigable research in order to know how to prepare myself if I should be able to visit African primitives. With omnivorous greed I devoured everything written upon Africa, gleaned all I possibly could from renowned explorers which would serve my secret purpose, and determined to benefit by their mistakes. Finally my mental equipment seemed to be comparatively thorough, my general plans matured so that I could formulate them in a rational statement.

Then, and not until then, did I broach the subject to those who had the power to balk my heart-centred scheme by refusal.

This road-making through the affections and apprehensions of those close knit to me by dearest ties was the most difficult feat of exploration and engineering ever undertaken on my part. Suffice I won after a Titanic struggle.

The magnitude and seriousness of my unique experiences soon over-vaulted my original plan; i. e., of merely making a close study of the habits and customs of natives — men,

women, and children — in their primitive home. Advantages and opportunities came to me from all the tribes I met in East Africa; even those pronounced as most hostile treated me as though a goddess or potentate of unequalled rank. They called me "Bébé Bwana," "Master Woman," "White Queen." Nothing, however sacred or secret, was withheld from me; as the result I am now filled with the desire to contribute in a substantial way to the amelioration of the condition and general enlightenment of the natives of East Africa, and I hope the truths concerning them which I shall embody in my forthcoming book * may win from the world the meed of consideration they are entitled to.

My circumnavigation of Lake Chala was incidental. However, I am none the less proud of it.

My success without bloodshed I attribute to three things:

1. Absolutism of purpose.
2. Discipline, adaptation, peace.
3. Knowing how to do it.

As a daughter of the Republic, I was enabled to achieve what might have been forbidden a loyal subject of monarchies. As a woman more than as a man, for subtle reasons, have I become the friend of East Africa."

BÉBÉ BWANA. (M. FRENCH-SHELDON.)

HOTEL CAMBRIDGE, NEW YORK, April 10, 1892.

In reviewing the unique achievements of this intrepid American woman, it is conclusive that her journey was not undertaken at hazard, but with serious consideration and a thorough, tireless study of possible obstacles; a full facing of the consequent hardships and dangers; then, wisest of all, by gleaning a consensus of the experiences of famous travellers and explorers. These things, allied to her own personality and strongly marked mental attributes, her resolution, courage, tact, indifference to hardships, training, and her "absolutism of idea," faculty of organization, and gift of command, crowned her efforts with a success unrivalled in the history of daring deeds of women. She is truly all that the natives' cognomen for her, *Bébé Bwana* (Woman Master) implies, and her fame will have a fitting place in history to the glory of her sex.

* "Sultan to Sultan: My Adventures among the Masai and other Native Tribes of East Africa." By M. French-Sheldon (Bébé Bwana). In press. ARENA PUBLISHING COMPANY, Boston.

A SPOIL OF OFFICE.

A STORY OF THE MODERN WEST.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

PART V.

VI.

IT had been snowing all the afternoon, and the shrubbery hung heavy and silent with heaped, clinging, feathery snow, dazzling white by contrast with the dark sustaining branches, and the yellow lamps flamed warmly amid the all-surrounding steely blue and glistening white. The damp pavements, where the snow had melted, were banded with gold and crimson from the reflected light of the lamps and the warming glare of car and carriage lights.

As Bradley breathed the pure air, and walked soundlessly along the narrow paths, and looked across the unflecked, untrodden snow up to the vast and silent dome, he shuddered in wordless delight. He hungered to share it with Ida. It was like fairy-land — so far removed from daylight reality; and yet the sound of sleigh-bells, the occasional shouts of coasters, and the laughter of girls added a familiar human quality to it all, and added an ache to the mysterious shuddering delight of it all. It was so evanescent; it would decay so quickly. The wind, the morning sun, would destroy it.

He walked up to the lonely esplanade, and saw the city's lights shine below him like rubies and amethysts, and saw far beyond the snow-heaped highlands, above which Jupiter hung poised, serene and lone, the king of the western sky.

How far away all this seemed from the brazen declamation, the monotonous reiterations of the reading-clerk, and from the sharp clank of the speaker's gavel. His ear wearied, his heart sick of the whole life of the farcical legislature, with its flood of corrupt bills, got back serenity and youth and repose in the presence of the snows, the silences, and the stars.

Again the impulse seized him to write to Ida and show her his whole soul; to dare, and end once for all his ache of suspense. He went back to his room, and seized pen and paper. Everything he wrote seemed too formal or too presumptuous. At last he finished a short letter.

Dear Miss Wilbur: —

I do not know how to begin to say what I want to say. I am afraid of losing you out of my life by not writing, and I'm afraid if I write, I will lose you. It is impossible for me to say what you've done for me. I never would have been anything more than a poor farmer, only for you. I don't want to apologize to you for telling you how much you are to me. I want to appeal to you to give me a chance to work for you; that's all. I want you to give me some hope, if you can.

I know I am asking a great deal even in that. I realize how unreasonable it is. You've only seen me a few times; and yet I'm not going to apologize for it. I must have it over with; I can't go on in this way. Won't you write to me and tell me that I can look forward to the future with hope?

Yours sincerely,

BRADLEY TALCOTT.

For the next ten days Bradley was of little service to his country except the day he made his speech on the tariff question. It was his first set speech, and he had twenty minutes yielded to him by the gentleman from Missouri, who had charge of the bill. He had the close attention of the House, not only for his thoughts, which were fresh and direct, but also for the natural manner in which he spoke. He had lost a good deal of his "oratory," but had gained a powerful, flexible, and colloquial style which made most of the orators around him seem absurd. The fine shadings of emotion and of thought in his voice struck upon the ear wearied with raucous yells and monotonous brazen declamations, with a cool and restful effect. At the close, the members crowded about to congratulate him upon his efforts, and for the moment he felt quite satisfied with himself.

It gave him a shock to see that fateful letter lying upon the hat rack in his boarding-house, where it had been pawed over by the whole household. He hastened to his room, and dropped into a chair with that familiar terrible numbness in his limbs, and with his heart beating so hard it shortened his breathing. He was like a man breathless with running. When his eyes fell on the writing, his hands ceased to shake, and his quick breathing fell away into a long, shuddering inspiration. He read the first page twice without moving a muscle. Then he turned the page, and finished it. It was not long, but it was very direct.

Dear Mr. Talcott: —

Your letter has moved me deeply, very deeply. I would have prevented its being written if I could. It is the greatest tribute — save one — that has ever come to me; and yet I wish I had not read it. I'm not free to make you any promise. I am not free to correspond with you any more now. I've been trying to find a way to tell you so indirectly, but your letter makes it necessary for me to do so directly.

The rest of the letter was an attempt to soften the blow, but it fell upon him very hard.

He sank lower in the shadow than ever before in his life. He

did not go down to dinner, but sat in his room till late; then when hunger compelled, he went out to a vast café, where he could be more alone. It seemed that night as if all incentive to live were gone; but he went to the session next day in a mechanical sort of a way, and each day thereafter in the same way, though he took no interest in the proceedings. His friends noticed his gloom and inquired its cause, but he refused to reply.

But nature slowly reasserted itself, and as the weeks went by he regained his interest in the work; but the sparkle, the allurement of life, was gone, and he went about with more of the purely mechanical in his actions.

He read now every available bit of news relating to the farmers' rising in the West, in the hope that Ida's work would be mentioned in it. The papers were getting savage in their attack upon the movement in Kansas. It was said to mean repudiation; that it was a movement of the shiftless and unscrupulous citizens which destroyed the credit of the state and disturbed social conditions wantonly. The West seemed on the point of upheaval, and Kansas seemed to be the centre of the feeling of unrest.

VII.

As spring came on, the question of re-election began to trouble some of the members. They began to get "leave of absence on important business," and went home to fix up their political fences. There was no sign of adjournment. It was the policy of the Republicans to keep the Democrats out of the field. Bradley did not think particularly about his re-election until he received a letter from the judge asking him to come home and attend to the convention.

"It's just as well to be on the ground," the judge wrote; "there is a good deal of opposition developing in the northwest district. Larson wants the nomination for the Legislature, and he is trying to swing the Scandinavians for Fishbein. They are making a good deal of your attitude on the pension bill, and that interview on the oleo business where you go back on your legislative vote is being circulated to do you harm."

This letter alarmed Bradley, and showed him what a fight the judge was making. Suddenly he woke to the fact that defeat would be unwelcomed. Congress had come at last to have a weird fascination, and he loved the city and its noble buildings, its theatres, and its libraries. Since that fatal letter from Ida he had been forced to go more often to the theatres and concerts, and the thought of going back to private life was not at all pleasant. He therefore got leave of absence, and took the train for Rock River.

It was a magnificent thing to step off the Chicago sleeper into the broad morning at Rock River. Soaring streamers of red and flame-color arched the eastern sky like the dome of a mighty pagoda. Birds were singing in the cool, sweet hush; roosters were crowing; the air was full of the scent of fresh leaves and succulent, springing grain. Bradley abandoned himself to the spring, and his walk up the quiet street was a keen delight. The town seemed wofully small and shabby and lifeless; but it had trees and birds and earth-smell to compensate for other things.

The judge and Mrs. Brown met him with more direct expression of delight and love than ever before; their growing age was taking away some of their rigidity of manner. The judge plunged at once into the situation, which was critical, but, in his view, quite hopeful.

The convention had been called at Cedarville, in order to keep some useful people in the fold; and on the day named Bradley and the judge drove off up the road in a one-horse buggy. The judge talked spasmodically; but Bradley was silent, looking about him with half-shut eyes. The wheat had almost clothed the brown fields; crows were flying through the soft mist that dimmed the light of the sun, but did not intercept its heat. Each hill and tree glimmered across the waves of warm air, and seemed to pulse as if alive. Blackbirds and robins and sparrows everywhere gave voice to the ecstasy which the men felt, but could not express.

The judge roused up, slapping the horse with the reins. "It's going to be a fight; but Fishbein will be left on the first ballot by twenty-five votes."

When they rode home that night, they were silent for another cause. They had been defeated on the tenth ballot, and bitter things had been said by both sides.

It was again beautiful around them, but they did not notice it. The low sun flung its level red rays of light across the springing grain, and lighted every western window-pane into burning squares of crimson. The train carrying the successful Waterville crowd passed them, and they waved their hats in return to their opponents' salute.

The judge was as badly defeated as Bradley. He took it very hard. It seemed to give the lie to all his prophecies of Democratic progress. It seemed to him a defeat of Jeffersonian principle. He consoled himself by saying: —

"Those fellows don't represent the people. The thing to do is to bolt the convention;" and then he went on planning an independent campaign.

Bradley maintained gloomy silence. The comment of his

friends hurt him more than his defeat. Their tone of pity cut him, and left him raw to the gibes of his opponents. The fact that an honorable, honest man could have enemies in his own party was borne in upon him with merciless force. What had he done that men should yell in hell-like ferocity of glee over his defeat?

He fled away, a few days later, from Rock River to escape his friends, and yet he dreaded the comment of his colleagues at Washington even more; he hardly dared read the newspapers, for fear of some reporter's cutting paragraph. He had consented to allow the judge to put his name to a card announcing his candidacy on the bolting ticket, but it was really against his will.

A few days after arriving in Washington he met Radbourn. "Well," Radbourn said, "I see by the papers that your defeat in the convention was due to your advocacy of 'cranky notions.' I told you the advocacy of heresies was dangerous; I have no comfort for you. You had your choice before you. You can be a hypocrite and knuckle down to every monopoly or special act, or you can be an individual and go out of office."

As the hot weather came on, the city became almost as quiet as Rock River itself. Save taking care of the few tourists who drifted through, there was very little doing. The cars ground along ever more thinly until they might be called occasional. The trees put forth their abundance of leaf, and under them the city seemed to sleep. Congress itself had settled down into a dull and drowsy succession of daily adjournments and filibustering. The speaker ruled remorselessly, counting the hats in the cloakroom to make up his quorum.

Nothing was doing, but vast accumulations of appropriations were piling up, waiting the hurried action of the last few days of the session. The members dawdled in and out dressed in the thinnest clothing; the House looked sparse and ineffectual.

Bradley grew depressed, and at last he became positively ill. He was depressed by the attacks made upon him through the Waterville *Patriot*, and by his apparently hopeless outlook. The *Patriot* called him "an anarchist and a socialist, a fit leader for the repudiating gang of *alleged* farmers in Kansas."

Radbourn became alarmed for him, and advised him to get indefinite leave of absence, and go home. "Go back into the haying-field; that's what you need; they won't miss you here. Go home and go out of politics, and stay out till the revolution comes; then go out and chalk death on your enemies' door."

Bradley knew the advice to go home was good, and he took it. The judge and Mrs. Brown were alarmed at his appearance. He was pale and dull, and walked with a stoop. He said he was all right. All he needed was Mrs. Brown's cooking and the West-

ern air; and, in fact, he did improve physically at once. He went out and stayed with Councill a few days, working in the haying-fields. He did not realize how soft his muscles had become until he woke the next morning, after doing a little pitching in the field. He was so sore he could scarcely move. It taught him how unnatural was the life he had been leading.

But the mental stagnation of the life of Rock River settled down on him gloomily. There were days when he walked the floor of the office, wild with dismay over his prospect. How could he settle down again to this life of the country lawyer? The honors and ease that accompanied his office, the larger horizon of Washington, had ruined him for life in Rock River. Love might have enabled him to bear it, but he had given up the thought of marriage.

There was a sorrowful scene when the judge read for the first time Bradley's letter of withdrawal from the canvass in the cause. The judge was deeply hurt because he had not been consulted, and was depressed by Bradley's despair. He tried to reason with him, but Bradley was in no mood to reason.

"I'm out of it, judge; it ain't any use to go on; I'm beaten; that's all there is about it; we'd only get a minority vote, and show how weak we are; I'm a failure as a politician, and every other way. I give it up."

"If I felt sure of that, Mrs. Brown," the judge said, in answer to her suggestion; "if I knew it was only chagrin at his defeat, but I don't. All ambition seems to have gone out of him. I hate to acknowledge myself mistaken in the man. I've believed in Brad. I am alarmed about him. He ain't right; I've a good mind to send him down to St. Louis and Kansas City on some collection cases."

"I think he'd better do that, Mr. Brown, if he will go."

"Oh, he'll go; he wants to get away from the campaign; it seems to wear upon him some way; he avoids everybody, and won't speak of it at all if he can help it."

As a matter of fact, Bradley was very glad to accept the offer, and made himself ready to go with more of his old-time interest than he had shown since his sickness. The judge brightened up also, and said to him, as he was about to step into the train: "Now, Brad, don't hurry back; take your time, and enjoy yourself. Go around by Chicago, if you feel like it."

After the train pulled out, and they were riding home, the judge said to his wife: "Mrs. Brown, you must take good care of me now. I want to live to see a party grow up to the level of that young man's ideas. This firm is crippled, but it ain't in the hands of a receiver, Mrs. Brown."

"I'll be the receiver," Mrs. Brown said.

The judge shifted the lines into his left hand. The horse fell into a walk. "Mrs. Brown, if this weren't a public road, I'd be tempted to put my strong right arm around you, and give you a squeeze."

"I don't see any one looking," she said, and her eyes took on a pathetic suggestion of the roguishness her face must have worn in girlhood.

He put his arm over her shoulder, and gave her a great hug. After that she laid her head against his shoulder, and cried a little; the judge sighed.

"Well, we'll have to get reconciled to being alone, I suppose; we can't expect to keep him always."

Part VI. The Great Round Up.

I.

In St. Louis and Kansas City Bradley found the papers filled with the Alliance movement in Kansas, of which he knew very little.

He looked even for Ida's name each morning, and saw that she was in the western part of the state, but moving eastward; and when he saw her announced in the Kansas City morning papers to speak at the great "round up" at Chiquita, he packed his valise on the sudden impulse, and started on the next train, determined to hear her speak once more at least.

It was just noon when Bradley alighted from the train at Chiquita. The day was dry, hazy, resplendent October — a genuine Western day. The wind was strong but amiable, and was full of the smell of corn and of that warm, pungent, smoky odor which forms the Indian summer atmosphere of the West. The wind rushed up the broad street past Bradley, carrying the dust and leaves in its powerful clutches, and laying strong hands upon his broad back. The sky was absolutely without speck, but a pale mist seemed to dim the radiance of the sun, and lent a milky-white tone to the blue of the sky.

As he moved slowly off up the street, he studied the town and the people from the standpoint his life in the East had given him. Everywhere was an air of security. Men moved slower. Their faces were less anxious and more placid; they had leisure to talk as they met at the shop door. The *boss* seemed farther away. But all this security did not conceal the poverty which he now saw everywhere. The houses were mainly low, unpainted buildings, containing only three or four cramped rooms. They were a little smarter in appearance than the country type, but not much more commodious.

"I wonder if you are one of the speakers here to-day," said a voice behind him.

Bradley turned, and saw a small man with a stubby mustache, under whose derby hat rim a pair of round black eyes shone with a keen glitter.

"No, sir, I'm not."

"Beg pardon, no harm done. Saw you get off with your valise; knew you weren't a native by the cut o' y'r jib. Excuse me, I hope?"

"Certainly; I'm just on to see some friends here."

"*Pre*cisely; I'm up from Kansas City to see the big 'round up,' as they call it. Here's my card. I represent what our Alliance friends call the 'plutocratic press.'" His card stated that his name was Mr. Davis, and that he represented the *Chronicle*. "I'm afraid the parade must be over by this time, but I missed my train. Perhaps we had better step along a little."

They had reached the main street, a broad avenue which ran north and south across a gentle swell in the prairie. There were a great many people on the sidewalks, and teams were moving in various directions slowly and in apparent confusion.

"Let's go over here to the Commercial House; that's the headquarters of all the brethren," said Davis.

They went across the street to the Commercial House, which they found full of men in groups, talking very earnestly but quietly. Most of them were farmer-like looking figures, big and brown, and dressed in worn, faded clothing. Here and there was a young man with a broad white hat, a gay handkerchief knotted loosely about his neck. On all sides could be heard the same soft, slightly-drawling speech of the Kansan.

They went up to a little balcony which projected over a walk. There were four or five other young fellows seated there already. They all wore the wide, straight brim hats, with the crowns uncrushed, which struck Bradley as being a characteristic Kansas hat. Some of them were magnificent-looking fellows, keen, wholesome, and picturesque in their dress.

"Excuse me now, gentlemen," said Davis, whipping out his note-book. "I'm the reporter, and here they come."

Up the broad street, under that soaring sky, from their homes upon a magnificently fertile soil, came the long procession of revolting farmers. There were no bands to lead them; no fluttering of gay flags; no cheers from the bystanders. They rode in grim silence for the most part, as if at a funeral of their dead hopes — as if their mere presence were a protest.

Everywhere the same color predominated — a russet brown. Their faces were bronzed and thin. Their beards were long and faded, and tangled like autumn corn silk. Their gaunt, gnarled, and knotted hands held the reins over their equally sad and sober teams. The women looked worn and thin, and sat bent forward

over the children in their laps. The dust had settled upon their ill-fitting dresses. There were no smart carriages, no touch of gay paint, no glittering new harnesses; the whole procession was keyed down among the most desolate and sorrowful grays, browns, and drabs.

Slowly they moved past. In some of the wagons, banners, rudely painted on cotton cloth, uttered the farmers' protest in words.

"Good God!" said Davis, as he dashed away at his writing, "Did you ever see such a funeral in your life? See that banner!"

NO MORE FOURTEEN-CENT CORN.

"Go on voting for the monopolists in the Republican party, and you'll have ten-cent corn," Davis growled to the farmer who carried the banner.

LET US LEGISLATE FOR THE POOR, NOT FOR THE BANKERS.

"That's the ticket. *Suppose* we do try that awhile."

DOWN WITH MONOPOLIES.

"All right, down with them; you're the doctor."

FREE TRADE, FREE LAND, MONEY AT COST, TRANSPORTATION AT COST.

"Now you *are* shouting, brother. See that old woman in the sun bonnet carrying that banner! Now, don't make no mistake; the old girl knows just what that means; that's *right!* They're all reading these days, even the babies. See that old father in Israel with a faded beard wagging up and down!"

IF WE DON'T OWN THE RAILWAYS, THE RAILWAYS WILL OWN US.

"Cert. That's right, daddy; stick to your text."

ABOLISH THE NATIONAL BANKS.

"I guess you've got to wipe out *both* old parties to do that," said Davis, writing away furiously.

"That's *right!*" said one of the young fellows on the balcony, "and we'll do it in 1892."

"All right, I don't care a continental tee-cumpsy."

EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL IS AS DEAR TO THE HEART OF THE FARMER AS IT WAS IN THE DAYS OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

"Well, now, sure you mean that — that's all. Stop talking, and act. If you'll go ahead and carry out that motto, you'll do a work that has never been done in America or any other country on the face of the earth," said Davis. "That's the end of it; let's go down on the street."

Bradley had remained perfectly silent through it all. As these farmers passed before his eyes, there came into his mind vast conceptions that thrilled him till he shuddered — a realization that here was an army of veterans, men grown old in the ferocious struggle against injustice and the apparent niggardliness of nature, — a grim and terrible battle-line. It was made up, throughout its entire length, of old or middle-aged men and women with stooping shoulders, and eyes dim with toil and suffering. There was nothing of lovely girlhood or elastic, smiling boyhood; not a touch of color or grace in the whole line of march. It was sombre, silent, ominous, and resolute.

It appeared to him the most pathetic, tragic, and desperate revolt against oppression and wrong ever made by the American farmer. It was the Grange movement broadened, deepened, and made more desperate and wide reaching by changing conditions.

"Well! if they ain't a calamity crowd," sneered a flashily dressed man who stood in the doorway of a jeweler shop.

Bradley's indignation flared out against him. He stammered in trying to speak. "Calamity! — What right have *you* got to sneer at men like that? A man that can sneer at such an exhibition of poverty and hard work and poor pay as that, is a damned scoundrel."

"That's right," cheered Davis, "all they needed in that procession was a few cannon or cans of dynamite. Then the parasites and boomers of this state wouldn't be so chipper in their remarks."

At Davis' suggestion they went off down the street, joining the crowd on the sidewalk, which was streaming away towards the fair grounds. A roasted ox was to be served there, and speeches were to follow. The road kept on to the south down over the gentle slope, and turned aside under the jack-oaks, and led through a wooden gate into an enclosure which was used for the county fair. Down under the great shed by the side of the race-track the people swarmed in thousands.

When Bradley came near he saw that they were all standing about the rude tables under the shed, behind which were men and women busily hewing off great lumps of beef and mutton, and slicing fat slabs of bread, which were snatched and carried away in little paper plates by the hungry people. Here and there beside their wagons, families were eating a dinner of their own.

He was accustomed to gatherings of farmers, but these crowds appealed to him in a strange way.

The same sober color predominated. There was a little more life and gayety in their speech here. Their grim, harsh faces relaxed a little, and now and then broke into unwonted smiles as they stood about devouring their food and discussing the meeting,

which they counted a success. Everywhere were hearty handshaking and fraternal greetings.

All about the ground there stood feeble women in ill-fitting clothes, with tired children in their aching arms, a dull pain in their weakened loins. Bradley did nothing but absorb it all and wonder why such festivals had ever seemed mirthful and happy to him. He wondered if there used to be so many tired faces at the Grange picnics in Iowa. Were the farmers really less comfortable and happy, or had he simply grown clear sighted? He ended by believing in both causes.

Kansas as it stood there was Democratic. Poverty has few distinctions among its victims. The negro stood close beside his white brother in adversity, and there was a certain relation and resemblance in their stiffened walk, poor clothing, and dumb, imploring, empty hands. There lay in the whole scene something tremendous, something pathetic. It had the majesty, if not the volcanic energy, of the rise of the peasants of the Vendèe.

After the dinner was eaten, the people gradually took their seats on the grandstand, facing a platform upon which the people were already assembled. Bradley looked about for Ida, but she had not come. The choir amused the people with a few Alliance songs, whose character may be indicated by their titles: "Join the Alliance Step," "Get off the Fence, Brother," "We're Marching Along," etc.

The people were watching eagerly for Ida's appearance; and when she came in view, escorted by the chairman and by the far-famed farmer-legislator of Kansas, they broke into applause so hearty, there could be no doubt of their love for her and for the Sage of Medicine Lodge. The people on the platform swarmed about to greet them, and hid her from sight.

As Ida rose to speak now, it was in the broad light of the present day. No dapple of shadows, no rustle of leaves, no green, mossy trunks of trees. She stood there on a platform facing five thousand faces under a shed-like roof. There was poetry here, but it was one of the modern contemporaneous sort. It was in the significance of this rebellion, in the attention of these people turned toward her.

She was changed too. She was now a mature woman. There was nothing girlish about her talk or her manner. There was decision in the tones of her voice, and a sense of power in the poise of her head and in the lofty gesture of her hand. She no longer made a speech. She talked straight at her audiences.

"I wish the whole world could see this meeting," she said, "and understand it for what it is. It is an *expression* of a movement, not the movement itself. It is a demand; but the revolt that lies back of the demand is greater than the expression of it.

The demand, the expression, may change, the form of our whole movement may pass away; but the spirit that makes it great, that carries it forward, is invincible and imperishable. All the ages have contributed to this movement. It is an outgrowth of the past.

"The heart and centre of this movement is a demand for justice, not for ourselves alone, but for the toiling poor wherever found. If this movement is higher and deeper and broader than the Grange was, it is because its sympathies are broader. With me, it is no longer a question of legislating for the farmer; it is a question of the abolition of industrial slavery."

The tremendous cheer which broke forth at this point showed that the conception of the movement had widened in the minds of the people themselves; it was no longer a class movement. It stirred Bradley as if some vast electric wind blew upon him.

"Wherever a man is robbed, wherever a man toils and the fruits of his toil are taken from him; wherever the frosty lash of winter stings or the tear of poverty scalds, there the principle of our order reaches. [Applause, and cries, "That's right!" "Justice!"]

"Yes, justice is our plea. Justice to the coal miners, justice to the mechanics, justice to women, and justice to the negro. I tell you, my friends, we're just coming to see what our movement means. We're just coming to understand what the fundamental principle of our order means: *Equal rights to all, and special privileges to none.*

"My Democratic brother," she cried, turning to her right as if talking to Bradley, "you're fond of stating that principle, but do you know what it means? Think of it a moment, — Equal rights to all, special privileges to none. That means no more national banks [the cheering at this point was deafening and prolonged]; no more special privileges to issue money based on the nation's indebtedness. It means money issued direct from the government and based upon the nation's resources. [Cheers and cries of "That's right!" from all over the vast audience.]

"Equal rights to all means no more land grants to railways; no more giving away of franchises; no more monopolies of the city streets; no more charters given to railway kings and telephone magnates. It means that the monopoly of food and intelligence must cease.

"Equal rights to all! That means equal rights to the natural world, and to the value produced by the aggregation of men. It means no more lumber kings [applause], coal kings, and oil kings — we propose to dethrone them all."

The people turned to each other with shining faces. She was thrilling them by her passionate, simple utterance of their innermost thoughts.

"Equal rights to all! That means equal rights to women, to the negro, to the Chinese, to the Irish, to everybody that to-day is hedged in by class prejudice or by the walls of caste."

While she spoke Bradley had eyes for nothing else; but when she sat down to wild applause, and the choir rose to sing, he turned his eyes back over the audience banked there in rows on the hard, wooden seats, and got again the same thrill of majesty and of desolation. There was the same absence of beauty, youth, color, and grace that he had noticed in the procession. Everywhere worn and weary women in sombre dresses, a wistful light in their faces, as if they felt dimly the difference between the lithe and beautiful figure of the girl and their own stiffened joints and emaciated forms.

The crowd as a whole sat silent, listening intently, their eyes fixed upon the speaker. They were there for a purpose: they were there to find out why it was that their toil, their sobriety, their rigid economy, their deprivation, left them at middle life with distorted and stiffened limbs, gray hair, and empty hands. They were terribly in earnest. Here was poverty without liquor. There was no trace of it to be seen or smelled. Never before in the history of the world had such a meeting been seen, and something of its mighty significance got hold of Bradley as his eyes rolled over the faces before him.

The music which set them wild with enthusiasm was of the simplest and most stirring sort. The fact that it pleased them so much showed how barren their lives were of music and color and light.

After the applause had subsided, the chairman came forward to make an announcement: "To-night we'll have with us again the famous son of the soil, *our* Jerry — Jerry Simpson, the Sockless Sage of Medicine Lodge." This brought out a round of cheers for Jerry, and the meeting rose.

II.

The people pressed forward to speak a word to Ida; and Bradley, yielding to the pressure of the crowd, was carried forward with it. It stirred him very deeply to see the love and admiration they all felt for her. On all sides he heard words of affection which came straight from the heart. Their utter sincerity could not be doubted. He knew he ought to turn and go away before she saw him, but he could not.

Something in his face attracted a grizzly old farmer, who was moving along beside him, and he turned with a beaming look. "How's that for a speech, eh? Did y' ever hear the like of it?"

"No, I never did. It was great."

"Ain't she a wonder, now? D' you s'pose there's another woman like her in the world?"

Bradley shook his head. He was sure of that.

A gaunt old woman who wore a dark green-check sun bonnet hanging at the back of her head, put in a word.

"Shows what a woman can do if y' give 'er a chance."

"Hello, Sister Slocum, you're always on hand."

"Like a sore thumb, Brother Tobey, an' I don't know of any one got a bigger interest in downin' the plutes than the farmers' wives, do you?"

It was pathetic, it was unforgettable, to see these people as they stood beside the rounded, supple, splendid figure of the speaker and took her strong, smooth hand in their work-scarred, leathery palms — these women of many children and never-ending work, bent by toil above the wash-tub and the churn, shut out from all things that humanize and make living something more than a brute struggle against hunger and cold.

They clung to the girl's hand, gazing at her with wistful eyes. It seemed as if they could not bear to let her go out of their lives again. Ida greeted them smilingly, but her face was quivering with a sadness which she could hardly control. She had not yet seen Bradley's approach. At length, as the crowd began to thin out, he pushed up and thrust his long arm in over the shoulders of the women.

"Won't you shake hands with me, too?" he said, and his voice trembled.

She turned quickly, and her face flashed into a smile — a smile different, somehow, from that with which she had greeted the others, and they saw it. It warmed his melancholy soul like a sudden ray of June sunlight.

Her hand met his, strong and firm in its grasp. "Ah! Mr. Talcott, I'm glad to see you."

The farmers' wives began to leave, saying good by over and over again, clinging to her hand as if they could not let her go — as they would cling to sunlight.

"We may never see you again, dearie," one old lady said, "but we never'll forgit yeh. You've helped us. I reckon life won't seem quite so tough now. We kind o' see a glimmer of a way out."

The tears were on her face, and Ida put her arms about the old lady's neck and kissed her, and then turned away unable to speak. The chairman, followed by Bradley and Ida, made his way down the steps and out on the grounds, where the streams of people were setting back towards the city. The chairman placed Miss Wilbur in a carriage, and said, "I'll see you at the hotel."

"Won't you ride?" she asked.

"No, thank you," he replied, with a jovial gleam in his eyes, and Ida said no more in protest.

"Well, Brother Talcott, what do you think of such a meeting as that?" she asked, after the carriage started, turning upon him with sudden intensity.

"It was like that first meeting of the Grange, when I heard you speak first, only this is more earnest — more desperate, I should say."

"Yes, these people *are* desperate. It is impossible for the world to realize the earnestness of these farmers. Just see the interest the women folks take in it! No other movement in history — not even the anti-slavery cause — appealed to the women like this movement here in Kansas. Why, its — sometimes I go home and walk the floor like a crazy woman — I get so wrought up over it. While our two great parties split hairs on the tariff, people starve. The time has come for rebellion."

Bradley was silent. He sympathized with her feeling, but he could not see very much hope in a revolt.

Her eyes glowed with the fire of prophecy. Bradley gazed at her with apprehensive eyes. She seemed unwholesomely excited. But she broke into a hearty laugh, and said: "You stare. Well, I won't lecture any more to you. How did you leave everything back in dear old Iowa?"

"Why aren't you back there? Don't our farmers need you there just the same as they do here?"

"No, this is the state to work in this year. Next year in Iowa. What did you do in Washington?"

"Nothing," he replied; and there was something silencing in his voice.

She glanced at his face sharply. She hesitated an instant, then asked: —

"Do you go back?"

"No, my political career is ended. I was knifed in the convention."

"You are young."

"I'm not young enough to outgrow such a defeat as that. I'm done."

This mood seemed singularly unlike him, as she had known him before. She seized upon the situation.

"Come with us. There is more wool and flax in the fields," she quoted.

"I can't. I don't see things as you do — I mean I don't see any cure."

She laid her hand on his arm. "I'm going to convert you. Will you attend one more meeting with me?"

"I'll go wherever you say," he answered, inconsistently.

"That's very pleasant, but it hardly becomes your character," she replied, gravely. "Call at the hotel to-morrow night, and I'll

take you with me. It'll show you what the people are doing, and what I'm doing. You're to ask no questions, but just make yourself ready to go."

Bradley's mind was in a whirl. Ida seemed so different — not at all like that last letter he had received from her An unaccountable and unreasonable exultation filled his eyes with light. In the privacy of his room he sang a few notes before he realized it. His gloomy sky had let fall a ray of sunshine.

III.

He did not see her till the next afternoon. She came out into the ante-room in the hotel looking so lovely he could hardly believe his good fortune.

"Now you are in my hands, Mr. Talcott."

He noticed that she did not call him "brother." He was as boyish and timid as ever, subdued by her presence. He followed her out to the "bus" in a daze of delight. He really had nothing to say. The poverty of his mind was astounding to him. He had forgotten all his ideas, but he was very content to have it so.

She, however, did not seem at all conscious. She wore a large cloak and warm gloves, and under the wide rim of her black hat her face was like silver and her eyes like stars. A delicate perfume came from her dress, and reached him across the carriage. He had taken a seat opposite her, and gazed at her in speechless contentment.

"It takes about an hour to go down," she said, as they alighted from the "bus" and stood waiting for the train, "and then the college is some distance away from the station."

It was an unspeakable pleasure to sit beside her in the train and listen to her talk. It was one of the things he had dreamed of so many times, but had really never dared to expect.

"The reason I want you to attend this meeting is because the schoolhouse, after all, is the place where a real reform among the farmers must have its base. It is work in the schoolhouses that has prepared the way for the overturn in Kansas this year. I'd like to see you working with us," she said, turning suddenly toward him.

"I would if I felt as you do about it, but I can't."

"Why not? You're really one of us. Your letters showed me that. Why can't you work with us?"

"Because I" — he hesitated for a moment. "You see I began by being a Republican; then I went into the Independent Republican Convention; then into the Democratic Independent Convention; then I ran for Congress as a Democrat. I was elected to stay at home, as you know, because I was too 'radical' for Democracy. I tried to put principle above spoils. I'm a

Democrat to-day, but they won't have me; so I'm done. I can't go into your party."

"That doesn't appeal to me as a reason," she insisted. She wanted his real reason.

"Well, I'll tell you: because it looks like a last resort. It would look as though, after having been kicked out of both parties, I had gone into the third party out of revenge."

"Well, I see some force in that. But still, there isn't any other place for a man who really thinks, except in a reform party. Do you know, I think it was providential that you were defeated." She turned to him now, and there was something in the nearness of her face that awed him. "Your letters to me told me more than you knew. I read beneath the lines; I saw how nearly the atmosphere of Congress had ruined you. The greed of office had got hold of you, now hadn't it?"

He dropped his eyes. "Something got hold of me," he said, at length, "but I can't indorse the principles of your party, and you wouldn't have me"—

"Can't you indorse any of them?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Well, then, be with us to that extent."

"I couldn't do that. I couldn't work for a party whose principles"—

"Can you indorse *all* of the Democratic platform?"

"No," he confessed, after a pause.

"Then, it seems to me you're inconsistent. Why do you hold out against us? Now, that seems to me like the 'woman's talk' men are always flinging up at us."

Bradley was silent. His action, like his reasons, would not bear close inspection. He felt that she had driven him into a close corner.

Ida took a new direction. "Oh, it's glorious to be in such a revolution. I never was so happy in my life. Happy and sad too! I never was so sad. Now *that's* like a woman, isn't it? What I really mean is that I never saw so clearly the poverty and helplessness of the people before, and that makes me all the happier to think I can do something for them." She laid her hand on his arm. "Do you know what is the matter with you? I do. You've trusted politicians. You think all is destroyed because they've failed you. You think, even to-night, that they move things; but I tell you, brother, they're only the puppets. When the people really begin to think, they'll sweep these puppets from the boards, and rise to the stage of action themselves."

Her voice took on the touch of the orator's oratund as she spoke, but there was a look of deep sincerity of conviction that

was almost prophecy on her face, which seemed to grow paler with the intensity of her utterance.

Bradley sat silently looking at her with his big brown eyes. He was wishing she wouldn't call him brother, and take that impersonal tone with him.

She colored a little, and dropped her eyes suddenly. "There I go again! I *must* keep the oratorical tone out of my voice. I don't like to hear it myself; but it's election time, you see, and we're all tense with the excitement of it. Don't mind my preaching at you, will you?"

"I like it," said Bradley, smiling. He had a beautiful smile, she noticed; and he looked so big and strong and thoughtful, she suddenly grew a little afraid of him. Perhaps he had some unspoken reasons why he had not joined the movement.

"What do you think is our strongest point?" she asked.

He considered a moment. "I guess your strongest point is the fact that women are interested and working for its success."

The warning whistle of the engine announced they were nearing a station, and the brakeman shouted in the door, "Muddy Brook, *Muddy* Brook!"

The wind was strong and cold. It was nearly six o'clock, and quite dark. They stood for a few moments in the lee of the one-room station, looking about in the obscurity.

"Well, what are we to do now?" Bradley inquired.

She seemed at a loss. "Really, I don't know. Colonel Barker was to meet me here, I believe."

Bradley took her arm. "There's a light up there in the cold," he said. "Let's go for that; and if you'll tell me the name of the schoolhouse, I'll see that we get a team, and get out there."

She resigned herself to his custody at once, and Bradley's spirits rose. He grew quite facetious and talkative for him.

"It seems to me that's a store up there; must be a town near by. Perhaps *this* is a town. Two houses on one side and three houses on the other make a town in the West. We must get some supper, too; any provision for that?"

"No, I left the whole matter in Colonel Barker's hands."

The road ran up the huge treeless swell of prairie toward the lighted windows of a grocery store.

"Somebody alive in the store; let's go in, and ask for Colonel Barker."

They stumbled over the frozen ground to the door, and entered.

The store smelled of apples, onions, codfish, and kerosene, in the usual way, and was dimly lighted with lamps placed on brackets against the shelves. There were several farmers standing by the stove, while the salesman bustled about. Bradley asked if Colonel Barker had been in.

"Hain't seen him," replied one old farmer, eyeing Ida closely.

"Is there a place to get a bit of supper near?"

"Yes, sir," the salesman said, with emphasis; "right across the road at the hotel. You can't get a better meal in the state for the same amount of money."

Bradley again took Ida's arm, and they crossed the street and entered a gate on which was a sign, "Hotel; meals twenty-five cents." Bradley knocked on the door, but there was no reply.

After waiting a decent while, he said, "If it's a hotel, we might as well go right in without knocking."

They entered a bare little room whose only resemblance to a hotel barroom was its rusty cannon stove set in the midst of a box of sawdust, and a map of Kansas hanging on the wall. Bradley knocked on the inner door, and it was opened by a faded little woman with a sad face.

"We'd like supper for two," Bradley said, in a loud voice. Someway he felt that the woman must be hard of hearing.

"All right!" she replied, and moved forward to the stove, which she rattled in order to give her time to scrutinize Ida, who sat on the lounge by the window. "Lay off your things, won't yeh?"

Bradley helped Ida to lay off her cloak. It was incredible what pleasure it gave him to do these little things for her. He left her a few minutes to go out and look up the matter of the team. When he came back, he found her listening to the old woman, who was asking her if she ever happened to know John Weldon.

"Don't s'pose you do; but you go round so much, I didn't know but what you'd come acrost him. He's my sister Ann's husband. Last I heard of him he was in Iowa, somewhere."

She talked like a clock. Each word followed the other at regular intervals and without any special emphasis. Ida was really not hearing her. She was seeing her. After she went out, Ida turned to Bradley.

"Poor soul! Generations of toil and lonely life are in that woman's mind and body; and look at this room! The great majority of farmhouses I go into are like this: bare walls, with scarcely a single beautiful thing in them. Any sober, industrious person can get a home — like this!" she ended, bitterly. "When I was a girl, I didn't notice these things. I don't think farm-life was so hard; anyhow, I had no comparative ideas on the matter."

"You can come right out to supper!" announced the landlady; and they went out into the kitchen, where the table sat. It was lighted with a kerosene lamp that threw dull-blue shadows among the dishes and dazzled the eyes of the eaters with its horizontal rays of light. The table had a large quantity of boiled beef and

potatoes, and butter, which each person was evidently expected to hew off for himself. The dessert was pumpkin pie, which they both greeted with smiles.

"Ah, that looks like the pie mother made," Ida exulted, as the landlady put it down.

"Wall, I'd know. Seems to me the crust is a leetle too short. I've ben havin' pretty good luck lately; but this pumpkin weren't just the very best. It was one of them thin-rinded ones, you know. Pumpkins weren't extry good; weren't tender enough, I guess, this summer."

After supper Bradley went out, leaving Ida with the landlady, who was delighted with her listener. Ida, however, only sat studying her work-worn frame.

"Here's our team," called Bradley, coming to Ida's relief. The mistress of the house had got launched on a description of her sister's family in Des Moines, and was apparently good for the entire evening.

"It ain't a very gay rig; but it's the best I could do," Bradley explained, as he helped her in and tucked the quilts about her. "I had to skirmish in two or three houses to get these quilts, for the wind is sharp; you'll need them."

"Thank you; I'm afraid you've given me more than my share."

There was only one seat, and Bradley took his place beside Ida, while the driver crouched on the bottom of the clattering old democrat wagon. Ida was concerned for him.

"Haven't you another seat?" she inquired.

"No m'm. I don't need any," he replied, in a slow drawl. "I tried to borrow one from Sam Smalley, but they're all usin' theirs. I'd jest as soon set here."

There was something singularly attractive in his voice — a simplicity and candor like a child's, and a suggestion of weakness that went straight to Ida's womanly heart. She could not see how he looked; only his shapeless hat, which hung limply about his temples, could be seen.

"But you'll get cold."

"Oh, no m'm; I'm used to it. Half the time I don't wear no gloves in winter 'less I'm handlin' things with snow on 'em," he said, to reassure her.

They moved off down the side hill to the north, the keen wind in their faces. There was no moon, and it was very dark, notwithstanding the light of the stars.

"How beautiful it is to-night!" said Ida, in a low voice.

"Magnificent!" Bradley replied; but he meant more than the stars. The team started up, and the worn old seat swayed from side to side perilously. Bradley put his arm around, and grasped the end of the seat on the other side.

"I'm afraid you'll fall out," he hastened to explain. She said nothing, and they rode on.

The driver babbled away in his childlike fashion, telling them of his life and the work he was doing. He showed that the Alliance education had reached him, and that he had found time to attend many such meetings, though he could find little time to read.

They climbed the slope on the other side of the bridge, and entered upon the vast rolling prairie, whose dim swells rose and fell against the stars. The roads were frightful — gullied with rain, and full of boulders on the hillside. The darkness added a sort of wild charm and mystery to it all.

"How lonesome it all is! What a terrible place to live!" said Ida, with a shudder.

"Civilization hasn't made much of an impress here, that's sure. How long has this prairie been settled?" he asked the driver.

"'Bout twenty-two years."

"Twenty-two years! Good Heavens! It looks as if it hadn't been settled two years."

"And these farms are mortgaged, too?" said Ida.

"Most of 'em," said the driver. "But it ain't s' bad here as it is out in Lane County. They're *all* mortgaged out there. I lost a farm out there; I sunk nine hundred and fifty dollars out there!"

He said this as if it were a million that he had lost, and he prattled away, telling his pitiful, tragic life — a life of incessant toil and hardship. Men cheated and trampled upon him; society and government ignored him; science and religion never knew him, and cared nothing for him — and yet he bore it all with uncomplaining heroism.

There was something in his way of telling his story that made the hearts of his hearers ache. Ida glanced up at Bradley now and then, at the most dramatic point, and they seemed to grow nearer together in their sympathy.

"There's the schoolhouse," said the driver, suddenly pointing at a dim red light ahead. It looked to be on the other side of a wide ravine. They had been riding for nearly an hour across the treeless swells of prairie, and the wind had penetrated their very blood. Ida was shivering, and Bradley was suffering with her out of sympathy. Suddenly the schoolhouse loomed upon their eyes. It was only a few rods away, but in the darkness it had seemed farther. It was a bare little box, set on the wind-swept crest of a hill, not a tree to shelter it from the winds of winter or the sun of summer. Teams were hitched about at the fences, and others could be heard on the hard ground, clattering

along the lanes. Men coming across the fields on foot could be heard talking. The plain seemed cold and desolate and illimitable.

Bradley helped Ida to alight, and hurried her towards the open door, from which a dull red light streamed and the hum of talk came forth. They found the room full of men and women — the women all on one side of the room and the men mainly on the other, or standing about the huge cannon stove, that was filled with soft coal, sending out a flood of heat and gas. The people stopped talking when they saw these strangers enter, and gazed at them curiously.

Then a tall man, with a military cut of beard, pushed his way forward.

"Good evenin', Sisto' Wilboo, I'm right glad to see you."

"I am glad to see you, Brother Barker."

"I must apologize fo' not coming myself."

"This is Mr. Talcott," Ida interrupted, introducing Bradley.

"Glad to meet you, Brotho' Talcott. As I was sayin', Sisto' Wilboo, I was late, and so I sent Brotho' Williams. I am ver' sawry"—

"Oh, no matter; we got here."

Colonel Barker introduced them to the people who stood near. The crowded condition of the room did not allow of a general introduction, although they all looked longingly at Ida, whom they knew by reputation.

At first glance the effect was unpromising. Most of the men had their hats on — the wide wool hats of the Kansas type. Most of them were fresh from the corn-fields, and their hands were hard as leather, and cracked and seamed, and lumpy with great muscles. Everybody wore cots upon their fingers, which were worn to the quick with husking. Everywhere was a certain unkempt look, and everywhere color was in low tones: browns, grays, drabs; nothing light and gay about dress or bearing. Bradley noticed a few girls in the middle seats, but only a few.

It looked like an uncouth audience for Ida to address. But he suddenly found himself seated beside a young farmer in a brown hat whose face startled him. He was in rough dress, and his hands were bludgeons; but his eyes were beautiful and his face very handsome. There was a seriousness and delicacy about his face and in the tone of his low, soft voice that drew Bradley to him.

"It's a cold night to come out to a political meeting," Bradley began, by way of opening conversation.

"We don't stop f'r cold," replied the young fellow. "Some o' these people are from six or eight miles away. They'd go ten to

hear Miss Wilbur, if they could get in. They won't be able to get in to-night."

He spoke with fine directness and force as he went on, showing much thought and reading. Others joined in, and Bradley soon found himself forced to do his best thinking. They were armed at all points.

"Say, Dan, you ought to git up and give 'em a speech," said one of the listeners.

Colonel Barker called the meeting to order, and made an astonishingly able and dignified speech. He then asked Brother Williams to say a word.

Brother Williams was a middle-aged farmer with unkempt hair. His clothes were faded to a russet brown, and his collarless neck was like wrinkled leather, and his fingers were covered with cots; but he was a most impressive orator. His words were well chosen, and his gestures almost majestic. He spoke in a conversational way, but with great power and sincerity. Bradley was astonished, and said so to Ida, who sat behind him.

"There are hundreds of farmers who can talk like that," she said. "This is one of the 'shock-headed farmers' the plutocratic press are fond of ridiculing."

Ida began to speak in a strictly conversational tone: "Brothers and sisters, this is not the first time I've driven across the Western prairies in a wagon to speak at such a meeting as this, and it isn't the last time. I expect to do so just as long as there is a wrong to be righted, just as long as it does you good to have me come."

"That will be while you live," said the colonel gallantly.

"I hope not," she replied, quickly. "I hope to see our reform established before the gray comes into my hair. It will be accomplished if we are true to ourselves; if our leaders are true to themselves; if they do not become spoils of office [she looked at Bradley, and the others followed her glance; she saw her mistake, and colored a little as she went on]; if they are true to their best convictions, and speak the new thoughts that come to them."

Bradley studied their applause to see if it would not betray them. It showed that the money monopoly was nearest to them, but that any wrong received their condemnation. The expression of their applause showed nobility of purpose.

Ida closed by saying: "We have with us to-night a very distinguished young Democrat from Iowa, — the Honorable Mr. Talcott. He has something to say to you, and I will yield the floor to him."

While the people stamped and clapped hands, Ida went over to Bradley and said: "You *must* talk to them. Tell them just what you think."

Bradley rose. He would have done more had she asked it. He began by speaking of the Grange and its effect, and then passed to the Alliance and Reform party.

"I've been studying this question, Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen, more during the last few days than ever before. It is possible that a third party is necessary whenever a distinct work is to be done; but," he said, checking the applause, "I am not quite convinced the time has come for this movement. If I was I'd join it, even though some of the planks in your platform were objectionable, for I am a farmer. My people for generations have been tillers of the soil. They have always been poor. They got nothing for their toil. All the blood in my heart goes out, therefore, towards the farmer and the farmers' movement. It seems a hopeless thing to fight the old organizations, with all their power and money. It can be done, but it can be done only by union among all the poor of every class. Since coming to your state, since day before yesterday, my mind has been changed. I suppose (to be perfectly candid) that my defeat for renomination had something to do with liberalizing me." As he paused he caught Ida's eyes shining into his, and on a sudden impulse he said, "But no matter! now I'm with you from this time forward." He ended there, but he stood for a moment numb, and tingling with his emotion. He had uttered a vast resolution.

The people seemed to realize the importance of this confession on the part of the speaker. There was a thrilling intensity in the tone of his voice, which every listener felt, and they broke out in wild applause as he sat down.

Ida, with her eyes shining and wet, reached forward over the seat, and clasped his hand, and held it. "Glorious! Now you're with us, heart and soul!" In their exaltation it did not occur to either of them what a strange place this little schoolhouse was for such a start.

Out under the vast skies again, into the crisp air, Bradley turned and looked back upon the little schoolhouse, packed to suffocation; it would always remain a memorable place in this wild land. His heart swelled with the pity, the significance, of it all.

"Oh, you've done them good — more than you can tell!" Ida said.

"I begin to believe it is the beginning of the greatest agrarian movement in history," he said, at last. "They are searching for the truth; and whenever any great body of men search for the truth, they find it, and the finding of it is tremendous. Its effect reaches every quarter of the earth."

They mounted to their perilous seat once more, and moved out into the night. The wind seemed to have gone down. There was a deep hush in the air, as if the high stars listened in their

illimitable spaces. The plain seemed as lonely and as unlighted as the Arctic Ocean. Even the barking of a dog had a wolfish and wild suggestiveness.

They rode in silence. Ida sighed deeply. At last she said: "It's only an incident with us. We go back to our pleasant and varied lives; they go back to their lonely homes, and to their bleak corn-fields."

"But the Alliance has given them something to hope for, something to think of," Bradley said, seeking comfort.

"Yes, that is the only comfort I can seem to get out of it. This movement has come into their lives like a new religion. It *is* a new religion — the religion of humanity. It does help them to forget mud and rain and cold and monotony."

Again Bradley's arm seemed necessary to her safety, but this time it closed around her, strong and resolute, yet he dared not say a word. He was not sure of her. It seemed impossible that this wonderful, beautiful, and intellectual woman should care for him; and yet, when he was speaking, her eyes had said something new to him.

The driver talked on about his experiences, but his companions were silent. Under cover of listening they were both dreaming. Bradley was forecasting his life, and wondering how much she would make up of it; wondering if she would make more of it than she had of his past life. How far off she had always seemed to him, and yet she had always been a part of his inner life. Now she sat beside him, in the circle of his arm, and yet she seemed hopelessly out of his reach. She liked him as a friend and brother reformer — that was all. Besides he had no right to hope now, when his fortunes had all turned against him.

She was thinking of him. She was deeply gratified to think he had entered the great movement, and that she had been instrumental in converting him. Her heart warmed to him strangely for his honesty and his sincerity; and then he was so fine and clean souled and strong limbed! The pressure of his arm at her side stirred her, and she smiled at herself. Unlike Bradley, she was self-analytical; she knew what all these things meant.

"There's the station," the driver broke out, indicating some colored lights in the valley below them.

At his word the picture of it all, and the significance of it all, rushed over Ida — the serene majesty of the stars, the splendor and unused wealth of the prairies, the barriers to their use, the limitless robbery of the poor, in both city and country.

"Oh, the pathos, the tragedy of it all! Nature is so good and generous, and men are so ignorant and selfish. Can it be remedied? It *must* be remedied. Every thinking, sympathizing soul must help us."

Bradley's voice touched Ida deeply as he said, slowly, "Henceforward I shall work for these people and all who suffer. My life shall be given to this work."

A great, sudden resolution flashed into Ida's eyes. She laid her hand on his and clasped it. There was a little pause, in which, as if by some occult sense, their minds read each other.

"We'll work *together*, Bradley," she said; and the unconscious driver did not see the light caress which Bradley put upon her lips as a sign of his unspeakable great joy.

CONCLUSION. — WASHINGTON AGAIN.

Bradley and Ida went down the hills together on the way to the theatre. It was the fourth week of the short session of Bradley's term. Ida had returned with him to stay the winter. They paused in the midst of the grounds where the shrubbery was the thickest; where, to Bradley's mind, it conveyed a faint suggestion of mid-forest. His love for nature had intensified during his city life. They turned, as they always did, to look at the dome. The untracked snow swept in shadowless white to the Capitol, which rose out of it hardly less white and seamless. The yellow flare of the lamps only flung the snow and the marble walls into more cold and glittering relief.

They gazed at it in silence, listening to the jingle of bells, the soft voices of the negro drivers, the laughter of children coasting on the winding mall, and the roll of carettes.

"Beautiful! Beautiful!" said Ida.

"Yes, but I can't think of it without its antithesis, the home of the working man and the hut of the poor negro."

They moved on in silence, arm in arm. The darky newsboys, shivering with cold, met them on every corner, holding out in their stiffened hands their evening papers. "Styah? papah?"

"We hear a great deal about the indolence and shiftlessness of the negro," said Bradley, "but I have never met a people more pathetically eager to earn a living than these same negroes."

Swarms of people loitered along the store fronts. Negroes in ragged, faded garments, and men with chin beards, in Western or Southern hats, went streaming past. The old man with the cough medicine met them again. They could repeat his sing-song cry: "*Doc-ter Fergusson's double-ex celebrated, Philadelphia cough drops, for coughs or colds, sore throat or hoarseness; five cents a package.*"

They soon struck into the gayer streams of people making their way towards the theatre; and when they took their seats on the crowded balcony, poverty was lost sight of.

"There! who says this is not a bright and gay world?" said

Ida, looking about. "No poor, no aged, no infirm, no cold or hungry people here."

"This is the bright side of the moon," replied Bradley gravely. They looked around, and studied it with a mental comparison with other crowds they had seen on the far prairies of Kansas and Iowa. There were girls with eyes full of liquid light, with dainty bonnets nestling on their soft hair; their faces were like petals of flowers; the curves of their chins were more beautiful than chalices of lilies; their dresses, soft, shapely, of exquisite tones and texture, draped their perfect bodies. Their dainty fingers held gold and pearl opera glasses. The young men who sat beside them wore the latest fashions in clothing and of the finest texture. Heavy men with brutal faces slouched beside their dainty daughters, the purple blotches on their bloated and lumpy faces showing how politics or business had debauched and undermined them. Everywhere were the rustle of drapery and soft, musical speech.

The curtain rose upon the fair at Nottinghamshire; and while the music appealed to the imagination, the gay lads and lassies of far romance sang and danced under the trees in garments upon which the rain had never fallen, and unflecked with dust. Knights in splendid dress of silver and green, with graceful swords and sashes, came and went, while the merry peasant youths circled and flourished their gay scarves and sang.

The scene changed to Sherwood Forest; and there in the land of Robin Hood, where snow never falls, where rains never slant through the shuddering leaves, the jocund foresters met to sing and drink October ale. There came Little John and Will Scarlet and Alan-a-Dale in glittering garments, with care-free brows and tuneful voices, to circle and sing. Fadeless and untarnished was each magnificent cloak and doublet, slashed with green or purple; straight and fair and supple was every back and limb. No marks of toil anywhere, no lines of care, no hopeless hunger, no threatening task; nothing to do but to sing and dance and drink after the hunt among the delightfully dry and commodious forest wilds — a glorious, free life, a beautiful, child-like, dream-like, pagan-like life.

As they looked, and while the music, imaginative, sweet, and persuasive, called to them, a shadow fell upon Ida and Bradley. That world of care-free, changeless youth, that world of love and comradeship, threw into painful relief the actual world from which they came. It brought up with terrible force the low cottage in the lonely forest of Wisconsin or the equally lonely cabin on the Kansas plain. When the curtain fell, they rose and went sombrely out. When they reached the street, Ida pressed Bradley's arm.

"Oh, it was beautiful, *painfully* beautiful! Do you know what I mean?"

"Yes," replied Bradley simply.

"O Bradley! if we only could discover a land like that to which all the poor could go at once and be happy — a land of song and plenty, with no greed and no grinding need!"

"Yes," Bradley sighed, "I am afraid you and I will never taste anything again that will be perfectly sweet. There will always be a dash of bitter in it."

"Yes, we are born to feel other's cares. The worst of it is we could have that land in America if we only would. Our forefathers thought it was coming, but instead of it" — she did not finish, and they walked on in deep thought.

"Yes," said Bradley, "we could have it; but the way is long and weary, and thousands and millions of us must die on the road, I am afraid."

As they walked on, Bradley could hear the occasional deep-sighing breath of the heart-burdened woman beside him. Again they passed by the cold and stately palace of the government, lifting its dome against the glittering sky. The moon had swung high into the air, giving a whiter tinge to the blue, and dimming the brilliancy of the stars; but it was still beautiful. The crusty snow sparkled like a cloth of diamonds, and each snow-burdened branch took on unearthly charm. It was very still and peaceful and remote, as if no city were near. They stood in silence until Ida shivered with cold; then without a word Bradley touched her arm, and they walked on.

When they arrived at their room, Ida sat down in a chair by the fire without removing her things; and when Bradley came in from the hall, she still sat there, her eyes shaded by her hat, her chin resting on her arm, her gloves in her lap. He knew her too well to interrupt her, and sat down near her, waiting for her to speak.

At last she turned abruptly, and said, "Bradley, I'm going home."

It made him catch his breath. "Oh, no, I can't let you do that, Ida."

"But you must; I can't stay here. That play to-night has wakened my sleeping conscience. I must go back to the West."

"But, Ida, you've only been here three weeks; I don't see why" —

"Because my people need me. I am cursed. I can't enjoy this life any more, because I can't forget those poor souls on the lonely farm grinding out their lives in gloomy toil; I must go back and help them; I feel like a thief to be enjoying this beautiful room, and these plays and concerts, when *they* are shut out from them."

"But we have done our best, haven't we?"

"Yes, but we must continue to do our best right along, and I am of no use here; there's nothing I can do here; the battle is only half won yet, and I've enlisted to the end; besides," she said, looking up at him with a faint smile, "I've got to go right into your district and pave the way for your re-election by the people's party, you know. If you expect to do your part here, I must do my part in electing you. I'll leave you here, and go back. You know how much good it does the poor wives and mothers to meet me and to hear me. Now, we mustn't be selfish, dear; you've got your work to do here, and I've got my work to do there."

They sat in silence again. Bradley looked at the fire; there was a burning pain in his staring eyes; his throat hurt him. To be left alone in this way was hard, and yet he saw it was consistent. When he spoke again, it was in his apparently passionless way. "All right, Ida; we enlisted for the whole war." He was able to smile a little as he looked up at her.

She rose and came to him, and put her arm about his neck. "As a matter of fact, you'll fight better here without me, and then at the end of your term, when you come home, there will be two years that we can work together."

THE END.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

Helen Gardener's New Novel, Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?*

"Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" Such is the striking title of Helen H. Gardener's new novel, a story which, in my judgment, is the most finished and, in many respects, the strongest work which has yet come from the pen of this gifted lady. Helen Gardener possesses in a rare degree the power of holding the interest of the reader, while she emphasizes in a most telling and effective manner truths of vital moment to civilization. The present is pre-eminently the age of purposeful fiction. Against this innovation conventionalism has raised its voice. The old slogan cry, "Art for art's sake," is being drowned in the new and vital watchword, "Art for truth." The great political, social, economic, ethical, and religious problems of to-day are being most effectively presented under the veil of fiction. Few writers, however, possess the power of subordinating the lesson to the story in a sufficient degree to hold the interest and thrill and impress the average reader, who is merely looking for something entertaining. Thus many writers of modern fiction in this new age of unrest and growth defeat their purpose by preaching where they should picture. Miss Gardener while somewhat more didactic than Mr. Garland, and possessing less of the rugged power of vivid portrayal, is less relentless, and thus will impress the reader as being more human. This story deals with expanding womanhood. It is the legitimate product of the present growing age. It is in perfect touch with the thought of the hour. Incidentally the cause of the very poor in our great cities is touched upon, and in one chapter we have a prose etching of an apartment in the slums, which is painfully true to life. The great cardinal thought, from the side of utility, is the picture of the crime against girlhood tolerated by our present "age of consent laws." In Victor Hugo's masterpiece it will be remembered that he sought to picture man's struggle with unjust law. In Miss Gardener's new book she paints most vividly the struggle of girlhood with unjust social conditions. Like Hugo, Miss Gardener also deals in types. Gertrude Foster, Frances King, and Ettie Burton are types, but they possess nothing of the colossal nature of Hugo's or Shakespeare's great creations.

Dickens also dealt in types, but he intensified them until they often resembled caricatures. Not so with Miss Gardener. While typing young womanhood of to-day, she does so with such perfect naturalism that one

*"Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" A novel of to-day, by H. H. Gardener. Published by Arena Publishing Company. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.25.

feels that the story is something more than fiction. Each character lives, and we feel while reading that we are being acquainted with the happenings of real persons. This, of course, is the art of the realist; and, indeed, while Miss Gardener is in no way writing history in "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" she is narrating episodes and incidents which are happening every day in every great centre of life.

There is no plot in the story; but the interest of the reader is held from cover to cover. The most delicate subjects are dealt with; but they are so handled as not to offend any healthy imagination, while the atmosphere of the book is pure and lofty. In Gertrude Foster we have a magnificent picture of the modern girl: free, educated, untrammelled, with strong and positive individuality; the broad-minded, noble-souled modern girl, who dares to think and to act up to her highest convictions of right regardless of consequences. There are to-day hundreds of Gertrude Fosters, and they are the advance guard of the twentieth-century womanhood. I wish every young woman in America could read this book, if it were for nothing else than to catch inspiration from this splendid creation. In the other two typical girls, Ettie Burton and Frances King, we have strong, natural, lifelike reproductions of thousands of young women who may be found to-day in every great city. Beautiful, ill-starred little Ettie! How the heart of every true man and woman will go out in love and sympathy for her! and in her fate it should not be forgotten that we read the fate of thousands of maidens, who, through accursed laws, fall victims to something far worse than death while they have scarcely crossed the threshold of womanhood — laws originated by moral lepers for the protection of the most heinous forms of licentiousness, and from year to year discussed in secret sessions in various legislatures, where systematic attempts are constantly being made to lower the age which renders a moral leper exempt from a crime far more colossal than murder. Even *this year* a bill was introduced in the New York legislature to lower the age of consent from sixteen to thirteen years! and had it not been for the vigorous efforts of some stalwart friends of purity, doubtless the measure would have passed.

It is well here to note the fact that "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" is not history in the literal sense; thus the passage of the bill referred to in the story did not actually take place in New York, owing to the vigilance of a few who are not yet dragged down to the level of several politicians who represent every commonwealth in America to-day. There is no disguising the fact that our legislatures to-day are rife with persons no more fit to occupy the seats of lawmakers than a child of six is qualified to pass on the merit of Shakespeare; men who are the willing vassals of the saloon power,—and whose tastes, occupations, and life lead them into the moral sewer; men who have no high ideals, who scoff at virtue, who sneer at true nobility, who have no conception of what justice is, and whose association with others leads them to have

a most degraded idea of manhood and womanhood. In order to illustrate exactly what I mean, and because some persons who know little about our legislative bodies to-day may think that Messrs. King and Burton are overdrawn, I will reproduce from the New York *Sun* a few lines descriptive of the action and unspeakable words of one man whom New York City delights to honor. The measure under discussion was a bill to permit women the right of suffrage:—

The Hon. Mr. Wissig has been in the habit for some years of making a questionable speech in opposition to the Woman Suffrage Bill. His idea of female morality is not high, and he has taken this annual occasion to express it. To-day the speech surpassed anything he has previously said on the bill, and the assembly promptly expunged it.

"I am tired of hearing talk about the refining and elevating influence of women," said the Hon. Mr. Wissig. "Members have been making speeches about how much good women would do and how they would prevent political corruption. These members seemed to think that it is the man who does the corrupting and the woman who is corrupted. Women are responsible for more corruption than men. They lead men astray, and I do not see why the men should have to take the responsibility for it all the time. Committees of women come up here and say they do not get their rights. They have plenty of rights now."

The rest of the Hon. Mr. Wissig's speech cannot well be printed verbatim. He gave illustrations in support of his argument, and said several things that might be construed in more than one way.

At the conclusion of the Hon. Mr. Wissig's speech there was a consultation of the leading members of the assembly as to what should be done. Some of the members were in favor of a formal resolution of censure, but it was thought that this would only tend to call more attention to the speech. Mr. Webster introduced a resolution that all reference to the speech and all record of it, either in the journal or on the stenographer's report, should be expunged. The resolution was adopted at once on a *viva voce* vote by a majority that was so large that the friends of the Hon. Mr. Wissig did not ask for a division.

The New York *World* thus commented on this speech:—

It remained for Assemblyman "Phil" Wissig, of "de Ate," to offend every woman in the chamber and to disgust every decent man on the floor. It has been Wissig's annual custom, whenever a woman suffrage question was under discussion in the assembly, to imitate the unspeakable Cannon, and open his mouth to allow a stream of vulgarity to flow through it. He outdid his previous efforts to-day.

Men like the gentleman above named, and persons of the stamp of Messrs. Burton and King, in Miss Gardener's novel, will continue to obstruct justice and insult decency so long as women are denied the right of franchise. It is possible that Mr. Wissig spoke what he believed to be true when he, Adam-like, tried to blacken womanhood; for his experience may have been wholly or chiefly with that unfortunate class of women who, having been betrayed or debauched by men, have sunken to the lowest social depth, and from below influence certain men whose tastes lead them to seek the society of women who corrupt men. I am willing to grant that Mr. Wissig's intercourse with women has been

with the class that led him to believe that womanhood is corrupt; but what shall we say of a so-called civilized commonwealth which sends this stamp of man to make her laws?

"Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" is far more than an intensely interesting novel; it is a brilliant appeal for justice and purity; a protest against one of the most glaring crimes which blisters the brow of nineteenth-century civilization. It is pure, wholesome, and inspiring. If the white ribbon army should make it the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of their noble crusade, it would, I believe, accomplish more in one year than their present efforts will realize in a decade.

B. O. FLOWER.

MR. SAVAGE'S IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT.*

Rev. M. J. Savage is universally recognized as the leading thinker of the liberal wing of the Unitarian clergy, as well as one of the most logical and profound reasoners in christendom. His latest work, "The Irrepressible Conflict between Two World Theories," will command the thoughtful attention of thousands of persons who, while holding views diametrically opposed to those maintained by Mr. Savage, will enjoy the fair, able, and scholarly presentation of the new thought by its greatest living apostle in the theological field. Whatever criticism may be made about this work, all readers will agree that it is eminently courteous and singularly free from the bitterness or intolerance which is present in almost all theological discussions. It also bears the stamp of a brain of more than ordinary power. At the present time there is so much twaddle palmed off for thought, so many dummies impose upon the thinking world, that it is a relief to meet a strong, logical, vigorous, and absolutely fearless thinker, who does not truckle on the one hand, and who never forgets the right of his opponents to their views on the other.

The body of the book is made up of five lectures by Mr. Savage called forth in answer to a course of notable discourses given by Dr. Lyman Abbott, in this city, on "The Evolution of Christianity." Before publishing these lectures Mr. Savage submitted the proof to Dr. Abbott, that he might judge if in any way he had been misrepresented or treated unfairly. In reply he received the following note:—

THE "CHRISTIAN UNION," NEW YORK, March 3, 1892.

My Dear Mr. Savage:—

In answer to yours of March 1, I have read your sermons with interest, and I think they represent me as fairly as it is possible for one to represent another whose point of view is so entirely different. I am glad that your sermons are to be published in book form. I am glad to have the different views respecting religion brought into sharp and clear contrast; for I am sure that the final result of all this discussion must be the elucidation of the truth; and it is only the elucidation of the truth which any of us can desire. Yours truly, LYMAN ABBOTT.

* "The Irrepressible Conflict between Two World Theories." By Rev. M. J. Savage. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00. ARENA PUBLISHING COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

I have cited the above to illustrate the spirit of candor and fairness which characterizes this most interesting theological work.

It must not be imagined, however, that because in this discussion the author never forgets to be a perfect gentleman, and uniformly avoids all show of intolerance, that he holds his position in a tentative or half-hearted manner; for no ancient knight ever fought more resolutely than does Mr. Savage in this work. He is absolutely convinced of the truth of his cause. He believes his position to be impregnable because based upon truth. In the first chapter Mr. Savage deals directly with what he terms the Irrepressible Conflict between Two World Theories, which are of course evolution and orthodoxy. It will be seen that at the outset he takes issue with Dr. Abbott, and in so doing he states his premises, makes his argument, and presents his views with a clearness, strength, and conciseness rarely met with in theological literature. He closes this chapter with the following suggestive thoughts:—

And what of the future? Does evolution cast a gloom over that? Does evolution take away the hope of heaven? O friends, I find it hard to understand with what brains people think, with what hearts they feel, when they can even hint a comparison between the promises of the two. The old theory simply promises us a horror, from which the sense of justice recoils, and which shrivels in its fires the tenderness of human hearts, even of those who are redeemed. Evolution does not take away heaven; it only wakens the race from the dreams of the horrors of the old heaven and the old hell. Evolution opens for us vistas of eternal progress; star-lighted pathways that lead on and on in light, in truth, in joy, in peace, in service, forever and forever.

Here, then, are the two theories. If man did not fall at the outset of human history, then there is no reason for the existence of a single one of the doctrines of the orthodox plan of salvation. They are impertinences. They are out of court. They are not called for by the facts. They are not needed for any service to-day. They only stand in the way of the acceptance and the recognition of the real condition of the race and the application of the real remedies. Here is this irrepressible conflict between these two world theories. One of them must be accepted. They are mutually exclusive. They cannot live together. People, I know, are afraid to think. They are afraid they are going to lose the precious things of their religious life, the spiritual dreams of their souls. We ourselves can only partly appreciate this conflict that is going on, because we are in the midst of it, as the soldier in the din and storm and noise and dust of the battle can hardly tell what principles are at stake, or which side is wavering and giving way. We are in the midst of this battle. It has been forced on us, not by Darwin or Herbert Spencer, not by heretics or irreligious men, but by a new and larger revelation from God — an unfolding of divine truth. And in the line of this religious evolution I believe there is to be found scope and room for the development of sanctities of the spiritual life such as have never been heard of or thought of in all the world. All that is true, all that is beautiful, all that is lovely, all that is hopeful, all that is human, all that is divine, remains to become the seed of ever newer and higher growths in the years that are to come.

The second lecture is one of the most vitally interesting chapters in this book, as it deals with Jesus and Evolution; and around this subject

much of the fury of recent religious controversy has raged. Mr. Savage here gives us his idea of Jesus, and the reasons why he holds that He was a part of an orderly evolution. In referring to the "Evolutionists with an if," or those scholars whose researches have forced them to accept the truth of evolution, but who still seek to warp its teachings to their preconceived ideas, Mr. Savage says: —

I think it will not be unfair for me to say that to-day, both in Europe and America, every broadly educated, truly educated, man is an evolutionist. But a great many of them are evolutionists with an *if*, with an exception. In other words, you will note what seems curious and strange and inconsistent in this half-way evolutionism: these men admit that the Almighty God of this universe is able to evolve, to develop, by what we call natural methods, almost everything that He desires; but that now and then, on exceptional occasions, and in regard to exceptional facts or exceptional people, He needs to revise and improve on His own method. He needs to break in from without, and set new causes in motion, in order to produce the desired results.

You will see, of course, if you think for a moment, how incongruous this is, how inconsistent, and how uncomplimentary to the Almighty Power — as though God were limited along the evolutionary line, and had to supplement His own method to accomplish some special desired result.

As an example of this, there are a great many people who will admit that the world grew into its present condition by natural methods. They admit evolution as applied to the lower forms of life on earth. They admit evolution so far as the body, the physical part, of man is concerned; but they think that God must have stepped in and wrought a miracle in order to account for mind and soul — as though He were not able to evolve mind and soul. I do not know how many people I have had ask me, "On the theory of Darwinism, where does the soul come in?" as though in Darwinism inheres a difficulty that did not exist in the old. These people do not seem to have read very carefully; for they do not seem to be aware of the fact that, for centuries, it was a much debated question in the Church as to how, on the old theory, the soul came in. During the Middle Ages, three theories were hotly debated among the schoolmen. Some held that the soul was pre-existent, and only entered the body at the time of birth or at some unknown time preceding it. Others held that the soul was created outright every time a new child was to be born. Others held that the soul was derived from the parents, in precisely the same way that the body was. These three theories, then, were held and hotly debated among the theologians of the past. I speak of this to show that this is no new difficulty, and that, when a person supposes that he is raising a difficulty against Darwinism by asking where the soul comes in, he is only asking a very old question indeed, and one that is just as much a difficulty on any theory as on this. There are, then, many evolutionists who are evolutionists with an *if*.

Further, Mr. Savage thus gives his views of Jesus: —

Now let us take one step more. I do not know how, if Jesus had been a body worn by God, anybody should have found it out. In other words, I do not see how anybody can tell the difference between an incarnate God and an ideal man. Suppose the Almighty God of the universe should come to take possession of a man. Dr. Abbott tells us

that He was limited. He limits himself, of course, to the scope and reach of humanity by becoming a man; He thinks with a man's brain; He uses a man's body; He loves with a man's heart; He aspires with a man's soul. If God came into a man in very deed, He could manifest only so much of his Godhood as a man could hold. Suppose Hercules, the mighty giant, should surrender his club, and pluck a reed from the bank of a brook, and use that as his weapon. The might of Hercules under those conditions would be limited by the strength of the reed. He could strike no heavier blow than the reed could bear. So if God in very deed should come into a man, He could manifest no more than ideal manhood. So whether God came down from above and took possession of a man, or whether God evolved the divine in man from beneath until he blossomed out into the ideal humanity, it seems to me that the result would be precisely the same. I do not see how any one looking on from the outside could tell the difference.

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I believe that it is the divine in the human working along the lines of growth of that marvellous race — the race of Moses, the race of Elijah, the race of Isaiah, the race most wonderful for its religion, its theology, its ethical life and thought that the world has ever seen; that it is the divine working along the lines of the growth of that race. And it seems to me that the blossoming of Jesus as its crown and flower at last is as natural as the blossoming of the century plant, which, after a hundred years, starting in the mud, outreaches into an unspeakable glory and beauty that can face the very heavens without shame.

My idea of Jesus, then, is that He was the flower and crown of humanity. I never loved Him so, I never honored Him so, I never cared so much for His thought and His work and His life as to-day.

Jesus did not add to the world's thinking. He did not undertake to solve any scientific, any philosophic, any governmental, any industrial problem. He did not touch these. He only sought to put into the hearts of men a spirit, a temper, a feeling, an attitude which, if naturally developed and unfolded, would blossom into the very kingdom of heaven on earth.

Jesus' spiritual attitude toward God is trust, the love of the child; his spiritual attitude toward man — pity, comprehension, tenderness. These seem to me to be as divine as anything that humanity is ever likely to dream. And I believe this is God working naturally through humanity and along the lines of its natural growth — humanity reaching up to God and becoming one with Him.

Perhaps the most attractive chapter is the one dealing with the religion of the future. In this the author gives his vision of the church of to-morrow. If space did not forbid, I should like to give many of the surpassingly beautiful passages found in this lecture. The following will, however, give a hint of the trend of Mr. Savage's thought: —

Now let us turn to the Church. Is there to be a church in the coming ages? It both saddens and amuses me when people ask such shallow questions. Religion is eternal; and not only that, it is the most important interest of human life, because it means finding the divine truth of things and living it out. It is the age-long search on the part of the race for the secret and the fulness of life. Being, then, the most important interest in the world, and being eternal in its nature, it cannot help but incarnate itself. Any permanent interest of the race always organizes itself for the sake, not only of expressing itself, but of

carrying out its aims. Religion will show itself in organization. It will organize itself as naturally and necessarily as the elements that go to make a crystal, only I like not the figure of the crystal, because crystal does not grow. Religion will organize itself as naturally as the elements that enter into the development of a flower or an oak. There is to be, then, in the coming age a church as much grander, as much higher, as much nobler, than anything that the past has seen as the human imagination can dream. If you analyze worship, you will find that it is the most distinctive and peculiar characteristic of the world's noblest and highest of men. It is the upward look of admiration. It is the seeing of something better than we have yet attained. It is the bending of the soul in recognition of that which transcends it. There is no other animal that is capable of catching glimpses of this ideal, of being troubled by it and longing to attain it. It is this hunger after the unattained which makes man king of the earth, and the essence of this is worship. To ask whether man is to be a worshipper, then, in the future is to ask whether he is to keep that which is noblest and best in his manhood and grow into better, or whether he is to disintegrate and degrade into something poorer and less. The worship of the church of the future will be grander than anything the past has known.

And prayer — will they pray in the church of the future? Here again, in the midst of this transition time, thousands of people fancy that the meaning of prayer is being lost. The conception of prayer that is to dominate the future is as much grander, as much higher, as much finer, than any of the prayers of the past as the loving, nestling communion of the child hugged in its father's arms is higher and sweeter than the mere petulant begging and teasing for playthings. The only thing in the prayer of the past that any new theory of the universe threatens to outgrow and leave behind is that which all noble men and women ought to be glad to be rid of. We have outgrown that conception of prayer which supposes we are petty, ignorant, petulant, changing children, having power to interfere with the magnificent mechanism of the universe. . . . In the religion of the future there will be no orthodoxy and no heresy. Why? Because there will be no infallible standard of truth in the old sense, by which a man can be tried and found wanting.

Let me show you what will be the condition of things inevitably. In a scientific society there is no heresy, there is no orthodoxy. Why? Because no scientific society would be insane enough to believe that it is wicked for a man to make mistakes. A scientific society regards as settled only those things that can be verified as true. But when you make a statement like twice two is four, you do not need to threaten a man with hell to make him believe it. You do not need to threaten him with fagots and chains and dungeons, or tell him you will cast him out of good society or never speak with him again. Whatever is verified as true is accepted by all intelligent and sane people, merely because it is true. There never was a man who was intelligent and sane who did not want to find the truth. In the coming time men will be sane. As we read the history of Christianity, of the general character of Jesus, of His teachings of peace and love, His telling people to be kind even to their enemies, and then read the history of the inquisitions, the bitterness, the fighting, the quarrels of the past, we feel as though we were reading the records of the doings of the insane. The world will be saner and saner in the future. And so all men and all nations, under every name, in regard to politics, in regard to industry, in regard to society, in regard to ethics, in regard to religion, in all the departments of life, will be seeking simply for the truth, trying to get ever into closer and closer relations with God. And as this progress goes on, they will ever attain

closer and closer relations. There will be no more cataclysms, no more breakings up and upheavals, because it will be a steady growth — a growth like the change of dawn into the early morning and of that into high noon. And so, as they succeed, in the light of this ever-increasing divine truth, in solving more and more problems, the old evils will be outgrown and left behind. The "low, sad music of humanity" will sink down and down the past, to be succeeded by the swelling song of gladness, of cheer, of eternal hope.

To many readers, the Addendum of this brilliant work will prove its most interesting feature. It contains Mr. Savage's powerful paper, entitled "The Inevitable Surrender of Orthodoxy," the clearest and strongest argument I have ever read against the great basic assumptions upon which orthodoxy rests. After an elaborate statement of the cardinal points of orthodoxy, Mr. Savage makes the following summary: —

It will be well, right here, to group and number them. They stand as follows: —

1. The fall of man.
2. Atonement through the Christ.
3. Heaven for those who accept the atonement.
4. Hell for those who, for whatever reason, do not accept it.
5. The infallible Bible, which has revealed these things, and by means of which *only* are they known.

Here is the real *heart of the creeds*, the *kernel in the husk*. If the truth of these can be maintained, orthodoxy is secure. If any one of them be not true, then any most ordinary thinker, if he be at all clear headed, must see that the whole system must be surrendered; for each of these points is vital to the whole scheme. Let any one of them be taken away, and the reason for maintaining the rest is gone. If there has been no fall, then there is no need of any such atonement. If there has been no such atonement, then either man has not fallen, or else he can be saved in some other way. The old heaven implies the fall, the atonement, and the lost. Take away the old hell, and there is no reason for all this stupendous scheme for saving people from it. And if Scripture be not infallible, then the whole scheme becomes the fancy of an ignorant and barbaric age, of no more authority than the dreams of Mohammed or Gautama. All this is perfectly clear — as simple and as inevitable as the "multiplication table."

He next notices, one by one, these basic propositions; but space forbids my quoting further. It is, however, an argument which all persons who desire to understand the new religious sentiment as represented in advanced Unitarian thought, whether for the purpose of answering it, or because they have outgrown beliefs which will not stand the test of intellectual scrutiny or man's growing sense of justice, should study. One word should be said about the make-up of this volume. Most works on religious themes are printed in small type and are uninviting in appearance. This book is printed in pica type, so large and clear that the feeblest eyes will find it a delight to peruse its pages.

B. O. Flower.

The Death Penalty.*

"The Death Penalty," by Andrew J. Palm, is the most thoughtful and able argument against capital punishment it has ever been my good fortune to read. Here in the compass of three hundred and fifty pages, the author, in a vigorous but finished style, discusses Man's Moral Responsibility, the Bible and the Death Penalty, Trial by Jury, Convicting the Innocent, the Executioner and his Work, the Influence of Fear of the Death Penalty on Criminals, Opinions of Eminent Men and Reformation of Criminals. I do not believe that any thoughtful person can read this volume through, provided he is unbiased at the outset, without being profoundly convinced that capital punishment is not only a relic of barbarism, but is a crime against humanity; that its influence is vicious, and that it does not retard murder. My own opinion has long been that capital punishment increases rather than retards murder. It develops more hate waves in the atmosphere. The spectacle of the government taking the lives of other men destroys, in the minds of those whose moral senses are already blunted, the last vestiges of whatever innate reverence they may possess for human life. Let us look for one moment at the case. On the one hand we find a court (supposed to represent the highest embodiment of wisdom and justice) coolly and deliberately taking a human life, frequently when the evidence of guilt is merely circumstantial. On the other hand, we find a supposed murderer, possibly a victim of unfortunate circumstances, and not guilty of the alleged crime; or possibly having committed the crime in a moment of insane rage, or perchance the deed has been perpetrated while reason was dethroned, and he was under the influence of liquor sold at saloons licensed by the government; or it may be that he has inherited criminal instincts, and his environment from birth has pressed him downward.

An eminent authority has recently declared that there are to-day in Paris hundreds, if not thousands, of children who are only waiting an opportunity to be assassins, due solely to the fact that their parents have been habitual drunkards. Now, while I would not for one moment advocate freeing these dangerous characters, as I believe it is the function of the state to protect society, but it is *not* the function of the state to take human life; and I believe we should treat our criminals in such a manner as to undo, as far as possible, the evil which has resulted through unfavorable environment, through heredity, or through the injustice of our present civilization.

I can cordially recommend all thoughtful persons to read Mr. Palm's admirable treatise.

B. O. Flower.

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*"The Death Penalty." By Andrew J. Palm. Cloth, pp. 342. Price, $1.25. G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York.

God's Image in Man.*

I know of no book of the same character, excepting the lectures of Professor Drummond, which has met with such cordial reception on the part of thinking people as Mr. Henry Wood's new work, "God's Image in Man." It is to me one of the most significant signs of the times that such a work should instantly score an unmistakable success. It is true the author is an essayist of exceptional ability; his diction is rich and fluent. I know of no living essayist who can invest abstract themes with such interest, without turning aside from his subject for illustrations, as Mr. Wood. To follow him is much like walking through a garden where fragrance and beauty abound on every hand. We must, however, look beyond all this for the secret of Mr. Wood's remarkable success, and that is found in the fact that his thought answers the heart hunger of thousands of deeply spiritual natures who have outgrown creedal Christianity, and who find satisfaction no longer in the husks of conventional religion. Several chapters in this book have already in substance been published in The Arena; hence our readers are not only familiar with Mr. Wood's style, but with much of the subject matter of this charming and helpful work. In his preface Mr. Wood thus clearly sets forth the purposes which have actuated him: —

They are glimpses through the vision of the intuitive faculty; interpretations of the inner consciousness, rather than an intellectual or argumentative effort. They are inspired by no spirit of controversy, but are searches for truth for its own sake; and their aim is to recognize it wherever found. Their acceptance by the reader must depend entirely upon the mirror-like recognition of their truthfulness by his own spiritual perception. While the intellectual faculty, though trained never so highly, is often at fault (as shown by the great divergence of external systems), the writer believes that the cultivated human intuition has something of that exactness and perfection of which instinct on the lower planes of life is a prophecy. Divine truth is ever seeking to reveal itself through the channel of the Holy Spirit. "He will guide you into all truth." The soul centre of every human "image of God" is the highest and ultimate tribunal, before which principles, creeds, systems, and even Bibles must receive their interpretation. There is no purpose other than the plain unfoldment of truth and the delineation of living realities. No attack is made upon any existing theological system, as such, but rather an effort — in these days of creed disintegration — to conserve and hold up all that is intrinsic, but, at the same time, to discriminate between the real and eternal on the one hand, and the incidental, traditional, and external on the other. Truth is an harmonious unit; and religion, nature, science, and evolution, when stripped of their misconceptions, mutually supplement and confirm each other.

We close this review with a few excerpts from the closing chapter, which deals with the religious transition now in progress: —

Whither are we drifting? There is an irresistible movement in the realm of religious thought which any careful estimate will show to be

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* "God's Image in Man." Cloth, pp. 258. Price, $1.00. Published by Lee & Shepard. For sale by Arena Publishing Company.

of remarkable magnitude. Many are anxiously watching the drift, and some are apprehensive as to the security of what they feel to be foundation principles. Are there substantial verities? and, if so, how shall we distinguish their solid outlines from those temporary forms which are liable to dissolve while we gaze upon them? There is a growing conviction that the organized church, by slow degrees, is losing its hold upon the community, and that its influence, as a force to mould society, is waning. The utterances of the pulpit are becoming less authoritative in their tone and less weighty in their impressiveness upon human thought and conduct. The Bible is receiving such exhaustive criticism and analysis as formerly would have been deemed sacrilegious. The tribute paid to creeds, dogmas, and ceremonial religion is lessening; and the reverence which environed scholastic theology in human consciousness is slowly fading. Faith in the importance and efficacy of external symbols, ordinances, and rituals is perceptibly weakening, and ecclesiastical assumptions are being re-examined.

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To determine the significance of the transition the divergence must be noted between the formulated thought of the past and the actual thought of to-day, which, as a rule, is yet unexpressed in formal statements. The distance already traversed from the decaying but still authoritative ancient creeds varies materially, even among the subdivisions of that great composite body known as the Protestant Church. The influence of the drift in permeating the Roman system is less pronounced, because its unified organization and traditional conservatism render it more impervious to progressive influences.

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To the perverted vision of the atheist and materialist, the drift has the appearance of nearing their own position. Having for so long looked upon ceremony and dogmatism as constituting religion, the decadence of the former seems like the ending of the latter. Color blindness to spiritual forces incapacitates them to interpret the mystery of a hidden and higher life. All the shafts they have hurled would have fallen harmless had they been aimed at religion itself, instead of at its externalities, excrescences, and shams. The materialist is utterly unable to cognize the spiritual life, because he is familiar with no plane higher than that of the intellect. The religion of external and conflicting systems, ecclesiastical assumption, and sectarian loyalty is giving place to that which is a renewing and vital force in character; a power to lift mankind out of selfishness and animalism into divine sonship. It is only by such fruits that it shows its harmonious and heavenly proportions. The tremendous significance of the great transition can hardly yet be estimated, but it is safe to assume that nothing intrinsic can be moved. All truth is anchored to the throne of God, and it will forever remain unshaken. Only the external, the temporary, and the unreal are being sloughed off. All that bears the divine monogram will stand out in bolder relief than ever before. Man is finding his way nearer to God. He is feeling the warm glow of divine oneness within, and no longer uses a telescope in a search for the Father.

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The church "standards" were formulated in an age of great limitations, when compared with the present, and remain fixed, while actual belief is constantly changing. The two should agree, but there is an ever-increasing divergence. In many cases the gateway into the church is barred by the required solemn affirmation of dogmas which are practi-

cally obsolete. Should dead formulas which are not believed remain inscribed upon its banner? Some say, "Let them stand, but give them new interpretation." But this would be a specious diplomatic stretching and straining of language unworthy even of a secular organization. Positive statements abound, which, while unaccepted, continually receive official and formal assent. The unequivocal dogmas of divinely inflicted endless punishment, election and non-election, preterition, the literal judgment, and the material resurrection, are examples of the untruthfulness of the actual to the theoretical. The Church cannot afford to be more careless and self-contradictory — not to say dishonest — than the world. The latter has a contempt for sophistry, and looks upon sincerity as one of the primary elements of religion, in which opinion it is quite correct.

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The mission of the gospel is the building of a divine manhood; the purifying and perfecting of life so that robust spirituality may be developed. The human soul is more precious than church or temple, and the inner voice is more infallible than doctrine and dogma. The crucial religious test must be spiritual life and purity, rather than mechanical doctrine, because living, breathing man is of far greater moment than the dry bones of past ages. Individual liberty is sacred. If heresy be honest, it will grade higher in the moral scale than sophisticated traditional acceptance.

The chanting of the Credo as a spiritual accomplishment must give way to something of the transparent simplicity of the primitive church.

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The higher life is finding new forms for manifestation, many of which are ouside of the boundaries of the organized church. The "Fatherhood of God" and the "brotherhood of man" are brightening in human consciousness. The channels for mutual brotherly aid and sympathy are being deepened, and the links of interdependence are growing stronger. The term "neighbor" is broadening in significance, and the exuberant overflow of the altruistic spirit is submerging selfish limitations. The intermingling of divine and human love currents is becoming more complete by the melting away of man-made barriers. It is axiomatic that man is restless until he finds God, and this he often fails to do because he loses his way among the mazes of scholastic theology. Human systems, instead of teaching the divine indwelling, have built innumerable by-ways which lead outward. Poets, mystics, and quietists, by a more profound insight, have excelled theologians in their interpretations of the divine character. Notwithstanding all the anxiety regarding the great drift, the world is more truly religious to-day than at any time in the past.

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More and more that divine electricity called love is pulsating through man's nature and manifesting its redundant energy. It is overflowing the distinctions of caste, religion, nation, and race. Altruism is no longer a prosaic obligation, but an ideal privilege. If the relentless drift is bearing away some traditional and conventional "household gods" and ecclesiastical sanctities, there is abundant compensation in the unveiling of higher ideals, the vitalizing of thought and character, and in the dispersion of rubbish which has almost hidden the divine lineaments of man's nature. Religious advancement is seen in the increased emphasis which is placed upon those living realities about which men cannot differ.

B. O. Flower.

Charles Sumner, the Scholar in Politics.*

Biography must ever hold a prominent place in the literature of the useful when it is well written, as, for example, the "Charles Sumner" of Mr. Archibald Grimke, which combines the useful with the instructive in a high degree. Such books as this are inspiring, instructive, and entertaining. It is true that Mr. Grimke has a noble character with which to deal, and the background also possesses a peculiar interest; but the author has succeeded beyond most writers, even those who have so inviting a subject. Charles Sumner was a man of strong individuality, of undoubted integrity, and of strong convictions. He occupied a commanding position in one of the most eventful eras of modern times. The work is worthy of a place in every library, and will prove an inspiration to every young man who peruses its pages.

B. O. Flower.

Pushed by Unseen Hands.†

We have elsewhere this month reviewed Miss Gardener's admirable new novel, "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" It is our pleasant duty to notice also an admirable compilation of short stories from this gifted lady's pen, entitled "Pushed by Unseen Hands." This book deals with a number of thoughtful studies, many of them touching upon the influence of heredity. Some of them have appeared in public print before, while others are original in this work. All of the stories, with possibly one or two exceptions, deal with the outside influences which weigh upon and, to a certain extent, influence every life — heredity, environment, the strange psychic influences which the world is only just at the present time beginning to appreciate, and other subtle forces which weigh upon every soul to a certain extent. Like everything written by Helen Gardener, these stories will stimulate thought, enlarge sympathy, and make the reader more tolerant and charitable.

The eminent Dr. Spitzka, probably the leading brain specialist in America, writes as follows of some of the stories in this book:—

I am inclined to criticise and commend this work much more earnestly than would be looked for from the technical position of a specialist. I attach far more than a mere literary value to two of these stories, to which especial attention is not likely to be directed, and believe no other author of fiction has ever adequately attempted what is here done. The book will not only retain a place in my library, but I also feel sure that other more unified works by the same pen will be placed beside it. Appealing, as they may, to a larger circle of readers, they must earn the author a recognition, alas, to-day awarded to many shallow pretenders instead. We see strangers in the field of heredity, and I can pay the book no higher compliment than to say that I had heretofore believed

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* "Charles Sumner." By Archibald Grimke. Cloth, pp. 414. Price, $1.50. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

† "Pushed by Unseen Hands." By Helen H. Gardener. Published by Commonwealth Publishing Company, New York. For sale by Arena Publishing Company. Price: Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

only specialists capable of at once intelligently and popularly dealing with these subjects.

It is quite unnecessary for me to say a word in regard to the ability, power, and conviction which characterize all of Miss Gardener's works, as she is well known to the readers of THE ARENA. I cannot forbear, however, expressing my admiration for this book, and venturing the opinion that those readers who purchase it will not be disappointed.

LITERARY NOTES.

* ETHICAL TEACHING IN OLD ENGLISH LITERATURE. — In this discussion of Old English books and authors, Professor Hunt seeks to emphasize, in every legitimate way, that distinctively devout spirit which he has so clearly discerned in his study of these earlier eras. Special stress is also laid upon the fact that, in the teachings and influence of these older writers, those truths were established and diffused which went far to undermine the firmly rooted principles of the Papacy, and to open the way, in part at least, for the great Elizabethan Reformation on behalf of English Protestantism.

The titles of the articles afford ample evidence of the decided interest and value of the learned professor's book: —

Cædmon's Scriptural Paraphrase; The Bible and the Homily in Old English; Venerable Bede, the Old English Church Historian; Cynewulf's Trilogy of Christian Song; Orm, an Old English Poet-Homilist; Richard Rolle, the Hampole Hermit; An Old English Religious Satirist; The Ethical Spirit of Chaucer's writings; William Caxton, the Old English Printer; Hugh Latimer, the Homilist; The Ethical Teaching in Beowulf; King Alfred's Version of Boethius; Old English Saws and Proverbs; The Church and the School in Old England; The Church and the Stage in Old England; The Course of the World, a Bible Homily; Richard de Bury, an Old English Book-lover; John Wiclif, English Reformer and Translator; Sir John Mandeville, the Palestinian Traveller; John Gower, an Old English Patriot and Reformer; Old English Religious Satirist; Layamon, an Old English Rhyming Chronicler; William Tyndale and His Christian Work; Roger Ascham, or English Old and New, etc.

The above table of contents gives a fine idea of the character of the work, which is treated in a scholarly manner.

"GROUND ARMS!" — It is a singular coincidence that just as an article of fifteen pages upon Baroness Bertha von Suttner's novel entitled "Die Waffen neider!" has appeared in *The International Journal of Ethics*, a translation of the book by Mrs. Alice Asbury Abbott of Chicago, under the title "Ground Arms!" is nearly ready for publication

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* "Ethical Teaching in Old English Literature." By Theodore W. Hunt, Ph. D., LL. D. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. It is more singular, however, that nearly two years have been allowed to pass since the publication of this wonderful book before any attempt has been made to give it to the English-reading public.

In Germany it has been called "not a mere book, but an event." There it has not only won the hearts of the common people, but it has appealed with equal strength to the understanding of statesmen and to the moral sense of philanthropists. It is not only a novel unusual in its power, but it is also the cry of a woman's heart against the cruelties of war.

As a story, it carries the reader swiftly through the war between Austria and Italy, the Schleswig-Holstein war, the war between Austria and Prussia, and the Franco-German war, and pictures them all with wonderful power. It is satirical, logical, humorous, and, above all, passionate; and as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was the greatest political tract for the abolition of slavery, so this book is becoming the great political tract for the disarming of the nations and the settlement of international disputes by common sense and arbitration.

"A Spoil of Office."—The Arena Publishing Company has now in press Mr. Garland's latest story, "A Spoil of Office," which has been running in this review during the past six months. It will make a magnificent volume—one of the most remarkable, distinctively American novels that has appeared in recent years. The book will be out about the 20th of June.

"The Rise of the Swiss Republic."—One of the most important works of this year will be Wm. D. McCrackan's brilliant history of "The Rise of the Swiss Republic," which will be published by July 1, by the Arena Publishing Company. It will be a large volume, printed from pica type, wide margin and richly bound; in fact, it will be one of the handsomest volumes of the year. No nation to-day is so interesting to thoughtful Americans as the Swiss Republic, in that it approaches nearer than any other nation their ideal of what a republic should be. Mr. McCrackan's work brings history down to the present moment, and discusses at length the peculiar political features which have proved so beneficent in Switzerland, and which will doubtless at an early day be introduced into our republic. "The Rise of the Swiss Republic" is a work which all thoughtful Americans should have in their libraries.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Life Beyond," by Geo. Hepworth. Cloth, pp. 116; price, $1.00. Published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York.

"Congressman Swanson," by C. C. Post. Paper, pp. 338; price, 50 cents. Published by Chas. H. Sergel & Co., Chicago.

"The Three Fates," by F. Marion Crawford. Cloth, pp. 412; price, $1.00. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

"Directions for Beginners in Divine Science, with Six-Day Course of Treatment." Paper, 15 cents per copy ; three for 25 cents. Published by Unity Book Company, 820 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

"Finding the Christ in Ourselves," by H. Emilie Cady. Price, 25 cents. Published by Unity Book Company, 820 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

"A True Son of Liberty," by E. P. Williams. Cloth, pp. 100. Published by E. Scott, 134 W. Twenty-third Street, New York.

"Hygienic Treatment of Consumption," by M. L. Holbrook, M. D. Cloth, pp. 219 ; price, $2.00. Published by M. L. Holbrook & Co., New York.

"Higher Medical Culture," by W. R. Dunham, M. D. Cloth, pp. 215 ; price, $1.00. Published by the author.

"Angels' Visits to my Farm in Florida," by "Golden Lights." Cloth, pp. 283. Published by United States Book Company, 142-150 Worth Street, New York.

"The Bold Experiment," by Henry Frank. Paper, pp. 279 ; price, 50 cents. Published by Minerva Publishing Company, New York.

"Theo Waddington," by Julian Wyndam. Paper, pp. 292 ; price, 50 cents. Published by United Publishing Company, Boston.

"The Esty Family," by Sara E. Hervey. Cloth, pp. 276. Published by the author, Onset, Mass.

"Charles Sumner, the Scholar in Politics," by Archibald Grimke. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 414 ; with portrait and index, $1.50. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

"Afterward," by Mary Harriott Norris. Paper, pp. 470 ; price, 50 cents. Published by The Price-McGill Company, St. Paul, Minn.

"Angels' Messages," in two volumes, by Mrs. Ellen E. Ward. Cloth. Published by Wheeler, Marshall & Bruce, Nashville, Tenn.

"The Goddess of Atvatabar," by Wm. H. Bradshaw. Cloth, pp. 318 ; price, $2.00. Published by J. F. Douthitt, 286 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"Ethical Teachings in Old English Literature," by Theodore W. Hunt. Cloth, pp. 375. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

"Pushed by Unseen Hands," by Helen H. Gardener. Paper, pp. 303; price, 50 cents. Published by Commonwealth Company, 121 Fourth Avenue, New York.

"The Queens," by Aldemah. Cloth, pp. 202 ; price, $1.25. Published by F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago.

"A Man and a Woman," by Stanley Waterloo. Cloth, pp. 250; price, $1.25. Published by F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago Ill.

"By the Atlantic," by I. D. Van Duzee. Cloth, pp. 484. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

"Life is Worth Living, and other Stories," by Count Leo Tolstoi. Cloth, pp. 208; price, $1.00. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York.

"Glimpses of Heaven," by Rev. W. H. Munnell, Louisville, Ky. Cloth, pp. 209; price, $1.00. Published by John Y. Huber & Co., Philadelphia, Penn.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

An American Woman in the Heart of Africa.

Nothing gives us more pleasure than to record brilliant deeds and noble achievements of women; and while it may not be in strict accord with the perfect spirit of universal brotherhood, we confess to being tinctured with patriotism to such a degree that any victory of special moment won by an *American* woman causes an additional thrill of delight. Hence we feel special pride in the magnificent achievement of the accomplished and brilliant American lady, M. French-Sheldon, in penetrating into the Dark Continent the distance of nine hundred and ninety miles, visiting many of the most hostile tribes, and bringing to her native land a wealth of photographs, portraying scenes, peoples, and customs about which little has heretofore been known. Her rare tact, the possession of ample means, and the happy chance that she was a woman enabled her to study habits, customs, and the home life of these little known people, as *no traveller has heretofore been able to do*. Her achievements are among the most notable victories won by woman in the present century, and prove anew how thoroughly the educated American woman is capable of achieving success in any undertaking she determines to engage in. The dawning cycle is the epoch of woman; her victories are along the line of progress; her influence is in harmony with the highest impulses of advanced civilization.

Our readers will enjoy in Mr. Taylor's paper the first recital of the prompting motive which actuated M. French-Sheldon to undertake an enterprise which every one regarded as suicidal.

The Church and the Ishmaelites.

After reading advanced proofs of our paper on the "Ishmaelites of Civilization," which appears in this issue of THE ARENA, Miss Frances E. Willard writes the editor of THE ARENA as follows: —

I have read your "Ishmaelites" with thoughtful interest, sorrow, and hope. It is much that such studies are made in our day, and brought before the great magazine-reading world. Never was the upper half so willing to know, or so well informed concerning the way in which the under half live. This is in itself a long stretch of progress. Anything is better than ignorance and apathy. Slowly the civilized world is being lifted out of both, and your pen is one of the levers. Every word you have written has my warm and unqualified approval. The Church of Christ has no adequate explanation in these news days, save as it sets itself to solve the problem of the "social cellar." An organized, systematic, persistent attack is what we have a right to look for. Women must be at the fore, not only as workers, but leaders of such a movement. The one missing link in your programme is the suppression of the saloon by the aggregated ballots of the churches — adding the ballots of the now disfranchised two thirds to the one third, now, alas, often given to the perpetuation of dram shops, gambling houses, and haunts of infamy, through the choice of municipal officers, whose work defeats church, home, and school. Yours for the utilizing of all the hosts of light.

Rev. Philip S. Moxom, pastor of the Commonwealth Avenue Baptist Church, says: —

I have read with deep interest your forthcoming article for THE ARENA. It is strong and searching, and, I am glad to say, constructive as well. As to the plan which you outline, that or something like it ought to be done. Moreover, it seems to me feasible — only a crusade is necessary to get united action. Let me say, further, that this article ought to be reprinted in cheap form as a tract, and widely circulated in the churches. The bureau of investigation and information might be formed as a small central organization, and then auxiliary working circles formed in all the churches. I thank you for the opportunity of seeing this article.

Rev. Nehemiah Boynton of the Union Church (Congregational) says: —

If such an organization as you suggest could be formed, it would, of course, gather up a good many efforts which are being individually put forth at present. The combination in itself would be a power. I think the thing we need especially in Boston, is an organization which will deal with politics as well as social

problems; and a company of stalwart men, fairly representative of the religious interests of the city, could, it seems to me, by united effort, do a great deal toward cleaning the "social cellar" on the one hand, and municipal politics on the other. I should heartily welcome any movement which will bind good people together for the noble ends suggested in your paper. In no other way can the "democracy of darkness" be transformed into the democracy of light.

We give these views as indicating how strongly leading spirits among the progressive and live workers in the church appreciate the need of some movement such as outlined. Will the Church act? To us it seems that, at the present time, an opportunity of supreme importance opens before her. There is no vexing question of dogma or creed involved. On the one hand is the luminous example of Jesus; on the other the great need of the perishing millions.

Some Important Papers.

Early issues of THE ARENA will contain many very important papers, as it is our determination to make Volume VI. of THE ARENA eclipse all previous volumes in interest and value.

1. One notable feature of the August number will be a symposium on "Women's Clubs," by eight or more leading thinkers among our American women of to-day. Such eminent persons as Mary A. Livermore, May Wright Sewall, and Louise Chandler Moulton will discuss the various phases of this interesting topic, which will include writers from New England, New York, Philadelphia, and the Southern, the Western, and the Middle States. It will be without question the most important and representative discussion of this subject that has ever appeared. This symposium will be illustrated by fine portraits of leading spirits in club work.

2. A brilliant poem by Heine (Joaquin) Miller, entitled "Sunrise on San Diego," will appear in the July or August ARENA. A series of papers, handsomely illustrated, dealing with the lives of rising artists in the dramatic world, and prepared for THE ARENA by Miss Mildred Aldrich, will be a feature of our summer numbers. The first paper will sketch the life of Julia Marlowe. It will be illustrated by some new photographs never before published. In the story of the struggles and rise from obscurity of this beautiful-souled young lady, all our readers will be interested.

3. Psychical papers from Rev. M. J. Savage, B. F. Underwood, and Camille Flammarion will be among the early interesting features of THE ARENA.

4. "Reminiscences of my Dramatic Life;" papers by the brilliant and versatile actor and playwright, James A. Herne.

5. Papers on Central Africa, her people, customs, and manners, by M. French-Sheldon, illustrated by pictures taken by the author. These papers, which will appear in the July, August, and probably September issues, will be the most profoundly interesting contributions in the way of travels and explorations of the year.

6. "A Chinese Emerson;" an able paper by Professor Bixby, on the Life and Works of Confucius. A number of important papers on political, social, economic, and religious problems, which will appear in rapid succession, and which are prepared by many of the ablest English-speaking thinkers in the special line of thought discussed. These are only a few hints of the attractions in store for our readers during the summer months.

The Effort to Establish a Postal Censorship.

From present appearances, the advocates of bureaucracy have decided that, owing to the general and pronounced opposition of the American press to their nefarious scheme, their only hope lies in avoiding any free discussion of the measure, but, if possible, to railroad it through in the closing hours of Congress. Their dark-lantern methods are by no means new to many promoters of this iniquitous and un-American measure. They have succeeded in the past, and at the present time they have had their bill introduced in each branch of Congress. It is evidently their purpose to allow it to rest

until it is too late to give it any thoughtful consideration, and then, by the aid of the present postmaster-general's influence, seconded by trusty henchmen, to pass it without discussion. Let every true statesman and patriot in our National House be on the lookout for this. The people have a right to demand that so grave and violently undemocratic a measure be fully and freely discussed before any action be taken in either house. The press, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, have already set the seal of condemnation upon the measure. That Congress would also refuse to seriously entertain it we have no doubt, provided the subject be acted upon with deliberation, so that our lawmakers have an opportunity to examine into the despotic or bureaucratic nature of the proposed legislation. Let no unfair or hasty action be taken with the Henderson Bill, or Senate Bill No. 2834. If they cannot stand the light of investigation, it is *prima facie* evidence that they ought not to pass.

Rising Dramatic Artists.

Miss Mildred Aldrich, until recently engaged upon the editorial staff of the Boston *Home Journal*, is preparing some papers for THE ARENA on "Rising Stars in the Dramatic Firmament of America." These papers will be richly illustrated, and for all persons interested in the drama of to-morrow, will prove of strong interest. One paper will contain a pen picture of Alexander Salvini, who, though a native of Italy, has adopted America as his home. Another contribution will deal with Julia Marlowe, and still another will deal with Mr. Sothern. These contributions, which will appear during the summer months, will serve to lighten up the pages of our review during the hot weather, when people wish to be entertained rather than to be engaged in profound and abstract problems.

Recent Discoveries in the Properties of Ether.

Professor A. E. Dolbear of Tufts University contributes an instructive paper on some recent discoveries relating to ether. Professor Dolbear is a careful though fearless thinker. A new volume from his pen is now in the press of Lee & Shepard of this city, which will doubtless create much criticism when it appears, owing to some of the advanced positions taken by its author.

The Political Agitation of the Present.

In this number of THE ARENA we give a valuable contribution to the political literature of the hour, entitled "The Bed Rock of True Democracy." In it the author presents some thoughts worthy the careful consideration of every man who loves his nation and, wearying of seeing politics merely a battle for spoils, under the dictation of vested interests which represent a minority small in number but rich in possessions, determines henceforth to think for himself and defy the party lash.

Woman's Dress Reform in America.

In the September ARENA will appear a most notable symposium on the business woman's dress. Among the contributors will be Lady Habberton and Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller.

Dr. Manley's Paper on Eternal Punishment.

In answer to some inquiries and in justice to the Rev. Dr. Manley, we feel that it is proper to make the following explanation touching a series of papers prepared a little over two years ago for THE ARENA by Dr. Manley. The first of this series appeared in April 1890, and it was then our intention to bring out the other papers in as rapid succession as possible. However, the rapid change in religious thought which has marked the Christian world during the past two years, and which is rapidly giving up as a nightmare the old-time hideous conception of an eternal penitentiary for the children of men, has rendered these papers less imperative than they would have been a decade earlier, while the rapid rise of social discontent has called for special attention, which, with the great press of subjects which this rapid age is calling forth for discussion, has

rendered it impossible to publish, as we had intended, these able and scholarly papers, which, in justice to Dr. Manley, we can say are the most brilliant series of arguments based upon the old-time conception of the Bible being God's literal word which we have ever read.

Ishmaelites of Civilization.

In this issue we give the third paper upon society's exiles. This article deals with vice and crime where it mingles with want and misery. The poor outcasts about whom I write are in the truest sense of the word Ishmaelites. "Their hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against them." During the past few months I have been greatly rejoiced to note the growing interest of the public in measures offered for the solution of the problem of poverty and vice in our great cities.

Women's Clubs in America.

An early issue of THE ARENA will contain a symposium of great interest to all thoughtful women, on the subject of Women's Clubs, prepared by from six to eight of the leading club women of our country. Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton will also contribute a paper on an "American's Impression of Two London Women's Clubs," which will greatly enhance the value of this symposium. This is only one feature of early issues of THE ARENA which will prove of great interest to thoughtful women. A well-known writer recently said, in a note to the editor of THE ARENA: "All thoughtful women must feel peculiarly attached as well as indebted to THE ARENA, for it has ever championed their cause, and has displayed a hospitality to women authors which has had a marked influence on other reviews and magazines."

A Pen Picture of W. D. McCrackan, A.M.

We this month give an admirable picture of this brilliant young author, who bids fair to make a most enviable place among American men of letters. He is no stranger to our readers, as his clear and direct presentation of Swiss topics and his graphic pen picture of impressions in Italy, which have appeared in recent issues of THE ARENA, have been most favorably received, and in this issue we give an exceedingly interesting paper on the Lake Dwellers of Switzerland. The subject matter in this article is from a chapter in Mr. McCrackan's new work, "The Rise of the Swiss Republic," which is now in press, and which we believe will prove the most popular and authoritative history of the Swiss Republic published in the English language.

The life and personality of a rising author are always interesting to the general reader. We therefore give below a brief pen picture of his life.

W. D. McCrackan was born in Munich, Germany, of American parents. The first fourteen years of his life were spent abroad, partly in French Switzerland and partly in Germany. He thus early acquired a love for the country to which he has since devoted years of study. After attending the Latin Gymnasium in Stuttgart, Württemberg, he came to this country, passed four years at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., and graduated from Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., in 1885.

The next eighteen months were spent in foreign travel through Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Turkey, and Greece. It was on this trip that Mr. McCrackan became impressed with the lack of any comprehensive and authoritative history of Switzerland written in English. He then seriously turned his attention to Swiss public affairs, making a careful study of the Swiss people, their past and present, and giving special attention to the special features of their government which make Switzerland nearer an ideal republic than any other people on the face of the globe. He also determined to personally visit every spot of historic interest, that in his contemplated work he might picture scenes graphically and with a degree of accuracy not found even in the works of Swiss authors. Later he penetrated into the almost unknown interior of Asia Minor, visiting some of the ruined cities of that ancient classic region, and collecting notes and impressions, of which he is now beginning to make use.

Upon his return to the United States,

Mr. McCrackan spent a year as tutor in St. Paul's School, but after that once more returned to Switzerland, with the definite purpose of further studying Swiss history and Swiss political institutions in the land of the Alps.

In the fall of 1889 he brought his wife to this country, but returned to Switzerland in the spring of 1890 to complete his investigations in the library of Geneva.

It was in January of 1891 that Mr. McCrackan finally decided to make his regular home in Boston. He had already published some articles on Swiss historical and political topics in the *Atlantic Monthly* and in the New York *Evening Post* when his connection with THE ARENA began with a thoughtful study of "The Swiss Referendum," published in the March number, 1891.

In the summer of that year he received the degree of Master of Arts from Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., as an acknowledgment of his literary work.

Mr. Savage on Children.

Rev. Minot J. Savage's paper on "The Rights of Children" is one of the ablest and most sane contributions on the subject that has been written in many years. It should be carefully read by all parents and teachers. Tens of thousands of children to-day are having the horizon of their future darkened by parents who do not mean to be unjust, but who are thoughtless on the one hand, or are still swayed by the old Solomonic idea on the other. The coming cycle will be the age of women and children; hence we may confidently look for a nobler civilization, because when full justice is accorded womankind and children, a splendid manhood must inevitably follow.

Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Paine.

Two critical sketches will appear in early issues of THE ARENA on Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Paine, prepared by E. P. Powell, the author of "Our Heredity from God," "Liberty and Life," etc. Mr. Powell is no stranger to our readers, as his scholarly and discriminating papers on Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton, published some time since in this review, called forth much favorable criticism.

A Paper by Professor Sheridan P. Wait.

"Life after Death" is the subject of a thoughtful paper which will appear in an early issue of THE ARENA from the pen of Professor Wait, whose previous papers, "Symbolisms of the Old and New Testament," were so favorably received by our readers. The later paper is rich in the new and larger thought which is so rapidly transcending ancient and contracted ideas of man's origin and destiny.

A Book which will be Indispensable to All Thoughtful Americans.

"The Rise of the Swiss Republic," now in press, and which will probably be on the market by June 15, will prove indispensable to thoughtful Americans who wish in any degree to keep abreast with the great live topics of to-day, owing to the clearness with which it deals with the great features peculiar to the little ideal republic of Europe and the vivid contrasts drawn between the Swiss and American republics. Besides these unique and valuable features, which must possess a peculiar interest for every thoughtful student of political and social problems at the present time, we believe we can fairly claim for this work conciseness and an interesting presentation of the subject presented, united in a degree rarely found in histories.

1. It is a concise history of Switzerland from its earliest history to the present day, which has required the greater portion of five years of hard labor to properly prepare.

2. It is prepared by a scholar who was born in Munich of American parentage, and who spent his first fourteen years in Germany and Switzerland, but who received his collegiate education in America, and who is thus peculiarly well fitted to sympathetically handle his subject while still seeing things from the standpoint of an American.

3. The author is familiar with his subject, not merely from a scholastic point of view, but, what is equally important for

vivid descriptions and accurate work, he has acquired all the valuable information obtainable by personally visiting all points of historical importance and by personal contact with the people of whom he writes. In a private letter to the editor of THE ARENA, Mr. McCrackan says:—

I have in almost every case seen what I describe. The battle-fields of Morgarten, Sempach, Näfels, and others, I visited in person, to examine the topographical features, which I may safely say has never before been done by an American.

Especial care has been taken with the chapters on the origin of the Swiss Confederation, a subject very little understood even in Switzerland, and absolutely new to Americans. This obscure but highly important period has never, to my knowledge, been treated so fully in any book written in English. The chapter on the legend of William Tell, I may fairly claim to be the most complete presentation of the much contested question which has been made in English.

He further continues:—

In order to give my history a local American value, I have devoted several chapters to comparisons between Swiss and American historical periods and institutions. "The Origin of the Swiss Confederation Compared with that of the United States," "The Confederation of Thirteen Swiss States and the Thirteen American Colonies," "The Constitutions of the Swiss Confederation and the United States Compared" are the titles of some chapters scattered throughout the book.

B. F. Underwood on Automatic Writing.

In this issue of THE ARENA appears one of the most interesting papers that has yet been published in our series of psychical papers. Mr. Underwood has prepared another paper which will follow this, and in the second paper he gives quite a number of illustrations of the communications which have come through the instrumentality of Mrs. Underwood. The third paper by the Rev. M. J. Savage will also appear in this series at an early date, and a paper on Telepathy by Camille Flammarion.

Another Paper on Finance.

Our readers will find much food for thought in the admirable paper by Mr. Dawson which appears in this issue of THE ARENA, on "The True Basis of Currency," even though they may dissent from the conclusions drawn by the author. Many of those who discuss finance at the present time add to the confusion in the public mind. The author of the above article, however, states the problem with great clearness and force. It is unquestionably true that there is a growing sentiment throughout the thoughtful masses at the present time in favor of a fiat money based on the real wealth of the nation; some advocating, as does Mr. Dawson, its being based on prime utilities, others on rental values of the land. Of course such a plan would comprehend the demonetization of gold and silver, after which this fiat money, it is plausibly argued, would not be depreciated, especially so long as our nation exports more than she imports.

Our Anonymous Series.

In this issue we publish the first paper in our series of anonymous papers, which will run through several issues of THE ARENA. In this number the physician speaks.

Life Insurance: its Rise and Growth.

The veteran insurance authority, David N. Holway, presents a very thoughtful paper in his discussion of life insurance, giving a great number of facts never before presented to the public in the compass of a single paper, tracing the history, rise, and magnificent proportions at the present time of one of the greatest business enterprises of the day.

Some Contributors to our Symposium on Women's Clubs.

Among the women who contribute to our symposium on Women's Clubs, their growth, usefulness, and mission, are Mrs. May Wright Sewall, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Louise Chandler Moulton, Dr. Julia H. Smith, Mrs. H. M. Poole, and Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells. This symposium will, we believe, be the most important and comprehensive treatment of this subject yet made in magazine literature.

The Land of Social Contrasts.

Nothing that I have ever read of Paul Blouet's (Max O'Rell) writings surpasses in charming humor the brilliant paper prepared by Mr. Muirhead, "The Land of Contrasts; or, An Englishman's Impressions of America." It is far more original than most of Mr. Blouet's writings, and is also devoid of the bitterness which characterizes most English criticisms of this country; thus we feel that all our readers will find in it a rare treat. This paper will be a feature of the July ARENA.

A New Poem by Joaquin Miller.

Heine Miller, popularly known as "Joaquin" Miller, has contributed a poem of some length to THE ARENA which will appear in an early month. It contains many lines of surpassing beauty.

Our Poor Fund.

The statement and announcements of the Poor Fund Department are unavoidably crowded out this month. They will, however, appear in the July ARENA.

The American Press on the Attempt to Establish a Censorship.

Below I give a few extracts from editorials in representative American papers on the bill to establish a postal bureaucracy now pending in the House and the Senate (introduced in the former body by Mr. Henderson of Iowa, and in the Senate by Mr. Dolph of Oregon). One phrase of this bill should be enough to startle every man in whose blood courses any of the old-time love of liberty and who, even in a limited degree, is thrilled with the spirit of pure democracy. That phrase reads as follows:—

"*And the postmaster-general shall have full authority to declare what matter is now mailable under this act.*"

Think of that for a republic, ye easy-going people who imagine that the dominant power is less bureaucratic or despotic in its instincts than the decaying monarchies of the Old World. And yet a vigorous effort is being put forth to pass this infamous and un-American measure. A friend writes me that a postal inspector declared that before this Congress adjourned a bill would be passed that would give the postal authorities the power they wished, or words to this effect. When we call to mind the arrest and cruel persecution of the editor of *Christian Life*, AFTER he had criticised Mr. Wanamaker and Anthony Comstock, and the ridiculous attempt of Mr. Wanamaker to suppress a work of Count Tolstoi, we can easily surmise what would follow if he succeeded, even for a few months, in being an autocrat, at the head of a bureaucracy as absolute as any which to-day shame Japan and disgrace Russia.

Below will be found a

CONSENSUS OF PRESS OPINIONS

on his high-handed attempt to invest a partisan chief with the power of a despot.

Chicago Daily Press.

Just now while all free America has its eyes on the half-crazed emperor of Germany, it would be well for the people to watch closely the Congress of the United States. The foolish young kaiser is about to imprison the editor of a Frankfort paper who has dared to criticise the Brandenburg speech, and the American press are making much ado about the censorship of despatches that prevails in Berlin. And yet the House of Representatives of the United States has now a bill before it, already passed to its second reading, which, should it become a law, will inaugurate a censorship over the press of this country many times more dangerous to the liberties of the people than that which obtains in monarchical countries.

This extraordinary, not to say utterly absurd bill, calculated to abridge the rights of the people, curtail the liberties of the press, and put in peril the freedom of the home, has already passed to its second reading, and, in consequence of the complicated wording that conceals its true import, may become a law.

The censorship idea is certainly un-American and foreign to our institutions. Illinois congressmen will do well to see that this ridiculous bill gets no further than its second reading.

New York Daily World.

There is a bill before Congress which purports to be in the interest of morality and decency. In fact, it would establish, if passed, a censorship of the press of the most irresponsible, arbitrary, and oppressive character.

Upon the pretence of extending the law against obscene literature, the bill gives to the postmaster-general authority to exclude from the mails all publications which, in his uncorrected judgment, are "indecent," and even to exclude newspapers, upon the ground that they contain medical advertisements of a certain class.

In the hands of an unco guid postmaster-general, we have already seen a work of Count Tolstoi's excluded from the mails. A postmaster-general imbued with the idea that newspapers ought not to publish the news except of strictly proper doings, might easily pervert such a law as is proposed to the suppression of any newspaper accustomed to do its work while awake.

No such bill should be considered by Congress. We need no press censorship in this country, and want none. The censor's work is adequately done by the people. They want no aid from a postmaster-general, and they surely do not want to give that official an unrestrained authority to say what newspapers shall or shall not circulate through the mails. A free, responsible press is the mainstay of a free government. It is the business of the postal authorities to carry the mails, not to criticise their contents.

Boston Daily Globe.

There is a bill now before Congress, introduced by Congressman Henderson of Iowa, which, under the guise of providing against the publication of indecent literature, aims to establish a full-fledged censorship of the press, with the postmaster-general as the supervisor and controller of all the newspapers of the country.

Congress will never dare to pass such a law as this if it clearly understands its character. The press of the country is speaking out upon the subject in none too emphatic a tone. Our postmasters-general are not the proper judges of what is fit and unfit reading. The rulings of Mr. Wanamaker as to certain books have shown to what lengths of absurdity and injustice a postmaster-general of narrow views and sectarian prejudices might go if he had the entire press of the country placed under his moral guardianship. And when we remember what the temptations of strong partisan feeling, acting upon men of small mental calibre and intense prejudice in times of unusual political excitement, would be, we are not going too far in denouncing the proposal to vest a press censorship in the postmasters-general as utterly vicious and full of peril to the liberties of the people.

Official censorship of the press is a European idea, and has its natural place in a despotic system of government. It does not belong in this country, and is contrary to every accepted axiom of free government.

Daily Bee, Sacramento, Cal.

The bill enumerates a long list of what the author regards as objectionable articles, so that it would not be an easy matter to say just what a newspaper might and might not publish, either as news or advertising. The function of determining that question is left absolutely to the postmaster-general, who is given full authority to declare what matter is unmailable under the Act. A stronger censorship of the press could hardly be devised. Under it the postmaster-general might decide that criticisms of himself or the administration might be contrary to public morals, and there would be no appeal from his decision. There is such a wide variance between the proposed law and the principles enumerated in the Constitution and Declaration, that it seems impossible that it can ever find a place among the United States statutes. The fact, however, that such a law has been proposed, shows that even our most cherished institutions are not exempt from assault. The measure puts in the hands of the postmaster-general more power than is vested even in the courts, and far wider discretion than is accorded the president.

Washington Daily Post.

The fact that since the opening of the new year the Japanese government has placed no less than thirty newspapers under official ban might warrant the inference, on first thought, that either journalism in Japan is at a very low and demoralized ebb, or that the government itself is in an irredeemably bad way. Even in the United States, this great and glorious and enlightened republic, which was cradled in an atmosphere of liberty, and where the immortal Jefferson said many years ago that even error might be safely tolerated so long as reason was left free to combat it, there are those who would establish a censorship of the press far more unreasonable than that which is deemed necessary in Russia, Germany, and other imperial sovereignties, and wholly inconsistent with the principles on which the government is founded and by which its Constitution is inspired. There is no occasion for Congress to resort to the weapons of despots in order to save itself from criticism, the government from reproach, or the people from dangerous encroachments upon their private rights or moral sensibilities.

Chicago Evening Post.

As soon as an opportunity offers, the Fifty-second Congress is bound in decency to kill forever the preposterous bill introduced in the Senate at the instigation, it is said, of the postmaster-general, authorizing that official to exclude from the mails all publications, including newspapers, which in his judgment are "indecent."

The bill is, of course, ostensibly directed against obscene periodical literature and indecent newspaper publications, but, in fact, it is aimed at the liberty of the press.

In a free republic there can be but one censorship of the newspaper press, and that is the taste and morality of the people. None other is genuine or desired.

Belford's Monthly, New York.

If the bill becomes law, Mr. Wanamaker would be censor of literature and medicines. To put such power in the hands of a man who has shown himself to be a religious bigot and fanatic, as well as ignorant of literature, by his ruling in the Tolstoi matter, excluding from the mails "The Kreutzer Sonata," is too absurd for a government that has a particle of Republicanism in its Constitution. Mr. Wanamaker is too apt to confound blasphemy and irreverence with "indecency, obscenity, etc." That question has been decided by the best and greatest men that ever lived; i. e., that irreverence, irreligion, heterodoxy, or by what other name you like to call it, is not incompatible with the highest morality and citizenship. If such a bill became law, and a rampant, pugnacious infidel be made postmaster-general, he could, with much show of reason, have excluded from the mails many important religious books, the Bible included. Even adverse criticisms of the administration in power could be construed by the postmaster-general to be "indecent," and, therefore, suppressible. This bill provides for the suppression of many useful and well-known medicines and for the punishment of newspapers advertising them, in the discretion of the censor — the postmaster-general. The people are the best regulators of such matters, and the courts are fully qualified to deal with persons who commit crimes by making, selling, or advertising "indecent, filthy, and obscene" books and medicines. We have no kind of use for Russian methods in this country, and, what is more, we won't have any. The bill should be thrown out of Congress, and Mr. Henderson's friends should tell him that a free press has something to say about such lawmaking.

Galveston (Tex.) News.

If Congress wishes to put the press under the control of the postmaster-general without trial or appeal, it can do so by passing this bill.

Daily Herald, Peoria, Ill.

The act of Congress forbidding the passage through the mails of any newspaper containing a lottery advertisement was the first step taken by the Federal government toward the creation of press censorship. No sooner was this encroachment upon the rights of the press and the rights of the states and their people submitted to, than arrangements were made for taking a second, a longer, and more despotic step. House bill 120, for the passage of which John Wanamaker is now devoting his energies, will make that pious fraud and succeeding postmasters-general absolute autocrats as to the newspapers of the country. The postmaster-general will have absolute power to suppress any newspapers that publish an advertisement of a medicine or remedy. He can exclude from the mails any paper that may be politically offensive to him if that paper publish an advertisement of any sort of medicine.

John Wanamaker is too well known for any one to suppose that the law would be enforced impartially. It could and would be used to cripple or suppress any newspaper that offended that administration.

This infamous bill has been read twice, and is now in the hands of the Committee on Post Offices.

Age-Herald, Birmingham, Ala.

So is this case. Now a bill has been introduced in Congress appointing every postmaster and mail clerk in the land, judge, prosecuting officer, and jury, to sit on the character of patent-medicine advertisements. If, in the opinion of these officials, the advertisement should not be advertised, they simply throw the newspaper out, regardless of any damage to the paper or its readers. It is a specious bill, a stolen march on the freedom of the press, a tyranny, and contrary to every principle of the American government.

The above extracts are sufficient to indicate the spirit of the press on this important subject. So pronounced has been the opposition, that the policy of the friends of the bill now seems to be to hold the measure back until the closing hours of Congress, and then rush it through without debate or due consideration. *Therefore, let every patriot in each House be on his guard.*

THE VOICE OF THE PRESS.

Its Fearlessness, Honesty, and High Moral Tone Commend It.

THE ARENA is easily the king of nineteenth-century reviews. The April number is a rich literary treat. Important issues are discussed by the foremost thinkers of our day in a way to arrest and hold the attention of every thoughtful person. THE ARENA'S editor is Mr. B. O. Flower, who is one of the most able, logical, and forcible writers of the day. Its corps of contributors comprises the ablest minds of this and other countries. The one desire of its management is to get at the truth, and then to lay that truth before its readers. It deserves all the credit that belongs to the moral hero who turns his back on the allurements of the world and devotes his life to the betterment of the conditions of human life. Its fearlessness, honesty, and high moral tone commend it to every patriotic man in the land. — *Daily Leader, New Haven, Conn.*

The Nineteenth-Century Isaiah.

People who wish to think earnestly along the great progressive lines of thought which characterize our present civilization, cannot afford to miss the regular visits of THE ARENA, which has been termed "The Nineteenth-Century Isaiah." — *Daily News, Denver, Col.*

No Magazine Shows Stronger Ability to Deal with Great and Urgent Issues.

During the past year its circulation and influence have been largely increased by the independent stand it has taken in the treatment of public questions, and its aggressiveness in pushing social reforms. There is no other American magazine which fills exactly the same place in periodical literature, or which shows stronger ability to deal with the great and more urgent issues of the day. — *Boston Evening Transcript.*

Deserves a Constituency of Millions.

There are a number of able reviews in the Union, but THE ARENA stands head and shoulders above them all. It is the Walt Whitman of magazines without that grand genius' erratic methods. It is the champion of the greatest good to the greatest number; an advocate of progress, justice, and honesty. Among its contributors are many of the foremost educators of the day. Editorially it is also unequalled, and it is at once refreshing and stimulating to read the splendidly brave, clear, and forcible utterances, which are characterized by a spirit of broad sympathy and human fellowship. THE ARENA deserves a constituency of millions. — *Phœnix, Southington, Conn.*

Its Great Prosperity Indicates the Trend of Public Thought.

The April ARENA is rich in able, thoughtful papers. Its table of contents is as varied as it is inviting. Although the most liberal and progressive of all the great reviews, THE ARENA is prospering in a manner which indicates the trend of public thought, and proves that the people admire brave, outspoken, and earnest magazines. — *Daily Citizen, Brooklyn N. Y.*

Each Writer is Here Seen at His Best.

THE ARENA has taken an assured place as one of the greatest of periodicals. It is almost socialist in views and spirit,— the socialism to which the future belongs, a Christlike concern for the multitude,— but there is no harping on one string. All sides are heard in THE ARENA. In reading THE ARENA one feels as though he were trying the spirits of the age in which we are, and finding out in the apostolic fashion what are true. New writers and old writers jostle elbows familiarly in this monthly, but each brings his best. — *Daily Gate City, Keokuk, Ia.*

A Conservative's Opinion.

We confess that we probably read more in THE ARENA with which we cannot agree than in any other one of what we are pleased to call the reviews; but after all, the writings which it has contained in the year past have probably affected us beneficially more than any other magazine of its class. If anybody wishes to read articles written by an author at white-heat, let him read the editorial articles in THE ARENA. It is true that they manifest strong radicalism, and with the first of which we have no sympathy; but yet, on the whole, we feel that we can safely challenge any person who has a fair proportion of human sympathies to read the series of articles without having quickened the best that is within him. Than that which tends to make men better we know of no higher standard to judge a man's writings by. — *The Adviser, Linden, Wis.*

A Southern Woman's Opinion.

Those who do not read THE ARENA are unconsciously depriving themselves of a great intellectual treat. Its editor is a man keenly alive to the best interests of his readers and of his race. In discussing the great problems of the day, and among other highly pleasing and palatable things he has said for our encouragement, is this, viz: "The era of woman has dawned, bearing unmistakable prophecy of a far higher civilization than humanity has ever known." Now, that is a manly utterance, and evokes recognition and thanks of every woman throughout the land. Its frank independence of thought and expression not only smacks of the old chivalric spirit, but is richly flavored with the boldness of modern conviction and the unbending courage of fearless truth. Let us accept it and take heart, thanking God that in our "forward march" in the great

and noble army of workers for humanity we have such a champion as Mr. B. O. Flower. — "*Hope Dare*," *in Daily News, Lynchburg, Va.*

Its Enterprise and Alertness are Undoubted.

THE ARENA is a magazine that has the courage of its convictions, and is constantly bringing forward subjects that deserve to be discussed. It is a thoroughly radical periodical, but it contains a great many good things. The enterprise and alertness of the editor are undoubted.— *Boston Herald, Boston, Mass.*

A Review which the Reading Public Regards as Indispensable.

Within the past few years there has sprung up in the city of Boston a new review that has rapidly forged to the front and to-day occupies a foremost place.

To one who simply observes such things casually, it would have seemed that the older publications in this line filled the field, and would be likely to hold it. Many have tried and few have succeeded in this line. But a vast portion of the reading public would to-day scarcely know how to get along without THE ARENA.

What has made THE ARENA? Its fearless and liberal tone. It is the organ of no set doctrines. It is the "arena" in which all may contest for the supremacy.

Who has made THE ARENA? One man more than any other,— its editor, Mr. B. O. Flower.

Mr. Flower has had ample financial backing, to be sure, without which little can be done nowadays. But all the money in the world, without his ideas and determination to put them into activity, could never have made this great and prosperous review. The quotation from Heine,—

> We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them,

is the motto on which the review is conducted; and this seems to be the intellectual motto of Mr. Flower's life.— *Sunday World, Cleveland, O.*

A Wonderful Record.

The May number closes Volume V. of THE ARENA. This publication has achieved remarkable success. It is now only thirty months old, but in that time has won a circulation exceeded by but one review of the same class in this country. The subscription list since last November has increased thirty-three and one-third per cent. No other review is so hospitable to new thought and advanced ideas. Every shade of thought is represented by able and progressive thinkers. It devotes itself to the discussion of social, economic, ethical, religious, and educational problems, and to these gives more space than any other leading magazine. To these are added features which give family popularity. Its success is merited. — *Daily Gazette and Free Press, Elmira, N. Y.*

Rich in Timely Papers.

ARENA.— Rich as ever. Full of pithy articles. Very timely. The industrial movement and other reforms are not dodged. The editor discusses "The Dead Sea of the Nineteenth Century," or the increasing misery of the poor in our cities. Let everybody read it.— *Our Church Work, Madison, Wis.*

Vigorous, Brilliant, and Outspoken.

The April ARENA has a strong paper by its editor, Mr. Flower, "Two Hours in the Social Cellar," in wnich, after giving a series of pictures of heart-rending scenes among the worthy poor, he devotes several pages to what he conceives to be the chief causes of this deplorable condition and the remedies which will prove at least measurably successful in removing the causes. It continues vigorous and brilliant, and its outspoken tone is adding to its constituency.— *Jewish Messenger, New York.*

A Roman Catholic View.

Much that is said in THE ARENA upon social and economic questions, the betterment of the working classes, and the relief of the poor is excellent; but the ideas of Christianity put forth by its writers are generally what any intelligent Catholic or orthodox Christian would call warped and distorted and of not much value. Some of the articles for March are: A paper upon "Full-orbed Education," in which the writer, Professor J. R. Buchanan, rightly reckons the ethical element as of highest importance; an able argument by Judge Clark of North Carolina, for making "The Telegraph and Telephone Parts of the Post Office System"; and a striking account by the editor of the poverty of our great cities, the first of a series of short articles under the general title of "The Dead Sea of Nineteenth Century Civilization." In these few pages there are fearful revelations, and the editor shows he is practically concerned; for a little farther on he gives a record of good done during the past nine months in disbursing money contributed by the readers of THE ARENA for the starving poor.— *Catholic Mirror, Baltimore, Md.*

Always Filled with the Best Matter.

One of the best literary magazines that comes to our table is THE ARENA, which is always well filled with choice matter.— *Daily Democrat, Mt. Vernon, Ind.*

The Inflexible Friend of the Masses.

From its inception THE ARENA has been the steadfast champion of the oppressed and absolutely fearless in its denunciation of plutocracy, monopoly, and all means and measures which wrong the multitude or infringe upon the liberty of the humblest citizen.— *People's Defender, Albia, Ia.*

A Notable Example of American Thrift.

It is an example of American thrift. Time was when a decade of patient labor would barely establish a magazine. THE ARENA, however, leaped full-fledged into the field, and was established almost as soon as it was issued. It is now one of the most popular of reviews. Its spirit is liberal, all shades of thought being represented upon social, religious, literary, and scientific topics, and it numbers among its contributors some of the best known and leading thinkers of the world. — *Commercial, Toledo, O.*

Its General Excellence Explains its Popularity.

No magazine ever met popular favor so soon after its birth. Although but two and a half years old, it enjoys as large a circulation as any magazine of its class, and ranks with the best published. From the very start its general excellence has made it a favorite. — *News, Toledo, O.*

One of the Best Magazines in the World.

One of the best magazines in the world is THE ARENA of Boston, which, though barely two and a half years old, has a larger circulation than any of the high-priced reviews in the United States, with one exception. THE ARENA secures the best writers to treat the topics of current interest; it does not shrink from the discussion of any social, religious, or scientific question, and by its very boldness it commands the respect of the reading and thinking public. — *Evening Journal, St. Catherine, Ont.*

The Favorite Review.

No magazine or review which comes to our notice is read with greater interest and profit each month than that young but already famous publication known as THE ARENA. — *Observer, Salem, Mass.*

Its Subscription List has Grown Thirty-three and One-third Per Cent in Five Months.

Its subscription list since last November has increased a little over thirty-three and one-third per cent. During its brief career it has employed a brilliant coterie of the ablest thinkers of the civilized world. This notable success has been worthily earned; for THE ARENA is always freighted with clever articles, which furnish food for thought. It is absolutely fearless in according a hearing to advanced thinkers and live reformers, and therefore it is charmingly fresh and original. — *Daily Intelligencer, Belleville, Ont.*

Its Contributors Embrace the Flower of Advanced Thinkers and Reformers.

THE ARENA is peculiar to itself, giving far more space than any other leading magazine to the discussion of social, economic, ethical, religious,

and educational problems. Its contributors also represent the flower of advanced thinkers and live reformers. — *The Delaware Farm and Home Journal, Wilmington, Del.*

Like Minerva, it Seems to Have Sprung Full Grown from the Brain of Progressive Humanity.

With the May number THE ARENA closes its fifth volume, and it is now certainly in advance of any other magazine in the discussion of social and economic questions. Like Minerva, it seems to have sprung full grown at once from the brain of progressive humanity, and fills a place in modern thought occupied by no other publication. — *Herald, Steubenville, O.*

A Marvellous Growth, but not Surprising.

Two and a half years ago THE ARENA magazine issued its first number, and the patronage has been marvellous, owing naturally to the fact that it has championed the most progressive thought in every department of education,— social, religious, economic, moral, and scientific. B. O. Flower has done a great good in placing in the field this daring champion of liberty of thought. The ablest writers of to-day are contributors to this magazine. — *Saturday Bulletin, Decatur, Ill.*

Its Contributors are a Coterie of the World's Greatest Thinkers.

During its brief career it has employed a brilliant coterie of the ablest thinkers of the civilized world. THE ARENA contains several features peculiar to it which give it special popularity with all members of the family that read it; such, for example, as portraits of leading thinkers, brilliant biographical sketches, prose etching, and short stories. These features have given it a popularity possessed by no other high-priced review which has been started within the last seventy-five years. — *Herald, Winona, Minn.*

Second to None.

The May number of THE ARENA closes Volume V., the magazine being now two and a half years old. During this short time it has won a place among the reviews of the day second to none. The articles embrace all the live problems of the hour, and its contributors are among the ablest thinkers of the world. — *The New England Home, Boston, Mass.*

A Sturdy Forum for Earnest Thinkers.

This sturdy monthly generally gives you something to your liking. Almost any taste can be satisfied by reference to its ample pages. Such variety is not to be found in any other of the monthlies. The politician and the farmer; the philosopher and the theosopher; the radical and the

conservative; the free trader and the protectionist; the materialist and the spiritualist; the poet, the historian, Buddhist, infidel, or Christian, are admitted into THE ARENA on equal terms, where many fierce but bloodless battles are fought. — *Gospel Advocate, Nashville, Tenn.*

Occupies the Highest Pedestal of Literary Excellence.

Now only two and a half years old, THE ARENA holds one of the most important positions in the higher class magazine literature of the country, and its circulation has nearly reached the greatest attained by any of its older rivals. This achievement might be considered surprising but for the fact that in the beginning THE ARENA placed itself on the highest pedestal of literary excellence, and has firmly kept it ever since. — *Telegraph, Baltimore, Md.*

The Leader in Magazine Literature.

THE ARENA *is the leader in magazine literature of the world. It is rightly named; for it is indeed the arena where the great minds of the age combat the curses and wrongs preying on suffering humanity.*
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ROMBO SPEAR.

THE FIRST CIRCUMNAVIGATION OF LAKE CHALA.

BY M. FRENCH-SHELDON (BÉBÉ BWANA).

DURING my adventurous peregrinations in East Africa, in search of knowledge concerning the character and customs of primitive people, as the leader of my own caravan, circumstances afforded to me many unusual and auspicious opportunities to probe beneath the surface of the much misunderstood natives, and win from me an espousal of their inalienable rights and inherent liberties and proclaim against their distrainors. Without fanaticism, from personal observation, I feel warranted in the declaration that they are not "nearly so black as painted," and feel a sense of honor in having succeeded in inspiring in them an amount of confidence which has resulted in the firm establishment of a mutual friendship.

Caravans going from the coast into the interior of East Africa, are in the habit of halting at Taveta to string their beads, which are carried as posha, or ration barter for the porters. Here abounds the *Raphia* palm, from which is obtained m'whali fibre, which is used for that and other purposes when stranded into threads, and has great strength.

Whilst my caravan was encamped and occupied, I sought the opportunity of starting on a little tour of

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investigation through the adjacent country, accompanied by fifty selected porters, who could be spared from the camp, objectively to visit the crater Lake Chala, ten miles north of Taveta, on the northeastern side of Kilimanjaro, 324° South Latitude, 37° 40′ East Longitude, over four thousand feet above the sea level. I went fully equipped, if necessary, to camp a few days in order to have sufficient time to attempt a descent to Lake Chala and arrange for its future circumnavigation. The crater's crest rises above the surface of the lake eight hundred feet at its highest point, and at its lowest two hundred and fifty feet. The lake, roughly estimated, is two and one-half miles across at its widest point, and from six and a half to eight miles in circumference. It is environed by massive blocks of perpendicular, rough rocks, which extend like a subterranean wall far beneath the level of the water. Interminable vines and thickly grown forest trees present a forbidding appearance on all sides.

The late missionary New was the first white person to give an account of this lake and of his difficult descent to the water's edge in 1871. However, the explorer Thompson writes of this lake with reference to its inaccessibility: "I went all around it; and although I am not deficient in enterprise or nerve, I saw no place that I dared descend, not even if I could have swung from creeper to creeper, like a monkey."

I, too, confess when I stood on the crest of the rim of this crater, looking down upon the crystal water which was cupped therein, I was well impressed with the impossibility of descending to the water's edge unless I could devise a substitute for flying. Nevertheless, having with me as guest the manager of the English station of Taveta, who had descended to the lake edge, I determined to make the venture. There was a weird attractiveness overhanging this place that overawed even the natives. All accounts I could glean about it were so vague that I wanted to taste of the forbidden fruit myself. With an advance guard of two men, I found myself attempting to penetrate through a girdle of primeval forest trees, tossed, as it were, by some volcanic action against the rock base and seemingly as impenetrable as any stockade. With bill-hooks and knives they cleared a slight opening through which I managed to squeeze, to find myself standing on a boulder, which was balanced upon another boulder, and every moment's tarriance seemed to

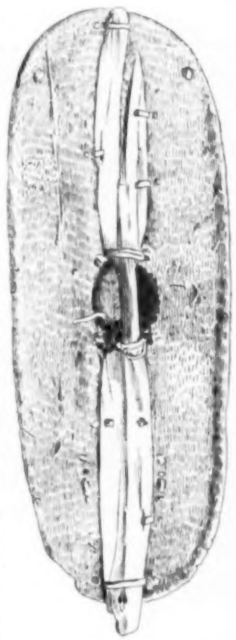
LAKE CHALA—NORTHEASTERN VIEW.

imperil my equilibrium; and as I dared to venture on other uncertain surfaces which presented a footing, it required cat-like agility to crawl or slide down, sometimes landing in a bed of leaves, which must have been the accumulations of centuries, and into which I frequently sank up to my armpits, and had to be hauled out by main force by my men; and then by clinging and clutching to the branches of overhanging trees, after great effort and considerable peril, succeeded in laboriously attaining some other foothold, step by step advancing, again and again to be opposed by gigantic trunks of trees, which, lightning-smitten, had fallen as a barricade, or through some potent eruptive force had been uprooted and turned themselves top down in solemn humiliation. Anon, a boulder, loosened from its scant earthly holdings, would come crashing madly down from the top and shiver into fragments the white skeletons of these trees. The weirdness of the scene was intensified by the strange whirring of birds frightened unceremoniously from their hitherto undesecrated homes, and the whisking of myriads of monkeys as they leaped from branch to branch without emitting a chatter in their fright. A whistling eagle beat the air with its wings directly over my head, scattering its feathers like storm-flawn flowers in its wild flight, and white-hooded owls peered out from sequestered nooks and twoo-hooed in solemn amazement. The extreme sheerness of the rocks made the descent hazardous, torturous, and very tedious. I was constantly obliged to turn back on my path, searching and groping, creeping on my hands and knees through tangles of interwoven tissues of rubber vines; and so I was compelled to cautiously feel with my feet, and be content with the greatest slowness. The danger attending every movement and the spectral weirdness of the place inspired me and even affected my men with awe. My advance guard would sometimes whisper words of warning, afraid to utter a sound, extending his hand or arm to prevent my plunging headlong to the bottom. All this filled me with an excitement and imparted fresh courage, and I determined

EXTERIOR OF ROMBO SHIELD.

to overcome the difficulties of the uncanny spot, cost what it might, so long as I should be able to climb, or crawl, or slide, or step, or simply let myself go with utter blindness, and risk the incumbent results; for the goal bewitched me in anticipation.

Through gaps in the massed trees, through which the sun could scarcely filter, the arboreal darkness was pierced by a radiant gleam of light, and the flashing lake greeted my expectant eyes. There arose a general shout from the men, "Chala!" "Chala!" and I found myself rewarded by being upon a rugged, rough tangle of prostrate trees and wild tumble of white and gray rocks, whilst the limpid, restless waters were laughing and dashing themselves into a jubilant foam at my feet. The scene was one of which I became enamoured. It was truly overcast with a sense of holy sanctuary. Losing myself in the spectacle, I forgot that my guest and porters, with the two sections of pontoons I had taken the precaution to bring, were waiting eagerly for me to give the signal agreed upon when I should be safe at the bottom on the lake shore. After a moment's revery, recovering myself, I sounded the whistle. Then the deafening crash and yell and rush commenced, as the porters struggled with their precious burden down the narrow, serpentine, rugged figment of a path, which we in the van had essayed to make.



INSIDE OF ROMBO SHIELD.

The marvellous ingenuity with which these porters manœuvred their metal loads, and the stoical way, when they would slip and their burden fall upon their shoulders, and cruelly dig out chunks of flesh, the blood trickling from their wounds, they would struggle to their feet and go on without complaint, the leaders singing a wild, weird strain full of rhythm, just as we find men who are moving heavy loads always instinctively do in order to keep time with each other's movements.

Finally the two copper sections of the pontoon were in the water. They were immediately examined to see if there had been any puncture made through the thin metal sides in their difficult transit. These two cone-shaped sections had originally belonged to Count Teleka, the Russian explorer, and abandoned by him as impossible impedimenta during his expedition, and were contributed for my use by courtesy of an English official. They were scarcely large enough, when lashed together and covered with a m'whali door, which had been converted into a platform, to hold myself and men, and presented to the on-looker a most unsafe maritime structure. The moment came to embark, and I demanded, "Where are the men who are to accompany me?" Not one would respond. Presently they murmured among themselves, "No, no; we will not go on Devil's water. Just see the crocodiles, and hear the monkeys, and look at the breath of the devil. Inshalla (God willing) we will remain with our feet under us on shore," as they pointed to the water which was in some considerable commotion, revealing here and there its amphibious denizens.

After going through the usual process of calling them goats, and cowards, and jungle-men, my interpreter, Josefe, who was somewhat of a dare-devil, and ready for an adventure, stepped forward, saluted me, and said quite gallantly, "Bébé Bwana, at your service." So my guest, Josefe, and myself, with our guns and photographic instruments, embarked upon the bobbing pontoon with two long improvised paddles. We pushed carefully out from the shore, amid the shouts of the bewildered porters, who eagerly watched the performance, fully persuaded in their own minds that it must end disastrously, having taken the precaution to attach a hawser several hundred feet in length to the uncouth craft in case of accident. The crocodiles were very curious, not knowing what to make of the invasion of their haunt, and

LAKE CHALA — SOUTHWESTERN VIEW.

came in close proximity to our underpinnings, as with one paddle I manœuvred to guide the craft and Josefe awkwardly propelled with the other, whilst my guest kept a sharp look-out for the obtrusive aquatic creatures. After moving the length of the hawser, we found the craft was manageable, and cut loose, to the horror of the men grouped on the rocks.

At every turn there arose from the midst of the crater forest great flocks of birds, which had all the appearance of being ducks, but which have since been named by the late Mr. Bates, *Phalacrocorax Africanus* and *Phalacrocorax Carbo*, a species of cormorant but edible. They cawed and screamed and whirred about, making a great commotion, and, upon our approach, would dive into the water, when the crocodiles would immediately give them chase, which was obvious on account of the extreme limpidness of the lake. I was enabled to bring back several specimens, shot from my craft on the lake, as well as a specimen of monkey which has as yet not been named.

Gazing up at the steep cliffs on all sides, the vines hanging in theatrical festoons, and the weird, weird beauty of the various foliage contrasting with the grand trunks of whited trees, the strange murmur of the waters, the remarkable outbreak of waves crested with foam, the small circle of sky, as I looked up, and the mad tumble of rocks, all contributed to make it seem as though I was in some phantom land.

Everything was most eldrich and immense. At the firing of a gun the reverberations came back like a thunder-clap — sharp, crashing. I should not have been surprised to have seen the whole lake covered with some uncanny creatures, or to have seen the apparition of some mammoth forest king issue forth and assert himself as monarch of all we surveyed, and crush us out of existence as invaders. The hours spent upon this lake at different times held me in a thraldom of wonder. There was little said, very much thought, and imagination thrilled my brain with the ineffable pleasure which I had craved and sought for years, of being the first to visit a place undefiled by the presence of man before.

The thing which surprised me most was the fact that when I plunged my paddle two or three feet under the water at various points, the suction was so great it would be drawn away from me, and only with difficulty could I recover it and resume control; and at other points it would be drawn beneath

the float, and again I would have to tug lustily to pull it back. At the same time the entire lake was in agitation; it was bubbling almost like a hot spring, and yet there was no rift in the rim of the crest through which currents of wind could sweep down and cause this commotion. After trying to make a sounding with a plummet and line of two hundred and fifty feet, without success, I determined that it was the reservoir for the meltings of the snow from Kilimanjaro, and that these under-currents and counter-currents were due to subterranean in-takes and outlets, and that this body of water fed the streams of the plains, and was a watershed subsidiary to Kibo and Ki-Mawenzi. Another remarkable thing, although the dashing of the water at different times must have reached a greater height than its level when I was afloat thereon, as shown by the moisture upon the boundary rocks: they were unstained by decayed vegetation and uncolored by mineral deposit. It was perfectly clear and clean, as evidenced by the specimens of rock I took the pains to bring home for analysis. The water to the taste was not disagreeable, but was soft and sweet, a trifle warm, 72°, whereas the atmospheric temperature was 74°. As we cast about the margin of this lake, with its seductive little insets making unrevealed bays, until one was fairly upon the turn of the margin, it was so exquisite and beautiful! and as far as the water scene and the surrounding forest of vegetation, I could scarcely believe it possible such beauty could be encompassed within the precincts of the crater lake, nor have I ever heard or read of a parallel crater.

Although this is doubtless one of the last evidences of a volcanic eruption in this region, it has survived the memory of the people. The fabulous tradition concerning it is that when the sun sank into the mouth of Ki-Mawenzi, the Masai village which was located upon the site of the lake when Chala was a mountain, was tossed into the air, and great rush of water rose, filling up the space and making the present lake, and had swallowed the people; and that the strange murmur, which is almost unaccountable, is caused by the spirits of those unhappy wretches, and the soughing of the trees is the lowing of the cattle and bleating of the sheep, and the clapping of the reeds is the cackling of the fowl. Another version of this tradition is that the people of the Masai village, that was once located here, had committed so

many depredations against other tribes, became arrogant and ungrateful, and refused to pay tribute for years to Kibo and Ki-Mawenzi; so the angry God of the Mountains inundated their village, and swept them far away out of existence.

> What length of far-famed ages, billowed high
> With human agitation, roll along
> In unsubstantial images of air!

Captain Sir John C. Willoughby says: . . . "Making a slight detour, by climbing the lower slopes of Kilimanjaro, which enabled us to visit the curious Lake Cala (Chala), no sooner had we ascended the low hills encircling its eastern shore than we were rewarded by a glorious view. At least a thousand feet below us nestled the lovely lake, somewhat triangular in shape, and from one to two and a half miles in its widest diameter, completely embedded among hills and cliffs—a basin in which the great Masai Mountain God could always wash his hands. From our position its shores appeared inaccessible, but the natives declared a descent was practicable." Notwithstanding this statement, I was not enabled to find that any of my porters had heard of any one descending to the surface of the lake, or to meet any native who had gone to the water's edge or who could be induced to descend thereto; and instead of being the subject of curiosity, which I had apprehended and was desirous to avoid, when the natives knew I intended to descend, and witnessed my preparations, they flew back, terror stricken, into their mountain villages, and not one intrusive eye would gaze upon the white woman on the Devil's water.

Bewitched by Lake Chala, I made several descents at different times, and floated my little American flag from the pontoon craft during its circumnavigation. To facilitate matters at some future day, when I hoped to return, I buried in a bed of leaves the historic little craft named for me, retaining a key describing its secret hiding-place. Several slabs loom up at various intersections of the lake margin, defiled by red paint, which emblazon my name and the date of this exploit.

Having completed for the time being my explorations of Lake Chala, I turned my attention to the people who inhabit that section of Africa.

My ears had been filled with warning as to the hostilities

of the Rombos, consisting, in four or five provincial divisions, of a tribe known respectively under the names of Rombo, Rombo Cheni, Rombo of the Bara, Rombo Colis, inhabiting the plain and hills between Lake Chala and Kilimanjaro; so with justifiable precaution my men were well armed, albeit I was fully determined, unless the most desperate events should compel defence, under no pretext to use firearms, and had impressed this upon my porters before making the venture, giving strict orders to my head man to punish any porter severely who violated my command, and under no circumstances to fire at natives, or even the wild animals haunting this region, without word of command from either myself or himself. My first impression of the physical aspect of their domain environing Lake Chala was most inauspicious, presenting great gloomy hill slopes, with basaltic formation and rotted lava stones interspersed with thorn bushes, although overshadowed by the majestic twin peaks of Kilimanjaro, — snow-capped Kibo, cenelated Ki-Mawenzi, — which certainly lent a scenic splendor to the horizon. The plantations, which are unquestionably fertile, were so far removed from my line of march that they were scarcely discernible.

A succession of animal pits ranged immediately below the point where we were to encamp, which were set by the Rombo people, who are trap hunters rather than hunters of chase. The curious construction of these animal pits is worthy a word. The Rombos and other native trap hunters dig a pit of about four feet wide, six to ten feet long, six to eight or ten feet deep. This is covered over with brush, and presents no appearance of a trap to the casual eye. They are spaced at the distance of say a foot between, ten or twelve in a row, so as to intersect a path to a water-course or water pool. These traps are baited or not, and the Rombos beat the bush and jungle thereabouts, and drive the animals who are seeking water or prowling for food, into them, and afterwards kill their prey with spears or arrows. However, they frequently leave the traps undisturbed, and withdraw to their hillside bomas, and await the chance of the animals straying untowardly into them. These are used for elephants, lions, and all other big game. Mischief not infrequently befalls an unwary traveller or a caravan passing through the country during the night, who may fall into these pits and become seriously injured; and there are credible accounts that men have tumbled into

the very jaws of lions which had already become victims. Another method of making a trap, especially for elephants, is by excavating a large pit on the usual caravan route, covered with an ingenious intertwining of vines, upon the top of which is placed a covering of sod and sand, to all appearances no different from the rest of the path. These are excessively dangerous, because interspersed beneath the outer covering are sharp spikes, made of tusks or spear heads, or even giant thorns, to step upon which is most injurious and painful. These are incidental disadvantages to pleasant promenades, and can be warded against by the judicious employment of native guides, when one desires to pass through regions known to be habited by native hunters.

As I have said, the Rombos living in this region have been deemed a very ferocious people, tricky in their dealings with other natives, and the marauders of passing caravans. Some of their villages have been closed even against the Arabs, and they bring their products to barter down upon the bara, or plain, rather than admit strangers into their kraals. With the warnings which I had received, I felt imbued with a sense of precaution and unwillingness to enter their villages until I could decide from their manifest attitude as to the likelihood of their looting my caravan and probably murdering me. However, after being beset with earnestness by the prime minister of one of the sultans, I concluded to go and see for myself; and at an hour when the men were all resting and I could safely leave the camp without observation, I selected four of my most trusty head-men and an interpreter, and visited one of the Rombo villages, to find the delighted people most civil and eager to do Bébé Bwana homage. They were neither uncouth nor unkind nor ungenerous, and certainly far from being hostile. They loaded me with gifts of beautiful furs and such other of their worldly possessions as I chanced to admire. Although the natives, men, women, and children, were in an absolute state of nudity,—the men carrying shields made of hippotamus hide, three feet long and a foot wide, bossed with pressed designs,—and brandished spears, the blade end a foot long and narrow, and bows and arrows, their deportment was as manly as one would naturally expect from civilized people. When I presented them with cloth (and this I wish to explain fully, because I have been very much misquoted on the subject), they looked about and saw

in what manner my porters were bedecked. However, instead of putting their cloth on from a sense of prudery or shame, they were as likely to hang a piece of four or five yards trailing from their shoulder, or try to twist it about their heads as a turban, or tie it onto their arm or leg, as much so as they were disposed to use it as loin cloths or surround their bodies. The idea which evidently prevailed with them, as in fact it does the world over, was simply to follow a fashion and to imitate what they thought was fine in some one else. They have no consciousness of their nakedness. They bore themselves with so much dignity, and I grew to regard their color as abundant clothing for them in their primitive simplicity. Truly they were clothed with *toga virilis*, a robe of manhood unfashioned by any mode of civilization, but inborn.

In passing, as an illustration of the effect of superstition upon these people, which reduces them to a timorous, suspicious state, the following may be interesting.

By the suggestion of a man who had gone from coast to coast of Africa, subsequently spending a year in East Africa, holding a position which should have given him full insight, one would suppose, into the habits and tastes of the natives, and who should have known what would have amused them, I took a dozen bright feather toy birds, which, by means of a rubber bulb and tube, are made to hop about with great animation. The dull day came when I was quite at my wit's ends to amuse some visitors from one of the tribes of Rombo. Suddenly I recollected the birds. The case containing them was opened, and with great flourish I wound up my music-box and set the birds to gambol before the wide-open-eyed guests, as they squatted expectant on their heels around my tent.

Presto! in two seconds that robust vision of dusky warriors, yelling at the top of their voices, presented nothing but heels. They ran like the rushing wind, terrified by the innocent toys, and as if pursued by his satanic majesty.

The next morning I was indignantly requested to leave their sultanate by the prime minister of the tribe. I had actually betrayed my entire caravan to imminent peril, as the performance was looked upon as black art.

Nothing more of these natives was seen; and try as I would to induce them to return, they persistently refused, and I was unable to procure food for my men. This threw me into a

very sorry dilemma: for we were quite depending upon reprovisioning the caravan at this village, for food was scarce and cattle dying off rapidly several marches beyond this point of our journey.

Having to submit to the folly of my experiment, so innocently made, it opened up a new field of consideration as to a characteristic in their nature of which I had previously been entirely ignorant.

This recalls another incident which shows the importance of understanding the peculiar characteristics of different tribes, in order to know what impression they are likely to receive when experimented upon.

Observing a bevy of young warriors and girls hovering about one of my tents, I took a hand mirror and through the ventilator of my personal tent, unseen by them, I caught the sun's rays and threw the reflection upon the group, never for a moment thinking of the cross-lacing in front of the opening. This made the reflection fall in checkers or squares. An instant sufficed. They scrambled pell-mell away, thinking it was a devil's tattoo that I was directing against them, to enslave or put them under a magic spell.

In connection with this I must add, these little traits of character, based upon superstition, are like stepping-stones to the index of their character; and one who is careless in the study of what may on the surface appear to be frivolous and unimportant, will miss the finest points in the individuality of any people.

Whereas these natives, with the cited exception, treated me with so much courtesy and gentleness, I still recall the circumstance which has been blazoned throughout the world; that when six weeks after I had safely traversed that country as a lone woman, the celebrated Dr. Carl Peters, in order to pass safely with himself and armed soldiers through this district, felt obliged to turn his guns on these Rombos, armed in their simple fashion, and kill a hundred and twenty before breakfast one morning. It makes one's blood boil with indignation! This, then, is how Germany proposes to civilize and colonize Africa.

I am constrained to say either there must have been some peculiar power vested in me of a quality almost superhuman to have enabled me to subdue these so-called hostile Rombos, or else Dr. Peters' methods are simply brutal, atrocious, and unnecessary.

This distinguished man reveals his belief in despotic measures throughout Africa. The following citation from his "New Light on Dark Africa," respecting his manner of proceeding in Uganda, is a satire on the title: "As I well knew that in case of possible Arab enterprise I should have to rely principally on moral impressions, I had taken care that our reputation should precede us, and had been careful, above all, to bring with me from Usoga a band of war drums, which should send the signal of war resounding before us over the far-spreading heights. Three drums tuned in fifths on which the roll was beaten, and the big drum coming in between, the whole produced a solemn and threatening effect."

I will reiterate what I have so frequently expressed (it has become almost patent to every one who knows me): namely, that it is not *who* goes into Africa, but *how*. The merit only *is* that one going knows *how*. If an alien provokes by coercive measures the native in his own land and develops all of the worst propensities latent in his nature, it is not fair to lay the blame upon the poor untutored native and call him "savage." Clearly the white man should modify his course, or be content to leave primitive tribes undisturbed to the enjoyment of their Arcadian conditions.

JULIA MARLOWE.

BY MILDRED ALDRICH.

CALDBECK, England, is a quaint moorland town in the mining region of Cumberlandshire. Southeast of it is the famous lake region. Very near is Cockermouth, where Wordsworth was born; and farther to the southeast, under the "brow of the mighty Helvellyn," are Grasmere, where the poet and his sister lived so many years, and which was later the scene of De Quincy's wild dreams, and Keswick, the home of Southey and Coleridge. Just over this edge of the region which inspired the famous lake school of poetry was born, August 17, late in the sixties, a child destined to reflect great credit on the player's art, and to wear the deep regard of the American theatre-going public in the last decade of the nineteenth century.

The evolution of talent, or the sudden sprouting of the seeds of genius from apparently barren soil, is an interesting study to all intelligent men and women.

The child in question, Sarah Frances Frost, has become well known to this decade as Julia Marlowe, and was an example of the developing of talent from what seemed to be an absolutely unprepared stock. Nowhere in the past of either family from which she sprang is discernible the line of generation which has given to the American stage one of the most charming personalities which graces it to-day.

The childhood of little Fannie, as she was then called, gave no promise of the future. When she was five years old, her parents emigrated from England, settling first in Kansas; but a year later they moved to Cincinnati, O., where the child was placed at school. There were soon noted some of the qualities that have since distinguished her. She was a show child, reading uncommonly well, and possessing a good singing voice. It was the latter which resulted in her first appearance on the stage.

In 1879 the juvenile opera fad came into vogue. During the season of '80 and '81 Colonel E. J. Miles, the Western

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MISS MARLOWE AS PARTHENIA.
From a photograph taken in April, 1892.

manager, organized a company under the management of his sister-in-law, Miss Ada Dow, a competent actress of the stock company days, and a most excellent stage director. This juvenile company was recruited from the public schools of Cincinnati, and in it the subject of this sketch made her first appearance, being billed as Fanny Brough — the latter being a family name. She appeared as Sir Joseph Porter in "Pinafore," as Suzanne in "Chimes of Normandy," and as a page in "The Little Duke." Though a child not yet in her teens, she already showed an innate love of the beautiful and a remarkably imaginative temperament, which Miss Dow, one of those unusual women who comprehend what they cannot accomplish, conceive what they cannot deliver, was quick to observe and happy to foster. It was not remarkable that the experienced actress foresaw a future for the child; for strange as it is to those who have not encountered the artistic temperament, this girl, who was diffident, awkward, self-conscious off the stage, lost all those drawbacks the moment she faced the audience, — a strange reversing of the usual order of things which was notable in Miss Marlowe long after she had become a star.

JULIA MARLOWE WHILE A MEMBER OF JUVENILE OPERA CO., IN 1880.

Only picture of her in existence before she became a star.

Her first purely dramatic essay was as little Heinrich

in "Rip Van Winkle," in support of McWade's Rip. That was a brief experience of not over six weeks, and the season of '82 and '83 found her a member of the company which Colonel Miles organized to support Miss Josephine Riley, of whom that manager made a vain effort to make a star. Miss Dow went with the company to play Helen in "The Hunchback," and such parts, and with this company, in September of '82, Fanny Brough had her first experience of Shakespeare, playing Balthazar in "Romeo and Juliet" (interesting now as her first Shakespearian part), and Maria in "Twelfth Night" (an undertaking, indeed, for a girl barely in her teens), and also Myrene in "Pygmalion and Galatea," and Stephen in "The Hunchback."

The process by which a flower is cultivated is not a matter of indifference to those who love flowers. The spots where they grow are the inspiration of pilgrimages to those who study them. So the process which resulted in developing from apparently virgin soil the pretty but rather awkward girl of 1883 into the striking personality which aroused the interest and dissension which followed her début in 1887, cannot fail to be of interest.

Julia Marlowe was born for the stage. Its painted scenery bounds her life, its assumed emotions are to her the realities of living. Young as she was when she first encountered Shakespeare, she encountered him in his own world, — the theatre. The meeting found her, child though she was, serious minded, with an imagination too vivid to accept the crude presentations of Juliet and Viola which she saw, but so stimulated by them that the atmosphere of Verona and Illyria seemed to encompass her, and she was constantly dreaming of what she would do could she relive Juliet's tragedy, or walk through Viola's sentimental tale of unselfish love.

It was to the discovery of this vivid admiration and absorbing imagination that she owed the interest which Miss Dow took in her, and to that interest and its unfailing faith in her the young actress gratefully and humbly traces her start in life. The four quiet years which followed that tour with Miss Riley were divided between a little apartment on 36th Street, New York, and Bayonne, N. J., where she and Miss Dow lived together, their only associates being her play-books and her vocal teacher, Professor Parsons Price, a pupil of Garcia, and to whose patient care and

From Copyrighted Photo. by Falk, N.Y., 1890.

MISS MARLOWE AS JULIET.
From a photograph taken in 1890.

devotion she confesses to-day that she owes both the quality of her voice and her distinct enunciation. For four long years Juliet, Julia in "The Hunchback," Viola, Parthenia in "Ingomar," Pauline in "Lady of Lyons," and Galatea (and that, by the way, is the order in which she studied the parts) were more real to her than her own personality: the world in which they moved was her world; their joys and sorrows her emotions. The brief hours of rest were the unreal lapses in those days. She does not remember those years to-day as easy, for the bare task of committing so many parts was not a small one, and the overcoming of mannerisms, the acquiring of physical grace and vocal ease were by no means labors devoid of the most trying drudgery. Nor the lines once hers, was it wholly satisfactory to, day after day, month after month, act and react the parts she had acquired with as much conscientiousness as if chairs were people, and as if time were no more to be disappointed than the public. But to that patient training which taught her to leave nothing to chance;

which made the young actress think for herself; which declined to set any copies for her, demanding that out of her inner self should develop the natures of each of the women that she was to portray, since characters could not be put on outside of one's clothes; which taught her that while she could portray nothing she could not understand and feel, she could not trust anything to the inspiration of the moment, and that the mental reservations of the women she portrayed must be as clear to her mind as were the words they uttered to her public. Julia Marlowe owes to-day the spontaneity, the reasonableness of her acting, and the fact that whether or not she wholly fulfils the critical conception of those parts, so far as she does go, she, with one exception, possibly, goes in the right direction, so that her admirers may with reason hope that whatever they miss in her to-day, the budding of maturity may give her art as it does her womanhood.

Speaking one day of the many physical faults that she had to overcome, she remarked that when she was sixteen years old her gait was something abominable. She realized this one day when she caught a profile view of herself; the ugly movement of her hips as she stepped absolutely frightening her. After that every morning, wearing a straight serge skirt and a jacket, she could be seen at daybreak, before the rest of the world was up, walking steadily along the shore at Jersey Highlands with her hands on her hips, teaching herself to walk with her legs and acquiring an easy carriage for her trunk, — exactly as one learns to accommodate one's self to the gait of a horse in riding. Those who have complimented her on her beautiful carriage and the graceful manner in which she steps in those wonderful draperies which Frank Millet designed for Imogen, little realize what that simple art of walking cost in time and patience.

Those who have seen Miss Marlowe only in Boston, where from the first a loving and enthusiastic public endeavored to make her think her place already won, and her pathway always to be strewn with roses, little comprehend upon how many thorns she has walked, or how sharp are those she still often treads upon. In the spring of 1887, when she was ready to make her début, no managers were standing eagerly ready to take her. The New York men listened to her without excitement. One offered her a position as juvenile in his stock company; another was ready to place her at the

From Copyrighted Photo. by Falk, N. Y., 1892.

MISS MARLOWE AS ROSALIND.
From a photograph taken in April, 1892.

head of a travelling combination. Each declared her more suited to his purpose than to the career for which she had worked, and in no direction opened the vista toward which she had all those years been looking.

It was under the management once more of Colonel Miles, April 25, 1887, that she made her début at New London, Conn., as Parthenia, a part which she has ever since called

her Mascot, and a role in which many still prefer her. It was not until the 20th of the following October that she was first seen in New York, when she was given a trial matinee at the Bijou Theatre, again playing Parthenia, and playing it so well, that Henry E. Abbey at once gave her a week at the Star Theatre, where so many great actors have appeared. There, Dec. 12, 1887, she first played Juliet, the part in which of all others the actress would like to be remembered; not because she loves Juliet above all Shakespeare's women, but because she recognizes it as a great acting part. On Wednesday of the same week, December 14, she first played Viola. After this brief engagement came another hiatus. Discouragements arose on all sides. Definite offers were made. Money, that necessary and scarce commodity, was held out as an inducement to her to create Diane, in "Paul Kauvar," a part to which it was thought she was especially adapted. But the ambitious young woman, hardly yet more than a child, was determined. She clenched her thin hands. "No, No," she said, resolutely, though there were tears in her eyes. "I have worked to play Shakespeare. I will play Shakespeare or nothing." One more brief spurt was made in the winter of that season, opening in Cincinnati Feb. 6, 1888, the second night of which engagement was devoted to her first appearance as Julia, in "The Hunchback," the first act of which still ranks with her balcony scene in Juliet as a bit of exquisite girlhood.

In the autumn of 1889 her real career began. November 5, after a week of one-night stands, she opened at Washington, going thence to Brooklyn, and from there to Boston, where she played a week at the Hollis Street Theatre, which settled her position. The enthusiasm of that engagement still rings in her ears, and it resulted in a return engagement at the Park Theatre, when Boston really outdid itself in cheers. In Philadelphia, in the first week of January, 1890, she first played Rosalind, and her Imogen was first given at Peoria, Ill., in October of the same year. The last part she has created was Charles Hart, in the one-act play written for her by Mr. Bell, which was given its first production in Philadelphia in September, 1891.

It may be interesting to those who analyze her work closely to know that Rosalind, though read with her old teacher at Jersey Highlands, in the summer of 1888, after she had made

MISS MARLOWE AS BEATRICE.
From a photograph by Sarony in 1891.

MISS MARLOWE AS IMOGEN.
From a photograph by Sarony in 1891.

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MISS MARLOWE AS CHARLES HART.
From a photograph taken in 1892.

MISS MARLOWE AS ROSALIND.
From a photograph taken in 1892.

her début, was largely developed without advice from any one; that Imogen, in "Cymbeline," was studied at Wave Crest, Far Rockaway, where she spent the summer with Colonel Ingersoll's family in 1889; and that Beatrice, the last of her Shakespearian creations, was not studied until the summer of 1890. Charles Hart was learned during the two weeks immediately preceding its first production. Since then Miss Marlowe has learned no new part, though she longs to some time play Mildred Tresham, in "Blot i' the Scutcheon."

What Miss Marlowe's future is to be, that future alone can tell. At present it is the flower-like youth of her personality which is interesting. To-day her greatest successes, if Rosalind be excepted, are in those parts to which her natural equipments best suit her,— in a word the woman is more interesting than her art. Rosalind is an exception to this, and on that account it speaks the heartiest promise for her future. Its natural buoyancy, its healthfulness, its grace and piquancy are refreshing, but they are womanly. The poetry of the part is in no way obscured in her attempt to emphasize its humor and spirit. There be realists who demand that they be deceived in Ganymede, else they will dub Orlando a fool; but Shakespeare's Forest of Arden is a world of fancy where much license must be given the imagination, and realists must wink a bit if they would enjoy it. The frankness of the performance is possibly best appreciated when it is placed in juxtaposition with her Viola, a role in which Miss Marlowe shows what an admirable reader she is. There are passages of music in that performance which reverberate in the memory whenever one recalls the play. Her humor, though minor in key, is pleasant, and the sentiment, though deep, is never mawkish. Less buoyant and self-reliant than Rosalind, given to smiles rather than hearty laughter, her Viola is none the less a healthy type of womanhood, and some of its occasional inconsistencies have to be overlooked on the score of its poetic conception and intent.

Juliet, in which Miss Marlowe aspires to be famous, is a great acting part in which no one actress has yet been wholly satisfactory. Is it then, anything derogatory to say that, while her first two acts have hardly been equalled in this generation, it is still a far cry from her potion scene to greatness? That it is knowledge of strong passion in which Miss Marlowe is lacking, and not in imagination, is in no way

better shown than in her performance of Imogen. The first half of this performance presents her gentle femininity in a new light. Its emotions, its bearing, its grace, are those of the wife. Though there is youth in it, there is no girlishness. The steadfastness of Imogen's pure nature, the unswerving love of the woman, otherwise frail and made for dependence, are beautifully outlined. If she fails to present the full charm and sad poetry of the cave scene, it is not strange that from so young an actress such a part should come not quite rounded. Much may be forgiven for the picture she makes of herself in the artistic garb of the first half of the play. A partial explanation of her failure in the last act, especially in the scene over Cloten's body, where she was quite inadequate, may be found in the fact that she has not yet reached the place where she can subjugate herself completely to her poet. She cannot sympathize with this scene, because she cannot understand how Imogen could have made the blunder of mistaking Cloten's headless body for that of Posthumous. She remembers that Cloten has been described in the first of the play, and his difference in appearance from Posthumous emphasized, and she resents the error, feeling sure that she could not have made it, that a loving woman's instinct would have been truer. The scene, therefore, becomes to her one of those theatrical shifts not uncommon in Shakespeare. She has not taken the direction of the poet —"thus did Imogen"—rather than her own feelings for a guide. Miss Marlowe loves Imogen beyond all Shakespeare's women. Speaking of her once during her Boston engagement she said: "Imogen as a woman seems to me to possess every quality which makes woman adorable,—youth, beauty, purity, femininity in its finest sense, and a touching and never swerving loyalty. Juliet, I fear, is not half so good a woman, but she had a more interesting thing happen her. I may be wrong, but I feel that had Juliet survived Romeo, she might have loved again,—passion was so much to her,—but with Imogen that whole question was settled forever; it was Posthumous, not emotion, which moved her."

It is not difficult for those who were bitterly disappointed in her Beatrice to account for its failure. There were those who in their disappointment rashly set the limits to her upward career. In the first place Beatrice is an older, and a harder, and more brilliant woman than any of Shakespeare's

comedy heroines. It has been within the province of but one actress in this generation to lend her heart without dulling her mind, to give her charm without curbing her wit, to put tears in her sharp eyes through which, in spite of their rheum, the cleverness of Beatrice still scintillated, in fact to draw that line between brilliancy and shrewishness so difficult to place. Miss Marlowe has not lived as long with Beatrice as with the other women she has played; her naturally poetic temperament does not so naturally incline her to the part as it does to Juliet, the youth of passion; Viola, the virginity of sentiment; Rosalind, in her promisory womanhood; and Imogen, the perfection of wifehood. In attempting the part she issued a draft on the future, the present worth of which was valueless, and the maturity of which was open to doubt even in the minds of her admirers. That the actress felt this, was confessed to a friend the morning before she first played it in Boston, when she said: "I wonder what you are going to say to my Beatrice? I am afraid that she is not Shakespeare's Beatrice; still the public seems to like her." It may be true that her ill success in this part was due to the irremediable failure of temperament. Still, for that matter, what else was the Macbeth of Tomasso Salvini?

The actress' art illumines her strangely. No woman ever looked so different from herself on the stage, no actress so unlike herself in private life. That is a more telling comment than appears at first sight. More than that, she is a student. Life has no interests for her but her art. No one is so attractive to her as one who can speak of that, no writer so absorbing as he who writes of Shakespeare. She has made friends with all of them, and many of them are her constant travelling companions. It is a pity that Richard Grant White should not have seen her Rosalind before he wrote his last word on that subject. Would it not then be expecting too much to look so near the beginning of her career to hear her strike twelve? And recognizing frequently the inadequacy of her emotions, cannot one look hopefully to the future of a conscientious and ambitious actress who starts with the equipment of beauty, grace, and intelligence? Is not the secret of success to be found in constancy of purpose, and has not genius been aptly defined as infinite patience in taking pains?

Sincerely Yours
Mary E. Lease.

THE WOMEN IN THE ALLIANCE MOVEMENT.

BY ANNIE L. DIGGS.

THE women prominent in the great farmer manifesto of this present time were long preparing for their part; not consciously, not by any manner of means even divining that there would be a part to play. In the many thousands of isolated farm homes the early morning, the noonday, and the evening-time work went on with a dreary monotony which resulted in that startling report of the physicians that American farms were recruiting stations from whence more women went to insane asylums than from any other walk in life.

Farm life for women is a treadmill. The eternal climb must be kept up though the altitude never heightens. For more than a quarter of a century these churning, washing, ironing, baking, darning, sewing, cooking, scrubbing, drudging women, whose toilsome, dreary lives were unrelieved by the slight incident or by-play of town life, felt that their treadmills slipped cogs. Climb as they would, they slipped down two steps while they climbed one. They were not keeping pace with the women of the towns and cities. The industry which once led in the march toward independence and prosperity, was steadily falling behind as to remuneration. Something was wrong.

The Grange came on — a most noble order, of untold service and solace to erstwhile cheerless lives. Pathetic the heart-hunger for the beauty side of life. The Grange blossomed forth in "Floras" and "Pomonas." There was a season of sociability, with much good cookery, enchanting jellies, ethereal angel cakes, and flower-decked tables. There was much burnishing of bright-witted women — not always listeners, often essayists. Sometimes, indeed, leaders of discussion and earnest talk about middlemen, the home market, the railroad problem, and such other matters as would have shed light on the cause of the farmer's declining prosperity had not wary politicians sniffed danger, and, under specious pretence of "keeping out politics lest it kill the Grange,"

MRS. MARION TODD.

tabooed free speech and thus adroitly injected the fatalest of policies. The Grange is dead. Long live the Grange born again — the Alliance! this time not to be frightened out of politics or choked of utterance; born this time to do far more than talk — to vote.

The Granger sisters through the intervening years, climbing laboriously, patiently, felt their treadmill cogs a slipping three steps down to one step up. Reincarnate in the Alliance the whilom Floras and Pomonas became secretaries and lecturers. The worn and weary treadmillers are anxious, troubled. They have no heart for poetry or play. Life is work unremitting. There is no time for ransacking of heathen mythologies for fashions with which to trig out modern goddesses. Instead of mythologic lore, they read "Seven Financial Conspiracies," "Looking Backward," "Progress and Poverty." Alas! of this last word they know much and fear more — fear for their children's future. These once frolicking Floras and playful Pomonas turn with all the fierceness of the primal mother-nature to protect their younglings from devouring, devastating plutocracy.

Politics for the farmer had been recreation, relaxation, or even exhilaration, according to the varying degree of his interest, or of honor flatteringly bestowed by town committeemen upon a "solid yeoman" at caucus or convention. The flush of pride over being selected to make a nominating speech, or the sense of importance consequent upon being placed on a resolution committee to acquiesce in the prepared document conveniently at hand — these high honors lightened much muddy plowing and hot harvest work.

But the farmers' wives participated in no such ecstacies. Hence for them no blinding party ties. And therefore when investigation turned on the light, the women spoke right out in meeting, demanding explanation for the non-appearance of the home market for the farm products, which their good husbands had been prophesying and promising would follow the upbuilding of protected industries. These women in the Alliance, grown apt in keeping close accounts from long economy, cast eyes over the long account of promises of officials managing public business, and said, "Promise and performance do not balance." "Of what value are convention honors, or even elected eloquence in national Capitol, if homelessness must be our children's heritage?"

Carlyle's Menads, hungrier than American women are *as yet*, penetrated the French Assembly "to the shamefulest interruption of public speaking" with cries of, "*Du pain! pas tant de longs discours!*" Our Alliance women spake the same in English: "Bread! not so much discoursing!" "Less eloquence and more justice!"

Strangely enough, the women of the South, where women, and men's thought about women, are most conservative, were first to go into the Alliance, and in many instances were most clear of thought and vigorous of speech. Though never venturing upon the platform, they contributed much to the inspiration and tenacity of the Alliance.

In several states, notably Texas, Georgia, Michigan, California, Colorado, and Nebraska, women have been useful and prominent in the farmer movement, which indeed is now widened and blended with the cause of labor other than that of the farm.

Kansas, however, furnished by far the largest quota of active, aggressive women, inasmuch as Kansas was the theatre where the initial act of the great labor drama was played. This drama, which, please God, must not grow into tragedy, is fully set on the world stage, and the curtain will never ring down nor the lights be turned off, until there be ushered in the eternal era of justice to the men and women who toil.

The great political victory of the people of Kansas would not have been won without the help of the women of the Alliance. Women who never dreamed of becoming public speakers, grew eloquent in their zeal and fervor. Farmers' wives and daughters rose earlier and worked later to gain

MRS. S. E. V. EMERY.

EVA McDONALD-VALESH.

FANNIE R. VICKREY.

MRS. BETTIE GAY.

time to cook the picnic dinners, to paint the mottoes on the banners, to practice with the glee clubs, to march in procession. Josh Billings' saying that "wimmin is everywhere," was literally true in that wonderful picnicking, speech-making Alliance summer of 1890.

Kansas politics was no longer a "dirty pool." That marvellous campaign was a great thrilling crusade. It was religious to the core. Instinctively the women knew that the salvation of their homes, and more even, the salvation of the republic, depended upon the outcome of that test struggle. Every word, every thought, every act, was a prayer for victory, and for the triumph of right. Victory was compelled to come.

Narrow ignoramuses long ago stumbled upon the truth, "The home is woman's sphere." Ignoramus said, "Women should cook and gossip, and rock cradles, and darn socks" — merely these and nothing more. Whereas the whole truth is, women should watch and work in all things which shape and mould the home, whether "money," "land" or "transportation." So now Alliance women look at politics and trace the swift relation to the home — their special sphere. They say, "Our homes are threatened by the dirty pool. The pool must go."

Before this question of the salvation of the imperilled homes of the nation, all other questions, whether of "prohibition" or "suffrage," pale into relative inconsequence. For where shall temperance or high thought of franchise be taught the children, by whose breath the world is saved, if sacred hearth fires shall go out? The overtopping, all-embracing moral question of the age is this for which the Alliance came. Upon such great ethical foundation is the labor movement of to-day building itself. How could women do otherwise than be in and of it?

Easily first among the Kansas women who rose to prominence as a platform speaker for the political party which grew out of the Alliance, is Mrs. Mary E. Lease.

An Irishwoman by birth, Mrs. Lease is typically fervid, impulsive, and heroic. All the hatred of oppression and scorn of oppressors, which every true son and daughter of Erin feels, found vent in Mrs. Lease's public utterances as she denounced the greedy governing class which has grown rich and powerful at the expense of the impoverished and helpless multitude.

Mrs. Lease came to America when quite a little girl. Her father went into the Union army and died at Andersonville. She was educated a Catholic, but thought herself out of that communion, and is now not over-weighted with reverence for the clergy of any sect. She not infrequently rouses their ire by her stinging taunts as to their divergence from the path marked out by their professed Master, whose first concern was for the poor and needy.

Mrs. Lease's home is at Wichita, Kan. Her husband is a pharmacist. Her children are exceptionally bright and lovely. Her eldest son, grown to young manhood, bids fair to follow his distinguished mother on the platform.

A most trying experience of farm life on a Western claim taught Mrs. Lease the inside story of the farmers' declining prosperity. Turning from unprofitable farming, she began the study of law, in which she was engaged when the Union Labor campaign of 1888 claimed her services as a speaker. During this campaign she only gained a local notoriety. Further study, larger opportunity, and the bugle call of the Alliance movement roused her latent powers, and in the campaign of 1890 she made speeches so full of fiery eloquence, of righteous wrath, and fierce denunciation of the oppressors and betrayers of the people, that she became the delight of the people of the new party, and the detestation of the followers of the old. Seldom, if ever, was a woman so vilified and so misrepresented by malignant newspaper attacks. A woman of other quality would have sunk under the avalanche. She was quite competent to cope with all that was visited upon her. Indeed, the abuse did her much service. The people but loved her the more for the enemies she made.

Her career on the public platform since that memorable campaign has been one of uninterrupted and unparalleled success. Her chiefest distinguishing gift is her powerful voice; deep and resonant, its effect is startling and controlling. Her speeches are philippics. She hurls sentences as Jove hurled thunderbolts. Her personal appearance upon the platform is most commanding. She is tall and stately in bearing, well meriting the title bestowed upon her at St. Louis by General Weaver, when he introduced her to a wildly welcoming audience as "Our Queen Mary." Queen of women orators she truly is. She has the characteristic combination which marks the beautiful Irishwomen, of black

hair, fair complexion, and blue eyes, — sad blue eyes that seem to see and feel the weight and woe of all the world.

Her style and subject matter of discourse are distinctively hers. She is neither classifiable nor comparable. Her torrent of speech is made up of terse, strong sentences. These she launches with resistless force at the defenceless head of whatever may be the objective point of her attack. Hers is a nature which compels rather than persuades.

Already the story of the wondrous part she has played in the people's struggle for justice has reached other countries than our own.

Mrs. Lease will be constantly engaged in speaking for the People's Party through the coming summer and fall.

In the to-be-written history of this great epoch, Mrs. Mary E. Lease will have a most conspicuous place.

MRS. S. E. V. EMERY.

Placid, lovable, loving mother of all the other women in this great reform is Mrs. Sarah Emery. What Elizabeth Cady Stanton is to equal suffrage and to her reverent suffrage disciples, such is Mrs. Emery to the Home Crusade and her most devoted co-crusaders.

It is doubtful if any other one factor has contributed more to the spread of the financial doctrines of the People's Party than Mrs. Emery's little book, "Seven Financial Conspiracies." It was surely an inspiration of the modern sort — the putting in so clear, concise, and brief a form the epitomized story of the nation's finances since the civil war. The low price and simple style of the little book made it available and effective. It was read more extensively than any other work of its class. It was one of those "poisonous" books which Ex-Governor Geo. T. Anthony, now the Republican nominee for congressman-at-large from Kansas, in a public speech berated his fellow Republicans and Democrats for having "*allowed* the Alliance men to get behind closed doors and read."

Ex-Governor John P. St. John seems to have found meat rather than poison in the book. He said: "I learned more in relation to the financial history of our country during the past thirty years by carefully reading Mrs. Emery's 'Seven Financial Conspiracies' than I had ever known before."

Mrs. Emery was born May 12, 1838, at Phelps, Ontario County, New York. Her father was a widely informed, warm-hearted man. He espoused the doctrines of the Universalists, in those days the extreme of heresy, and was subjected to much contumely therefor. The animating spirit of early Universalism was love — love all-conquering, love that refused to believe that evil or pain could eternally endure. The breath of life from earliest childhood for this strong, mother-hearted woman was loving kindliness, tender solicitude, and entire hopefulness that all ills could be cured. Writing of her father, she says: "In my sympathy for the oppressed, in my love for justice to my fellow-men, I see my father's spirit, and the same benign influence that inspired my childish heart leads me on to-day and strengthens my devotion to the great cause of humanity."

During the years of her young womanhood, Mrs. Emery alternated between teaching and attending school. In Sunday schools and temperance societies she has always been an efficient worker. As a matter of course, she is an equal suffragist.

In 1881 Mrs. Emery was elected delegate-at-large to the State Greenback Convention of Michigan, the first woman thus honored from her state. Since that time she has been sent as delegate to national conventions of the Greenback and Union Labor parties. She was also a delegate to the Conference of Industrial Organizations at St. Louis, February 22 of this year.

Mrs. Emery began her career as a public speaker in 1880. Returning from the State Greenback Convention, she said to her husband: "When I saw that little band of men, I said in my heart, Surely these are the people chosen of God to perpetuate the principles established by our fathers, and, though despised and ridiculed, my lot must be cast with them. I feel that I must go and preach deliverance to the toiling captives of our land."

Her first meeting was held in a country schoolhouse; and though the house was crowded, there was not one person present sufficiently in sympathy with her views to be willing to preside. With entire confidence in the righteousness of her message, she proceeded calmly to expound the new political doctrine. She was listened to with profound and respectful attention, and at the close of her address an old

gentleman stepped forward and stated that he had voted the Republican ticket ever since there had been a Republican Party, but he should never vote it again.

Mrs. Emery makes no effort at oratory or elocutionary style. She is none the less effective, and is credited with making converts wherever she speaks.

She is widely known and is much beloved. Her sweet spirit has shaped a face of benign loveliness. She is very tall and proportionately large. She has all the wholesomeness of perfect health and the soft color of youth in her fresh, fair face. If the whole human race were to call upon her for kindly attention and for sympathy, she has enough to go around.

Mrs. Emery is one of the associate editors of the *New Forum*, a People's Party paper just started at St. Louis. Her home is at Lansing, Mich. She is now speaking in Oregon, and will continue on the platform during the summer and fall. Indeed, she will doubtless be at work speaking and writing for the prisoners of poverty as long as life shall last.

MRS. FANNY RANDOLPH VICKREY.

Mrs. Fanny Randolph Vickrey, of Emporia, Kan., could not help being a reformer of the aggressive type. She has it i' the blood. With Quaker-Abolitionist-Greenback ancestry, with Kansas for a native state, with a glad, free girlhood passed on a broad prairie farm — with these blessings supplemented by a course in one of the fine co-educational institutions of her native state, and all this crowned by marriage with a noble, generous-minded man who glories in his wife's ability, it is not more than to be expected that Mrs. Vickrey should be a sympathetic and active worker in the Alliance.

In 1884 Mrs. Vickrey, then Miss Randolph, was nominated by the Greenback Party of Kansas for state superintendent of public instruction. Her fitness for that position was acknowledged even by the opposition press. A leading Republican paper of the state said of her: "She is a capable teacher, and possesses elocutionary skill, which should make her a pleasing and effective public speaker. Her force of character indicates executive ability; and while, of course, she cannot hope to be elected, we hazard no public interest in

saying she possesses exceptionally fine qualifications for the important duties of the office."

She did her first speech-making in the summer of 1890, borne on by the spirit of the popular crusade for "equal rights to all and special privileges to none." Her voice is rich and mellow. Her large-featured, frank, handsome face, with clear brown eyes, and her tall, graceful figure, enlist admiration, which ripens into high regard for her intelligence and worth.

She is equally as noticeable in social life as in reform work. She is a Prohibitionist, a Woman Suffragist, a Single-Taxer; and if there be good things and true for the benefaction of humankind which Mrs. Vickrey does not yet see, she is liable to call for them in the near future.

MRS. BETTIE GAY.

A companion to Mrs. Emery in stature and fine physique, Mrs. Bettie Gay of Texas is somewhat contrasting as to physiognomy. Her hair and eyes are black. The thought lines in her strong, fine face betoken a character of heroic type. There is no lack of kindly expression, but the intellectual woman greets you first. A woman so innately superior that her calm self-poise is quite lost to self-consciousness.

Mrs. Gay was born in Alabama. Her parents moved to Texas while she was a child. She was married to Hon. R. K. Gay, also an Alabamian, at an early age. Her husband was a cultivated man who had travelled extensively, and from him she gained her fondness for the literature of philosophy and science.

After the war, Mrs. Gay, like many Southern ladies who became impoverished thereby, took up a burden of unaccustomed work. She not only performed all her household duties, but helped her husband in the field work, and also sold their farm products in open market. In 1880 her husband died, leaving her with a mortgaged farm and a half-grown son. Then it was that her extraordinary qualities, her industry and her business ability, were tested to the utmost. In addition to her farm work she took in sewing. With all of her work she would snatch a little time for her beloved books. She raised and started in the world six boys and

three girls, none of them having any claim of relationship upon her. She was always ready to drop her own work and go to the bedside of a sick neighbor. The entire community where she has lived so many years speak in grateful praise of her benevolence and personal service.

As a result of her indomitable energy and her executive ability, she raised the mortgage from her home, paid other outstanding debts, and educated her son. Her magnificent plantation of seventeen hundred and seventy-six acres is managed by her son, Hon. Bates Gay, who is prominent in local politics of the new school.

Mrs. Gay receives a large daily mail of letters and newspapers, to which she gives systematic attention. She is a frequent contributor to the press of her state, and writes with much force and clearness.

Mrs. Gay is broad in her religious views. Her interest is rather with deeds than creeds. She is a Woman Suffragist and a Prohibitionist. She is a leading spirit in the Alliance. Her judgment is relied upon. She has given liberal sums to furthur the interest of the order.

Hers is a history of effort and achievement which would have been expected from New England and a preceding generation rather than from the South and these later times.

Mrs. Gay contributed the excellent article on "Women in the Alliance" in N. A. Dunning's "History of the Alliance," from which the following is taken as serving to show her estimate of the benefits women have both given and received from membership in that great order.

"Through the educational influence of the Alliance, the prejudice against woman's progress is being removed, and within the last five years much has been accomplished in that direction. Women are now recognized as a prominent factor in all social and political movements. In the meetings of the Alliance she comes in contact with educated reformers, whose sympathies she always has. Her presence has a tendency to control the strong tempers of many of the members, and places a premium on politeness and gentility. She goads the stupid and ignorant to a study of the principles of reform, and adds an element to the organization without which it would be a failure. Being placed upon an equality with men, and her usefulness being recognized by the organization in all its work, she is proud of her womanhood, and is

better prepared to face the stern realities of life. She is better prepared to raise and educate her offspring by teaching the responsibility of citizenship and their duty to society."

Another extract from the same article shows the advanced thought of Mrs. Gay as to woman's rightful place in the world.

"What we need, above all things else, is a better womanhood — a womanhood with the courage of conviction, armed with intelligence and the greatest virtues of her sex, acknowledging no master and accepting no compromise. When her enemies shall have laid down their arms, and her proper position in society is recognized, she will be prepared to take upon herself the responsibilities of life, and civilization will be advanced to that point where intellect instead of brute force will rule the world. When this work is accomplished, avarice, greed, and passion will cease to control the minds of the people, and we can proclaim, 'Peace on earth, good will toward men.'"

EVA McDONALD-VALESH.

The jauntiest, sauciest, prettiest little woman in the whole coterie of women in the Alliance is piquant little Eva McDonald-Valesh. A fun-loving, jolly, prankish elf of a woman, quite as much at home on an improvised store-box platform on the street corner, speaking earnestly to her toil-hardened brother Knights of Labor, as in the drawing-room, radiating sparkling wit and repartee. All places and all experiences fall naturally within Mrs. Valesh's versatile sphere. Her career as a public speaker, covering a period of about two years, has been one of brilliant and efficient service to the cause of political reform. She was state lecturer of the Minnesota Alliance, and has spoken in several states, never failing to captivate her audiences. Her youthful appearance is quite in contrast to the maturity of her thought. She is conversational rather than elocutionary in style. Her voice is clear and strong. She uses apt illustrations, strong statement, and good logic.

At the state convention of the People's Party of Ohio, held at Springfield in the summer of 1891, she was the principal speaker at the evening mass meeting. Her address was rapturously applauded. In the course of her remarks she referred to the opposition to woman on the rostrum, say-

ing that she hoped to be able to speak for woman's cause as long as there were homeless, voiceless women, helpless to cope with the hard conditions of life. This she intended to do regardless of the prejudice that would relegate her to the four square walls of home. At this point a gray-haired convert, won by the power and pathos of her plea, called out, "You are at home now; you are in the sphere for which God designed you."

Mrs. Valesh is as efficient with her pen as on the platform. She has been a self-supporting newspaper writer for several years, and has written several strong papers on economic topics which have been widely noticed. Her noteworthy contribution to the May ARENA exhibits her vigorous style as well as her power of analysis.

A little more than a year ago she was married to Mr. Frank Valesh, a superior young man, prominent in labor organizations, and in the employ of the Bureau of Labor Statistics at St. Paul, Minn., where they now live.

The crowning glory of motherhood has recently come to this bright, brave little woman. If the new little man does not admire his mother as he grows to years of comprehension, he will be exceptional among her large circle of devoted friends.

MRS. MARION TODD.

One thinks of a choice poem, of a sweet song, of delicate perfume, of all things gracious and true, in the presence of Marion Todd. Such exquisite, subtle charm of personality as is hers is only gained by a life of unselfishness and of high culture.

Mrs. Todd was born in New York, of New England parentage. Her mother was a woman of much intelligence and great brilliancy. She was her daughter's high exemplar. Her father was Abner Kneeland Marsh, a Universalist preacher. He made the education of his daughter a matter of chief concern, thus enabling her at a very early age to take a position as teacher in a public school, which vocation she pursued until she was married to Mr. Benjamin Todd of Massachusetts. Her husband was a man of rare attainments, a fine public speaker, and an ardent advocate of an enlargement of woman's sphere of action. Under such hospitable conditions it became easy and natural for the young wife to take her place beside her husband in his public work. She

made her first speech during the first year of her married life. Temperance, woman suffrage, and politics have successively engaged her service on the platform.

In 1879 Mrs. Todd entered the Hastings Law College, remaining two years, after which she easily passed the ordeal of examination before the Supreme Court of California. She then opened an office in San Francisco, and was a successful practitioner.

Mrs. Todd had made a specialty of the study of finance some years prior to taking up law. Her researches led her to see the monstrosity of our national legislation on the money question. In 1882 she was nominated by the Greenback Party of California as attorney-general, and ran ahead of her ticket.

In 1880 Mrs. Todd was left a widow with one child, now a most accomplished and lovely young woman, above all things proud of and devoted to her gentle-mannered mother.

Mrs. Todd left California in 1890 and went to Chicago, where she edited the Chicago *Express*, a reform paper of national circulation. She is the author of three books: one on the tariff, one on suffrage; and the third, "Pizarro and John Sherman," is a work on finance of great value. All three have had large sale.

Mrs. Todd, like the other women speakers and writers of the rising political movement, believes that homelessness threatens the masses of the American people, and that the danger is so imminent as to demand unanimity of action in order to arrest the encroachments and shake off the domination of corporate power. Hence, though an ardent prohibitionist and woman suffragist, she would, for the immediate future, leave those great questions to philanthropic and educational methods of propagandism — at least so far as national politics is concerned.

At the famous Cincinnati conference of industrial reformers on the 20th of May, 1891, Mrs. Todd was chosen to present the chairman, Senator Peffer, with a floral testimonial. Without the least time for preparation, her presentation speech was a marvellous combination of poetic, graceful utterance, and of profound thought. Her perfect readiness, her attractive personality, rendered the episode a pleasing picture, always to remain in the memory of those present.

Mrs. Todd will be one of the principal speakers in the coming campaign.

In the far West are many capable, earnest women, enlisted in the Home Crusade. Mrs. Annette Nye of California, writer and general promoter, is of the splendid Wardell family.

Mrs. Sophia Hardin of South Dakota occupies the responsible position of secretary of the State Alliance.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wardell, wife of Alonzo Wardell of South Dakota, is an able writer and an untiring worker in Alliance ranks.

Mrs. Emma Ghent Curtis of Colorado is a prolific writer of good verse, full of thought and high purpose. She is also author of "The Fate of a Fool," an interesting story bearing on the condition of the toilers of the country.

Mrs. Emma De Voe of Illinois, a most elegant and attractive woman, is a platform speaker of growing prominence.

These and hosts of others are busy working out manifest destiny toward a higher civilization. Even thus at the South are numberless enthusiastic Alliance women, who, for this time, must be unnamed. The past decade has marked wonderful progress among the Southern women. The advent of their charming and distinctive personality into larger circles of activity has added much to the history of American women. Among the most accomplished in Alliance circles is Mrs. E. R. Davidson of Georgia, niece of Hon. L. F. Livingston. She is a newspaper writer of growing power and popularity.

Mrs. Harry Brown of Atlanta, Ga., is of the Georgia Gorman family. A most engaging young woman, whom her friends delight to call the pet of her Alliance. She can ride her fine horses or write dainty, descriptive letters for her husband's paper, both with equal grace and ease.

Mrs. Dr. Dabbs of Texas demonstrated at the St. Louis conference, where she was a delegate, that she could bear her part in public discussion of a controverted question with her most practiced and ready Southern brethren.

Mrs. Ben Terrell of Texas, wife of the first lecturer of the National Alliance, has been her husband's constant companion on his lecture tours, and has thus become widely known and loved.

Miss Bessie Dwyer, a remarkably versatile and talented

young lady, recently come from Texas to Washington, is a writer on the *National Economist*, the official organ of the National Alliance.

It is a great inspiration to have a great ancestry. To be much expected of is to induce much performance. This is true either of a man or a state. Kansas was a well-born state — well fathered and mothered. New England colonized and pre-empted her for freedom and for progress. Consider her record: Kansas has nine men in the national Congress, all woman suffragists — not merely acquiescent, but reverent, believing that woman should be enfranchised in justice to herself and for safety to the state.

Susan B. Anthony gauges the wives of men by the estimate which their husbands hold of womankind. Her rule proves itself in the case of the Kansas congressmen. Their wives are all suffragists. Mr. Broderick, one of the representatives, and one of the two Republicans from Kansas, is a widower; but his three intelligent, accomplished daughters make it a matter of conscience to vote at municipal elections, at their home in Holton, and to vote for the *best* men for mayor and councilmen, thus making *party* subservient to merit.

Seven of the nine Kansas congressmen are of the new political faith which seeks to provide ways and means whereby each member of the nation's family may have fair chance to work for life, liberty, and happiness. These men are fresh from the rank and file of toilers, most of them practical farmers, whose wives have shared their labors and their hardships. And now that official duties have transferred them to the most beautiful city on the continent, the family unity is preserved, and the good-wives share their enlarged experience. What manner of women are they? Let us see.

Mrs. Jerry Simpson, born in England, is a delicate little woman devoted to her husband and their one child, a bright boy of thirteen. What a deal of hard, faithful work this little body has done! mostly by will power, by sheer determination and ambition to do the duty next at hand. One hard season, while Jerry raised the crops, she milked twenty cows with no other help than her eight-year-old boy. She churned twice a day with a dash churn, and sold three hundred pounds of butter. She takes naturally and easily to Washington life. She delights in strolling through the

lovely parks, often expressing a wish that old neighbors and friends might have a resting spell, and share the charms of existence at Washington. Mrs. Simpson is a great reader of the newspapers, and keeps well posted on current events.

Mrs. J. G. Otis bears a close resemblance to Mrs. Grover Cleveland. The double attraction of a handsome face and a kindly spirit have made her a favorite in the farmer organizations to which she has belonged. She was the Flora of her grange for twelve years. She has read papers of much value before the State Dairy Association, the Grange, and the Alliance. She is vice-president of her county Alliance.

It is doubtful if Baby Ruth Cleveland is a daintier morsel of humanity than the blue-eyed Otis baby, born since coming to Washington. Certain it is, the advent of Baby Otis has been much "resolved" about in Kansas Alliances, and many congratulations have been sent the wee girl that she is come to share with three brothers and one sister the mother-love and care of so noble and true a woman as Mrs. Otis.

Mrs. Ben Clover, with hindrances and farm duties which could not be even temporarily set aside, remained at home, working harder than ever with the butter and all business of the farm, endeavoring to free the dear home place from mortgage. Round and rosy, the incarnation of good sense and constant cheeriness, you almost scent sweet clover in her presence. Mrs. Clover is a neighborhood mother, on hand in time of sickness or other need. She is much counselled with in the Alliance, and was the first woman ever sent as delegate to the Supreme Council of the National Farmers' Alliance.

Mrs. Senator Peffer is another embodiment of gentle, refined womanhood — a very genius of home and all things motherwise. She is large, stately, and placid faced. Her husband credits her with much heroism. Her mother-wit and calm courage saved his life from a marauding band of bushwhackers in Missouri in the dreadful days when brothers South and brothers North were crazed with loss of sense that they were all children of one God, and citizens of one dear native land. Mrs. Peffer is an Episcopalian. She does much quiet visiting and helping of the poor about her. Of books, she loves best Scott and Dickens, and the old English writers. And of all mothers, her admiring sons and daughters think her the wisest and best.

Mrs. Wm. Baker's eight children would of course good-naturedly but firmly dispute the Peffer children's claim as to the best woman in the world. The eldest Miss Baker taught school in Kansas before coming to Washington. She is so fair of face that were she on dress parade in decolleté society, — which she will never be, — her fresh beauty, quick wit, and naive manners would be newspaperized *ad nauseam*. Mrs. Baker had more than the ordinary educational advantages of the girls of her time. She was the daughter of a well-to-do merchant at Centerville, Penn., and knew nothing of farm life until she married and went pioneering in the West. She took her books and music, and made the prairie home in Western Kansas one of refinement despite the hard work and hard times.

The beamingest personage of the entire delegation of Kansas women at Washington is Mrs. John Davis. Her presence radiates peace and good will. She is a superior woman, English by birth, a sister of Major Powell, of the United States Geological Survey. She is a Universalist in religion; not of the sect specially, but a believer that real religion is universal. She has done considerable literary work, was a long-time-ago contributor to an illustrated periodical published at Chicago. She is in demand in women's clubs and organizations both philanthropic and educational. Since coming to Washington she has made much effort toward getting the claim of "Anna Ella Carroll" considered by Congress.

It is worth much to call upon this gentlewoman and see her beaming satisfaction as she shows you the pictures of her three bright daughters and her six great, manly sons — a most notable group of photographs, the originals each busy and successful in some useful world work, each of the half-dozen boys a woman suffragist and promoter of the political Home Crusade.

To mention all the helpful Kansas women of the Alliance, even to catalogue them, would be to fill the pages of THE ARENA. What hardship to the writer not to be able to say more than a line of so fine a character as Mrs. Anna C. Wait, vice-president of the Kansas Equal Suffrage Association and co-editor with her husband for so many years of the *Lincoln Beacon*, always a progressive paper, now a People's Party advocate!

There is Mrs. Florence Olmstead, a county superintendent

of schools, and composer of a book of Alliance songs which helped to sing the people into power; Mrs. Pack, editor of the *Farmer's Wife*, organ of the Woman's National Alliance; Mrs. McLallin, wife of the president of the National Reform Press Association — the helpfulest and cheerfulest of sensible, well-informed women; Mrs. Fannie McCormick, candidate for superintendent of public instruction on the People's Party state ticket of 1890; Mrs. Anna Champe, co-editor with her husband of a People's Party and prohibition paper, and besides these a world of sensible, helpful farmer women and capable, pretty country schoolma'ams, world without end — all Alliance workers.

Consider this Kansas record, oh supercilious sneerer at "strong-minded" women. Most of these women have opened their mouths and spake before many people; they have sat in counsel with bodies of men, among whom were their husbands and sons. And oh, Ultima Thule of "unwomanliness," they have voted — actually cast ballot, thereby saying in quietest of human way that virtue shall dethrone vice in municipal government. All these heretical things have they done, and yet are womanliest, gentlest of women, the best of homekeepers, the loyalest of wives, the carefulest of mothers.

What answer to this, oh, most bombastic cavillers — you who would shield woman from the demoralizing ballot? What answer, most ridiculous of theorists, who tremble lest any sort of man-made laws be mightier than nature's laws, who writhe lest statutes should change the loving, loyal mother-nature of woman? Let not such preposterous theorist come into the presence of the six stalwart sons of halo-faced Mrs. Davis and suggest that their most revered mother is "unsexed" because of ballot box and politics.

Thus splendidly do the *facts* about women in politics refute the frivolous *theories* of timorous or hostile objectors. The women prominent as active, responsible factors in the political arena are those who are characterized by strong common sense, high ideals, and lofty patriotism. When such as these cast ballot throughout the nation,

> "Then shall their voice of sovereign choice
> Swell the deep bass of duty done,
> And strike the key of time to be
> When God and man shall speak as one."

THE LAND OF CONTRASTS.—A BRITON'S IMPRESSION OF AMERICA.

BY J. F. MUIRHEAD.

PRESIDENT TIMOTHY DWIGHT of Yale College narrates, in his "Travels in New England and New York," how an Indian arrived one evening at an inn in the town of Litchfield, Conn., and begged the hostess to provide him with food, promising payment at some future time, when his hunting should be more successful. She refused his request with contumely, remarking that she did not work so hard to throw away her earnings on such lazy, drunken, good-for-nothing fellows as he. A chance guest, however, saw that the man was really famished, and directed the hostess to give him a supper, for which he himself undertook to pay. At the end of his meal the Indian said to his benefactor, "I suppose you read the Bible." The man assented. "Well," said the Indian, "the Bible say, God made the world, and then He took him, and looked on him, and say, 'It's all very good.' Then He made dry land and water, and sun and moon, and grass and trees, and took him, and looked on him, and say, 'It's all very good.' Then He made beasts and birds and fishes, and took him, and looked on him, and say, 'It's all very good.' Then He made man, and took him, and looked on him, and say, 'It's all very good.' Then He made woman, and took him, and looked on him, and He no dare say one such word."

It would be temptingly easy for me to look back upon my American experiences and say, with the Indian, in the great majority of cases, "It's all very good"; and any apparent tendency in the following notes to emphasize these points on which "I do not dare to say one such word" must be attributed to two main reasons. The first is my respect for the old saw that "Praise to the face is open disgrace," which makes me prefer to bottle up my enthusiasm for America until I am in a place where that is rarer than it ought to be; and the second is the fact that it is much easier

to point out the motes in a sunbeam than to gild refined gold. If an excuse be needed for troubling you with so hackneyed a theme as a Briton's impressions of America, I must plead my overwhelming interest in the subject, which makes America bulk at present more largely in my eyes than (strange as it may seem) the matrimonial possibilities of Prince George of Wales, or even the chance of an extra halfpenny on the income tax.

One of the first trivial points that I noticed in America was that the door of nearly every office or public institution had the word "Push" on the one side and the word "Pull" on the other; and it has sometimes occurred to me that "Push and Pull" would be no bad motto for any remarks on the great republic. "Push" would stand for the intense energy and vim which are characteristic of its people from Maine to Oregon, while "Pull" might stand for the special advantages which, I am given to understand, are necessary for political success. But the title I have given to these scattering notes indicates what has been, perhaps, my most abiding impression in America — the impression, namely, that there is no abiding impression at all, as the facts on which to-day I build a theory in Massachusetts are shattered to-morrow by the facts I encounter in Michigan. The United States seems to me pre-eminently the "Land of Contrasts" — the land of stark, staring, and stimulating inconsistency; at once the home of enlightenment and the happy hunting-ground of the charlatan and quack; a land in which nothing happens but the unexpected; the land of Hyperion, but no less the home of the satyr; always the land of promise, but not invariably the land of performance; a land which *may* be bounded by the aurora borealis, but which has also undeniable acquaintance with the flames of the bottomless pit; a land which is laved at once by the rivers of Paradise and by the leaden waves of Acheron.

It seems to me that I have met in America the nearest approaches to my ideals of a *Bayard sans peur et sans reproche;* and it is in this same America that I have met the most flagrant examples of the being wittily described as *sans père et sans proche* — utterly without the responsibility of background and entirely unacquainted with the obligation of *noblesse.* The superficial observer in the United States might conceivably imagine the characteristic national trait

to be self-sufficiency or vanity (this mistake *has*, I believe, been made); and his opinion might be strengthened should he find, as I did, in an arithmetic published at Richmond during the late unpleasantness, such a modest example as the following: "If one Confederate soldier can whip seven Yankees, how many Confederate soldiers will it take to whip forty-nine Yankees?" But another observer might quite as easily come to the conclusion that diffidence and self-distrust are the true American characteristics. There are Americans whose very attitude is an apology — wholly unnecessary — for this great republic, and who seem to despise any native product until it has received the hall-mark of London or of Paris. In the new world that has produced the new book, of the exquisite delicacy and insight of which Mr. Howells is the typical exponent, it seems to me that I find more than the usual proportion of critics who prefer to it what Colonel Higginson has well called "the brutalities of Haggard and the garlic-flavors of Kipling." While, perhaps, the characteristic charm of the American girl (an inevitable but fascinating chestnut in all such papers as this) is her thorough-going individuality and the undaunted courage of her opinions, which leads her to say frankly, if she think so, that Martin Tupper is a greater poet than Shakespeare, yet I have, on the other hand, met a young American matron who confessed to me, with bated breath, that she and her sister, for the first time in their lives, had gone unescorted to a concert the night before last, and, *mirabile dictu*, no harm had come of it! It is in America that I have over and over again heard language to which the calling a spade a spade would seem the most delicate allusiveness; but it is also in America that I have summoned a blush to the cheek of conscious sixty-six by an incautious though innocent reference to the temperature of my morning tub. In this country I have seen the devotion of Sir Walter Raleigh to his queen exceeded again and again by the ordinary American man to the ordinary American woman (if there be any *ordinary* American woman), and in the same country I have myself been scoffed at and made game of because I opened the window of a railway carriage for a girl in whose delicate veins flowed a few drops of colored blood. In Washington I met Miss Susan B. Anthony, and realized, to some extent at least, all she stands for. In Boston I find there is actually an or-

ganized opposition on the part of the ladies themselves to the extension of the franchise to women. I have hailed with delight the democratic spirit displayed in the greeting of my friend and myself by the porter of a hotel as "You fellows," and then had the cup of pleasure dashed from my lips by being told by the same porter that "the other *gentleman* would attend to my baggage!" I have been parboiled with salamanders who seemed to find no inconvenience in a room temperature of eighty degrees, and have been nigh frozen to death in open-air drives in which the same individuals seemed perfectly comfortable. American travellers grumble (or, at least, are dissatisfied; no Americans grumble) — American travellers are dissatisfied if the velvet-pile carpets at their hotels are not at least two inches thick, and yet endure without a murmur the hideous noises of a steam-heating apparatus which ceases its "bubble and squeak" only to emulate the exertions of Alexander the Coppersmith.

Americans invent the most delicate forms of machinery for their manufacturing processes, and hack their meat with silver-plated hoop-iron knives hardly calculated to tackle anything harder than butter. Men appear at the theatre in orthodox evening dress, while the tall and exasperating hats of the ladies who accompany them would seem to indicate a theory of street toilette. From New York to Buffalo I am whisked through the air at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour; in California I travelled on a train on which the engineer shot rabbits from the locomotive and the fireman picked them up in time to jump on the baggage-car at the rear end of the train. At Santa Barbara I visited an old mission church and convent which vied in quaint picturesqueness with anything in Europe; but, alas! the old monk who showed us round, though wearing the regulation gown and knotted cord, had replaced his sandals by elastic-sided boots and covered his tonsure with what we call a chummy, but which in correct Bostonese is, I believe, a Derby.

At one end of the scale we have the exaggerated respect for law and order which makes the millionnaire stand meekly at the door of the hotel dining-room until the dignified head waiter condescends to catch his eye, and show him to a seat; at the other end of the scale we have law outraged by the cruel and cowardly murder of defenceless prisoners at New Orleans. Few things have pleased me more in the United

States than the widespread habits of kindness to animals (most American whips are, as far as punishment to the horse is concerned, a mere farce). But yet no one here seems to have any scruple about adding an extra hundred-weight or two to an already villainously overloaded horse car; and I have seen a score of American ladies sit serenely watching the frantic straining of two poor animals to get a derailed car onto the track again, when I knew that in "brutal" Old England every "man-jack" of them (or every "woman-joan" of them) would have been out on the sidewalk to lighten the load.

It has been reserved for the democratic simplicity of New York to decorate private houses with such exquisitely delicate stone carvings as monarchical luxury dares to expend on the house of God only; but the feet of the unwary one, who gazes up at them with admiration, may be tripped up by equally effective, though less elaborate, carving in the sidewalk, such as a tiny English village would blush for. New York, indeed, is like a ballroom beauty, with a diamond tiara on her head, and her toes out at her boots.

And what shall I say of Boston in this connection? I own to some sympathy with a Canadian friend who said he didn't mean *Boston* when he talked of the United States. I confess, too, that when I crossed her classic threshold, I soon realized that I had left behind me the expansive and somewhat florid genialities of the West, and was breathing an atmosphere whose rarefaction suggested Albion itself; but a closer acquaintance showed below the impassive exterior a warmth that reminded me of the qualities that have won for my equally impassive fellow-countrymen the name of "Kindly Scots." But contrasts are by no means wanting in Boston — Boston, which cultivates geography as a fine art, and sees with the naked eye distinctions between the Back Bay and the loathly South End that an ordinary observer could not make out even with the aid of Sam Weller's "patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power"; Boston, whose gentility is so unimpeachable that even its advertisers do not dare to appeal to a vulgar taste for cheapness, but announce their hams as "a little higher in price, but of unrivalled quality"; Boston, which forms queues two days long to buy tickets for the performances of favorite actors and singers, and then

crushes their climaxes and finales by an apparently irresistible desire to get home to bed five minutes earlier than it would if it stayed to the end of the entertainment; Boston, which has, in part, at least, solved the problem of combining the virtues of democracy with the manners of aristocracy; Boston, in which the Puritan still lies *perdu* in the nimble Universalist, and where the old lady who is astonished to find outside of Boston respectable and self-respecting people, whose names she had never heard, flourishes alongside of the scholar whose catholicity of taste finds jewels even in the toad's head of Mormonism.

An English ecclesiastic used to tell, after his return from a visit to the United States, how on one occasion he had met in the streets of New York a small boy, aged six or seven years, alone and sobbing bitterly. To the reverend interlocutor's inquiry as to what was the matter, the urchin replied: "I'm lost; ma's lost me; I told the *darned* thing she'd lose me if she didn't take care." This attitude of dependence, tempered by violent criticism, this mingling of precocity and childishness, seems to me to indicate very clearly one source of the contrasts that are so easily found in America. The more one studies the problems of American society, the more vividly one realizes the essential truth of the analogy between the youth of an individual and the youth of a state. But one must also remember that, though America's birth is recent, she was in many respects born full-grown, like Pallas from the brain of Zeus, and thus co-ordinates, in the most extraordinary way, the shrewdness of the sage with the *naïveté* of the child. A little investigation on these lines might, perhaps, show us why taste should lag behind morals, the creative faculty in art behind the inventive faculty in mechanics, the capacity for restful happiness behind the capacity for business, the desire for plain living and high thinking behind the desire for material luxury and ostentation.

Professor Freeman, in one of the few sensible and unprejudiced books that have been written by Englishmen about America, points out that in a colony there is a greater tendency to stand still, as well as a greater tendency to go ahead, than there is in the mother country; and that just as you have to go to French Canada if you want to see Old France, so, for many things, if you wish to see old England,

you must go to New England. And this idea, too, is a key to some of the contrasts met with in the United States; and perhaps a deeper investigation would show that many of these apparent incongruities have their roots in the same soil, and are only different manifestations of the same underlying principles.

The trivialities enumerated in this paper, if they serve no other purpose, may act as straws to show which way the wind blows; and that, in biblical language, would seem to be "where it listeth." In other words, my observations suggest the futility of the British habit of generalizing about the complex organism of American society from inductions that would not justify an opinion about the habits of a piece of protoplasm. At the risk, however, of myself forming a target for similar remarks, I shall conclude with one or two generalizations that rest on a residence of a year and a half, and a peregrination of thirty-five thousand miles.

Most of the minor discomforts of life in England, such as fog and bad weather, overcrowding, caste distinctions, and social bearishness, seem either to be part of the nature of things or the deposits of centuries of tradition. In the United States, on the other hand, many of these minor discomforts seem, as it were, expressly created by the people themselves, and susceptible of immediate removal should the people will it. Such points occur to me as the fragility of American women from overheated rooms and want of exercise; the fact that innumerable small manufactured articles are twice as dear and twice as bad as in England; dusty streets and muddy roads; and the insolence of Jacks in office. In spite of recent and obvious changes in America, I should say that there is no question that in England we lead a more rational life as regards the proportion between work and exercise. The characteristic national amusements from one end to the other of the United States seem to me to be driving and sailing — amusements that require the minimum of active exertion. Indeed, one American said to me in all seriousness, "I'm getting too stout, and must really buy a buggy." Baseball, outside of boyhood and collegedom, is not a national sport, as cricket is in England, except in the sense that every one goes to see baseball matches. The Americans have their baseball, as the Chinese their dancing, done for them. The general — not by any means

the invariable — idea of a house in America, in winter, seems to be a luxuriously furnished furnace. When I was leaving New York for Florida, two winters ago, and my friends said they supposed I was going South to escape the cold of a Northern winter, I used to reply: "No, indeed; I am going South to escape the *heat* of a Northern winter."

To convey, however, a true idea of the general sum of my impressions of America, I must end with a note in which criticism is lost in admiration. In England, on the principle of *omne ignotum pro horribile* (translated in the Black Country, "'Ere's a stranger, let's 'eave 'arf a brick at 'im"), it is somewhat usual to assume that the unaccredited unknown is a "cad" until he proves the contrary. In America (at least outside the somewhat frigid groves of the Charles River) the general assumption seems to be that a man is a good fellow until he shows he isn't. In England I am apt to feel painfully what a lame dog I am; in America I feel,—well, if I am a lame dog, I am being helped most delightfully over the conversational stile. Even the almighty railroad conductor, of whom Max O'Rell complains so bitterly, is not half a bad fellow, if approached with a *little* more deference than one would naturally pay to Oliver Wendell Homes. This feeling of the general diffusion of man's humanity to man will certainly be one of my most vivid and deep-seated impressions of America; and it is a generalization that I am prepared to fight for, tooth and nail.

IN THE TRIBUNAL OF LITERARY CRITICISM.*

BACON *VS.* SHAKESPEARE.

PART I. A BRIEF FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

BY EDWIN REED.

SECTION I. WM. SHAKESPEARE.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

We may say of improbabilities, as we do of evils, choose the least. It is antecedently improbable that the Shakespeare plays, for which the whole domain of human knowledge was laid under contribution, were written by William Shakespeare, for he was uneducated.

It is also antecedently improbable that Francis Bacon, whose name for nearly three hundred years has been a synonym for all that is philosophical and profound, who was so great in another and widely different field of labor that he gave a new direction for all future time to the course of human thought, was the author of them.

And yet, to one or the other of these two men must we give our suffrage for the crowning honors of humanity.

In the claim for Shakespeare, the improbability is so overwhelming that it involves very nearly a violation of the laws of nature. No man ever did, and, it is safe to say, no man ever can, acquire knowledge intuitively. One may be a genius like Burns, and the world be hushed to silence while he sings; but the injunction, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread," is as true of intellectual as it is of physical life, everywhere. The fruit of the tree of knowledge can be reached only by hard climbing, the sole instance on record in which it was plucked and handed down to the waiting recipient having proved a failure.

In the case of Bacon, also, the assumption may be said to lie on the very boundary line of credibility. It implies the possession of faculties seemingly inconsistent, if not mutually exclusive. And yet to certain degree it is not without precedent. Fortune has more than once emptied a whole cornucopia of gifts at a single birth. What diversity, what beauty, what grandeur in the personality of Leonardo da Vinci! He was author, painter, sculptor, architect, musician, civil

*This series of papers will contain a scholarly and impartial discussion of the *pros* and *cons* in the celebrated case of Bacon *vs.* Shakespeare. The discussion will be divided into three parts, as follows: Part I., Embracing Brief for the Plaintiff (*a*) Wm. Shakespeare. (*b*) Lord Bacon. (*c*) Objections noticed and answered. Part II., An equally exhaustive brief for Wm. Shakespeare. Part III., The verdict of the jury, being a consensus of critical opinion on the evidence advanced, rendered by the world's leading Shakespearean scholars.

engineer, inventor — and in each capacity, almost without exception, eminent above his contemporaries. His great painting, the Last Supper, ranks the third among the products in this branch of modern art, Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto and Michael Angelo's Last Judgment being respectively, perhaps, first and second. At the same time, he was the pioneer in the study of the anatomy and structural classification of plants; he founded the science of hydraulics; he invented the camera obscura; he proclaimed the undulatory theory of light and heat; he investigated the properties of steam, and anticipated by four centuries its use in the propulsion of boats; and he barely missed the great discovery which immortalized Newton. Indeed, we see in Leonardo da Vinci, not a mountain only, but a whole range of sky-piercing peaks!

Another illustrious example is Goethe, scarcely inferior to Bacon, whatever the claims made for the latter, in the brilliancy and scope of his powers. As a poet, Goethe was a star of the first magnitude, a blaze of light in the literary heavens. His *Faust* is one of the six great poems of the world. As a writer of prose fiction he stands in the front rank, his *Wilhelm Meister* a classic side by side with *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, *Middlemarch*, and *The Scarlet Letter*. By a singular coincidence, also, as compared with Bacon, he was one of the master spirits of his age in the sphere of sciences. An evolutionist before Darwin, he beheld, as in a vision, the application of law to all the phenomena of nature and life. In botany, he made notable additions to the then existing stock of knowledge; and throughout the vast realm of biology he not only developed new methods of inquiry, but he spread over it the glow of imagination, without which the path of discovery is always doubly difficult to tread. In the light of precedents, therefore, the claim made in behalf of Bacon to the authorship of the plays cannot be discredited.

The reader is now asked to measure the relative improbabilities in question for himself.

The Author of the Shakespeare Plays.

It is conceded by all that the author of the Shakespeare plays was the greatest genius of his age, perhaps of any age, and, with nearly equal unanimity, that he was a man of profound and varied scholarship.

1. He was a linguist, many of the plays being based on Greek, Spanish, and Italian productions which had not then been translated into English. Latin and French were seemingly as familiar to him as a mother tongue. It is thus apparent that not less than five foreign languages, living and dead, were included in his repertory.

Latin. — The *Comedy of Errors* was founded upon the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, a comic poet, who wrote about 200 B. C. The first translation of the Latin work into English, so far as known, was made in 1595, subsequently to the appearance of the Shakespeare play, and

without any resemblance to it "in any peculiarity of language, of names, or of any other matter, however slight."— *Verplanck.*

"His frequent use of Latin derivatives in their radical sense shows a somewhat thoughtful and observant study of that language."— *Richard Grant White.*

"He knew Latin, we need not doubt, as well as any other man of his time."— *Stapfer.*

GREEK.— *Timon of Athens* was drawn partly from Plutarch, and party from Lucian, the latter author not having been translated into English earlier than 1638 (White), fifteen years after the publication of the play.

"Helena's pathetic lament over a lost friendship in *Midsummer Night's Dream* (III., 2) had its prototype in an untranslated Greek poem by St. Gregory of Nazianzus, published at Venice in 1504."— *Gibbon's Decline and Fall*, Chap. xxvii.

ITALIAN.— An Italian novel, written by Giraldi Cinthio and first printed in 1565, furnished the incidents for the story of *Othello.* The author of the play "read it probably in the original, for no English translation of his time is known."— *Gervinus.*

"He was, without doubt, quite able to read Italian."— *Richard Grant White.*

FRENCH.— One entire scene and parts of others in *Henry V.* are in French.

Plowden's French Commentaries, containing the celebrated case of Hales *vs.* Petit, which was satirized by the grave-diggers, were translated into English for the first time more than half a century after Hamlet was written.

SPANISH.— The poet drew some of his materials for the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* from the Spanish romance of Montemayor, entitled the *Diana*, which was translated into English in 1582, the translation, however, not being printed till 1598. "The resemblances are too minute to be accidental." (Halliwell-Phillipps.) As the play was produced previously to 1593, it follows that the author read either the translation in manuscript or the Spanish original. The latter supposition, particularly in view of his other linguistic acquirements, is more probable.

An unknown play, based on the same story and produced before the Queen in 1585, may have been the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* in an earlier form.

Gervinus, one of the ablest of the Shakespearean critics,* calls attention to two of the comedies in which Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian words and sentences abound, and ventures to suggest a desire, on the part of the author, *to exhibit in them his knowledge of foreign languages.*

* "A German professor, Gervinus, is the author of the greatest book ever written on Shakespeare."— *Stapfer.*

2. He had intimate acquaintance with ancient and modern literature, numerous authors, from the age of Homer down to his own, being drawn upon for illustration and imagery in the composition of these works.

"The writer was a classical scholar. Rowe found traces in him of the *Electra* of Sophocles; Colman, of Ovid; Pope, of Dares Phrygius, and other Greek authors; Farmer, of Horace and Virgil; Malone, of Lucretius, Statius, Catullus, Seneca, Sophocles, and Euripides; Steevens, of Plautus; Knight, of the *Antigone* of Sophocles; White, of the *Alcestis* of Euripides."— *Nathaniel Holmes.*

"The early plays exhibit the poet not far removed from school and its pursuits; in none of his later dramas does he plunge so deeply into the remembrances of antiquity, his head overflowing with its images, legends, and characters. The *Taming of the Shrew*, especially, may be compared with the *First Part of Henry VI.* 'in the manifold ostentation of book-learning.' "— *Gervinus.*

"A mind fresh from academic studies."— *Richard Grant White.*

"The early plays mark the productions of a fresh collegian. . . . His familiar acquaintance with college terms and usages makes for the conclusion that he had enjoyed the privileges of a university education."— *Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke.*

His habits "had been scholastic and those of a student."— *Coleridge.*

Stapfer intimates that, in his judgment, some of the plays are "over-cumbered with learning, not to say pedantic." *

3. He was a jurist, with

"A deep technical knowledge of the law,"

and an easy familiarity with

"Some of the most abstruse proceedings in English jurisprudence." — *Lord Chief Justice Campbell.*

His fondness for legal phrases is remarkable, but it is still more remarkable that,

"Whenever he indulges this propensity, he uniformly lays down good law."— *Ibid.*

One of the sonnets (46) is so intensely technical in its phraseology that,

"Without a considerable knowledge of English forensic procedure, it cannot be fully understood."— *Ibid.*

* It may be well to remark that Stapfer and White are unfriendly witnesses, and that Gervinus and Verplanck wrote before this controversy began. Judge Holmes is our senior counsel, but we claim the right of this hearing to put him also on the witness stand. His work on the *Authorship of Shakespeare* is as temperate in its judgments as it is philosophical and profound in general treatment of the subject.

"Among these [legal terms], there are some which few but a lawyer would, and some even which none but a lawyer could, have written."— *Franklin Fiske Heard.*

4. He was a philosopher.

"In the constructing of Shakespeare's dramas, there is an understanding manifested equal to that in Bacon's *Novum Organum.*"— *Carlyle.*

"He is inconceivably wise; the others conceivably."— *Emerson.*

"From his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence."— *Dr. Johnson.*

"He was not only a great poet, but a great philosopher."— *Coleridge.*

"The wisest of men, as the greatest of poets."— *Walter Savage Landor.*

Thus was the author's mind not only a fountain of inspiration from its own illimitable depths, but enriched in large measure with the stores of knowledge which the world had then accumulated.

"An amazing genius which could pervade all nature at a glance, and to whom nothing within the limits of the universe appeared to be unknown."— *Whalley.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

1. The family of William Shakespeare was grossly illiterate. His father and mother made their signatures with a cross. His daughter Judith, also, at the age of twenty-seven, could not write her name. The little we know of his own youth and early manhood affords presumptive proof of the strongest kind that he was uneducated.

"His learning was very little."— *Thomas Fuller's Worthies*, 1662.

"In him we find all arts and sciences, all moral and natural philosophy, without knowing that he ever studied them."— *Dryden.*

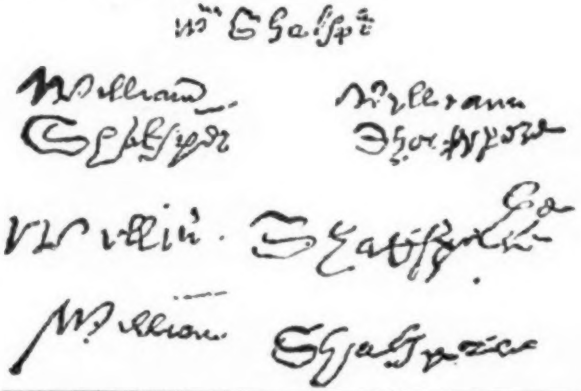
2. The Shakespeare family had no settled or uniform method of spelling their name. More than thirty different forms have been found among their papers, on their tombstones, and in contemporaneous public records. How William himself wrote it, it is impossible to say; according to Dr. Johnson, each time differently in the three signatures to his will. In a mortgage deed given by the corporation of London, it is *Shaksper.* The indorsement on an indenture between Shakespeare and two of his neighbors in Stratford

spells it *Shackspeare*. Among other forms discovered in the records of the family are the following: *Shaxpur*, *Chacksper*, *Schakespeire*, *Shayspere*, *Shakaspeare*, *Shaykspere*, and *Schakespayr*. Patronymics often varied at that time, as they do now, in different families, and in different sections of the country, but here the variations in the same household were numerous, and apparently at haphazard. Nevertheless, it is a singular circumstance, that in all the forms tabulated by Wise, nineteen hundred and six in number, the one appearing on the title-pages of the plays and poems, *Shakespeare*, is unique. No member of the family in any part of the kingdom appears to have written the name in that way. Literature had an absolute monopoly of it.*

3. Shakespeare's handwriting, of which we have five specimens in his signatures to legal documents, was not only almost illegible, but singularly uncultivated and grotesque, wholly at variance with the description given of the manuscripts of the plays in the preface to the folio edition of 1623. The editorial encomium was in these words: —

"His mind and hand went together; and what he thought he uttered with that *easiness* that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers."

In this connection, we reproduce the five autographs of Shakespeare, the only acknowledged specimens of his penmanship in existence, in *fac-simile*: —



* It is significant, also, that in some of the quartos first published the name appears with a hyphen, thus, *Shake-speare*, as though to distinguish it in another slight respect from that of the actor.

4. No letter written by him has come down to us, and but one (soliciting a loan of money) addressed to him. An inspection of his autograph is alone sufficient to explain the paucity of his correspondence, if not its absolute non-existence.

5. In the dedication of the *Venus and Adonis*, published in 1593, Shakespeare calls that poem the first heir of his invention. This makes it antedate the plays. Accordingly, Richard Grant White sets it down as written in 1584–85, before Shakespeare left Stratford. Furnivall, also, assigns it to the same early date.

The *Venus and Adonis* is a product of the highest culture. It is prefixed with a Latin quotation from Ovid, and is written throughout in the purest, most elegant and scholarly English of that day. Hazlitt compares it to an ice-house, "almost as hard, as glittering, and as cold." Is it possible that in a town where six only of nineteen aldermen and burgesses could write their names, where the habits of the people were so inconceivably filthy that John Shakespeare, father of William, was publicly prosecuted on two occasions for defiling the street in front of his house, where the common speech was a *patois* rude to the verge of barbarism, and where, probably, outside of the schools and churches, not a half dozen books, as White admits, were to be found among the whole population, — is it possible that in such a town a lad of twenty composed this classical epic?

6. It is believed that Shakespeare left his home in Stratford and went to London some time between 1585 and 1587. He was then twenty-one to twenty-three years of age. One of the first of the Shakespeare plays to be produced on the stage was "Hamlet," and the date not later than 1589. It was founded on a foreign tragedy of which no translation then existed in English. As first presented, it was probably in an imperfect form, having been subsequently rewritten and enlarged into what is now, perhaps, the greatest individual work of genius the human mind has produced. To assume that Shakespeare, under the circumstances in which he was then placed, at so early an age, fresh from a country town where there were few or no books, and from a family circle whose members could not read or write, was the author of this play, would seem to involve a miracle as great as that

imputed to Joshua — in other words, a suspension of the laws of cause and effect.*

7. The end of his career was as remarkable as the beginning. His residence in London extended over a period of twenty-five years, during which time, according to popular belief, he wrote thirty-seven dramas, one hundred and fifty-four sonnets, and two or three minor poems, besides accumulating, in active business, a fortune the income of which has been estimated at one thousand pounds (equivalent in our time and in our money to twenty-five thousand dollars) per annum. Such an instance of mental fecundity the world has never seen before or since.

In 1610 or thereabouts, while he was still comparatively young (at the age of forty-six), he retired from London, and passed the remainder of his days among his old neighbors in Stratford, loaning money and brewing beer for sale. His intellectual life seems to have terminated as abruptly as it had begun. The most faithful scrutiny fails to show that he took the slightest interest in the fate of the plays left behind him, or in his own reputation as the author of them. Some of these productions were still in manuscript, unknown even to the stage, and not given to the public, either for fame or profit, till thirteen years after his retirement. Such indifference to the children of his brain and so complete a seclusion in the prime of his manhood from the refinements of life present to us a picture, not only painful to contemplate, but one that stultifies human nature itself.

8. Our surprises do not cease at his death. On the heavy stone slab that marks his grave in the old church at Stratford, visitors read the following inscription : —

> "Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
> To dig the dust enclosed here :
> Blest be the man that spares these stones,
> And curst be he who moves my bones."

These lines are evidently his own, for the imprecation contained in them prevented his wife, who survived him, from being laid at rest by his side.

* It has been suggested that the original "Hamlet" was by another author. This supposition, however, encounters an improbability of its own, not so great as the one mentioned in the text, but still fatal; viz., that a playwright would adopt for the title of his masterpiece a name already familiar to the public, and identified in the same age with the same subject. No absurd hypothesis stands in Bacon's way, for he was nearly thirty years of age when "Hamlet" was first played, had been highly educated at home and abroad, and was then a briefless barrister at Gray's Inn.

9. Shakespeare made no mention of any literary property in his will. He was careful to specify, among other bequests, his "second-best bed," but not a book, not a copy of one of his own books, not even a manuscript, though one half of all his works, including the immortal dramas of *Macbeth*, *Tempest*, and *Julius Cæsar*, were unpublished, and some of them even unknown, at the time of his death.*

10. So far as we know, Shakespeare never claimed the authorship of the plays. He permitted his name to be used, doubtless for good and sufficient reasons, and in accordance with a not unusual custom at that period, on the title-pages of fourteen of them printed in his lifetime, as he did also on a large number of others which we know were not his. His reticence on the subject, especially after his retirement to Stratford, is itself a presumptive proof of his integrity and honor. His fellow-townsmen, it is probable, never witnessed one of these productions on the stage. Neither his local fame (if he had any) as a dramatist, nor the influence of his wealth and position (if exerted by him) overcame their repugnance to theatrical representations; for in 1602 the Board of Aldermen prohibited any performance of the kind in the town under a penalty of ten shillings. In 1612, when Shakespeare's reputation among his neighbors should have been at its zenith, the penalty was increased to ten pounds. The key to the situation lies in his stolidity, or in his sense of honor.

11. The references to Shakespeare, direct and indirect, in contemporaneous literature (1592–1616) have been carefully collated and published. They number one hundred and twenty-five, and may be classified as follows: those made to him as a reputed author or to his works, one hundred and twenty; those made to him as a man, five. The citations in the first class are, of course, irrelevant to our purpose. In the second, we find statements from the following named persons: Robert Greene and Henry Chettle, 1592; John Manningham, 1601; an anonymous writer, 1605; and Thomas Heywood, 1612. Greene denounces Shakespeare as an impostor; Chettle disclaims the honor of a personal ac-

*Counsel on the other side attempt to meet this point by saying that Shakespeare had sold his manuscripts to the theatre company before leaving London. They have so long assumed this to be true that they now state it unqualifiedly, though without a particle of proof. They should issue instructions, however, to the cicerone at Stratford who informs visitors that the wicked manuscripts were destroyed, after Shakespeare's death, by his puritanical children!

quaintance with him; Manningham makes him the hero of an amour; the anonymous writer (after the manner of such writers) calls attention to his penurious habits, his chronic disregard of obligations, and his wealth; and Heywood is indignant because two of his own poems had been published by a piratical printer as Shakespeare's, but (he affirms) without the latter's consent.

Excepting Ben Jonson, and apart from the official records of baptism, marriage, and death, of transfers of property and suits at law, these obscure writers tell us all we know, and more than we can believe to be true, of William Shakespeare, the man. Not a word, not the remotest hint from friend or foe within the circle of his acquaintance, of a transcendent genius, or, indeed, of any literary ability whatever.

"I cannot marry this fact to his verse." — *Emerson.*

"A mere fabulous story, a blind and extravagant error." — *Schlegel.*

"What! are we to have miracles in sport? . . . Does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truths to man?" — *Coleridge.*

(To be continued.)

REPRESENTATIVE CONGRESSMEN ON THE PENDING PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

I.

Why the Democratic Party Should Elect the Next President.

There are many reasons why the next president should be a Democrat. The following seem to me to be the most important:—

First, the president of the United States is a part of the law-making power of the government. If he should differ with Congress as to the propriety of any proposed legislation and should interpose his veto, it would require two thirds of each body to overcome his objections. If the next Congress should be Democratic in both branches, which now seems more than probable, the president should be in harmony with the two houses. Otherwise, notwithstanding there might be a decided majority in Congress in favor of the policies advocated by the Democratic Party, the president, by the exercise of the veto power, could thwart the will of the people expressed at the polls. The veto power itself is undemocratic, and should be exercised only on extraordinary occasions, and in cases when there was evidently an inadvertence, or where some constitutional inhibition had been disregarded. Presidents heretofore, however, have not adhered to this strict rule for the application of the veto power. They have generally allowed their own ideas of public policy to control their action, and to cause them to take issue with the representatives of the people and the representatives of the states as to the mere policy of proposed legislation.

In the ensuing presidential contest the tariff question will be the paramount issue. Upon that question the people have already spoken, and especially at the election in 1890 for representatives in Congress. An unprecedented majority was returned to that body in opposition to the leading features of the McKinley Bill, the policies of the Republican

Party generally, and in favor of a thorough and genuine reform of the tariff laws of the country. I have no doubt a large majority of the American people still adhere to the decision expressed in 1890. Under our conservative form of government it is possible, and in fact frequently happens, that a popular majority of the electors as expressed at a particular election would be in favor of one political party, while through the machinery of the electoral college a president would be chosen in opposition thereto. Such a result at the ensuing election would be a public calamity. The people who elect the Congress should have the benefit of executive co-operation in the law-making power.

Second, the Republican Party has controlled the executive offices of the government, with the exception of the four years of Cleveland's administration, since 1861. Mr. Cleveland's administration was conservative in methods. During his entire administration the Senate contained a majority of Republicans, while the House was Democratic. No legislation in harmony with Democratic principles was possible, except such as was coerced from an unwilling Senate. During those four years little was done in legislation, except to pass appropriation bills, and such other measures as were regarded as non-partisan. There has been no opportunity, therefore, for more than thirty years for the enactment of laws in harmony with the wishes of one of the great political parties of the country, which has, at many of the presidential elections intervening, cast a majority of the popular votes of the country. It is high time that that party should be placed in position to control legislation, and to overhaul all the departments of the government.

There are many useless offices, sinecures, and overgrown bureaus. There are many persons in the service of the government who have come to conclude that they hold their places by divine right, and a strong sentiment has grown up in favor of a permanent office-holding class. A thorough change in administration and in legislation is necessary to bring our government back to the true principles of our fathers, and to teach all public officials that they are the mere servants of the people, and not their masters.

Third, during Mr. Cleveland's administration there was a great reform in the executive departments in the expenditure of public money. Every department of the government re-

duced expenditures, and the effect was marked in the appropriations required for the support of the government. Each secretary and head of bureau strove to reduce public expenditures, and secure a strict accountability of all government officials. The consequence was, that when President Cleveland turned the government over to his successor, the expenses had been so far reduced that we were collecting a hundred million dollars more than were necessary for the ordinary and contingent expenses of the government. Now, after three years of Republican rule, the surplus has been squandered, and we are threatened with a large deficit. A Republican president and Republican officials will be slow to correct abuses which have grown up under their own party, and will hesitate to abolish offices and reduce expenditures when the office-holders and the beneficiaries of the expenditures are members of their own party. Nothing but a radical change of party administration will bring the government back to strict economy in all its branches.

Pope has expressed a sentiment, which is not without merit: —

> For forms of government let fools contest;
> Whate'er is best administer'd is best.

If the poet's ideal of good government were confined to economy in public expenditures, there would be few to object to it.

Fourth, the next president should be a Democrat for the reason that the Democratic Party at this time is the better representative of true Americanism. It is not sectional, but has its representatives in every school district throughout the length and breadth of the land. The Republican Party, by the very nature of its organization, is sectional. Its members in one third of the states of the Union are principally colored people, many of whom were recently in bondage, and most of whom are in dense ignorance. While the Republican Party must rely upon these forces in the South, it is a continual menace to the peace and good order of society in that section. Race prejudices will be engendered and kept alive, and race contests will continually call for repressive, and perhaps unnecessarily severe measures on the part of the civil authorities. Much of these race difficulties would be avoided and all of them finally done away with if the presi-

dent were a Democrat, and the administration of the government truly national.

Fifth, the president of the United States appoints the Federal judges. Owing to the almost continued Republican ascendancy during the past thirty years, nearly all of the judges of the United States courts are Republicans. A partisan judiciary is unfortunate, and will not promote the best interests of the people or give confidence to litigants. The judges should be as nearly equally divided in political sentiments as possible. For this reason, if for no other, the next president should be a Democrat. He will have the appointment, perhaps, of several members of the Supreme Court and many United States circuit and district judges throughout the country. A Democratic president should be continued in office until the judiciary has received an infusion of Democratic sentiment. In this way greater confidence will be felt, and the people everywhere will have greater respect for this important branch of the public service.

WILLIAM M. SPRINGER.

II.

WHY THE PEOPLE'S PARTY SHOULD ELECT THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

Should the Republicans carry the country and elect the president, the utmost they could accomplish in the way of legislation would be the redemption of their platform promises. It is making a generous concession to allow them so much. Admit, however, that should they gain full control, their declaration of principles would become laws, and the people are still left groaning under (1) the McKinley tariff, (2) the national banking system, (3) the contraction of currency, (4) corporation rule, and (5) the exemption of millionnaires from taxation on their incomes. Let the Republicans win at the next election, and it may be fairly said that government by the people is dead, and that class rule is perpetuated.

2. Suppose a Democrat elected president, suppose Congress Democratic, suppose every plank of the Democratic national platform enacted into law, what relief would come to the great masses of our people? (1) The national banks would remain. (2) Incomes would not be taxed. (3) Tariff bur-

dens, if molested at all, would only be scaled slightly. (4) Corporations would retain their special privileges. (5) Currency would remain contracted, and only be filtered out to the people through the banks.

We deal generously with either party when we admit their honest intention to redeem platform pledges. For instance, the Democratic platform of 1884 demanded gold and silver coinage "of the Constitution." The coinage of that era was the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver upon a ratio of fifteen to one. Mr. Cleveland was elected upon this platform. The first thing he did after election was to truckle to Wall Street and repudiate this free silver pledge.

In the present House of Representatives, Democrats have a majority of one hundred and forty-eight; yet they are unable to pass the law which the above plank in their platform binds them, in honor, to enact. Eighty-two Democratic congressmen repudiate the party pledge. Their speaker, Mr. Crisp, admits that he made a promise to the secret caucus of his party which prevents him, thus far, from enforcing one of the rules of the House, and thereby bringing the Silver Bill to a direct vote.

3. *Both parties* are responsible for the vicious legislation which now oppresses the country.

In 1873 the millionnaires demanded the repeal of the income tax. *Both Democrats and Republicans united in obeying.* In the Senate only two Democrats voted against the repeal; in the House the vote is not recorded. On Feb. 4, 1878, an effort was made to restore the law. It failed. Had the Democrats, who, under the lead of S. S. Cox, Fernando Wood, and Mr. Springer, — *leader of the present Democratic House*, — voted against the proposition, it would have succeeded. On June 15, 1878, another effort in behalf of the income tax was made. It failed. *Fifty-eight Democrats voted against it.*

Upon the tariff question the record is much the same. Neither of the old parties will support a bill which is not distinctly "protective."

On Dec. 1, 1877, Mr. Mills of Texas introduced a resolution attempting to bind the Democrats to a tariff "for revenue." With Democratic aid, the Republicans defeated it.

The record shows that both parties have lavishly squan-

dered the public lands and public moneys in bounties, grants, indorsements, and subsidies; have chartered and rechartered national banks; were silent when free silver was struck down; have been foes to the greenback currency, and have, in financial matters, always obeyed the capitalists. I cannot refrain from giving one example.

The great whiskey ring demanded of Congress the privilege of warehousing their distilled spirits, and a credit of one year in the payment of the tax of ninety cents per gallon thereon. The favor was granted. On March 14, 1878, they demanded a credit of three years instead of one. They got it. Congress enacted the law the ring demanded, and thus loaned to these capitalists hundreds of thousands of dollars on a warehoused product. Our lawmakers required the capitalists to pay five per cent interest upon this loan after the first year. In the House there was a close vote: one hundred and eighteen to one hundred and sixteen. Of the yeas, *one hundred and three were Democrats.* In the Senate, sentiment was so unanimous for the bill that no division was made. Among the Democratic congressmen who voted this two-year, five-per-cent loan to a warehoused product, at the behest of the whiskey ring, I note a large number of persons who now indignantly refuse to grant to *cotton*, *wheat*, and *corn* what they granted to whiskey.

4. *The old parties live on sectional prejudice.* The "bloody shirt" is the favorite garment of both. Just now it is being flaunted most vigorously by Republican and Democratic politicians. The People's Party is the only hope of those who ardently wish to see fraternity unite all sections, and eliminate the hatreds of the past from the arduous tasks of the future.

5. Concede for the People's Party what I have admitted for the others, and its platform answers the question asked at the beginning of this article. Concede that we will do one half we promise, and the question is well answered.

To *pass the income tax;* to *sweep away national banks;* to *restore the free coinage of gold and silver;* to *have money issued directly to the people in sufficient volume to meet the needs of legitimate business* — these are reforms which are entirely within the reach of earnest, persistent agitation. They address themselves favorably to the sober sense of every citizen who is dissatisfied with present conditions. A

mighty impetus would be given to these reforms if we did no more than throw the election of the next president into the House. Their success would be assured if we ourselves elected that president. Land loans and produce loans would surely follow. No reason on earth can be given why the products whose value vitalizes bonds, mortgages, bills, and notes; whose quickening vigor keeps every ship afloat, every engine on the go, every bank busy, every city alive with trade, should not be good security on which to borrow some of the currency which they alone render useful and sound.

The nationalization of the great highways of commerce would inevitably follow. The reign of the people is logically inconsistent with the reign of the corporations. One or the other system is doomed. When the great iron highways are put just where the post office is, the greatest danger to popular government, to purity in elections, to honesty in the courts, to integrity among our lawmakers, will have disappeared forever. Both the old parties are in the folds of the railroad tyranny. The People's Party alone is free.

6. Briefly, then, the People's Party should elect the next president because it is pledged to *real*, *vital*, *imperative reforms*, whose purpose is to destroy *class rule* and to restore to the people the government.

THOMAS E. WATSON.

III.

WHY THE REPUBLICANS SHOULD ELECT THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

The election of a Republican president in 1892 is exceedingly important. It is not only desirable in itself, but gathers increased significance from the fact that such a result would be likely to carry with it and secure a Republican Congress, and so place the national government, in all its departments, under the exclusive domination of the Republican Party. Such control is essential to the highest possibilities of our national life. To overthrow the Republican Party would be to arrest national development and retard individual prosperity. Republicanism is progress — Democracy is retrogression.

The issues involved in the approaching campaign are

clearly defined, and the struggle between the contending political forces will be sharp and decisive.

Chiefest among these is the question of taxation — crystallized into the conflicting theories of protection or free trade. For thirty years the Republican Party has steadily maintained the policy of protection, and the Democratic Party has as steadily and persistently assailed and denounced it. Whenever the Democratic Party has had control of the executive or either branch of Congress, its first blow has been aimed at our protective system. Cleveland condemned it as iniquitous, and recommended its complete abolition, while every Democratic House has assailed it and sought its overthrow. To-day, the national House of Representatives, under the control of the Democratic Party, stands ready to destroy the protective features of our tariff laws, and inaugurate an era of free trade. The Democratic revenue bills now pending before the Committee on Ways and Means of the House of Representatives, if enacted into law, would not only repeal the McKinley tariff of 1890, but utterly destroy the last vestige of our protective policy. Nothing but a Republican executive and Senate prevents the consummation of that end. The instant the Democratic Party can obtain control of both the executive and legislative branches of the government, that moment our protective policy will be overthrown and an era of free trade inaugurated. This cannot be questioned. The protective policy has no party friend outside the Republican organization. Republicanism is protection. Democracy is free trade. The American system of protection must not be abandoned. It has absolved us from humiliating foreign dependence; it has developed and multiplied our domestic resources; it has enlarged the field for labor's profitable employment; it has given remunerative investment to American capital; it has increased our foreign commerce, and, in every way, promoted the material and intellectual development of the American people. A Republican president, therefore, ought to be elected in 1892, backed by a Republican Congress, that public confidence may be restored, and the business interests of the country assured of the permanency of our protective policy.

Again, a Republican president should be elected in 1892, together with a Republican Congress, in order to a wise settlement of our monetary problems. These questions are of vital

concern to the citizen and the nation, and upon their just solution depend, in a large degree, the prosperity of the individual and the credit of the nation. While the free coinage of silver is the most prominent phase of the question presented at this moment, yet our whole monetary system is disturbed by the existence of all sorts of erratic schemes, and nothing but the highest financial skill and statesmanship is adequate to the emergency. The abolition of the national banking system, which has given a stable and abundant currency; the restoration of the old state bank policy, with its uncertain and irresponsible character; the issuing of all currency by the national government in such volume as the needs of trade may seem to demand; the loaning of money to the people by the Federal government at a low rate of interest, secured by mortgages on real or personal property; the deposit of farm products in government warehouses, and the issuing thereon of certificates for a per cent of the value of such products which shall be paid out and received as money; the free and unlimited coinage of silver upon a ratio of commercial inequality with gold — these are some of the many phases of the money question now attracting public attention.

The Republican Party thus far has solved every financial difficulty, and can certainly be trusted to meet the issues of the present. Taking the government, with an exhausted treasury and an impaired public credit, it replenished the one and restored the other. During all the years of its ascendancy no national obligation has been repudiated, and the public credit stands to-day unequalled and unimpaired. While the policy of the Republican Party touching the coinage of silver may not command the approval of the ultra-free-coinage advocate, yet it is a policy which has practically coined into paper the entire output of the American silver mines and maintained all our money, whether of paper or coin, at par with the best money of the world.

A Republican president ought to be elected in 1892, supported by a Republican majority in the National Congress, in order to devise some method by which honesty of elections can be secured. It is the only party through which such a result can hope to be attained. Any measure, at any time, it matters not how conservative or moderate, which seeks to give to every lawful voter the opportunity to cast his ballot,

and have that ballot honestly counted, has, and always will, provoke the united opposition of the Democratic Party. If we ever have in this country a free ballot and a fair count, it will come through the efforts of the Republican Party. The Democratic Party never yet proposed or favored a measure looking to that end.

But these are not the only reasons why the Republican Party should succeed in 1892. Great industrial questions are pressing for solution. We are in the midst of building up our merchant marine and extending our foreign trade. We have taken the initiative toward establishing swift and regular mail communication with foreign nations, especially the countries south of us, and are by this policy regaining our position on the high seas. The Democratic Party persistently refuses, either by vote or voice, to aid this great achievement; and whatever has been done in this direction has been accomplished through the instrumentality of the Republican Party, and in the face of persistent Democratic opposition. If we ever expect to connect the republics of the western hemisphere in trade relations with us, by land or sea, and thus secure our just share of their growing commerce, it must be done under Republican rule. These are some of the many reasons why the Republican Party should succeed in 1892.

J. C. BURROWS.

HYPNOTISM AND MENTAL SUGGESTION.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

I THINK I can safely say that at no time in the history of civilization, so far as our records show, has there been such general and deep-rooted interest on the part of scholars in all problems relating to psychical science as to-day. The materialistic attitude of the scientific world, which followed the birth of modern critical investigation and the rise of psychical science, was a re-action from a condition of almost universal credulity and superstition, which substituted faith in myths for religion, and was ever the sworn enemy of investigation. Naturally enough under the circumstances, the intellectual giants who came out of the darkness of superstition, went to the opposite extreme, refusing to accord a candid hearing to anything not readily apparent to the physical senses. Hence, during the past two or three generations, the attitude of the scientific world has been hostile or indifferent to all investigation which transcended physical science or touched upon psychical or metaphysical subjects. During the past decade, however, a marked change has taken place. Prejudice and bigotry are falling as scales from the eyes of scientific scholarship, and men are beginning to discern the difference between *ready acceptance* of marvellous alleged phenomena and *critical examination* of the same. One of the most encouraging signs of our times is found in a growing desire among scholars to arrive at the truth in regard to those matters which transcend the ordinary experience of men and women, and which, if demonstrated by strictly scientific methods, will open a door to a new world for the civilization of to-morrow to enter and possess. A notable illustration of the transition in thought now in progress is found in the rapidly changing attitude of the medical profession toward hypnotism. A few decades ago this subject was generally scouted within the precincts of the profession. Indeed, no epithets were severe enough to apply to those who were ready to demonstrate its actuality. Now the profession

in Europe and America is asking for a close monopoly in the exercise of that which, a few years ago, the majority of physicians declared to be non-existent.

While it is true that there are persons who, having had no opportunity for investigation, still deny the reality of the hypnotic phenomena, as there are persons who deny the Darwinian theory of evolution, it is safe to say that, among the thoughtful persons who have enjoyed opportunities for investigation, the reality of hypnotism is as generally accepted as any well-established scientific truth of recent years. Assuming, therefore, that the reader accepts the phenomena, I propose in this paper to relate some interesting observations, chiefly of a personal character, which relate to this subject. On the threshold of this discussion, however, it is necessary that we draw the line of distinction between hypnotism and mental suggestion. A patient might be hypnotized daily for years without the slightest benefit, even if the operator were a most skilled physician, provided the hypnotizations were not accompanied by mental suggestions of health; while on the other hand, physicians frequently can and do cure patients without resorting to hypnotism, merely by *mental suggestion*. The chief advantage gained by hypnotizing the patient before giving the suggestion is that it secures a perfectly plastic plate upon which the doctor impresses his thoughts, whereas in the waking condition the mental suggestion in many, if not in most, cases meets opposition or antagonism (though perhaps unconsciously as far as the patient is concerned). It is very important to keep this fact in mind, as I shall probably recur to it later in our discussion, as affording a possible explanation of many phenomena about which at present there is much confusion of thought.

Dr. Hamilton Osgood related to me many instances where extraordinary cures have followed positive suggestion made to the patient when in a perfectly normal condition. As a rule, however, far more can be accomplished after the patient has been thrown into the hypnotic sleep, and it is this phenomenon and the results attending the same, which, if the reader will now follow me, I will describe as I personally witnessed it, some few weeks since, at the Home of Incurables, in the beautiful suburban town of Ashmont.

During this visit Dr. Osgood hypnotized twelve patients.

In each instance the experiment proved completely successful. In many cases the patient yielded readily to the doctor's suggestion; in others it required a few moments to bring the invalid's will entirely under the domination of the physician's will, although it must be remembered that in all instances the patients were hypnotized at their express desire. To me there was something thrilling, startling, and terrible in this spectacle of a human mind instantly yielding to a will more royal than his own; becoming a willing vassal, with ears attuned to no voice save the regal master whose slightest wish becomes absolute law.

The general appearance of a subject in the hypnotic trance is that of natural sleep, although, sometimes, when in a profound slumber, one is reminded of a patient under the influence of ether. There are present, however, these peculiarities in the hypnotic trance: The subject, if in a profound sleep is absolutely at the command of the operator; at a suggestion from him the entire body is as insensible to pain as if perfectly etherized; at his command the body instantly becomes as rigid as if all life had departed; at his suggestion the patient sees visions of the operator's creating and hears, perchance, the ravishing strains of celestial melody. In this realm of dreams he banquets and revels, while perhaps a limb is being amputated. And yet at the voice of the intelligent operator he instantly returns to a normal condition, provided the operator himself never for a moment doubts his ability to awaken the subject. As I noted before, some patients yield much more readily than others. It was indeed interesting and curious to witness the subtle and inherent traits of different patients, even in the moment when the patient's will power was momentarily yielding more and more to the hypnotizer. Thus the first subject hypnotized by Dr. Osgood had expressed his desire to be so treated, and had described at length the trouble from which he was suffering. I readily saw that he was one of those numerous individuals who derive their greatest joy from fault-finding and complaining, — a chronic objector, — and I observed with considerable curiosity the doctor's method of putting him to sleep. As I had anticipated, he involuntarily resisted the physician's suggestions, for a minute or two. For example, after he had been partially hypnotized, Doctor O. said, "Your eyes are heavy, it is difficult for you to raise your lids," he, with an

effort, kept his eyes open a moment, and later, when the doctor said, "You cannot open your eyes," he strove to do so and a gleam of triumph lit his countenance when he succeeded, though the heavy lids fell back almost instantly; and when the affirmation was repeated, he made no further effort, being already in a deep sleep.

The next subject was a passive, mild-mannered man. The doctor did not even look him in the eye, but simply suggested sleep most positively to him after which he lightly touched his brow between the eyes, and he was in a deep slumber, from which he did not awake until a half hour later, when the doctor loosened the bonds by a single word.

In another ward, a boy of about fourteen or fifteen years of age, afflicted with double hip-joint disease, complained of great suffering. One foot was so painful and drawn up that he could not touch the floor with it. He walked on two crutches. He had never been hypnotized, although he had on various occasions seen a number of patients so treated. He was requested to retire to an adjoining room, which he did with great pain and considerable effort. After seeing that he was comfortably placed upon a couch or bed, the doctor said in a kindly yet very positive tone: "Look me in the eyes. Now do not think of me; turn your thoughts inward. *Think* of sleep. *No!* Do not allow your eyes to wander from me; look at me steadily, *but do not think of me; think of* SLEEP! You know how delightful the sensation is when you are conscious that you are drifting into a restful sleep." "Yes," said the patient languidly, and I saw that the spell was already upon him. "Well, think about it; think how lovely it is — that passing away into sleep." Here the doctor touched the forehead between the eyes. "Now you are going to sleep. Your eyes are heavy. You are feeling very sleepy. You are going to sleep. YOU CANNOT OPEN YOUR EYES. (The eyelids partially opened.) NOW! you cannot open your eyes. NOW YOU ARE ASLEEP.

Then he gently rubbed the hip, placed his hand over the heart, and said: "Your circulation is being stimulated. There is a warm sensation passing down the hip. Your muscles are becoming relaxed. All pain will have left your hip when you wake up. You will feel greatly relieved in every way. Now sleep on until I waken you." When, half an hour later, we entered the room in which this boy lay

sleeping, the doctor said, kindly: "You may wake up now." Immediately the boy awoke. He then reached his crutches, and began to follow us out of the room. "Why, doctor," he exclaimed, "see! I can put my foot on the ground, and all the pain is gone." Something like tears glistened in his beaming eyes, and his voice was tremulous with excitement.

In another ward a lady asked to be hypnotized; her stomach was causing her considerable pain. She had been hypnotized several times before, deriving great benefit from this treatment. Dr. Osgood requested her to look him in the eyes for a moment. He then positively commanded her to go to sleep; to keep her mind passive; think only of sleep, and *go to sleep*. In half a minute she was in a profound slumber. He took a sharp instrument in his hand and pricked her face and hands several times with it, but there was nothing to indicate that she felt in the least degree any sensation whatever. The doctor then suggested that her stomach would be entirely relieved, on her waking; and placing his hand over her stomach for a moment, he added: "You are now experiencing a warm sensation; the blood is now called to the stomach; and when you wake all pain will have disappeared. Now sleep on until I call you." He then passed into some other wards, where other women were hypnotized, two of whom remained sleeping only a few minutes after the doctor left. As all persons who are acquainted with hypnotism know, there are different stages. In some cases, the doctor informs me, he may hypnotize a person and keep them entirely under hypnotic influence as long as present, but *as soon as he leaves, they begin to awake*. In other cases a profound sleep follows suggestion, and the patient does not arouse until the doctor breaks the spell by a word.

We next visited a patient who was, in some respects, the most remarkable subject that I have ever seen. This man was suffering great pain from a horrible sore on the hip. He amused himself by mounting horns and making other ornaments. We met him when we first went into the hospital. He was busily at work, but complained of suffering greatly from his hip. The doctor requested him to undress, and be ready by the time he returned in about a quarter of an hour, so he could dress the hip. We found the man ready. He had been hypnotized before, and had proved a remarkably fine subject. Dr. Osgood stood beside the pa-

tient, who was then lying in one of the beds in a ward screened from the other inmates. "James," said he, looking him steadfastly in the eye, "SIX!" Almost instantly the man was in a profound cataleptic slumber, as absolutely unconscious of everything, save the physician's voice, as if he were completely under the influence of ether. The doctor said, "Your right arm is rigid now, James." The arm at once became perfectly rigid. "Raise your right arm!" The arm was raised. "Your arm is rigid; you cannot lower it." The arm remained stationary. "Mr. Flower cannot lower it," said the doctor. I endeavored to do so, but found it was perfectly rigid. I am convinced that it would have been necessary to break it or unjoint some bone in order to have pressed it down. "You can lower your hand now." The hand came down, and soon to all appearances the arm was like the rest of the body, in an apparently normal condition, although entirely insensible to pain. "You are now dreaming," said the doctor, "that you are stroking a beautiful little kitten." Scarcely had the words passed from his mouth, when the hand slowly made a motion as if stroking something. "Do you hear that music?" said the doctor. "No," came a low response. "Why, a band is coming; don't you hear it?" "No." "Well, we will wait until it gets a little nearer. Now it is passing the house; now you hear it, do you not?" "Yes," and a beautiful smile stole over the face which remained until he awakened. Evidently the sleeper was revelling in the music or living in a delightful dream. Turning to the nurse, the doctor said, "We will now dress the sore." It was a large, deep, and ugly looking place in the hip, which had been lanced to the bone. The dressing of the wound was held in place by large strips of surgeon's adhesive plaster. The doctor took hold of one of these strips, and with a quick movement tore the entire outside dressing off. Had the man been conscious, this would have proved terribly painful; but as it was, he seemed lost in a delightful dream, as his face continued to wear the smile of that perfect felicity only found in happy sleep. There was no movement of the body, no twitching of the muscles any more than there would have been had he been dead. The doctor then cleansed the wound, which in the normal condition would have been exceedingly painful, after which, in a hurried though skilful

manner, he packed nearly a yard of iodoform gauze, cut about an inch in width, into the sore, packing it somewhat as a dentist would pack the gold leaf in a tooth. During all this time the patient was evidently enjoying himself immensely, if the facial expression indicated the condition of his mind. Were he not in this profound cataleptic condition," the doctor explained, "it would take me over half an hour to dress this wound, on account of the intense pain he would suffer. I could now cut off his leg," he said, "without his feeling the slightest sensation." After the sore was dressed, he drew up the cover, seated himself beside the patient, and said, "Now you may count ten; when you have counted six, you will awake." Slowly and in a low tone the patient began to count. When he reached six his eyes opened. A dazed expression, as one suddenly roused from a deep slumber, was exhibited. He continued to count. "Why are you counting?" said the doctor. "I don't know," he replied, in a foolish, abashed manner. By that time he reached ten, and stopped. "Do you remember anything?" "No." "Yes you do." "No." "Didn't you dream anything?" "I seemed to dream a good many things, but do not remember what they were." "Think! Didn't you dream you heard anything?" "No." "Yes you did." "No." "Think again!" "No." "Try now! Think again!" The man seemed to be making a desperate effort to recollect; finally he said, as if digging up thoughts from the depths of his brain, "I think I heard a band of music playing, but I am not sure." "Are you ready for your hip to be dressed?" "Yes, doctor, but it is not paining me now." "The pain has all left, has it?" "Yes, sir."

One patient — a mulatto girl — afforded a brilliant illustration of the beneficent results of hypnotism when intelligently and conscientiously applied for the treatment of certain diseases. The facts of this most remarkable case were given in a paper by Dr. Osgood, in the following language: —

"As the result of a heavy fall, the patient gradually lost power in the lower limbs until she could not move a toe, and it was necessary to move and place her feet for her. When placed upon her feet, she sank to the floor as if her legs were mere pulp. In this way she lived two years, and nothing helped her. When I first saw her she suffered from severe

constipation, retention of urine, and constant spinal pain, together with depression of mind and lack of appetite. At my first interview with the patient, I hypnotized her. She quietly fell into a deep sleep. I at once lifted her leg into a horizontal position, as she sat in a large chair, and said, "You cannot put this leg down." It remained fixed. This convinced me that the affection was functional and not organic, and that the patient could be made to walk. At this time the legs were wholly deprived of muscle, and presented merely bone covered with skin. The proper suggestions were made twice weekly during three months. At the end of this time the girl could stand and walk a few steps, and the muscles were once more apparent. The other troubles had wholly disappeared. I then left her for nine months, at the end of which time I applied hypnotic suggestion a few times as a tonic. Nothing else has been done for her, and she now walks naturally, covering long distances. Her legs are full and firm in their muscular development, and the patient is well."

I questioned this young lady closely and also the matron about the facts in the case; not that I doubted the physician, but that I might have corroborative evidence. Both told in their own language the story which is above related.

Now may not the wonderful results being obtained through mental suggestion at the hands of eminent physicians and hypnotists in Europe and America afford an explanation, in part at least, of the remarkable results which have followed the treatment of numbers of persons by metaphysicians and Christian scientists, after the very flower of the medical profession have consigned these patients to their graves?

One of the most scholarly members of the Massachusetts Medical Society related to me a case, the details of which he not only vouched for, but gave me names and addresses of all persons concerned. In substance the facts were these: A well-known lady in Boston had descended to the gate of the grave in the frightful hour of maternity. A second time the terrible ordeal was passed through with even greater anguish, the physicians in charge for a time regarding recovery as exceedingly doubtful, and so convinced were they of the critical condition that they assured her that if ever again she became a mother, the ordeal would unquestionably cost

her her life. In the course of time she again faced the fateful hour which had heretofore been fraught with agony beyond human conception and prostration which wrecked her system. But during the interim she had placed herself under a mental healer and, strange to say, passed the ordeal with scarcely any pain, and a few days later was able to leave her bed and look after the duties of her home.

I have personally investigated some cases that have come under my observation during the past few months scarcely less remarkable; cases which demonstrate the wonderful power of the mind in certain cases over mind and matter, and the cases I have in view are not those which are considered in any way dependent on the nervous organism. I merely suggest the possibility of mental suggestion being a clue to this strange spectacle of diseases which have defied all medical skill, yielding to the subtle spell of impalpable thought.

I am further satisfied that diseases are frequently due to mental pictures such as have been described by Professor Janet and other scientific physicians, and that when this is the case they may be suggested away as effectively as a child may with a sponge erase a hideous picture from his slate. I, however, advance these thoughts tentatively, fully satisfied that we cannot afford to be dogmatic at this stage of investigation, as we are only on the threshold of the realm of psychic science. I believe the future will unfold truths of vast significance; truths which will change the thought of the world and aid greatly in transforming civilization.

There are many things connected with hypnotism which are interesting and suggestive. A child yields to the hypnotic suggestion much more easily than an adult, and as a rule, old people are slower to respond than any other class. People in the primitive or savage state are nearer to nature and hence, like children, yield readily to hypnotism; and inhabitants of the tropics are far more susceptible than those who live in the colder zones.

Animals also are said to yield readily to the mental suggestion of hypnotizers, especially if the strong thought sent forth is accompanied by a monotonous noise, which seems to shut out all else from the animal save the hypnotist's thought. An interesting account of this nature is furnished

me by a valued correspondent, which I give below as illustrating this point in a striking manner.

"I tried my power," writes this friend, "on chickens, and succeeded without any trouble, but thought little of it as they were gentle; but a week or two ago there were two mice running around my room. I began to make a monotonous sound with my voice, while willing the animals to come to me. After awhile one of them came directly in front of me. I put my hand over him, continuing to say, "Come, come." He made a slight effort to get away; I immediately raised my hand, as I wished it to be done entirely by will force. The third time I covered him with my hand, he was perfectly quiet. I put him on my knee, stroked him down a few times, found him so under the influence that I laid him on the table, while I got the other one, merely willing he should stay there. I tried twenty times to make the last mouse keep still enough for me to touch. I treated him as I did the first, returned to the table, took up my other mouse, placing one on each knee, rubbed them both down a few minutes, and then they were truly 'as still as mice.' After about twenty minutes I grew tired of them and pushed them from my lap, but found they staggered like drunken things. I picked them up and put them in another room, but the one easiest influenced followed me across the room. I took him back; and when I rose up an hour afterward, he was crouched at my feet. I took him up and willed him to eat, and he would make the motion, but seemed to have no strength to bite with. After dinner I found them together; I stooped to pick them up and the wild one ran away, and I found him dead in a little while. The other one seemed to revive after some time of effort on my part to restore him, but next morning I found him dead."

I have cited this case as illustrating in a curious manner the susceptibility of wild animals to hypnotic suggestion, and because it affords an additional illustration of the possible power of the human mind. And while, like electricity, steam, and other subtle but potent forces for good, hypnotism, in the hands of ignorance or evil, may become an engine of injury and destruction, I am satisfied, from my conversation with those who, through careful study and wide practice of hypnotism, are competent to safely express their

views, that the public mind has greatly exaggerated the possibilities of evil; for I am assured that where persons are thoroughly acquainted with the possible power of hypnotism, no one can injure them through its employment *against their will*. In the past, doubtless many persons have been fascinated and ruined by this power, because in each case the mind of the victim was ignorant of the existence of this subtle influence. When, however, general information is diffused, there is little or nothing to be feared from persons being hypnotized against their will; while the beneficent results following its use in the practice of surgery and medicine are becoming more and more marked every day. Moreover, the marvellous demonstrations made by the flower of European scientists during the past decade in this department of research have brought to light undreamed-of powers of the human mind, while they have directed the attention of many scholars to the hitherto tabooed field of psychic science, an unexplored realm whose possibilities we are only beginning to dream of, but whose revelations will, I believe, prove as rich in vital truth as the splendid discoveries which have marked the past century in physical science.

CONFESSIONS — II. THE THEOLOGIAN.

ASSUMING that the object of the series of "Confessions" of which this article is one is to instruct and help the readers of the various papers composing it, I shall be entirely unreserved and frank in the statement of my experience. In no other way could I hope to write anything that would aid others in the solution of the problems which have perplexed me. From the vantage-ground which I now occupy — be it said without conceit, but rather with humility — I cannot but wonder at my former painful wrestling with problems which now appear to me so easy of solution, and I have a sincere desire to help those who are engaged in the like struggle. The confessions herein set down are not written for the illuminated, and may not interest people who, having solved or had solved for them all theological problems, peacefully sleep the sleep of dogmatism. If by indicating the course of my own intellectual progress I shall be able to direct and encourage any one who is earnestly striving to overcome the difficulties which beset his way in this most important field of inquiry, I shall feel that I have not written in vain these humble confessions. Since the limits of a magazine article require a restriction of my theme, I shall confine myself chiefly to a record of my experience as a Bible-student, and shall touch upon other matters only as they are closely related to this department of theological study.

I can hardly regard it as a misfortune that I was reared in the traditional faith. Had my childhood and early youth been passed in an atmosphere of scepticism, I should have suffered a loss, and been exposed to a peril — the loss of the struggle which I have undergone, which I regard as a very important part of my education, and the peril of now being a sceptic without well knowing the grounds of my scepticism. Had I children to rear, I should not, indeed, wish them to grow up in darkness; but rather than communicate to them my doubts only, I would indicate to them the right lines of inquiry, that they might have the discipline and the joy of finding their own way to the light of a rational faith. I believe the pursuit of truth to be one of the most fruitful

sources of happiness that this life affords, and I would not deprive any one of this happiness by dogmatically settling his convictions or by prematurely disclosing to him what it were better for him that he should find out for himself. Now in saying that I was reared in the traditional faith I mean that I was taught the so-called "evangelical" doctrines of the infallibility of the Bible, the atonement, the Trinity, and the endless punishment of "the finally impenitent." Hearing these doctrines preached from Sunday to Sunday, I accepted them without inquiry, and regarded all who questioned them as infidels. I looked upon them as the essentials of Christianity, and believed that my salvation depended upon my adherence to them.

The first revolt of my reason was against the doctrine of endless punishment. I had, indeed, been taught to distrust reason, and that to follow it was to imperil my salvation, but silence it I could not. The horrors of the doctrine of destiny as I had received it were so overwhelming, the torture which it caused me was so keen, that I could not but seek relief in any way and at any risk. According to the popular doctrine of "probation," there was to be no opportunity for a change of character after death; and since the great majority of mankind died "impenitent," the issue could only be a sparsely-peopled paradise and a populous perdition. In view of such a pitiable and monstrous result, I felt that I had no choice but optimism or atheism. As at this stage of my progress I could entertain no doubt or belief without biblical support, I was led to examine the Bible with reference to this question, and my conclusion was that the heart-breaking creed which had caused me so much anguish was not sufficiently supported in it to warrant belief. It seemed to me a stultification of reason to proclaim in the same breath this doctrine and that of the fatherhood of God. To my reason the doctrines of human freedom and a limited probation presented an irreconcilable contradiction; and since I could not but believe in the former, I was forced to conclude that every soul might at any time in its existence choose whether it would serve the evil or the good. Hence the arbitrary exclusion of any one from eternal life appeared to me unthinkable. In view of human freedom, "final impenitence" of course became a fiction, and the "final permanence" of character an absurdity. Freedom,

it is true, created a difficulty, since some might forever choose sin, and hence endlessly suffer its consequences. But my confidence in the power and ultimate victory of truth and the divine love, left little ground for anxiety on this score. So great was my joy in the thought of an endless opportunity for every soul, that I was not inclined to speculate or dogmatize about the absoluteness of destiny; and since my awaking from the nightmare of the divine wrath, I have been unspeakably happy in cherishing the eternal hope.

It very soon became evident to me that the conclusions which I had reached were incompatible with the doctrine of the atonement. A father who was ready to receive with open arms the prodigal son upon repentance, return, and confession, could not require propitiation by the anguish and blood of a sacrifice — could not tolerate a mediator or intercessor. My conscience revolted at the idea of an innocent being assuming the punishment of the guilty. My reason rejected the thought that under natural law penalty could be transferred. A righteousness not acquired but "imputed" appeared to me a transparent absurdity. I felt that my self-respect would receive an incurable wound were I at the gate of paradise to "plead the merits" of Jesus instead of appearing in my own character. I could think of no efficacious cleansing from my sin but that of my own penitential tears and heart-broken confession. My views on this subject were considerably determined by an ethical revolt at a corollary of the doctrines of probation and atonement that morality counted for nothing in relation to destiny. My confidence in the whole "scheme of salvation" was shaken by the teaching that character was of so little account in the life to come; that eternal bliss could be secured by a death-bed or gallows repentance of the worst of men, while the best of men morally were doomed to perdition if they should not before death accept the atonement. It appeared to me that if this doctrine were true, God was a trifler who honored a fictitious and mocked at a real righteousness, and that I could not enjoy existence in communion with such a being. My position was strengthened by the observation of the fictitious character of the righteousness of very many people who believed themselves "saved" by reason of having experienced a marvellous "change," which I in vain sought to experience. I did not find that they were any better than many others,

while not a few of them were far from honest and righteous in reality. The biblical arguments for the atonement presented no great difficulty to me at this time, since by exegetical expedients in which I had become expert I could explain the passages which appeared to teach it in favor of my opinions.

The abandonment of the atonement logically carried with it the rejection of the doctrine of the divinity of Christ. I found that this doctrine was chiefly held because of the assumed necessity of an infinite sacrifice for sin. With the disappearance of this necessity from my thought, the logical basis of the doctrine crumbled. If the mission of Jesus were that of a teacher and exemplar, his humanity appeared to answer all the logical conditions in the case. If his resurrection was, as I believed, an evidence of human immortality, then must he have been a man, and not God. The popular Christology as it was taught to me presented the most glaring inconsistencies and contradictions. It was impossible for me to think of the same personality as at once man and God, as at once finite and infinite, as knowing all things and not knowing all things, as absolute and yet dependent and praying for help. Since I could not believe Jesus to have been both man and God, I was forced to believe that he was altogether one or the other; and since his biographies in the gospels presented him as a man with human feelings, necessities, and limitations, I was compelled to accept what is known as the humanitarian doctrine of his person. I rejected the story of the miraculous conception under Norton's teaching as a later addition to the original record; and the passages apparently teaching the pre-existence of Jesus in the fourth Gospel and other writings of the New Testament I disposed of by well-known exegetical artifices. I confess that I did not reach this conclusion regarding the person of Christ without a great and long-continued struggle between reason and traditional ideas. To abandon my belief in the divine nature of Christ seemed to me at first to be the giving up of all that was divine and authoritative in Christianity; but reflection taught me that the truth of Christianity as a religion did not depend upon any theory as to the nature of its founder, since if it were a revelation from God, the medium through which it came was not of vital importance. I saw, too, that in any case the divinity of Christ was a dogma which was not capable of

verification. I was the more easily reconciled to the subordination of Christ when I saw how, in his deification, God was retired into the background as an awful majesty, and the worship of the Father whom Jesus revealed was neglected in the adoration of the Propitiator. I was saddened and sickened at this sentimental Christolatry which I could only regard as an emasculation of the religion of Jesus. It seemed to me to bode no good to religion and morality, that by devotion to this *cult* men were becoming inclined to trust too little in virtue and good works and too much in "grace" and atonement. The humanitarian view of Christ, however, rather increased than diminished my love and reverence for him. I realized as never before the moral and spiritual power of his example. He became to me a guide, helper, and friend, and I was inspired with enthusiasm to make his great cause prevail. I saw my Saviour, not in a great magician who had abolished the law and averted the wrath of God, but in a luminous soul by whose light was revealed the beneficence of the law and the goodness of God. I felt that it would be the consummation of my existence to attain the moral and religious life of Jesus, to commune with God and serve man as he did. His relation to me was wholly changed. Instead of his death, his life and teaching now became paramount. His cross no longer stood in my thought for a sacrificial atonement, but became a glorious symbol of self-renunciation and service, in the presence of which life and duty assumed diviner meanings, and love was sanctified.

Thus far in my theological progress I had been a diligent student of the text of the Bible, but not of its history or criticism. I believed in its inspiration and authority, and sought to establish my theological opinions by proof-texts, which, I confess, I sometimes employed in a very forced and arbitrary way. This free handling of the Bible prepared the way for the next phase of my development. I had not escaped the influence of the scientific spirit, and I believed too firmly in the authority of reason to renounce it. I was accordingly forced to undertake the immense task of reconciling science and reason with the Scriptures. Inevitably I became a rationalist. My dominant presumption was that the Bible must accord with reason, and with all the results of human knowledge. I did not inquire into the grounds of this presumption, but held it as a traditional belief which

was not to be questioned. I now look back with the greatest humiliation upon this period of painful wrestling with the impossible task which I had undertaken. I became a harmonizer and allegorizer of Scripture. I resorted to puerile and unfair expedients in order to bring conflicting passages into accord. I sought for profounder meanings and double senses, in order to make what was trivial important, and what was irrational deeply significant. I "reconciled" the first chapters of Genesis with the conclusions of Geology. I entered with zest upon explanations of the biblical miracles in accordance with natural law, and maintained the marvellous proposition that a work done in accordance with a "higher" natural law may be a miracle. In order to bring the Old Testament into agreement with the New, I adopted the theory of a "progressive revelation," and was able to reconcile the divine commandment to sacrifice beasts with the declaration from heaven that Jehovah was not pleased with the blood of bulls and goats, and the law of retaliation with the injunction to pray for one's enemies. Although the Messianic prophecies of the Old Testament plainly, as I could not but see, had in view a temporal ruler, I found no difficulty in applying them to Christ by the artifice of a double sense. I took the widest liberty with words, and interpreted the imprecatory psalms as expressions of "righteous indignation," and "anger" applied to God as used in a sense reconcilable with love. I supposed the "repentance" of God to be somehow reconcilable with His omniscience, but was not quite clear upon this point. I got over the slaughter of the Canaanites and the numerous other barbarities which in the Old Testament had the sanction of Jehovah, by supposing them to be in harmony with an inscrutable divine providence which makes small account of a few human lives. The hewing of Agag in pieces by a prophet of Jehovah I looked upon as an act of sublime heroism. I explained Jesus' feeding of the multitude on the theory of a division among themselves by the people of provisions which they had; the miracle at Cana by supposing that a friend of Jesus put wine into the jars instead of water, and the resurrection of Lazarus as a case of suspended animation. These interpretations, I will say, in partial exculpation of myself, were not my own inventions, but for the most part productions of eminent theological authorities of the time.

It soon became evident to me that I could not long remain in this state of mind. There was an insincerity, even a dishonesty, in this forced harmonizing and violent dealing with texts, and in this superficial explanation, which I felt to be degrading and demoralizing. The juggling with words by which I explained away texts in the fourth Gospel which plainly teach the pre-existence of Christ, always gave me a contempt of myself. I put to myself the question whether, since I could not be a traditionalist, there was a necessity of my being a rationalist. I found that I was a rationalist because I used my reason and accepted the Bible as authoritative, and I began to consider whether I ought not logically to try my reason upon this latter position. My first reflection was that the divine authority of the Bible was nothing but a traditional dogma; that it was illogical to attempt to prove it from the Bible itself; and that, in fact, it was entirely without foundation. To clear this matter up, I now began a thorough critical investigation of the several books of the Bible in connection with the history of the times in which they were written, their date, authorship, and relation to their age. I found that some of them were composite, the work of two or more writers of different times, and that the authorship and date of most of them were altogether unknown. The phenomena which those of the Old Testament presented were such as one would naturally expect to find in the religious literature of a people having a genius for religion. I found the New Testament to contain biographies of Jesus which appeared to be written in sincere earnestness, without any pretension to superhuman direction, and such letters as might naturally be produced for the occasion by able men under the influence of a great religious awakening. The superlatively great and striking phenomena of this Book appeared to me to be the teachings and life of Jesus, which, though differently apprehended by the several writers, constituted the strength and glory of the whole.

My entire attitude toward the Bible was now changed, and I experienced an unspeakable relief in being able to be honest and self-respecting in my dealing with it. Far behind me now were all harmonizing expedients, allegorizing, and violence to the text. In my exegesis I was concerned only with finding out what each writer intended to say, not with making it appear that he agreed with another. The word of

each I regarded as an interpretation of history, religion, or morals, which I was to estimate at its true value; for I had come to think that the problems of life must be solved by every man for himself, and that he is wise who consults the voices of the great of all ages, who have wrestled with them before him. Thus for the first time the Bible became of inestimable service to me, since I had learned how to use it. When I ceased to abuse it, it began to help me. From its history I derived instruction and encouragement in righteousness, and from the prophets and Jesus I learned how I might commune with God, and be strengthened and blessed, seeing for myself duty and obedience and love as they had seen them. It was now evident to me that no moral or religious truth can be helpful to any one, can be a real revelation to him, which he does not himself discern by the use of his powers, and actually take up into his experience. Believing, then, that all revelation was internal, I sought to place myself at the point of view of the great souls out of which the Bible came, and to make their experience my own. Having done with harmonizing the evangelists, I devoted myself to finding and trying to experience the religion of Jesus. I no longer vexed myself about external miracles in my satisfaction in the complete internal authentication of the word of Christ. Having learned to discriminate between this word and the various apprehensions and interpretations of it in the New Testament, I was little occupied with these, and indifferent to the ideas of the writer of the fourth Gospel about the Logos and his pre-existence.

The power of the teaching and life of Christ in the history of eighteen centuries, and in the consciousness of the men and women who adorn this age, is the one great fact in which I now believe. In the various attitudes which I have been compelled to take toward the records of Christianity, I have never for a moment wavered in my faith in the spiritual preeminence and mastership of Jesus, and in my present intellectual relation to them I do not find this faith in the least diminished. The many minor heresies about which I once distressed myself dwindle into insignificance in comparison with the only real heresy which I now recognize — that of a life which is false to the spirit of love, purity, and self-renunciation which Jesus made immortal.

THE DESCENT FROM EDEN.

BY REV. JOSEPH S. DAVID.

THE story of Eden has a decidedly supermundane appearance; and the mind which reflects thereon, yet sees not its inner wisdom, naturally queries, How could a tree of knowledge grow in an objective garden? How could a rib, taken out of a man, be transformed into a woman? How could a serpent speak with human voice and reason? How could a cherubim and a flaming sword be made the guardians of a tree? And how could the fruit of that tree, if eaten, produce immortality? Many an honest mind has rejected the story as a myth, on the ground of its supernatural appearance.

And yet what is a myth? Can there be a "myth" without a truth back of it? How did the myth come to be? Can there be a creation of something out of nothing? What is a myth but a relic of ancient truth? If all the so-called myths of the East could be traced back to their primeval origin, might we not almost discover the Fountain of Truth?

But again; might not the story of Eden be more than either a history or a myth? A history is a mere relation of events, which may or may not contain much of value in it. A myth may be a gross distortion of ancient truth or of history. There yet remains the *allegory*, which may be divine in its construction and unperverted in its descent to us. I am convinced that no one can study the story of Eden and penetrate to its real inwardness without perceiving in it a divine allegory. It should be remembered that ancient language was much more allegorical than modern language. The infant race, not having sufficient language to express abstract ideas, clothed them with earthly imagery. A crafty nature was represented by a fox, a ravenous nature by a wolf or a raven, the Divine Spirit by breath or wind, temptations by billows of the deep, a fertile mind by a garden, etc. Modern language, containing, as it does, many words which express abstract ideas, has largely done away with the allegory, so that it is difficult for the trained and conventional mind of to-day to realize how necessary, and even how beautiful and

rich the allegoric style was to the ancients. I say "rich" because the ancients, in their innocence and unclouded intuitions, saw deeper into the meaning of allegories and symbols than do the minds of this age, which is largely an age of ruts and inherited dogmas.

The term "garden," therefore, did not necessarily mean an objective, visible garden; and in many Scripture passages where similar terms are used, it had no reference to such. In the parable of the sower going forth to sow, the seed sown was declared to be the Word of God, and sown in the mind. The mind is, therefore, a field or garden. The tree of which man was forbidden to eat was "the tree of the knowledge of good and evil." Where does knowledge grow? In the mind. Knowledge cannot grow in an objective garden, or anywhere outside the mind. As the knowledge of good and evil cannot be a material tree, so the death that our early ancestors suffered by eating thereof cannot be a physical death. The eating was spiritual and the death spiritual, and we will see presently what it was that died.

The symbolic character of the story becomes the more evident when we remember the *location* ascribed to the garden. It was *eastward* in Eden. As the sun rises in the east, that quarter has always been regarded as the origin of light. Hence the coming of the Son of Man has been compared to light "shining from the east even unto the west." The ancients prayed with their faces toward the east, because their mental faces were turned toward the inner source of spiritual illumination. When the post-diluvians journeyed from the east, they came to the Plain of Shinar, and there built the Tower of Babel; that is, they descended from the heights of celestial innocence and love to the plane of earthly and sensuous desires, and there built the tower of ecclesiastical dominion.

Ezekiel relates being "brought to the gate that looketh toward the east: and behold the glory of the God of Israel came from the way of the east" (xliii. 2). The east being regarded as a sacred quarter, the garden eastward in Eden was an exalted spiritual condition. In the book of Ezekiel the Lord declares that the king of Tyrus was at one time in "Eden, the garden of God," and reproaches him for having fallen from that blessed state (xxviii. 11–19).

Again, the term "Adam" cannot refer to any particular

individual. Even in its most literal construction it means simply — mankind; and in the revised version, the Hebrew *Adama* is properly translated "man" (Gen. ii.). The whole story of the genesis is clearly an allegorical description of man's development from animalhood up to the climax of the most ancient civilization, called Eden. This civilization is the "Golden Age" of mythology. It was the infancy of the world's races and civilizations. It was analogous to the period of infancy in the individual. That the individual is an epitome of the race, is a truth recognized by many; for the parts are as the whole, and the whole as its parts. If so, the human family, as a whole, has its infancy, its youth, its manhood, and its second and wiser infancy analogous to the successive periods of the individual life. The infant is pure, innocent, inexperienced, with selfish tendencies, but with no sin as yet made actual, and with intuitions and instincts which are lost in the adult. We know not what divine impulses and what unconscious association with celestial beings may have blessed our infant life. Our natural memory cannot retain them. But we *do* know that a sphere of heavenly innocence encircles the child, which vanishes with years. So with the infant race. It probably knew nothing of the conventional education and the mechanical sciences of our age; but how deep and vast were its intuitions of divinity, of immortality, and of spiritual laws and forces, we know not. This racial childhood was of long development, from childlike ignorance to childlike wisdom.

But man, in his evolution out of the animal world, still retained the animal, just as the flower in its unfolding retains the calyx. This animal nature enshrouded the germ of real manhood, so that man had a twofold nature — the animal beneath or without, and the angelic above or within. Man was thus an angelic animal.

This animal, or the animal part of man, was more perfect than any other animal, having a more perfect brain and form; and because it was "more subtle" (wiser) than any other animal, it was called "the serpent." This serpent or animal nature is, therefore, "the tempter" which operates upon man's spiritual nature to attract it earthward. Is there any mystery then about the origin of the tempter? No more than there is about the calyx of a flower, or about the shell that adheres for awhile to the back of the birdling after it

has come forth, or about the chaff before it is winnowed from the wheat. The animal still adheres to man, and will continue to adhere until he discards it by rising into the purely unselfish life. It is "the flesh" that wars against "the spirit" (Rom. vii.).

Meanwhile, as long as the animal lives, let it be subdued, harnessed, and made subservient to the true man within. For the Divine has given to man "dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth" of his lower nature.

The animal by itself is selfish and seeks its own. This is right, it being the law of its life. But what is right in the animal is wrong in man. The evolution of man is the evolution of altruism; and when man was evolved, the altruistic spirit should control the animal for the good of all. Disorder began when the animal began to usurp dominion.

The *woman* that was tempted was the feminine element — the love, the affection, the desire, of these ancient people. Temptation always acts upon the desire, and the higher nature yielded to the serpent and fell when it indulged sensuous desires. The eating of the tree of knowledge consisted in desiring and seeking knowledge of spiritual arcana through the channels of the senses, thus forsaking and closing up the way of soul intuition.

"The *tree of life* in the midst of the garden" is the Lord, Who dwells in the midst of every creature and of all creation, as the central fountain of life to all. But Eve, in addressing the serpent, placed the tree of *knowledge* in the midst of the garden. Thus, sensuous knowledge, when desired, is made central to the thought, and all other objects revolve around it. This illusion into which man fell, led to the corresponding illusion of supposing that the earth is the centre of the universe. Henceforth man thought from space and time and sense. In eating of the tree of knowledge man turned away from the tree of life, — divine love and wisdom, — to seek knowledge through the animal senses; and what he sought he found. He now, for the first time, became conscious of evil, and contrasted the evil with the good. This was man's "fall" — his descent to the materialistic plane of thought and affection, and his awakening to the consciousness of evil and misery. The eyes of man were now opened to the illu-

sions of sense, and he made aprons of the leaves of the forbidden tree, the tree continuing to bear fruit until cursed in the time of man's redemption long ages afterwards.

So man descended. And yet, is it too much to say his descent was necessary for his highest development in the far distant future? The infantile state cannot be permanent. It is the universal law of nature to change and develop. Nothing can remain in an absolutely fixed state, even for a moment. Infancy, pleasing as it is, is an unfinished condition. Progression must be made to the most perfect development; and the path to such development lies through struggle. To attain to a knowledge of good and evil through the senses was to wander away from God; and yet such wandering would bring about a more real union — a *reciprocal* union — with God in the ultimate.

Before "the fall" man, having no consciousness of good or evil, could not think "good" because he had never known its opposite. He could not think "truth" because he had never known falsity. He had no consciousness of joy because he had never felt the pangs of sorrow. He could not reflect upon truth, goodness, beauty, love, or purity until he ate of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. The infant Adam had but an infant's experience. Innocent, without knowing what innocence is, he did not know or reflect that he was naked. He had consciousness but not self-consciousness; at least, not in the degree that we have it to-day. The infant does not study itself. No being can form an adequate idea of anything while the opposite of that thing is absolutely unknown to him. There would be no such word as "white" if there were no colors or shades. We could never realize the meaning of love if there were nothing but love in the universe. The power to reflect upon love came with that change known as "the fall."

Before this, man could not have had a conscience, for he had no power to reflect whether a thing was right or wrong. No one will consider whether a thing is right or wrong until he has a consciousness that something may be wrong or sinful. Conscience contrasts the good with the bad, and resists the latter in choosing the former. The infant race resisted nothing, and, without reflection, followed its divine impulses. It lived within the divine sphere, and acted from that sphere spontaneously. It had never been shaken

of the winds; had no temptations nor varied experiences. Whatever seemed "desirable" it would naturally sanction. Hence it had not developed any permanency of character. Here and there might have been found an individual, perhaps very few at first, in whom the animal nature had grown abnormally strong, and, instead of serving, became master and controlled the higher nature. These individuals would become a source of temptation to others, until, at length, a general declension would set in; and declension would bring experiences, — sorrows, adversities, struggles, — and struggles are essential to ultimate perfection. Revelation and instruction are essential, but they alone cannot mould character. Evolution through ethereal, mineral, vegetable and animal life, as portrayed in the first chapter of Genesis alone, is not a sufficient foundation for endless duration of character. A long series of personal struggles and victories, in the freedom of the human will and the exercise of intelligent choice between good and evil, is necessary to the attainment of this stupendous object.

I would not advocate sinning that good may come. On the contrary, if a man sin that good may come, the good will persistently stay away, and evil and death will be the result. But if a man *seem* to sin because he has not learned to reflect and resist, — if he fall into a snare, not knowing what a snare is, — his experiences will be a means of good to him. "The best robe," which clothes the prodigal son after his return to his father's house, is woven of adverse experiences and resulting penitence in "a far country." The interior soul perception and the bright consciousness of the divine presence, which died in Adam when he yielded to the desire for sensuous knowledge, will be reawakened for endless development. The tree of life which disappears in the primeval age reappears in the New Jerusalem, bearing twelve manner of fruits. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," but let us believe that we have already entered upon the upward path. Through what untold epochs we may yet progress in the unfolding of the divine within us, who may even dare to imagine?

THE BASIS OF MONEY.

BY H. A. HIGGINS.

As a member of the "A. B. C." class I have read with great care Mr. Carnegie's primer on the money question, hoping to gain instruction valuable to those who, not being dealers in stocks and securities, nor bankers, nor owners of money, but merely producers of wealth and wage earners, may be thought most in need of it. I am neither surprised nor disappointed by the gentleman's position as a financier; but the pregnability of his argument as a monometallist, with the invalidity of such reasoning in support of any metallic base for money, is matter of some wonder.

I am unable to agree with Mr. Carnegie as to the standard and unfluctuating character of gold, or as to its position as the foundation stone of business and credit, or its relation to international commerce; and we differ yet more widely as to the intrinsic value of money and its relation to the welfare of the people.

Our tutor informs us that "for the basis article which we call money, society chooses that which fluctuates least in price . . . does not decay, does not change in value so rapidly," and "an ideally perfect article for use as money, is one that never changes. This is essential for the protection of the workers . . . *The masses of the people are always sure to be beaten by the few who deal in money and know most about it.*" Such an article, he affirms, is gold.

The last proposition quoted is strictly and emphatically true, as the daily concentration of all tangible forms of wealth, the annual increase of farm and home indebtedness, and the increasing cost of money, as compared with labor and all of its products, abundantly show; but what vitality it adds to the argument of any monometallist is difficult of perception, unless it be the vitality of decay. The

phrase "does not easily decay" is meaningless. Who ever heard of the final loss to any owner of a bank note where it could be described and identified and its destruction proven? The matter of fluctuation is of greater importance, and I have two affirmations to make in this regard which may surprise Mr. Carnegie. First, gold as measured by itself has fluctuated more than silver did in its relation to the royal metal until after its demonetization; and second, gold fluctuated more than our own United States notes did from 1860 to 1866 inclusive.

There is before me an account of the London price current of standard gold from 1760 to 1829, from which it appears that during that time its average annual variation was 1⅓ per centum. The greatest variation during any one year (1808 to 1809) was 12½ per cent, and the extreme range from highest to lowest annual average was 34⅔ per cent. Ten times the range of fluctuation within twelve months was over $2\frac{7}{16}$ per cent, and five times it was over 6 per cent. The extreme variation of the ratio between gold and silver from 1789 to 1890 — seventeen years after the demonetization of the latter — was $39\frac{8}{16}$ per cent of the average ratio for the years compared; but up to 1873 it was only 9 per cent, while the average annual variance was but $\frac{9}{16}$ per cent. The greatest range in any one year was from 1813 to 1814, $7\frac{7}{16}$ per centum. It is somewhat surprising that the divorced queen has so well held her own; but the reason is that she is really a much better servant of man than gold, and approaches much more nearly to having what is called intrinsic value.

As to the United States note, which Senator Peffer affirmed to have held its parity with labor and its products, we shall try it by the ultimate standard of the world's food; that without which intrinsic value would cease to exist upon the earth. Here is a short table, taken, in the main, from the Statistical Abstract of the United States, prepared under the direction of the secretary of the Treasury. It comprises the average export prices of a few of our chief food products for the years from 1860 to 1866 inclusive; the average annual price of gold for the same time, and a reduction of the prices to a gold basis in parallel columns. The year taken is the crop year, at that time ending September 30.

Year.	Gold.	Corn, per Bushel.		Wheat, per Bushel.		Flour, per Barrel.		Salt Beef, per Pound.	
		Currency.	Gold.	Currency.	Gold.	Currency.	Gold.	Currency.	Gold.
1860 . .	1.00	0.724	–	0.981	–	5.915	–	.064	–
1861 . .	1.00	0.645	–	1.226	–	5.701	–	.065	–
1862 . .	1.06¼	0.549	0.517	1.144	1.078	5.640	5.314	.074	.070
1863 . .	1.45½	0.657	0.452	1.293	0.888	6.461	4.400	.074	.051
1864 . .	1.85⅝	0.818	0.441	1.327	0.716	7.193	3.881	.084	.045
1865 . .	1.77	1.308	0.739	1.952	1.103	10.412	5.882	.122	.069
1866 . .	1.42¼	0.819	0.575	1.406	0.988	8.427	5.920	.145	.102

The average price of wheat per bushel, from 1817 to 1860 inclusive, was $1.15¾; and from 1850 to 1860 it was $1.26; and from 1870 to 1880 it was $1.27. From 1860 to 1866 inclusive, it was in currency, $1.39, but in gold only $1. Now it is not only conceivable but certain that wheat should advance in price during a great war which took from the productive force of the wheat country a million men and fed them with the extravagant consumption attendant upon such conditions, and 13 cents per bushel was a very modest advance; but it is utterly beyond credence that the great food crop of the world should have fallen 26 cents, as it did in its relation to gold. Articles which we produced in insufficient quantities for our absolute demand did not maintain the same ratio. Wool stood at the average price of $46\frac{23}{100}$ cents in gold, which was about par, and cotton naturally went crazy, as most false kings do under like environments; but sugar, strangely enough, followed the greenback almost as closely as wheat. The above table does not show the wildest gyrations of gold, which during each of two months of one year — July and September, 1864 — were 63 per cent on the currency dollar, being, in the one case, $28\frac{8}{10}$ per cent, and in the other, $28\frac{4}{10}$ per cent on its own average value for the respective months. For the purposes of this article, the above citations are reasonable evidence, and tend to show, if they do not fully prove, that gold as measured by its own coinage is not so stable as the relative value of silver, when both are money, and that gold was not so uniform in purchasing power as paper promises to pay were, in the only opportunity for just comparison which we have had. That is to say, it is the statute creating money and the governmental stamp which endow with uniform stability.

Money as good as wheat, Mr. Carnegie? We may regard that as settled, I think, and not quite in your favor. Your money is too much *better* than wheat or human life for us; too much more valuable to "the few who deal in money and know most about it," and by whom, your veracity assures us, "the masses of the people are always sure to be beaten." It is essential for the protection of the workers that the stability of money be such that it shall not *increase* in price, just as it is essential to the banker that it shall not depreciate; and as there are so many more of the "A. B. C." class than of the teachers, our protection is more important.

"But I am now to tell you," says our tutor, "another quality which the basis article of money has proved itself to possess, which you will find it very difficult to believe. The whole world has such confidence in its fixity of value that there has been built upon it, as upon a sure foundation, a tower of credit so high, so vast, that all the silver and gold in the United States, and all the greenbacks and notes issued by the government only perform 8 per cent of the exchanges of the country."

Really! Mr. Carnegie. Permit me to call your attention to some pertinent facts. On July 1, 1891, there was said to be in circulation $1,500,067,555 in legal tenders of all sorts. This I do not fully believe for several reasons, among which are these: Mr. Leach, the director of the mint, tells me there are $270,000,000 of gold which cannot be accounted for, and the comptroller of the currency says that the reserves held by the national banks that year were $497,377,439 on September 25th, and it does not appear to have varied much during the year. That only leaves us $732,690,116, or $11.45 per capita, against which there are yet some accounts, instead of the $23.45 commonly reported. You cannot tell me, either, that these bank reserves are a part of our circulation; for if you do, I shall reply that we, the great suffering, enduring people, have no part nor lot in any currency at all, but owe it all and some twenty times as much more, to Mr. Carnegie's few, among whom it is a very pretty private circulation. Furthermore, I shall logically prove it — which is more than our tutor has done for any of his propositions; but that by and by.

But let us say that we have a circulation of a billion and a half. According to our instructor, that is just as

dependent upon gold as our bank exchange; and of gold, there is out, nominally, only $408,073,806. This is but little over 2 per cent of our exchanges. It seems brutal to push such an untenable idea to extremity, but the absurdity is so absurd that it cannot be made much more so. It is like the number of the finally saved according to Calvinistic theology — so definitely fixed that nothing can be taken from or added to it. $270,000,000 of this gold cannot be accounted for. That leaves us with our business poised in thin air, upon a point whose area is but $\frac{2}{10}$ per cent of its volume. No wonder our friend did not carry his statement further than the 8 per cent of "lawful money." The idea that the business of any country is so based upon any special point, is untenable, and is not held by the leading thinkers of the world, though it has been sedulously taught by all bankers who, like distillers and saloon-keepers, only think for themselves. The statement of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is a truth so evident as to need no demonstration: "Coin is not a safe basis for money; the basis is too small." The foundation of business is barter, and depends upon the value of the product of the country to the world, and upon the power of anything having conventional value to redeem evidences of debt. This power may be, for a time, deliberately destroyed by "the few who deal in money and know most about it."

As to the relation of money to international commerce, let us quote again. These nuggets of wisdom are beautiful when the light is turned upon them. We "A. B. C." darians should treasure them.

"Free coinage of silver. Now what does that mean? . . . It means that the European merchant will send silver over here, get it coined at our mints, or get a silver note for it, and then buy a full dollar's worth of your wheat and corn, or anything he wants for the silver he could get only 78 cents for in Europe or anywhere else in the world. . . . If the American farmer agrees to take silver in lieu of gold, he will enable the Liverpool merchant to buy upon the lower silver basis, at present 78 cents for the dollar; while for all the articles coming from abroad "that the farmer buys, he will have to pay upon the gold basis."

No doubt Mr. Carnegie's infant class was properly horrified upon reading that. Let us, however, carry the argu-

ment to its legitimate conclusion. If the Liverpool merchant could buy a full dollar's worth of our labor and product for 78 cents, certainly the American buyer could do the same thing. Conversely, if we should have to pay the full dollar for English product, so would the foreign purchaser. Surely no one will suppose that the Liverpool merchant, having bought wheat here with a silver dollar, would take it to England and sell it for 22 cents less than the price fixed by the conditions of his home market; or that the New York importer, after paying a gold dollar for his goods, must, because he has carried them home, sell them for 22 cents or 1 cent less than their cost plus fair wages for his labor. It follows, then, that the mere act of importation would impose a level duty, at our frontier and in favor of our products, of 28 per cent on the coinage of the consumer. Worse yet, it would place a similar amount as a premium upon our goods, and in favor of the exporter, in every gold standard port. It would not pay the ubiquitous Liverpool merchant to buy English grain or iron, when he could handle the output of our fields and our mills so much more advantageously. If Mr. Carnegie's theory be true, we should become the producing and manufacturing centre of the world; and to equalize our payments for imported goods, it would only be necessary to make a level 28 per cent reduction in our tariff schedule. We should not even lose our gold, for the balance of trade would be enormously increased in our favor, and the world would pay us tribute in wedding rings if we asked it.

But in truth, international traffic is not among the functions of money, and there is no such a thing as a money of the world. Foreign trade is altogether barter, and can never be anything else. Money is not a final payment for anything, but only an intermediate step in obtaining payment in the thing we want for the thing some one else wants. Its value is not intrinsic, but statutory, as held by the Congress and attorney-general of the United States, by the Supreme Court of Iowa, and by the "Encyclopædia Brittanica," and other good authorities; and hence its powers, as such, are limited by the jurisdiction of the enacting body, and are lost in the passage of national boundary lines. In illustration of this fact, and to show that gold is not impregnable to the assaults of commercial highwaymen, Thomas Baring tells us that in Calcutta, in the crisis of 1864, it was impossible to

raise a single rupee upon £20,000 of that metal, bearing the stamp and seal of Great Britain upon its face.

The English merchant deals with the Argentine Republic and with India at greater profit than with us, because those states make fewer things which they need and have less protection from the British manufacturer than we, and therefore must allow a greater proportionate value to the commodities taken in exchange than we do.

There is before me a printed speech by one Michael D. Harter of Ohio, a gentleman who has of late achieved a notoriety which is secure from my envy at least. This speech was, I believe, not fully visited upon our most loyal agents and representatives, much as one might think that they have deserved such a thing to befall them, but has overflowed upon the people. In this speech we are told that "money is hardly a factor in foreign trade," and that "what is called the per capita theory of money is extinct, and credit has so usurped the place of money among the advanced nations, that the aim and purpose of intelligent government now is to maintain the most important credit, and let the least important, the volume of money, in a measure take care of itself." But in the next breath, Sir Oracle assures us that free coinage of silver would drive out the gold and reduce our circulation one third, which would enable us to do but two thirds the business we now do, force out of employment one third of the people now employed, and deprive them of the means of living." Mr. Harter must not be discouraged by this, for even the father of such things has found it very difficult to maintain the parity of his false statements, and we are not displeased with the attitude of the gentleman from Ohio. Why will free coinage of silver drive out gold? Or, to make it general, why will any money drive out any other money, the substantial basis of which has a higher value as a commodity?

It is exactly because money is not a factor in foreign trade, while the basic commodity is, and because money is not a measure of value at all, nor a commercial yardstick,— Mr. Harter to the contrary notwithstanding,— but a common carrier of values. Other things being equal, we employ the cheapest carrier; and the banker and the financier learned to do this long ago, though they still refuse a like privilege to labor and produce. There is a very plain reason for this refusal. So long as labor and produce use the most expensive

means of transportation, the whole internal system of exchange of the country stands to gold as the watered stock of a railroad does to the actual capital invested in its construction. Where the owner of stock has expended $1, he demands and collects dividends on the entire nominal stock, which in this case amounts to several hundred times as much. Have you any doubt of this? The actual gold in circulation amounts to only $138,000,000; but the real-estate mortgages, from statistics already tabulated by the census commission, amount to over $11,000,000,000. The bankers of my town are of the opinion that the personal indebtedness is about the same, and the funded debt of the railroads is $6,000,000,000. There are many other items of indebtedness, built up on the turning over and over of the small actual capital invested, among the least of which is our little national debt. In all it will foot up over $30,000,000,000. Every dollar of interest upon this enormous sum, equal to nearly half of our aggregate wealth, is finally paid by the wage earner and producer; and it is required of them that they shall pay it in gold. That is, it must be paid, not by means of money, a carrier of value, but in actual commodity of constantly increasing cost. How profitable this is to the owners of our miscalled national circulation, is evident to a glance, by the statement of the "undivided profits" of the national banks alone, which were in 1891 $103,300,000. The ratio of this item to capital invested has grown as follows: In 1878, it was $8\frac{8}{10}$ per cent; in 1880, 10 per cent; in 1885, $11\frac{2}{10}$ per cent; in 1890, $14\frac{9}{10}$ per cent, and, in 1891, it was $16\frac{7}{10}$ per cent of the capital stock. There is no doubt that the national banks are on a safe financial basis, as their declared dividend, in addition to this and over and above all wages earned by stockholders, has averaged 4 per cent since 1881.

The actual fact is that we have no national currency. If Mr. Carnegie were to become possessed of $1,000,000 in gold bullion, take it to the mint and receive the coin for it, and put it afloat in our markets, it would not add a penny to any but Mr. Carnegie's own private circulation. On every dollar of it the nation would pay an interest, compounded every time it was turned over and watered by the multifarious forms of exchange and credit. This is equally true of any money, of which the substance has a commodity value.

in exactly the proportion of its cost to its nominal value when coined.

How shall we obtain a national circulation whose benefits shall accrue primarily to the great mass of the people, and not to "the few who deal in money and know most about it?" In quest of our answer let us ask another question or two. England producing no gold, how did she obtain money at all? and had she no basis for a circulating medium until she had obtained by conquest or otherwise the yellow metal? Should the popular money of France have, necessarily, diminished in its per capita amount by the indemnity paid to Prussia? Had the Venetian irredeemable paper money, which held an actual premium above gold and was not in any sense a promise to pay, for nearly four hundred years after 1423, no basis in fact for its existence? If we had all of the coal and England all the gold in the world, which would have the best basis for money? The advocates of a metallic basis for money have erred by confounding the substance of currency with its foundation. They have assumed that the basis and the whole vast superstructure of money was limited in its amount by the far less important matter of its tangible form, and Mr. Carnegie attempts to answer us as follows: "The substance of money is chosen because it is in the greatest, most general, and most constant demand, and has value in itself." All of this is eminently untrue of gold, whose only values are created by an economic superstition in regard to coinage, and a love for ornamental gewgaws, remaining as an inheritance from barbarism, and which, by the verdict of the best thinkers and by most precise definition, has no intrinsic value, and especially none when it is money.

The "American and English Encyclopædia of Law" gives me my definition. Here it is, not a word lacking, not a redundant syllable, one of man's noblest works; the crystallization of an idea that it may no longer escape us in a wilderness of words: "The intrinsic value of a thing is its true, inherent, and essential value; not depending upon accident, place, or person; but the same everywhere and to every one."

There is that which hath such value, and we can almost put finger upon the place and the time when it entered into dust more beautiful than gold and man became a living soul.

Until that hour had God ceased from His work, set a period to His creation, and left His world to inevitable decay and to death without a resurrection, nothing of such value would have been lost from nature. It is human life which gives value to every substance by its contact, and that contact with material things is by labor.

Labor, then, is the basis and the only final one for national circulation, and the material form of the currency is matter of less consequence, so long as it finds utterance in labor for permanently beneficial toil.

It is important, however, for another reason, that the substance of money should be of minimum cost in its production. As Mr. Harter says (I am glad to quote him approvingly once), "Money is not wealth, but rather a sum drawn from the wealth of the country and rendered for the time being unproductive." Consequently the labor expended upon it is also unproductive, a dead weight, a rent charge upon all the other labor of the country for the privilege of being employed.

As to the substance of money, space prevents my stating my views at the present time; but as to its basis, as one of the toiling "A. B. C." class, I unhesitatingly declare it to be our labor, without which the kings of finance, though they sat upon a mountain of gold, would extend a nerveless sceptre over a barren world.

THE WORLD'S RELIGIONS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY REV. FRANK N. RIALE, PH. D.

THE title of this paper, it must be admitted, is rather misleading. It is to act, however, merely as a Richard Roe (using Macaulay's simile) to introduce the real subject, and then pass entirely out of view. The fact that such extensive preparations are now being made to have a congress of all the world's religions at the world's fair, is certainly a very marked indication of the rapidly growing interest in the study of other faiths besides our own. How these are to be thought out, is the question of the hour, and is one that must be met with more caution and with more thoughtfulness than has hitherto been displayed in any other sphere. Now that we, as world peoples, are coming to sit under one umbrella in other things, we feel there must be some better understanding of the real relation of our religious beliefs than hitherto we have had. To make a long story short, the best are now firmly convinced that the hour is here when religious facts are to be brought under the influence of *scientific study*, if heart peace and soul harmony are ever to hold sway.

Though these facts are the first in importance, they have been the last to submit to such treatment; for somehow we shudder to take down our heart idols, even though we do it so gently that it seems like an act of worship. Of course the more progressive have been looking and longing for this for many a day, and have tried to force the issue; but the more cautious have felt that the fullness of time for a general advance along this line had not yet come. But now that we have brought the "no life," the plant life, the animal life, as well as the historic and economic life, into scientific harness, and have thought them all out in terms of evolution, we feel the next field for such study is the religious, the grandest and the noblest of them all — the sphere of life which is the holy of holies, and of which we want to know the truth and the whole truth, that we may the better live.

One of the most conservative, and yet confessedly one of

the most able, theologians of the hour wrote me, not long ago, that he felt the time was ripe for such a study, and that here the great battle of Christian apologetics would be fought during the next score of years. One does not need to be even a son of a prophet to see that this struggle must necessarily be almost infinitely more intense than that opened by Darwin's "Origin of Species" in 1859, the echoes of which are but just now dying away. This new sphere of investigation, known as the scientific study of religious thought, or comparative religion, as it is often called, is yet but in its infancy. More crude is it to-day, in comparison with what it is destined very soon to be, than was Ptolemy's notions of the planets or Linnæus' classification of the flowers. The method hitherto mostly used in the study of the world's faiths, has been to start with some preconceived notion of what pure and undefiled religion really was, and classify world's beliefs as they came up to this *a priori* ideal. But such methods have had their day, and are now relegated to the scientific garret, together with the "old" psychology, a Siamese twin. It is just because the other religions have been mainly studied thus, that most of the works thereon have been shelved by the best scholars on both sides the sea. The method from its very nature is unscientific, hence unnatural, and liable to leave covered up some of the richest mind and heart truths, simply because no croppings have come to the surface of our own heart lives.

The aim of this paper will be to set forth very briefly some of the fundamental facts now being most carefully noted in all comparative study of the world's religious faiths.

It seems hardly necessary to say here that the foundation for all successful study of the world's faiths lies in the firm conviction that there is a vast mass of facts in human nature recognized as religious, and that "Whether we descend into the lowest roots of our intellectual nature, or ascend to the loftiest heights of modern speculation, everywhere we find religion a power that conquers even those who think they have conquered it." Starting with this firm belief, the problem is, What are the fundamental truths or principles to be ever recognized in the study of the world of heart facts?

The first great fact to be studied is that of environment. It is the one modifying element that everywhere must be examined most carefully. Of course we must guard

against making it the only one, else we shall fall into the same error that Buckle did in his "History of Civilization," in which he made this practically the only thing to be recognized. Knowing the physical surroundings, the climate, the flora and fauna, and the soil, he thought he could trace the history of a people as naturally as one would raise a mathematical formula to its required power. But no sooner had he finished the introduction of his work — by the way the only part he ever wrote — than he found the world was convinced that environment was far from being the only factor of development, if, indeed, it was the most important one, and that certainly it must include far more than surroundings of a merely physical kind. In the light of this experience, scholars to-day have resolved to lay a much broader foundation in their study of environment of religious history than was done in the merely social trend, and include in the moulding influence from without, the social and intellectual as well as the elements of the coarse clod world. Doubtless in the earlier stages of religious growth, physical surroundings are the most important moulding ones. That sublime, serene, and majestic conception of Dyaus which the people of India had, was certainly very materially the reflection of a nomadic life in their table-land home beyond the mountains before they left the race cradle at the swarming time. The later conception of Indra, the fierce, fiery, thundering storm god — the Jupiter Pluvius of the orient — had its main coloring from the people's surroundings in their new home after they burst through the mountain passes of the Himalayas, and dwelt along the sacred river amid the most wonderful tropical luxuriance and the most terrific equatorial storms. The idea of Ahura Mazda and Angra Mainyush — the Jehovah and Beelzebub of the Zoroastrian faith — is also largely due to the surroundings of the people in the sand wastes of the peninsula. The environment in this case acted indirectly, like the desert wastes upon Israel in their forty years' wanderings in the Sinaitic sands. It shut the people's minds up to introspective study, and out of it they brought forth conceptions with such a marked moral tinge. But as important as physical environment is in the earlier stages of a religious growth, it becomes less and less influential as we proceed. Social surroundings, intellectual influences, become more paramount with every advancing age.

The next fact to be noticed, is that there seems to be some specific organic truth working itself out in the history of each religious belief. Just what constitutes this strange dynamic, it is hard to say; but it need not necessarily be understood to be recognized. It now seems to be almost absolutely certain that every religious system has some real central truth underlying it, which it is ever trying to bring more clearly to view. This is a fact even *more* important to know and understand than that of environment; for it is one of the main factors in differentiating the world's faiths. The fact that there is some kind of a potential tendency in things which brings them forth after their kind, has ever been recognized in all life's lower forms. It is that which makes the acorn always an oak, and gives stability to genus and species in life everywhere. History is now thought of in that way too. Each nation seemed to have instinctively one great purpose it was ever trying to unfold. Rome has long been thought by the philosophical historian to have been ever dominated by the spirit of *law*, showing itself everywhere, in legal codes, military movements, and martial power. Greece was certainly dominated from the very first with a wonderful sense of perfect harmony and eternal beauty. The Egyptian had ever uppermost in his make-up a sense of mechanical greatness and a desire for almost scientific exactness. The great pyramids tell the whole story as they stand to-day, in these respects, a miracle in stone. The Hebrew burned with a desire for heart purity, and gave to the world such a sublime picture of spiritual beauty that we feel no people has ever equalled them in framing a code for a moral ideal. Each nation seemingly has a destined work to do in the unfolding of the historic trend, every strand of which in the web makes more and more clearly manifest the garments of the sinless one. This fact of a central truth, so long recognized in the more ignoble forms of life from bioplast up, a fact which we now find written across the historic page in words almost divine, is the very fact that we are just beginning to see is one of the most fundamental in the world's religious faiths. By it we are guided through the great maze of the minutiæ, which otherwise would be an almost impenetrable labyrinth. We are now beginning to see that the ever-present central truth of the Brahminical religion was to find the real being. It is now just as evident that

when Buddhism appeared it shifted the problem from the *being* to the *becoming*, just as Hellenic thought did from the το ον to the γινομι long afterwards. The Karma or the "act force," was to the Buddhist the great thing to be gotten rid of; so he ever sought to find from whence it came and whither it was going, that he might know how to stop it in its æons of transmigration from nothingness to nothingness. The Zoroastrian religion strove ever to solve the problem of good and evil, and to see therefrom the final outcome of the great conflict between these two powers, impersonated in everything from the tiniest flower that blooms to the farthest and dimmest star. The central principle of the Chinese religion, from the time of the Three Kings on, has ever been to find man's duty toward his fellow-man, — ethics pure and simple,—with little or any thought of duty toward the powers unseen.

The Egyptian was always trying to solve the mystery of the life beyond, until to him everything of earth was but a reflection of his Paradise. The culmination of the Greek thought was to find how the gods could come to men, and guide them in their earth's career. Socrates brought forth the answer in its fulness, in his wonderful conception of the Damon, something so near akin to the "Incarnate Word" of the teacher of Nazareth. Christianity had its central truth too. Christ crystallized it from the simple elements of the old Jewish Decalogue — to love the Lord thy God with all thy mind and soul and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself. This was to be the ever-present requisite to bring to earth peace and good will, and make the kingdom of earth like to the kingdom above. Now that we feel that every religion has some central truth clearly indicated throughout its entire life, we feel these should be carefully studied, by being placed side by side and compared, so that we can see the vital relation that exists between them, as we seek for such relations in other things.

The third fact now clearly evident to students of comparative religion, is that in every religion there is the ever-present question pressing for an answer, What must I do to reach my ideal? or more commonly expressed, What must I do to be saved? The various attempts to answer this, are what everywhere give content and variety to religious ceremonies and life. Somehow men universally believe that their destiny is not invariably fixed as that of stone or the brute, but

that their wills have something to say in the determining of their personal destiny both here and hereafter. To find out just what they should do, is ever their most sincere hearts' cry, and the great factor that makes religion ever a most vital power. I wish I had time to show how universal this feeling is. Space will not here permit; but suffice it to say that an introspective study of one's own heart, a comparative study of all the great heart awakenings, whether of nations or individuals, an examination of the many definitions of religion, and lastly a study of the various periods of religious growth, all clearly and unmistakably show that the religious life is called forth and measured by the influence of this one question upon the human life. This factor has not been studied as much as the other two just named, but it now seems that it is to be the most important of them all, in determining the place the various religions bear in the heart life of the world as a whole.

Of course the answers to this question will be legion and often diametrically opposed; still the thing which called forth the religious life will ever be found to be the same.

As the sun which hardens the bricks in the cathedral walls at the same time melts the waxen tapers at the altar, so the same question asked from age to age or in different climes, may act as differently upon human hearts as the light of the sun in melting wax and hardening clay.

These three facts seem to be a kind of trinity of the religious life. Neither alone can make us religious; only each with the other ever will.

Some timid souls fear such a radical change of method in studying the world's faiths as this, lest Christianity become dethroned from its high seat. Why such anxiety? The method is in harmony with that used everywhere; and surely if consistency is ever a jewel, it is in scientific research. To start with the assumption that Christian is the fittest of the faiths, is, to say the least, begging the question, and an entirely unscientific way to proceed. If it is the survival of the fittest, it will show itself such in an infinitely grander sense studied thus, than otherwise it possibly could do.

Personally, I believe that the study during the last few years has brought forth the richest of results. Certainly it has shown that Christianity has its tap-root down deep in the soil of other faiths. It has also made it clearly evident that

the Jewish faith that budded and blossomed into the faith of Jesus of Galilee, did so as naturally as the flower comes from the bursting bud. It has shown that Christianity is the fittest faith, because it is the ripest fruit that ever fell from the tree of life for the healing of the nations and the freeing of mankind. It has made us open our eyes to the fact that there is as much of an earth side to the religion of Jesus as there is a humanity in His person, Who came to "save us from our sins." And as we never knew so much the wonderful power of His religion till we came to study Him as one of human kind, so we shall never experience the wonderful power of His truth over other faiths till we study it as a vital part of all heart awakening of human kind. This will make us see, more than all else ever can, how His name is above every name the richest legacy of the ages to mankind. It will, above all else, make us see how in His own person and life He picked up the prismatic heart colors of the race, and blended them all into that marvellous white light that made Him the Light of the World. Then we will say with Peter that nothing is common or unclean in the spiritual realm; and will find with Paul, that "God intoxicated man of Tarsus," that every altar to the Unknown God is but a stepping-stone to the noblest and most essential truth of all Christendom.

JESUS, THE CHURCH, AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

JESUS AND THE CONVENTIONAL RELIGION OF HIS AGE.

One of the most certain and invariable signs of the passage of the soul or vital life from a religion, is the persistent elevation of the external which its votaries exhibit. The exterior, the form, rite, dogma, — in a word the shell, — is adored and extolled, as though it indeed were the real essence or being. Thus when Jesus came with a heart song for the world, He was assailed as being a Sabbath-breaker, as a disturber of conventional religious truth, and as one who spake against the temple, which of course typed the shell of Judaism; while on the other hand, from the kindled indignation of Jesus, usually the very incarnation of gentleness and love, there flamed His most withering denunciation against those who sought to elevate the letter of the law; those who would use coercive force; those who sought to externalize religion or join it to state or secular power. To the charge that He was a Sabbath-breaker, He replied, "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath"; a great truth which religious bigotry in all ages has sought to obscure. Upon those who endeavored to hide the poverty of religion in their souls with long prayers, broad phylacteries, and religious ostentation, Jesus pronounced His terrible woes and denunciations. In a word, the one central truth which the great Nazarene, by word, precept, and life, strove to impress upon the hearts of all who should in after ages follow Him, was that *religion, as He understood and taught it*, was a lamp for the illumination and salvation of each soul, and not a torch to literally or figuratively kindle fagots around those whose inner consciousness did not respond to the law of love He taught and lived. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's," carries by implication a command of solemn and weighty import. It clearly discourages any attempt at a union of church and state; and in this and other teachings which no less solemnly impress these thoughts, the splendid foresight of the great Master is strikingly emphasized. For wherever and whenever the church has defied the injunction to keep pure and unspotted from the world, and has succeeded in uniting with the secular, religion has been debased, the supreme right of liberty of conscience has been outraged,

persecutions have flourished, and not infrequently the state has been, through this alliance, transformed from a just protector of her children to an insane monster, who glutted her religio-political appetite on the richest and purest blood of the ages. That Jesus foresaw this result, is probable, and hence He so strenuously discouraged everything which exalted the letter over the spirit of pure and undefiled religion, which must ever be the soul of love, toleration, compassion, mercy, and divine justice; and by divine justice we must not imagine the insane and brutal barbarity which has, during a savage past, masqueraded under the mantle of divine equity. By divine justice I understand something far nobler than even the most exalted ideals which haunt the minds of earth's noblest children; justice which takes into account all influence and environment before it strikes a balance, and into which enter the love and tenderness of ripened parenthood.

In the days of Jesus, the orthodox or conventional religion of Judea was a body without a soul. The fire and love of earlier days had gone out; materialism had penetrated its vitals; and with that blind, instinctive consciousness, which would make a wounded lion roar to terrify the approaching hunter, conventional theology elevated the law, and assailed all who in any degree set aside the form or outward observances of the church. And here is a fact worth remembering: a religion which has become automatic, always seeks the aid of coercive force, asking the succor of the secular arm. Furthermore, she always seeks to parade her piety, as in the case of Judaism in the days of Jesus, when she whitened the exterior of the sepulchre and cleansed the outside of the cup and platter. It was so in the Grecian world in the days of Socrates. It was so in Asia Minor when Christianity was first being proclaimed. "Great is Diana" became the slogan which preceded a persecution in Ephesus. It was so in Rome when the head of the empire, as has been observed, was at once emperor, priest, and atheist. And it was so after the early church began to stifle the voicing of the soul in deference to the power, wealth, and viciousness of a soulless, secular spirit. So much for the attitude of Jesus in reference to the externalization of religion, or the union of church and state. I next wish to notice *how*, *when*, and *where* SUNDAY LAWS originated, as there seems to be so much confusion of thought on this subject. Some devout people seem to imagine that Christians are still under the old Mosaic law, — which never applied to *Sunday*, — and which made it a capital offence to even gather sticks on the *Sabbath*. Others seem to think that Jesus or the primitive church sanctioned by precept or example the union of church and state, or the right of the church to dictate to the state how people who do not accept

the teachings of the church shall conduct themselves. Hence a brief glance at the origin and rise of Sunday law may be helpful before we notice the problem with its special bearing upon the present agitation.

FIRST SUNDAY LAWS.

Says Neander in his "History of the Christian Religion": "One of the first, if not the very first, of the laws secured by the bishops in behalf of the church, was enacted about A. D. 314, ordering that on Friday and on Sunday 'there should be a suspension of business at the courts and in other civil offices, so that these days might be devoted with less interruption to the purposes of devotion.'"

It is well just here to note the degradation of the church before she had come to the point where she sought any favors from or alliance with the secular powers. I quote from Eusebius, who, in describing the condition of the churches immediately prior to the Diocletian persecutions, declares that: "*Prelates were inveighing against prelates, people were rising up against people, and hypocrisy and dissimulation had arisen to the greatest height of malignity.*" The edict secured from Constantine in 314 or thereabouts, ordering the suspension of business in the courts and civil offices on Friday and Sunday, was what would now be termed the entering wedge for iniquitous religious legislation: legislation which, without question, checked the progress of European civilization centuries by exiling free inquiry, outlawing science, manacling thought, placing a premium on credulity and hypocrisy, and destroying the noblest, purest, and most truly regal natures of the succeeding ages. When theologians or other classes succeed in securing an entering wedge, they are much like the proverbial lion who tastes blood: they become insatiable; hence we soon find the bishops again importuning the sun-worshipping, Apollo-loving, pseudo-Christian Emperor Constantine for more laws. The royal pagan, while desiring the aid of the now powerful clergy, was not prepared to cast aside the god to whom he had made burnt offerings in 308* and for whom he had ever entertained more affection than for any other deity in the Pantheon; hence in his famous edict of 321 (which marked in a startling manner the union of church and state in precisely the manner inferentially forbidden by the founder of Christianity) we find the emperor employing the following significant language: "On the *venerable* day of the SUN let the magistrates and people residing in cities rest, and let all workshops be closed. In the country, however, persons engaged in agriculture may freely and lawfully continue their pursuits, because it often

* In 308 Constantine gave public thanks in a celebrated temple of Apollo at Autun, and presented a magnificent offering to the god. — *Neander.*

happens that another day is not so suitable for grain sowing or for vine planting; lest by neglecting the proper moment for such operations, the bounty of heaven should be lost."

This was the most signal victory won by the new Christian hierarchy in its efforts to destroy the religion comprehended, emphasized, and taught by Jesus, and for the substitution of a new paganism, moulded after the fashion of the prevailing religions of earlier times; and from that day we find the pure, simple *life religion*, established by Jesus, which was so well-nigh formless and riteless, lost in the pageantry of a mongrel politico-religious system, in which the paganism of Rome and Greece was blended with the ritualistic fancies of ancient Judaism. It will further be observed that this first comprehensive Sunday law did not in any way recognize Christianity; it was Apollo's day, the *venerable day of the sun*, of which the emperor spoke. On this point Milman observes: "The rescript commanding the celebration of the Christian Sabbath bears no allusion to its peculiar sanctity as a Christian institution. It is the day of the sun, which is to be observed by the general veneration. But the believer in the new paganism, of which the solar worship was the characteristic, might acquiesce without scruple in the sanctity of the first day of the week." No references are made to the Judaistic law or the risen Lord. It was a law passed largely to please the worldly minded and ambitious clergy of the new Christian theocracy, but to all intents and purposes it was a recognition of the ancient sun worship; hence Duruy, in his history of Rome, well observes: "A law of the year 321 ordered tribunals, shops, and workshops to be closed on the day of the sun, and he [Constantine] sent to the legions, to be recited upon that day, a form of prayer which could have been employed by a worshipper of Mithra, or Seraphis, or of Apollo, quite as well as by a Christian believer. This was the official sanction of the old custom of addressing a prayer to the rising sun. In determining what days should be regarded as holy, and in the composition of a prayer for national use, Constantine exercised one of the rights belonging to him as Pontifex Maximus, and it caused no surprise that he should do this."

I have cited these facts because they throw some light on the first Sunday laws, asked for by an ambitious, worldly, and arrogant priesthood, and granted by the great Pagan-Christian emperor, who courted the church and praised Apollo. From the fulsome flattery exchanged by the emperor and the bishops during this time, it is evident, however, that each understood the wishes of the other, and each had a well-defined object in view, which Draper thus aptly expresses in his "Intellectual Development of Europe": "It was the aim of Constantine to make theology a

branch of politics. It was the aim of every bishop in the empire to make politics a branch of theology."

Sunday legislation is directly opposed to the genius of primitive Christianity. It is an insult to Jesus, as it runs counter to the spirit of His positive teaching. It is a pagan after-thought; it is an attempt to raise the letter at the expense of the spirit of true religion. It displays the supremacy of the carnal or worldly minded over the spiritual, and in it he who runs may read the shrivelling of the soul of true religion.

HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF.

Many tactics now being resorted to by organized conservatism are singularly like those employed by the corrupt and ambitious bishops in the days of Constantine, and still more relentlessly pushed by the Church in later times, when, after having sold her birthright of love and purity for civil power, she sought to make all men obey her arbitrary commands. Take, for example, the recent extraordinary action of an organized body of pietists who sought to make the success of the World's Fair conditional upon the government's acquiescence in their peculiar views of what ought to be, regardless of the wishes of the people. This, while it violates the letter and spirit of the teachings of Christianity, is in perfect keeping with the acts of worldly bishops in the days of Constantine and his successors. The same spirit which fathered all the ferocious persecutions of the middle ages is exhibited in the recent efforts of the church idolaters, as, for example, the attempt to boycott congressmen into obeying their wish. Below I give a recent editorial from the *Boston Daily Globe*, as it embraces in a few lines a graphic statement of the disgraceful wire-pulling of an organized minority.

A flood of small petitions and memorials is rolling in upon Congress demanding that all appropriations of the government in aid of the Chicago World's Fair shall be made with the proviso that the fair shall not be opened on Sundays.

So bold and dictatorial are some of these memorials that Senator Vest was constrained to rise in his seat, last week, and protest that they practically amounted to political blackmail. In many cases they are accompanied by the threat that any member of Congress who shall vote any aid or appropriation for the Columbian Exposition, except with the Sabbatarian proviso, will be systematically boycotted at the polls by the denominational constituencies cited in the memorials.

Whatever may be the merits of this question, especially as it relates to the sale of intoxicating beverages, it is after all a question of expediency and the public morals. Congressmen should be allowed to vote according to their judgment and consciences. Attempts at coercion of any kind savor too much of bigotry and vindictiveness.

These memorials are usually addressed to congressmen who stand on doubtful ground in the matter of a re-election. The evident intent is coercion, backed by threats of all sort of political pains and penalties. This device would seem very natural for political and secular organizations; but as an attempt to over-ride conscience and moral judgments on

the part of people ostentatiously claiming to be religious, it is not a little open to criticism.

If the opening of the World's Fair meant the closing of the churches, so that those who desired to attend religious services would be prevented from so doing, the plea of those who assume that they have a monopoly of truth, and who wish to make all who think otherwise bend to their conception, might carry some force. But the opening of the World's Fair does not in any degree interfere with the liberty of those who wish to attend public service; they have all the opportunities they could have otherwise. Hence the question resolves itself into whether or not an intolerant and bigoted monopoly who want to make every one do as they do, shall control matters on this important matter. It is the old spirit of coercion revamped and pressed with the same tenacity which characterized the actions of the church in the days of the Inquisition.

THE CHURCH AND THE SALOON MARSHALLED UNDER ONE BANNER.

I now wish to notice one or two points relevant to this much mooted problem. The conflict of the present hour is unique in that, for the first time in history, we find the clergy and the rumsellers banded together in a common cause. While conference, synod, and council of clergymen are busily engaged in passing resolutions, and while a systematic effort to boycott congressmen is being carried on within the sacred precincts of the church, the brewers, with equal activity, are working for the same end. A short time since, Rev. Dr. A. H. Henry of the DeKalb M. E. Church vexed and startled a meeting at Chicago, called under the auspices of the American Sabbath Union, by giving publicity to a piece of news not intended for circulation in church circles, as will be seen by the following report which I republish from the *American Sentinel:* "Dr. Henry created a sensation and foreshadowed his position by declaring that he had seen a circular letter issued by the Beer Brewers' Association, instructing its agents to work for Sunday closing at the fair, that the opportunity for the sale of beer might be increased."

Strange, indeed, is this spectacle! The temple and the gutter marshalling their forces to prevent thousands of people enjoying the instruction and pure pleasure offered by the great Industrial Fair. The church and the saloon, one loud with threats, the other silent, but no less active; one actuated by a desire to show her external power, the other by greed for gain; one representing organized conservatism, bent on showing the world how all-powerful the ancient edicts of the Pagan-Christian Constantine are in the republic of to-day; the other representing the power of unscrupulous avarice and unlimited wealth. Surely the toiling

thousands whose hope of seeing the world's exposition hangs upon the Sunday opening have small chance in this day when the glorious old-time American independence is exchanged for cringing sycophancy which bows before ancient thought, and when gold exerts such a marvellous power in politics. And this leads me to note the insincerity manifested in the past few years by the American Sabbath Union in its favorite role of special friend of the workingman. When endeavoring to prevent the publication of Sunday newspapers, this dangerous and un-American body has appealed to the laborers and labor organizations for support, on the grounds that the laborer should have one day of rest for enjoyment and improvement. But now, when an opportunity is to be offered which rarely comes twice in the lifetime of a toiler, which would fill the tired, aching heart with joy and enrich the mind with useful knowledge, an opportunity to see the world in miniature, carrying with it great educational value, this same organization is found laboring as zealously as the Chicago saloons to prevent tens of thousands of people from enjoying this splendid treat; for the fact must not be overlooked that Sunday is the only day of the week when tens of thousands of working men and women will have an opportunity to enjoy the fair. The plea advanced that the *employees* should have one day to rest would have force if it were not coupled with the insistence that that day be *Sunday;* but the demand that a *special* day be observed, and that day the only one in seven on which hundreds of thousands of other working people could possibly attend, reveals most palpably the true inwardness of those persons who would deceive the working masses into the belief that they are their special friends. The shallowness of the pretence is apparent to the dullest observer. If they were sincere in seeking the closing of the fair one day in the week for the simple purpose of giving the attachés of the exposition a day of rest, they would be ready to unite with those who are so ably advocating following the example of France and closing the fair on *Monday*, as this would give the employees the one day of rest, while it would also allow tens of thousands to enjoy the wonderful sights and be benefited by this unequalled opportunity to see the world in miniature who otherwise would be deprived of this important education and beneficent recreation. Moreover, the receipts would be immensely increased by this arrangement, as Mondays at expositions are always blue days, sparsely attended; while Sunday, for the reason given above, would be one of the heaviest, if not the heaviest day of the week. Finally, closing on Monday would enable the scrubbers to cleanse the grounds and clean the machinery. It will also be observed that no one need attend who does not wish to do so. The pleas advanced by the mem-

bers of the Sabbath Union do not carry the ring of an honest solicitude for the laboring people, when they would, by their provision, rule out thousands of laboring men, women, and girls from the privilege of enjoying the exposition, to where they would secure rest for one attaché.

Honesty and sincerity are as pleasing when found among gentlemen of the cloth as among those who have less opportunity to study ethics, and the position of the leaders of the American Sabbath Union does not savor of either honesty or sincerity. *The closing of the World's Fair would be a crime against the poor.*

SUNDAY CLOSING WOULD BE A CRIME AGAINST MORALITY.

It would also be a crime against morality. This is a serious charge, but I feel confident that a brief examination of the facts will convince any thoughtful and unbiased mind of its absolute truth.

Why do the churches want the World's Fair closed on Sunday? First, to as nearly as possible force people to occupy their scantily filled pews. Second, because it is a step in the well-laid plan on the part of ultra-religionists to unite church and state and re-establish a Christian theocracy.

Why do the brewers want the World's Fair closed on Sunday? To turn into their coffers millions of dollars which will be spent by people who, having nothing to do and no place to go, will frequent or hunt out places where liquor is sold, provided the fair is closed. And it is also a well-known fact that the brothels and the gambling hells are always leagued with any effort made by the saloon; for they are a trinity of moral death which flourish together; and the closing of the fair on Sunday in rum-dominated Chicago would mean a harvest for the saloon, the brothel, and the gambling hell. Now let us look at the problem squarely, honestly, and with all prejudice, for the moment, cast aside. First, the World's Fair will, in the very nature of things, be instructive and therefore valuable. The millions who attend will learn more than they could otherwise gain from years of reading or months of travel, and what they learn will never be forgotten. It will be a place where, without injuring or in any way preventing those disposed to worship God in churches, millions of people can obtain helpful enjoyment and enduring instruction. In other words, the effect of the fair, it is fair to presume, will be of immense value from an educational point of view. It will be a most enjoyable way of learning great, glorious, and vital truths. This is universally conceded to be the influence expected to be exerted by it on visitors who attend on week days; and if beneficent on week days, what shall we say of Sunday? Will not the influence be as fine and uplifting for those who do not wish to

attend church, or those who, *after* attending church in the morning, wish to improve themselves in the afternoon? Close the World's Fair, and what will be the inevitable result? *The Sabbath Union, the saloon, the brothel, and the gambling hell will have triumphed.* There will be hundreds of thousands of strangers in the great city with nothing to do. If it is fair to judge results by those now seen in our great cities to-day, it will be easy to say which of the two great powers will reap the richest harvest. The ministry to-day in all great metropolitan centres have so lost their power on the people that they can no longer fill the pews. I received less than three weeks ago, a letter from a leading orthodox minister of Boston, which contains the following frank but mournful confession: —

"*The churches have all they can do to keep alive. They have no religion to spare. There is scarcely a church where religious truth is the central attraction.* We ministers must conjure by the social principle and by amusing, lecturing to the audience in an engaging manner, or we have empty pews. Look at the topics we advertise. I do not believe twenty thousand persons, different individuals, attend morning or evening services on any Sunday in Boston."

Now the saloon makes no such complaint; the only cause of complaint made by the liquor power is that there are not more licenses granted to saloon-keepers; and in our great cities, save at brief intervals when a spasm of virtue thrills the people, the Sunday ordinances which prohibit the opening of saloons on Sunday, are dead letters. And this is specially true of cities like Chicago, where the saloon power rules the city with almost autocratic sway. Let us look at the facts as given in some startling statements and vivid pictures by the author of "Chicago's Dark Places," a Christian writer who spent months in carefully collecting facts and data for his work.

It is an astonishing fact that in Chicago alone there are about five thousand six hundred saloons. Place these saloons side by side, and on each side of the roadway, giving each saloon a width of twenty feet, and you would have one vast street of saloons reaching over ten miles in extent. . . . Let us look at a few figures in regard to the saloon interest in this city. Our estimates are carefully made, and we will verify and defend them if challenged. For the year ending March 1, 1891, the expenditure for beer in this city alone was not less than forty million dollars! The population is about one million two hundred thousand. This gives an average expenditure, for beer alone, of thirty-three dollars and twenty-five cents for every man, woman, and child in Chicago, and these results are gained after the most conservative figuring. This would give over fifty-three gallons of beer to be consumed by each man, woman, and child in the city. . . . Now, if Chicago's expenditure for beer only amounts to forty million dollars, we may safely say that for all kinds of intoxicating beverages, including wines and distilled liquors, Chicago spent last year upwards of eighty millions of dollars. Is there

any limit to the great good that could come to the city with this amount expended in proper channels? . . . Take the directory and see what a vast difference there is in the number of other businesses in Chicago, compared with this great saloon business, whose chief products are drunken men and women, whoremongers, prostitutes, murderers, thieves, tramps, bums, vagabonds, ward politicians, and general all-around scoundrels. And yet this is the business we allow to exist in our midst because, forsooth, we can't find just the men we want to represent us in politics. Why don't the sensible, intelligent men of this city sink every other interest in the effort to crush out of existence this vile and demoralizing business, and then, whilst we don't believe the millennium would dawn on Chicago, we are sure that so much wretchedness and poverty would disappear as to make it a heaven to many whose existence in it now is a continual hell.

How strong the saloon power is in politics in Chicago may be gained by perusing the following from the same author: —

That the saloon interest in Chicago is opposed to law, order, and the due protection of its citizens, is proven most conclusively by the action of the saloon-men, when under Mr. Onahan's collectorship an attempt was made to pass an ordinance in which the following points were sought to be secured: —

1. No license to be granted a saloon to locate within two hundred feet of any school, church, or hospital.
2. No one person or firm to be granted more than one saloon license.
3. No licenses should be granted unless a majority of the property owners of the block gave their consent.
4. No minor should be served with liquor, even for home consumption, unless by written request of parent or guardian.

Strong speeches were made on the side of this ordinance [which included other good points], but the saloon element defeated it. The *Tribune* and other papers spoke highly in its favor, but that didn't alter the votes of the seven brewers or saloon-keepers in the council, who themselves violated parliamentary law by voting on a resolution which directly affected their business."

A still further glimpse of the power of the saloon in Chicago will be seen by noting one statement further, from the author before mentioned: —

On State Street for instance, from Van Buren to the Twelfth Street viaduct, there are sixty-six saloons. On Van Buren, from State to Fifth Avenue, twenty-two. On Fourth Avenue, in two blocks, there are twenty-five. On Dearborn Street, twenty-five within two blocks. On Madison Street, from State Street to Halstead, there are seventy-three. On Clark, from Polk to Van Buren, two blocks, fifty-two. On Cottage Grove Avenue, from 39th to 22d, sixty-six. On Wabash Avenue, from 22d to Jackson Street, thirty-five. On Halstead, from Lake to Blue Island Avenue, seventy-six. Now these are merely given as samples. The districts have not been specially chosen. There may be other places equally bad, or worse. If any reader will sit and calmly contemplate what this fearful array of saloons — pestiferous distributors of moral, mental, and physical ruin — really means, he will find such cause for genuine alarm as to lead him, at least, to try and do something to crush the whole saloon system. We have shown that there are five thousand six hundred saloons in this city. Look at the power in politics such figures represent. Each saloon will average three votes — one for the pro-

prietor and two for assistants — three in all. This gives a total voting power of sixteen thousand eight hundred. Sixteen thousand eight hundred votes cast as the vote of one man, for one purpose, and that purpose the protection of the saloon.

It was necessary to cite the above facts to show two things: first, *that the power of the saloon in the Prairie City is so great that it controls politics, and secondly, that Sunday closing means millions of dollars to the saloon and an untold and indescribable sea of debauchery, degradation, and crime which otherwise would not disgrace Sundays.* The saloon knows that for every dollar spent to secure the closing of the World's Fair, hundreds if not thousands will flow into the coffers of the liquor traffic; while the other two members of the trinity of night, the brothel and the gambling hell, will be correspondingly benefited. The church expects to gain a few more auditors for one or two hours in the twenty-four and also the prestige of having received a governmental recognition, even in an indirect way, of Constantine's edict. *But what shall we say of the cost to morality which will inevitably follow the triumph of this unhallowed alliance?* Many have been the crimes against humanity and morality committed in Christianity's name for which apologists vainly seek for excuse. Shall we add one more to the list simply at the behests of an organized minority?

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

Quintessence of Ibsenism.*

Perhaps no help to the study of Ibsen's dramatic works has been published of more value than the little book by G. Bernard Shaw, "Quintessence of Ibsenism." The first form of the manuscript was a paper read before the Fabian Society, London, at the St. James Restaurant July 18, 1890, under the presidency of Mrs. Annie Besant. Destined at first to be but the plucked flower of a summer holiday, it changed its form, and has become a living tree in the forest of literature.

Mr. Shaw's book does not attempt to point out the pure, poetic beauties of Ibsen's verse — this has been effectually done for us by Philip H. Wicksteed in his four lectures upon the dramatist, — nor is it an attempt to paint the poet's life; already Georg Brandes has become Ibsen's Boswell. Mr. Shaw follows a different trend from Mr. Edmund Gosse and Mr. Archer in their efforts to assign the poet his place in the literary world; this volume has for its object an explanation of the *motive machinery* that moves the cable cord of Ibsenism. In the first three chapters, "The Two Pioneers," "Ideals and Idealists," "The Womanly Woman," Mr. Shaw has an opportunity to discuss in a broad and masterly manner, while unravelling the thought of Ibsen, certain social questions that weigh heavily upon the century. A few quotations will mark the drift of the introductory divisions.

"The point to seize is that social progress takes effect through the replacement of old institutions by the new ones; and since every institution involves the recognition of the duty of conforming to it, progress must evolve the repudiation of an established duty at every step."

"Yet many who to-day echo Lassalle's demand that economic and political institutions be adapted to the poor man's will to eat and drink his fill out of the product of his own labor, are revolted by Ibsen's acceptance of the impulse towards greater freedom as sufficient ground for the repudiation of any customary duty, however sacred, that conflicts with it. Society, were it even as free as Lassalle's social Democratic republic, *must*, it seems to them, go to pieces when conduct is no longer regulated by inviolable covenants."

Mr. Shaw does not agree with Mr. Stead in his depreciation of the self-willed or Bashkirtseff women. While claiming that the element of self-sacrifice must enter largely into the composition of the *womanly*

* "Quintessence of Ibsenism." By G. Bernard Shaw. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 35 cents. Sent post-paid by Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

woman, he takes up the cudgel against the editor of the "*Review of Reviews*" in these words:—

"Now of all the idealist abominations that make society pestiferous, I doubt if there be any so mean as that of forcing self-sacrifice on a woman under the pretence that she likes it, and, if she venture to contradict the pretence, declaring her no true woman."

"The domestic career is no more natural to all women than the military career is natural to all men."

The key-note of Ibsenism is struck in the sentence:—

"What Ibsen insists on is that conduct must justify itself by its effect upon happiness, and not by its conformity to any rule or ideal."

Free development of the individual. Free evolution of selfhood, unchecked by state or society, is the star that shines clearest in Ibsen's thought firmament. Life shall be no longer a stunted fruit, bulged on the one side with saintliness and dwarfed on the other into greenish, sickly toughness. It shall be round, rich, ripe, full in its completeness.

The reviewer questions whether reason should usurp the throne of duty; whether or not a reasonable *duty* be not the firmest stepping-stone to the attainment of noble-being, while repudiating dolorous, silly self-sacrifice. The attempt of man to realize his highest selfhood seems a clutching at straws, at the best.

The intense spirit of Ibsen cries out in Brand:—

"Do not be one thing one day, or one year, and something else the next; whatever you are, be that wholly and entirely, and not by bits — piecemeal."

And panting under the order of nature that makes the soul exist in successive states, Henry Hallam utters:—

"The burden of this mystery has lain heavily upon me, and I have felt it miserable to exist piecemeal."

Emerson cheerily calls out:—

"We will weave no longer a spotted life of shreds and patches; but we will live with a divine unity."

The evolution of selfhood verges on self-love or on Hartley's "rational self-interest" when it has happiness for its object, and not character.

The soul set in the spiritual cosmos attempts to realize its highest powers, and feeling its piecemeal conditions, draws to itself other entities manifesting on its plane, and the outgrowth is sympathetic relations with humanity as one of the chief conditions of perfected personality. As Bishop Brooks reiterates, there should be the length of self-development, self-power; there should be the breadth, adjustment to humanity, there should be the height of selfhood, or the concentring of the personality in God himself. Such evolution brings peace and power to the individual. The question springs thus from the social to

the ideal or spiritual plane; the individual struggles to shake off what has become effete; hampering, embarrassing questions of duty come in; and the socialism of Ibsenism becomes the mysticism of Ibsenism. One asks, Was Dora's psychological difficulty of such nature that her self-emancipation was of more value than the happiness of her husband and children? Should she not have remained with *her* family, and would not Mrs. Alving have been justified in leaving her home by the shortest cut?

"Ibsen's plays are broadly and freely discussed in a lengthy chapter that forms the bulk of "Quintessence of Ibsenism." "Brand," "Peer Gynt," "Emperor and Galilean," "The League of Youth," "Pillars of Society," "A Doll's House," "Ghosts," "An Enemy of the People," "The Wild Duck," "Rosmersholm," "The Lady from the Sea," "Hedda Gabler" are discriminately and psychologically analyzed. We make but one quotation from the chapter entitled The Moral of the Plays:—

"Ibsen is so great a poet that the idealist finds himself in the dilemma of being unable to conceive that such a genius should have an ignobler meaning, and yet equally unable to conceive his *real* meaning as otherwise than ignoble; consequently he misses the meaning altogether in spite of Ibsen's explicit and circumstantial insistence on it, and proceeds to *interpolate* a meaning which conforms to his own ideal of nobility."

Just at this point there rises in our mind simultaneously with the weighing of the moral force of Ibsen's drama, a noted etching by Méryon of a street scene in Paris.

"At an angle of one of the towers of Notre Dame there is a horned and winged demon who perpetually contemplates Paris, his head resting upon his hands, and his elbows upon a flat ledge of stone. He looks down the Seine toward the Pavilions of the Tuileries, and his stony eyes have watched through long centuries the changes on its banks. The face wears an expression of *quiet* and *contented observation*. 'La Stryge' saw the massacre of Bartholomew, the slow procession of carts that took the nobles to the guillotine; his eyes have heard the roar and tumult of revolution and the clamor of the near bells that shook the gray towers in the hour of triumph when a versatile priesthood praised God and the powers that be. . . . Night after night he hears the low splash when the suicide leaps into the water, and a steady, continuous murmur or long lamentation and blasphemy. . . . If we deduct the malignant feeling which may be attributed to a demon, the position of one who from a lofty height surveys the life of a great city is simply the position of *genius* relatively to the multitude of men. Four ravens are flying about 'La Stryge,' . . . like the dark and morbid thoughts that visit a lofty but too much isolated mind."

The black poet, Ibsen, is the "La Stryge" of our century; the questioning Job of our generation. Ibsenism is idealism attempting to realize itself amid the blottings and blurrings of the actual. In the appendix of "Quintessence of Ibsenism" we have an excellent discussion of the dramatic difficulties in the way of the proper representation of Ibsen's characters — plays — it also contains a plea for free art.

"What is wanted is the entire abolition of the censorship and the establishment of free art in the sense in which we speak of free trade."

Mr. Shaw is a lover of the *dawning* realistic drama, and must concur with Mrs. Browning, when she sings prophetically:—

> The growing drama has outgrown such toys
> Of simulated stature, face, and speech.
> It also, peradventure, may outgrow
> The simulations of the painted scene,
> Boards, actors, promptings, gaslight, and costume,
> And take for worthier stage the SOUL ITSELF,
> Its shifting fancies and celestial lights,
> With all its grand orchestral silences
> To keep the pauses of the rythmic sounds.

"Quintessence of Ibsenism" is in touch with the most progressive thought of the century; as it is Ibsen who says:—

> What is really needed is a revolt in the human spirit.
> The revolution in social conditions now preparing is chiefly concerned with the future of *workers* and *woman*."

How similar to the language of our New England seer:—

> A correspondent revolution in things will attend the influx of the spirit.
> The destiny of America is mutual service; labor is the corner-stone of our nationality; the labor of each for all.

Only those who are sufficiently sensitized to the psychic influences astir with the very heart-throbs of the century can, with the great souls — Ibsen and others — hear the rush of the unseen feet of the world's redeemers who came to enfranchise the race. The marvel of the ages is that in six thousand years humanity has not better conditioned itself.

The coming world's master-makers will feed the hungry and will bind up the drudging broken-hearted. The vibratory fire of *will power* will lick up the dross of droning centuries; the lion — capital — will lie down with the lamb — labor; and the INDIVIDUAL will be *society* — will be the state.

CLARA TULLIS FISCHER.

DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT IN NEW YORK.*

One of the noblest works which has ever been published in behalf of those who sit in darkness and despair is from the pen of a gifted woman — a woman who, leaving the comfort and ease of her home, has mingled with the exiles of society, has talked with them, has become thoroughly acquainted with their wrongs, their miseries, and their weaknesses. I refer to Helen Campbell's "Darkness and Daylight in New York," a large and profusely illustrated work. I say profusely rather than beautifully illustrated; for while the two hundred and fifty pictures are executed in the best style of the art, the subject matter depicted in many of them is so pitiful, so horrible, so repulsive, that the soul sickens, and a sense of something like hopelessness comes over one who here seeks

* "Darkness and Daylight; or, Lights and Shadows in New York." By Helen Campbell, with an introduction by Dr. Lyman Abbott, D.D., supplemented by experiences and observations by Inspector Byrnes and Colonel Thomas W. Knox. Illustrated with 250 engravings made for this work. Sold only by subscriptions. Cloth, pp. 740. Published by A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, 1892.

to penetrate the under world of our great metropolis. I do not wish to carry the impression that the author's text gives this impression; on the contrary she is full of hope even in the midst of the gloom. But the pictures in the work and the simple story of the vast extent of wretchedness and vice depicted in many chapters make the heart sick, and almost shake our faith in the ultimate triumph of right. Miss Campbell, however, gives graphic descriptions of the splendid work being industriously carried on by brave and noble-hearted men and women in the midst of this world of wretchedness and crime; and yet, to one who knows how small, *in comparison to the need*, all such work is, the glimpses of daylight give small comfort. If we had nothing more promising than the palliative measures now being put forth to relieve the distress in our great cities, I should feel small hope for the to-morrow of our race. First, because they are wholly inadequate to cope with the rising tide of poverty and sin; and secondly, because no palliative measures can check the evil which springs so largely from unjust social conditions, and which, in the very nature of things, will grow until radical social, economic, and political changes place the masses on a more equitable footing. Still I see great reason for encouragement. The splendid but inadequate measures for redeeming those who have fallen, and lessening the misery of the unfortunate, so eloquently dwelt upon by Miss Campbell, testify to the presence of pure and holy love on the part of thousands of Christians; but the limited character of the same also proves how few, comparatively, in the great temples have caught the fire of divine love, or appreciate the evil which, through their criminal selfishness and indifference, they are treasuring up for a future reckoning. Hence it is not from present measures that we can hope for reform. The church, as she now exhibits herself, also offers small hope for any far-reaching revolution. Besides, nothing that does not strike at the very root of the evil can be of much permanent value. It is therefore not in the mission or charitable work now in progress, noble and beneficent as each is, that I see promise for the future, but rather in the growing interest in the social cellar among the thought-moulders of the age and in the universal discontent of the hour. The people are awakening and demanding a change — a change of such radical and marked character that the horrors of the social cellar, instead of growing with each year, will be minified in a wonderful degree. It is agitation and education which we now most need. In a little time the great rank and file of the people will be ready to act, and then politicians, demagogues, gamblers, and parasites, who have long fattened off of the masses, will find the republic a transformed nation — a living incarnation of justice instead of a Republican shell governed by a soulless plutocracy. Such are the general impressions which are forced home after reading this strong work. "Darkness and Daylight in New York," Mr. Riis' "How the Other Half Live," and General Booth's "In Darkest England" form a noble trio of volumes, illustrating most eloquently the rapidly rising tide

of interest in the social cellar. In many respects Helen Campbell's work is the ablest contribution to the literature which treats of the exiles of our civilization. The introduction is prepared by Rev. Lyman Abbott, who is one of the foremost workers for the oppressed and "sinned against" multitudes in the clergy of to-day. Dr. Abbott points out in the following thoughtful language the close relations between the great cities and the nation at large:—

The whole country is affected, if, indeed, its character and history are not determined, by the condition of its great cities. Rome has made Italy; Paris, France; Berlin, Germany; St. Petersburg, Russia; London, England; and Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco, and New Orleans are making the United States. The excessive religiousness of Rome has dominated Italy with the spirit of a too credulous faith and a too unenterprising submission. The barbaric splendor and bureaucratic paternalism, centering in St. Petersburg, have paralyzed Russia, that overgrown babe too long kept in swaddling clothes. The cold intellectualism of Berlin has pervaded Germany with an unemotional and unspiritual but intellectual life. The sensual gayety of Paris has corrupted France, undermining alike its political and its religious institutions. The surviving brutalism of the Anglo-Saxon race, re-appearing in bestial forms in London, affords a metropolitan example for many a smaller town to follow. And every American will recognize that in Boston he sees the spirit of New England; in New Orleans that of Louisiana; and in Chicago that of the growing West. The crimes which occasionally terrify the residents in rural villages and smaller towns are planned and perpetrated by skilled professionals, educated in the nearest great city. The gambling mania developed in its great markets and exchanges, is by the telegraph wire carried to every part of the country with the rapidity with which the nerve flashes intelligence from the brain to the finger.

Miss Campbell, in the opening chapters, describes homes of vice and revelry in Water Street, New York, and the work which has been put forth to neutralize the rising tide of sin and misery. Here we have probably the best description of the wonderful work performed by Jerry McAuley that has ever been given; a story which in itself is an inspiration, in that it shows what the humblest person may do when the good in the soul gains supremacy over the bad. Jerry McAuley was born in the slums — a loafer in daytime, a thief at night. He became a prize fighter and a drunkard, and gloried in crime and wickedness. At length the law overtook him. He served fifteen years in prison, and later established the McAuley Mission, and wrought as much as perhaps any single individual has ever done for lost souls in our nineteenth-century inferno.

Miss Campbell also gives graphic pictures of tenement-house life, the newsboys of New York, the little child workers, and child-life in the slums. The chapters treating of these themes are rich in food for reflection, but very sombre reading. In the chapters dealing with Open Doors of Mercy, Mission Work in Tough Places, and Gospel Work in the Slums, we see some rifts in the darkness, but here also the lights seem to make the vast expanse of gloom more terrible. Perhaps

the most terrible pages are those which picture the Lodging Houses of New York — a topic which is also treated in the same volume by Inspector Byrnes.

The following brief extract from Miss Campbell's description of the shed lodging-houses of New York will give an idea of the horror of this world of degradation and wretchedness: —

A tallow candle, or more often a smoking kerosene lamp, furnishes a feeble light by night. The air is thick with tobacco smoke from a dozen or more black clay pipes. Some of the miserable inmates sit up all night, and are designated as "sitters"; others stand or move about uneasily; all catch such sleep as the din of frequent quarrels and fights, and the noisome stench will permit. Here criminals who shun the light of day, and women of the lowest and most degraded type, of all nationalities, congregate at night, and sleep promiscuously. Dissolute persons of both sexes skulk and loaf in these rooms by day, and so do thieves and burglars, who meet here to make new plans and sally forth at night to commit fresh crimes. Old scrub women, without homes or friends, who wearily tramp all day looking for a chance to scrub floors of offices or public buildings, often take shelter for the night in these dens. Street girls, young in years, but most of them old in sin, in some of whose faces still linger traces of former good looks, are often driven by storms or dire distress to spend a night in these horrible lodging-sheds. Not unfrequently homeless children creep in unobserved, and cuddle down to sleep in a corner. On a cold or stormy night in winter these rooms are filled to their utmost capacity. A large proportion of those who spend the night in cheap lodging-houses may be set down as criminals and beggars; others are irreclaimable drunkards, and a few are honest men out of work, or men who have employment at starvation wages.

No one can read this book without having a tempest created in his soul; no one can even study the wonderful pictures here given without having every noble impulse in his being stirred with a holy indignation — an indignation which must precede a great resolve — a resolve which every humane and noble-souled nature will, I believe, feel impelled to make — a resolve to labor without cessation for the abolition of those great evils which are feeding the social cellar. B. O. Flower.

A Kansas Farm.*

Among the recent contributions to the literature of discontent is "A Kansas Farm; or, The Promised Land." It is a story told in simple language, very much as one housewife might tell it to a sympathetic friend. As literature, the work has little value; as a plain, forcible story of giant wrongs, which have in the past generations risen to colossal proportions, and which to-day cast dark and ominous shadows over millions of once happy lives, the book is very valuable. In Mr. Lloyd's "Strike of the Millionnaires against the Miners" we have a graphic and splendidly told story of the crimes of a number of our millionnaires against the defenceless miners. In Mr. Post's thrilling story "Driven from Sea to Sea," we

* "A Kansas Farm; or, The Promised Land, by Frances McCormick, president of the National Woman's Alliance. Cloth, pp. 163. Published by John B. Alden, New York, 1892.

catch a glimpse of the crimes of our railway monopolies against defenceless settlers. In this work we have a glimpse of the ruin inaugurated by the gold power when it succeeded in contracting our currency, and carried to a climax by the relentless action of the mortgage fiends. Those who are at a loss to know what has caused the great industrial revolution, whose opening mutterings were heard in the Republican defeat in Kansas, and whose loud voicing found vent in the great Industrial Conference held in St. Louis on Washington's birthday of this year, should read this volume. Seldom have I read anything so pitiful as the following story of ruin given by Mrs. McCormick in this little volume. Here is tragedy of the most terrible character: the ruin of the most honest, industrious, and temperate citizens of the republic; ruin which came not as a result of improvidence or dissipation. Let us remember, when we boast of our land of freedom and liberty, that the story told below is not only a simple recital of absolute facts, but that it is typical.

The "skeleton in the closet" was a mortgage bearing twelve per cent interest, which, like a withering blight, blasted every hope, came off conqueror in every struggle, and, like a cancer eating its way toward the heart, constantly weakened the power of resistance. A mortgage bearing twelve per cent interest is like a bed of quicksand; every struggle the victim makes only sinks him deeper down into it, until at last he is completely overwhelmed and swallowed up by the treacherous sand. Only now and then a traveller is extricated from the mortgage quicksand by his own powerful exertions and the help of influential friends. But few flies ever extricate themselves from the spider's web. Soon as they are caught in the net the cunning spider begins weaving new threads about them. So with the mortgage business. The lawmakers constantly enacted new statutes in favor of the money-loaner, until the laws that bind and hedge in the borrower are bands of steel. This mortgage, with both John's and Mary's names attached, was the shadow that darkened the home of the Thompsons, and was fast becoming so dark as to obscure all sunshine, and amid seeming prosperity and plenty, sink the hearts of this brave farmer and his wife into absolute despair. The mortgage at first was not a very large affair; but the enormous rate of interest absorbed all they could spare off the farm in good years; and when bad years came, the interest was added to the principal, and all 'rew twelve per cent. Principal and interest increased day and night, good seasons and bad. John met the interest promptly so long as prices were good, and the mortgage gave them no uneasiness; but when the crop of wheat brought only forty cents a bushel, scarce the cost of raising, and the prices of all other farm products were in like proportion, they began to realize the danger of their position, but kept hoping that times would change for the better. As year after year rolled by, and the same conditions existed, a deathlike fear crept into their hearts that they might yet lose the home they had struggled so long and so hard to acquire. Conditions did not change except for the worse. A financial policy was being pursued by those in authority in the interest of the money-loaners, which caused money to be scarce, with rates of interest high, and the price of farm products very low. No matter whether crops were good or bad, the prices remained about the same; and if the farmer remonstrated, or asked the reason for this or that, he was told that this strange state of affairs was caused by over-production. A series of years of such financial management by the government, contracting the currency, and putting the circulating medium into the hands of a few, throws tens of thousands of farms into the hands of the loan companies, said companies having loaned one third the actual value of the farm to the owner. Men give up the unequal struggle, and start forth homeless, like cattle driven westward. Aged men and women leave the old homestead, and with trembling hands and bent forms strive to endure again the hardships of making new homes in a new country. There's no sadder sight on God's green earth. When the

causes which combined to produce this wrong are realized and understood, the men and measures which produced it will be relegated to obscurity and the obloquy of human kind. . . . Finally affairs came to such a pass that it was no longer possible for John to meet the interest coupons, and one bright afternoon the shining sulky and fast horse of the sheriff reined up at the home of the Thompsons, and that pompous individual placed in their hands a document on which were the ominous words: —

SUMMONS:

VESUVIUS SHYLOCK, Plaintiff,

vs.

JOHN THOMPSON, *et al.*, Defendants.

If the defendants fail to answer, the plaintiff will take judgment for $ with interest at the rate of twelve per cent per annum, for foreclosure and costs of suit.

The sheriff hastened away; he had ten writs to serve that afternoon, and he did not wait to witness the scene that followed his visit, nor feel the gloom and despair that settled down on that household. The sun shone, but they saw it not; the birds sang sweetly, but they heard no music; the tall grain waved gracefully and the flowers bloomed, but it brought them no gladness. Mary sank into a chair and seemed turned to stone; her face was white as marble, and her eyes had a strange, cold look not unlike death. Despair is like death; when hope is buried the body might almost as well be. The startled children stood looking at her, too much amazed to speak. It was the first time she had been discouraged in all the years since she left her father's house; but now everything seemed the blackest of outer darkness. Men and women commit suicide under like circumstances, when no ray of hope appears to keep the mind balanced or to encourage the heart to continue its work, and we call it temporary insanity. John unhitched the team from the plough, took a seat in the porch, and buried his face in his hands. Mary went to him quickly and placed her hand lovingly on his shoulder. Johnny tried to console him by clasping his little arms about his father's neck. Ruth clung to her mother's dress, and the four wept bitterly. Mary was the first to speak: "Don't give up, John," she said, "they can only take the farm." "Yes, they can," said John; "they will put the farm up for sale when there are no buyers, and Shylock will bid it in at about one half the amount that is due, and the other half will stand as a judgment against us, and the law will take our horses and farm machinery to satisfy this unjust judgment, leaving us with nothing after all these years of hard work. The law is all on one side." "It is very hard," said Mary, "but don't despair, John; there may be a way out yet."

The sheriff rode on. The next place at which he stopped was the home of A WIDOW whose husband had died leaving a small mortgage on the farm and a family of small children to be fed and cared for. The widow worked hard to support the little family and pay the interest. She did outdoor work of every kind; she milked cows, raised chickens, hoed the garden, ploughed the corn, and, in one instance, turned a hand corn-sheller to shell two hundred bushels of corn, which she sold at twelve cents per bushel to pay twelve per cent interest. Her face was brown, and the joints of her hands were distorted by rheumatism and hard work; still she kept even with the world so long as what was raised brought something near its value in money; but when the prices became so very low, and interest still remained high, she fell behind a little in meeting the last interest coupon. Promptly the summons came. Her mortgage had been taken out in another company, but emanated from the same headquarters, and was subscribed: "Usury Shylock vs. The Widow Mite." The sheriff handed her the paper while she was hoeing in her garden, jumped into his sulky, and rode on. She walked up to the house, sat down in an old-fashioned chair which stood in the dooryard, and the children wondered why mother's hands trembled so and her face turned so white. When she finished reading it she closed her eyes a moment as if in prayer, and these words escaped her lips: "O God, in thee do I put my trust! Thou hast promised to be a

father to the fatherless, and a judge of the widow, and a swift witness against those that oppress the fatherless and the widow!"

The sheriff reined up before the home of an OLD COUPLE whose children were all married and gone away. Unfortunately, a little mortgage on the place where the old couple lived had not been paid off, more from carelessness than anything else. The interest had always been easily paid, and the children never thought of any trouble coming to the old people by it. The income on the farm, when rented, much more than paid it when prices were fair. The summons indicated that the old people were to be turned out as soon as the swift process of law in the Kansas courts could grind it through. The officer of the law placed the paper in the old man's hand as he stood out in the dooryard leaning on his cane, and departed without saying a word. "Jeremiah, what is that you've got?" said the old lady, appearing at the door. "I don't know; a gentlemanly kind of fellow just now handed me this here paper, made a bow, and went off without explaining the thing at all. Bring out the spectacles, Betsy, and let's see if we can read it." "I thought maybe that was the sheriff," said the old lady softly; "and I told our son Jim afore he went to the city to study law, that I was afeared we'd have trouble with that mortgage, but he 'lowed not." "There's only a small amount back," said the old man. "You see our share of the crops this year did not bring enough to quite pay the interest. I hate to part with one of the cows, because we buy groceries with butter; besides, cattle are bringing only two cents a pound, and hogs ain't doing much better." For hours the old couple sat there under the tree trying to plan some way to meet the mortgage. The sun went down, the stars came out, and twilight deepened into the shades of night. The silvery hairs of the old couple were damp with dew ere they appreciated the situation, so absorbed were they with plans to save the farm, or, rather, with trying to solve the problem of how they could possibly leave it. Finally the old lady rose from her chair and said in a firm voice: "Jeremiah, I can't let this farm go into the hands of strangers; we have two children buried in yon grassy corner, and here is where I wish to spend my days. It will kill me to leave it. I will write to Jim. Every tree and shrub has been planted by our hands; we have watched them grow; our children have been reared here; this has been the home-nest, and I would rather die than leave it." The old man was too sad to speak, and tears fell as they crossed the familiar threshold. These aged people were oppressed with care and debt at a time in life when not a single anxiety should disturb the peace of their declining years. For people who have been true citizens of the country in which they live there should be some chosen spot for a home in their old age which *cannot be mortgaged*, where no writs of ejectment shall be served, and where such conditions exist that there shall be no worry about the necessaries or comforts of life. The last years of life should be the happiest and the best, and our aged loved ones should dwell among peace and plenty until they depart for homes on the other shore.

AN IRISHMAN, ploughing in his field, looked up and said: "Begorra! there comes the bailiff, with a writ for me, I dare say. I'm sure this country is as bad as Ireland. They sarved a 'writ of assistance' on me once, and assisted me off entirely. I wish I had a shotgun or shillalah, and I'd assist him to lave." However, Patrick "took his medicine," and received the sheriff with a bow and a smile that would have done credit to a dancing-master. He simply read the names, Benjamin Shylock vs. Patrick O'Connor, crumpled up the paper and thrust it into his trousers pocket, gave a long, low whistle, and started on another round.

"Hello! Fritz, I got here just in time to catch you, didn't I?" said the official, as a STALWART GERMAN came out of the edge of the field. "Vat you vants?" said Fritz, looking sidewise. "Well, you see, you've got a little behind with the interest on your mortgage, and the loan company is about to foreclose on your farm. "Mein Gott! Dem fellers doan want de whole earth, I dinks. I don't can pay dot interest shust now because I don't got him. Mr. Shylock an' dem poor widders in de East vat has got money to loan oudt can vait a leetle, I dink, till I make somedings off dis farm. I work hard ten years on dis farm, and raise mostly good crops, and I can't pay off dot mortgage yet. Dunder and blitzen!" And Fritz grabbed the plough handles, and, giving the horses a crack with the whip, left his companion behind. He stuck the

"summons" into a crack in the plough-beam, and began to reckon up in his mind the amount of interest he had paid in the last eight years, but kept on ploughing and thinking till time to quit work.

The foaming horse next stopped before the house of an OLD SOLDIER, but the sheriff did not get out for fully three minutes. "By George!" he muttered, "I hate this job. I felt a little qualmish when I served papers on the widow and those old people, but this is worse. It doesn't seem right, somehow. When he came out of the army he was sick and had very little money. He took up a claim away out here on the prairie and borrowed three hundred dollars, two hundred and eighteen of which went to the government to 'prove up,' as they call it. He has never been able to pay off the mortgage, and now here I am with foreclosure papers to take his farm from him. But pshaw! law is law, and here goes."

The feeble old soldier was doing his best to stack hay against a strong wind, and still wore his army coat, although it was mended with so many different kinds of cloth that it did indeed resemble Joseph's coat of many colors. The sheriff said "Good morning, Joe," handed him the "summons," spoke of the fine prospect for crops, and departed. The soldier took the papers in silence, but murmured to himself: "This is hard. The government ought to have given me money enough to prove up at first, and not had me paying twelve per cent interest all this time. Ah, well, it won't be long before I shall receive a summons of a different kind, and this one won't make much difference, I guess. The fellows in power never did do just right by the old soldiers; they are not in sympathy with the common people, and if ever a new party is organized on that basis I'll join it if I am alive. Some of the boys in gray settled on the great Kansas prairies, and one of them, when he was presented with one of these documents, gave the officer a piece of his mind, telling him very plainly what he thought of this whole mortgage business, and usury in particular."

Thousands of OLD SOLDIERS and SETTLERS came from the East and West, and occupied and improved farm lands as homesteads, under the promise of the government that the land should be their own. To people who want homes of their own the opening of new territory by the government is hailed with joy; to them it is "the promised land." They made great sacrifices, living in sod houses on wind-swept prairies for the purpose of proving up on a government claim, and little did they dream that the machinery was already constructed, whereby they must lose their homes through no fault of their own. "Contraction of the currency" and other measures of Congress reduced farming, heretofore a lucrative employment, and farm land, valuable property, to an occupation which scarcely afforded a living, and farm land became almost valueless because it produced such poor returns in money; and yet there seems to be a land *famine*.

So the sheriff went his rounds, week after week, and each term of court gave judgment and confirmed sales. These sheriff's sales were usually held on the court-house steps. There was usually only one bid for each piece of property, and that of the company which had made the loan. Whether this was by mutual agreement of some kind, the writer deposeth not. The farmers would stand looking on, silent and perfectly helpless. They gave the courts the appropriate appellation of "mortgage mills."

Who can read the above simple story without being filled with burning indignation that such wrongs are possible in a nation like ours. If there is a spot on the face of the globe to-day where the agrarian population should be prosperous and happy, that spot is this republic — a nation of marvellous wealth, a nation which should be basking in the light of unequalled prosperity, but a nation where the naked facts, so far as they relate to the people are concerned, are at once startling and suggestive. Above you catch a picture of life in Kansas, but Kansas is not alone. The Honorable Ignatius Donnelly, when in Omaha, recently pointed out the fact that, in the state of Nebraska alone, 78.18 per cent of

the total taxed acreage of the state is to-day under mortgage. Think of it! Over three fourths of the improved farms under the shadow of the mortgage; and recent revelations have shown that in such states as Ohio, formerly supposed to be rich and prosperous, the mortgages are increasing and the farmers in many counties are rapidly becoming tenants. Ever since the fatal triumph of the gold power, whose throne is London and whose footstool is Wall Street, and currency began to be contracted, the happiness of the great majority of our people has grown less and less, for times have grown harder and harder. In the early days of the encroachment of the London gold power, the people found many stalwart champions; such men as Oliver P. Morton, Senator Logan, Benjamin F. Butler, Wendell Phillips, Peter Cooper, General Weaver, and scores of others over whom the fatal spell of plutocracy had no influence; but they were overruled. It was at this time that Senator John A. Logan uttered these prophetic words, which were scorned then, but which time has so literally and terribly verified: "I for one," exclaimed Senator Logan, "can see benefit only to the money-holders and those who receive interest and have fixed incomes. I can see, as a result of this legislation, our business operations crippled, and wages for labor reduced to a mere pittance. I can see the beautiful prairies of my own state and of the great West, which are blooming as gardens, with cheerful homes rising like white towers along the pathway of improvement, again sinking back to idleness. I can see mortgage fiends at their hellish work. I can see the hopes of the industrious farmers blasted as they burn corn for fuel, because its price will not pay the cost of transportation and dividends on millions of dollars of fictitious railway stocks and bonds. I can see our people of the West groaning and burdened under taxation to pay debts of states, counties, and cities incurred when money was more abundant, and bright hopes of the future were held out to lead them on. I can see the people of our Western States, who are producers, reduced to the condition of serfs to pay interest on public and private debts to the money-sharks of Wall Street, New York, and of Threadneedle Street, in London, England."

But such men as Senators Morton and Logan were overruled by the money power. A contraction in currency was followed by the rise of an aristocracy of the dollar, of mushroom growth. Speculators, bankers, railway kings, and monopolists became an almost all-powerful factor in government. This was the era of special privileges; and while the currency was being contracted, the great monopolies in transportation and the land speculators began to add to the misery of the masses. Year by year the late civil war was fought over by the wily politicians, whose interest it was to keep up sectional prejudice, that they might hold votes. Year by year the race question was made to do good service to arouse the North and terrify the South. But at length the people became tired of this base appeal to the hate element in their being, and the wily politicians and demagogues quickly revamped the

old ante-bellum battle cry, "Protection and Free Trade." Thus again were the industrial masses deceived, while the chains of industrial slavery were being more and more securely forged around their necks. The present condition of the agrarian population of all sections of our land, no less than the terrible suffering of thousands in the squalor of our great cities, is a blister on the brow of civilization, an outrage against freedom and justice. B. O. FLOWER.

LITERARY NOTES.

"HARMONIZED MELODIES" is the name of a new volume of songs published by F. Trifet, 408 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. It is a collection of four hundred of the best of the new and old songs and ballads which have attained more than a mere passing popularity; and the vocal and instrumental parts, all complete, are given with the words, the arrangement having been made especially for the volume by Charles D. Blake, the Boston composer. In the list are a number of copyright songs, never before found in a miscellaneous collection, for which the publisher paid large sums of money to obtain the right to incorporate them into his book. The volume, which is sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of sixty cents (board covers, one dollar), is one of the most noteworthy music compilations recently issued.

THE NEW NOVEL BY HELEN H. GARDENER "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter," is the most finished piece of work that has yet appeared from the pen of this gifted lady. It is also gotten up in a style worthy of the work, being one of the handsomest novels of the year. He who reads the first chapters will peruse it to the close, and no one can read it without being made manlier and truer for having made its acquaintance.

"THE RISE OF THE SWISS REPUBLIC," by W. D. McCrackan, is a magnificent volume of four hundred pages. It contains a large map of Switzerland, printed in colors. No book of the year will prove more valuable to scholars who seek to remedy the evils which now threaten our republic, as well as the general student who desires to obtain a clear understanding of the most ideal of republics in a volume which is at once scholarly and interesting.

A GERMAN EDITION OF "WHO LIES?" has been issued in Switzerland, where we understand it is having an excellent sale. In this country it has recently passed into another edition. It is one of the boldest and most scathing arraignments of society as we find it to-day which has ever appeared. Some may regret the bluntness of some parts of the volume, but all must admit its noble morality.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"NATIONAL SUICIDE AND ITS PREVENTION," by Oscar F. Lumry, Ph. D. Cloth, pp. 224. Published by George F. Cram, Chicago.

"A STUDY OF GREEK PHILOSOPHY," by Ellen M. Mitchell. Cloth, pp. 310; price, $1.25. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"THE TABLEAU; OR, HEAVEN AS A REPUBLIC," by John George Schwahn. Paper, pp. 223; price, 50 cents. Published by Franklin Printing Company, Los Angeles, Cal.

"FORENSIC ELOQUENCE," by John Goss, A. M. Cloth, pp. 260. Published by S. Carson Company, 208 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

"ANTIQUITY UNVEILED." Cloth, pp. 608; price, post-paid, $1.62. Oriental Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penn.

"POEMS," by George Murray. Cloth, pp. 46; price, 50 cents. Published by A. D. Randolph & Co. 38 W. 23d Street, New York.

"CHRISTIANITY A FICTION," by Dr. J. H. Mendenhall. Published by Oriental Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penn.

"SEX AND LIFE," by Eli F. Brown. Cloth, pp. 142. Published by F. J. Schulte & Co., 298 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

"THE QUEEN'S QUIRE," by Elizabeth Dupuy. Price, in cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents. For sale by St. Louis News Company.

"CALMIRE." Published by Macmillan & Co. Cloth, pp. 742; price, $1.50.

"INQUIRENDO ISLAND," by Hudor Greene. Paper, pp. 347; price, 50 cents. Published by Chas. H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE COMMERCIAL ARENA.

EL PASO, TEXAS.

GEOGRAPHICAL location is often of the greatest value to a city, and few places in the world are as favored in this respect as El Paso. It is situated at a pass in the mountains which is the channel for traffic and travel from east to west on our southern border. It is about one thousand two hundred miles distant from the following great commercial centres: Kansas City, St. Louis, New Orleans, City of Mexico, and San Francisco. Necessarily great lines pass to and from it to all these important points, and control the trade of a vast area of country. The Southern Pacific, Atlantic and Pacific divisions, the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé, the Texas and Pacific, and the Mexican Central all terminate at El Paso. By reason of these transportation facilities El Paso is the distributing point for a large portion of Texas, Southern New Mexico, and Arizona, and the great central basin of the republic of Mexico, as far south as its capital. A line is projected and is under construction northward to Denver, Col., which will pass through the vast coal fields of Lincoln County, N. M., which will give El Paso control of the fuel supply for the sections named, and of the trade of the country through which that road will run. It is the point of import and export from and to Mexico, and its commerce with that country is so large that the port of entry has already become eleventh in magnitude in the United States.

El Paso is a city of fifteen thousand people, and across the Rio Grande is the city of Juarez, of nearly the same population. It has three national banks doing a flourishing business, two extensive smelting plants, three daily and four weekly newspapers, fine business blocks and residences, gas and water works, telephone exchanges, ice factory, and all the conveniences of modern life; also refrigerator works, reduction works, iron foundry, three large cigar factories, two international tramways, and capacious stockyards, a fine Court House, and United States Post Office and Custom House. Its trade is extensive and growing. The first railroad reached El Paso in 1881, and all its growth has been since that date. It is one of the most promising places for business in the nation.

It is equally desirable for residence. The scenery is fine and the climate exceptionally agreeable and salubrious. At points in its vicinity all the necessaries of life and many of the luxuries are produced in abundance. The city is built of brick. It has first-class hotels and restaurants, good church buildings, and an opera house. The people are among the most advanced in the nation for intelligence and high character. As a sanitarium it is unexcelled. A commission of physicians appointed by the French government has recently reported that the climate at El Paso and immediate vicinity is the best in the world for diseases of the respiratory organs. Health and pleasure seekers can do no better than to go to El Paso for residence or for a sojourn, or for business purposes. It is a city of solid wealth and rapid and substantial growth.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

OUR VACATION NUMBER.

Some Special Features of this Issue of The Arena.

I. An American Woman in the Heart of Africa; or, The First Circumnavigation of Lake Chala. Richly illustrated, M. French-Sheldon.

II. Julia Marlowe: with eight large photogravures, chiefly from new photographs of this young star, Mildred Aldrich.

III. A Briton's Views of America; or, The Land of Contrasts, by J. F. Muirhead.

IV. The first paper in the important series of Bacon-Shakespeare Papers, which will embrace the most brilliant discussion, pro and con, which has yet been published, after the completion of which will appear a consensus of opinions by leading Shakespearean scholars.

V. Women in the Alliance Movement. The wonderful Alliance Movement of the South and West is the greatest agrarian uprising of modern times. In it, from its inception, women have been leading spirits, and largely to their labors the Alliance to-day owes its formidable proportions. In this issue Mrs. Diggs of Washington City gives us, with a few strokes of her pen, vivid pictures of some of these women, who are even now moulding public sentiment over the broad domain of the West and the South.

VI. Confessions of a Theologian. Anonymous paper by a leading orthodox clergyman and educator.

The August Arena.

The August Arena will contain a number of papers by leading women.

I. Club Life; a symposium to which *Louise Chandler-Moulton, Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. H. M. Poole, Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, Mary E. Boyce, Kate Gannett Wells, May Wright Sewall, Katherine Nobles, Ellen Mitchell,* and other prominent women will contribute.

II. Twenty-five Years on the Lecture Platform, by Mary A. Livermore.

III. The Coming Brotherhood, by Frances E. Willard.

IV. The Danger of an Irresponsible Educated Class in a Republic, by Helen H. Gardener.

V. A Woman's Case [a story], by Sara A. Underwood.

In addition to these papers of special interest to women, the number will contain *A Second Paper on the Shakespeare-Bacon Discussion*, several political papers by leading statesmen of special interest, and many other timely features of special value.

In the Tribunal of Literary Criticism—Bacon versus Shakespeare.

In this issue of THE ARENA will be found the first paper of a series of contributions which will doubtless prove the most interesting and in many respects the most scholarly presentation of this much mooted problem ever published. The discussion will be full, free, and impartial, consisting of three parts, as follows:—

1. A brief for the plaintiff in three sections: (A) William Shakespeare; (B) Lord Bacon; (C) Objections noted and answered.

2. Brief for the defendant; a full, fair, and scholarly presentation of the claims for William Shakespeare.

3. The verdict of the jury; containing a consensus of opinion of the foremost Shakespearean scholars and critics of the age, based on the evidence adduced.

Mr. Reed, who has prepared the brief for the plaintiff, published a small author's edition of an abridged brief for the plaintiff, that he might obtain the opinions of competent critics on the merit of his presentation. The result showed, not only how deeply Shakespearean readers and scholars enjoyed the fruits of his long and painstaking labors, but also the general interest in the problem. At a future time we will give some of the letters called forth by this abridged brief.

The brief which appears in THE ARENA is greatly enlarged and amplified, and when completed will make, we believe, the most brilliant and cogent argument ever advanced in favor of the claims of Lord Bacon. All Shakespearean scholars who entertain decided views in favor of either Bacon or Shakespeare are cordially invited to state them on paper in as concise a form as possible, and mail them to the editor of THE ARENA, designating in the lower left-hand corner of envelope: (Shakespearean Dep't.)

The Bacon-Shakespeare trial in the forthcoming pages of THE ARENA will be one of the literary features of this season.

Women in The Arena.

In this number the foremost woman traveller of our day, M. French-Sheldon, describes Lake Chala and the savage Rombo tribes who dwell in its vicinity; Miss Mildred Aldrich gives a graphic pen-picture of one of the most interesting young stars on the American stage,—Miss Julia Marlowe; and Mrs. Annie L. Diggs, the accomplished writer and lecturer, gives, in a brilliant series of pen-pictures, the life-story of a few of that magnificent coterie of noble-souled women whom the love of an imperilled home and the great need of the people called to action, as a bugle of old called to the ramparts the loyal sons of a beleaguered castle. Next month we will publish a symposium on Women's Clubs, which will contain papers by Louise Chandler-Moulton, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Kate Gannett Wells, May Wright Sewall, Mrs. Mary E. Boyce, Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, Mrs. Ellen M. Mitchell, Mrs. Hester M. Poole, Katherine Nobles, and other gifted women. We also hope to present in the next issue a very notable paper by Mrs. Livermore entitled "Twenty-five Years on the Lecture Platform."

A Woman's Case.

A bright and charming story by Mrs. Sara A. Underwood will be a feature of the August ARENA.

Twenty-five Years on the Lecture Platform.

A paper of great interest has been prepared for THE ARENA by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore entitled "Twenty-five Years on the Lecture Platform." When it is remembered that Mrs. Livermore has been prominently engaged in almost every great reform measure which the past quarter of a century has witnessed, it will be readily understood that this contribution will possess peculiar interest for thoughtful people.

The Coming Political Struggle as Seen Through Three Pairs o Political Spectacles.

In this issue the three political parties represented in Congress discuss the coming political campaign. Mr. Springer, the leader of the present Democratic House, speaks for his party. Hon J. C. Burrows has long ranked among the

foremost Republicans in Congress; while in the Honorable Thomas E. Watson we have a brilliant young man who has during the past winter made a greater impression on Congress than probably any other Southern member — an able, earnest, honest, and absolutely fearless friend of the people; a man who lives in the *present*, and who, to the great annoyance of his opponents, insists on dealing with *live issues* of practical importance to the bread-winners of to-day.

An American Woman in the Savage Wilds of Africa.

In this issue of THE ARENA we give a paper by Mrs. M. French-Sheldon on the "First Circumnavigation of Lake Chala" and a pen-picture of the Rombo negroes. This is the only magazine paper prepared by this gifted writer and intrepid explorer since her return from the heart of the Dark Continent. It is bright, thoughtful, and instructive. Mrs. Sheldon has accomplished what probably no man has ever done, penetrated the savage wilds of Africa as far as Kilimanjaro, visiting the savage Masai and other hostile tribes, without shedding blood or having any of her retinue assailed by the natives. This in itself is one of the noblest accomplishments of a traveller in recent years. It demonstrates that if we meet the savage with kindness, we have little to fear. But Mrs. Sheldon not only penetrated the interior alone (that is, with an escort entirely made up of native Africans), without harm to herself or her company, but she has made many discoveries and observations of great value. The story of her travels in this strange, primitive continent will, when published, prove as fascinating as a powerfully written romance. It will possess the charm of a woman's touch; a woman, moreover, who has long been recognized as possessing remarkable literary ability, and who possesses a wonderful command of language. Her volume "Sultan to Sultan," which is now in press, will be one of the most fascinating and instructive, as well as sumptuous, volumes of recent years. It will be richly illustrated with engravings and photogravures made direct from photographs taken by Mrs. Sheldon.

Automatic Writing: Another Witness.

Below I give a letter just received from Charles Whedon, Esq., of the law firm of Whedon & Ryan of Medina, N. Y. It is valuable as furnishing additional evidence as to the verity of a most interesting and little understood psychical phenomenon. Not that those who have thoughtfully or earnestly investigated psychical problems doubt the reality of automatic writing, but because this whole psychic realm, as a field for scientific investigation, is comparatively new to the majority of people. Says Mr. Whedon:—

"I desire to add a word or two, by way of emphasis, on the last sentence in B. F. Underwood's article on automatic writing in your June ARENA. As I have had nearly six years' experience as a psychic and write so-called automatically, I feel that I may be permitted to urge the importance of a fair and scientific investigation of the phenomenon. I can say, as said by Mr. U. in quoting Professor Moses, that "I have written automatically precise statements of facts, subsequently verified and found to be exact, such facts being demonstrably outside of my own knowledge."

My own experience has greatly impressed me with the importance, the possibilities, and the magnitude of this writing. As I am able to write without the presence of any one, and at pleasure, I have not been hampered in experimenting, as Mr. U. and some others have.

I came into the study of this subject thoroughly imbued with the teachings of "Synthetic Philosophy," as I had made a study of, and had read the whole of Mr. Spencer's works. To state that I am an evolutionist, is but to state the natural outcome of a study of his works. By this you may know about what my bias would be; but I wish to ASSURE YOU of the genuineness of the phenomenon, be the cause what it may.

THE ARENA has treated the subject in a very wise and fair manner. Of all the eleven reviews that I take, I am the best pleased with THE ARENA. As an advocate of reforms and as an investigator along social lines, it stands at the head. I can-

not refrain from adding a word of praise for your able article "The Democracy of Darkness." It touches the right chord, and is exceedingly timely."

Confession of a Theologian.

Our anonymous paper this month is a noteworthy contribution to the current religious literature. It is prepared by one of the foremost theological writers and educators in the orthodox circles of America — a man of the ripest scholarship, who, under cover of our anonymous series, can be perfectly frank, without calling forth a storm of criticism and abuse from his colleagues who differ from him.

Julia Marlowe.

The life of a gifted actress is always interesting to the public. Especially is this true when the person in question is self-made, diligent, and persistent in pursuing a noble ideal. In the case of Julia Marlowe, we have a splendid illustration of what may be accomplished, even in spite of environment which would have been an impregnable barrier to a less ambitious and aspiring nature. The action of her generous friend and protectress, illustrates how much those who have the means and the desire to help the aspiring helpless can do for the happiness of individuals and the benefit of the world. Most of the admirable pictures which appear in this issue, are from new photographs never before given to the public.

A Political Story of Great Power.

THE ARENA Publishing Company has just issued "ESAU; OR, THE BANKER'S VICTIM," a thrilling story of the mortgage curse which should be read by every family in the land.

The story deals with the stormy days of the civil war. It is a political novel of purpose and power. As a romance it is fascinating; as a history of a mortgage it is tragic, and as an exposé of the financial policy of the old parties it is clear and forcible. It is a timely and valuable campaign book.

Of this work the Rev. Dr. Kent, pastor of People's Church, Washington, D. C., says: —

> It is a story born of the evils of our monetary system. The cunning selfishness of the banker is set forth in a terse and masterful manner. It ought to be widely read.

The price being only twenty-five cents, places it within the reach of all.

Some Women of the Alliance Movement.

A few months ago we published an interesting paper upon some leaders in the great agrarian movement known as the Farmers' Alliance.

In this issue we give a brillant penpicture of leading women in this movement. It is impossible to estimate the wonderful influence the women are exerting in the great industrial revolution so little understood or appreciated as yet by the press of the East, but which will doubtless play an important part in the history of the republic (despite the sneers and jibes which have been so generously bestowed upon its leaders), because behind the movement is the increasing poverty of millions of honest, temperate, and industrious bread-winners, and this great fact has at last sharpened the wits of the industrial population of the West and the South. Old-time prejudices are no more proving magic talismans in the hands of political hacks and demagogues. A deep and far-reaching sense of injustice is more and more impressing the bread-winners; they are coming to feel that they are being made slaves by a conscienceless plutocracy, and with this fact there also appears a settled determination on the part of a large per cent of our people to no longer follow blindly the lead of the professional politicians. There also is a moral enthusiasm in the new movement which finds its counterpart in the rank of the old parties which have so long been camping alternately on each other's grounds.

The Literary Problem of the Age.

The Shakespearean authorship is, as has been observed, the great literary problem of our age. The discussion opened in this issue of THE ARENA will be the most exhaustive, scholarly, and complete presentation of each side of this interesting case ever published.

OUR POOR FUND.

I WISH to urge our friends whose hearts go out in love and sympathy to the poor in our great cities, and who feel disposed to help gladden the darkened lives of our social exiles by giving them a vacation in the country, to promptly remit any sum they feel they can spare for this purpose. Last year, through THE ARENA Poor Fund, many hundreds of women and children were enabled to enjoy rest and recreation in the country and by the sea-shore who otherwise would have been denied even this oasis in their grimly tragic lives. I believe no one who visits the slums and sees with what anticipation of joy the little ones look forward to a trip out of the city, would feel that money thus spent was not well spent. Besides it gives new life and vigor to the slaves who are battling for bread and shelter. Some will doubtless say that the grave is the best place for them. Ah! we all cling to life, and no one more than the poor widow of the slums who has three or four little ones tugging at her gown and calling her mother.

In the June ARENA, we gave an itemized account of the expenditures of $1,283.82 of THE ARENA Poor Fund during the past year. Since that date we have expended as follows: —

Beds and bedding to three bedless families,	$6 50
Aid in paying rent to six families,	8 20
Groceries to twenty-six families,	23 90
Repairs on twenty-five pairs of second-hand boots,	17 55
Medicine and fruit for sick,	3 58
Bread given on order of missionary,	4 35
New boots and rubbers to twenty-two children,	23 50
Supper for one hundred and seventy-five industrial school children,	12 50
Crutches for lame man,	2 50
Clothing for destitute family,	3 12
Special work among sailors,	20 00
Work secured for three men with families,	3 25
Eighty-five free meals to needy persons,	6 50
Lodging for eighteen men,	3 25
Temperance work among children,	4 90
Coal in one-quarter ton lots,	6 88
One special case of relief furnished an indigent family,	15 00
	$165 48

All the above, excepting the special case of the indigent family, which I personally investigated, has been expended in the slums of the North End, under the auspices of Rev. W. J. Swaffield, and the committee who are acting under his supervision. Since our last report the following amount has been received: —

R. S. Guilford, El Paso, Tex.,	$5 00
Samuel S. Reed, Newport, Or.,	1 50
Mrs. M. J. Whittier, Guilford, Me.,	1 00
Mrs. C. A. Noble, Granville, Mass.,	5 00
A friend, New Orleans, La.,	5 00
A friend, Boston, Mass.,	10 00
P. C. B. (a Kansas farmer), Sterling, Kan.,	7 60
	$35 10

I had hoped that we might have received sufficient funds to enable a commodious home to be secured in the country, where large relays of the poor could come every two weeks during the summer for a fortnight's vacation; but the returns have been too slight for this. Hence we must pursue the same method employed last season. Friends, I trust you will contribute for the vacation fund liberally, as you feel able, for the dwellers in the torrid, stifling cellars and attics of our slums.

THE ARENA.

No. XXXIII.

AUGUST, 1892.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS ON THE LECTURE PLATFORM.

BY MARY A. LIVERMORE.

TWENTY-FIVE years of the civilized life of to-day is a long period of time, for we measure life by accomplishment rather than by years. "That life is long which answers life's great end." The life of the present age is illuminated with knowledge, refined by art, literature, and music, stimulated with incentives to noble living, and glorified by hope, aspiration, and love. One year of civilized life, measured by its quality, counts for more and is longer than a hundred among barbarous and savage peoples. And whoever has lived — not vegetated — through the last twenty-five years has lived longer than Methuselah.

It has been my good or ill fortune — according to one's standpoint of observation — to occupy a place on the public platform during this last wonderful quarter of a century. It was not a position of my own seeking; for although I was on the editorial staff of a weekly paper in Chicago at the opening of the civil war, and was recognized as a reporter, at a time when women reporters were so rare that no woman beside myself was assigned a seat among the hundreds of men who reported the great Republican Convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln for the presidency in 1860, I was yet very conservative. I had heard but two women make public addresses: Angelina Grimke and Lola Montez, two very dissimilar persons, but both gifted as orators. I had no ambition for public life, and with my pen, the care

of my family, and my interest in two or three charitable and philanthropic organizations, for which I worked devotedly, I was well content.

The transition of the country from peace to the tumult of war was swift and appalling. Women, as well as men, were swept from their anchorages of prejudice and indifference, to the loftiest heights of effort and sacrifice, and the incoming patriotism of the hour bore them into positions and activities from which, in calmer moments, they would have shrunk. The organization of women into Soldiers' Aid Societies; their induction into the best methods of work and the imperative needs of the hour; the narration of experiences and observations made at the front of the army, which always quickened the activities of the workers; the enthusing and massing of the various forces into a solidarity for some great enterprise, like a colossal Sanitary Fair, — all this called for public speech, and there was no escape from it.

The public lecture courses of the country, then as now, always in quest of novelties, came forward with their bids for service. "Arrange in the form of a lecture your varied experiences in the office, the camp, the hospital, and at the front, deliver it in our course, and we will give the entire receipts of the evening to the Sanitary Commission." The bribe was potent, and the task proposed not difficult; and before the close of the war, I had become, in the parlance of the press, a "public lecturer."

I saw the quiet days of the past vanishing in the receding distance, like a lost paradise, but was comforted by the thought that with the close of the war I should resume them. The war ended, but the ordinary tenor of the life of women had changed. They had developed potencies and possibilities of whose existence they were unaware, and which surprised them as it did men. The movement had begun for the higher education of women; and colleges, universities, and professional schools rapidly opened to them. Industries, trades, and gainful vocations which had hitherto ignored them, now invited their co-operation, and women became self-supporting. Hard and unjust laws, which had blocked their way, were repealed, and others affording them larger protection and opportunity were enacted. Great organizations of women for missionary work were formed and managed solely by themselves; temperance women wheeled into line

by the hundred thousand; women's clubs sprang into being for social enjoyment and mutual help; woman suffrage leagues multiplied, and everywhere there was a call for women to be up and doing with voice and pen, with hand, head, and heart.

I continued to receive invitations from the lecture courses of the country, flattering in tone, and persuasive with promises of compensation. The Redpath Lyceum Bureau was formed, with its founder, James Redpath, as chief. Brainy to his finger-tips, magnetic in speech and manner, concocting more schemes over night than half a dozen men could manage, with so many irons of his own in the fire that some of them were always burning, he gave an impetus to the business of public lecturing that is felt to the present time. I should never have entered the lecture field at the close of the war but for Mr. Redpath. He arranged all details at the beginning, made the way easy, and, understanding the popular taste, as I did not, suggested lecture topics, made engagements, and was the most indefatigable of agents. My friends, and notably my husband, co-operated with him.

A mighty host of vital but tempestuous questions were before the country, demanding immediate consideration. The nation still palpitated with the passion and agony of the fierce civil war. A million of men, North and South, had gone down into death, or into a permanent invalidism and mutilation worse than death; and through them, four or five times a million women and children had been plunged into widowhood and orphanage, were grief-stricken and desolate, to whom life could never again be the same as before the war. An army of a million soldiers, who had been trained to waste, burn, destroy, ravage, and slaughter, had been disbanded and sent North to their homes. Would they resume their former "law-obeying, law-abiding" habits, and melt away into the peaceful haunts of industry? There was ill-concealed anxiety on this subject.

The South was utterly impoverished, stripped, peeled, and ruined; it had lost everything for which it had flung down the gage of battle, — its importance in the national government, its slaves, its fortunes, its cause, and the very flower of its young men. Disappointed and defiant, it sat down in the ashes of its dead hopes, almost in despair. Four million black slaves had been flung out of the depths of an imbrut-

ing chattelism into ownership of themselves, who were overweighted with the ignorance and hereditary vices of slavery, and who had been trained by the hardest to have no thought for the morrow. Without preparation for freedom or self-support, without leadership, industrial aid, or a dollar of capital, they were put on a level with self-supporting men and women, and told to take care of themselves.

A vast debt of thousands of millions of dollars had been incurred in defence of the nation — how was it to be paid? The currency of the country was depreciated, and specie had almost entirely disappeared from circulation. How was this to be remedied? Hundreds of thousands of the disbanded soldiers were physical wrecks, unfit for labor, and yet poor, without homes, or with dependent families. What must be done for them? The great president, who had piloted the nation through the stormy sea of war into the haven of peace, and who would have been the leader in the work of reconstruction, was ruthlessly assassinated. And the incapable and inconsequential man who succeeded to his great office proved a marplot, whose plans were so big with mischief that constant surveillance was necessary to checkmate them.

But the people were not left without leaders. "There were giants in those days." Secretaries Seward and Stanton, although in declining health, were able to render good service, as were Sumner of Massachusetts, Fessenden of Maine, Chandler of Michigan, Ben. Wade and Josh. Giddings of Ohio, and the brainy, loyal brothers Washburne of Maine, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. The great war governors of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Indiana — Andrew, Curtin, and Morton — were on the alert, as of yore, for the honor and welfare of their country. Generals Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan were in government service, as likewise, in some capacity, were Generals Meade, Hooker, Logan, Burnside, Thomas, Garfield, and others of equal worth. Horace Greeley was editor of the New York *Tribune*, Henry Ward Beecher was in the pulpit of Plymouth Church, Chief Justice Chase was on the Supreme Bench of the United States, and George William Curtis kept the pages of Harper's publications aglow with demands for right and justice, and a high standard of political morality.

On the lecture platform, William Lloyd Garrison and

Wendell Phillips discussed the questions of the hour with remorseless moral logic and brilliant oratory. Thither Emerson carried to somewhat mystified audiences, his wonderful philosophy of life, delivered mostly in aphorisms; Bayard Taylor led them "up the Rhine and over the Alps with a knapsack," and later into pre-historic Egypt; Bishop Simpson brought the authority of religion and the doctrines of the great church of which he was the head, to the illumination of the problems to be solved; "Petroleum C. Nasby," with cutting irony and withering satire, exposed the fallacies of the enemies of union and freedom; while Anna Dickinson, the untrained Quaker girl who had come to the front like a second Joan of Arc, saved state after state for the Republican Party by her magnetic oratory, and made it possible for any woman to follow her to the platform who had anything to say, and knew how to say it.

For a few years the nation was at a white heat of intellectual life and activity, and the questions of the war were so rapidly settled that future students of history will marvel as they read the story. The abolition of slavery by constitutional amendment, and the enfranchisement of the colored male population of voting age ended forever the long sectional strife between the North and the South, and they were reunited, not as before, in loose bonds of confederation, for now they were welded into a nation. It was in these stirring and inspiring times that I was called to the lecture platform. I never sought the place, for I realized my disadvantages. I was no longer young, and lacked grace and beauty, and in those days it was most heterodox to intimate that there was a ghost of a chance for a woman if she lacked either of these over-prized charms. I had never received an hour's training in elocution or voice culture, and had paid no attention to oratory, for I had no ambition in that direction. But I possessed magnificent health and vigor, and was pre-eminent for a power of persistent, unflagging work that could hold sleep in abeyance till my task was completed, and endure any amount of fatiguing labor or travel, with only temporary disadvantage. I had always been a student and a worker, so that I entered on the new life without dropping out entirely from the old.

Neither school, college, nor university could have given me the education I have received through the lecture plat-

form. Generally, before the end of a season, the work for the next year has been planned, the lecture bureau and the local committees aiding by suggestions and expressed preferences. The work of investigation and of preparation has followed; and the days of reading and research in libraries, aided by the most intelligent and courteous assistants, have been fruitful in varied information. The severer work in my study, where I have put into systematic form the abundant material collected, culling, pruning, consolidating, illustrating, and shaping, has always been a delight. I have been allowed the largest freedom of utterance on the lecture platform, which I have sought not to abuse; and I have been careful not to obtrude my own particular hobbies upon an audience unless requested to "trot them out."

I cannot understand how one who makes lecturing a profession can fail of becoming optimistic. One cannot but learn much more than is desirable concerning the evil of society, when itinerating through the country. But then, to offset this, in no other way can one so well understand the heavenly side of humanity, or comprehend how "near to grandeur is our dust." If a tender philanthropy has blossomed out into an organization that is doing noble work, a free school been formed for the incapable children of recently arrived emigrants who cannot speak our language, a childless mother adopted into her abundant home the desolate orphans whom death has kindly bereft of worthless parents, a generous man endowed a town with a public library and reading-room, which will prove a liberal education to many yet unborn, the lecturer is informed of the divine deed, and brought into personal contact with it.

A woman lecturer is more generally entertained in private homes than in hotels, unless she expresses a wish to the contrary. Here one learns faith in the future of the country. Not by exhibitions of splendid talents or the narration of illustrious deeds, but by learning how almost universal is the desire of the average father and mother to train their children to a loftier standard than they have attained; by observing the habitual self-control which is so necessary to usefulness, and the habitual self-denial, on which many are nourished and have grown strong; by seeing how the children of a family are educated out of waywardness and animalism into subordination to the law of right, by the

gentle patience and forbearance of a mother, and the wise good temper of a father, maintained even when reproof is administered. One's estimate of values changes under such circumstances, and in time one comes to rate brilliancy of talent and dazzling achievement a little lower than the meek and quiet virtues, which transform many homes of our land into veritable suburbs of Heaven. One Niagara, with its thunderous waters, is enough for a continent; but that same continent needs tens of thousands of gentle streams that shall fructify every meadow and farm.

My last quarter of a century of life, a good half of which has been spent on the lecture platform, has taught me that there is more good than evil in the world. Comparatively few deliberately choose the wrong, and persistently follow it from day to day. Passion and appetite hurry many into evil courses, whose better natures, in calmer moments, do not consent to their misdoing. And poverty on one hand, and wealth and luxury on the other, are alike responsible for sins differing in character and degree. We talk much of the contagion of evil, and deplore it. We rarely speak of the diviner contagion of good, which is abroad in the world, inspiring reforms, correcting abuses, redressing wrongs, and stimulating an almost omniscient philanthropy.

Our country abounds in kindly race lovers, who think profoundly on the great questions now surging to the front, that concern the bettering of the world. I have met them here and there in my journeyings, and listened spell-bound to their plans and prophecies, till I, too, have seen "distant gates of Eden gleam." Shall not the dream of the ages be realized? It was the belief in "a good time coming" that inspired Plato's "Divine Republic" — that planned Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" — that suggested the "Arcadia" to Sir Philip Sidney — that stimulated Harrington to sing his "Oceana" — that stirred Fourier to plan his bungling "Labor-Paradise" — that led Jesus and the Apostles to foretell the "New Heaven" and the "New Earth." Shall this hope which humanity has carried in its heart, like a heavenly seed, for ages, never come to fruitage?

But is there no "fun" in the life of a lecturer? Is there never a time when a frolic is in order, and a good laugh comes in? Assuredly, and it comes at unexpected times and from unlooked-for sources. Vexed though you might be

at first, dear reader, you would laugh afterwards, when, on opening your valise for the orthodox black silk you were to wear in the evening, you found it missing, and in its place you beheld, in dismay, the garments of a stalwart bridegroom, who was to have arrayed himself for his wedding, that night, in white satin vest and necktie, white kids, delicate hosiery, and patent leather shoes of the latest fashion. The careless porter at the hotel interfered with his calculations, by misplacing the checks on our not dissimilar valises. Would you not have felt a sudden "drop" in your dignity, when a "commercial man" who had been kind to you, turned on you suddenly with the inquiry, "For what house are you travelling? And what line of goods do you carry?" And would it not have seemed the proper thing to revise your facial expression, when a woman who had stared you out of countenance for an hour, informed you, in a confidential whisper, that she "recognized you as a trance medium the moment you stepped in the car—you had just the expression of one."

I was presented to the audience one evening by a young lawyer, who desired to make the occasion as pleasant as possible for me. He had personally attended to the decoration of the platform, which was bright and fragrant with flowers. His dead mother and I had been girl friends. This was his introduction: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I have great pleasure in presenting to you this evening a lady of whom you have heard and read for forty years; for during that time she has written and lectured extensively under the *nom de plume* of Lucy Stone. To-night I present her by her true name, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore." And it was with difficulty that I persuaded the young fellow that I knew myself better than he did. When finally convinced that "Lucy Stone" was the real name of a very alive woman, I think he was a little appalled that there were two of us.

On another occasion, I delivered the opening lecture of the first course ever arranged in a small city of Western New York. The chairman of the lecture committee, who was to introduce me, was somewhat bumptious in manner and speech, and I was informed that he had "a talent for oratory." As he proceeded in his speech of presentation, I became interested, for he gave the audience my biography. It was a very romantic narration, but, unfortunately, not a word of it was true. According to his story, I was born in

Chicago, at a time "when wolves howled about the cabins, and Indians screeched in chorus." He had talked for nearly twenty minutes, when suddenly, from the midst of the densely packed house, some one called out, in a tone of intense disgust, "*Oh, dry up!*" It seemed for a time as if no lecture could be given that night, for the whole affair was so ludicrous that it appeared impossible for any of us to subside into decorous gravity.

The very next week Robert Collyer gave me a "send-off" before a Western audience in the following sententious fashion: "Mrs. Mary A. Livermore will talk to you this evening, who was born in Boston, and is so proud of it, that she has ever since refused to be born again."

I remember an evening passed with Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fields, in their home at Manchester-by-the-Sea, many years ago. Somehow, the conversation turned on the experiences of lecturers, when most amusing "yarns" were told, all vouched for as authentic. It was said that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes had received the smallest fee ever paid a lecturer. He was promised five dollars, but was paid only two dollars and a half, and, as if in explanation of the reduction, the comment was thrown in that "the lecture warnt as funny as folks expected." Charles Sumner had been sued in Iowa, because overtaken *en route* by an attack of illness, he had failed to deliver the lecture he had promised, and the committee had placed the damages at five hundred dollars. Wendell Phillips had reached his destination, and found the lecture committee unable to decide which of two of his lectures should be selected for the evening. "Perhaps I had better deliver them both," said Mr. Phillips, pleasantly. On reaching the lecture hall that evening, the committee gravely informed him "they had decided to take his advice, and to hear both lectures. There would be a half hour's intermission between, when the audience would be glad to shake hands with him, and meet him socially." "All of which came off, according to programme," said Mr. Phillips, "but I am sorry to say they paid me but one fee."

I was on my way to fill an engagement at Big Rapids, Mich., when the engine "gave out," and we stopped for repairs twenty-five miles from the town. I notified the committee, by telegram, that it was not possible for me to reach Big Rapids before nine o'clock that evening. After

asking another date for the engagement, which I was unable to give, they directed me to "come on with the train." We reached Big Rapids at half-past ten. A lad on horseback galloped to the hall, to stop the "promenade concert," with which they were beguiling the time till my arrival. A carriage in waiting, containing the committee and the lecturer, followed after. The lecture began at eleven o'clock, and was ended at midnight.

Unity Club, in Cincinnati, has maintained a most successful Sunday afternoon lecture course, for more than a dozen years. On one occasion when I had an engagement in this course, my agent had arranged for a lecture, on the previous Saturday evening, in a large town some fifty miles from Cincinnati. There was but one train on which I could reach the city the next day, and that passed through the town at five o'clock Sunday morning. It was so important a matter, that I would run no risk; and I made my own arrangements with the responsible proprietor of the best livery stable in town, who agreed to drive me to the station himself, in season for the early train. "Give yourself no anxiety," were his last words, "for if I am alive, I shall call for you promptly." It is fair to presume that he died suddenly during the night, for I never saw him afterwards. And after waiting an hour on the piazza, with trunk and "gripsack" packed and locked, the morning train whistled into town, and whistled out again,—and I was left.

As soon as the telegraph offices were opened, I notified the Cincinnati committee of the *contretemps* that had befallen me. No one could be found, on so short a notice, to take my place, and the committee proposed to send an engine for me, if I were willing to ride in the engineer's cab. It was the best that could be done, for it was Sunday. I had travelled on an engine before in emergencies; and so at one o'clock, dressed for the lecture, and wrapped from head to foot as a protection from dust and cinders, I started with the engineer. We spun along merrily, until we were sixteen miles from Cincinnati, and then came upon a derailed freight train. We could go no farther. Consulting various tables of trains, stations, and time that hung in the cab, the engineer brightened. "In seven minutes," said he, "a fast cattle train leaves the next station beyond this broken-down freight train and goes through to Cincinnati without stopping. We must

try to catch that, madam." He assisted me to alight, and then to mount into an empty beer wagon, which somebody had hitched to a post, climbed in himself, and drove with great rapidity. There was no seat for me, and so I stood behind him, and steadied myself, with my hands on his shoulders, looking carefully after my feet, over which the empty beer kegs in the bottom of the wagon were in danger of rolling. We reached the station just as the engineer of the cattle train was giving the signal to start. He declined to take me, and produced his printed instructions, which forbade him to carry any freight but "live stock," and any passengers but the drovers in charge of the animals.

"If I am not 'live stock,' will you please tell me *what* I am?" I queried impatiently and in dismay.

There was a laugh, a hurried parley between the two men, and the conductor of the cattle train decided to transport me to Cincinnati, if I would go as "live stock." I was weighed as "live stock," was billed as "live stock," but was put in the caboose, and not in the cattle car; and when I reached my destination, I paid my bill and took a receipt — details with which "live stock" never trouble themselves. It was a hard, weary afternoon's work, but I kept my engagement, and was enthusiastically welcomed by an audience that had patiently waited for me an hour and a half, packed in a crowded opera house. Oh, yes! there is plenty of amusement in the life of a lecturer — there is no lack of excitement, variety, and incident, and I have had my full share of them. But I like better to remember the noble people and the beautiful homes, that have been to me like oases in the desert, during the last twenty-five years; the increasing number of good, unselfish men and women who are centres of right influence in every community; the vast material progress of the age, with the widening spread of popular instruction, and the advance of higher education; the growing triumphs of literature, art, and science, and their promise for the future; the new day that is dawning for women, which is prophetic of good to both man and woman; the general upward trend of human life, of which we detect signs all about us, which foretells a larger, nobler, finer civilization yet to come. It shall surely come; it cannot ultimately fail, for are not these the signs of its coming, as the first faint streaks of light in the gray east portend the dawning of the day?

IN THE TRIBUNAL OF LITERARY CRITICISM.

BACON *VS.* SHAKESPEARE.

BY EDWIN REED.

PART I. A BRIEF FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

SECTION III. FRANCIS BACON.

1. Setting aside Shakespeare, Bacon was the most original, the most imaginative, and the most learned man of his time.

"The most exquisitely constructed intellect that has ever been bestowed on any of the children of men." — *Macaulay.*

"The great glory of literature in this island, during the reign of James, was my Lord Bacon." — *Hume.*

"Lord Bacon was the greatest genius that England, or perhaps any other country, ever produced." — *Pope.*

"The glory of the human intellect." — *De Quincey.*

"Crown of all modern authors." — *Geo. Sandys.*

"He possessed at once all those extraordinary talents which were divided amongst the greatest authors of antiquity. He had the sound, distinct, comprehensive knowledge of Aristotle, with all the beautiful lights, graces, and embellishments of Cicero. One does not know which to admire most in his writings, the strength of reason, force of style, or brightness of imagination." — *Addison.*

"He belongs to the realm of the imagination, of eloquence, of jurisprudence, of ethics, of metaphysics; his writings have the gravity of prose, with the fervor and vividness of poetry." — *Welsh.*

"Who is there that, hearing the name of Bacon, does not instantly recognize everything of genius the most profound, of literature the most extensive, of discovery the most penetrating, of observation of human life the most distinguishing and refined?" — *Edmund Burke.*

"Shakespeare and the seers do not contain more expressive or vigorous condensations, of greater resemblance to inspiration; in Bacon, they are to be found everywhere." — *Taine.*

"No other author can be compared with him, unless it be Shakespeare." — *Professor Fowler.*

"He was a genius second only to Shakespeare." — *Church.*

Addison, referring to a prayer composed by Bacon, says that "for elevation of thought and greatness of expression it seems rather the devotion of an angel than that of a man."

2. Bacon came of a family eminent for learning. His father, Nicholas Bacon, was Lord Chancellor and Keeper of the Great Seal under Elizabeth; his mother, daughter of Sir Anthony Coke, tutor of Edward VI.

Of Bacon's mother, Macaulay writes: —

"She was distinguished both as a linguist and a theologian. She corresponded in Greek with Bishop Jewell, and translated his 'Apologia' from the Latin so correctly that neither he nor Archbishop Parker could suggest a single alteration. She also translated a series of sermons on fate and free will from the Tuscan of Bernardo Ochino. Her sister Katherine wrote Latin hexameters and pentameters which would appear with credit in the 'Musæ Etonenses.' Mildred, another sister, was described by Roger Ascham as the best Greek scholar among the young women of England, Lady Jane Grey always excepted."

3. Bacon had a strong desire for public employment, due, it is fair to infer, to the consciousness that he possessed exceptional powers for the service of the state. It was a creditable ambition, though the methods then in vogue to gratify it would, according to modern standards, hardly be deemed consistent with personal honor. It is certain that the reputation of being a poet, and particularly a dramatic poet, writing for pay, would have compromised him at court. In those days play-acting and play-writing were considered scarcely respectable. The first theatre in London was erected in 1576, ten or twelve years only before the earliest production of Hamlet. The government, in the interest of public morals, frowned upon the performances. The Lord Mayor, in 1597, at the very time when the greatest of the Shakespeare plays were coming out, denounced the theatre as a "place for vagrants, thieves, horse stealers, contrivers of treason, and other idle and dangerous persons." Taine speaks of the stage in Shakespeare's day as "degraded by the brutalities of the crowd, who not seldom would stone the actors, and by the severities of the magistrates, who would sometimes condemn them to lose their ears." He thus describes the playhouse as it then existed: —

"On a dirty site on the banks of the Thames rose the principal theatre, the Globe, a sort of hexagonal tower, surrounded by a muddy ditch. Over it was hoisted a red flag. The common people could enter as well as the rich; there were six-penny, two-penny, even penny seats; but they could not gain admittance without money. If it rained, — and it often rains in London, — the people in the pit — butchers, mercers, bakers, sailors, apprentices — received the streaming rain upon their heads. I suppose they did not trouble themselves about it; it was not so long since that they had begun to pave the streets of London; and when men like these have had experience of sewers and puddles, they are not afraid of catching cold.

While waiting for the piece, they amuse themselves after their fashion — drink beer, crack nuts, eat fruits, howl, and now and then resort to their fists; they have been known to fall upon the actors and turn the theatre upside down. At other times, when they were dissatisfied, they went to the tavern to give the poet a hiding, or toss him in a blanket. When the beer took effect, there was a great upturned barrel in the pit, a peculiar receptacle for general use. The smell rises, and then comes the cry, 'Burn the juniper!' They burn some in a plate on the stage, and the heavy smoke fills the air. Certainly, the folk there assembled could scarcely get disgusted at anything, and cannot have had sensitive noses."

It may be easily imagined that Bacon, considering his high birth, aristocratic connections, and aspirancy for official honors, and already projecting a vast philosophical reform for the human race, would have shrunk from open alliance with an institution like this.

4. To his confidential friend, Sir Toby Matthew, Bacon was in the habit of sending copies of his books as they came from the press. On one of these occasions he forwards, with an air of mystery and half apologetically, certain works which he describes as the product of his "recreation," called by him, also, curiously, "works of the alphabet," upon which not even Mrs. Pott's critical acumen has been able to throw, from sources other than conjecture, any light. In a letter addressed to Bacon by Matthew while abroad, in acknowledgment of some "great and noble token of favor," we find this sentence: —

"The most prodigious wit that ever I knew, of my nation and of this side of the sea, is of your lordship's name, though he be known by another."

It has been plausibly suggested that the "token of favor," sent to Matthew, was the folio edition of the Shakespeare Plays, published in 1623. It is certain that Matthew's let-

ter, now without date, was written subsequently to Jan. 27, 1621.*

5. Bacon kept a commonplace book which he called a Promus, now in the archives of the British Museum. It consisted of several large sheets, on which from time to time he jotted down all kinds of suggestive and striking phrases, proverbs, aphorisms, metaphors, and quaint turns of expression, found in the course of his reading, and available for future use. With the exception of the proverbs from the French, the entries, one thousand six hundred and fifty-five in number, are in his own handwriting. These verbal treasures are scattered, as thick as the leaves of Vallombrosa, throughout the Plays. Mrs. Pott finds, by actual count, four thousand four hundred and four instances in which they are reproduced there — some of them, in more or less covert or modified form, over and over again. We can almost see the architect at work, imbedding these gems of beauty and wisdom in the wonderful structures to which, according to Matthew, he gave the name of another. While they appear to a limited extent in Bacon's prose works, they seem to have constituted a storehouse of materials for particular use in the composition of the Plays.

Two of these entries reappear in a single sentence in "Romeo and Juliet." One is the unusual phrase, "golden sleep"; and the second, the new word "uproused," then added for the first time, like hundreds of others in the Plays, out of the same mint to the verbal coinage of the realm.

> "But where unbruisèd youth with unstuffed brain
> Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign;
> Therefore, thy earliness doth me assure,
> Thou art uproused by some distemperature." — ii. 3.

To one familiar with the laws of chance, these coincidences will have very nearly the force of a mathematical demonstration.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the Promus is the group of salutatory phrases it contains, such as "good morn-

* Various attempts have been made to break the force of this testimony. It has been urged that, as Bacon had been raised to the peerage, he had acquired another name under which to publish his works. This seems too frivolous for serious remark. It has also been conjectured that Matthew may have been in Madrid, where a certain Francisco de Quevedo was writing under a pseudonym. Unfortunately for this theory, the Spaniard (who has never become distinguished, so far as we know, for "prodigious wit") retained the name of Francisco, the only part that suggested Bacon's, in his pseudonym. The simple truth is, Matthew's description exactly fits the Shakespeare Plays and Bacon's literary alias. Indeed, on this ground alone, we might ask, if it were legally permissible, that the court instruct the jury to find for plaintiff.

ing," "good-day," and "good-night," which had not then come into common use in England, but which occur four hundred and nineteen times in the Plays. These salutations, however, were common at that time in France, where Bacon, as attaché of the British Embassy, had spent three years in the early part of his life. To him we are doubtless indebted for these little amenities of speech.*

Particular attention is called to the entry "good-dawning," a style of address which Bacon failed to make popular, and which is found but once in the whole range of Elizabethan literature outside of the Promus — in "King Lear." The date of the Promus (a strictly private record, published for the first time in 1883), was 1594; that of the play, 1606. In one, the seed; the only plant from that seed, in the other.

We mention one more entry, number one thousand one hundred and ninety-six: "Law at Twickenham for the merry tales." Twickenham was Bacon's country seat, where works of his "recreation" would naturally have been written. The plays in which legal principles are most freely stated and applied were produced at or near the time of the Promus.

6. Other internal evidences also point unmistakably to Bacon's pen. Peculiarities of thought, style, and diction are more important in a contested case of authorship than the name on the title page; for there we find the author's own signature in the very fibre of his work. We have only to hold the Plays, as it were, up to the light, to see the watermark imprinted in them. To elucidate this point, we venture to spring upon our readers the deadly parallel: —

FROM SHAKESPEARE.	FROM BACON.
There is a tide in the affairs of men Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; * * * * And we must take the current when it serves, Or lose our ventures. *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 3.	In the third place, I set down reputation, because of the peremptory tides and currents it hath, which, if they be not taken in their due time, are seldom recovered. — *Advancement of Learning.*

* A few specimens have been found in earlier literature, but the statement in the text is substantially correct. These salutations did not take root in English speech till they were implanted there by the author of the Plays. Their presence in Bacon's scrap-book is sufficient evidence that they were new.

R. M. Theobald, Esq., secretary of the Bacon Society of London, sends us the following very pertinent suggestion on this subject: "The real significance of the Promus consists in the enormous proportion of notes which Bacon could not possibly have used in his acknowledged writings; the colloquialisms, dramatic repartees, turns of expression, proverbs, etc. Any biographer of Bacon, whatever his notions as to the Shakespearean authorship, may be reasonably expected to offer some explanation of this queer assortment of oddments, and to find out, if possible, what use Bacon made of them; and then our case becomes urgent."

FROM SHAKESPEARE.	FROM BACON.
To thine own self be true, And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man. *Hamlet*, i. 3.	Be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others. — *Essay of Wisdom.*
That strain again; — it had a dying fall: O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south, That breathes upon a bank of violets, Stealing and giving odor. *Twelfth Night*, i. 1.	The breath of flowers . . . comes and goes like the warbling of music. — *Essay of Gardens.*
This majestical roof fretted with golden fire. — *Hamlet*, ii. 2.	For if that great work-master had been of a human disposition, he would have cast the stars into some pleasant and beautiful works and orders, like the frets in the roofs of houses. — *Advancement of Learning.*
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see The water swell before a boist'rous storm. *Richard III.*, ii. 3.	As there are . . . secret swellings of seas before a tempest, so there are in States. — *Essay of Sedition.*
Who having unto truth, by telling of it, Made such a sinner of his memory, To credit his own lie. — *Tempest*, i. 2.	With long and continual counterfeiting and with oft telling a lie, he was turned by habit almost into the thing he seemed to be; and from a liar to a believer. — *History Henry VII.*
Losers will have leave To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues. — *Titus Andronicus*, iii. 1.	Always let losers have their words. — *The Promus.*
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk, And sucked my verdure out on't. *Tempest*, i. 2.	It was ordained that this winding-ivy of a Plantagenet should kill the tree itself. — *History Henry VII.*
I shall show the cinders of my spirits Through the ashes of my chance. *Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 2.	The sparks of my affection shall ever rest quick under the ashes of my fortune. — *Letter to Falkland.*
Lo! as at English feasts, so I regreet The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet. — *Richard II.*, i. 3.	Let not this Parliament end like a Dutch feast in salt meats, but like an English feast in sweet meats. — *Speech in Parliament*, 1604.
He gives the bastinado with his tongue; Our ears are cudgelled. — *King John*, ii. 1.	No man loves one the better for giving him a bastinado with a little cudgel. — *Advice to Queen.*
Nothing almost sees miracles But misery. — *King Lear*, ii. 2.	Certainly, if miracles be the control over nature, they appear most in adversity. — *Essay of Adversity.*
Advantage is a better soldier than rashness. — *Henry V.*, iii. 6.	If time give his Majesty the advantage, what need precipitation to extreme remedies? — *Letter to Villiers.*
With taper light To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish, Is wasteful and ridiculous excess. *King John*, iv. 2.	But this work, shining in itself, needs no taper. — *Amendment of Laws.*
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees Is left. — *Macbeth*, ii. 1.	The memory of King Richard lay, like lees, in the bottom of men's hearts. — *History Henry VII.*
Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you, Which better fits a lion than a man. *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 3.	For of lions it is a received belief that their fury ceaseth toward anything that yieldeth and prostrateth itself.* — *Of Charity.*

* In this instance, as in many others, it requires Bacon's prose to explain Shakespeare's poetry.

FROM SHAKESPEARE.

As the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers.
Second Henry VI., iii. 2.

So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until the king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters.
Merchant of Venice, v. 1.

Soothsayer:
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy daemon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar is not; but near him thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being overpowered: therefore,
Make space enough between you.
Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2.

FROM BACON.

It is the wisdom of crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour.—*Essay of Wisdom.*

So we see, when two lights meet, the greater doth darken the less. And when a smaller river runneth into a greater, it loseth both its name and stream.—*Discourse on the Union.*

There was an Egyptian soothsayer that made Antonius believe that his genius, which otherwise was brave and confident, was, in the presence of Octavius Cæsar, poor and cowardly; and therefore he advised him to absent himself as much as he could, and remove far from him.*—*Natural History.*

The foregoing list might be extended almost indefinitely, but enough is given to show that on these two minds (if there were two) fell the light of intelligence, in repeated flashes, at the same exact angle. The cumulative force of these examples reminds us of the charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo, the "irresistible meeting the immovable."

7. Bacon's love of flowers perfumed his whole life. It was to him, as he said, "the purest of human pleasures." Of the thirty-five species of garden plants mentioned in the Plays, he enumerates thirty-two in his prose works, bending over them, as it were, lovingly and, like the dramatist, noting the seasons in which they bloom. In both authors, taste and knowledge go hand in hand.

This point will bear elaboration, for the two methods of treatment seem to be mutually related, like the foliage of a plant and the exquisite blossom. Bacon says: "I do hold it, in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all the months of the year, in which severally things of beauty may be then in season;" and with this end in view, he proceeds to classify plants according to their periods of blooming.

Shakespeare, on his part, introduces to us a beautiful shepherdess distributing flowers among her friends; to the young, the flowers of spring; to the middle-aged, those of summer; while the flowers that bloom on the edge of winter are given

* The Natural History was not printed till eleven years after Shakespeare's death. It is clear, then, that Shakespeare did not take the story from Bacon. It is almost equally clear that Bacon did not take it from Shakespeare, for he adds a particular which is not in the play, viz.: "The soothsayer was thought to be suborned by Cleopatra to make Antony live in Egypt and other places remote from Rome."

to the old. What is still more remarkable, however, the groupings in both are substantially the same. One commentator has even proved the correctness of a disputed reading in the play by reference to the corresponding passage in the essay.

We present the two lists, side by side, for comparison, as follows: —

FROM SHAKESPEARE.

Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' th' spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours; and yours;
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; *violets*, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale *primroses*,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold *oxlips* and
The crown imperial; *lilies of all kinds*,
The *flower-de-luce* being one.

Sir, the year growing ancient—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter—the fairest flowers o' th' season
Are our *carnations* and streaked *gilliflower*.
* * * *
Hot *lavender*, mint, savory, marjoram;
The *marigold*, that goes to bed with th' sun,
And with him rises, weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they're given
To men of middle age.

Reverend sirs,
For you there's *rosemary* and rue; these keep
Seeming and savor all the winter long.
Winter's Tale, iv. 3.

FROM BACON.

There followeth, for the latter part of January and February, . . . crocus vernus, both the yellow and the gray; *primroses*, anemones, the early tulip, the hyacinthus orientalis. For March, there come *violets*, especially the single blue, which are the earliest; the yellow *daffodil*, the daisy. In April follow the double white *violet*, the wall-flower, the stock-gilliflower, the *cowslip*, *flower-de-luces*, and *lilies of all natures*: rosemary-flowers, the tulip, the double peony, the *pale daffodil*, the French honeysuckle.

In May and June come *pinks* of all sorts, specially the blush pink; roses of all kinds, except the musk, which comes later; the French *marigold*, flos Africanus, vine flowers, *lavender* in flowers, the sweet satyrian. In July come *gilliflowers* of all varieties, musk-roses.

For December and January and the latter part of November, you must take such things as are green all winter, *rosemary*, lavender, and sweet marjoram.* — *Essay on Gardens.*

The essay was first printed in 1625, nine years after Shakespeare's death. It is necessary only to add that Bacon had made a study of gardens all his life.

8. In 1867, there was discovered, in a private library in London, a box of old papers, among which were some manuscripts of Francis Bacon, bound together in the form of a volume. In the table of contents on the title page, among the names of other compositions known to be Bacon's, appear those of two of the Shakespeare plays, Richard II. and Richard III., though the plays themselves have been

* Trees and fruits only omitted.

abstracted from the book. Judge Holmes adds the following piece of information in regard to this discovery: —

"The blank space at the side and between the titles is scribbled all over with various words, letters, phrases, and scraps of verse in English and Latin, as if the copyist were merely trying his pen and writing down whatever first came into his head. Among these scribblings, beside the name of Francis Bacon several times, the name of William Shakespeare is written eight or nine times over."

"The only place in the world where we can be sure that the manuscripts of two of Shakespeare's plays once existed is Bacon's portfolio."— *R. M. Theobald.*

9. At the death of Queen Elizabeth, John Davis, the poet and courtier, went to Scotland to meet James I. To him, while on the journey northward, Bacon addressed a letter, asking kind intercession in his behalf with the king, and expressing the hope, in closing, that he (Davis) would be "good to concealed poets."

10. Stratford, the home of Shakespeare, is not referred to in any of the plays, nor the beautiful river Avon, on which it is situated; but St. Albans, the residence of Bacon, is mentioned twenty-three times. Tender memories of York Place, where Bacon was born, and of the County of Kent, the home of his father's ancestry, are conspicuous in more than one of the historical plays.

11. Bacon was remarkably painstaking in preparing his works for the press. He rewrote the *Novum Organum* twelve times, and the essays thirty times, before he deemed them fit for publication. No wonder the editors of the plays remarked upon the beauty and neatness of the copy.

12. With the exception of a brief but brilliant career in Parliament, and an occasional service in unimportant causes as attorney for the crown, Bacon seems to have been without employment from 1579, when he returned from France at the age of eighteen, to 1597, when he published his first volume of essays. Here were nearly twenty of the best years of his life apparently run to waste. The volume of essays was a small 12mo, containing but ten out of the fifty-eight sparkling gems which subsequent editions gave to the admiration and delight of posterity. His philosophical works, excepting a slight sketch in 1585, did not begin to appear till several years later. From 1597 to 1607, when he was appointed solicitor-general, he was again, so far as we know,

substantially unemployed, — a period of ten years, contemporaneous with the appearance of the great tragedies of "Hamlet" (rewritten), "Julius Cæsar," "King Lear," and "Macbeth." In the meanwhile, he was hard pressed for money, and, failing to get relief (unhappily the days of Samuel Weller) in a vain effort to marry a wealthy widow, he was actually thrown into prison for debt.*

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That he was idle all this time, under great pecuniary pressure, his mind teeming with the richest fancy, it is impossible to admit. Such a hypothesis is utterly inconsistent with the possession of those fixed, almost phenomenal, habits of industry with which he afterwards achieved magnificent results. On this point, indeed, we have interesting testimony from his mother. A woman of deep piety, mindful of the proprieties of her station in life, she evidently became alarmed over some mystery connected with her son. Probably she had a suspicion of its nature, for not even the genius that created "Hamlet" could subdue maternal instincts. In a letter to Anthony, the brother of Francis, under date of May 24, 1592, she expresses her solicitude, as follows: —

> "I verily think your brother's weak stomach to digest hath been much caused and confirmed by untimely going to bed, and then musing *nescio quid* when he should sleep."

At another time, when the two brothers were together at Gray's Inn, and full of enthusiasm, as she knew, for the wicked drama, she wrote, begging them

> "Not to mum, nor mask, nor sinfully revel."

It may be added that with Bacon's appointment to high office and advent into public life, the production of the Shakespeare plays, for several years at least, suddenly terminated.†

* On one of these occasions, the debt was due to a Jewish money-lender, and was paid by Anthony, brother of Francis. At about that time appeared the great play, "The Merchant of Venice," in which a money-lending Jew is pilloried for all time, and the friend of the debtor is named Antonio.

† What a crushing argument our friends on the other side would have made against Scott's authorship of the Waverly novels, on the ground of preoccupation, had a kind Providence sent these critics into the world earlier in the century! Scott was a great poet, and previous to the publication of *Waverly*, in the forty-third year of his age, he had never written a romance in prose. In 1814, at which time *Waverly* made its mysterious appearance, Scott published in two volumes a work on "Border Antiquities," contributed articles on "Chivalry" and the "Drama," to the Encyclopædia Britannica, and edited the "Life and Works of Dean Swift." The latter publication, comprising nineteen volumes, was issued in the same week with *Waverly*. In the following year "Guy Mannering" appeared; and also, from Scott, the two poems, "Lord of the Isles" and "Field of Waterloo." In 1816 came in quick succession from the Great Unknown, "The Antiquary," "Black Dwarf," "Old Mortality," and "Tales of My Landlord," first

13. Ben Jonson was Bacon's private secretary, and presumably in the secret, if there were any, of his employer's literary undertakings. In this fact we find the key to the exquisite satire of the inscription, composed by him and printed opposite Shakespeare's portrait in the folio of 1623, of which the following, in reference to the engraver's art, is an extract: —

> "O, could he but have drawn his wit
> As well in brasse as he hath hit
> His face, the print would then surpass
> All that was ever writ in brasse."

It is a straw, but one carrying with it, perhaps, "the wisdom of the fathers," that in this invocation Jonson speaks of the plays as superior to

> "All that insolent Greece or haughty Rome sent forth;"

while in a subsequent book of his own, he uses exactly the same language in describing Bacon's genius: —

> "He performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome."

Ben Jonson and Sir Toby Matthew made lists of the great wits of their time and of the preceding century; both placed Bacon at the head; neither of them mentioned Shakespeare.

Edmund Howes, another contemporary, also published a similar list, in which Bacon stands the eighth, and Shakespeare the thirteenth, among the poets.

Jonson pronounced Bacon "the mark and acme of our age." Matthew wrote of him: —

> "A man so rare in knowledge, of so many several kinds, indued with the facility and felicity of expressing it all, in so elegant, significant, so abundant and yet so choice and ravishing a way of words, of metaphors and allusions, as perhaps the world has not seen since it was a world."

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series; and in the same year from Scott's pen, "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," and the "Edinburg Annual Register." The poem, "Harold the Dauntless," was published in January, 1817, preceded within thirty days by three of the above-named works of fiction.

During all this time Scott was keeping "open house" at Abbotsford in the old feudal fashion, and was seldom without visitors, entirely occupied, to all outward appearance, with local and domestic business and sport, building and planting, adding wing to wing, acre to acre, plantation to plantation, with just leisure enough for the free-hearted entertainment of his guests and the cultivation of friendly relations with his humble neighbors.

He even mystified some of his most intimate friends by reviewing one of his own novels in the *Quarterly*, going so far as to claim that "the characters of Shakespeare are not more exclusively human, not more perfectly men and women as they live and move, than those of this mysterious author."

14. With the exception of the isolated play of "King John," the series depicting English history extends from the deposition of Richard II. to the birth of Elizabeth. In this long chain, there is one break and one only: the important period of Henry VII., when the foundations of social order, as we now have them, were firmly laid. The omission, on any but the Baconian theory of authorship, is inexplicable; for the dramatist could hardly have failed, except for personal considerations, to drop his plummet into the richest and most instructive experiences of political life that lay in his path. The truth is, Bacon wrote a history of the missing reign in prose, which exactly fills the gap; the one is tongued and grooved, as it were, into the other.

15. "Troilus and Cressida" was published for the first time, without reservation, in 1609. A writer in the preface claims special credit for the work, on the ground that it had not been produced on the public stage, or (to use his own words) "never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar," or "sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude." Then he thanks fortune that a copy of the play had escaped from "grand possessors."

Three inferences seem to be justifiable, viz.: first, the author was indifferent to pecuniary reward;* second, he was not a member of the theatrical profession; third, he was of high social rank.

16. The plays, as they came out, were first published anonymously. Several of them had been in the hands of the public for years before the name of Shakespeare appeared on a title page. Other plays, not belonging to the Shakespearean canon, and most of them of very inferior merit, were also given to the world as Shakespeare's. We have fourteen of these heterogeneous compositions attributed to the same "divine" authorship, — geese and eagles coming helter-skelter from a single nest, — at a time when Coke, the law officer of the government, declared poetasters and playwrights to be "fit subjects for the grand jury as vagrants." It was enough for the impecunious authors of these plays that Shakespeare, manager and part proprietor of two theatres, and amassing a large fortune in the business, was willing, apparently, to adopt every child of the drama laid on his

* At this time, Bacon was in easy circumstances. By the death of his brother he had come into possession of Gorhambury and other remnants of the family estate; and he was in receipt of a salary from the government.

door step. This accounts for the venomous shaft which Greene in his envy aimed at him. Greene was a writer for the stage, and took occasion one time, in a little squib addressed to his professional brethren, to refer to one "Shakescene" as "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers." It is evident, nevertheless, that Shakespeare was a favorite *nom de plume* with the dramatic wits of his time.

17. The first complete edition of the plays, substantially as we now have them, was the famous folio, from the author's manuscripts, of 1623. Its titles number thirty-six, and may be classified, for our present purpose, as follows: Plays, previously printed, in various quartos, at dates ranging from 1597 to 1622, eighteen; those not previously printed, but known to have been produced on the stage, twelve; lastly, those, so far as we know, entirely new, six. Of the plays in the first class, it is found, by comparison, that several had been rewritten, and in some cases greatly enlarged, subsequently to their first appearance. The same is probably true of some in the second class, though on this point we are, naturally enough, without means of verification. In any event, however, it is certain that the compositions which were new, together with those which by changes and accretions have been made new, constitute no inconsiderable part of the book.* Who did this work? Who prepared it for the press? Shakespeare died in 1616, seven years before the folio was published; and for six years before his death he had lived in Stratford, without facilities for such a task, and in a social atmosphere in the highest degree unfavorable for it. On the other hand, Bacon retired to private life in 1621, at the age of sixty, in the plenitude of his powers, and under circumstances that would naturally cause him to roll this apple of discord, refined into the purest gold, down the ages.

18. Other mysteries cluster around this edition. The ostensible editors were two playwrights, named Heminge and Condell, formerly connected with the company of which

* The most noteworthy examples under this head are the *Second* and *Third Parts of* "Henry VI." These plays were first published in 1594 and '95, under the titles, respectively, of the "First Part of the Contention between the Two Famous Houses, York and Lancaster," and the "True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York." They were republished in 1600, and again in 1619 (three years after Shakespeare's death), under the same general title and in other respects, also, substantially as first printed. In the folio of 1623, however, they appear under new titles and largely rewritten. The *Second Part* (for instance), containing originally three thousand and fifty-seven lines, suddenly comes out with fifteen hundred and seventy-eight lines entirely new, and with about one thousand altered or expanded from passages in the old.

"Othello" was first printed (in quarto form) in 1622, six years after Shakespeare's death; and yet it received numerous and important emendations for the folio, one year later.

Shakespeare was a member. Heminge appears, also, to have been a grocer. In the dedication of the book, they characterize the plays with singular, not to say suspicious, infelicity as "trifles." They astonish us still more by the use they make of Pliny's epistle to Vespasian, prefixed to his "Natural History," and not translated into English till 1635. Not only are the thoughts of the Latin author most happily introduced, but they are amplified and fitted to the purpose with consummate literary skill.

Then follows a pithy address to the public, in which the editors seek to justify their revolutionary work, undertaken so long after Shakespeare's death, on the ground that all previous publications of the plays had been made from stolen copies, and were, therefore, inaccurate as well as fraudulent. A comparison of the two sets, however, discloses a state of things quite inconsistent with the sincerity of Messrs. Heminge and Condell. Some of the finest passages, given in the quartos, are omitted in the folio, one particularly in "Hamlet," in which the genius of the author, as Swinburne asserts, "soars up to the very highest of its height and strikes down to the very deepest of its depth." In "King Lear," also, but for the "stolen copies," the following description of Cordelia's sorrow, together with the whole scene containing it, would have been lost forever: —

> "You have seen
> Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
> Were like a better May; those happy smilets,
> That play'd on her ripe lip, seemed not to know
> What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
> As pearls from diamonds dropp'd."

And who is not shocked at the statement in the folio that Desdemona, at one of her first interviews with the swarthy Moor, received the story of his life, "with a world," not of sighs, but — "of kisses"!

The truth is, the quartos, with few exceptions, are precisely what we should have expected them to be, early but authentic drafts, brought into final shape by the author, under extraordinary mental distractions and the constraints of secrecy, in the folio. The strata may be tilted and broken, but they tell us of the great forces of nature, the elemental fires that seethed beneath them.

Ben Jonson's contribution is, also, clearly susceptible of a

double meaning. In the verses opposite the portrait, he draws a sharp distinction (as well he might) between the lineaments there presented and those of the mighty intellect which the printed page sets before us.

"Look,
Not on his picture, but his book."

In these well-known lines, he paraphrases a Latin inscription found under Bacon's own portrait, converting it into one of the brightest flashes in this symposium of wit.

19. It would be well-nigh miraculous if in all these works, dealing, as they do, with so many kinds and degrees of human vicissitude, we could not find somewhere in them a trace of the author's own personality. Indeed, editors have been constantly searching for it, even at the risk of converting exegesis into biography. Two of them, for instance, have surmised that the dramatist was educated at Oxford or Cambridge, and afterwards trained to law at one of the Inns of Court, because Justice Shallow recommends such a course of study (actually pursued by Bacon) in "Henry IV." It is not surprising, therefore, that, on the supposition of Bacon's authorship, we should discover in two of the plays unmistakable marks of a great crisis in his life. These two are "Timon of Athens" and "Henry VIII." They seem to be filled, like ocean shells, with the dash and roar of waves. They were both printed for the first time in the folio of 1623, the "Timon" never having been heard of before, and the other also, almost as certainly, a new production. An older play, entitled "All is True," based on unknown incidents of the same reign, was on the boards of the Globe Theatre on the night of the fire in 1613; but we have no reason to believe that it was the magnificent Shakespearean drama of "Henry VIII.," at least in the form in which it was printed in the folio ten years later.*

The catastrophe that overwhelmed Bacon in 1621 was one of the saddest in the annals of our race. No wonder Timon hurls invectives at his false friends, and Cardinal Wolsey utters his grand but pathetic lament over fallen greatness! Such storms of feeling, sweeping over a human soul, must have gathered their force among the mountains and valleys of a mighty personal experience.

* It is in the folio of 1623 that we hear, for the first time, of the "Taming of the Shrew," "Henry VIII.," "All's Well that ends Well," "Julius Cæsar," "Timon of Athens," and "Coriolanus." — *Halliwell Phillips.*

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The most astonishing feature of this controversy is the light it has thrown on the literature of the Elizabethan age. Among the great men who made that age famous, no one, with the exception of Jonson, seems to have taken any notice either of Shakespeare or of the sublime creations which bear his name. Bacon's silence, itself very significant, and Jonson's doubtful panegyrics are explained; but what shall we say of Raleigh, Drake, Herbert, Pym, and the rest? Imagine the inhabitants of Lilliput paying no attention to Gulliver!

"Of his eminent countrymen, Raleigh, Sydney, Spenser, Bacon, Cecil, Walsingham, Coke, Camden, Hooker, Drake, Hobbes, Inigo Jones, Herbert of Cherbury, Laud, Pym, Hampden, Selden, Walton, Wotton, and Donne may be properly reckoned as his contemporaries; and yet there is no evidence whatever that he was personally known to either of these men, or to any others of less note among the statesmen, scholars, soldiers, and artists of his day."—*Richard Grant White.*

"Since the constellation of great men who appeared in Greece in the time of Pericles, there was never any such society; yet their genius failed them to find out the best head in the universe."—*Emerson.*

The popular prejudice against the drama, behind which, as an almost impenetrable veil, the Shakespeare plays were once hid, is only now passing away. Josiah Quincy tells us that, as late as in 1820, as whispered among the boys fitting for college at Phillips Academy in Andover, Mass., a professor in the neighboring theological seminary had among his books, to the evident jeopardy of his soul, the works of a playwright, named Shakespeare!

Conceding that Bacon was the author of the Shakespeare plays, we shall find it difficult to exaggerate, in a literary point of view, the importance of the discovery. To our own countrywoman, Delia Bacon, belongs the everlasting honor, and also, alas! in the long line of the world's benefactors, the crown of martyrdom.

(*To be continued.*)

AN IDEALISTIC DREAMER WHO SINGS IN A MINOR KEY.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

BEYOND and above the severely utilitarian spirit which enters so largely into life to-day, firing millions of brains with an all-consuming passion for wealth, rises a far-reaching and overmastering thought which is at once speculative and progressive. A great unrest has taken possession of the thinking world. A profound conviction that the advance guard of civilization is fronting epoch-marking struggles is daily gaining currency. Especially is this true in America, where religious, ethical, educational, economic, and political problems are being subjected to the most unsparing critical investigation. Thus it is by no means strange that idealistic writers who flourish in the quiet breathing-spells of nations find small favor in a period of unrest and conflict such as the present. They are regarded as the allies of conventionalism; and this, to a certain extent, is doubtless true.

The wonderful growth of sentiment in favor of the robust realism of Ibsen, Tolstoi, Howells, and Garland is readily accounted for when we remember that this new thought has allied itself to the moral impulses of the day. It is a part of the great protest of the hour. Its waves bear forward great vital reforms which are thrilling every nerve and fibre of the best progressive thought of the age. It speaks with the authority of truth, albeit its visage is sombre, stern, and not infrequently repulsive.

The "New Learning," which in England rose to commanding proportions during the latter part of the fifteenth century, and flourished so luxuriantly in the early decades of the sixteenth century, quickened the thought of the people, and allied itself to reformative impulses, which prepared the way for transforming Catholic England into a foremost Protestant nation. So to-day the growing discontent of millions of more or less thoughtful persons has found expression in the austere utterances of such writers as Tolstoi and Ibsen,

— great, prophetic souls, who dare to speak the truth in the teeth of conventional intellectual effeminacy, whose very weakness and vice are emphasized by its affected morality.

The new thought has done more than sounded the note of reform; it has unmasked unjust conditions, and revealed the parasites preying on the vitals of civilization. It has boldly exhibited that moral energy and aggressiveness of spirit which the coming conflict demands. It is iconoclastic, a voice in the wilderness; but its brow, if stern, bears the majesty of reality. It does not palter with truth. Thus, in the very nature of the case, the reformative thought of the age is found massing under the banner of realism. In the immediate future, therefore, realism will grow in popular favor at least until great radical reforms have been ushered in.

Nevertheless, the human soul is ever haunted by the ideal, even in moments of supreme tension, and when every fibre is strained for action as stern and uncompromising as warfare waged in olden times by austere puritanism. Dreams of the past and visions of the morrow, love, aspiration, hope, the glory of the vanished past, the ideal of the golden future, — these pictures are ever present in the mind; and for them the soul hungers, even after the marching orders have been given, and the world's advance guard is already in the thick of the combat for epoch-marking victories such as from time to time mark civilization's evolutionary steps. Thus the idealistic poet, even though regarded by the new thought as somewhat of a Philistine, will ever hold a seat in the holiest of holies of many human hearts; will ever be loved more or less alike by critic and artisan, because the songs sung reflect the longing of man's inner nature.

The writings of our idealists may, as the aggressive realist asserts, act as moral anæsthetics at great crises in human history, but they also afford a certain rest and food for even those whose sympathies and work carry them, with irresistible sway, into the ranks of the iconoclastic reformers. To me nothing is more restful or satisfying, after a day of stern battle, than an hour with the poet or dreamer who sees and understands how to picture that which must ever be sacred to the human heart. We all more or less resemble caged birds who struggle for larger freedom and broader vision, and at the present day the beating of wings is particularly active.

Recently, after a week of somewhat exhausting work, not unmixed with canker-eating, petty aggravations, which in themselves are so insignificant, and yet in the aggregate are so fatal to mental equipoise and spiritual harmony; a week in which almost every mail brought letters burdened with the stories of struggles, disappointments, and trials, with hopes deferred and aspirations unrealized (for an editor is much like a clergyman: to him are confided the heartaches and the puzzling problems of thousands of his constituency); a week in which the cruel injustice of prevailing economical conditions and the heartlessness of grasping wealth had been peculiarly strongly impressed by visits to the wretched dens of our slums, I sought rest in my library. Here I chanced to take up Mrs. Moulton's charming volumes of idealistic verses,* and from them I derived much of that subtle, indefinable pleasure one feels who finds a shady retreat in a garden of roses. It is not alone the beauty of the flowers, the rich perfume floating on every breeze, or the melody of the birds, but rather the sum of nature's prodigality which satisfies the wearied soul. So in these charming and unpretentious little fragments of verse, one feels the mingled pleasure gained from pure, deep, poetic powers, married to finished art, and voicing emotions common to all, and held sacred wherever love refines aspiring souls. Few writers in this sternly utilitarian age possess in so marked a degree the rare power of penetrating the depths of the soul, and calling forth half-forgotten dreams as Mrs. Moulton. Her poems are simple, chaste, and for the most part pitched in the minor key. A noble femininity pervades them, giving rare delicacy of thought and expression. For example, note the following exquisite conceit: —

IF I COULD KEEP HER SO.

Just a little baby, lying in my arms,—
Would that I could keep you with your baby charms;
Helpless, clinging fingers, downy, golden hair,
Where the sunshine lingers, caught from otherwhere;
Blue eyes asking questions, lips that cannot speak,
Roly-poly shoulders, dimple in your cheek.
Dainty little blossom in a world of woe,
Thus I fain would keep you, for I love you so.

* "Swallow Flights" and "In the Garden of Dreams." Two volumes of poetry by Louise Chandler Moulton. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

Roguish little damsel, scarcely six years old,—
Feet that never weary, hair of deeper gold;
Restless, busy fingers, all the time at play,
Tongue that never ceases talking all the day;
Blue eyes learning wonders of the world about,
Here you come to tell them,—what an eager shout!
Winsome little damsel, all the neighbors know;
Thus I long to keep you, for I love you so.

Sober little schoolgirl, with your strap of books,
And such grave importance in your puzzled looks;
Solving weary problems, poring over sums,
Yet with tooth for sponge cake and for sugar plums;
Reading books of romance in your bed at night,
Waking up to study with the morning light;
Anxious as to ribbons, deft to tie a bow,
Full of contradictions,—I would keep you so.

Sweet and thoughtful maiden, sitting by my side,
All the world's before you, and the world is wide.
Hearts are there for winning, hearts are there to break.
Has your own, shy maiden, just begun to wake?
Is that rose of dawning glowing on your cheek
Telling us in blushes what you will not speak?
Shy and tender maiden, I would fain forego
All the golden future, just to keep you so.

* * * * *

Ah! the listening angels saw that she was fair,
Ripe for rare unfolding in the upper air;
Now the rose of dawning turns to lily white,
And the close-shut eyelids veil the eyes from sight;
All the past I summon as I kiss her brow,—
Babe, and child, and maiden, all are with me now.
Though my heart is breaking, yet God's love I know,—
Safe among the angels, I would keep her so.

The intensity of emotion and power of antithesis in thought rather than words, are strikingly illustrated in

THE HOUSE OF DEATH.

Not a hand has lifted the latchet
  Since she went out of the door.
No footstep shall cross the threshold,
  Since she can come in no more.

There is rust upon locks and hinges,
  And mould and blight on the walls,
And silence faints in the chambers,
  And darkness waits in the halls,—

Waits, as all things have waited,
  Since she went, that day of spring,
Borne in her pallid splendor,
  To dwell in the Court of the King,

With lilies on brow and bosom,
  With robes of silken sheen,
And her wonderful frozen beauty
  The lilies and silk between.

Red roses she left behind her,
  But they died long, long ago,—
'Twas the odorous ghost of a blossom
  That seemed through the dusk to glow.

The garments she left, mock the shadows
  With hints of womanly grace,
And her image swims in the mirror
  That was so used to her face.

The birds make insolent music
  Where the sunshine riots outside;
And the winds are merry and wanton
  With the summer's pomp and pride.

But into this desolate mansion,
  Where Love has closed the door,
Nor sunshine nor summer shall enter
  Since she can come in no more.

This, to my mind, is one of the strongest poems written by Mrs. Moulton. The power of imagination and the depth of grief expressed suggest some of the weird verses of Edgar Allan Poe. Mrs. Moulton is not a reformer; the clashing of battle, the marshalling of forces, the bugle's call to action, appeal not to her. There is in her work little of that fervid thought of the moral reformer which leaps forth at white heat from so many of Whittier's verses. Her tastes lie in the idealistic world, where her earnestness and sincerity are almost as marked as her poetical power and artistic skill. Possessing a profoundly religious nature, yet imbued with the scientific spirit of the age, we find in her a woman in perfect touch with the most spiritual element of the new thought. The old-time fear does not terrify her, nor can she boast of the blind, implicit faith which, strange to say, rested serenely on so many brows during the ages when it was the popular belief that millions of God's children were doomed to everlasting flames. She loves and questions, and is not this the spirit-

ual state of thousands of our best thinkers to-day? Here is a characteristic poem, which illustrates the attitude of our author's mind: —

LONG IS THE WAY.

Long is the way, O Lord!
My steps are weak;
I listen for Thy word, —
When wilt Thou speak?

Must I still wander on
'Mid noise and strife;
Or go as Thou hast gone,
From life to life?

Below I give two sonnets taken from a cluster of real gems in "Swallow Flights": —

FIRST LOVE.

Time was you heard the music of a sigh,
And love awoke; and with it song was born, —
Song, glad as young bird's carol in the morn,
And tender as the blue and brooding sky
When all the earth feels Spring's warm witchery,
And with fresh flowers her bosom doth adorn;
And lovers love, and cannot love forlorn,
Since love is of the gods, and may not die.

In after years may come some wildering light, —
Some sweet delusion, followed for a space, —
Such fitful fireflies flash athwart the night,
But fade before the shining of that face
Which shines upon you still in death's despite,
Whose steadfast beauty lights till death your days.

ONE DREAD.

No depth, dear love, for thee is too profound;
There is no farthest height thou mayst not dare,
Nor shall thy wings fail in the upper air.
In funeral robe and wreath my past lies bound;
No old-time-voice assails me with its sound
When thine I hear; no former joy seems fair;
And now one only thing could bring despair,
One grief like compassing seas my life surround,
One only terror in my way be met,
One great eclipse change my glad day to night,
One phantom only, turn from red to white
The lips whereon thy lips have once been set:
Thou knowest well, dear Love, what that must be,
The dread of some dark day unshared by thee.

All of Mrs. Moulton's poems are pure and healthy in tone, although she is more often sad than merry, and a spirit of earnest inquiry as to the to-morrow of life pervades many of her best creations, reflecting, I imagine, the heart-hunger of her nature, and, indeed, in this respect also the hunger of the age. As a specimen of this tendency I quote the following from her volume "In a Garden of Dreams." It is a beautiful conceit, and represents a thought met with frequently in this author's prose as well as poetry.

IN A GARDEN.

Pale in the pallid moonlight,
  White as the rose on her breast,
She stood in the fair rose-garden,
  With her shy young love confest.

The roses climbed to kiss her,
  The violets, purple and sweet,
Breathed their despair in the fragrance
  That bathed her beautiful feet.

She stood there, stately and slender,
  Gold hair on her shoulders shed,
Clothed all in white, like the visions
  When the living behold the dead.

There with her lover beside her,
  With life and with love she thrilled.
What mattered the world's wide sorrow
  To her, with her joy fulfilled?

Next year, in the fair rose-garden
  He waited alone and dumb,
If, perchance, from the silent country,
  The soul of the dead would come

To comfort the living and loving
  With the ghost of a lost delight,
And thrill into quivering welcome
  The desolate, brooding night.

Till softly a wind in the distance
  Began to blow and blow;
The moon bent nearer and nearer,
  And solemn, and sweet, and slow

Came a wonderful rapture of music
  That turned to her voice at last;
Then a cold, soft touch on his forehead
  Like the breath of the wind that passed;

Like the breath of the wind she touched him.
  Thin was the voice, and cold,
And something, that seemed like a shadow,
  Slipped through his feverish hold.

But the voice had said, "I love you
  With my first love and my last;"
Then again that wonderful music,
  And he knew that her soul had passed.

It is this anxious thought, this overmastering desire to *know* what lies beyond the vale, springing from the union of a strongly religious nature with a mind trained in the school of modern scientific inquiry, which gives a certain sombre cast to many of her poems. The interrogation point is often *felt* if not *seen*. This spirit, however, is symptomatic of our age, for we are in a period of religious transition. The mists which were a pillar of fire to our fathers are dissolving before the purpling dawn of a juster and nobler day than humanity has ever known. But as yet the morning has not advanced far enough to give the people a clear vision of the pathway along which, with glad, exultant song, will journey the children of to-morrow. At each new step in the world's progress, humanity is depressed with the same all-pervading doubt, the same uncertainty and fear. This is no less true to-day than it has been in the past. History is replete with striking illustrations of society convulsed with the ague of fear, as from time to time great truths have been discovered which ran counter to conservative thought; and it is fair to suppose that succeeding generations, viewing our present conflict, will marvel that the lifeless shell of the old held in thrall a single aspiring soul, or that we walked so lamely in the glorious light of the new day, even as we wonder how a world could be so blind as to so long refuse the splendid visions of creation given by Copernicus and other torch bearers of truth.

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LETTER FROM ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

By the will of my friend Dr. Westland Marston, who died in the January of 1890, I became the possessor of a letter written to him by the author of "Aurora Leigh," — a letter so interesting and so revealing that I am persuaded I should be selfish in keeping it from the world.

There has been very much discussion concerning the views of both Mr. and Mrs. Browning as regards what is called spiritualism. I have more than once talked with Mr. Browning upon the subject; and he told me, repeatedly, that while he did not deny the possibility of spiritual communication, he had never, in the various "manifestations" he had witnessed, seen anything which proved it to him, or even which strongly inclined him to believe in it.

The letter I am about to quote will prove, not only Mrs. Browning's strong interest in the subject, but, as I think, suggests a certain amount of faith in the very "manifestations" which had left her husband unconvinced and incredulous. However, you shall read it for yourselves, and draw therefrom your own conclusions. It was written in the December of 1853: —

ROME, 43 BOCCA DI LEONE.

My Dear Dr. Marston: —

You will have thought me more unworthy of your kindness than my gratitude makes me, for I have been long in thanking you for your deeply interesting letter. At the time of its reaching me, we were in a state of transition at Florence, preparing for our journey to Rome, and liable to be carried off our feet, from every half-hour's standing-room, by floods of people and things. So I waited to write till we should arrive at Rome; and our arrival here, after an eight days' delightful journey, plunged us into such an abyss of misery, — I mean sympathetical misery, the friends who welcomed us having lost a child a few hours afterwards, — that I have scarcely recovered the use of my own hands and heart ever since.

As to Rome, our first day was spent at a death-bed; our first drive was to a cemetery, though not to see Shelley's grave. I doubt still

whether really it is Rome. The new ruins shut out the old ruins, and the Cæsars come to mean nothing by the side of poor little Joe. Then our friends' remaining child, a girl, has been in danger from the same fever, also the children's nurse; and I, who am not always reasonable — no, indeed — "lost my head a little," said my husband, about my own darling, even though the physicians assured me that the malady is not contagious. Now, at last, we begin to breathe again.

After all, it must be Rome, by the sunshine, and life is not more gloomy and uncertain than it was a thousand years ago. What a compliment, by the way, to our wonderful nineteenth century, which pants and reels under the great lights of the future, recoiling from them, sometimes, because they are strange and new. So we come naturally to the late manifestations.

I am deeply obliged to you, dear Dr. Marston — I, who have no claim to such a confidence — for this valuable and, in many respects, most moving history of your personal experiences, not peculiar, — with certain exceptions, perhaps, in themselves, — not differing much from others which have reached me, but carrying peculiar weight as being yours, and from the manner in which you give the facts, as facts, without *using* them as the confirmatory hemstitch of a preconceived theory.

For theories, we get over no difficulty, it seems to me, by escaping from the obvious inference of an external spiritual agency. When the phenomena are attributed, for instance, to a "second personality, projected unconsciously and attended by an unconscious exercise of volition and clairvoyance," I see nothing clearly but a convulsive struggle on the part of the theorist to get out of a position he does not like, at whatever expense of kicks against the analogies of God's universe. When all is said, "solve the solution," we have a right to cry. And although, of course, sensible men in general would rather assert that two and three make four than that spirits have access to them, we, women and poets, cannot be expected to admit that two and three make four without certain difficulties and hesitations on our own side.

Even with respect to the theory which occurs to yourself, you say that sometimes you cannot cleave to it as satisfactory, simply because we don't "live deeper" when we go to Mrs. Hayden. Some of us have sat hour after hour in solitudes and silences God has made for us, listening to the inner life, questioning the depths and heights; yet the table did not tremble and tilt, and we had no "involuntary answers" from the deep of the soul, in raps or mystical sighs, or bell-like sounds against the window. It will have occurred to you, too, on further consideration, that the manifestations have not come, for the most part, through *deep livers;* and again, that if they came through deeper modes of living, they would be profound in proportion to the profundity of the life; they would scarcely ever be frivolous and commonplace. You escape from no difficulty by your theory.

To my mind, the only light which has been thrown on the manifestations comes from Swedenborg's philosophy, *quoad*, the spiritual

world as to state and relations. This philosophy explains much that is incomprehensible under other systems, — as to the apparent ignorance and infidelity, for instance; the frivolity and stupidity of many of the spirits (so called); the perplexing quantity of personation; and the undeniable mixture of the pure and heavenly with all these.

The Church of Rome has never denied the possible occurrence of the facts, but she strains them (as, indeed, the old church is generally apt to do) to her own conclusions. Do you know that she has an exorcism against a rapping spirit, and that her "seven evidences of possession" include nearly all the forms of mesmerism, and of the present manifestations — "speaking in unknown tongues;" "penetration into thoughts;" "sight at a distance;" "undue physical force;" "the lifting of the body into air," etc., etc.? In fact, spiritual agency is confounded with satanic agency, which is curious, — more curious than reasonable, I think.

I, myself, have had scarcely any experiences. The little I had was conclusive to myself; but as my husband doubted and denied through it all, I do not venture to dwell upon it to you. Some persons here, not remarkable except for pure intentions and a reverent spirit, had what they considered very satisfying manifestations during six weeks of steady association last winter. I have seen a few of the papers, — good, consistent, here and there beautiful, but *apocalyptical* in no respect. (It is doubtful to me on what principle we should look for apocalypses, by the way.) These persons had communications, both by tilting tables and by the involuntary writing, which last mode seems to me less satisfactory, on the whole, because of the difficulty of discerning between the external suggestions and the echoes in the mind itself. I must tell you that after they had parted at the end of their six weeks' association, two of the mediums had lying communications. They both concluded that their mediumship was too weak to be exercised apart from association, without danger from false spirits.

Do you not think that if an association of earnest thinkers were to meet regularly with unity of purpose and reverence of mood, they might attain to higher communications? Do you not think they might get at a test to secure them against *personation*, which is the great evil? The Apostle John gives a test, when he has said, "Try the spirits," in the "General Epistle."

Should we not have in mind, speaking of difficulties, that there is difficulty on both sides the veil; and that, if this is intercourse, it is not intercourse by *miracle*, in the proper meaning of *miracle*, but by development of law; and that all development must be gradual? We must have patience, then, and remember it is only the beginning. Pray do not throw up the subject by any possible movement of impatience. It is through men like you that it is to be kept from the desecration of charlatans and fanatics, and there must be much to be attained, I hope.

Will you write to me, dear Dr. Marston, if you have further experiences, and will trust them to me? Make me a little more grateful still. My husband calls himself sceptical. Your letter impressed

him much more than any other testimony he has received. He bids me say that he hopes to undo, next year, the wrong we suffered on our last visit to England, of seeing you so little. It is very pleasant to both of us to read the kind things you say. Believe how we feel them back, will you? Give my regards to Mrs. Marston, and accept for her and for your children the warmest of wishing well. Our child is radiant with health and joy just now; but you will imagine how awful a thing it is to have all one's riches in a single coin. Thackeray and his daughters spent an evening with us two days ago. They are to remain three months in Rome. Tell Miss Muloch that we remember her affectionately. Dear Dr. Marston, believe me most truly yours, ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

P. S. Somebody told me, the other day, that his wife, who is a delicate person, had been much *benefited* instead of injured in health by the exercise of her mediumship. There seem to be many instances of knowledge conveyed, as testimonies reach me, but we want a wider basis of facts of all kinds, perhaps, before any satisfactory theory can be thrown up. The archbishop of Pisa has forbidden scientific lectures on the subject, even to the lecturers who attempted a physical solution. E. B. B.

The child to whose death Mrs. Browning refers with such tender sympathy was the first-born son of W. W. Story, the sculptor. I do not know who were the group of mediums who had just then been startling Roman Catholic Rome with their mysterious powers, nor do I know to what especial "manifestations" Dr. Marston had referred in the letter to which Mrs. Browning's was a reply. But I do know that Dr. Marston had, before his death, stranger and stronger reason to believe in spiritualism than any one else whom I have ever met, were it only in the literal fulfilment of the singular prediction that he himself would outlive all his children, — a group of distinctly healthy young people at the time when this prediction was given. When this prophecy had been fulfilled, and the bereft old man sat alone by his solitary fireside, he fully believed that from out the world of mystery a hand was reached to clasp his own, and that a beloved voice breathed into his ear such words of tenderness and of hope as alone made his sad life possible. Was it that his imagination deluded him, because it was the imagination of a poet, or was it that to a poet's finely attuned soul more things are possible than are dreamed of in the duller philosophy of the average man? Who knows?

THE PENDING PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

I.

A Republican: Gail Hamilton.

In the impalpable ether wherein if not whereon humanity exists, principles, opinions, tastes, tendencies, float aimlessly, — an intellectual cosmic dust, a nebulous mental haze, — till, not suddenly, though often with apparent suddenness, the floating energy concentrates with startling definiteness. The lazily shifting particles organize to an end. If it is a religious nebula, a new creed is formed, and a new church is founded; if political, a new platform is laid, and a new party established; if social as well, whole families cleave off from the old community, and a new state is born.

> "There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds."

But the creeds themselves are the fruits of honest doubt. Creeds — and platforms which are the creeds of politics — are the precipitated truths which have been held in the solution of years, perhaps of centuries; and no sooner are they once formed, than, in the eternal procession of thought, they develop; they become encrusted, they explode, in an endless chain of dissolutions and reorganizations. Platforms are wiser than creeds in this; they know that they are temporal. Creeds think themselves eternal. Platforms change every year or so of set purpose, thus adapting themselves to every present need. Creeds cohere with such tenacity that their changing is like an earthquake shock. While, therefore, creeds are content with no apparent adequate results, if only they may go on smoothly, platforms demand immediate victory. The Republican Party should elect the next president because he alone is the one who stands on the platform which represents the present purposes of the Republican Party.

A wise saw was very much in vogue with sawyers a few

years ago: "The politician thinks of the next election; the statesman, of the next age."

This is an admirable adage for him to fall back on who loses the next election, because he can thus see himself springing up in the future crop of statesmen; but the next age has a very poor showing without the next election. We may guard ourselves from despair by thought of the future; but we may not acquit ourselves from the guilt of ignorance, or indifference, or indolence. If we fall, it is a help for us to rise again; but we are not riding for a fall. The next step is the one which vitally concerns us, and for which we are responsible. The step after the next waits for the next. The next president is the man of our platform. The next age will have its own candidates and its own creeds. Through the coming election, with its seed and its fruitage, we win or lose the coming age.

Men inveigh against party government, party feeling, party spirit, and doubtless these are to be exercised in moderation; that is, with intelligence and discrimination. But in party government I can see nothing but popular government, the orderly rule of the majority, which is the essence of Republican government.

Party spirit, party feeling, are the enthusiasm of the majority. When that enthusiasm has waxed strong and fervid enough to fuse prejudice into power, and truth becomes action, the result is party government. What else should it be? If the majority ceases to be patriotic and becomes tyrannical, the free minority swells speedily into a majority and strikes it down, and the world moves on as before. There is no check upon excesses like a strong, intelligent, and watchful popular opposition.

Party government, so far from being an evil, seems to me the highest form of government yet attained. In an absolute autocracy, if such a thing could be, one man rules all men. In a republic each man rules all men a little. Each man voluntarily yields a little of his self-sovereignty to the combined power, that he may retain the greater part intact. Thus the points on which all agree are advocated with ultimately irresistible force.

If men do not believe strongly enough in these points, if political measures do not seem to them of sufficient importance, political principles of sufficient significance to be put

into practice as soon as the opportunity comes, then their belief is no belief at all, but a lazy lurch of the mind towards some vague conjecture; is not the virile grasp of the mind upon a principle.

"Where are you going?" asked the conductor of an Old Colony train, on receiving from his passenger a New York ticket. "To New York," was the calm reply. "No, you are not; you have taken the wrong train. You are going to Hyannis." "Oh! well," replied the tranquil passenger, "I just as lief go to Hyannis!"

Such indifference to immediate destination is not the way to party success; and success, though not the be-all, is the end-all of party. He serves his party best who serves his country best, is true, — strictly and nobly true; but it is just as true if you turn it around and say, He serves his country best who serves his party best, and it is a more pointed and practical truth. We arrive at the largest results only by small efforts. The general is wrought by the particular rather than the particular by the general. "Genius," says Eastman Johnson, "is days' works."

Every intelligent and patriotic Republican will organize his best wish and aspiration for his country into as high a platform as men of his thinking can be brought to occupy; and from the moment of such organization until the day of election, he will work steadily and faithfully to incorporate these principles into the nation's life, and to install the men who represent them in the nation's service.

II.

A Southern Democrat: Hon. Wm. T. Ellis, M. C. from Kentucky.

The platform adopted by the Republican Party at Minneapolis and that adopted by the Democratic Party at Chicago, last month, briefly but accurately define the primary policies and doctrines of these rival political organizations. The slightest consideration of these official party documents makes obvious the lines upon which Republicanism and Democracy separate. Insisting upon directly opposite constructions of the Federal Constitution, their creeds are not merely conflicting, but irreconcilable, and can no more be made to harmonize than parallel straight lines can be made

to coincide. Mr. Hamilton's exposition of the Constitution is accepted by the Republican Party as the correct interpretation of that instrument, while that of Mr. Jefferson constitutes both the written and the unwritten law of Democracy. The opposite teachings and tendencies of these two political parties being understood, the reason why the next president should be a Democrat ought to be apparent, not only to those who accept with unfaltering trust the principles of Democracy, but to all who, uninfluenced by party bias, accept the dogma that ours is a "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." The issue involved in the pending presidential campaign is not a mere empty contest for party success, a scramble for official patronage, or a controversy carried on for the personal triumph or glorification of a favorite candidate. On the contrary, it is a great battle for the triumph of principles affecting the well-being of every American citizen; principles which should alone influence the elector in giving his suffrage to the one party and withholding it from the other. While it is true that under our written Constitution the chief executive has no power to repeal a vicious law or write a wise one on our statute books, he is clothed with powers which make it possible for him, not only to defeat unwise and unjust legislation, but to enforce an honest and efficient administration, as well in the judicial and legislative, as in the executive department of the government. With a conscientious and courageous Democrat in the White House, it would be a difficult task for the Republican Party, though it controlled both branches of Congress, to crystallize into law that which did not meet the approval of both the judgment and the conscience of the chief executive. If the Democratic Party had elected its president in 1888, the wasteful expenditures of the public money, the vicious tariff legislation, the unconstitutional granting of subsidies and bounties, which constitute the chief claim of the Fifty-first Congress to a place in our political history, would have been defeated. The two McKinley tariff acts, framed, not for the purpose of raising revenues, but to enable certain favored classes to increase the profits of their business, and multiply their dividends by arbitrarily levying unjust and cruel assessments on the public, would not have become law. The veto which a Democratic president would certainly have interposed would have averted

the calamity which the tariff legislation of 1890 inflicted on the country. The election of a Democratic president in November would not only be a protest against the tariff legislation of 1890, but a demand for its repeal, and a readjustment of the whole revenue system on a basis that would impose the burdens of government equally upon all according to the ability of each to pay. The importance of the controversy which the Democratic and Republican parties have conducted with so much vigor, respecting the correct theory of tariff legislation, cannot well be exaggerated; but this does not constitute the whole, or even the most important of the public questions on which they differ. That the Federal government is one of limited authority, that all powers not expressly or by fair implication conferred upon it by the instrument which created it, rest with the states, and that the government should do nothing for the people which they can do for themselves, are among the elementary principles of Democracy. The soundness of these principles is broadly challenged by all the teachings and practices of the Republican Party. The tendency of that party, as uniformly reflected in its legislation throughout its entire history, has been to the centralization of all powers in the government at Washington, the control and management of the affairs of the individual citizen, the regulation of suffrage, the supervision and control of all elections. Subverting the power conferred by the Constitution to "lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, excises, and to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States," the Republican Party assumes the right, not only to restrict, but to prohibit trade and commerce between the people of this and other countries, and to aid by subsidies and bounties individual enterprise. According to the theory of the Republican Party, the Federal government is supreme, the powers and rights of the states are not only subordinate to those of the general government, but must, in every case, acknowledge the supremacy of Federal authority. If the statute of a state is in conflict with a Federal statute, no matter to what subject it relates, it must yield to the higher and stronger power of the Federal government. The class legislation, paternalism, and tendency to centralized government, which have uniformly marked the policy of the Republican Party, have resulted, not only in paralyzing the energies

of the producing classes, and in a disparity in the distribution of wealth that finds few parallels in history, but, in the opinion of many thoughtful people, have become a standing menace to civil liberty. That these abuses and evil practices will not be reformed by the party that inaugurated and maintains them, is certain. The election of a Democrat in November to the highest office in the gift of the American people would indicate a fixed purpose on their part to arrest the tendencies to centralized power, and to return to "a wise and frugal government which shall restrain men from injuring one another; shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned," which the founder of Democracy aptly defined to be "the sum of good government."

III.

A Northern Democrat: Hon. Geo. Fred Williams, M. C. from Massachusetts.

It is entirely possible that a party may nominate a candidate who is not in himself a representative of the party's principles. The answer to your question must assume that no man will be nominated for the presidency who is a mere politician, nominated for his ability to conceal his own opinions, or to so far compromise upon every great question that he may not offend any one who has decided views upon the issues of the day.

The people will no longer tolerate such a nomination, and the candidate now required will be distinctively a representative of the policy of the party.

There is but one real question for the campaign — the tariff. Whether on the Republican side the policy contained in the McKinley bill and represented by President Harrison, shall be maintained, or an apparent concession shall be made to tariff reform sentiment in the form of reciprocity, the Democratic candidate must stand, in either event, upon the same ground; to wit, distinct and unequivocal opposition to the protective idea, a denial that laws should be enacted, or allowed to stand which maintain one industry by contributions from another.

It was never clearer than at the present time that the attack of the Democracy must no longer be scattered upon schedules or wasted in skirmishing. The single-bill policy, so called, of the present congress, has proved, as it was bound to prove, a lamentable failure, because it was directed, not to the interests of the consumer at large and the triumph of a principle, but merely to flesh-wounding a system which must be pierced through its vitals.

There seems to be no argument applying to wool which does not apply equally to iron, lumber, or any other of the staple products, and nothing short of a direct attack upon the whole list will gain the confidence of the people, or pull down the fabric of favoritism which has been erected upon the protective foundation. Till the Democratic Party takes this ground squarely it will ever be in an attitude of apology, and its policy be subject to local interests and conditions.

A million majority was obtained in 1890 in opposition to McKinleyism, and yet McKinleyism is firmly and unswervingly the policy of Republicanism to-day. The system is to be defended in its entirety, and, as plainly shown in the sugar-bounty legislation, every protected industry is to be treated as morally and legally entitled to continued contribution from the public. The party is distinctly Bourbon in its tariff policy, and neither reciprocity nor any other subterfuge will enable it to mask its position. It can hardly expect, without a change of policy, to regain the loss of 1890 except upon the mistakes of its opponent. The mistake upon which it could best depend would be a vacillating and doubtful policy on the part of the democracy. If we have the courage of our faith, the next president will be a democrat.

The question next in importance is the monetary question, and there are two phases of it which should be considered. This nation will not elect a president who would sign a free coinage bill, and thereby take upon his administration the risk of such a policy, which even many of the radical silver men are inclined to admit to be enormous. Free coinage is not a danger which depends on the presidential contest. What, then, is the future of the monetary question?

First, as to silver legislation. The Republican Party is logically bound to grant that which it has been the final

aspiration of every silver mine owner to secure; to wit, the free and unlimited coinage of the American product. The "mine owning" section of the free coinage force is interested alone in giving value, or better, price to silver bullion. It is not interested, as is the other "inflation" section, in adding to the volume of the currency.

It is a matter of indifference to the mine owners by what means the end is accomplished, so long as the American people can be compelled to pay one dollar and twenty-nine and a half cents an ounce for their eighty-seven cent silver Some of the poor mines cannot make a profit at the present price, and, applying the Republican idea, the people should enact laws for these faithful Republican states whereby they may be able to produce silver at a fair profit.

No one is satisfied with the law of 1890. Even the banking interests are at present clamoring for its repeal. Some of the Republican leaders anticipate that the silver question may ultimately take the form of "free coinage of the American product," and there is no reason to believe that any Republican president would not sign such a bill. The Democratic Party, however, would furnish hardly a vote to such a scheme. Mr. Bland himself, and substantially all the Democratic free-silver advocates, are opposed upon principle to such legislation. Its only chance is with a Republican congress and president; a Democratic president would be a guaranty against it.

The further phase of the monetary question is the possibility and the probability of a solution of the present financial difficulties by a well-considered scheme of banking. The Republican party has stood firmly by the National Bank Act, and it is fair to assume that no initiative legislation can be expected from them in the direction of an amended bank system. Many leading Democratic financiers and politicians are, however, now earnestly studying the banking question with a view to framing a party policy upon such a basis. There is indeed a fair prospect that many of the popular disturbances and demands may be allayed in this way, but it can be only through the agency of Democratic control, and that control can be best exercised through a president who will announce as his administrative policy some well-considered scheme to remedy the defects in our present banking laws.

IV.

The People's Party: Hon. James H. Kyle, U. S. Senator from South Dakota.

Political parties are the expression of public sentiment in the conduct of government, and in general the policy of government should be in accord with the sentiment of the people. But through ignorance and partisan idolatry, it sometimes occurs that a policy is adopted which is advantageous to the few and detrimental to the interests of the masses; that presidents are elected who are not of the people, and who have little regard for them in the shaping of public affairs.

Since the founding of the government our citizens have generally been divided into two parties, representing opposite views as to certain rights and privileges under the Constitution. The followers of Hamilton, known as "loose constructionists" and politically as Federalists, National Republicans, and Whigs, to-day control the government through the Republican Party. The followers of Jefferson, known as "strict constructionists" and politically as Republicans till 1828, have since then been known as Democrats, or the party of the people.

In all governments the lines are clearly drawn in contests of the same character. There are two parties upon political questions, as there are two parties to any contest. But, as is generally true, it is a contest of the people for their rights against privileged classes. Under different commanders and under different conditions, the battle is being waged to-day in Germany, France, England, and the United States, but it is the same contest for the rights of labor.

Political platforms are supposed to be expressions of opinion as to prominent and important questions before the people. These are often fundamental and serious, and lead to an honest political contest. But the impression is now quite universal that for twenty-five years political parties have evaded the fundamental questions, and have manufactured sham contests upon local and sectional issues. There is but one issue before the American people to-day, and that is the financial problem.

The money power has long known this; the people have

just discovered it. We behold the apparently contradictory facts. A nation rapidly accumulating wealth, and a people rapidly growing poorer; the concentration of wealth in the hands of the few, and millions of noble toilers daily paying tribute; the money power protected, and the burden of taxation upon the poor increased. Through the manipulation of our currency these financiers dominate politics, and labor is dethroned. Such is the problem that now confronts us. It is the most important in history, and the life of the republic is threatened. Yet both the old parties, by presidential nomination and by platform, ignore and thrust aside any issue which might antagonize the money power. Upon the great financial issue they are one. The rank and file are enlisted under different names, but the money power constitutes the managing head of both. Money brokers of the great financial centres have no politics. They vote for their interests, and they have considered themselves extremely fortunate during the past twenty years in that they have dictated the presidental nomination and the financial platform of both the Democratic and Republican parties. They have systematically furnished each with a liberal campaign fund, and then quietly enjoyed witnessing the heat of campaigns, being assured that their interests at least were secure.

Third parties never exist unless there be occasion for them. For many years there has been a restless feeling amongst the people because their interests were not recognized in legislation. These sentiments have at different times crystallized into political parties with platforms. The party names have died, but the sentiments have lived, and have found expression in the greatest labor convention of the age. These declarations cannot be cried down or ridiculed out of existence by holding them up to scorn. New parties are born when the time is ripe for their coming. When new problems arise of vital moment to the nation, and there is no reasonable hope of solution by existing parties, and when the people rise up naturally and spontaneously, the rational and opportune time has arrived for independent action. From the present attitude of the Republican and Democratic parties toward these reforms of to-day, there does not appear to be a ray of hope. Promises have been repeatedly broken, and platforms have degenerated into meaningless platitudes; while a suffering people have patiently witne ed

the fruits of their toil vanish, and their condition grow more wretched. Believing these economic facts as they do, there is ample and urgent reason for the choice by the people of an executive who shall be free from money control, and who, on the issues of to-day, will represent the mass of our population. The People's Party represents in its formation the toilers — the wealth producers — of the republic. They are the largest class and the best class of our population: our defence in war and our safeguard in peace. They know no North or South. Sectional hatred is buried in the presence of living questions of the day. They are united in a common purpose, and in the welfare of a common country. Upon the platform of the People's Party the North and the South will clasp hands, standing against a common enemy and in defence of those principles which insure a prosperous and enduring nation.

THE DANGER OF AN IRRESPONSIBLE EDUCATED CLASS IN A REPUBLIC.

BY HELEN H. GARDENER.

EDUCATION, using the word in its restricted scholastic sense, is always productive of restlessness and discontent, unless education, in its practical relations to life, furnishes an outlet and safety valve for the whetted and strengthened faculties. Mere mental gymnastics are unsatisfactory after the first flush of pleasurable excitement produced in the mind newly awakened to its own capabilities.

There seems to be something within us which demands that our knowledge be in some way applied, and that the logic of thought find fruition in the logic of events. The moment the laborers of the country found time and opportunity to whet their minds, they also developed a vast and persistent unrest — a dissatisfaction with the order of things which gave to them the tools with which to carve a fuller, broader life, but had not yet furnished the material upon which they might work. Their plane of thought was raised, their outlook was expanded, their possibilities multiplied; but the materials to work with remained the same. Their status and condition clashed with their new hopes and needs. This state of things produced what we call "labor troubles," with all their complications. Capital and labor had no contest until labor became (to a degree) educated.

If — "in those good old days" — labor was not satisfied, it did not know how to make the fact very clearly understood. Capital smiled and patronized labor, and labor smiled and said it was quite content to work for so kind a master. It was safer to do that way — in those good old days. Then, too, so long as labor's wits had not been sharpened, so long as the laborer had not learned the relative values of things, perhaps he was content. Certainly he was far more so than he is to-day.

It is well that, in his present state of angry unrest, he feels that he has but to organize and elect his own represent-

atives to help enact just and repeal unjust laws as they bear upon his own immediate needs. But for this outlet to his feelings and this hope for his own future, the labor troubles would be troubles indeed, and every additional book read by labor, every new schoolhouse built for labor, would but add flame to fire. But education brings with it — when taken into practical life — a certain sense of the responsibilities of life and of the relations of things.

The laborer begins to argue, "Am not I partly responsible for my own condition? Is not my salvation in my own hands and in the hands of my fellows? We are units in our own government. We are in the majority numerically, and we are, therefore, at least partially responsible for not only what we do, but for that which is done to us."

It is this feeling that sobers and steadies while it inspires the so-called working classes to-day.

If, with their present enlightenment, ambitions, and needs, laboring men felt themselves wholly irresponsible for the present or future legislation, riots and lawlessness would be the inevitable result. A sense of responsibility alone makes educational development safe either in individuals or in classes.

Witness the truth of this in the lives of the "gilded youths" of all countries whose sharpened wits are not steadied by or applied in any useful occupations. The results are disastrous to themselves and to those who fall under their sway or influence.

Broadened ambitions, sharpened mental capacities, developed intellectuality, demand corresponding outlets and responsibilities. Lacking these, education is but an added danger. Especially is this true in a republic where the theory of legal and political equality is held. At the present time there are but two wholly irresponsible classes in our republic — Indians and women.

I place the Indians first because it has recently been decided in South Dakota that if an Indian (male) will "accept land in severalty," he thereby becomes a sovereign, and is henceforth presumed to have sufficient interest in the welfare of his government and the stability of affairs in general to entitle him to be looked upon as a desirable citizen, capable of legislating and desiring to legislate wisely for the public weal.

Since the government has not yet come to believe that any amount of land in severalty entitles women to so much confidence, and since the lack of responsibility develops in woman, as in man, a reckless and wanton spirit, we have the spectacle of this irresponsible element taking property laws into its own hands, and proudly destroying in public the belongings of other people, and the grave spectacle of courts of law which will not or dare not enforce the law for their punishment.

The due recognition of property rights is one of the earliest developments of personal, legal, and political responsibility. The negro notoriously disregarded these when his own human rights and individual responsibility were unrecognized. His desires were likely to be the measure of your loss. He is not the light-fingered being that he was. Mine and thine have a new meaning for him since — for the first time in his life — "thine" has any meaning to his one time master.

He is also beginning to look to his ballot for his safety and to himself to work out his futute status, whereas one day his legs were his sole dependence when trickery or blandishment failed him. Woman still depends — where she wishes to compass an end — upon blandishment, deception, or a type of force which she believes will not or cannot be resented in the way it would unquestionably be resented if offered by men. A body of respectable men in a quiet community do not calmly walk into another man's business house, and without process of law destroy his property. Their sense of personal and legal and political responsibility is a most effective police force; and no matter how rabid a prohibitionist John Smith is, he does not collect a band of otherwise respectable men about him and proceed to destroy — with praise and prayer as an accompaniment — the belongings of his neighbor.

No; he goes to a legal infant and a political non-existant, and gets her to do it if it is to be done. He knows that to her the limit of responsibility is the verge of her desires on this question. He knows that she recognizes no right of property in a beverage she does not approve and a traffic she hopes to destroy. He knows that her sense of helplessness within the law — where she has no voice — gives her that reckless spirit of the political non-existant of all classes,

which finds its revenge in lawlessness so long as it may not hope to have a voice in lawfulness. While woman was uneducated and wholly a dependant, there was little danger from her. She had too much at stake, in a purely physical sense. Then, too, she had not reasoned out the logical sequence between the pretension that a republic of political equals before the law exists, while in fact one half of that republic has no political status whatever and no voice in the laws they obey. Uneducated and wholly dependent as woman was, this was safe enough. Educated and to a degree financially independent, as she now is, she is a menace to social order so long as she stands without legal responsibility or political outlet for the expression of her opinions and desires in matters of government.

So long as her only means of expression on the subject of the liquor traffic is a hatchet and prayer, she will use both, and we will have the shocking spectacle, witnessed a little over a year ago, of a court refusing to even fine those who committed as clear and wanton an outrage on property rights as often finds record.

The steadying sense of personal and mental responsibility can develop only under such responsibility. Man passed through the stage of regulative and prohibitive thought, and learned the true significance and value of liberty only by its possession. By being responsible he learned the folly and danger of undue restrictive legislation, and the utter futility of the attempt to legislate taste, moral sense, and lofty ideals (i. e., his personal taste and ideals) into his neighbors.

He also learned the futility and danger of lawless raids upon those who were not of his way of thinking as to what they should eat or drink, or wherewithal they should be clothed. Woman will have to learn the same important lesson in the same way. She will abuse the personal rights and liberties of others who disagree with her (now that she is educated and has the power) unless she is steadied, given legal and political responsibility, and held to the same account for her acts as are her brothers. Being helpless within the law, — having no means of expression nor of making her will and opinions felt, having no voice in municipal or governmental management, — she has begun to find lawless outlet for her newly acquired talents and intel-

lectual activity. She is playing the part of border "regulator" and lobbyist — two very dangerous and degrading roles in the hands of an educated but unrepresented class.

It has been argued, by men who are otherwise favorable to woman suffrage, that to grant the ballot to woman would be to yield up, upon the altar of fanaticism and narrow personal desires, much of the liberty for which man has fought and struggled. They argue that women do not stop to consider whether they have the right to interfere with what others do, but that they only ask whether they like the thing done.

The argument goes further and asserts that women only want the ballot that they may restrict the liberty of other people, pass prohibitory, sumptuary, and religious laws; and that the ballot in the hands of woman means a return to a union of church and state, and the meddlesome, personal legislation of the type known to us as Blue Laws.

It is no doubt true that there are many half-developed thinkers among women who demand the ballot, who desire political power for these petty reasons. It is also undoubtedly true that many of these would travel the same road trodden by their fathers before them, and learn political wisdom slowly and only after a struggle with their own narrow ideas of liberty, which means their own liberty to restrict and regulate the liberty of other people.

It may be readily admitted, I say, that woman will make some of the same mistakes, political, religious, and sociological, that have been made by men in the reach after a better way; but what has taught thoughtful men wisdom? What has broadened the conception of political liberty? What taught men the danger and folly of religious and restrictive (sumptuary) legislation? What but experience and responsibility?

Nothing so steadies the hasty and narrow judgment as power, coupled with the recognition that responsibility for the use of that power is sure to be demanded.

Many a man will advise, as secret lobbyist, what he would not do in open legislature. Many a man in private life asserts that "If I were judge or president," or what not, so and so should not be done. When the power and responsibility once rests upon him, his outlook is broadened, and he recognizes that he would endanger a far more sacred principle were he to adhere to his plan.

This holds true with woman. With her newly acquired intellectual and financial power she is seeking an outlet for her capacities. She sees certain municipal and governmental ills. Having no direct power of expression, no legal, political status in a country which claims to have no political classes, she does what all disqualified, irresponsible, dissatisfied classes of men have done before her when deprived of equal opportunity with their fellows: she seeks by subterfuge (indirection) or lawlessness to compass that which she may not attempt lawfully and which, had she the steadying influence and discipline of responsibility and power, she would not do.

Inexperience, coupled with irresponsibility and a lax sense of the rights of others, always did and always will produce tyrants.

Unite this naturally produced and inevitable social and political condition and outlook with the developed mental capacities and consequent restless, undirected, and unabsorbed ambition of the women of to-day, and we have a dangerous lobby — working in secret by indirection and without open responsibility for their words, deeds, or influence — to handle in our republic.

THE COMING BROTHERHOOD.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

THE synonym for knight is "chevalier" — that comes from the French "cheval," a horse, because the chevalier was a soldier and rode on horseback. Those who tilled the ground were called villains; they went afoot, and were also termed "clodhoppers." The knights thought themselves of great account, because they could gallop off to the wars on horseback; for war was the aristocratic profession, and labor was something very low down. But the good Book predicts the time when men shall "beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks." In these latter days, the word "knight" has been joined with "labor," and thus has been formed the right relationship. The true knight, the true chevalier, the true gentleman, is the one who works, and not the one who goes off fighting and killing people, and devastating the world. We once required war, but in the process of evolution have come to a better civilization, and something of worth has been done for the country in giving it the idea of the "knight" as part and parcel of the "labor," bringing those two words which have been opposites, into one thought, and proving that the laboring man can be a true gentleman, in all that goes to make up the beautiful significance of that word.

Many and urgent are the questions that the working men and women of to-day must help to decide. But whatever may be said of methods in general, and of special methods, as "strikes," in particular, as a temperance woman, I am confident that the best strike is to strike against the saloon, and then to strike against all politicians and parties that do wrong to the workingmen. Those are the two strikes that will pay.

There are enough saloons in America, if they were set in a row, to keep one company without a break, along a street reaching from Chicago to New York. In the eleven mountain states of the Union, in the West, there is a saloon for

every forty-three voters. The boycott of the saloon is the greatest thing and the most helpful thing that has ever come to the Knights of Labor, or any similar organization. In one of the towns of Illinois, a banker put his private mark on the money he paid out on Saturday night to the wage-workers of the town who patronized his bank; and on Monday night, of the seven hundred dollars paid out and marked privately, over three hundred dollars had come back to him from the saloons of that town! There is nothing that cramps, belittles, and dwarfs the possibilities of the labor movement in America like the saloons; and some guilds of workingmen show that they know this, by boycotting the saloons and all liquor dealers, not allowing them to be counted with reputable men, whose work brings back a good return.

Legitimate traffic is like the oak tree; in its branches the birds gather and make their pleasant music; under its shade the weary herds and flocks find rest and shelter. There is scarcely anything living that cannot get good out of an oak tree. It is like legitimate industry; every other industry is benefited and helped by it. But the liquor traffic is like the upas tree, forsaken by every living thing, because it is the deadly foe of every living thing, and drips not dew, but poison. The labor question is a mighty issue, but wage-workers would do well to study with it the temperance question; they would remember that nine hundred millions a year are expended by our people in America across the counters of the saloons and in the liquor traffic, — nine hundred million dollars, to say nothing of the money that is lost by those who would be at work except for the temptation of the saloon.

If the women of the nation had the ballot, they and the good men of the nation would hold the balance of power. As white-ribboners, we believe that these great reforms must come in through the ballot box. We believe that because they are physically weaker, women, by the very instinct of self-protection, are the enemy of the liquor shops, because the manly arm that was meant to be their protection, when uncontrolled by the guiding brain and frenzied by alcohol, becomes their dread. We believe it makes no difference whether a woman is Protestant or Catholic, whether she is black or white, cultured or ignorant, native or foreign-

born; but that, as a rule, women, for the sake of protection for themselves, their children, and their homes, stand solidly against the dram shop. We believe that prohibition will come whenever woman has the ballot. In Washington they gave women the ballot, and it was such a terror to the saloon-men that they worked away with the Supreme Court, and finally succeeded in making out that they had left out some punctuation mark, or else some little word, in the name the bill, and so the Supreme Court said that the bill was not legal. What happened? There were bonfires and rejoicings in all the cities and towns and villages of Washington. There were bells ringing, not the bells in the steeples, but the ding-donging of all the old cow-bells and sheep-bells they could get. There was beer to be had on tap, furnished free by the saloon-keepers, and a great jubilee from one end of the state to the other. Who got it up? The saloons. Why did they get it up? It was their celebration of the deplorable loss by women of the ballot. Tell us what the liquor-men are afraid of, and the temperance people want it, and it is sure to be a safeguard of the home.

The workingmen are going to give us prohibition by their votes — but after they have driven the nail, they will need the hammer of woman's ballot to rap it into place, so that it will hold strong, steady, and sure.

Another vital issue in the labor question is the wages of women.

> "Alas! that gold should be so dear,
> And flesh and blood so cheap!"

We read about women who make twelve shirts for seventy-five cents, and furnish their own thread, in Chicago; about women that finish off an elegant cloak for four cents; about children that work twelve hours a day for a dollar a week; about some women who are glad to get the chance that offers six cents for four hours' work. Things like that our papers are full of, and other things too bad to describe. It is pitiful to read words like these: "We have six children at home; I give all my money to mother. Father is a builder, and is laid off for the best part of the year, and I don't have a cent for myself; I give it for meat and groceries. My sister is younger than I. She works on neckties. Fun? You ask me if I have fun? I've no time for it. I'd a

great deal rather be a boy. They have a better time. They keep their money. Girls have to give up all they make to the home folks."

Now, many people say they do not believe in a paternal government. But we believe in a paternal and a maternal government, and that if a few more women had something to do with affairs, there would not be so many white slaves in Chicago, New York, and all along shore.

The women's clubs can do something in this line. If they would hold a convention on the subject of white slaves, if they would work up a petition to city councils, something would come of it. Let the petition ask that there shall be women appointed as inspectors; that there shall be a municipal ordinance, providing that in a given city there shall be women to serve without salary, — well-to-do women, who would much better invest their time in this manner than to swing in hammocks and read story books, — to be appointed to visit these places where women work, and to make official reports to the municipal authorities. Then let the workingmen, who have the majority in every city, demand that there shall be a fire escape to every building where there are wage-workers, instead of having them piled in and killed and burned as thoughtlessly as if they were so many sardines in a box. Then let it be put down, as another section of that law, that there shall be just so many in a room of a certain size, and no more. Why, in some places, the girls are told they must take short threads; for if they don't, their needles will go into the eyes of the those who sit in front! Then the law should provide that they shall have their lunch-room, and not be obliged to stand up, huddled together like so many sheep, to nibble away at their lunch; also that they shall have an hour, and not a half-hour, at noon, and that there shall be the best sanitary conditions and conveniences.

But the law is nothing unless you have an enforcer. Let the women enforce the laws; and let the men and women sitting in their clubs and saying what a wonderful country this is, that a woman can dress so cheaply, that the sewing machine has made such a difference that you hardly have anything to pay for your clothes, and have so much more time and money to improve your mind — let those women know how it is they get their collars and cuffs so cheap; let them look into the wan faces of the women who make these

garments and receive these prices for their work. Women are too good hearted to tolerate all this, if they once know the cause. Bring them face to face with the situation, and they will soon work up such a public opinion that the rates and hours of wages will be changed for the better.

Already much has been done in the way of having a police matron at every police station. Before this, women were arrested by whom? By men. Tried by whom? By men. Sentenced by whom? By juries of men. And taken to the Bridewell by whom? By men. They never saw anybody but men. It came into the hearts of women who had never thought of it before, "Now, why don't we have some woman at the police station, to be kind and friendly to these women?" The point gained in Chicago, the agitation spread to other cities, and success was ours in almost every large city of the nation.

If temperance women could inaugurate all that, what could all the women's societies, united, do for the white slaves of Chicago and other cities?

In order to get your minds stirred up, by way of remembrance, read "The Prisoners of Poverty," by Helen Campbell. When I was in Boston, in the winter of 1888, I read in the papers that some of the professors of Harvard University had been having a great deal of talk with a socialist. His name was Laurence Gronlund. He was a Dane, and those men said he was the most sensible socialist they ever saw. Many think every socialist an anarchist, but here was one who was most reputable! I had the pleasure of an interview with him, and I was wonderfully interested in his ideas. He said to me, "People generally will not read my book, because it is dry; but there's a wonderfully gifted man who has put my book into a story, and the name is 'Looking Backward.'" So I read that; and Edward Bellamy, its author, says that from the year 2000 he looked backward to the year 1887, and he saw, from that blessed and wonderful time, the terrible condition we are in now; he tells what might be done, as if it had really happened. Of course there are characters in the story, and there's a spice of romance, and all that; but it is to me a wonderful book. I do not see why what is in it should not some day come to pass. If men would say, "Let us have no enmity, let us have no outrage, let us have mutualism, let us have collectivism,

let us have arbitration, let us have co-operation instead of the wage system, and let it come, not by revolution, but by evolution," I think it might be slowly but steadily wrought out. The best part of this evolution will be the little white papers dropped into the ballot box. That is the way it is to be done.

Away in San Francisco some men got up a Bible class to study Christ's Sermon on the Mount. They had been conning in the Epistles that part where it said, "Servants, obey your masters," "Wives, be in subjection to your husbands," and all that went very nicely; but when they began to take up the Sermon on the Mount, the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you," that was hard-tack; it broke their teeth, spiritually speaking. Then came, "He that would have you go with him a mile, go with him twain," "To him that smites you on the right cheek, turn the left," "Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away," "Give, and it shall be given to you," "Lend, hoping to receive nothing again," — at this the Bible class adjourned, and they said of the Bible-class teacher (who really thought this meant what it said, and took it literally), that he was a crank, and they wouldn't go any longer to such a Bible class. So they went home, justified in their own conceit, as John Habberton tells us in one of his bright books.

Workingmen are reading the New Testament. They are in these days studying about that wonderful character, the Carpenter's Son. They are learning about His ideal of brotherhood, and what kind of a world we could make this, if we set out on the principles that He taught, and on the principles that He lived. I am glad that they are studying the temperance question, studying the woman question, and studying the New Testament. They are thinking whether we could not make a Heaven out of this world. There are rich men who find that it is for their interest to have a great big "trust," and a great big "monopoly." Perhaps the people will some time discover that two can play that game. The people may find that the trust, with "We, Us & Co." for its name, might make things go into a sort of brotherhood in this country, and that it could be brought about through the ballot box.

Work is getting to be aristocratic; and not to work, dis-

honorable. It is not uncharitable to say that a person who does nothing is a drone in the hive, and does not amount to anything; it is the sweat of the brain and the sweat of the brow that make us Somebody, with a capital S, instead of Nobody, with a capital N. Then let us be glad that we are workers with God, who never ceases in His benefactions. We live in a world where every insect and bird and living creature is always doing something, because to do something is to be happy; and so, when the time comes that the true aristocrats shall make the world something like a home, and not altogether like a desert; when they come to their kingdom; when they have the opportunity for the culture of their minds, as well as the development of their hands, which they ought to have; when there are no grades in society, except grades of moral excellence, grades of industry, grades of intellectual nobility; when there is no wealth that makes aristocracy, but when what we are, what we have done, fixes our places in the world, then I believe we shall see the world that Christ came to create. We are going to see it far sooner than we think, because we are living in a time when ideas travel almost as quickly as a flash of lightning. Every throb of sympathy from the heart toward the "white slaves," every outraged sense of justice that ever stirred a human heart, has helped to bring about this great time of deliverance. We have talked about charity. I am glad to live in a day when we are talking something about justice! What we women want is simply justice. All that the laboring man wants is justice and fair dealing. All that these "white slaves" ask, is that they shall not be slaves; that rich merchants shall not give so much to a school, so much for building a chapel, and so much for missions, as if they were great Christian philanthropists, yet all the time put the thumb-screws of everlasting stinginess on these poor girls. That thing has got to be done away with, and that right early! People's eyes are being opened. God grant that the doctrine of Christ, which is "fair dealing to others, as you would yourself be done by," may soon be put in practice toward every working man and woman in America.

And yet the nation is full of real Christian men and women, who "deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God." They heed the voice of Christ in its tender cadences, saying, "And all ye are brethren!" God grant

their number may be multiplied! Even men of the world admit that London's four hundred city missionaries mean more for peace and quiet than four thousand police would mean. Even secularists applaud the splendid humanitarian work of the W. C. T. U. and the Salvation Army. Even infidels admit that McAll's Mission, in Paris, prevents barricades and riots, by teaching the French workman a more excellent way to the brotherhood of which he dreams.

Let me give you my "shorter catechism" of Political Economy from Ruskin.

"There is no Wealth but Life. Life, including all its power of love, of joy, and admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and, by means of his possessions, over the lives of others. A strange political economy; the only one, nevertheless, that ever was or can be; all political economy founded on self-interest being but the fulfilment of that which once brought schism into the policy of angels and ruin into the economy of Heaven."

A BRIEF SURVEY OF THE AMERICAN DRESS REFORM MOVEMENTS OF THE PAST, WITH VIEWS OF REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN.

BY FRANCES E. RUSSELL.

MANY women have expressed sound common sense on this subject, as I propose to show by quotations from my readings during the last thirty-six years. It will not do to blink out of sight the chief scarecrow of the present-day woman; for historical fair play and justice to the women of forty years ago demand that we shall give the "bloomer" of the past its due. Concerning an interesting epoch in the history of American womanhood, we may very properly listen to the account of that woman whose name has so long been taken in vain, Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, whose golden wedding was celebrated by her family and friends two years ago, in Council Bluffs, Ia., where she has lived for thirty-five years. A reporter for the Boston *Globe* described her as "a gentle, dainty little lady," and gave a cut of her famous costume donned in 1851, and which she wore six or seven years. The first one was made of red and black changeable silk, the skirt reaching four or five inches below the knees, and trimmed with three rows of black velvet ribbon, a wide row in the middle; Turkish trousers of the same material as the dress. Whoever looks at this picture should see beside it the fashionable dress called "beautiful" then, with a circumference of skirt produced by from five to ten starched petticoats one over another. Women waded in a "sea of petticoats," and the ridiculous hoops which speedily followed gave great relief. Corsets were seldom used by even the most fashionable, though tight waists were common. The chemise was abandoned soon by the early dress reformers, and many wore a combination undersuit of their own devising.

A few years ago the following facts were given to the readers of a leading ladies' magazine by

MRS. AMELIA BLOOMER.*

I hardly know how to write about the "costume" associated with my name; but I was not its inventor or originator, as is so generally believed.

In March, 1851, Elizabeth Smith Miller, daughter of Hon. Gerritt Smith of Peterboro, N. Y., visited her cousin, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, at Seneca Falls, N. Y., which was then my home, and where I was publishing the *Lily*, and where Mrs. Stanton also resided. Mrs. Miller came to us in a short skirt and full Turkish trousers, a style of dress she had been wearing some two months.

The matter of woman's dress having been just previously discussed in the *Lily*, Mrs. Miller's appearance led Mrs. Stanton to at once adopt the style, and I very soon followed, Mrs. Stanton introducing it to the Seneca Falls public two or three days in advance of me. In the next number of my paper following my adoption of the dress (April, 1851), I wrote an article announcing to my readers that I had donned the style to which their attention had been called in previous numbers.

The New York *Tribune* noticed my article, and made it known to its thousands of readers that I had donned a short skirt and trousers; and from this it went from paper to paper throughout this country and countries abroad. I found myself noticed and pictured in many papers at home and abroad. I was praised and censured, glorified and ridiculed, until I stood in amazement at the furor I had wrought by my pen while sitting quietly in my little office at home attending to my duties.

Suffice it that it was the press at large that got up all the excitement and that named the dress. I never called it the "Bloomer costume." With me it was always the short dress and trousers. It consisted of a skirt shortened to a few inches below the knees, and the substitution of trousers made of the same material as the dress. In other respects the dress was the same as worn by all women. At the outset, the trousers were full and baggy; but we improved upon them by making them narrower and gathered at the ankle, and finally by making entirely plain and straight, falling to the shoe like trousers of men.

To some extent, I think the style was adopted abroad, but not largely, or, for that matter, at home. There were individuals here and there who gladly threw off the burden of heavy skirts and adopted the short ones; but soon both press and people turned upon it their ridicule and censure, and women had not the strength of principle to withstand the criticism, and so returned to their dragging skirts. For myself, I wore the short dress and no others, at home and everywhere, for six or seven years, long after Mrs. Stanton, Lucy Stone, and others had abandoned it. Lucy Stone wore the dress several years, travelled and lectured in it, and was married in it, I think. None of us ever lectured on the dress question, or in any way introduced it into our lectures. We only wore it because we found it comfortable, convenient, safe, and tidy — with no thought

* *Ladies' Home Journal.*

of introducing a fashion, but with the wish that every woman would throw off the burden of clothes that was dragging her life out.

In 1856 a Dress Reform Association was organized, which held several conventions. At one of these, in Canastota, N. Y., in 1857, a letter was read, from which we make an extract, written by

MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

Woman's dress, too, — how perfectly it describes her condition! Everything she wears has some object external to herself. The comfort and convenience of the woman is never considered; from the bonnet string to the paper shoe, she is the hopeless martyr to the inventions of some Parisian imp of fashion. Her tight waist and long, trailing skirts deprive her of all freedom of breath and motion. No wonder man prescribes her sphere. She needs his aid at every turn. He must help her up stairs and down, in the carriage and out, on the horse, up the hill, over the ditch and fence, and thus teach her the poetry of dependence.

There is a philosophy in this dependence not so complimentary to woman as she at the first blush may suppose. Why is it that at balls and parties, when man comes dressed in his usual style, fashion requires woman to display her person, to bare her arms and neck? Why must she attract man's admiration? Why must she secure his physical love? The only object of a woman's life is marriage, and the shortest way to a man's favor is through his passions; and woman has studied well all the little arts and mysteries by which she can stimulate him to the pursuit. Every part of a woman's dress has been faithfully conned by some French courtesan to produce this effect. Innocent girls who follow the fashion are wholly ignorant of its philosophy. Woman's attire is an ever-varying incentive to man's imagination — a direct and powerful appeal to his passional nature.

Not long after this convention, a letter was published containing the following by

MRS. CHARLOTTE A. JOY.

A lady friend said to me, "I have talked with Miss Martineau, in her own house, about your movement, and she said to me, 'Tell the dress reformers in America that I am heartily with them;' and since my return, she has, in writing to me, said, among other things, 'There is much evil involved in long skirts.'" I am sure that if this world-wide philanthropist were not a great sufferer, and so ill as to be awaiting her summons to the world of spirits, that we should have her assistance in carrying forward this reform.

Abby Kelley Foster bade me a hearty God-speed, and urged me again and again never to falter, telling me that for years she had worn the dress in her own home, and that her husband heartily sustained us.

I also had an interview with Mrs. L. Stone Blackwell, and she expressed great interest in this reform, telling me that she wore the dress full half the time, and meant soon to wear it all the time when she lived in the country. She does not think the good to be derived from wearing it in the city, and in travelling, is a compensation for the annoyance. In this I think she is entirely wrong. I heard her repel, with much indignation, a charge of having given up the new costume.

Mrs. Blackwell is deeply interested — as I think we all should be — to make our costume as artistic and becoming as possible, that it may commend itself to persons of refined and cultivated taste. She is more radical on the skirt question than any lady I have conversed with.

I could give you names of ladies as thoughtful, if not as well known as some that I have mentioned, to prove that earnest women desire very strongly a change of costume, but *fear public opinion*. It seems to me very necessary to urge every woman who desires the progress of this reform, to be true to it on all occasions.

If we must suffer annoyance and persecution, let us submit to it in the faith that the sure progress of our cause will be the result.

Our costume will never be allowed to pass unnoticed by the public until they are familiar with it.

At the next convention, held in Syracuse, N. Y., Mrs. Joy (the late Mrs. Mann) presided. On that occasion the following letter was read, which defines

THE POSITION OF LUCY STONE.

I miscounted the days of the month, and greatly fear that I have thereby lost the opportunity of expressing my cordial sympathy with the object of your convention.

But I frankly confess that I do not expect any speedy or widespread change in the dress of women, until as a body they feel a deeper discontent with their present entire position. While they suffer "taxation without representation," and are thus placed, politically, lower than thieves, gamblers, and blacklegs, and bear it without a murmur; . . . while, as wives, in most of the states, they have no right of personal property, or of earnings, and nowhere the right to the baby, warm nestling in their bosoms; nor even the right to themselves, and yet with exultant boast, iterate and reiterate that "they have all the rights they want;" believe me, they who can bear all this, are not in a condition to quarrel with the length of their skirts.

Her miserable style of dress is a consequence of her present vassalage, not its cause. Woman must become ennobled in the quality of her being. When she is so, and takes her place, clothed with the dignity which the possession and exercise of her natural human rights give, she will be able, unquestioned, to dictate the style of her dress.

With best wishes for the good of the cause, yours, to help it as I am able.

Many good letters were sent to this convention, among them one read to the audience by Rev. Samuel J. May, written by one of the noblest of American women, the wife of Theodore D. Weld,

MRS. ANGELINA GRIMKE WELD,

in 1857. This long, learned, and philosophical letter was published in full in several important journals. We make extracts: —

When we read of the effeminacy of Sardanapalus, and of the fact that he assumed the attire of woman, and amused himself with the spinning of wool, we marvel not at the result, the overthrow of his empire.

There was a deep philosophy in the advice which Crœsus gave to Cyrus, after his conquest of Lydia: "Compel," said he, "the men of Lydia to wear the dress of women, and thus attired, let them pursue their employments and amusements. He well knew that dress and occupation exert a controlling influence upon the mind and character. To clothe the men of Lydia like women, and to oblige them to pursue women's occupations, was effectually to disarm them of the power to regain their lost liberty, and securely to fasten upon them political chains. . . .

Woman is now emerging into her majority, and claiming her rights as a human being. The eye of faith looks into the future, and sees her possessed of them; for man is too noble, too just, too manly, to deny them when he sees her demands coupled with an earnest intention to use them for her own support and the interests of humanity. But, my sisters, he cannot think so as long as we encumber our limbs with flowing robes which render it difficult to ascend every stairway, and obstruct locomotion, whilst with bedraggled skirts in every street we proclaim our folly and extravagance, and slavery to fashion. He cannot think we are in sober earnest about working for ourselves and our children, for the church and the state, as long as by our dress we render it impossible for woman to cope with man in the useful and common avocations. If she means to stand side by side with him in the battle of life, she must gird up the flowing robe, or cut it off as he has done; for although there is a beautiful fitness in the designation of sex by dress, yet the skirt must be curtailed, and the sleeve diminished, as well as the volume of material which now hangs in such profusion and circumference from her waist, and sweeps the floor. If woman means to work, let her dress herself for work. . . .

Believe me, dear sisters, the men of this day know full as well as Crœsus did, twenty-four hundred years ago, that dress exerts a controlling influence over character, and that if we want to effeminate human beings, we have but to swathe them in long robes, which so encumber the limbs as to obstruct locomotion and render vigorous effort impossible.

In October following this convention at Syracuse, an arti-

cle on "Female Dress in 1857" appeared in the *Westminster Review*, written by

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

It was, I think, during the time when George Eliot was sub-editing the *Westminster Review* that this excellent article appeared in its columns. Wit and sarcasm were freely used in reference to the very absurd fashions of the day, and the writer then turned her attention to the dress-reform movement in the United States.

It is otherwise in another country, where the fine ladies are even more enslaved to Paris fashions than in our own. In the United States a Dress Reform Association has for some time been organized, and it appears to be prospering well. Physicians of eminence support it, and that is a favorable sign. No little courage is required to wear a new set of garments in a community where men are at least as indisposed as they are here to allow women to judge of their own affairs, and where the majority of women are at least as superstitious and timid under the dictation as here; but American women have a stronger stake in dress reform than perhaps any others. The ladies have more work to do, and certainly less health and strength for their tasks. It is so serious a burden to them to wear trammels and instruments of torment under the name of clothes, that they may well show more courage than others in throwing them off. The general style which is proposed by the association seems to be, by universal admission, good. It covers the human frame lightly and warmly, and admits of the changes necessitated by temperature with the utmost ease. It leaves the limbs and trunk free for their respective action, while it is as modest as any dress that was ever devised. *Besides the sort of beauty which it derives from its fitness and ease, it embraces the best points of costumes approved by the experience and sanction of ages.* There is no use in talking of the Bloomer Dress in England, so successful were the unmanly and senseless attempts made in 1851 to discredit it. The original trick by which it was rendered disreputable, and the unworthy treatment it received in the popular publications of men who regard themselves as moralists, will remain conspicuous among the laches and sins of their time. And better moralists — men who were indignant at the bigotry and tyranny of such conduct in Englishmen, who by no means relish similar treatment of their own dress in Eastern countries — did not assert the rights and wrongs of the case so boldly and strenuously as they ought to have done. The aim of the organization is briefly set forth in the second article of its constitution, in these words: —

The objects of this association are to induce a reform in woman's dress, especially in regard to long skirts, tight waists, and all other styles and modes which are incompatible with good health, refined taste, simplicity, economy, and beauty.

These are sensible objects; and while they are promoted with all proper regard to individual liberty and taste, they will have our

hearty good will. We can wish nothing better for our countrywomen than that they may attain to a degree of independent good sense which will qualify them for a similar reform on their own behalf.

About this time the Queen of England set the fashion of the short balmoral skirt with dress festooned over it, and high balmoral boots came into fashion. It was in 1857, also, that another effort was made in America, led by

MRS. JENNIE C. CROLY.

A call was published which explains itself, beginning thus: —

The undersigned, on the part of ladies interested in the progress and development of national ideas and interests, as connected with the subject of American dress costume, hereby calls a convention, to meet in the second week in May, 1857, at a place to be hereafter mentioned, in order to discuss the question of American costume, in all its bearings, and decide upon a plan which will render us, to a certain degree, independent of the caprices of foreign dictators, and able to set an example to other nations in dress as well as in politics.

It is not intended in this convention to advocate any outre notions, or subvert present modes where they are rational, appropriate, and becoming, or pursue any line of conduct which might be deemed extravagant or fantastical; it is only that, as a great nation, we are entitled to the right to decide upon what we will not wear; and as this seems naturally and exclusively woman's province, it is to her, as leader of fashion, artiste, or designer, that we especially appeal.

A second letter, written in explanation of the first, was written to Mrs. Sayre Herbrouch, editor of the *Sibyl*, by Mrs. Croly, and is the last I ever heard of a well-meant effort. I quote: —

The idea of the convention about which you desire to know the "truth," originated in a sincere and earnest desire to see American women delivered from their blind, fanatical slavery to foreign fashion, and a belief that, if once interested in this, their natural and rightful province, — interested in the national idea of developing our own resources, of encouraging our own designers and artists, — it would free us at once from the absurdities of a blind adherence to foreign dictation, and preserve us also from the folly of attempting to imitate a degree of luxury which is not only subversive of the noblest spirit of our institutions, but exposes the imitators to just scorn and ridicule.

It was believed, also, that it would assist in developing independence of action, and open a field in which woman could have supreme and undoubted sway. If it did not make her do right, it would at least make her think and do something, and that would be a nearer approximation than she is likely to make while her thinking is done

for her. But in my efforts for the accomplishment of this object, I must say I have been disappointed and grieved to see how strongly the chains of the modern autocrat, Fashion, bind his devotees.

It was and is not intended to identify this convention with any of the dress reforms of the day, because none are urged by us upon American women but the great national one of choosing for themselves. I would that it were so that women could wear any dress that pleases them best, or that is most suitable to their position and circumstances, without being subjects of remark and sneering innuendoes. And I admire the proud courage which enables you (believing that the short dress is best adapted to the wants of woman) to wear it and courageously defend it. But for myself, I have no faith in endeavoring to persuade women to do what I believe is right. All I ask is that they do something, no matter what, or at least little matter what. My faith in them makes me believe that if once they think and act for themselves, they will soon think and act right.

Very respectfully, JENNIE C. CROLY.

About the same time a book was published, made up of articles that had appeared in the London *Art Journal*, on "Dress as a Fine Art," by

MRS. MENIFIELD OF ENGLAND.

Conspicuous among its illustrations was a picture of Mrs. Bloomer's costume. From comments on this dress we quote the following: —

On the score of modesty there can be no objection to the dress, since the whole of the body is covered. On the ground of convenience it recommends itself to those who, having the superintendence of a family, are obliged frequently to go up and down stairs, on which occasion it is always necessary to raise the dress before or behind, according to circumstances. The objection to the trousers is not to this article of dress being worn, since that is a general practice, but to their being seen. Yet we suspect few ladies would object on this account to appear at a fancy ball in the Turkish costume. . . . Setting aside all considerations of fashion, as we always do in looking at the fashions which are gone by, it was impossible for any person to deny that the Bloomer costume was by far the most elegant, the most modest, and the most convenient.

The second dress-reform movement in this country was made in the seventies. It began with a paper read by Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps before the New England Woman's Club, afterwards published in four numbers of the *Independent*, then made into a book by Houghton & Mifflin, entitled "What to Wear." We make here only one extract from this lively and useful book, by

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

When I see women stay indoors the entire forenoon because their morning dresses trail the ground, and indoors all the afternoon because there comes up a shower, and the walking-dress would soak and drabble; or when I see the "workingwoman" standing at the counter, or at the teacher's desk, from day to dark, in the drenched boots and damp stockings which her muddy skirts, flapping from side to side, have compelled her to endure; when I see her, a few weeks thereafter, going to Dr. Clarke for treatment, as a consequence; when I find, after the most patient experiment, that, in spite of stout rubbers, water-proof gaiters, and dress skirt three or four inches from the ground, an "out-of-door" girl is compelled to a general change of clothing each individual time that she returns from her daily walks in the summer rain; when I see a woman climbing upstairs with her baby in one arm, and its bowl of bread and milk in the other, and see her tripping on her dress at every stair (if, indeed, baby, bowl, bread, milk, and mother do not go down in universal chaos; it is only from the efforts of long skill and experience on the part of the mother in performing that acrobatic feat); when physicians tell me what fearful jars and strains these sudden jerks of the body from stumbling on the dress-hem impose upon a woman's intricate organism, and how much less injurious to her a direct *fall* would be than this start and rebound of nerve and muscle, and how the strongest man would suffer from such accidents; and when they further assure me of the amount of calculable injury wrought upon our sex by the weight of skirting brought upon the hips, and by thus making the seat of all the vital energies the pivot of motion and centre of endurance; when I see women's skirts, the shortest of them, lying (when they sit down) inches deep along the foul floors, which man, in delicate appreciation of our concessions to his fancy in such respects, has innundated with tobacco juice, and from which she sweeps up and carries to her home the germs of stealthy pestilences; when I see a ruddy, romping school-girl, in her first long dress, beginning to avoid coasting on her double-runner, or afraid of the stone walls in the blueberry fields, or standing aloof from the game of ball, or turning sadly away from the ladder which her brother is climbing to the cherry tree, or begging for him to assist her over the gunwale of a boat; when I read of the sinking of steamers at sea, with "nearly all the women and children on board, and the accompanying comments, "Every effort was made to assist the women up the masts and out of danger till help arrived, but *they could not climb*, and we were forced to leave them to their fate;" or when I hear the wail with which a million lips take up the light words of the loafer on the Portland Wharf, when the survivors of the "Atlantic" filed past him, "Not a woman among them all! My God" — when I consider these things, I feel that I have ceased to deal with *blunders* in dress and have entered the category of *crimes*.

Following the paper of Miss Phelps, a dress reform committee was appointed by the New England Woman's Club. Four lectures on Dress were delivered in Boston by women

physicians, and another by Mrs. Abba Goold-Woolson, who afterwards edited the five lectures in a volume named "Dress Reform," published by Roberts Brothers. I had thought to quote from each one of these lectures, but lack of space forbids. The four physicians, — Dr. Mary Safford Blake, Dr. Caroline E. Hastings, Dr. Mercy B. Jackson, Dr. Arvilla B. Haynes — were unanimous in their condemnation of the fashionable dress of their day. In all five lectures there was strong warning against corsets, an evil which was not in fashion when the first dress reform made their practical protest. From this book I will quote now only

MRS. ABBA GOOLD-WOOLSON.

Were I an emperor, absolute as any shah, it would be my sovereign pleasure to decree that the men of my kingdom should wear women's clothes for a day, and that the women should wear those of the men — for one day only. It would not be long before something would be done; for the close of that memorable time would behold a race of growing athletes, giving thanks for their escape from the strange bondage, and drawing deep breaths of deliverance, while the wailing of the women at their return to the old fetters would be heart-rending to hear. Then the nation would pause from its consideration of lesser evils, and would set at work in good earnest to eradicate this. . . . The agencies are manifold which convert so many of our vigorous girls into suffering invalids before they have fairly grown into women; but if there be one agency worthy to be emphasized above all others, I believe it to be our present pernicious style of dress.

Present-day dress improvers say that no effort was made by the dress reformers of the fifties and seventies to make their dress beautiful, or to concede anything to the taste created by fashion. Compare the fashion plate or model for dress reforms put forth in this book, with the fashionable outline presented in the frontispiece, and you will see the effort to conform the *dress of the period* to the demands of convenience and health. A small hoopskirt was retained, and the dress was shortened only to the high shoe tops. The reason for the hoopskirt is thus given: "Worn of diminished size, it brings advantages which compensate for its weight. It keeps the folds of the balmoral from clogging the lower limbs in walking, and it allows the tops of other skirts to be so attached to it as to prevent undue heating of the pelvis and spine, and to render waistbands unnecessary." To render skirts comfortable, use the hoops, and these call for

suspenders! Thus does one "necessary evil" call for another — all of which is truly edifying to a student in pursuit of the beautiful in woman's dress!

Somewhat later than these two books, appeared another on the same subject, by Celia B. Whitehead, entitled "What is the Matter?" Since I can only quote briefly, it shall be in reference to beauty. Listen, then, to

MRS. CELIA B. WHITEHEAD.

Until recently, I have refused to urge dress reform on the score of "looks"; and even now it seems like paying "tithes of mint, rue, anise, and cummin," while the weightier matter is to educate woman's conscience and courage till she will declare that, ugly or pretty, homely or handsome, fashionable or unfashionable, she is *bound* to be free — pardon the paradox — healthy, and useful. Nevertheless, when I read such sentiments as I have quoted above, I feel the necessity of paying the tithes.

Mrs. Angelina Grimke Weld thought otherwise. In a letter written to a dress-reform convention in June, 1857, she says: "I regard the Bloomer costume as *only an approach* to that true womanly costume which will, in due time, be inaugurated. For myself I feel no anxiety about contriving a new dress which will combine artistic beauty with convenience (that will come naturally by and by), because I believe it *impossible to please the perverted taste of the present day*. If the Bloomer dress had come from a Paris milliner, it would have been welcomed in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia; but as it is the only dress which has ever been adopted from principle — *from a desire in woman to fit herself for daily duty*, — as it is the outbirth of a state of mind which soars above the prevalent uses of women, therefore it shocks the taste.

There is the whole thing in a few words. That quotation will bear several readings, and discover new wisdom each time it is read. I had not seen it when I read that "women *will not* adopt a fashion that is not beautiful"; and as I knew that anything which allowed free locomotion was considered unbeautiful for women, my heart was heavy. It lightened somewhat when I read Mrs. Weld's letter, but it remained for a fashion plate to completely lift the load. I strayed into the rooms of a fashionable dress and cloak maker one day (oh, yes! I go to such places sometimes), and in the fitting-room hung two pictures of the fashions of 1860 and '61. My first thought was that they were burlesques, and I asked the proprietor, who has been in the business twenty-three years, if they were genuine, *bona fide* fashion plates. He said: "Oh, yes! I brought them from Paris myself."

"Did you ever make dresses like those?" I again questioned, for it seemed impossible that I had ever seen women look as these represented.

The answer was: "A great many of them. Six yards around was the measure then. The women were beautiful in them, as they are *in anything which the majority of them wear.*"

I gazed at those pictures in unfeigned delight. My heart was heavy no longer. Were they beautiful?

Beautiful! If you can find some, look at them yourself, and then say candidly whether women will or *will not* adopt a fashion that is not beautiful.

They were frightful! and the fact is, women will wear anything under the sun that is fashionable; and THEIR WEARING IT *will, for the time, make it seem beautiful.*

It seems as if, at this age of the world, we all ought to know that our notions of what is womanly or unwomanly, feminine or unfeminine, are very largely the result of education. Had we always seen men in petticoats and women in breeches, it would seem very unfeminine for a woman to put on skirts.

Perhaps this is the best place to introduce a quotation from

HELENA MARIA WEBBER.

The nether garment was first worn in bifurcated form by the women of ancient Judah. How far it resembled the modern trousers we have no definite information; but the fact is worth keeping in mind that women were the original wearers of trousers. The exclusive claim which men so pertinaciously maintain to the use of this garment, is founded upon no principle of moral or social policy. It is an arbitrary claim without a solitary argument to support it, not even that of prior usage. Nature never intended that the sexes should be distinguished by apparel. The beard, which was assigned solely to man, is the natural token of his sex. But man effeminates himself, contrary to the purpose of nature, by shaving off his beard; and then, lest his sex should be mistaken, he arrogates to himself a particular form of dress, the wearing of which by the female sex he declares to be a grave misdemeanor.

It was in connection with this second dress-reform movement that

FRANCES POWER COBBE

wrote in the English *Fortnightly Review*:—

Bad as stays and chignons and high heels and paint and low dresses, and all the other follies of dress are, I am, however, of opinion that the culminating folly of fashion, the one which has most widespread and durable consequences, is the mode in which for ages

back women have contrived that their skirts should act as drags and swaddling-clothes, weighing down their hips, and obstructing the natural motion of the legs.

It has been often remarked that the sagacity of Romish seminarists is exhibited by their practice of compelling boys destined for the priesthood to flounder along the streets in their long gowns, and never permitting them to cast them aside or play in the close-fitting clothes wherein English lads enjoy their cricket and foot-ball. The obstruction to free action, though perhaps slight in itself, yet constantly maintained, gradually tames down the wildest spirits to the level of ecclesiastical decorum. But the lengthiest of *soutanes* is a joke compared to the multitudinous petticoats which, up to the last year or two, every lady was compelled to wear, swathing and flowing about her ankles as if she were walking through the sea. Nor is the fashion of these latter days much better, when the scantier dress is "tied-back" — as I am informed — with an elastic band, much on the principle that a horse is "hobbled" in the field; and to this a tail a yard long is added, which must either be left to draggle in the mud or must occupy an arm exclusively to hold it up. . . .

It is for fashion, not delicacy, that the activity of women is thus crushed, their health ruined, and, through them, the health of their children. I hold it to be an indubitable fact that if twenty years ago a rational and modest style of dress had been adopted by Englishwomen and encouraged by Englishmen, instead of being sneered down by fops and fools, the health not only of women, but of the sons of women, i. e., of the entire nation, would now be on altogether a different plane from what we find it.

GAIL HAMILTON

about this time wrote: —

With all our higher education, the emancipation of the sex, the outcry for suffrage, the woman's boards, clubs, colleges, professions where is the woman who shall give us something that is worth them all? What annex is nourishing her, what cradle rocks her whose inborn originality shall seize the absurdity, the grotesqueness, the barbarism of the compresses which women now call "dress," whose cultured originality shall pierce all realms of art and history science, and shall evoke thence a costume which shall not only gratify but stimulate the æsthetic sense which shall add to the free and sweeping lines of grace, the free and subtle sense of strength, the thrilling ecstacy of vital health, of abounding life; a costume which will do more for the real emancipation of woman than any legislation can do, because it will put her in harmony with the eternal law of all her being, and gently lead up the new and golden year of physical comfort, artistic grace, mental vigor, and social power.

MRS. ELLEN BATTELLE DIETRICK

has observed: —

It is on the street that woman's present condition is most miserable. The street gown not being well adapted to pockets, the average

woman generally has one hand useless for emergencies, on account of its burdens; and when an umbrella must be held in the other, and the mud-bespattered robe first slops miserably wet about its wearer's heels, or twists fetteringly about as the wind rises, again, either brushes off filthy curbstones or is gathered too high in its owner's frantic efforts to preserve its original nicety, is it not a spectacle for the goddess of common sense to weep over? But with men wielding that terrible weapon, the press, and occupying that powerful stronghold, the pulpit, it is swimming against the current, with fearful odds against them, for women to undertake anything the masculine half of humanity chooses to call "unwomanly," actuated by pure nonsense and utter inconsistency though it be.

A different opinion was lately put forth in the *Woman's Journal* by its junior editor,

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

Every woman could materially lighten her labor by adopting for house wear a gymnastic dress such as is worn in our best gymnasiums. If it were necessary to go to the door, a long apron, which could be slipped on in a moment, would hide all peculiarities.

Mrs. Celia B. Whitehead and others have suggested that an entering wedge for dress reform might be found in this plan, and it seems to me the most practical idea yet proposed. In the first place, it would give women a realizing sense of the immense increase of ease, comfort, and convenience to be obtained by the change. Most women, even those who theoretically believe in dress reform, do not fully appreciate how great the difference would be, because they have never had practical experience of it. A woman of my acquaintance, the delicate mother of several bright, nervous, fidgety little boys, spent her summer vacation in a house far from any high road, a place so secluded that she ventured to abbreviate her skirts beyond what would have been permissible in a town or even a village. She told me that the relief was incalculable, and that it made just the difference between her breaking down that summer or being able to get through. She has always tried to dress hygienically, but that experience gave her entirely new light on dress reform.

Once let a sufficient number of women realize by experience the advantages of dress reform, and they will find some way to bring it into fashion for outdoor as well as indoor use.

A second advantage would be that men, seeing their wives wearing a gymnastic dress during their working hours, would get accustomed to the costume, and would no longer be struck by it as something hideous and *outre*. For where a style of dress is concerned, *everything lies in being accustomed to it.* When prodigious hoops were the fashion, every woman looked odd and "dowdy" who did not wear one. It has been so with every style in turn, even those which now seem to us most absurd. The eye of a semi-occasional thinker or artist was offended by them; but to the eye of the general public, both men and women, they looked all right; and not only that, but any conspicuous deviation from them looked all wrong. Whenever

the reformed dress becomes customary, it will seem perfectly correct; and one may hope that from the house its use will gradually spread to the street.

At the first convention of the National Council of Women in Washington, D. C., in February 1891, be it ever remembered in their praise that the officers of that representative body took up this long neglected and despised cause of dress reform, the very mention of which, even now, makes the timid woman shake in her shoes.

FRANCES E. WILLARD,

the first president of the council, said in her opening address:

But be it remembered that until woman comes to her kingdom physically, she will never really come at all. Created to be well and strong and beautiful, she long ago "sacrificed her constitution, and has ever since been living on her by-laws." She has made of herself an hour-glass, whose sands of life pass quickly by. She has walked when she should have run, sat when she should have walked, reclined when she should have sat. She has allowed herself to become a mere lay figure upon which any hump or hoop or farthingale could be fastened that fashionmongers chose; and ofttimes her head is a mere rotary ball upon which milliners may let perch whatever they please — be it bird of paradise or beast or creeping thing. She has bedraggled her senseless long skirts in whatever combination of filth the street presented, submitting to a motion the most awkward and degrading known to the entire animal kingdom; for nature has endowed all others that carry trains and trails with the power of lifting them without turning in their tracks; but a fashionable woman pays lowliest obeisance to what follows in her own wake, and, as she does so, cuts the most grotesque figure outside a jumping-jack. She is a creature born to the beauty and freedom of Diana, but she is swathed by her skirts, splintered by her stays, bandaged by her tight waist, and pinioned by her sleeves until — alas, that I should live to say it! — a trussed turkey or a spitted goose are her most appropriate emblems. . . . In view of the impending mania for long skirts, and the settled distemper of bodices abbreviated at the wrong terminus, it strikes me as desirable that the council should utter a deliverance in favor of a sensible, modest, tasteful, business costume for busy women.

But the better is always likely to be the greatest enemy of the best; and in her happy deliverance from the worst in dress, the average woman is too much inclined to let well enough alone. For this reason it is more than ever the duty of leaders to point their sisters onward along the brightly opening way, not by precept alone, but by method and plan.

Quotations might be made here from the members of the Dress Reform Committee appointed by the Woman's Council; but this rapid review is by no means exhaustive, and is already too long.

THE CHAIN OF THE LAST SLAVE. AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

BY SUSAN ELSTON WALLACE.

It was in the year of our Lord 1864. War-worn soldiers lay along the guns in forts and trenches; warm life blood watered the wilderness and reddened the sod of green fields; and in hospital, camp, and wayside our boys were dying by hundreds. Skeleton regiments marched slowly home for recruit and reorganization. They returned in piteous rags. Homesick eyes were watching in the land from which sleep appeared to have departed — watching for the first glimmer of light in the east; eager ears were listening for the coming of feet, beautiful upon the mountains, that should bring good tidings that publish peace. Through the darkness round about us, the Dead March went wailing for the burial of the brave.

President Lincoln had issued the Emancipation Proclamation. A year and more, the people clamored for this measure; it was written early as the June previous, but he thought the time not ripe for its publication. We should wait till some signal advantage in the field was gained; we had met so many reverses, the enemy might consider the act a cry of despair prompted by desperation. The long-hoped-for victory was at last won in the battle of Antietam. And so, New Year's Day, 1863,— the happiest that ever rose on the colored race in America, — it was proclaimed through the press, and read to the men in arms.

The first regiment of negro troops for the national service was organized near Beaufort, S. C., and there, in the shadows of a majestic live-oak grove, within bugle call of the spot where the early secession movements were planned, the freedmen listened to the glad news.

Following the president's action, the 13th of October, 1864, the voters of Maryland, by a majority of three hundred and seventy-nine, ratified a new constitution for their state, making provision for the liberation of those who were held

in bondage. But the veteran slaveholder did not surrender without a stand worthy his boasted chivalry. The Emancipation Proclamation fired the Southern heart to such a pitch, that ninety-six ministers of the gospel, in Richmond, Va., signed a remonstrance and an appeal to the universal brotherhood of Christians. In this remarkable document they asserted the Union could not be restored, and declared the granting of freedom to slaves afforded a suitable occasion for solemn protest on the part of the people of God throughout the world.

The president, with unfaltering faith and steady hand on the helm, held on his way and wrote: —

"The signs look better. The Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea; thanks to the great Northwest for it! . . . . Thanks to all! for the great republic — for the principles by which it lives, and keeps alive — for man's vast future, thanks to all! Peace does not appear so distant as it did. I hope it will come soon, and come to stay; and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time. It will then have been proved that, among freemen, there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and that they who take such appeal are sure to lose their cause and pay the cost. . . . Still, let us not be over-sanguine of a speedy final triumph. Let us be quite sober. Let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just God will, in His own good time, give us the rightful result."

In these troublous times, there lived in Anne Arundel County, Maryland, a bright mulatto girl named Maria Toogood. Of her parentage nothing is recorded. She was born in slavery, as were her ancestors, accustomed to begin the morning's work at the sound of the overseer's horn, and pass her days in unpaid toil.

She was no stranger to the statute which allowed owners of such as she, to cut notches, with knives and pinchers, in the ears of their property, lash their backs into scars, and with pens of red-hot iron brand their initials into the scorched and quivering flesh of their human chattels. She must have been familiar with the fact, that if caught in the street after a certain hour, any one guilty of a black skin, unable to show a passport, was liable to be bound in fetters and thrust into jail, with as little consideration as a stray horse would have. More than that, if such individual happened to be

free, the justice might choose to think him a fugitive slave, advertise the arrest in the newspapers, warning the owner to come and redeem the prisoner; and if no claimant appeared, he would be sold to pay the jail fees. Such proceeding was frequent, and the bondwoman knew this usage, which now seems incredible. Forbidden by law to learn how to read, the colored race, from the beginning, has had an aptitude for "hearkening"; and exercising her native talent behind the chair of her proprietor, she learned that under the Emancipation Proclamation she now belonged to herself. Moved by the same impulse you or I would have in like conditions, one day she stole softly out the back door, across fields, along devious windings and byways, in dim wanderings toward the lines of the Union army. She was missed, followed, tracked — whether with the keen scent of bloodhounds or of men more brutal than brutes, I know not. When discovered, she was accused of theft, and on the plea, brought to the plantation with a show of justice. The master then withdrew the charge, as he merely wanted possession of Maria's person and a return to the house of bondage. Determined to secure the prisoner, he ordered a chain to be made of such material as was at hand, fastened it round her neck, and locked it with a key, like a clock key, which he carried. By this she was probably hitched to a post, treated as a runaway animal.

Report of the outrage came to General Wallace, then in command of the Middle Department. He despatched a squad of cavalry for her rescue, and she was brought to headquarters. In the office of Reverdy Johnson, Monument Square, Baltimore, the last chain of the slave was literally broken, and the bond went free.

On my wall the strange necklace hangs, just as it came from the throat of a young girl not yet twenty years of age, after it was worn, without removal, seven weeks. It is a forbidding thing, fashioned of coarsest metal, wrought in the rudest manner. The rough iron is a portion of log chain, once used by oxen in dragging heavy weights, and is fastened by a lock prepared by some neighboring blacksmith. Examining the mechanism, we must admit it was a safe thing to trust in securing merchandise such as Maria Toogood. The links are two inches in length, and its entire weight is between three and four pounds.

In the city of the sea — once the home of Desdemona — the tourist finds, among antique armor and historic weapons, inventions curious as any contained in the Patent Office — ingenious machines contrived to inflict extremest anguish, without loss of life or consciousness; instruments of torture, made to grind, twist, cramp, living men and women, all in the name of Christ, and under direction of officers of the most Holy Inquisition. Our relic of a bygone social system would be well classed and properly placed in such a collection as that which to-day excites the amazement of tourists in Venice. I have chosen to hang it beside a victorious banner, furled, a rusty cavalry sword, and near a medallion portrait of President Lincoln. Around these symbolic mementos cluster the history of one of the most terrible ordeals a nation ever witnessed; an epoch whose outcome was triumphant as the struggle had been desperate.

Before long the chain will be transferred — a perpetual inheritance — to the library of Oberlin College, Ohio, where we hope it may be touched by those who look back mournfully to the bygone days of buying and selling human beings in the markets of our country.

A WOMAN'S CASE.

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

MARK HAMPTON, bachelor, had been for several minutes exercising his powers of observation and reflection in watching a young girl, one of a group of dancers, in the set nearest him. It was at a party given by one of his acquaintances which he was attending more for friendship's sake than from any liking for such affairs. He did not dance, but was an interested on-looker. The girl's face attracted him by its piquant charm of evident joyous delight in the music and motion. He observed that the light in her brown, laughing eyes was enhanced by the long, dark lashes, that there was a tint of red in the rippling brown hair; that her tall, slender figure was the perfection of form; that she had a lovely color in her dimpled cheeks; that though her smiling, sweetly curved mouth was rather large, her nose inclined to Roman severity, and her pretty chin a bit too firm, yet, on the whole, the effect was charming. She was dancing with a healthful enjoyment of the exercise that made it a pleasure just to look upon her; and yet Mark Hampton's reflections thereupon were strangely cynical and supercilious.

"Dance on your little hour, pretty butterfly," so ran his thoughts; "youth and beauty will soon be gone, and with them all that makes your life's happiness! Good Lord, what lives these society women lead! versed only in the superficial things of life, unfitted as they are to bear any of its real sorrow or hardship, what burdens such girls as this one must become to the men who are entrapped into marrying them! I have no doubt that if, in ten years from now, I should see again this girl, now so attractive with youth's untried sparkle and loveliness, I should find her faded, homely, and a frivolous bore."

Here the breaking up of the set and the sudden pause in the music interrupted his train of thought, and the object of his ungracious musings moved forward on the arm of her partner in his direction. An odor of roses wafted to him

from the flowers at her belt as she passed to a seat near by.

"Having a pleasant time, Nella?" questioned a handsomely dressed matron who made room for the girl on the sofa beside her.

"Oh, lovely! delicious! heavenly! I could wish life to be one long dance to perpetual music, with the accompaniments of flowers, lights, beautiful rooms, charming people, and a succession of partners equal to Mr. Brewer;" and she glanced smilingly at her late partner, who stood looking admiringly down at her. Such a childlike, pure, yet thrilling voice it was, such a rippling, innocent laugh!

How lovely she looked! smiles lurked in the happy eyes, on the curved lips, in the dimpled cheeks. The rose tint on her cheeks, the tiny rings of red-brown hair half covering the broad brow, the dark arches of eyebrow and sweeping lashes, enhanced the fairness of her complexion, making a picture which held the attention of the several on-lookers. Mark Hampton felt in every fibre of his being a satisfied delight at the sight of this vision of healthful beauty, but the next words he caught from the lovely lips made him frown. At a whispered sentence from the young man at her side, she turned her shining eyes eagerly, expectantly, in the direction of the parlor door, through which an elegantly dressed, handsome, somewhat dissipated looking man about forty years was slowly entering as one who felt himself a man of mark.

"Oh, is it he? Is that Mr. Landorne? Do you think you can manage an introduction for me, Mr. Brewer, without his suspecting that I particularly desired it?" she asked in low, tense tones which, however, reached Mark clearly.

"Don't worry, my dear," observed the elder lady. "Ernest will manage it all right. We have met Mr. Landorne several times before. Ernest can bring him over here to pay his respects to me, and I will bring about the introduction without a suspicion on his part that it is planned. I wish you all success, Nella."

Mark Hampton felt choked. He was an honorable, pure-hearted gentleman, but in his business as a leading lawyer, he had learned from various sources a great deal to the discredit of the handsome society man, with whom this innocent young girl was so evidently infatuated, and with whom she was so anxious to become acquainted, and it

angered him beyond words that the older woman should so heartlessly lend her aid in beginning an acquaintance between so young a girl and a man of whose character a society woman of her years could not well be ignorant. What he knew of Landorne's career was simply this — that he was originally an adventurer of whose early history little was known. Fifteen years before, he had married a wealthy woman considerably his senior, who died within a few years thereafter, leaving him sole heir to her estate. Her lawyer was Mark Hampton's special friend, and he had thus become cognizant of the suspicions current in regard to Landorne's character. Soon after the death of his first wife he succeeded in winning the love of a young girl possessed in her own right of considerable property. He married her and became the father of several children, only one of whom survived. Although it was known that his rather weak-minded wife was devoted to him, he had of late made application for a divorce from her, and it was whispered that he had managed to obtain full control of her fortune by ways known best to himself; and the divorce, it was pretty well understood, was sought with the end in view of a third marriage to a young, handsome, and rich lady who had become infatuated with him. It disgusted Mark Hampton that women should go wild over a man of this stamp, and when, a few minutes later, he saw young Brewer escorting George Landorne towards his mother, and noted the look of anxiety in the eyes of the girl she had called Nella, he muttered to himself in an outraged way, "The lovely little fool! Oh, the pity of it all!" then straightway sought out his host and hostess, bade them "good-night" with an assurance that he had highly enjoyed the evening, and went home.

Mark Hampton was a mystery to his few "society" friends, who thought him also an exceptionally fortunate fellow, since at thirty he was not only a successful lawyer, with a good practice, but had been elected State Representative from his own district in Boston, for the second term. The factors in Mark Hampton's career which had most influence in determining his character were first, that his mother (but recently deceased), a woman of considerable force of character, and a refined nature, had brought up this only son very carefully, had guarded his youth from evil ways, and made him the earnest, truth-loving man he was. Secondly,

he had fallen in love, before he was of age, with a banker's daughter, a pretty, coquettish, spoiled child of fashion and frivolity, who jilted him for a richer, less manly, and elderly lover. Mark sought consolation for his wounded love and pride in devotion to his professional work, and could now meet, as he often did in society, his former lady love, with a kindly air of superiority, and without any feeling, save that of gratitude, at his escape from marriage with the faded belle whose simpering conversation was now a bore to his cultivated taste.

As one of the people's chosen representatives, and one of Massachusetts' law-makers, he found his personal correspondence considerably enlarged. Circulars, pamphlets, inquiries in regard to more subjects than he had dreamed could come within the province of a Boston representative to the State Legislature; letters of complaint, congratulation, explanation, advice, defiance, information, came to him by every mail.

On the morning after the party, his morning mail was unusually large. Newspapers and circulars he put aside for evening work; one or two letters which he guessed might contain matters of personal importance he opened first. After these came a request from one of his constituents to find a place for one of his relatives, as assistant in some minor office at the State House; an angry remonstrance from another at an expression used in one of his short speeches; an enthusiastic admirer of the same speech particularly emphasized as "grand" the very sentence for which he had been blamed in the previous letter; then came a clumsy draft of a bill he was asked to introduce soon as possible, and a petition which he was expected to sign, circulate, and return at his own expense of time and postage stamps. A square envelope addressed in a business-like writing, sealed with an undecipherable monogram, and emitting a faint sweet perfume, was the last to be opened and read. It ran thus: —

HON. MARK HAMPTON:

Dear Sir: — As a member of the Woman Suffrage Ward and City Committee of Boston, I am commissioned by that committee to address, and if possible "interview" you for the purpose of learning whether the women of Ward ——, which you represent, may rely upon your innate sense of justice to give the woman suffrage cause the helpful influence of your eloquent

advocacy, and of your vote in furtherance of a bill soon to be brought before your legislative body in favor of municipal suffrage for women. If you are too busy to write at length as to your views on the subject, please send to undersigned address a note stating on what day and at what hour you will permit me to call and talk the matter over with you. I feel assured that a man who has so won the confidence of his fellow-citizens as to be elected to your honorable position, must be a man with brain large enough to recognize that the women whom fate or choice has made his social companions are not more incompetent than the majority of the men he daily meets, to express through the ballot their choice of law-makers, and their ideas in regard to the making of laws which they are compelled to obey. Please ask your wife or daughter, if you have either, to express to you their views on the subject. With hope of an immediate reply, I am respectfully yours,

PENELOPE PAGE.

No. —— St., Boston.

Previously several petitions, leaflets, and circulars in regard to the question of woman's suffrage had been found in his mail, but this was the first direct personal appeal which had reached Mark Hampton on that subject, and the letter awoke his curiosity, while the allusion to a possible wife and daughter amused him, as did the incongruity of the name "Penelope," associated as it was, in his mind, with that Grecian dame whose name in history is redolent of all wifely household virtues. The name in full — Penelope Page — held for him an aroma of Puritanism, and suggested a prim and precise old maid of the story-book type, tall and sallow, with a shrill voice and caustic tone.

Among his fellows Mark was accounted a man of more than ordinary information and broad views on public questions; yet he was wofully ignorant as to the rights or wrongs of woman, and had given little thought to the subject.

Within the same hour that Mark Hampton received and read the letter sent him by Penelope Page, another phase of the woman question was being presented in a shabbily furnished upper room of a lodging-house on a quiet, unfashionable street within ten minutes' walk of his home. In this room a pale, care-worn woman of perhaps thirty-five years, whose rather weak face was yet dignified by an air of sweet refinement and culture, was walking with nervous impatience, back and forth, ever and anon pausing to glance out

of the window, or near the door as if listening for an expected footfall or voice. A look of hopeful satisfaction gleamed in her tearful eyes when, at length, a gentle tap was heard, and the door opened to admit the graceful figure of a young lady carrying a music roll in her hands, with a wide-awake, business air about her, very unlike the fashionable bearing of the pretty dancer of the night before, whose superficiality had so disgusted Mark Hampton. And yet through the disguising change from becoming evening dress to the quiet hat, dark, close-fitting wrap of coarse material, which now covered the graceful form, even he would have recognized the eyes, complexion, and strangely sweet voice as the same as those seen and heard under very different circumstances. But now there was a serious thoughtfulness and dignity in eyes, voice, and manner, which made her appear a very different sort of being.

"I have only a short time to give you, Clara," she began at once, "as I fear I may be late with the first lesson I am to give this morning; for I overslept, being up so late last night; fashionable life doesn't agree with me, you see," with a serious smile; "but I knew how anxious you would be to hear the result of my last night's adventure."

"Oh, did you see him, Nella? tell me — tell me all about it!" interrupted the lady in an imploring tone. "I have lain awake all night thinking, hoping, and fearing!" and she pressed her hands to her heart with intent gaze fixed on her visitor's face.

"Be patient, dear, and I will tell you," said the girl in a soothing tone. "O Clara, I wish you would cease caring for that man, he is utterly unworthy of your love, and pardon me, but if he *is* your husband, I must say I most heartily despise and dislike him!

"He is my child's father," murmured the woman with a sob.

"Well, Mrs. Brewer — bless the dear woman! — when I told her the circumstances, entered into the plan with all her heart, and procured me the invitation to the Hammond's party without any trouble. Of course she did not tell them I was only her little Elsie's music teacher, but represented me as a young friend of her family. Her son, Mr. Fred Brewer, was told just enough to enlist his sympathies, and to feel bound to keep his knowledge to himself; his lady-

love is out of the city so everything went on swimmingly. He acted beautifully, even sent me a bouquet of rare roses to wear, danced with me several sets, and introduced me to other good partners; so for once I mixed business and pleasure in an undreamed-of way, and really enjoyed the party I had looked forward to with such fear. Then Mrs. Brewer acted altogether like an angel, insisted upon my wearing a few ornaments of her own; I am afraid she did not like it when I refused to accept them as a gift, but I knew the romance of the thing had bewildered her, so I kept my courage up to refuse them. I *did* have a delightful evening until Mr. Brewer whispered to me that your — Mr. Landorne had arrived. Then I was all of a tremble, and if I hadn't promised you, I'm sure I don't know how I could have faced the ordeal. How it was managed I hardly know, but presently I found myself being introduced to him by Mrs. Brewer who purposely mumbled my name so that he might suspect nothing."

"What did you think of him, Nella? Isn't he fine looking? Did he look sad? Is he in good health, do you think?" eagerly questioned the listener.

Nella looked at her with vexed, yet pitiful eyes. Then the dimples reappeared as she replied with a smile: —

"He didn't look nice to me, Clara; he isn't *my* husband, you know, and I wish he had never been yours. I knew too much about him to yield to his doubtless many fascinations!"

"But he *is* my husband, Nella, darling. Oh, my heart will break if he cannot be turned from his wicked purpose; *then* he will be my husband no longer. Nella, Nella, I cannot bear it! I am willing to accept any humiliation if I can make him love me as he once professed!" and the poor, weak wife broke into a storm of tears.

"Don't, Clara," begged the young girl, her own eyes filling, and her voice trembling with sympathy, as she threw her arms round the elder woman. "I'm sure if it were not that I know so many good and true men, your story and mamma's would make me hate the whole race of them. Do control yourself, dear, for it is nearly time for me to go, and I haven't told you the outcome of it all. He seemed to fancy that I was greatly impressed by him in spite of his forty years and dissipated look, and asked me to dance with

him. I couldn't quite do that, even for your sake, but I did what must have appeared to him, then, an extraordinary thing for a girl. I told him I was tired of dancing, but I had heard so much about him from a relative of mine, that I would greatly enjoy a chat with him, if he wouldn't mind staying with me in the quiet corner Mrs. Brewer had secured for us. The wickedest smile came over his face for just a moment at that — for I had put on my silliest *girliest* manner for his benefit. Just then Mrs. Brewer opportunely saw some one across the room whom it was absolutely necessary for her to interview, and she asked her son to escort her, and Mr. Landorne and I were alone. I didn't speak for a minute or two, for I was trying to think what was best to say, and to keep up an outward appearance of being engaged in trifling chat in case of anyone's observing us. He was paying me some senseless compliments when I got collected enough to listen. You should have seen the look of utter discomfiture and surprise on his face when I told him, smiling all the while and playing with my fan, that mamma and I, having several times addressed letters on your behalf to him, and having been refused answer or hearing by him, I had taken this method, our family pride being involved, of meeting him to find out what his intentions were in regard to you and your little girl, and to beg of him for your sake and Georgiana's to give up his expressed intention of applying for a divorce, a plea for which he had no legal grounds, but depended on your sensitive love for him not to contest. Don't be angry, Clara, but I could not help reminding him that but for your wifely submission to his wishes, he would have no money to carry out his dastardly schemes, and you would not be left without means to hire lawyers to contest his suit. He was thunderstruck at first on finding out that I was the daughter of the indigent aunt with whom you had found refuge in your trouble, so I had a chance to give him quite a little lecture before he recovered breath. I have that consolation!"

"And then — " the woman asked breathlessly, her heart shining through her eager eyes.

"And then," continued Nella in a dispirited tone, "as soon as he gathered his wits together, he rose and left me with a low bow, saying with a mocking smile, that you were very kind to send so pretty an ambassador of peace,

and if he concluded to remain in the family, he would send you word. Clara, I hate him!"

"O Nella, do you think —" the poor wife, with a look of hope, began.

"No, I do *not* think as you would like me to, you poor, abused woman. I wish with all my heart you had my spirit and would put him out of your heart and mind, or would learn to hate him as he deserves; but since you can't I will consult some lawyer at my first leisure, and see if there is any redress, short of the open court and the newspapers, for you."

"Ah, Nella," sighed Mrs. Landorné, "you, a free-hearted, unwed girl talk now about your spirit; so could I have done once, but that was before I loved, or was a wife and mother. You have never been tried as I have."

"But I have been tried in mamma's case, Clara, — but then mamma had plenty of spirit herself, and much good it did her! Only she is not heart-broken as you are, poor dear!" said the girl as she prepared to leave.

Two days later Mark Hampton's clerk, entering his private office, told him that a lady wished to consult him.

"Show her in here," was Mark's order.

The lady's face was partially concealed by her veil, but the low, rich, somewhat tremulous voice seemed wonderfully familiar to Mark's sensitive ears, as she asked his terms for advice, explaining that she had come to ask counsel in behalf of a friend whom she dearly loved, who had been defrauded out of her money by her husband, and was obliged to keep her child in hiding for fear he might have power to deprive her of it. That she wished to know what could be done to prevent a wicked husband from torturing a rather weak-willed and loving woman, and from bringing the disgraceful publicity of a divorce suit upon a respectable family.

"I am only a music teacher myself," she went on after this explanation, "but I am considered a good one, and have plenty of paying pupils. It is only since this trouble came upon my cousin that my mother and I learned of her relationship to us; and as mother is keeping a boarding-house, and my cousin has no other relatives, we think it our duty to help her through this crisis, and if your fees are not too high we will be responsible for the amount. The fact is, mamma feels this to be peculiarly her duty since she has herself been

a sufferer of the same sort. When papa died his affairs were only understood by his business partner, a widower, who in a year or so made mamma believe that he was indispensable to her in person and business. She married him; within another year he got full control of her property, and left both her and myself destitute when she separated from him on account of his evil ways. That is why she is keeping boarders, and I am teaching music. We avoided public talk in mamma's case, but my cousin doesn't want to give her husband up without a struggle, for in spite of his cruelty she loves him very dearly, and is heart-broken over his desertion; so now you understand the case, you will do what you can for her, won't you?" she pleaded.

In her earnestness she tried, as she spoke, to free her face from the veil tied round her hat, but much to her embarrassment, and to Lawyer Hampton's great astonishment, hat and all tumbled to the floor.

The incident caused a vivid flash of color to come to her cheeks, an amused, embarrassed laugh to escape, which brought the dimples into play, the soft rings of red-brown hair clinging damply to the white brow to be revealed, the brown eyes to shine and sparkle, and the one rose at the throat of her brown wrap to scatter its petals over the floor and its fragrance through the room.

Here, in this working-bee who was thus generously proposing to distribute her garnered hard-won gains for the good of another, he discovered the supposed butterfly of fashion whom a few evenings before he had so bitterly contemned. Then, at the thought came a remembrance of her mysterious eagerness to meet Landorne. It could not be possible that this sweet girl, whose beautiful eyes, now that her hat was properly adjusted, were turned in apparent sincere perplexity on him, was other than what she now appeared. He determined to find out.

"You have not told me your cousin's name," he said. "If I know the man I could perhaps be better able to judge of the case."

The color rose again to her cheeks.

"Yes, of course you will be obliged to know his name, and his wife's address," she replied slowly. "I presume you may have heard of him, George Landorne. My cousin is Mrs. Clara Landorne of No. — —— St."

"Landorne? I have heard of him; I suppose you know the sort of reputation he has, and the kind of man he is?" he asked, watching her narrowly.

She shook her head.

"No, I know nothing save what his wife has told me. I have met him but once, and hope never to be obliged to meet him again. As he will not grant her a private interview, returns her letters unopened, and refuses to communicate with her except through his lawyer, she has over and over again begged me to go to him and plead her cause. I didn't want to do that, but a sho. time since I heard by accident that he was to be present at a large party to be given by a relative of a lady whose younger children are my pupils, invitations had been sent to herself, her son, and a niece that had been staying with her, but who was called home just before the affair came off. My employer asked me if I would like to go in the place of her niece, and I told her I would if she could manage to get me introduced to Mr. Landorne, and I explained the reason, for I thought if I could get a few quiet words with him in a public place he couldn't misrepresent my conduct, nor misconstrue my motives. Her son got interested in the matter, and he and his mother managed it all beautifully — but, oh dear —" she broke off with a wearied gesture.

"Will you tell me what was the result of your meeting?" suggested Hampton.

"It makes me furious to remember it, but I will tell you. He asked me to dance, not knowing, you understand, who I was. I said I preferred a little quiet talk with him. He looked flattered, but I very soon undeceived him. As soon as he understood who I was, and my purpose in seeking him, he laughed in my face, and left me with some very unpleasant remarks. I despise him!" she broke out passionately, "and I wonder how my cousin, or any woman, could endure, much less long for, the society of such a man! Mamma's experience and that of Mrs. Landorne are object lessons for all unmarried women!"

How the lovely eyes flashed. For a moment Hampton was inclined to utter a jesting word in defence of mankind generally, but at a second look at the girl's sincere face full of lofty contempt for such men as Landorne, he refrained. He had felt also a little anger at himself, as he listened to

this explanation of a scene which he had, in witnessing, so wrongly interpreted, and he longed to make some reparation for the wrong done even in thought to her. But he could not explain this to her, and he contented himself with promising to see what could be done in the way of a private settlement, offering to interview Landorne himself, and to report progress to her as early as possible. When he asked to whom he should address his report, she gave him a card, bearing the name "Elinor Searle," the street and number corresponding with the address given for Mrs. Landorne.

Despite the pressure of his manifold duties as lawyer and legislator, Mark Hampton during the next few days found himself, to his own surprise, recalling frequently the looks, tones, and gestures of his visitor, and at every unoccupied moment his mind dwelt on the possibilities of bringing Mrs. Landorne's case to a happy conclusion. He smiled at his own deep interest in the matter, and wondered at his unlawyer-like enthusiasm in so commonplace an affair. It haunted him so persistently that he sought much earlier than he otherwise should an interview with Landorne. He came away from that interview in a very disgusted frame of mind, and with a contempt for the handsome, insolent creature, which was, to say the least, unbusiness-like; yet he had kept his indignation so well in hand that Landorne had no suspicion of that feeling in him; otherwise he would never have yielded to the reasonable arguments presented in so friendly a way by Hampton, to get his divorce (on that point no arguments could move him) quietly as possible, and to secure his wife and child a sum sufficient for their support on condition that she did not contest his suit for desertion, promising also to leave the child in her care and custody on the same terms. His success was so little in accord with what he had hoped that he put off day by day writing to Miss Searle (Hampton thought of her as "Nella") fearing she would think him less interested in the case than he really was.

While in this uncertain state he came across, one day, the almost forgotten letter of the woman suffragist, "Penelope Page." He had heard it hinted that in a day or two the bill in behalf of municipal suffrage for women would be called up in the House of Representatives. As we have seen, he had never given the subject much thought, but his

remembrance of the fine wrath flashed from the loveliest brown eyes he had ever looked into, over "man's inhumanity to woman," made him re-read Penelope Page's letter with attention. And when half an hour later he laid aside his cigar to write a cordial yet dignified invitation to the aggressed maiden lady signing herself "Penelope Page, Suffragist," to meet him at his office during business hours the next day, it was with no desire to make sport of the "crank" she undoubtedly was, but rather, with an earnest determination to study the woman question more thoroughly than he yet had. And when the following day the office boy, with a quizzical grin, brought into Hampton's inner sanctum a dainty card bearing the name, "Miss Penelope Page," it was in a curious blending of the sympathetic with the patronizing mood that he awaited the old maid's entrance.

Could he believe his eyes? Instead of the sort of woman he expected, there came through the doorway, all smiles and blushes, the one woman who had occupied so much of his thoughts since he had first seen her gliding airily through the mazes of the dance at his friend's party. His surprise was so great that as he rose to greet her, he did so in a puzzled manner, glancing beyond her through the open door as if expecting another person to follow her, as he exclaimed: —

"Oh, it is you, Miss Searle! I was expecting another person."

There was a mischievous twinkle in the smiling brown eyes as she advanced toward him, but this was offset by the sweet earnestness with which she said: "I see you are surprised, Mr. Hampton, at seeing me in response to your note to 'Miss Page,' since I purposely gave you mamma's card, instead of my own, when you asked for my address, for I live with her, of course, and the business on which I saw you was mamma's as well as my own, as I think I told you. Business pertaining to my suffrage work I have directed to our clubroom, however, as even mamma is a little sensitive about having it come to our home address. My own name, you know, is Penelope Page. It is mamma whose name is Searle. My own father's name was Page."

"But I thought you were called Nella," he said blunderingly; then in answer to her wondering look, seeing he had betrayed himself he went on: "Now you are wondering how

I came to know that? To tell you the truth, though you were not aware of it, I was at the party when you were introduced to Mr. Landorne, and heard your lady friend address you as Nella, so of course I thought it a diminutive of Elinor. My interest in your cousin's affair caused me to remember having seen you before. I make this explanation to excuse my perhaps impertinent surprise, but how in the world should I guess that a *young* lady like you could be a prominent worker in such a — well, 'cranky' cause, or write me such a letter as 'Penelope Page, Suffragist,' wrote?"

The girl's eyes filled with tears.

"Mr. Hampton," she said, and there was a deeper seriousness in the soft young voice than he had yet heard, "when the other day I told you my poor cousin's sad story, and when I hinted somewhat in regard to that of my own dear mamma, apparently you did not think it at all singular that 'so young a person' as I should be able to feel a genuine interest in their troubles, or to have a thorough understanding of the wrongs done them by reason of the injustice of man-made laws regarding the position of women in marriage as compared with that of men. If you stop to think about it, you will see that since I am in daily companionship with these two wronged women, whose stories naturally draw around them many other women with similar life-experiences (experiences which are by no means rare — sometimes I am almost inclined to think such cases the rule rather than the exception) why, I should be lacking in common sense, as well as in the commonest sentiments of humanity, if I did not dedicate the best of myself to the work of emancipation of women! Do you know, Mr. Hampton, that to me nothing seems so strange as that *you*, — a lawyer, acquainted with the injustice of the statutes in regard to more than one half 'the people' (and not the uneducated or unthinking half) of this so-called republic, and a law-maker as well, for thousands of wronged and voiceless, voteless women, should wonder that a young woman like myself should have taken up with what you choose to call 'cranky' notions! If you wonder at me, a girl who has had practical illustration of the evils of one-sided, one-sexed laws, I would just like to see your amazement if you could meet the many sweet girls, younger than myself, children of those noble, clear-thinking

men and women who have devoted their lives to working for suffrage reform, girls who, without any personal wrongs to right, are, by force of inheritance, fearlessly working in behalf of woman's enfranchisement. O Mr. Hampton, I feel proud, proud, to work in such company! But don't, please, misunderstand me as decrying the lack of sympathy of those who have not been educated in these lines. I can quite understand that your wife, Mr. Hampton, and your mother or sisters, well-cared for and protected by a just man, may conscientiously oppose the suffrage movement because they are unacquainted with the pressure of unjust legislation, but it would be perfidy and treason for such as I to refuse to do all that within us lies to bring about a more equitable state of affairs. But even those who do not suffer, even you, may have daughters less fortunate than their parents (my own mamma's father was a congressman) and for their sakes it behooves you to see that more just sex statutes should take the place of an out-grown, one-sided code of masculine law."

"Oh, come now, Miss Page," here interrupted Mark Hampton, who had frowned, and smiled, and colored by turns at this earnest flow of words, "you are altogether too fast in your conclusions. You ascribe too many good intentions to me, and saddle me with a heavier load of obligations toward the State than I have thought of bearing. I am *not* married, consequently have no daughters to worry over, nor any wife to represent; I never had a sister, and the dearest woman to me in all the world, my mother, died a year ago. I confess if she had been obliged to endure any of the ills of which you speak I might have given this subject more serious attention. Thank heaven, she was so well protected that she never had occasion to even consider the matter, therefore, I, too, have been in ignorance."

Penelope dropped her eyes in sweet confusion. Then she frowned as sweetly.

"Pray, then," she said, "by what right of moral law did you presume to accept the office of representative for our ward, where the women of legal age outnumber the men, since you are not the representative of even one woman in this ward?"

"I beg your pardon," cried Mark, "but really I am not to blame; I didn't elect myself into office, remember, and

if you'll forgive my egotism, I feared some worse man might be elected if I refused the place."

"You are forgiven," she smiled, "and the more readily since I feel free to do so having had no vote in the matter. But we women are not ungrateful, as you will find if you will make a pretty speech in behalf of our bill when it comes up. I, for one, will promise on that condition to cast my first ballot for your re-election, provided I still think you a suitable man for the place!"

From this the talk drifted into other branches of the same subject, then into a consideration of her cousin's case, a hopeless one, Hampton felt assured in his inmost thought, though he did not consider it necessary then to tell Miss Page so. After a little the conversation took a more personal turn, and by a series of insidious lawyerly questioning, Hampton learned from her that though Penelope was the name given to her in baptism — a family name of which she was proud — yet her personal friends had softened the dignified Greek prenomen into "Nella" for home use; that she was twenty-three years of age; that she had ambitions in music; but that the real enthusiasm of her nature was most thoroughly aroused in behalf of the rights as well as duties of her own sex, whose wrongs had been very fully impressed upon her mind from her earliest thinking.

Both had grown so interested that it was nearly dark before their long talk ended. Then he surprised himself as much as her, by proffering her his escort to her home, on the plea of still further discussing woman's suffrage on the way; an offer, however, which was met by a prompt but polite refusal.

Mark Hampton's sleep that night was much disturbed. His mind was busily engaged in the new aspects of the woman question brought before him by Penelope Page. The vision of a lovely girlish face, a pair of pleading expressive brown eyes, and the haunting music of a wistful winning voice served also to help dispel the power of slumber.

During that session of the Massachusetts legislature the bill for municipal suffrage for women was discussed at some length by opposers and favorers of the movement among the representatives. Mark Hampton, much to the surprise of old friends and constituents, made several eloquent and effective

speeches in behalf of the bill. This, however, did not seem to affect them unfavorably, for the next year he was still further honored by an election to the State Senate.

He is still in politics, and an ardent advocate of woman's equality in political rights with man, as well as of her right to an acknowledged individuality, an evidence of which is shown by his always addressing the letters he sends his charming and brilliant young wife whenever either are absent from home by reason of public duties, to her full name, Mrs. Penelope Page Hampton. For his heart had helped plead the woman's cause and his reason was all the more easily convinced when so lovely and sensible a woman as Nella was to him the incarnation of all her sex; and Nella was too proud of her noble convert to risk losing such a champion by refusing to love him, when by becoming his wife she could secure her influence over him forever in behalf of womankind. Though, as he had feared, his legal lore was of no avail in preventing the divorce sought by Mr. Landorne, yet it proved more successful in securing justice — and a divorce — for his wife's mother, securing from her treacherous second husband the property belonging to Nella's father out of which he had illegally defrauded both mother and daughter. Some small portion of that money was recently expended on a handsome marble slab erected over a grave in a quiet corner of Mt. Auburn cemetery, which bears the name of "Mrs. Clara Landorne."

Some of his friends affect to pity Senator Hampton because his wife is a pronounced woman suffragist who sometimes even addresses public audiences on that subject; but when this is gently hinted to him at times, his happy face takes on a more than usually radiant smile as he glances at his lovely and stylish looking wife, and he jestingly says he prefers that she should lecture the public on its duties, rather than him in private on his failings, as is the fashion of some wives with their husbands.

LIFE—A SONNET.

BY WESLEY SYMONS.

I LEAPED on high and took between my hands
The tender green upon the topmost bough,
And laid it by the grass; and on the brow
Of Moosilauke, as in the terraced lands
Beside the rushing river, gathered sands,
And mingled them; and there did demonstrate
An equal brotherhood of small and great
In Nature's kingdom. He who understands
Will wake and see the majesty of death
In the pale purple violet, and the gold
While fading, of the common dandelion—
As when the elm tree totters on the heath
Nature's great heart is shaken, so unfold
The weakening, weary tendrils of the vine.

WOMEN'S CLUBS—A SYMPOSIUM.

I.

The General Federation of Woman's Clubs.

It is not my purpose to give in detail the history of the remarkable organization the name of which forms the title of this article; but any study of it would be disappointing, as well as inadequate, which should fail to indicate briefly its origin and growth.

Who first conceived the idea of federating the local women's clubs of the country? It is an interesting, a seductive question, to which I shall attempt no direct reply, my own impression being that no woman could have conceived it, unless in the minds of many women the same thought had been consciously or unconsciously present.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, the first public expression of the idea was made by the general officers of the National Council of Women of the United States, in an address "To the Organizations of Women in the United States," issued in October, 1888. From this document the following sentences are quoted: "The leading object of this new movement is to aggregate all local societies *having the same object* into national societies, eligible to auxiliaryship in the National Council of Women of the United States. For instance, the clubs organized by women in all the leading cities have thus far been isolated; but it is hoped that a convention will be called, within a year, to form a National Federation of Women's Clubs. The influence of individual clubs would be increased by coming into such a federation, and the federation would be eligible to auxiliaryship in the National Council." Among the five signatures affixed to this address, is that of M. Louise Thomas, then treasurer of the National Council, who at the time was also president of Sorosis.

Early in 1889, Sorosis issued a call for a convention, the first paragraph of which ran thus: "In March of the present year, Sorosis, the pioneer woman's club, attains its majority. It is proposed to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary by a convention of clubs to meet in New York on the 18th, 19th and 20th days of March next; and in pursuance of this object, a delegate from your club is cordially invited to be its representative, and assist, by a report of your methods and their results, in furthering the larger aims of the convention."

May Wright Sewall.

There follows an enumeration of "the larger aims," and the fifth on the list is thus stated: To ascertain "the results (of club life) so far as obtained, and the prospects for the future." "The prospects for the future" were immeasurably heightened when the programme for the convention was published, announcing for March 20, at Madison Square Theatre, "A meeting of the conference to organize a permanent confederation of clubs." At this meeting a committee of members of Sorosis, of which Mrs. Lucy C. Thomas was chairman, presented a series of resolutions looking toward a permanent organization. The proposition to form a "permanent confederation of clubs" was approved by the convention; and a committee of fifteen, of which Ella Dietz Clymer was chairman, was appointed to draft a constitution on the basis of the resolutions presented, and to provide an opportunity for its ratification and for the election of officers for the new society, by calling a meeting within a year, at such date and place as its members might elect.

Sorosis had invited to its birthday party all of the clubs of whose existence it could learn, ninety-three in all; of this number more than one half acknowledged the courtesy by sending delegates to the convention. It was therefore a really representative, a truly national body, that took the action above recounted. The entire country was districted and apportioned for correspondence among the committee of fifteen, who consumed a year in writing letters designed to inspire club women with an interest in the new society, and in formulating a provisional constitution.

The meeting for formal organization was called in New York, and continued through April 23, 24, and 25, 1890. In this meeting sixty-three clubs and eighteen states were represented by duly accredited delegates, who adopted a constitution, elected officers, — with Charlotte Emerson Brown heading the list as president, — and started the General Federation of Women's Clubs on a career of which the first period was marked by the biennial meeting held in Chicago on May 11, 12, and 13 of the current year.

At this first biennial meeting, the federation included one hundred and ninety-two clubs, representing thirty-two states. The growth from sixty-three clubs and eighteen states to one hundred and ninety-two clubs and thirty-two states attests the energy and faithfulness of the officers of the federation, but it cannot be explained by their efforts alone. Indeed, this rapid growth is explicable only on the theory that, prior to the organization of the federation, many women had experienced the desire for a closer alliance among their respective clubs. In support of this theory much testimony, doubtless, could be found.

There lies before me a leaflet entitled "Report of a Special

Committee of the Indianapolis Woman's Club on Club Correspondence." This report was adopted Nov. 3, 1882, six years before the general federation was first suggested, seven years before steps preliminary to its formation were taken, eight years before its organization was effected.

The following sentences indicate the spirit of one club a decade ago, and its effort to reach out to other clubs the praying and helping hand as well: "Organized forms of intellectual activity among women are yet of recent date. The majority of women's clubs now existent are not so strong and self-centred as to be beyond the limits of extraneous help. No help is more agreeable to receive or delightful to impart than that which flows from the sympathy generated by similar effort under similar circumstances. The committee recognizes that the Indianapolis Woman's Club owes much to clubs of an earlier origin than its own, a knowledge of whose workings has been a guide in its own attempts, and whose success was an inspiration to it in its feeble beginnings.

"The committee believes that only by doing for other groups of women, who here and there are making isolated attempts at self-culture, what older clubs did for our own in its weakness, can this club pay the debt it owes to such clubs. It would, moreover, seem that the same effort which has been spent in intermittent letter writing would result in vastly more benefit to all concerned if it could be systematized. The committee therefore recommends that an agreement be entered into among the best known clubs, to exchange programmes and new plans of work at the beginning of each club year. . . . Also it recommends an exchange of copies of constitutions and similar documents whenever the same are revised. Further, that programmes of special meetings, entertainments, and the like be sent from each club to the others whenever such meetings occur. This will enable clubs to mark one another's growth, and will be suggestive of better methods to all."

This suggestion that a contract be entered into among clubs for mutual help, that their correspondence be systematized, and their relations organized, made a decade ago by one club, was sent by it to all the clubs over the country, the addresses of which could be ascertained. Although the response was not warm enough to encourage further effort at the time, many clubs were drawn by this report, and the correspondence arising from it, into nearer sympathy. One explanation of the delay in bringing clubs into an organized union, is found in the absence of any public organ of communication. The *Cycle*, which, from September, 1889, to September, 1890, afforded such a medium, exerted an influence upon the growth of the federation too

HESTER M. POOLE.

MARY E. BOYCE.

ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

JULIA HOLMES SMITH, M. D.

important to be omitted in the briefest statement. The revival of the *Cycle* as an independent journal, after a cessation of nearly two years, is a pledge of increased strength to the federation, to whose present strength, indeed, the revival is due.

The significance of the federation depends upon several considerations. That this union of women's clubs grew out of the birthday festival of Sorosis, as the International and National Councils of Women had grown out of the anniversary party of another society, suggests the degree to which sentiment and social feeling are quickened and augmented in women by their associated efforts to promote their own culture or to advance reforms, and affords the best refutation of the charge that intellectual activity in women tends to diminish their affectional power, and to diminish their regard for the graceful amenities of social life.

In the general federation is found the amplest expression of the influence of women's clubs upon society. In the first half of this century, nay, even twenty years ago, the social relations, even of people of means, were largely determined by their religious and political sympathies, and were limited to the church which the women of a family attended, and to the party with which the men of a family voted. The greatest personal and social benefit of the club results from the fact that it removes its members from the exclusive influence of what some women delight to call "our own kind," and brings them, at regular intervals, into the liberalizing atmosphere of a company constituted of many kinds, and representing all the creeds and parties found in a community, and many different social ranks as well. It was in the woman's club that the wives and daughters of business men and of professional men, that business women, teachers, professional women, writers, artists, and that distinct class which, including members of all the others, is separated from all, in the public mind, by the phrase "society women," first met on a common plane — on a plane outside of that upon which any one of them habitually stood.

In the club, "society women," as a class, first discovered that women who pursue serious objects do not, thereby, forfeit their social qualities; and on the other hand, in the club, the women who "follow occupations" and advocate "causes," first learned that they do not monopolize seriousness, and that "society women," whom they had been wont to deem altogether frivolous, are, equally with themselves, capable of earnest purpose.

Every observer recognizes the growing tolerance among all classes of differences in religious belief. Perhaps no one has measured the share that the woman's club has had in the nurture of this tolerance. Before the club era, if Presbyterian women studied the lives of the Wesleys at all, there were no Methodists

present to correct their views; but in the historical and biographical studies presented in the club, every essayist is more or less influenced to an impartial consideration of her theme, more or less spurred to a research that will cover all sides of the question, by the knowledge that her little audience will include women whose predilections differ from her own.

I believe that the prevailing friendliness among all Protestant sects, the abatement of local strifes and jealousies,— which formerly separated communities into social sets, the barriers between which coincided with denominational lines,— is due in larger degree to women's clubs than to any other one influence. That the club may accomplish its perfect work in this direction, it is requisite that the Hebrew and the Romanist be brought into our club membership.

Again, although within clubs, women of every shade of radicalism as well as of conservatism are found, the majority of club women belong to what is popularly known as the "conservative element." As a class, they are neither "white ribboners" nor "suffragists." Individuals among them may be both; but these are club women, not because of their advocacy of the reforms implied in these names, but independent of this fact.

The large majority of the women in attendance at the recent Biennial Convention of the Federation in Chicago, are home-staying, church-going women, with no career, and no disposition to seek a career outside of the home and the church and those neighborhood charities which flow from a sense of domestic and religious obligations. That hundreds of women whose whole lives have been spent in acquiring and illustrating "sweet domestic grace" should leave their homes, the supposed proper theatre of such grace, and travel across half a continent to spend several days in discussing questions pertinent to club life, shows, as no other convention of women could, how great is the deflection of the popular judgment from its recent standards.

All other conventions of women, like all conventions of men, are animated by zeal for a definite, distinct, yet common purpose; they bring together women who are employed in the same or similar industries, or who are members of the same profession, or women who are working to secure the ballot, or "prohibition," or those who wish to do certain missionary service through the same sectarian channel.

How different are the spirit and the object of the federation in its conventions! Clubs meet in the federation just as women meet in clubs, excepting that in the federation the women themselves are not there as *individuals*, but as representatives of their respective clubs. Each woman is, for the time, her club; her delegate capacity puts upon her the obligation to see every ques-

tion as her club, in its majority, would see it. What an education! Here, also, the greatest lesson of club life is emphasized: the club affords opportunity for self-sacrifice, which is the main lesson of the church; but the club itself teaches self-development. Self-development, self-culture, mutual improvement, enlargement of one's powers — these are the primary objects of the club. These lessons really negate the doctrine which in women has been most assiduously inculcated; the club enjoins not service through self-sacrifice, through repression, abasement, self-effacement, but service through self-development.

Of any noble undertaking, the result is always larger than the conscious purpose. The General Federation of Women's Clubs is at the threshold of its career; but already it is evident that, perhaps without intention, but as certainly and effectively as if the intention were already conscious to every member, it will be a mighty factor in the nurture of that enlarged patriotism upon whose maintenance and growth the life of our republic depends. As the local club is erasing the lines between sects and classes in communities, so the federation will help to erase the lines made by historical antecedents between sections and the classes in our country. Great intellectual perception is necessary to grasp the real meanings of the phrase "The United States of North America." The cause that once threatened a latitudinal severance of the country is removed. Divisions along longitudinal lines are equally perilous. We deprecate a "solid South," and know that a solid North were equally to be regretted. Western and Eastern, if arrayed against each other in prejudice, are as dangerous as Northern and Southern when used as watchwords.

Great magnanimity of spirit is requisite to a patriotism commensurate with this gigantic country; with a patriotism in which sectional bias finds no welcome. I believe that the general federation will lift women out of the provincial limitations which induce sectionalism, into the national perceptions which secure patriotism.

MAY WRIGHT SEWALL.

II.

CLUB LIFE IN NEW YORK.

That societies formed by women for women, are important agencies in the development which must antedate a higher civilization, no dispassionate student of social economics can doubt.

Less than a quarter of a century ago, New York City witnessed the incorporation of the first strictly woman's club in this country. In religious and reformatory movements where woman had worked with man or under his direction, she had proved indefatigable as well as enthusiastic. Still, lack of experience in

business methods, superficial views of duty, and the bondage of social precedent, restricted her activities and her development.

To the three leading clubs in New York City — Sorosis, the Ladies' New York Club, and the Woman's Press Club, named in the order of their age — admission is eagerly sought. Each numbers about two hundred active members. Then there are numberless smaller clubs formed for the purpose of study and work along special lines. There is evident, under a variety of manifestations, a significant and increasing impetus toward organization among women. That this was not formerly the case, even beardless youth can remember.

In the new departure Sorosis was pioneer. Incorporated in 1868 through the courage of eight residents of New York, "in order to bring together women engaged in literary, artistic, scientific, and philanthropic pursuits, with a view of rendering them helpful to each other and useful to society," the club passed through all stages of ridicule and misrepresentation before conquering respect.

More helpful than its founders dared to hope, has this society proved. It is a school where each member is both pupil and teacher. That it was needed, is proven by a fact which now seems almost incredible. Prior to the bi-monthly meetings of Sorosis at Delmonico's, no woman, even in daylight, when unattended, could procure a meal at a first-class restaurant in New York; neither, in the majority of cases, could she secure a room in a first-class hotel, while grievous restrictions hedged about evening amusements, lectures, and concerts. The greater liberty of action heartily and innocently enjoyed by women to-day is primarily due to the woman's club.

The success of the pioneer insured that of others on various bases. The Ladies' New York Club, while indulging in classes and entertainments, was formed by society women to meet the requirements of suburban dwellers. Here they meet, lodge, eat, receive their friends, and, for the time being, enjoy the conveniences of home.

But what is this on-coming multitude which, out of an aforetime weary set of stragglers, is forming into regiments and marching toward commanding heights in the war between labor and old enslaving conditions? What but the working women of New York, uniting in self-governing, co-operative clubs which strive for self-support! Only nine years ago the first club was established. Now twenty-four of them, containing twenty-five hundred members, have club-rooms and libraries, and prove themselves to be among the greatest educational forces of the age. Classes in physical and mental culture, warmth and light and beauty in their evening gatherings, friends among the leisure

class who are "hands and feet to the heads of the club," and who meet them unconventionally, — all are helps beyond what words can describe.

The fact should be emphasized that these are not charitable organizations, but thoroughly democratic bodies, in striking contrast to other societies of working-girls controlled by a few kind spirits of the leisure class. Their unique organ, *Far and Near*, is to them an incalculable help.

These societies are tiny rills, which, uniting, may make a mighty river to turn the wheels of the "mills of God."

Six years ago was organized the order of the King's Daughters, which in one sense is a woman's club. A large proportion of its more than two hundred thousand members belong in New York, its birthplace. Its object, "to develop spiritual life and stimulate Christian activity," commends it to all sorts and conditions of women. Like other organizations, it is a most valuable educational agency.

The Woman's Press Club, only two years old, is a thriving, useful, and wide-awake organization.

In clubs, woman has learned to know woman. Before this date, a few, lifting their heads like noble mountain peaks above the level of their ranks, called to each other across vast spaces of time and distance, then sank to rest. Now, from heart to heart, the electric thrill of sympathy belts the world. A greater good than any special work is that enlargement of nature, that charity, and especially, that capacity for judicial judgment, which is the result of wide experience rather than distinction of sex.

In club gatherings, women gain breadth of view from mingling with their fellows of San Francisco or Bombay. These meetings break down conventional barriers, prove the mighty power of organizations, call out the strange sweetness of conscious sisterhood, and stir latent capacities hitherto unsuspected.

No longer isolated, women begin to feel the solidarity of the race. In new activities they find a healthy balance for those congested emotions which were their bane. And so the magnificent audacity of progress utilizes the social mechanism of the club, in order to develop character and uplift the standard of social, intellectual, and moral excellence. Without doubt women's clubs are stepping-stones to noble organizations of both men and women.

HESTER M. POOLE.

III.

THE BOSTON CLUB WOMAN.

The Boston club woman, a product of the associated spirit which was stimulated by the Sanitary Commission in the Civil

War, was an anomaly twenty-four years ago. The mild sarcasm, staid rebukes, and uplifted eyebrows of conservatism mattered little to the women who met Feb. 16, 1868, at Dr. Harriot K. Hunt's, and in March at Miss Abby W. May's, when a constitution and the name of New England Women's Club were adopted, and Mrs. Caroline M. Severance made president. Radical were its leaders termed, progressive were they in spirit and action. Society stood aloof, but the well-known intelligence and public spirit of the founders of the club compelled recognition. Even to-day, while still a powerful social force in moulding the life of Boston, the club has little connection with society, in the limited application of that word.

Many of its early members were prominent women in various ways; all were earnest yet eager for social intercourse. Though their first aims were largely practical, the furnishing of rooms and lunches to women, and the establishment of a registry for the higher grades of employment, the original talent of the members in charades, poetical picnics, and other intellectual fun, was more in demand than at present.

Whatever its pleasures, its weekly meetings, broad, generous, practical, ideal, have always been and still are the best exponents of its purposes. None but a New Englander can understand the duty in that word "meetings." It signifies the inheritance into which she is born, against which there is no use in struggling, and through which she is to elevate the race. These began, Nov. 6, 1868, with one hundred and thirty-five members, at 3 Tremont Place, one of those peculiar little nooks of old Boston which had no exit except through the entrance. After eight years the club moved to 4 Park Street, where it has since leased the whole building. In 1871 Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was elected president. She is still its beloved and honored chief officer, and to her is largely due the brilliancy and intellectual vigor of the club.

The public institutions or enterprises that have grown out of this private corporation of the club are many and noble. In 1870 came the Horticultural School for women, chiefly through the influence of Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, which was no longer needed when women were admitted to the Buzzey Institution. The "Friendly Evening Association" migrated for a while into "Boffin's Bower," the idea taking permanent form in the establishment of the "Women's Educational and Industrial Union." A committee of the club also became interested in dress reform, and opened a store for that purpose, eventually selling out the business. The project of the Latin School for Girls, the School Suffrage Law, and the appointment of women on the School Committee were here first agitated, three of the four women on the School Board first elected by the city being club members.

One of the pleasantest features of club existence is its class work. Botany, political economy, literature, etc., studied under the leadership of some member, have given to friendship an intellectual basis and occupy many hours in many days which otherwise would be solitary, as women find themselves no longer young.

The receptions, lunches, and monthly teas of the club are notable for their wit and the distinguished strangers in whose honor they have often been held. The greatest simplicity, or a pleasing economy, whichever term is preferable, marks all these occasions. Even the club parlors have little æsthetic quality; but it is hardly missed when women, noble in bearing, strong and tender in face, courteous and cordial in greeting, transfigure the rooms with their presence.

The names of Miss Abby May, Miss Lucretia Crocker, and Professor Maria Mitchell, who have died; of Mrs. E. D. Cheney, of Miss Lucia Peabody, the devoted secretary, and of hosts of others who are still with us, have given the club a prestige which makes it not alone the first in date, but the leading club in New England, and the parent of similar organizations all over the country, and of several smaller ones in Boston itself, notably the Saturday Morning Club, founded by Mrs. Howe for young women. The Boston club woman was never the aggressive, meddlesome, angular female of comic pictures. Generally middle aged, she is fast becoming younger. She is simple not complex, alert but patient, self-conscious and deprecatory; very moral and persistent; keen and good humored; intelligent and inquisitive; sympathetic and broad. Always life learned she now often is college trained. Seldom wealthy, she is always generous; simple, monotonous even in dress; her home is full of pictures and books, with an absence of bric-a-brac and tidies. Her children adore her; her husband and friends rely on her good sense. The club woman of New England is like her Boston prototype. Connected with every reform which takes shape unto itself in this land of "fads" and cranky philanthropies, she is invariably so broad minded, ready hearted, and wise judging, that she stands erect in her simple dignity, and gives her labor and interest to whatever causes she deems helpful. As a rule she is pre-eminently a religious woman, and, though gifted with facility in verse and prose, she is seldom a novelist or historian, but is always a good housekeeper.

KATE GANNETT WELLS.

IV.

THE CLUB IN CONSERVATIVE PHILADELPHIA.

It is customary to think of Philadelphia as in all things "conservative"; but probably a glance at her record would show that

in her attitude to women she has always been more "progressive" than any other city in the world. Perhaps it is from the old Quaker feeling that a woman had a perfect right to "speak in meetin'" that the sex here has found less resistance to almost any line of action it might choose, than is customary in other communities.

Thirty years ago, when men were still selling dry goods and trimmings over the counters of New York and New England, women were filling nearly all such positions in the Quaker city; and they have since pressed on, quite unhindered, into every industrial situation they were fitted to fill. The first medical college for women was established here, and Dr. Ann Preston and Dr. Hannah Longshore were pioneers in the corps of this country's female practitioners. About the same time Lucretia Mott and Mary Grew were making public addresses in behalf of the southern slave, and a little later Anna Dickenson stepped out of an old Quaker family and took the political platform with a success never attained by any one else of her sex.

So, when the first woman's club was established, the public sentiment on woman's privilege to do as she felt "moved by the spirit" was so serene, that not a ripple of surprise passed over the community. Presumably, the club had its birth in our city for the same reasons that led to its advent elsewhere: because of a perhaps unconfessed longing on the part of woman for attrition with her kind, the larger education which comes of contact with the world. The education of the past century was meagre enough for all, but the cream of it was bestowed on the boys. The education of woman dates back not more than twenty-five years, when the college doors were first opened to her. But when the man and woman start out with even acquirements, the latter is sure to be left behind, because of the education the former gains simply in his every-day experience. His life is a continual attrition with his equals or betters. Her life in the home is one of isolation, or dealing with dependents. His life broadens, becomes alert; he is full of plans and ambitions. She grows petty, occupied with trifles, warped, censorious.

Perhaps in the city of homes, where we fully and frankly worship the domestic idol, the club idea would not have sprung so early into being, had it not been for the centennial celebration in 1876. Under the spur of that great undertaking, aroused by public interests, the women of Philadelphia came out of their denominational and local seclusions, and stood revealed to each other as never before; and when the work was over and the final handshaking went round, there was a silent regret in the hearts of most of them that they must fall back into the old narrow spaces, shut out from the free and breezy atmosphere of this wider

association. It was not surprising, therefore, that within a few months a call went round to some of the "Centennial" women, a meeting was held, and the New Century Club was born.

Its history has, in the main, been similar to that of other kindred organizations. It was a wise infant in the beginning, in taking Dr. Dwight's recommendation, and having "the right kind of a mother." It has been a strong child always, so healthy that it has never had any crises which threatened its life or made its existence interesting because so uncertain. Its digestion has been so healthful that it has assimilated its cranks, its too frivolous, its too energetic, its too sentimental, and too solemn members, and made them all contribute to the general harmonious growth of the body. Of course it has an earnest "purpose" in being, and is devoted to culture of all kinds, which it takes in lectures from distinguished people, classes for thorough study, symposiums on selected subjects by club members, in parliamentary practice, in studies on the questions of the day.

The impress of the "City of Homes" is upon the club life also. There is a family air about it. Men are admitted to associate membership, may attend meetings and classes, and have every privilege except the vote. A dozen or so of men have availed themselves of this privilege. There is also a regular monthly evening entertainment, called a club tea, a quietly frivolous affair, to which husbands, sons, and daughters are admitted freely.

The home atmosphere of the city is perhaps shown in the fact that the club has been among the first in the country to attain to a house of its own. This has been built during the past year, and is a handsome structure in the very centre of the city. Since its five hundred members have entered into the full enjoyment of this beautiful and comfortable home, the club feels that it has at last realized the intentions of its founders as expressed in its charter: "to create an organized centre of thought and action among women for the protection of their interests, and the promotion of science, literature, and art, and to furnish a quiet and central place of meeting in Philadelphia for the comfort and convenience of its members."

MARY E. MUMFORD.

V.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE TYPICAL SOUTHERN WOMAN TO CLUBS.

What She Is.

The typical Southern woman is Southern by force and influence of heredity, as well as by environment. In the warm current coursing through her veins, throbs the vital force of a race who were lords of the land of their birth; who were proud

yet generous masters, trained in the control of others, and at the same time sufficiently removed from the influences of trade, of barter, and of traffic for that leisure which encourages the development of a far-reaching refinement.

There are certain qualities which one expects and finds in all educated, well-born women of whatever locality. But while this is true, there are many points of difference. The Northern, Eastern, or Western woman is apt to be a composite creation. Her ancestral influences are very probably heterogeneous, while the Southern woman has perhaps been Southern for two hundred years, with no counter-current in her being. For this reason she, more than her American sisters, is a characteristic product of her own section. She, more than any other, is apt to possess an ardent and intense loyalty to her own section. She is first Southern, then American, and sympathizes strongly with the soldier who said, "I would fight with France against any nation of the known world, but with Brittany against France." Local patriotism is an important factor in her being; but good authority declares that this feeling may not only consist with a wider patriotism, but may serve as a most valued element therein. "It is something to have belonged in deed and truth to an heroic generation"; to have lived even as a child in those dark times when men and women, too, conceived a "passion for death"; when the very atmosphere was instinct with that quality which goes to the making of high ideals, and when "great deeds and virtues followed as the natural offspring of great trials."

The middle-aged Southern woman of to-day was under this influence during her time of character-building much more than any other of our common country. It has left its impress upon her nature, and made her what she is — proud, sensitive, generous, imaginative, of strong intuitive faculties, and richly dowered with the emotional element.

What She Thinks of the Club.

As a natural result of her environment, the attitude sustained by the Southern woman to the club was in the beginning strongly antagonistic. In the sacred home niche, where the pride and chivalry of Southern men had placed her, she held herself aloof. Club life, with its quasi publicity, seemed quite opposed to her inherited convictions, to the revered traditions of her people, and she felt a righteous scorn of its suggested possibilities, of its high-sounding shibboleths, and somewhat mannish trend. Interwoven with the thought of club life, there was for her the vision of rude hustings, of the ballot box, of the noise of elections, and the jostlings of a world which as yet she had known from one point of view only. She looked upon the club as an

institution for advancing "the rights of women to be men," and indorsed with enthusiasm Mr. Frothingham's opinion that in her present political condition woman exerts *power* instead of *force*. She asked herself over and over again, Would the ballot result in the degradation of woman or the elevation of politics?

All this she felt, at first not comprehending the fact that club life for women might mean something quite apart and distinct from any unwomanly publicity, from any association or connection with political questions or suffrage movements. She saw that women might be club women, and yet feminine in the highest and broadest sense. She saw, too, that the men of her own section were now in this, as in all else they had been, prepared to stand by her or to help her over the rough places; that they held with the most unflinching faith to their belief in her ability to choose and to grace the highest position in the gift of the gods. She took a clear, comprehensive view of the situation, for the Southern woman is not obtuse; once turning her attention to a subject, she very frequently grasps it in its entirety at one bound of intuition. So it has been with the club idea. It is now hers by adoption, and she has gone into its development with warmest enthusiasm.

What She will Gain from the Club.

The advantages to accrue to her from club life are greater than to women of other sections, and she realizes this fact. The exigencies of life now confronting her embrace complex conditions, perplexing problems, antagonistic elements, which must be met, solved, and harmonized. She is brought, as was not possible under the old *regime*, face to face with the hard, cold, unvarnished demands of existence, and she sees that the concerted and intelligent action of those similarly circumstanced cannot fail to be beneficial.

She perceives that mutual efforts toward intellectual advance and development will multiply many times her individual opportunities for such advance, and that she will thereby be helped to a higher plane of wifehood and motherhood. Striving alone, even with the most exalted aim and unflagging energy, she can have but the measure of upward and onward motion resulting from her own endeavor; but she sees that as a butterfly which chances to wing its flight through the window of a railway coach has its own momentum in addition to that of the great steam engine, so will she be projected forward by the force of the organized club and her own powers as well.

During the last decade the great Southern forests have thrilled to sound of axe and hammer; they have found an object in life beyond the simple joy of living. Their leafy branches have been

dismembered and spirited off thousands of miles for the fashioning of artistic dwellings. During this same decade the Southern hills have opened their hearts and given lavishly therefrom the treasured ore and the sombre coal, which warms to flame on distant hearthstones. This new purpose in existence has thrilled not only inanimate Southern nature, but the man, and later the woman, of the section.

In this fuller expansion of life for the South, there can be no doubt that the club will prove a powerful lever. Through its organized work, its judicious stimulus, its generous encouragement, may be discovered, ere long, she for whom waits the laurel crown of the nation; she who will "sing the song as yet unsung, and weave the legend as yet not crystallized."

ANNAH ROBINSON WATSON.

VI.

CLUB LIFE IN THE SOUTH.

What constitutes a club? Is it a mere meeting-place where reading of papers, lectures, or any one line of work is carried on? If so, then there is a network of small clubs covering the Southland.

If club stands for fraternity, a grouping of women of congenial tastes, independent of narrow social barriers, then club life is limited in the South, finding record only west of the Carolinas.

Georgia stands foremost in the work. The most successful of the clubs in the state are those in which both sexes are represented. Of these, the Atheneum of Macon ranks first. It is twelve years old, has a high literary standard, and a large and influential membership. Then there is the Hayne Circle of Augusta and the Hubner Club of Atlanta, named after Georgia's poets. Fort Valley has the Pure English Club and Columbus the Rose Hill. The strictly women's clubs are located in Columbus. There are the Georgia Woman's Press Club, the Reading Club, and the Art Club. The first named is presided over by Mrs. E. T. Byington, a progressive young woman with an already enviable place in Southern journalism.

In Alabama, the best known organizations are the Thursday Evening Literary of Selma, Saturday Literary Circle of Birmingham, and the West End Reading Circle of Montgomery.

The Woman's Progressive Club of Natchez stands fully abreast of the time, and represents Mississippi in the work.

Tennessee gives a home to three notable clubs: the Nineteenth Century and the Woman's Club, both of Memphis, and the Knoxville's Woman's Club. The latter has a well-earned national fame, deserved, if only from having contributed from its membership

the efficient corresponding secretary of the Federation of Clubs. Miss Mary Temple, whose ever-ready and helpful words have found their way wherever there was need of encouragement, is a brilliant young woman, a pupil of Vassar, and a true type of the new woman of the South: progressive, while still holding to a safe conservatism.

When Arkansas is mentioned in the work, it is the club in Helena that springs to mind, with its attractive young leader, sweet-faced, sweet-voiced Mrs. Neal.

Texas' best contribution is the Twenty-One Club of Dennison, while Bonham boasts of a successful organization. The Houston Reading Club stands for the idea of club life, but is said to be rather in the line of class work, the delights of free social life being an unknown feature.

Like unto the Houston Reading Club is the Quarante Club of New Orleans, which has for its president Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend. Many small circles on the same order are fostering literature, music, and art in the Southern metropolis, but the real club idea seems to belong in especial to the Geographics and the Woman's Club.

The Geographics, now ten years old, has a limit of twelve active members. If one of its number is compelled to retire from actual participation, the privilege of attendance is retained. Its name suggests its work. There are no dues and but one officer, — president. The members are in turn hostess. The programme consists of short original readings and discussions on the theme in hand, followed by the breaking of bread. The Geographics' charming hospitality is far known for its many distinguished guests have taken abroad the story of a Saturday morning with this coterie of brilliant women, who have for their inspiration Mrs. Mollie E. Moore Davis.

The New Orleans Woman's Club had its birth eight years ago in the thought of a young woman who, in the midst of social triumphs and at the very outset of a literary career, stopped a while to plan, on a broad platform, what has grown to be an influential factor in club life in the South. Elizabeth Birland, now Mrs. Charles Wetmore of New York, then employed on the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, inserted in its columns an outline of her idea of a woman's club, asking all women who felt the need of such intercourse, and desired to help make the movement, to meet at a designated time and place. Twelve women responded, a permanent organization was effected, with its beautiful, gracious founder as president.

This club runs its life on the same basis as a man's club, except, of course, in the way of entertainment, and with this difference, too, it keeps its expenses within its income. It supports a large

club-house, reserving for club purposes salon, assembly room, dining-room and library, with small gymnasium attached. There are rooms provided at nominal prices for resident members. At present twenty are being accommodated. The dues are fifty cents a month, and no assessments are levied.

In several of the Southern states the press clubs are composed of both sexes. A prominent woman journalist makes this objection: that in such organizations women are too apt to become auxiliaries, and therefore lose the benefit of valuable training. In the state and city press clubs of Louisiana, men and women are on the same footing.

Club life is one of the most important factors in the advancement of the women of the South. It is the middle road between the too progressive and the too conservative, holding neither the aggressiveness of the suffrage movement nor the limitations of church and charity associations. The thinking women of the South, as a whole, are not quite ready for the one, and have grown a little beyond the other.

A note has been sounded; it is finding an echo far and near. Beside me lies a letter from the gulf-washed shores of Florida. From it I copy these words: "Victuals and drink are the chief of our diet." "Is there anything abroad in the land that we can reach or touch from which to receive uplifting inspiration?"

KATHARINE NOBLES.

VII.

THE CLUB AS AN ALLY TO HIGHER EDUCATION.

This is an age of organization. All the great human forces that move the world are organized forces. Religion, philanthropy, temperance, patriotism, politics, and society extend their organizations into every community of the civilized world, and each has its own urgent demand upon the time and effort of the individual; but it was reserved for women to organize societies in every community upon a distinctly intellectual basis. For this the woman's club came into existence. The important part taken by women in all other lines of organized work is one of the significant features of the day. In this, "the woman's century," for the first time in history, there have been formed organizations of women with the avowed purpose of helping to bear the burdens, lessen the ills, and do the work of the world. They have shown not only a wonderful talent for organization, but such earnestness of purpose, and capacity for practical work, that a large part of the world's moral and benevolent work is in their hands to-day; so that women do not organize clubs because they have nothing else to do. The club has not come to fill vacant spaces in empty

lives, but rather to give to women already crowned with zeal and labor in the great interests of humanity, a share — limited, indeed, but keenly appreciated — in the intellectual training so freely offered to younger women in the universities. The demands upon all intelligent men and women are increasingly great. There is little in the ordinary life and work to feed either the intellectual or the spiritual. It must be sought after, and it is just here that the stimulus of organized effort is most needed. The woman's club has thus primarily an educational purpose, and it will be found doing its most effective work and best retaining the enthusiasm of its members when kept consistently upon this basis.

There is naturally great diversity of method, since, until very recently, there has been no concerted action among the clubs; but one of two general plans is usually followed — the systematic course of study or the miscellaneous programme.

Women need to be trained to clearness of thought and accuracy of expression. Much of their work through life is necessarily disconnected; it lacks coherence and steadiness; it is, without fault of theirs, of the patchwork order. That club work which has in it the counter elements of unity and persistence, is not only what they most need, but what they most thoroughly enjoy. If the club offers to its members a desultory programme, — papers upon diverse subjects, magazine readings, addresses by invited guests, et cetera, — it may present a pleasing entertainment, but will it not foster the very mental habits which it ought to correct?

Amusement is easily obtained without organization. Let the club hold to something higher. It is this very stimulus of a formulated course of study, systematic and exhaustive, which most women need in order to find that they can study and that they like it. There is a fascination in going to the root of things, in personal investigation of a great subject, which is in itself a spur to continued and increasing effort. What value will such study have in a club of perhaps one hundred women, most of whom will be wives, mothers, home-makers, standing upon the busy heights of life? It will, in the first place, give direction and zest to the reading in a hundred homes, and in many of them it will insure additions to the family library of the latest and best books upon the subjects under investigation. It will train women to habits of study and research, and to speak with readiness upon subjects which have awakened their own interest, the club sessions being devoted largely to extempore presentation of topics and their discussion.

It will involve a club library, and make the club-rooms a meeting-place for the comparison of thought and the discussion of great questions; not alone on club day, but every day.

The public library will be its most valued ally; while by its demand for the highest class of books, it will help to build up the library in special lines and so benefit the entire community. It will have upon its table the best of current literature bearing upon its studies, and through correspondence will have the co-operation of the leaders in different departments of thought and work.

There are many such clubs, giving to their members post-university courses in science, art, history, or literature, a club usually limiting itself to one subject for a series of years, or long enough for thorough investigation.

Through the recent meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, a fresh impetus has been given to club organization, and it may confidently be expected to result in the united and harmonious growth of the clubs so associated, and in a distinct advance toward the higher education for women.

MARY E. BOYCE.

VIII.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB AS A SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

Few pictures in Greek life are more attractive than that of Plato surrounded by an eager crowd of disciples whom he guided to the love of wisdom and the love of virtue. The two were inseparably united in his teaching; therein lay its power. He believed that the soul of man tends to perfection, and that perfection is the vision of truth and the exercise of goodness.

Were Plato alive to-day, his auditors would be chiefly women. Witness the Concord School of Philosophy and the supporters and promoters of philosophic study by means of classes and lectures. Women are grappling with the problems of pure thought that underlie all other problems, seeking to remove the limits of the unknown but not unknowable. Their effort is differently regarded by observers stationed at different points of view. Here, as elsewhere, those who know most, the ablest and profoundest thinkers, are the most generous and appreciative in their criticism.

All that woman seeks in the domain of philosophic study is to be judged as fairly as man is judged. But for this she will have to wait, upheld by her own consciousness of sincerity in the pursuit of truth. To illustrate what I mean, let me ask a question: Would any one venture to hint that a club of men were studying philosophy in a dilettante fashion, simply as a "fad"?

It is many years since I first became associated with women in the study of speculative problems. With few exceptions we have consulted the original authorities in Greek and German

philosophy, and the best commentaries on the subject in these languages and our own. We have striven to make our work conform to the highest standard of excellence; but while doing this, we have not forgotten that wisdom is more to be desired than knowledge; that philosophy is not a mere acquaintance with technical terms and formal systems of thought, but a help to their true interpretation and significance. We have freed ourselves, as far as we could, from the bondage of words, that we might penetrate to their meaning. If books are to be helps rather than hindrances, one must learn to think for one's self. Solitude and silence are essential to philosophic insight, but association and discussion with others like minded will dispel prejudices and broaden the insight gained.

The intellectual discipline of the study of philosophy, though valued by women, is subordinated to the higher aim of spiritual growth and development. Philosophy is not dissevered from life, but helps to elucidate its practical problems. Not only is its vivifying power felt in art, literature, history, but in the individual mind and heart of its faithful student.

Is it objected that to make philosophy train both mind and heart is a woman's view, prejudicial to the rigid investigation of truth, I reply that it was Plato's view; that truth for the intellect must be truth for the heart, and that enthusiasm in its pursuit will not obscure its vision. The insight of Plato is identical with the insight of Dante and other great thinkers, that love is the soul of philosophy — love that seeks not its own good, but the good of others — self-renunciation. Renounce your own subjective fancies and opinions if you would see the truth; renounce your longing for ease and comfort, if you would do good; renounce your selfish desire for pleasure, if you would attain happiness or blessedness.

This is the last word of philosophy, as of all the highest teaching in the world. Common as it is, it needs to be enforced with increasing emphasis, theoretically and practically. It must not only illuminate the minds of men and women, but burn its way into their hearts and souls. Thought must precede action. The clearer and more enlightened the one, the more effective the other. If women are summoned to practical work in philanthropy and social reform, they are also summoned to knowledge and wisdom.

The woman's club as a school of philosophy recognizes this truth. Its aim is intellectual enlightenment and spiritual development. Devoted to the study and discussion of speculative problems, it seeks to point out their significance in practical experience. Every particular fact is related to universal truth. This relation is carefully noted and studied. The reality of what

we call material is found in the spiritual. Exclusion is not the law, but inclusion; the more we give, the more we receive. Intellectual good cannot be divorced from spiritual good; higher culture must be unselfish.

The conviction that the spiritual interpretation of life and experience is the true interpretation; that the best thought of the greatest thinkers of the race coincides with the intuitive belief of the heart in a personal God, in the freedom of the will, and the immortality of the soul, helps one to higher thinking and living. Philosophy, like religion, shows us everywhere the infinite in the finite; the divine in the human; the creative and immanent God.

ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

IX.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB AS AN AGENT OF PHILANTHROPY.

The love of the good and the beautiful and the true is co-existent with civilization, but the love of humanity waits for its development upon that ethical culture which comes from a proper appreciation of the needs and rights of our fellow-men.

This sentiment, so created, has been necessarily of slow growth; and its teachers, as witnesses the history of all religions, were those who, for the love of the race, forgot self, and often gave up life rather than fail in illustrating the highest ideal.

We know that the progress of humanity, with the natural evolution of character, has been for centuries toward a higher type of the individual. At no time has that ethical progress been greater than in the century just reaching its close, and no factor has been and is now more potent in this direction than the influence of woman since she has learned in some degree her own responsibility and power, and has also properly appreciated the value of association as a means of personal development, as well as of accomplishing definite work.

Woman's tears and prayers are no longer the only or the favorite means of expressing sympathy with sorrow or pity for the sinner. Active service has become common, and I believe that this steadily increasing culture of the sentiment of philanthropy which will, in long process of time, become a habit of the human heart, and, according to the law of heredity, be transmitted by generation, will be traced by students of sociology in the far future to the influence of associated philanthropic work among the mothers of the race. As some one has well said, "Evolution changes, habit fixes, heredity transmits."

Do I claim too much for the evolution of philanthropic effort in our women's clubs? I think not, for already can be seen the

influence rapidly spreading among young women who seek to imitate their mothers in efforts for the good of the race.

The graduates of many of our most fashionable boarding-schools have formed clubs in different cities; and while not disdaining the natural pleasures of youth, a goodly number of these clubs have furnished lunch-rooms and reading-rooms for working girls; and in the making of such philanthropic enterprises a success, a great deal of genuine hard work is most willingly done. Such plans would not have been thought of but for the extensive influence of women's clubs in the encouragement of philanthropic effort. The society girls in the eighteenth century never dreamed of such a scheme.

Emerson said, "Civilization is the power of good women"; and it is a notable fact that when a good woman, or one who wants to be good, becomes associated with a few others in a club, after a season or two of self-culture, the question seems naturally to arise, "What can we do for some one else?" Varied the replies to this question, and oftentimes most satisfactory the results. What one woman would not dare attempt alone is suggested at some meeting; and after a free, frank discussion of ways and means, some philanthropic scheme is formed, and work is easily accomplished when all, in good *clubable* fashion, make common cause.

I am reminded of the annual congresses of the Association for the Advancement of Women, and later of a meeting of the Federation of Clubs. The most notable and interesting reports were read by vice-presidents of A. A. W., and by different chairmen in the federation.

There was a marvellous likeness in the stories: a club formed in somebody's parlor for mutual council, for higher culture, for art, for literature; and after a while, the leaven of association working, results began to appear, not merely in the betterment of the individuals composing the club, but in the philanthropies which were the outgrowth of the organization. What are these philanthropies? Space will not admit the enumeration; but there is scarce a city of any size which cannot point with pride to some successful philanthropic work conceived and executed by the woman's club: for the children, industrial and reformatory schools; for the wee ones, free kindergartens; for the sick, a diet kitchen and hospital; for the tempted and erring, a refuge; for those who have no homes, reading-rooms and coffee-houses; and for the hard-worked mother *Les Crèches*, where the baby is tended, while she works during the day for its support.

The whole extent, indeed, of the influence of the "woman's clubs" in philanthropy can never be estimated until *finis* shall be written to the story of humanity. To the women's club comes,

more often than to any organization outside the church, the thought, "So many worlds, so much to do, so little done, such things to be!" and while life lasts and the need exists, the power of the women's club will be felt for good and for philanthropy.

DR. JULIA HOLMES SMITH.

X

TWO LONDON CLUBS.

There are privileges connected with certain of the London clubs for women, which, so far as I am aware, are lacking to women's clubs in America.

Grace and beauty and intellect all unite to make the Saturday Morning Club of Boston Girls distinguished and unique. The New England Women's Club, with Mrs Julia Ward Howe for its president, includes so many bright wits among its members that to go to one of its meetings is always a feast of reason.

There are, besides these two, several other women's clubs in Boston; and in New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago they also abound. But is any one of these many clubs so arranged that its members can make use of it for the entertainment of a friend at a chance luncheon or dinner, as one can in London, of the Albemarle Club, or the club for university women?* Both men and women are eligible for membership at the Albemarle, though I think women avail themselves of its advantages more frequently than men, because to men so many more places are open. I have often lunched at the Albemarle (which is in the immediate neighborhood of the picture galleries) when some friend among its members was good enough to take me to the Academy or to the new gallery; and I can testify to the excellence of its *cuisine*. If you belong to it, you can invite your friends at any time, serene in the confidence that you can give them a well-served meal, in a spacious and pleasant dining-room, and with delightful sitting-rooms or library in which to take your after-dinner coffee. The comforts which the Somerset and Algonquin clubs offer to their members may be procured for far less cost at the Albemarle, by women as well as by men.

The University Club does not undertake so extensive a hospitality. It is for women only; and no woman is eligible for membership who is not a graduate of Newnham, Girton, or some other college for women. The rooms are smaller and more homelike than those of the Albemarle; and I think an elaborate

*The Albemarle Club is limited to seventy-five members. The entrance fee is eight guineas ($40), and the annual subscription is five guineas ($25). No man is allowed to join it who is not already a member of some good West End club.

The University Club for ladies admits the lady graduates of any university and also of medical colleges. Its entrance fee is one guinea, and the annual dues are also one guinea, payable on the first of January.

dinner is never served there. But a chop — never so good anywhere else as in New England — can be procured at any time; or a well-cooked steak; or a cup of afternoon tea; and this is an especial convenience for such of its members as live out of town, and wish to come into London for a day's shopping, or picture seeing, or a round of calls.

I remember — shall I ever forget? — the one time I enjoyed its hospitality. My hostess was Amy Levy, one of the brightest and sweetest spirits it has ever been my good fortune to encounter. She will have been dead three years, in the September of 1892, and it was during the summer of 1889, a few weeks before her death, that she invited me to the University Club for a tea, at which the other guests were all members of the club, and all in some wise connected with literature. Miss Levy herself was a novelist, a clever writer of short stories, and above all a poet. She was the author of two volumes of verse, whose unique individuality and melancholy sweetness must make them dear to many a reader, and for many a year. But she herself was even more charming than anything that she wrote.

I can see her now, as she poured tea, that July afternoon, at a little round table, in one of the home-like sitting-rooms of the University Club. She wore a white gown, as, indeed, she almost always did. Her face, delicate as an Easter lily, matched the cream-white of her dress. It was a face illumined by great dark eyes, from which looked the sweetest, saddest soul that ever fell out of love with life. Were any strawberries and tea and muffins ever quite so good as those she served us, or ever seasoned with such wit and charm? And two months later she had gone away, hand in hand with death!

Ah, I did not mean to speak of that; but only to ask why should we not have, in this hospitable America, clubs for women to which we could invite our friends for an elaborate dinner, a simple but well-cooked chop, or an afternoon tea, as our moods and our purses might suggest.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

XI.

THE CLUB OF THE FUTURE.

Some one has said that organization is civilization. Certain it is that whenever the race has advanced from savagery, it has been along the line of organization. The lowest matter in the scale of being is unorganized, and we call it inert, dead. When organized, it becomes live matter; it takes on activity, and suggests use and a purpose. This is as true of the social as of the material world; and there is no surer measure of our social

progress than our fitness to co-operate with others for noble ends.

One of the marked features of our time is the tendency to form organizations; for we have come to regard humanity, not as a heterogeneous collection of individuals, but as a solidarity. Whatever is good for the individual is good for society; and obedient to this conviction, we reach out our hands to one another, and multiply associations for common work and common purposes. It is not, therefore, a mere blind craze that is sweeping women into clubs and leagues, fraternities and orders, unions, granges, and other societies. It is the trend of the age; an unconscious protest against the isolation in which women have dwelt in the past; a reaching out after a larger and fuller life; a desire to keep in touch with other women who are thinking and acting independently; it is a necessary step in the evolution of women.

They have been quickened into abnormal activity by the great changes in their condition and environment, that have been accomplished during the last quarter of a century, and are to-day more interested in one another than ever before in their history. They are conscious that something is lacking in their lives that is conspicuous in the lives of others who are busy in many useful activities, which they long to share. They feel stirring within them the desire for associated life that is common to human beings, and, with Edward Everett Hale, regard "apart" as the saddest word in the English language, and "together" as one of the most blessed; and the woman's club opens its doors to them with offers of fellowship and helpfulness.

These clubs are organized in almost every conceivable interest. Most of them are literary in character, and more or less desultory in method; for they are new and immature, and are carefully feeling their way to what is best and most needed. Others are studying archæology, social science, political economy, civil government, nationalism, duties of women; and I have found one club studying theology, and floundering through its most abstruse problems. There are cooking-clubs, where the culinary art is studied from the scientific standpoint, with a professional teacher, and where exquisite monthly lunches, prepared by the club members, are served to invited guests. Some of the clubs are mainly mediums of social entertainment, which follow an hour or two of reading or literary conversation. Others admit a certain proportion of "silent members," who crave information, but have no time for study; while others make the club a branch of church work, the clergyman of the parish directing the study as he prefers.

Some of the woman's clubs follow extensive and methodical

plans of study from the start. The Women's Art Club of Milwaukee arranged a course of topical study under a college professor, that occupied them three years. When the course was completed, they had mastered the history of art from its earliest beginning, and found themselves possessed of a very complete art library and of an excellent collection of casts and photographs. Their three years' course of topical lessons was published in book form, and has since done duty as a text-book. The Castilian Club of Boston is pursuing a like course in its study of Spain and its history. The papers are so exhaustive in character and so carefully written, that they are deposited in the Public Library at the request of the curator.

The literary clubs and unions of Maine have already organized themselves into a State Federation, and Massachusetts will undoubtedly follow suit at no very remote day, while a "Council of Southern Women" is in process of formation. These are movements in the right direction; for the country is so large that a truly national federation can only be formed when the South, North, East, West, and Midst are well organized, and send duly accredited delegates who will compose the national body. Out of this large variety will, by and by, come the differentiation of clubs, when those that are organized for the same purpose will draw together in coteries, within the state federations. This tendency is already manifest. This will lead to a division of the National Federation into sections when it holds its biennial meetings, and there will be at the same time sessions of the Political Economy section, the Social Science section, and so on, as at the meetings of the Association for the Advancement of Science. Specialized work will then be done by the women's clubs to advantage and with profit.

It is undoubtedly best for the present that women should maintain their separate clubs. Only in this way will they acquire courage and independence, and learn the limitation of their own personal rights and respect for those of others. But the Club of the Future will not be composed of women only, nor yet of men; for the highest type of society is made by men and women who, self-centred and self-respecting, are drawn together by mutual respect and harmonial tastes and tendencies. Man and woman are two halves of the unit we call humanity, each being the complement and supplement of the other, and the whole is better than its half. In the differentiation which is sure to come, they will find their way together to clubs organized for the use of both. Together they will study political economy, municipal government, scientific charity, compulsory and universal education, the labor question, or some other of the social problems that to-day are crowding aside the purely æsthetic topics.

The Club of the Future will be earnest, as those must be who work with the profound conviction that humanity is greater than its institutions. They will have the courage of their belief, that only good can come from an investigation of our social machinery; so that whatever is out of repair may be mended, and whatever is obsolete may be removed. The majesty of truth will inspire them. A diviner ideal of national life than is presented by our splendid material civilization will compel their advance. They will arraign the mis-government of our demoralized cities; dissect the fallacies and falsities of demagogues and machine politicians, that would submerge the nation in dishonor; and teach that manhood and womanhood are the ultimate end of every one's life, rather than money-making or industrial skill. The Club of the Future will address itself to the great problem of living. It will question poverty, crime, disease, education, economics, religion, and all that pertains to society, with the aim of lessening the dreariness of human life, enlarging its scope, and lifting its horizon. It may become the reserved force of the nation — who can tell? — "the inspired home-guard of all its sanctities."

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A Daughter of the Druids.*

Never in the history of literature has fiction been called upon to perform such varied service as an instructor and a vehicle for the promulgation of social, economic, and speculative thought as to-day. This is peculiarly true of American fiction. Almost every thinker who has a message to deliver, feels called upon to clothe it in the guise of fiction. Thus social, political, economic, religious, and philosophical theories are everywhere being published as stories. Frequently I think our writers make serious mistakes in yielding to the popular fancy. When truths are to be advanced, especially when they are of a speculative character, unless the author be endowed with a large degree of dramatic power, the story almost invariably drags; while the reader, searching for the kernels of philosophy, is likewise encumbered by a drapery which prevents the sharp, clear-cut presentation of the thought enunciated. Such is, to a great extent, the impression one receives in reading the strange philosophical romance, if we may call it such, written by Mrs. A. K. Hopkins of this city, and entitled "A Daughter of the Druids." The author has made a profound study of astronomy and also of ancient symbolisms. She also knows much of the history of the Druids, that ancient, mysterious race, whose religion was interwoven with mysticism, and who, in many respects, resembled the dwellers of the far East, the Chaldeans and the Greeks. It is interesting to note how strongly some races incline toward intuition, and with what irresistible fascination metaphysics holds in thrall the cultured mind of great peoples; while other nations, no less masterful, arrive at nothing save through objective reasoning.

The author of this work is a descendant of the Druids. She came from old Cymbrian stock, and naturally enough throws Druidic drapery around the ancient symbolisms with which the book deals. Thus in the heavenly constellations our author reads occult wisdom, which she holds was a part of the rich possessions of an intuitional age, a golden period when the highest wisdom of the universe was vouchsafed to man, but which in succeeding ages disappeared, as the fleshly instincts and passions gained mastery over the races of the East, resulting in the fall of man. By this it will be readily seen that our author holds the theory cherished by almost all nations before the rise of the present school of evolutionary scientists, viz.: that in a far distant period, ages and ages

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* "A Daughter of the Druids," a story dealing with the interior meanings of ancient symbolisms. By Mrs. A. K. Hopkins. Cloth only, pp. 297. Price, $1.25. Published by the author. For sale by the Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

removed, man basked in the smile of heaven and enjoyed a spiritual supremacy which can only come from a condition of harmony. Thus Mrs. Hopkins believes that at one time the world received a language of symbolisms which contained the highest wisdom of the ages, and which has been handed down orally through succeeding generations; a wisdom which, when understood, opens a new world. She holds that the present is an evolutionary period, but that there was an age of intuition or of interior vision prior to this age of intellectual domination. I have now outlined the author's views sufficiently to satisfy a large number of persons who accept the Spencerian evolutionary philosophy, that for them this work can have no interest; and, indeed, the author claims to write only for the few whose intuitional nature and interior vision lead them in quest of hidden wealth. For these it may be interesting to know that the story deals largely with not only the starry firmament, but the hidden meaning of the symbolisms of the zodiac, that sphinx of the ages, some of whose mystic signs were treasured by the Chaldean sages, and by them held as an ancient heritage even at the dawn of history. In speaking of the zodiac, it is interesting to note the observation of Miss A. M. Clarke, author of "History of Astronomy," in her thoughtful paper on the Zodiac, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

The idea of tracing the sun's path among the stars was, when it occurred to the Chaldean astronomers, an original and, relatively to their means, a recondite one. We owe to its realization by them the constitution and nomenclature of the twelve signs of the zodiac. Assyrian cylinders and inscriptions indicate for the familiar series of our textbooks an antiquity of some four thousand years. Ages before Asurbanipal reigned at Nineveh, the eighth month [Marchesvan] was known as "the month of the star of the Scorpion"; the tenth [Tebet] belonged to the "star of the Goat"; the twelfth [Adar], to the "star of the Fish of Hea." . . . The cyclical meaning of the succession of zodiacal signs, though now obscured by interpolations and substitutions, was probably once clear and entire. It is curiously reflected in the adventures of the Babylonian Hercules, the solar hero Izdubar. They were recorded in the comparatively late surviving version of the seventh century B. C., on twelve tablets, with an obvious design of correlation with the twelve divisions of the sun's annual course. Izdubar's conquest of the winged bull Heabani was placed under Taurus; his slaying of the tyrant Houmbaba [the prototype of Geryon] in the fifth month typified the victory of light over darkness, represented in plastic art by the group of a lion killing a bull, which is the form ordinarily given to the sign Leo on Ninevite cylinders. The wooing of Ishtar by the hero of the epic falls under Virgo, and his encounter with two scorpion men, guardians of the rising and the setting sun, under Scorpio. The eleventh tablet narrates the deluge; the twelfth associates the apotheosis of Heabani [the Babylonian Chiron] with the zodiacal emblems of the resurrection.

Now in these mystic symbols, Mrs. Hopkins finds hidden wisdom which she expounds; and as our purpose in all our book reviews is to give our readers a fair idea of the work under consideration, I make below an extract from the work. The preceding chapters descr'' e Alice de Kymber, a daughter of an English baron and a descendant of the

Druids. She has been highly educated in France, and has ever evinced a passion for ancient lore. The expensive library of ancient works collected by her grandfather, as well as the legends of the ancient Druids, have ever had for her a special fascination; and since the untimely death of her betrothed, Alice has become a profound student of ancient lore and occult matters; indeed, she possesses the penetration of a seeress, and in the starry world above reads God's messages to man. On the occasion of a visit from her brother Hugh, who lives at a town some distance from the ancient manor, Alice converses with him on the interior meaning of the constellations and the signs of the zodiac, as she holds they appeared to the ancients. From the conversation I extract the following, as giving a fair example of the contents of the book. It should be borne in mind that the brother has been examining a chart of the zodiac, such as is to-day found in almanacs.

The next moment Hugh had crossed the room, and was surveying thoughtfully the old zodiacal figure, which had adorned the walls of the tower chamber since his earliest remembrance. "I do not understand how this can be the key to the ancient myths and traditions, as you affirm," he said, after surveying it thoughtfully for some moments. "I see that the Virgin, the Lion, and the Crab mark the abdomen, heart, and breast,—or the vital organs of the body,—though why these particular symbols are apportioned to these particular functions, is not apparent to me."

Alice did not at once reply. When she did, it was to say, "I wish, Hugh, with all my heart, that I could tell you in a few words what it has taken me years of delving beneath the letter to learn; for you have no conception of the wisdom wrapped up in that figure. Think of it for a moment, my brother. What more fitting than that man, in and through his own body,—that heavenly wonder,—should learn the great mysteries which have been hidden from ages and from generations? The first step towards understanding of the zodiacal figure, is to appreciate the fact that it is of unknown origin and unsearchable antiquity. That it has come down the ages from primeval times, is proven in the truths which it discloses. Think you its preservation has been accidental? I tell you, no. It is as much a part of the divine plan as the starry message to which it is the key."

"I realize the fact," Hugh responded, "that the ancient rune-staff and the modern almanac which have preserved this figure, have always been held in a mystic veneration, for which it is hard to account without some such explanation."

"I will, as briefly as possible, give you some idea of the significance of the symbols you have mentioned, and their relation to the three most vital functions of the body. As you see," Alice continued, "the symbol of the Virgin marks the abdominal region, which the ancients held as the seat of the soul. In this function of the body all its virgin essences are compounded. This is the theatre of Nature's profoundest and most hidden mysteries; for in her human chemical laboratory, no less than in her material laboratory, are formed and re-formed those subtle life forces which are to be placed at man's disposal, and which furnish the motive power of all his physical activities. These were held as the secret parts in every sense, and hence always studied in their animal sacrifices by the augurs and diviners. In the month of September, which is dominated by the sign of the Virgin, just so does mother Nature produce, or bring forth in her ripened grains and fruits, the stored life forces which she is ever concentrating that she may again diffuse. Fittingly does the seed-bearing Virgin govern the month where Nature, in her great laboratory, has formed and re-formed those virgin essences or elements that are to enter into the new life of the human family, as principles of energy and action. The winged woman of the zodiac, she who bears the seed, is the symbol of the soul, that subtle chemist who presides over the human crucible, fashioning the new and more refined body for which the soul is ever striving. In the

sun's great cycle, the stay of our luminary in Virgo marked the Christ-age of the world, that incarnation of truth which is ever virgin born. This was Nature's gestating period, for involution must always precede evolution.

The next sign, or that of the Lion, marks the function of the heart, the seat of the spiritual activities. This organ, as we know, dominates both the physical and the spiritual life of man, because here is not only the life fountain and source, but also the seat of the emotions, desires, and aspirations. The attitude of the heart is also the attitude of the spirit. This sovereign function is fittingly typified by the king of beasts, who, like the heart, dominates the whole animal kingdom. The Lion, whose thirst has passed into a proverb, is thus a symbol of love, which is a thirst for the springs of life. Not without significance is the Lion the sign of August, the period of dog-days' heat, when nature is also athirst. When the sun, like a leaping lion, descends upon the standing grain, bursting every fetter, and setting free the finer principle or spirit which is the essential substance of all things. In the great cycle, the sun's stay in the symbol of the Lion marked the Golden, or Heart Age, which brought upon the stage of action the lion-hearted race, or the deathless gods that reigned of yore. Here in the sun's sign of the Lion originated *Is Ra El*, or the over-shadowed people; for man, like the great luminary, reached his highest altitude in the heart sign, the point of his full ascension. Not without import is it that Leonis, the heart-star of the Lion, was the original solstitial limit; and this is not only of the sun, but also of the son.

"The last of the three more vital signs is that of the Crab, which marks the breast or breathing function. This, as we know, is inseparably connected with the action of the heart. Cancer, or the Crab, is the symbol of the *inspiring* and *expiring* function by which the life stream is aerated and kept pure. The lobe-shaped, or lobulated organs of respiration are fittingly typified by the Crab, whose whole mechanism is a breathing apparatus. Every species of crustacea, and every oak leaf as well, is telling the story of this sign. July, or the month expressed by the Crab, is Nature's respirational period, when she is absorbing into all her air vessels the life element. Consequently it is the season of atmospheric disturbances, because of Nature's *in-flatus* and *ef-flatus*. The symbol Cancer was the sun's station in the period of the Silver or Inspirational Age, when Nature, indeed, nourished her children at her breast. This marked that stage of involution when the divine *in-flatus* went out, and the physical came in; for here man became an *expiring* as well as an *inspiring* creature, for death had been unknown in the previous, or heart age. This was man's great solstice, as well as the sun's. Very properly does the Crab typify that age whose flood-tide, in receding, left man upon the shores of time, and subject to the mutations of matter into which he had now come. From this point commenced his declension of the verb, to be. Like the sun in Cancer, so did the race here start upon another round of the circle. Imperfect aeration of the higher or heart life, was the Cancer of the breast age, making man mortal, instead of immortal, as he was created. This is the story of the fall, which was followed by the flood, for both had a material, no less than a spiritual, expression."

Alice ceased speaking, and for several moments her brother did not respond. After a time, he said: —

"Are these three central signs more arcane in their significance than the others?"

"The whole twelve are equally mystical in their teaching; but these three are as vital to the higher life of man as are the functions which they mark necessary to the physical life of the body."

"I am reminded," said Hugh, "of the double-tongued Phœnicians, the so-called *Punic* race, from which we get our word *pun*. They doubtless had this knowledge, and came into disrepute later from this very fact. Where do you take the sun to be now?" he presently asked. "In which one of the symbols, of course I mean. The phrase 'taking the sun,' so common in nautical parlance, is, it seems, a significant one."

"The sun's present position is in Aquarius, the symbol of the outpouring. Its stay in a sign is something over two thousand years, as you know."

I have not the space to notice further this interesting and unique work, which comes from the pen of a scholarly lady who has made symbolisms and astronomy a special study, and who is profoundly convinced that she has found a key to the solution of problems of the greatest value to humanity. The author presupposes that the reader possesses a fair knowledge of astronomy, and is reasonably well versed in the legends and myths of ancient times, and this will make it difficult for many general readers to follow her. Those who wish to understand this book should read some good astronomy, and also have at hand a mythological dictionary. Many persons who are disciples of modern evolutionary thought will view this work with contempt, but the world also once scorned Galileo.

The volume is bound in cloth, and, in addition to the frontispiece, is illustrated by two full-page zodiacal charts. B. O. FLOWER.

MY UNCLE BENJAMIN.*

Wit and humor are universal. They are found among all nations, and have added a zest to life at all ages; but there has never been a common, international standard by which to measure their force.

The humor of one century falls flat in the next, and the help of a scholar is required to interpret it to the modern reader. One nationality cannot catch the witticisms of another, and the humor is lost in translation. Mark Twain's story of the jumping frog, translated into French, lost all trace of humor, so that even Mr. Clemens himself could only find it funny by re-translating the French version and placing it by the side of the original.

In "My Uncle Benjamin" the wit and humor of the Frenchman who wrote it in 1840, is translated for English readers in 1890. The translation, as such, is a superb one, showing a complete mastery of the spirit of both languages; but to translate the satire and sarcasm of half a century ago from French to the English of to-day, is a daring enterprise at best.

Granting the estimation in which the author was held by Charles Mouselet to be shared by all his countrymen, and supposing that every word the translator has quoted in his preface came true, is it not assuming too much to expect the same enthusiasm outside *La Belle France*, and for a translation at that?

The book will never appeal to the average modern reader of English literature who is not familiar with the works of all countries and all ages, and so at home in all eras and among any surroundings. One who is thus cosmopolitan in literature will enjoy and appreciate the delightful humor and cutting sarcasm of "My Uncle Benjamin," and will know how to account for the strange personalities, and excuse the somewhat

* "My Uncle Benjamin." By Claude Tillier. Pp. 312, with colored frontispiece. Price, $1.25. Published by ARENA PUBLISHING COMPANY.

broad situations introduced by the author. The fastidious modern reader would be shocked with chapters eight and nine; while one who is familiar with the literature of half a century ago knows that such situations as here described were highly appreciated by the very best class of readers of that time. To one who is not familiar with French customs and habits of thought of fifty years ago, there will not seem to be a spark of comicality in the attempt of Benjamin's sister to bring about a marriage between him and a girl whom he has never seen, and whose father he detests as a quack; nor will he find the disinclination to pay his tailor's bills laughable, though to one who knows how the people in the learned professions, at that time, scorned the artisans, the pictures of them will seem delightfully fresh and accurate.

The passages in which Uncle Benjamin philosophizes upon duelling, the functions of prisoners, etc., etc., are exquisitely humorous and sarcastic. His argument that it "is better to condemn ten innocent men, than to acquit one guilty one," is a specimen of the humor and fine satire of the whole book.

At these words all the guests raised a great outcry against my uncle.

"No, indeed," cried my uncle, "I am not joking, and this subject is not one to excite laughter. I express a firm, powerful, and long-settled conviction. The whole city pities the innocent man who mounts the scaffold. The newspapers resound with lamentations, and your poets take him for the martyrs of their dramas. But how many innocent men perish in your rivers, on your highways, in the depths of your mines, or even in your workshops, torn to pieces by the ferocious teeth of your machinery, those gigantic animals that seize a man by surprise and swallow him before your eyes. Yet their death hardly tears an exclamation from you. You pass by, and a few steps further on you think no more about it. . . . Why this indifference for one, and this superabundance for the other? Why ring one's funeral knell with a little bell, and the other's with a big one? Is a mistaken judge a more terrible accident than an overturned stage coach or a disarranged machinery? . . . Undoubtedly it is not agreeable to go to the scaffold for another; and I, who speak to you, admit that, if the thing should happen to me, I would be very much put out. But in relation to society, what is this little blood that the executioner sheds? A drop of water that oozes from a reservoir. An innocent man condemned by a judge, is a consequence of the distribution of justice, as the fall of a carpenter from a housetop is a consequence of the fact that man shelters himself under a roof. . . . Moreover, the condemnation of an innocent man is a rare thing. It marks an epoch in the annals of justice. It is almost impossible that a fortuitous concourse of circumstances should so unite against a man as to overwhelm him with charges which he cannot disprove. . . . Besides, the death of an innocent man is only an individual misfortune, while the acquittal of a guilty man is a public calamity. Crime listens at the door of your court-room; it knows what goes on inside; it applauds you when through exaggerated caution it sees you acquit a guilty man, for it is crime that you acquit. . . . You applaud yourselves, good people, at having saved an innocent man from the axe, but you have caused twenty to die by the dagger."

Readers who can appreciate the fine humor which pervades this passage will find the purchase of the book a good investment.

But those who read merely to kill time and to be thrilled or amused by a plot, at the end of which the hero and heroine are happily married, are hereby solemnly warned not to buy, nor even to attempt to read, "My Uncle Benjamin." It will not pay. SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

Esau; or, The Banker's Victim.*

In T. A. Bland's "Esau" we have another story with a purpose. It is a vivid picture of war, love, and injustice, highly dramatic at times. The tragic fate of the hero, though told in simple language, is very vivid. The arraignment of our present unjust and iniquitous financial system, which is so rapidly eating into the happiness and independence of a great people, is brought home with terrible force. As a story, "Esau" is richly worth reading. As a chapter in the history of our republic, it has additional interest. As a vigorous protest against an iniquity which to-day is pressing with crushing weight upon millions of struggling souls, it is worthy of perusal by every thoughtful American. The opening chapters describe Esau and Jacob, two brothers (and by the way it is interesting to know that the story is history rather than fiction). Esau has bought out his brother's interest in the father's farm, giving his note at ten per cent interest for it. Jacob is in business in the town near to the farm. He is a shrewd, calculating man of the world, who in business knows no relative or friend. When the call for troops is heard, Esau feels it his duty to respond. The following is a picture of his bidding farewell to his brother, which will give an idea of the simple but effective style of the author: —

Esau Lindley called at once at his brother's store, and said to him: —

"Jacob, I have enlisted, and must arrange my affairs in short order, and bid wife and children good-by for three months. Heaven grant it may not be for ever! And, Jacob, I want you to promise me that you will look after my affairs and my family while I am gone."

"All right, Esau, I will see that your family don't want for anything, and that your farm is managed as well as it can be in your absence."

"Thank you, brother, and now good by; for I must be off for home to tell the news to wife and little ones. I rather dread that job, for women are afraid of war. It seems dreadful to them. Clara is braver than I am and fully as patriotic, but I've an idea that it takes a higher order of courage to enable a wife to send her husband to the front than it does for him to go."

"Good-by, Esau, and may you soon return covered with glory. But I think you are foolish to leave your farm and family, when there's plenty of men who have nothing to hold them back."

"But, Jake, such fellows have nothing to fight for. They have no such stake in the country as we have."

"There is plenty of 'em would go for the excitement and the pay, especially the pay."

"But such soldiers would not be worth much, brother. One intelligent, patriotic soldier is worth a dozen hirelings."

Very dramatic and intensely interesting are many of the situations in this story, which deals with the war, with love, and with the struggle of honest, simple-hearted nobility with avarice and cunning. In Esau, Mr. Bland has typified the great, noble-souled, simple-hearted, patriotic, industrious, and sober millions of America, who are day by day growing poorer, in spite of their heroic struggles; growing poorer, as they inevitably must, so long as the cruel class laws and special privileges

* "Esau; or, The Banker's Victim." By T. A Bland. Paper, pp. 102. Price, 25 cents. Published by Arena Publishing Company.

granted to the favored few disgrace the statute books of a great republic. I know many of the salaried servants of plutocracy sneeringly dismiss this statement, that the people are growing poorer, as merely a calamity cry, and as not strictly true. Nevertheless, every honest man who investigates for himself knows, and knows beyond all peradventure of doubt, that this is the simple fact. And while touching upon this point, let us note a significant statement *made in* 1865 by Hugh McCulloch, secretary of the Treasury: "*The people are now comparatively free from debt*," declared the secretary. To-day, on the other hand, Mr. Porter's census reveals the startling fact that not only Kansas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas are blanketed with mortgages (Nebraska alone shows, it is said, 78 per cent of the improved farms under the shadow of the fatal mortgage), but such old and heretofore considered rich states as Ohio also present figures well calculated to startle every thoughtful person. For a generation the aggregate wealth of the nation has been growing at a marvellous rate. The industrial fortunes of a few scores of shrewd, law-protected, and specially privileged individuals have grown to hitherto undreamed-of proportions. But the condition of the industrial millions has steadily, slowly, but surely, grown more and more hopeless. The people have allowed themselves to become the willing tools of the demagogical politicians, who have inflamed their hate with sectional agitation; have frightened them with the once discarded and worn-out tariff issue, but in recent years resurrected as essential to secure spoils on the one hand, and to divert the attention of the masses from the real vital issues on the other. Party platforms have long since become a tissue of meaningless platitudes and dishonest evasions of real issues. In the meantime the condition of millions of toilers has steadily grown more and more deplorable. That we are now nearing a crisis, is probable. That free institutions are menaced by capitalists as they were never menaced by openly declared war by foreign lands, is apparent to thoughtful students of politics to-day, who have not fallen under the spell of the golden calf. Mr. Bland's book will do much to aid the toiler to see one great wrong which has been perpetrated. It would be well if social gatherings of the people could be had, where this thrilling story should be read aloud. To me, the most hopeful sign of the present disturbed times is the rapid multiplication and extensive circulation of such works as "Esau."

B. O. FLOWER.

COLUMBUS AND BEATRIZ.*

A well-written story, chaste, interesting, and to a certain degree instructive. I am compelled to qualify this last observation, owing to the doubt I entertain as to the tenability of the ground taken by the author in her representation of Beatriz as the wife of Columbus. The evidence upon this question is at best of a very uncertain character, and to my

* "Columbus and Beatriz." A novel, by Constance Goddard du Bois. Cloth, pp. 298. Price, $1.00. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.

mind the weight is against rather than in favor of the author's position. Otherwise the picture of Columbus and his wanderings is doubtless as faithful as can be drawn with the facts at hand. The story from the opening pages is exceedingly interesting, possessing the fascination always present in a well-written historical novel, dealing with characters which are the common heritage of civilization, and around which shines the splendor of undying fame. The character of Beatriz, as drawn by our author, is noble and womanly. The wealth of affection and the long years of anxiety and sorrow experienced by the heroine, draw deeply upon the sympathy of the reader, making him realize that the author of the romance possesses considerable power. B. O. FLOWER.

A STUDY OF GREEK PHILOSOPHY.*

Ellen M. Mitchell, who writes most interestingly on "The Woman's Club as a School of Philosophy" in this issue of THE ARENA, is the author of a volume entitled "A Study of Greek Philosophy," which is the best work for general students I have ever read. It is a popular treatise, in which we find most charmingly presented a discussion of the various schools of Greek thought, with biographical sketches of their chief representatives from Thales to Proctus. The wonderful fascination felt by scholarly minds for Greece, the strange spell which hovers like a mystic atmosphere over her hills, is chiefly due to the intellectual treasures which her philosophers have given the world. In this brilliant volume the reader is necessarily introduced to such master minds as Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Zeno, and Epicurus. The work is clear, crisp, compact; it is not tiresome, as are so many works of a kindred nature. Mrs. Mitchell possesses in a rare degree the power to present entertainingly more or less abstract subjects; and the deep study, which only comes from a profound love of a subject, has given her the knowledge essential to so skilful a presentation. To those who have a taste for philosophy I can heartily recommend this admirable volume.

B. O. FLOWER.

THE GODDESS OF ATVATABAR.†

The most remarkable creation of the imagination of recent years is found in Mr. Wm. R. Bradshaw's idealistic romance, "The Goddess of Atvatabar." In this story the author takes us into a new world, or rather into the interior of our world, where, instead of a realm of gloom, he gives us perpetual day, as this new world is lit by an interior sun. The hero sails from the north pole, and, succeeding in penetrating the mighty walls of ice by virtue of some great natural convulsion, at length finds his vessel sailing into the interior world. Here the author finds a field where he can give full play to his imagination; and in the suc-

* "A Study of Greek Philosophy." By Ellen M. Mitchell, with an introduction by Professor Wm. R. Alger. Cloth, pp. 310, price, $1.25. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, Ill.

† "The Goddess of Atvatabar." By Wm. R. Bradshaw. Cloth, pp. 318, 44 illustrations, price, $2.00. Published by J. F. Douthitt, 286 Fifth Avenue, New York.

ceeding chapters, which are both interesting and filled with stimulating thought and noble ideas, we have the finest piece of imaginative work of many decades. The book has been compared by critics to Jules Verne's creations; but in many respects I think it is superior to the works of the great Frenchman. The author holds that in this story he has not gone beyond the possibility of science. What we know, he rightly observes, is only a fragmentary part of what is to be learned. He continues:—

"This book is not merely an imaginative excursion into the centre of the earth, but above and beyond this it is a bold excursion into the unexplored ocean of possible truth that lies beyond the present grasp of our senses. It is made up of the science which is and that which is to be. I do not limit myself, like Jules Verne, to a courtyard where I have a a whole continent to range upon, and who can tell that the most extravagant idea of the imagination may not be realized some time in the future? Man has all eternity before him to achieve the most miraculous powers.

"The idea of a hollow earth may seem absurd to some readers, because we know that matter, being mutually attractive, the centre of the earth is the point of attraction for its entire mass; but it is quite possible for centrifugal force to overbalance gravity to any extent, and maintain an interior ocean upon the hollow shell, such as I have supposed to exist; and, if it can be proven mathematically that the actual speed of the earth on its axis is insufficient to support this interior sea, we have only to suppose that the earth's speed is increased to the degree necessary to actually support this physical condition. The rings of Saturn are an illustration of vast bodies of matter supported by centrifugal force high above the body of the planet that attracts them, and the solar system itself is an open globe wherein a centrifugal force keeps the planets away from the centre. Thus, the idea of a ship being able to sail down a 'hole in the sea' is, or may be, a scientific truth.

"As to flowers that sing, and soul-created jewels and islands, where is the man that can prove that such floral development is impossible, or that such powers cannot be achieved by the human soul some time in the endless hereafter? The development of the highest man, as compared with the jelly fish, is a greater miracle than the speculations of my book are beyond the present powers of the human soul."

The story, as I have observed, displays a remarkably vivid imagination on the part of the author. It will prove fascinating to lovers of tales of adventure, especially those which transcend the ordinary and which stimulate the imagination. The illustrations are in keeping with the strange contents, and are admirably executed. B. O. FLOWER.

SONGS OF THE PEOPLE.*

This is the general title of a series of songs published in sheet music

*These songs in sheet music are published and for sale by the Alliance Publishing Company, Lincoln, Neb.: "The Workers' Battle Hymn of Freedom," 35c.; "Truth's Approaching Triumph," 30c.; "God Save the People," 30c.; "We Have the Tariff Yet," 35c.; "Jay Gould's Modest Wants," 35c.; "The Millennium March," 35c.; "The Taxpayers Settle the Bills," 35c.; "Right Shall Reign," 25c.; "Get off the Earth," 35c.; "The Coal Baron's Song," 25c.; "The Money Power Arraigned," 35c.; "That Honest Dollar," 35c.; "A Politician Here You See," 35c.; "Losses and Lies," 35c.; "The Weakest Must go to the Wall," 35c.; "Songs of America," 35c.

by the Alliance Publishing Company of Lincoln, Neb., which will doubtless prove quite an important factor in the coming campaign. They have been written by George Howard Gibson, the music being the work of Professor J. L. Frank of the Nebraska Conservatory, Professor Hubert J. W. Seamark of Lincoln, Neb., and Mr. W. H. Hohmann. The prices of the different songs range from twenty-five to thirty-five cents each. Few people appreciate the power of simple, heart-felt songs on the great toiling millions. It was the singing of such songs as "America" and the "Star Spangled Banner" at all recruiting meetings in the North which, more than aught else, fired the people and rapidly filled the ranks of volunteers in the early days of the rebellion. The songs just issued for the industrial millions will, if we mistake not, add tens of thousands of votes to the ranks of the reform or People's Party throughout the West and South. It has been the wont of our Eastern press to sneer at and, in ways anything but manly and honorable, seek to belittle the great moral protest of the industrial millions of to-day—a protest which rings with sincerity and honesty, and behind which is the unquenchable moral enthusiasm of an aroused people. Whatever else may be said of the People's Party, no one can justly apply the epithet so recently applied by a distinguished Republican senator to both the old parties, "Organized Hypocrisy"; nor is it an organized appetite for the "spoils of office." The protest of a great people against legalized wrongs, against the bonds of the usurer and the beneficiaries of class legislation, merits at least fair treatment; and it is largely because of the systematic misrepresentation, the unmanly abuse, and widespread injustice accorded this movement of toilers, that THE ARENA has taken the pains to fairly present the cardinal demands of the movement and various facts relating to it, which could nowhere else among influential, high-priced journals secure a hearing. THE ARENA has ever demanded justice for all thought; and when it has found organized opposition seeking to prostrate the weak, the new, or the unconventional, it has thrown open its pages, that thoughtful people might at least hear the plea of the persecuted thought, which conservatism and conventionalism sought to exile. Following this line of action, and because we believe our readers will be interested in the songs which the people are singing, we give below some selections from Mr. Gibson's composition. The following verses are taken from "Toilers' Battle Hymn of Freedom," and are intended to be sung to the soul-thrilling tune of the "Marseillaise."

Sons of America, defenders
Of Freedom and of deathless Right,
Again the Lord of Sabaoth tenders
"A sword," a sword, and bids you fight!
Behold the poor and hear their cries!
Behold the poor and hear their cries!
Shall tyrants drag them bound in fetters
Of cursed law, which keeps them slaves,
And even grudge them land for graves?
Shall workers be perpetual debtors?

Unite, unite, ye just!
The sword of truth draw forth!
Advance, advance with mighty tread
From west and south and north!

Here, here where Liberty first lightened,
And freedom spoken shook the world,
Where hope for all the humble brightened,
And mightiest kings were backward hurled —
Lo here, where equal rights are pledged,
Lo here, where equal rights are pledged,
Are kings with all their brood of curses!
In this broad land by blood made free,
Dependent millions bend the knee
And plead with tears for sovereign mercies!

CHORUS — Unite, etc.

They claim the ways which commerce uses,
As bold highwaymen robbing all;
They hold exchange, and each refuses
Its use till all before them fall!
The people now are ruled by gold!
The people now are ruled by gold!
But shall we here be made the minions
Of kings, on freedom's sacred soil,
And yield them wealth by slavish toil,
Content to wear their galling pinions!

CHORUS — Unite, etc.

Here is a song entitled "Truth's Approaching Triumph," suggested by the phrase from Milton's "Paradise Lost," "Far off His coming shone."

O Truth, thou approachest with blessing,
The shadows are fleeing away,
The light of the dawn is increasing,
And evil slinks back from the day!
As a bridegroom that leaveth his chamber
Rejoicing in strength for the race,
Thou comest! thou comest! thou comest!
And heaven is seen in thy face!

Its glory has gilded the mountains;
And soon, where the Spoiler has trod,
We shall follow thy feet to the fountains
And beautiful gardens of God.

Thou art "publishing peace" to the nation,
And helping the poor to be free;
Thou art preaching a present salvation
From every injustice men see.
Thy face is a terror to tyrants,
It withers their strength, and they fall;
But to those who are under oppression
It seemeth the fairest of all.

Thou teachest the folly of fighting,
The waste of competitive strife;
Thou showest the need of uniting
In equal, industrial life.

Thou shamest the pride of the classes
Who prey on the severed and weak; —
Thy light is a light for the masses,
A hope for the poor and the meek.

The "Honest Dollar" about which the magnates of Wall Street and the money lenders of to-day have so much to say, is thus touched upon in another of Mr. Gibson's songs. We quote two stanzas: —

THAT HONEST DOLLAR.

Wall and Lombard streets still rule us,
Give the law and hold the laurels,
Even name the men to fool us,
And arrange the party quarrels.
Men may choose which side to light on,
Tariff high, or tariff lower;
Matters not which one they fight on,
Since to Wall Street both must cower.

Hear the office-seekers holler,
Who have on the Wall Street collar!
Big and little, large and smaller,
All demand "an honest dollar"!

Congress sleeps while tariff speeches,
Year by year each side delivers —
Punch and Judy show in breeches.
But observe how Congress quivers
At the sight of silver nearing.
All the dogs of war awaken;
And the Shylock power appearing,
Party lines are swept and taken!
Not our honest silver measure,
Not the greenback legal tenders,
But the bankers' yellow treasure,
Dollars owned by money lenders.
Dollars few, and for the wealthy —
They have killed and mangled others —
Silver's stab was swift and stealthy,
And they burned their greenback brothers.

Another song which breathes the new vital spirit which is thrilling millions of hearts at the present time, is entitled

THE MILLENNIUM MARCH.

We have seen the form of JUSTICE in his glorious fiery car,
And the day divine that follows, which the prophets saw afar.
We've enlisted in the army for the great and final war;
Every wrong shall be uncovered, and be seen and called by name,
For the earth is being lightened, and the evil hides in shame;
The oppressors flee in terror, when they meet the searching flame,
And truth shall ever shine.
Oh! ye overburdened millions, there's a better day for you;
"They who build shall yet inhabit, they who plant shall have their due;"
By uniting we shall conquer, and dethrone the lordly few,
And each shall be a man.

Here is a song which breathes the spirit of the new democracy, the coming brotherhood: —

"God save the king," so were the people taught
Till Freedom came to earth, to sing alone,
They lived, they died, — they suffered, sweat, and fought,
To please a despot, and advance a throne;
But now we sing,
God save *the people*, the common people!
God save, God save the people!

"Call no man master, — ye are brethren all:"
This word of truth dethrones all earthly kings.
And so we stand erect where slaves would fall;
We bow alone to Him who freedom brings,
And ever shout,
God save the people, the common people!
God save, God save the people!

The feudal barons built on heights of power
Their castles, ruling all the country round;
The robber barons now, by deed and dower,
The working poor throughout the land have bound,
But armed we shout,
God save the people, the common people!
God save, God save the people!

Another song, entitled "Get off the Earth," was suggested to the author by a recent news item, stating that the Landlords' Association of Boston had blacklisted, for mutual benefit, one thousand two hundred of their poorest tenants. The first verse and chorus are as follows: —

No trespass here! Get off the earth!
You own no land upon it;
You've lost for aye your right of birth,
And we, by might, have won it.
We landlords all have got you down
A list of poorest tenants.
So climb the air, or jump and drown,
And thus do dying penance.

Get off, get off, get off the earth:
Our titles prove we own it.
Get off, get off, get off the earth,
We can't have tramps upon it.

These extracts give the reader an idea of the campaign songs which will be sung by hundreds of thousands of people at great picnics, which will be held all over the West and South between now and November.

BOOK CHAT.

"The Rise of the Swiss Republic," which will be reviewed in these columns next month, is a book which every student of American history should possess. It is a large four-hundred page volume, printed in pica type, with wide margin and richly bound. It contains a large colored map and a full-page portrait of the author. It is the only really comprehensive history of Switzerland published in this country, and, being written in a clear, forcible style, will interest while it instructs the reader. Price, $3.00, sent post-paid.

McClurg & Co. of Chicago have recently issued, in a handsome cloth-bound volume, the most choice writings of Charles Lamb. It is a volume which should find a place in every library where good books are appreciated. Price, $1.00. Address the publisher.

"The Nassau Literary Magazine," published by the Senior Class of Princeton College, thus refers to the lectures of Mr. Savage in his "Irresistible Conflict Between Two World Theories:" "They constitute a bold and powerful plea for theism. They are frank and candid, and free from bitterness. They are marked by the vigor of one who is firmly convinced of the truth of his cause. They are pregnant utterances, full of suggestion. He says Dr. Abbott's position is untenable; that he tries to reconcile the irreconcilable; that the conflict between orthodoxy and evolution is irrepressible. Mr. Savage outlines the religion of the future, which he conceives to be a theism based on evolution. The following passage will give a hint of the beauty of his style and his general trend of thought:—

"And what of the future? Does evolution cast a gloom over that? Does evolution take away the hope of heaven? O friends, I find it hard to understand with what brains people think, with what hearts they feel, when they can even hint a comparison between the promises of the two. The old theory simply promises us a horror from which the sense of justice recoils, and which shrivels in its fires the tenderness of human hearts, even of those who are redeemed. Evolution does not take away heaven; it only wakens the race from the dreams of the horrors of the old heaven and the old hell. Evolution opens for us vistas of eternal progress, star-lighted pathways that lead on and on in light, in truth, in joy, in peace, in service, forever and forever."

A recent issue of the Omaha *World Herald* contains the following notice of "Lessons Learned from Other Lives":—

B. O. Flower, the talented editor of The Arena, has just published a little book of brief sketches of the lives of some of those who have "left footprints on the sands of time," under the caption of "Lessons Learned from Other Lives." It is written with a noble purpose, and some of the passages in it are almost sublime in their grandeur of language. The lives treated of are very varied. For instance, Mr. Flower tells us some interesting facts about the ancient philosophers, Seneca and Epictetus; the brave and angelic warrior maid, Joan of Arc; the grand statesman, Henry Clay; the great actors, Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson; the tuneful poets, John Howard Payne, William Cullen Bryant, Edgar Allan Poe, Alice Cary, Phœbe Cary, John Greenleaf Whittier; the famous scientist, Alfred Russel Wallace, and the many sided genius, Victor Hugo. It is a splendid book, and should be in the hands of every boy and girl who can read English.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"A Young Woman Journalist—Julia Ames," by Frances E. Willard and Isabel Somerset. Cloth, pp. 240. Published by the Woman's Temperance Publishing Association, Chicago.

"In the City by the Lake," by Blanche Fearing. Cloth, pp. 192; price, $1.25. Published by Searle & Gorton, 69 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

"Born of Flame," by Mrs. Margaret B. Peeke. Cloth, pp. 299. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

"Ground Arms," by Bertha Von Suttner. Cloth, pp. 286; price, $1.00. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"The Best Letters of Charles Lamb," by Edward Gilpin Johnson. Cloth, pp. 336; price, $1.00. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"Columbus and Beatriz," by Constance Goddard du Bois. Cloth, pp. 297; price, $1.00. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"Why I'm Single," by Albert Ross. Paper, pp. 360; price, 50 cents. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York.

"On Calvary." Anonymous. Paper; price, 50 cents. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York.

"Estelle," by Mrs. Annie Edwardes. Paper; price, 25 cents. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York.

"Rose Mather," by Mary J. Holmes. Paper; price, 25 cents. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York.

"A Chit of Sixteen," by Miriam Coles Harris. Paper; price, 25 cents. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York.

"John G. Whittier," by Wm. Sloane Kennedy. Cloth, pp. 330; price, $1.50. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

"Higher Criticism in Theology and Religion," by Thomas Ellwood Longshore. Cloth, pp. 533. Published by Truth Seeker Company, New York.

"Travels in Faith from Tradition to Reason," by Robert C. Adams. Paper, pp. 238. Published by Truth Seeker Company, New York.

"Pulpit, Pew, and Cradle," by Helen H. Gardener. Paper, pp. 30; price, 10 cents. Published by Truth Seeker Company, New York.

"Infidel Death Beds," by G. W. Foote. Paper, pp. 98; price, 25 cents. Published by Truth Seeker Company, New York.

"Was Christ Crucified?" by Austin Bierbower. Paper, pp. 24; price, 10 cents. Published by Truth Seeker Company, New York.

"Who Pays Your Taxes?" by Bolton Hall. Cloth, pp. 239. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"The Columbus of Literature," by W. F. C. Wigston. Cloth, pp. 217. Published by F. J. Schulte & Co., 298 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

"Told in the Gate," by Arlo Bates. Cloth, pp. 215; price, $1.25. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston.

"A Common Mistake," by Jeanne M. Howell. Paper, pp. 290. Published by the Price McGill Company, St. Paul, Minn.

"A Dead Man's Diary," by Coulson Kernahan. Published by Ward, Lock, Bowden & Co., London.

"Onoqua," by Frances C. Sparhawk. Paper, pp. 263; price, 50 cents. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

A FALLEN LEADER.

LEONIDAS L. POLK.*

BY NEITH BOYCE.

Not for him the warrior's blood-stained bays,
Nor martial pageant, nor memorial shaft
Sculptured with names of dear-bought victories.
Yet he fell fighting, as a hero falls,
In the front of battle, face unto the foe.
But he fought not to spill life but to save;
To wrest from the all-clutching hands of greed
The hard-earned meed of labor; to set free
The toiling millions from their galling bonds.
He championed the weak. Nay — not the weak!
The strong — till now unconscious of their strength —
Who yet shall rise in mighty majesty
And make new laws to give them back their own!

True patriot, wise leader, noble man —
Not for such as he the formal pomp
And empty show of grief — but, higher far,
A shrine within the sorrowing people's heart
Where love and reverence guard his memory.
And — loftier yet — the honor unexcelled —
A place among the shining band of those
Who have lived, fought, and died for Truth and Right!

* In memory of Leonidas L. Polk, president of the Farmers' Alliance, and apostle of industrial freedom. Died, Washington, D. C., June 11, 1892.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Our Woman's Number.

ONE year ago this month, we made an innovation in review literature by assigning most of the space in the issue to leading women writers. Among the contributors to that issue were Madame Blaze de Bury of Paris, Amelia B. Edwards, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Professor Mary L. Dickinson, Helen Campbell, Sara A. Underwood, Florence Kelley Wischnewetzky, and Will Allen Dromgoole. The innovation proved very popular, and soon found imitation among the leading magazines. With this issue we give a second woman's number, containing important papers from Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Louise Chandler Moulton, Gail Hamilton, Helen H. Gardener, Frances E. Willard, Frances E. Russell, Susan Elston Wallace (wife of General Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur"), and Sara A. Underwood; while in our woman's symposium, which occupies, with illustrations, twenty-nine pages, will be found papers by May Wright Sewall, president of the Woman's Council; Hester M. Poole of the Sorosis of New York; Kate Gannett Wells of Boston; Mary E. Mumford of Philadelphia; Annah Robinson Watson, president of the Nineteenth Century Club of Memphis; Katharine Nobles of New Orleans; Mary E. Boyce, late president of the Ruskin Club of Los Angeles; Ellen M. Mitchell, author of "A Study of Greek Philosophy"; Dr. Julia Holmes Smith of Chicago; Louise Chandler Moulton, and Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. The next issue will also be a number of special interest to women, owing to several special features we have in view, in addition to the symposium on Woman's Dress Reform elsewhere announced.

The Future of Islam, by Ibn Ishag.

A few years ago the *North American Review* published a notable paper on Islam, signed Ibn Ishag. This contribution excited general interest among scholars of America and Europe. Even the Sultan of Turkey was greatly interested in it. The same gentleman has written a paper for THE ARENA, entitled "The Future of Islam," which is being translated by one of the most eminent Persian scholars of our day. We hope to present it to our readers in the September or October ARENA. It will prove the most powerful presentation of the cause of Islam that has ever appeared in English, and will, we think, excite much interest and controversy.

Two Important Educational Papers.

Professor Jos. Rodes Buchanan has prepared for THE ARENA two magnificent papers on Education in its broader significance, the second contribution dealing chiefly with industrial training.

Professor Boughton on Walt Whitman.

We hope to give in our next issue an able paper, prepared for THE ARENA by Professor Willis Boughton, on Walt Whitman and his work.

The Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy.

In this issue we present the second paper in the "Brief for the Plaintiff" in the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. One more paper will appear for the plaintiff, after which the "Brief for the Defendant" will be presented in the strongest possible manner. The third division of this series of papers will be a consensus of opinion by the ablest living Shakespearean scholars. All persons interested in the greatest literary problem of the day will follow this notable series of papers with special interest.

The Presidential Campaign.

In this issue we continue the discussion so ably opened in the July ARENA

by Congressmen Springer, Watson, and Burrows, representing the three parties in Congress. In Gail Hamilton, Congressmen Ellis and Williams, and Senator Kyle the debate is continued by able representatives of the Republican, the Northern and Southern Democratic, and the People's Party. We had hoped to present a paper from a Prohibitionist, but in this have been disappointed.

Astrology in England.

Edgar Lee of London, the author of "Pharaoh's Daughter" and other works, is preparing some papers for THE ARENA on Astrology in London, which will show how extensively persons of rank and caste consult astrologists. These revelations will contain facts interesting and astonishing to many.

Some Important Features for Our Next Issue.

Among the important features which we hope to give our readers in the September issue, will be a third paper by Rev. M. J. Savage on "Psychical Research"; a brilliant autobiographical paper by Mr. James A. Herne, on "Old Stock Days," a thrilling realistic story of the West by a new author who bids fair to stand shoulder to shoulder with our ablest realistic and purposeful writers of the present; a discussion of the "Gold Cure for Consumption," by Henry Wood; a paper by Hon. John Davis, M. C., entitled "Communism of Capital," and "The Future of Islam," by Ibn Ishag. This last paper will be one of the most important theological arguments of the present year.

Professor Buchanan in Kansas.

The press of Kansas City has given a very cordial reception to Professor Buchanan, and his pupils in the College of Therapeutics have been quite enthusiastic in their admiration of his profound teaching. A recent Kansas City *Journal* says: —

The following declaration of sentiments was presented to Professor Buchanan, signed by all the members of the class, at the closing meeting of the College of Therapeutics, and the sentiments are similar to those which have been expressed for many years by his students:

"We, the students attending the fourteenth session of the College of Therapeutics (in Kansas City), hereby unite in expressing our gratitude to Professor Buchanan for the great ability and kindness with which he has imparted his profound knowledge in the course of instruction just ended. This instruction, notwithstanding its profound nature, was given with great simplicity and frankness. His great and wonderful discoveries, developing therapeutic sarcognomy, psychometry, and the true electro-therapeutics, have been not only imparted in a lucid and eloquent manner with fascinating interest, but demonstrated by experiment at every step.

"We cannot, in this brief testimonial, do justice to so grand a subject as the revelation of a new science which introduces a revolution in therapeutics, fraught with incalculable blessings to mankind, and a still greater revolution in philosophy and the elements of human progress; but we can and do express our reverence and love for the leading philosopher of this century, which future ages will express more fully, when they shall have realized the unrivalled magnitude of his contributions to human progress and welfare.

"In saying this, we are but repeating what has often been thought and said by the readers of his four great and deeply interesting works; viz., 'Therapeutic Sarcognomy,' 'Manual of Psychometry,' 'System of Anthropology,' and the 'New Education.'"

To appreciate the full meaning of this indorsement by the physicians and others attending his course, it should be borne in mind that therapeutic sarcognomy is a scientific revelation of the entire relations of the soul, brain, and body, and the exact location of all the functions of life, not only localizing all the psychic and physiological functions of the brain, but completing a similar location of all the vital forces of the body and their exact sympathy with those of the brain, making this expanded biology the basis of a new therapeutic treatment of disease, all of which he demonstrates by experiments with electricity on the students present, removing every doubt. This new science is embodied in his magnificent volume entitled "Therapeutic Sarcognomy," and his entire system of anthropology he is now preparing for the press.

Our Symposium on Women's Clubs.

Never before has there been published in a review so important a symposium on Women's Clubs as appears in this issue of THE ARENA. Many of the foremost women in club work, as well as writers of world-wide eminence, contribute to this important theme. The subjects discussed also give a many-sided view of the subject, which will prove in many ways helpful and inspiring. THE ARENA has ever recognized the fact that through woman's elevation and emancipation, more than through any other channel, will civilization realize the lofty ideal which is haunting the best thought of our age.

Anything which hampers or impedes the onward march of woman in this, her dawning cycle, will retard the world's progress. It is for this reason we have ever advocated a bold, fearless agitation of the problem of woman's dress reform, as we believe the bondage of fashion hampers woman, exerting a degrading and slavish influence upon her, and also because we feel that in emancipation from the tyranny of senseless, antiquated, conventional thought, she will more rapidly move to the place which absolute justice and the higher civilization demand for her.

The Most Notable Symposium on Dress Reform Ever Published.

In the September ARENA will appear the most notable symposium on Dress Reform ever published in a review. It has been prepared under the auspices of the Committee on Dress Reform of the Woman's Council, and to it the following well-known and thoughtful women are among the contributors: May Wright Sewall, president of the National Council of Women of the United States; Frances E. Russell, chairman of the Dress Reform Committee of the National Council; Octavia W. Bates, A. B.; Grace Greenwood; Miss E. M. King, author of important works on women's dress; Annie Jenness Miller, Mrs. Frank Stuart Parker, Elizabeth Smith Miller, and Frances M. Steele. All wide-awake women of the United States, whether they are alive to the importance of this subject, or appreciate its logical bearing on woman's enfranchisement and progress, should carefully read this important symposium.

Dress Reform Movement in the United States.

In this issue of THE ARENA Mrs. Frances E. Russell contributes a valuable historical sketch of the various dress-reform movements of the past among American women, giving the views of a brilliant galaxy of thoughtful women on this important question, which is so intimately related to the broader life and larger freedom, which are daily opening before women in the New World. The movements of the past have necessarily been spasmodic and preliminary. The agitation must needs come before victory can be attained. The John the Baptist ever precedes the Christ. So with woman's dress reform, the past agitations have been preparatory; they could not succeed, for women were too thoroughly under the thrall of conventionalism; too much, to use Helen Gardener's apt phrase, "echoes of echoes." Now, however, a great change has taken place; colleges, professions, occupations, are all throwing open their doors to woman. A new world has opened to her during the past forty years, and with this has come a broader vision, more independent thought, and "a different point of view." The difference between woman's thought to-day and that of fifty years ago, is almost as great as that which marked the chasm between American women half a century ago and the women of the Ottoman Empire. Then our women looked too little outside of the home which marriage offered, and men were very industrious in enforcing Paul's antiquated ideas. Were they not a part of Holy Writ, and how nice it was to have a slave, without the stigma of being a slaveholder! Then women were naturally echoes of their husbands, and life's vision was very circumscribed. To-day in America millions of women are earning independent support, and marriage has ceased to be the only asylum for women. Now women are thinking for

themselves; and though we still have millions of "echoes," especially in the frivolous world of fashion, the change in sentiment and growth in intellectual independence are very marked. Woman is at last awaking to her power, her rights, and the justice she is entitled to. The spasmodic attempts at rational dress reform of the past have now crystallized into a mighty movement, under the auspices of the National Council of Women of the United States, and it is safe to say an agitation has been inaugurated which will grow into a revolution at no distant day.

One of Nature's Noblemen Called from Life.

On June 11 there passed from life one of the noblest souls in public life, the most conspicuous apostle of industrial freedom in America. Mr. L. L. Polk was one of those sincere, honest, and intensely human natures whose love for the oppressed amounts to a passion. I shall never forget the last few moments I passed in his presence, in his offices in Washington. We were within gunshot of the great Capitol, where the sham battle of politics was being waged by professional politicians, and where the same poisonous influence of capitalism, which during the past generation has been potent in wresting from the people a nation's wealth in land grants and subsidies, was still present, exerting its subtle but deadly spell in behalf of what are popularly called the "vested interests," the present popular term for "capitalism." At this time, Colonel Polk, though by no means strong or well, was overmastered by the one great and luminous belief that he should live to see the industrial millions of America emancipated. Had not the agrarian uprising called for such a leader, he doubtless would have lived peacefully in comparative obscurity for many years, for he was by no means an ambitious man. When, however, the call came, when he saw and felt the fact that social conditions were slowly but surely pressing down into a sea of hopeless poverty and tenantry the sober industrial millions of the great republic, he entered the battle with a zeal which burnt out the candle long before he reached the ripe age his noble life merited. He was an exceedingly thoughtful man, an impressive orator, and a true gentleman. The industrial millions of America never had a truer friend or a more able leader. On hearing of his death, Miss Neith Boyce, of THE ARENA office, immediately penned the strong and graceful tribute to his memory which precedes these notices. In this poem Miss Boyce, while placing a memorial wreath over the departed leader's grave, strikes the vital notes of the new "Marseillaise."

Fashion's Slaves.

Yielding to the wishes of hundreds of our readers who have written from all portions of the land, urging us to publish "Fashion's Slaves" in pamphlet form, we have now issued this most interesting paper on fashion and woman's dress reform in a handsome pamphlet. It is printed on coated paper, bound in attractive heavy paper cover, and, as our readers will probably remember, contains six photogravures and twenty-four text cuts, illustrating the reigning fashions for the past thirty years, the effect of following fashion on the health of women, and some graceful wearing apparel. This is the only paper, profusely illustrated, which has been published on this important subject, and the collecting and reproducing of costumes which prevailed in this country during the past three decades, required a long research and a large outlay in cash. The price of this pamphlet, post-paid, is fifteen cents, or two copies for twenty-five cents. A small edition bound in leatherette sells at twenty-five cents a copy. Persons ordering this pamphlet should designate whether they wish the paper or leatherette edition.

The Democracy of Darkness.

No single paper published in THE ARENA since our first issue has attracted more notice from the press than the "Democracy of Darkness" in the June

ARENA. We have also received hundreds of letters from all parts of the country concerning it, which indicate how general is the interest in this great problem. Below I give a communication from Wm. V. Noe of Brooklyn, N. Y., from which our readers will see the author has small faith in the church carrying out the reforms outlined by us in that paper.

RESPECTED SIR: I have read your article "Democracy of Darkness" in June ARENA with profound interest. It should stir the innermost recesses of every soul who has the welfare of humanity at heart.

Your article closes with the momentous question, "What is to be done?" and your answer is pointed on the co-operation of the church, — its systematic organization, its wealth, and its consecrated lives being the motive power which is to set in motion the gigantic scheme which you so comprehensively outline. The scheme is worthy the ambition of an archangel, and yet is within the possibilities of human effort; but, sir, I am afraid your heaven-born desires are doomed to disappointment and your best efforts to end in failure if your only resource is the help of the church. Your plan, at best, would be but tentative.

What has humanity to hope for from an ecclesiastical despotism which claims jurisdiction over the minds and consciences of the race, and which has systematically placed its iron heel on every act, word, or thought which, on its assumption, conflicted with its dogmas, and which now only awaits the opportunity to enforce its edicts by the strong arm of civil authority? *Vide* recent attempts in several states to incorporate ecclesiastical tenets into the common law through legislative enactments; the arrest and imprisonment of a man for keeping the seventh day according to the Scriptures, and for working on Sunday, etc. The church, as an institution, never advances; its career, since the days of Constantine, has been one of oppression and repression, its history written in blood. Art, science, literature, political economy, all that concerns the physical well-being of the race, have achieved their greatest triumphs in direct opposition to her behests, and in many cases in the face of relentless and merciless persecution. It is needless to enter into details which are familiar to every student of history, and neither time nor space would permit such an elaboration. Both the Romish and Protestant churches have their long array of hapless victims, which swell the crimson tide of bigotry and fanaticism. What have you to hope for from such a source? What can you hope for from a system of ethics which pictures God as an avenging Deity? a being who has created a place of eternal torment for seven out of every ten of his children — children brought into existence without any voice in the matter, and, after a painful struggle for a precarious existence of a few brief years on earth, are finally thrust down to hell, to pass an eternity of agony and despair! What can be hoped for from such a system? I speak of the church as an organization, a system of ethics. A glorious company of noble souls have shed a lustre over the pages of her dark history, and have imparted to her a modicum of glory; but as a system she has outlived her usefulness. Ichabod is written on her banners; her glory has departed. There can be no compromise. The conflict between the contending forces of advanced thought and awakened intellect and the conservative and dogmatic elements of the church is irrepressible and mortal, and can only end in the absolute triumph of the struggling masses in their efforts to achieve a victory over the crushing despotism of capital and its concomitant evils — a triumph which will render every other social problem easily solvable, and in which humanity awaits the coming Messiah who shall inaugurate the religion of humanity. The church must, from the very nature of its organic law, oppose and resist with all its power any movement that infringes upon what it claims to be its prerogative; and the enthusiasm and zeal, wealth and influence, which, directed in the interest of struggling humanity, would speedily end the conflict in a triumphant vindication of right and justice, will be directed to the crushing out of any movement which does not square with dogmatic theology. It is only necessary to call to mind the attitude of the church in ante-bellum days on the question of slavery, its bitter denunciation of prominent reformers, its inertia respecting the great questions of the hour, to realize the fact that in any movement of radical reform, no aid can be hoped for in that direction, but that in the coming struggle, the most formidable antagonist will be the church, fortified by the millionnaire capitalists.

We are treading upon the threshold of momentous events. One epoch in the world's history is drawing to a close; another is about to open; great and radical changes await us. Shall the transition be peaceful, or will it be cataclysmal? What will the womb of the nascent future, now travailing in pain, bring forth? There can be no doubt of the outcome: revolutions never go backward; this should be a peaceful one; anarchism should have no part nor lot in it. Some protagonist, some Moses, should arise to conduct the struggling masses through

this Red Sea to the promised land; but whether the transition be peaceful or stormy, the conflict will go on until truth and justice shall be established for all time.

"For freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

Looking beyond the din and smoke of contending forces, we see the bow of peace spanning the heavens, and hear, chanted by angelic voices, the song the angels sung: "Peace on earth, good will to men." In the language of an inspired seer, "The future is glowing with a beautiful radiance, and the scene is one of grandeur and sublimity." If the result does not usher in the dawn of the millennium morn, it will at least go a great way in pushing the race in that direction.

Our Poor Fund.

I regret to say that our receipts for our poor fund have been small during the past two months. Next month I will give a statement of all receipts since our last published record, and shortly will give our regular report of disbursements. Friends, our fund is running very low; do not let us forget our starving, suffering poor in our great cities. Every dollar sent to our fund will be disbursed for those who are actually in need, and there is no expense connected with the disbursement.

A Correction.

Below we give a note correcting an error which crept into Dr. Hartt's paper. At our request Dr. Hartt has prepared the following note:—

In the May number of THE ARENA, on pages 738 and 739, in the article by Henry A. Hartt, M. D., on "Alcohol in its Relation to the Bible," a quotation from a pamphlet issued by the Temperance Publication House of New York, containing a most extravagant vituperation of alcohol, was extended so as to include his criticism upon it; a mistake which he deems it the more important to correct, because, in his view, the criticism involves a solution of the problem of the prominence given to wine in the Bible. The passage should read thus:—

"It has latterly become the fashion in certain circles to denounce alcohol on account of the meanness of its origin. It is, we are told, the offspring of fermentation, and is indebted for its existence to the death of food, and therefore it must be reduced to the lowest grade of venomous and detestable poisons."

The following emphatic language is taken from a pamphlet issued by the Temperance Publication House of New York:—

"Alcohol is not found in nature. God never created a particle of it. . . . Having no legitimate use as a drink or remedy, being a poison and a curse, a deadly enemy to health, peace, and human happiness, a special weapon of warfare against morality, virtue, and Christianity, the production, sale, or purchase of alcohol, giving it to others, or its use as a beverage in the form of spirituous liquors . . . is a blasphemous defiance of Almighty God, a war waged for the frustration of His divine purposes and designs, a violation of every one of the ten commandments and of every precept of the gospel; and it is the blackest and vilest treason against humanity. . . . Alcoholic spirits, wine, or beer can only be produced by the destruction of food.

O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the Scriptures have written! Do ye not know that from the gloom, and agony and ignominy, and death of the cross, life and immortality have sprung to light? Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die."

It is just this fact that wine possesses a stimulating and vitalizing force which has come forth from the death of food which gives it all its prominence and significance in the Bible. It is only thus fitted to become an emblem of that infinite power of beneficence and love, and source of spiritual and eternal life, the blood of a crucified Saviour. In a similar allusive sense, corn and oil are employed throughout the Scriptures—the one to represent His body, the bread of life, of which if any man eat he shall live forever; the other, as shown by the parable of the ten virgins, to denote His grace.

In the light of this interpretation, with what interest do we look back upon the whole field of Jewish history! What a halo of splendor encircles the brow of Melchizedek, the King of Peace, as he comes forth with bread and wine to meet the august representative of the system of typical sacrifices and ordinances! How pregnant now with prophecies of future blessedness seems every festival, sacrifice, and offering, with its invariable admixture of corn and oil and wine! And when Jesus at length appears at the marriage feast, do not our hearts burn within us as we gaze upon that stupendous miracle in which He presents to the admiring guests a gift which to them is a source of joy and gladness, but to him a symbol of his own dissolution? And

as He sits at meat in the houses of Simon and Zaccheus, and in every season of converse and enjoyment with His followers, while words of wisdom and mercy flow continually from His lips, and He eats and drinks with them freely in token of fellowship, and all rejoice under the influence of His divine magnetism, His soul is absorbed with the magnitude and glory of the work which lies before Him, and dwells with the profoundest interest upon the decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem, and upon the sublime and ineffable consequences which, throughout the cycles of time and of eternity, would proceed therefrom. And when the hour has come, again we behold the King of Peace holding in His hands the bread and wine, which now He gives to the ministers of the new and better covenant, commissioned to go out into all the world and proclaim the glad tidings of salvation through His blood, saying unto them: "As often as ye eat of this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come."

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THE FUTURE OF ISLAM.

BY IBN ISHAK.

"In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate."

FOR more than a quarter of a century this slave of destiny and searcher after truth has well considered the subject now treated in this thesis; namely: Has the religion of the Prophet (upon whom be peace) any future, or are its great achievements but mere memories of the past?

Educated in an Anglo-vernacular school in British India, travelled in almost every portion of the civilized earth, enlightened by an acquaintance with many tongues, informed by the experiences of an eventful life, the writer of this article desires to approach the subject under consideration with that reverence which belongeth to a believer in the inscrutable decrees of the Almighty, "with whom are the keys of hidden things, and who knoweth whatsoever is on the land, and in the sea, and without whose knowledge not a leaf nor a grain falleth in the dark parts of the earth," and yet with a breadth and comprehensiveness of view which well becometh a citizen of this world.

Nurtured in Al-Islam, the writer has ever been true to its divine principles, whilst he has endeavored to pursue the way of knowledge both with candor and with faith. It is an inspired saying of the Prophet, that "the superiority of a learned man over a superstitious devotee is like that of the full moon as compared with the stars of heaven"; and consequently there is no religion which has more encouraged a sincere search after truth than that which was established by the great Prophet of Arabia.

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It has come to pass in the present age that a thick cloud of darkness has gathered over Islam, and ignorance and superstition characterize those peoples who acknowledge its spiritual supremacy.

The civilization which marked the Khalifate of Baghdad, and which gave a diadem of glory to Moslem rule at Cordova, has now become the inheritance of Christian lands, and unthinking European writers are too prone to attribute this change in the destiny of nations to a difference of religious belief, and they most confidently assert that the only possible future for Islam must be one of gradual decay and final extinction. The Ottoman Empire is the "sick man" who is expiring under the treatment of European quacks and the manipulation of designing Christian statesmen. But the Sultan of Turkey is an excrescence in Islam, a preternatural production of a savage age. When Halaku, the Turkoman, seized Baghdad, and put the rightful Khalif to death, he virtually extinguished the spiritual light of Islam, and robbed the world of its benign influences. For more than seven centuries the religion of Islam has been without its rightful Khalif; and as the Prophet foretold, the sun of civilization has risen in the West, and there has been a decay of faith among men, as well as the advancement of the meanest persons to eminent dignity. The Ottoman ruler may be a "sick man," but it does not necessarily follow that the religion of Islam is sick unto death.

According to Moslem computation, there are two hundred and twenty million of the human family who acknowledge Mohammed as their Prophet; and it is a fact, which does not admit of question, that there are a larger number of religious adherents to the Moslem faith at the present time than were ever before claimed by Islam. In British India alone, there are forty-five million Moslems, and conversions from Hinduism to Islam are very numerous. In Central Africa, Islam has become the great missionary power, and its successes in those regions are admitted even by Christian missionaries. The cry of the "Azan" is now heard in Liverpool, Malvern, and other cities of Europe, and educated Englishmen are being enrolled in its ranks.

As far as the efforts of Christian missionaries are concerned, Islam may be said to defy conversion. In Turkey and Egypt there have not been a dozen apostates from Islam

to Christianity; and in India, even under the ægis of Christian rule, such "converts" cannot exceed two hundred, whilst the return of these apostates to the bosom of Islam is so frequent as to cause perturbation among those zealous and excellent men who, with great self-sacrifice and commendable zeal, are devoting their lives to the hopeless dream of the overthrow of the religion of the Prophet in India. In India the Mohammedan community are becoming more alive to the importance of their position as subjects of the British Empire; and the Honorable Sayid Mahmud, who sits on the bench of the High Court of Judicature at Allahabad, the Honorable Sayid Ameer Ali, who occupies a similar position in Calcutta, and Sayid Ahmad Khan Bahadur, of the Foreign Office, are but representative men who indicate the possibilities which may be achieved by educated Moslems.

The Mohammedans of India have been slow to take advantage of the opportunities offered by the enlightened government of British India. But this may be attributed to the suspicion and distrust of the loyalty of Moslems on the part of the English administration on the one hand, and the fanaticism and bigotry of an untravelled and ill-informed Moslem priesthood on the other. But every year of our national life in India demonstrates that there are lips which can honestly recite the Moslem Kalima, "There is no deity but God: Mohammed is the Apostle of God," and hearts which can give assent to all that is contained therein, which can also be true in their fidelity to a foreign power.

The real difficulty is to be found in the appalling ignorance of English writers regarding the true teaching of the Prophet, and a want of knowledge on their part of those conditions under which the great revealed religions of the world have been promulgated. It is always assumed that the religion of the Prophet of Arabia cannot be adapted to the conditions of civilized life, whereas intelligent and well-informed Moslems believe that their religion is the one best suited to the social and national development of the world.

The Prophet Moses spake on Mount Sinai to a semi-savage race; but are there not cultivated Israelites, in all parts of the world, who find it easy to apply the precepts of that law to the needs of their social life? The Prophet Jesus taught Galilean peasants words of truth, but have not his

simple teachings been adapted to the requirements of a cultured age? And the Prophet Mohammed, although he preached to a barbarous race on the Arabian Desert, formulated a system of ethics which suited the schools of learning, as well as the halls of culture in Grenada, Cordova, and Baghdad.

Islam is an evolution. It is an ecclecticism in morals formulated by the Divine Mind. When Mohammed declared himself a Prophet, he did not claim a monopoly of inspiration, for he admitted that there must have been at least three hundred apostles, or prophets, who had brought into the world systems of legislation, whilst there were not less than one hundred and twenty-four thousand who had spoken the words of inspired thought. So broad and liberal is the Moslem conception of a prophet that Esop, Cyrus, Alexander, Zoroaster, and Plato, in a past age, with Shakespeare, Milton, and many others, are admitted into the school of the prophets. In short, the Moslem view of the prophetic office and of inspiration is far more broad and liberal than that which is found in the teaching of Christian doctors.

According to Islam, religion must be that which is suited to the needs and requirements of the human family under their peculiar conditions of tribal or national life. It is in this that Islam has found its greatest strength in dealing with diverse peoples; and according to the teaching of the Holy Koran, Christianity was abrogated by the appearance of Mohammed because its system of ethics was found inadequate to the social requirements of an irreligious age. If this was true in the seventh century of the Christian era, it is still more true of Christianity in the nineteenth. Modern Christianity does not meet the wants of society in the present day. The ascetic principles of the Nazarene have been found unsuited to the developments of the modern world, and something more broad and liberal in its provisions must be found, or society will drift into an open denial of THE ONE GOD.

The great Hindu reformer, Baboo Kesheb Chander Sen, has stated that, in his opinion, the purity of an English home is the foundation of the moral strength of the British nation. This is true, but Moslem travellers in Christian lands are amazed at the social condition of peoples under Christian

rule. The ink of no pen is black enough to depict the state of things in the large cities of Naples, Paris, London, and New York. The graphic pens of Mr. Stead of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and of General Booth of the Salvationists, must have done something to enlighten the dim vision of the self-righteous Briton. But the whole story has not been told. The Oriental at his worst will stand comparison with the "submerged tenth" of any Christian land.

As we travel in Western lands, we find that whilst a small proportion of the communities are very good and very religious, the masses are practically without the knowledge of God. Their moral actions are not controlled by any sense of God's existence. Public opinion is a restraint upon many, but their actions are not ordered by a desire to obey God. The God of the Christian is a remote being, having but little to do with the ordinary affairs of life — a theological idea and nothing more. Religion seems to be with the Englishman a loose-fitting mantle which sits somewhat awkwardly on his shoulders. When he utters the name of the Divine Author of his existence, it is either with an apology or an oath. When he worships the Governor of the Universe, it is without a bended knee or a prostrate form. When he gives way to sensuality, it is usually without the least regard to the social and domestic consequences of such acts.

But if we want to find a genuine specimen of the failure of modern Christianity, we can undoubtedly find it in the British soldier in India, for whom a paternal government provides a corps of native prostitutes, within a convenient and easy walk from his barracks, and for whom thousands of camels journey along the dusty plains of India, laden with rum barrels and beer casks, intended to sustain the courage of the English conqueror!

English writers attack the morals of the Oriental world; but, as their proverb hath it, "Those who live in glass houses must not throw stones." The immorality of Naples far exceeds that of Lucknow; the open prostitution of London is far worse than that of Calcutta or Bombay; divorce and violations of the marriage contract are far more common in Christian Chicago than in Moslem Cairo; whilst the gradual decrease in the population of France, through the intensely immoral views of the French people regarding marriage, is a strange parody upon the original injunction of the Almighty,

given to the Prophet Noah, to "increase and multiply." The rapid spread of drunkenness among Christian nations is admitted to be one of the most perplexing problems of the age.

If the civilized world were completely satisfied with the condition of things in Christian countries, there would be no need for suggestions for improvement; but as the social and moral problems of the Western world are admitted, even by its own writers, to be still unsolved, it is clearly the duty of men of intelligence and unbiased minds to welcome a remedy, even though it come from a Moslem source.

It is said in the Sacred Ahadees that "Islam is the religion of power," and Christian writers foolishly imagine that the only power which exists in the religion of the Prophet is the "power of the sword." But as the great English writer, Mr. Carlyle, justly remarks, "you must first get your sword." It was the ethical power of Islam which brought with it the sword of temporal strength; and Islam owes no more to the power of the sword than does Christianity. Both religions formulated great truths before they were propagated by the sword of conquest. And if the candid reader will study the conquests of the two creeds, he will discover that the sword of the Moslem has been more often tempered with mercy than the sword of the Nazarene. When the Khalif Omar captured Jerusalem, every Christian life was spared; but when Godfrey of Lorraine seized the Holy City, ten thousand Moslems were cruelly put to death within the precincts of the sacred Rock (AS SAKHRAH).

"The power of Islam," of which the Prophet spake, was its wonderful adaptation to the necessities of the human family in every age and every clime; and the remarkable circumstance that forty-five millions of Moslems in India have steadfastly adhered to the tenets of their faith, although they are ruled by the power of the Christian sword, is of itself an evidence that the "power of Islam" is something more abiding than the power of the sword of the conqueror.

It is the conviction of this slave of destiny that a revival of Islam would bring about an improved condition of things throughout the whole world. First, by creating a universal belief in the existence of God; second, by imposing positive restraints upon immorality; third, by introducing a wider social system than that of modern Christianity, and one

better suited to the needs of the human race; fourth, by establishing a common bond of brotherhood by which all men shall be regarded equal.

1. A belief in God does not characterize Christian nations of modern times. The Moslem traveller, when he visits the Christian temples of Russia, Italy, and France, finds it difficult to discover what is the nature of the Deity worshipped therein. The condition of the Christian world, even now, seems to be very much that of twelve centuries ago, when in the Holy Koran the worship of a material rather than of a philosophical Trinity was condemned, when it is said, in the Surat-Ul-Maidah, "They misbelieve who say, verily God is the third of three." A materialistic worship of the Virgin was condemned, and in Russia the Moslem traveller finds that the ignorant Christian worships his patron saint, Nicholas, far more fervently than he worships the one God. In Germany and the United States of America, atheism is rampant, and it is computed that not five per cent of the population regularly attend a place of worship. The state of things is somewhat better, perhaps, in Great Britain; but even there the majority of people openly scoff at the name of God. In the public government schools of Germany, Great Britain, and the United States of America, there is no religious instruction, no definite teaching regarding the nature and attributes of the Divine Being; and consequently future generations will believe less regarding the Almighty than even in the present. It is this plan of public instruction in British India which so shocks the Moslem mind; for Islam regards a knowledge of God as the very basis of all science. There are many kinds of "*ilm*," or "knowledge," but "ilm" in the abstract is "to know" God.

Islam does not believe in the possibility of society holding together without a national recognition of the Almighty Governor of the Universe; for neither the Prophet himself nor the Khalifs of Islam ever proclaimed themselves other than the vice-gerent of God Almighty ("Allah Taalla"). The original mission of Islam was to establish this public recognition of God; and it will be when the religious, or rather non-religious, beliefs of modern nations have produced a pandemonium that the cry will once more go forth for the reclaiming of the world from infidelity, "There is no deity but God: Mohammed is the Apostle of God." Such

a proclamation would not exclude Christianity, but it would be a glorious supplement to it.

2. The increase of drunkenness and the uncontrolled character of what is called by English writers "the social evil" is appalling. No human society can hold together amidst the surroundings of such uncontrolled vice. Here again Islam has its mission. By positively forbidding, under severe enactments, the introduction and the use of intoxicating stimulants, it enforces by law habits of temperance and sobriety. A Moslem community cannot possibly become a drunken community, and it is this very fact that has enabled regiments of Mohammedan soldiers, under the most unfavorable conditions of military organization, to hold their own against the disciplined but drunken armies of Europe. Islam makes drunkenness a criminal offence, and punishes the drunkard with an unrelenting hand. Islam regards the drunkard as a citizen whose very existence is dangerous to the best interests of the state.

The social evil is a singularly strange thing in the national life of Christian nations. It has been largely brought about by that asceticism of Christianity which is not part of the original institution. Polygamy was never abrogated by the Prophet Jesus. The words of the Evangel, "they twain shall be one flesh," mean precisely the same thing as the opening verse of the Surat Un Nisa, in the Holy Koran, "Fear your God, who created you from one soul and created therefrom its mate."

It is the unnatural enactments of modern Christianity which make the social evil a necessity. To treat the manhood of vigorous nations as though they were members of an ascetic brotherhood is to run counter to great natural laws, and to defy the will of the Almighty, whose first injunction to the human race was to "be fruitful and multiply."

Islam does not tolerate prostitution. It is a punishable offence, and the expulsion of the offenders is a Moslem law. The introduction of Islam into a Christian nation would mean the complete extinction of drunkenness and an entire suppression of the social evil.

The public recognition, in British India, of these two horrible vices is a great scandal to the Faithful under British rule, for expediency cannot justify the breaking of a Divine law.

3. A revival of Islam would introduce to the Western world a social system better suited to the needs of the human race than that which is now enjoined by modern Christianity.

Christian writers wilfully and perversely assume that Mohammedanism is a singularly licentious and dissolute system of morals. In the study of Islam they see polygamy on every page; and although the Moslem religion is a vast comprehensive code of Divinity, jurisprudence, and ethics, everything commendable in its purpose and design is completely lost sight of by the supposition that the chief features of the Moslem faith are polygamy and divorce.

As a matter of truth, neither polygamy nor divorce is a characteristic feature of Islam. The most unrestrained license with regard to these matters existed, both among the Arabs and the Jews, at the time Mohammed began his mission, and he placed legal restrictions upon both. Nor does it appear that the Prophet of Christianity condemned polygamy. On the contrary, when Paul of Tarsus enjoined that ministers should be "the husband of one wife" the natural inference must be that in those days ordinary Christians were allowed to practise polygamy and have more than one wife.

The Prophet of Arabia restrained the polygamy of his people and placed definite limits upon divorce. The law of Moses did not limit the number of wives, although the wise man in the Talmud would restrict them to four. But the Prophet of Arabia, whilst restricting his people to four wives, enjoined monogamy upon those who could not "deal equitably" with more than one. It is evident that in the mind of the Prophet divorce of any kind and for any cause was hateful to God; "the thing that is lawful but disliked by God is divorce," he said.

In the future of Islam its legislation on social questions will be an important factor in its success. For it is upon this subject that the civilized nations are impatient for change.

No Moslem can reside in any of the great cities of Europe or America without observing that the polygamous instincts of the human race are fearfully and shamefully developed among the people. It is a matter of observation that Europeans and Americans are as polygamous in their social life as the Oriental, but with a difference. The polygamy of New

York, Chicago, and London is practised in defiance of all law, and without any of those legal safeguards which are so necessary for its proper control. The young woman in the harem of the English noble or the American millionnaire dies a social death, but in Islam every woman has a definite legal status and a recognized social position. Even the slave who bears her Moslem master a child becomes a free woman — a marked contrast, by the way, to the provisions of Christian slavery in America a few years ago.

From the statistics of the United States government, it appears that a very large proportion of those who are divorced in that country have been legally separated after a married life of twenty years. Such a monstrous state of things would be absolutely impossible in a Moslem country. No matron of twenty years' standing could, according to the Moslem idea of married life, be thus thrown upon the world and branded with social ostracism. Divorce is repulsive to the Moslem mind, and there are legal enactments in Islam which make it difficult. At marriage it is the custom to assign to the wife a large and exaggerated dowry, which must be paid to her upon a legal separation; and the position of a divorced woman is one so dishonorable to the husband that divorce among Oriental peoples is far less common than it is in either Great Britain or America.

The cruel story of the great Napoleon Bonaparte's divorce of his beloved and beautiful empress, done under the express sanction of Christendom, brands the monogamy of Christians as an impossible condition of social life. In Islam Napoleon could have retained his empress and would probably have secured his empire.

No Moslem condemns monogamy. On the contrary, Sayid Ameer Ali, in his "Personal Law of the Mohammedans," declares that ninety-five per cent of the Moslems of India are "either by necessity or conviction monogamists," and that in Persia, according to Colonel Macgregor's statement, "only two per cent of the population enjoy the questionable luxury of plurality of wives." And the learned author of that book, who is a Moslem of reputation, and, as has been stated, a British judge of eminence says: "It is earnestly to be hoped that before long a general synod of Moslem doctors will authoritatively declare that polygamy, like slavery, is abhorrent to the spirit of Islam.

An adaptation of the laws of Islam to the conditions of civilized life would not involve a revival of polygamy *per se*, but it would permit its introduction under certain circumstances, and so prevent that unrestrained and illicit polygamy, which in defiance of all law is practised by American and European citizens. There are contingencies in married life when the taking of another wife becomes a necessity, and it is surely far better that such a thing should be done with a legal sanction, rather than by immoral license.

To the sage "a hint is sufficient," and no demonstration of the necessity of such a reconstruction of society seems necessary to the writer of this article. If such be the case among civilized people, it is still far more so among savage or semi-civilized races. Nothing hinders the progress of Christianity in India, Persia, Turkey, Egypt, and in Central Africa more than the unnatural conditions of social life which the Christian missionary tries to enforce upon an unwilling people. In passing, it may be observed that whilst English writers declare that the Prophet (upon whom be peace) encouraged polygamy by his example, such is not the case. Most of the Prophet's marriages were contracted either for the protection of defenceless widows or in the hope of being favored with a male heir. The Prophet's long and faithful married life with "the Mother of the Faithful" (Khadijah) is the clearest evidence of his feeling regarding monogamy. And Moslems are amazed to find that intelligent writers who receive the Old Testament as an inspired book still reiterate their shameless statements regarding the life of the Arab Patriarch.

4. The universal spread of Islam throughout the world would mean the establishment of a common brotherhood among men whereby all men should be equal. When the Prophet (upon whom be peace) departed this life, he left no instructions whatever as to the appointment of a successor. In such an age, this action on the part of Mohammed was remarkable, for it established an elective form of government, with the intention that such a system of government should pervade throughout the world.

A spread of Islam would also insure an equalization of property; for so stringent are the laws of Islam regarding a monopoly of the necessaries of life, that the accumulation of enormous wealth by selfish men becomes impossible under

a strict administration of Moslem law. Then, again, in its care for the aged, and in its provision for the poor, the law of Islam is unequalled. Mohammed, who mended his own shoes and cooked his own food, even when he was chief of the Moslem nation, cared for the poor man. Hospitality is enforced as a religious duty. The hungry can demand a meal. Consequently throughout Islam that miserable institution of Western lands known as the "Poor House" or the "Work House" is unknown, and "God's poor" receive their daily meal in the "guest chamber" of the rich; not as the dole of charity, but as the right of the child of faith. It is in Islam that the rich and poor, the mean and noble, prostrate upon the floor of the same Musjid, and feel that they are the servants or bond slaves of the ONE GOD.

In short, a revival of Islam and the universal spread of the Moslem system of ethics in a civilized age like the present, *with such adaptations as are necessary for the age*, would probably do more to bring the conditions of modern life into harmony with democratic ideas than anything else which could possibly happen in the world. And it is the opinion of the writer of this article that in the course of time, when educated and enlightened men become acquainted with the subtle and philosophical principles which underlie the teachings of the great Arabian reformer, they will see how admirably Islam is suited to meet those marvellous developments of social, domestic, and national life which are the characteristics of the age in which we live.

The Moslem of to-day believes that as the sound of the Azan, "Come to Salvation," has been heard for centuries from the gilded minarets of Summarkund, Cairo, and Stambool, so, at no distant date, the sweet cry of the Muezzen will call the Faithful to the worship of Allah, in the great cities of the West. For there is no other god but Allah, and Mohammed is his Prophet.

OLD STOCK DAYS IN THE THEATRE.

BY JAS. A. HERNE.

THE theatre of to-day is vastly different from that of the "Old Stock Days"; and yet to the actor who swims with the tide, the change, while radical, has been almost imperceptibly accomplished.

I have no regret for systems or conditions, but I love to linger over the memories of the past.

A believer in the teachings of evolution, I know that nothing is stable.

With Valdes, I believe that every age produces its own art and its own literature, and that no art, literature, or *man* should stand as a model for succeeding ages.

Nevertheless, with a feeling of personal pride, I reflect upon the fact that the actor of the old stock days has held his own in the march of dramatic progress. No modern production is as yet complete without him. He is to-day a notable figure when on the stage, conspicuous, even to those who do not know him, for his grace and ease, as well as for the artistic finish of his work. He handles his characters with a skill born of love for his art, mellowed by repeated failures and occasional successes.

Your old stock actor is a cheery fellow. I love to meet him. He is getting to be ranked as a rare edition. It is pleasant to sit with any friend of the old stock days and recall early times and places, youthful ambitions, struggles, and triumphs, laugh over greenroom anecdotes and dressing-room practical jokes. It seems to me now that the practical joker was a necessary adjunct of the old-time theatre, — he certainly was to be found in every well-organized company, — but it is a positive delight to meet with one who had been a fellow "boot-jack."* At such a time a mug of old ale and a pipe are absolute necessities. "A couple of back numbers reviving the palmy days," says your young actor, forgetting how soon he'll be a back number, always providing he has the capacity to become a present number.

* General utility man.

I don't suppose anybody cares where I was born. I don't care much about it myself. I really had no choice in the matter. In order to live I had to be born somewhere, that's all; but I was raised in Albany, N. Y., and lived there until I was twenty years old.

My first youthful aspiration was to be a sailor; one of the kind we used to read about forty years ago: brave and handsome, with blue eyes, curly hair, a straw hat, white trousers and shirt, a black silk neckerchief, and patent-leather pumps. You may see him now once in a while in the window of a youth's furnishing store. When he left his native village for the seaport, he packed all his worldly goods into a colored pocket handkerchief, which he carried on the end of a stick across his shoulder. All that his aged and widowed mother could give him was her blessing and a Bible very much worn; and when he grew up, if he had neglected to read that Bible, he invariably came to a bad end. Well, I got the bundle tied up, but I didn't get the blessing or the Bible, — possibly because I had no widowed mother, — but I got something from a living father that took all the romance out of the sea for me.

Then I thought I would be a private coachman. But before I was old enough to carry that exalted idea into effect, my elder brother took me to see a play at the old Albany Museum, and my "destiny was sealed." I cast all former ambitions to the wind, and resolved to be an actor. A good many years had to elapse before I would be old enough to be eligible for the stage, — I think I was at that time thirteen, — and I must cherish my dream in secret, both from a wholesome dread of being laughed at by my brothers and being again sailorized by my father. Meantime I'd be anything I could, and I went to work in a brush factory.

Years passed, all too slow for my burning soul. Time seemed only to increase my longing for Thespian glory. At last the golden opportunity came. I had saved up a hundred and sixty-five dollars (which I had made up my mind to invest in a stage wardrobe, having learned that a fine wardrobe was one of the great essentials toward obtaining an engagement), when I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of a real actor, James Webb.

Jim Webb, as he was called, has been dead many years. He was a handsome, dashing fellow, very magnetic, an excel-

lent melodramatic actor, and a famous broadsword combat fighter, one of the then popular firm of Coney & Webb, who toured the country with a couple of wonderful Dog "Stars"; wonderful, because they carried, not only the financial success of their managers on their shoulders, but the words and business of a repertoire of bad plays in their heads. They could do almost anything but talk. Webb played all the handsome young heroes, and Coney, who was a cockney with a broad accent, the heavy villains. The dogs were always on the side of the hero and the virtuous young girl, of course. I was always certain that Webb would come out all right. Either the dog was on hand at the last moment, or he was sure to find a sword in the woods with which to defend himself.

One night I went to the old Green Street Theatre to witness "The Butcher of Ghent and his Dog," by this coterie of stars. In one scene a young actor, not a member of the dog-star constellation, a stock man, was on the stage. It was night, it was raining, and he was lost in the wood. I know he was lost, because he told us so. All at once he stopped in the middle of a plaintive soliloquy; there was a dead pause; the young man seemed to turn pale and tremble, a dog began to bark in the wings off the stage; the young man looked helplessly around at the prompt place, the dog barked louder. Mr. Coney yelled out from the opposite side of the stage, in his beautiful and refined cockney brogue, "Give the bloody dog 'is blawsted cue, yeh beg-ga-a-a-r-r!"

The young man's face fairly beamed with relief; he had recovered himself. He said, "This darkness is impenetrable! If I had but a lant-h-o-r-n!" The dog came on, wagging his tail, carrying a lantern in his mouth; the young man exclaimed, "Saved!" and the play proceeded.

A short time after this I met Webb. He and Coney had dissolved partnership, and he had determined to dog-star on his own account. He had a magnificent dog. He had engaged a company, but he had no money to start the thing with. I had money, a hundred and sixty-five dollars, less what I had expended in getting acquainted with Webb and his company, and I wanted to be an actor. Webb said I could have my name up as manager, if I cared to, but I didn't; I wanted to act. The play was "The Dog of Montargis." I played the Seneschal. It's not a good part; it

wasn't worth what I paid for it, by any means. I had a sympathetic uncle, a few years older than myself, to whom I had confided my plans. He saw the dog, he had heard me recite, and he believed there was money in the enterprise. He had a hundred dollars and a gold watch. Webb said he'd make an excellent treasurer. He did — his hundred dollars kept us on the road a week after my one sixty-five was gone, and his gold watch brought us home.

The day after we got back, James Connor, then manager of the Adelphi Theatre, Troy, N. Y., arrived in town, in search of talent to support J. B. Roberts, tragedian in the legitimate; Mr. and Mrs. Howard and little Cordelia Howard, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and other stellar attractions, for a spring and summer season. His fall and winter season had been a trifle disappointing, but things looked well for the spring. The canal was open; navigation had been resumed on the river; the nail factory was running full time; he had a strong line of stars, such as they were; and if he could get a good company at summer salaries, he had no fear of the result. The reason for selecting his talent in Albany was obvious. The fare from Albany to Troy was twelve and one-half cents; from New York to Troy, one dollar. Webb recommended me as a promising young actor, and my uncle as treasurer.

And thus it came to pass that I made my first regular appearance on the stage at the Adelphi Theatre, Troy, N. Y., in April, 1859, at a salary of six dollars per week.

Thirty-three years ago, before the war! How the time has flown! There are but three members of that company alive that I know of. There I first met Charlie Bishop, a life friend and a scholarly actor. T. M. Tyrell was in that company; Charlotte Crampton, James Connor, Mrs. James Connor, afterwards wife of the millionnaire tobacconist, John Anderson — all dead now.

No boy who has ever been in the gallery of a theatre will forget the first time he sat there. No play will ever be the same to him as that first play.

No *part* ever rivalled in importance the first part essayed by the old stock actor; no triumph ever equalled his first "call" before the curtain; no stage door ever creaked just like his *first* stage door; every door has its personality — that of the stage door is very marked. I can hear the squeaking

of the old Adelphi stage door now, as I pulled it open for the first time.

No transformation scene has ever approached in magnificence my first view of that company of actors assembled in the greenroom, tawdrily dressed for the stage. No magician's presto — agramento — change — was ever half so mysterious to me as was the "first music!" "second music!" "everybody down!"* of my first call boy. All the perfumes of Arabia could never banish the delicious scent, musty to a degree, which permeated that old-time theatre.

The sky wore a rosy hue in those days. Twenty years old — an actor, and six dollars a week — why, I had reached the summit of earthly bliss. My dream was realized. Not a wish remained unsatisfied.

I played Horatio in "Hamlet," Michael Cassio in "Othello," "doubled" Tressel, Buckingham and Oxford in "Richard III."; played Bassanio in the "Merchant of Venice," and all the young lovers in the customary farces from night to night.

"Jimmy," said Tragedian Roberts to my manager the first morning, "this young man is reading Bassanio. My God, he'll make a mess of the casket scene to-night."

"He'll be all right," said Mr. Connor.

"All right — and reading Shakespeare at rehearsal!"

I was all right at night; that is, I spoke all the lines. Of course I had no idea what they meant; I don't know as I have now.

The spring and summer season was brief.

My uncle, the treasurer, who lived in Cohoes and was very popular there as a butcher, which was his legitimate business, thought we might do well over there for a few weeks, so we went over.

The bills announced that Mr. Frank Temple took great pleasure in presenting to his fellow-townsmen a company of star actors from the Adelphi Theatre, Troy, N. Y., and contained the quotation from "Hamlet," "The actors have come, my lord!" The opening bill was "Black Eyed Susan" and "Sketches in India." We played one consecutive night.

I went back to the brush factory that summer, saved up a few dollars, went down to New York, and bought two ostrich

* The old method, of notifying the actors to be ready to begin the performance, they now call half-hour, quarter-hour, overture, first act, everybody to begin, when they call at all.

feathers and a dress wig, my first instalment toward a stage wardrobe.

My next engagement was at the Gayety Theatre, Albany. You see my fame hadn't got beyond Albany, Troy, and Cohoes as yet. I remained there until the war broke out.

My father, who had been for twenty odd years employed in a hardware house in the city, and who in consequence had a very large circle of acquaintances, had no idea that I was an actor. I had merely told him that I was working in the theatre; and as he never came in contact with theatre-going people (they were few in number any way in those days), and had never been inside a theatre in his life, it was not necessary to tell him in just what capacity I was employed. The season was about to close, everybody was going off to the war, and business was dead. I was to take a benefit, my first benefit.

Concluding to utilize my worthy father, I went to him and confessed my real calling, told him about the benefit, and proposed that he canvass among his friends and sell them tickets for the occasion.

At first he demurred, but I appealed to him. I told him that in all probability I would go to the war, which I afterwards did, — in the form of a colored substitute, — and he finally consented.

There was a blue ticket, which read, "Gallery, twenty-five cents"; a red one, "Dress Circle, fifty cents," and a yellow one, "Parquette, seventy-five cents." He took a quantity of each, and started out.

Now, as I say, he had no idea of a theatre, but he had a good commercial education; he knew the probable cost of an article and the profit that should be realized on it.

He sold his first supply of tickets readily, came and got more, sold them, and came for more. I was in ecstasies. "My soul," I said, "you are selling tickets!"

"Oh, yes," said he, "they're selling like hot cakes. I tell all my friends that you are going to the war, and they buy one or two tickets. Of course, I'm selling them for what I can get for them. They couldn't have cost you over two cents apiece. I'm getting a shilling and fifteen cents for them, which gives you a big profit, and you won't have any left on your hands." I was dumb with astonishment. Words had no value.

I had a big house, but they were all father's friends; and but for the fact that I had the house free, and that the actors volunteered, I would have been in debt.

I gave him and my mother a private box. My mother had never been in a theatre either, but she had been in my confidence about my dramatic aspirations. She was delighted with the whole thing; it was fairy-land to her.

The first play that night was "St. Marc, the Soldier of Fortune," now being played by Joseph Haworth. I played the leading part in it. I asked my father what he thought of the performance, meaning my own, of course. He replied, "The fools are not all dead yet," but he thought "big breeches" (Bishop, who was very fat at that time) was funny.

I next went to Ford's Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, and oscillated between the Holliday Street, Baltimore, and Ford's Washington, D. C., theatres for several seasons. As a matter of historic interest, it may be well to mention that I spoke the first line ever delivered on the stage of Ford's Tenth Street Theatre, Washington, the theatre in which Abraham Lincoln was shot. It was the second theatre Mr. Ford had erected on that site. The first was destroyed by fire. I delivered the opening address, written by Thomas S. Donoho of Washington, beginning: —

> As from the ashes Cinderella rose,
> Rise *we* — all radiant from our night of woes.

From Baltimore and Washington I went to the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, erroneously presumed to be the oldest theatre in America, antedated two years, however, by the Savannah Theatre, Savannah, Ga. The first opened in 1808; the second in 1806. From the Walnut I emerged as a sort of demi-star, and, with the exception of a couple of seasons spent in the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., under the management of Thomas Maguire, have scintillated by my own or a reflected light ever since.

No one knows better than your old stock actor how not only impracticable, but utterly absurd, would be the methods of his time to-day. Then everybody was engaged for a "line of business," and played the entire range of characters attached to that line, regardless of their total unfitness for many of them. For instance, imagine Stuart Robson playing

the Lord Mayor in "Richard III." Yet under the old system it *belonged* to him, and he has played it time and again.

An instance of the absurdity of the old method of casting plays, as well as an amusing event in the life of the late Charles B. Bishop, occurred at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, where Bishop was the first low comedian, and a prime favorite. E. Eddy was the star at the time; and in the course of business, Rolla being one of that tragedian's favorite characters, "Pizzaro" was put up. Bishop was cast for the Sentinel — not because it was a comedy part; on the contrary, it is a very important serious part, but because *originally* a comedian had played it, hence it belonged to the comedian for all time.* Now it chanced that "Pizzaro" was up for the evening of the day on which Bishop was to be married to Josephine Parker, the *chambermaid* of the theatre, also a great favorite with the public. Bishop rehearsed his part in the morning, was married in the afternoon, and duly appeared as the Sentinel at night. The scene is "Corridor of Prison," with dungeon doors R. and L. in F.

The Sentinel is discovered on guard, pacing the corridor to and fro, armed with spear, shield, helmet, and breastplate. Alonzo is confined in dungeon R. Rolla comes on L. 1 E.,† and endeavors to obtain entrance to the dungeon of Alonzo; he is refused by the loyal sentinel. Rolla offers untold gold in the shape of a canvas bag of broken china, which he clinks temptingly.

Sentinel — Wouldst bribe *me*, an old Castilian? I know my duty better.

Rolla — Soldier, hast thou a wife?

Sentinel — I have.

A burst of applause from the audience. Bishop was startled; he had never got a *round* of applause at that point before. Then he realized the significance of the line and the occasion, and tremblingly awaited the next line.

Rolla — And children?

[Bishop in desperation.]

Sentinel — Four honest lovely boys.

A *roar* resounded within those walls such as I imagine

* Shylock, in "he "Merchant of Venice," was for many years played by the comedians for the same reason.

† R. means right; L., left; C., centre; R. 1 E., right first entrance; L. 1 E., left first entrance; F., flat; 2 D., two doors; C. D., centre doors.

never was heard before or since in that historic old playhouse. Exit the Sentinel R. 1 E. Rolla dashes head first into Alonzo's dungeon without waiting to unlock the door, and down comes the curtain. Calls for Bishop-Bish-Bish-The Sentinel-the Sentinel, but the Sentinel couldn't be coaxed nor bribed into accepting that call.

There was an end to "Pizzaro," so far as the Sentinel went for that night. Later in the evening when he appeared in the customary farce, accompanied by Josephine, the applause was deafening. It must have told them how dearly they were held. I have heard many *big receptions*,* but never one that equalled that greeting to Charles B. Bishop and his bride.

This incident shows how close was the relationship of the old stock actor and his audience.

Companies were engaged for a *season* of forty-two weeks, and were classified as follows: —

Leading Man.	1st Old Man.	2d Heavy Woman.
1st Juvenile Man.	2d Old Man.	1st Old Woman.
2d Juvenile Man.	1st Comedian.	2d Old Woman.
1st Heavy Man.	2d Comedian.	1st Singing Chambermaid.
2d Heavy Man.	Respectable Utility.	2d Singing Chambermaid.
1st Walking Gent.	General Utility.	Utility.
2d Walking Gent.	Leading Lady.	Ballet.
1st Singing Walking Gent.	Juvenile Lady.	
2d Singing Walking Gent.	1st Walking Lady.	
	2d Walking Lady.	
	1st Heavy Woman.	

Each engaged for his or her line of business.

The *Leading Man* in many instances had the *choice* of parts in every play, which simply meant that you couldn't cast a play without consulting him. Fancy trying to make the *best* cast of a play or get the best results under such conditions.

The *First Juvenile Gentleman* played all the *lovers* and *heroics* that were not of sufficient importance to be classed as leading parts, or were *refused* by the leading man; for the leading man was a *stickler* for *parts* and very jealous of his position.

The *Second Juvenile* caught the crumbs which fell from the table of the first juvenile, relatively as the first caught those from the table of the leading man.

* The term used in describing an unusually warm greeting by an audience to an actor.

The *First Heavy Man* played *all* the villains (and played them all alike), the deceitful lovers, seducers, false friends, embezzlers, purloiners of wills, holders of mortgages over the heads of the aged fathers of fair young daughters, forgers of letters, notes, deeds, and so on. It was perfectly marvellous how cleverly the first heavy villain could imitate any person's handwriting, write a long letter with three scratches of a quill without ink, fold it up and slip it into the pocket of his victim, and then confront him with the "damning evidence of his guilt," while the innocent victim struck his forehead and gasped, "It is my handwriting, but as God is my witness, I never penned it," and the heroine flung herself on his manly breast and shrieked, "I *be-lieve* — you, Robert." Nevertheless, he was lugged off to jail, his father invariably upbraiding him for covering his gray hairs with shame, and thanking God that his poor wife was dead, "Else this blow had killed her."

The *Second Heavy Man* played all the under villains. He was generally a villain through pure cussedness. Sometimes he was made to subserve the ends of the first villain through a murder of which the first villain, the real murderer, could convict him at a moment's notice, in which case he soliloquized a good deal. Isn't it remarkable how prone stage villains are to soliloquize? All stage characters think aloud more or less. And it is not a rare thing to have their thoughts overheard by other stage characters, who make grimaces at the audience to let them know they are overhearing and preparing to frustrate the plans of the thinking character. But there isn't a character in the play who can hold a candle to the villain in that respect, especially if he can get into a gloomy wood during a terrific thunder storm. There he is at his best. This situation occurred oftener in the old play than it does in the new; still it is edifying to find that the dramatists of to-day have not so entirely lost sight of the essentials of plot and the prerogative of the villain, as to eschew the "soliloquy." To have the characters "think aloud" is an easy way out of it.

The *First Old Man* played all the leading old men characters, humorous or pathetic, short or tall, rich or poor, thin or fat, it made no difference so long as it was a "First Old Man." In some instances he was the scene painter as well; in most instances he was the stage manager. He cast the plays,

superintended the rehearsals, wrote the bills and advertisements (this last is now the work of the press agent), being assisted in these several duties by the Prompter, who was generally the *Second Old Man.*

The *Prompter* — God bless the dear old Prompter! — the sight of him in his "prompt box" would be refreshing. He has gone out with the "lamp lighter," the "basket boy," the "greenroom," the "call boy," and other time-honored appurtenances of the "Old Stock Days." The Prompter made out all the scene and property plots, held the book during rehearsals and performances, got swore at whenever anything went wrong, and played all the parts nobody else would play. "You'll have to *go on* for this, *my boy;* there's no one else to do it."

Years ago there was a Prompter named Gregory at Harry Meech's Academy, Buffalo. He was an Englishman, and had one glass eye. Whenever he got excited that eye fell out. The effect of this was that if a scene were going badly at night, "Gregg" had all he could do to keep his eye in place; and if you wanted *the word*, the chances were you'd find him down on all fours in the prompt place looking for his eye.

"Why don't you wear your eye in your vest pocket during performance?" the actors used to say to him.

"Ow can hi, when I 'ave to go hon for hall the minor parts?"

The Prompter almost lived, in some cases actually lived, in the theatre. There's only one real Prompter left in America, James Pitman of the Boston Museum. He's the last of his line, as dear old John Reed, father of Roland Reed, was the last of the old-time theatre lamp lighters. Electricity extinguished the lamp lighter, the combination system the prompter, — characters both. No theatre was complete without them.

The *First Low Comedian* was possibly the most important man in the company; not always the highest salaried, but the one upon whom more than any other rested the success of the season. He was never *out of the bill.*

In the old play there was always a character whose business it was to do and say funny things. For the most part he had nothing whatever to do with the plot of the play, generally figuring in what was known as the *under plot*, a sort of a play within a play; but he was expected to be

funny — no matter at whose expense, so that he was funny, at all times and under all circumstances. I've seen plays covering a period of twenty years, and the funny character wore the same smile, and never uttered a serious thought, or did a sensible thing during all those years. Such characters fell to the lot of the First Low Comedian.

I fancy that is why the First Low Comedian used to be a sort of failure socially; people were disappointed to find him in *propria persona* usually a thoughtful man, and rather resented it. The First Low Comedian at the opening of the season handed in his *list of farces* to the stage manager, who was privileged to select from time to time such as he deemed attractive. He had also his stock of funny wigs, comic stockings, *character* hats and coats; character, because no mortal being had ever worn anything like them. He must be ready witted, for very often he had to *keep up the scene* while the carpenters were getting the stage ready behind, or when some actor had made a *stage wait*. One of the essentials of a First Low Comedian was to be well up in the *gags* of the standard plays, for in many instances the *gags* were the cream of a part, so much so, indeed, that prime favorites were given unlimited license in that respect, their interpolations having a drawing power, a money value for the treasury.

The *Second Comedian* was like the other second positions, with the advantage of getting many *good bits*. *A good bit actor* was a common expression in the old stock days, meaning an actor who could take a subordinate but strong character and develop it; make it *stand out*, as the saying was.

The *Singing Walking Gentleman* was a feature of the old stock company. He must be good looking, gentlemanly in address, neat and stylish in his attire, and up in all the music of the standard drama, and his salary was twelve dollars per week.

James Dunn, recently deceased, was one of the most noted Singing Walking Gentlemen of his day. He possessed a sweet, pure tenor voice, which he used with exquisite taste and great skill, and which he retained up to the hour of his death, at quite an advanced age.

The *First and Second Walking Gents* came next, and were of more or less importance as *feeders* for the Comedian and Chambermaid in the farces. Their chief merit lay in

being always *dead letter* perfect in their lines; their position depended upon that.

The *Respectable Utility* man was a vital member of the old stock company. Upon him depended many a *climax* or *situation*. *Flying messages*,* those stumbling blocks to the young actor of that day, were always given to the most reliable of the Respectable Utility Men. What sad havoc have I seen the flying message make! Men who afterwards became excellent actors were, as Utility Men, positively helpless when intrusted with a flying message, which they were always crazy to get, and then frightened to death over. Charles R. Thorne, Jr., who stood the very foremost actor in his line of work at the time of his death, never in his *utility days* delivered a flying message without at least stumbling over it. Important scenes, entire plays, have been ruined by nervous young actors with flying messages. But it was the *flying messages* in the Shakespearean tragedies, above all, that tried the metal of the Utility Man, particularly those in the last acts of "Richard III." and "Macbeth." The tragedians awed him, to begin with, and the responsibility of the situation made him extremely nervous.

The First Murderer in Macbeth. — Aye, good, my lord; safe in a ditch he bides, with twenty trenched gashes in his head, the least a death to nature.

Generally rendered: —

Ay, my good lord; safe in a trench he lies, with twenty trenched trenches in his gash, each gash a gash to gashes.

The servant in the same tragedy: —

Macbeth — The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon! Where got'st thou that goose look?
Servant — There are ten thousand —
Macbeth — Geese, villain?
Servant — Soldiers, sir —

which I once heard given (Edwin Forrest was the Macbeth): —

Servant — [Rushing in]. My lord, there's ten thousand geese coming.
Forrest — [Under his breath, tearing his hair]. Oh! My God — [aloud] Geese, villain?
Servant — [Teeth chattering]. N-n-n-naw s-s-soldiers, sir.

These mistakes carried consternation to the heart of the

* Messages which must be delivered breathlessly.

Respectable Utility Man, for he knew that not only were the older actors, men who had *been there*, enjoying his discomfiture in the wings, but that his chances for getting another part were diminished.

"What are you doing with this part anyhow?" said E. Eddy to a young man who had ruined that actor's *best scene* in the tragedy of "Bertram."

"I played it to *oblige*," * said the young Roscius, who was the property man of the theatre.

"Well — oblige me by staying out of the bill hereafter. Bunsby, you play that part to-morrow night."

Jack Bunsby! — I wonder how many actors remember "*Buns*," of the old Museum, Green Street, and Gayety Theatres, Albany, — basket boy, call boy, prompter, scene shifter, flyman, super master, paint boy, assistant prop's and actor, all in one. Short (about four feet tall), bow-legged, talked through his nose, spluttered as he spoke, was as homely as sin, and as good as gold. Eddy christened him Jack Bunsby in the old Albany Museum days, and he never went by any other name; in fact, no one ever thought of his having any other, until one evening, years afterward, in the greenroom of the Gayety Theatre, Eddy said to him: —

"What is your name, anyhow, Buns?"

"Theodore Vandenburgh," he replied, through his nose. I don't believe Eddy was ever more astonished in his life; in fact, it astonished all of us.

"Theodore!" and a descendant of that aristocratic old family, "the Vandenburghs." How Eddy did laugh! He was very fond of Bunsby, and Bunsby thought there was but one tragedian in the world — Ned Eddy. They're both dead now. As I write I can see Eddy dressed for Virginius, and Bunsby for one of the lictors, walking up and down the stage, waiting for the curtain to go up. Eddy's arm is around Bunsby's neck, and Bunsby lovingly clasps the tragedian's leg, as you've seen a child clasp that of its father. Eddy was over six feet tall and straight as an arrow, and nothing set off Bunsby's Quilp-like figure to such advantage as the dress of a Roman warrior.

The General Utility man went on in all groups, "seized and bound him," "away'd with him to the bastile," etc., etc.

The women followed the same rules as the men in regard

* Playing a part at the request of the stage manager.

to lines of business, the Chambermaid being engaged to play *boys' parts* as well.

I always maintained that the line of business was a detriment to the actor as well as to the manager. It not only interfered with the working of the theatre, but caused innumerable disputes and engendered no little ill feeling in the ranks of the company. One of its worst features was the right of an actor to *claim* a part in his line. Not content to be left out of the cast, although it might be thereby strengthened, he would insist that the part in question belonged to him, and that he would be injured by not appearing in it. This was the result of a silly unwritten law called *precedent*. The original cast of a play established a precedent for all subsequent casts.

How often have I seen an actor read the cast of a play when put up in the cast case in the greenroom, tear his hair, and rush for a printed book of the play in question, to confront the stage manager with the proof of his right to *claim* or *refuse* a certain part.

An incident of that kind happened to me in a very crushing way at the Holliday Street, Baltimore. Thomas A. Hall, a very quiet, witty gentleman, was our stage manager. He had put up a list of business for a certain week, and among the plays selected was a nautical drama entitled "Mat of the Iron Hand." Now while really engaged for utility business, I had been playing a lot of leading parts, on account of my capacity to study long parts at short notice.

I had thus played Ben Bolt, a fine juvenile sailor, and had made a big hit in it. Bishop said I ought to make a specialty of sailors, and that he had no doubt I'd be as great a sailor actor as W. G. Jones and T. P. Cooke had been. Consequently when I heard of "Mat of the Iron Hand" going up, I felt sure of getting the leading sailor in that play. What was my chagrin to find C. B. Bishop cast for it. This was my opportunity to enforce the law of precedent. No low comedian had been cast for the part in any of the original productions according to the printed book, so I went to Mr. Hall, book in hand.

"Mr. Hall, by what precedent do you cast Mr. Bishop for this part in 'Mat of the Iron Hand'?"

"By the precedent that I believe he'll play better than any one in the theatre."

"But, Mr. Hall, that part belongs to me; I played Ben Bolt, and here are the original casts of 'Mat of the Iron Hand': Bowery Theatre, E. Eddy; Chatham Street Theatre, John R. Scott; Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, William R. Goodall, and so on."

He took the book, put on his spectacles, looked over the casts, and said, very quietly, "I don't see James A. Herne here anywhere," and handed back the book.

The tragedians of the old stock days were as a rule tremendous men physically. McKean Buchanan was one. He was over six feet tall and built like a Hercules. He carried very long, heavy fighting swords, and struck a blow like a blacksmith. I played Macduff to his Macbeth, at the Walnut Street Theatre, and I was nervous about the fight. We rehearsed it in the morning.

"Now, Herne," said he, "I pride myself on this fight; it's original with me, and I don't want it shortened by a blow. I have duplicates of these swords; at night I'll place one in the right second entrance and one in the left second entrance, so that in the event of either of us breaking a sword we can readily get another and continue the fight to the end."

Night came: "Lay on, Macduff, and damned be he who first cries Hold! enough!"

A big round of applause greeted this, and the gallery boys, packed in like sardines, prepared to see the terrific sword combat. We went at it.

"Guard your head!" he cried.

I guarded it, but I held my arm as stiff as a rod of iron. Down came his sword like a sledge hammer, and whang! it broke short off at the hilt. With a roar he made a tragic rush for the wing to get his reserve sword, but I wasn't going to miss my opportunity. I followed him like lightning, and before he could get his sword up I had stabbed him twenty times. "I've stabbed you," said I, "fall!" He fell on one knee, made two or three feeble death lunges, spat at me, drew his dagger and hacked the air with it, and finally died, but he never forgave me!

The old stock actors are rapidly passing away, one after another; the old stock theatres are crumbling into decay, and soon the final curtain will be rung down on the last remnant of "The Old Stock Days."

COMMUNISM OF CAPITAL—THE REAL ISSUE BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

BY HON. JOHN DAVIS, M.C.

THE current politics of to-day were preceded by the current politics of other days. Advances in politics are made step by step through organized parties, which gradually arise in consequence of great public grievances. Without the existence of grievances there can be no new party. All history attests that men never right their wrongs as long as the wrongs are sufferable. No man can build a new party at will. It is far more probable that a new party, rising and growing through great public exigencies, will build or find a new man as the champion to enforce its demands.

All political progress is made through new parties. Men advance, but party organizations do not. The first political party in America was favorable to monarchy. Children were taught to lisp "His Majesty," and "God save the King!" was the song of loyalty. From kingly tyranny came a party demanding the "redress of grievances." The grievances were not redressed, and hence came the party of Independence. This was a new party. It achieved American liberty. Through a new party, also, came freedom on the high seas; and another new party relieved the country of chattel slavery.

When new parties have arisen, and have performed their respective missions by abolishing the grievances which gave them birth, they do not disorganize and pass out of existence, but their early and patriotic leaders drop out of power, or, may be, forget their former patriotism. New leaders come to the front, seeking the honors and emoluments of office through the "majority party." In this way an old party becomes a party of *no* principle — a party of spoils — merely an organized appetite, feeding on the *dead* issues of the past. To-day we have in America *two great and greedy organized appetites*, differing in nothing except to "put the rascals

out," on one side, and, to "keep the rascals out," on the other. In the pursuit of game, they run in couples. It is only in the division of the spoils that these old organizations indulge in snarling and snapping at each other. All new parties in America have believed in the equality of men before the laws, and, while new, they have made such progress as has dimmed in some small degree the separating lines of nationality, race, and color.

But in the meantime, there has grown up another person, little known to the fathers of the republic. It is a legal entity, endowed with more privileges and powers, and fewer responsibilities than belong to common men. This artificial person, created by law, is stronger than Samson and Hercules combined. It is more tyrannical than King George, and less merciful than chattel slavery — a monster, powerful, aggressive, and grasping, which to-day dominates society, politics, industry, and commerce. Political parties tremble in its presence. Party leaders do its bidding. Finance, transportation, and all industry fatten it with billions in tribute.

This new creation, in a multitude of forms, sends its representatives into every state legislature, and into the National Congress, corrupting and poisoning the very sources of power, and making justice between man and corporate power unusual, if not impossible. Even the lands and homes of the people are passing into the fatal clutches of this insatiable devil-fish. If it is invisible, it is also all-pervading, irresistible, and unmerciful. It may "sue and be sued," but never punished, as its crimes deserve. Men, women, and children, guilty of crime, may be fined, imprisoned, and hanged. This new tyrant does not even come into court, except by proxy. Without body, it cannot be imprisoned or hanged. Without conscience, it cannot suffer the pangs of remorse. Without soul, it is not concerned as to the rewards and punishments of the future.

Among my readers let me choose five of the smartest brains and heaviest pockets. By a legal charter these may be combined into one personage or corporation for business purposes. This is a new creation made by law. But the law cannot create either a soul or a conscience. Hence our new artificial creation has five times the usual amount of brains, with neither soul nor conscience. It is not subject

to disease or death, or to any of the evils to which flesh is heir. Yet God's children, men, women, and infants, must live or die as best they can in business competition with this new-born tyrant.

If, by some sort of miracle, I should unite five, ten, or fifty stout men into one physical giant, without soul or conscience, and subject to neither disease nor death, and should turn him loose on society, fully armed for combat, who would dare to contend with him?

Through unjust laws and practices the common people of America are taxed and robbed to penury, despite their best efforts to obtain the fair rewards of honest industry. A Chicago journal has recently published a list of three hundred and forty millionnaires in the state of Illinois. Those dangerous aggregations of wealth were garnered through class laws or the violations of law, through the "protected industries," and through the various forms and devices of "investments" and speculations, so well known to the crafty and unscrupulous, while on agriculture and other forms of industry have fallen all the losses.

These are but hints as to some of the phases and grievances of current politics. The old parties of rapacious greed are friendly to their offspring, and will not afford relief. Is it any wonder that society is organizing against this new form of tyranny — this "communism" of capital? and that a new political party is rapidly forming for defensive purposes?

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH—MORE CASES STILL.

BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

ONE more instalment of cases I am to lay before the readers of THE ARENA. After the two preceding articles, I need waste no time in words of preface or introduction. Concerning these I shall now relate, I only wish to say, as I have already said concerning all the rest, that I think I know they are genuine. These things took place. They took place in the conditions and in the precise way which I shall describe. I shall refrain from dogmatizing as to theories of explanation. Such dogmatism never convinces. People will accept a new and unfamiliar truth only when driven to it by overwhelming force of evidence. I seek only to help in the accumulation of evidence; the truth — whatever it be — will at last make itself manifest to the minds of all reasonable men.

For the sake of variety, and to hint at the breadth of the field now open for investigation, I will begin with a case unlike any of those so far presented.

There is a certain class of sensitives or psychics who claim to possess what is called psychometric power. Suppose it is a lady. She will take in her hand a letter, and, without reading a word of it or even looking at it, she receives from it certain impressions, which she states. Sometimes she goes into such detail as to the contents of the letter and the character and personality of the writer as is utterly impossible on any theory of guess-work. Neither, in my judgment, is it to be classed with clairvoyance; for she does not read the letter nor even seem to see the writer. These phenomena of psychometry seem to constitute a class by themselves. At times it is not a letter that the lady holds in her hands, but any article or substance whatever. But in any case, the article so held appears to give impressions of so precise a nature that the psychic reads the story of its past, calls up distant persons and scenes — distant both in space and in time. In presence of such facts, one finds himself wondering if even inanimate nature — if any part of nature

is inanimate — does not carry with it a record or memory of all that ever concerned it. But I will suppress any tendency to dream, and turn to my fact.

On a certain morning I visited a psychometrist. Several experiments were made. I will relate only one, as a good specimen of what has occurred in my presence more than once. The lady was not entranced or, so far as I could see, in any other than her normal condition. I handed her a letter which I had recently received. She took it, and held it in her right hand, pressing it close, so as to come into as vital contact with it as possible. I had taken it out of its envelope, so that she might touch it more effectively, but it was not unfolded even so much as to give her an opportunity to see even the name. It was written by a man whom she had never seen, and of whom she had never heard. After holding it a moment, she said, "This man is either a minister or a lawyer; I cannot tell which. He is a man of a good deal more than usual intellectual power. And yet, he has never met with any such success in life as one would have expected, considering his natural ability. Something has happened to thwart him and interfere with his success. At the present time he is suffering with severe illness and mental depression. He has pain here (putting her hand to the back of her head, at the base of the brain)."

She said much more, describing the man as well as I could have done it myself. But I will quote no more, for I wish to let a few salient points stand in clear outline. These points I will number, for the sake of clearness: —

1. She tells me he is a man, though she has not even glanced at the letter.

2. She says he is either a minister or a lawyer; she cannot tell which. No wonder, for he was both; that is, he had preached for some years, then had left the pulpit, studied law, and at this time was not actively engaged in either profession.

3. She speaks of his great natural ability. This was true in a most marked degree.

4. But he had not succeeded as one would have expected. This again was strikingly true. Certain things had happened — which I do not feel at liberty to publish — which had broken off his career in the middle and made his short life seem abortive.

5. She says he is ill as he writes. At this very time he was at the house of a friend, suffering from a malarial attack, his business broken up, and his mind depressed by the thought of his life failure.

Now this lady did not know I had any such friend; and of all these different facts about him, of course she knew absolutely nothing. She did not read a word of the letter. But (note this carefully) even though she had read it all, it would have told her only the one fact that, as he wrote, he was not well. It contained not the slightest allusion to any of the others.

This case cannot be explained by clairvoyance, for the lady did not possess the power. Was it guess-work? One case might be so explained. But one does not guess after this fashion very often. So, as I put this case alongside the many others which I know, the guess theory becomes too improbable for one moment's serious consideration.

I will now tell the story of my first sitting with Mrs. P., a psychic famous in the annals of psychical research, both in Boston and in London. In one way the incidents are very slight, but for that very reason they were to me all the more striking; for it seems to me that *such* incidents are beyond the wildest theory of guess-work. She might have guessed a great many things about me; but that she should have guessed these particular things, seems to me most wildly improbable.

This sitting occurred in the winter of 1885. My father had died during the preceding summer, aged ninety years and six months. Most of his life had been spent in Maine. He had never lived in Boston, and there is no conceivable way by which Mrs. P. could ever have learned about him any other than the most general facts. But as she had no earthly reason for supposing that I was ever going to call on her, I do not know why she should have taken the trouble to learn anything about him. Even if she had taken such trouble, there was no one in the city who could have told her these especial facts. They were not known outside of one or two members of my own family, and at this time no member of my family had ever seen Mrs. P.

Such, then, was the condition of affairs when, one morning, I called at her house. She soon became entranced. That these trances, in her case, are genuine, there is no shadow of

a question; and when she returns to her normal condition, she has no knowledge of anything that has been said or done. Her "control" said — what is common enough — that many "spirits" were present. Among them he singled out for description an old man. This description was general only, but correct so far as it went; for immediately he proceeded to tell me it was my father. Then he added, "He calls you Judson." Soon after this, as though his attention had just been turned to it, he exclaimed that he had a peculiar bare spot "right here." (The hand of the psychic was lifted and laid on the right side of the top of her head, about where the parting of the hair would usually be.)

This is by no means all that was said or done, but I single out thus these two tiny facts, so that we may look at them a little by themselves. As to this matter of the bare spot on his head: Though living to so advanced an age, my father was never bald; but years before I was born, as the result of a burn, this particular place lost its hair. It was about one inch in width and two or three inches long, running back from the forehead towards the crown. He was accustomed to part his hair on the left side, and comb it over this bare place. Generally, therefore, it was entirely unnoticed. As I had every reason to suppose that Mrs. P. had never seen him, this struck me as at least worthy of remark.

But the other little matter appears to me still more worthy of notice. When I was born, away up in the middle of Maine, I had a half-sister, my father's daughter, who was then living in Massachusetts. She sent home a request that I be named Judson. She was to do for me certain things, provided her request was granted. So I got my middle name; but she died suddenly before ever returning home, and I have never learned the reason for her wish. The only important thing about this bit of autobiography is to note the fact that (as I always supposed, out of tenderness for the memory of a favorite daughter) my father, all through my boyhood, always called me Judson, though all the rest of the family uniformly spoke to me, and of me, by my first name; and (this is worthy of note) my father himself, in all his later years, fell into the habit of using my first name, like the rest of the family. I doubt, therefore, if he had called me "Judson" for as many as fifteen or

twenty years before his death. Why, then, does the "control" of Mrs. P., after describing correctly this "old man," exclaim, "Why, it is your father; he calls you *Judson*"?

Neither one of these things was consciously in my own mind at the time, and I can imagine no way by which either the conscious or unconscious self of Mrs. P. could ever have found them out.

A very little thing! Yes, and so it was a very little thing to know that a piece of amber, when rubbed with silk, would attract light bodies; but this little thing had in it the promise and potency of world-revolutionizing discoveries.

One other thing occurred at this same sitting. Towards its close, Mrs. P.'s "control" said: "Here is somebody who says his name is John. He was your brother. No, not your own brother; he was your half-brother." Then, pressing her hand on the base of her brain, Mrs. P. moaned and rocked herself back and forth as if in great agony. Then the "control" continued: "He says it was *so* hard to die, away off there all alone! How he *did* want to see mother!" Then he went on to explain that he died from the effects of a fall, striking the back of his head. The whole description was most strikingly realistic.

Now for the facts corresponding to this dramatic narration. I had a half-brother John, my mother's son. (The family was a threefold one, my father and my mother both having been married before they married each other.) He was many years older than I, and in his earlier life had gone to sea. A year or two before this sitting, he had been at work in Michigan, building a steam saw mill. Some hoisting tackle having got out of gear, he had climbed up to disentangle it. Losing his hold, he had fallen and struck the back of his head on a stick of timber, from the results of which he died. No friend was near him at the time, but afterward we learned that he had died talking of "mother"; and love for his mother had been a most marked characteristic all through his life.

John was not consciously in my mind at the time of this sitting, and I cannot even dream of any way by which Mrs. P. could ever even have heard that any such person had ever lived.

I will now relate a very slight incident, but one which I should like to have somebody explain. The psychic, in this case, was not a professional. She is a personal friend of many years' standing. Most of her friends do not know that she ever has any such experiences. While interested in these matters, she is modest and undogmatic, and as much an inquirer as I am myself. Her present husband (she has been twice married) is a student in these directions, and so encourages her in such investigations.

One day at a little quiet sitting, she unexpectedly became entranced. It was only occasionally that this occurred, the "influences" commonly working in some other way. While thus entranced, she personated half a dozen different people, ranging from a little girl to an old man. Her facial expression, voice, gesture, and whole being took on and expressed the particular character in each instance. All this was utterly unlike her ordinary demeanor; for in her normal condition, she is unusually shy and diffident. She would have needed the art of the actress to have purposely assumed and played these various parts.

But only one incident of this sitting will I now dwell on. Her first husband claimed to be in control and to be speaking to me through her. He talked over many things of which I knew nothing, and left messages, the purport of which were "all Greek" to me, but which were full of significance to her as I related them when the trance was over. Among other things, he said, "Tell my wife that the friend she is expecting to visit her will come on Saturday." Then he added, laughingly, "She won't believe that."

I knew nothing of any particular friend who was coming to visit her on Saturday or any other day; so all this meant nothing to me. But when I gave her the message, she smiled and said, "That is surely a mistake, for I have just received a letter from this friend (a lady in New York), saying that I am to expect her next week Tuesday."

This sitting was on Wednesday morning. In my next day's mail came a letter from my friend, in which she told me that, on reaching home, she found another letter from New York telling her the plans had been changed, and the visitor would arrive on Saturday.

I leave the explanation of this to the wise.

I wish now to tell some parts of an experience which a

young lady friend of mine had with Mrs. P., the psychic already referred to. This young lady is remarkable for her level head, clear thought, and self-control. She and Mrs. P. had never met. A sitting was arranged, Miss S. (the young lady) writing and making the appointment under an assumed name, and giving the address of a friend instead of her own home: so anxious was she that there should be no clue to her personality. She carried a book, and in it three envelopes containing three locks of hair. One of these locks was from the head of her mother, but concerning the other two she knew nothing. They had been given her by a friend to be used as a test. When Mrs. P. had become entranced, Miss S. gave her one of the envelopes containing a lock of hair. Immediately her "control" began talking about it. She told whose head it was from, gave the name, and not only this, but the names of other people connected with this one, and described their characteristics and the relations in which they stood to each other.

Meantime Miss S. was in entire ignorance as to the correctness of the statements being made. She however made a careful record of them all, and afterwards found that all which had been said was true in every particular.

Now this case is not like the psychometric one mentioned above; for here the psychic is entranced, and it is the "control" that speaks. In the other case, it is the conscious psychic herself.

What happened in regard to this one lock of hair happened concerning them all. In each case names were given, facts referred to, persons described, and all with complete accuracy. I state the case in this brief and general way; but I have in my possession all the particular facts written out at the time.

I am now to relate the story of three most remarkable psychic experiences occurring in the life of the same person, then a girl not more than twelve years of age. The lady in whose girlhood they happened has written them out for me, and they are corroborated by witnesses who had full knowledge of the facts, so that they would constitute evidence in a court of justice.

Following the method I have uniformly pursued so far, I will tell the stories in my own words. I do this for the sake of simplicity; but the autograph documents are in my possession.

When the first instance occurred, Miss D. was about eleven years old. She was an extremely nervous, sensitive child, afraid of the dark, always hearing strange sounds, and never willing to go upstairs to bed alone.

Her father was an educated man, a Harvard graduate, and at this time was teaching a class that met in one of the rooms on the second floor of the house in which they then lived. On this particular evening, just after supper, her father sent her up to this classroom to remove the blower from the Franklin coal stove. This she did, and then started for the sitting-room below again. As she reached the top of the stairs, she saw what appeared to be a very tall man coming up, and he had nearly reached the top. She stepped aside to let him pass; and as she did so, she lifted her head and looked him full in the face. He looked down in her face for a moment, spoke to her, and said, "I watch over you," and then vanished as if into the side of the wall.

He was unusually tall, over six feet, and Miss D. says she remembers his face now more distinctly than that of any other face she ever saw. She knew at once that she had seen him by virtue of some strange inner sight.

So far the word "hallucination" would easily explain it all, but let us go on.

She went on downstairs, and spent the evening quietly with the family. She said nothing that night to any one of what she had seen, only all fear of the dark had gone; and when bedtime came, and they asked her if some one should go with her, she answered "No." From that time forth all the old timidity had ceased. Instead of being frightened, as at a ghost, she felt cared for and guarded by a loving friend.

The next morning she went to her mother and told her what she had seen, adding, "I think the man I saw was my father's father." This grandfather had died when her father was a boy of only eleven. There was no likeness of him in the family, and her father remembered him only as being a very tall man. When her father heard her description, he said that it was, so far as he knew, a faithful likeness. The grandmother was still living, but, being a very strict Baptist, knew nothing whatever of these psychical matters; but she declared that she could not herself have given a better description of her husband than the one her

granddaughter gave, from having seen this figure on the stairs. And she always believed that, for some special reason, this visit from the unseen had been permitted.

A short time after, this same little Miss D. was seated in her father's study one evening reading a book. After a while she looked up from her book, and said, "Father, there is some one here in this room, and she wishes to speak." Her father was writing at his desk in another part of the room, facing away from her. But as she spoke, he turned, and said, "If any one wishes to speak with me, she must give me her name, as I am busy." Then the little girl said, "Her name is Mary," and, waiting a moment, she added, "Mary Pickering." At once her father seemed greatly interested, and said, "If this is you, Mary, tell me something by which I may know that it is you." Miss D. then said (the information seemed to come to her in some inexplicable way, for she heard no words with the outer ear): "She has been in the other life many years. She was from twenty-two to twenty-four when she died. She died quite unexpectedly, after a very short illness, of a fever. She lived in B——. You met her and became acquainted with her while teaching in that town, and boarding in her father's family, before you left college. You knew her before you went to the divinity school. She has been often, often to you, and *you have known it*."

The father had been educated for the Baptist ministry, and at this time had no faith in the possibility of spirit's returning, so far as any of the family knew. But he asked his daughter if she could describe this Mary, saying, "She had marked peculiarities in dress and in the manner of arranging her hair." The daughter replied: "Yes, she has hair almost black, dark eyes, so dark you would call them black; but as you look closer, you see they are hazel. She wears this hair in *three curls* on each side of the face, and these curls reach down in such a manner that they make a frame for the face, while the rest of the hair is combed back and fastened by a comb in a twist at the back of the head. The last time you saw her she had on a cloth dress; it looks like a black wool, and is cut with a plain, full skirt, and a plain back to the body; but the front crosses one side over the other in three folds, and the sleeve has a look like a leg of mutton."

Then the father sat for a few moments in silence. But

soon, taking his bunch of keys from his pocket, he unlocked a drawer in his writing-desk which his little girl had never seen opened before. From this he took a daguerrotype, and, passing it to her, he said, "This is a likeness of Mary Pickering; does she look like this?" Thereupon the little girl said, "Just like it; only what I see is spirit."

The name of this young lady the little girl had never before heard. She did not know that such a person had ever lived; and no one in the family, except her father, knew that such a portrait was in existence; and only he knew of this episode in his past life. Yet everything that Miss D. had seen and said corresponded perfectly with the facts.

This Miss D., now of course grown up, is a personal acquaintance, and her father testifies to the strict truthfulness of all that is here written down. And here, let it be remembered, is no experience with a professional. This lady lives in the quiet of a wealthy home; has never "sat" for psychical investigation, either for money or for any other reason. Only all her life long she has been subject to these strange experiences. Also it is worth noting that she is healthy and sane, and practical to an unusual degree.

But now for one more experience out of her girlhood life. Again she was sitting with her father in his study. She was a great book-lover, and so his study was a favorite place with the daughter. This time it was a man she saw. So she said to her father, "There is a man here by the name of Rockwood." Her father said: "Yes, I knew a young fellow by that name once; but he has been dead for years now. Tell me where I knew him and how!" So she went on, and said, "You knew him in H., when you were attending the classical school then kept by G. R." Then she proceeded to describe the house in which he had lived and died. She told him it stood at the forks of the road, was a mile from the town; that the funeral was from the house, and not the church, as was the custom in the town at that time. She told the manner in which he had died.

Her father then said: "I do not know anything more than the fact that he died some years ago. If you can see all this," he added, "you certainly ought to be able to tell me where he is buried; and this I do not know any more than I know whether his funeral was in a church or in his own house."

In a few moments she went on, "I can go over the entire

ground." Then, mentally, she went into the house, saw the body as it lay in the coffin, saw the face, and told how he looked and what he had on. Then she saw them take the coffin from the front right-hand room, and put it into the hearse, and go slowly to the cemetery, which was a mile away. She also described how the bell in the Orthodox Church tolled all the time while the procession was on the way to the grave. She seemed to enter the cemetery by the middle gate. She described the lot as being on the left side of the main driveway, just before coming to the new addition to the cemetery at the farther side.

She had never been in this town in her life, and knew nothing about it. Her father knew nothing of the circumstances of the death or the funeral, or of there being any new addition to the cemetery. He however became so interested in the matter, that he asked her if she thought she could go unguided from the railway station to the cemetery, and then back to the house. She felt so sure that she could, that it was decided that a trial should be made. So one day they together visited the town. Her father kept behind, and let her go on alone. As stated above, she had never before been in the town, and he had not visited it for many years; but she proceeded directly to the cemetery. When they reached the left-hand corner of the cemetery, she said, "I can go in here instead of going round to the main entrance, where the procession entered, and go straight to the grave." This she did, recognizing the place as the one she had seen mentally, and finding it as familiar as though she had known it all her life.

Now occurred a curious incident. At the grave they saw a strange gentleman neither of them had ever seen before. He was talking with the town undertaker. Seeing them come to this particular lot, he spoke to them. It turned out that he had married a sister of this Mr. Rockwood, by whose grave they were standing. After falling into conversation, Mr. D., the little girl's father, told him what had brought them there. He straightway became so interested in the matter, that he begged them to go to the old home with him, and see if his wife confirmed the story as Miss D. had told it. He said he noticed them enter the cemetery; and though familiar with all the place, he could not surely have gone more directly to the grave. They accepted the invitation,

and, her father having renewed his old acquaintance with what was left of the family, they spent the night there. The sister of Mr. Rockwood remembered all the particulars of her brother's death, and confirmed all that Miss D. had said. He had died in the chamber she had described; the funeral was in the house and not in the church; the bell did toll while the procession was in motion. In short, she had been correct in every detail.

This case seems to me a most remarkable one, and one not easily to be classified under any one head. She sees this Mr. Rockwood, and he tells her what she does not know. Her father knows a part of it, but by no means all. So, telepathy might help us in explanation of some of it; it does not cover all. Another part of it looks like clairvoyance; and yet clairvoyance, as ordinarily understood, sees only what is going on at the time. But here the past is resurrected; not only persons, but places and events. Let who can undertake to explain. All I will say is that it comes to me so supported by evidence, and first-hand evidence at that, that I cannot but accept it as true.

One more case shall close this already long story of psychic experience. It occurred on a certain evening in June in the year 1890. The place is a well-known town in one of the New England States. The psychic is a clergyman who gives me the account, and it is confirmed by the autograph indorsement of the other principal man concerned. It seems to me to demand the presence and the activity of some invisible intelligence.

There were present Mr. and Mrs. B., two or three friends, and the clergyman. Conversation turned on this general subject, when Mr. B. remarked that he wished he could have a satisfactory test. The clergyman, Mr. L., thereupon felt a sudden and very powerful nervous shock. This always precedes, in his case, an experience of this kind. He describes it by saying that this strange sensation commences at the cerebellum, and passes down the spinal column, and thence branching to his feet. The feeling is very like that produced by the action of an electric current applied to the base of the brain, and passed downward, especially if the surface of the skin is lightly touched by the sponge.

Immediately he saw (it was a subjective vision) the face and form of a gentleman who was a stranger to him. He

bore a resemblance to Mr. B., who sat near. In this same subjective way, he saw the name of "Edward B." (I give only the initial of the last name, though the full name is in my possession). Then he seemed to have uttered these words: "Tell my brother that a piece of property which I once owned, and which by death fell to my heirs, and is now owned by my brother, is in danger of being lost to him. He must look after it at once, or it will pass out of his hands." The "spirit" was very urgent, and the psychic was very strangely thrilled and affected by his presence. Those in the room remarked on the changed character of the psychic's countenance, it being shining and apparently illuminated.

Mr. B. at once replied, however: "It is not possible that this can be true. I have all my tax bills on the various properties which I own in Nebraska. It is a mistake."

This Mr. B. is a cautious and careful business man; so what occurred is all the more remarkable. He was not a spiritualist, but was a candid inquirer.

In spite of the denial of Mr. B., the "spirit" was very urgent that the matter be looked up at once.

A few days later, Mr. L., the clerical psychic (he is still in the active work of the ministry, and not making a profession of this strange power), sailed for a vacation trip to Europe. He was absent several months.

On his return he met Mr. B. one day, and he said: "Oh, about that matter in Nebraska. I looked over my papers soon after you went away, and found that one of my tax bills on a certain piece of property was missing. I felt sure that I had received it. But I found that I had been mistaken. I at once wrote to my agent (in Nebraska), and requested him to send the tax bill to me. Several days elapsed beyond those required for an answer, but none came. I wrote again, and peremptorily, telling my agent that he could attend to the matter immediately, or I would transfer my business to another man. This letter brought a prompt reply. The agent wrote that, through his own oversight, the lessee had been allowed to pay the tax on the property, and had taken as security what is called a tax lien. *The payment of these taxes, and the taking of such liens for a certain length of time will, in the end, entitle the lessee to a warrantee deed of the property.*"

This is Nebraska law; and many a dodge of this kind is resorted to as a means of swindling the real owner out of his property.

This seems to be a strikingly clear-cut case. At the time of this message, purporting to come from Mr. B.'s brother, no living man this side of Nebraska had any knowledge of the facts as stated. These facts proved to be correct in every particular. And here is one instance that a "spiritualist" might use in rebuttal of the common charge that the "messages" never tell anything that is of any value to anybody. In this case, certainly, a valuable piece of property was saved by the message, whatever may have been its source.

The story is authenticated in such a way as would make it good evidence in the hands of any judge, or before any jury in Christendom.

IN THE TRIBUNAL OF LITERARY CRITICISM.

BACON *VS.* SHAKESPEARE.

BY EDWIN REED.

PART I. BRIEF FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

SECTION III. OBJECTIONS CONSIDERED.

As counsel for defendant may be disposed at this point to demur to the evidence, and thus take the case from the jury, we feel obliged to file a statement of facts and objections on the other side, arranged seriatim in the inverse order of their importance, as follows: —

I. From 1598, when the publication of the plays ceased to be anonymous, to 1848, when Joseph C. Hart, an American, publicly initiated the doubt concerning their authorship, (a period of two hundred and fifty years,) the whole world, nem. con., attributed them to William Shakespeare.

The plays came into existence in obscurity. No person appears to have taken the slightest interest in their putative author. His very insignificance saved him from prosecution when the play of "Richard II." was used by Essex for treasonable ends. And the same indifference to him continued for a long time after his death. Indeed, the critics were as blind to the character of these great works as they were, in the early part of the present century, to the merits of Wordsworth, whom the most eminent of them at one time flatly denounced as little better than an idiot. Wordsworth now ranks as third in the list of British poets.*

Mr. Appleton Morgan,† in his brilliant contribution to the literature of this subject, reminds us of the general contempt in which the plays were buried under Cromwell, and, to a certain extent, for more than a hundred years after the Res-

*The next in rank had the same experience. The great critic, "Christopher North," did not hesitate to call Tennyson, on the appearance of his first book of poems in 1830, an owl, and to say, "all he wants is to be shot, stuffed, and stuck into a glass case, to be made immortal in a museum."

†President of the New York Shakespeare Society.

toration. In 1661 Evelyn reports that they "begin to disgust this refined age." Pepys preferred Hudibras to Shakespeare, pronouncing, "Midsummer Night's Dream" "the most insipid, ridiculous play" he had ever seen. In 1681, Tate, a poet who afterward wore the laurel, could find no epithet sufficiently opprobrious to express his opinion of "King Lear," and so he called it simply "a thing." In Hume's condemnation, Shakespeare and Bacon were yoked together as wanting in "simplicity and purity of diction." Addison styled the plays "very faulty," and Johnson asserted, with his usual emphasis, that Shakespeare never wrote six consecutive lines "without making an ass of himself." Dryden, though not without lucid intervals of high appreciation, still regarded Shakespeare and Fletcher as "below the dullest writers of our own or any preceding age," full of "solecisms of speech," "flaws of sense," and "ridiculous and incoherent stories, meanly written." He disapproved altogether of Shakespeare's style, describing it as "pestered with figurative expressions," "affected," and "obscure." One part of the "Troilus and Cressida" he called a "heap of rubbish." John Dennis thought himself competent to rewrite the plays, and actually put one or two of them, "revised and improved," on the boards in London, apparently without the least suspicion, on the part of the audiences that witnessed them, of any sacrilege. Another astonishing critic was Rymer, who comes to us indorsed by Pope as "learned and strict." He says of Desdemona: "There is nothing in her which is not below any country kitchen-maid; no woman, bred out of a pig-sty, could talk so meanly." Even as late as the eighteenth century, Steevens declared that only an act of Parliament could make any one read the sonnets.

On the other side, we have a stock quotation from Milton, as follows: —

> "Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
> Warble his native wood-notes wild," —

requiring a considerable stretch of the imagination to apply to the plays. Mr. White calls it "a petty, puling dribble of belittling, patronizing praise." Milton was a Puritan, and probably never soiled his fingers with a copy of these wicked works. He had some knowledge of their character, to be sure, for he accused Charles I. of making them and "other

stuff of this sort" his daily reading. Evidently, in Milton's opinion, a king who read and admired "Hamlet" or "Othello" deserved to lose his head.*

With such sentiments as these in vogue regarding the plays themselves, how much value should we attach to the concurrent belief in the authorship of them? Why should men look upward for a star, when they are content to see it reflected in the dirty puddles of the streets? And how natural, under a law of moral mechanics, the swinging of public opinion, from blind detraction at one time to equally blind idolatry at another!

II. It is hardly conceivable that Bacon, if the author of these works, would not have claimed the credit of them before he died, or, at least, left posthumous proofs that would have established his title to them.

Bacon had one great aim in life, an aim that, it seems to us, gave a fine consistency to all that he did. He sought to instruct in better ways of thinking, not his own generation alone, but those that were to come after. "I feel myself born," he says in one of his letters, "for the service of mankind." Accordingly, we find him in his will bequeathing sets of his philosophical works and his essays to the chief public libraries of the kingdom. He even translated them into Latin, for the avowed reason that our modern languages are ephemeral, while Latin will last as long as human speech. In his will, also, with the sublime confidence that is inseparable from genius, he left his name and memory to the "next ages."

At the same time, he showed no anxiety for personal credit. His mind was bent on grander results. In the introduction to one of his books, unpublished at the time of his death, he asks his executors to leave some parts of it unprinted, in order that they might be passed in manuscript "from hand to hand." He had the curious conception that in this impersonal way certain truths might take deeper root. Then follow these noble words: —

"For myself, my heart is not set upon any of those things which depend on external accidents. I am not hunting for fame. I have no desire to found a sect, after the fashion of the heresiarchs; and to look for any private gain from such an undertaking as this, I should consider both ridiculous and base. Enough for me the consciousness

* In his youth Milton wrote a sonnet to Shakespeare, which is one of the finest in our language. It was prefixed to the folio edition of the plays published in 1632.

of well-deserving, and those real and effectual results with which fortune itself cannot interfere."

The ring of these words three centuries have not dulled. They will ring through all time, for they are of pure gold.

It should be remembered, too, that Bacon had an ambition to occupy his father's seat on the woolsack, and that to be known as a writer of plays for money would have been fatal to his advancement. After his downfall, he had not the heart, if he had the will, for the exposure. He may well have hesitated to make another invidious confession in the face of a frowning world.*

"The question why Bacon, if he were the composer of the plays, did not acknowledge the authorship, is not difficult to answer. His birth, his position, and his ambition forbade him, the nephew of Lord Burleigh, the future Lord Chancellor of England, to put his name on a play bill. In the interest of his family and of his political career, the secret must be so strictly preserved that mere anonymity would not be sufficient. A live man-of-straw, a responsible official representative known to every one, was required. No person could be better fitted for such a purpose than an actor, wise enough to understand and appreciate what was to his own advantage. Perhaps this "Johannes Factotum" of Greene's did not know the name of his benefactor. But even if he did know the name, it was obviously to his interest to keep from the world, and particularly from his gossiping companions, a secret which brought him money and fame." —*Allgemeine Zeitung.*

Sir Walter Scott kept his authorship of the Waverley Novels a secret for more than twelve years, because he deemed the writing of fiction beneath the dignity of a clerk of courts and of a land owner.

III. The plays contain anachronisms and other errors which Bacon, "who took all knowledge for his province," could not have committed.

Chief among the errors in question, of sufficient importance to be noted here, are the following: —

1. The famous one in the quotation from Aristotle:

> "Young men, whom Aristotle thought
> Unfit to hear moral philosophy."
> —*Troilus and Cressida, II. 2.*

* A French critic has conjectured that Bacon may have left instructions to his executors to divulge the secret at some opportune time after his death, but that the alarming growth of Puritanism, culminating in its complete ascendancy under Cromwell twenty-five years later, rendered such a step inexpedient. Holding his reputation in trust and knowing what a fierce popular storm the announcement would cause, they may have deemed it their duty to let the plays remain as "Mr. William Shakespeare's," until such time as these writings might reveal by their own light the name and genius of the author.

It was *political* philosophy that Aristotle referred to; but Bacon makes the same mistake. He quotes the Greek as saying: —

"Young men are no fit auditors of moral philosophy."

Even in their blunders our two authors were not divided.

2. The curious conception of heat in its "mode of motion," one flame pushing another by force out of its place.

Shakespeare: —

"Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another."
—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, II. 4.*

"One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail." — *Coriolanus.*

Bacon: —

"Flame doth not mingle with flame, but remaineth contiguous."— *Advancement of Learning.*

"Clavum clavo pellere" (To drive out a nail with a nail.) — *Promus.*

The materiality of heat was a dogma of the ancients. It held almost absolute sway over mankind till long after the time of Francis Bacon; but this nail illustration, found in Bacon's intellectual workshop and reproduced in the plays, is startling. It may fairly be said to clinch the argument.

3. Mark Antony tells the Romans that he comes

"To bury Cæsar, not to praise him."

knowing that the Romans did not bury the bodies of their dead.

The play was written for an English stage, and for an audience to whom cremation was practically unknown. The reference to burial indicates the art, rather than the ignorance, of the dramatist. What would our critics say of a famous actor of modern times who always armed the Roman guard in the play with Springfield muskets!

"Shakespeare turns his Romans into Englishmen, and he does right, for otherwise his nation would not have understood him."— *Goethe.*

4. A Trojan hero quotes Aristotle, Cleopatra plays billiards, and a clock strikes the hours in ancient Rome.

Historical perspective is not necessary to the drama. The poet sees the world reflected on a retina that ignores time and place. He idealizes facts. Egypt, Greece, Rome, Per-

icles, Cæsar, are so many stars set in his firmament, and shining apparently in one plane. This illusion extended even to the accessories of the stage in Shakespeare's day. There was no scenery to help the spectators.* Imagination was left to its own unaided wings, with nothing but the atmosphere of the play to sustain it. At the call of the magical flute piping through the Globe, billiards, clocks, churchyards, seaports, Ilium, all local and temporary objects of sense, "shot madly from their spheres," in blind obedience to the melody.

"Poesy is feigned history, which, not being tied to the laws of matter, may at pleasure join that which nature hath severed, and sever that which nature hath joined, and so make unlawful matches and divorces of things." — *Bacon.*

"There is no reason why an hour should not be a century in the calenture of the brains that can make the stage a field." — *Dr. Johnson.*

Numerous other errors of a minor character are found in the plays, though, like the spots on the sun's disk, they are lost to all but professional observers in the radiance that envelops them. Paradoxical as it may seem, however, these very blemishes are a distinct indication of Bacon's authorship. We find the same in his prose works. The great philosopher, notwithstanding his industry and his learning, was singularly careless in some of the minutiæ of his work. The sublime confidence with which he employed his mental powers often made a "sinner of his memory." It was simply impossible, in the multiplicity and magnitude of his productions, particularly if the plays be superadded, to prevent unimportant errors from creeping in. In no other way can we account for the false quotation from "Solomon" in the "Essay of Revenge," or that from "Tacitus" in the "Essay of Traditions." The grammatical mistakes in the Latin entries of the Promus, written with his own hand, would send a school-boy to the bottom of his class, but they put a tongue in every wound of syntax found in the plays.

* The want of scenic effects is thus portrayed by Sir Philip Sydney:—
"You shall have Asia of the one side and Africa of the other, and so many other under kingdoms that the player when he comes in must ever begin with telling where he is. . . . Now, you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then you must believe the stage to be a garden; by and by, we have news of a shipwreck in the same place, and we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes a hideous monster, with fire and smoke, and the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while, in the meantime, two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?"

In this connection, it may not be amiss to quote a few of Bacon's "Apothegms," with Devey's notes (Bohn's standard edition) appended to them, as follows: —

"Michael Angelo, the famous painter, made one of the damned souls in his portraiture of hell so like a cardinal, his enemy, as everybody at first sight knew it. Whereupon the cardinal complained to the Pope, humbly praying it might be effaced. The Pope said to him, "Why, you know very well I have power to deliver a soul out of purgatory, but not out of hell."

The victim was not a cardinal, but the Pope's master of ceremonies.

"A king of Hungary took a bishop in battle, and kept him prisoner. Whereupon, the Pope writ a monitory to him, for that he had broken the privilege of holy church and taken his son. The king, in reply, sent the armor wherein the bishop was taken, and this only in writing, "Know now whether this be thy son's coat?"

It was Richard Cœur de Lion who did this, and not a king of Hungary.

"Antigonus, when it was told him the enemy had such a volley of arrows that they did hide the sun, said: 'That falls out well, for it is hot weather, and so we shall fight in the shade.'"

This was a speech, not of Antigonus, but of a Spartan, previously to the battle of Thermopylæ.

"One of the seven was wont to say that laws are like cobwebs, where small flies are caught, but the great break through."

This was said, not by a Greek, but by Anacharsis, the Scythian.

"An orator of Athens said to Demosthenes: 'The Athenians will kill you if they wax mad.' Demosthenes replied: 'And they will kill you if they be in good sense.'"

This retort was made to Demosthenes by Phocion.

"Demetrius, king of Macedon, had a petition offered him divers times by an old woman, and answered he had no leisure. Whereupon the woman said aloud: 'Why, then, give over to be king.'"

This happened, not to Demetrius, but to Philip.

"A philosopher disputed with Adrian, the emperor, and did it but weakly. One of his friends, that stood by, afterwards said to him: 'Methinks you were not like yourself in argument with the emperor. I could have answered better myself.' 'Why,' said the philosopher, "would you have me contend with him that commands thirty legions?'"

This took place, not under Adrian, but under Augustus Cæsar.

"Chilon said that kings' friends and favorites are like counters, that sometimes stand for one, sometimes for ten, and sometimes for an hundred."

This was a saying of Orontes.

"Alexander, after the battle of Granicum, had very great offers made to him by Darius; consulting with his captains concerning them, Parmenio said: 'Sure, I would accept these offers, if I were Alexander.' Alexander answered: 'So would I, if I were Parmenio.'"

This happened after the battle of Issus.

The above are gross blunders, far more astonishing than any found in the works of Shakespeare. Abbott testifies on this point as follows: —

"We have abundant proof that he [Bacon] was eminently inattentive to details. His scientific works are full of inaccuracies. King James found in this defect of his chancellor the matter for a witticism: '*De minimis non curat lex.*'"*

IV. Shakespeare and Bacon were of essentially different types of mind, the "Novum Organum" and the conception of "Falstaff" being respectively at opposite poles, and wholly beyond the range of one man's powers.

Bacon's mind had as many facets as a diamond; turn it whichever way you will, it gives a flash. No feature of it was more conspicuous, in the eyes of his contemporaries, than his wit. It was simply prodigious. Ben Jonson says that, even on solemn occasions, Bacon could with difficulty "spare or pass by a jest." Macaulay asserts that in this respect he "never had an equal."

"He possessed this faculty, or this faculty possessed him, in a morbid degree. When he abandoned himself to it without reserve, as he did in "Sapientia Veterum," or at the end of the second book of "De Augmentis," the feats which he performed were not only admirable, but portentous, and almost shocking. On those occasions, we marvel at him, as clowns on a fair-day marvel at a juggler, and can hardly help thinking that the devil must be in him." — *Macaulay.*

It seems like piling Ossa on Pelion to add that the world's most famous jest-book we owe to Francis Bacon, dictated by him from a sick-bed, entirely from memory, in one day. No wonder the portly Falstaff sprang, full-grown, from such a brain!

* The law takes no notice of trifles.

V. The author of the "Essay on Love" could not have written "Romeo and Juliet."

The two productions are certainly widely dissimilar. In one, the tender passion is a flower in bloom, exquisitely sweet and beautiful; in the other, it is torn up by the roots and analyzed scientifically, not to say contemptuously. Indeed, Bacon quotes with approval an old saying that a man cannot love and be wise.

We have no direct evidence to show that the author of the essay did not possess a susceptible heart. To be sure, he was married late (at the age of forty-five), and was unfortunate in losing the affections of his wife before he died. It may be worthy of note, also, that the play was written several years before, and the essay several years after, his marriage. We cannot admit, however, in any view of his matrimonial adventure, that he was disqualified to write the garden scene in "Romeo and Juliet." It is not necessary to possess a trait in order to depict it. We instinctively see and appreciate what is exactly opposite to us in mental aptitudes. Human nature makes an unconscious effort in this way to round itself out into the complete and perfect. The theory of complementary colors is based on this tendency. Unity in diversity is the ideal of married life. Tom Hood was the wittiest of men and, at the same time, one of the most melancholy. The president of a New England theological seminary, who was very penurious, preached the ablest sermon of his life on charity. The people of Scotland are notoriously intemperate every Saturday night; it is said that thirty thousand persons get drunk at that time in the city of Glasgow alone; and yet the finest idyl in our language, consecrated to the domestic peace and religious sanctity of that season, we owe to a Scottish poet, himself in full accord with the habits of his countrymen.*

VI. The author of the plays had a thorough practical knowledge of dramatic art that could have been derived, in part at least, only from experience in stage management.

We are now on William Shakespeare's own ground; for not only did he tread the boards himself, but he was a successful manager of two theatres. That Francis Bacon also had a *penchant* for the business, will appear from three considerations, to wit: —

* "A New View of the Temperance Question," 2d ed., p. 17.

1. He possessed the temperament that fits one for it. On this point we summon a pen-and-ink artist of exceptional abilities, to testify as follows: —

"Slight in build, rosy and round in flesh, dight in a sumptuous suit; the head well-set, erect, and framed in a thick starched fence of frills; a bloom of study and travel on the fat, girlish face, which looks far younger than his years; the hat and feather tossed aside from the broad, white forehead, over which crisps and curls a mane of dark, soft hair, an English nose, firm, open, straight; mouth, delicate and small — a lady's or a jester's mouth — a thousand pranks and humors, quibbles, whims, and laughters, lurking in its twinkling, tremulous lines; such is Francis Bacon at the age of twenty-four." — *Dixon.*

2. Bacon was prominent in the dramatic revels at Gray's Inn and before the Court. According to Chamberlain (who wrote in 1613) he was the "chief contriver" of them. Anthony's tastes in this direction were so strong that he removed his residence to the neighborhood of the Bull Inn for better opportunities to gratify them. That his brother shared the same indulgence we cannot doubt, for the two were involved in a common censure from their mother on account of it; and when Francis rode in state through the streets to take his seat for the first time on the woolsack, the players turned out *en masse* to do him honor.

"It is said that William Shakespeare once played before Queen Elizabeth. There is no record of it in the Court minutes, though we cannot find that any of that period have been lost. There's a record, however, that Francis Bacon did. Feb. 8, 1587, certain gentlemen of Gray's Inn, Bacon among them, performed before Her Majesty a play called "The Misfortunes of Arthur," which surely no one can read without being impressed with its resemblance to what men call, nowadays, the Shakespearean gait and movement."

— *Appleton Morgan.*

3. Bacon regarded the drama as an educational instrumentality of the highest value. He says of it: —

"Although in modern states play-acting is esteemed but as a ludicrous thing, except when it is too satirical and biting, yet among the ancients it became a means of forming the souls of men to virtue. Even the wise and prudent, and great philosophers, considered it to be, as it were, the *plectrum* of the mind. And most certainly, what is one of the secrets of nature, the minds of men, when assembled together, are more open to affections and impressions than when they are alone."

In the second book of the "Advancement of Learning," he

recommends that dramatic art be included in the regular curriculum of schools.

After all, the plays are not such as a business manager, intent on making money and indifferent to literary fame, would write for his theatre. Some of them are impracticable on account of their length; they have always to be cut for public use. Others are too philosophical. How long would the gods of the pit endure "Troilus and Cressida," full, as it is, of the profoundest wisdom and wholly unsuited, even now, for popular presentation? Taken together, these writings seem to be the productions of a man who had high subjective ideals, who sought relief in them from severer studies, and who made pecuniary results a secondary consideration.

VII. Among Bacon's known works, we find some fragments of verse which show him utterly wanting in the fine frenzy of the poet.

Bacon's acknowledged poetry, it is safe to say, would not have made him immortal. We know that he wrote a sonnet to the Queen, but, unless it be included in the Shakespeare collection, it is lost. Two years before he died, and while incapacitated by illness for good work, he paraphrased a few of the Psalms, which he afterward published, and which would seem to be, at first sight, only so many nails driven into the coffin of his poetic aspirations. It is manifestly unfair, however, to judge of his capabilities in this line by a sick-bed effort. He was necessarily hampered, too, by the restrictions that always attend the transplanting of an exotic in full bloom, lest the little tendrils of speech that give the flower its beauty and fragrance be broken. The president of a New England college once made a similar adventure with the Psalms; but when the book appeared, the author's friends bought up the entire edition and suppressed it.

Fortunately, we have a specimen of Bacon's poetry for which we need not apologize. This is also a translation; but being in the precincts of profane literature, it justified a freer hand. We give it entire, as follows: —

"The world's a bubble, and the life of man
Less than a span,
In his conception wretched, from the womb
So to the tomb;
Cursed from his cradle and brought up to years
With cares and fears;

"Who, then, to frail mortality shall trust
But limns the water, or but writes in dust.

"Yet whilst with sorrow here we live oppressed,
What life is best?
Courts are only superficial schools,
To dandle fools.
The rural parts are turned into a den
Of savage men:
And where's the city from foul vice so free
But may be termed the worst of all the three?

"Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,
Or pain his head.
Those that live single take it for a curse,
Or do things worse.
Some would have children; those that have them moan,
Or wish them gone.
What is it, then, to have or have no wife,
But single thraldom, or a double strife?

"Our own affections still at home to please
Is a disease;
To cross the seas to any foreign soil,
Perils and toil.
Wars with their noise affright us; when they cease,
We're worse in peace.
What then remains, but that we still should cry
Not to be born, or, being born, to die?"

It is not known when the above was written. We find it for the first time in a volume of Greek epigrams published in 1629, three years after Bacon's death. All that is claimed for it is a high degree of skill in versification, the opportunity not admitting a flight of genius. The original is a dull, placid stream flowing through a meadow, not a cataract from a mountain height.

To know Bacon as a "concealed poet," we must study his prose. The critics, before the shadow of this controversy fell upon them, thus described it: —

"In this band of scholars, dreamers, and inquirers appears the most comprehensive, sensitive, originative of the minds of the age, Francis Bacon; a great and luminous intellect, one of the finest of this poetic progeny."— *Taine.*

"Like the poets, he peoples nature with instincts and desires; attributes to bodies an actual voracity; to the atmosphere, a thirst for light, sounds, odors, vapors, which it drinks in; to metals, a sort of haste to be incorporated with acids."— *Ibid.*

"In his style there is the same quality which is applauded in Shakespeare, a combination of the intellectual and the imaginative, the closest reasoning in the boldest metaphor."— *Shaw*

"The utmost splendor of imagery."— *Mackintosh.*

"Like unto Shakespeare, he takes good note of any deficiency of syllabic pulsations, and imparts the value of but one syllable to the dissyllables *heaven*, *many*, *even*, *goeth;* and to *glittering* and *chariot* but the value of two, precisely as Shakespeare would."— *Professor J. W. Tavener.*

"The style is quaint, original, abounding in allusions and witticisms, and rich, even to gorgeousness, with piled-up analogies and metaphors."— *Encyc. Brit.*

"It is as an inspired seer, the prose-poet of modern science, that I reverence Lord Bacon."— *Sir Alexander Grant.*

"Few poets deal in finer imagery than is to be found in Bacon. . . His prose is poetry."— *Lord Campbell.*

"Lord Bacon was a poet. His language has a sweet and majestic rhythm which satisfies the sense, no less than the almost superhuman wisdom of his philosophy satisfies the intellect. It is a strain which distends, and then bursts the circumference of the reader's mind, and pours itself forth with it into the universal element with which it has perpetual sympathy.

Plato exhibits the rare union of close and subtle logic with the Pythian enthusiasm of poetry, melted by the splendor and harmony of his periods, which hurry the persuasion onward as in a breathless career. His language is that of an immortal spirit rather than of a man. Lord Bacon is perhaps the only writer who in these particulars can be compared with him."* — *Shelley.*

"No man ever had an imagination at once so strong and so thoroughly subjugated. In truth, much of Bacon's life was passed in a visionary world, amidst things as strange as any that are described in the Arabian Tales."— *Macaulay.*

"He seems to have written his essays with the pen of Shakespeare." — *Alexander Smith.*

"I infer from this sample that Bacon had all the natural faculties which a poet wants: a fine ear for metre, a fine feeling for imaginative effect in words, and a vein of poetic passion."— *Spedding.*

It is admitted, then, that Bacon was at least a prose poet. No man ever caught more quickly or aptly the resemblances of things or had a finer ear for the melody of speech. His metaphors trooped, as it were, to the sound of music. Pro-

* Our attention was called to this remarkable testimony of the poet Shelley by Mr. R. M. Theobald, who makes the following comment: "The truth is, that while the critics have their eye on the Baconian theory, they call Bacon prosy, unimaginative, and incapable of poetry. When they sincerely describe him, they one and all assign to him Shakespearean attributes; so that, if you cull the eulogies passed on Bacon, you have a portrait of the author of Shakespeare."

fessor Tavener compares his cadences to the swinging of a pendulum beating seconds. We know he was abnormally sensitive to the moods of nature, for he had fainting spells at every eclipse of the moon. We know he had a passion for the drama, shown by the part he took in devising stage performances before the Court and in the revels at Gray's Inn. We know, also, he had an inexhaustible fund of humor, that poured from his tongue with the ripple of laughing waters, and needed only the constraints of a written dialogue to tumble and foam.

"The truth is that Bacon was not without the fine frenzy of the poet."— *Spedding.*

VIII. *Bacon's want of natural sympathy, as shown in his treatment of Essex, fails to satisfy our ideal, derived from the dramas themselves, of their great author; for the world has bestowed upon Shakespeare, not only its reverence, but its love.*

It cannot be denied that the author of the plays possessed a heart of the most tender sensibilities. Like the tides of the ocean, his sympathies were "poured round all," penetrating every bay, creek, and river of human experience. The voyager o'er the mighty current of his thought always feels embarked on the bosom of the unbounded deep. It is not enough, therefore, that Bacon was a man of lofty aims; that he devoted his great powers with tireless assiduity to the interests of mankind; was he also of that rare type of character that, with greatness of intellect, glows and scintillates at every touch of feeling?

This brings us to a most important test: the personality of Lord Bacon himself. Time has scarcely dimmed his figure; we know him almost as intimately as though he were walking our streets. We see him gathering violets in his garden, stringing pearls of thought in his essays, swaying the House of Commons with his eloquence, holding the scales of justice in the courts, marking the trend of social progress in his histories, and breaking the chains that had bound the human intellect from the days of Aristotle. His mind and heart were in touch with every interest of mankind. He was poet, orator, naturalist, physician, historian, essayist, philosopher, statesman, and judge. No man ever filled more completely the ideal of the Roman poet: —

"*Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.*"

"The small, fine mind of Labruyère had not a more delicate tact than the large intellect of Bacon. His understanding resembled the tent which the fairy Parabanon gave to Prince Ahmed. Fold it, and it seemed a toy in the hand of a lady; spread it, and the armies of powerful sultans might repose beneath its shade." — *Macaulay.*

"A soft voice, a laughing lip, a melting heart, made him hosts of friends. No child could resist the spell of his sweet speech, of his tender smile, of his grace without study, his frankness without guile." —*Hepworth Dixon.*

"All his pores lie open to external nature; birds and flowers delight his eye; his pulse beats quick at the sight of a fine horse, a ship in full sail, a soft sweep of country; everything holy, innocent, and gay acts on his spirits like wine on a strong man's blood." — *Ibid.*

He is accused of ingratitude toward his friend Essex, because, first, he appeared against the accused at the trial; and, secondly, because by superior tactics he was the means of insuring conviction.

On the first point, it is sufficent to say that Bacon was present as an officer of the crown at the express command of the Queen, having repeatedly forewarned the earl of the result of his evil courses, and duly notified him that, on any breach of the peace, he himself would support the government. On the second, he was prominent in the proceedings because his mental stature made him prominent. As well attempt to force an oak back into its acorn as to bring Francis Bacon on any occasion down to the level of ordinary men.*

In the matter of the bribes, he suffered for the sins of society. So far as he was personally culpable, it is manifest from his subsequent demeanor that chronic carelessness in money matters, and not any guile, was at the bottom of the difficulty. †

* That Bacon felt himself compromised in public estimation, we know very well, for in a letter to the Queen he says: —

"My life has been threatened and my name libelled."

We find the same lament in one of his sonnets, as follows: —

"Then hate me if thou wilt; if ever, now,
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune." Sonnet XC.

In another sonnet, the author expresses fear of assassination, anticipating

"The coward conquest of a wretch's knife." LXX.

† Bacon's want of attention to his personal finances (a not uncommon failing in great men, due to a sort of instinct that the matter is beneath them) caused his mother the most lively concern. She even interfered at one time to protect him from his own servants. Spedding tells the following story in point: —

"In the year 1655, a book-seller's boy heard some gentlemen talking in his master's shop; one of them, a gray-headed man, was describing a scene which he had himself witnessed at Gorhambury. He had gone to see the lord chancellor on business, who received him in his study and, having occasion to go out, left him there for awhile alone.

"No one mistook the condemnation for a moral censure; no one treated Lord St. Albans as a convicted judge. The House of Commons had refused to adopt the charge of bribery; the House of Lords had rejected the attempt to brand him with a personal shame; and society treated the event as one of those struggles for place which may hurt a man's fortunes without hurting his fame. The most noble and most generous men, the best scholars, the most pious clergymen, gathered round him in his adversity, more loving, more observant, more reverential, than they had ever been in his days of splendor.

"Such was also the reading of these transactions by the most eminent of foreign ministers and travellers. The French Marquis d'Effiat, the Spanish Conde de Gondomar, expressed for him in his fallen fortunes the most exalted veneration. That the judges on the bench, that the members of both Houses of Parliament, even those who, at Buckingham's bidding, had passed against him that abominable sentence, concurred with the most eminent of their contemporaries, native and alien, is apparent in the failure of every attempt made to disturb his judicial decisions. These efforts failed because there was no injustice to overthrow, and there was no injustice to overthrow because there had been no corruption on the bench." — *Dixon.*

History presents to us no more pathetic figure than that of the great Lord Bacon beseeching in vain that he might not be compelled to close his career, a career of unexampled usefulness to the world, in ignominy. The authorities that condemned him remind us of a pack of wolves, turning upon and rending a wounded comrade.

"From the day of his death, his fame has been constantly and steadily progressive; and we have no doubt that his name will be named with reverence to the latest ages, and to the remotest ends of the civilized world." — *Macaulay.*

'Whilst his lordship was gone, there comes,' he said, 'into the study one of his lordship's gentlemen, and opens my lord's chest of drawers wherein his money was, takes it out in handfuls, fills his pockets, and goes away without saying a word to me. He was no sooner gone but comes another gentleman, opens the same drawers, fills both his pockets with money, and goes away as the former did, without speaking a word.' Bacon, being told, when he came back, what had passed in his absence, merely shook his head, and all he said was, 'Sir, I cannot help myself.'"

Montagu relates another incident to the same effect:—

One day, immediately after Bacon's removal from the chancellorship, he happened to enter his servants' hall while they were at dinner. On their rising to receive him, he said: "Be seated; your rise has been my fall."

"His principal fault seems to have been the excess of that virtue which covers a multitude of sins. This betrayed him to so great an indulgence toward his servants, who made a corrupt use of it, that it stripped him of all those riches and honors which a long series of merits had heaped upon him."— *Addison.*

"Bacon was generous, easy, good-natured, and naturally just; but he had the misfortune to be beset by domestic harpies who, in a manner, farmed out his office."—*Guthrie.*

(*To be continued.*)

THE SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT OF TYPHOID FEVER.

BY DR. CHARLES E. PAGE.

ONE of our leading newspapers, in an important editorial on the death of Prince Albert Victor, took occasion to criticise medicine as follows: "That after an illness of only three or four days' duration the heir to the greatest monarchy in the world should lose his life, when surrounded by every attention and aid that sympathy, wealth, skill, and science could suggest, shows how slight the advance is that has been made in the healing art. Everything was, no doubt, done that trained human experience could suggest; but in spite of it all, and with a reasonably clear knowledge of the exact character of the disease, this young man's life was taken from him in much the same manner that it might have been if he had been the child of savage parents in Central Africa, instead of the future ruler of the wealthiest, the most enlightened, and the most extensive empire on the face of the earth. That great advances have been made in the science of medicine in the last few centuries, no one would think of denying; and yet, when one takes into account the absolute helplessness of the modern physician in such a case as that we have been considering, the advance that has been made seems, by comparison with what has not been attained, as relatively insignificant."

Here we have the friendly criticism of an intelligent layman. There is nothing like a sneer in the language I have quoted. The writer simply deplores the fact that the modern physician seems able to do but little if any good when brought face to face with a severe case of typhoid fever or pneumonia.

Let us place alongside of this layman's criticism that of a distinguished member of our profession, Dr. George L. Peabody, professor of materia medica and therapeutics in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, who thus prefaces a paper read before the Practitioners' Society

of New York: "The results in the treatment of typhoid fever continue to be so bad in general in this country as to constitute a chronic opprobrium to the art of medicine here. We do not seem to be capable of approaching, at least in New York, the low rate of mortality which has rewarded the efforts of the medical profession in many cities of Europe. While we endeavor to explain our relatively higher death-rate by various differences which, without doubt, exist in the manner of collating and recording statistics in different countries, still, after making every allowance for local differences of these descriptions, it must be admitted that our death-rate in this disease is far higher than it should be.

"Those who still adhere to the expectant plan of treatment are still in the large majority here. The expectant plan seems, in a general way, to make us quite content with our bad results, and to lead us to expect the patient to die if he becomes gravely ill. In this plan of treatment, practically nothing is done unless symptoms in themselves very disturbing or grave, or even threatening, develop; and then much is often done that is likely to be pernicious in its effects. If a patient have a headache, he receives the bromides or an ice cap, or both, depending upon its severity; if he develop a bronchitis, he is given opium, or cough mixtures, or inhalations; if he suffer from tympanites, he is given turpentine, or turpentine stupes are applied; if he have a diarrhœa, he is given opium and astringents; if hemorrhage from the bowels occur, to the opium is added tannic acid or gallic acid, or some equally useless and disturbing drug; if he become delirious, the dose of the opium is increased, or he is physically restrained; and most pernicious of all, if his temperature reach what is considered a dangerous height, an elevation which, long continued, would become incompatible with life, he is given a *large dose* of some anti-pyretic drug, and his temperature is suddenly reduced to a level which may be several degrees below the normal. Often this objectionable procedure is repeated in an almost rhythmical way for several days or weeks; and if, accompanying the fall of temperature thus produced, there be a degree of prostration and feebleness of the heart which is alarming in itself, then, to counteract this bad symptom for which the drug and the doctor are responsible, alcoholic and other stimulants are given in large amount.

"This method of treatment, if it be proper to call that a *method* which seems to lack all true system, is often dignified by its advocates by the appellation *rational*. In fact, however, it would be difficult to devise a more irrational method than the symptomatic method, carried to its logical issue."

If Dr. Peabody had done no more than simply describe and condemn the prevailing treatment in typhoid fever, he would still have supplied a useful contribution to medical literature; but he goes much further and relates his successful experience in treating the disease under consideration by the cold-bath plan, as practised by Dr. Brand of Stettin, and several other medical men of note, his countrymen, and so warmly indorsed by Dr. Simon Baruch of the Manhattan General Hospital, New York, and other front-rank medical men in this country who have fully tested this new-old method.

But before entering upon the discussion of this external hydropathic treatment, I desire to emphasize the importance of a radical reform in the matter of *feeding* fever patients.

In view of the almost universal practice of constant feeding, one might be led to suspect that so far as concerns diet, not only the people in general, but even old-school physicians were converts to the doctrine of *similia similibus curantur*.

Let me illustrate this point by contrasting the diet of an active man, in good health and of abstemious habits,* with that of a fever patient. In many cases the latter consumes more food every twenty-four hours than the former. Suppose we put our robust man to bed in the average sick-room, with its not over fresh air, to say the least of it, and compel him to swallow several ounces of milk every two or three hours, day and night, with occasional little nips of whiskey, champagne, or brandy, which is the stock plan of feeding in typhoid fever! In the writer's estimation it would be difficult to devise a better prescription if we desired to produce typhoid fever. How, then, can it be imagined that a diet calculated to produce fever in the healthy subject, will prove curative or helpful in a case already developed?

It has for years been evident to my mind that this plan of "feeding fever" is like playing a stream of petroleum over

* We have no right to select our subject from *bons vivants*, who eat several times as much as they can digest and assimilate, the excess tending to bring them into our hands for treatment for all manner of disorders.

and through a burning building. It is found that water answers the purpose far better, in the one case as well as in the other, — water, water, water, inside and out, and nothing but water. I am aware that statements are not arguments; but I can say that I have tested the water diet, over and over again, in typhoid, scarlet, and rheumatic fever, and have never been disappointed in it. It can be truly said that food, for want of digestion and assimilation, is a *drug* — a harmful drug — in typhoid fever, *until the crisis is passed*, and that, in a very large proportion of cases in which, as I contend, the patients are, from light attacks, *fed* into the worst form of typhoid fever, one or two days of complete fasting, at the start, with water drinking and appropriate hydropathic treatment — yes, often without this treatment — would have secured convalescence. In so far as the truth of this can possibly be demonstrated, I have demonstrated it in many scores of cases. In full-fledged typhoid fever the same principle works very happily. In my fever practice I have frequently observed the effect of fasts of six, eight, ten, and twelve days to be in the highest degree productive of the health and comfort of patients, as, on the other hand, I have, during the past twenty years, observed the deplorable effects of the almost universal plan of constant feeding. In some of these most distressful cases that have happened to be thrown in my way, when all hope in the minds of friends had been abandoned, I have found that the withdrawal of food, drugs, and "stimulants," and the substitution of simple, fresh soft water, has produced results that have seemed almost miraculous.

The reason for the frequency of relapses and fatal terminations in cases that were thought to be getting along well, may be found in the prevalent obedience to the following advice of one author in a recent important work on therapeutics: "Every period of apparent improvement must be seized for keeping up nutrition, and also for making a distinct impression with quinine."

Over against this I would place the conclusions of Dr. Anton Gluzinski, of Cracow, who, after extended experiments on this subject, says: —

1. During the whole course of the fever (except in the convalescent stage of typhoid fever) the gastric juice contains no hydrochloric acid.

2. The gastric juice digests neither in the organism — since it contains no peptoner — nor outside the organism.

3. With the disappearance of the fever, or somewhat later, the gastric juice becomes capable of digestion, both within and outside the organism.

This, as I contend, is the first moment in acute febrile diseases when anything but harm can come from feeding, since, as is clear to my mind, during the intensity of fever the *entire energies of the animal organism are engaged in the effort to eliminate unassimilated nutritive matters*, the successful accomplishment of which constitutes practical convalescence.

In my opinion, every case of perforation of the bowels, and, indeed, about every long-drawn-out sickness in typhoid fever, is a protest against the method of *feeding* as well as of *drugging* the patient; while every recovery serves to illustrate the marvellous power of the animal organism to contend with disease-producing influences, — a triumph of nature over bad living habits, and mistaken medical treatment.

As to the question of the proper length of time for fasting, I can only say that my own practice is to withhold food until the patient is convalescent and *unmistakably hungry*, and the temperature nearly normal. Then the test of hunger is a piece of plain stale graham bread, "dry on the tongue." There would be very few relapses under this plan intelligently carried out.

Let us now return to the subject of the cold-bath treatment. This treatment consists of immersing the patient in a comparatively cold bath when the temperature reaches 101° F. to 103° F. (according to circumstances, including that of the physician's knowledge of the principle involved and — his courage). In Germany the bath is given when the temperature of the patient reaches 101° F., but usually in this country at 103° F.

The bath is given at about 65° F., the patient being immersed to the chin, if the size of the tub admits; if not, he sits in the water, which is dashed over the exposed parts, and he is *actively rubbed by the attendant during all the time he is in the water*. This hand rubbing is practised, not only for the temporary comfort of the patient, but as an essential part of the treatment. The patient remains in the bath fifteen to twenty minutes. If his temperature is 103° or more, the time required for the best effects may be even longer.

To quote Dr. Baruch on this point: "The shock of the cold submersion may cause the patient to declare that he cannot breathe, or it may produce trembling. Usually, if the temperature of the water is below 70°, he will remonstrate with the attendants that he is very cold, and that he cannot bear it; but patience and avoidance of flurry or excitement, firmness in insisting that no harm shall befall him, and extreme gentleness will overcome his objections.

"Many physicians are deterred from continuing the bath sufficiently long (fifteen minutes according to Brand) when the pulse becomes small and thready. But this is due to the local effect of the cold upon the radial arteries. *Unless the thready pulse is accompanied by an increased number of beats, danger from collapse is not present.* Frictions over the body and limbs should never cease during the bath." *

In some cases the bath may be required every three or four hours. It is important to employ the cold pack about the body during the intervals between the baths, or whenever the patient's temperature is at 101° or over. This body-pack consists of two ply of coarse linen wrung from ice water, with two ply of the same, dry, outside.

This should be freshened every three hours or less, according to the patient's inclination or the physician's judgment. Since the object sought is, in part, that of keeping down the temperature, it is evident that the cold pack must not remain unchanged long enough to be transformed into a hot fomentation. This device alone would always prove of great service, and, with cold cloths constantly pressed, and changed every minute, over the head, *so long as agreeable to the patient*, would, even without the cold baths, in my opinion, constitute a life-saving treatment in a large proportion of cases that terminate fatally where no active water treatment is employed; and this would be emphatically true if the vitality of the patients were not taxed by the employment of antipyretic drugs, "stimulants," and *constant feeding*.

It is not the purpose of this article to describe in detail all the procedures in the hydro-therapeutic treatment of typhoid fever. They are quite numerous, and one or another or several of them are employed, according to the severity of the case, the facilities at hand, the prejudices of the family,

* A System of Practical Therapeutics, p. 492.

and the judgment of the attending physician. But the chief aim of the writer is to call attention to the fact that we have at our disposal a method of treatment for typhoid fever, pneumonia, scarlet fever, and, in short, for all of this class of diseases, which practically robs them of their terrors, and makes the physician, instead of a helpless on-looker, if not, indeed, a harm-worker, well-nigh master of the situation.

Says Baruch: "A treatment which shows one per cent mortality in one thousand two hundred and twenty-three cases of typhoid fever, collated from five different sources, including private practice and civil and military hospitals, may be regarded as nearly perfect." (Ibid.) From any point of view, this statement might well be regarded as indisputable; but its full force can be comprehended only by placing it in contrast with the average mortality in ordinary practice — more than twenty per cent.

I have observed a strong tendency on the part of physicians, in beginning to make use of active cold-water treatment, to combine with it some measure of the usual drug and stimulant treatment, a plan that is well calculated to mislead the practitioner and to throw the cold-bath treatment into disrepute in his estimation. For although this combined method, tested in a very large number of cases, has greatly reduced the average mortality, still, according to Baruch, "at times the rate of mortality under this (combination) treatment reached almost as high as that of the purely expectant treatment. On the other hand, the systematic Brand treatment — a bath at 65° F., for fifteen minutes every three hours, so long as the temperature remains at 103° F. — never allowed the mortality to exceed 4.7 per cent, in the last seven years, and averaged 2.7 per cent. Juergensen reports even a smaller mortality — one case in 217."

Dr. J. C. Wilson, who first introduced this treatment in the German Hospital, Philadelphia, reports sixty-four cases without a single death; and Dr. George L. Peabody, eleven cases in Bellevue Hospital without a death. Dr. Peabody had formerly treated twenty-seven cases on the combined plan, with five deaths, and remarks that while "the results are certainly better than those which have followed the expectant plan of treatment in any year in this hospital, . . . it would be a source of great regret to me to give the impression that I consider even this method of treatment as to

be at all comparable with the antipyretic effect of cold water applied to the surface of the body."

The hospitals of Philadelphia are generally adopting the German (cold bath) system of treatment of typhoid and typhus fever. Says the Philadelphia *Press* of Nov. 11, 1891: "The treatment was first introduced in this city by Dr. J. C. Wilson. Fifty cases were treated by Dr. Wilson, and out of this number he lost but two. It was then determined to introduce the treatment in the Pennsylvania Hospital. This was done last summer, and since then Dr. Morris B. Miller, of the resident staff, has had twenty typhoid cases, and has not lost one. After the Pennsylvania Hospital had adopted the water treatment with success, it was taken up by the Episcopal and the University Hospitals, both of which have met with the same successful results as the other hospitals."

The system has also been introduced in the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, since which the rate of mortality in typhoid fever has been reduced to seven per cent in that institution. Why, then, we may ask, in view of all the foregoing evidence, and of the fact that this principle of treatment has been understood and practised successfully by some of the most eminent physicians in every generation during the past fifteen centuries — why is it that to-day, throughout the civilized world, the treatment is practised thoroughly only by a few individuals here and there, and half-heartedly by a few others, while, speaking of the profession in general, almost no use whatever is made of it?

Dr. J. C. Wilson names some of the obstacles to the general introduction of this system; but he holds, as must every thoughtful student, that none of them could hinder any really progressive medical man from adopting it.

1. The statistics are questioned. This can no longer be sustained. A large number of independent observers have fully confirmed the general results obtained by Brand.

2. It is inconvenient, and demands an amount of experience and labor on the part of physicians and attendants not easily to be had in private practice. Objections of this nature cannot stand against the lowered rate of mortality. [At any rate, in so far as it is a question of the lack of skill and of unwillingness to "labor," on the part of physicians, it is the physician and not the system that stands condemned.]

3. The opposition of the patients themselves, and of their friends, may be urged as an obstacle to any attempt on the part of medical men to introduce the treatment into private practice. This is no real objection; it is a mere difficulty that will vanish so soon as the profession generally recognizes in the method an efficient means of saving many lives, and lends its weight to the advocacy of the plan among the people.

What stimulus does the physician require who has never yet added cold water to his list of remedies, beyond free water drinking, with an occasional sponging over with cool or tepid water, and even this with a great deal of caution lest the patient "catch cold" — what, I would ask, does the physician need to stimulate him to the study and practice of hydropathy? Is it a conviction that he has thus far in his career, through this omission, suffered a great many men and women and promising children to die on his hands, and caused many more to live invalid lives and to die prematurely?*

He cannot escape this conviction if he once begins to study the literature of the subject; and he cannot longer defer such study without incurring the just reproach of all who put their lives in his hands when danger threatens.

From the use of what drug or combination of drugs has he ever, in a single instance, observed effects at all comparable with the following description of the happy changes resulting from the skilful use of cold water?

"In typhoid fever," says Dr. Baruch, "we have it, upon authority which we dare not question, that the cold bath refreshes the nervous system; that it deepens the respiration; that it moistens and cleans the tongue, and improves the appetite; that it steadies and slows the pulse; that it improves the digestion; that it increases the quantity and improves the quality of the urine; that it removes stupor and delirium. In short, it lends vigor and tone to the entire system, and approximates the condition of the patient so nearly to the normal that his entire aspect is changed.†

* Life insurance statistics indicate that one fourth of those who have typhoid fever and recover, die of consumption.

† I have, in an hour's time, reduced the temperature of a typhoid patient (twelfth day, my first visit) from 104° F. to 100° F., and with an improvement in his condition and feelings so marked as not only to excite his deepest gratitude, but to constitute true convalescence.

"This testimony comes from men like Ziemssen, Bartels, Nothnagel, Hoffman of Leipsic, and other clinical teachers who have cautiously tested and deliberately weighed the results of hydrotherapy at the bedside." (Ibid.)

There is one very powerful influence constantly at work that tends strongly to keep the minds of medical men befogged with delusions as to the supposed virtues, if not the all-sufficiency, of various drugs. I refer to the literature emanating from the manufacturers of chemical preparations, and sent with samples for trial to every physician whose address can be obtained. Every thoughtful student of medicine will bear witness with me that the quantity and character of this literature are well calculated to mislead and even debauch the minds of all but the rare few among physicians whose knowledge and experience, combined with a natural tendency for independent thinking, suffice to save them from falling under this influence. The claims made by the makers and vendors of these new drugs or new combinations are usually backed up by a profusion of testimonials from regular physicians, here and there one who may stand high in the profession, and are of a character to convince the average man that here, at last, we have a specific for the disease in question, if not, indeed, the true elixir of life; *and so easy to administer!*

But one by one these much vaunted medicaments fall and give place to others as highly praised, and these, in turn, share the same fate, while many of the victims of all this experimentation go to the wall, and it remains clear to the minds of all who have deeply studied the problem that increasing longevity of human beings in civilized lands is due chiefly, if not wholly, to a better general knowledge among the people concerning the laws of health, and in spite of much in medical practice that tends in the other direction.

"The history of medicine has completely vindicated the value of water as a therapeutic agent. While other remedies, whose value has been heralded as prolific of good, have been cast into lasting oblivion, or have from time to time enjoyed a more prolonged reputation, water is the only remedy which has stood the test of time. The testimony of clinical observers, whose world-wide fame is ample guarantee of its reliability, places water at the head of all therapeutic agents.

In every civilized country such testimony may be obtained." (Baruch, ibid.)

What the cold bath is to typhoid fever, this bath and the cold compress to the chest are to pneumonia. Every "cold on the lungs," as it is erroneously called when certain well-known symptoms manifest themselves, is incipient pneumonia. There is some degree of congestion of the blood vessels of the lungs, and a demand for some measure of *local cooling*. This is effected by means of a thickly folded towel, wrung tightly from ice water and pressed snugly over the chest. This will shortly require freshening; i.e., re-wringing from the cold water. In fully developed pneumonia such changes will be required as often as every minute, the intervals gradually lengthening, and this local chilling continued for an hour or more, or until marked relief is felt.

Not only are the blood vessels of the lungs by means of this local chilling braced up, so to say, in a way to lessen their calibre and to tend to the entire subjugation of this lesion, but, as may naturally be supposed, it acts powerfully towards reducing the general temperature of the patient. In view of the fact that in practice at the bedside, as well as theoretically considered, this local cooling is the treatment *par excellence* in "lung fever," it is pitiful to be compelled to state that it is almost the universal practice, not alone with the laity in self-treatment, but among physicians, to order a mustard paste, or a hot poultice of some sort, to be placed over the chest — a measure that would tend to produce the disease if applied to a typically healthy man, and cannot fail to still further endanger the life of any patient already in its grasp.

In conclusion I would venture to predict that the cold-bath treatment will be more and more appreciated by medical men when they give it a systematic and thorough trial, without being hindered by their or their patients' prejudices, and that it is destined to become the principal reliance of physicians everywhere in the treatment of all diseases of high temperature.

THE BIBLE-WINE QUESTION.

A Reply to Dr. Henry A. Hartt.

BY AXEL GUSTAFSON.

The learned and thorough works contributed towards the solution of the Bible-wine question during the last half century by such students and scholars as Albert Barnes, Adam Clarke, Eliphalet Nott, Moses Stuart, John Ellis, Taylor Lewis, C. H. Fowler, George Duffield, G. W. Samson, William Patton, F. R. Lees, Norman Kerr, Leon C. Field, and many others, have practically exhausted this subject, and abundantly proved that the Bible does not sanction the use of intoxicating drink; that as it nowhere speaks of moderate drinking, it cannot fairly be cited in support thereof, while, on the other hand, it allows the use of innocent, unfermented wine, and distinctly blesses abstinence. These authorities prove and demonstrate that abstinence from intoxicating drink is an inevasible Christian duty.

Still, even at this late date in the controversy, there are people to be found attacking this impregnable wall of evidence. Dr. Henry A. Hartt contributes a paper to a recent issue of The Arena, entitled "Alcohol in its Relation to the Bible," in which he derides and denounces the whole temperance movement in general, and the Bible-abstinence movement in particular, but he offers no proofs of either one or the other. He asserts that "the champions of temperance confound essential distinctions, remorselessly trample upon the records of universal experience, misinterpret the judgment of Scripture, and distort the instructions of science." In a like manner he sneers at Bible-abstinence defenders, ridicules their unfermented-wine theories, and affirms that the wines of Scripture, especially those mentioned in connection with Jesus during His ministry on earth, were fermented; i. e., intoxicating. "Unfermented wine," says Dr. Hartt, "is an insipid beverage, difficult, if not impossible, to preserve for any length of time, of no special advantage as an article of food,

never in vogue among the Jews, except in connection with some of their ceremonials, and then as an instrument of penance." Whether unfermented wine is an "insipid beverage" is purely a matter of taste. What Dr. Hartt deems insipid, another may consider delicious. His statement that it is "difficult, if not impossible, to preserve" grape juice unfermented "for any length of time," betrays ignorance on a subject which he intimates he has "thoroughly examined." For it is easier to preserve unfermented grape juice "for any length of time" than it is to check the fermentation at the point of alcoholization, especially among the ancients, who were ignorant of distillation, and hence unable to "fortify" their wines with spirits against corruption.

Many ancient writers, both sacred and profane, minutely describe various processes for the preservation of unfermented wines. The two most common were by boiling down, or the covering of the fresh juice with olive oil, and these methods are prevalent even in our day. In a pamphlet just issued by Dr. John Ellis, entitled "Personal Experience of a Physician," there is a paper on "Christ and the Temperance Question," in which Dr. Ellis states that for six years past he has had in his possession four phials of condensed unfermented wine, obtained from Buda Pesth, Cairo, Damascus, and California. A few days ago, when calling on Dr. Ellis, I was shown these samples. In two of them the fluid has become thicker than honey. I tasted the sample from California. Not the faintest touch of alcohol could I detect; it was as fresh as any newly pressed grape juice, only much sweeter and thicker.

The covering of the fresh-pressed juice with olive oil was still more common in ancient times, and it is at present generally in vogue both in the East and in Southern Europe, as well as in California, and found to be the most effective. In his "Latest Plea for a Communion Wine," Dr. Samson relates that in October, 1879, a phial of strained grape juice was put up, covered with but a few drops of olive oil. Not till February, 1881, was it again opened. It was then tested at the School of Mines, Columbia College, New York City, with the result, as stated in the Chemist's Certificate, that "not a trace of alcohol could be found." Unfermented wine, therefore, is comparatively easy to preserve; it was commonly used among the ancients, both Jews and Gentiles; and

where Dr. Hartt obtains his information that it was "never in vogue among the Jews, except in connection with some of their ceremonials, and then as an instrument of penance," would be interesting to know.

Dr. Hartt's ignorance as to the relative food value of fermented and unfermented wines is equally remarkable, for only unfermented wine has any food value. Any tyro in chemistry should know that fermentation destroys the food properties in grape juice. "Fermentation," says Liebig, "is nothing but the putrefaction of a substance containing no nitrogen;" and Pasteur demonstrates that ferments are living things, feeding on the albuminoids, i. e., food particles, and excreting alcohol. It is unfermented wine, therefore, which has any food value, not the alcoholized.

Dr. Hartt contends that the only thing in the matter of drinking which the Bible condemns, is drunkenness. That is true; yet nowhere does the Bible define what is meant by drunkenness, a fact that should serve as an ominous warning against any use of intoxicating liquor at all, especially as drunkenness disinherits the kingdom of heaven. The Bible's silence as to the meaning of drunkenness is the more remarkable and impressive in view of the fact that the most authoritative and latest data of science declare and demonstrate that drunkenness is neither a matter of amount of liquor nor degree of intoxication, but solely of the kind of fluid taken. For science proves that the whole man — spirit, soul, and body—is palpably injured, and helpless descendants even more so, by what is commonly termed moderate drinking. It has been established by most varied and thorough exhaustive experiments that even so small a quantum as a fourth part of the "dietetic dose" (one and a half fluid ounces of alcohol for men, and half of that for women per day) for the time being definitely lowers, and hence injures, the best efficiency of our senses. It has further shown that the injury produced by alcohol progresses from the finest to the coarsest of our faculties, attacking, firstly, our spiritual, next, the moral and mental, and lastly our purely physical organism. Hence the physical wreck of the drunkard represents in itself, not the greatest, but the least part of his utter ruin.

Science therefore proves that there is no such thing as harmless, moderate drinking; that, indeed, moderate drinking is simply moderate drunkenness. No wonder, then, that the

Bible, which condemns drunkenness as a deadly sin, says nothing about moderate drinking.

Dr. Hartt's utterances in regard to special passages in the Bible relating to the wine question, consist almost wholly of unsupported assertions and conclusions, some of which are diametrically opposed to the internal evidence of the passages cited. One of these is too unique to be left unnoticed. By the drunkenness and disgrace of Noah and Lot, Dr. Hartt says that they "seem like two great tower bells, for ever ringing to notify mankind throughout all generations." Of what? That the use of wine is always dangerous? that, as in the first instance of its use, it brought to grief and shame the men who partook of it, and this notwithstanding the fact that they were specially favored by God, that, therefore, everybody who dabbles with wine is in a similar if not greater danger? Is that Dr. Hartt's conclusion? No. He holds these records to prove that "the wine of Scripture is a genuine stimulant, and that if taken in immoderate (?) quantities, it would act as a narcotic."

The New Testament events which Dr. Hartt cites as proof that Jesus and His apostles used and approved of the use of intoxicating wine, are the miracle at Cana, the charge of the Pharisees that Jesus was a winebibber, the institution of the Lord's Supper, and the rebuke of the Apostle Paul to the Corinthians, for the manner in which they came to the Lord's Supper.

As undoubtedly there are many Christians who are yet uncertain on many points of the Bible-wine question, let me here try to summarize the main arguments which prove that the Bible opposes all use of intoxicating drink, and commands abstinence as a Christian duty.

It is a profound truth, as Dr. Lees says, that "the teetotal position is founded upon the whole Bible, harmonious in every part"; while "the apology for drink rests on scraps wrenched from their context, and interpolated with appetite." Indeed, the teetotal position is founded on the whole Bible, because abstinence from intoxicating drink forms a special bond of union between the Old and the New Testament. Compare Lev. x. 9, with Rev. i. 6, 1 Peter ii. 5, and Rom. xii. 1.

As regards the special events referred to by Dr Hartt

1. *The Marriage at Cana.* — Jesus was poor and lowly, His

mission was to the outcast and down-trodden, He had no rich friends; therefore, presumably, the wedding at the little village of Cana must have been a very humble affair. Yet we are asked to believe that when the guests of the feast "had well drunk," Jesus miraculously made some one hundred and thirty gallons of intoxicating wine for their further indulgence! As to the expression "good wine," used by the master of ceremonies, on tasting that wine, it but strengthens the evidence that this wine was unfermented; for in Italy and Spain, for instance, whither the grape culture was introduced from Palestine, and where, even to this day, the Eastern customs and habits, as to wine and wine making, largely prevail, unfermented wine is called the "good wine." Besides, in the marriage of Cana, Dr. Lees draws attention to a most conclusive circumstantial proof that the wine made by Jesus was unfermented. He says: "For centuries the orthodox Christian Fathers were fighting all sorts of heretics, many of whom were teetotalers, but *not one ever cites the miracle at Cana as antagonistic to the practice of teetotalism!*"

2. "*Jesus a Winebibber.*"—The charge that He was a winebibber is of course on a par with that of His being a glutton and a libertine. Surely His self-forgetting and self-sacrificing life, not to speak of His divinity, should have shielded Him from Christian endorsement of that libel! and His poverty-stricken situation, from any sane person believing that charge.

3. *The Last Supper.*—Dr. Hartt quotes the words of Jesus, "I say I will not henceforth drink this fruit of the vine," and, wonderful to relate, this expression he deems as irrefutable proof that in His Last Supper Jesus drank intoxicating wine! But if alcoholic wine be the "fruit of the vine," what, then, is the fresh unfermented juice of the grape? Jesus claimed to be the Christ! If He were the Christ, He knew the nature of intoxicating wine, and could foresee what a terrible obstacle it would become in the path of His kingdom on earth. Could He, possessing such knowledge, have put that intoxicating cup to His disciples' lips? Could He have compared its poisoned contents to His own blood "shed for the remission of sins?" Could He have constituted alcohol, that regal agent of damnation, as the most sacred symbol of salvation? Could He have wistfully looked forward to again supping with them in His Father's Kingdom, if the cup

He used was intoxicating (poisoned)? It ought to be apparent from this to every sincere Christian, that, to admit even the possibility of Jesus having used fermented wine, is to doubt His mission and question His claims; and that to believe that He ever used the poisoned cup is to repudiate Him as Christ, hence proclaim Him the Antichrist. The circumstances under which the Supper was held, should alone be sufficient to preclude anybody — Christian or otherwise — who understands them, from thinking that Jesus, in the Last Supper, partook of intoxicating wine; for He was a "conforming Jew," his work to fulfil the law.

The Supper took place during passover. According to Exodus xii. 15, whosoever used anything fermented during passover, his soul should be "cut off from Israel." Is it thinkable, that, in His Last Supper, Jesus should have made such a vital departure from the law, and yet left His disciples in complete ignorance as to his reasons for so doing? And then, historic records, from the early days of the church, overwhelmingly and abundantly prove that the first Christians held that the wine used by Jesus in his Last Supper was unfermented. In Epistle 75 ad Magnum, St. Cyprian is quoted as saying: "When the Lord gives the name of His body to bread, composed of the union of many particles, He indicates that our people, whose sins He bare, are united. And when He calls wine, *squeezed out from bunches of grapes*, His blood, he intimates," etc.

St. Augustine says: "He himself is *the cluster* that hung on the wood." And in the "Acts and Martyrdom of Matthew" Bishop Plato is asked to "communicate — having pressed out three clusters from the vine into the wine cup." How eager the Christians of the first centuries were to partake of the cup in a pure and fresh state, is evinced by the decision of the ecumenical council at Braga (Portugal), 675 A. D., viz., that the grapes must be crushed before being partaken of in the Supper.

The only attempt Dr. Hartt makes at proving any assertion is when he says that the Apostle Paul's rebuke to the Church of Corinth shows that the wine produced in the miracle at Cana was fermented. The words of the apostle, in which Dr. Hartt finds support for this idea, are: "One is hungry, and another is drunken." But the word translated "drunken" is ambiguous; its original meaning is merely filled with

something, whether it be food or drink. It is plainly apparent that in this passage it has no reference to drink, but only to food. Satiety, not drunkenness, is the antithesis of hunger; and this passage is so interpreted by such authorities as Clement of Alexandria, Adam Clarke, and others; and in the Imperial Dictionary, Dr. King renders that passage thus: "One is famished, another is surfeited."

The "Relation of Alcohol to the Bible" is, therefore, one of absolute antagonism.

The doctrine of the Bible and the inevasible duty of the Christian, is abstinence from all intoxicating drink.

UNDER THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL.

A PROSE ETCHING.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

THE Capitol swarmed with people.

Groups of legislators tramped noisily along the corridors laughing loudly, gesticulating with pointed fingers or closed fists.

Squads of ragged, wondering, and wistful-eyed negroes, splashed with orange-colored mud from the fields, moved timidly on from magnificence to magnificence, keeping close to each other, solemn and silent. When they spoke they whispered. Others from the city streets laughed loudly and swaggered along to show their contempt for the place and their knowledge of its public character; but their insolence was half-assumed.

Lean and lank Southerners, with the imperial cut on their pale brown whiskers, alternated with stalwart, slouch-hatted Westerners. Clean-shaven, pale clerks hurried to and fro; groups of sight-seers infested every nook, and wore the look of those determined to see it all. They were accompanied often by one whose certainty of voice gave evidence of his fitness to be their guide. The sound of his voice proclaimed his judgments as he pushed his wordless victims about.

In a group in the centre of the checkered marble floor of the rotunda, a powerful Indian, dressed in semi-civilized dress, was standing, looking wonderingly down into the up-turned face of a little girl. The circle of by-standers silently studied the face of the child.

She was about eleven years of age, and was tastefully dressed, and seemed a healthy child. Her face was solemn, sweet, and inquisitive. She held one half-opened hand in the air; with the other she touched the Indian's dark, strongly moulded cheek, and pressed his long hair which streamed from beneath his broad white hat.

No one smiled. She was deaf and dumb and blind.

In her raised rosy little palm, with lightning swift motion fluttered the hand of her teacher. By the teacher's side stood an Indian interpreter, dressed in hunting shirt and broad hat.

"I am Umatilla," said the chief, in answer to a question from the teacher. His deep voice was like the mutter of a lion; he stood still with hands in his pockets, looking wonderingly down into the girl's sweet, solemn, and eager face.

A by-stander said, "Poor child!" in a low, tremulous tone, followed by a sigh.

The little one's hand, light, swift, and seeking, touched the Indian's ringed ears and pressed again his long hair, while her teacher's swift fingers said, "This strange man comes from a far-off land, from vast mountains and forests away toward the western sea.

"The wind and sun have made his face dark, and the long hair is a protection from the cold. He is a chief."

Under her broad hat the child's exquisite mouth, with its dimpled corners, remained calm but touchingly wistful. Her eyes were in shadow. Her chin was a perfect oval delicately beautiful, like the curving lines of a peach, with the clear transparency of color of a flower's chalice.

But the by-stander said, "Poor child!" as if a shudder of awe, of wordless compassion and bitterness shook him.

She was so beautiful, so gifted in spirit, to be thus shut in. Her enclosing flesh was so fine and sweet it seemed impossible it could be an impassable, almost insuperable wall.

He thought, She will soon be a woman, with all the vague, unutterable longings and passions of the woman. Her lithe body will be as beautiful as her soul, and the warm oval of her face will flash and flame with her expanding struggling life. Her caged soul will struggle for light and companionship, blindly, vainly.

Life to her must remain a cruel fragment. Light and color she may not miss; but wifehood, maternity, the touch of baby lips to her breast — these her soul will grope for in dumb maternal desire. She must inhabit her dark and soundless cavern alone.

Again she touched the chieftain's hair and earrings, and let her hand drop down along his sleeve to his hard, brown knuckles. Then her hand fell to her side with a resigned action.

As she walked away, a sweet smile of pleasure and graittude flashed for an instant across the exquisite curving line of her lips, and then the sad and wistful repose of her face came back again as if her loneliness had only been lightened not warmed.

I drew a long breath of pain keen as a physical hurt. The elderly gentleman said again, "Poor child!"

The Indian looked up again into the mighty dome that soared hundreds of feet above him, and wondered how those forms came to be set flying in mid-air, and his heart grew sad and wistful too, as if a realization of the power and majesty of the white people fell like a poisonous fateful shadow over his people and himself.

WALT WHITMAN.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIS BOUGHTON.

On the 26th of March, Walt Whitman died. Early in the afternoon of the following Wednesday, a long train of cars, crowded with the mourning and the curious, left the Jersey wharf for his burial place in Harleigh Cemetery, Camden, New Jersey. It was a motley gathering that awaited the carriage procession at the tomb. There were "The People" — ferrymen, drivers, farmers, mechanics, and those whom he would not exclude "until the sun excludes them"; there was a smattering of the cultured and refined; and there were the curious, attracted by the report that Colonel Ingersoll was to speak in eulogy of the dead.

In the midst of a grove of forest trees, where nature revels undomesticated, a tomb had been constructed under the personal supervision of Whitman himself. He had selected the spot; he had designed the structure; and he had but recently witnessed its completion. It is built of massive gray granite blocks, rough hewn, like the silent occupant, announcing the owner's name, WALT WHITMAN, nothing more.

A small tent had been erected in the vicinity, and under this pavilion the last rites were celebrated. Great, indeed, was the eulogy, but faint, indeed, were the expressions of hope. In viewing the time of dissolution, Whitman's own living words reveal more encouragement and brightness than his friends had the courage to express. It was a cold farewell, when the plain oaken casket, borne by his friends and literary companions, was deposited in the tomb. For twenty years he had wrestled with death; finally, he had yielded to the conqueror. Then was fulfilled his "Last Invocation."

At the last, tenderly,
From the walls of the powerful fortress'd house,
From the clasp of the knitted locks, from the keep of the well-closed doors,
Let me be wafted.
Let me glide noiselessly forth;
With the key of softness unlock the locks — with a whisper:
Let ope the doors, O soul!

Not without hope did Whitman die; his prose and his verse alike are teeming with the belief in immortality.

In practical life, it is rumored, he was not wholly exemplary; he was original and even notorious. The characteristics of an English and Dutch ancestry were blended in him. For generations the Whitmans had dwelt on Long Island as a simple, industrious people. Our author had no college-bred ancestors to stimulate his ambition; so we find him gleaning knowledge at the compositor's case, and from the varied experiences of a journeyman printer's wandering life. He never sought the companionship of the educated, but cherished the friendship of the humble. He frequented the theatres of Brooklyn and New York; he stood on the corners of Broadway, and studied the passing multitudes; he "loafed" about the ferries; or he rode by the side of the omnibus drivers on Broadway, listening to some yarn, "or perhaps declaiming some stormy passage from 'Julius Cæsar' or 'Richard.' . . . The influence of those Broadway omnibus jaunts and drivers and declamations and escapades," he says, "undoubtedly entered into the gestation of 'Leaves of Grass.'" Such was the environment that produced our author. Then came a period of wanderings, as a journeyman printer, through the West and South, mingling with uncultured workers, making himself one of them. At this time even, he was

> Walt Whitman, a kosmos, of Manhattan the son,
> Turbulent, fleshy, sensual, eating, drinking, and breeding,
> No sentimentalist, no stander above men and women, or apart from them,
> No more modest than immodest.

Finally aspiring to a higher calling, he enters the ranks of reporters and editors, serving in the latter capacity upon the Brooklyn *Eagle* and New Orleans *Crescent*. These were years of preparation for the work of his life. At last he launches forth in song, proclaiming: —

> I, now thirty-seven years old and in perfect health, begin,
> Hoping, to cease not till death.

The immediate result was the appearance of a thin volume entitled "Leaves of Grass," a book that startled the literary world.

Though Whitman began to write at an early age, his thought and style were at that time characterized by no

marked originality. He was then, he claims, "quite an advocate of abolition, and of temperance, and the anti-capital-punishment causes." But when "Leaves of Grass" appeared, the author leaped at once into notoriety. His boldness was unprecedented. By what authority does he claim to be the poet of America? the critic demanded. Is he an unscrupulous braggart, an immodest egotist, or is he the great original? Is this, indeed, a "barbaric yawp," or is it a great poem? Surely his claim is the height of presumption, or, if established, the author must stand at the head of American letters; he is pre-eminently a creator.

The world is ever on the *qui vive*, awaiting the creator. In our electrical laboratories to-day, brain and hand are incessantly working, as never did alchemist in mediæval times; for the name of the first to proclaim the invention of a storage battery that will propel a car without wire or engine will be recorded in history as that of a benefactor to mankind; he will have added to human knowledge; he will be a creator. So in literature for three centuries America has been plodding at the height of expectancy, awaiting something strikingly original from her literary laboratories. There is much singing among our bards, but, it is claimed, it is only the croaking imitation of the "chorus hymeneal" of a Shelley. Walt Whitman declared the utter dearth of a national literature in keeping with the vastness of our land and institutions, and he determined to attempt a revolution in letters. *To Foreign Lands* he says: —

I heard that you ask'd for something to prove this puzzle, the New World,
And to define America, the athletic Democracy.
Therefore I send you my poems, that you behold in them what you wanted.

He boldly and presumptuously forestalls criticism by proclaiming: —

Poets to come! orators, singers, musicians, to come!
Not to-day is to justify me and answer what I am for,
But you, a new-brood, native athletic, continental greater than before known,
Arouse! for you must justify me.

Whitman thus asserts that his is the poem of democracy. Certain English critics had long been studying the Great Stone Face of our literature; and when they met these bar-

barous verses, without beauty, metre, or rhythm — unequal strains, discords, and inharmonious pulsations, — they cried, "Here, at last is the great original! Those English reviewers! They are ever expecting something strange, uncouth, exotic from our country. Buffalo Bill is the type of American they would have us all. Should any manifest indications of polish, they are decried as imitators. Perhaps this is just; indeed, our country ought to produce something new in letters as well as in every other department of thought.

In order, however, best to understand and appreciate "Leaves of Grass," it is profitable to study "Democratic Vistas." This is a series of speculations compiled from memoranda made from time to time during the author's long life, and published long after the appearance of the first edition of his verse. In these "Vistas" the author grapples manfully with the problem of a future for American literature. He has had time to mature the ideas presented in the preface to his first published volume. When, however, these memoranda were prepared for the press, he had been a paralytic for a number of years, and, advanced in life, had become enamoured of a peculiar Whitmanian style. There is, therefore, about the whole a pardonable garrulity; the sentences are almost interminable, consisting of parentheses, deviations, detached phrases, and incongruous expressions; whereas clearness is the prime requisite of all composition. An extract or two, however, will define the author's principles of American literature, and furnish the platform upon which he has endeavored to build.

"Sole among nationalities," he says, "these states have assumed the task to put in forms of lasting power and practicality, on areas of amplitude rivalling the operations of the physical kosmos, the moral political speculations of ages, long, long deferr'd, the democratic republican principle, and the theory of development and perfection by voluntary standards, and self-reliance."

Though Emerson, Whipple, Ripley, and other men of letters were strong advocates of a national literature, purely American in its character, none of them seemed fully to understand how that literature must differ from any other. Whitman advocated a radical and an abrupt change in form and in spirit. "The great poems, Shakespeare included," he claims, "are poisonous to the idea of the pride and dignity

of the common people, the life-blood of democracy. The model of our literature, as we get it from other lands, ultramarine, have had their birth in courts, and basked and grown in castle sunshine; all smell of prince's favors. Of workers of a certain sort, we have, indeed, plenty, contributing after their kind; many elegant, many learn'd, all complacent. But touch'd by the national test, or tried by the standards of democratic personality, they wither to ashes. I say I have not seen a single writer, artist, lecturer, or what not, that has confronted the voiceless but erect and active, pervading, underlying will and typic aspiration of the land, in a spirit kindred to itself."

Such is the burden of "Democratic Vistas." Again and again the author reiterates the truth that our poets must be the singers of Democracy. "America demands a poetry that is bold, modern, and all-surrounding, and kosmical, as she is herself" — a poetry for "The People," and not for the cultured few. Then he looks out upon our land; he views it in all of its magnitude; he measures its length and breadth with other nations for units; he climbs its Rockies; he threads its prairies; he fords its Mississippis; he is filled with its immensity; he notes its herculean labors — everywhere vastness, enormity, grandeur. Observing that every other country has a literature in comparison to its physical and social probabilities, he cries, "What has America? with the richest mass of material ever furnished a nation, the first sign of proportionate, native imaginative soul, and first-class work to match is . . . so far wanting."

Such, no doubt, were the ideas floating in our author's mind when he determined to create an American poem. He felt himself prepared for the undertaking; he had mingled with our amalgamated population; he had labored with the laborers; he had voted with the voters; he had drunk with the drinkers; he had tested forbidden pleasures and the sweets of good fellowship; he had found honor in the hearts of even the vicious and the profligate. In "Leaves of Grass" he proposed to sing of all this, exclaiming: —

> Of Life, immense in passion, pulse, and power,
> Cheerful, for freest action form'd under the laws divine,
> The Modern Man I sing.

The idea is a grand conception and worthy of the ambition of a great literary mind.

The poem, if we may so name it, commences with an invocation to the muse, entitled "Song of Myself." Surely this is none of the nine that were wont to amuse the Olympian gods — she is an American muse — Walt Whitman's muse. And the wooing! there is no tender flattery and soft speech about it; she is wooed like Petruchio's Kate.

I am he, am born to tame you.

This "I," indeed, were purest egotism were we not assured that this strange chant is "the song of a great composite *democratic individual*, male or female." A proud, powerful, physical frame, burning with passion, is made the type of Democracy; and the verse is symbolical throughout. Even in the invocation, the author seems almost presumptuous.

My foothold is tenon'd and mortis'd in granite,
I laugh at what you call dissolution.

* * * *

I am the poet of the Body and am the poet of the Soul.

* * * *

I am the poet of the woman the same as the man.

* * * *

Endless unfolding of words of ages!
And mine the word of the modern, the word *en masse*.

* * * *

Speech is the twin of my vision, it is unequal to measure itself.
It provokes me forever; it says sarcastically,
Walt, you contain enough, why don't you let it out then?

* * * *

And I said to my spirit . . . .
Long have you timidly waded, holding a plank by the shore.
Now I will you to be a bold swimmer,
To jump off in the midst of the sea.

In the long Hebraic chant that follows, we find the author ever in pursuit of some shifting mirage that promises abundance of refreshing food for the poet. It is often doubtful, however, whether his is a distempered or an obscure vision; whether he has a poet's image in his mind, or is floundering among unformed ideas. We are uncertain whether he saw with the vision of a creator or was troubled by hallucinations that refused to shape themselves into images at his bidding. These impressions, however, may in some degree be due to the rude garb in which he clothes his ideas.

Indeed, if in nothing else, "Leaves of Grass" is original in style. The author deemed it imperative that he break away from all set laws, and ignore all that is harmonious or

æsthetic in literary art. There had arisen a school of artists who demanded of the bard that

> He shall not his brain encumber
> With the coil of rhythm and number.

But Whitman was even more radical than any of his so-called masters. He dashed down all models in verse, and bade his muse sing unrestricted, while he endeavored to record the song pulsation by pulsation. The result is that his verses vary in length from the briefest note to the longest strain, from the softest tone to the throat-splitting cry, the measured form being totally discarded. Not in length alone does he seek originality, but he avoids both euphony and rhythm. Indeed he declares: "I had great trouble in leaving out the stock poetical touches, but succeeded at last." Surely he did succeed, for many passages are halting and harsh to an extent inexcusable in any form of writing. In discarding all models, had he created an art of his own, he might have been justified. Even a Turner may not recklessly paint his oaks and elms branch downward; there are natural laws that may not thus be violated. If a Whitman tunes his song to an original key, he would profit by the example of a Wagner, who creates a new art based upon laws of harmony. The mute testimony, however, of our great literary artists points to the measured form as the most fitting medium for poetical thought. Though "Leaves of Grass" be the outpouring of an overcharged soul, we maintain that the music of the spheres is rarified and beautified in the attempt to restrict it to the accepted poetical scale. The poet, perhaps, need be a natural singer; but he may profit by the experience of ages. If rhyme will heighten, if measured verse will beautify, if rhetorical devices will aid him in his art, he may not recklessly discard them. The sceptic as to the advantage of form need only compare the music of that passage from the "Building of the Ship," commencing: —

> Thou too sail on, O ship of State,

with the following verses from Whitman's "Thou Mother with thy Equal Brood": —

> Sail, sail thy best, ship of Democracy;
> Of value is thy freight. 'Tis not the Present only,
> The Past is also stored in thee.
> Thou holdest not the venture of thyself alone, not of the Western
> Continent alone,

Earth's résumé entire floats on thy keel, O ship, is steaded by thy spars.
With thee, Time voyages in trust, the antecedent nations sink or swim with thee,
With all their ancient struggles, martyrs, heroes, epics, wars, thou bear'st the other continents,
Theirs, theirs as much as thine, the destination — port triumphant.
Steer, then, with good strong hand and wary eye, O helmsman, thou carriest great companions;
Venerable, priestly Asia sails this day with thee,
And royal, feudal Europe sails with thee.

Then, again, how much more artistic are Bryant's polished verses describing the "mighty sepulchre" of man, than are the following from Whitman's "Whispers of Heavenly Death": —

And I found that every place was a burial place;
The houses full of life were equally full of death (this house is now),
The streets, the shipping, the places of amusement, the Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, the Mannahatta were as full of the dead as of the living.
And fuller, O vastly fuller of the dead than of the living.

Even more striking examples might be cited to prove that often our author's versification is not verse at all; i. e., it is not measured rhythmical composition.

Then, again, the poet must be an artist, and "Leaves of Grass" is not the work of an artist. The grandest image ever conceived may stand before the mental vision; but unless the seer has artistic skill to select just the characteristic details necessary for its portrayal, he will fail in an attempt to reproduce it. A few bold strokes, and Milton's "Satan" is sketched; in order to construct his composite democratic "I" of proper dimensions, Whitman spins four-score verses in every particular like the following: —

The duck-shooter walks by silent and cautious stretches,
The deacons are ordained with cross'd hands at the altar,
The spinning-girl retreats and advances to the hum of the big wheel,
The farmer stops by the bars as he walks on a first-day loafe, and looks at the oats and rye,
The lunatic is carried at last to the asylum a confirm'd case.

Indeed, in many places, he seems to belch forth a chaos of details and invite the reader to arrange them into images to suit his own taste. "There are the materials," he cries, "for a vast poem; you may shape it for yourselves." The result is, the mind is lost in a labyrinth of verbiage without a thread to guide it into the light. The reader may scan page

after page without perceiving an image boldly and clearly drawn. If obscurity is a virtue, much of this author's work has merit; but he does not fulfil the requirements of the literary artist.

In style, not only is he open to criticism, but in thought as well. In his "Children of Adam," he gives utterance to ideas that verge on indecency. He protects himself, of course, by the time-worn adage, "Evil to him who evil thinks"; but purity of thought and expression is a boasted characteristic of American scholars. No author is justified in using words and expressions that would create a vulgar thought in the minds of even the outcast from society. The nude in art is justified if the sculptor can clothe his image in such native modesty as to protect it from the slurs of the vulgar. So in literature, our language is fruitful enough with symbols, so that any shade of thought may be expressed with becoming modesty.

Though open to criticism, based possibly upon differences of opinion, "Leaves of Grass" is the lifework of an American patriot who had the genius to conceive the necessities of our literature and the hardihood to attempt a great original poem. The first edition was a thin volume. Then, during the civil war, the author spent three years as an army nurse, gaining experience preparatory to new literary ventures. From time to time during his after life, appeared additions and annexes until the entire work forms a good-sized volume. He commended it to the approval of critics to come, confident of his own powers and success.

At this time, however, we consider Mr. Whitman's claims for recognition as a poet only by comparing his work with the standards of our literary artists. We have found him open to criticism in various ways. Still we must not thus rashly condemn his work. He identified himself with the toiling democracy, whom he designated "The People." He saw the cultured at a distance; he did not write for them; they, in turn, see no beauty and little merit in his verse. He wrote, however for "The People"; and he succeeded in so far as he is read and understood by his chosen audience. If his images are beyond the comprehension of the educated and thoughtful, how much less may his chosen readers perceive them. We are not yet ready to vote him the success that he aspired to be.

Still there is poetry in some of Walt Whitman's verses. Indeed, we occasionally discover almost a perfect poem. His mocking-bird dirge from "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking" is pronounced by Burroughs as "quite unmatched in our literature — it is altogether poetical, and not at all ornithological." We quote another from his "Whispers of Heavenly Death": —

A noiseless patient spider
I marked, where on a little promontory it stood isolated,
Mark'd how to explore the vacant vast surrounding,
It launched forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself,
Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you, O my soul, where you stand,
Surrounded, detached, in measureless oceans of space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking, the spheres to connect them,
Till the bridge you will need be form'd, till the ductile anchor hold,
Till the gossamer thread you fling catch somewhere, O my soul.

It does not require many such passages to prove a man a poet and a master of his art. That Whitman could write poetry, no one doubts; but the literary world will long lament his refusal to recognize the importance of art. Having produced his "Democratic Vistas," our author has not lived in vain. If he succeeds in arousing American writers to a determination to create a national literature that shall do justice to our institutions, he will have accomplished a noble work. Future generations must decide. If he is worthy, they must and will award him the palm.

BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW.

BY JOHN HUDSPETH.

One comes sowing. His hand is brown and hard, his shoulders bent; the patience born of long years of toil looks from eyes which have seen none of the gilded gladness of life. Child of the seasons and the soil, he ploughs and plants, and never wonders why another reaps. His thoughts are not of government or laws, but rather of rows of corn, of seedtime and harvest, of winnowed wheat and shocks of fodder browning in the sun. Between the hard lines of his life he has read none of the poetry that sets aglow the pulses of the children of leisure.

A pair of gaunt horses stand sleepily at the fence. In the dull and yellow west the spring sun hangs lazily just above the hills. To the east, a fleet of clouds, dark and threatening, sails across the sky; and the wind, rising, blows the grain scattered from the farmer's hand far out over the field. Off in the north and south, a battalion of "thunder heads," made shining by the rays of the retreating sun, tell of the approaching shower. A moment later, a sullen, prolonged roar sets the earth to trembling, and then the April deluge, with a chill borrowed from the old winter, comes down to freeze the marrows of man and beast. The farmer makes shift to mount one of the animals, and, leading the other, rides toward the lane half hidden by the slanting streams of rain that dance down through the sunlight. Suddenly the downpour ceases, and the clouds roll away in a sound of muffled sobs, growing softer until lost to hearing. From the skeletons of ghastly weeds, myriads of brilliants tremble and glisten in the dying light. The air is rife with the scent of new-ploughed earth. Spurred by their appetites, the shambling horses hurry homeward.

In the dusk of the evening, the man dismounts, and, putting the beasts in their places, unharnesses and feeds them, as he has done countless times before. A few lean hogs squeal hungrily in a pen near by. To them he throws

some ears of corn, and stands dumbly in the gathering dusk, listening to their quiet grunts of satisfaction. Then he goes to the house, and, returning with a pail, milks the cow. The low, deep breathing of the beast soothes him. He sits idly upon the stool, listening to the sound, long after his task is finished. Going into the kitchen, his wife, a tall, thin-faced woman of perhaps forty years, meets him at the door.

"I wuz afeerd sumthin 'd happened to ye, Ike," she said.

She strained the milk while her husband slowly washed his face and hands. A supper of fat bacon, coffee, and corn-bread waited upon the table.

"They ain't no butter," she remarked, as they sat down to eat. "It takes near all I kin make with butter and eggs to git the coffee and sugar."

"Lem Smith been here to-day?" he asked. "He said he'd drop around an' leave word whether he'd be a goin' to town to-morrer or not."

"No, he ain't been here that I know uv."

It is late when they go to bed. For a while he lies and listens to the wind, and watches the occasional flashes of lightning that make the little window of their bedroom stand out for an instant like one cut in the wall of a black dungeon.

He and his faithful wife had come to the farm fifteen years before. Their means were small, and they had done as thousands of others do: "gone in debt" for their land. But somehow, in spite of their work, though they were saving and careful of every cent, the debt remained. Each year found him barely able to live after paying interest and taxes. Yet he did not complain, for he had been taught to work; he knew nothing besides. His father had toiled just so before him, and left a family burdened with debt.

Very early the next morning he harnessed the horses to a wagon, and drove out into the highway. As he shut the gate, a neighbor came up on foot.

"Hello, Ike."

"Howdy, Lem."

"Goin' to town?"

"Yes; climb in ef you want to ride."

"I 'lowed I'd go in an' see Fletcher Flint about my loan," Ike said. "It's comin' due to-morrer, an' I've got to have it extended, I reckon. He told me last time I seed him 'the'd

hev to raise the interest two per cent, as he says money iz awful scarce an' clus."

"Beats all how tight money is. I'm agoin' to try fur a loan on my hosses an' hogs. I've got ter have a little cash to pay my doctor's bill an' fur my groceries. Nancy's sickness run me behin' fearful last winter," replied Lem.

"Sickness iz a bad thing. I tell Lise that we've been awful lucky. Uv course they's only me an her to look after, but I don't see how we could git along if one uv us wuz to get sick."

It was afternoon when the business with the loan agent was finished. Fletcher Flint was one of those shrewd, calculating fellows who believe that "money is worth what it will bring," and he always made it bring as much as possible. Besides the regular rate, he charged a commission which was by no means ungenerous to himself. The loan upon Ike's farm was duly extended and the interest paid; but, unluckily, he had given Flint a chattel mortgage upon his horses and hogs and cow. This had been done the spring before, to enable the borrower to pay for some machinery he had purchased, and this debt was also due. Ike had not the money to pay it, and the lender refused to extend it. The better to enable payment to be made, Flint threatened an immediate foreclosure. Lem, whose dealings with the financier had resulted much in the same way, left the office with Ike. Together they rode home in silence.

"I don't know what we'll do, Lise," said Ike at supper. "Flint wouldn't extend the chattel mortgage, an' he says he'll foreclose on the stuff, whatever that means. I s'pose he'll sell it, but the stock wouldn't bring much, the shape they're in."

Several attempts made by him to borrow the money elsewhere resulted in as many failures. At length, in the drudgery and crush of his work, he forgot the mortgage, thinking that Flint would be lenient with him and wait until the crops were harvested.

The green corn had grown to be almost knee high; and as Ike held the handles of his cultivator between the waving rows, a feeling akin to happiness came upon him. The song of birds sounded from the thicket near by; a cool, sweet breeze came over the hill, fanning his sweat-begrimed face with a gentle touch; a flock of crows alighted on the fence, screamed vociferously, and flew away.

He stopped to let the horses "blow" at the border of the field. The heaving of their mighty sides kept the cultivator shaking and creaking as if in a fit of ague.

"Gee 'up!"

Slowly they turned around and went back across the field, with a patience like that of the man who guided the plough. Their heads were loose and unreined, but they did not try to eat the tempting corn growing at their feet; they had learned better.

"Good morning."

Halting at the edge of the field near the lane, he looked up and saw a stranger, well dressed, standing at the fence. Ike had a dim recollection of having shaken hands with him the fall before, just previous to election.

"How d' do?" he responded.

"I am sorry to tell you, Mr. Simms, that I have a chattel mortgage to foreclose upon your team and cow and hogs. Fletcher Flint"—

"Has Flint gone an' sued me?" asked Ike sadly.

"Well, not exactly," answered the sheriff, "but the mortgage gives him the right to take possession of the property and sell it at any time he may choose to do so. I have it with me, and you can read it if you like."

"I don't want to read it; it'd take me too long. I caint read overly swift, anyhow," said Ike.

He unhitched the horses, and drove them out into the road and down to the house, the sheriff following. Another man sat in a buggy holding his horses near the house.

"I brought this gentleman along to help move the property," explained the sheriff.

Lise came out, big-eyed and wondering. Passing close to her husband, she whispered:—

"What does the men want, Ike?"

"They're agoin' to take the stuff on account o' Flint's mortgage," was his reply, in a dry, strained tone.

"Let me see," said the sheriff; "I believe the wagon is included in the mortgage, isn't it?"

Ike made no answer, but helped to hitch the horses to the wagon and load the hogs into it. With his own hands he put the "side boards" on, skinning his knuckles in the operation. "Damn the luck!" he said. The cow was led in from the little pasture, and tied behind the wagon. Lise

came up and patted the beast on the head, causing the great creature to blow in loud, contented measures. Then the woman sat down upon the seat of an old mower, and, drawing her stained apron over her face, cried softly to herself. The man who had sat in the buggy mounted the wagon and drove away, preceded by the sheriff. Ike stood and watched the procession until it was lost behind an angle in the road. On his way to the house, he passed near where his wife sat.

"How'll we git along without the cow?" she asked.

"We won't git along at all," he snarled. "We'll go to the poorhouse, I reckon."

Out in the West, the rude settlers who opened up the first farms in those vast prairies looked upon a man's team as the sole means of his existence. Horse thieves they punished summarily by hanging or shooting. The sum for which Flint had taken the horses had been loaned at thirty-six per cent interest. It is hardly necessary to say that no vigilance committee ever waited upon Mr. Flint.

Lise went into the house, and threw herself on the bed. She was not a coward, but her husband's words had raised a terrible fear in her mind. The buzzing of the flies, bathing themselves in the sunshine at the window, grated upon her nerves with a pain new and strange to her. Ike came in and began searching in a drawer of the old bureau that had once been her mother's. She saw him take the razor in his hands; quickly she sprang up and caught him by the arm.

"Ye ain't agoin' to cut yer throat, air ye?" she asked, pleadingly.

"I ain't no sich a fool ez that, though I 'low I'd be better off dead than tryin' to make a livin' without anything to do with," he answered.

She left him lathering his face in front of the looking-glass, and went into the kitchen. Soon the smell of frying bacon floated in and made him hungry.

"It looks as ef everything wuz agin us," he said, as he came out and washed his face, which glowed fiercely beneath the merciless scraping it had received. "I'm agoin' to see a lawyer. Got any money?"

"They's six dollars I've saved up from the eggs and butter."

"Le' me have it."

She went into the bedroom, and, coming out, handed him

the money. She had saved it to buy a new dress and a pair of shoes. The meal over, Ike walked out, saying: —

"If I ketch a ride, I'll be back afore sundown; ef I don't, it'll be late."

He was compelled to walk the whole of the distance to town. As he passed the store where he "traded," he saw, farther down the street, a sign bearing the legend, "David Keep, Lawyer and Real Estate Dealer." He found the attorney sitting in profound meditation, his feet folded carefully on the top of his desk, and his chair tilted against the wall. A refreshing breeze blew in at the open window. It was cooler here than in the field, Ike reflected.

"Have a chair, sir," said the attorney.

Ike sat down awkwardly, wondering how he should begin the business in hand. He had never had to do with the legal profession before. A lawyer, in his eyes, was no common mortal. He hesitated lest he might say something terribly out of order.

"Anything I can do for you?" queried the lawyer.

"I'm in trouble," ventured Ike. "I want some advice. How much will ye charge me?"

"The usual fee for consultation is five dollars."

Ike took out his well-worn and thin pocket-book, and handed to the man of law five silver dollars, saying: —

"Ye see, it's like this. I gin Fletcher Flint a mortgage on my hosses an' cow an' hogs an' wagon last fall. Ye know him, I reckon? — a money loaner here in town. I couldn't pay it, an' he has sent the sheriff out to my place an' took the last hoof of everything off'n the place. Is they any law fur that, I want to know?"

"That depends upon the conditions in the instrument," was the answer. "If it is the usual form of mortgage, it gives the lender the right to take possession of the mortgaged property and to sell it at any time he may see fit to do so. Without taking the time to go to the Court House and examine the record of the mortgage, knowing Flint as I do, I should say it contains these provisions. He uses no other form."

"Then they's no way fur me to git my property back?"

"No way except to pay the mortgage debt. Let me see; what rate of interest did you agree to pay him?"

"Thirty-six per cent."

"You can bring an injunction suit to enjoin him from the sale of the stuff, but you would first be required to give bond in double the amount of the principal which you owe him. This is the only way you can determine the question of usury."

"Uv what?"

"Usury; an illegal rate of interest. The statute provides for ten per cent. If you can show a contract to pay more, the court will allow him no interest at all, and he will be compelled to pay his own costs and attorneys' fees."

"I'll come in agin in a day or two," said Ike, rising, "an' may be I kin git somebody to go on my bonds."

"It is a difficult thing to do. No man likes to sign such a bond, as the money loaners and banks refuse to loan to a man who pleads usury or helps others to do it."

A refusal from every one whom he asked to sign the bond with him convinced Ike that the lawyer had told the truth. At his second conference with the attorney, it was decided that nothing could be done, and so the property was sold a few days thereafter, Flint himself buying it for seventy-five dollars, just half the debt owing him. Ike stood and listened to the auctioneer offering his property for sale. He walked up and patted the horses lovingly. They seemed to know him, rubbing their velvet noses against his rough sleeve.

"Make me an offer on the horses," said the auctioneer to him, as he turned away.

"I can't buy 'em," replied Ike in a thick voice, as he walked from the place feeling weak and sick.

"The stuff's all sold, Lise," he said to his wife, as he sat down in the little kitchen and watched the flies crawl over the bare and shining floor.

"Ain't they no way to git it agin?" she asked.

"I caint make no money without hosses, an' the team's gone. I wonder how it comes that poor men iz forced to use the money the rich has, an' no other, an' to pay 'em what they ask fur the use on't! I don't understand it."

Lise did not answer. She sat gazing at the soiled, smoky walls of the place. Ike looked wearily out into the corn-field, and wondered how long it would take the weeds to kill the crop.

SYMPOSIUM ON WOMEN'S DRESS

Part I.

[PREPARED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES.]

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

MAY WRIGHT SEWALL, PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.

AMONG the resolutions passed by the National Council of Women of the United States at the last executive session of its first triennial meeting, held in Washington, D. C., Feb. 25, 1891, is the following: —

Resolved, That the general officers shall appoint a committee of women, whose duty it shall be to report within a year suggestions for a business costume for women which shall meet the demands of health, comfort, and good taste.

At a business meeting of the officers held in Indianapolis May 30, 1891, the committee was appointed. As finally constituted, it consists of Mrs. Frances E. Russell, Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller, Mrs. Frank Stuart Parker, Miss Octavia W. Bates, and Dr. Mary E. Emery. Under the direction of its chairman, Mrs. Russell, this committee has worked faithfully during the past year to collect current opinion concerning the conventional costume of the period, whether viewed from the standpoint of the artist or the physician, or from that of the convenience and comfort of its wearer; and also to gather helpful suggestions relative to some modifications of the conventional dress.

An able report of its work was submitted at the annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the council held in Chicago on May 9 and 10, 1892. This report will be published with the official records of the council, and will show that its efforts to promote the best interests of humanity through improving the dress of women have awakened a deep interest among the most thoughtful and intelligent of all classes.

Newspaper comment on the resolution passed by the coun-

[NOTE. — Owing to its great length, the editor has found it necessary to divide the symposium. Part II. will appear in our next issue. Since Mrs. Sewall prepared her paper, Lady Harberton and other eminent writers have revised and forwarded their papers, making the symposium still more complete. — ED.]

cil implies a popular misconception of it in respect to two points: first, it is assumed that the council proposes to devise an improved dress for "business women," and second, that it recommends the adoption of a uniform dress by women.

The Executive Committee of the council does not recognize any arbitrary division of women into two classes — business women and society women; all noble women, whatever degree of material luxury and ease their situation in life may afford, do, at the present time, devote many hours daily to the superintendence of domestic affairs, to the ministrations of charity, or to some other service in which the conventional dress is an obstruction; and all business women, whether in or out of domestic life, whether rich or poor, have occasional leisure for society. The primary test of a costume is not its appropriateness to its wearer, *per se*, but its appropriateness to the occupation of its wearer at the moment. That the intention of the council may be unmistakable, its Executive Committee framed the resolution by which it continues its work, as follows: —

Resolved, That the National Council of Women of the United States, through its Committee on Dress, will continue to work toward the evolution of a comfortable dress for women, suitable for business hours, for shopping, for marketing, house work, walking, and other forms of exercise. The council neither recommends nor desires that this dress be a uniform, and it believes that a dress *suitable* to business hours would be much more susceptible to the modifications necessary to adapt it to different women and types of women, than is the present conventional dress.

The council, in submitting to the public the symposium on dress, prepared through the efforts of its committee, deems a word of explanation proper.

All of the contributors to the symposium — Mrs. Frances E. Russell, Mrs. Jenness Miller, Miss Octavia W. Bates, Dr. Mary E. Emery, Mrs. Frances M. Steele, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Miller, Mrs. E. M. King — can speak on this subject with peculiar authority. Mrs. Russell's attention was first called to the subject by reading Dr. Harriet N. Austin's tract on dress reform thirty-six years ago; since then she has studied the subject seriously and written upon it frequently.

Mrs. Steele is one of the founders of "The Chicago Society for the Promotion of Physical Culture and Correct Dress," and is the author of a book entitled "Beauty of Form and

Grace of Vesture." Mrs. King, one of the founders of "The English Rational Dress Society," and its first "Honorable Secretary," has written on the subject for both English and American publications, and has discussed it before many public audiences. She was long associated with Lady Harberton in England; and now as lecturer in "The Farmers' Alliance" in Florida, she wears a costume which, conforming to the general law that clothing should follow the natural lines of the body, complies also with these requirements: —

1. Freedom of movement.
2. Absence of pressure over any part of the body.
3. No more weight than is necessary for warmth, and both weight and warmth equally distributed.
4. Quick changeability.

Mrs. Miller, the daughter of Gerritt Smith, was the real inventor of the costume known as the "Bloomer," and her story of how she came to adopt it and why she discarded it, will interest every reader.

Miss Bates, an admirable representative of the college-trained woman of the progressive type, is a graduate of Michigan University (class of 1877), and knows whereof she speaks when she discusses the disadvantages of the conventional garb to a student in competition with men. Any word of introduction in connection with the names of Mrs. Miller, Dr. Emery, and Grace Greenwood would be superfluous. These statements and names suffice to show how wide reaching is the interest on this subject and how prevailing is the conviction that neither use nor beauty is secured by the present dress of women.

This is still further shown in Part II. by a photograph of a simple pledge with a few signatures, which will be submitted to many thousands of women during the Columbian Exposition, when one branch of work which the National Council will prosecute steadily at its headquarters in the Woman's Building, will be that on behalf of improved dress.

The symposium lately published in an English magazine giving the opinion of eminent artists on women's dress, contains the following from John Collier: —

My own opinion is that female dress will never be wholly satisfactory until women have realized that they have no waists. Nature has not endowed them with waists, which are artificial forms produced

by compressing the body. This seeming paradox is easily proved by considering that the waist of woman has been placed in every conceivable position from just under the arm-pits to half way down the hips.

Many writers since Frances Wright have claimed with her that no dress can be considered rational that does not give as much freedom to the legs of women as to their arms.

Such sentiments are fully shared in general by the committee, by the contributors to the symposium, and by the Executive Committee of the council, under whose general direction the work of both the former is done. Yet it must be remembered that no one of our writers is committed to any suggestions made by the others.

The council will continue through its committee to work for improved dress — not for a uniform dress for women. Indeed, one improvement must be in the direction of greater individuality.

Speaking of another matter, Walter Pater says: "It is an art in some degree peculiar and special to each individual, with the modifications due to his peculiar constitution and the circumstances of his growth." Mr. Edmund Russell applies this remark to dress, and adds: "It (dress) is the most complex and difficult of all arts; for resting on the framework of the human body, an adjunct and accomplice in all man's expression, it requires the broadest knowledge of humanity and of individuality to understand its mysteries. And as the hand of the pianist must be kept in perfect mechanical condition to play well, so must the body, on which all dress *depends* (in every sense), be kept in perfect mechanical condition to *dress* well." Mr. Russell's words express the conviction which underlies the council's work. Hence it will be seen that the effort to secure improved dress implies the effort to obtain improved bodies. Both must be developed patiently; they cannot be created instantaneously; and the development of both must be conscious, intentional, and harmonious each with the other.

II.

REFLECTIONS ON WOMAN'S DRESS, AND THE RECORD OF A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

Strive as you will to elevate woman, nevertheless the disabilities and degradation of her dress, together with that large group of false

views of the uses of her being, and of her relations to man, symbolized and perpetuated by her dress, will make your striving vain.

GERRIT SMITH.

The subjection of woman to the fashion that demands tight waists and heavy, trailing skirts, is a matter of grave importance, involving not only her own well-being, but that of generations of men and women who shall succeed her. It is universally admitted that compressing the waist forces breathing into the upper part of the lungs and causes displacement and disease in the pelvic region. The skirt is hazardous from its weight; and when bedraggled with wet and mud, and the usual concomitants of street sweepings, it is often the cause of colds to which the poor abused lungs readily succumb. It is said, too, that in brushing these scavenger skirts, the system may be poisoned by inhaling the dried germs which float from them. The arguments against these fashions are countless, and none can be offered in their favor; and yet the mass of women cling to them, even at the sacrifice of comfort, cleanliness, and health. The Paris dressmaker, who is the standard for the dressmakers of all civilized nations, says, as she adjusts the tight waist: "*Il faut souffrir pour être belle.*" Women say: "We might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion." The Chinese woman of noble birth has the same opinion in regard to the fashion which cramps and distorts her feet. She justly remarks, however, on examining American fashion plates: "China woman pinch foot. You say China woman velly bad. Melican woman pinch here (laying her hand on her waist). Life here; life not in foot. Melican woman much more bad than China woman."

We see on every side women of force, intelligence, and refinement, now tottering on high heels that throw the entire body out of its normal poise; then with a huge protuberance on the spine so marked, that were it a natural deformity, surgical skill would be sought for its removal; now submitting to the discomfort of high choking collars; and now with towering sleeves, completely hiding the beautiful curve of the shoulder. The hair is subjected to all manner of intricate looping, puffing, and frizzing — big, frouzy, frontal projections, high, pagoda-like structures, and the idiotic "*bang.*" It is surmounted by a knot of lace and a bird's wing, a bouquet, a design in jet, or a hat of marvellous con-

FASHIONABLE WALKING COSTUME IN THE EARLY SIXTIES.

STREET COSTUME. SUMMER, 1891.

1870 TO 1875. THE ERA OF THE ENORMOUS BUSTLE AND TRAIN OF SWEEPING DIMENSIONS.

1878.

DRESSED AND BONNETED FOR THE STREET. PREVAILING FASHIONS DURING THE PAST THIRTY YEARS.

tortions, utterly devoid of grace or beauty, and thus the humiliating costume is completed.

The lines of beauty in "the human form divine" — lines which painter and sculptor spend their lives in striving to render with unswerving accuracy — are ignored by women who make fashion their ideal. It is a sad fact that in modes of dress we have no taste; the most hideous costumes become beautiful in our eyes if they are only fashionable.

It might be suggested that we devise and make fashionable a reasonable and beautiful dress — one as little subject to change as the ancient Greek costume. But would a fashion not originating in Paris be accepted, and would woman consent to lose the charm of a constant change of style?

From this thraldom to fashion, which presents such a hopeless aspect, there is one grand outlook. It is the higher education of woman. When we consider that many colleges have opened their doors to her, that many have been established for her, and that vast numbers are eagerly availing themselves of these educational advantages, we may with good reason rejoice in the prospect of her reaching a plane where fashion will no longer enslave her. At this height of mental and moral culture, frivolous views of life will give place to those of an earnest, serious nature; the responsibilties of motherhood will reveal a stronger, deeper meaning; the welfare of the nation will become dear to her, and the long withheld right of suffrage will be claimed and received; and finally, "in the expulsive power" of these new and nobler interests, fashion, with its train of follies, will fade into insignificance.

I am asked to give a statement of my experience in adopting, wearing, and abandoning the short skirt.

In the spring of 1851, while spending many hours at work in the garden, I became so thoroughly disgusted with the long skirt, that the dissatisfaction, the growth of years, suddenly ripened into the decision that this shackle should no longer be endured. The resolution was at once put into practice. Turkish trousers to the ankle, with a skirt reaching some four inches below the knee, were substituted for the heavy, untidy, exasperating old garment. After making this change I hastened to Seneca Falls to visit my cousin, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton. We had so long deplored our common misery in the toils of crippling fashion,

that this means of escape was hailed with joy, and she at once joined me in wearing the new costume. Mrs. Bloomer, a friend and neighbor of Mrs. Stanton, then adopted the dress; and as she was editing a paper in which she advocated it, the dress was christened with her name. Mrs. Stanton and I often exchanged visits, and sometimes travelled together. We endured, in various places, much gaping curiosity and the harmless jeering of street boys. In the winter of '52 and '53, when my father was in Congress, I was also in the cosmopolitan city of Washington, where I found my peculiar costume much less conspicuous. My street dress was a dark brown corded silk, short skirt and straight trousers; a short but graceful and richly trimmed French cloak of black velvet with drooping sleeves, called a "*cantatrice*"; a sable tippet, and a low-crowned hat with a long plume.

I wore the short dress and trousers for many years, my husband being at all times and in all places my staunch supporter. My father gave the dress his full approval, and I was also blessed by the tonic of Mrs. Stanton's inspiring words: "The question is no longer, *rags*, how do you look? but *woman*, how do you feel?"

The dress looked tolerably well in standing and walking, but in sitting it produced an awkward, uncouth effect. It was a perpetual violation of my love of the beautiful. So, by degrees, as my æsthetic sense gained the ascendency, I lost sight of the great advantages of my dress — its lightness and cleanliness on the street, the ease and safety with which it allowed me to carry my babies up and down stairs, and its beautiful harmony with sanitary laws. The skirt was lengthened several inches and the trousers abandoned. As months passed, I proceeded in this retrograde movement, until, after a period of some seven years, I quite "fell from grace," and found myself again in the bonds of the old swaddling clothes — a victim to my "love of beauty."

In consideration of what I have previously said in regard to fashion, I feel at liberty to add that I do not wear a heavy, trailing skirt, nor have I ever worn a corset; my bonnet shades my face; my spine was preserved from the "*bustle*"; my feet from high heels; my shoulders are not turreted, nor has fashion clasped my neck with her choking collar.

All hail to the day when we shall have a reasonable and beautiful dress, that shall encourage exercise on the

road and in the field; that shall leave us the free use of our limbs; that shall help and not hinder our perfect development. ELIZABETH SMITH MILLER.

III.

ARTISTIC AND SENSIBLE DRESS FOR STREET WEAR.

During the last twenty-five years sentiment has greatly changed in respect to woman's natural right to freedom of mind and body, but more especially in regard to the methods and means by which this freedom must be secured. The wise ones no longer present a defiant attitude in asking consideration for woman's rights, and results prove the wisdom of these latter-day methods.

At a recent lecture before the faculty and students of Ann Arbor University, when I appeared in a short but, mind you, reader, well-considered and attractive dress, and advocated its adoption by busy women for active out-of-door occasions, especially for rainy days, not only did the dress itself receive generous applause, but my suggestion that the young men would stand by their co-educational sisters in any attempt to attire themselves gracefully, yet sensibly, was received with such spontaneous enthusiasm that there was no doubting the spirit of the moment; and yet it would have been an easy matter to prejudice popular sentiment by any suggestion of aggressiveness.

I make this point because I believe that the immediate establishment of better methods of dress for women and girls does not depend upon the hygienic value of the change offered, nearly so much as upon the good taste and artistic care expended in making the dress desirable *per se;* and in this connection, I greatly deplore the term "Dress Reform." Dress improvement expresses what is sought far better, and does not prejudice the mind in advance.

"Pray, milady! allow me to suggest the way to 'improve' your gown and make it altogether perfect, according to accurate principles of art and symmetry," is much less aggressive than "Madam, your dress needs 'reforming'; it is now atrocious and not adapted to your needs. I am surprised that you show so little good sense in the way that you attire yourself."

No style of dress can possibly become permanent which

does not appeal to the eye and intelligence alike, combining utility, freedom, and beauty. Again, no general style of dress can be declared for all persons and all occasions. Improved dress must conform to individual needs, different occasions, different social conditions, and particularly to individual peculiarities of type and style. The indignation vented against the "Bloomer dress" was directed more against the ill-advised persistence of its too-zealous but really conscientious advocates; in appearing in the costume out of season, than against the dress itself. The "Bloomer" was not, it is true, the most attractive short dress possible; nevertheless, I believe that it might have gained a foothold for itself had it accepted a legitimate place, as the ball dress, the carriage gown, the bathing suit do; and out of a crude beginning something more attractive would have been evolved years ago. As it was, however, the reaction from violent prejudice caused the swinging of the pendulum to the other extreme, and it has taken a quarter of a century for this prejudice to die a natural death.

We are ready for a short dress for business women and others, whose out-of-door duties require all the freedom possible. Public sentiment is very generally ready to concede this, but we are now confronted with *what the short dress shall be*, and at this important moment a single false move must prove fatal to the cause for at least another generation; therefore, it behooves us, sisters, to consider well what we do, in order that every step may prove a permanent gain for improved and national dress.

A short dress is the only convenient dress for a busy woman who is compelled to go out in all kinds of weather, to get in and out of public conveyances that will hardly stop long enough to permit the most hurried entrance and exit before they are off again, to say nothing about the necessary freedom for hands and arms, that are forever employed with bundles, satchels, and other articles. Common sense indorses the dress, but it says: "Such a dress must be modest, refined, and attractive, and content with its own legitimate sphere of activity. If the short dress proposes to become a monotonous uniform, to oppose the long, graceful lines of the evening dress, or assert itself for occasions of leisure, when it cannot demonstrate its superiority, either in the way of woman's requirements or by way of enhancing her charms,

then it will be looked upon as an upstart, and its claims will not only be disregarded but forcibly rejected.

My idea of a thoroughly practical street dress for busy women is one that shall conform to the demand for freedom of movement, and yet preserve artistic harmony in proportion. The reason why a dress coming to the boot-tops, or a little below, is rejected by the eye, is because this length does not show enough of the leg to suggest proportion, and the foot seems over large in consequence. Grace demands that all gowns shall be one of three lengths: First, as shown in the illustration, where the skirt falls just below the knee, and is met by a perfect fitting gaiter of the same material; next, that which merely clears the ground; and last, the well-hung train, which is suitable for house, carriage, and evening dress only.

Each of these three lengths is adapted for certain occasions, and neither should be worn out of season. When, by and by, we study dress as a high art, these principles will be recognized apart from the question of utility, which is the consideration for busy women at the moment.

In introducing a short dress, prejudice and tradition must be overcome by the claims of reason. It is conceded that business women are greatly hampered by the weight, pressure, and length of their skirts, and why should not they reject draperies which handicap effort and destroy health, and adapt dress to their requirements, just as men were compelled to do when their public activities increased?

There may be those who believe that a divided dress with-

out skirt drapery would be an improvement over all others, but I do not agree with this view, as art and utility are better served by a short outside skirt, and properly divided undergarments.

For a perfect business dress for the ordinary climate, the garments worn should, in my judgment, be as follows: —

Next the body, a ribbed woolen union garment, high-necked, long-sleeved, with legs reaching the ankle.

Second, a well-fitted boned waist.

Third, equestrienne trousers, ending at the knees, where they should meet the outside gaiters, made from the same material as the dress.

It will be seen that this system distributes the weight and warmth equally over every part of the body.

It is well for a business woman to make her gown and gaiters of waterproof serge, which is a most durable material. The dress itself should be studied with reference to the wearer's characteristics and needs; and the lines of the jacket and bodice should be adapted in the most becoming style possible, and with the age of the wearer in mind, as what is suitable for the young girl would make the woman of maturer years look flippant and undignified. The coat style of waist, which admits of useful pockets, is generally becoming to all, and can be modified in design according to requirements.

With this dress, as with all others, latitude may be allowed for the expression of individual taste, and care should be taken to enhance natural attractiveness; for a tidy, comely, attractive woman is always a pleasure to the eye.

The outside wrap should serve a definite purpose in really furnishing needful warmth, and should therefore be as long as the dress itself.

I might enlarge much more in detail did space permit, but I have outlined the general principles of short dress as I see them. For the rest, the cordial reception that the short rainy-day dress has received throughout the country, when shown from the platform, has made me most sanguine that busy women will soon unite in an era of common sense in dress, with the comfortable consciousness that the change has the approval of thoughtful men.

MRS. JENNESS MILLER.

IV.

LINES OF BEAUTY.

They say it is for beauty's sake that woman submits to the discomfort and restraint of her costume; but how many of the styles of dress depicted in a quarter of a century's file of fashion plates, can stand the test of Keats' famous line: —

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

Each one is declared ugly when it has gone out of fashion.

Emerson says: "I am warned by the ill fate of many philosophers, not to attempt a definition of beauty. I will rather enumerate some of its qualities. We ascribe beauty to that which is simple: which has no superfluous parts; which exactly answers its end; which stands related to all things; which is the mean of many extremes. It is the most enduring quality, and the most ascending quality."

The fashionable dress has none of these qualities; yet the delusion rests like an evil spell on the public imagination that women are in zealous pursuit of the beautiful when they go zigzagging after "the fashion." The catechism teaches that the chief end of man is "to glorify God and enjoy Him forever," but society teaches that it is the chief duty of woman to make herself beautiful and attractive to man, This doctrine implies that it is not in woman's nature to be beautiful and attractive, but she may become so by alterations of her natural shape and disguises to conceal her biped formation. No one exhorts the rose to try to be fragrant or beseeches lambs to cultivate gentleness.

Into what depths the doctrine that it is woman's chief duty to make herself physically attractive has brought society, the records of police and divorce courts can give some hint; but we cannot know how greatly sexual temptations have been multiplied and strengthened from this cause, nor of what nobler, sweeter beauty it has robbed human life. Ideas of the beautiful which women have followed as "fashions," have often had a very low origin and motive. It is indeed our duty to be as beautiful as we can; but first of all beautiful within, and not a hollow mockery, a "pink and white tyranny."

There is truth in these lines: —

"Straight is the line of duty:
Curved is the line of beauty.

Follow the first and thou shalt see
The second ever following thee."

A curved line can forever follow a straight line only in one way, in the most beautiful of all curves, a spiral — ever onward and upward. Thus beauty becomes, as Emerson says, "the most enduring quality, and the most ascending quality" — but only as it follows the straight line of duty.

What is duty in dress? It is time to ask that question. It is to dress suitably for our work in the world. As a basis for the best performance of all other duties, lies the duty of good health. From her childhood up, the growing woman should be free to develop naturally.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That, wild with glee, across the lawn,
Or up the mountain, springs."

In her modern Kate Greenaway gown? She is budgeted up in her long skirts, nowadays, for beauty's sake, I understand; and it is her fond papa, especially, who likes to see her dressed as his quaint "little woman." Poor, ignorant papa! in whom long-established custom has trained the idea that womanhood is a "low thing," easily trailed in the dust, and to be trodden under foot of men without much compunction,

If, from childhood up, the limbs of the growing woman were free for natural exercise, and her mind free from the care of drapery, these further lines of Wordsworth might truthfully apply: —

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see,
E'en in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy."

But woman's dress says, "Stay in the house." For one hour a day, fashion allows her to lay aside her drapery and be clothed for physical culture; for even her supposed-to-be beautiful garments cannot satisfactorily adorn a crooked, emaciated figure. During the other waking hours of her day, she is expected, for beauty's sake, to wear raiment which is tacitly conceded to be antagonistic to physical development and healthful beauty. Fashion says that the chief use of woman is to exhibit dry goods fantastically arranged on her person.

What is woman's work in the world? If we should answer in catechism phrase, we should still mean, to serve humanity. Thus far, women have dressed themselves for the work of life as though their only idea of service is to "stand and wait." History will record that in the nineteenth century they organized in companies for self-improvement, to battle for equal rights, to remove obstructions from before the great procession of human progress, bound hand and foot by their own clothing.

"An every-day business dress for women" is called for by the National Council of Women. In the highest sense, every good woman should consider herself a business woman. "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Those were the first words of Jesus recorded in the New Testament. When tried for his life before Pilate, he said: "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth." Are professed followers of Jesus bearing witness to the truth of God's creation when they falsify the human shape and represent woman as having the outline of hour-glass, churn, pyramid, or dromedary?

Woman is not hallowing her Creator's name, she is not glorifying her Maker, when she tacitly accuses Him of bad taste in the formation of her body, and by her clothing interferes with the normal working of His wonderful mechanism. To clothe human beings on the principle that the form of one sex is more immodest than that of the other, is to perpetuate a "double standard of morality." To emphasize the fact of sex, thrusting it constantly and conspicuously upon the attention, is to cultivate pruriency and vice in society.

"Be careful!" cry the hinderers. "We cannot — they will not — don't advise anything conspicuously different from present fashion. We might do a little dress improvement out of sight, but we must still 'bow down in the house of Rimmon.'"

Evolution in dress has begun. Each advance has been by the abolition of a nuisance and the substitution of a rational garment, till many women now wear habitually, instead of chemise, corset, and petticoats, the combination undersuit and some style of divided skirt or equestrienne tights. To this extent they have found freedom and comfort.

Can evolution go farther in the way of abolition and sub-

stitution? It does so already in high art circles, when, for the leisure of the drawing-room, it abolishes the modern gown with its fashionable skirt and close-fitting bodice and bones, and substitutes Greek drapery. It does so already in our colleges for women, for at least one hour a day, when the daughters of the first families of the nation practice gymnastics, in a suit which has no curtain-like skirt over its full Turkish trousers. In all our large cities, classes in physical culture are wearing this skirtless costume for gymnastic exercises — all for the sake of gaining health, strength, and beauty. They get their patterns now from late fashion catalogues and magazines. They give public exhibitions which call forth only favorable comment. Concerning such an exhibition, a Boston paper says: —

> One of the visitors commented on the absolute lack of self-consciousness on the part of all the pupils, including girls and women of all ages, who were exercising before a mixed audience. There could be no stronger argument in favor of the healthful effect of physical training on both mind and body, and no better recommendation of the perfectly adapted costume (blouse and loose trousers), in which every one feels free and at home.

A sophomore in an Eastern college for women wrote me, in answer to questions concerning this skirtless gymnasium costume: "The style is graceful, and is becoming to almost every one. If women all wore this suit, I think they would like it very much; but it would be too conspicuous in the street." What makes anything conspicuous? The first umbrella carried in the street was doubtless conspicuous.

A young man sat silently studying the design for a "business woman's dress," given by Mrs. Jenness Miller, the skirt falling only a little below the knees. Presently he looked up with a start, exclaiming, "If women all wore dresses as short as that, and a woman should go into the street with a long dress on, wouldn't she look like a gump!"

What if, some morning, the college girls from their gymnasia, and the numerous physical culture classes in our cities, should appear in our streets, by common consent, dressed in a modified form of the gymnasium suit? For suggestions, consider the two forms of dual skirt advocated by the Rational Dress Society of England, and the mountain climbing dress pictured by Mrs. Jenness Miller. These may be altered variously: at top by jackets, blouses, and tunics, but not by boned close-fitting waists to perpetuate the fond-

ness for deformity which fashion has cultivated; at bottom by high, soft-topped, low-heeled, laced or buttoned boots instead of fitted leggins, if preferred. These will become cheap when there is sufficient demand to cut them by the million.

Now shut your eyes on the dust-gathering, trailing gowns, the "single-trouser," drawn-back, "bell skirts" of the period, with their wooden-looking, boned deformities called waists, and just imagine the college girls and the society belles, who are *already* emancipated from long drapery and corsets for the "business" of "physical culture," simply *extending the occasions upon which a comfortable and convenient costume may be worn*. The high-school girls would follow the college girls, and the clerks, typewriters, and all working girls would be with them; and you and I, with gray in our hair, would soon join in the glad procession, little girls of all sizes skipping in freedom by our sides. All generous men would rejoice in our new-found freedom, finding us able to keep step with full breath and without foolish encumbrance — able, at last, to get equal insurance with them against accident, because no longer in imminent danger. The next generation would come to us with a vigor of constitution almost unknown to the present race of babies. Lines of beauty, sought now by deformity and discomfort, would then appear in unexpected ways, imparting an unknown charm, showing especially in the nobler carriage of the body and finer chiselling of the features, which would result from the greater freedom of both body and mind of the mothers of the race.

Working together, women might speedily achieve this emancipation. I know of nothing so likely to unite all classes of women in a true sisterhood of feeling, nothing which would give a greater uplift to the national health and character. FRANCES E. RUSSELL.

V.

ARTISTIC DRESS.

In looking forward to an improvement in the dress for women, we should study, in our opinion, upon the following lines: the laws of structure, of vigorous health, of spiritual expression, and artistic composition. What is beautiful in the vesture of womanhood, includes what is consonant with

natural development and perfect physical condition; what is charming in color, graceful in design, and harmonious with personality. Anatomists, sculptors, and painters are the ultimate authority; but artists have been too much engaged in presenting their ideas of beauty to philosophize much about their processes or results. We have little printed help, therefore, in seeking to clothe physical form according to artistic principles. We have soon to welcome a publication which attempts to apply the laws of decorative art to the subject of dress.

In our view, the study of beautiful dress for women necessarily involves the admiration of classical standards; not an acquiescence in their fitness for sculpture, not a tolerance of them in famous pictures, but a love for them, a conviction of their rightness, a persuasion of their sweetness and majesty. Inevitably, it means an utter distaste, a thorough, pitiful, contemptuous disgust with such presentation of the crowning handiwork of the King of Beauty as comes from the pencil of the ordinary artisan of illustration, such as Redfern's advertisements perpetrate. Consequently the study of beautiful drapery for natural form is at variance with the machinery that produces deformity. As the student advances, she becomes more and more irreconcilably opposed to it, till the point is reached when she desires to shun the lines and features of conventional dress, lest it shall be suspected that she has once worn a corset, or that she has, for the convenience of an inartistic dressmaker, allowed her gowns to be fitted over one. In short, if there is to be artistic dressing, the classical standard of physical form must regain pre-eminence.

To prevent disturbing speculations as to the possible moving forward of the race towards a higher type of physical structure from the standpoint of evolution, we present as one definition of a natural body, the chiselled models of the finest specimens of the power of heredity and environment the world has ever had to offer, largely Greek sculpture; the Apollo Belvidere and the Antinous of the Vatican, for man, the Venus di Milo and the Diana of Praxiteles, for woman, and a host of others less eminent, that embody the same beauty through all the ages — those majestic statues, whose authority no one can dispute, whose beauty no one can gainsay.

We do not go to the Greeks to learn a finer civilization, a greater purity, or a higher spiritualizing; but their statues are the oldest, the grandest documents on the subject of physical beauty. They are more convincing than all the philosophic theories regarding beauty since Socrates taught.

We have learned that the finest sculpture of male figures is marked by a comparatively large head, high and rather square shoulders, and a torso gradually sloping to a somewhat contracted pelvis, and thence, in well-defined curves, to the feet. Classic contours for a woman include a comparatively small head, slightly drooping shoulders, somewhat narrow, a torso bounded by outward curves softly melting into one another, the whole gently increasing in general sweep till the broadest part is at the hips, and thence declining to the feet.

The line in woman from the armpit to the ankle is the one of principal beauty in the sculpture that has been extolled by nine generations of the most intellectually cultivated of our race, through the varying conditions of three hundred years. It is this line that is pushed inward by mechanical force, till an ugly angle is produced at the hips. So wide is the departure from true beauty, that it is assumed that the distortion is natural, and that the normal use of the hideous hollow is to support weight.

The outline of the front of a woman's body is also composed of similar gentle, outward curves, *not one inward curve* from the chin over the breast bone and below. Never a corset was made that did not destroy the beauty of this line, making a depression below the bust, exaggerating its proper size, and most repulsively enlarging the natural outward curve of the abdomen.

A slight sketch by an artist would show, at once, that the modest curves of the typical womanly form are distinctly unlike the more spirited lines of a man, one suggesting retiring beauty, the other aggressiveness and bravery.

We consider the finest development for a woman that which best illustrates her typical qualities. We consider the best dress for woman that which fails to obscure her distinctive physical features. In pictures of good costumes faithfully represented or idealized by artists, we find those giving most pleasure which tend to enhance these differing characteristics.

A statue, however, can only give the beauty of contours and suggest the surface of healthy muscle. Its texture, its lissomeness and strength, its exquisite, elasticity, must be added in one's acquirements of ideal form. When the body has attained natural perfection in outline and excellence of condition, then it must be made the graceful interpreter of the soul. The more faithfully exercises that develop each muscle are practiced, the more wisely a nourishing, unstimulating diet is provided, the more rapidly right proportion and perfect health will be attained. The more carefully the laws of decorative art are studied, the more light we shall get upon the right structure of gowns. The more intelligently we use the principles of pictorial art, the more successful we are to be in attaining beautiful results.

The principles underlying artistic productions, be they wrought out by pencil, brush, and pigment, or by scissors, needle, and thread, are distinct and definite, even in their subtle conformity to the changes of time, place, and circumstance. They may be learned as the laws of mathematics are learned.

All the thought and money and skill in the world lavished upon dress cannot make a distorted body appear beautiful. The effort is wasted until the body is made right in measurement, is soft, elastic, graceful. The simplest, cheapest drapery that clothes and poetizes an Olympian body is exquisite.

Every effort made towards better dress for woman, under present circumstances, is truly heroic; every successful effort is valuable. However, in spite of every difficulty, many women have courage to try to do what they believe to be right, and many more strive to attain what they believe to be beautiful. A considerable number have organized for mutual support in the attempt to embody in practice their convictions upon our present subject. About two hundred and fifty thoughtful women in Chicago have, for four years, encouraged each other in study upon artistic lines. Since the clothes of the conventional woman are a perpetual testimony to her ignorance of physical law or her indifference to it, these women necessarily reveal their thought in the same potent way. More or less, according to individual culture, they show a respect for the requirements of healthful conditions, some knowledge of anatomy, some regard for sobriety,

and, at least, the desire for artistic form. In this striving for better things under such adverse influences, is there not something worthy of high esteem? Does it not suggest the thought that the feeblest feeling after true beauty of proportion, the weakest desire for grace of motion, are finer qualities than the most elaborate adornment of deformity?

It will be realized that the pursuit of these ideals is no holiday task, and is not likely to be followed by immediate, triumphant success. It is promptly conceded that perfect mastery of the subject is not attained at once. One has to be patient with one's self and with others while knowledge is in a formative state, while taste is under cultivation. We have learned that the appearance of fellowship which comes from an easy compliance with novel ways of thinking is to be distrusted. An adherence to these new doctrines which does not prove studious, is to be discredited. The slow growth of assured belief, steadfast conviction, and the courage of it — these are the elements to be desired in future accessions to the thoughtful company.

There is delight in learning to love the contours of true beauty of feminine form. There is health, energy, life, in possessing them. There is the indescribable ecstasy of the painter when he creates a picture, in clothing natural proportions in such a way as to enhance their loveliness.

We believe these truths of eternal beauty, the majesty of these eternal laws, will come to be recognized and obeyed. We believe it, in the exercise of a serene faith in the inevitable course of that evolution which is slowly bringing woman to a higher plane of condition and duty.

If women, always and everywhere, desire to be beautiful, that desire is a God-given endowment, pure and right, not necessarily misleading or evil. If we have a reverent attitude toward natural beauty in grateful recognition of its Creator, the study of it is at once lifted above egotism and ignoble vanity.

If we cannot expect, all of us, to be beautifully clothed at once, such lines of thought can at least be started, such courses of study can be entered, as, carried to their legitimate results, will ultimately make of the women of this nation the finest exponents of spiritual excellence, the most beautifully formed, the most appropriately draped of any the sun shines upon.

FRANCES M. STEELE.

THE MENACE OF PLUTOCRACY.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

In the presence of grave problems which menace the very existence of the Republic, the mind naturally reverts to the parallels of history; for nothing is so pregnant with helpful warnings as the age-long struggle of justice and freedom with chameleon-skinned despotism, as chronicled in the records of the past. In his description of Rome under the first Triumvirate, Mr. Froude has given us a vivid picture of social and political conditions which immediately preceded the establishment of imperial government, that is well calculated to arrest the attention of thoughtful students of contemporaneous events, for social conditions to-day are paralleled in so many respects by Roman society when the Republic suffered total eclipse. Says Mr. Froude,* in speaking of the days of Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus:

"The intellect was trained to the highest point which it could reach; and on the great subjects of human interest, on morals and politics on poetry and art, even on religion itself and the speculative problems of life, men thought as we think, doubted as we doubt, argued as we argue, aspired and struggled after the same objects. It was an age of material progress, material civilization, and intellectual culture; an age of pamphlets and epigrams, of *salons* and of dinner parties, of senatorial majorities and electoral corruption. The highest offices of state were open in theory to the meanest citizen; they were confined, in fact, to those who had the longest purses or the most ready use of the tongue on popular platforms. Distinctions of birth had been exchanged for distinctions of wealth. The struggles between plebeians and patricians for equality of privilege were over, and a new division had been formed between the party of property and a party who desired a change in the structure of society. The free cultivators were disappearing from the soil.† Italy was being absorbed into vast estates, held by a few favored families and cultivated by slaves, while the *old agricultural population was driven off the land*, and was crowded into towns. The rich were extravagant, for life had ceased to have practical interest, except for its material pleasures; *the occupation of the higher classes was to obtain money without labor, and to spend it in idle enjoyment.* Patriotism

*"Cæsar." By James Anthony Froude, A. M. page 6.

†Since writing this article I notice in an exchange the following, which bears particularly on one phase of the historical parallels of which I am speaking:—

Some time ago a writer in the *North American Review* made the startling statement that the United States is the largest tenant farmer nation in the world. Here is a list of the tenant farmers in some of the states as given by the above writer: New York, 39,872; Pennsylvania, 45,825; Maryland, 13,537; Virginia, 34,808; North Carolina, 52,728; Georgia, 62,175; West Virginia, 12,000; Ohio, 48,283; Indiana, 40,050; Illinois, 80,244; Michigan, 15,411; Iowa, 45,174; Missouri, 58,862; Nebraska, 11,491; Kentucky, 44,027; Kansas, 22,951; Tennessee, 57,296; Mississippi, 41,558; Arkansas, 26,130; Texas, 55,465.

Here are twenty-one of our leading states with more tenant farmers than England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

survived on the lips, but patriotism meant the ascendency of the party which would maintain the existing order of things, or would overthrow it for a more equal distribution of the good things, which alone were valued. Religion, once the foundation of the laws and rule of personal conduct, had subsided into opinion. The educated, in their hearts, disbelieved it. Temples were still built with increasing splendor; the established forms were scrupulously observed. Public men spoke conventionally of Providence, that they might throw on their opponents the odium of impiety;* but of genuine belief that life had any serious meaning, there were none remaining beyond the circle of the silent, patient, ignorant multitude. The whole spiritual atmosphere was saturated with cant—cant moral, cant political, cant religious; an affectation of high principle which had ceased to touch the conduct, and flowed on in an increasing volume of insincere and unreal speech."

This glimpse of a notable epoch in past history is valuable in that we find in many respects a counterpart in our social and political conditions to-day. The age-long struggle of despotism against liberty and justice for the masses is as determined to-day as in olden times. In 1861 President Lincoln, with marvellous intuitive insight, divined the nature of the supreme danger which a generation later cast its portentous shadow over the dial of Liberty. Hence in 1861, in his message to Congress, we find him making the following prophetic warning:—

Monarchy is sometimes hinted at as a possible refuge from the power of the people. In my present position I would be scarcely justified were I to omit exercising a warning voice against returning despotism. There is one point to which I call attention. It is an effort to place capital on an equal footing with, if not above, labor, in the structure of the government. I bid the laboring people beware of surrendering a power which they already possess, and which, when surrendered, will surely be used to close the door of advancement to such as they, and fix new disabilities upon them until all of liberty shall be lost.

With the close of the civil war came a wave of thought favorable to centralization, and a mania for lawmaking took possession of the people. Never was there a moment when wise and far-sighted statesmanship, coupled with single-hearted patriotism, was more needed upon the part of lawmakers or executives, than during the decade which followed the assassination of President Lincoln. But unfortunately for the republic, these influences were far less potent during this crucial period than the greed for gain or the spirit of partisanship, which so often proves the bane even of the best disposed lawmakers. Hence with the close of the war the government fell into the hands

* Recently, ostensibly in deference to the clamor of a few persons who are engaged in attempting to unite church and state, Senator M. S. Quay of Pennsylvania introduced a provision to the bill for granting an appropriation to the World's Fair, that the grant should be conditional on the World's Fair being closed on Sunday; although his colleague from Illinois showed conclusively that such a provision would immensely increase crime, immorality, and debauchery, by crowding the saloons and brothels of the Prairie City with strangers who, being in the city and not being able to enjoy the fair, would drift to these places, which abound in Chicago, and so largely dominate the city government of the great Western metropolis.

of designing men, whose cunning was only equalled by their cupidity, and an era of class legislation ensued.*

Thus, for example, special privileges were given railway corporations, and a nation's marvellous wealth in rich land passed into the hands of monopolies. Yet the railway corporations were only one class of many similar conspiracies of shrewd and designing men who secured class law through Congress and the various state legislatures, by the special privileges by which, in an incredibly short time, a few favored individuals or classes became many times millionnaires at the expense of the masses. As a natural and inevitable result of these class laws, a mushroom aristocracy of millionnaires soon arose, who, having acquired wealth largely by legislative acts, came to look upon the government as a servant of corporate interests; while running parallel with this era of special legislation, came an era of gambling.

Lust for gold seemed to have seized the nation. The Louisiana Lottery, which has recently been made a scapegoat for the nation, was merely a tendril on the great gambling vine, whose root was then, as it is now, in Wall Street. Stocks were watered, and combinations were made coolly and deliberately to obtain money under false pretences; false items were industriously circulated for the sole purpose of deceiving thousands of persons who had become infected with the speculative mania, and who had not yet lost confidence in mankind. In this manner, and by other methods no less reckless, shrewd, and unscrupulous, speculators who had already become possessed of sufficient money to hold a winning hand, soon succeeded in transferring from the pockets of their victims millions of dollars which were never earned, and, had no false representations been made, would never have been gained. The class legislation of this period, which was so largely the result of shrewd artifices and of bribery, either direct or

*In this connection it is interesting to glance at a page from the history of England. In his most admirable "History of the English People," Mr. Green [Vol. 1. p.] makes some thoughtful observations and suggestive hints, while discussing the prime causes which led to the gradual decline of the power of Parliament, or the voice of the people in government, which assumed such significant proportions during the reigns of Edward IV. and Henry VII., and culminated in all but absolute despotism in the reign of Henry VIII. He shows that special privileges lay at the foundation of despotic supremacy. "It was to the selfish panic of the land-owners that England owed the statute of land-owners and its terrible heritage of paupers. It was to the selfish panic of both land-owner and merchant that she owed the despotism of the Monarchy. The most fatal effect," he continues, "was seen in the striving of these classes after special privileges." Later says our author, "Corruption did whatever force failed to do."

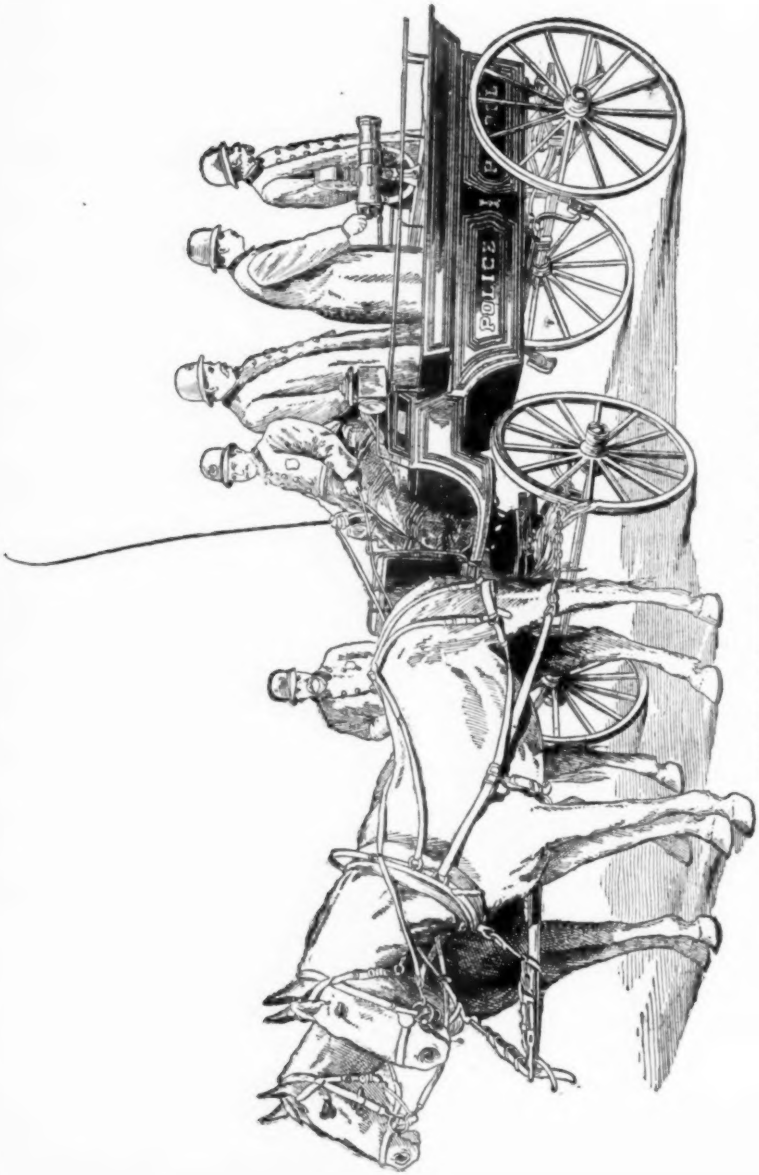
In Cade's revolt the Kentishmen complained that "the people of the shire are not allowed to have their free elections in the choosing of the knights for the shire, but letters have been sent from divers estates to the great nobles of the county, the which enforceth their tenants and other people by force, to choose other persons than the common will is." Of the state of society, Mr. Green further observes: "The motives that sway and ennoble the common conduct of men, were powerless over the ruling classes. Pope and king, bishop and noble, vied with each other in greed, in self-seeking, in lust, in faithlessness, in a pitiless cruelty. It is this moral degradation that flings so dark a shade over the Wars of the Roses. From no period in our annals do we turn with such weariness and disgust. . . . It is this moral disorganization that expresses itself in the men whom the civil war left behind it."

indirect, enriched the few at the expense of millions. The era of speculation made a nation of speculators, who affected to abhor gambling. It enabled a few score of men to amass princely fortunes in extra-legitimate ways, and, as was inevitable, *it lowered the ethical standard and the higher sensibilities of the nation.* In fact, the craze for money anæsthetized the public conscience. The unheeded warning of Lincoln became a grim reality. Bishop Potter, at the one hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of Washington, on April 30, 1889, graphically summed up the social condition in the following language: —

> When I speak of this as the era of the plutocrats, nobody can misunderstand me. Everybody has recognized the rise of the money power. Its growth not merely stifles the independence of the people, but the blind believers in this omnipotent power of money assert that its liberal use condones every offence. The pulpit does not speak out as it should. These plutocrats are the enemies of religion, as they are of the state. And, not to mince matters, I will say that, while I had the politicians in mind prominently, there "are others." I tell you I have heard the corrupt use of money in elections, and the sale of the sacred right of the ballot openly defended by ministers of the gospel.

Since then the strides of plutocracy have been gigantic and uninterrupted, until to-day, so eminent, thoughtful, and safe a jurist as the incorruptible Judge W. Q. Gresham, declares as his calm judgment, that "Thoughtful men see and admit that our country is becoming less and less democratic, and more and more plutocratic. The ambition and self-love of some men are so great that they are incapable of loving their country."

It is an incontrovertible fact, plain to the vision of all students of events who are not blinded by prejudice, who have no bias in favor of conventionalism, or no case to sustain in the interest of class privileges, that the greatest menace which threatens the Republic to-day lies in the rapidly growing influence and the unscrupulous exercise of power on the part of plutocracy, and the corresponding decay of the spirit of pure republicanism, which characterized the early days of the Republic. So rapid are the undemocratic encroachments of recent years, that in a brief paper it is impossible to even summarize the principal illustrations. I shall therefore confine myself to one or two recent innovations which call most vividly to mind passages from the history of other days, which are freighted with ominous warnings. A few months since the *Scientific American* published a finely executed illustration, with a description of the new "*police gun.*" In its description of this instrument of death the *Scientific American* says: "*When set up in the back part of a patrol wagon, and served by two or three men, it is designed to do more effective work in dealing* WITH A MOB *or in* DISPERSING RIOTERS, *than could be accomplished by* A WHOLE COMPANY OF INFANTRY. *In*



THE RECENTLY INVENTED POLICE GATLING-GUN.

the patrol wagon is also carried a supply of ammunition, and a tripod on which the gun may be mounted, for service out of the wagon." This description and the illustration, although appearing in one of the ablest and most influential weeklies of the Republic, called forth little or no comment, although the general introduction of these guns would be a confession on the part of the governing powers that they have lost faith in the militia, as well as prove a startling example of the brutality of enthroned power in coolly preparing to slaughter citizens of the Republic who might be led to remonstrate against injustice.

Another significant illustration of the decadence of republican influence and the rise of plutocracy is seen in the toleration of the Pinkerton army of detectives, a thoroughly irresponsible body, said to-day to be larger than the regular army of the Republic. The regular army represent law; behind it floats the flag, with all the authority it represents. The soldiers are supposed to be picked men; they are certainly under strict discipline, and, if they are guilty of a breach of discipline, are punished most severely. Standing in antithesis are the Pinkerton hirelings, who are, to say the least, of coarse fibre; for no man of refined sensibilities would enter the ranks as a hired Hessian of plutocracy, expecting to shoot down his brothers at the command of capital. Of their utterly reckless and irresponsible character, many striking illustrations might be cited; such, for example, as the shooting of an innocent and inoffensive woman and child in Albany, N. Y., during the strike on the New York Central. It will be remembered that the management of that road hired a large number of Pinkertons. At Albany some strikers expressed the scorn and hatred they felt for men who would willingly enter the business of killing their own countrymen in times of peace and without the authority of the national government. Some one in the crowd also threw a stone at the carload of Pinkertons, whereupon the detectives fired into the crowd, shooting among others a woman and a child. Had a private soldier dared to do so, he would have met with prompt and terrible punishment; had an officer in the United States Army, with no more provocation, ordered his men to shoot promiscuously into a body of American citizens, he would have been disciplined and dishonored. But the Pinkertons were guilty of such anarchical and lawless proceedings.

That this lawless power which exasperates and inflames the toilers, and whose very presence lowers, when it does not destroy, all reverence and respect for law, should be tolerated for a day in our Republic, is in itself a startling exhibition of the decline of democracy.

Still another deplorable illustration of the moral inertia which

has followed the rise of plutocracy, is seen in the greed displayed by the fashionable churches for hush money, thrown to them by men who have *acquired*, rather than earned, millions of dollars. When, a short time ago, Mr. Gould gave ten thousand dollars to a church fund, it was seized with avidity by the church, and one of the leading religious journals of the country editorially declared that such gifts (referring to Mr. Gould's donation, and a donation to a theological college made by Mr. Rockefeller of the Standard Oil Trust) were among the most encouraging signs of the times. How unlike the example of Jesus, who drove from the temple the speculators and gamblers of His day, declaring that they had made the Temple of the Infinite a den of thieves!

Another recent exhibition of the arrogance of plutocracy was seen in the action of the Carnegie Iron and Steel Company in fortifying their works in time of peace; in building and fitting up barges, even lining them with steel, for the purpose of safely conveying to their works armed bands of men from other states, without the permission of the governor of Pennsylvania, thereby pursuing a course well calculated to incite riot. On this point General B. F. Butler has recently made some observations which seem to me worthy of thoughtful consideration, in that they are the unbiased opinion of one of the ablest lawyers in New England, and because they answer the question so frequently put by friends of monopolies, as to the method of procedure which should have marked the action of the Carnegie Company. General Butler said: —

> It is true I have a right to defend my property, but in so doing I have no right to incite or commit breaches of the public peace, as I learn the Carnegie Company has been prepared for armed resistance to any action against them. The company has erected a defensive work around its mills, with portholes and other means of offensive and defensive warfare. The fortification of their premises was likely to provoke riot. Assuming that the Pinkerton men were acting for the Carnegie Company, that company prepared for a bloody riot simply, nothing that they did being under the sanction of the law.
>
> They built, at great expense, it seems, barges to contain a large force known as the Pinkerton detectives, which barges, being very heavily built and lined with steel plates, were thoroughly supplied with arms and ammunition, with bunks for a large number of men, and, prepared for warfare, were to be used to effect a landing in the borough of Homestead of an armed force.
>
> Now, who are the Pinkerton detectives? They are, and have for several years been an organization of armed, irresponsible men, ready to commence warfare whenever ordered by their officers — a conspiracy of men more harmful to the public peace than any other ever in this country, and more dangerous to the liberty and welfare of our citizens than can otherwise be conceived.

General Butler next points out how essentially lawless was this action of the steel barons. He declares that: —

No armed expedition for the purpose of violence in a state can be permitted to go from one state to another without the assent of the public authorities, and, so far as I know, no such assent was given.

I further, as a lawyer, believe fully that those having charge of the Carnegie Company and organizing this riotous invasion could be indicted and punished with great severity, under the present law for a conspiracy to break the peace and commit murder; and I hope they may be, if there is any law or justice in the state of Pennsylvania not overshadowed and controlled by miserable political considerations.

In pointing out the legal course which should have been pursued by the Carnegie Company, General Butler observes: —

If the Carnegie Company had any fears of an outbreak of their workingmen, and time to make such extensive preparations and build vessels so fortified for the purpose of warfare, they could have gone to Governor Pattison and informed him of that condition of things, and it would have been his duty to have put troops enough there, acting under the laws of the state, with proper officers, to prevent any possible outbreak of the sort that has happened, or of any other sort.

Governments of law do not prepare secret expeditions for a fight with their citizens; their duty is, by the exercise of their powers, to prevent all possible needs of conflict. From the reports, they had evidently deceived the governor, because he thought there was nothing there that could not be controlled by the deputies of the sheriff, or else he was evidently remiss in not having his troops on the ground to prevent this wholesale slaughter. There was time enough in which to have done it.

Great corporations which have amassed millions from protective laws passed ostensibly for the purpose of raising the wages of the laboring man, are under certain moral obligations, not only to the men who have so largely contributed to the accumulation of their wealth, but also to the community in which the gold-bearing plant is situated; to the government at large, through whose fostering care they have been enabled to acquire vast fortunes. And, moreover, being under these obligations, they should be ready to submit any differences that arise between capital and labor to competent boards of arbitration. They have *no moral or legal right to proceed in a manner that would naturally create bitterness and tend to provoke hostility, riot, and bloodshed on the part of the men who have contributed so largely to their own fortunes.* It is a crying shame that in this evening-tide of the nineteenth century, men who, under the liberal legislation and government of the United States, have become many times millionnaires, should refuse to arbitrate, preferring to resort to medieval methods of warfare, entirely ignoring the State and National Guards, whose office it is to preserve peace. In this case the refusal to arbitrate on the part of the management of the Carnegie Mills is aggravated from the fact that the millions gained by this firm are very largely due to *special legislation or protective laws.* If a system of profit-sharing instead of practical industrial slavery had marked the course at these mills during the

past decade, whereby the working man might have, in a sensible degree, derived the benefits of the class legislation which has made Andrew Carnegie a many time millionnaire, there would have been no bloody battle at Homestead, such as that which has so recently been fought, resulting in the slaughter of many lives and in taking from many women and children their sole support, nor would there have been created a bitter strife between this company and the honest industrial toilers who have large families to support.

As matters stand to-day, the only way bloody conflicts can be averted in the near future is by prompt measures which will compel arbitration.* It was suggested by a leading New York paper that the difficulty with the Carnegie Company be adjusted by a board of arbitrators composed of the governors of Pennsylvania and Ohio and Mr. Powderly. The suggestion met the general approval of the public, and the laboring men expressed themselves as thoroughly satisfied and ready to acquiesce in any decision which such a board might render. The only persons who sullenly refused were the millionnaire steel barons, who by introducing the irresponsible Pinkertons, instead of calling upon the state for aid, had been directly responsible for the slaughter of many lives.

I have dwelt at length upon this case, because it is so fresh in the minds of the people, and because it illustrates in a striking manner the marked arrogance of plutocracy. I believe, with Judge Gresham, that this is a critical stage in the history of our nation, and unless prompt measures are taken to prevent injustice on the part of capital, and amicably and peacefully to adjust the grievances between wealth and labor, the next decade will be marked by great social disturbances, and terrible loss of life. The hope, the progress, and prosperity of our nation rest on the respect and observances of law and order on the part of the whole people; but law must be based on justice, or all reverence for it will be turned into contempt; also, the people must be made to see that rich men are to be as sternly and severely judged as the poor, and that acts calculated to incite riot are ethically wrong, and must be strenuously opposed by all who love the Republic, and who place the interest, prosperity, and happiness of the great toiling millions above the greed for gold.

* America is already becoming the target for European criticism, and the most humiliating feature is the fact that we cannot truthfully resent the strictures called forth by reason of the conflicts between capital and labor. The *London News* thinks that the Idaho troubles following upon those at Homestead, indicate that there is something rotten in America. The *Chronicle* says: "It is idle to expect that any country can exist in a healthy state where a theoretical political equality accompanies actual gross and social inequality; where social forces go to create millionnaires at one end of the scale and tramps at the other; and where millionnaires are permitted to hire and drill the scum of society to shoot down workers."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

The Rise of the Swiss Republic.*

No more timely work has appeared in months than the interesting and scholarly history of "The Rise of the Swiss Republic," by W. D. McCrackan, A. M., which has just come from the press of the Arena Publishing Company. In this work the author boldly departs from the prosaic conventional methods of presenting history; and while in no way sacrificing truth or impairing the authentic character of his history, he has relieved it by introducing charming descriptions of Switzerland as it appears to-day, and by drawing from the rich storehouse of the world literature important features which refer to this wonderful little republican jewel in monarchical Europe. Thus the reader of this work not only finds the history of Switzerland presented in a far more lucid and entertaining manner than elsewhere, but he gains a clear conception of the physical aspects of all regions of the land, as well as the wealth of song, story, and legend, which scholars in various ages have given the world, and which haunt its crumbling ruins and echo in its mountain ravines.

To accomplish this difficult innovation and invest his history with peculiar interest to the general reader, as well as the close student of history, required long and laborious research, involving great expense; for in addition to the study and investigation usually deemed sufficient by historians, Mr. McCrackan personally visited every nook and corner which possessed any historical interest. The literature of Switzerland, including records and manuscripts in the archives of the various towns and cities, also came under his personal scrutiny; and lastly, the whole range of literature, ancient and modern, as it related to this land, was critically examined. The greater portion of five years was spent in Switzerland acquiring that perfect knowledge and grasp of the subject which make an author a master of the themes considered. Thus equipped, the author has proceeded, in a style simple and pleasing, to discuss his subject from the earliest ages of which we have any record to the present time, including the new Constitution and a full discussion of those bold innovations and distinctive measures adopted in recent years, such as the Initiative and the Referendum.

Many general readers regard historical works with little favor, expecting to find them dry and tedious reading; and of many histories this is true. Of course there are brilliant exceptions; Motley and Macaulay

*"The Rise of the Swiss Republic." By W. D. McCrackan. Cloth, pp. 413, portrait of the author, and large colored map, price, $3.00. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

make even history as interesting as fiction. The author of "The Rise of the Swiss Republic" does not possess the magnificent command of language or the wealth of imagination which characterizes these great writers. His flights are much nearer the earth; his style is simple, plain, and direct; but his unique handling of the work gives it a wonderful charm. In it we find the value of a careful, critical, and authentic history, embellished with the literary treasures of the age as they refer to Switzerland, and rendered doubly instructive and entertaining by the art of an observant traveller, who has for years studied most carefully the topography of the little Republic. An interesting illustration of this unique feature of this work is found in the following extracts, the first being taken from the chapter dealing with Helvetia and the Roman Occupation:—

Switzerland is much richer in Roman remains than is popularly supposed. Extensive discoveries have been made in many places, notably at Nyon, on the lake of Geneva, which the traveller will remember as a little castled town, with terrace and arbored walks, from whence Mont Blanc is seen in all its grandeur; also at Augst, near Basel, now an insignificant hamlet, but once a stronghold of Roman civilization. Baden, near Zürich, has proved equally attractive to archæologists. It is described by Tacitus in his day as "a place which during long years of peace had grown to be like a city, much frequented on account of the attraction of its salubrious waters." This place is still a favorite resort for invalids, with its long rows of hotels, and the picturesque mediæval ruin surmounting all. But the principal Roman remains are to be found at Avenches, the modern successor of ancient Aventicum, the chief city of the Helvetii.

Like many another place of historic interest in Switzerland, Avenches lies off the beaten track, so that in order to visit it one must turn aside and make it the object of a special journey. It is charmingly situated upon a hill, in sight of the lake of Morat and the Jura Mountains, and surrounded by fertile lands under cultivation—altogether a miniature town of mediæval aspect, with castle, wall, and gate. Old Aventicum, however, occupied much more ground than modern Avenches; it lay for the most part in the plain to the east, enclosed by a great wall some four miles in circumference. The present town is perched upon what was formerly the Castellum. On alighting at the railroad station, the visitor immediately perceives the remnants of the old wall, which can be readily traced through its entire length; in fact, one of its numerous towers still remains standing to bear witness to the formidable proportions it must have possessed. From the site of the ancient Forum, now a field of grass, there rises an architectural fragment of great beauty some forty feet in height, at once massive and graceful. It resembles a column, but has now been identified as part of an arcade which formerly flanked the Forum. This ruin is known locally as the *Cigognier*, because it used to be a favorite place for storks (French *cigogne*) to build their nests upon. Travelling from the Rhine to the lake of Geneva, Byron passed through Avenches, and it is to the *Cigognier* that he refers in his "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage":

> By a lone wall a lonelier column rears,
> A grey and grief-worn aspect of old days.
> 'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of years,
> And looks as with the wild, bewilder'd gaze
> Of one to stone converted by amaze,
> Yet still with consciousness; and there it stands,
> Making a marvel that it not decays,
> When the coeval pride of human hands,
> Levell'd Aventicum, hath strew'd her subject lands.

The poet has been very successful in rendering the impression which this ruin produces upon the mind, and it is unfortunate that in the next stanza he should dilate with enthusiastic praise upon the story of a certain Julia Alpinula, which is now

known to have been invented out of whole cloth by a forger of inscriptions. It seems to have been Byron's fate to immortalize unwittingly many a falsehood or a half-truth.

A few fragments of fluted columns and stray bits of ornament, still lying on the ground or gathered into the local museum, alone attest the ancient beauty of the Forum. Against the hillside, across the Forum, and partly hidden by brushwood, are the concrete substructure of a theatre. Near by also are indications of four guild houses, one belonging to a fraternity of boatmen; and at the eastern entrance to the modern town there is an oblong depression which reveals the former presence of an amphitheatre. Finally in the extensive fields beyond, in the direction of the wall-tower, the remains of baths have been found, as well as an unusually rich collection of mosaic floors, statuettes, amphoræ, drainage pipes, and all the usual evidences of Roman civilization.

Aventicum reached its period of greatest prosperity under Vespasian and Titus, who both favored it with their imperial protection, doubtless because, according to Suetonius, Vespasian's father, surnamed Sabinus, had "turned usurer (or banker, as we should say) amongst the Helvetii, and there died."

From the chapter dealing with the origin of the Swiss Confederation, I take the following little etching of the Lake of Luzern. Here, with a few strokes of his pen, the author gives us a vivid mental picture of a great historic spot as it appears to-day.

There, on the banks of the Lake of Luzern, the national life of the Swiss people had its origin. They have reason to feel proud of such a birthplace; for this sheet of water, blue and green by turns, like all the Swiss lakes, lies on the northern side of the great Alps, imbedded like a fair jewel in the setting of the lesser heights. Three principal valleys empty their torrents into its winding arms, and velvet slopes stretch from the water up the mountain-sides, to where the firs stand sentinel over summer pastures. In the background the distant snow lends the whole a tone of magnificent tranquility.

Amid such surroundings the commonwealths of Uri, Schwiz and Unterwalden, known collectively as the three Forest States, on account of the primeval forests which originally covered them, appear for the first time in history during the seventh and eighth centuries. There are no traces of lake dwellings within their territory, the nearest being at Zug. On the Roman charts there is nothing but a blank for the whole region. When the Alamanni came, the land passed into their hands and formed part of the Duchy of Alamannia. Under the supremacy of the Franks, and after the fall of the ducal house, it belonged first to the Thurgau, and, when that county was divided, to the Zürichgau, to be administered by the count of the district.

Interesting and instructive as is every page of this most valuable work, some of the closing chapters will prove to the thoughtful American peculiarly valuable; for in these pages the recent introductions of important legislation, making the Republic more truly a government of the whole people than any other nation, are fully presented, together with a critical discussion or comparison of the Swiss and American Constitutions. From his chapter on recent constitutional changes in the Cantons and the Confederation, I take the following interesting extracts: —

Perhaps the most encouraging feature of modern Swiss statesmanship is that steady striving after a fuller recognition and practice of popular sovereignty, which has been expressed in the institutions of the Referendum and the Initiative. There is no movement in any other country, at present, which can be compared to this masterly and systematic reform on democratic lines. It is full of great possibilities. It has already fulfilled many of its earlier promises. It is rapidly converting the Swiss people into a nation governing itself upon an almost ideal plan, directly, logically, and without intermediaries.

The keynote to this reform is its directness. Whereas, in the United States the practice of direct government, such as still exists in the Massachusetts town meeting and kindred bodies, tends yearly to become obsolete, in Switzerland it flourishes with renewed vigor. In fact, the parliamentary representative system has never taken very firm foothold in that country. It was a foreign imitation, and as such has always been viewed somewhat askance. The appearances are that it will be still more modified and limited in the future.

The term "Referendum" is part of the old formula, "*ad referendum et audiendum*," and means that laws and resolutions framed by the representatives must be submitted to the people for acceptance or rejection.

* * * * *

Not satisfied, however, with passing judgment upon the laws made by their representatives, the people soon demanded the right of proposing measures themselves; this is the Initiative, or the right of any voter or body of voters to initiate proposals for the enactment of new laws or for the alteration or abolition of existing laws. At present seventeen cantons out of twenty-two have incorporated the Initiative into their constitutions. On the 7th of July, 1891, moreover, the Swiss people accepted an amendment to the Federal Constitution which introduces the same principle also into that document. Hereafter the right of the Initiative is applicable, "When fifty thousand voters demand the enactment, abolition, or alteration of special articles of the Federal Constitution."

* * * * *

The right of the Initiative must not be considered as equivalent to the general privilege of petition, which is enjoyed by the inhabitants of every state which makes any pretentions whatever to political liberty. The latter is merely a request, addressed to the authorities in power, by a number of more or less irresponsible persons. The authorities may or may not take it into consideration, as they see fit. But the Initiative is a demand, made upon the government by a body of voters, to discuss a certain project, and to return it to the people for final acceptance or rejection. The authorities are obliged to take it into consideration or to draw up a bill of their own, incorporating the same principle.

In Switzerland, therefore, the introduction into practical politics of any question which attracts public notice, can be accomplished in a simple and direct manner; while in this country we are confronted by the almost insurmountable difficulties connected with the election of representatives pledged to lay reform bills before the House, or are obliged to content ourselves with harmless petitions.

Now the Initiative is a necessary corollary of the Referendum. Both institutions are mediums for the expression of the popular will, but viewed from different standpoints. The Referendum is a passive force; it says merely "*aye*" or "*nay*," and is essentially judicial in character. The Initiative, on the other hand, is an active creative force; it supplies the progressive element in the process of legislation, while the Referendum acts as a critical, controlling check upon the adoption of laws. Taken together, these two institutions form the most perfect contrivance, so far devised by a free people, for the conduct of self-government. They create a sort of political pendulum, which oscillates in a groove strictly marked by the Constitution. They produce a steady see-saw of legislation, a continual to-and-fro movement, which carries certain expressions of the public will directly from the people to the legislature, and back again to the people for their verdict.

It will always remain the chief honor and glory of Swiss statesmanship to have discovered the solution of one of the great political problems of the ages: how to enable great masses of people to govern themselves directly. By means of the Referendum and the Initiative, this difficulty has been brilliantly overcome. The essence and vital principle of the popular assembly has been rescued from perishing miserably before the exigencies of modern life, and successfully grafted upon the representative system.

It has become somewhat of a commonplace assertion that politics in the United States have reached the lowest stage to which they may safely go. There seems to be no longer any necessity to prove this proposition; for the general conviction has gone abroad, amply justified by the whole course of history, that no democracy can hope to

withstand the corrupting influences now at work in our midst, unless certain radical reforms are carried to a successful conclusion. Our calm American complacency seems, at length, to have received a shock; our habitual optimism to have given place to a feeling of apprehension, lest the malignant forces, now uppermost in our national life, may not, after all, prove too strong for us; and a corresponding desire is being manifested to set in motion other benign forces, which shall save the state from destruction while there is yet time.

In point of fact, the combination of the Referendum and the Initiative is fatal to the lobby. Under its beneficent influence politics cease to be a trade; for the power of the politicians is curtailed and there is no money in the business. No chance is offered of devising deals and little give-and-take schemes, when everything has to pass before the scrutinizing gaze of the tax payers. Moreover, second Houses, such as our Senate, tend to become superfluous, and, if the Referendum were thoroughly applied, would doubtless be abolished altogether. The people constitute a second House, in which every bill must find its final verdict.

Democracies have been justly reproached for the fact that their political offices are not always filled by men of recognized ability and unstained honor; that the best talent of the nation, after awhile, yields the political field to adventurers. This is not the case in Switzerland, under the purifying working of the Referendum and Initiative. Nowhere in the world are government places occupied by men so well fitted for the work to be performed. These institutions strike a blow at party government in the narrow sense, in the sense in which offices are distributed only to party workers, irrespective of capacity for peculiar duties, — party government which produces an opposition whose business it is to oppose, never to co-operate. It would also modify our whole representative system, which now practically endows the elected legislators with sovereign attributes. For these systems the Referendum and the Initiative substitute a government based upon business principles, displaying ability and stability, simplicity and economy.

Besides these purely practical gains there are recommendations on the score of ethics which deserve to be noticed. Consider the educational effect of institutions which oblige every voter to investigate and pass judgment upon bills submitted to him. How much more likely it is, under such circumstances, that legislation will be treated on its merits, and not with a view toward keeping a certain party or certain persons in power. We have, in recent years, had a striking proof of the extraordinary educational influence of presidential campaigns in calling attention to the absurdities of our protective tariff. How much greater must be the results of a series of such campaigns, turning in succession upon all the subjects with which a good citizen should be familiar. Then think of how the Referendum and the Initiative invest the individual voter with a new dignity, and how they add to the collective sovereign people the majesty of final appeal, of which our representative system, as at present constituted, practically deprives them.

From the above extracts it will be seen that this history will be indispensable to statesmen and students of the social and political problems which are pressing upon us for solution; but in order to give our readers as comprehensive an idea as possible of the breadth and scope of this work, I present a brief summary of its contents. The volume is divided into five books or major divisions, in the first of which we have a graphic story of Swiss history before the founding of the Confederation, treated in eight chapters, as follows: The Lake Dwellers; Helvetia and the Roman Occupation; The Teutonic Ancestors of the Swiss; The Supremacy of the Franks; Queen Bertha of Burgundy; The House of Zaeringen; The House of Savoy; The House of Habsburg.

Book II. pertains to the confederation of eight states, and is composed of eighteen chapters, as follows: The Origin of the Swiss Confederation;

Uri; Schwiz; Unterwalden; The First Perpetual League; The Legend of William Tell; Other Legends; The Origin of the Swiss Confederation and of the United States Compared; The Confederates against Habsburg, Austria; The Battle of Morgarten; Luzern; Zurich; Glarus and Zug; Bern; Invasion of the Gugler and Feud with Kiburg; The Battle of Sempach; The Battle of Nafels; Constitutional Organization of the Confederation of Eight States.

Book III. treats of the Confederation at the height of its military power, consisting of nine chapters, as follows: Appenzell and St. Gallen; The Valais and Graubunden; The Conquest of Val Leventina and Aargau; The First Civil War; The War with Charles of Burgundy; The Covenant of Stans; The War against the Empire; Switzerland and the Balance of Power in Europe; The Thirteen Swiss States and the Thirteen American Colonies.

Book IV. discusses the period of the Reformation, containing six chapters, as follows: The Rise of the Reformation in Switzerland; Zwingli in Zurich; The Growth of the Reformation; Calvin in Geneva; Decay of National Life; The Growth of Aristocracy and the Peasants' War.

Book V., The Modern Confederation, twelve chapters, as follows: Signs of National Regeneration; The Helvetic Revolution; The Helvetic Republic; Switzerland, the Battle-field of Europe; Napoleon's Act of Mediation; The Period of Reactionary Restoration; Democratic Reforms in the Cantons; The War of the Sonderbund and the Constitution of 1848; Recent Constitutional Changes in the Cantons; The Constitutions of the Swiss Confederation and of the United States Compared; The Neutrality of Switzerland; Appendix.

Appendix contains the constitution of Switzerland, a dictionary of reference literature pertaining to Swiss history and the republic in general, of great value to students, and a carefully arranged index.

The work is handsomely gotten up, being printed from large new type on heavy paper; each page has wide margin, and the volume contains over four hundred pages. A fine colored map of Switzerland, and a full-page portrait of the author add to the interest and value of the volume.

B. O. FLOWER.

THE RAG-PICKER OF PARIS.*

"Not art for art and gold, but art for man and right — Socialistic art." This is the motto which Felix Pyat inscribes upon his novel "The Rag-Picker of Paris," and according to which the work must be judged. Considered with regard to literary taste and form, indeed, the book is far from faultless; and it seems by no means free from the "romanticism" so scornfully repudiated by the author in his preface, since it is not probable that M. Pyat intends his description of Parisian upper-class life to be taken *au pied de la lettre*, or that he presents to us as an act-

*"The Rag-Picker of Paris." Cloth only; pp. 318; price, $1. ARENA PUBLISHING COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

ual type his Count Crillon-Garousse, who in the course of the story commits personally no less than five murders, most of them under highly improbable circumstances, and who is the cause, directly or indirectly, of other six or seven.

No; the book is not intended and must not be judged as a work of novelistic art, pure and simple. It belongs rather to that already large and rapidly increasing body of literature which presents in the form of fiction, like a sugar-coated pill, facts which otherwise the public might not easily be induced to take — though they are judged to be indisputably for the public's benefit. And Count Crillon-Garousse is less a human character than the embodiment of an idea. He typifies, not the individual aristocrat, but the prevailing tone of aristocratic society — its arrogance, its conscienceless greed, its blind and insatiable lust; just as Father Jean, rag-picker and reformed drunkard, typifies the sturdy honesty, the patience and the self-sacrifice of the despised people.

The life of the rich, eaten with cancerous vice, wasting in wanton orgies that which the laborer has spent brain, blood, and sinew, first to produce and then to preserve; the life of the poor, trodden under foot like grapes which are flung on the dung-hill when they have been squeezed dry — this is the panorama, terrible and significant, which the book presents to us. The spoliation of the many by the few, which leaves to the victim nothing, which deprives him of his honor, and even of his life — this is the tragedy it emphasizes with lurid force. Middleman, manufacturer, banker, aristocrat, priest, government employé from the smallest clerk of a bureau up to his chief — the poor man is compelled to run the gauntlet of this confederacy of thieves, escaping one only to be more thoroughly fleeced by the other; robbed from the cradle to the grave and even beyond.

But the author is describing a period of transition, of awakening, of development, and he prophesies; he shows us, in powerful antithesis, the plutocracy sinking deeper and deeper in the mire of sloth and parasitic luxury; the people rising, bursting their bonds, sweeping away the ancient stumbling-stones: self-constituted rulers, monopolists of power and wealth, priests and aristocrats — "into the basket!" cries Father Jean — and standing erect, free and sovereign.

The book has been compared to "Les Miserables." The lesser does indeed suggest the greater; and in so far as it perhaps as graphically portrays the same struggle of man against unjust laws, the same tyrannous discrimination whereby a favored minority is enabled to seize and hold the reins of government, the work of Pyat is not unworthy to stand beside that of Hugo, by which — as similarity in details as well as in general outline goes to prove — it has been inspired; for the likeness between the character of Father Jean, in the former book, and of Jean Valjean, in the latter, is more than a coincidence; the broad modelling of the two is the same. The thread of a love story that runs through the two is also curiously identical. In fact, Pyat but echoes Hugo.

Nevertheless, the book was worth writing, and it is worth reading. The author has a lesson to enforce, and he has also wherewithal to enforce it. His style is admirably clear, graphic, and incisive, — the needle of the etcher rather than the brush of the painter, — and there is not lacking that powerful aciduous quality which is characteristic of the French intellect, and by which in this case each scenic climax is bitten in, as it were upon a plate — a permanent impression in all its rugged strength of outline and its remorseless detail.

The book has been well translated and attractively bound. It is a notable addition to the class — of such remarkable recent growth — of novels with a purpose, or rather, to put the emphasis where it belongs, of reformatory ideas embodied in fiction. NEITH BOYCE.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR'S LATEST WORK.*

One of the most valuable works from the pen of an orthodox thinker which has been issued this year is Archdeacon Farrar's "Social and Present Day Questions." It is a large volume, discussing, among other things, such subjects as Social Amelioration; National Perils; National Duties; Trials of the Poor; Mammon Worship; Biography (The Teachers of Mankind); The Pulpit; Books, their Power and Blessedness; The Jews; Need of Progress. On religious subjects I do not agree with the author in many respects, which fact does not prevent me from appreciating his noble work and admiring his broad mind, which it seems to me is still, to a great extent, a slave to the fetters of conventionalism and environment. I cannot agree with the author when, in the opening page of his admirable work, while discussing "Social Amelioration," he draws a rosy picture of the bright side of our civilization and complacently ascribes the beneficent features to Christianity, with the same calm assurance characteristic of many enemies of the religion of Jesus who ascribe all the dark and bloody deeds of our history for the past eighteen hundred years to Christianity. Both positions are extreme, intemperate, and untenable. The bloody deeds of the dark ages were unquestionably due in part to blind fanaticism and religious bigotry, which, failing to catch the grander aspects of the teachings of Jesus, seized upon all the harsh lines and narrow utterances in the Old as well as the New Testament, and acted upon their inspiration. The ferocity was very largely the result of the undeveloped nature of man, just as the noble side of civilization is largely a result of man's evolutionary development, accelerated by the marvellous inventions of modern times, chief among which is the printing press, although steam and electricity have also contributed immensely toward creating a spirit of fraternity and humanizing man. I would not, however, disparage the noble impulses given to life by the teachings of the New Testament. To minds naturally broad, humane,

* "Social and Present Day Questions," by Archdeacon Frederic W. Farrar, D. D., F. R. S. Cloth, pp. 378, with fine portrait of the author. Published by Bradley & Woodruff, Boston, Mass.

and noble, the lofty precepts and exalted spirit of Jesus and many of the writers in the New Testament have appealed with irresistible force, even as the narrow and vindictive spirit of dogmatism, which, as the dross mingles with the gold, has been appropriated by narrow, harsh, and small souls, who oftentimes when in power have exhibited a spirit of persecution, in the name of God, which would shame the humanity of a savage. We must also remember, when looking for causes for our broader conception of life, the rapid development of the scientific spirit and the rise of daring freethinking mariners who have boldly pushed from the old moorings, bearing with them the anathemas of the church, but who have returned laden with golden truths, which have given mankind a nobler view of life, and in a very sensible way contributed to the higher civilization now dawning on the most advanced minds. Hence, without intending to be a partisan or to engage in special pleading, Archdeacon Farrar unquestionably does ascribe to Christianity a beneficent influence far exceeding what is justly to be assigned to her. The saloon, the supreme curse of our age, is a product of our civilization, as also are life-saving stations on the sea coast; yet it would be eminently unjust to charge Christianity with being the cause of the saloon because Jesus made wine and Paul admonished Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake. So it seems to me that Archdeacon Farrar weakens himself with all thoughtful persons when, appearing as special pleader for Christianity, he ascribes to it results in which she at most can only be fairly credited with being an important factor. In many other instances in this volume, which, by the way, is rich in helpful hints, the author appears to be writing for people who are content with being swayed by sentiment and prejudice rather than reason. For many readers, the most interesting pages will be those treating of the lives of such eminent personages as John Bright, Garibaldi, Count Leo Tolstoi, Dean Stanley, General Grant, and Charles Darwin. Mr. Farrar is never so happy as when he deals with biography, and in these short pen pictures he is at his best. I have only room for a few brief extracts from his sketch of John Bright, but they will give the reader a fair conception of the style and method of treatment employed by Archdeacon Farrar.

It has been said by Mr. Gladstone of John Bright that "he was ever ready to lay his popularity as a sacrifice upon the altar of his duty." No man, however great, is raised above the common heritage of errors and imperfections; but when we stand beside his grave it is no time to speak of these. "Let us now praise famous men," says the son of Sirach. Leaders of the people by their counsels, wise and eloquent in their instructions — all these were honored in their generations, and were the glory of their times. Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore. Were this the time or the place to criticise, we might admit in him who has gone a certain intensity of prejudice, a certain narrowness of range, a certain one-sidedness of judgment, an inability to throw off, under changed conditions, the aversions of his youth. . . . It was his love and pity for the people which enlisted him — enlisted him at the awful moment when "the sole inmate of his household was one motherless babe" — in the main work of his life, the abolition of the corn laws, in the face of a tenacious,

embittered, and mighty monopoly. Those only who know what the state of the country was half a century ago can adequately realize the greatness of that achievement. By securing cheap bread to the working classes in days when, in Leeds alone, there were twenty thousand, nine hundred and thirty-six persons whose average earnings were under one shilling a week, he saved England from ruin and revolution. . . . Next I would touch on his entire disinterestedness. It shone out in his lofty independence. "I am no frequenter of courts," he could proudly say. "I have never sought for office or the emoluments of place. I have no craving for popularity. I have little of that which can be called the lust for fame. I am a citizen of a free country. I love my country. I love its freedom. I am not, I do not pretend to be, a statesman; and that character is so tainted and so equivocal in our day that I am not sure that a pure and honorable ambition would aspire to it. . . . This manly independence of judgment was strikingly illustrated by his attitude toward the Northern States of America in the great civil war. When in 1862 the upper classes of Englishmen, almost to a man, and the vast majority of the middle classes were in favor of the Southern slaveholders, when even our leading politicians declared the cause of the North to be hopeless, Mr. Bright repudiated that belief because he was so deeply convinced of the righteous government of the world. "The leaders of this revolt," he said, "propose this monstrous thing,—that over a territory forty times as large as England the blight and curse of slavery shall be forever perpetuated. I cannot believe, for my part, that such a fate will ever befall that fair land, stricken though it now is with the ravages of war. I cannot believe that civilization, in its journey with the sun, will sink into endless night."

As I have before observed, this work is rich in helpful hints; and while not agreeing with many of the eminent thinker's conclusions, I believe the influence of the work will be wholesome, uplifting, and ennobling, and for this reason cordially recommend its careful perusal.

B. O. FLOWER.

GROUND ARMS!*

The most eloquent appeal for universal peace I have read in years, is found in the web and woof of Baroness Von Suttner's powerful romance "Ground Arms!" The story is one of the strongest works of fiction of the present decade. The author is a philosopher and a philanthropist. Her clear, incisive reasoning, her large sympathies, combined with rare power of description, enable her to give the world a story which will hold in its thrall even the most shallow novel reader who can appreciate good literature; while it will prove one of the most important arguments for universal arbitration which has been written in our day. The descriptions of some of the battles are terribly realistic. Below I give some of the notes made by a wounded soldier, from which some idea of the author's power of narration may be gleaned.

The village is ours—no, the enemy has it—it is again ours—and again the enemy has it, but a village no longer exists; nothing but a heap of flames and ashes. The inhabitants (was it not really their village?) had, fortunately, early abandoned it; for a skirmish in inhabited places is horrible; shells and balls strike all alike, women and children. One family had remained behind, an old couple and a married daughter in childbed. Her husband served in my regiment. He said to me as we approached the village, "Over there, Lieutenant-Colonel, in the house with the red roof, my wife lives with her old father and mother. They could not get away. For God's sake, order me

* "Ground Arms!" by Bella von Suttner. Cloth, pp. 286. Price, $1. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.

to go there!" Poor devil! he arrived in time to see his wife and child killed by a shell and the walls falling about the old people; he never saw them again. I once saw an attack upon a village where a breastwork had been made of the dead bodies of the fallen, not all dead. I saw one move his arm from out the hideous pile. Living still! That is the most awful, too frequent condition of many hopelessly wounded. Is there no angel of compassion to hover over battle-fields and touch with the tender hand of death all these poor wretches?

* * * * *

What is the matter there? Has a spy been caught? One? Seventeen. There they come in four rows, four in a row, marching with bowed heads, surrounded by a guard. Behind them in a wagon, a corpse is lying; and bound to the corpse, sitting on it, the son of the dead man, a twelve-year-old boy, also to be shot. I cannot witness the execution. I turn away, but hear the firing. Behind the wall a smoke rises — all are gone, the boy with them.

* * * * *

Here are two of the scenes imprinted on my memory. There were steep, stony heights in the foreground, with jagers climbing up them like cats. The order was to take the position. From above the enemy kept up a fierce fire. What I saw were the figures of the struggling men leading the attack. One was struck by the shot of those above. He threw up his arms, his gun fell, and head backwards he rolled over and over down the cliff, breaking bones and crashing to the bottom.

Or this other scene: A rider a short distance from me was struck by a shell. His horse sprang to one side, touched the flank of mine, and shot forward. The rider still sat in the saddle, though the shell had torn away the lower part of the body. An instant later he fell, and, with foot hanging in the stirrup, was dragged by his horse along the stony ground.

From the hills the staff officers had again to-day a diversified view of the spectacle of battle. For instance, there was the falling of a bridge while a train of wagons was crossing it. Were the wagons filled with wounded men? I do not know, I could not see; I only saw that horses, wagons, and human beings sunk and disappeared in the deep and rapid stream. The circumstance was regarded as rather lucky, for the wagons belonged to "the Blacks." I always mentally call our side the white, the other the black party. The bridge had not fallen accidentally. The white party, knowing that the enemy would pass over it, had sawed the timber supports, so that it was a successful strategy.

"Ground Arms!" should find a place in every home, especially where there are boys.

B. O. Flower.

In the City by the Lake.*

One of the notable books of this eventful period is a volume of poetry by Lilian Blanche Fearing, entitled "In the City by the Lake." Not only is this book notable as the work of a talented young woman, a graduate of the Union School of Law in Chicago, and because it is published by an enterprising firm of young women, but also because it takes its place in the very forefront of that growing number of books which deal with the larger and deeper interests of life — the great social problems of the age. Miss Fearing is not a novice in literary fields. Many of her shorter poems have commanded the attention of the intelligence of the land; and her first published volume, "The Sleeping World," called forth words of deserved approval from Joaquin Miller, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and John G. Whittier. This second volume, "In the City by the Lake," which appeared

*"In the City by the Lake." By Lilian Blanche Fearing. 12mo., cloth, pp. 125. Chicago: Searle & Groton.

last May, has already attracted much attention and has added to the laurels its brilliant author has won. The book is composed of two blank verse narratives: "The Shadow" and its sequel, "The Slave Girl." Both parts deal with the great questions of social relationships, though from different standpoints — the first from the side of a daughter of wealth and refinement who, in opposition to the pride and purpose of a haughty father, marries the man of her choice, a poor, yet worthy and honorable clerk. The story of their struggles against the headtides of social wrongs will make a lasting impression on the reader's mind, while the divine strength and human weakness of the various characters weave about the heart a pathetic charm.

The touching story of the second book of the volume, which is the complement, and in a certain sense the sequel, of the first, is from the standpoint of a daughter of penury and want, a veritable white slave of the despotism of trade. It would be a difficult task to find in all our literature nobler characters than the young waifs, Magia and Manley. Their unselfish devotion to each other, the purity of their lives, amid the baneful influences of poverty, and the woful hardships of child labor, deeply touch the reader's heart. It may seem at times that the author places words upon the lips of these children which we are not accustomed to find in such stations of life, yet it is just such a book as this which is needed to plant in the minds of our struggling young the seed-thoughts of noble sentiment. It was the voice of a woman which roused the nation to a realizing sense of the cruel conditions of the Southern slave. It may be that we need a cry from a woman's heart to rouse us to a deep sense of our social wrongs. If so, then let the consciences of the land listen to the voice of Blanche Fearing speaking "In the City by the Lake."

No volume of poetry can have a lasting influence unless it is quotable. The book under consideration can easily stand this test, for on almost every page are lines which deserve a place in the sacred chambers of memory. From the large number of such passages we might make a few selections.

> Men and women
> Who set us palpitating with the thrill
> Of something loftier than we yet have dreamed,
> Are God's sublimest poems.

How finely is this question of the heart expressed: —

> How is it that one human soul draws out
> Another's grace and power, where a third
> Can find no strength or sweetness, as the sun
> Brings out the flush and flavor of the fruit
> From which the moonlight draws no taste or tint?

Occasionally we will be startled by the bold expression of some thought not exactly in harmony with conservative standards: —

> Oh, white deceit of angels, falsehood fair,
> Oh, generous lie that shames the selfish truth!

Use is the grace and glory of the world.
Justice and honor, truth and purity,
Are merged in one white splendor — human use;
And many a lie has had so white a soul,
And worn such beautiful garments of chaste love,
That the cold, naked, unavailing truth
Has humbly bowed herself and kissed its feet,
As like an angel, beautifully clothed
And loftily crowned, it came from the soul's height,
Serving divinest purposes.

How keen is the criticism of these words: —

Do not our laws confess that men are brutes,
Incapable of noble self-restraint,
By licensing the brutish and the base
In human nature, making our great sins
Simply a little costlier than our less?

Where could a man find a better motto for his life than in these words: —

'Tis not what we know,
Nor yet what we believe, but what we are,
That fashions our Hereafter as our Here.
Be true, whatever else you are, be true.

Impatient, discouraged reformers need to be told that

All social schemes, like embryo infants, lie
In the vast evolution of the world,
Beneath its mighty heart, whose thunder-throbs
Are the world-shaking centuries. Let them grow,
Unfolding slowly, ripening to their hour.
To force them to their birth is certain death.
But nourish the great mother with the wine
Pressed from the fruit of ripe experience;
Make her blood rich with wisdom, let the sun
Of science shine upon her, let her breathe
The calm, pure air of reason, till at last
Unimportuned she will present the world
With its sublimest social dream fulfilled.

Here is advice that all might follow: —

Let our chiefest mission be
To make ourselves the noblest that we may;
And, second, to ennoble other men;
Because the great Christ-passion to redeem
Burns in our hearts, and life is but half lived,
Unless we feel that men have touched our robes,
And virtue has gone out from us.

REV. THOMAS O. MARVIN.

THE UNITED STATES TREASURY NOTE.*

Mr. S. S. Howe of Detroit, Mich., is issuing a weekly series of penny publications on economic problems, which will doubtless become im-

* "The United States Treasury Note: The People's Money." Paper, pp. 72; price, post-paid, six cents. Published by Penny Publishing Company, 53 and 55 Bates Street, Detroit, Mich.

mensely popular among the industrial millions who hope, aspire, and struggle for higher civilization and a wider meed of justice, yet behold with each year the horizon growing more circumscribed.

"An Ideal Currency: A People's National Banking System," the first issue of this series, is a discussion of the money problem, and is simple and intelligible. It is conveniently bound so as to be easily slipped into the side pocket, and is sent post-paid for two cents. The latest issue comprises three numbers, and is sent post-paid for six cents. It contains seventy-two pages, and in the form of a drama gives the history of the rise and fall of the greenback, presenting in a perfectly plain manner the story of how the people's money came into use when the gold power turned a cold shoulder to our nation in her deepest need. It traces the financial prosperity which visited the nation during the early sixties after its introduction, and the hope and courage which, despite the war, filled the breast of the people after the cruel and terrible struggle was over.

The conspiracy of the gold power to contract currency is next vividly given, with its triumph and the result so well known to the industrial millions, who, from a condition of unexampled prosperity, found their estate year by year changed, until the great Middle and Western States became blanketed with mortgages, and each year found the condition of the common people more and more hopeless. The drama is written in simple, homely language. Even into the mouths of the president, his cabinet, and congressmen the most simple and homely expressions are placed probably for the purpose of making perfectly plain and intelligible the great vital lesson emphasized. No laboring man can read this work without gaining a clear idea of the financial legislation of the past thirty years, and the legitimate result, both of the expansion and the conspiracy which resulted in the contraction of the volume of currency. If the People's Party could circulate a million copies of this little work, it would turn thousands of voters.

The People's Party Campaign Book.*

One of the most important campaign works of recent years has been written by the brainy and brilliant young Georgia congressman, Thomas E. Watson. In it Mr. Watson presents a vivid picture of the great political parties of the past, their aims and missions, giving the gist of their various platforms. He next notices the history of the Republican and Democratic parties since the war; the surrender by democracy of the splendid principles of Jefferson at the behest of the money power, the degradation of both political parties in a scramble for the spoils of office, and their abject subserviency to the dictates of the communism of capital. Mr. Watson is very bold and frank in calling rich men by the

* "Not a Revolt; It is a Revolution: The People's Party Campaign Book." By Hon. Thomas E. Watson, M. C. Pp. 383, price, $1. Published by National Watchman Publishing Company, Washington, D. C.

same terms which rich men would apply to poor men if guilty of the same crimes, and the possession of millions or high official stations, or yet the fact that they are the controlling influences in great parties does not prevent him from saying about them what he believes to be the truth. The book is the most candid and terrible arraignment of official prostitution and political degradation I have read in years.

Circling The Globe.*

One hundred and thirteen years have passed since Capt. James Cook was killed on the Sandwich Islands. Then the circumnavigation of the globe was a feat which only the most daring even dreamed of accomplishing. The greater portion of the globe was then a sealed book to the multitude, peopled by strange beings, about which only vague ideas existed. The march of civilization, however, during the past century has been marvellous and unprecedented. The golden age of invention in which we are now living is fast knitting mankind into one great common family, and the circumnavigation of the globe is becoming as common as was a trip to Europe a decade ago. This thought was suggested from receiving a few days since a beautifully illustrated little book, published by Thomas Cook & Son, descriptive of their wonderful tour around the world. The favored mortal who enjoys these delightful trips, visits among other points, Japan, Hongkong, Ceylon, Calcutta, Benares, Lucknow, Delhi, Bombay, Cairo, Rome, Paris and London. Here the marvels of the Orient and Occident are unfolded in one grand panorama before the eye of the tourist, and an education acquired in a few months' tour not to be gained from years of patient study.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"A Common Man," by Lewis Vital Bogy. Paper, pp. 317. Published by F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"Matter, Ether, and Motion," by A. E. Dolbear, Ph.D. Cloth, pp. 330; price, $1.75. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

"Lights and Shadows of the Soul," by Sylvan Drey. Cloth, pp. 91; price, 60 cents. Published by Cushing & Co., Baltimore.

"The Naulahka: A Story of West and East," by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. Cloth, pp. 379; price, $1.50. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

"Discovery of America by Christopher Columbus," by Harry Hakes, M.D. Pp. 132; leatherette, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents. Published by Robert Baur & Son, Wilkes-Barre, Penn.

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*"Cook's Tour Round the World." Paper, pp. 100, with numerous illustrations. Sent free on application to Thomas Cook & Son, 332 Washington St., Boston.

"CYNTHIA WAKEMAN'S MONEY," by Anna Katharine Green. Paper, pp. 336; price, 50 cents. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"THE COLONEL BY BREVET," by St. George Rathborne. Paper, pp. 360; price, 50 cents. Price, McGill Co., St. Paul, Minn.

"SOCIAL ABOMINATIONS," richly illustrated. Cloth, pp. 656; sold only by subscription. Published by R. E. Whitman & Co., Harrisburg, Penn.

"SOCIAL AND PRESENT DAY QUESTIONS," by Archdeacon F. W. Farrar, D. D. F. R. S. Cloth, pp. 378. Published by Bradley & Woodruff, Boston, Mass.

"HINDU LITERATURE; OR, THE ANCIENT BOOKS OF INDIA," by Elizabeth A. Reed. Cloth, pp. 400; price, $2. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"NICHOLAS BLOOD," by Arthur Henry. Cloth, pp. 200. Published by F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"CLOVER BLOSSOMS," by E. Hedge Webster. Cloth, pp. 224. Published by W. G. Crawford, Boston, Mass.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Future of Islam.

THE ARENA publishes this month a paper which is probably the most powerful plea for Islam ever made. It is from the pen of one of the most scholarly Orientals of the present day, and is without question one of the most thoughtful and brilliant theological papers of this year. Next month, we will publish a reply to Ibn Ishak, prepared by Rev. Thomas P. Hughes, D. D., author of the "Dictionary of Islam," and rector of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, of New York City. These two contributions will be valuable additions to current religious literature, and should be read by all thoughtful students of religious problems.

Mr. Savage on Psychical Research.

Rev. M. J. Savage contributes a third paper on Psychical Research in this issue. For more than a score of years Mr. Savage has been a deep student of psychical problems, and both as member of the English Society for Psychical Research, and as president and director of the American Psychical Society, he has ably aided in the cause of psychical science. His papers in THE ARENA have awakened widespread interest in this country and Europe. The present contribution is a valuable addition to the rapidly increasing papers dealing with psychical problems from foremost thinkers.

"Democracy of Darkness" in Tract Form.

I have received a number of requests that my paper upon the "Democracy of Darkness" be issued in tract form, and I take pleasure in announcing that Mr. S. G. Howe, of 53 and 55 Bates Street, Detroit, Mich., has brought out this paper in his series of popular penny economic side-pocket pamphlets. It is published in a double number, and will be sent post-paid for four cents, three copies for ten cents. In quantities the price would probably be much less. Clergymen and others who wish to use this paper as a tract should send to Mr. Howe for terms.

Mr. Herne's Autobiographical Paper.

In this issue Mr. James A. Herne, the talented playwright, actor and manager, contributes one of the most delightful papers of the year, entitled "Old Stock Days." All members of the dramatic profession will enjoy this charming paper, which is the second of our new series of contributions of special interest to all lovers of legitimate drama in America. In our next issue we hope to be able to give a finely illustrated paper on Mr. E. H. Sothern, which has been prepared by Miss Mildred Aldrich, whose paper on Julia Marlowe was so well received.

The Psychical Review.

The first issue of the *Psychical Review* has made its appearance. It bears date of August and will be issued quarterly at three dollars per year. The *Review* is a handsomely printed magazine, neatly bound in gray, and contains the following table of contents:—

Frontispiece, portrait of Rev. M. J. Savage, President of the American Psychical Society for year ending January, 1892; "Some Assured Results in Psychical Science," and the "Present Outlook," Rev. M. J. Savage; "Implications of Physical Phenomena," Professor A. E. Dolbear; "Psychography in the Presence of Mr. Keeler," Alfred R. Wallace, D. C. L.; "Upon the Relations of Investigators and Psychics," Rev. T. E. Allen; "Psychography: Remarkable Cases," B. O. Flower; "Proceedings of the American Psychical Society." Address by Rev. M. J. Savage. Reports upon Psychography by Professor Dolbear, Rabbi Schindler, and Mr. Garland. Discussion, etc.; "Psychical Research and Science," Rev. T. E. Allen; Professor Lodge upon Psychical Research; "Psychical Cases and Reflections from Periodical Literature." Editorial: "The Psychical Review"; "Our October Issue"; "The Reports

upon Psychography"; "Branch Societies"; "The First Year's Work"; "An Earnest word to our Readers"; "One Way to Help on the Work."

Officers and members of the American Psychical Society.

Among the members of the American Psychical Society are such well-known persons as Rev. M. J. Savage, Rev. R. Heber Newton, D. D., Professor A. M. Comey, Professor A. E. Dolbear of Tuft's University, Hamlin Garland, Rabbi Solomon Schindler, Rev. Robert Collyer, Camille Flammarion, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Rev. E. L. Rexford, Rev. James T. Bixby, Helen Campbell, B. F. Underwood, Rev. T. Ernest Allen.

The price of the quarterly has been placed at three dollars a year, which is the price of the fee for associate membership, as the *Review* is intended primarily for members of the society and those sufficiently interested in the work to belong to the organization rather than the general public. Great interest is being manifested in psychical problems, on the part of the most thoughtful persons throughout the civilized world to-day, and I believe the *Psychical Review* will prove a great aid in stimulating thought and investigation. All letters of inquiry, or containing money, whether for subscription or donation to the society, should be sent to Rev. T. Ernest Allen, Grafton, Mass.

The Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy.

Great interest is being evinced among scholarly minds in the powerful presentation of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy now running in THE ARENA. This month we present the third paper in the brief for the plaintiff. The October ARENA will contain the final contribution on the Baconian side. Following this will appear a remarkably clear, incisive and strong brief for the defendant, prepared by Mr. Reed. One in reading this argument will be reminded of the anecdote related of Mr. Choate. The great lawyer appeared at one sitting of the court, on opposite sides in two cases in which all legal points were substantially the same. Mr. Choate won the first case; but a few days later, when appearing for the other side in a similar case, an attorney called his attention to the views he had advanced previously, when Mr. Choate replied: "Then I believed I was right; now I know I am right." However, Mr. Reed does not attempt to demolish the argument he has already made for Bacon, but very ably and ingeniously argues for Shakespeare. *Inasmuch, however, as Mr. Reed is himself a pronounced Baconian*, and because we have determined to give an ABSOLUTELY FAIR and impartial presentation of both sides of this controversy, we have engaged such distinguished scholars as Dr. F. J. Furnivall of London, one of the greatest Shakespearean scholars in Great Britain, and Professor W. J. Rolfe of Cambridge, Mass., both being pronounced partisans for Shakespeare, who will assist in the defence. It is our determination to make this the ablest and most exhaustive discussion of the Shakespearean controversy which has ever appeared, after which we will give a consensus of the competent, embodying views of the most eminent thinkers in America and Europe on the merits of the case. As a specimen of many interesting letters which this discussion is calling forth, I give below an extract from a letter just received from a professor in a leading New England university:—

I am greatly interested in reading THE ARENA articles on "Bacon *vs.* Shakespeare." The authorship of these plays is a matter of more importance than simply the satisfaction of curiosity. It is a direct challenge to psychology. *A priori* one would say that the Shakespeare we know of could no more have written those plays than he could have written a treatise on physics. There are some things that born geniuses can do without much instruction. For instance, some are born mechanics, or musicians, or mathematicians, but I do not know that there has ever been born a historian, or a linguist, or a jurist, or a naturalist, in any such sense, that is, who could treat of history, or speak languages, or be profound in law, or know anything about nature, without instruction and experience. Mozart could compose music all his own; Blind Tom could play the piano without practice; Colburn could do "sums" without study, all while very young, which shows that the processes are

mechanically automatic, but no automatism can give one knowledge of events, past or present, or enable one to speak, or write, or read languages he has never studied in any way. The presumption of the improbability that Shakespeare wrote the works attributed to him is a very strong one. To me it has seemed for several years as if one might be very sure that, whoever wrote them, Shakespeare did not, for he could not. As for Bacon, it seems vastly more probable that he could have done so if he chose. I am truly glad you are giving the subject an airing in THE ARENA and I await with some impatience the articles that are to come.

Congressman Watson on the Negro Problem.

The Honorable Thomas E. Watson, M. C. from Georgia, has written a paper which impresses me as being the ablest presentation of the Negro question and its solution that has yet been written on this vexed question. I hope to be able to give it to our readers in the next issue of THE ARENA.

The American Psychical Society.

The *Boston Daily Globe* for July 26 contains the following notice of the *Psychical Review*, which may prove interesting to our readers: —

It begins to look as if some satisfactory progress in the field of psychical research might be expected from the labors of the American Psychical Society, of which Mr. Hamlin Garland is president, Mr. B. O. Flower vice-president, and Rev. T. E. Allen secretary and treasurer.

Not only has psychical research become "respectable," as Rev. M. J. Savage says, but it is attracting the earnest attention of scientific men in Europe and America.

If the personal immortality of the soul is susceptible of proof; if there are such things as ghosts, the American Psychical Society means to find it out.

And the society isn't going to keep its light hid under a bushel, for it has begun the publication of an organ called the *Psychical Review*, which is to be issued quarterly, and the August number of which has just appeared.

It contains articles by Rev. M. J. Savage, Prof. A. E. Dolbear, Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, Rev. T. E. Allen, Mr. B. O. Flower, and others, on various phases of psychical science and psychical research, which will be read with deep interest.

The society has started on its second year with most encouraging prospects, although more funds are needed to carry on its work. Mr. Hamlin Garland is organizing associate societies in various cities, and a general interest throughout the United States has been manifested in the work.

A Letter from Moncure D. Conway.

Mr. W. Q. Judge, in THE ARENA of March, 1892, replied to my article of October, 1891, on "Madame Blavatsky at Adyar." An answer to Mr. Judge, written at once, proves to have miscarried; but as the two papers are still exciting interest, it seems necessary to refer to some of his statements. Mr. Judge says Madame Blavatsky is not here to reply to my attacks. The reader of my article may remember that Madame Blavatsky was fairly advised, so far as I had any charge to make on my own responsibility. Readers of THE ARENA can hardly fail to notice that Mr. Judge has made no attempt whatever to deal with evidences brought by an eminent official in India, J. D. Broughton, of the collusion between the London medium, Eglinton, and Madame Blavatsky, to impose on his wife and himself, and Mrs. Eddis. I have the letters of those on whom the fraud was attempted, and am authorized to publish them all. To this fundamental point Mr. Judge prudently abstains from making any allusion. This tacit admission of imposture is a sufficient comment on Mr. Judge's wild theory that the fraudulent panels found so elaborately arranged behind Madame Blavatsky's cabinet were placed there by Mr. Coulomb to ruin her. Mr. and Mrs. Coulomb challenged a hearing in court of all their disputes, but it has not occurred. Mr. Judge identifies "Koothoomi" with "Kuthumi," of the Sama Veda. Why then is it not so written? And Mr. Judge does not yet bring any instance of the public use of this name before Madame Blavatsky's appearance in India, and the conversion of Mr. Hume to her cause. An eminent English editor in Ceylon told me that it was the belief of himself and others that the name was formed out of Ol-*cott* and *Hume*, and this I found to be the opinion of several learned Indians in Calcutta and Bombay.

In my paper I speak of Madame Blavatsky's home as "some fifteen miles out of Adyar." Mr. Judge says "at the most it is only six, and the extent of Madras itself is only fifteen." I did not know that the limits of Madras extended so far, and estimated the distance from my hotel. I am particular in conceding this, as it is the sole point successfully made against me by Mr. Judge. In order to prove my paper's inaccuracy, he projects some into it, as when he says: "Palms are described as being at the entrance (of Adyar)." They are not so described by me. Mr. Judge, who confessedly had a great deal to do with the "shrine" at Adyar, describes it differently from myself, but I did not attempt to describe it as he saw it. My own descriptive notes were made in the room, and substantially given in a letter to the Glasgow *Herald*. That letter was noticed by Madame Blavatsky in her "Theosophist," and no inaccuracy mentioned. Mr. Judge's own trustworthiness may be estimated by his statement (twice) that I advertised in London a sermon on "spiritualism and theosophy." No such subject was ever advertised. My monthly programmes will be vainly searched for either word. Mr. Judge says that, after so advertising, I omitted all reference to theosophy on seeing him and Colonel Olcott in my audience. I do not remember seeing Colonel Olcott in my audience, and certainly did not recognize Mr. Judge, of whose acquaintance I was unaware until I read this statement. He says that I related "seeing an old fakir, or yozi, make coins dance about a table." I never saw a fakir, or yozi, or other grave person, perform any trick, but remember telling my congregation of a professional juggler in Calcutta who made coins dance curiously. Mr. Judge says: "Madame Blavatsky explained it (the coin dance) for him at the Adyar conversation." I never saw or heard of the trick, nor any resembling it, until long after I had left Adyar and Madame Blavatsky, whom I never met again. Madame Blavatsky parted from me graciously, and promised to make me an "astral" visit, — in her merry way, — in London; but Mr. Judge says that she remarked, after I had gone, "The gentleman is in his decadence, with a great disappointment hanging over his life." This seems "occult." After eight years since this decadence, at fifty-two, set in I am still awaiting the "great disappointment," — I may add, with serenity.

M. D. CONWAY.

Bricks Without Straw.

This month THE ARENA publishes a powerful pen picture of a scene all too common in the West in the story "Bricks without Straw." The author has lived in the West and seen what he so vividly portrays. I earnestly request all our readers to peruse carefully this paper.

A Spoil of Office.

This novel, which has been published serially in THE ARENA, is now brought out in a handsome book, printed from large, new type. It is one of the handsomest volumes of the series, and in it Mr. Garland as a novelist is seen at his best.

Lessons Learned From Other Lives.

The editor of the *Chautauquan* for August thus notices "Lessons Learned from Other Lives": A group of short biographical sketches by Mr. Flower possesses a singularly sympathetic interest. A true optimist, he seizes at once on the best and strongest traits in the character of those of whom he writes, and draws from them impressive and practical lessons. Among those who form the subjects of these vigorous and stimulating articles are Henry Clay, Edwin Booth, Poe, Whittier, Bryant, the Cary sisters, and Victor Hugo.

Fiendish Inhumanity Among the Officers of the Pennsylvania Militia.

The exhibition of fiendish barbarism on the part of Lieut.-Col. J. B. R. Streator of the 10th Regiment at Homestead, Penn., on July 23, and the apparent approval of his frightful inhumanity by General Snowden are well calculated to thrill with horror every law-loving and law-abiding citizen. Lawlessness and brutality on the part of the authorities

of justice and upholders of order, undermine as does nothing else all respect for law and government on the part of the people. In the very nature of the case, nothing is so calculated to make destructionists spring up like mushrooms in the present tense condition of society as exhibitions of savage ferocity on the part of those who are supported at an enormous expense, ostensibly to uphold law and order. With this fact in mind, I wish every reader of this review to peruse carefully the following press despatch from Homestead: —

HOMESTEAD, Penn., July 24.— Lieut.-Col. J. B. R. Streator of the 10th Regiment ordered a private under his command strung up for half an hour by the thumbs yesterday, and the affair has created a big sensation throughout the State.

Private Iams, a member of Company K, 10th Regiment, was the victim. His home is in Waynesburg, Penn.

When the news of the shooting reached the camp of the 10th Regiment, which is across the river from Homestead, yesterday afternoon, Private Iams shouted:

"Three cheers for the man who shot Frick."

This cry reached the ears of Colonel Streator.

He rushed out of his quarters and ordered the regiment to be paraded in double quick time. When the men were drawn up the colonel repeated the remark he had heard. He said he had recognized the voice distinctly, and he ordered the man who had made the cry to advance two paces. Iams stepped forward.

The colonel asked Iams if he called for the cheers. The private nodded his head. His buttons were cut off, his coat and his gun taken from him, and he was ordered to the guard house.

This punishment was not enough to please Colonel Streator, to whom torture seemed to be the proper thing. He ordered Iams taken to his headquarters. There the private was strung up by the thumbs.

In the old days of barbarism this was always considered one of the most effective methods of torturing people whom it was not intended to disable.

Colonel Streator did not lapse back into the customs of the Middle Ages in the heat of passion, or if he did he had presence of mind enough to summon two of the physicians of the staff to watch the sufferer. The physicians stood beside Iams, watch in hand, one to look after the heart, the other watching the pulse of the victim.

For full thirty minutes Iams was compelled to endure frightful pain while the doctors stood by.

There was no one upon whom the young man could call for aid. There was no one who would have dared to have come to his assistance in the camp. Military law and commanding officers' caprices are supreme at Homestead.

When the half-hour had expired, Surgeon Neff ordered the private cut down. He sank limp to the ground. He was unconscious.

The surgeons worked over him for an hour. Then he was taken to his quarters.

To-day, Iams was subjected to further indignities. His case had been reported to General Snowden and a court-martial ordered. The general approved the findings. It was ordered that Iams have half of his head and mustache shaved and that he be drummed out of camp. His head was shaved, and he was taken to Swissville station to the tune of "Rogue's March."

The entire provisional command turned out. There is much feeling in the ranks over the affair.

After reading the above one may well inquire whether we are in republican America or despotic Russia. The spirit of mediævalism, with its barbarous ferocity and fiendish inhumanity, seems to have taken possession of some of the apologies for men who occupy official positions in the Pennsylvania militia. The fact that General Snowden apparently approved of this specimen of fiendish criminality, by paying no attention to the greater criminal, while he had the offending private court-martialed and subjected to further punishment, should be sufficient cause for his prompt removal from all command.

I have no words strong enough to express my horror at such lawlessness and criminal atrocity as the above. If swift and just punishment is not meted out to the offender, let our people cease to cast stones at Russia or other lands where inhumanity and barbarity on the part of the ruling classes go unpunished. I do not claim that private Iams should not have been disciplined; it is necessary to maintain the discipline of the army, and while it may be asked in what consists the difference between the intemperate and unwarrantable talk which officers and certain privates have been reported as indulging in when speaking of the locked-

out men, and the offence of private Iams in uttering a reckless and brutal remark on hearing of the shooting of the man who refused to arbitrate, who was primarily responsible for the Homestead battle, and for whose whim the taxpayers of Pennsylvania are paying $22,000 a day, still, had a court-martial been held and reasonable punishment been meted out to the man who expressed his sentiment against Mr. Frick, by the officers who, if correctly reported, have uttered sentiments almost, if not quite, as brutal about the working men, the matter might have been overlooked, for Americans are long-suffering. As matters now stand, nothing but prompt and severe punishment of the official offenders can maintain public respect for law and order.

Since writing the above, I note that several leading thinkers have uttered emphatic protests against the frightful outrage perpetrated by Colonel Streator and apparently approved by General Snowden. Among these persons are Bishop Thomas McGovern, of the Roman Catholic Church, General Butler, Mr. Powderly, Attorney Frank P. Iams, a distant relative of the victim. Of Colonel Streator's and General Snowden's savage brutality, in his written protest, Rev. Thomas McGovern, Bishop of Harrisburg, says:—

The torture of W. L. Iams, private of company K, 10th Regiment, is a disgrace to our civilization, and if allowed to pass without a thorough investigation, its consequences must have a demoralizing effect upon the *esprit de corps* of our military organization. Torture in particular cases rarely, and on general principles never, promotes good discipline or the ends of justice. No man should be punished by a penalty out of all proportion to the offence committed, and no man in the army or out of it should suffer a cruel punishment of which he had no knowledge before he committed the offence.

No one will dispute the dishonorable act of Private Iams in cheering the assassin who attempted the life of Secretary Frick, whom private Iams was summoned to defend, but who will cheer Colonel Streator who subjected for such an offence a private of the National Guard to a punishment which required the skill of a surgeon in its execution to ward off death under the torture.

Colonel Streator might find a place for the exercise of his talents among the ferocious ship captains on the high seas, or might point out precedents in the careers of Attila, the scourge of God, and Khan the despoiler, but there is no place for him among the host of Christian chivalry.

A cruel man never makes a brave soldier, and if the National Guard is unwilling to restore the tortures of the inquisition, let them drive Colonel Streator out of their ranks.

General Butler says:—

That sort of punishment was not permitted in the war by any rule of war that I know of. Cruel and unusual punishments are as much prohibited by the Constitution in time of war as in time of peace, and that prohibition should cover every case. I know of no law, either in war or peace, that prevents a private soldier from expressing his sentiments upon any question whatever, provided it is not done in such a boisterous manner as to disturb the peace; and I know of no proceeding which will justify punishing a man cruelly and excessively, for expressing his sentiment, by the Colonel, and then trying him by court-martial, and punishing him again for the same offence. The proceedings are barbarous, cruel and unjustifiable by any law in peace or in war, and if it is not reprobated so fully and thoroughly by public sentiment that it will never occur again, it will do much to disorganize our state militia, and prevent them from coming out when called upon, because no man will go out voluntarily to perform duty where such punishments may follow if he disagrees with his colonel in political, social, moral, or religious sentiments.

Mr. Powderly on the Outrage.

Regarding the case of Private Iams Mr. Powderly says: "If Iams had cheered for Frick instead of the fool who fired at him his head would not have been shaved and he would be in possession of all his buttons to-day. The case went before General Snowden, it is said, and that sample of snobocracy approved of proceedings which are not laid down in military code. Iams was hanged up by the thumbs because he had American pluck enough to stick to what he thought was right. Is that in accord with Mr. Albro's idea of justice, and if not, will he write his opinion of the tin general who approved the action of those who perpetrated it?"

An Old Soldier's Opinion.

In atrocity and savagery the punishment lawlessly inflicted on the defenceless private soldier in the 10th Regiment is scarcely less than the lawless attack on Mr. H. C. Frick. One was as lawless as the other, and if it is needful to draw a comparison between the two cases I think the case of the private soldier the more aggravated of the two, because it was done under cover of law. The offence attributed to the young soldier was trifling. I have had soldiers in my company lying within rifle shot of the trenches of the rebel army at Petersburg yell out: "Hurrah for Jeff Davis," and the same night the soldier would go on the most perilous picket duty any soldier was ever exposed to, and vigilantly watch for twenty-four hours without closing an eye. He did not mean to say that he considered Jeff Davis superior to Lincoln, or anything of that kind. He merely gave utterance to a foolish sentiment, and would have shot the President of the Confedracy had he come in sight. How foolish would it have been for our commanding officer to have treated him as was young Iams. He did not commit an offence for which he could have been convicted by a court-martial, and the very foolish remark which he did make was no more treason than to hurrah for Andrew Carnegie in the presence of the citizens of Homestead.

A Legal View.

Attorney Frank P. Iams makes a telling point when he says:—

Do Colonel Streator and General Snowden pretend to say that if Mr. Smith, down street, had been shot and the remark made that these measures would have been resorted to? The military has no official connection with Mr. Frick, and is ostensibly at Homestead to preserve order, not to take sides. Mr. Frick is a citizen and a capitalist, it is true, but that does not make him the State, as General Snowden would have it.

And here lies a vital point which must not for a moment be overlooked. No one for a moment imagines that had Hugh O'Donnell been shot down, and some hot-headed soldier had cried, "Hurrah for the man who shot O'Donnell," Streator would have been transformed into an insane fiend, or that General Snowden would have sanctioned the shaving of the offender's head, or the drumming him out of camp. Indeed, if half the newspaper reports are true as to the remarks and actions of General Snowden, it is not unfair to suppose that a man who should have thus offended would have earned from his superior officer a recommendation for promotion. If the newspapers have correctly reported officer Green, he is far more culpable than Iams was for his savage utterances against the citizens of Homestead. But Frick is a millionnaire, and the Homesteaders are poor men, and the officers of the National Guard of Pennsylvania have clearly proved that they are the servile sycophants of plutocracy, by defending the fiendish torture of Iams, and in other ways. I notice that General Snowden thinks that the newspapers have no right to discuss the outrage. This is another exhibition of the despotic spirit which one would naturally expect in such a man. It is precisely the spirit which governs Russia to-day, and if Postmaster-General Wanamaker had succeeded in securing the passage of the Henderson or Dolph bill this year, the press of America would to-day be under an autocratic partisan censorship which would have required only the addition of a few words to existing laws, to have made all patriotic editors who have denounced the outrage liable to criminal proceedings.

I cite this fact because the drift of legislation at the present time is toward centralization, and the lodging of despotic power in the hands of the governing classes. The attitude of the officers, and their expressions since being encamped at Homestead have been undemocratic, un-American, and disgraceful. An exhibition of undue loyalty to a lawless plutocracy is not calculated to inspire respect or confidence on the part of law-loving citizens.

A Graceful Compliment to the Arena.

The *Daily Record-Union*, of Sacramento, California, in reviewing the July

ARENA, makes the following critical estimate of the ARENA, which may be interesting to our readers: —

The great charm and strength of the review and magazine is its dual character. It is not so stiff and formal as the strict review; nor yet so cautious and solicitous of public favor as the general magazine. On the contrary, it presents strong, vigorous essays, no matter about the direction in which they cut — the idea of Mr. Flower, the editor, seems to be to treat living questions, to make the ARENA a free, fair field for honest expression by thinkers with something to say that is worthy of attention. At the same time, he comes down to magazine work with stories by notably strong American writers; with dramatic biographies, personal sketches, etc., as in the present number is illustrated. He even goes to the extent of using illustrations where helpful to the text, or, where they will assist one in forming an estimate of the person treated of, he will employ portraiture.

Fashion's Slaves (richly illustrated).

This pamphlet is an acquisition of positive value to the literature of dress reform, because it is the only paper published which exposes, by reproduction from fashion plates, the vagaries, follies, and absurdities of fashion's caprice during the past thirty years. It contains twenty-nine illustrations, six of which are photogravures. The subject matter discusses in a dispassionate and perfectly frank manner the problem of woman's dress from the standpoints of health, art, and utility. The pamphlet is handsomely printed on coated paper. Price, paper, 15 cents; leatherette, stiff cover, 25 cents. All workers for dress reform should possess this admirable work.

A Southern Lady Criticises Mrs. Wallace's Paper.

To the Editor of The Arena.

It is with regret that I see old wounds opened anew by one of the contributors to the August ARENA; but since in the article referred to statements are made and inferences drawn, which, to any one not acquainted with the actual state of affairs in Anne Arundel County, Md., during the war, would seem to imply that the residents of that county were barbarians of the worst type, I feel it incumbent upon me to make such counter statements as will, in a feeble way perhaps, clear some of the best citizens the United States ever had from unjust odium.

The facts are these: Never in any part of the United States were the Negro slaves treated more kindly than in Anne Arundel County, Md. Such outrages as branding or cutting were unheard of, and as to the slaves not being allowed to learn to read, I can cite numbers of instances where the Negroes were taught to read by their white masters. They were allowed to visit with perfect freedom on Sundays, holidays, and at any time after night; and in fact the slaves were allowed so many privileges that Anne Arundel County has been called "The Negro's Paradise."

The incident cited in the "Chain of the Last Slave," was a most rare exception, if it ever really occurred, and was never known throughout the county. The Southern people might with equal reason rave over outrages committed by fanatics on the subject of Negro freedom, and if they did so, the author of the above-mentioned article might then see how unjust it is to cast a slur upon a whole community simply on account of a single instance of cruelty which would be condemned by the masses. My father, your subscriber, Dr. Walter C. Dorset, lived in the county referred to for thirty years: was there a Union man, throughout the war; and my grandmother, aged eighty-five, now on a visit to us, has always lived there. Neither of them ever heard of such an outrage as Mrs. Wallace relates, and do not think it was ever heard of before by the citizens of Anne Arundel County, Md.

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OCTOBER, 1892.

EDWARD HUGH SOTHERN.

BY MILDRED ALDRICH.

On the 6th of December, 1859, Edward Askew Sothern, the creator of Dundreary (whose family name, by the way, was Stewart), wrote in one of his many note-books, still extant, along with miscellaneous entries of personal expenditure, "Son born; named Edward Hugh."

This brief entry was made at an ordinary professional boarding-house, numbered 79, on Bienville Street, in New Orleans, and the event thus recorded took place in the early hours of the morning.

The elder Sothern was at that time playing an engagement at the Varieties Theatre. The days of his prosperity had not dawned, for Dundreary was but an embryo of what he finally became. Of an English father, an Irish mother, and an English education, the son whose birth was that day recorded is justly looked upon as belonging to the States, since his birth and professional success took place here; still his nationality is stamped upon him beyond the effacing of mere association, and E. H. Sothern will probably always be easily identified as an Englishman.

Unlike the subject of my first sketch, young Sothern's talent may be directly traced to the law of inheritance. The father's volatile humor was amusing, but his superficial characterizations derived their chief force (if the paradox may be allowed) from their suggestions of an utter lack of mental power. In their artifice seemed to lie their success; they were so surprising in their absurdity. Suggestions of the

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father's eccentric humor may be discovered in the son's comedy, but it has been qualified by the emotional temperament of his mother's race, and superficiality has been replaced by deep sincerity. For that reason the son has a chance of achieving his father's defeated ambition, and being looked upon as a serious actor.

In 1861, after the breaking out of the rebellion, the elder Sothern returned to London with his family, and produced Dundreary at the Haymarket Theatre, under the management of J. B. Buckstone, the father of Rowland Buckstone, who, by the way, has been a member of young Sothern's company ever since he first had his name printed in big type. Dundreary was a success in London; the sons, Lytton and Eddie, were put to school, and the latter did not return to the States until 1879.

Eddie Sothern's first school days were passed at Dunchurch, near Rugby, a place historical as the scene of the capture of Guy Fawkes. For five years he was supposed to be carefully imbibing book knowledge, but during that time he learned a deal more about cross-country riding and fox hunting than of books; for the principal was, like many other Englishmen of his position, an enthusiast where dogs and foxes and horses were concerned. As the elder Sothern had rather at any time have taken a fence than act, — could the one have been made as profitable as the other, — and was always having hair-breadth escapes from disappointing London audiences in his attempts to ride to cover in the morning and act in London in the evening, one would not have supposed that the father would have found anything incongruous in such a school for his son. Perhaps he did not; but fathers are apt to resent the reappearance in their sons of their own follies, or virtues, either, at times. Such a transmission from

E. H. SOTHERN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.

generation to generation of vices or gifts seems a personal reflection on the part of fate, and it is the disposition of man to look upon it with some misgiving, as not being quite certain whether nature had perpetrated a joke or an insolence. At all events Eddie was removed from Dunchurch to London, where he attended the grammar school, St. Mary-le-bone and All Souls. There ended his school days; nor was his father at all pleased, at their close, to find that the lad was determined to be an actor. His serious objection had grounds which seemed to him above argument and without reproach. His own career had begun with years of failure; it had held so many hardships, such long periods of poverty, that he felt justified in opposing his son's entrance into similar possibilities. More than that, he was unable to see the slightest promise of histrionic ability in the boy. He ignored the fact that he himself had only become an actor after his parents had vainly tried to make a clergyman and a doctor out of him. Eddie had shown the ability to draw a horse that did not look like a cow, and a cow whose bovine origin could be discovered without a tag, so it was decided that he should be a painter. The proud father, who had himself occasionally handled the palette and brush, fancied that he saw in the future of his son honorable mention and medals; but the determined ambition of the lad

E. H. SOTHERN AS WILDRAKE IN "THE LOVE CHASE."
From a photograph by Falk in 1887.

was no more to be thwarted than had that of his father been. Eddie did not stick long to studio work, though what he learned has been of undoubted value to him. Hanging in Daniel Frohman's private office in the Lyceum Theatre, New York, are two canvasses by him, which display — well, at least an eye for color. The drawing which he learned — and he had an undoubted taste for it — has been of great service to him. Many of the admirable make-ups of various members of his company have been done from sketches by the actor.

E. H. SOTHERN AS LORD CHUMLEY.
From a photograph by Sarony in 1888.

Finding that the lad was determined to act, the father decided to give him an opportunity. His début was modest, and it was disastrous. It took place in September, 1879, at Abbey's Park Theatre, New York, then at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-Third Street, during the run of "Sam." He was to appear as a cabman, and had but one line to say,— "'Alf a crown, yer honor. I 'ope yer honor won't hobject." A simple enough task. The moment came. The ambitious actor made his entrance, but was suddenly stricken with fright. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth; his throat contracted; he could not articu-

E. H. SOTHERN AS VALENTINE DANECOURT, DUKE OF GUISEBURY, IN "THE DANCING GIRL."
From a photograph by Sarony in 1891.

late a word. With shaking knees he walked blindly toward his father. The father stared at him a moment, then scowled at him, then peremptorily ordered him from the scene. He went in a hurry. To the mortification of having failed at a task the humblest supe in the theatre could have accomplished, was added the shame of supposing that the entire

audience had heard his ignominious dismissal, for he had not learned then that it is possible for those on the stage to address one another without being audible across the footlights.

There is something odd about the ambition to act. Failure in other attempts appears to excite discouragement, but it seems as if the more an actor fails the more determined he is to try again. So in December, 1879, Eddie Sothern came to Boston and presented himself at the Museum with a letter from his father to its manager, R. M. Field. Oddly enough, it was at the Museum, in 1852, that the elder Sothern made his American début, under the name of Douglas Stewart, as Dr. Pangloss, meeting with such disastrous failure that his engagement was cancelled. One cannot but wonder if the father recalled that fact when he gave his son the letter which was to be presented to Manager Field, of the contents of which the proud and hopeful bearer had not the faintest suspicion. It assured Mr. Field that the object of sending the boy to him was, if possible, to disgust him with the stage, and there was a neatly inferred request for assistance in the tone of the letter. Sothern's stay at the Museum was brief and without opportunities, but he made friends and he did not get disgusted. He was there three months, and during that time he shared the dressing-room in the theatre with E. A. MacDowell, now the husband of Fanny Davenport, George Schiller the comedian, and a young man by the name of Shannon, who was a barber by day. Shannon some years ago deserted the halls of Thespis for the box seat of a cab, which elevated position he still holds.

Young Sothern has in his possession a letter written about this time by his father to Mrs. Vincent, who was a devoted friend to father and son, and for whom both cherished the warmest affection. In it his father writes, "I know that Eddie will never make an actor, yet I will not exercise my authority to keep him off the stage, for then in after life he would always blame me for standing between him and what he imagines would be a brilliant career." It is a pity that the father could not have lived to know how wise was that forbearance, and see his son acquire, while still young, financial success and popular affection.

In the spring of 1880 the elder Sothern returned to England. He had made his last appearance on the stage in the very season that his son made his first. In January of 1881,

E. A. Sothern died. Eddie remained in England with his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, until her death,

E. H. SOTHERN AS JACK HAMMERTON IN "THE HIGHEST BIDDER."
From a photograph by Falk in 1887.

in 1882, and a part of the time he was a member of Charles Wyndham's company.

Small incidents, after all, have a great effect on life. During his engagement in Wyndham's company he came very near to starting in a wrong direction. In some way he had been cast for villains' parts. Those in the profession alone know how easy it is to drift into a line of business, and how difficult it is to escape from it. Any one who remembers Sothern ten years ago can realize how little he was adapted to that line. One night he was playing Sigismund Fanshawe in a play called "Jessie Vere; or, The Return of the Wanderer." Sigismund was a villain, and in the course of the play one of the characters had to address him with, "Sigismund, you are making a fool of yourself." On this occasion the familiar speech struck the humorous side of the actor, and, laughing outright, he replied, "I believe I am," and then and there he vowed that never again would he play villains. Nor would he ever have broken that vow but for the hard-pressing of

fortune, which forced him to accept such a role when "Mona" was produced in New York, in 1884.

E. H. SOTHERN AS ALLEN BOLLITT IN "THE MAISTER OF WOODBARROW."
From a photograph by Sarony in 1880.

It was 1883 before Sothern returned to America, and since that time he has remained here. He was a member of John McCullough's company the year that that actor went to pieces, and at the disbanding of the organization he was

stranded. There had been a small legacy in money from his father's estate; and with the hope of making it more, he engaged a company to produce a play of his own, entitled, "Whose are They?" The run of the piece was very short-lived, and with it disappeared, as rapidly as a conjurer's coins, his father's legacy. In order to close up this season, he was obliged to borrow three dollars from Joe Haworth, between whom and himself there existed a warm friendship. After that things went from bad to worse, but, luckily, actors are the most hopeful of people. He played six disastrous weeks under the management of John P. Smith; made an appearance in "Nita's First," with Charles Frohman's company; and Christmas, 1884, found him on the road with a snap company in "Called Back" and "Lost." In all of this there had been much acting, and, with the exception of the Frohman engagement, absolutely no money. Then he joined a company playing "Three Wives and One Husband." Ten more salary days passed unattended by any salary, when he had an offer from New York, by telegraph, to join the company being engaged to produce "Favette," in which Estelle Clayton, with a reputed million dollars behind her, was to star. He felt it to be a turning point, but he had not a penny with which to reach New York. He went to the manager, stating his dilemma, and asking for twenty-five dollars of what was due him. He was refused, and advised to stay where he was. Only one person in the company had a cent of money. This exception was the actress who was playing old women. She took Sothern quietly aside and told him that he must borrow it of her, as he ought not lose the opportunity. Though he would not accept her offer, the generosity braced him up wonderfully, and he managed to induce the landlord of the hotel to advance him the amount on his trunks, went to New York, appeared in "Favette" and in "Mona."

He had not been mistaken in his impression that this was the turning point of his career. It was during this engagement that he attracted the attention of the late John Rickaby, then manager for Helen Dauvray.

He had repeated in his own career all the trials and failures of his father's experience, but he bore them like a philosopher. Time after time, as he struggled back to New York from a disastrous engagement, he arrived from the Jersey

City ferry without money enough to ride up town. During those days he became a familiar figure in New York, and had already earned the liking of Daniel Frohman, with whom his success as a star is identified. Frohman was at that time managing the Madison Square Theatre for the Mallorys, and it was the days of long runs, when "Hazel Kirke," "Esmeralda," "Young Mrs. Winthrop," and "May Blossom" went through season after season. Day after day he was seen about the theatre, leading his little sister Eva by the hand, and patiently and persistently seeking an engagement, which Frohman would have been glad to have given him if he could. He used to turn him away gently with, "Not yet, Sothern; but in the near future, I hope." That phrase, "in the near future," is still a standing joke between the actor and his manager.

In 1885 Sothern made his first hit, and, as so often happens, it was in a way an accident. He was a member of the company which Rickaby had engaged to support Helen Dauvray when Bronson Howard's "One of Our Girls" was produced at the Lyceum Theatre, New York. Rickaby had been unable to find just the actor he wanted to play the leading part, Captain John Gregory, a young Englishman. It was an exceptionally good role, in a strong company. There was no thought of giving Sothern the part, but for convenience he was allowed to rehearse it until the right actor was found. While the manager was scouring New York in vain, Sothern was working away at the part, and Miss Dauvray was watching him. The first night came; no desirable man had been found, and Sothern was allowed to go on, though there was even then no thought of keeping him in the character. But fate had given him his opportunity, and he took it. He made a great hit, quite walking away with every scene in which he appeared. That hit settled his line of business; it might be designated as the serio-humorous eccentric. It proved to the public that, in spite of many mannerisms of speech and bearing which belonged legitimately to character comedy, E. H. Sothern was a serious actor, and a clever though possibly not a versatile one. It was said of his father by a fellow-actor, "In the career of E. A. Sothern is to be found a striking example of the success of an intense individuality," and the same may be said of the son. Though there are marked similarities to be found in the experiences

and in the gifts of the two men, the talent of the younger being assuredly traced to the gifts of the elder, still those very suggestions but serve to emphasize their diametrical differences. They are on the same line, but far apart. In young Sothern's first success, his manly spirit, a striking characteristic of all his work, was fully as marked as his humor. The proposal scene in "One of Our Girls," which started off so humorously, and in which his staccato speeches —like that in which he thinks it's a pity a fellow couldn't know what his father said to his mother—excited uncontrollable laughter, ended in a beautifully serious and sentimental moment; and few scenes are more indelibly fixed in one's memory than that in the third act, where Jack struck the sneering lips of the count with Kate's glove. His immovability was no longer the queer awkwardness of the Englishman; it was the self-control of a brave and chivalrous man. It is this power of suggesting strongly controlled feeling which keeps Sothern's work, often overdone for fun's sake, manly in its suggestions.

In his second season with Miss Dauvray, at the Lyceum, 1886-87, he appeared in a round of legitimate characters: as Dr. Harrington Lee in "Met by Chance," as Ernest Vane in "Masks and Faces," as Prosper Couramond in "A Scrap of Paper," as Andre de Latour in "Walda Lamar" (in which, by the way, the name of Alexander Salvini headed the cast), and as Wildrake in "The Love Chase." He did conscientious work, but it was not always as satisfactory as it was original. Still the peculiar individuality of his gift was recognized by all New York managers. It was predicted by some critics that he was to be a second Harry Montague; but Daniel Frohman, who had been watching him carefully, knew that his often inflexible personality was better fitted for creating types of character in which a little latitude could be allowed eccentricity. It cannot be claimed that Sothern belongs to that class of actors who put a part on outside their own personalities to conceal the actor, or who sink their own identity behind that of the man they are playing. Intelligent as he is, each man that he acts owes his success to the individuality, the personal charm of the actor. According to the absolute laws of art, this is not as it should be. Fortunately for such actors, the big public is not always of the critic's opinion, and if it learns to love the actor it

ceases to question his methods. Therefore, when an actor is endowed by nature with that mysterious attraction called magnetism, he can quite safely afford to defy the rigid laws which have been set down for acting as an art. Mr. Sothern is not flexible, but he is capable of much feeling, and has a peculiar manner of making others sympathize with that as well as with his humor. Mr. Frohman felt that, and foresaw a future for the actor; so at the disbanding of Miss Dauvray's company, he assumed charge of Mr. Sothern's affairs.

On May 1, 1887, at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, he was launched as a "star." "The Highest Bidder," his first play, had, in a way, a parental godspeed, for it was founded on a play found in the trunkful of manuscripts which the elder Sothern left. It was originally entitled "Trade," and was by Madison Morton, the author of "Box and Cox." Its success even outran Mr. Frohman's hopes. The play partook largely of the calibre of the actor. It aimed to amuse rather than to photograph life; and it amused so well that the reformers who were shocked at its conventional, theatrical tone could not make their protest heard for the laughter it excited.

Sept. 19, 1887, Mr. Sothern played Bill in "Editha's Burglar," which launched into popularity Elsie Leslie, and Anthony Sheen in "The Great Pink Pearl." Like all Mr. Sothern's productions, this bill was given at the Lyceum Theatre. Aug. 21, 1888, "Lord Chumley" was produced. Aug. 26, 1890, Jerome K. Jerome's "Maister of Woodbarrow" had its first American hearing before it was done in London. Aug. 31, 1891, Henry Arthur Jones' London success, "The Dancing Girl," was produced. Mr. Sothern's four star parts are equally divided between the comedy which caught public favor for him and the serious work in which he is ambitious to be remembered. His "Jack Hammerton" and "Lord Chumley" owed their success to the actor's personality, and after that to his humorous faculty, although each character had moments suggestive of an emotional ability. Each, too, was indicative of an incipient manliness that was winning. Much of this result was won by a truly fine nature, and a temperament much more serious than is usual in young actors. In each play the hero had moments of deep feeling, so sympathetically expressed as to shed a glamour of sentiment over one's recollection of the perform-

ance, and effective enough to eclipse the incongruities in which author and actor had joined to raise a laugh.

In "The Maister of Woodbarrow" Mr. Sothern parted from his eccentric comedy, but only to take a step in eccentric drama, for the hero of that undoubted melodrama gave full scope to all the actor's oddities. The last of his creations, which has been seen outside of New York, was the Duke of Guisebury in the "Dancing Girl," three acts of which were an admirable study of a fine nature gone wrong. This performance is hardly to be judged by the standard of his previous work. He stepped quite outside his peculiar equipment to do a bit of straight acting, and it is to his credit that he took no liberties with the role. What his temperament could lend the character it lent it effectively. He was well bred, suggested always the ineffectual struggle between a right impulse and a weak going under to circumstances, an exact reproduction of the man who might never do his duty, but yielded to no one in knowing it. But with all that he lent the role to make it lovable, he failed to make it convincing. He evinced no inability to conceive the character, but the performance showed a definite limit in his faculty to express himself. In such a performance certain peculiarities of manner which have become a part of the actor's reputation were in the way. For instance, a quaint dragging gait, a peculiar movement of the head, — oddities not fatal, but which the temperament of the actor is not yet strong enough to make convincing, — became blemishes. It is true that greater actors have risen above such peculiarities. Henry Irving, for example, when he played "Hamlet" much underscored his performance by his mannerisms; but they served to hold one's attention, so that after seeing it several times one was inclined to believe "thus walked, thus spoke Hamlet, Prince of Denmark." Sothern has not that power. He is essentially a character actor, and I say it in no spirit of derogation of a man whose style is quite his own, and who can excite laughter without ridicule, and bring tears to eyes above lips that still smile.

During the run of the "Dancing Girl" in New York, at a special matinée, on Oct. 22, 1891, Mr. Sothern gave his first performance of "Lettarblair," which is now running in New York. The play is by Miss Margaret Merrington, a Boston school teacher, and the hero has a delightful brogue. On

Nov. 11, 1891, he produced a monologue entitled, "I Love, Thou Lovest, He Loves," written by himself, which made a great hit.

Personally Mr. Sothern is a charming study. With his father's sense of humor, he lacks his high spirits, being inclined rather to morbidness and sensitive shyness. Possessed of magnetism and that charm which binds his friends to him, he has none of that good fellowship which made his father a famous diner-out and a man popular with every one. He is so keenly alive to the affection of his best friend, the public, that a poor house is a matter of personal grievance to him. He fancies it is his own fault, and suffers all the jealous pain of one fearful of having lost the affection of a dear friend. He is as nervous as he is conscientious, and no actor is more easily upset: a chair out of place, a fellow-actor failing to look him in the face at the right moment, and a rehearsal is called for the next morning.

In the monologue which he wrote, he displays not only his skill as an actor, but also an intuitive knowledge of the complexity of human nature and a decided gift for analyzing the human heart. In it he plays the Honorable George Wingford, a young fellow of some charm, much conceit, selfish as such men are sure to be, but not without sincerity. He is in love, but if he marries her he will forfeit his fortune. What is more vital to his sense of honor is the conviction that he has won a woman's love. He could stand loving her after a fashion; but if she loves him, there is nothing to do but marry her. He does not want to marry; he does not want to lose the girl. The action of the piece takes place in the evening in the Honorable George's rooms, and consists of his self-argument and self-examination. The business is amusing, the action constant, and a glimpse of feeling is discernible under all the selfishness and absurdity. When he has argued himself into a marrying frame of mind, he turns to his mail, which has all the time lain on the table. There is a letter from the woman in question. She tells him that she loves another man. All his misery has been for nothing. Natural consequence, the Honorable George is stunned and miserable; the woman accepted with such a struggle becomes the only thing worth having. Sothern has never done anything which better proves that in his personality is the root of his success. Nor did he ever work harder

rehearsing a whole company than he did rehearsing himself and his "props." He insisted on having real engravings on the wall, where the audience could hardly see them; he wanted half a dozen cigars, at twenty-five cents each, for each performance, that the Honorable George might bite them in his irritability and fling them away, — for the stage hands to pick up; and when his manager objected, he said, testily, "Very well, I'll buy them myself"; and he did. He would have a real lamp-post outside the window to shed real street lamplight through the Honorable George's unhappy self-examination. Finally he capped the climax by preferring a piano organ to a barrel organ to play a street air under the window and be a target for the Honorable George's bootjack. When Mr. Frohman arrived at the theatre one morning, he discovered the stage doorway completely blocked with the big organ which Sothern, with his hat on the back of his head, and the perspiration streaming down his face, was assisting into the building in order "to rehearse it."

From this it may be imagined that Sothern is a very bad first-nighter; but success does everything for him, and after the success of his monologue he forgot all the work it had been, and seriously suggested writing it into three acts and dispensing with a company. He has, in fact, done the three acts, but they are three very short acts, no longer than an ordinary curtain raiser.

It is not very difficult to predict the future of E. H. Sothern. It will be to the end concerned with his personality. That fact limits, of course, his range of parts, but even then it leaves him more latitude than most actors take, for there is a long line of characters now waiting him, in which his personal charm may be found to stand well in the place, so far as the favor of the public is concerned, of naturalism or a mastery of Diderot's ethics. It may never be safe for the actor to dare a close comparison with artists of more pliant physiques and less obtrusive personalities, nor is it likely that his acting will ever teach any great lesson in either art or nature; but it will always a little sweeten the hour, and help one to think better of human nature and the world. Though the minority may cry out for "truth or nothing," the big majority still prefers to have sentiment in the play-house a bit idealized.

HAS ISLAM A FUTURE?

BY THOMAS P. HUGHES, D. D.

BY the courtesy of the editor of THE ARENA, the advance sheets of an article on "The Future of Islam, by Ibn Ishak" are before me.

It is not my intention to reply to the learned Muslim writer's strictures on European and American society. No one acquainted with the current literature of the day can fail to observe that there is much in the conditions of modern life which is regarded by European and American writers as unsatisfactory. These conditions are, however, the result of a departure from the essential principles of Christ's religion, and cannot therefore be used as an argument against the adaptation of Christianity to the necessities of civilized life.

The divine founder of the Christian religion legislated in the spirit and not in the letter, and it is only in proportion as "the spirit of Christ" is infused into our so-called Christian legislation that it becomes, in the strictest sense, moral. But it must be admitted that, glaring as the immoral conditions of civilized life are, and hypocritical as are many of its legislative enactments, the morality of European and American society is very far in advance of that of Muhammadan countries.

To compare "the civilization which marked the Khalifate of Baghdad, and which gave a diadem of glory to Muslim rule at Cordova," with the social conditions of Paris, London, or New York would call for a volume rather than the restricted limits of a magazine article.

There is, I admit, very much in the strictures of Ibn Ishak which we may reasonably take to heart. But we can scarcely look to Islam for the regeneration of the Western world. For, admitting that the Sultan of Turkey is an imposter, having no claim to the leadership of Islam, there have been countries, Bukhara, Khiva, and Yarkund, for example, which have enjoyed the privilege of Muslim rule as it was ordained by precepts of the Prophet; and yet it would, perhaps, be

impossible to find any nation more completely sunk in darkness and ignorance than those three countries, which for centuries have been ruled strictly according to the Muslim code.

But if Muslims are wrong in their estimate of the comparative benefits of Christianity and Islam, it may, I think, be attributed, somewhat, to the peculiar manner in which the Christian evangelist attempts to convert the Muslim world.

Christian missions to Muslims are but recent institutions. And they unfortunately commenced with the evangelical revival. Consequently, they have carried with them much that is unintelligible to the Oriental mind.

To the Muslim scholar, learned in the principles of his own faith, the crude utterances of the "Bazaar preacher" must often seem as peculiar to his mind, as the curious tight-fitting garments of the European are strange to his vision. Then again, it is unfortunate that Christianity has been re-introduced into the Oriental world as an English creed, carrying with it all that is objectionable in the voice, manner and style of the British ruler. The Muhammadan of Turkey, India and Persia can never separate the religion of the modern missionary from his dislike and prejudice to the Western conqueror.

Thus it is that the English, German, or American missionary, at his best, enters upon his field of labor heavily handicapped, and part of his want of success in winning Muslims to the Christ may be attributed to this very cause.

It must never be forgotten that the Muslim religion brings with it a long line of historic traditions. Traditions of theological conceptions, traditions of doctrinal statements, as well as traditions of ethical life. The Muslim religion stands as much upon its historical continuity as the Christian Church does upon its Apostolical Succession. And, consequently, neither the Westminster Confession, nor the Thirty-nine Articles, nor Wesley's sermons, are very fit weapons wherewith to combat the religion of the great Arabian reformer. It was the present Bishop Westcott, I think, who said that the mind of the Muslim is more likely to move on the lines of Athanasius and Origen than on those of Augustine and Anselm. And yet the Christian literature introduced into the Oriental world by the English, German, and American missionary is saturated with Calvinism and Wesleyanism.

Nay, more, controversies which have agitated the English

Church in modern times have been introduced into the mission field, and it must be exceedingly perplexing to the Muslim mind to discover that the Bishop of a diocese in India has been advised not to celebrate the Eucharist in certain mission churches, because he "retains the eastward position"!

It is not so very long ago that an exceedingly able and popular missionary of an English society was removed from its rolls because he boldly adopted, and preached, those views on eschatology which are held by Dr. Farrar, and probably by three fourths of the English and American clergy, bishops included. In fact, modern missionary societies have shown a strange incompetence for dealing with the gigantic systems of Islam and Buddhism, intrenched as these ancient religions are by the historic continuity of centuries.

Ibn Ishak is perfectly correct when he says that in the study of Islam the Christian writer "sees polygamy on every page."

In singular confirmation of this, the very same mail which brought me THE ARENA'S advanced sheets of Ibn Ishak's article, also delivered a curious pamphlet in the English language, sent for my perusal by a friend at King's College, Cambridge, England. It is entitled "A Summary of the History of Muhammad from his Running Away (sic) to Medina until His Death." The author of this compilation appears to be a Rev. T. Williams, and it is printed in the S. P. G. mission at Rewari, in the Punjab. The writer states that the matter for his tract has been taken from Sir William Muir's "Life of Mahomet" whose "statements" he adds, "have never been shown to be wrong, and thirty years is ample time for testing them." Mr. Williams surely ought not to be ignorant of the fact that a learned Muhammadan, Mr. Syed Ameer Ali, published, in London, an English life of Muhammad, in which he pointed out that Sir William Muir's interpretation of the motives and character of the Prophet of Arabia were neither true nor just. And yet Mr. Williams' pamphlet, the sole object of which is to attack the character of Muhammad, and to institute a comparison between the life of Muhammad and that of the Lord Jesus Christ, appears to have been scattered broadcast among the English-speaking Muhammadans of Northern India, and for their special conversion.

This method of dealing with Muhammadanism is so reprehensible that it demands attention.

Carlyle was the first to expose its fallacy, when he wrote "Mahomet himself, after all that can be said about him, was not a sensual man."

And the Rev. Dr. Badger, a clergyman of the Church of England, and a scholar of eminence, boldly asserts that "The polygamy of Muhammad figures favorably by the side of many of the Old Testament saints. Mr. Syed Ameer Ali, "Ibn Ishak," and Syed Ahmed have explained (or have attempted to explain), the polygamy of Muhammad, and it would be well for modern missions if those evangelists who carry in their hands the Biblical accounts of Lot, Jacob, David and Solomon as an inspired record, would avoid this objectionable and unsavory line of controversy.

I refer to this subject with some reluctance. But it must be stated, for it can be clearly proved, I think, that the marriages of Muhammad were contracted for political rather than for licentious reasons.

The whole discussion is beside the mark, and it seems strange that it never occurs to the modern missionary that there is something blasphemous in comparing the life of an Arabian chieftain with that of the Divine Saviour of mankind. Why does he not compare the life of David with the life of Christ? Muhammad always considered himself a poor sinner, but a great prophet. And the beauty of his death, as exhibiting great contrition of spirit, and a sense of unworthiness in the sight of God, has been beautifully described, even by Sir William Muir.

In thus attacking the character of the Prophet of Arabia, the Christian Missionary raises between himself and the Muhammadans, whom he seeks to convert, an almost impassable barrier. I remember, some twenty years ago, when I was a mere tyro in missionary work, preaching in a mosque on the Afghan Frontier, and foolishly adopting this very line of argument. I say foolishly, for I now see that it was an exceedingly kind and hospitable thing for my Muslim host to allow me to preach at all. I had completed a somewhat labored comparison between the life of Christ and the life of Muhammad, when an old gray-bearded Muslim priest, with tears in his eyes, came up to me and solemnly read certain passages from the Kuran, and then said "My young friend,

I have declared unto you the whole counsel of God. You do not know what you are talking about. Leave the mosque." From that moment I began to reconsider the modern methods of missionary preaching. I soon saw that an attack on the character of Muhammad was as offensive to those Muslims, whom I wished to convert, as the ribald blasphemies of Strauss and Thomas Paine are to me now.

The unfortunate part of it is, that the few native converts who join the ranks of Christianity from those of Islam, too readily imbibe this spirit of controversy, and the literature which emanates from the pens of native writers is too frequently characterized by that spirit of bigotry which makes the teaching of the foreign missionary so unacceptable to thoughtful and serious Muslims. Consequently, educated native converts have added little that is original to polemical literature. I remember Dean Stanley once remarking to me that he never found anything original in native Christians from India. Their inner man was as Anglicized as their dress.

Converts from Islam are, I admit, few. There are, however, among them typical men. First and foremost stands the Reverend Imad ud Deen, of the Church Mission in Amritzar, upon whom the Archbishop of Canterbury, about seven years ago, conferred the degree of Doctor in Divinity. When I first went to India, in 1864, Imad ud Deen was a bigoted Muslim moulavie. He is now a devout Christian priest. He possesses great originality as a preacher, and is, mentally, a connecting link between Islam and Christianity. I regard this excellent man as a type of those converts whom we may expect, in course of time, to join the forces of Christianity. With a corps of such men as the Rev. Dr. Imad ud Deen, the whole religious outlook of the Muslim world may be changed.

Another convert whom it was my privilege to know in India, was Subadar Dilawar Khan, a most distinguished man, who died in the political service of the British government (a martyr to the Christian faith), in the snowy ranges of Kashkar. Dilawar Khan was a type of character which I believe is most common in the Muslim community. During his lifetime I cannot say I understood the man. It was my fault, not his. I understand him now. He was a Muslim eclectic, baptized into the Christian Church, and yet retain-

ing a great reverence for the character of Muhammad. He always boasted that he was no missionary's child, and often refused to accept many tenets which seemed essential to the Christian faith.

After very careful observation, extending over many years, I am convinced that there are many such men in the ranks of Islam, who, by careful and prayerful guidance, may be led to join the Christian Church. These men have but little in common with such types of Christian character, excellent though they be, as Mr. Moody, or General Booth. I do not make this remark with any lack of respect for these good men, but to confirm Bishop Westcott's opinion that such Oriental Christians as Dilawar Khan, Imad ud Deen, and some others whom I have known, have more in common with Origen and Athanasius than with Augustine and Anselm.

The great question is, whether American, English, and German missionary societies, as they are now constituted and governed, can initiate and control a movement which would draw out a large following of men of whom I consider these the types.

I would mention the case of another convert to Christianity, who in many respects resembled Dilawar Khan, although the one was a soldier and the other a mystic. It is that of Yahya Bakar, whose story that great missionary bishop, Thomas Valpy French, used to tell so well to English audiences.

Yahya Bakar, visited various missions in Northern India, and was at last baptized at Peshawar, and eventually returned to his native city of Cabul. He, too, was an eclectic. And when his friends came from far and near to inquire as to his new faith, he replied, "In visiting India I found the priests of Christianity differed much among themselves on many subjects, but I can give the germ of their system in a single Persian aphorism:—"Maseeh eem roz aram."—"Christ is peace to-day."

Such men as Imad ud Deen, Dilawar Khan and Yahya Bakar have minds so Oriental in the make, that it is impossible for any missionary committee in Boston, or in London, to understand their structure. Men who are troubling their heads with the crude dogmas of Puritanism, or with the mint, anise, and cummin of ecclesiasticism, are immeasurably separated from the Oriental mind, and powerless in originating any great movement among those Muslims who are loosing

anchor of the religion of the Arabian reformer, and are reaching forth to the faith "founded upon the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone."

An ideal missionary to the Muslim world was found in that great missionary, Dr. Thomas Valpy French, who for forty years labored among the Muslims of India, and who was appointed by Lord Salisbury to the Bishopric of Lahore. A few years ago, he resigned his see, in order to exchange the crozier of a government bishop for the simple staff of a missionary preacher, and died last year upon the shore of the Persian Gulf, a martyr to his belief in the possibility of the conversion of Muslims. A scholar by education, Oriental in the cast of his mind, saintly in his character, eclectic in his methods, and liberal in his interpretation of the thoughts of others, he was a typical preacher of the Oriental Christ. In truth, an Origen and an Athanasius.

But the subject of Ibn Ishak's article is, "The Future of Islam." Has the religion of Muhammad any place in the future? Or is it some strange, savage, antiquated thing to crumble into dust, like an old Grecian temple, or like one of those old tombs of the Khalifs in the city of Baghdad?

Undoubtedly Islam has a future in the world of thought, if not of action. Not the future outlined by our learned friend, Ibn Ishak; namely, the erection of domes and minarets in Liverpool and in Boston, or the regeneration of the Western world, but a future in those vast and populous contiments of Africa and Asia where the teachings of the Prophet have so manifest a stronghold. There would seem to be no reason why Islam should not, in some way or other, prepare the way for Christianity in the regions of Central Africa as well as those of Central Asia. I cannot regard Muhammadanism as an unqualified good, but it does not usually take the rum cask and the beer barrel in the advance of its missionaries. It tries to keep men sober whilst it preaches the existence of Allah. There are surely some points of contact between Islam and Christianity which may be reached, and in this way, Islam may become as much a schoolmaster (Παιδαγωγός), to bring half-civilized nations to Christ, even as traditional and Talmudic Judaism was in the centuries preceding the first advent of our Lord. This possibility is not evident at first sight. But it was forcibly brought to my mind in my intercourse with a missionary

from China, now a bishop of the Church, who, in following my address on the "Principles of Islam," and in speaking on the tenets of Buddhism, said words to this effect: "The Christian missionary to the Muslim seems to begin where the Christian missionary to the Buddhist leaves off; namely, in establishing the existence of a God." In other words, whilst the three hundred million of Buddhists do not believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, nor in the immortality of a personal soul, the two hundred million of Muslims believe in both.

When once we can get both the Christian and the Muslim to lay aside "the sword," and to enter the arena of calm controversy, it is probable that the Muslim may give back just about as much as he has received by enabling the Christian of Western lands to understand the mind of the Oriental Christ.

Let me be explicit. So many Western writers imagine that a Unitarian Christianity would be more acceptable to the Muslim than the Trinitarian formula. Such an assertion, however, can only be made by those who are ignorant of the subtle principles of Islam.

The eternity of the Incarnate Word is not, after all, a strange doctrine to a Muslim, who believes in the eternity of the word, — the wisdom, — the thought of God. The subject might be pursued with interest, but this is not the place for theological disquisitions.

Nor am I inclined to dispute with Ibn Ishak his assertion that, in the code of Islam, we may have something to learn regarding the equalization of property, the monopoly of the necessaries of life, and the accumulation of enormous wealth by selfish men, as well as in its care for the aged, and in its provision for the poor. As I have said, if we can only "sheathe the sword" on both sides, perhaps it may be found that the Arabian legislator had a few good points in his system after all. At all events, a temperate discussion of some of the first principles of Islam may serve as a corrective for that strange infatuation which some Westerns have for the atheistic principles of Buddhist thought.

THE NEGRO QUESTION IN THE SOUTH.

BY THOMAS E. WATSON, M.C.

THE Negro Question in the South has been for nearly thirty years a source of danger, discord, and bloodshed. It is an ever-present irritant and menace.

Several millions of slaves were told that they were the prime cause of the civil war; that their emancipation was the result of the triumph of the North over the South; that the ballot was placed in their hands as a weapon of defence against their former masters; that the war-won political equality of the black man with the white, must be asserted promptly and aggressively, under the leadership of adventurers who had swooped down upon the conquered section in the wake of the Union armies.

No one, who wishes to be fair, can fail to see that, in such a condition of things, strife between the freedman and his former owner was inevitable. In the clashing of interests and of feelings, bitterness was born. The black man was kept in a continual fever of suspicion that we meant to put him back into slavery. In the assertion of his recently acquired privileges, he was led to believe that the best proof of his being on the right side of any issue was that his old master was on the other. When this was the case, he felt easy in his mind. But if, by any chance, he found that he was voting the same ticket with his former owner, he at once became reflective and suspicious. In the irritable temper of the times, a whispered warning from a Northern "carpet-bagger," having no justification in rhyme or reason, outweighed with him a carload of sound argument and earnest expostulation from the man whom he had known all his life; who had hunted with him through every swamp and wooded upland for miles around; who had wrestled and run foot-races with him in the "Negro quarters" on many a Saturday afternoon; who had fished with him at every "hole" in the creek; and who had played a thousand games of "marble" with him under the cool shade of the giant oaks

which, in those days, sheltered a home they had both loved.

In brief, the end of the war brought changed relations and changed feelings. Heated antagonisms produced mutual distrust and dislike — ready, at any accident of unusual provocation on either side, to break out into passionate and bloody conflict.

Quick to take advantage of this deplorable situation, the politicians have based the fortunes of the old parties upon it. Northern leaders have felt that at the cry of "Southern outrage" they could not only "fire the Northern heart," but also win a unanimous vote from the colored people. Southern politicians have felt that at the cry of "Negro domination" they could drive into solid phalanx every white man in all the Southern states.

Both the old parties have done this thing until they have constructed as perfect a "slot machine" as the world ever saw. Drop the old, worn nickel of the "party slogan" into the slot, and the machine does the rest. You might beseech a Southern white tenant to listen to you upon questions of finance, taxation, and transportation; you might demonstrate with mathematical precision that herein lay his way out of poverty into comfort; you might have him "almost persuaded" to the truth, but if the merchant who furnished his farm supplies (at tremendous usury) or the town politician (who never spoke to him excepting at election times) came along and cried "Negro rule!" the entire fabric of reason and common sense which you had patiently constructed would fall, and the poor tenant would joyously hug the chains of an actual wretchedness rather than do any experimenting on a question of mere sentiment.

Thus the Northern Democrats have ruled the South with a rod of iron for twenty years. We have had to acquiesce when the time-honored principles we loved were sent to the rear and new doctrines and policies we despised were engrafted on our platform. All this we have had to do to obtain the assistance of Northern Democrats to prevent what was called "Negro supremacy." In other words, the Negro has been as valuable a portion of the stock in trade of a Democrat as he was of a Republican. Let the South ask relief from Wall Street; let it plead for equal and just laws on finance; let it beg for mercy against crushing taxation,

and Northern Democracy, with all the coldness, cruelty, and subtlety of Mephistopheles, would hint "Negro rule!" and the white farmer and laborer of the South had to choke down his grievance and march under Tammany's orders.

Reverse the statement, and we have the method by which the black man was managed by the Republicans.

Reminded constantly that the North had emancipated him; that the North had given him the ballot; that the North had upheld him in his citizenship; that the South was his enemy, and meant to deprive him of his suffrage and put him "back into slavery," it is no wonder he has played as nicely into the hands of the Republicans as his former owner has played into the hands of the Northern Democrats.

Now consider: here were two distinct races dwelling together, with political equality established between them by law. They lived in the same section; won their livelihood by the same pursuits; cultivated adjoining fields on the same terms; enjoyed together the bounties of a generous climate; suffered together the rigors of cruelly unjust laws; spoke the same language; bought and sold in the same markets; classified themselves into churches under the same denominational teachings; neither race antagonizing the other in any branch of industry; each absolutely dependent on the other in all the avenues of labor and employment; and yet, instead of being allies, as every dictate of reason and prudence and self-interest and justice said they should be, they were kept apart, in dangerous hostility, that the sordid aims of partisan politics might be served!

So completely has this scheme succeeded that the Southern black man almost instinctively supports any measure the Southern white man condemns, while the latter almost universally antagonizes any proposition suggested by a Northern Republican. We have, then, a solid South as opposed to a solid North; and in the South itself, a solid black vote against the solid white.

That such a condition is most ominous to both sections and both races, is apparent to all.

If we were dealing with a few tribes of red men or a few sporadic Chinese, the question would be easily disposed of. The Anglo-Saxon would probably do just as he pleased, whether right or wrong, and the weaker man would go under.

But the Negroes number 8,000,000. They are interwoven with our business, political, and labor systems. They assimilate with our customs, our religion, our civilization. They meet us at every turn, — in the fields, the shops, the mines. They are a part of our system, and they are here to stay.

Those writers who tediously wade through census reports to prove that the Negro is disappearing, are the most absurd mortals extant. The Negro is not disappearing. A Southern man who looks about him and who sees how rapidly the colored people increase, how cheaply they can live, and how readily they learn, has no patience whatever with those statistical lunatics who figure out the final disappearance of the Negro one hundred years hence. The truth is, that the "black belts" in the South are getting blacker. The race is mixing less than it ever did. Mulattoes are less common (in proportion) than during the times of slavery. Miscegenation is further off (thank God) than ever. Neither the blacks nor the whites have any relish for it. Both have a pride of race which is commendable, and which, properly directed, will lead to the best results for both. The home of the colored man is chiefly with us in the South, and there he will remain. It is there he is founding churches, opening schools, maintaining newspapers, entering the professions, serving on juries, deciding doubtful elections, drilling as a volunteer soldier, and piling up a cotton crop which amazes the world.

II.

This preliminary statement is made at length that the gravity of the situation may be seen. Such a problem never confronted any people before.

Never before did two distinct races dwell together under such conditions.

And the problem is, can these two races, distinct in color, distinct in social life, and distinct as political powers, dwell together in peace and prosperity?

Upon a question so difficult and delicate no man should dogmatize — nor dodge. The issue is here; grows more urgent every day, and must be met.

It is safe to say that the present status of hostility between the races can only be sustained at the most imminent risk to both. It is leading by logical necessity to results which the imagination shrinks from contemplating. And the horrors

of such a future can only be averted by honest attempts at a solution of the question which will be just to both races and beneficial to both.

Having given this subject much anxious thought, my opinion is that the future happiness of the two races will never be assured until the political motives which drive them asunder, into two distinct and hostile factions, can be removed. There must be a new policy inaugurated, whose purpose is to allay the passions and prejudices of race conflict, and which makes its appeal to the sober sense and honest judgment of the citizen regardless of his color.

To the success of this policy two things are indispensable — a common necessity acting upon both races, and a common benefit assured to both — without injury or humiliation to either.

Then, again, outsiders must let us alone. We must work out our own salvation. In no other way can it be done. Suggestions of Federal interference with our elections postpone the settlement and render our task the more difficult. Like all free people, we love home rule, and resent foreign compulsion of any sort. The Northern leader who really desires to see a better state of things in the South, puts his finger on the hands of the clock and forces them backward every time he intermeddles with the question. This is the literal truth; and the sooner it is well understood, the sooner we can accomplish our purpose.

What is that purpose? To outline a policy which compels the support of a great body of both races, from those motives which imperiously control human action, and which will thus obliterate forever the sharp and unreasoning political divisions of to-day.

The white people of the South will never support the Republican Party. This much is certain. The black people of the South will never support the Democratic Party. This is equally certain.

Hence, at the very beginning, we are met by the necessity of new political alliances. As long as the whites remain solidly Democratic, the blacks will remain solidly Republican.

As long as there was no choice, except as between the Democrats and the Republicans, the situation of the two races was bound to be one of antagonism. The Republican Party represented everything which was hateful to the whites;

the Democratic Party, everything which was hateful to the blacks.

Therefore a new party was absolutely necessary. It has come, and it is doing its work with marvellous rapidity.

Why does a Southern Democrat leave his party and come to ours?

Because his industrial condition is pitiably bad; because he struggles against a system of laws which have almost filled him with despair; because he is told that he is without clothing because he produces too much cotton, and without food because corn is too plentiful; because he sees everybody growing rich off the products of labor except the laborer; because the millionnaires who manage the Democratic Party have contemptuously ignored his plea for a redress of grievances and have nothing to say to him beyond the cheerful advice to "work harder and live closer."

Why has this man joined the PEOPLE'S PARTY? Because the same grievances have been presented to the Republicans by the farmer of the West, and the millionnaires who control that party have replied to the petition with the soothing counsel that the Republican farmer of the West should "work more and talk less."

Therefore, if he were confined to a choice between the two old parties, the question would merely be (on these issues) whether the pot were larger than the kettle — the color of both being precisely the same.

III.

The key to the new political movement called the People's Party has been that the Democratic farmer was as ready to leave the Democratic ranks as the Republican farmer was to leave the Republican ranks. In exact proportion as the West received the assurance that the South was ready for a new party, it has moved. In exact proportion to the proof we could bring that the West had broken Republican ties, the South has moved. *Without* a decided break in both sections, neither would move. *With* that decided break, both moved.

The very same principle governs the race question in the South. The two races can never act together permanently, harmoniously, beneficially, till each race demonstrates to the other a readiness to leave old party affiliations and to form new ones, based upon the profound conviction that, in acting

together, both races are seeking new laws which will benefit both. On no other basis under heaven can the "Negro Question" be solved.

IV.

Now, suppose that the colored man were educated upon these questions just as the whites have been; suppose he were shown that his poverty and distress came from the same sources as ours; suppose we should convince him that our platform principles assure him an escape from the ills he now suffers, and guarantee him the fair measure of prosperity his labor entitles him to receive, — would he not act just as the white Democrat who joined us did? Would he not abandon a party which ignores him as a farmer and laborer; which offers him no benefits of an equal and just financial system; which promises him no relief from oppressive taxation; which assures him of no legislation which will enable him to obtain a fair price for his produce?

Granting to him the same selfishness common to us all; granting him the intelligence to know what is best for him and the desire to attain it, why would he not act from that motive just as the white farmer has done?

That he would do so, is as certain as any future event can be made. Gratitude may fail; so may sympathy and friendship and generosity and patriotism; but in the long run, self-interest *always* controls. Let it once appear plainly that it is to the interest of a colored man to vote with the white man, and he will do it. Let it plainly appear that it is to the interest of the white man that the vote of the Negro should supplement his own, and the question of having that ballot freely cast and fairly counted, becomes vital to the *white man*. He will see that it is done.

Now let us illustrate: Suppose two tenants on my farm; one of them white, the other black. They cultivate their crops under precisely the same conditions. Their labors, discouragements, burdens, grievances, are the same.

The white tenant is driven by cruel necessity to examine into the causes of his continued destitution. He reaches certain conclusions which are not complimentary to either of the old parties. He leaves the Democracy in angry disgust. He joins the People's Party. Why? Simply because its platform recognizes that he is badly treated and proposes to

fight his battle. Necessity drives him from the old party, and hope leads him into the new. In plain English, he joins the organization whose declaration of principles is in accord with his conception of what he needs and justly deserves.

Now go back to the colored tenant. His surroundings being the same and his interests the same, why is it impossible for him to reach the same conclusions? Why is it unnatural for him to go into the new party at the same time and with the same motives?

Cannot these two men act together in peace when the ballot of the one is a vital benefit to the other? Will not political friendship be born of the necessity and the hope which is common to both? Will not race bitterness disappear before this common suffering and this mutual desire to escape it? Will not each of these citizens feel more kindly for the other when the vote of each defends the home of both? If the white man becomes convinced that the Democratic Party has played upon his prejudices, and has used his quiescence to the benefit of interests adverse to his own, will he not despise the leaders who seek to perpetuate the system?

V.

The People's Party will settle the race question. First, by enacting the Australian ballot system. Second, by offering to white and black a rallying point which is free from the odium of former discords and strifes. Third, by presenting a platform immensely beneficial to both races and injurious to neither. Fourth, by making it to the *interest* of both races to act together for the success of the platform. Fifth, by making it to the *interest* of the colored man to have the same patriotic zeal for the welfare of the South that the whites possess.

Now to illustrate. Take two planks of the People's Party platform: that pledging a free ballot under the Australian system and that which demands a distribution of currency to the people upon pledges of land, cotton, etc.

The guaranty as to the vote will suit the black man better than the Republican platform, because the latter contemplates Federal interference, which will lead to collisions and bloodshed. The Democratic platform contains no comfort to the Negro, because, while it denounces the Republican programme, as usual, it promises nothing which can be specified.

It is a generality which does not even possess the virtue of being "glittering."

The People's Party, however, not only condemns Federal interference with elections, but also distinctly commits itself to the method by which every citizen shall have his constitutional right to the free exercise of his electoral choice. We pledge ourselves to isolate the voter from all coercive influences and give him the free and fair exercise of his franchise under state laws.

Now couple this with the financial plank which promises equality in the distribution of the national currency, at low rates of interest.

The white tenant lives adjoining the colored tenant. Their houses are almost equally destitute of comforts. Their living is confined to bare necessities. They are equally burdened with heavy taxes. They pay the same high rent for gullied and impoverished land.

They pay the same enormous prices for farm supplies. Christmas finds them both without any satisfactory return for a year's toil. Dull and heavy and unhappy, they both start the plows again when "New Year's" passes.

Now the People's Party says to these two men, "You are kept apart that you may be separately fleeced of your earnings. You are made to hate each other because upon that hatred is rested the keystone of the arch of financial despotism which enslaves you both. You are deceived and blinded that you may not see how this race antagonism perpetuates a monetary system which beggars both."

This is so obviously true it is no wonder both these unhappy laborers stop to listen. No wonder they begin to realize that no change of law can benefit the white tenant which does not benefit the black one likewise; that no system which now does injustice to one of them can fail to injure both. Their every material interest is identical. The moment this becomes a conviction, mere selfishness, the mere desire to better their conditions, escape onerous taxes, avoid usurious charges, lighten their rents, or change their precarious tenements into smiling, happy homes, will drive these two men together, just as their mutually inflamed prejudices now drive them apart.

Suppose these two men now to have become fully imbued with the idea that their material welfare depends upon the

reforms we demand. Then they act together to secure them. Every white reformer finds it to the vital interest of his home, his family, his fortune, to see to it that the vote of the colored reformer is freely cast and fairly counted.

Then what? Every colored voter will be thereafter a subject of industrial education and political teaching.

Concede that in the final event, a colored man will vote where his material interests dictate that he should vote; concede that in the South the accident of color can make no possible difference in the interests of farmers, croppers, and laborers; concede that under full and fair discussion the people can be depended upon to ascertain where their interests lie — and we reach the conclusion that the Southern race question can be solved by the People's Party on the simple proposition that each race will be led by self-interest to support that which benefits it, when so presented that neither is hindered by the bitter party antagonisms of the past.

Let the colored laborer realize that our platform gives him a better guaranty for political independence; for a fair return for his work; a better chance to buy a home and keep it; a better chance to educate his children and see them profitably employed; a better chance to have public life freed from race collisions; a better chance for every citizen to be considered as a *citizen* regardless of color in the making and enforcing of laws, — let all this be fully realized, and the race question at the South will have settled itself through the evolution of a political movement in which both whites and blacks recognize their surest way out of wretchedness into comfort and independence.

The illustration could be made quite as clearly from other planks in the People's Party platform. On questions of land, transportation and finance, especially, the welfare of the two races so clearly depends upon that which benefits either, that intelligent discussion would necessarily lead to just conclusions.

Why should the colored man always be taught that the white man of his neighborhood hates him, while a Northern man, who taxes every rag on his back, loves him? Why should not my tenant come to regard me as his friend rather than the manufacturer who plunders us both? Why should we perpetuate a policy which drives the black man into the arms of the Northern politician?

Why should we always allow Northern and Eastern Democrats to enslave us forever by threats of the Force Bill?

Let us draw the supposed teeth of this fabled dragon by founding our new policy upon justice — upon the simple but profound truth that, if the voice of passion can be hushed, the self-interest of both races will drive them to act in concert. There never was a day during the last twenty years when the South could not have flung the money power into the dust by patiently teaching the Negro that we could not be wretched under any system which would not afflict him likewise; that we could not prosper under any law which would not also bring its blessings to him.

To the emasculated individual who cries "Negro supremacy!" there is little to be said. His cowardice shows him to be a degeneration from the race which has never yet feared any other race. Existing under such conditions as they now do in this country, there is no earthly chance for Negro domination, unless we are ready to admit that the colored man is our superior in will power, courage, and intellect.

Not being prepared to make any such admission in favor of any race the sun ever shone on, I have no words which can portray my contempt for the white men, Anglo-Saxons, who can knock their knees together, and through their chattering teeth and pale lips admit that they are afraid the Negroes will "dominate us."

The question of social equality does not enter into the calculation at all. That is a thing each citizen decides for himself. No statute ever yet drew the latch of the humblest home — or ever will. Each citizen regulates his own visiting list — and always will.

The conclusion, then, seems to me to be this: the crushing burdens which now oppress both races in the South will cause each to make an effort to cast them off. They will see a similarity of cause and a similarity of remedy. They will recognize that each should help the other in the work of repealing bad laws and enacting good ones. They will become political allies, and neither can injure the other without weakening both. It will be to the interest of both that each should have justice. And on these broad lines of mutual interest, mutual forbearance, and mutual support the present will be made the stepping-stone to future peace and prosperity.

IN THE TRIBUNAL OF LITERARY CRITICISM.

BACON *VS.* SHAKESPEARE.

BY EDWIN REED.

PART I. A BRIEF FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

SECTION IV. INTERNAL EVIDENCE.

Let us now mark certain coincidences in the composition of the plays with the well-known habits and studies of Francis Bacon.

a. A prominent characteristic of Bacon in his literary work was the frequency with which he invented new words. It is safe to say that no other writer, with possibly one exception, ever did so much to diversify and enrich our English tongue. We find many of these words actually taking shape before our eyes in the Promus, perhaps a bright nucleus from the Latin in a nebulous envelope of prefixes and suffixes, preparing to shine forever with a radiance of its own in human speech.

In this business of word-building, however, Bacon had a strange double. It is estimated that Shakespeare gave five thousand new words, inclusive of old words with new meanings, to our language. And these additions were also, like Bacon's, derived chiefly from the Latin. They were such as only a scholar could impose upon the king's vernacular.*

"Shakespeare's plays show forty per cent of romance or Latin words." — *Richard Grant White.*

b. Bacon had also a wonderful variety at his command in manner of writing. In this respect, he was a literary chameleon. Abbott says of him: —

* Hallam calls attention to Shakespeare's fondness for words in their primitive meanings. He sees a student's instinct in this attempt, contrary in many cases to popular usage, to keep our language true to its Latin roots. The following are a few examples: "Things base and vile, holding no *quantity*" (for value); "rivers, that have overborn their *continents*" (the *continente ripa* of Horace); "imagination all *compact*;" "something of great *constancy*" (for *consistency*); "sweet Pyramus *translated* there;" "the law of Athens, which by no means we may *extenuate*."

"His style varied almost as much as his handwriting; but it was influenced more by the subject matter than by youth or old age. Few men have shown equal versatility in adapting their language to the slightest change of circumstance and purpose. His style depended upon whether he was addressing a king, or a great nobleman, or a philosopher, or a friend; whether he was composing a state paper, magnifying the prerogative, extolling truth, discussing studies, exhorting a judge, sending a New Year's present, or sounding a trumpet to prepare the way for the kingdom of man over nature."

It does not follow, of course, that because he had this "wonderful ductility," as Hallam calls it, therefore he wrote the plays. The converse of the proposition, however, is worth noting; viz., without it he would have been disqualified for the task.

We must venture one step farther. Did Bacon possess among his numerous varieties of style that which characterizes Shakespeare? On this point it may as well be conceded at once that the essays by which he is best known are, for purposes of this comparison, the least useful of his writings. They are *sui generis*, so closely packed with thought that they can be compared only with cannon balls. Their style differs from that of the plays as the cultured tread of the "Seventh" regiment on Broadway differs from the easy, natural swing that distinguished Sherman's Army of the Tennessee, as it was seen on Pennsylvania Avenue in 1865, a swing into which a hundred victories had instilled their power. Indeed, we should as soon think of comparing the chopped sea of the English channel with the long, rolling swell of the Atlantic.

To face the difficulty squarely and on terms most rigorous for Bacon, we give an example of each, as follows: —

Bacon: —

"Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them.

"Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.

"Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man.

"Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend." *On Studies.*

Shakespeare: —

> "Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
> To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
> This sensible warm motion to become
> A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
> To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
> In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
> To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
> And blown with restless violence round about
> The pendant world."
>
> *Measure for Measure*, iii., 1.

Evidently we must carry our search beyond the Essays, if we would find the missing style. The distance between the above two specimens, measured on an arc, cannot be much less than 180°.

The problem is a double one. On the basis of a common authorship we ought to detect in Shakespeare a resemblance here and there to the extract from the Essay, and also, in some of Bacon's prose compositions, a resemblance to the passage given from the play. Let us try both, making due allowance for the incompatibility of poetry and prose.

1. In Shakespeare: —

The difficulty under this head is an embarrassment of riches. Illustrations lurk behind every rock and bush, like the clansmen of Roderic Dhu in Coilantogle ford.

We cite a few, taken almost at random: —

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." *Twelfth Night*, iii., 4.

"It would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest forever." *1st Henry IV.*, ii., 2.

"One draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him." *Ibid*, i., 5.

"The retort courteous; the grip modest; the reply churlish; the reproof valiant; the countercheck quarrelsome; the lie with circumstances; the lie direct." *As You Like It*, v., 4.

"How shall we stretch our eye, when capital crimes, chewed, swallowed, and digested, appear before us?" *Henry V.*, ii., 2.

2. In Bacon: —

The following are gems not unworthy of the great dramatist:

"The ocean, the solitary handmaid of eternity."

"Men must learn that in this theatre of man's life it is reserved only for God and the angels to be lookers-on."

"It may be you will do posterity good, if out of the carcass of

dead and rotten greatness, as out of Samson's lion, there may be honey gathered for future times."

In further elucidation of this matter of style, the following examples are taken promiscuously from the two sets of works. We challenge our readers to draw the lines of cleavage between them: —

"I saw him run after a gilded butter-fly, and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again."

"To be like a child following a bird, which, when he is nearest, flyeth away and lighteth a little way before; and then the child after it again."

"Extreme self-lovers will set a man's house afire to roast their own eggs."

"Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water."

"False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey."

"Weight in gold, iron in hardness, the whale in size, the dog in smell, the flame of gunpowder in rapid extension."

"Riches are the baggage of virtue; they cannot be spared nor left behind, but they hinder the march."

"I have thought that some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably."

"Some noises help sleep, as [for instance] soft singing; the cause is, they move in the spirits a gentle attention."

"I am never weary when I hear sweet music; the reason is, your spirits are attentive."

"Amongst all the great and worthy persons whereof the memory remaineth, there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love; which shows that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion."

"I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviors to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love."

"[Men are] like ants, crawling up and down. Some carry corn, and some carry their young, and some go empty; and all, to and fro, a little heap of dust."*

c. Bacon's versatility appeared also in his intercourse with persons of various trades and occupations in life. He had a distinct reputation among his contemporaries for ability to meet men on their own ground and converse with them in the special dialects to which they were accustomed in their

*Of these thirteen test examples, seven are from Bacon and six from Shakespeare.

pursuits. He was especially a complete master of the language of the farm. His writings are full of homely provincialisms, such as the following: "Money is like muck, not good except it be spread;" "if you leave your staddles too thick, you will never have clean underbrush." And many of the flowers of rhetoric with which his works are bestrewed strike their roots down into hawking, hunting, and fishing.

"I have heard him entertain a country lord in the proper terms relating to hawks and dogs; and at another time out-cant a London chirurgeon." *Francis Osborn.*

In like manner, the plays are redolent of the soil. The use of provincial and archaic forms of speech is one of their prominent characteristics. The author seems to have been at home equally in the cottage and the palace.

d. Again, Bacon was constantly making alterations in his writings, even after they had gone to press. Of the ten essays which he published in 1597, nearly all were more or less changed and enlarged for the edition of 1612. Those of 1612, including the ten before mentioned, were again enlarged for publication in 1625. It seems to have been almost impossible for an essay to get to the types a second time without passing through his reforming hand, in one instance actually losing identity in the transition.

This was precisely the fate of the plays. Some of them underwent complete transformation between the quartos and the folio, becoming practically new compositions, and, what is very singular, working away from the requirements of the stage into forms more purely artistic and literary.

If there were two workshops, it is certain that one set of rules governed both.

e. Bacon's sense of humor, as has already been shown, was phenomenal, and yet it had one curb which it always obeyed.

In his "Essay of Discourse," he lays down the rule, among others, that religion should never be the butt of a jest. Accordingly, it is impossible to find, in all the wild rollicking fun of the plays, even a flippancy at the expense of the Church.

f. In the local dialect of the University of Cambridge, students do not live, but "keep," in rooms.*

* Dickens' Dictionary of Oxford and Cambridge.

In "Titus Andronicus," one of the earliest of the plays, written, as White suggests, when the author's mind was fresh from academic pursuits, we find the following: —

"Knock at his study where, they say, he keeps."

Bacon was educated at Cambridge.

g. The two authors had the same friends. Bacon and the Earl of Southampton were fellow-lodgers at Gray's Inn, and for many years devoted adherents of Essex. The Shakespeare poems, "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece," were dedicated to Southampton.

The Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery were shareholders with Bacon in Lord Somer's ill-fated expedition to America; to them was dedicated the first collected edition of the plays.

They had also the same enemies. Lord Cobham was one of the leaders of the party opposed to Essex. Among his ancestors was the noble martyr, Sir John Oldcastle, whose name the dramatist, with his usual deference to the established order of things, at first adopted for the character of Falstaff. Even after he had made the change, he could not forbear the following sly hit at the family: —

"*Fal.*— And is not my host of the tavern a most sweet wench?

"*Prince Hen.* — As the honey of Hybla, my old lord of the castle." — *1st Henry IV.*, i., 2.

Bacon's most implacable enemy, however, was Sir Edward Coke. The two were constant rivals for the favor of the court and for the highest honors of the profession to which they belonged. They were rivals, too, for the hand of Lady Hatton, the beautiful widow, who finally waived the ten objections which her friends urged against Coke (his nine children and himself) and gave him the preference. At one time, the contention became so personal and bitter that Bacon appealed to the government for help.

In "Twelfth Night," we find the following portraiture of Coke, drawn by no friendly hand: —

"*Sir Toby* — Taunt him with the license of ink; if thou thou'st him thrice,* it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the Bed of Ware in England, set 'em down." iii., 2.

* A reference to Coke's brutal speech at the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh, in which occur these words: "Thou viper! for I thou thee, thou traitor!"

h. The philosopher and the dramatist were at one, also, in the ease and frequency, not to say unscrupulousness, with which they appropriated to their own use the writings of others. Bacon's audacity in this respect is unequalled, unless we except Shakespeare, in the whole range of the world's literature. Both authors lit their torches, as Rawley says of Bacon, "at every man's candles."

i. Bacon's home was at St. Albans, on the River Ver, especially interesting as the site of the ancient city of Verulamium. Among the local traditions of the place, verified by old coins found in the soil, is one respecting a king named Cymbeline, who reigned there in the early part of the Christian era, and who had intimate relations with Rome. The story of Cymbeline furnished some of the incidents, even to minute particulars, of the Shakespearean play that bears his name.

j. Bacon was very fond of puns. He not only handed down to posterity numerous specimens found in his reading, but he immortalized some of his own in the Apothegms. The Spanish Ambassador, a Jew, happening to leave England Easter morning, paid his parting respects to Bacon, wishing him a good Easter. Bacon replied, wishing his friend a good *pass-over*. The plays also abound in this species of wit. A remarkable instance may be quoted from the "Merry Wives of Windsor," thus: —

"*Evans* — *Accusativo*, *hing*, *hang*, *hog*.

"*Quick* — Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you."

Act iv., 1.

This refers to a pun perpetrated by Sir Nicholas Bacon, father of Francis. One day a culprit, named Hog, appealed to Judge Bacon's mercy on the ground that they were of the same family. "Aye," replied the Judge, "you and I cannot be kindred except you be hanged; for hog is not bacon until it be well hanged."

The appearance of this family pun in the plays is significant.

k. Bacon's prose works overflow with citations from classical literature. They are filled to saturation with ancient lore. This is true also of the plays. They make us breathe the very air of Greece and Rome. The following is only a partial list of the classical authors the influence of

whose writings has been traced in them: Homer, Plato, Aristotle, Sophocles, Euripides, Æschylus, Lucian, Galen, Ovid, Lucretius, Tacitus, Horace, Virgil, Plutarch, Seneca, Catullus, Livy, and Plautus, all of whom were known to Bacon. A curious instance is the following: —

> "Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
> That one day bloomed and fruitful were the next."
>
> *First Henry VI.*, i., 6.

This reference puzzled all the commentators for nearly three hundred years, Richard Grant White declaring that "no mention of any such gardens in the classic writings of Greece or Rome is known to scholars." It has recently been found, however, in Plato's "Phœdrus," a work that had not been translated into English in Shakespeare's time.

"It is the ease and naturalness with which the classical allusions are introduced to which it is the most important that we should attend. They are not purple patches sewed on to a piece of plain homespun; they are inwoven in the web.

"He (Farmer) leaves us at full liberty, for anything he has advanced, to regard Shakespeare as having had a mind richly furnished with the mythology and history of the times of antiquity, an intimate and inwrought acquaintance, such as perhaps few profound scholars possess." — *Hunter.*

l. Bacon's paramount aspiration was to possess and impart wisdom. He was indefatigable in his search for it, analyzing motives and turning the light of his genius upon the most hidden springs of conduct. Nothing was too remote or recondite for his use. It was inevitable, then, that his mind should fall easily and naturally into those channels of thought which the "wit of one and the wisdom of many" have worn deep in human experience. The Promus fairly sparkles with proverbs. Nearly every known language appears to have been ransacked for them. From the Promus they were poured copiously into the plays. Mrs. Pott finds nearly two thousand instances in which they beautify and enrich these wonderful works.

"In Bacon's works we find a multitude of moral sayings and maxims of experience, from which the most striking mottoes might be drawn for every play of Shakespeare, aye, for every one of his principal characters . . . testifying to a remarkable harmony in their mutual comprehension of human nature." — *Gervinus.*

m. Bacon's whole life was passed in the atmosphere of the court. At the age of ten he was patted on the head by

Queen Elizabeth and called her "young lord keeper." When sixteen, he went to Paris in the suite of the British ambassador, and lived three years in that gay capital and its vicinity, studying not only the arts of diplomacy, but all the penetralia of court life. On his return he was freely admitted to the presence of royalty, was the friend of princes, and, filling the highest offices in the gift of the king, was elevated to the peerage. It is not surprising, therefore, that the plays, almost without exception, have their movement in the highest circles of society. The common people are kept in the background, and are referred to in terms, often bordering on contempt, that show the author to have been of a higher rank.

"Shakespeare despised the million, and Bacon feared with Phocion the applause of the multitude." — *Gervinus.*

"He (Shakespeare) was a constitutional aristocrat." — *Appleton Morgan.*

"The ignorant and rude multitude." — *Bacon.*

"The rude multitude; the base vulgar." — *Shakespeare.*

n. Bacon was continually hiding his personality under disguises. One of the first acts of his public career was to invent a cipher for letter writing. He even invented a cipher within a cipher, so that, if the first should by any chance be disclosed, the other, imbedded in it, would escape detection. At one time he carried on a fictitious correspondence, intended for the eye of the queen, between his brother Anthony and the Earl of Essex, composing the letters on both sides, and referring to himself in the third person. He published one of his philosophical works under a pseudonym, and another, as though it were the wisdom of the ancients stored in fables. Ben Jonson, in a poem addressed to Bacon on one of his birthdays, says: —

"In the midst
Thou standst as though a mystery thou didst."

In sonnet LXXVI. we find the following: —

"Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth and whence they did proceed?"

Here is a plain statement that the author of this sonnet was writing under a disguise.

The same remarkable admission appears in Bacon's prayer: —

"The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in mine eyes; I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart; I have, though in a despised weed, sought the good of all men."

The word *weed* signifies garment; particularly (as Bacon elsewhere uses it) one that disguises the wearer. It will be noted that this confession reveals at once his own views of the drama (already quoted), those of the people around him, and his *incognito*.

o. Early in life, Bacon determined to make all knowledge his province. He became fired with this ambition at college, when he discovered that the authority of Aristotle, then supreme over the minds of men, was based on erroneous postulates. Accordingly, he resolved, single-handed, to demolish the whole structure of philosophy as it then existed, and at least to indicate the methods by which it should be rebuilt. To accomplish this, he knew he must compass all the knowledge of his time, as the great Stagirite had done before him. How well and faithfully he fulfilled his task, let the gratitude and veneration of mankind make answer. Among the names of the five most illustrious men of all the world, Bacon's has a place, and that place at or near the head.*

Of the various arts and sciences into which he pushed his investigations, we may specify the following: —

Philosophy. — Bacon has been called the father of inductive philosophy, because he, more than any other, taught the natural method of searching for truth. Before his time, men had conceived certain principles to be true, and from them had reasoned down to facts. The consequence was that facts became more or less warped to fit theories, and the discovery of new facts, out of harmony with the theories, a matter of regret, and even of condemnation. Under this system, obviously, the world could make but slow progress.

Bacon started at the other end. The cast of his mind was distinctively synthetical. His choice of the inductive method for his investigations, a process from the particular to the general, and from the general to the universal, shows

* Bacon, Plato, Napoleon Bonaparte, Julius Cæsar, Pericles.

the direction of his intellectual fibre. In this he simply obeyed a law of his being, as a carpenter drives his plane with the grain of the wood. He had no knowledge of mathematics, a science almost purely analytic. He discarded the syllogism, because it opens with a broad assumption and reasons downward. On the other hand, he had an ability to detect analogies and to combine, never surpassed, perhaps never equalled, among the children of men. In a word, his mind, though in a high degree subtle, was phenomenally comprehensive, able to project a vast temple of science in which every department should have its appropriate space, but not to excavate to solid rock on which to lay the foundations and erect the structure. Even at this distance of time we are amazed at the mass of materials gathered together by this intellectual giant from all quarters, and lying about in great promiscuous heaps on the ground where he toiled.

Bacon's eminence as a philosopher is one of the interesting paradoxes of our time. On one point only are all agreed; viz., that he is a resplendent orb in the light of which, across the interval of three centuries, every man still casts a shadow. His brightness prevents a clear definition of his disk. No two critics agree as to the nature or cause of the profound impression he has made on mankind. Their comments remind us of the inscription on a monument in Athens, "TO THE UNKNOWN GOD."

Bacon himself was full of contradictions. He often violated his own precepts. He declared he was only "ringing a bell" for others, and yet he took no notice of those who, as it were, obeyed his summons. He sneered at Copernicus and at the theory of the solar system with which that illustrious name is linked forever. He betrayed no sympathy with Galileo. He turned a deaf ear to Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood; to Gilbert, who first proclaimed the earth a magnet; to Napier, the inventor of logarithms; and to Kepler, whose formula of planetary laws imparts dignity to human nature itself. All these, with the exception of Copernicus, were his contemporaries, illustrating his own favorite methods and adding glory before his face to his own glorious age. Any estimate of Bacon into which these facts do not fit is utterly worthless.

The only rational and consistent view is this: Bacon

was, first, a poet; secondly, a philosopher. Over and above his other faculties towered the creative, that which gave eloquence to his tongue, splendor to his style, and an exhaustless illumination to his whole being. If he sometimes failed to discern a truth close at hand in the practical affairs of life, he was like the angels before the Throne, hiding their eyes under their wings.

"A similar combination of different mental powers was at work in them; as Shakespeare was often philosophical in his profoundness, Bacon was not seldom surprised into the imagination of the poet." — *Gervinus.*

History. — Historical literature had a special charm for Bacon. His history of the reign of Henry VII. is an English classic; his portraiture of Julius Cæsar, an epitome of one of the world's most interesting and important epochs.

Shakespeare's mind ran in the same channels. Nearly half the plays are historical, and they deal with those periods to which Bacon gave particular attention, the English Henries and the career of Rome.

"'Where have you learned the history of England?' it was asked of the greatest statesman of the last century. Lord Chatham replied: 'In the plays of Shakespeare.'" — *Dean Stanley.*

"The marvellous accuracy, the real, substantial learning of the three Roman plays of Shakespeare, present the most complete evidence to our minds that they were the result of a profound study of the whole range of Roman history." — *Knight.*

Law. — Bacon began the study of law at nineteen, several years before the appearance of the first of the Shakespeare plays. His mastery of the subject was prompt and thorough. At fifty he was the leading jurist of the age.

The use of legal terms in the plays, always in their exact significance, and sometimes showing profound insight into the principles on which they rest, has long excited the wonder of the world. On this point we have already given the opinion of Chief Justice Campbell; we will add the testimony of Richard Grant White, a witness on the other side, and now speaking, as it were, under cross-examination, as follows:

"No dramatist of the time, not even Beaumont, who was a younger son of a judge of the Common Pleas, and who, after studying in the inns of court, abandoned law for the drama, used legal phrases with Shakespeare's readiness and exactness. And the significance of this fact is heightened by another, that it is only to the language of the law that he exhibits this inclination. The phrases

peculiar to other occupations serve him on rare occasions, generally when something in the scene suggests them; but legal phrases flow from his pen as part of his vocabulary and parcel of his thought. . . . And besides, Shakespeare uses his law just as freely in his early plays, written in his first London years, as in those produced at a later period. Just as exactly, too; for the correctness and propriety with which these terms are introduced have compelled the admiration of a chief justice and a lord chancellor."

The conclusion is well-nigh irresistible that a trained lawyer was the author of the plays. The only possible escape from it is through Portia's unprecedented rulings in the trial scene in "The Merchant of Venice"; as though a beautiful damsel, sitting as judge on the bench, and in love with one of the parties interested in the suit, were expected to follow legal precedents! We shall next be told that the delicious absurdities of "Pinafore" came from one ignorant of discipline on a man-of-war. "My gallant crew, good morning," says Captain Corcoran, boarding his ship. "Good morning, sir," is the cheery reply from all hands. What dunces Gilbert and Sullivan must be!

Medicine. — Upon the theory and practice of medicine, Bacon lavished at times all his powers. The study seems to have had a special fascination for him. He was puddering in physic, he says, all his life. He even kept an apothecary among his personal retainers, seldom retiring to bed without a dose.

Physicians tell us that the writer of the plays was a medical expert. Dr. Bucknill has written a book of three hundred pages, and Dr. Chesney one of two hundred, to prove this. We know that the names of Galen and Paracelsus roll from the tongues of the *dramatis personæ* like household words. Bacon's mother was afflicted in the latter part of her life with insanity. The portrayal of that dreaded disease in "Hamlet" and "King Lear" is to this day a pyschological marvel.*

"We confess, almost with shame, that although nearly two centuries and a half have passed since Shakespeare wrote 'King Lear,'

* It has been conjectured that Shakespeare derived his knowledge of medical science from his son-in-law, Mr. Hall, who was a physician. This is negatived by two considerations, viz.: 1. Hall married Susannah Shakespeare in 1607, twenty years after the plays began to appear, and long after those were written in which this specialty is most displayed. 2. His professional attainments were of too low a character to sustain such an inference. Fortunately, we have his memorandum book in which he noted down his most important cases, and the methods of treatment he applied to them. Conspicuous among his remedies are powdered human skull and human fat, tonics of earth worms and snails, solution of goose excrements, frog-spawn water, and swallows' nests — straw, sticks, dung and all.

we have very little to add to his method of treating the insane, as there pointed out."— *Dr. Brigham.*

Natural History.— No department of science was more thoroughly explored by Bacon than natural history. If he had anticipated a general deluge of ignorance, he could not have gathered into an ark a more complete menagerie than the one we find in his *Silva Silvarum.* Nearly every living species in the four quarters of the earth is represented there.

In one other author alone, not professedly technical, do we find equally accurate and copious references to animals and plants. That author is Shakespeare. The books that have been written to show his knowledge on this subject constitute a small library. We have one by Harting on the Ornithology of Shakespeare; another by Phipson on his Animal Lore; three by Ellacombe, Beisly, and Grindon on his Plant Lore; and an elaborate treatise by Patterson on the insects mentioned in the plays.

Religion.— The Bacon family was Catholic under Mary and Protestant under Elizabeth. As a consequence, Francis had no strong predilections in favor of either sect. In religion as in philosophy, he abhorred sects, and sought only what was universal. The sincerity of his faith in an overruling Providence we have no reason to doubt, though his own statement that "a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion," may have been, intentionally or unintentionally, autobiographical, indicating some laxity of opinions on this subject in the early part of his life. The anxieties and constant admonitions of his mother, culminating in the dethronement of her reason, as well as the subsequent battles of religious controversialists over his *status*, would seem to justify this inference.

"He was in power at the time of the Synod of Dort, and must for months have been deafened with talk about election, reprobation, and final perseverance. Yet we do not remember a line in his works from which it can be inferred that he was either a Calvinist or an Arminian."— *Macaulay.*

Shakespeare's religion was also an anomaly. Several books have been written on it, but they might have been compressed into the dimensions of Horrebow's famous chapter on snakes in Iceland. Some infer, from his toleration amid the fierce resentments of his time, that he was a

Catholic; others, from the defiance hurled at the Pope in "King John," and from the panegyric on Cranmer in "Henry VIII.," that he was a Protestant; while others still, finding no consolations from belief in a future life in the plays, proclaim him an infidel. Indeed, pious commentators always approach this subject walking backward and holding a mantle before them. They know instinctively that the great poet was also a great philosopher, building solidly on human reason, and from the summit of his magnificent structures allowing not even a vine to shoot upward.

"No church can claim him." — *Richard Grant White.*

"Both have an equal hatred of sects and parties: Bacon, of sophists and dogmatic philosophers; Shakespeare, of Puritans and zealots. . . . Just as Bacon banished religion from science, so did Shakespeare from art. . . . In both, this has been equally misconstrued, Le Maistre proving Bacon's lack of Christianity, as Birch has done that of Shakespeare." — *Gervinus.*

Music. — Both authors took great delight in music. Bacon devoted a long chapter of his "Natural History" to the consideration of sounds and the laws of melody. In the plays, we find nothing sweeter than the strains that "creep in our ears" as we read them.

"Lord Bacon has given a great variety of experiments, touching music, that show him to have been, not barely a philosopher, an inquirer into the phenomena of sound, but a master of the science of harmony, and very intimately acquainted with the precepts of musical composition." — *Sir John Hawkins.*

"Shakespeare seems to have been proficient in the art." — *Richard Grant White.*

"He (Shakespeare) seems also to have possessed, in an unusual degree, the power of judging and understanding the theory of music, that upon which the performance and execution of music depends. In the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" (i. 1.), where the heroine of the play is conversing with her maid, there is a passage which enters so fully into the manner of how a song should be sung, that it seems to have been inserted intentionally to exhibit the young poet's knowledge in this branch of art. And Burney draws attention to the fact that the critic, who, in the scene referred to, is teaching Lucetta Julia's song, makes use of no expressions but such as were employed by the English as *termini technici* in the profession of music." — *Ulrici.*

Oratory. — Bacon was a natural orator. Ben Jonson says of him: —

"There happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of

gravity in his speaking. . . . His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his will. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man who heard him was, lest he should make an end."

Another contemporary pronounced him "the eloquentest man that was born in this island."

Turning to the plays, we find there the most wonderful speech that ever passed, or was supposed to pass, human lips. In power of sarcasm, in pathos, in sublimity of utterance, and, above all, in rhetorical subtlety, Mark Antony's oration over the body of Cæsar has no equal in forensic literature.

"Every line of this speech deserves an eulogium; . . . neither Demosthenes, nor Cicero, nor their glorious rival, the immortal Chatham, ever made a better." — *Sherlock.*

Printing. — Bacon's knowledge of the printer's art extended to the minutest details. His first book was published when he was twenty-four, but under so heavy a title, "The Greatest Birth of Time," that it sank at once into the sea of oblivion. The mysteries of the craft, however, became finally very familiar to him. In the "Novum Organum" he announced his intention of writing a treatise on the subject, going so far as to include ink, pens, paper, parchment, and seals in his prospectus for it.

The encyclopedic Shakespeare was also at home in the composing and press rooms. "He could not have been more so," says Mr. Appleton Morgan, "if he had passed his days as a journeyman printer."

"A small type, called *nonpareil*, was introduced in English printing-houses from Holland about the year 1560, and became admired and preferred beyond the others in common use. It seems to have become a favorite with Shakespeare, who calls many of his lady characters 'nonpareils.'" — *Morgan.*

Astrology. — In common with most of his contemporaries, Bacon had a lingering belief in astrology. So had the author of the plays. The planets are "good," "favorable," "lucky," or "ill-boding," "angry," and "malignant," according to their position at the moment of one's birth.

Navigation. — Among the subjects investigated by Bacon, that which surprises us most to find is, perhaps, the art of navigation. He went into it so thoroughly, however, that

one of his editors feels compelled, by way of illustration, to give the picture of a full-rigged ship as a frontispiece to the book.

We are still more astonished, or should be if we were not prepared for it, to find that Shakespeare had the same unusual knowledge. He not only "knows the ropes," but he knows exactly what to do on shipboard in a storm. Even the dialect of the forecastle is familiar to him.

"Of all negative facts in regard to his (Shakespeare's) life, none, perhaps, is surer than that he never was at sea." — *Richard Grant White.*

Bacon's studies, it is evident, furnished the warp and woof of the plays. Unravel any of these great compositions, and you will find the same threads that are woven into his prose.

VI.

Here, then, is our Shakespeare. A man born into the highest culture of his time, the consummate flower of a long line of distinguished ancestry; of transcendent abilities, dominated by a genius for hard work; of aims in life, at once the boldest and the most inspiring which the heart of man ever conceived; in originality and power of thought, in learning, in eloquence, in wit, and in marvellous insight into character, the acknowledged peer of the greatest of the human race. "Surely," says Holmes, "we may exclaim with Coleridge, not without amazement still: 'Merciful, wonder-making Heaven! what a man was this Shakespeare! Myriad-minded, indeed, he was.'"

Ours is an age of disillusion. Heroes whose names have kindled the flame of devotion to duty in the hearts of millions are fading into myths. The majestic form of William Tell is found to be but a lengthened shadow thrown across the page of history. Even the faithful dog Gelert, over whose fate so many children have shed tears, has become as purely symbolic as the one that followed Yudhishthira to the holy mount, and was thence for his virtues translated into heaven. Why should the world longer worship at the shrine of a man of whose life it knows, almost literally, in a mass of disgusting fiction, but one significant fact; viz., that in his will, disposing of a large property, he

left to the wife of his youth and the mother of his children nothing but his "second-best bed!"

"Shakespeare's will was one of great particularity, making little legacies to nephews and nieces, and leaving swords and rings to friends and acquaintance; and yet his wife's name is omitted from the document in its original form, and only appears by an afterthought, in an interlineation, as if his attention had been called to the omission, and for decency's sake he would not have the mother of his children unnoticed altogether. The lack of any other bequest than the furniture of her chamber is of small moment in comparison with the slight shown by that interlineation. A second-best bed might be passed over; but what can be done with second-best thoughts?" — *Richard Grant White.*

The conclusion of the whole matter may be stated thus: The Sonnets will lose none of their sweetness, and the Plays none of their magnificence, by a change in the ascription of authorship. The world, however, will gain much. It will learn that effects are always commensurate with their causes, and that industry is the path to greatness.

SHOULD THE NUMBER OF THE FEDERAL HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES BE LIMITED TO ITS PRESENT NUMBER?*

BY HON. MARRIOTT BROSIUS, M. C.

THE average American looks with disfavor upon any proposal to amend the Federal Constitution. For over sixty years its sacred fabric was untouched. No empiricism was bold enough to suggest an alteration in its organic structure. This reluctance may be due in part to a widely prevailing conviction that the framers of the instrument builded so wisely that no room exists for improvement, and in part to a deep veneration for what was established by the founders of our federal system. Respect for the work of the "fathers," within limits, is commendable; but it ought not to blind us to needed improvements. Age can never sanctify error. No repugnance to change should make us indifferent to known defects. It is better to employ our minds in thinking what ought to be done now, than in remembering what was done a hundred years ago. A disposition to amend the existing order is a necessary part of progress in politics, as elsewhere. A conservative caution is well, but a wise promptitude in making alterations when they are due is the highest statesmanship.

To bring the existing situation into distinct view, it can be stated that the only limitations upon the power of Congress to regulate the number of the House of Representatives are, that it shall not exceed one for every thirty thousand inhabitants, and that each state shall have at least one member. These restrictions are a distinct concession of the principle for which we are contending, and they had for their object the prevention of a too numerous and unwieldy House. There was no fear that it would be too small for effective legislation. Story, in his Commentaries, says: "The danger was that from the natural impulses of the popular will and

* Under last apportionment.

desire of ambitious candidates to attain office, the number would be soon swollen to an unreasonable size, so that it would generate factions, obstruct deliberation, introduce and perpetuate turbulent and rash counsels."

There are those who believe that we are already perilously near the edge of this condition. Now it is easily seen that it would be no infraction of the Constitution to make the ratio so large that no state could elect more than one representative. In that event the House would not consist of forty-four members. It would, on the other hand, be equally free from constitutional objection to make the ratio thirty thousand. This would give us a House of over two thousand members. Between these extremes the pendulum of Congressional power swings.

Nothing can be more certain than the growing tendency to increase the membership of the House. The temptation to keep intact the delegations of the states whose population is stable is hard to resist. It will be no easier in the future than now. The virtue of an average member of Congress will be found not quite equal to the task of resisting the solicitations of state pride to maintain the numerical integrity of his delegation. If he is a man of heroic mould and can rise above such considerations, he may still encounter a condition quite too much for him in the fact that his own seat is in peril. Situations which invite such conflicts in the arena of legislation between private interest and public duty ought to be avoided whenever possible. Into such temptations the Constitution ought not to lead us, and from the evil of yielding to them it ought to deliver us.

But there is another point of view from which the proposed amendment invites considerate attention. It would remove from Congress a fruitful source of sectional bitterness and party strife. In the first apportionment after the adoption of the Constitution, there was an unseemingly wrangle between the North and the South for the "ratio" favoring one or the other section. The House passed a bill favorable to the South; the Senate amended it so as to favor the North. The contention waxed so hot, that not only Congress but the Cabinet was divided, strictly on sectional lines, and each section predicted a dissolution of the Union if a "ratio" favoring it was not adopted. Washington avoided taking sides by vetoing the bill upon constitutional grounds. This

vexatious question thus enjoyed the honor of supplying the occasion for the first veto in the history of the government. In each succeeding apportionment the struggle for sectional or party advantage from the manipulation of "ratios" and the treatment of fractions was renewed with greater or less intensity, and sometimes with extreme virulence. Every decennial census has been followed by a battle of "ratios" in which passion and politics have carried the standards of section and faction in a wanton war for sectional conquest or party slaughter. The details of these controversies must be omitted. They are familiar to every student of our legislative history. They emphasize in the most graphic manner the importance of eliminating from our government every unnecessary source of sectional enmity and partisan strife.

Another consideration not to be overlooked is the cost of maintaining a numerous House of Representatives. No amount of growth and prosperity ought to make us indifferent to the claims of economy in the administration of government. No man who thinks well of his country and desires to minimize the burdens of the people will sanction a waste of public money upon officials who are not only needless, but who actually embarrass the legislation of the country. The increase of twenty-four members by the recent apportionment bill carries an addition to the annual appropriation for the House of at least one hundred and thirty thousand dollars. In ten years it swells to one million three hundred thousand dollars, and so on down the years, gathering in volume as the House swells in number. In this connection I may add that three hundred and fifty-six members can comfortably be accommodated in the hall of the House without any radical or expensive alterations in its architectural structure, while any number in excess of that would require extensive modifications of the interior construction of the building, destroying its architectural unity, impairing its symmetry and beauty, and causing great inconvenience and expense in the remodelling.

The amendment proposed is not "blazing" a new way, but following a distinct trend of sentiment which has left its impress upon every state constitution adopted in recent years. Few, if any, leave the number of either branch of their legislatures under legislative control except to an extremely limited extent. The loom of Time has woven some

new figures in the web of our great experiment of self-government. The people, with great uniformity of view, have exercised their sovereignty in preventing, by constitutional restriction, the undue growth of their legislative bodies. They have learned the tendency of popular bodies to increase, and have counteracted its influence.

In considering what number of members is most likely to be the "magic" one that will secure the most of the best and the least of the worst results, it is necessary to have in mind the ends to be attained by any regulation on the subject, constitutional or legislative. It is easy to deduce, from the discussions in the federal convention and from Madison's "summary," the objects the "framers" set before them in considering the number of which the House should consist. Stated generally, they are: —

1. A body large enough to be a safe custodian of the interests with which it is charged, and to secure the benefits of free consultation and discussion, as well as immunity from too easy combinations for improper purposes.

2. A body small enough to avoid the confusion and feebleness resulting from the turbulence of numbers.

3. Congressional districts as large as is compatible with the representative's knowledge of the local circumstances of his constituents, and his means of keeping up the necessary touch with them in sentiment and sympathy.

In determining the size of a legislative body, with a view of effectually securing these ends, it is quite obvious that too much arithmetic will be likely to vitiate the result. In a problem of this kind twice 3 is not always 6, but may be 4. The law of "diminishing returns" is plainly operative here. The "framers" evidently considered the principle that requires representation to increase with population, without due attention to its limitations.

A body of three hundred and fifty-six members is no doubt a safer custodian of the public interests than one of forty-four, but no one believes that a body of two thousand would be proportionably safer. There is a number within whose charmed circle is to be found the maximum effectiveness, and inefficiency must increase in varying ratios as we depart either way from that number. What that number is in a given case, is the "pinch." Here "many men have many minds." It is instructive to note the kaleidoscopic

views our people entertain on the subject of representative ratios. The states are widely variant in the number of their legislative bodies; so much so that it makes us almost despair of ever being able to arrive at a conclusion which will unite in its support both reason and experience.

A look at the subject reveals the most incongruous results, whether we compare the legislative assemblies directly or consider their respective ratios of representation. For example: Connecticut, with an area of four thousand one hundred and fifty square miles and a population of seven hundred and forty-six thousand two hundred and fifty-eight, has two hundred and forty-nine representatives, a ratio of less than three thousand; while California, with more than thirty-two times the area and nearly double the population, has but one third the representatives and a ratio of fifteen thousand one hundred and two. New Hampshire, with an area of nine thousand two hundred and ninety-one square miles and a population of three hundred and seventy-six thousand five hundred and thirty, has three hundred and twenty-one representatives, a ratio of one thousand one hundred and seventy-three; while New York, with an area about five times as great and about sixteen times the population, has a little over one third as many representatives and a ratio more than forty times as large. Between other states, almost as great disparity prevails. The smallest ratio is one thousand one hundred and forty-four, in Nevada, and the largest, forty-six thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, in New York. A similar variety of ratios prevails in the senatorial representation of the states.

It is apparent that we can derive little aid from the experience of the states in the solution of our problem. Turning again to the history of the federal legislature for a hundred years and a few general principles uniformly accepted by our people, we find abundant data to sustain the belief that a House of three hundred and fifty-six members will be as safe a depository of the powers vested in it when our population is one hundred millions as it is now. A representative stands to his district in a twofold relation. First, as to territory; second, as to population. As to the former relation, it is quite obvious that the numerical stability of the House cannot increase the larger Congressional districts.

The existing districts vary widely in extent. The tenth district of Pennsylvania consists of a single county, having an area of about one thousand square miles. The eleventh district of Texas is one hundred and twenty times as large, consisting of ninety-seven counties, with an area of one hundred and twenty thousand square miles. The large districts, it is easily seen, would diminish in territorial extent as population increases, while the smaller districts in which population is more stable would be increased in extent with lapse of time.

In his relation to the people of his district, the qualifications of a representative are more exacting. A general knowledge of his constituents, their principles and their employments and the laws under which they live, is quite essential. But any man who applies his intelligence to the subject can clearly see that with the largest ratio possible for a hundred years under the proposed limitation, any man likely to be elected to Congress would easily meet all the conditions imposed either by the extent of his district or the number of his constituents. Mere numbers within a given area are not a matter of great consequence where there is a similarity of interest and employment. Diversity in the industries of the district is of much greater moment, but the natural limitation upon this will keep the business interests of the district within easy range of the representative's knowledge. Moreover, with modern facilities for communication and transit, a member can be as well acquainted with the sentiments, sympathies, and interests of three hundred thousand people as he could have been with those of thirty thousand scattered over the same area, a hundred years ago, when Mr. Madison declared "that if the largest state in the Union be divided into ten or twelve districts, the representatives would possess an adequate knowledge of every local interest."

A due attention to the reasons which lie nearest the nerve of the problem can hardly fail to produce a conviction that as far as the qualifications of the members to render effective service is concerned, the number will adequately respond to any demand that will be made upon them for a hundred years.

But the body must be large enough to secure the benefits of consultation, as well as immunity from too easy combina-

tions for improper purposes. I hazard the statement that no man who witnessed the House of Representatives in action, during some of the stormy scenes of the first session of the Fifty-first Congress, will contend for a greater number to promote these important ends. The deliberative character of the House is already impaired by its size. Its dignity is frequently lost by conduct which would only be tolerated in a crowd. The behavior of members, the quality of debate, the attenuated wit and rude retort, which occasionally make the judicious grieve, could not occur without the encouragement of numbers.

The enfeeblement born of confusion and turbulence is of all things to be avoided. Here we are already trembling on the edge of danger. The House is becoming unwieldy. A condition closely approaching chaos is possible to it now, in seasons of excitement. Much of the time the level of disorder is high enough to make it difficult for one half the members to tell what the other half is doing. It has been on rare occasions a very "Cave of Æolus" with every wind let loose; deliberation impossible; profitable discussion out of the question; legislative business at a stand-still, waiting for the storm to blow over. In these seasons of tumult, the wisest head, the firmest hand, and the stoutest heart available in our time, have been unequal to the task of maintaining the conditions necessary to the transaction of business.

Any comprehensive survey of the evils of an unduly numerous House must include the obvious source of weakness arising from the diminished responsibility of members, as well as from the large number of inferior men likely to enter into its composition. An undue proportion of members of limited information and weak capacities makes it easy for the few able and astute ones to direct and control legislation. Madison addressed himself to this view with great force and clearness. These are his words: —

"The more multitudinous a representative assembly is, the more it will partake of the infirmities incident to collective meetings of the people. Ignorance will be the dupe of cunning, and passion the slave of sophistry and declamation. The people can never err more than in supposing that by multiplying their representatives beyond a certain limit they strengthen the barrier against a government of a few. Experience will forever admonish them that, on the contrary,

after securing a sufficient number for the purposes of safety of local information and of diffusive sympathy with the whole society, they will counteract their own views by every addition to their representatives."

Those who favor a larger House, sometimes refer us to some European legislatures as examples of ideal legislative bodies, notably the House of Commons. This is not a happy reference. Passing over the total dissimilarity of the American House of Representatives and the English House of Commons, and the fact that one does all the legislation for England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, and, in a general way, for the whole British Empire, while the other has for its limited sphere the remnant which remains after forty-four state assemblies have supplied every local and state need, it is worthy of note that English statesmen do not conceal their belief that the House of Commons is too large for effective work, and no one conversant with the history of that body will fail to unite in that belief. That it is able to transact business with any degree of despatch under ordinary circumstances is due in a great degree to the non-attendance of members. But lest the English example may be again quoted, I want to say very distinctly that if anything could bring greater reproach upon America than the scenes which occasionally occur in Congress, it would be what would be likely to occur after we had formed it on the model of the House of Commons. It has on its rolls six hundred and seventy members, forty constituting a quorum to do business. It rarely happens that more than two thirds of the members are present at a time; and when they are, all but three hundred must stand round like "bound boys," as that number exhausts the sitting space on the floor. No member can reserve a seat. The rules of the barber shop prevail. The "next!" takes the seat, until they are all occupied, and the hindmost stand or retire. If a member without a seat addresses the House, he holds his hat in his hand or puts it on the floor. If he has papers or books to which he desires to refer, he holds them in his arms or puts them in his pockets or on the floor. Gladstone objects to enlarging the hall because he says, "It is big enough."

Under English parliamentary procedure, members cannot initiate legislation without the sanction of the government. The bills they introduce are apt to pass over a parliamentary

"bridge of sighs" into "dim dungeons of death," unless the treasury bench rescues them.

Such conditions, it must be confessed, are well calculated to discourage attendance. Members who receive no salary, and have other business, easily yield to the solicitations of interest or pleasure, and remain away. When lured by the expectation of a "scene," or brought in by the "whips" when the "division bell" cannot reach them, they swell the crowd; but they bring little of the element of deliberation, and less acquaintance with the bearings of the legislation in hand; but much subserviency to the leaders, many elements of the mob, and ready passions to be played on by the fiery orators who marshal the contending hosts; and the result is precisely what could be foreseen; excited members shake their fists in the Speaker's face; disorderly calls produce an uproar which an Englishman likened to a "cataract in a thunder-storm"; members, usually grave, shouting with boyish abandonment, or in a frenzy of desperation struggling to lift their voices above the tumult of noises, comparable to those of a "Zoo," just before feeding time; the eloquence of honorable members seeming like a "real representation of the Morse telegraph alphabet," the alternate dot representing the utterances of one side, and the alternate dash, the groans of the opposition; and the whole tumultuous assembly resembling "bedlam" more than a deliberative body of Christian statesmen. In depicting these occasional features of the House of Commons to illustrate the evils of undue numbers, I have only borrowed, in the main, the delineations of Englishmen who saw what they describe.

Now, is this the parliamentary feast to which American legislators are invited? Certainly an example so worthy to be shunned will no longer be held up for our imitation. The consequences of an unwieldy and over-numerous House of sturdy Britons ought to admonish us to avoid similar dangers, and make us sensible of the necessity of keeping the House of Representatives within the numerical limit of an effectively working body. To amend the Constitution to compass this wise and salutary end, after a hundred years, will be a reform which

> "Is not the hasty product of a day,
> But the well-ripened fruit of wise delay."

ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL INFLUENCES OF THE BICYCLE.

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER.

IT is evident that no new instrumentality can be adopted by man without exerting an influence, more or less marked, upon his habits and institutions. The extraordinary changes in the structure of society, the transformations effected in social and political directions, and in modes of thought that have taken place in the past few centuries, and the greatly accelerated occurrence of these changes in the past half-century, are chiefly traceable to the acquisition of new scientific and mechanical instrumentalities, and to the enormous increase in their number within the same period. It is always interesting and instructive to observe the development of a new instrumentality, and to note its effects so far as we may trace them. The particular instrumentality here under consideration has a peculiar interest from the fact that, although commonly regarded as a matter of minor moment from its service chiefly as a pastime, very notable results have been effected thereby within the few years since an old and well-known mechanical principle was made the basis of a new system of human locomotion, multiplying the reach of man's footsteps as the power-loom has multiplied the productivity of man's hands.

One of the most immediate economic effects of the bicycle is, of course, the building up of an important new industry. There are in the United States twenty-seven different establishments devoted to the manufacture of the bicycle. Some of these have reached enormous proportions; new avenues of employment have thereby been opened, and new markets have been created for raw and manufactured materials, both of domestic and foreign production: steel, nickel and other metal work, and large quantities of leather and rubber. The effect on other industries has therefore been great. That of steel wire, used in manufacturing the spokes, may be specified, and the latest instance is the establishment of

works in this country for weldless steel tubing, of which enormous quantities are required; the convenience of having a supply near at hand, free from the uncertainties attending importation, having induced leading manufacturers to give the encouragement needed for the new industry, irrespective of the question of import duties. Another direct effect, which likewise attends every mechanical advance, is the encouragement to invention.

Most important, however, is the promotion of scientific road construction that has resulted from the development of a new type of vehicle. The bicycle has, therefore, proven the most important factor in the encouragement of good highway construction since the advent of the railway. The immediate effect of the latter in this country was to cause a neglect of common highways, although it ought to have been the reverse, since wagon roads are the natural feeders of the railways, and the better they are, the greater the business given to the latter. This has been clearly perceived in Europe, but in the fact that the development of the railway system here has been coincident with the development of the country itself is to be found the explanation of why the attention given to the railways should so long have obscured the importance of the highways in the mind of the American people. We are at last beginning to awaken to the value of the wagon roads. If the vast sums that have been wasted in unnecessary railway construction in the past twenty years could only have been spent in improving and developing our wagon roads, the value of our railway system would have been inestimably enhanced by the encouragement of production, which the ease and cheapness of transportion over good roads invariably give. Good roads mean an enormous saving in the wear and tear of vehicles and animals, as well as the transportation of a greatly increased amount of material for a given amount of energy and in much quicker time. And this means a saving to both producer and consumer.

The movement for good roads is now widespread throughout the country. The interest of important bodies has been enlisted, agitation for legislation to that end is active in many states, and potent arguments are brought to bear upon local authorities. In the forwarding of this work the bicycle has been the main instrument. For the convenient and enjoy-

able use of the bicycle good roads are essential. Early in the days of bicycling in this country the League of American Wheelmen was formed, — a strongly organized body, with its local divisions existing throughout the country, and now numbering twenty-five thousand members. Not only has it exerted a powerful influence in advancing the more immediate interests of bicycling, and in securing to wheelmen the rights upon the highways that would have been denied them except for concerted effort, but the movement for good roads has found its strongest support in the active exertions and intelligent representations made by the members of this body wherever the question has come up.

The unconscious influence of wheelmen is hardly less important. Their number is enormous now, and wherever they are to be found, their voice in local affairs is strongly given in favor of good roads. Around our great cities, the bicycle has been a leading factor in the building up of attractive suburbs. Wherever there are good roads, there the wheelman will prefer to establish his home, and in New Jersey this consideration has been largely effective in giving to the Oranges a goodly proportion of their population. Wheelmen also give effective support to the establishment of public parks, for there, of all places, are the very best roads to be found. In such swarms do they frequent the Boston parks that, in planning the great meeting place for promenaders, carriages, and riders in Franklin Park, — a magnificent avenue, called "the Greeting," straight, and with parallel and contiguous drives, rides, and walks half a mile in length, — it has been deemed essential to lay out a separate way for bicycles.

Wherever good roads are created, there bicycling at once springs up, and wheelmen soon form by far the greater proportion of those who utilize them. The writer recalls one important Western city where, on his first visit, the streets were in a wretched condition, and there were, probably, not half a dozen wheelmen in the place. On a subsequent visit he found the streets beautifully paved with asphalt, and bicycles gliding swiftly around by the hundred, far outnumbering any other forms of vehicles. The influence in favor of good roads thus brought to bear in various ways by bicycle interests is very great, and it has already made itself most gratifyingly felt in many parts of the country.

Far-reaching results may confidently be expected in a future by no means remote. The bicycle, with its light and graceful metallic construction, its remarkable strength in proportion to its weight, its noiseless rubber tires, both its friction and the wear and tear to the highway reduced to a minimum, contains the elements of a new type of vehicle that will come into universal use with the supplanting of animal traction by mechanical traction, which must come with the development of electricity. Horses and other draught animals will eventually disappear entirely from the highways, just as they are now rapidly vanishing from the street railways. Perfectly smooth pavements will follow; first in the cities and, ultimately, on the roads everywhere, constructed upon the most perfect scientific principles, as railways now are. Freed from the destructive impact of horses' hoofs, the item of maintaining the roads will be reduced to a minimum. Street railways themselves will, perhaps, be made superfluous; for with such smooth pavements, mechanical traction will be practically as easy without any rails whatever. Railways will, therefore, be used only for swift transit and freight transportation, and will have their own exclusive rights of way, probably both overhead and under ground. The "conductivity" of the streets, so to speak, will thus be enormously increased by the ease of motion gained from the universally smooth surfaces, together with the removal of the tramways and their obstruction to travel. Costly widenings, in cities where the streets are now too narrow, will therefore become needless. Multitudes of light vehicles, of various sizes, impelled by electricity, will speed noiselessly in every direction, and bicycles will be numbered by the thousand, their utility for transportation, as well as their value for pleasure and exercise, immensely enhanced.

The effect upon the development of cities will be nothing less than revolutionary. Not only will the advance of public convenience be invaluable, but the comfort and the health of the people will be promoted to a corresponding degree. All but an insignificant percentage of the exasperating noise and confusion of city life proceeds from the harsh rattle and clatter of vehicles in the streets. This will be entirely abated, and the main source of the nervousness that so universally afflicts city dwellers, will disappear. To this benefit to health will be added another no less important.

Any observer can see that the filth incessantly deposited in the city streets is almost wholly due to animals. With the disappearance of this, a vast amount of disease produced by the microbes thus continually sent broadcast into the air, will be prevented. The cost of street-cleaning, as well as repair, will thereby be reduced to a very low figure.

The effect of perfect highways, universally prevailing throughout the rural districts, as well as in the cities, will be inestimable in its promotion of the agreeableness and the cheapness of living, through the ease of transportation which will be brought about in this way.

The military employment of the bicycle is another direction in which it promises to have considerable value. In the promotion of excursions at home and abroad, both individually and in large companies, the bicycle has been of marked service. A considerable business has been built up by one house in arranging for foreign excursions for bicyclers, on the systematic plan of the Cook and Raymond parties. A cheap and delightful method of making a tour of Europe is thus provided, the very considerable item of railway transportation being almost wholly eliminated. For several years past a prominent bicycling clergyman has been very successful in organizing a series of vacation tours for his brethren of the cloth through various interesting portions of our own country.

In its benefit to physical and moral health the bicycle has rendered great service. The fact that its use in this country began with gentlemen has set a standard which has been maintained. Although it has created a new branch of athletics, in which marvellous feats of skill have been developed and man has been enabled to vie with the trotting horse as a racing animal, the wheelman's sport, like yachting, has never been tainted with associations of low repute, and it has remained clean and honorable.

The example set by men in its use has been followed by boys in their emulative aspirations. Like swimming and skating, bicycling has become a universal youthful accomplishment; in many communities not to be proficient with the wheel is a rare exception for boys, and it bids fair to be for girls also. It is not uncommon to see schoolhouse yards stacked with the machines, on which the boys go to and from school, and enjoy daily two or three hours, at least, of

healthy exercise. The educational influence is very great, both upon physical and mental development. It quickens the perceptive faculties of young people and makes them more alert. They see more of the world, and are broadened by the contact. While, otherwise, they would seldom go beyond strolling distance from their homes, on the bicycle they are constantly roaming throughout many surrounding towns, beholding fresh and varied scenes, becoming familiar with whole counties, and, in vacation time, not infrequently exploring several states. Such experiences produce growth in energy, self-reliance, and independence in character, and make a more complete individuality.

The moral effect is no less marked. The clean, outdoor life, amid the tonic influences of fresh air, sunshine, and the pleasant sights of nature, remove thousands of young men from the danger of debasing associations. Temperance is also promoted; no wheelman can safely use intoxicants, for a cool, clear head and steady nerves are absolutely essential.

The beneficent influence upon women might form the subject of an essay by itself. The bicycle has given, as nothing else has, the means for a healthful exercise combined with delightful recreation, so much needed by the sex. It has gone far towards emancipating them from slavish conventionality in both dress and conduct. It has taught them the advantage of sensible and healthful attire, an advantage which, once enjoyed, they are naturally reluctant to deprive themselves of in ordinary life. It has given them an independence in action approaching that possessed by their brothers. In the parks of a great city, for instance, young ladies may daily be seen by the score, singly, or in groups, speeding freely everywhere upon their bicycles, with the same sense of security, and appearing as much at home as they would be were they walking in the seclusion of their household gardens. It has also imparted a renewed strength to the natural associations between the two sexes, so healthfully characteristic of American life; the informality of intercourse going far to break down the barriers which, by concealment and the consequent morbid curiosity that it arouses, form a leading cause of immorality.

For these reasons we may look for a notable increase in the physical and moral health of our race, together with more rational and enjoyable conditions of existence.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

BY P. CAMERON, B. C. L.

THERE has always been imported into, and now exists in, the religions of the earth a dominating influence of esotericism.

Going as far back as ancient Egypt, we find there a priestly caste, forming the highest aristocracy, having vast landed possessions, and able to control their country's sovereigns. Their ecclesiastical laws, like those of Pharaoh's royal line, were set up in the temples, — the chief of all the priesthood holding a position which was hereditary. Rome, with her sacrificers, augurs, and aruspices, officials at the shrines of gods and goddesses innumerable, imposed on the Roman earth a religion conservative and exclusive; kingship was necessary for a participation in the sacred rites — religious services which no stranger could attend; and even Greece, with all her philosophical tendencies, placed a wall of separation between her cult of devotion and the people at large. We speak of true religions, false religions, of a man being religious or irreligious, and occasionally we hear of some one "having got religion." However, for our enlightenment, St. James characterizes pure religion, and undefiled before God, as consisting simply in acts of charity done to the helpless in their sorrow, and in personal purity.

There are many ancient works on religion, most, if not all, Eastern in origin, as all religions came from that quarter, Christ himself being an Asiatic, a born Jew, whose lineage is traced by St. Matthew from Abraham downwards, and who in infancy was presented with sacrificial rites to God in a Jewish temple. Some of these religious works claim antiquity prior to what is known to us as the Old Testament, but we shall confine ourselves mainly to the outcome of the Old and New Testaments.

St. James, defining true religion, got his inspiration through a knowledge of the very actions of the God of Israel as he read in Exodus, chap. iii. vs. 7 and 8, that God, seeing the

afflictions of Israel while in Egypt, hearing their cry, and knowing their sorrows, had come down to help them and deliver them; shortly afterwards giving to them a system of religion, expanded into laws which flowed into all the system of their social and political existence, and which, while demanding the obedience of the individual, still more gravitated into the nationality of the race. Every aspect of Hebrew life felt its power; to them it was a cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night.

Gratitude for their deliverances and admiration of the Divine law came with the one breath. There was no affair of national life too great for the touch of Hebraic religion and law, and no concern of individual daily life so slight as to escape its mellowing influence; it bound them together as one homogeneous mass, and each unit carried into the family and its circle the religious effects of its teaching and commands; everything that we call secular was infused with religion.

If, as was said, religion is the chief factor of a nation, it is equally true that the most correct portrait of a people is discoverable by a study of their laws. We find the Hebrew law eminently religious, and the Hebrew religion eminently national, and no one can be surprised at finding their poetry eulogistic of their laws, and the earliest Psalm of the Sweet Singer of Israel, picturing the good man as delighting in the law of the Lord, and meditating on it day and night.

We may be glad to live under protecting laws, but no poet of our day is given to raptures about either constitutional, statute, or municipal laws; and, unfortunately, our convictions as to their imperfectness are shown by the changes we ring on them, and legal history shows the enormous sums spent in endeavoring to get at their exact meaning.

Striking out an entirely new course, the Hebraic law stamped crime as a sin, but it did not stop there; it gave an ideal of righteousness going beyond self. The Roman Code had no lovable feature. The Judaic constantly demanded care for the poor and the unfortunate. The golden thread of God's love and pity for the Egyptian bondsman ran through every coil that wound itself around the slave, the captive, and the widow, — a coil of love and care. As a people, their social distinctions were not prominent; their future King was not thought less of because taken from the

care of flocks and herds; the very national soil had a religious value (Ruth, chap. iv. vs. 1 to 12), and their land laws rested on a religious basis.

No land could be alienated forever by any one (Lev. xxv. vs. 23 *et seq.*), and in the year of jubilee an alienated property came back to the original owners, except houses in walled towns, which, if not redeemed in a year, became the vendee's forever. Another and last exception was land dedicated to God.

As a general rule, all landed property was only alienated for years, and the original owner or those representing him could redeem his lands at any time; bondsmen in servitude to Hebrews or resident foreigners were free in the jubilee year; and at the end of each seven years, a general national release by all creditors to all debtors took place by force of law. (See Deut. chap. xv. vs. 1 *et seq.*)

The poor were characterized as brothers: "Thou shalt open thy hand wide unto thy brother, — to thy poor and to thy needy in thy land." "Love ye therefore the stranger: for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt." (Deut. chap. x. vs. 19.) Even if a stranger or sojourner became poor, he was not to be the victim of usury, because God was the Lord who had brought the Israelites out of Egypt. (Lev. xxv. vs. 35 and 36.) Pause to contrast this with the alien law of Athens, under which all strangers or foreigners could be banished or sold into slavery; and the fact that, in the days of Pericles, five thousand people, not of pure Athenian blood, and who were on the public registers, were banished or sold into slavery.

Loans were to be made to the needy (Deut. chap. xv. vs. 7 and 8), and the evils of bondage are mitigated by the provisions of Deut. chap. xv. vs. 12 to 18. It is true that polygamy and slavery held their ground, but Hebraic law tried to mitigate the evils of both. The slave was as a brother in the Hebrew family, took his part in the religious rites, and was protected by the laws, — a violent contrast to the condition of the poor Roman slave, scourged and crucified at caprice, looked on as a mere thing, and liable, if useless to his master through old age or accident, to be thrown alive into the eel ponds.

Some of the Mosaic penalties appear severe; but when placed side by side with English legislation, down even to

the reign of George the Third, they lose the aspect of severity. Many in England expiated the crimes of forgery and larceny by death, and in any case the torture and prolongation of misery, a too common attendant on Anglo-Saxon laws, were conspicuously absent from the Hebraic code.

We entirely dissent from the view that places what we call Christian revelation as the only revelation God ever gave to man or Christianity, itself as an exotic brought into a strange region to overlap the course of nature with a foreign external application, but prefer to regard both as the "*summum opus*" of a long development, whose spiritual aspirations had been silently working on the web of human affairs from the first dawn of life; and if an inquirer needs proof, he can easily get it in the religious books of India and China, in the philosophy of the Greeks, and the history of such men as Marcus Aurelius, and others of whom the world at that time was not worthy. The Christian Church is too often held up to men as having no object before it save public worship and teaching, with a few corollaries of beneficent action, — the walls around her separating her from the outside world; inside, an exclusive society, of public prayer and teaching, — the main object, to prepare men for another world. Adown the centuries has come the fixed habit of looking upwards with admiration, and downwards with contempt; at man as incurably vile; a world incurably corrupt, while as a stern fact, the image of God has never been wholly obliterated from man. Marred, it has been, but never effaced; the grim asceticism of early days has nearly vanished, but some features of it are still with us. Christ demolished the theory of it in His parable of the man falling among thieves, but too long has lingered in the Christian fold an imitation of the priest and Levite crossing to the other side lest their sensibilities be shocked at the sight of the wounded stranger.

We in our days rear costly temples for worship, which we divide off into luxurious pews; and as St. James says, the man with the gold ring and goodly apparel gets the best place, while the poor and the outcasts at home are too often forgotten and passed by in the enthusiasm of missionary crusades, with all their costly officialism. We close rigidly our churches in all week-days. Six days we rigorously devote to the pursuit of mammon, and one day is set apart so that matters may be squared with another world, or, as some one

said, modern Christianity is six-sevenths secular and one-seventh religious.

We are mistaken if the cloud, no larger now than a man's hand, is not looming on the horizon, which will show the world that "*filling churches*" is not the sole and only Christlike work before us, but that the earth is crying out for a practical application of Christ's golden rule of charity in thought and love in action, and that men are beginning to see that each son of Adam, from before the Noachian deluge, all down the whole course of time to this our century, has been and is, wittingly or not wittingly, a participator in the effects of God's scheme of redemption which was crowned on Calvary.

Protestant theology, with its exaggeration of the truth of its doctrine of justification by faith alone, has much to answer for, in the exclusiveness of the Christian Church; the relation of the individual soul to God is too rigidly insisted on, while Christ constantly spoke of His gospel as what should permeate all — the leaven to leaven the whole mass of mankind, and not a section of it.

It was the custom of old, in leading an ox to be sacrificed to Jupiter, to chalk out its dark spots, and give the offering a false show of unblemished whiteness. Is there not much chalking nowadays? If charity should begin at home, what of the desolation and blighted lives in alleys and rookeries beneath the very shadow of our churches?

Not one of a hundred ever deliberately chooses his own religion; it is the product of his early environments, and too often the conception of Deity is the outcome of a man's idiosyncrasies or those of his parents. The Hebrew Scriptures promised a prolonged life to the good Israelite, but are silent, or nearly so, as to a future life or a resurrection from the dead.

Every virtue exhibited in life ought to be regarded as an offspring of Christianity, as well as all that is comely and of good report, or the Christian ideal ceases to be supreme, and, so ceasing, must cease to be Divine in origin. Christian opinions hold a coloring of Greek philosophy with the notions and fictions of Roman law.

Christianity takes its rise from Judaism, and in its flow has assimilated all that was purely good of Greek and Roman philosophy, but placing Divine love as the *fons et origo* of all that love which rescued Israel from Egypt.

Christ spent His life in acts of kindness. We hear very little from Him about doctrines, and nothing about church organizations, and He proclaimed His salvation, not individualistically, but as of the whole world. It was the expansion of the Jewish theocracy and, to St. Paul's mind, the effacing of all lines between Jew and Gentile, bond and free. Clearly did Christ endeavor to raise the new Kingdom of God from a Judaic sect to universality. He offered again and again to take the Hebrew race under His wings, but they would not; and after this rejection, all was over for them. When He speaks of His Kingdom, He means, not alone a spiritual one of prayer and praise, but one that should dominate the earth and the earth's problems, then and for all ages to come, — secular and not secular.

He told us, in the prayer He outlined for man to pray, that His will might be done on the earth as it was done in heaven; and if we are earnest in wishing the advent of His Kingdom, we must do for the poor and suffering as He did, and expand our minds for the reception of the spirit of Christ into all the every-day affairs of life, whether of each man or each nation.

The primitive Church did not arise mainly from a desire to praise and worship together, but it was a practical union of men having all things in common; who had sold their possessions to throw all into one common fund, out of which each got his required dole; but when they emerged from this to the stormy regions of doctrinal theories, heresies (the Greek *aireses* meaning divisions or sects), grew up among them, of which we are the unfortunate legatees.

The Western fathers, Tertullian and Jerome, denounced all morality except what Christians exhibited; while the Eastern fathers, Origen and Clement, with a wider charity, saw good wherever it took root.

The Church too often holds up Christ as a world-Redeemer in a very attenuated way. He is pictured as a redeemer from His own jealous wrath, and from a world that He made in order to destroy it; a redeemer of the individual much more than a redeemer of society; a deliverer from a hell rather than from sin and its effects. The Church, hugging these half-truths, has never to this day frankly identified herself, as Israel did, with the daily and yearly

life of the community at large. When we rise above the din of ecclesiastical machinery, carving, splitting, and shaping theoretical dogmas, and examine the Church of the Hebraic dispensation and the life and actions of Christ, we find both eminently socialistic, in the good sense of the word, and each more intent on the life that *now* is than on that which is to come.

The clouds are clearing, and here and there we see Church efforts to raise man from the mire and the dirt of poverty and crime.

One great source of the early error perpetuated in her life, of placing too much regard on the Church *above*, lay in the bitter persecutions the primitive Church went through. Torture and ignominious death threatening the early Christian, what wonder all his thoughts and aspirations went heavenward! Like the Martyr Stephen, he saw heaven opened.

St. Augustine, in his famous "De Civitate Dei," isolates the Church from the world, and looks forward with a pious resignation to a future fire of purification, where all shall be reduced to ashes, out of which shall arise the new Church of God.

Constantine's efforts to make the Church universal and consolidative were rejected. Clericalism of the day insisted on its being a separate body. Canonical law and clerical administrators of it, as specialists, must be; and a sacerdotal and hierarchical principle must be established; while all that was really spiritual inside church walls, instead of being allowed to filtrate through the great arteries of the world, was doomed to work alone and apart from it, on a class given to ascetic ideas, and too much disposed to call themselves "the salt of the earth." The sword of the Church separated from herself all the strata of the world's political, legal, and social life, and we are bleeding to this day from the wound. It dragged from daily life the consciousness and dignity of holiness; nay, it taught men to despise their very existence on this earth. Christ welded the Church into the body of the State; Savonarola and Jeremiah and John the Baptist tried to do likewise; and so did the Puritans, when they left the "Mayflower." All these reformers endeavored to place social and political situations on religious bases, but it resulted in failure. Through the

exaggerated importance given to public worship, forms, and doctrines, they forgot, as was well said, "that the ministry of public worship exists for the sake of human duties, that these may be fulfilled in the spirit of Christ, and not *these* duties for the sake of public worship."

Baron and Bishop sat side by side in the Witenagemote of old England; but Tyndale, in 1526, complains that the lay life of commerce and government had been neglected, and esteemed vile and unclean, and he identifies the lay element and the law of the realm with the law of God. "See," he says, "how the clergy separate and divide themselves. If the layman be of the world *so* he is not of God." Clerical power in no age has been a friend to liberty of conscience.

For eighteen hundred years and more, the Church has had the field to herself, yet the cry of the poor and degraded myriads of the nineteenth century calls for a more practical help than she has ever given, and the whole stream of modern philanthropy is directed thither. So long as the Church adopts tests, and builds up mere forms of scaffolding on doctrinal bases, and adopts ecclesiastical trials for so-called heresies, she never can be the abode of universal love; and she has in the past lost much of her touch with humanity at large by burying in a tomb the purely charitable teachings of her founder, and engaging her energies in innumerable disputations about a future world, about which He was very reticent, and standing out, as she long has stood, as the producer of individual rather than of common good.

The heart of all theology that is Christlike ought to beat stroke for stroke with the great heart of Christ, and in strict unison with His character and actions; and the Church of the future will doubtless recognize as Divine all science that is true, because God is all Truth; will look on art as a special gift from above, education as a continuity of what Christ inaugurated by teaching, and acknowledge that all organizations for worship are distinctly and demonstrably a formation of mere man, while the family and the state are institutions of nature and of nature's God; that the worshipping body is not the Church, but only one circle within the Church, and toleration will no longer be describable as "allowing you to believe as I do," nor intoleration as "wishing me to believe as you do." "By this ye shall know that ye are my disciples because ye have love one towards another."

ASTROLOGY FIN DE SIÈCLE. NO. 1.

BY EDGAR LEE.

It will surprise a large majority of readers of this magazine to be told that astrology, as a science, is not only holding its own in England to-day, but has, during the past ten years, made such strides that it is felt by many that the "Rogues and Vagabonds" act, which prevents the casting of horoscopes for gain, will, by this next parliament, stand a chance of being repealed.

There is no occasion here to argue out the truth of this most ancient science. That, in the earth's earlier stages, man deduced his religion from his celestial surroundings and, observing the stars in their courses, worked out a scheme which has come down almost intact to us through sixty centuries, is well established. And I would merely pause for a moment here to point out that those who raise a strong claim for the Bible's divinity on the ground of its survival through æons of persecution, should at least admit that the persecution of astrology has been no whit less fierce, and that, therefore, there must be some germ of truth in a science which still rears its head in defiance of martyrdom.

At least four thousand years ago, the casting of nativities was a recognized occupation. The soothsayers and astrologers were a power in the court of Pharaoh, and, ten centuries later, we find them still holding their own in the palace of Nebuchadnezzar. There are the strongest internal evidences in the building of the great pyramid that the astronomers of Egypt held some very decided and correct views of the starry spheres, for Piazzi Smith and others have proved that the great pyramid was mainly intended to show the teachings of astrology, and that the whole building is a key to the future history of the planet astrologically worked out.

It is generally assumed by those who have never even touched the outside fringe of astrological teaching that the lore is as dead as Queen Anne, and that the muddle-headed visionaries who practice it now, are only one remove from the

gipsy tramp who professes to predict the fortunes of servant girls and extorts money from them by promising them a happy matrimonial issue from their present toil. This is the effect of long years of tradition and repressive legislation. In reality it is the upper ten of England, and the better class generally, who are to-day the chief supporters of astrology; and although, if questioned on the point, nearly all would deny the impeachment, I am in a position to vouch for it. In 1883 a periodical called *St. Stephens Review* came into existence. It was a sixpenny high-class, society and political paper, supporting Democratic Tory principles, and, although supposed by many to be subsidized by the Tory government, it never received any direct aid from that source, although its political information was invariably derived from the highest officials in the State. This paper which, still, under changed conditions, drags on an existence, during the first three years of its life had a most chequered and precarious career until the bright thought occurred to the chief editor to offer a free horoscope to every annual subscriber. From the first announcement of this intention the fortunes of the paper changed, and the circulation went up with a bound. At this time I was the acting editor of the *St. Stephens Review*, and was bitterly opposed to the astrological innovation, believing that the ridicule such an announcement would bring in its train would simply ruin the property. I was speedily undeceived, however, the subscriptions poured in, and the astrologer engaged by the paper was overwhelmed. Now it must be remembered that this was not a paper affected by the lower, or even the lower middle class. It was the aristocracy of England, the county families and the wealthy bourgeoise who read this paper, and, as all the correspondence passed through my hands, I am able to state positively that astrology has, as a cult, laid fast hold on those who move in high English society. Zadkiel's Almanac, for example, is also priced at sixpence, by no means the servant girl's figure, and its sale is simply enormous, which can only be accounted for on the hypothesis that it is mainly bought by the better classes. I used to be a good deal amused by this astrologic correspondence, for in those days I had not the same faith in astral teaching which I have to-day. It was not an unusual thing for one morning to bring letters from ladies of title enclosing the natal hour of two or three daughters asking whether the

astrologer could possibly say when each would be married, and also letters from some of the daughters, unknown to their mothers, asking the same question in regard to their own chances in the marriage mart. It would be eminently a breach of trust to give names as most of the enquirers are alive to-day; but, without doing violence to the professional etiquette of the press, or one's own instincts of right, I will give a few anonymous instances of what happened in the years 1886 and 1887 in connection with this astrological correspondence.

Lady G. wrote sending her husband's exact moment of birth. She was particularly anxious to know if he would get a post on the threshold of the Cabinet then forming. She was told that he would not, and, as a matter of fact, he did not, and six months later her ladyship wrote again asking us this time, with even more apparent interest, whether we could send her the time of her husband's death. This the astrologer refused to do. During the sharp Boulanger crisis in France, when Germany expressed in various ways her dread of one whom she regarded as the man of the future, and the possible hero of the *Revanche*, an enquiry was made and a subscription sent for a male born 24th August, 1838. The paper was to be forwarded to an address in France, but the envelope bore a royal crest, and the date was that of the birth of the Comte de Paris, who, if he read the prediction contained in the nativity, could not have been very sanguine over what so many enthusiastic Orleanists were anticipating at the time; viz., his return to the Louvre and the Tuilleries. I remember a letter from a statesman enclosing a year's subscription to the paper. "I do not want a lengthy nativity," he began, "as I have already had one horoscope cast, but I should like to be told whether next Friday would be a good date for me to make a very important change." He was told that it was not, and, as he is believed to have left the government service on the strength of what happened on that particular Friday, and has never done anything of any striking utility to himself since, the astrologer may be said to have scored.

One curious feature is the large number of Jews who are devout enquirers into the truth of astrology. Scarcely a Jewish family of any distinction but wrote to the *St. Stephens Review* astrologer during the five years he officiated.

On the other hand, very few Americans did us the honor. John Douglas Delille, the late American Consul at Bristol, and a novelist of considerable brilliancy (his "Canon Lucifer" made a great sensation in London a few seasons ago), was talking to me shortly before his sudden and lamented death, and he told me that in the west of England, where he had been long resident, the belief in astrology was growing general. He knew a good deal of the stars himself, and was the only cultured American citizen I have met who appeared to have devoted much thought to the science. There can be no doubt that this somewhat daring idea of casting free horoscopes for annual subscribers to a newspaper had a considerable effect on astrology in England.

A large number of regular professional astrologers live in London, and they one and all agree that the science has distinctly become more popular since 1886. Previously to that date they carried on their horoscopical practice in fear and trembling, but there has been no prosecution of an astrologer, *quâ* astrologer, in England for four years now, the last being at Bow street, when "Neptune," an intuitive seer, was mulcted in £5 for casting a horoscope; a barrister in court, who had never seen or heard of him before, springing up to defend him gratuitously on the sole ground that he himself was a believer and a practiser of astrology. Six years ago there were no periodicals in England devoted to astrology. There are now three.

After *St. Stephens Review* had, through change of editorial staff and other reasons, ceased to publish an astrology coupon, two other papers started astrology columns, both of which were interfered with and actually suppressed by the authorities. Then *Society*, a penny paper with a very extensive sale, deemed it advisable to begin one, and selected me to edit it. Here began my real experience. No one, unless he had actually gone through the ordeal, could imagine for one moment what "running" an astrological column in England, in a popular journal, entails in the way of correspondence. I selected "Neptune," the banned and ostracized "rogue and vagabond" of Bow street, to assist me in the task and then spread myself out to write something homely and untechnical so that my humbler penny readers would understand me. I had noticed that, in these professional astrological papers and periodicals, the jargon of Ptolemy is

too much *en evidence*. What can the average human who reads be expected to know, unless he is trained, of right ascensions of nodes or hylegs, how is it possible that he can approach familiarly, or indeed, within arm's length of such dread hieroglyphs as represent Scorpio, Pisces, or Saggitarius? So that, bearing these facts in mind, I wrote an introductory article, simple in form and language, and one that required no wrestling with, a child who knew that there were eight planets that revolved round the great central orb of day could have read it, and, had she been Boston born, might have sneered at it as unworthy of her intelligence. The result of that first article was nearly a thousand letters from all sorts and conditions of men and women, and, to my surprise, at least twenty per cent were from people who had made an actual study of astrology and who wished me to make the articles technical. To be technical is to be not popular; *C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas la guerre*, and so I let the students severely alone and addressed myself to the masses. During the six months ending June 30, I have answered by post chiefly, but also in the columns of *Society*, nearly thirteen thousand letters, and I have resigned the position; for, devoted though one may be to any particular craft, art, or science, there is a limit to physical and mental endurance, and that limit is reached when the awful postbag with its five hundred letters arrives from a newspaper office before the previous batch of five hundred has been replied to. What I began as a pastime to shake off the cobwebs on the brain, induced by other forms of authorship, became a task of inconceivable magnitude, i. e., assuming the writers were conscientiously replied to, and I certainly did my best. And now to analyze those postbags. Again, although a penny paper, it was the upper middle class and the aristocrat who became my correspondents. It is true that there was a lower element, but it was in a big minority. Now as to the questions asked. Only one in fifty sent in an annual subscription to have their full horoscope cast; of the others, mere questioners, seventy per cent were ladies who wished to know if they were going to be married, and five per cent were from those who were bethrothed and who wished to peer into their future destinies, e. g., the number of children they were likely to have, whether their husbands would turn out as constant and true as they appeared to be

as lovers, at the time of writing obviously forgetting that Tom Moore has warned all maidens not to be foolish in that respect in his inimitable "Love's Young Dream": —

"'Twas odour fled as soon as shed,
'Twas morning's winged beam,
'Twas a light that ne'er can dawn again
On life's dull stream."

Then, again, ten per cent would be from men, many of them probably adventurers, asking if I had any ladies with money in search of husbands, and the balance would be pretty evenly distributed between women who wanted to be told when their luck was going to change, and men who wished to get a good date for speculating, either in horseracing or on Change.

Frankenstein was never more awed by the monster he had created than I was by this enormous correspondence. Yet it had its pleasant side too. For instance, when I had distinctly sent a warning note to some one who appeared astrally to be on the verge of some grave, but perfectly preventable catastrophe, it was a pleasure to receive back, a month or so afterwards, a letter telling me he or she had passed the peril I had pointed out, and that all was plain sailing again; at the same time acknowledging that but for consulting astrology no premonition would have assisted in averting disaster. Let me here cite two examples of how the science of the stars will beat the reasoning faculty. A rich man, a city merchant, wished for the horoscope of a child born in February, and he wrote a few days after the birth of the child giving the exact moment of its "first cry." The horoscope form was returned to him and nothing more than this was written on it: "The child will not survive March." The merchant, who turned out to be the father, then wrote a very angry letter, saying that the baby was a healthy child and that the horoscope was a swindle, whereupon the paper returned him his subscription and cancelled his name from its list of subscribers. On the 2d of April he wrote to say that the child was taken with convulsions on the 28th of March and died the same day. He apologized, paid two subscriptions, and asked for his own horoscope. The other case is that of a young woman who wrote to say that she was to be married in less than a month, and she desired to obtain some idea as to her future lot with her bridegroom-elect whose exact mo-

ment of birth she enclosed. The reply was that there was no appearance of marriage for her, and that the writer of the astrology article was prepared to forfeit five pounds if she could produce her marriage certificate within so many weeks from the date of the paper's issue. In a little more than a fortnight a note was received from the girl, who had in the meantime written an indignant, and indeed, abusive, letter to the editor, to say that her lover had met with a terrible accident and was not likely to live. He died in May last, after lingering about two months. Instances might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, but those quoted will suffice for the moment.

Another thing that has given astrology in England a great fillip is the series of remarkable predictions which have appeared of late years in our astrologic calendars. Mr. Pearce, a very fine mathematician and a careful and conscientious astrologer, is to all intents and purposes "Zadkiel," and he certainly predicted to the day and even the hour the compulsory abdication of Prince Alexander of Bulgaria. Again, a year in advance, he described the revolution in Brazil in the following words: "The Emperor of Brazil is warned to be very careful of dissensions and machinations among his subjects at this time," and the day against which this is put is the day of the outbreak. Similarly, *Old Moore*, in this year's issue has, by his remarkable prophecy as to the 14th of January, stimulated the curiosity of all believers in the occult. Against that date was printed "The Royal family in mourning," and this almanac is always on sale in the streets of London in the October of the previous year, so that the Duke of Clarence's illness, which did not begin till the 7th of January, could not have influenced the prediction.

In my next paper I propose, among other things, giving you famous instances when astrology has played a large hand in the making of history. Some of these instances are known in a desultory way, but there are others which enter into the life of to-day that are not so well known, and it is time these were exploited.

A PLEA FOR THE PROHIBITION PARTY.

BY REV. E. E. BARTLETT.

GOVERNMENTS are instituted for the supposed good of those who are or may become residents within the area over which the powers of the government are to be exercised.

Early tribal governments were for offensive as well as defensive purposes. To afford protection from the incursions of warlike tribes, and as an attacking party to make victories more certain, was ideal and incentive enough in that early time. But with the growth of civilization, when man should be more humane, it is found the foe within is more dangerous than the foes without. Man needs protection from the selfishness of his neighbor now as much as at any period of his growth.

Civil government, even among a liberty-loving people, is necessary to secure equality of rights, and then we are but moderately successful.

Two great parties have grown up in this century. One, the Federal Republican, representing the centralization of power and money, its policy not inaptly expressed by the man who prayed, "God bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more." The other, a Democratic party, less national in its aims, representing a wider distribution of power, and individual, rather than organized, selfishness in its policy of "personal liberty."

To both parties the chief concern is how to raise the four hundred millions a year needed to pay their great army of office-holders and other expenses of the government.

The one talks of economy, and a revenue by direct taxation, each man paying his just and equitable share in the expense of his protection. A very fair scheme on paper, but past experience shows that it does not protect man from the selfishness of his neighbor.

The other party raises the revenue by a scheme called protection. It protects the manufacturer against foreign competition by a system of taxation which brings foreign capital

here and buys the manufacturers and their plants. It protects the working man from competition with the pauper labor of Europe by bringing the same laborer here to work in the shops of monopolized manufacturers, and still further protects his wages by taxing his food, shelter, and clothing to complete the process of protecting the manufacturer.

While the political arena is filled with the noise of these contending orators, each claiming to help the workman, and therefore entitled to his suffrages, idleness and poverty grow apace. Strikes and lock-outs occur on every hand because of cuts in the rate of wages in the best protected industries.

While there are some gainful occupations in which fair compensation is given the toiler, tens of thousands are nearing the borders of starvation because of the insane attempt to produce cheap clothing to meet the needs of cheap laborers, whose wages do not exceed ninety cents a day, and often less.

The sweating system, with its horde of sick, starving workers, gives the lie to the talk of prosperity and low prices. No price is low which means the life of the toiler.

The desire to perpetuate partisan political power causes both parties to close their eyes and ears and lips to the growing evils of the European saloon system, which holds the government in its grasp. Under the fostering influence of these parties this evil has grown to enormous proportions in the last twenty-five years. Not because Americans are growing more and more intemperate, or that efforts in behalf of temperance are ineffectual, but because this country has been made the dumping ground of the beer-drinking, alcohol-consuming people of Europe. The majority of the nine hundred miles of saloons in the United States are kept by emigrants from the old world, many of whom cannot speak a word of English. Yet so great is the desire for party supremacy that almost as soon as a male emigrant from any part of the old world reaches the place of his destination, he is made a voter by some zealous party worker, with all his old-world habits and attachments still clinging to him.

He does not know that there is a better way, and neither party dare help him to see the better way lest they lose his vote. They therefore concede all that he wants; that is, freedom to carry on his business without interference, so he is permitted to fasten his debasing habits upon the social

life of the nation. That the business is inimical to the best interests of the individual and the nation needs no argument to prove.

The home, the protection of which is the real incentive for the support of any government, is the target at which the poisoned arrow of the liquor traffic is aimed, and it never misses the mark. Because the home is the corner-stone of the government, the life of the nation is endangered; for humanity is so truly one, that when one member suffers, all the members suffer with it.

The luxuries enjoyed by the brewer, the distiller, the saloon-keeper, means the joy-deserted homes, debased manhood, wan-faced childhood, heart-broken womanhood, pauperism, and all the crimes known to the decalogue. It means the sweating system, with its spread of disease and death breeding germs. It means the destruction of the home market for the farmer and the manufacturer. It means idleness, from over-production (of beer and whiskey), and underconsumption of the necessaries of life. It means labor defrauded, the home life destroyed, and thousands filling our jails, prisons, almshouses, and insane asylums, for sober toilers to support. The Prohibition Party proposes to change all this by destroying the liquor traffic with a national prohibitory law, and an executive power behind it, pledged to enforce it. Any argument against such a law is an argument against a large part of existing legislation on many subjects in state and nation.

The Prohibition Party proposes to open a home market for the farmer and the manufacturer, by turning the enormous waste of brain and muscle through the liquor traffic into channels of productive labor. It demands greater care and discrimination and real restriction of emigration, to the end that the laborer shall not have to compete with the so-called pauper labor of Europe in the workshops of our own land.

It demands such a change in the naturalization laws as will give the candidate time to properly equip himself for the duties of citizenship, before undertaking to discharge them.

It would abolish the sweating system as one of the evils incident to the liquor traffic. With that prolific source of misery and poverty gone, there would be no workers for the sweater.

Recognizing the fact that no government can properly be called a government of the people, where more than half the intelligent citizens are denied representation, and the injustice of requiring that unrepresented class to work for one half or one third less pay than is given the voter for the same work, when it is as well or better done, the Prohibition Party declares "that no citizen should be denied the right to vote on account of sex, and that equal pay should be given for equal work, without regard to sex."

In this declaration is found a great principle of justice, which entitles the party making it to a fair hearing on all other questions, indicating, as it does the spirit of the party making it — a desire to do justly by all.

It proposes a just and economical rule in the nation, a monetary system better adapted to the needs of so great a people. A tariff that shall be equitable to all and burdensome to none. It recognizes the fraternity of the race, and would seek to lead through law to higher altitudes of faith, hope, and love. For these, and many other reasons, the suffrages of all earnest, thoughtful well-wishers of humanity should be given to the Prohibition Party in the coming presidential contest.

THE REAL CHARACTER OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

BY A. P. DUNLOP.

DURING the coming celebration of the discovery of America, not a single member of the race discovered will be present to participate in the rejoicing. The swift destruction of the Carib race has no parallel in the world's history; and yet, according to Christopher Columbus' own letters and the documents left by numerous historians of that day, the islands were densely populated.

Columbus, who was said to have been disposed to all kinds of agreeable impressions, writes that he "was delighted with the purity and suavity of the atmosphere, the crystal transparency of the sea, and the extraordinary beauty of vegetation"; and yet, within the incredibly short lapse of twelve years, the Carib seems to have been exterminated, and in 1520 was made necessary an expedition, under De Ayllon, to the Carolinas, "for slaves to work on the plantations and in the mines of San Domingo."

On all the islands from Guanahani (San Salvador) to Colba (Cuba) and Hispaniola (San Domingo), all agree that large numbers of "Indians" rushed to the shores; a healthy population that throve robustly on the abundant products of the rich soil.

To approximately estimate the number of this race that inhabited the West Indies when Christopher Columbus landed, would be impossible; but San Domingo alone must have been thickly populated, for in a letter from Christopher Columbus to "Their Highnesses," he writes: "The town consisted of one thousand houses and more than three thousand inhabitants. . . . The country was cultivated everywhere . . . the paths wide and commodious. Thus they are well fitted to be governed and set to work to till the land and do whatever is necessary. . . . The houses and towns are very handsome, and the inhabitants live in each settlement under the rule of a sovereign. These magistrates are persons of excellent manners." The Caribs being a manly race, living in a salubrious climate in which no epidemic had yet been imported, must have been numerous. Their tranquil life on the isolated islands, with no natural forces to battle against, would have, by propagation alone, swelled their numbers; and as Columbus frequently writes of aged chiefs, it may be supposed that, although savages, old age was respected, and their patriarchs were

not turned out to die. The only drawback to their increase was, undoubtedly, the attacks made upon each other; but as communication even to-day among the colonial settlements of the West Indies is difficult, it may be imagined that warfare in small canoes, over hundreds of miles of Caribbean Sea, always boisterous during the day, could not have been frequent.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.
(From a picture in the Bibliothèque Imperiale, Paris.)

When Columbus returned to Spain, and presented himself before the royal presence of Ferdinand and Isabella, he was accompanied by several of these native islanders, "arrayed in their simple barbaric costume, and decorated with collars and bracelets and other ornaments of gold rudely fashioned," showing at least that they had a partial knowledge of working the precious mineral, which, however, was never found in great abundance on any of the West Indian Islands.

In researches made during the past twenty years on most of the islands, for the discovery of a trace of this extinct race, absolutely nothing has been found; and traditions, which on all the islands are carefully handed down, throwing sometimes a glimpse of several centuries back, fail even to whisper that the imported slave ever found the native slave. The avaricious, blood-thirsty but pious discoverers, in their greed for gold, enslaved this kind-hearted people, and by the lash whipped millions of them from the face of the earth. How this was done is shown by the documents of the good Dominican friar Las Casas, who says that forty thousand of them perished on one group of islands "in a

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.
(From Herrera's West Indies.)

short time by the sword of the soldier or the lash of the driver."

How much Columbus has to do with this cold-blooded and cowardly massacre and with the discovery of America, is well worthy of thought at a moment when his name and achievements are being wafted over the civilized world, and especially honored by the United States of America, with the discovery of which he had personally nothing to do, and with which his name should never be connected; a name polluted by the blood of millions of innocent creatures, whose hospitality he treacherously destroyed by ingratitude, and rewarded by the inauguration of a system of heartless bondage, unequalled in history by its cunning cruelty; a man whose greatness is but a gilded lie, and who was treated with distrust and aversion by every rank who had dealings with him, from his sovereigns to the common sailor.*

An honest wool carder, Dominic Colon, is made to stand in history as the father of Columbus, while Fernando, Columbus' son, writes that his father's family always "traded by the sea." In the 5th chapter of Fernando's history he writes: "A famous man of his name and family called Colon, renowned upon the sea, insomuch that they made use of his name to frighten children in the cradle. . . . This man was called Colon the younger." He further writes that his father sailed "for a long time" with this Colon, and describes an encounter between these pirates and some galleys from Flanders, in which Christopher barely escaped to Lisbon with his life.†

Fernando probably knew it was better to show his father's prior life, for when he wrote his history (declaring all others incorrect) he was in daily communication with his uncles, Bartholomew and Diego, and could have been enlightened concerning the admiral's

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*In 1789, Charles IV. conceived the idea of establishing a library at Cadiz, in charge of Don Martin Fernandez de Navarrette, which should contain, if possible, all papers referring to the discovery of the New World. For this the royal library of Madrid, the archives of the Marquises of Santa Cruz and Villa Franca, and the Duke of Madinasidonia, were ransacked, and soon after a book was published, giving an exact copy of the precise words of Columbus. This volume is called "Coleccion de los Viagos y Descubrimento que hicier on par los Españolis desde fines del Siglo XV., &c., &c., &c." Besides these papers, the *Archives General de Indias at Seville* alone at one time contained forty-seven thousand huge packages referring to these "discoveries," while many learned men have written a great deal on the subject, including Franciscan, Dominican, and Benedictine monks, whose works are still in the archives of their monastic orders in Italy. Among these is the "good" Dominican *Fray Bartholomè de las Casas*. An illegitimate son of Christopher Columbus, named Fernando, also wrote a glowing tribute to his father, on which our own Washington Irving has written his brilliant work on "The Life of Columbus."

†In the Venetian archives a brighter light might be found of the family of the real navigator than Fernando, having furnished the clue, was willing to give. From the above authority it may be learned that six or seven ships, commanded by one called Columbus the younger, lay off Cape St. Vincent watching for the arrival of four or five Venetian merchantmen, termed Flanders' galleys; that the attack was made on Aug. 21, 1485. In a despatch to the Venetian senate, dated Sept. 18, 1485, from the doge to the ambassador of Milan, is the following: "The capture of the Flanders' galleys by ships commanded by a son of Columbus and Giovanni Griego;" and Marin Sanuto, in his MS. "Lives of the Doges," yet preserved in the library at St. Marks, says: "Our galleys fell in with Columbus, that is to say, Nicolo Griego;" while a Venetian degree, dated Dec. 2, 1485, has it: "Our Flanders' galleys captured by Columbus' son and Lorzi Griego;" while a document (also in Venice), dated April 9, 1486, recounting the capture, has it: "Nicolo Griego, who is called Columbus, junior."

parents, of whom he writes, "all particulars concerning which are hidden." He might also have found the approximate year of his father's birth, believing it to be easier to bridge over thirty than fifty years. And yet this illegitimate son professes to have seen the fitting out of the galleys, and writes that he was old enough to estimate their strength, etc. He also writes that his father was a "light-haired man," and speaks of a physiological phenomenon, as "at thirty his hair was white."

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.
(Bust at Genoa.)

At the time of the capture of the galleys, Columbus is, however, said to have been fifty years old; and in a letter written by him to the Spanish sovereigns he says: "Most serene Princes: I went to sea very young, and have continued to this day, now forty years. . . . our Lord . . . has made me very skilful in navigation; knowing enough in astrology, and so in geometry and arithmetic. God has given me genius," etc.

Columbus also wrote that he made a voyage for the King of Naples, to capture a ship, and the principal fact on which he dwells is that he "changed the points of the compass," and deceived the men, "so at break of day we found ourselves near Cape Cartegna, all aboard thinking we had certainly been sailing for Marseille"; and this furnishes the clue to the character of "the discoverer," falsehood and deceit being its prominent traits.

He also professes to have made a voyage to "an hundred leagues beyond Thule," whose southern port is seventy-three degrees distant from the equinoctial. As he pretends then to have been a skilled map-maker, it is difficult to understand why he did not "discover" a treatise there called the "Description of the whole Earth," in existence in Iceland at the end of the thirteenth century, which reads, "England and Scotland is a great island . . . all these countries are situated in the part of the world called Europe. Next to Denmark is lesser Sweden; then Æland, then Gothland, then Kelsingeland, then Vermeland and

the two Kvendlands, which lie north of Bearmeland. From Bearmeland stretches desert land towards the north, until Greenland begins. South of Greenland is Helluland; next is Markland; from thence it is not far to Vinland the good, which some think goes out to Africa." It is thus seen that the Scandinavian geographers' knowledge was very nearly correct. The Sagas, then known by all on Iceland, recorded the discovery of Greenland in 985, and the description of the voyage to the American continent in the same year. Columbus must also have felt some interest in the story, told by all Icelandic firesides then, about Thorwald's visit to Kialarness, probably Cape Cod, and to Point Allerton, below Boston, in 1004, and also the voyage (in 1006) made by Thorfinn Karlsefne, an illustrious Dane, or as described in the "Annals of Iceland," of a ship which had made a voyage to Markland in 1347.

As to the discovery of these Norsemen, the historians of Columbus are silent, although Columbus writes he had visited their homes in Thule. But if Columbus discovered the island of San Salvador in 1492, the Scandinavians visited the entire coast of America, from the extreme north to Florida, six hundred years before, while the "Cambrian Chronicle" speaks confidently of a voyage made by Prince Modoc to a western continent in 1170.

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Columbus swam ashore with the aid of an oar from the burning galleys, and went to Lisbon, where he married Doña Felipa Muniz de Perestrela. His wife's father leaving her some possessions in Madeira, the impecunious Columbus soon afterwards took up his abode in that country. About his history on that island the following is an extract from "The Royal Commentaries of Peru," written in Spanish by the Inca Garcilasso de la Vega, and translated into English by Sir Paul Ryeaut in 1688: "About the year 1484, a certain pilot, native of Helva in the county of Niebla, called Alonzo Sanchez, usually traded in a small vessel from Spain to the Canaries, and there landing the commodities of that country called the Maderas, and thence freighted with sugar and other conserves, returned home to Spain; this was his constant course and traffick, when, in one of these voyages meeting with a most violent tempest, and not able to bear sail, he was forced to put before the wind for the space of twenty-eight or twenty-nine days, not knowing where or whither he went, for in all that time he was not able to take an observation of the height of the sun; and so grievous was the storm that the mariners could with no convenience either eat or sleep. At length, after so many long and tedious days, the wind abated, they found themselves near an island, which it was, not certainly known, but it is believed to have been San Domingo, because that lyes just west of the Canaries, whence a storm at

east had driven the ship, which is the more strange, because the easterly winds seldom blow hard in those seas, and rather make fair weather than tempestuous. . . . The master, landing on the shore, observed the height of the sun, and so noticed particularly in writing what he had seen and what had happened on this voyage out and home, and having supplied himself with fresh water and wood, he put to sea again; but having not well observed his course thither, his way to return was more difficult, and made a voyage so long that he began to want both water and provisions, which being added to their former sufferings, the people fell sick and died in that manner that of seventeen persons which came out of Spain there remained but five only alive when they arrived at Terceras, of which the master was one. These come all to lodge at the house of that famous Genoese called Christopher Colon, because they know him to be a great seaman and cosmographer, and one who made sea charts to sail by; and for this reason he received them with much kindness, and treated them with all things necessary, that so he might learn from them the particulars which occurred and the discoveries they had made in this laborious voyage. But in regard they brought a languishing distemper with them, caused by their sufferings at sea, and of which they could not recover by the kind usage of Colon, *they all happened to die in his house*, leaving their labors for his inheritance, the which he improved with such readiness of mind that he under-

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.
(From Muñoz "Historia del Nuevo Mundo.")

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.
(From De Bry's "America.")

went more and greater than they, in regard that they lasted longer; and at length he so well succeeded in his enterprise that he bestowed the New World, with all its riches, upon Spain." *

Fernando writes: "He (Columbus) had always proposed to himself to find land according to the place they were then in, as they well knew he had often told them he never expected to find land until he was seven hundred and fifty leagues to the westward of the Canaries."

In the Journal of September 26, 1492, is written, "Martin Alonzo Pinzon conferred with the admiral on the chart in which lands were laid down, as the ships were in that neighborhood"; and on October 3, 1492, "The admiral considered the ships were to the westward of the islands marked on the chart."†

Knowing the specific spot, but without scientific date or argument, he showed himself as ignorant as he does in his writing; for Andres Bernal, known as the good curate of Los Palacios, in whose house Christopher Columbus lived, writes that he was "*A man of much mind, but with little learning*," *and it must be borne in mind that the Arabs had for centuries enlightened Spain, that the cities of Cordova and Salamanca possessed spheres, zodiacs, etc., and that the learned of those schools had a correct idea of the antipodes and of the sphericity of the globe, while Columbus said that the world was "pear-shape."*

The story of the dead pilot might have brought conviction to

* Washington Irving frankly admits that the veracity of this document "would destroy all his" (Columbus') "merits as an original discoverer" (Irving appendix No. XL), but to give an extract from all the old writers who corroborate his story of the dead pilot, would alone fill a volume. The following, however, part of a "Dedicatory Letter to a Summary of European Politics, especially of Spanish Affairs," published at Madrid in 1666 to the Duke of Veraguas, then the legal representative of the Columbus family, written by Captain Galardi, his secretary." . . . "Christopher Columbus, whose courage was intrepid, and his industry equal to his greatness of soul, obligingly entertained in his house on the Island of Madeira the pilot of a vessel which the violence of a storm had carried off very far into the ocean and in sight of unknown lands." . . . . "In fact, he left to Columbus the very important legacy of his instructions concerning that which had happened to him on a voyage so painful and difficult, and gave him such sketches of the land, and directions as to its position and distance as were possible." In this it will be seen that Christopher Columbus' historians were more jealous of his fame as a discoverer, than were his immediate descendants and heirs to his honor. In "Eden's Preface to Peter Martyr's Decades" can be found: "Certaine Preambles here followe, gathered by R. Eden heretofore, for better understanding of the whole worke" in which the story of the pilot is told at length: "A Certayne Caranell, sayling in the West Ocean, about the coastes of Spayne, hadd a forcible and continuall winde, from the East, whereby it was driven to a land unknown, and not described in any Map or Carde of the Sea." . . . . "Again some say that he brought the Caranell to Portugal, or the Ilande of Madeira, or to some Ilandes called *De los Azores*. Yet doe none of them affirme anything, although they all affirme that the pilot dyed in the house of Christopher Colon, with whom remayned all suche writinges and annotations as he had made of his voyages in the said Caranell, as well of such thinges as he observed both by land and sea, as also of the elevation of the pole in those Ilands which he had discovered." The same story is told in "Purchas's Pilgrimage" edition 1625.

† Again, according to Fernando, Columbus had information which induced him "to believe for certain that there were such islands," and this information he revealed to the King of Portugal. But soon Columbus is said to have evinced an extraordinary aversion to Portugal, which his historians say was caused by distrust of the King; while Navarrette Vol. II., Pg. 10, published a document which plainly shows that he had become liable to arrest for debt and crime, which caused his flight into Spain, where he was found begging at the Convent de la Robida.

these *savants*, but this Columbus refused to give, fearing he might be deprived of his reward; and just how shrewd this "holy" discoverer, who afterwards styled himself the "Christbearer," was, can be gathered by the terms finally agreed upon by their Catholic Majesties, April 17, 1492.

First — "Their highnesses, as sovereign of the ocean, constitute Don Christopher Columbus, their admiral in all those islands and continents that by his industry shall be discovered or conquered in the said ocean during his own life, and after his death to his heirs and successors, one by one, forever, with all the pre-eminences and prerogative to that office pertaining; and in the same manner as Don Alonzo Henriquez, their Grand Admiral of Castille, and his predecessors, in said office, had enjoyed the same within their districts." Then follows the terms which the discoverer demanded: "That he have and enjoy the tenth part of it for himself," etc., etc., — not a bad bargain for a pious discoverer setting sail for "the conversion of savages to our holy faith."

During the voyage Columbus gives himself undue credit for deceit. He writes that he kept one log book for himself and a false one with which to deceive his crew. This could scarcely have been true, for both the Pinzons were skilled navigators, and on September 17, 1492, he contradicts his statement by writing that he ordered the pilot to make observations of the heavens. Neither is the imputation of mutiny evident; for Columbus' own log book shows that Martin Alonzo Pinzon and Vincent Yanez kept the vessels ahead during the entire voyage, having often to wait for the approach of the *Sante Maria*, and this they would certainly not have done had there been any desire to turn back.

At two o'clock on the morning of October 12, the Pinta being far ahead, fired a gun, in signal of having sighted land, first seen by Juan Rodriques Bermejo. In order, however, to get the thirty crowns a year, promised by "Their Highnesses," Columbus said he had seen light at ten o'clock the night before. According to the log book, Columbus must have seen this spiritual light at a distance of fifty miles; that is, a torch in the hands of a savage upon the flat shore of the island of San Salvador, and through the globular form of the earth. Irving, who noticed this inconsistency, writes: "Had Columbus seen a light ahead, four hours' swift sailing would have brought him high and dry upon the shore." The fraud is, however, too plain to leave doubt as to the baseness in Columbus in defrauding Bermejo out of his just reward, which was afterwards paid yearly to Columbus at the shambles of Seville.

When Christopher Columbus, as Irving tells us, landed in "his scarlet dress" and the evidently false account of the crew's fawn-

ing and kissing the discoverer's feet, and the ceremony of receiving the oath of allegiance to him was over, he proceeded at once to converse with the "Indians, and was directed by them to lands where gold is found." Meeting a race totally different from his own, he on the same day writes "Their Highnesses" all the information about them, as if they were educated people perfectly able to converse intelligently with him, and, before leaving, carried off seven of them, *to act as interpreters*.

Next he sails to St. Mary of the Conception where he pens the amazing falsehoods to "Their Highnesses" that he "enhaled the odor of rich spices of Asia," and that nightingales are so numerous as, in their flight, to darken the sky.

The utter lack of truth of Columbus is, however, best seen in a letter to Santangel, now in the Archives of Spain, in which he writes "one of the provinces is called Cavan. Men having tails are born there." (Columbus's letter to the *Escribano de Racion* February 15, 1493.) Mark his deceit and cunning duplicity when he made it appear that he was on the borders of Cathay, and despatched an embassy to the Grand Khan. That Columbus did not then imagine that he was in Asia, is proven by his son, who tells us his "father did not give them that name (Indians)" because he thought them to be the Indies, but because all men were sensible of the riches and wealth of India; and therefore by that name he thought to tempt their Catholic Majesties, who were doubtful of his undertaking, telling them he went to discover the Indies by way of the West (Historia del Amirante, Chapt. VI.).

On December 7, Columbus discovered the Island of Haiti — the chief scene of his inhumanity and crime. The first capture was a young woman with a small gold ornament in her nose. This awakened the covetous greed of Columbus, and here he remained.

Peter Martyr thus described this island: "It is certain that the land among these people is as common as the sun and water, and that 'mine and thine,' the seed of all misery, have no place with them. They are content with so little that, in so large a country, they have rather a superfluity than scarceness; so that they seem to live in the golden world, without toil, living in open gardens, not intrenched with dikes, divided with hedges, or defended with walls. They deal truly one with another, without laws, without books, without judges. They take him for an evil and mischievous man who taketh pleasure in doing hurt to another; and, albeit, they delight not in superfluities, yet they make provisions for the increase of such roots whereof they make bread, content with such simple diet whereby health is preserved and decease avoided." (Peter Martyr, Decade I., Book III.)

Yet, as soon as Columbus has stationed himself at this beautiful island, he immediately writes to Santangel that "La Navidad is conveniently situated for commerce with the Grand Khan, and offers grand facilities for the export of slaves." (Letter to the *Escribano de Racion*, February 15, 1493.)

At this point Columbus again — as he often afterwards did — shows himself as a navigator. His own words are as follows, always garnished with piety: "On the 24th of December, while lying off the coast of Hispaniola, it pleased the Lord seeing me go to bed, and we being in the dead calm and the sea as still as water in a dish, all the men went to bed, leaving the helm to a grumete (boy). Then it came to pass that the current easily carried away the ship upon one of those shoals which, though it was night, made such a roaring noise that they might be heard and discovered a league off."

This sheer carelessness of "the Admiral of the Sea" thus made the St. Martha, the best and largest of his vessels, a total wreck; and but for the chief, Guacanagari, who came with all his canoes to their assistance, many lives would have been lost. But such carelessness is excused by the historians in a man who was constantly "deluding himself" (Irving) into the belief that he "saw three mermaids" (Herrera, West Indies, Decade I., Book II., chapter I.) and "two islands opposite each other, the one solely inhabited by women of warlike nature, the other solely by men." It would be better to believe that Columbus, instead of being the deluded, was the deluder, and that the fables of mermaids, men with tails, dogs' heads and "one eye," are cut from the same cloth as his statement that the small, flat island of San Salvador contained a harbor capable of holding all the ships of Christendom.

Returning to Spain, after his first voyage, Columbus lands at the Island of St. Mary, where the Commander Castañelda, who knew him in his former days of piracy, arrested the entire party, (A. B. Becher, Landfall of Columbus, page 268); but finding him "leading a new life," he was released, and the great navigator, "by mistake," sights Lisbon, where he spread the report that the Niña was loaded down with gold. And then he started for Barcelona, where Fernando would have it believed that there was much joy.*

Mr. George Summer, the eminent antiquarian, however, gives the following information: —

"Judging from the brilliant reception given by Irving and

*Peter Martyr, a contemporary, and one of the most prolific writers of his time, thus relates the affaire to Fernando de Talavora, February 1, 1494: "The king and queen, on return of Columbus to Barcelona, from his honorable enterprise, appointed him admiral of the ocean sea, and caused him, on account of his illustrious deeds, to be seated in their presence." This is all said about the wonderful reception which Fernando, Herrera and Mr. Irving writes was the talk of every tongue — the admiration of the world.

Prescott on the arrival of Columbus at Barcelona, and of his reception by the Catholic sovereigns, it seemed to me probable that some contemporary account of their arrival and reception, as well as of the sojourn of Columbus, might be found in Barcelona; and while there, in the spring of 1844, I searched the admirably arranged archives of Aragon, and also those of Barcelona, for such notice, but without any success. I could not find so much as a mention of the name of Columbus. . . . On the date of November 15, 1492 (in the Dietaria), is the following entry:—

"The king and queen and promogenito entered the city to-day, and lodged in the palace of the Bishop of Urgil, in the Calle Ancha." "1493, 4th of February, king and queen went to Alserat." "14th, king and queen returned to Barcelona." Not a word about Columbus.

The naked and prosaic truth is that Columbus was received by his sovereigns and allowed to tell the story of his voyages, the burden of which, his historians write, was that he assured their majesties that those he had left behind him would collect a ton of gold before his return; that he talked of being soon able to raise such an army as should release the Holy Sepulchre from the infidels. He declared that wealth could be gathered without cost of labor, and that the riches of Asia were at the command of Spain.

No wonder that the Church chanted his praise, and crushed any who did not join them in extolling his "holy mission," and that he was equipped for a second voyage after the bull of Pope Alexander VI. had deeded the lands to Spain "*solely on the testimony of Columbus*," the inhabitants of which are "numerous, live peacefully and, it is affirmed, go naked and feed not upon human flesh." No sooner had he, however, returned to the New World, than he sees that the "ton of gold" he promised was not collected, that the spices of Asia could not be found, and then his mind turned upon the gentle savage, and his reminiscences of the Guinea slave trade are brought to mind as a source of wealth. To establish slavery he must represent his victims as monsters, feeding upon human flesh, and thus make out that to enslave was to civilize them.

On the second return to the island he despatched a document to "their highnesses," in the seventh paragraph of which he boldly begins his proposal to enslave the Indians. He tells "their highnesses" that he herewith sends some slaves, adding that "their highnesses might fix duties on the slaves who might be taken over, upon their arrival in Spain."

In one paragraph, after making the false charge of cannibalism against the natives, he goes into a systematic plan for his project. He shows that the island is in need of cattle, and proposes that ships be sent to the colony laden with oxen, mules, etc., and

returned to Spain with a cargo of human live stock from the cannibal portion of the population. But in his eagerness to establish this slave trade on the grounds of cannibalism, he stultified himself by praising the intelligence of the inhabitants, losing sight of the fact that those who eat human flesh are always among the most debased races, and but one remove from the brute.

Yet in his first letter to his sovereigns, he had written: "I did not find, as some of us expected, any cannibals among them, but on the contrary, men of great deference and kindness. Neither are they black like the Ethiopian; their hair is smooth and straight." Never was slavery more deliberately planned, and yet "the sweet queen" of "glorious memory," after being shocked, signed an order in 1503, whereby she compelled them to work as only slaves are compelled.

On his second voyage, Columbus brought hundreds of young Spaniards, who left their luxurious homes, lured by his tales of gold, and to them his falsehoods soon became manifest. With characteristic selfishness, Columbus first builds a house for himself (Herrera, Decade I., Chapter XI.), leaving the gentler born to die from the effects of the hardship they endured. Rebellion became ripe, and to quell it, Columbus sent four hundred of the less sickly into the interior, with the instructions that "the twofold object" of the exposition was "overawing the natives and feeding the men without drawing on the colony for supplies."

Don Pedro Margarite, at the head of this hungry band, marched through the island. Their avarice, licentiousness, and brutality exceeded all bounds, and caused such dismay to Bishop Boyle, appointed by the Pope as Apostolic Vicar, and head of the Church in the Western lands, that he desired to return to Spain. In his capacity he had before remonstrated with and excommunicated Columbus, whereupon "the holy navigator" refused to furnish the Pope's Vicar with provisions, and he was literally starved out of the island.

Both Margarite and Boyle left for Spain on one of the ships that had brought Bartholomew Columbus out, and after that Columbus is found battling with the Indians, "five hundred of them being taken prisoners and sent to Spain at one time." (Spotorno Historia Memoria, p. 86.) After this no talk is made of enslaving cannibals only, as prisoners of war became more available.

When Columbus supposed he had secured tranquillity, he sailed on further expeditions, April 24, 1494, discovering Jamaica. On this voyage, though he knew he was not in Asia, and was unwilling to trust to further discoveries, he sent a public notary, Fernand Perez de Luna, to each of his vessels, demanding formally of every person an affirmation "that the land before him was a continent,

the beginning and the end of the Indies, by which any one might return by land to Spain." (Irving.) "Lest they should subsequently, out of malice or caprice, contradict the opinion thus solemnly avowed, it was proclaimed, by the notary, that whosoever should offend in such a manner, if an officer, should pay the penalty of ten thousand maravedis; if a ship boy or person of the like rank, he should receive a hundred lashes and have his tongue cut out!" (Irving.) It goes without saying that the document was signed, and that the "saintly admiral of the ocean sea" became guilty, not alone of a gross falsehood, but of subornation of perjury, and thus the "humane Columbus" determined the latitude of Cuba.

When the ships, with five hundred Indians to be sold in Spain as slaves, had left the new Haytian settlement, although the natives are not said to have molested the Spaniards, Columbus sallied out to attack them. "He had with him," says Irving, "twenty blood-hounds, fearless and ferocious; when once they seized their prey, nothing could compel them to relinquish their hold. The horses, urged on by their cruel riders, bore down upon the unarmed and defenceless people, striking them to the earth, and trampling upon them. The horsemen dealt blows on all sides, with spear or lance, and the blows were not returned; none of those butchered and terrified Indians made the least resistance, while the blood-hounds, scarce more savage than their masters, sprang upon the naked bodies of the prostrate and fleeing, dragging them to the earth and tearing out their bowels; those who escaped the slaughter were sold to slavery worse than death." (Washington Irving's Columbus, Book VIII., Chapter VI.) After this, began the real plunder by the "great man." Always "greedy for gold, he required every person above fourteen to pay the amount of that metal which would fill a Flemish hawk bell" (fifteen dollars) every three months. In vain did they offer to till the fields, which Las Casas said would "feed Spain with bread for ten years"; in vain did they run to the mountains, only to be brought back to the most abject slavery the world has ever known. They dared neither hunt nor fish, and, famished and faint-hearted, they sank by the wayside, or died in the mines under the lash of the "Christbearer." Yet this is the man whom America eulogizes in its school-books, and holds up as an example for imitation.

On July 11, 1496, Columbus made his second return to Spain, but the confidence in him was shaken. In vain did he announce that he had found "that land of Ophir whence Solomon procured his gold"—his falsehood and fraud but turned to plague the inventor. For a year and a half he begged for ships; and finally, on May 30, 1498, ships were granted him, and the pious explorer

sailed on his third voyage in the name of the Holy Trinity; and, on the 1st of August, 1498, for the first time beheld the continent of America, which Amerigo Vespucci had visited the preceding year, coasting from Honduras to Chesapeake Bay, and which Sebastian Cabot reached June 24, 1497, coasting the shores from Labrador to Florida. (Vanhagen Analyse Critique, page 94, Bandini Vita di Amerigo Vespucci, Chapter III., page 45.)

On his arrival at San Domingo, this man, whom his enthusiastic advocate, M. de Lorgues, wished to canonize, reached the summit of his crimes. It is one of the most disgraceful pages of a disgraceful history, and illustrates the treachery, cowardice, inability, and gross tyranny of Christopher Columbus.

On all sides were murmurs of dissatisfaction. Columbus was held in bitter detestation. Adrian de Moxica was one of many who fearlessly accused Columbus of his crimes that had brought misery to the islands. In an outburst of passion, the saintly Columbus kicked the prisoner from the high walls of the fortress into the fosse below. (See Minoz, West Indies, Decade I., Book IV., Chapter I.)

Irving wrote that Columbus, losing all patience, ordered "the dastard wretch to be flung headlong from the battlements."

The murder of Moxica was, however, but the beginning. Whenever they came upon a dissatisfied Spaniard he was seized, the priest confessed him, and he was hung forthwith, in order that the "admiral's enemies might give over railing."

But his barbarous rule was soon at an end. His enterprise, which he had promised should enrich Spain, had cost much and paid nothing. Hundreds of returned adventurers clamored around the king and queen, shouting, "Behold the son of the admiral of Mosquito land, the discoverer of false and deceitful countries to be the ruin and burial place of Spanish hidalgos." Columbus was therefore relieved by Francisco de Bobadilla, by an order from Madrid, May 21, 1499. Columbus refused to obey the royal command when presented. An investigation was held and Columbus was imprisoned, "his own cook riveting the fetters with as much readiness and alacrity," writes Las Casas, "as though he was serving him with the choicest viands."

The ship which bore the "sainted" discoverer from his scenes of crime reached Cadiz in 1500, when he was immediately released, Isabella not wishing to publicly denounce the man by whose perjury she hoped to have obtained a continent.

For four years Columbus remained in Spain, again begging for vessels with which to discover "a strait between the lands" which he was aware existed. The cupidity of the queen was again excited, and at length, on the 9th of May, 1502, he undertook his fourth voyage, expressly forbidden to touch at Hispaniola

on his outward voyage, and if necessary, only for a short stay on returning. (Navarrette, Colece, Dip. Vol. I., p. 425.)

This order he disobeyed, immediately landing on the island; and Ovando, then in command, refused to admit him to the harbor of San Domingo. He set sail for the Mosquito coast, after which he visited Jamaica.*

On the 28th of June, one year after his landing at Jamaica, he embarked for Hispaniola, leaving thence for Spain, where he landed Nov. 7, 1504, at San Lucar de la Barrameda, "bedrodden, and had himself carried to Seville."

The court was weary of the "pauper-pilot," promiser of realms. He had failed in every promise; he had not fulfilled one. He had not visited the Grand Khan, he had not brought tons of gold to Spain, he had not opened the commerce to the East, he had not discovered the strait.

Finally he proceeded to the court, then held in Segovia, where he was kindly received, in May, 1505, Ferdinand recommending him "to rest and nurse his infirmities" and May 20, 1506, Columbus died at Valladolid.

The falsehood Columbus began did not end at his death. Mr. Charles Summer writes: "Throughout all Spain I know of no inscription to the memory of Columbus, and it is noticeable that the government of Spain has ever abstained from any spontaneous recognition of Columbus; and when Hispaniola was ceded to France, in 1536, no reservation was made of his ashes." It is only on the brazen door of the National Capitol that Congress deemed it proper to import a bronze to symbolize a fiction — the fabled entry into Barcelona, which never took place; and it is to eulogize this man that Europe, Asia, Africa, and Oceanica will be invited — a man who robbed the dead, falsely called himself a discoverer, and destroyed a peaceable race, striking them out of existence.

His son writes that whenever his "holy" father was to write, and tried his pen, it was with the words "*Jesus cum Maria fit nobis in via*"; then he wrote falsehood upon falsehood, and after praying and fasting, deliberately set about either killing his own countrymen or the poor, unoffending Caribs.

Irving writes that he was not willing to leave Spain; a tie of a tender nature still held him to that country. Like his whole being, his name, his parentage, his birthplace, his life, this incident

* But notwithstanding all the boasted skill of Columbus as a navigator, he was singularly unfortunate with all his ships. His last carelessness cost him a vessel at Belen, one at Puerto Bello, and on Jamaica on the 23d of June, 1503, he ran the dilapidated remnant of his fleet hard aground at a place called Santa Gloria. During his enforced sojourn here, he dressed in the garb of a Franciscan monk, which, in mock humility, he had assumed. "He was served at table as a grandee; all hail! was said to him on state occasions." (Help's Life of Columbus, p. 124.) Soon we find that rebellion breaks out in the crew. After eight months, he having sent Diego Mendes to Hispaniola, Ovando sent a ship with "a barrel of wine and two flitches of bacon," but with no orders to bring Columbus back. At length two vessels came to his relief.

is wrapt in obscurity. Irving says (Book II., Chapter VI.) that "this liason does not appear to have been sanctioned by marriage;" and then this more than fifty years-old libertine brought shame and ruin upon Beatrix Enrequez, and begot children with her, and then left her in poverty and disgrace.* (Abbé Cadoret, Vie. de Christopher Columbus appendice, page 402.)

The ideas on science of this bearer of the gospel to the heathen natives may be summed up as follows:—

"I affirm that the globe is not spherical. The world is but small. Out of seven divisions the dry part occupies six, and the seventh is entirely covered with water. Experience has shown it, and I have written it with quotations from the holy Scriptures." (Letter to his sovereigns, July 7, 1503.)

Las Casas calls him "an unlettered admiral"; Humboldt writes, "He was but little familiar with mathematics, and in absolute want of knowledge of natural history"; while M. de Lorgues, who would make him a saint, is "astonished with the ignorance of Columbus."

What did Columbus then originate but fiction? Gain was his great object, and love of gold his motive power. Gold was his god, and he sought it as a pirate, as an African slave dealer, and as a West Indian slave stealer. Gold, he thought and wrote, could purchase his entrance into heaven. "Gold is the most precious of all commodities; gold constitutes treasure, and he who possesses it has all he needs in this world, and also the means of rescuing souls from purgatory and restoring them to the enjoyment of paradise." (Letters to his sovereigns, July 7, 1503.) What wonder, then, that his glorious undertaking was deceit!

In Cariari he said there were "great enchanters of a fearful character"; and in Jamaica, his son writes, "the coming caravel was but a phantom made by art magic, the admiral being skillful in the art." (Historia del Amirante, Chapter CVI.)

Some years ago, a monument was to be erected at Genoa to the memory of Columbus, although the following towns claimed him: Monferrat, Bogliasco, Chievara, Oneglia, Quinto, Albisola, Nervi, Pradello, Cogoleto, Savona, Ferrara, Piaceuza, Genoa, and within the last year, Corsica. Fernando is not able to decide. Herrera, says Genoa; Salinero, that any one who would deny Genoa that honor "would be a monster." An accurate birth register was kept in Genoa, however, but the name is not to be found in it. If his name was Nicolo Griego, "sometimes called Columbus," he was probably a Greek. There are numerous portraits of Columbus, but on examination none looked like another. Professor Marsand, on examining them, said they were all false, and Spotorna claimed

*The sickness, too, which his historians so often allude to as gout, the curious may find in "Historia del Amirante," Chapter LXXIV.; in "Herrera's Decade 1," Book V.; in "Ramusistome" III, page 65; and by Prescott to "Letters Sulla Storia de Mali Venerei, di Domenico Thiene, Venezia, 1823."

that "Spain could not produce a true picture of Columbus." Fernando does not mention that his father sat for a portrait, though the art of portrait painting, in that day, was at its height, and copies of every important personage are extant; but in his Historia del Amirante, Chapter III., Fernando says his visage was long, his eyes were white, he had a hawk nose." Others say that he had red hair, and that he had pimples on his face. De Bry claims that he possessed a portrait seen in the Council of the Indies, from whence it was stolen, and sent to the Netherlands for sale, and finally bought by him. That he was not arrested and the portrait confiscated by the Spanish government, is proof enough against his claim. This picture has been used by Marquis Durazzo in his "Eulogium of Columbus," and by Bry in his "America," but as it is not positively known if Columbus' ashes rest on the island of San Domingo or on Cuba, so no one can now tell if any of the myriads of spurious likenesses have the faintest resemblance to the living Columbus. The inventors of his glory have also invented his portraits.

But no true picture of Columbus has been left behind for admiring posterity, neither has the historian furnished us with his true name. His signature, as mystifying as his most trivial act, is supposed to mean Servidor Sus Allezas Christo, Maria, Isabel, or Joseph, and in his will he orders "Don Diego, my son, or any other that may inherit my name, in coming into possession of the inheritance shall sign with the signature I now make use of, which is an X with an S over it, and an M with a Roman A over it, and over that an S, and then a Greek Y with an S over it, with the lines and points as is my custom and may be seen by my signature," etc.

Fernando accounts for the alias, with his usual resource to piety, in the following unique manner: "We may mention many names which were given by secret impulse, to denote the effect those persons were to produce, and as in his are foretold and expressed the wonder he performed. For if we look upon the common surname of his ancestors, we may say, he was true Columbus or Columba; for as much as he conveyed the grace of the Holy Ghost into the new world which he discovered, showing those people who knew him, not what was God's Son, as the Holy Ghost did in the figure of a dove to St. John's baptism; and because he also carried the olive branch and oil of baptism over the water of the ocean, like Noah's dove, to denote the peace and union of those people with the Church, after they had been shut up in the ark of darkness and confusion. And the surname Colon which he revived, was proper to him, which in Greek signifies a member, that his proper name being Christopher, it might be shown he was the member of Christ, by whom salva-

tion was to be conveyed to those people. Moreover, if he would bring his name to the Latin pronunciation, that is Christophorus Colonus, we may say that as Saint Christopher is reported to have borne that name because he carried Christ over the deep waters, with great danger to himself, whence came the denomination of Christopher; and as he conveyed over the people whom no other could have been able to carry, so the admiral, Christophorus Colonus, implored the assistance of Christ in that dangerous passage, went over safe himself and his company, that those Indian nations might become civilized inhabitants of the Church triumphant in Heaven; for it is to be believed that many souls which the Devil expected to make prey of, had they not passed through the water of baptism, were by him made inhabitants and dwellers in the eternal glory of Heaven."

The peace Columbus brought the Caribs was the grave; the olive branch was the slave-dealer's whip.

SYMPOSIUM ON WOMEN'S DRESS.

[PREPARED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES.]

PART II.

BY VISCOUNTESS HARBERTON, OCTAVIA W. BATES, A.B., GRACE GREENWOOD, AND MRS. E. M. KING.

VI.

HOW IT IS WE GET ON NO FASTER.

IT is impossible to look at an assembly of women without remarking how devoid they seem to be of all idea of progress and of getting rid of disabilities where dress is concerned. Ridiculous little alterations in constantly recurring grooves fill up for them all that is required in the way of change. And strange as it sounds, it seems certain they have no proper knowledge of whether they are comfortable or the reverse. Unfortunately this state of affairs is likely to continue unless women will combine more energetically to combat it than they have hitherto done; as an appearance of incapability has come to be looked upon as a mark of good breeding. It is therefore a definite object to strive for among many classes of women. And most ably are they assisted in this object by an army of dressmakers, to whom it saves a wonderful amount of trouble to only be required to drape their customer, as they might a room curtain or dress stand, in graceful festoons; without being obliged to take into consideration whether the dress is adapted to locomotion, or cleanliness, or the carrying power of the wearer.

Just at present our dresses look rather like riding habits gone mad. It is not much use to speak against them, however, as, if educated women can wear such garments and do not object to the revolting dirt on dress, stockings and underclothing, it is improbable that reading a statement of the fact that they are lacking in true instincts of refinement will

have any effect upon them. And as long as they do it, their example will afford a place of shelter for women of a lower class, from whom, indeed, nothing better is to be expected.

The following extract from *Truth* is, however, of interest in connection with the subject:—

One day last week a friend of mine walked down Piccadilly behind a lady who was wearing a dress fitted with the long train now in vogue. Opposite St. James' Club she got into a cab. She consequently left behind her on the pavement all the rubbish which her skirt had collected as it swept down Piccadilly. My friend, being of a scientific turn, proceeded to make an inventory of the collection, and he has been good enough to send it to me for publication. I give it below. In the days when germs and microbes play such an important part in social life, I question very much whether these trains should be permitted by law. This lady left her street sweepings on the curbstone; but it must be remembered that many convey them into their own or their friends' houses:—

2 cigar ends.
9 cigarette do.
A portion of a pork pie.
4 toothpicks.
2 hairpins.
1 stem of a clay pipe.
3 fragments of orange peel.
1 slice of cat's meat.
Half the sole of a boot.
1 plug of tobacco (chewed).

Straw, mud, scraps of paper, and miscellaneous street refuse, *ad. lib.*

Another result of viewing the question of dress entirely from a conventional and unpractical point of view is, the extreme (and otherwise needless) fatigue of going about in clothes not adapted to or designed for locomotion. Nearly all the women one meets are in a chronic state of feeling "so dreadfully tired." This state is no more natural to women than to men. And the females of all other animals, though not so large or so strong as the males, are — unlike women — quite equal to the task of conveying their own bodies about with ease and comfort. So also are the women in those countries where a rational working dress is worn. But it is regrettable to notice how slowly but surely the ideal of apparent physical incapacity being admirable in women is carrying the day. This does not mean, be it noticed, that women are ceasing to work. Far from it; for the struggle for existence is certainly not lessening. It only means that, under

the pressure of public opinion, women have to do their work under artificially exhausting conditions, and in clothes that strongly tend to produce a variety of internal diseases. The amount of misery of all sorts that is directly traceable to irrational and unsuitable dress is appalling. But at present the world does not choose to recognize this, and once more the truth of the proverb "that there are none so blind as those who won't see" is brought home to us.

"They won't see." The men, because they have come to admire a truly ridiculous object which exists only to please them, and which, moreover, by force of contrast, seems to heighten and accentuate both their own self-respect and activity. The women, because they believe they can only look pretty and pleasing on certain hard and fast lines, and because a false theory of modesty has grown up in the world, which ordains that dresses made to clothe the legs separately are improper for women. This last theory, however, received a severe blow at the Rational Dress Society's bazaar held in London in 1891. There all the dresses were two-legged, and no one could call them in any way less modest than the ordinary skirts of daily life. Indeed, in many ways they were much more modest.

Half-hearted attempts at dress reform do little good. Indeed, except that they arrest the attention of women, they only do the cause harm. Adaptations of irrational dress can never be successful, though they may be less injurious or less dirty, according to the line they take. Mrs. Jenness Miller's might perhaps be classed under the first definition, and such small reforms as I myself am able to carry out (in the present bigoted state of public opinion) in the second. But both our efforts are, and will be, quite useless until an obviously two-legged dress of some sort is recognized to be — what it is in fact — the only suitable dress for a two-legged creature.

All adaptations invite comparison. The ordinary dress is complete in itself on its special lines, and is therefore harmonious. And if by general consent its injuriousness and general unsuitability are disregarded, it is perfect. The adaptations are never harmonious. They are not designed originally for their present purpose, nor exactly in their present form, and therefore are apt to confirm the ignorant and unthinking crowd in the idea that the only choice in

dress lies between beauty and complete discomfort on the one hand, or ugliness and mitigated discomfort on the other. Unfortunately for the progress of reform, a dress designed as it should be, on rational principles, though quite as pretty and by no means less becoming than the old style, looks quite different to that to which we are accustomed, and unless women will come forward more readily to bring about the change, it is likely to be postponed indefinitely, as it cannot possibly be done by a few scattered people working independently.

A large number of women know all these things perfectly well. They are intellectually convinced their method of dressing is wrong. But they excuse themselves from giving any assistance on the plea that any change in dress would be inartistic! The less these people talk about art the better. The fashion papers are the favorite reading of many of them, and there we see them in delighted contemplation of figures which, if measured to scale, vary from nine to twelve feet in height; and if traced so as to leave out the clothes, present a deformity so monstrous that it would surely repel even them. Some of the figures measure from throat to the upper part of the bust nearly twice the length of the head, including the piled-up hair; and in nearly all the throat and waist are the same size.

The majority of women are really as indifferent to art as they are to health and everything else in connection with dress. Their one and only desire is to be thought "smart," and to accomplish this they will sacrifice every earthly consideration, and never see the universal degradation of the whole sex which inevitably results.

This is not a cheering outlook for those interested in the progress of dress reform and the general position of women. But mankind has triumphed over as great difficulties in the onward march to civilization in the past, in having to overcome various forms of superstition and its inseparable companion, persecution, and therefore we need not despair. But whenever this reform is carried it will do more to benefit the human race than many that at present excite more enthusiasm. It is a positive truth that the very people most opposed to any reform are those who derive the most benefit from it when carried, and dress reform will be no exception to the rule.

F. W. HARBERTON.

II.

THE DRESS OF COLLEGE WOMEN FROM A COLLEGE WOMAN'S OUTLOOK.

Clothes, as despicable as we think them, are so unspeakalby significant. — *Sartor Resartus.*

Every woman, who has taken a four years' course in a college, where she has been associated with young men pursuing the same studies as herself, must have frequently had her attention forcibly called to the great inequality of conditions for scholarship existing between young men and young women, from the standpoint of dress.

Every one, who has observed and thought on the subject at all, will very readily see that the expenditure of physical and nervous strength in wearing the ordinary, distinctive dress of woman is great and must necessarily be greater than comes to men from the wearing of their dress.

Any woman, who has ever taken a masculine part in a play, will say that, on her return to her own dress, she was conscious of a distinct loss of ease and freedom of movement, and surely every woman who has ever camped out for a month or two in the woods in mountain costume, will bear witness that, when she donned her "civilized" attire once more, she felt its weight and inconvenience almost unendurable.

A woman's dress wastes her strength by reason of its weight, unevenly distributed over the body, and especially by weighing down the hips. Its length produces an imperceptible and constant friction on the instep and heels, — the equivalent to carrying a weight of many pounds, even during a short walk. The effort of the attention to keep the feet from tripping upon the skirts and to prevent the dress from catching on any and everything ready to catch it, to hold it in place in the wind, or rain, or mud, is a constant drain upon the nervous force and draws from the amount of strength which ought to be given to more important matters, and which a man student is not called upon to expend.

His head-gear is light and warm, adapted to the head, a protection to the eyes, easy to carry, easy to wear and easy to remove. The girl's head-gear has none of these characteristics.

The man student does not suffer from the danger to life

and limb that lies lurking in every woman's dress. The free use of her feet and legs is prevented by her long skirts, Every time she gets in or out of a carriage, every time she goes up or down stairs, she runs the risk of an accident; what ought to be a pleasant and graceful exercise, when done in an appropriate dress, becomes, by means of heavy and clinging skirts, an ungainly and unsightly movement of the entire body.

Neither does the man student endanger his health by his dress, through exposure to rain or snow. During a storm, he walks safely above the elements, as it were, free to carry his umbrella and his books, untrammeled by thoughts of wet ankles or bedraggled skirts.

The freedom of motion which the arms should have for using instruments and heavy dictionaries, for doing blackboard work, and for reaching after any article above the head is denied the woman, who patiently wears and submissively follows the prevailing "styles" of dress for women, while trying to pursue a collegiate course of study. This dress constricts her ribs and the muscles of her waist, so that very few women are able to breathe in a normal way, and, although they easily exhale the breath, they do not take from the atmosphere what they need to purify their blood and exhilirate their nerves. What man could do his best work under such conditions.

The expense of her dress is an item of no small consideration to a college student; in its first cost, since it is almost impossible to find anything in the stores that wears well,—merchants seeming to think that women will buy any flimsy material so long as it is pretty,—and in the number of gowns this very flimsiness of material necessitates. The woman student must keep her wardrobe clean and in order, or hire it done. In the first case, that means the expenditure of her own time and strength. In the latter case, she must pay another for doing this work. Hence, the ordinary gowns, with long skirts, become very expensive articles to wear. Add to this the frequent renewals of braids and other accessories which such gowns necessitate and you have items of time and strength, thought and money that her fellow students are not compelled to put in their daily schedule of expenses, nor in the summing up of their yearly amount of expenditures.

Is it any wonder that some girls break down in health, under all this stress and strain? Is not the wonder rather that so many girls do go through college, excel in their studies and keep from becoming physical wrecks, fettered as they are by a dress so ill adapted to their needs? A comfortable, healthful, suitable dress brings incalculable relief in mental work, and often makes just the difference between breaking down in health, or being able to get through college.

Whether the college woman shall adopt the dignified and appropriate "cap and gown"—already worn in some colleges, notably the University of New York and Bryn Mawr College,—or whether she shall adopt a business suit, in which garniture shall be as much out of place as on a man's business suit, rests with her to decide for herself.

The crying need must bring the long-looked-for relief, and before many years are passed women in colleges ought to be healthfully, sensibly and artistically dressed. A grave responsibility weighs upon women who have received the higher education. They are the "first fruits" of the woman's movement. Upon them rests the great undertaking of helping college girls out of their bondage to clothes; upon them devolves the work of bringing good tidings of release to all women who have been "imprisoned for life" by their wearing apparel, and who are now beginning to feel the intolerable burden of their swaddling clothes; and upon them lies the duty of teaching women that, until they are free to use their muscles and until they are fully possessed of all their physical powers, they can never reach their highest development of body and mind and spirit. OCTAVIA W. BATES A. B.

III.

THE HUMAN DRESS.

A short time ago, I had occasion, as county lecturer of the Farmer's Alliance, to address a somewhat large audience —I and my friend being attired in "Rational Dress."

An old darkey woman, who was much interested in us and in our dress, inquired our names. When she was told, she said: "I've often heard of them leddies afore and am mightily glad to see 'em. In my 'pinion they looks more like *humans* than any of the other leddies round heah."

To our minds her compliment was the most gratifying that could have been paid us.

It is the right human dress that we want, but we are a long way from it. It is a question, even, whether men have arrived at the best human dress. In their evolution of dress, men have been guided only by motives of convenience, and though many now would impart beauty, both of form and color, to their dress, they find it as impossible to make any marked change in this direction as we do in the way of utility.

With women there has been, strictly speaking, no evolution in their dress, because no apparent leading or working, either conscious or unconscious, in any one direction; nothing but motiveless change, or shifting from one thing to another, induced by outside influences which are quite foreign and apart from the well-being of those upon whom these influences are brought to bear.

Under these conditions there can be no evolution.

I do not deny that there is some beauty in women's dress, especially as to color; but I do say that there has been no intelligent working out, on the women's part, of any idea of beauty. Whatever beauty there is in women's dress has been given to it by the chemist, the dyer and the manufacturer, given at random and taken away again at their pleasure. A beautiful color, for instance, or a relatively graceful design, given one year and adopted because "the fashion" is taken away the next year and a hideous one substituted, which, also, is as eagerly adopted because "the fashion."

Of beauty of form there is not the ghost of an idea, neither in the women who wear nor in those who manufacture, design, or make their dresses.

If women had adopted beauty as their aim in dress, and intelligently followed it, knowing what they wanted, the same as men adopted utility, understanding what they wanted, a very distinct progress might have been made in this one direction.

And if men had intelligently followed utility in their mode of dress, and women had intelligently followed beauty in their mode of dress, each following out a true, though one-sided, idea of what dress should be; and then had there been a free, natural interchange of views, feelings and wishes between the two halves of humanity — the perfect human dress might have been attained.

Humanity has ever to study nature, in the first instance, and then to improve upon it. There is no good reason why the human dress should not be somewhat similar for the two sexes, as there is similarity in the clothing nature has bestowed on the male and female of different species of animals.

Dress reformers may well despair, for I perceive that their hopes can never be fulfilled until they go, both in theory and practice, to the very root of the matter. Women must take their rightful place in the sphere of humanity. They must respect and reverence their own bodies and have their rightful sovereignty over them. They must know that the woman the same as the man, was created "in the image of God"; that God created man (the race of mankind) in His own image — "male and female created he *them*."

Then, when they have risen to their true dignity as human beings, they will no longer be satisfied to remain in the clothing of deformed infants. There must also be a radical difference in feeling. There is a false shame and an unwholesome pruriency connected with a woman's idea of her own person; and an equally false idea of shame (or so-called modesty) and a still more unwholesome pruriency in the man's feeling with regard to the woman's person. All these false and unwholesome feelings would subside and finally die out as men and women became clothed in a proper and suitable human dress. There would have arisen a similar unwholesome feeling with regard to a man's person, if it, like the woman's, had been partially hidden and partially naked.

It is useless to preach dress reform to women on the score of health. They do not believe what the doctors (that is some of them) say, or if they do believe, they do not care. The fashionable and conventional woman says: "We cannot adopt your dress, nor will any one, because it is so ugly." This may be true, for how can we find the beauty? Neither man's nor woman's dress can afford us any instruction as to beauty in dress. Still less can either help us to combine beauty with utility, which is what we require in the perfect human dress.

It is not that we dress reformers are deficient in love of, or desire for beauty; but that the sense of it is so much higher and so much stronger in us, than in the minds of the generality of nineteenth-century men and women, that we

cannot accept the deformity with which they are content, because their eyes are accustomed to it and because it is overlaid with beautiful color. We appreciate too highly the splendor of human beauty in all its grandeur, dignity and purity, to tolerate any longer the defaced and tortured objects thrust before us in lieu of the full, free and healthy development of the human form divine.

I am asked to state how the movement for dress reform is progressing in England. I can only say this — that the "divided skirt," invented and named by the Viscountess Harberton some fifteen years ago, has undoubtedly been worn largely as a substitute for the innumerable overlapments of underwear with which women had before been accustomed to load themselves.

Lady Harberton is thoroughgoing in opinion, as to the radical change required in woman's dress and outspoken in her expression of opinion, working persistently for reform through the Rational Dress Society. She believes that dress reform must begin by giving liberty to the legs, and that then the lungs and chest will liberate themselves; or, to quote myself: "It is because women have crippled their legs that they have crippled their lungs."

How far the adoption of the "divided skirt" will help us to the right human dress it is hard to say, but I suppose in this, as in all other reforms, we must work away from whichever end we can first catch hold of. E. M. KING.

IV.

ON WOMAN'S DRESS. — MOSTLY AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.

I was a well-grown, healthy girl of nearly fourteen, before I went into the permanent thraldom of long skirts. Until that age we had lived principally in the country, where I had enjoyed the freedom of the woods and fields, and indulged a passion for horseback riding, in which exercise, untrammeled by a cumbrous riding dress, I gained exceptional skill. I had a fearless, free foot and a "level head" for climbing rocks and trees. I was a tireless "bushwhacker" in search of wild flowers and berries and nuts, in spring, summer and autumn, while in winter I was a slider, skater, and snowballer, worthy of a better fate than the feminine. But when

we moved into the city, I "put away childish things," and put on long skirts. How they hampered, "cribbed and confined" me at first! How they tripped and entangled my wayward feet!

In pleasant weather I often had unchastened longings to run and jump and climb, and in stormy weather I lamented and execrated my bedraggled condition; but I tried to console myself with my added dignity of incipient young ladyhood. Besides, there were about us no wild flowers or berries, no hills to scale, not even trees to climb, unless I was ambitious to measure agility with the disgusting "measuring worm." But I was still, in spite of the drawback of elongated gown and petticoat, singularly lithe and active, and took pride in certain startling gymnastic exploits. Indeed, had I kept on, I am confident that I could have made a daring trapeze performer, or a brilliant contortionist. But all ambition for an athletic career had to give way when I entered on the second stage of my thraldom, the wearing of corsets.

I had long importuned my mother for permission to don this fatal article of womanly attire, and she had always said I was too young, though I was taller than she and twice as "forth-putting." She had her doubts, for she was a sensible woman, about corsets being a hygienic institution; but at last, knowing my unconquerable aversion to any sort of difficult work with scissors and needle, she consented to my having a pair, "on condition," she said, "that you cut out and make, wholly without assistance, your own strait-jacket, and that your work be as neat and elegant as your model."

Now my model, belonging to a fashionable relative, was an elaborate work of art, one mass of fine cording and delicate stitching, in colored silk. In those days corsets were made stiff by cords and stitching, with one thin strip of oak, called a "busk," in front. They were laced behind, were guiltless of steels and mostly of whalebones; but you could lace yourself, perhaps, tighter, for all that. I sighed as I regarded that hopeless model, but my mother smiled, as foreseeing my defeat. That smile stung me. She little knew what inspiration there could be in the idea of a wasp waist. I copied that pair of corsets with absolute Chinese exactness, though with woful waste of good material in the cutting out. I was enthusiastic over my difficult task, neglecting for it study, play, exercise, never realizing that, while I was run-

ning those cords into the linen, I was preparing to cord up my trunk in a way to leave no room for vital expansion, that every stitch of that elaborate outward ornamentation would be repeated inwardly by a "stitch in the side."

I finished the pretty, barbarous thing, and I wore it. It hurt me, but I gave no sign. I continued to grow, but unequally. I had, finally, sideaches and palpitations of the heart. I went to sleep exhausted and woke up tired; but I had lost my country color and shape, and was pale and poetic, and "so willowy." I took to writing elegiac poetry, in consequence, perhaps, of a "churchyard cough." In school, it was noticed, I grew a little round-shouldered over my desk, in spite of the support of my "busk"; but my slenderness was admired. No girl in the physiology class had so small a waist. The "chunky" corsetless girls measured it with envy. I had occasional fainting fits, which rendered me interesting. For these and that ugly pain in the side, the cough and palpitations, physicians were called in. If they *thought* corsets, they did not mention them. Doctors were delicate in those days. Not knowing what to do, they bled me.

From the weakness consequent on too much vital compression, and too little free, open-air exercise, I took cold easily; had bronchitis, pneumonia, and various ills of the sort till, even before my own people realized it, I, who had been a singularly healthy child, had grown into a slender, nervous girl, with unreliable lungs, a mutinous stomach, a lazy liver, a skittish heart. How, thus handicapped, I have been able to accomplish so much of my life-race — running the gauntlet between doctors and diseases — I can scarcely understand, except that I was, in the beginning, of good blood, with no end of spirit and staying power. But I ought to have carried less weight.

I honestly believe that many of the illnesses and hindrances of my life can be traced back to my first corset, perversely followed by many of its kind — inventions inspired primarily by some woman-hating demon. He lives still, this master of the fine art of fashionable torture, and dressmakers, male and female, are in league with him.

A few years ago, when the Empire style of gowns came in and long corsages and corsets were discarded, and lungs, stomach, heart, and liver seemed about to be emancipated, how the evil forces of fashion rallied, restoring the long waist

and pushing the cruel bands, the steels and whalebones down, down! Since that brief period of hope, I have despaired of beholding in the nineteenth century and in America, a healthy, free, classically symmetrical young womanhood.

It is not so much better in England as most people think. When in London, a few years ago, I heard that our Philadelphia Quaker doctor, Mrs. Longshore Potts, had announced a course of physiological lectures to women, and was ready to give medical advice. I said, "Surely, she will have few to hear her, and fewer still to need her skilful treatments; Doctors Long-shore Walks and Lawn Tennis are before her, with these splendid English women." But, to my surprise, her lecture hall was always filled, and her office thronged with those most patient of patients, women who suffer from maladies peculiar to their sex, diseases which result in lifelong martyrdoms, or in mysterious early takings-off. Delicacy, excessive and morbid, had sealed the lips of those sufferers till there came hope of help through the hand of a skilled and sympathetic woman.

As English ladies of condition take much exercise, live in cool, airy rooms, and are reasonably careful of their diet, it was borne in upon me that those functional derangements must result from errors in dress. In that climate, heavy cloth, tweed or serge, gowns, tailor-made, were then much worn, the skirt, long and full but tightly drawn back, forbidding freedom of motion; the stomach ruthlessly jammed down by the long, tight corsage; while corsets, or rather stays,—the real old-fashioned, rigid, uncompromising British stays—were *de rigueur* for most of the day, always for evening dress.

I have heard wonder expressed over reports of the ill-health of the daughters of the Prince and Princess of Wales, by those who read of their faithful physical training, their regular and severe exercises — riding, walking, rowing, and gymnastics — a certain amount inexorably demanded at Sandringham, on the seashore or in the Highlands; the young princesses clad in short, light skirts, loose blouses, and thick shoes. Perhaps the explanation of the late attacks of rheumatism and *anæmia* lies in the fact that for dinner the tired girls are braced up with stays, drawn tight to facilitate digestion, and that their corsages are cut low, whatever the season or weather, and fitting close and wrinkleless over the slenderest waists in the kingdom.

What can be done? Little, I fear, until women of the world (the better class) unite, and combine with women of intellectual power and commanding reputation, as authors, artists, scholars, physiologists, and humanitarians, and quietly inaugurate a reform in woman's dress — for the emancipation of our sex and the salvation of the race. Here and there noble women have done much — Lady Harberton in the divided skirt, and Mrs. Jenness Miller in her lovely æsthetic costumes. Yet when Mrs. Jenness Miller appears in society, moving serene and symmetrical, in one of her exquisite costumes, it is as likely to beget discouragement as emulation, being something so peculiar and individual as only to seem fitted to her graceful figure, style and movement. Still, her pretty inventions, though not suitable for all women, are hopeful new departures. Her charming gowns do not cramp the chest, or impound the heart, or trespass on the stomach. They begin well, but, I think, keep on too long. A little more brevity of skirts, dear madam! even at some sacrifice of æsthetic effect.

I hope that within the new century, at latest, a reformed, easy, sensible, unburdensome, unshackling dress for women may come in, and come to stay; and I believe that before the new century is old, French and American corsets and English stays will be forgotten barbarisms, only to be found in museums, classed with "ancient instruments of torture."

GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE NEXT FORWARD STEP FOR WOMEN; OR, THOUGHTS ON THE MOVEMENT FOR RATIONAL DRESS.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

THE present age is richer in promise and fruition for womanhood than any previous cycle. While science has been unlocking the silent chambers of nature, and bringing to light a world's story of life and evolution; while invention has been knitting nations and races into one great family, and establishing means by which our earth may be transformed into an Eden as soon as the savagery of man's passion and the selfishness of his instinct are subdued; while civilization has in ten thousand ways been making greater the possibilities of life's attainments and joys, woman in Europe and America has been slowly awaking to her rightful estate. Not as the silent subordinate of man, but as his free, open-souled, clear-sighted companion and equal. And what a world has opened before her wondering gaze! What marvellous progress has marked her onward march!

A few generations ago he who had the temerity to even tentatively put forth the right of woman to enter upon any of the hundreds of walks which to-day she treads with honor and distinction, courted social ostracism and raised a storm of indignation in which one heard much about social and moral disorganization of society, the degradation of womanhood, the destruction of the home, and the righteous wrath of God which would follow those who so lightly treated the solemn admonitions of His servant Paul.

Now those days are memories only of a well-meaning but dim-visioned past, and womanhood has successfully, step by step, passed into the van of civilization's onward moving column. That which was forbidden yesterday is grudgingly granted to-day, while on the morrow even conventionalism tries to forget that she ever opposed the just demand. And so to-day, as I study unfolding womanhood, only beginning as yet to appreciate the splendid possibilities that lie before her, I am thrilled with an exultant hope. In her progress, and in the dawning consciousness of her power and her rights, I see the prophecy of a higher and purer civilization. The day-star of reason and sober judgment is breaking upon her vision; she is ceasing to be a mere

echo of husband, father, and brother, or a reflex of conventional thought. She is no longer swayed solely by sentiment. She is now asking herself, when questions arise which relate to her, and about which she has never seriously thought before, *Is it right, is it just, is it in accordance with common sense?* The dead past, over whose mound she has so long knelt, no longer holds her in thrall. The impulse of a new life, strong as the voice of spring to budding trees and springing flowers, is urging her forward. Not the least among the questions which are pressing upon the thought of our leading women is that of rational dress, and it is upon this subject I wish to add a word to the able presentation given in our symposium.

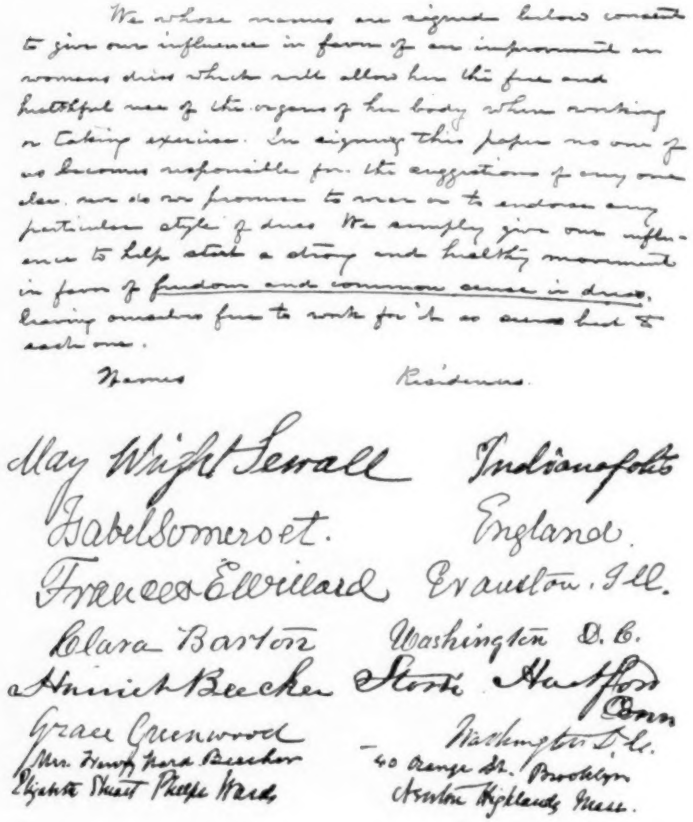
In the logic of recent events and the trend of multitudinous potent agencies now at work, I see the prophecy of an early triumph of sober reason and common sense in the question of woman's dress, over a conventionalism deep-rooted in the soil of ancient Orientalism, and springing from the old-time barbaric idea that woman was inferior to man. Indeed, the prospect for positive and sensible reform in the dress of women was never half so bright as to-day; and I believe there are forces at work which will bring about, at a far earlier day than most persons imagine, as great a revolution in public sentiment as that which overcame conventionalism in regard to the sphere of woman. I think it is fair to say the battle for woman's emancipation from the tyranny of absurd, health-destroying, and grotesque fashions is more than half fought.

Many persons are disposed to regard this problem as insignificant, when, in point of fact, it is most intimately connected with the onward march of true civilization. (1) Its triumph means a higher standard of health for woman and a healthier childhood. Upon this point there is such unanimity of opinion among thoughtful physicians and anatomists that it is no longer a disputed point. (2) So long as woman's dress is cumbersome and uncomfortable, or while it presses dangerously upon any part of the vital organism, the soul will be chained to the body, the mind will be held in thrall, and the higher or truer self will no more be able to expand to the full extent of its possibilities than a flower could unfold in the glory of mature perfection whose roots were encased in walls far too narrow for its needs. This thought bears directly on the ethical or higher development of life, and will, with each succeeding year, grow in impressiveness upon thoughtful minds. (3) The triumph of common sense and reason over an effete conventionality, the caprice of fashion, and the cupidity of man will wonderfully aid woman in attaining the plane to which absolute and impartial justice must and will eventually assign her. Women who visit the Oriental lands soon

become impressed with the force of public sentiment which compels their sisters who bask in Mohammedan civilization to veil their faces. Why? Because man has made it indecent, immoral, and scandalous for woman to expose her face before the gaze of the lords of creation. And this spectacle necessarily suggests thoughts to the active mind of the woman who, tiring of holding up her heavy skirt, chances to let it drop for a few moments only to have its lower edges laden with the filth of the street. She very naturally asks herself, What is there in the *face* of the *Turkish woman* which is more immoral, indecent, or dangerous to behold than in the face of her husband or brother? And then, turning from the civilization of the Orient to the civilization of the Occident, she wonders what there is about *her form* so much *more indecent, unsightly, or immodest than man's.* What is there so immoral about her form that she should, for generation upon generation, be condemned to sacrifice health and be weighed down and hampered by garments which conformed to conventional requirements only in that they encased the body and impeded free motion? *What is the language of the skirt if it is not the badge of woman's inferiority, bequeathed from a barbarous past?* and this reminds me of a paragraph in a letter from the able chairman of the Dress Reform Committee of the National Council. "What," she asks, "is the language of the skirt?" For answer there comes to my mind the reply of the Arab guide in Egypt to Mrs. Lucinda Stone, when she asked him why his wife, like all Egyptian women, wore the veil hanging just below her eyes to conceal her face, "*She 'shamed 'cause she woman,*" promptly replied the Oriental. Now, it is doubtful if even the rapidly increasing army of women who are demanding radical improvement in women's dress appreciate the full measure of benefit which will follow its introduction in aiding woman to the plane of equality with men which intelligence, justice, and pure love demand for her.

I now wish, very briefly, to state a few reasons which lead me to believe that the triumph of this reform is near at hand. (1) The preliminary skirmishing is over. The battle, which has for a generation raged around some of the noblest and most far-sighted souls of our century, has spent its fury. Ridicule and caricature, prudery and conventionalism, the greed of the fashion-makers and the confederated interests which fatten on woman's folly, have done their worst. Reason, the all-conquering, the master spirit, the ultimate victor, is asserting herself. The small, still voice crying in the wilderness has broadened and swelled into the fearless demand of millions of our best thinkers, and the forces are ever augmenting in strength. It is always thus; the pioneers and prophets are socially ostracized, ridiculed, and

treated with scornful contempt by the unthinking. But they stir the placid waters; they awaken reason, and the tiny circle grows broader and broader until it encompasses the great majority. (2) The ascendency of reason over conventional ideas will be appreciated when we note the high social position and the intimate relation to conservative thought which many noble women occupy who have raised a positive protest against the slavery of fashion. This is well illustrated in the simple appeal for

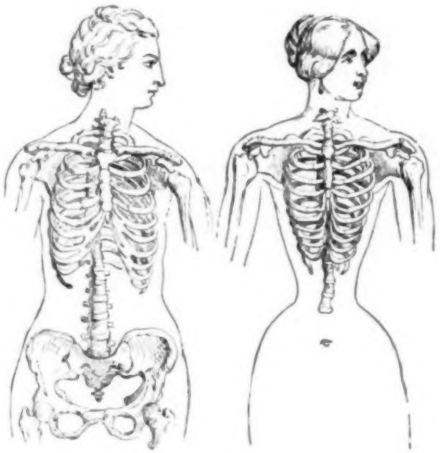

We whose names are signed below consent to give our influence in favor of an improvement in women's dress which will allow the free and healthful use of the organs of the body when working or taking exercise. In signing this paper no one of us becomes responsible for the suggestions of any one else, nor do we promise to wear or to endorse any particular style of dress. We simply give our influence to help start a strong and healthy movement in favor of freedom and common sense in dress, leaving ourselves free to work for it in accordance best to each one.

Names Residences.

May Wright Sewall Indianapolis
Isabel Somerset. England.
Frances E. Willard Evanston, Ill.
Clara Barton Washington D. C.
Harriet Beecher Stowe Hartford Conn
Grace Greenwood Washington D.C.
Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher 40 Orange St. Brooklyn
Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward Newton Highlands Mass.

"freedom and common sense" in dress, which we reproduce, bearing the autographs of Mrs. Sewall, the president of the National Council of Women, Lady Isabel Somerset, Miss Willard,

Clara Barton, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward.* (3) The action of so influential a body as the National Council of Women of the United States, composed largely of the chosen spirits of our age, is most important, not only because in organization and concerted action lies strength, but the moral support



Anterior view of thorax in the Venus of Medicis.

The same in a fashionable corset-wearing lady of to-day.

given the movement by the action of this great organization, in appointing a committee to push the work, has given the reform a new and powerful impetus. (4) Another important factor is found in the growing attention given in our schools and colleges

* Many other eminent names have been recently added to this paper, among which are Mary A. Livermore, Charlotte Emerson Brown, Alice Freeman Palmer, Lucia M. Peabody, Caroline E. Hastings, M. D., Sarah Hackett Stevenson, M. D., Celia P. Woolley, S. C. Lloyd Jones, Eliza Sproat Turner, Rachel Foster Avery, Lilian M. N. Stevens, Arvilla Furber, Sara G. Farwell, Abby Morton Diaz, Mary Grew, Helen Campbell, Marian Talbott, Emily Talbot, Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone, Alice Stone Blackwell, Caroline M. Severance, Marian C. Waterman, Dorothea Lummis, M. D., Mila Francis Tupper, Margaret Collier Graham, Mary Putnam Jacobi, M. D., Anne Whitney, Ella Dietz Clymer, Alida Avery, M. D., Helen H. Gardener, Isabel C. Barrows, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mary Thorn Lewis Gannett, Clara B. Colby, Margaret E. Sangster, Kate J. Jackson, M. D., Emma Winner Rogers, Mary A. Woodbridge, Esther Pugh, Anna Gordon, Sarah F. Judson, Kate Tupper Galpin, Aurilla Furber, Sara G. Farwell, Abba Goold Woolson, Susan Burrill Bangs, Frances A. Shaw, Clara V. Shaw, Marian Shaw, Charlotte Perkins, Adeline E. Knapp, Carolyn Faville Ober, Mary Knauf, M. D., Mary L. McGindley, Sarah B. Stearns, Minnie L. Hurlbut, M. D., Elizabeth Smith Miller, Susan Look Avery, Lydia Avery Coonley, Harriet Taylor Upton, Gertrude Avery Shanklin, Helen Avery Robinson, Fanny B. Johnson, Hannah J. Hurd, Helen D. Gregory, Ellen B. Currier, Elinor F. Edwards, Martha A. Curry, M. E. Dickinson, M. D., M. C. Morton, Elizabeth Fear, M. D., Clara Conway, Martha A. Dorsett, Kate Buffington Davis, Martha G. Ripley, M. D., and Mrs. T. B. Walker.

to the proper and healthful development of the body. The classes for physical culture and the gymnasiums springing up in all our towns and cities, are teaching our young ladies what their mothers never knew; viz., the serious effects incident to deforming the body and impairing the action of vital functions. Moreover, the garments worn in physical culture classes and gymnasia have shown women the immense gain in comfort and health offered by a rational dress over the ever-changing vagaries of fashion.

(5) Another very potent aid in educating women in the right way comes from popular out-of-door sports and pastimes. The seaside and mountain resorts have aided wonderfully in breaking the spell of conventionalism. Then the great and growing popularity of the bicycle with women is another factor not to be overlooked. A few years ago the spectacle of a woman on a bicycle brought a flush of indignation to the face of the average matron; to-day thousands of ladies in our great cities are enjoying this health-giving exercise, and even the universally loved and respected president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union chose a safety bicycle in preference to an outing at a resort distant from her charming home. The one drawback to woman's ease and comfort on the wheel is the long skirt. The bicycle is one of the many agencies acting for reform.

Then, again, there are a thousand subtle influences which are silently lifting women out of the ruts of fossilized folly. The whole course of events has set strongly in favor of her exercising common sense and reason in dress, as the exigencies of civilization and the development of women a few decades ago caused her to defy conventionality and enter a hundred walks of life which were tabooed by conservatism as being beyond her "sphere." Even the hackneyed objections which have long been urged in lieu of argument against right and justice for women no longer carry force; and some of them, in view of recent happenings, are positively absurd. I read a few evenings ago an essay written originally for an American review, but now compiled in a work on social subjects. The essay was entitled "The Real Rights of Woman," and was from the pen of Rose Terry Cooke. It might well have been written several decades ago, when the real battle for a larger life for woman was being fought. In it the author says: "However eager and voluble the clamor to be placed on an equality with men, the laws of nature laugh at such a reasonless demand; and," she continues, "could a woman do what Stanley has done?" as if that question closed the argument for all time. Now, in the light of recent events, even this question, which was hurled forth as if it settled the case in favor of conservatism, has found an affirmative answer, and the position of

the advocate for the *dilettante* is made ridiculous. As a matter of fact, Mrs. M. French-Sheldon has accomplished something in the way of African exploration in many respects more remarkable than the achievements of Mr. Stanley. She penetrated the wilds of Africa as far as the summit of Kilimanjaro without a single white man or woman in her caravan. Surrounded entirely by natives, she made this daring trip; nay more, she visited hostile tribes and was hospitably entertained. Of her retinue of one hundred and thirty-seven natives, she lost only one person, and he was slain by a lion. She went not as a belligerent, and her reception was a revelation to the sterner sex. Again, in the achievements of Miss Dowie among the Karpathians, we have another interesting and striking illustration of the ability and ease with which a woman may, if her bent so leads her, travel and explore unfrequented and remote corners of the earth unescorted by friend or any companionable person. It is true Miss Dowie had the good sense to adopt the garb of a peasant boy before exploring the little-known land; but, after discarding skirts, she experienced no difficulty or inconvenience in making her unique and daring adventure. In the light of these illustrations, Mrs. Cooke's hysterical observation, "However eager and voluble the clamor to be placed on an equality with men, the laws of nature laugh at such a reasonless demand. Could a woman do what Stanley has done?" is amusing to say the least. But these attainments have a far wider and more important significance; *they show how naturally and easily woman is moving into the larger life, and how, as exigencies require, she braves fashion and conventionality without the sacrifice of one iota of her modesty, refinement, or moral worth.* The rapidly broadening sphere of woman, the logic of events, and the ascend-

MISS DOWIE
in the costume she wore "Among the Karpathians."

ency of reason over conventionality, which grows more marked each day, all point unmistakably to the early adoption of a more healthful, rational, and comfortable dress for woman. Add to this the wonderful power of organization, and I do not believe the result will be problematical. But in this connection I would urge all thoughtful women who desire progress along these lines to correspond with the able chairman of the dress reform committee* of the National Council of Women. In this way they will be brought in perfect touch with thousands of other women who are now interested in the work. They will also be able to find out the names of those in their own town or city who are ready to adopt the style of dress settled upon by the National Committee.

THE SYRIAN DRESS.

This dress is recommended by the Rational Dress Society of London. It is a costume adopted from the Orient, and is said by those who have worn it to be "at once graceful and delightfully comfortable." The organ of the Rational Dress Society states that "It is perfectly easy to make, being the simplest form of skirt ever introduced. Of course the fact that the skirt is dual is obvious."

Another point which impresses me as being especially valuable is the suggestion made by Alice Stone Blackwell, which has already appeared in THE ARENA;† but owing to its importance and the direct bearing upon a victorious movement, I reprint below: —

Every woman could materially lighten her labor by adopting for house-wear a gymnastic dress such as is worn in our best gymnasiums.

* Mrs. Frances E. Russell, P. O. Box 330, St. Paul, Minn.

† See Mrs. Russell's "Brief Survey of the American Dress Reform Movements of the Past," ARENA, August, 1892.

If it were necessary to go to the door, a long apron, which could be slipped on in a moment, would hide all peculiarities.

Mrs. Celia B. Whitehead and others have suggested that an entering wedge for dress reform might be found in this plan, and it seems to me the most practical idea yet proposed. In the first place, it would give women a realizing sense of the immense increase of ease, comfort, and convenience to be obtained by the change. Most women, even those who theoretically believe in dress reform, do not fully appreciate how great the difference would be, because they have never had practical experience of it.

Once let a sufficient number of women realize by experience the advantages of dress reform, and they will find some way to bring it into fashion for outdoor as well as indoor use. A second advantage would be that men, seeing their wives wearing a gymnastic dress during their working hours, would get accustomed to the costume, and would no longer be struck by it as something hideous and *outre*. For where a style of dress is concerned, *everything lies in being accustomed to it*. When prodigious hoops were the fashion, every woman looked odd and "dowdy" who did not wear one. It has been so with every style in turn, even those which now seem to us most absurd. The eye of a semi-

GYMNASIUM AND EXERCISE DRESS.*

* The drawing for this picture is made from the model of the Jenness Miller exercise dress. It is "designed with reference to every form of physical exercise." The description of this costume as given by Mrs. Miller is as follows: "The full skirts are divided to give freedom of movement and protection, whether working with or without apparatus. These skirts and the loose waist are made in one piece, with a foundation waist underneath to save bands, and also to keep any part from getting out of order during

occasional thinker or artist was offended by them; but to the eye of the general public, both men and women, they looked all right; and not only that, but any conspicuous deviation from them looked all wrong. Whenever the reformed dress becomes customary, it will seem perfectly correct; and one may hope that from the house its use will gradually spread to the street.

JENNESS MILLER COSTUME, for mountain climbing.

If all women in favor of dress reform would adopt a gymnasium costume, for example, like the admirable design of Mrs. Jenness Miller, which our artist gives in this paper, or, if they prefer, the Syrian costume, for their homes, it would be of incalculable benefit to the movement. For house-wear, the Jenness Miller gymnasium dress, made of some soft material, would be admirable, as in the event of the arrival of conventional company, a tea gown or wrapper could be instantly slipped on.

I have no doubts as to ultimate victory of this great movement for rational dress. The agencies working for its success will prove irresistible. The only question is, How soon can the reformation be accomplished?

In behalf of art, grace, and beauty, which have been so remorselessly outraged by fashion during the past generation; in behalf of that comfort of body and physical development which are absolutely essential to the proper unfoldment of the soul life; and in behalf of the physical life and health of the rising generation of womankind, as well as the race of the future, let the marching orders be given, and let no retrograde step be taken.

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exercise. Every detail of the costume is adjusted to give thorough muscular freedom. The shoes worn are soft and flexible, and without heels, to admit perfect poise of the body as nature intended. *It will be seen that this costume is not only perfectly adapted to its purpose, but it is also most* GRACEFUL AND ATTRACTIVE. Cashmere, lightweight, silken-finished flannel pongee, India silk, or serge may be suitably used."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A Spoil of Office.*

In "Main-Travelled Roads" we see Mr. Garland at his best as a short story writer. In "A Spoil of Office" we are enabled to form something like a fair estimate of his power as a novelist. His previous long stories, "Jason Edwards" and "A Member of the Third House," were rather novelettes than novels, and it is on this new work that the critic will judge Hamlin Garland as a novelist. Those who revel in intricate plots or blood-curdling scenes will find no interest in this story, which is the history of the life of a Western boy, Bradley Talcott. It might be separated into four major divisions: The farmer boy; In school; In state politics; In national politics. The strength of the work lies chiefly in the marvellous fidelity with which life is portrayed, and the wonderful power of description of scenes in Western life and in national politics. Mr. Garland has lived much of the life pictured in the early chapters of this work; and in order to be absolutely true in his portrayals, he personally visited and studied life at the Capitol in Des Moines, Ia., also the scenes of the great meetings of the farmers in Kansas. He furthermore spent some months in Washington, making a close study of Congress; hence for this work it can be justly claimed that it is a faithful pen-picture of life as it is mirrored forth on the Western farm, in school and in state capitols, as well as in our National Congress, — life as it would be seen from the standpoint of Bradley Talcott.

It perhaps would not be an exaggeration to claim that "A Spoil of Office" is the greatest story of life in the Northwest that has ever been written, and the most faithful picture of conditions as they exist in this section which has yet appeared in American literature. As examples of Mr. Garland's descriptive power, of his sense of humor and of his intimate knowledge and sympathy with the life he portrays, I give a few extracts from the first chapters of the novel. The story opens as follows:

> Early in the cool hush of a June morning in the seventies, a curious vehicle left Farmer Councill's door, loaded with a merry group of young people. It was a huge omnibus, constructed out of a heavy farm wagon and a hay rack, and was drawn by six horses. The driver was Councill's hired man, Bradley Talcott. Councill himself held between his vast knees the staff of a mighty flag in which they all took immense pride. The girls of the Grange had made it for the day.
>
> Laughter, and scraps of song, and rude witticisms made the huge wagon a bouquet of smiling faces. Everybody laughed except Bradley, who sat with intent eyes and steady lips, his sinewy brown hand holding the excited horses in place. This intentness and self-mastery lent a sort of majesty to his rough-hewn face.

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* "A Spoil of Office"; pp. 332; paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00. Cloth edition contains fine new portrait of Mr. Garland. Arena Publishing Co., Copley Sq., Boston, Mass.

"Let 'em out a little, Brad," said Councill. "We're a little late."

Behind them came teams, before them were teams, along every lane of the beautiful upland prairie teams were rolling rapidly, all toward the south. The day was perfect summer; it made the heart of reticent Bradley Talcott ache with the beauty of it every time his thoughts went up to the blue sky. The larks, and bobolinks, and redwings made every meadow riotous with song, and the ever-alert kingbirds and flickers flew along from post to post, as if to have a part in the celebration.

On every side stretched fields of wheat, green as emerald and soft as velvet. Some of it was high enough already to ripple in the soft winds. The cornfields showed their yellow-green rows of timid shoots, and cattle on the pastures luxuriated in the fullness of the June grass; the whole land was at its fairest and liberalest, and it seemed peculiarly fitting that the farmers should go on a picnic this day of all days.

At the Grange picnic Bradley Talcott, who is an unlettered hired hand of Farmer Councill, finds himself spellbound by the eloquence of Ida Wilbur, a young lady lecturer of the Grange. This scene and the thoughts welling up in the heart of this magnificent type of the thoughtful American girl, are thus described: —

Her great brown eyes glowed as she spoke, and her lifted head thrilled those who sat near enough to see the emotion that was in the lines of her face. The sun struck through the trees, that swayed in masses overhead, dappling the upturned faces with light and shade. The leaves, under the tread of the wind, rustled softly, and the soaring hawk looked down curiously as he drifted above the grove, like a fleck of cloud.

On Bradley, standing there alone, there fell something mysterious, like a light. Something whiter and more penetrating than the sunlight. As he listened, something stirred within him, — a vast longing, a hopeless ambition, nameless as it was strange. His bronzed face paled, and he breathed heavily. His eyes absorbed every detail of the girl's face and figure. There was wonder in his eyes at her girlish face, and something like awe at her powerful diction and her impersonal emotion. She stood there like an incarnation of the great dream-world that lay beyond his horizon — the world of poets and singers in the far realms of light and luxury.

"I have a dream of what is coming," she said in conclusion, and her voice had a prophetic ring. "I see a time when the farmer will not need to live in a cabin on a lonely farm. I see the farmers coming together in groups. I see them with time to read, and time to visit with their fellows. I see them enjoying lectures in beautiful halls, erected in every village. I see them gather, like the Saxons of old, upon the green at evening to sing and dance. I see cities rising near them with schools, and churches, and concert halls, and theatres. I see a day when the farmer will no longer be a drudge and his wife a bond slave, but happy men and women who will go singing to their pleasant tasks upon their fruitful farms." The audience did not cheer; it sat as if in church. The girl seemed to be speaking prophecy.

"When the boys and girls will not go West nor to the city; when life will be worth living. In that day the moon will be brighter and the stars more glad, and pleasure, and poetry, and love of life come back to the man who tills the soil."

Ida Wilbur occupies a prominent place in the story, which is the life tale of an honest Western boy; honest in the sternest sense of the word, and typically Western. Ida is described by the author entirely from Bradley's point of view; but as she appears we see she also is a faithful type. Indeed, there are to-day scores of Ida Wilburs in the great growing West; brilliant, thoughtful, brave, and determined women, whose stern integrity, high moral conviction, and loyalty to duty are an inspiration in an hour when veniality is rampant. If it were not for the power now being wielded in public life by such magnificent workers for

justice and right as Mrs. Livermore, Miss Willard, Mrs. Lease, Mrs. Diggs, Mrs. Vickery, Eva McDonald-Valesh, Mrs. McCormick, and scores of other thoughtful women, I should have small hope for the emancipation of our Republic from the grasp of plutocracy and rumocracy. The image of Ida Wilbur dwells in the chamber of Bradley's soul and becomes a potent ideal, leading him upward and onward. All through the long summer and the glorious autumn her words and the witchery of her voice haunted him. In November the great resolve, which had been forming in the boy's mind since the beautiful day in June when he first saw Ida, took shape. It was in the cornfield, on a bleak morning, that Bradley determined to go to school and secure an education. Here is a touch of Mr. Garland's power of description : —

Bradley smiled back at him in his wordless way, and caught hold of the first ear. It sent a shiver of pain through him. His fingers, worn to the quick, protruded from his stiff, ragged gloves, and the motions of clasping and stripping the ear were like the rasp of a file on a naked nerve. He shivered and swore, but his oath was like a groan.

The horses, humped and shivering, looked black and fuzzy, by reason of their erected hair. They tore at the corn-stalks hungrily. Their tails streamed sidewise with the force of the wind, which had a wild and lonesome sound, as it swept across the sear stretches of the corn. The stalks towered far above the heads of the huskers, but did little to temper the onslaught of the blast.

Occasional flocks of geese drifted by in the grasp of the inexorable gale, their necks out-thrust as if they had already caught the gleam of their warm southern lagoons. Clouds of ducks, more adventurous, were seen in irregular flight, rising and falling from the lonely fields with wild clapping of wings. Only the sparrows seemed indifferent to the cold.

There was immensity in the dome of the unbroken, seamless, gray, threatening sky. There was majesty in the dim plain, across which the morning light slowly fell. The plain, with its dark blue groves, from which thin lines of smoke rose and hastened away, and majesty in the wind that came from the illimitable and desolate north. But the lonely huskers had no time to feel, much less to think, upon these things.

In school he meets with those bitter humiliations which all country boys are forced to undergo who go from home to the city schools or to colleges. Of his first morning in the Rock River Seminary Mr. Garland draws a painfully vivid picture, of which the following extract will give the reader a fair idea : —

He knew no one, of course, and the long, narrow room was filled with riotous boys and girls, all much younger than himself. All the desks seemed to be occupied, and he was obliged to run the gauntlet of the entire class in his search for a seat. As he walked down the room, so close to the wall that he brushed the chalk of the blackboard off upon his shoulder, he made a really ludicrous figure. All of his fine, free, unconscious grace was gone, and his strength of limb only added to his awkwardness.

The girls were of that age where they find the keenest delight in annoying a bashful fellow, such as they perceived this new-comer to be. His hair had been badly barbered by Councill, and his suit of cotton diagonal, originally too small and never a fit, was now yellow on the shoulders where the sun had faded the analine dye, and his trousers were so tight that they clung to the tops of his great boots, exposing his huge feet in all their enormity of shapeless housing. His large hands protruded from his sleeves, and were made still more noticeable by his evident loss of their control.

"Picked too soon," said Nettie Russell, with a vacant stare into space, whereat the rest shrieked with laughter. A great hot wave of blood rushed up over Bradley, making him dizzy. He knew that joke all too well. He looked around blindly for a seat.

As he stood there, helpless, Nettie hit him with a piece of chalk, and some one threw the eraser at his boots.

"Number twelves," said young Brown.

"When did it get loose?"

"Does your mother know you're out?"

"Put your hat over it," came from all sides.

He saw an empty chair and started to sit down, but Nettie slipped into it before him. He started for her seat, and her brother Claude got there, apparently by mere accident, just before him. Bradley stood again indecisively, not daring to look up, burning with rage and shame. Again some one hit him with a piece of chalk, making a resounding whack, and the entire class roared again in concert.

"Why, its head is *wood!*" said Claude, in apparent astonishment at his own discovery.

Bradley raised his head for the first time. There came into his eyes a look that made Claude Russell tremble. He again approached an empty chair, and was again forestalled by young Brown. With a bitter curse, he swung his great open palm around and laid his tormentor flat on the floor, stunned and breathless. A silence fell on the group. It was as if a lion had awakened with a roar of wrath.

"Come on, all o' ye!" he snarled through his set teeth, facing them all. As he stood thus the absurdity of his own attitude came upon him. They were only children, after all. Reeking with the sweat of shame and anger which burst from his burning skin, he reached for a chair,

Nettie, like the little dare-devil that she was, pulled the chair from under him, and he saved himself from falling only by wildly clutching the desk before him. As it was, he fell almost into her lap, and everybody shrieked with uncontrollable laughter. In the midst of it, Miss Clayson, the teacher, came hurrying in to silence the tumult, and Bradley rushed from the room like a bull from the arena, maddened with the spears of the toreador. He snatched his hat and coat from the rack, and hardly looked up till he reached the haven of his little cellar.

Bradley's first speech in school is interesting in that his future lies along forensic lines. Here, also, we see the admirable power of the author in reproducing scenes familiar to thousands of young Americans who still retain vivid memories of school-days. So charmingly realistic is this picture of a Friday afternoon in a little Western seminary, that I cannot forego the temptation of reproducing it.

He was now facing another terror, the Friday afternoon recitals, in which alternate sections of the pupils were obliged to appear before the public in the chapel to recite or read an essay. It was an ordeal that tried the souls of the bravest of them all.

Unquestionably it kept many pupils away. Nothing could be more terrible to a shrinking, awkward boy or girl from a farm than this requirement to stand upon a raised platform with nothing to break the effect of sheer crucifixion. It was appalling. It was a pillory, a stake, a burning, and yet there was a fearful fascination about it, and it was doubtful if a majority of the students would have voted for its abolition. The ;reps and juniors saw the seniors winning electrical applause from the audience, and fancied the same prize was within their reach. There was no surer or more instant success to be won than that which followed a splendid oratorical effort on the platform. It was worth the cost.

All the week the members of the last section had been prancing up and down the various rooms in boarding-houses, to the deep disgust of their fellow-students, who mixed harsh comments throughout their practice, as they shouted in thunder tones: —

"I came not here to talk. ('Then why don't you shut up?') You know too well the story of our thraldom. ('You bet we do, we've heard it all the week.') The beams of the setting sun fall upon a slave. ('Would a beam of some sort would fall on you.') O Rome! Rome! ('Oh, go roam the wild-wood.')"

All the week the boarding-house mistresses had pounded on the stove-pipe to bring the appeal of "Spartacus to the Romans" down to a key that would not also include all the people in the block. All to no purpose. Spartacus was aroused, and nothing but a glaive or a battle-axe could bring him to silence and submission. The first section now sat smiling grimly. Their revenge was coming.

After the choir had sung, the principal of oratory, note-book in hand, came down among the pupils, and began the fatal roll-call.

The first name called was Alice Masters, an ambitious, but terribly plain and awkward girl. She had not eaten anything since the middle of the week, and was weak and nervous with fright. She sprang out of her seat, white as a dead person, and rushed up the aisle. As she stepped upon the platform she struck her toe, and nearly fell. The rest laughed, some hysterically, the most of them in thoughtless derision. The blood rushed into her face, and when she turned she seemed to be masked in scarlet. She began, stammeringly, her fingers playing nervously with the seams of her dress.

"Beside his block the sculptor—

"Beside his block—

"Beside, the sculptor stood beside"—

She could not think of another word, not one, and she fell into a horrible silence, wringing her hands piteously. It was impossible for her to go on, and impossible for her to leave the floor till the word of release came.

"That will do," said the principal in calm unconcern, and she rushed from the room, and the next name was called. At length Nettie Russell faced the audience, a saucy smile on her lips, and a defiant tilt to her nose. She spoke a verse of "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," to the vast delight of the preps, who had dared her to do it. The principal scowled darkly, and put a very emphatic black mark opposite her name.

As name after name was called, Bradley's chill deepened, and the cold sweat broke out upon his body. There was a terrible weakness and nausea at his stomach, and he drew long, shivering inspirations like a man facing an icy river, into which he must plunge. His hands shook till he was forced to grasp the desk to hide his tremor.

He was saved from utter flight by Radbourn, who came before him. Whatever nervousness the big senior had ever felt, he was well over now, for he walked calmly up the aisle, and took his place with easy dignity. He scorned to address the Romans or the men of England. He was always contemporaneous. He usually gave orations on political topics, or astounded his teachers by giving a revolutionary opinion of some classic. No matter what subject he dealt with, he interested and held his audience. His earnest face and deep-set eyes had something compelling in them, and his dignity and self-possession in themselves fascinated the poor fellows, who sat there in deathly sickness, shaking with terror.

Bradley felt again the fascination of an orator; and again his heart glowed with a secret feeling that he, too, could be an orator like that. He felt strong, and cool, and hopeful while Radbourn was speaking, but afterward that horrible, weakening fear came back upon him.

He couldn't look at poor Harry Stillman, who came on a few names further. Harry had pounded away all the week on Webster's reply to Hayne, and he now stood forth in piteous contrast to his ponderous theme. His thin, shaking legs toed-in like an Indian's, and his trousers were tight, and short, and checked, which seemed to increase the tightness and shortness. He had narrow shoulders and thin, long arms, which he used like a jumping-jack, each gesture being curiously unrelated to his facial expression, which was mainly appealing and apprehensive. As Shep Watson said: "He looked as if he expected a barn to fall on him."

At last Bradley's name was spoken, and he rose in a mist. The windows had disappeared. They were mere blurs of light. As he walked up the aisle the floor fell away from the soles of his feet. He no longer walked, he was a brain floating in space. He made his way to the stage without accident, for he had rehearsed it all so many times in his mind that unconscious cerebration attended to the necessary motions. When he faced the assembly, he seemed facing a boundless sea of faces. They, in their

turn, were awed by something they saw in his eyes. His face was white, and his eyes burned with a singular light. A mysterious power emanated from him as from the born orator.

Like all the rest he had taken a theme that was far beyond his apparent powers and the apparent comprehension of his audience; but they had been fed so long upon William Tell, Rienzi, Marc Antony and Spartacus, that every line was familiar. Nothing was too ponderous, too lofty, too peak-addressing for them.

He mispronounced the words, his gestures were awkward and spasmodic, but lofty emotion exalted him and vibrated in his voice. He thrilled every heart. He had opened somewhere, somehow, a vast reservoir of power. A great calm fell upon him. A wild joy of new-found strength that awed and thrilled his own heart. It seemed as if a new spirit had taken his flesh. As he went on he was more dignified and graceful. His great arms seemed to be gigantic, as he thundered against the Carthaginians. Everybody forgot his dress, his freckled face; and when he closed, the applause was instant and generous.

As he walked back to his seat, the exultant light went out of his eyes, his limbs relaxed, the windows and the sunlight cleared to vulgar day, and his face flushed with timidity. He sat down with a feeling of melancholy in his heart, as if something divine had faded out of his life.

But Radbourn reached out his hand in the face of the whole school and said, "First rate!" The pupils had the Western love for oratory, and several of them crowded about to congratulate him on his speech.

These extracts, however, are from what might fairly be termed the introduction to the story. In rapid succession, we are next given graphic pictures of the ambitious, persevering boy at the Iowa University Law School, at the State Capitol at Des Moines, and in the National Congress at Washington. The greatest chapters of the book lie in this portion of the volume, where the rottenness of our State and National government and the painful shallowness of political life are shown forth. I think no thoughtful person can visit our National Congress without being sickened by the palpable cant, hypocrisy, and hollowness everywhere visible. I shall never forget the feeling of disgust I experienced on visiting the Senate and House two years since. I no longer wondered why plutocracy secured the defeat of legislation looking toward justice and equity for the industrial millions. Mr. Garland's studies of Washington life are very true, so far as they go. The closing chapters, dealing with Miss Wilbur, the great industrial uprising in Kansas, and Bradley's visit to the scenes of the new revolution, are very strong, and in many respects the best chapters in the book. The last chapter is excellent, though one almost wishes the curtain might have fallen when the lovers reached the station after the night ride from the little Kansas schoolhouse.

Ida Wilbur will prove an inspiration to thousands of young American women who are in touch with the new thought of the hour. The story is not what would be termed a political novel, and yet, in dealing with public life in the West to-day, politics necessarily enter largely into the web and woof of the romance, and the wonderful uprising of the people in the West is briefly but graphically portrayed. "A Spoil of Office" should be read by all persons who are in sympathy with the best impulses of the hour.

B. O. FLOWER.

Social Abominations.*

"Social Abominations" is the somewhat striking title of a large and handsome volume of over six hundred pages recently issued by the subscription house of R. E. Whitman & Co. The introduction to the work is by the distinguished divine, Russell H. Conwell, D. D., LL. D. In the course of his paper Dr. Conwell says:—

I wish I could have the satisfaction of sending it into every home on this great continent. It will stand like a sentinel at the door guarding the sacred circle from defilement, and watchfully giving warning of danger. The many eminent writers who have spoken in this book have large hearts and brilliant intellects. They love mankind. They love God. They speak because they must speak. They are watchmen on the walls, and if the trumpet gives an uncertain sound no one will prepare himself for battle. If the wrongs this book fearlessly assails, and the evils it skilfully impales could be driven out of every home and country, a paradise would be enjoyed on earth, and the New Jerusalem would indeed come down to dwell with men. But such a volume as this, which gathers the best and the mightiest things written by the noblest men of our age, does far more than to caution the venturesome and denounce the villainous. It greatly encourages the weak. It puts a strong arm about the young and helpless, and inspires fainting hearts to snatch victories from the jaws of defeat.

The work contains views of a number of thinkers, some noted for liberality, others for extreme conservatism, upon what each author considers crying evils of the hour. Among the subjects treated are "Sabbath Desecration," by Rev. William Crafts, D. D., in which the leader of those who are industriously seeking to restore the Sabbath of the Puritans discusses the Sunday question in a manner which suggests that Dr. Crafts was born several centuries too late. "Swearing and Cursing," by Rev. Charles Hall, D. D.; "Clandestine Marriages," "Whisperers," "The Age of Swindlers," and "Broken Promises of Marriage," four chapters, by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D.; "Pitfalls for our Boys," J. H. Kellogg, M. D., a very thoughtful and valuable chapter; "Dangers to our Girls," L. Anna Ballard; "Hypnotism in Relation to Crime," by A. Taylor Innes, a man whose conservatism leads him to ridiculous extremes and who, like many conventional thinkers, sees bogymen in every new discovery. "Nurseries of Crime," by Thomas Byrnes, Esq., a most valuable chapter on the cheap boarding-houses of New York; "Divorce vs. Domestic Warfare," by Elizabeth Cady Stanton. This chapter comprises Mrs. Stanton's magnificent paper on Divorce published some time since in The Arena. "Social Purity," by Frances Willard, contains many splendid thoughts and observations. "Christians and the Opera," and "The Theatre," by J. O. Peck, D.D., and Geo. C. Lorimer, D. D.; two narrow views of great educational powers, whose influence as a whole is certainly far different from what the authors imagine. "Social Vice," by Anthony Comstock. Mr. Comstock is so

*"Social Abominations" [illustrated]. Pp. 656; cloth, $2.50; morocco, $3.50. Sold only by subscription. Published by R. E. Whitman & Co., Harrisburg, Penn.

blindly fanatical in his views, and such a narrow bigot in religion, that I never read anything he writes without a sigh of pity for him. He should have lived in the days of the Inquisition, for he has all the ferocity of spirit and blindness to the possibility of any good or noble emotions in those who do not look through his glasses, which characterized the leaders of the terrible persecutions of olden times. I am sorry, therefore, to see anything from his pen in this work. Among other contributors are Rev. F. D. Huntingdon, D. D., Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, Dr. Merrill E. Gates, Rev. J. P. Conway, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and Hon. Geo. William Curtis. Among papers from my pen which appear in this volume are the following: "Social Extravagance," "White Slaves of New York," "Fashion's Slaves," "Deplorable Social Conditions," "Society's Exiles," and "The Froth and the Dregs."

The volume is richly illustrated and handsomely printed. It possesses the merit of presenting the opinions of all shades of thinkers upon great evils and follies of the age, and in this respect resembles the contents of our great magazines. I trust it will have a wide sale.

B. O. FLOWER.

HINDU LITERATURE.*

The thought of the present age in many respects resembles Grecian thought during the centuries immediately preceding the advent of Christ. Both periods were eras of investigating, speculating, and philosophizing, and each age was eclectic in its instincts.

In the first century Grecian thought had not only penetrated, and to a certain extent permeated, the various quarters of the globe where Rome's victorious eagles had been planted, but it had gathered from all quarters the wealth of the best thought, sifted the same, and assimilated that which appealed to the brains of her best thinkers.

So to-day, throughout the Anglo-Saxon world, we find a greater hospitality shown the thought of other days and lands than at any former period. The literature and the religion of ancient times, no less than contemporaneous thought, are being investigated as never before. This condition has stimulated thought. Long, patient research is being made by students who have leisure. The results of their labors are being seen in numerous volumes of handy size and as comprehensive as the general reader desires. Such, for example, is the admirable presentation, by Ellen M. Mitchell, of the philosophy of the various schools of Greece, recently noticed in these pages, and such is the valuable volume before me entitled "Hindu Literature," by Elizabeth A. Reed. "It is a clear, concise presentation of Hindu literature from the earliest songs of the Arian race to the writings of mediæval days, reviewing the labors of Sanscrit scholars in the vast field of literature and giving a clear, concise survey of the great Indian epics whose character and scope are illustrated by copious extracts."

*"Hindu Literature; or, The Ancient Books of India." By E. A. Reed. Cloth, pp. 428; price, $2.00. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, Ill.

In this volume we have the digest of a library arranged and so condensed as to give all the important facts which the general reader desires, while they are presented in a most engaging manner. The author is a member of the Philosophical Society of Great Britain, and she has put into this work the results of what must have been many years of patient study. It is a volume which should be possessed by all wishing to form a fair and intelligent idea of the religious thought of India.

B. O. FLOWER.

OPIE READ'S NOVELS.

The receipt of Opie Read's "Emmett Benlore" gives me welcome opportunity to speak a word of praise of Mr. Read's whole range of novelistic work, at least as comprehended by "Selected Stories," "Len Gansett," "Kentucky Colonel," and "Emmett Benlore." Mr. Read is the leader of a group of journalists in Chicago who have stopped in their daily grind, and at some cost of time and care have produced a novel or two of Western life and manners.

Of this group one might name Stanley Waterloo, Leroy Armstrong, John McGovern, Forrest Crissey, and Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, though there are others who should be counted in the same group no doubt. Of these meritorious writers, Opie Read probably ranks first by virtue of his larger, and, on the whole, more important work. He has produced four very successful books, the "Kentucky Colonel" having sold over sixty-five thousand copies, and he seems just getting himself well in hand. He is a Kentuckian by birth, and his great frame goes far to bear out the popular idea that Kentucky produces physical giants. He has been connected with the *Arkansas Traveller* for many years, and his stories deal quite generally with Arkansas characters.

"Emmett Benlore" is, in my estimation, the best of his long stories, and it is thoroughly Western and thoroughly human. It ambles on like the life of a struggling newspaper man in a sleepy Arkansas town, and it has a wholesome, spicy atmosphere through it all, like an October day among oaks and pines. It has no "situations," and it takes small cognizance of any exotic life or literature. It is true, and, being true, is homely, humorous, and pathetic. It is one of the truest pictures of Western life, and especially of Arkansas life yet written. It has no plot, but depends for interest on its character studies, and they are admirable throughout, with the possible exception of one woman.

My criticism of it is, that, like all of Mr. Read's novels, it is a shade too literal. There is a certain looseness in the relation of the parts which prevents a powerful unity of impression. I make this criticism the more readily because I perceive in every story that Mr. Read writes a strenuous devotion to truth. His work is verifiable at almost every point. It is not imitative of anybody or any model. It is an honest, wholesome, manly attempt at delineating life as he has seen it and loved it.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

MATTER, ETHER AND MOTION.*

Professor Dolbear, in this compendious book, has done a great service to the ordinary man or woman of inquiring mind. He has put into most lucid and terse phrase the very latest deductions, as well as the established discoveries of science upon what one may call the physical basis of the universe. I do not know of a book which presents, in the same simple, dignified, and yet masterly way, these great problems. He makes comprehension easy, because he knows with definiteness and at first hand, and beside he has the rare faculty of imparting it easily to other minds.

Professor Dolbear is a discoverer in his own right. He is an electrician of great originality and power of insight. He is a man truly scientific, in that he takes hold of all evidence with the confidence of a man who knows truth when he sees it, and is not afraid of the leadings of evidence. His position in this book is modest and engaging in its openness. He says, "What fifteen years ago was deemed *possible*, is today deemed *probable*, and to-morrow may be demonstrated."

The author's special additions to the questions under discussion may be found here and there through the book, but in the special chapters on *Life*, *Physical Fields* and *Machines*. His discussion of ether is extremely interesting and valuable, as he has made special study of radial electricity, and the transmission of forms of force through various media. As he truly says, the text-books do not keep pace with the yearly, almost daily, advances in these special fields of science, and there is need of just such teaching as this is if one is to keep well informed. The reader who buys this book of Professor Dolbear's writing may feel perfectly sure of being put in possession of the very latest and most valuable deductions of modern science.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

ONOQUA.†

The bare facts of the Indian's life, and his treatment by our government are pitiful; when told with a little of the novelist's art they are tragic. They blind the eyes and fill the throat with impotent anger and sympathetic sorrow. Frances C. Sparhawk has given with great simplicity and directness, and evidently with unflinching truth, the story of an Indian girl who is trying to be civilized under conditions which would make an angel barbaric. It is a sad story, and just misses of being a great and original study of Indian character. Its failure lies in the limitations of her knowledge rather than in the sincerity of her purpose.

Onoqua is an attractive figure, and so also is Cetangi. They fail, however, of being well-rounded characterizations. As the actors say, they are "too straight." Aside from its interest as a novel, Onoqua

* "Matter, Ether and Motion." By Amos E. Dolbear, Professor of Physics at Tufts College. 12mo. pp., 334. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

† "Onoqua." Good Company Series. 12mo. 263 pp. Price, 50 cents. Lee & Shepard.

presents a solution of the Indian trouble which is heroic—tragic. To give up the tribe to go back among the people "who are kind to us when alone; who hate us when we're on a reservation."

There is a great deal in this story. The desperate attempt of the Indians to get work; the inexorable deterioration of the young student in the poverty and barrenness of the camp; the cheating of the agents, and the resolution and desperate heroism of a few, young and old, in their attempts to guide their people and preserve them. It is a work that should have been written before. If its art were greater, its effect would have been trebled. As it stands, it is an interesting and valuable study of people and things most people know only too vaguely.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

THE COLUMBIAN HISTORICAL NOVELS.*

That was a brilliant idea which led the great publishing house of Funk & Wagnalls to bring out the history of the United States in the form of twelve novels, the first two of which have appeared. "Columbia" deals with Columbus and his discovery of the West Indies. The author follows the popular history closely, far too closely, I think, in his views of the life and character of Columbus, whom he idealizes until he stands before the mind's eye of the reader the incarnation of all that is best, purest, and noblest. In this he has merely added a few high lights to the story of Columbus as found in our popular histories, but which I do not think would be brought out by a critical study of the data extant by an unbiased mind. In this issue of THE ARENA we give another view of Columbus by Mr. Dunlop, which should be read in order to form a more accurate conception of the man. From the day of Homer the tendency of writers has been to idealize the conspicuous figures of the past, especially when the persons in question were shrewd enough to win the plaudits of conventionalism and the popular religion of the age. The author of these works, however, understands the art of writing a delightful story, especially for the young, and there can be little doubt that the young person perusing these volumes will find the study of history very different from the dry text-books in ordinary use. So important is this series of books that I take pleasure in giving a liberal extract from the publishers' announcement.

To the average American schoolboy and schoolgirl, Columbia, like Sinbad's "Old Man of the Sea," is an ever-present burden. The sins of all the fathers, from Columbus to the civil war, have been visited on the children of this generation, who have been compelled to learn events from well-intended but, practically, dry-as-dust histories. Now all this is past; the chronicler of events has given place to the story-teller, and in the first volume of this series we have a story of fascinating interest, in which the wooden Columbus of the treatises is replaced by a living, breathing actor on the page of history.

* "The Columbian Historical Series of Novels." Vol. I., Columbia: A Story of the Discovery of America. Vol. II., Estevan: A Story of the Spanish Conquests. Handsomely illustrated, with full-page half-tone engravings. Cloth, per volume, $1.50.

The second volume, "Estevan," covers the whole period of the conquest; treading the ground cleared by Prescott in his "Conquest of Peru." Estevan, a Spanish boy of noble family, is introduced to us in the first volume. The story of his boyhood is a romantic one, and as a youth he accompanies Columbus on the voyage of discovery. In the second volume we recognize him at once as an old acquaintance, in whose fortunes we take a lively interest, and find him, and his son after him, among the chief actors in the moving scenes of history.

It may seem an impossible task to write the history of the United States, making it valuable as a history and at the same time interesting as a romance; but the plan adopted by the author in this series is both practical and novel. From Columbus down to the present day, if divided into the ordinary period of human life, makes twelve lifetimes or ages; and by studying each of these lifetimes or ages, one may discover that the spirit of the age or time changes in about forty years. The author, having deduced these facts by careful study of history, gives to each period a separate existence in the form of a complete story, and yet cleverly links them all together to make the whole series a correct and united history, and at the same time a fascinating romance. The historical divisions are: First, Age of Discovery; second, Conquest; third, Bigotry; fourth, Colonization; fifth, Reason; sixth, Tyranny; seventh, Superstition; eighth, Contention of Powers for Supremacy; ninth, Independence; tenth, Liberty Established; eleventh, Supremacy Abroad; twelfth, Union. Titles to the forthcoming volumes are:—

Vol. III., St. Augustine: A Story of the Huguenots. Vol. IV., Pocahontas: A Story of Virginia. Vol. V., The Pilgrims: A Story of Massachusetts. Vol. VI., A Century too Soon: A Story of Bacon's Rebellion. Vol. VII., The Witch of Salem; or, Credulity Run Mad. Vol. VIII., Braddock: A Story of the French and Indian Wars. Vol. IX., Independence: A Story of the American Revolution. Vol. X., Sustained Honor: A Story of the War of 1812. Vol. XI., Humbled Pride: A Story of the Mexican War. Vol. XII., Union: A Story of the Great Rebellion, and of Events Down to the Present Day.

In all previous narratives of the great events of the discovery and conquest of the New World, we see the leading actors only in their historical connection; but in the works under notice, side lights are thrown on their private lives, on their loves and hates, their motives and ambitions, their successes and misfortunes, their friends and their foes. They are no longer figures which strut across the stage of history and then disappear, but they are living beings; we become acquainted with them, whose fortunes we follow with vivid interest.

In lieu of a bare record of disconnected events, which the average reader finds so difficult to arrange systematically in his memory, we here have the story of individual lives; and we can follow these lives along lines on which events arrange themselves in orderly sequence. It is not too much to say that a day devoted to each of these volumes by the average reader will afford a more comprehensive and permanent grasp of the history of the times to which they relate than is ordinarily acquired by years of study of the dry histories of the schools. The books are timely, valuable, and important. They are richly bound.

CALMIRE.*

"Calmire" is a story of remarkable power. It comes from a philosophical brain, and the author is a thinker of ability who has fearlessly

* "Calmire: a Story." Cloth, pp. 745. Price, $1.50. Published by Macmillan & Co. New York.

sounded the great religious problems of the day. As a story, the work will hold the thoughtful reader's interest from first to last; but persons who read stories merely for excitement will not be pleased with "Calmire," as, like "Robert Elsmere," it is a story written for thoughtful people who no longer find satisfaction in the dogmas and tenets of conservative religious thought. The following extracts from the chapter entitled "Revelation" will serve to illustrate the tone or spirit of the work, also the advance ground taken from a religious point of view. The scene describes a young woman awakened from the dead calm of conventional religion to the vital truth of the new thought. She seeks the hero of the work for a solution to the question *why* he can be good and yet be outside the Church.

"Mr. Calmire, I want you to tell me what keeps you calm and good when you don't believe anything. There is nothing to keep me so. I don't believe anything any more. You needn't any longer be afraid of disturbing me. Talk to me now."

"Well," said Calmire to himself, "so Muriel's kindergarter has turned out a graduate! Ah me! I've got to take hold at last!" He little realized for how much more than mere intellectual disturbance Muriel was responsible. He had, however, a quick return of the suspicion he had intimated to Muriel: that Nina's trouble was deeper than creeds go, and he was anxious as to the cause; but without wasting time in conjectures, he determined that it was best to follow her lead right on. So he answered:—

"Though you say I don't believe anything, I probably believe many times as much as you ever did — as you have yet had time to. Nevertheless, I just understood you to say that you did believe something by no means easy to believe, and that I but half believe myself?"

"What?"

"That I am calm and good. Now why do you believe that?"

"Oh, well, that's a very plain and simple thing. I see that for myself."

"Do you know what's the trouble about your other beliefs, or disbeliefs?"

"Tell me."

"That you have supposed it necessary to believe a great many things that you can't see for yourself."

"Why, one can't see the truths of religion for one's self. One can't, by mere reason, know the unknown."

"Precisely. Therefore one hadn't better profess to. If you don't know all the so-called truths of religion, how do you know that they all are truths?"

"I don't know that they are. I don't know anything."

"Yes, you do! You know most of the truths that help anybody to be "good and calm," as well as anybody knows them. But you don't appreciate that they are the truths which really do the work, and you are letting yourself be disturbed over some other notions which people have associated with those essential truths. Possibly those notions are of some value to some people, but not to the woman you are growing to be."

"But who is to decide what is really true?" she asked. "People differ so."

"Well, dear," he said, "some people say there are two kinds of truth, human and divine. That seems to be plainly impossible. I can conceive of only one kind of truth, and the portion of it which we have, we have had to learn from experience. It is, of course, largely incorporated in the religions, but it is contradicted, right and left, by some statements in the religions, and so their followers try to make them out to be a superior kind of truth."

"But, Mr. Calmire, mere human truth is so limited."

"Of course," he answered, "as human experience is limited, human truth must be limited too; but it's the only truth we've got, and when we imagine that we have any

more, we get into trouble. All the substantial operations of our lives are conducted on simply the truths of accumulated experience; and all our blunders come because we have not experience enough. We've enough for practical purposes, however, or at least enough to secure all the happiness at present within our reach; for it, and it alone, does just that."

"What! The faiths don't help?" she asked.

"Only," he answered, "that portion of the faiths which is pointed to by experience though it is claimed, with doubtful justice, that some people couldn't get that portion without the fanciful portion. For instance, experience really says that, within reasonable limits, "it is more blessed to give than to receive"; but religion says it too, and as it's not a very obvious truth, a great many people believe it, or think they do, not as matter of experience, but as matter of religion. Now, that's all very well, so long as they don't profess to believe against experience; for then harm comes — the wastes of ascetisms, religious wars and persecutions, human hearts torn out on the altars of imaginary gods, both physically and emotionally."

"Do you suppose the so-called mysteries of religion, its preposterous assertions and self-contradictions, made the saints and martyrs, and make so many good men in the Church to-day? Do you suppose it was that part of religion that men have died for, or, even if a few have, that it was that part which sustained them in dying?"

"Well, in pity's name, what was it then? For it seems to me that I am dying too — for want of it."

"It was not often dogma, if ever, but what lay under the dogma — the morality that men have been learning through all their experience, and the simple faith in the Infinite Power and Infinite Law which, in the religions and out, under the name of every beneficent god ever worshipped, has inspired the best men through all history."

"Yes, Mr. Calmire, and it is just that faith which I have lost. In some respects my mind since I have been here has been widened. I have grown to a cold intellectual recognition that love for mankind is the noblest basis of right-doing, if any basis is good for anything, and that there are no freaks in the merciless power that governs us. But I have not the kind of faith in any of it that can sustain and comfort anybody. I've gained altruism, and I've gained Law, and they're two very big-sounding words for a girl to be able to use, but — I have lost God."

"That 'cold intellectual recognition,'" he answered, "will grow into something warmer, and those 'big-sounding words' will come to mean more to you, perhaps, than any other words have yet meant. And as to losing God, you mean that you have lost a lot of primitive and gratuitous notions regarding God."

It is a well-written story, which will richly repay careful perusal on the part of thoughtful readers. B. O. FLOWER.

THE PEOPLE'S BATTLE HYMN.*

James G. Clark, the poet prophet of the West, whose many charming lays, including a number of universally favorite songs of the people, such as "The Ever Green Mountains of Life," have been published in a dainty little volume entitled "Poetry and Song," has published a soul-stirring song of the hour entitled "The People's Battle Hymn." It is published in sheet music by the great musical house of Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston. The words and music are by Mr. Clark. When General J. B. Weaver, the candidate for president of the People's Party, heard this song, he said, "It is the song we have been waiting for. It is an Iliad of itself." Below I give the words; but to appreciate the song it must be sung to the stirring music to which it is set.

*Published in sheet music by Oliver Ditson Co., Boston. Price, 40 cents.

There's a sound of swelling waters, there's a voice from out the blue,
Where the Master his arm is revealing,—
Lo! the glory of the morning lights the forehead of the New,
And the towers of the Old Time are reeling.

CHORUS.

Lift high the banner, break from the chain,
Wake from the thraldom of story;
Like the torrent to the river, the river to the main,
Forward to liberty and glory!

There is tramping in the cities where the people march along,
And the trumpet of Justice is calling;
There's a crashing of the helmet on the forehead of the Wrong,
And the battlements of Babylon are falling.

He shall gather in the homeless, he shall set the people free,
He shall walk hand in hand with the toiler,—
He shall render back to labor, from the mountains to the sea,
The lands that are bound by the spoiler.

There is doubt within the temples where the gods are bought and sold,
They are leaving the false for the true way;
There's a cry of consternation where the idols made of gold
Are melting in the glance of the New Day.

O! the Master of the morning, how we waited for his light
In the old days of doubting and fearing!
How we watched among the shadows of the long and weary night
For his feet upon the mountains appearing.

Let the lightning tell the story to the sea's remotest bands,
Let the campfires of Freedom be flaming;
While the voices of the heavens join the chorus of the land,
Which the children of men are proclaiming.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"A TRIP TO ENGLAND," by Goldwin Smith, D. C. L. Cloth, pp. 134; price, 75 cents. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

"AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION," by Augustus Jacobson. Paper, pp. 251; price, 50 cents. Published by Chas. H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

"THE COMING CLIMAX IN THE DESTINIES OF AMERICA," by Lester C. Hubbard. Paper, pp. 480; price, 50 cents. Published by Chas. H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

"ESTEVAN," by John R. Musick. Cloth, pp. 399; price, $1.50. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

"COLUMBIA," by John R. Musick. Cloth, pp. 351; price, $1.50. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

"SARA, A PRINCESS," by Fannie E. Newbury. Cloth, pp. 304. Published by Bradley & Woodruff, Boston.

"PSYCHOLOGY APPLIED TO THE ART OF TEACHING," by Joseph Baldwin, A. M., LL. D. Cloth, pp. 381; price, $1.50. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"THE LYRIC OF LIFE," by Laura A. Sunderlin Nourse. Paper, pp. 159. Published by Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.

"DARE LORIMER'S HERITAGE," by Evelyn Everett Green. Cloth, pp. 338. Published by Bradley & Woodruff, Boston.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Bacon-Shakespeare Case.

In this issue we close the brief for Bacon. In the November ARENA the brief for Shakespeare will be opened by Mr. Reed, who will be followed by Professor W. J. Rolfe, of Cambridge, Mass., Dr. F. J. Furnivall, of London, England, and Rev. Dr. A. Nicholson, of Warwickshire, England. Among those who have consented to act as jurymen in this celebrated case are Ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, Governor William E. Russell, of Massachusetts, Professor A. E. Dolbear, of Tufts College, Joseph Jefferson, Mary A. Livermore, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Appleton Morgan, president of the New York Shakespeare Society, William E. Sheldon, editor of the *American Teacher*, Rev. C. A. Bartol, and Edmund C. Stedman.

Magazine Literature and the Cause of the Industrial Millions.

Almost two years ago several friends of THE ARENA urged me not to champion the cause of the industrial millions in the contention of the people against monopolies and capitalistic organizations. It is all well enough, they said, to publish papers from others on the subject; but if you editorially censure plutocracy, you will find those who can afford to take THE ARENA will not subscribe for it, while those for whom you speak *cannot pay* for it. I replied that I had never learned to obey the command of conventionalism, conservatism, or policy; that what I felt impelled to write from a sense of justice would be written, even if I knew it would cost us many subscribers, for I believed the nation to be passing through a crucial stage in her existence. I felt that the treatment being received by millions of honest and hard-working men could not be squared by the golden rule, and that every injustice resulting from social and economic conditions added to the peril of the republic. Furthermore, I did not believe that the rank and file of our wealthy or well-to-do people sympathized with conditions which necessarily ground down the many that the few might live in luxury and idleness. I believed that the apparent indifference of thoughtful people to the wrongs of the people arose largely from ignorance; that so long as great magazines and reviews catered to the *dilettante* element, and for policy's sake refused to give the same full, free hearing to industry which it would receive if the fair presentation of its case meant large sales for the magazine, we could not expect our best hearted people to become aroused simply because they were ignorant of the facts. My friends felt that my position was untenable from a commercial point of view, but subsequent events have failed to verify their prediction. The success of this review has been, I believe, with possibly one exception, unparalleled in the history of modern magazine literature. But what is even more gratifying to me is the marked change of attitude on the part of other reviews and magazines. The space now accorded to the condition of the unfortunates and the cause of the victims of special legislation or class laws, affords great satisfaction; for I believe social revolution can only be averted by arousing the great multitude of thoughtful and conscientious people, who do not yet feel the stress of poverty. The cause of the oppressed was never so ably championed editorially in great magazines as at the present time. I notice with great pleasure a strong, brilliant paper in last month's *Cosmopolitan* by the editor, Mr. J. B. Walker, in which he champions the cause of the workingmen in no uncertain words. Indeed, I believe no observations made by THE ARENA have been more radically aggressive than those advanced by Mr. Walker in this issue of the *Cosmopolitan;* while Mr. Edwin D. Mead, the editor of the *New England Magazine*, gives a brave and thoughtful paper on Homestead, in which he takes strong grounds for the people. These brave utterances, coming from the editors of great literary maga-

zines, are as significant as they are cheering. Let the noble work go on. Homestead will yet prove Labor's Bunker Hill, and the temporary advantage of plutocracy will only the more certainly insure its ultimate overthrow.

Congressman Watson on the Negro Question.

I hope all our readers will peruse the thoughtful paper of Hon. Thomas E. Watson on the Negro Question. There is much food for sober reflection in the compass of this essay. The hope of Southern prosperity lies in peace and harmony between the races. As long as the two races are kept in an attitude of hostility by designing politicians, the blessings of peace and prosperity will not visit the Southern States. Divide the votes, and peace will be attained.

The Prohibition Party.

This month we give a paper on the Prohibition Party which was not received in time for publication in our symposium on the political parties in the pending campaign.

Bacon or Shakespeare, Which?

Great interest is being manifested in this discussion. The case for Lord Bacon has now been presented in a masterly manner. In the November issue the brief for Shakespeare will be opened, the first paper being by Mr. Reed. Professor W. J. Rolfe, Dr. F. J. Furnivall, and Rev. Dr. A. Nicholson will also be heard in behalf of the bard of Avon.

Symposium on Dress.

In this issue we close the remarkable symposium on Woman's Dress, prepared under the auspices of the Woman's National Council, and introduced by the president of the Council. It certainly marks a wonderful advance in the movement when the most thoughtful women of the nation so appreciate the importance of more rational dress as to have dress improvement made the subject of a symposium, and to appoint a committee to push forward the work. As I have endeavored to point out in my paper, the tide of events is favorable for this great reform, and I believe that the movement now in hand by the Dress Committee of the council will prove successful.

Important Papers for Early Issues of The Arena.

We are perfecting arrangements for a number of exceedingly brilliant papers which will open with the new volume of THE ARENA, and which will embrace ethical, educational, social, political, economic, and religious problems of real, vital importance. It will be our constant aim to make THE ARENA absolutely indispensable to all thinkers who are not fossils.

Our Series of Dramatic Papers.

Our series of papers dealing with the American drama, which is proving immensely popular, is continued this month by a sketch from the talented young author Miss Mildred Aldrich, whose paper upon Miss Marlowe was received with such favor. A profusely illustrated paper dealing with Alexander Salvini will be a feature of an early number.

Rev. Dr. Hughes on Islam.

I desire to call special attention to the able paper of Rev. Thomas P. Hughes in reply to Ibn Ishak. Seldom, indeed, do we find a religious discussion conducted in such a spirit of candor, or so ably and temperately argued as this controversy over "The Future of Islam." It also gives us an opportunity of comparing the intellectual strength of a distinguished Asiatic thinker with that of one of America's most scholarly clergymen.

A Valuable Economic Chart.

Mr. F. J. Shulte of Chicago has published an interesting chart in colors, in which the people's problems are set forth in diagrams which illustrate vital truths without any long argument. In it he shows that "twenty-one cents' worth of meat on the farm, crossing the bridge of monopoly, becomes worth one dollar to the consumer. Thirty-three cents' worth of vegetables on the farm, crossing the bridge of monopoly, becomes worth one dollar to the consumer. Thirty-six cents' worth of coal at the mines, crossing the

bridge of monopoly, becomes worth one dollar to the consumer, etc.

Under the title "The Finance Problem" the author illustrates by diagrams the facts that

1. Ninety-two per cent of our business is done on credit.

2. Only eight per cent of our business is done in cash.

3. Our population in 1866 was thirty-seven million, and money then in circulation was two billion dollars."

"Our population to-day is sixty-three million, and the money in circulation is one billion six hundred million dollars. With all the money in the land the banks could pay their depositors but ten cents on the dollar, or in gold only two cents on the dollar, or in gold and silver only three cents on the dollar." These facts, which, as I observed before, are illustrated by colored diagrams, are only examples of the interesting table of facts which this valuable chart contains. The price is twenty-five cents. For sale by F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago, Ill.

A Magnificent Presentation Volume.

No more appropriate Christmas or birthday present could be found than the magnificent volume just issued by THE ARENA Publishing Company, entitled "Sultan to Sultan" by Mrs. French-Sheldon. It is a wonderful story of a wonderful woman's journey one thousand miles into the heart of savage Africa. The volume is illustrated by about three hundred finely executed photogravures and text cuts, and is without question one of the most sumptuous volumes issued within the last decade. The subject matter is as interesting as a powerful work of fiction; yet no story of African travel has ever contained more facts of a most interesting nature than this thrilling work. Mrs. Sheldon was entertained by hostile tribes and was enabled to photograph them and gain scenes of domestic life which no traveller heretofore has been able even to obtain a glimpse of. The cost of publishing this volume, as may well be imagined, has been enormous; but all who become fortunate possessors of copies will feel that the setting is none too handsome for the valuable and fascinating subject matter.

Fashion's Slaves.

The demand for "Fashion's Slaves" is so great as to indicate a strong interest in the subject. One lady has taken one thousand copies. The leatherette edition is almost exhausted. This pamphlet is peculiarly valuable to all who are interested in woman's emancipation from conventional fashion, as it contains over twenty-five text cuts and six photogravures illustrating the vagaries and absurdities of fashion during the past thirty years. The subject is discussed from artistic, hygienic, ethical, and economic points of view, and will interest and amuse while it instructs. Price in paper fifteen cents; leatherette, twenty-five cents.

"A Spoil of Office" in Book Form.

Every reader of THE ARENA should possess the clean, healthful, and inspiring American story, "A Spoil of Office." It is now published in a handsome large volume of nearly four hundred pages, set in large new type. The story has been carefully revised, strengthened, and enlarged by Mr. Garland, and is now one of the strongest and healthiest works of fiction of the present generation. It is a noble novel which will benefit any person who peruses its pages.

The Editor of the Cosmopolitan on Homestead.

In the September *Cosmopolitan* magazine Mr. J. B. Walker, one of the editors, discusses Homestead in a manner which will win the admiration of tens of thousands who love right and justice more than the smile of the aristocracy of the dollar. Mr. Walker thus opens his paper:—

An affair like that at Homestead educates the public mind rapidly; more rapidly in a month than ten years of books and pamphlets. In the face of death men stop to think. What led to this? What does it mean? What is the remedy? And when the daily journal gives in one column the picture of Cluny Castle, or the magnificent pile from which the Lyttons have gone out, to admit part-

ner Phipps from the Homestead mills, and in another sketches showing the dead and dying upon the banks of the Monongahela, the contrast is so sharp that one draws a quick breath of discomfort; and even the most conservative, whose manhood is stronger than his love of dollars, admits that something is wrong.

Again Mr. Walker observes: —

With great fortunes are coming upon the scene an unparalleled luxury upon the one hand and a poverty on the other scarcely surpassed in the days when production did not equal one tenth the present output. In the strife for wealth the lawmaking power was found to be a useful auxiliary. Judges were bought, senatorships were sold in the interest of railways and the great corporations; and within the last ten years we find wealth —not contented with the advantages which the laws, confessedly in its favor, give it—hiring private armies to give force to edicts, allotting to the laborer a lesser share of the product. Lovers of the republic may well tremble at this exhibition, so closely resembling the evil days when rich Romans surrounded themselves by hired bands of fighting bullies. True, our modern ri h man does not parade the streets, surrounded by his gladiators. He sits in a secret office, removed from danger, and, in communication with the telegraph wires, orders his army concentrated from many states by rapid transit, and moves it unexpectedly upon his private foes. There is lacking that personal courage which gave a halfway excuse to the Roman who, sword in hand, shared the dangers of the fight. But the risk to the republic is all the greater from these modern methods; for if a man may hire three hundred poor devils ready to shoot down their brothers in misery, there is no reason why he may not hire ten thousand.

These extracts illustrate the tone and temper of this remarkable paper, which is a most valuable addition to the people's cause in its struggle against the cunning of wealth, which is already fortified by class laws. In another portion of this noteworthy paper, Mr. Walker says: —

The fact is, we have two separate worlds in this country. The man who lives in what is known as the world of society has no conception of what the world of labor is thinking. Their worlds are almost as distinct and as completely cut off from each other as if one had its capital at Kamchatka and the other at Terra del Fuego. The poor do injustice to the kindly hearted people whose minds have been warped by the teachings of inheritance and by their environment of wealth, and the rich do not dream of the thoughts which fill the minds of the poor. It is a dangerous ignorance. These two factors are like the nitre and charcoal of gunpowder. Any stray spark may produce disastrous results. The laborer believes now that the law is gradually being altered to suit what he considers the equities of his position. Let him become fairly convinced that the government is for the few, that the military is but a means of carrying out schemes of aggrandizement by the rich, and that votes are bought or majorities counted out in the same interest, and the crucial hour of the republic will at once have arrived.

Incompetent Critics.

Ignorance in regard to the condition of the poor in our great cities displayed by many reviewers of our daily papers in the West and South is deplorable. There would be some excuse for this were it not for the wide circulation which has been given to the condition of our very poor by numerous works such as Jacob Riis' "How the Other Half Live," Helen Campbell's 'Lights and Shadows of New York,' and other equally able discussions of the true condition of the very poor in our great metropolitan cities.

A striking illustration of this ignorance on the part of critics is found in the review given Helen Gardener's new story, "Pray you, Sir, Whose Daughter?" in which the reviewer says: "Its alleged pictures of life among the poor in this country are so much overdrawn as to weaken the interest in the story." If I am not mistaken, the pictures given by the gifted author are pen sketches of what she has herself seen; but be that as it may, I have seen hundreds upon hundreds of families in as deplorable condition as the family described by Miss Gardener, and scores of cases where conditions were more pitiable. I admire honest criticism when it is competent; but such rash statements as made by the reviewer in question, reveal ignorance that is inexcusable.

Colorado's Greatest Daily on The Arena.

Below, I give in full an editorial which appeared in that giant of the Rockies, the

Denver *Daily News*, of Sunday. It voices the opinions given in hundreds of letters being weekly received at this office.

The control of the money power over the Eastern press and such standard magazines as treat economic questions has become a notable fact and not without grave significance, since it turns a great influence against the legitimate impulse of the people for relief from unjust conditions and inequitable legislation. It is a pleasure to note that one of the ablest of our periodicals—THE ARENA, published in Boston—is yet independent of plutocratic influence, and, while its present management controls, is likely to remain so. When the dominating influence of wealth over the press is considered, which finds illustration without going out of Colorado, it behooves those who believe that individual and social rights should find adjustment upon a broader and safer basis to give generous recognition to such papers and periodicals as cannot be swerved from loyalty to the people and their interests. The masses of America and humanity in general have no truer or abler champion than THE ARENA. Its pages reflect the best thought of our time, and it is a true exponent of healthy human progress.

Mr. Gustafson Criticised.

One of our correspondents, Mr. C. Boulder, editor of the Danville *Times* of Danville, Va., sends the following stricture upon Mr. Gustafson's paper:—

In the September number of THE ARENA, there is an article by Axel Gustafson, to prove that "abstinence from intoxicating drink is an inevasible Christian duty."

If that be so, why does the apostle Paul use the word *much* when he says (Tim. iii. 8): "The deacons must not be given to much wine." If abstinence from intoxicating drink be an inevasible Christian duty, would he not have said so then and there? Certainly he would; and instead of using the word *much*, he would have said, The deacons must not drink the fermented juice of the grape at all.

Again, on another occasion, Paul wrote to one of his churches, saying, "Be not drunk on wine." Certainly if abstinence from intoxicating drink be an inevasible Christian duty, he would have said, Touch not a drop.

And again the ruler of the feast said the wine which Christ made at the wedding in Cana was of the best quality. To ascertain what Christ himself considered the best wine, the reader has only to turn to the following parable found in the 5th chapter of Luke.

"And no man putteth new wine into old bottles; else the new wine will burst the bottles and be spilled, and the bottles shall perish. But new wine must be put into new bottles; and both are preserved. No man also having drunk old wine straightway desireth new; for he saith, The old is better."

This parable teaches that the old wine was the fermented juice of the grape and that the new wine was the unfermented. Moreover, Christ says in substance that nobody would drink new wine if they could get old wine.

Would it not be out of the question, therefore, to suppose that Christ made new wine on the occasion above referred to? Are not those who believe that Christ made wine, bound to conclude that he made *old* wine, which he himself said was better than new wine?

Oh, no; the Christian duty is not total abstinence from intoxicating drink, nor from tobacco; but his duty, as taught in the New Testament, is simply temperance.

The Oncoming Billow of Social Discontent.

There is something very significant in the fact that within the past two months the militia has had to be called out in full force to overawe discontented labor in the great manufacturing and commercial states of Pennsylvania and New York, in the eastern regions of Tennessee, and in the great mining regions of the Northwest. In the East, West, and South have been witnessed stern and determined revolts against what the industrial millions believe to be unjust and inequitable conditions. These outbreaks from all sections of the land are but explosive manifestations of the deep unrest and discontent which THE ARENA has time and again pointed out as existing throughout the rank and file of our industrial millions. It has long since become the fashion to prophesy smooth things, to

sneer at all warning voices, and brush aside, as inconsequential, all efforts made to arouse the sober common sense and the sense of justice on the part of those who have it in their power to avert the threatening storm. But the hour is at hand when the ostrich policy will no longer work. Society to-day confronts the aroused intelligence of millions of thinking people. It is useless to say we are the most prosperous nation on the globe, and that our people are comfortable and happy, when Mr. Potter's census reveals the alarming fact thus pungently stated by an exchange: "The eleventh census shows nine million mortgages recorded against farms, homes, and industries in the United States." Tens of thousands of people who imagine themselves well informed are wholly ignorant of real social conditions, owing to their taking for facts the statements of popular and famous fair-weather thermometers who are either culpably ignorant or thoroughly dishonest, but whose writings please conservatism and wealth, and consequently who are very popular. Only a few days since, in conversation with a most estimable gentleman who, unfortunately, has never studied conditions himself, or figuratively placed his ear upon the ground, I was informed that almost all the mortgages in the West were paid off, and that the condition of the farmers was now very prosperous; for Mr. —— stated so and so, and Mr. —— was safe authority. Safe authority! I thought of the men who, in the years which preceded the French Revolution, were regarded safe authority when thousands stood over the pit of destruction; but they gravely declared that the discontent of the people was a fiction, and that the stories of starvation and suffering were myths. My friend had not left my office an hour when the mail brought an exchange with the following statements relative to one of the very states named by the high authority as being rapidly freed from mortgages through the increasing prosperity of her citizens. This is what I read: —

The last Nebraska legislature passed a law requiring the counties to report the number and amount of the mortgages filed in them annually. For the year ending June 1, 1892, the following is the record: Farm mortgages filed, $22,461,741; released, $17,094,964; increase, $5,366,777; city mortgages filed, $12,316,754; released, $9,049,950; increase, $3,266,804; chattel mortgages filed, $22,915,154; released, $14,565,317; increase, $8,349,847. Total increase of mortgage debt in state for past year, $16,983,428. There were 1,800 mortgages "satisfied" through foreclosure.

Receipts for our Fund for the Deserving Poor.

I earnestly urge every reader of THE ARENA to peruse our appeal in behalf of the destitute following this page. Since our last report of receipts, the following amounts have come to hand: —

A friend, Whitewater, Wis. . .	$3 00
A friend, San Francisco, Cal. . .	2 00
Miss M. E. Carter, Lenox, Mass.,	4 00
A friend, Raquette Lake, N. Y. .	100 00
David Hoyle, New York City .	1 25
Total	$110 25

AN EARNEST WORD TO OUR READERS.

Our Fund for Relieving the Destitution of the Deserving Poor.

MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS DISBURSED.

A WORD ABOUT WHAT HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED.

I WISH this month to say a word in reference to the work accomplished by our fund for relieving the destitution and suffering of the worthy poor in the slums of Boston. During the past year and a half we have received and disbursed *over two thousand dollars*, every cent of which has been paid out for the relief or aid of deserving persons, and so expended as to be of practical value to the receiver, by honorable, conscientious persons. Most of it has been expended in the slums of the North End under the able and intelligent personal supervision of Rev. Walter J. Swaffield and his assistants. No money has been promiscuously given away. In every instance investigation has been made and the money so disbursed as to help and not injure the recipient. I might fill a volume by the simple narration of the good accomplished by this fund, but space forbids; therefore I content myself with a few brief statements relative to the subject. In many instances, through this fund, we have been enabled to rescue men who were on the verge of despair and in such desperate straits as to render them liable to sink into the lowest depths of vice or to enter the ranks of criminals, and by kindness and aid have placed them once again on a sure footing. One illustration of this nature will suffice.

One day, the latter part of March, my attention was called to the case of a workingman seeking employment, having been ill for some time, due to hunger and exposure. The case was investigated. I found him temperate, never touching liquor or tobacco; but having an aged parent to support and failing to secure work in other cities, owing to the overcrowding of labor, his little savings had gradually dwindled. In New York he was taken sick while seeking work, when the balance of his money disappeared. He managed to reach Boston, but here he vainly sought employment. His clothes were very much worn; and while in quest of something to do, he was taken ill and sent to the almshouse. I found him to be a very intelligent man, who, when seventeen years old, left Germany, and for over twenty years had been laboring in this country. On seeing his ragged clothing, I knew at once that he stood a poor chance of securing work while thus clad. He was soon neatly dressed and a humble position secured. Here he gave splendid satisfaction. The pay was very small, but it was understood that he was free to secure a better situation if one opened. A few months later he received an excellent offer for steady employment in the trade in which he was proficient. I might cite many cases similar to this of practical and enduring good accomplished by this fund. Of temporary relief, hundreds of cases might be given. I however clip two or three as taken from the record given me by Rev. W. J. Swaffield.

This month, in making a call on Clark Street, a pitiful sight met our eyes. A woman, who ten months ago lost her husband, was found in her dingy tenement prostrate on the bare floor, with a babe a few months old, without money, and friendless in the world. There was nothing to eat in the house. We supplied her wants, and provided her with a bed to sleep upon. Her thanks were extended to us in a very grateful manner. She is now able to nourish her little ones.

Another case which seemed to warrant our aid, was an old man seventy years old. He had for his bed an old slab, and for his pillow a log of wood. We furnished him with a comfortable bed, and henceforth his old bones will rest in comparative ease.

Another family of four children and a sick mother were relieved from their suffering and anxiety, food and clothing being supplied.

On Clark Street, No. 15, top floor, was found a widow with four children. The mother is sick with consumption; and her eldest daughter, ten years old, is compelled to sew on pants at eleven cents per pair, making in all about six pairs per week. Their needs were supplied.

It may further be interesting to know that the rent for *one hundred and twelve families* was paid out of this fund when the families, through sickness or inability to obtain work, were about to be evicted, in most instances in winter. *New boots and shoes* were purchased for *over two hundred women and children*. In many instances during February and March children were found hiding from the truant officers, as they had no shoes to wear. About *one hundred dollars* were spent for medical attendance and nourishing preparations for persons sick and without means. Groceries have been supplied to *over two hundred and fifty families* in absolute need. Coal and wood have been furnished to *over eighty families*. With this fund also a successful soup kitchen has been established, whereby, during the months of December, January, and February, many hundreds of families have been supplied with wholesome and nutritious soup, either free or for a nominal sum. This statement of expenditures will suffice at the present time. As I have before given our readers itemized reports, we do not deem it necessary to more than touch upon some ways in which the money has been expended. We will add, however, that in addition to looking after the temporal body, we have, as far as possible, aided in other work. Largely through this fund was the Bethel Mission enabled to establish and carry on a large and wonderfully successful kindergarten school in the midst of Boston's most squalid quarters. By its aid, also, have courses of illustrated lectures on historical, biographical, and ethical themes been given to people who enjoy very little of life's amusements.

And now let me ask each friend of THE ARENA who has contributed to this fund, Have you really missed the money given for this noble work? And to each reader who has not as yet contributed, I wish to ask the question, Do you think if you had paid one dollar, or even five, that you would have seriously missed it? And if you feel that you would have missed it, would not the splendid consciousness of having contributed to the relief of one or more of those of whom Jesus spake when He said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me," have more than repaid you? The past, however, is passed; but winter and want are before us. *How many readers of* THE ARENA *will help us in our battle against starvation, misery, and sickness this winter?* I know full well that if our readers could see what I have seen they would not withhold their means. Of course, as I have so often said, this work is only palliative; it is merely a plank thrown to some of those who are sinking in the great ocean of starvation, misery, and vice; but it is beneficent in its influence in many ways. It is a temporary bridge erected for hundreds, while the great educational agitation is laying the foundation for those mighty social and economic changes which are coming as surely as day succeeds the night, and which are coming much sooner than many of us imagine.

Winter is at our door; starvation will soon face hundreds of our people who have either fallen sick or have been unfortunate, — persons who do not belong to the great army of the dissipated. How many will help in the new crusade against starvation?

THE ARENA.

No. XXXVI.

NOVEMBER, 1892.

LORD SALISBURY'S AFGHAN POLICY.

BY THOMAS P. HUGHES, D. D.

THREE days before Sir Bartle Frere died, at his home in Wimbleton, he expressed a wish to see me. It appeared that this distinguished statesman was desirous to ascertain the views of those acquainted with the frontier of British India regarding that Afghan policy with which his name had been so closely associated. Sir Bartle was a consistently religious man; and inasmuch as his Afghan policy had brought about two wars, together with the massacre of the British Embassy at Cabul, he seemed anxious to know whether so much war and bloodshed could have been averted.

At that time I was regarded as an authority on everything affecting the Afghan people. I had been government examiner in the Afghan language, I had known the late Shere Ali Khan very intimately, I had resided among the Afghans for twenty years, had travelled through the length and breadth of the frontier, and I had associated with many leading Afghan chieftains on the most friendly and intimate terms; and Sir Bartle clearly recognized my right to have an opinion on this great political question, which was at that time exciting much acrimonious feeling.

It was an interesting circumstance that the late Mr. Forster, Mr. Gladstone's secretary for Ireland, was visiting the dying man at that time, and I found that Mr. Forster's views on the Afghan question were completely in harmony with those of his dying friend.

I told Sir Bartle I honestly believed that a collision with the ameer was inevitable, and that history must vindicate "Lord Salisbury's Afghan Policy." What I said seemed to

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comfort the dying hours of the Anglo-Indian statesman, and I am glad of an opportunity of contributing to the pages of THE ARENA my views regarding this Afghan question.

Sir Bartle Frere had been for many years the chief commissioner (or governor) of the province of Scinde, and had during that time adopted a line of Afghan policy diametrically opposed to that of Sir John Lawrence when governor of the neighboring province of the Punjab. Sir Bartle was selected by the queen to accompany the Prince of Wales on his visit to India in the winter of 1875-76, and he was the trusted adviser of Mr. Disraeli, when he, as prime minister, first inaugurated a change of policy with regard to the ameer of Cabul from what had been known in India as the "masterly inactivity" of Lord Lawrence.

The acrimony of feeling to which I have referred was created by the extreme sensitiveness of Lord Lawrence regarding his Afghan policy, and upon which his biographer, Mr. Bosworth Smith, seems to have staked the reputation of his hero.

India is the nursery of administrators but not of statesmen, and Sir Bartle Frere stood out almost alone as the one member of the Indian Civil Service who was prepared to indorse the views of the Conservative government regarding the Afghan question.

I write of "Lord Salisbury's Afghan policy"; but in truth it was the great Semetic statesman, Mr. Disraeli, who discovered that Constantinople is not on the way to India, but that Egypt is! and probably Cyprus! that it is easier to fight Russia on the confines of India than to invade the Crimea or blockade the Baltic. Consequently it needed the foresight of a statesman rather than the shortsightedness of the mere politician to discern that in the negotiations with Shere Ali in January 1877 the British government was simply fighting Russia under the guise of a treacherous Afghan. Even when the crash did come, the British government had accomplished its purpose with comparatively small losses and with a result which, under different auspices, could only have been achieved by a long, tedious, and expensive European war.

Many English people thought the Afghan war unnecessary and even cruel; but I have never met with an Afghan who did not fully realize that British domination in Afghanistan

is a most vital question, affecting the very existence of British rule in India.

Of course the whole thing was muddled. The British never do enter upon an enterprise which is not "muddled" at first. It was pre-eminently so with Lord Salisbury's Afghan policy.

The change of policy was inaugurated by a political conference, the first meeting of which took place in my library in Peshawar on Jan. 30, 1877. Those who participated in that conference are dead. Sir Lewis Pelly, Dr. H. W. Bellew, Sayyid Noor Muhammad and his Persian secretary (whose name I do not now remember) are dead. Lord Lytton, Sir Louis Cavagnari, Mr. Jenkyns, Ameer Shere Ali Khan, not to speak of many others who also took an active part in those negotiations, have all passed over to the "great majority."

Lord Salisbury was singularly unfortunate in the selection of his men. Lord Lytton as viceroy was pre-eminently unfit to control that large body of intelligent and courageous men who constitute the Civil Service of India. The poetic viceroy was an object of ridicule and distrust among the officers of the government from the very day he entered Government House at Calcutta, and history is never likely to change its verdict as to the weakness of his Indian administration.

Poor Sir Lewis Pelly was an over-estimated man. As "Gun-boat Pelly" he had frightened the Persians at Bushire, but he was powerless to intimidate the Afghans at Cabul. He had absolutely no knowledge of frontier questions.

The selection of Sir Louis Cavagnari, as the first embassy to the city of Cabul, was still more unfortunate. As a magistrate on the frontier he was known as a vain, ambitious, irascible, overbearing young man. The massacre of Cavagnari, with his aides-de-camps Jenkyns, Hamilton, and Kelly, took no one by surprise. There is not the least doubt that it was Cavagnari's ungovernable temper which brought about the calamity by firing the first shot.

Even the selection of my dear lamented friend Dr. H. W. Bellew was unfortunate. For although beloved by the Afghans, he was known among them as a strenuous advocate of the annexation of their country to India.

Sir Lewis Pelly, with his gun-boat fame, and Dr. Bellew,

the avowed advocate of annexation, were not likely to give to the Peshawar Conference the aspect of peace and conciliation.

When the author of "Lucile" wrote to Shere Ali "You are a mere earthen pot between two cast-iron vessels, floating on the current of time, and you will be crushed by the inevitable," it is no wonder that Ameer Shere Ali, who had been a man of war from his youth, and never friendly to the British, should place himself on the defensive and call in the assistance of Russia.

The Cabul Envoy Sayyid Noor Muhammad was a personal friend of mine; I had known him for some five years; I was with him when he died at Peshawar during the time of the conference; and I do not hesitate to affirm that throughout the whole of the negotiations of the Peshawar Conference the Cabul envoy was under the impression that Lord Lytton intended to annex Afghanistan. Time has now shown the Afghans that such was not the intention of the British government; and I should think that, ere this, Ameer Abdur Rahman Khan must be convinced of England's sincerity.

The great difficulty in the way of the change of policy was the strong prejudice against it by those whose duty it was to have supported Lord Lytton, no matter to what extent they mistrusted the man. Lord Lawrence's masterly inactivity had failed, and Lord Salisbury, as secretary of state for India, was determined to act vigorously with regard to the Afghan ameer. The petty jealousies which existed among the Anglo-Indian officials at this time seemed to me, as a disinterested spectator, perfectly amazing. I then saw, what the history of the British nation has so often proved, that the peace of an empire can be sacrificed by officials of microscopic proportions. They were small men who stood in the way of Lord Lytton's policy, but they very nearly defeated the purposes of the government in India, to the great delight of the Grand Old Man at home.

Lord Salisbury's new policy was first initiated in March 1869, when Lord Mayo received Ameer Shere Ali Khan at Umballa. From Peshawar to Umballa the ameer's progress was one grand regal pageant. The Imperial *durbar* of Lord Mayo on that occasion has been well described as "an oriental edition of the Cloth of Gold." But to a wild, rough.

warlike son of the desert like Shere Ali, the Barakzai, such a pageant of royalty meant nothing. He enjoyed the dancing of English ladies. He criticised and admired what he called "the almost indecent garb" of the Scotch Highlanders. He sipped the cherry brandy of the foreigner with delight. He appreciated, as he could not fail to do, the manly presence of the viceroy. But what did it all mean?

Lord Mayo was a Tory viceroy serving a Liberal administration. His voice was the voice of Salisbury, but his hands were the hands of Gladstone. Shere Ali Khan returned to Peshawar a disappointed man, as I can testify from my personal intercourse with the ameer at that time. He felt he had been deceived. And when the ameer's envoy visited Lord Northbrook at Simla in 1875, we have it on the authority of the parliamentary Blue Book, that "he stated implicitly that his master had now a deep-rooted distrust of the good faith and sincerity of the British government."

The political situation in September 1892 is precisely that of March 1869 unless twenty-three years of experience have taught Mr. Gladstone a lesson. A Tory viceroy is now serving a Liberal prime minister. But a quarter of a century has wrought a marvellous change in the feelings and opinions of British officers in India. There is probably not a civil servant in India who does not understand the importance of the position of the ameer of Cabul with reference to the future of India, and they have been so indoctrinated with the firm and vigorous policy of Lord Salisbury that they will probably take unkindly to the shifting and scuttling-out methods of the Liberal leader.

The present political situation is perilous in the extreme. Any want of determination to place Afghanistan beyond the reach of Russian intrigue may cost England her Indian Empire. When Shere Ali Khan was dethroned because he received the Russian embassy and rejected the British, an old Khyberee who witnessed the fall of Ali Musjid and the British advance into Afghanistan, said to me, "I now see that England is not afraid of Russia." And there are three hundred millions of people more or less, many of them belonging to the most warlike races of the world, who with that old Khyberee have their eyes turned in the direction of Cabul and the Russians.

No secrecy is needed. There need be no state secrets.

England does not want the ameer's country, but she must have his alliance. If Abdur Rahman is tricky and untrue, the British can at any moment march an army to Cabul or Candahar with the fullest assurance of victory. Whilst Afghanistan is a difficult country to hold, it is easy to invade. The march of General Pollock in 1842 proved this. So have more recent campaigns. The Bolun and the Khyber Passes are, thanks to Lord Salisbury's Afghan policy, under British protection. There are good roads both to Cabul and Candahar, and every square mile of the country has been carefully surveyed.

The selection of Ameer Abdur Rahman was a political venture. He had for some years been the guest of the Russian government, but he became ameer of Cabul with British gold and British bayonets. He can be dethroned within a month, and the ex-Ameer Yakoob Khan, now a guest of the British, could reign in his stead. Yakoob Khan has always been friendly to England, for the massacre of the embassy during his rule was, I maintain, the fault of the embassy itself.

The ameer of Cabul is no longer a personality. He represents an idea — the domination of the British power in the East.

Russia may extend her frontier to Pekin or Canton, and it would not cause a ripple among the three hundred millions who acknowledge British rule in India; but Russian ascendancy in Herat, Candahar, or Cabul would be an immense weakening of England's prestige among the warlike races of India.

England already possesses a portion of Afghanistan. The Peshawar valley is part and parcel of Afghan territory, inhabited by Afghans of the purest stock, speaking the Afghan tongue. During the mutiny of 1857 it was Lord Lawrence's policy to "retire modestly" from Peshawar, and no negotiations are ever entered into with the ameers of Afghanistan without some attempt being made on their part to secure the Afghan occupation of the Peshawar valley, as a basis for a friendly treaty.

Lord Salisbury's vigorous policy has completely obliterated the faintest hope of such a possibility, and the British possession of the Khyber Pass is a clear intimation to Russia that if she is determined to fight for supremacy in the east,

the struggle will probably take place in the valley of Peshawar, the historic battle-ground of centuries.

Occasional difficulties at Merv, or in the Pamirs, or at Punjdeh, or in the Black Mountain, are only incidents which are among the inevitable environments of the Afghans. The Afghans resemble the Irish in many respects: they are never quite satisfied unless they are dragging their coat-tails round in a spirit of defiance. In dealing with such a people it is absolutely necessary to be truthful, straightforward, and firm.

Unfortunately the ameers of Cabul know nothing of the Britisher in his traditional character as John Bull. Englishmen speak and write of Russian duplicity and intrigue, and arrogate to their own nation the moral quality of straightforwardness; but the ameer of Cabul can see no difference whatever between the two nations as regards the ethical development of their respective characters in diplomatic affairs.

Why should he? Russia, he knows, never did profess much in the direction of probity and honesty; and experience has taught him that, in the midst of a great deal of political cant, the most treacherous designs can be consummated, even by the "straightforward Englishman." It is impossible to get an English diplomat to see these things from an Afghan standpoint; hence the difficulty. The ameer of Cabul reasons very much in this way: The peaceful commercial mission of Sir Alexander Burns in 1832 ended in the invasion of Afghanistan, and the dethronement of Ameer Dost Muhammad in 1837; the Umballa conference of 1869, with its assurance of friendly help, ended in the Seistan arbitration which robbed the Afghans of a province; the Peshawar conference of 1877 brought about the dethronement of two ameers and the prosecution of two Afghan wars.

Now, should there be any change at the present time consequent on the transfer of power from Lord Salisbury to Mr. Gladstone, it will only add to the Afghan's conviction that British statesmen at Simla and Peshawar can lie and deceive just as vigorously as the Russians of Samarkand and Tashkend.

It is positively unjust to assert that the Afghan cannot keep a treaty. The only straightforward and John Bull transaction which has ever been enacted between Great Britain and Cabul was the treaty of "perpetual peace and friend-

ship" which was established and signed and sealed by Ameer Dost Muhammad and Lord Dalhousie on the first day of May 1855. Dost Muhammad stuck to this treaty like a man. As a friend to the British he expelled the Persians from Herat, and two years afterwards he held back his own people from invading India during the troubles of the mutiny.

The only hope for the settlement of this great question is the continuance of that policy of "masterly determination" which has characterized the British treatment of the ameer during the last six years. The construction of a railway to Candahar and to Cabul, both of which were contemplated by Lord Lytton, would do more to a peaceful settlement of the turbulent Afghan than any other step which could be suggested. If the British government intends to keep its hold on Afghanistan, it must develop the resources of the country, otherwise it will become depopulated. I find from English newspapers, published in India, that the population of the country is rapidly decreasing; naturally so, when the Afghan finds that he has only to settle in India to live in peace and develop his material resources.

I believe in the Afghan; his treachery has passed into a proverb; but during twenty years of my life I have slept in his dwelling, dined in his guest house, and trusted my life to his protection; and I honestly believe, notwithstanding much which may be said to the contrary, that the Afghan can be trusted and can be true.

The "unspeakable Turk" has jeopardized the peace of Europe for centuries; and it seems probable that unless a firm and determined attitude is maintained by England, the uncontrollable Afghan will jeopardize the peace of Asia in the same way. But there is this great difference—that while the Turk belongs to an expiring race, the Afghan is as strong and vigorous in his physique and individuality as he was in the days when his forefathers conquered Northern India. In dealing with the Afghans the British are dealing with a nation of men as well as with a nation possessing inherent powers of development. Lord Beaconsfield, as an Oriental, realized the possibilities of the Asiatic; and when he sent regiments of Afghans, Sikhs, and Goorkhas to the island of Malta, it was as a hint to Russia that the fighting power of India, under the command of British officers, is simply inexhaustible.

THE NEW EDUCATION AND ITS PRACTICAL APPLICATION.

BY PROFESSOR JOS. RODES BUCHANAN.

In asserting the claims of "full-orbed education," I deemed it sufficient to refer to its triumphant success in developing the nobler elements of humanity and repressing all vicious tendencies in the state reform school of Ohio, under Mr. G. W. Howe, at Lancaster, in the famous school of Fellenberg, at Hofwyl, and in the Rauhen Haus, near Hamburg, under Mr. Wichern. As the triumphant success of the full-orbed ethical method in three different countries, amply authenticated, ought to be conclusive with every candid thinker, I need not refer to other examples before answering the question of all practical philanthropists, What is the full-orbed ethical method, and how does it differ from that of our common schools, in many of which the unrestrained turbulence, mischief, obscenity, and juvenile rowdyism that abound make a moral malaria from which faithful parents should withhold their children, at least until they are old enough to withstand it.

What a signal contrast our common schools offer to the three institutions just mentioned! and as it is in our own country, I refer especially to the school at Lancaster, O., in which, although the pupils were all the convicts of the courts of the state, there was an ideal condition never perhaps seen in our public common schools, — no quarrels or fights, no profane or obscene language, no wanton mischief, no disrespect to teachers, no cutting or defacing furniture, but at all times a steady, industrious, and gentlemanly deportment which made them acceptable to the people of the neighborhood, and a steady progress in maturing and confirming by habit the moral nature, which generally in less than three years enabled the authorities to give them a friendly dismission or graduation, as truly prepared to lead a correct life. The report of 1873 says: "We receive bad boys, and see them greatly benefited; idle boys, and see

them become industrious; vicious and revengeful boys, and see them become mild and teachable; profane and evil-speaking boys, soon to find that no evil communications proceed out of their mouths."

If so much can be done with prison convicts, what may not be done with the uncorrupted youth of good families? Is it extravagant to affirm, with such experience before us, that a single generation grown up through full-orbed ethical education would scarcely have one criminal in a thousand, and would be almost entirely free from the frauds, the vices, the selfishness, and the domestic discord and misery that darken the picture of society to-day, and raise in many minds the question, Is life worth living? It is entirely safe to say that between two nations reared under such an education, WAR WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE, and that which the religious teaching of ADULTS through sixty generations has not accomplished, would be accomplished in one by directing our labor to the pliant minds of youth. The deplorable failure of all accepted methods of the state, the college, and the church throughout all history to avert the progress of crime, pauperism, premature death, insanity, suicide, and the *national crime of war*, should rouse the conscience and fire the soul of every philanthropist and every good citizen who can think seriously for an hour, when the demonstration is presented that in one generation humanity can rise from the dark morass of misery and crime to the highlands of honor, health, and happiness, thus realizing the ideal toward which millions of the best and wisest of all ages have been toiling in vain; for instead of approaching it, they have but held the race feebly against moral and social degeneracy.

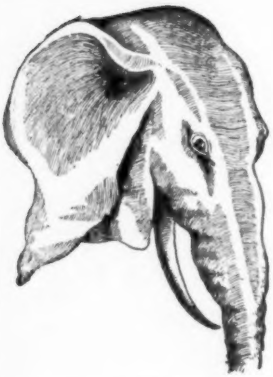
Great, indeed, is the change proposed, which would abolish the permanent industrial and social war of classes and individuals, now threatening to become a bloody civil war, all over the world, between capital and labor, and would absolutely forbid all international wars. These are permanent institutions as education has been conducted heretofore; and Von Moltke, while recognizing the principles of religion, strangely recognized war as a permanent international institution which all must be educated to understand and to meet. "War," said he, "is an element in the order of the world ordained by God. Without war, the world would stagnate and lose itself in materialism!"

Felony is born and bred into the life of nations. To murder and rob a hundred thousand people in an adjoining territory against whom we have no serious accusation is the premeditated crime for which the millions of Europe are thoroughly educated to-day, without a protest from the church or the college. Thus educated, one nation may devastate another with as little excuse or justification as a horde of pirates or the Thugs of India (which has often happened); and when the horrid carnage has ended and the calmer reflection of peace arrives, neither clergymen nor philosophers nor historians generally, use any moral standard in their judgment of crimes in which they see but military power and glory. The conscience that could make *remorse* for such crimes does not exist, national remorse being an unknown condition,* and the malaria of our false education plants in every nationality the slowly developing poison which eventuates in the fever of war.

War and all the other curses of our social system (poverty, crime, and pestilence) are as distinctly involved in our educational system as the oak in the acorn, and, indeed, much more distinctly; for in the elaborate scholasticism of Germany, the duel is the very crown and flower of its ethical principles, and in all educational institutions war is the gigantic picture on which the young are made to gaze in admiration, and grow enthusiastic over its most magnificent criminals, whose pugnacity they imitate upon each other, making hazing, such as disgraces West Point, and fierce struggles in the field a regular feature of college life.

In proposing a revolutionary system to eradicate the evils of the past and present, and differentiate coming generations from all their predecessors, as widely as the noble St. Bernard dog is differentiated from the black wolf, we propose nothing beyond the well-known possible variations of nature; for even the wild wolf has been domesticated into an agreeable and faithful companion for man, and the fragrant, luscious apple has been developed from the wild and worthless crab, and many a desperate criminal has been converted by religious influence into an exemplary leader in every duty. Indeed, this revolution of the moral nature is a common incident of the reformatory schools in which the true ethical education

*Did Victor Hugo or any eminent Frenchm..n ever express any regret for the assault of France on Germany under Louis Napoleon?



ELEPHANT.

HIPPOPOTAMUS.

ST. BERNARD DOG.

HYENA.

DOVE.

GOLDEN EAGLE.

EXPLANATORY NOTE ON ILLUSTRATIONS.

The fact that the status of any animal is determined by the development of its nervous system is familiar to all biologists, but the fact that the brain is chiefly the seat of psychic functions has operated as an overshadowing terror to prevent its proper study by the medical profession, which refuses to recognize the soul as the comprehensive vitality of man, or to tolerate its recognition and study as a proper subject of science, or even to extend either courtesy or justice to those who have successfully prosecuted its study.

Self-limited thus by a rigid materialism to the physical aspects of life, it is no

has been realized; and in individuals of the impressible temperament I have been demonstrating since 1841 that such a temporary change can be effected in one minute, and even the medical colleges have learned that this can be accomplished with individuals liable to the suggestive control to which has been given the name of hypnotism. To develop the moral nature into exemplary control of the man is not a more difficult task than to increase the circumference of the chest and the arms, which every teacher of gymnastics would readily undertake to do; but, alas, why is muscular development so well understood and practiced, while moral development, which is worth more than all the rest of education, is but accidentally or incidentally thought of, all the way from the primary school to the university; and if it were not a divergence from our theme, I might show in some departments of education a positive damage to the moral nature.

In the development of ANTHROPOLOGY, which I have been demonstrating half a century (with unanimous acceptance wherever presented), it is shown that the evolution of the higher nature of man is closely associated with that superior region of the brain which distinguishes all docile domesticated animals from the fierce and untamable carnivora of the forest — that region of the brain which (unlike the cerebellum, pons, crura, thalami, quadrigemina, and striata) is not in

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wonder that biologists of the now dominant school have been so extremely blind to the development and functions of the brain, and have failed to observe the contrasted functions and effects of the superior and inferior portions of the brain — the superior being devoted to the higher functions of life and the inferior to the animal nature and lower passions.

And yet this contrast of development and function is conspicuously marked throughout the vertebrata, — from man and the orang throughout the carnivora and herbivora down to the poisonous serpents on land and the poisonous, horrible-looking fishes at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. If the whole animal kingdom were arrayed before us in contrasted groups, every intelligent schoolboy would observe the comparatively amiable, docile, and educable character of animals in which the brain (and consequently the outline of the head) rises in rounded fulness above the eyes, in contrast with the fierce, dangerous, and uncontrollable nature of those in which the low, flat head, broad at its junction with the neck, shows the predominance of the basilar half of the brain.

To illustrate this I have selected a few familiar animals whose character is so well known as not to need a full biographic contrast of their natures. The "half-reasoning" and useful elephant contrasts with the dull and useless hippopotamus, and the fierce lion with the lovely gazelle, whose tender eyes are compared with those of the loveliest woman. If the gazelle is flattered in the outline it was not by design, for the outline was taken from Buffon. The tiger that makes prey of the feeble Hindu contrasts with the reindeer, the most valuable of all man's kindly servants. A noble St. Bernard dog, so manlike in intelligence and kindness, contrasts with the hyena. The dove, with voice of love and gentleness, contrasts with the golden eagle (our carnivorous national emblem), and would make a more striking contrast with the harpy eagle, the most ferocious of birds. The lovely and affectionate seal, whose skin in death adorns the loveliness of woman, contrasts with the reptile crocodile.

That such contrasts, running through the whole animal kingdom (as I may hereafter illustrate), should have been entirely overlooked by naturalists, studying with microscopic care the forms of bones, feathers, scales and viscera, reminds us of the fact that a fly may crawl over an engraving, perceiving every line and dot, with no conception of

When Oscar Wylde was about to leave Oxford University full of "honors" he was asked what he was going to do with his life: His reply was:- "I am going to taste of Every Cup regardless"-

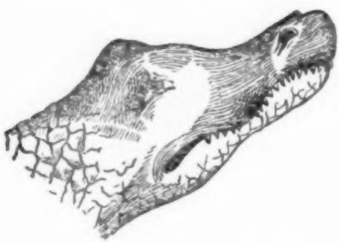
GAZELLE.

LION.

REINDEER.

TIGER.

SEAL.



CROCODILE.

the picture. Such has been the myopic way of studying the universe, which is still fashionable.

These illustrations may help to enforce the truth that the elevation and redemption of man depend upon the cultivation of the higher regions of his psychic nature, which are unitized with the higher regions of his brain, and thereby made more intelligible and more accessible. If the same care and intelligence which have been given to the development of the horse were given to the development and culture of man, our evolution would be very rapid. But at present the horse is in advance of the man in normal development, and many a bird and quadruped has more of the gentler elements than the cruelly carnivorous man, who slays it in wantonness.

close association with animal life and action, but separated from it by the ventricles, has a controlling and moderating power over animalism, and gives a home to the higher nature, its removal by the knife leaving the animal with but physiological existence, void of idea, emotion, or impulse.

The development of this region of the brain and its associate faculties offers no greater difficulty than the familiar development of any muscular region of the body. The simple law of development is that exercise in a normal manner produces circulation of blood, growth, and ultimately permanent organic power.

The exercise of any emotion or faculty increases its power and the facility of bringing it into play, as well as its spontaneous and irrepressible activity as a ruling element of the constitution. Hence, judicious cultivation for noble purposes changes the character permanently to a higher type, as certainly as continued intoxication debases it.

How, then, should the school begin and carry on this cultivation of the nobler nature? The first requisite is that the teacher should be of the nobler type of humanity, with the dignity and firmness that compel the pupil's respect and obedience, and the amiability that compels the pupil's love. If the pupil neither respects nor loves the teacher, he is governed only by force, and learns to hate and to cheat the teacher, or, in other words, is continually under a debasing influence. That amiability and patient kindness with the young are more common with women than men, indicates that they should take the lead in teaching, reinforced by the greater force and authority of male teachers.

All teaching should be pleasant and attractive to the pupil. I have often said that *no child should be sent to school*, for all schools should be made so interesting and attractive, that to be excluded would be a punishment — to be admitted a delight. This does not imply the coddling of the pupil in luxurious indolence, but the most energetic intellectual activity, into which he would enter with the same delight as in his athletic sports. Whatever is done with pleasure is done with vigor and freedom from fatigue, and with increasing power, as whatever is uninteresting and disagreeable, depresses, exhausts, and debilitates. How great an amount of brain power, health, and happiness has been destroyed by systems of teaching which fail to interest the pupil, and

produce weariness, discouragement, and disgust, ending in permanent aversion to books, and suggesting the theory published by Dr. Clark, a learned Harvard professor, that education was too fatiguing and depressing a process for the delicate constitution of woman. The truth of this might be admitted in reference to *false systems* of education, for they have been destructive to the health of young men, and throughout this century have been making the college youth of Germany myopic. But experience has shown that women endure collegiate training at least as well as men, and that rational collegiate training improves the health. An institution that does not improve the health of its pupils, should not be tolerated.*

But every natural healthy child is a self-educator, with a curiosity that is eager to become acquainted with everything, and will follow with delight the teacher who gives him interesting and valuable knowledge of things that he can understand. He is curious concerning all things, and eager to learn, with cyclopediac variety, all that the world contains, so far as he can understand it, by seeing, by handling, and by hearing explanations and descriptions. He is in a new world to him, and there is a limitless amount of knowledge that is as attractive as a good book of travels or a well-written novel. The skilful teacher can give a fascinating interest to

*Professor Bragdon of Lasell Seminary is authority for these facts: Since the opening of the seminary in September, up to date, forty-two young women have gained nine pounds and over; three, fourteen each; two, sixteen; one, nineteen; one, twenty; one, twenty-two; and the record breaker has gained twenty-three pounds in a little over four months. The feather weight of them all weighs eighty-one pounds, the heaviest plump, one hundred and sixty-seven, and they are the healthiest set of girls in New England. So much for calisthenics, athletics, physiology, and hygiene in the curriculum of higher education.—*Boston Post.*

What a signal contrast to this is the cramming, life-exhausting system which still survives in spite of common sense, which was so pathetically illustrated in the death of Grace Walton, on whose death record her physician placed this sentence: "Due to the Boston school system of cramming,—too much study and brain work." Legitimate and symmetrical brain work builds up the constitution, but the false text-book system destroys it. Others have condemned it more forcibly than myself. The Rev. Dr. Collyer of New York, in a Sunday discourse, said: "I do not hesitate for a moment to say that there are children who will flock to their schools as to a prison, and to their tasks as to a sore bondage, and they cannot tell you why; but the chances are that the reasons are very simple if we would only take pains to look for them. They are not equal to the tasks that are laid on them, and so they are slowly breaking down, or burning up year by year, and will die in the end from overwork—though we may call it a fever—or live only half a life, while the other half has gone into their learning. Or that which they have to learn in the machines we call schools may answer in no sense to their nature or their liking, any more than if you should try to turn a duckling into a nightingale, or to train a lamb to bear heavy burdens. They revolt at their tasks, poor things, and we fret and scold, while all the time it is the revolt of nature and of God's grace hidden in their life."

But all this folly is doomed to extinction. The admirable physical culture practiced by Dr. Sargent at Harvard and at fifty other schools, of which we recently had a beautiful exhibition in Kansas City, with two thousand pupils of both sexes, in a public park, displaying their proficiency in physical exercise, marks a new era, in which I would desire merely the addition of musical and ethical culture in combination, which adds so much to the perfection of physical life and development.

his instruction when it is given orally. The young should not be confined to text-books which fatigue and devitalize, but should learn chiefly from the voice, which inspires and conveys the spiritual energy of the teacher.* Adults can profit by text-books, but they prefer to learn from the voice of the lecturer, at a tenfold greater expense. Children are far less capable of learning from text-books; yet it is upon children that this burden is placed, compelling a physical stagnation, restraint, and silence, from which oral teaching is free. Such stillness or restraint is ten times as injurious to the young as to the mature adult.

A proper school is a scene of active life and enjoyment, far more attractive to the pupil than anything he can find at home or in the street. The teacher who cannot appreciate this and does not strive for it, is not qualified for his profession. Colonel Higginson having advocated the pleasurable view, was opposed by a teacher who maintained that arithmetic could not be made pleasant, to which Louisa P. Hopkins replied: "The little classes I have taught rose before my vision again, all alive with pleasurable excitement as they stood at the board with their work in long division. Ethel and Bessie, Hetty, Teddy, and Madge, all the seven, eight, or ten year olds, fairly dancing with eager enthusiasm to complete the work with the greatest possible accuracy and rapidity. The effort on my part was to keep them cool enough to work as efficiently as they could, so that they should not become excited to the point of bewilderment. I have invariably seen a high degree of enjoyment associated with the learning and practice of long division." From my own experience fifty-eight years ago, I can say, there is no subject which a competent teacher cannot make attractive and interesting to his pupils. But our cold-blooded scholastic system has so deadened the sympathies that, until very recently, it was difficult to find books adapted to the young, the authors being deficient in sympathy. Indeed, a considerable portion of our literature has been blighted by scholasticism into a dry and dreary character, and the defect is still greater in Germany.

* These ideas are not unfamiliar to the *best* teachers, who differ very widely from the monotonous pedagogue. Superintendent Harrington of New Bedford, speaking of teaching history, said: "I would throw away the text-books altogether *as such*, and take the subject wholly out of the list of text-book studies. I would let no formal examinations lie in wait for it. The teachers should be free from every trammel, — free to make the instruction so *delightful and winning* as it may be within their ability to accomplish."

Incessant activity is the nature of youth and the source of all growth and development. The function of the teacher is to see that this activity is normal and complete — that it brings into play for cultivation and growth every faculty and organ which we desire to see fully developed and strong in the mature man, to make an admirable character. Early culture will do it — will determine his adult life; and there is a still more potent, because still earlier, culture, which precedes the school, and is still more neglected or mismanaged — the embryonic culture of gestation, and the prior culture of the parent. But beginning in youth, with all the defects from parentage, I maintain that a true education can revolutionize the character and redeem it from all serious defects, if the youth can be completely surrounded and controlled by the educational system; and this has been so thoroughly demonstrated by experience, that I assume it as unquestionable.

All faculties can be cultivated into a marvellous power which would *a priori* seem impossible, and human nature may be carried to every conceivable extreme, physically and morally. The South American Guacho can gallop on horseback all day, and live upon jerked beef and water, with a hardy health unknown to Europeans. The Esquimaux in the Arctic zone can flourish and enjoy life in an atmosphere fifty or sixty degrees below zero, and occupy snow houses which never have a fire, while the Hindu enjoys a temperature of one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty degrees, and the African can live in a climate which in a few months is fatal to the Caucasian race. Equally variable are the moral and social sentiments. Some barbarous tribes are natural thieves, but travellers ascribe to Norwegians an honesty almost incredible to our Anglo-Saxon race. The extreme amiability and courtesy of the Japanese have many contrasts in barbarian brutality. The social sentiments are educated into the utmost extremes, from the ultra monogamy, which admits no divorce, to polygamy and polyandry; and from the rigorous Puritanic ideas of marriage to the easy freedom of Vienna, where the majority of the women live without marriage; from the fanaticism of Mohammedans, who think the woman that exposes her face a detestable criminal, to the Eden-like simplicity of Japan, where the sexes bathe together in public without embarrass-

ment or any thought of impropriety; from the honorable position of woman in ancient Egypt to her debased condition in India, and her condition of ignorance and virtual slavery in modern civilization, from which this century is lifting her.

Whatever faculties are incessantly cultivated through life must become the dominant elements of the character. Our selfish civilized society cultivates the elements that develop into robbery, murder, drunkenness, and suicide. By cultivating in the opposite direction, we may rear a race of happy men and women that would shun alcohol with loathing, and would rather be slain than commit murder.

The affective nature of man has been signally neglected, as if the intellectual alone were worthy of cultivation, the intellect being at the same time restrained by dogma and authority, enfeebled by the uninteresting and unprofitable, deprived of its normal support in the moral energies, and distorted and made lame by hereditary prejudices and falsehoods of the past, firmly enforced by miseducated teachers.

The *vital energy of the soul*, which invigorates and inspires the intellect, has been excluded from educational culture, and almost excluded from the English language, for we have not the words to express it in our degenerate form of speech. *Moral* has degenerated into an expression of conventional rules and purfunctory compliance; *emotional* has degenerated into a conception of excitement tending toward hysteria; *spiritual* into something unearthly; *psychic* into far-fetched subtlety; and *virtue* into highly respectable propriety. If these words could be restored to their proper vital and dignified meaning, they might be used to describe the normally strong, just, benevolent, lovely, happy, and heroic elements of character without which man is not fit to live, but without the culture of which colleges have been content to send him forth, often to failure and dishonor, after cramming his memory with the knowledge and opinions of some prior period,* never giving him the most advanced thought of the

* Colleges have always been behind the times—a drag on the wheels of progress. This I know to be terrifically true of medical colleges, by personal experience in the last forty-six years. It was true in the Roman empire, for even after the establishment of Christianity and down to the capture of Constantinople, the text-books were still the same as in the time of Plutarch. The colleges of Europe five hundred years ago were monastic institutions with monks for their teachers and Aristotle for their master. They inculcated a contempt for women. It was only because Max Muller was wanted at Oxford that the rule forbidding the marriage of Oxford fellows was abolished, as Muller had a wife. That woman was carefully excluded from colleges, is a sufficient proof of their lax ethical condition; and until recently, there was scarcely a masculine medical college fit for a respectable woman to enter. I had the

times, nor any impulse to seek it, nor any training preparing him for either moral or financial and industrial eminence. Pardon this digression; but the dreary and disastrous failures of education, as it has been — failure to save the individual and the nation — stand out as a terrible reality when we look over the past and contemplate the present. The enfeebled intelligence and enfeebled conscience of the nations is not even aware of its shortcomings, but boasts of its enlightenment like a Chinese mandarin. But what is the enlightenment worth which cannot or will not lift a nation above the level of widespread crime, pauperism, and dangerous discontent and discord among classes? If we do not realize our defects by comparison with a just ethical standard, we may perhaps realize them by comparison with a nation inferior to ours in many advantages to which we are, in our self-righteousness, sending missionaries.

When the Japanese ambassador to England was asked, a few years since, what he thought of European society, he replied: "One great drawback to it is the *entire absence of the sense of brotherhood*, which the strain and competition of modern business had produced. In Japan the members of a family are all bound together by the closest social ties. When I am in Tokio, there is no man of my native village, no matter how poor, how mean, or how destitute he may be, that could not have the utmost confidence in coming to me for assistance. *Nor could I refuse it to him.* There in the Japanese capital, with a population of one million five hundred thousand, there are only eight or nine hundred persons who depend upon the state for their support; that is, who correspond to your paupers." When will Americans be educated up to the Japanese standard of brotherhood — the universal brotherhood which they profess on Sunday in their churches, but have never imbibed in their education, and therefore know it not!

On this subject we may receive a fine lesson from Sir Walter Scott, who said, in reply to an extravagant eulogy of mere literary accomplishments, "God help us, what a poor world this would be if that were the true doctrine! I

pleasure, at Cincinnati in 1847, of opening the door of a medical college for the first time to women. Professor Dimon said, some years since, that the American college is little better than a copy of the English college, made when the English was in its worst state, one of its worst features being the slavish reproduction of this monastic feature, the exclusion of women. But a great change has begun within the last fifteen years, and possibly they may cease to cherish and prolong the horrid orthography of the English language, which has no excuse to prolong its barbarous and costly existence.

have read books enough, and observed and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly cultured minds too in my time; but I assure you, I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of poor, uneducated men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe yet gentle heroism under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbors, than I ever yet met with out of the Bible. We shall never learn to respect our real calling and destiny until we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine compared with the *education of the heart*."

And yet this educational problem, so befogged and involved, is as simple in principle as the training of a pugilist, which, being on the level of the animal nature, is so well understood. The principle is the same — thorough action and culture. As the pugilist gives every muscle prolonged, agreeable, and vigorous action every day, so should the teacher give prolonged, agreeable, and vigorous action to every faculty of the soul, and especially to the higher and stronger faculties, which sustain and vitalize the others, and which occupy the greater portion of the brain lying above the lateral ventricles. The regions of the brain in which vivisectors have been unable to find anything in their wholesale torturing slaughter of horses, dogs, rabbits, birds, fishes, and guinea pigs, because they were looking for physical effects, and not for soul powers, are the regions of the faculties for which they were not looking, the manifestations of which require to be studied in man by the methods which I have been demonstrating for half a century; the results being confirmed instead of contradicted by the imperfect experiments on animals. These results show that whenever the circulation and consequent vitality of the superior and upper posterior region of the brain rises above its common level, the character rises correspondingly in dignity, power, and virtue; and even in animals, the survey of the entire animal kingdom demonstrates what naturalists have so uniformly overlooked, that the higher development of this region, which any one can see at a glance, elevates the animal nearer to humanity, and qualifies it for the friendly companionship of man, as we see in the St. Bernard and shepherd's dog, the Shetland pony, the reindeer, the gazelle, the sheep, the camel, the elephant, the seal, the pigeons, doves, singing birds, and poultry,

when we compare them with the lion, tiger, hyena, polar bear, hippopotamus, crocodile, harpy eagle, hawks, and poisonous serpents.

The normal culture of man develops the whole physical constitution, and especially its nobler portion above the diaphragm (as explained by Sarcognomy) and the entire brain, giving especial attention to that nobler portion of the brain in which man excels all animals, and which constitutes his superiority — a region which the most ambitious achievements of science have so effectually ignored, and which, before the present century, was not even anatomically understood. The culture and growth of this region is the development of that which places man at the head of the animal kingdom, and qualifies him for illimitable progress. This culture is simply the culture of the noblest elements of his nature by their incessant exercise.

How are the vital elements of the soul to be cultivated? I would not say emotional or virtuous or psychic or moral, for these words have lost their proper meaning in vulgar usage. They are to be cultivated by the immediate and constant performance of every duty, until by habit and growth such action becomes habitual and as unchangeable as our congenital nature.

The first and fundamental duty of life is the industrial, the duty of careful and effective self-support, that we may not beg or rob or burden any one, and may be able to help others — to be a benefactor, and not a burden. This duty was utterly scorned by the old style of education, — from the time of Plato, we might almost say to the present time, — producing a lofty scorn of labor. Such a system of education is rotten to the core. It demoralizes the entire community, separates it into hostile classes, and devotes human life to the greedy pursuit and the ostentatious squandering of money, to live above the faithful and simple life of honorable industry, without even training the money hunter to the proper and skilful pursuit of wealth, thus preparing him for all the cunning and corrupt methods of an unscrupulous plutocratic society and the domineering insolence of those who have been taught to scorn the honest laborer. Pardon again; I cannot avoid referring to the evil, when presenting the remedy for that half-developed and morbid civilization, which throughout this century has been, in both Europe

and America, increasing its number of criminals and lunatics, and which, in this republic in time of peace, has a record in 1891 of five thousand nine hundred and six murders — many of them the unfortunate victims of debased and drunken husbands — crimes which speak trumpet-tongued against the system of education that has made them possible. The brain of the nation is reeling under our false system of education, which hastens instead of resisting the downfall of the intellectual and moral powers; for under this system our insane have more than doubled in thirty years. The ratio of the insane to the population, which was one to one thousand four hundred and sixty-eight in 1850, rose in 1880 to one in six hundred and fifty-six, and is still rising rapidly both in America and Europe. I hold our system of education responsible, for a true system would avert this degeneracy, *which seems to accompany education;* for the least educated nations have the least insanity. Insanity has been increasing in Italy, and in the best educated regions (as around the University of Bologna) it is five times as abundant as in the least educated regions (such as Naples and Sardinia.) Among the uneducated their religion remains as a conservative power, while it is undeniable that the soulless and godless system of modern education is diminishing religion by increasing the freedom of criticism, *diminishing religious sentiment*, and subjecting everything to the materialistic methods of physical science. Religion is everywhere on the down grade, and it will require all the power of the NEW EDUCATION to restore the religious sentiments to their normal supremacy. As our emancipated negroes increase in education and diminish their rude religious zeal and faith, they will increase their contributions to the insane asylum, as they are also increasing their contributions to the graveyard.

That the old tyrannical system of education has been an active factor in the deterioration of the brain, is shown by experience in the treatment of insanity first introduced by Pinel. The only satisfactory mode of treating it has been by the removal of restraint. Industry and self-support constitute, not only the most powerful tonic for the mind, but are themselves the most essential virtue, — the basic virtue of all virtues, without which all pretended sentimental and conceited virtues, having no backbone, fall limp and worthless to the earth. Its practice cannot be begun too soon. More

fortunate than the fashionable city lad is the farmer's boy, who learns to be useful as soon as he can run about, and never thinks of lounging idly, leaving the burdens of his home upon his father, his mother, or his sisters.

ALL EDUCATION, therefore, if it is to develop the honest, manly virtues, must be *industrial from the beginning.** "Nothing to do," said Carlyle, "is worse than nothing to eat." It starves the manly energies, and millions of American children are growing up puny and inefficient compared to what they should be. The youth should realize from infancy the duty that rests upon him and his comrades, and realize that he is *never free from responsibility*, whether it be in taking care of younger brothers or assisting his parents in household duties. There may be something irksome in this at home; but at school he will feel only emulation and enthusiasm in showing that he can handle tools and manufacture useful things as well as his comrades, guided by his own judgment, or show his skill in horticulture. Rivalry is a powerful stimulant, and industrial rivalry may have something of the charm of baseball, which is nothing but rivalry.

Industrial competition, intermingled with frequent playground sport, will give intense life and energy to the school, developing manliness, industry, and self-reliance, closeness of critical observation and independence of thought, which may be turned into the channel of original invention by throwing the pupil on his own resources.

* There is no exception to this on account of sex. In the Normal College of New York City, industrial training of women according to the Swedish method called *Slojd*, which is so eminently successful in Sweden, is considered a great success, and women handle skilfully the saw, the plane, the knife, and other tools of carpentry, in the carpenter's work which they are prepared to teach. Everything is done with skill, neatness, and despatch, and the impression sometimes rises in the visitor's mind, "Won't they make jewels of wives?" But of course woman's industry is not confined to carpentry.

THE WEST IN LITERATURE.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

A QUESTION of American literature now being so rancorously fought over will not be settled by a few men as critics, but by the mass of Americans as readers. The public is the final arbiter with regard to any literature or any art. That is to say, by the taste of the public all art and literature is finally judged. Taste is, moreover, not stationary. Demand changes, and as it changes it will inexorably subtend correlative changes in writing and in painting; and yet, inexorable as are the laws of taste, something may be done by dispassionate discussion in arriving at an understanding of the points at issue.

At some danger of being misunderstood, I should like to present briefly the principles which I conceive to underlie distinctive American art. The history of American literature is the history of provincialism slowly becoming less all-pervasive — the history of the slow development of a distinctive utterance.

By provincialism I mean dependence upon a mother country for models of art production. This is the sense in which Taine or Véron would use the word. The "provincialism" which is slightingly applied to work like Cable's novels or Riley's poems is not provincialism, but the beginning of an indigenous literature.

"The true makers of national literature," writes Posnet in his "Comparative Literature," "are the actions and thoughts of the nation itself. The place of these can never be taken by the sympathies of a cultured class too wide to be national, or those of a central academy too refined to be provincial. Provincialism is no ban in a truly national literature."

Using the word "provincialism," therefore, from the point of view of the central academy, we have had too little of it. Using it in its broader sense of dependence upon a mother

country, we have had too much of it. The question of whether we are to have a distinctive literature or not, resolves itself, in my mind, after some years of special study, to this conclusion: we will have a distinctive literature, or none of any sort worth mentioning.

The open sea fronts only in one direction. We must utter something new, something distinctively modern and American, or there will be no excuse for utterance at all. There has been too much truth in the English sneer that American poets and artists have been mere shadows or doubles successively of Pope, of Scott, of Byron, of Wordsworth, and of Tennyson. Our leading poets have reflected the American spirit fairly well, but that spirit has been provincial. It has grown each generation less timid, and since the war the national feeling has had immense widening as well as deepening. Intellectual independence has been slowly won.

The whole point can be specifically illustrated in the West. That is to say, the general terms which could be applied to the whole country up to the time of the civil war can be applied specifically to the middle West to-day. As a Western man, I think I can speak freely, without being charged with undue prejudice toward the states I name.

The West is as provincial in art as it is assertive of Americanism in politics. The books it reads are predominantly the novels of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, or the colorless "domestic" novels of Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Southworth, Augusta Evans, May Agnes Fleming, and the rest. I have made studies of bookstores and libraries in many towns in proof of this. These typical books, of course, form the middle class of reading. Below this class of readers come those who consume some millions of tons of dime novels, "*Fireside Companions*," and the "Buckskin Sam" type of romance.

The outlook would be hopeless, did we not know that in every town there is a small group of people, growing larger each year, who read the "*Century*," "*Harper's*," THE ARENA, the "*Forum*," and who enjoy Howells, Cable, Miss Wilkins, and other distinctively American writers. They know what they like — and get it. The other class of readers know what they like — and they get "Danger Dick" and "Old Sleuth," or Ouida or Mrs. Holmes.

It is the great intelligent middle class of America, curiously enough, who are most distinctly provincial. With them the verdict of the world is all-important. Their education has been just sufficient to make them distrustful of their own judgment. They are largely the product of our schools. They have been taught to believe that Shakespeare ended the drama, that Scott has closed the novel, that the English language is the greatest in the world, and that all other literatures are curious, but not at all to be ranked in power and humanity with the English literature.

I speak advisedly of these things, because I have been through the instruction which is well-nigh universal. This class is the largest class in America, and makes up the great body of shoal-bred Westerners. They sustain all the tenets of the conservative and romantic schools in which they have been instructed.

This instruction is well meaning, but it is benumbing to the faculties. It is essentially hopeless. It blinds the eyes of youth to the power and beauty of life and literature around him. It worships the past, despises the present, and fears the future. It says mournfully, "Our great men are going. Who will take their places?" It is profoundly pessimistic, because it sees literary ideals changing. It has not yet seen that metamorphosis is the law of all living things. It teaches the student "to measure the petty writers of the present over against the heroic shades of the past." It has not yet risen to the perception that the question for America to settle is not whether it can produce something *greater* than the past, but whether it shall produce something *different* from the past. Our task is not to imitate but to create.

Instruction of this kind inevitably deflects the natural bent of the young writer or discourages attempt altogether. It is the opposite of education; that is, it represses, rather than *leads out* the distinctive individuality of the student. These conservative ideas affect the newspapers, and their literary columns are too often full of the same gloomy comment. They are timidly negative when not partisanly conservative. The American youth is continually called upon to take Addison or Scott or Dickens or Shakespeare as a model. Such instruction leads naturally to the creation of blank verse tragedies on Columbus and Washington — a

class of work which seems to the radical the crowning absurdity of misplaced effort.

Thus the Western youth is turned away from the very material which he could best handle, which he knows most about, and which he really loves most — material which would make him individual, and fill him with hope and energy. He turns away from the marvellous changes which border-life subtends in its mighty rush towards civilization. He does not see the wealth of material which lies at his hand, in the mixture of races going on with inconceivable celerity everywhere in America, but with especial picturesqueness in the West. If he sees it, he has not the courage to write of it.

If, here and there, one has reached some such perception, he voices it timidly, with a humorous apologetic look in his eye.

The whole matter appears to me to be a question of the individuality. I feel that Véron has stated this truth better than any other man. In his assault upon the central academy he says, in substance, "Education should not conventionalize, should not mass together; it should individualize." The Western youth, like the average school-bred American, lacks the courage of his real conviction. He lacks the courage to honestly investigate his surroundings, and then stand by his judgment. Both as reader and writer, he dreads the Eastern comment. His standards of comparison are wrong. He is forced into writing to please somebody else, which is fatal to high art. To perceive the force of all this, and the real hopelessness of instruction according to conventional models, we have only to observe how little that is distinctive has been produced by the great Western middle states — say Wisconsin, Illinois, and Iowa. Of what does its writing consist? A multitude of little newspapers, first of all full of local news, and larger newspapers that are political organs, with some little attention to literature on their inside pages. Their judgments are mainly conservative, but here and there in their news columns one finds sketches of life so vivid one wonders why writers so true and imaginative are not recognized and encouraged. The mass of short stories in these papers, however, are absolutely colorless, where they are not pirated exotics. In all that they call "literature" these papers are without "local color." In their unconscious moments they are fine and true.

And yet for forty years an infinite drama has been going on in those wide spaces of the West — a drama that is as thrilling, as full of heart and hope and battle, as any that ever surrounded any man — a life that was unlike any ever seen on the earth, and which should have produced its characteristic literature, its native art chronicle.

As for myself, I am appalled at the majesty, the immensity, the infinite drama, of the life that goes on around me. Themes are crying out to be written. Take, for example, the history of the lumbering district of the northern lakes, a picturesque and peculiar life, that through a period of thirty years has been continually changing in all but a few of its essential features; and yet this life has had only superficial representation in the sketches of the tourist or reporter; its inner heart has not been uttered. The subtle changes of thought and of life that have come to the camps since before the war have thus far been unrecorded.

Then there is the mixture of races; the coming in of the German, the Scandinavian; the marked yet subtle changes in their character. Then there is the building of railroads, with all their trickery and false promises and worthless bonds; the rise of millionnaires; the deepening of social contrasts. In short, there is a great heterogeneous, shifting, brave population, a land teeming with unrecorded and infinite drama. It is only to the superficial observer that this country seems colorless and dull; to the veritist it is full of burning interest, greatest possibilities. I instance these localities because I know something special about them; but the same words apply to Pennsylvania, Ohio, or Kentucky. And yet how few writers of national reputation this eventful century-long march of civilization has produced!

We have had the figures, the dates, the bare history, the dime-novel statement of pioneer life, but how few real novels! how few accurate studies of speech and life! There it lies, ready to be put into the novel and the drama, and upon canvas; and it must be done by those born into it. Joaquin Miller has given us lines of splendid poetry touching this life, and Edward Eggleston, Joseph Kirkland, Opie Read, Octave Thanet, Miss Foote, E. W. Howe have dealt more or less faithfully with certain phases of it; but mainly the mighty West, with its swarming millions, remains undelineated in the novel, the drama, and the poem.

While it is true that this failure has been due to the hard environment, to lack of contrast, and to the lack of a market, not a little of it is due to conservative instruction — instruction which destroys the pupil's real individuality. This instruction, as I am able to testify, educates the young writer out of sympathy with his own land and time, into a sham sympathy with other lands and times. It has taught the young writer to take for a model some classic, some "great state," when it should have been at pains to lead out his own individuality, teaching him to accept no model save life, no master save truth.

To perceive the hopelessness of absolutism in literature, you have but to stop a moment to think. Admit that there are perfect models to which must be referred all subsequent writing, and we are committed to a barren round of hopeless imitations. The young writer is disheartened or drawn off into imitations, and ruined for any real expression. This way of looking at literature produced our Barlows and Caltons and Hillhouses, with their "colossi of cotton batting," and it produces blank verse dramas to-day. It is no wonder that conservatism shakes its head gloomily when Lowell dies.

But the relativists in art are full of hope. They see that life is the model, or rather that each man stands accountable to himself first, and to the perceived fact of life second. Life is always changing, and literature changes with it. It never decays; it changes. Poetry — that is to say *impassioned personal outlook on life* — is in no more danger of extinction to-day than in the days of Edmund Spenser. The American novel will continue to grow in truth to American life without regard to the form and spirit of the novel or drama of the past. Consciously or unconsciously the point of view of the modern writer is that of the veritist or truth stater.

But the question is forced on the young writer, even when he is well disposed toward dealing with indigenous material, Will it pay? Is there a market for me? Let me answer by pointing out that almost every novelist who has risen out of the mass of story writers in America represents some special local life or some special social phase.

Cable stands for the Creole South; Miss Murfree speaks for the mountaineer life in Tennessee; Joel Harris represents the new study of the negro; Miss Wilkins voices the thought

of certain old New England towns; Mr. Howells represents truthful treatment of the cities of Boston and New York; Joseph Kirkland has dealt with early Illinois life in "Zury"; Harold Frederick has written two powerful stories of interior New York life, and so on through a list of equally brave and equally fine artists. I think it may be said, therefore, that success in indigenous lines is every year becoming more certain. You will not find your market in the West yet, but the great magazines of the country are every year gaining in Americanism.

This truthful study of Western life, or of any life, involves the study of dialect, or, more properly, the actual speech of the common people. The actual thought of the people cannot be set forth without dealing in dialect, which reflects — if it be true — the peculiarity of thought which always underlies true dialect. For those people who think dialect a low and detestable thing, I have nothing to say. To me it is an interesting, graphic, and necessary medium of expression. Nothing is of greater interest to me than the study of the direct dramatic, unconventional speech of the average man or woman. Swift, humorous, full of vital energy, it embodies in itself all that is most distinctive and powerful in American life to-day.

The study of the West must, therefore, include not one dialect, but twenty. Indeed, veritism in the novel means that each character shall have his individual accent, as he has his individual thought. Thus one of the characteristic phases of the novel in the West must be the careful delineation of German and Scandinavian manners, customs, and dialect, in all the changes which they are undergoing from generation to generation. This dialect, with its great humorous possibilities, is just beginning to be treated truthfully here and there by newspaper men, as the Irish dialect is just getting truthfully written in the East.

That this Americanism, this truth to local conditions, is the certain road to success for young Western writers, is evident already in the success of James Whitcomb Riley, Opie Read, Joseph Kirkland, Octave Thanet, James Lane Allen, and others who have written of Western people. We are certain soon to have a group of Western novelists (Will they be women?) to represent the West, as Mrs. Cooke, Miss Wilkins, and Miss Jewett represent New England. But they

must be born of the soil. They must be products of the environment. They must stand among the people, not above them, and then they can be true, and being true they will certainly succeed.

This conservatism extends itself to the magazines of the West, which reflect but very faintly, incompletely, and half-heartedly the local life. The early success of the "*Overland Monthly*" was due to its local color. It is a painful fact that there is no magazine in the West that offers any encouragement to true Western art. If I were starting a magazine in the West, I should aim to develop the art resources of my locality. I should fill it with local color — not by means of dry chronicles of native industries, or histories of local celebrities or various townships, but by calling forth the art expression of the young writers of the section. It cannot be but that there are undeveloped young writers in every leading city of the West — men and women full of fresh and native energy, needing only encouragement and direction to become powerful writers of short stories. I am in receipt of scores of letters from such young people.

Art, after all, is an individual thing. A man must first be true to himself. The advice I give to my pupils who are ambitious to write is the essence of veritism: "Write of those things of which you know most, and for which you care most. By so doing you will be true to yourself, true to your locality, and true to your time." And that is the word I would like to speak to the young writers of the West to whom I may never be able to appeal by word of mouth.

I am a Western man; my hopes and ambitions for the West arise from absolute knowledge of the possibilities. I want to see her prairies, her river-banks and coules, her matchless skies, put upon canvas. I want to see her young writers writing better books, her young artists painting pictures that are true to the life they live and the life they know. I want to see the West supporting her own painters and musicians and novelists; and to that end I want to state my earnest belief, which I have carefully matched with the facts of literary history, that to take a place in the long line of poets and artists in the English language, the Western writer must, above all other things, be true to himself and to his time. To imitate is fatal.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH — STATUS AND THEORIES.

BY M. J. SAVAGE.

I HAVE now given my readers a large number of facts. But facts are worth little unless one knows what to do with them. Aristotle was in possession of certain facts, and from them he argued that the earth was a sphere; but for hundreds of years after his time the wise men of the world came to quite other conclusions. This was either because they were not wise enough to comprehend their significance, or, as was more commonly the case, because they were dominated by some bias that led them to adopt a contrary theory. It is this latter thing that stands more in the way of truth than does ignorance itself. In religion, in politics, in political economy, in all directions there are facts enough; but the majority of people are prepossessed by theories which hinder their seeing the real meaning of the facts.

I shall then have rendered a very incomplete service to those who have taken note of my facts if I stop with these. It remains for me therefore to indicate the present status of psychical inquiry, and to point out what seems to me the significance of my facts. I do not claim to be so wise here that my conclusions will be free of all error, but without immodesty I can claim one thing: I am not dominated by any theory, and am under no bias to come to any particular conclusion. Indeed, I have reached a point in my thinking where I find it hard to comprehend how any sane man should even wish to discover anything but the truth. I know there are such people, because they have told me that they were content with their present beliefs, and even though they were wrong, they did not want to find it out. But I do not wish to be even pleasantly fooled. I wish to know the truth and adjust myself to it.

I cannot, indeed, agree with those who say that, if there be no other life, this present life is not worth having. For —

— When I look upon the laughing face
Of children, or on woman's gentle grace;
Or when I grasp a true friend by the hand,
And feel a bond I partly understand;
When mountains thrill me, or when by the sea
The plaintive waves rehearse their mystery;
Or when I watch the moon with strange delight
Treading her pathway 'mid the stars at night;
Or when the one I love, with kisses prest,
I clasp with bliss unspoken to my breast; —
So strange, so deep, so wondrous, life appears,
I have no words, but only happy tears.
I cannot think it all shall end in naught;
That the abyss shall be the grave of thought;
That e'er oblivion's shoreless sea shall roll
O'er love and wonder and the lifeless soul.
But e'en though this the end, I cannot say
I'm sorry I have seen the light of day.
So wondrous seems this life I live to me,
Whate'er the end, *to-day I have and see;*
To-day I think and hope: and so for this, —
If this be all, — for just so much of bliss,
Bliss blended through with pain, I bless the Power
That holds me up to gaze *one wondrous hour!*

If, then, this is all, I want to know it and make the most of it. If it is only the beginning, I want to know that, and lay out my life on a scale proportioned to the magnificence of its possibilities. And I can conceive of no knowledge that for one moment matches this in importance.

Before treating the present standing of psychical inquiry, it is needful to note certain preceding conditions of human thought out of which present conditions have been evolved. In the pre-critical and unscientific ages, the belief in continued existence and some sort of intercourse between spirits and mortals was practically universal. In the general ignorance of natural laws, people were not troubled by questions of possible or impossible. All forces and happenings were interpreted in terms of will or caprice; and the supernatural presented no difficulty because there was, in their minds, no natural order. There being no standards of probability, what to-day is meant by proof was not only not demanded, it was not even understood. The journey of Odysseus to Hades was as believable as was the voyage of the latest Phœnician navigator. The appearance of spirits, messages from the invisible world, and celestial or demoniac interferences with human affairs were a part of all religions and

of daily life. The Bibles of all peoples and all ancient literatures are abundant witnesses to these facts. If any one wishes to come in personal contact with this condition of the human mind, he need not go further than to the devout Catholic servants of his own household.

As children now are afraid of the dark, the lonely, the mysterious, so it was natural that in the childhood of the world men should be afraid of the invisible. They were in terror at the thought of the possible return of even their most intimate friends. The gods themselves were not regarded as over kind, and their wrath must be placated or their favor purchased by gifts. Perhaps, therefore, it is not strange that these feelings linger still. Most people to-day, like Madame de Staël, are afraid of ghosts even though they do not believe in them; and there are few who are brave enough to spend a night alone in the room with the body of the one they have loved best in all the world. This state of mind makes it exceedingly difficult for people to treat these psychical investigations in a rational way. Among those who believe that "the dead" are still alive, there is a general impression that the fact of death has produced some marvellous and magical change so that they are real human folks no longer. The imagination is full of either angels or devils, so that they are troubled with all sorts of theories as to what is fitting or becoming, instead of being ready to note facts first and then see what they mean afterwards.

But as one of the results of modern science, there has been, in the minds of the learned, a violent reaction against the superstitions or over-beliefs of the past. This is entirely healthy, provided science itself does not become a superstition. But a scientific theory may become as serious a barrier against the acceptance of a new truth as vulgar prejudice itself. Witness the scientific authority of Newton as it blinds the eyes of the learned to the truth of Young's theory of light, or note the attitude of Agassiz in the matter of evolution. Professor Huxley has written, with all his power of sarcasm, against modern spiritualism. And yet Professor Wallace, at least his peer in scientific eminence, told me that he had repeatedly tried to get Huxley to join him in investigating these matters, and he would not. To the mind of the ultra-scientist all these stories of the childhood world are so childish that they are to be rejected in the

lump, without being accorded even the dignity of an investigation. I agree with this scientific reaction to the extent of holding that they are all to be put aside and labelled "Not proved"; that is, the basis on which they rest, whether in Bibles or out of Bibles, is inadequate, and does not in any case amount to demonstration. But it is going away beyond any truly scientific warrant to say that none of them may be true. And if, in the modern world, any similar stories should be scientifically established as true, then it would be fully in accord with the scientific method to reconsider all or any one of these traditional stories, and estimate the degree of probability in its favor.

Curiously various and contradictory have been the positions of different classes of thinkers and of those who do not think in the modern world. One class has held that all these things were childish and superstitious, and that only ignorant or flighty people could take any stock in them. Members of this class smile wisely, not to say superciliously, when any of these matters are mentioned. It is this attitude of the "unco" wise (for there is an "unco" wise as well as an "unco guid") which led a philosopher, known in two hemispheres, to say to me: "Well, Savage, suppose we become convinced that these things are true, it will only be *a couple more cranks*." Then there are the ordinary Protestant Christians, who accept such stories as are told in the Bible, and reject all others, whether ancient or modern. Of course this is a matter of religious "faith," not reason. Again, there are the Catholics, who believe not only the stories told in the Bible, but all such as are indorsed by the Church, either in mediæval or modern times. Once more, there are the Swedenborgians, who accept the stories of their founder. They also believe in the possibility of spirit intercourse to-day, but hold it unwise if not dangerous. Then there are men like the late Professor Austin Phelps of Andover, who "know" that spirits do interfere with human affairs, but believe that they are always evil spirits. Perhaps it is consistent with that theology which he represented, to believe that God will permit devils to overrun the earth, but forbid the good spirits to make their presence known. Such, then, are some of the points of view from which these matters have been regarded up to the time when they began to be approached in a rational and scientific manner.

It is doubtless due to the experiments of Mesmer in France, and the Rochester rappings that the era of scientific psychical research has at last been reached. I do not at all mean to say that the former were the cause, in the ordinary sense of the word, of the latter. I only mean that mesmerism and spiritualism, with their allied phenomena, resulted at last in such a widespread and popular interest in the problems involved as to lead certain people to feel that the question was worthy of serious attention and ought not longer to be postponed. The attitude of Professor Henry Sidgwick of Cambridge, England, the great writer on ethics, indicates what I mean. In his first address as president of the English Society for Psychical Research, he declared it to be "a scandal" that a matter of so great importance, and involving the life interests of so many people, was not scientifically investigated and settled; and the first time that so significant a thing ever occurred, Professor Oliver Lodge of Liverpool, in his address as president of the Physical and Mathematical Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, only last year, took similar ground, and challenged the attention and interest of the leading scientific men of Great Britain.

Men had come to feel, in view of the fact that so many thousands uncritically accepted the claims of spiritualism on the one hand, and so many were hungry for a belief that their reasons forbade, on the other, that the truth, if possible, ought to be known. They saw that either thousands of people were deluded, and that it was worth while to help them out of their delusion, or that something was true which might comfort and help other thousands who stood helpless and hopeless in the presence of "the great mystery." It was out of such convictions that the movement for psychical research was born.

Every little while still, some presumably wise, scientific man sneers at the whole thing, and treats the search as though it were on a level with the "Hunting of the Snark." A certain class of newspapers also treat it as though it were fair game for the jester's column, classing the "spook" and the sea serpent as equally legitimate prey for the limp-minded humorist of the "silly season." It will not therefore be time thrown away if we spend a little in considering as to whether psychical research is really a rational scientific inquiry.

There are two great universe theories, some variety of one or other of which we all hold. One is the materialistic theory, which teaches that in some way life is the outcome of matter, the product of organization. It is generally supposed to be the necessary consequence of this theory that the conscious life of the individual ceases with the death of the visible body. I have not been quite able to see why, however, for there may be an invisible body; and if matter is able to produce a conscious, thinking person, who is wise enough to say that this same matter may not be able to continue the life in some invisible form? For it seems to me that Thomas Paine did not at all exceed the bounds of reason when he said, "It appears more probable to me that I shall continue to exist hereafter, than that I should have existence, as I now have, before that existence began."

But whatever may be the truth of this, the old, crude theories of materialism are antiquated, and "dead matter" is philosophically and scientifically unknown. The only materialists to-day are a few belated survivals, fossils of a bygone period of human thought. Even Clifford, before he died, was talking of "mind-stuff" as connected with matter. Haeckel, the nearest to a materialist of any great living thinker, must have his "atom-souls" in order to account for facts. Schopenhauer must have his "world-will," and Hartmann his "Unconscious" with a capital U. Huxley, though the inventor of the term "Agnostic," declares that sooner than accept the old materialism he could adopt the ultra-idealism of Bishop Berkeley. And Herbert Spencer, easily prince of them all, says that the one thing we know, more certainly than we know any isolated or individual fact, is the existence of the one Eternal Energy back of all phenomena, and of which all phenomena are only partial manifestations.

Materialism, then, is dead, and spiritualism (of course I am using the term philosophically now) is taking its place. This theory puts life back of form, and makes it the cause, and not the product, of organization. This does not teach that man has a soul. That sort of talk belongs to the old theology:—

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky."

If man is thought of as "having" a soul which he may "lose," it is but a step to thinking of him as a being independent of his soul, and as getting along without it. This theory rather teaches that man *is* a soul, and *has* a body; and on that theory, it is purely a rational question as to whether he may not be able to get along without the present and visible body.

And here we need to note to what an extent we are the fools of our eyes and ears. It is common to imagine that we can see all that is, if only it is near enough to us, and that we can hear all "sounds" that are not too far away. As matter of fact, it is only the very smallest part of the real world of things about us that we are able either to see or hear. Vibrations that reach a certain number in a second produce an effect on the eye which, when transmitted to the brain is, in some way, quite incomprehensible to us, transformed into vision. When these vibrations pass a certain other number in rapidity, then they lose the power to produce the sense of seeing. It is then only within very narrow limits that we see; while on both sides of these limits there is a practical infinity that to us is invisible, though no whit less real than that which we speak of as seeing. And all the while it isn't the eye, nor the brain, nor any visible thing that sees even the commonest object; it is the I, the self, the soul only that ever sees. A precisely similar thing is true of hearing.

It is not science, but only shallow sciolism that assumes that our present senses are a measure of the universe. Men like Professor Crookes and Nicola Tesla are already on the eve of physical discoveries that promise to reveal to us forms and conditions of matter quite unlike those with which we are already familiar. For anything at present known to the contrary, the soul or the self may emerge from the experience we call death with a body as real and much more completely alive than the present visible body, and which shall yet be invisible, inaudible, and intangible to our ordinary senses. Indeed "spirit photography," whether true or not, is not at all absurd or scientifically impossible in the nature of things. The sensitized plate can "see" better than the ordinary human eye, for it can photograph an "invisible" star. It may then photograph an invisible "spiritual body," provided any such body really exists.

As to the possible existence of a "spiritual" world in the neighborhood of the earth, I need only quote Young, who lived not long after Newton, and who is the famous scientist who discovered and demonstrated the present universally accepted theory of light. Jevons, in his "Principles of Science" (Third edition, Macmillan & Company, 1879), page 516, says, "We cannot deny even the strange suggestion of Young, that there may be independent worlds, some possibly existing in different parts of space, but others perhaps pervading each other, unseen and unknown in the same space." It is not scientific wisdom, then, but only scientific ignorance or prejudice that supposes that the student engaged in the work of psychical research need apologize to science. There is nothing which his work pre-supposes that in any way whatever contradicts any established principle or verified conclusion of science.

In the light of these facts, and considering the character and the learning of those engaged in the work, it is time that the silly attitude toward it were given up. The time is passing away when such a remark as the following should be possible. The Reverend J. G. Wood was a clergyman of the Church of England, and a world-famous naturalist. As the result of years of careful investigation, he became a firm believer in the "spirit" world, and in communication between that world and this. Some years ago he was in Boston, giving a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute. In conversation with him at that time, he spoke freely of his experiences, and told me stories as wonderful as any I have ever heard. He said: "I do not talk about these things with everybody. I used to think anybody who had anything to do with them was a fool, and" — he added with a look that told of frequent contact with the "unco" wise — "*I do not enjoy being called a fool.*" It is time, I say, that this sort of thing were gone by. The wise man whose whole stock in trade on this subject is an ignorance only less than his prejudice, will soon learn that it is not entirely scientific to "know all about" a matter about which he really knows nothing at all.

This, then, is a subject as fairly open to scientific investigation as is the germ-theory of disease, or the present condition of the planet Mars. It is purely a question of fact and evidence.

I had begun a careful study of these questions when as yet there was no English Society for Psychical Research. Before touching on the work that has been done, and the theories propounded since that organization, I wish to say a few things concerning my own personal attitude. I do this, not because I imagine that my own motives and actions are of any public importance in themselves; but in one way they may be of a good deal of importance to those who may be interested in the work I have done, and the conclusions I have reached in the matter of psychical study. If, in the case of the so-called exact sciences, — like the work of observation in astronomy, — the "personal equation" has to be taken account of, much more is it necessary in studies like these, where experience, power of exact observation, motive, and purpose may either practically assure or vitiate results. Since then I have ventured to lay before the public so large a number of cases, my readers have a right to know so much of my personal attitude and methods as will help them to estimate the value of these cases.

My evangelical training had prepared me to look upon all these things with suspicion. I believed the whole business to be either fraud or delusion or "nerves." I do not think I traced it to the devil, as so many others did, but I felt sure that it had "better be let alone." I felt towards it as all the "respectable" people of Jerusalem and Corinth and Rome felt towards Christianity — that at best it was "a pestilent superstition." On the basis of "invincible ignorance," I once delivered a scathing lecture against it, and perhaps wondered a little that certain obstinate people still continued to believe in it after I was done.

But about seventeen years ago, a year or so after coming to Boston, the father of one of my parishioners died. Soon after she came to me, saying she had been with a friend to consult a "medium." As she thought, certain very striking things had been told her, and she wished my counsel and advice. Then it came to me with a shock that I had no business to offer advice on a subject concerning which my entire stock of preparation consisted of a bundle of prejudices. Then I began to reflect that this one parishioner was not alone in wanting advice on this subject; and I said to myself, whether this be truth or delusion, it is equally important that I know about it so as to be the competent adviser

of those who come to me for direction. I should have felt ashamed to have had no opinion on the Old Testament theophanies or the New Testament stories of spirit appearances or demoniacal possessions. Why should I pride myself on my ignorance of matters of far more practical importance to my people? As a part of my equipment for the ministry, then, I said to myself, I must study these things until I have at least an intelligent opinion. Such, then, were the circumstances and motives that led to my prolonged investigation.

Since then I have improved every available opportunity to study these things. I have had no prurient curiosity as to any other possible world, neither have I made it my chief object to see if I could get into communication with personal friends. I have studied these phenomena, first, as bearing on the nature and powers of the mind, as here embodied, and then with a view to finding out if any proof could be obtained that personal, conscious existence survives the experience we call death. For only a superficial knowledge of the drift of popular opinion is needed to show that if the belief in a future life is to continue as a life-motive among men, it must be based on something more recent and authentic than a shifting ecclesiastical tradition two thousand years old. The Catholic church is wise enough to see this. And the attitude of the Protestant church is a curiously inconsistent one, particularly when one remembers that the "facts" on which it relies are of precisely a similar kind to the modern ones it contemptuously rejects.

In my studies I have sought faithfully to follow the scientific method, which I regard as the only method of knowledge. By careful observation and rigid experiment I have tried, first, to be sure that I have discovered a fact. Of this fact I have made a record at the time. I have paid no attention to results apparently obtained in the dark, or in circumstances where I could not be certain as to what was taking place. I have not said that all these were fraud, but I have never given them weight as evidence. I have made a study of sleight of hand, and am quite aware of all the possibilities of trickery. But to imitate an occurrence, under other conditions, is not to duplicate a fact. The larger number of those occurrences which have actually influenced my belief have taken place in the presence of long-tried personal friends, and not with professional "mediums" at all.

When at last I have been sure of a fact, I have stretched and strained all known methods and theories in the attempt to explain it without resorting to any supposed "spiritual" agency. I say "spiritual" and not supernatural, for I do not believe in any supernatural. In my conception of the universe whatever is, is natural. If "spirits" exist, their invisibility does not make them supernatural any more than the atom of science is to be regarded as supernatural for a similar reason. And when at last I discovered facts which I am utterly unable to explain without supposing the presence and agency of invisible intelligences, even then I have not positively taken that step. For the present, at least, I only wait. The facts will keep; and if the wisdom of the world is able to discover any other explanation, I am quite ready to accept it. Stronger than my desire to conquer death is my desire not to be fooled, or to be the means, ever so honestly, of leading astray any who might put their trust in my conclusions; but I have discovered facts which I cannot explain, and they *seem* to point directly to the conclusion that the self does not die, and that it is, in certain conditions, able to communicate with those still in the flesh. It may be proper to add here that the leading man in the English Society for Psychical Research, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, has published the fact that, as the result of his investigations, he has become convinced of "continued personal existence and of at least occasional communication." The secretary of the American Branch of the English Society, Mr. Richard Hodgson, LL. D., has given to the world a similar conviction.

It is time now for me to indicate certain results which I regard as well established. There will be no room here for detail. For illustration, and for cases other than those I have already given, the reader is referred to reports and books published by the English Society. What, then, are some of the results?

1. Mesmerism, under its new name of hypnotism, is now recognized by all competent investigators. Not only this, but it is being resorted to in the treatment of disease by the best physicians of France, Germany, England, and America. It is found that it can be used in surgical operations as an anæsthetic, in place of ether. In the hypnotic state many strange phenomena sometimes appear, such as the dual per-

sonality, clairvoyance and clairaudience, that lead the student into other departments of psychical research.

2. Clairvoyance and clairaudience are well established. This means that, in certain conditions, people can see without their eyes and hear without their ears. Facts like these do not take one "out of the body," but they do suggest, with somewhat startling force, the query as to whether the mind is necessarily so dependent on our ordinary senses as is commonly supposed.

3. Next comes telepathy, or mind reading. It is found that communication of thoughts, feelings, and even events in detail, is possible between minds separated by distances ranging from a few feet to thousands of miles. It is suggested that the explanation may be found in the theory of ethereal vibrations set up by the activity of the brain particles whose motion accompanies all thought and feeling, but in any case the facts are none the less wonderful.

4. Next come what are ordinarily classed together as "mediumistic phenomena." The most important of these are psychometry, "vision" of "spirit" forms, claimed communications, by means of rappings, table movements, automatic writing, independent writing, trance speaking, etc. With them also ought to be noted what are generally called physical phenomena, though in most cases, since they are intelligibly directed, the use of the word "physical," without this qualification, might be misleading. These physical phenomena include such facts as the movement of material objects by other than the ordinary muscular force, the making objects heavier or lighter when tested by the scales, the playing on musical instruments by some invisible power, etc. I pass by the question of "materialization," because I have never seen any under such conditions as rendered fraud impossible. I do not feel called on to say that all I have ever seen was fraudulent; I only say that it might have been. Consequently, I cannot treat it as evidence of anything beyond the possible ingenuity of the professionals.

Now all of these referred to (with the exception of independent writing and materialization) I know to be genuine. I do not at all mean by this that I know that the "spiritualistic" interpretation of them is the true one. I mean only that they are genuine phenomena; that they have occurred; that they are not tricks or the result of fraud. I am not

saying (for I must be very explicit here) that imitations of them may not be given by fraudulent "mediums" or by the prestidigitator; but that they are genuine phenomena, in many cases, I have proved over and over again. I ought to say a special word here in regard to slate writing. I put this one side, because I know it can be done in many ways as a trick. More than once have I detected a trick as being palmed off on me for genuine; but it is only fair to say that I have had experiences of this sort when I could not discover any trick, and in conditions where it seemed impossible. I leave it out of present account only because I do not feel justified in saying I know, as I do feel justified in saying in regard to most of the others.

But a thousand experiences of these kinds may occur, and yet find a possible explanation without crossing the borders of the possible "spirit" world. Psychometry, visions, voices, table movements, automatic writing, trance speaking — all these may be accounted for by some unusual activity of the mind as embodied. They may throw great and new light on the powers and possibilities of the mind here, and yet not lead us to the land of "spirits."

But — and here is the crucial point to be noted — by any one of these means a communication may be made that *cannot* be accounted for as the result of the mental activity of any one of the persons visibly present. Was the statement made such as was known, or *might ever* have been known, by any of the (visible) persons present? In that case, the cautious and conscientious investigator will feel compelled to hunt for an explanation on this side of the border. For since mind reading is a known cause, he will resort to that as long as he can, and only go further when absolutely compelled to do so. But if none of the people (visibly) present ever knew or ever could have known the communicated fact, then what?

It seems to me that the Rubicon, whether ever crossed or not, is here. This, therefore, calls for clear discussion by itself; but one other point, not yet sufficiently noted, needs to be disposed of first. When enumerating some of the phenomena called "mediumistic," I referred to the movement of material objects in a way not to be explained by muscular force, and to musical instruments played on by some invisible power. Is there any way to account for these

without supposing the presence and agency of some invisible intelligence? I frankly confess I do not know of any; and here let me refer to the opinion of Dr. Elliott Coues. For years he was connected with the Smithsonian Institution in Washington; and a professor there is a personal friend of mine. He is, if not a materialist, an out and out agnostic. I asked him one day as to the scientific standing of Professor Coues, leaving out of account what he regarded as his "vagaries" in connection with psychical matters. He replied that he was "one of the ablest and most brilliant scientific men in Europe or America." Professor Coues then has said — I quote from memory — "All material objects are under the power of gravity. If, then, any particle of matter, though no larger than a pin's head, be moved in such a way as not to be explained by purely physical forces, this fact marks the boundary line between the material and the spiritual, between force and will."

But now for a brief consideration of the most important psychical cases with which I am acquainted. More than once I have been told by a psychic (and in the most important cases of all the psychic was not a professional) certain things that neither the psychic nor myself knew, had known, or (in the nature of the case) could by any possibility ever have known. These communications claimed to come from an old-time and intimate friend who had "died" within three months. The facts were matters which mutually concerned us, and which she would have been likely to have spoken of if it were possible. There was an air of naturalness and verisimilitude about the whole experience, though some parts of it were so "personal" as to render it impossible to publish the whole case, and so make it as forcible to others as it was to me.

Now, will somebody tell me what I am to do with facts like these? In one or two cases the facts communicated to me concerned happenings, mental conditions, and spiritual suffering in another state, two hundred miles away. I wish to note briefly the ordinary attempts at explanation and see if they appear to be adequate.

1. Guess-work; coincidence; it happened so. This might be true of one case, however extraordinary; but when you are dealing with several cases, the theory of guess-work or coincidence becomes more wonderful than the original fact.

2. Clairvoyance. But my friend, the non-professional psychic, has no clairvoyant power; and, besides, clairvoyant power does not ordinarily reach so far, nor does it deal with mental and moral states and sufferings.

3. Telepathy. But this is based on sympathy between the two persons concerned, and deals with something in which they are mutually interested. But my friend, the psychic, not only was no friend of the parties concerned; she did not even know that any such persons were in existence.

4. As a last resort, it has been suggested that we are surrounded by, or immersed in, a sort of universal mind which is a reservoir containing all knowledge; and that, in some mysterious way, the psychic unconsciously taps this reservoir, and so astonishes herself and others with facts, the origin of which is untraceable and unknown. But this seems to me explanation with a vengeance! The good old lady, after reading "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress" with "Scott's Explanatory Notes," said she understood *everything except the notes*. So in this case, it seems to me we might conceivably *explain everything except the explanation*. No, I must wait still longer. Unless my friend was there telling me these things, I confess I do not know how to account for them.

Here, then, for the present, I pause. Do these facts only widen and enlarge our thoughts concerning the range of our present life? Or do they lift a corner of the curtain, and let us catch a whisper, or a glimpse of a face, and so assure us that "death" is only an experience of life, and not its end? I hope the latter. And I believe the present investigation will not cease until all intelligent people shall have the means in their hands for a scientific and satisfactory decision.

IN THE TRIBUNAL OF LITERARY CRITICISM.

BACON *VS.* SHAKESPEARE.

BY EDWIN REED.

PART II. A BRIEF FOR THE DEFENDANT.

The title of William Shakespeare, the actor, to the authorship of the plays and poems popularly attributed to him, rests on two foundations, to wit: —

I. Contemporaneous testimony.
II. The unique character of the works.

I. The testimony of his contemporaries, though not, it must be admitted, direct or positive, is yet without a flaw. For a period of more than twenty-five years during which time these great productions were coming out, on the stage and in print, William Shakespeare stood before the world their undisputed author. We listen in vain for the slightest whisper of any other name connected with them. This unanimity of sentiment was as absolute before 1598, while the published plays were anonymous, as it was after that date, when the title-pages almost invariably bore what purported to be the author's name. Even Shakespeare's death in 1616 had no effect on his literary tenure. Old plays newly enlarged, new plays never before heard of, some of them ranking among his best, continued to come from the press, still ascribed to him. Nature seems to have suspended her laws and given fresh harvests without seed. Two of his fellow-actors collected and published all his works, as a labor of love, in one large volume in 1623, making no suggestion, and eliciting none from the public, of any incongruity in the alleged authorship. From first to last no rival claimant dared to lift his head. One envious writer, and one only, throughout the whole career of the dramatist, intimated a doubt concerning him. That one was Greene, author of the famous

posthumous squib of 1592, for which his editor, however, made an ample public apology three months later.

Other circumstances also conspired to invite suspicion, not to say, literary theft. Shakespeare was an actor and, therefore, of low repute. He was also business manager of two theatres, the owner of stage properties, including, of course, authors' manuscripts. Of his own early plays six successive editions appeared anonymously. A mob of printers and publishers put them on the market. They had their "first nights" in The Theatre, the Curtain, the Rose, the Blackfriars, the Globe, at Gray's Inn, and before the Court.

At the same time they brought the author money and reputation. They crowded the play-houses. Francis Meres, in 1598, ranked Shakespeare with the greatest authors of antiquity, declaring that, were the Muses to speak English, they would speak with his tongue.

Here, then, are two sets of facts which require mutual adjustment. Briefly stated, they are as follows: —

1. A series of dramatic works, the production of which covers a period, in one of the most intellectual ages of the world, of a quarter of a century; popular, even more than now, with all classes of theatre-going people; giving its reputed author wealth and fame; striking every chord of the human heart with a directness, force, and melody never equalled; published at first without a name, then with one, the two syllables of which were often separated with a hyphen; entered at Stationers' Hall always by, and in behalf of, others; and continuing to appear with fresh and perfectly characteristic additions for thirteen years after the reputed author's retirement from London, and for seven years after his death.

2. The uniform, unquestioned ascription of the authorship, on the part of his contemporaries, to William Shakespeare, the actor.

Between these two statements there is but one possible connecting link. The genius of William Shakespeare, the man, must have been so commanding, his figure in the circle of his friends and associates so conspicuous, his personality, as stamped upon his works, so unmistakable, that neither his own indifference to literary reputation, nor the curiosity, envy, and malice of others could throw the slightest doubt on his title while he was living, or put it in question for

two hundred and thirty-two years after his death. That is to say, circumstances strongly invited suspicion; no suspicion existed; consequently, there was no cause for suspicion. The very weakness of the environment becomes an element of strength. The greater the pressure on the capstone of an arch, the firmer the arch itself.

Fortunately, however, we are not altogether limited to negative testimony. Three of Shakespeare's personal friends are ready to take the witness' stand in his behalf. We first call

JOHN HEMINGE AND HENRY CONDELL.

These persons have each three claims on our confidence. They were fellow-actors with Shakespeare on the stage; they were beneficiaries under his will; and they edited the first collective edition of his works. In the dedication of the folio of 1623 to the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, they use the following words: —

"Since your L. L. have been pleased to think these trifles something heretofore, and have prosecuted both them and their author, living, with so much favor, we hope that (they outliving him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be the executor of his own writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them you have done unto their parent. . . . We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his orphans guardians; without ambition either of self-profit or fame; only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare, by humble offer of his plays to your most noble patronage. . . . We most humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remains of your servant Shakespeare; that what delight is in them may be ever your L. L., the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed, by a pair so careful to show their gratitude to the living and the dead, as is

"Your Lordships' most bounden,
"JOHN HEMINGE,
"HENRY CONDELL."

They repeat the same statement in the preface, as follows: —

"It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to be wished, that the author himself had lived to set forth and oversee his own writings; but since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care and pain to collect and publish them."

In defence of the sincerity of these utterances, we have only to add that Shakespeare, at his death seven years be-

fore, had left these old friends, as a token of his affection, one hundred and fifty dollars (present value) "to buy them rings."

We next call

BEN JONSON.

When counsel can do nothing with a piece of sworn testimony in court, the rule is, *abuse the witness*. Jonson has not escaped the penalty due him under this practice. To be sure, he made contradictory statements regarding the ease with which the plays were written, a discrepance not very extraordinary, considering the number and variety of these works and the different circumstances under which they were produced. It is in tradition that one of them was forthcoming on demand in two weeks. On another, we are quite sure we detect marks of the hammer, if we cannot hear the ring of the anvil and see the fires of genius in which it was forged.

Jonson's testimony, delivered in 1637, just before his death, is as follows: —

"I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand, which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who choose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted, and to justify mine own candor; for I loved the man, and do honor his memory (on this side idolatry), as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fantasy; brave notions and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he fell into those things, could not escape laughter; as when he said in the person of Cæsar, — one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied,— 'Cæsar never did wrong but in a just cause,' and the like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned."

Here is the statement of a man standing on the brink of the grave. It was left in manuscript when he died, and published, as he distinctly avows it was written, for the benefit of posterity. All the friends of his youth, his compeers, his rivals, Bacon and Shakespeare among them, had long since passed away. Whatever might have been

his temptations in the past, he had now no conceivable motive to perpetuate a fraud.

Lastly, we summon

THE WHOLE POPULATION OF STRATFORD, EN MASSE.

Under the bust in the old church at Stratford, placed there within seven years after Shakespeare's death, we read the following inscription: —

INDICIO PYLIUM, GENIO SOCRATEM, ARTE MARONEM.*

This is the voice of his native town, uttered in tones that have reverberated through three centuries.

II. The unique character of the works.

We assume at the outset that between 1564 and 1616 there was living but one Shakespeare. In all the ages before and since, the world has not produced another. It is as certain that the plays we call Shakespeare's were substantially the product of one mind as it is that the planets of our solar system, with all their differences, rolled from the hand of one maker.

We shall not undertake to define what it is in the writings of Shakespeare which distinguishes them from all others. No one can describe the odor of the violet, yet no one mistakes it. The problem of style is like an axiom of mathematics, a matter in the last analysis of intuition. In 1795, a young man in London pretended to have discovered in a lot of old manuscripts a new Shakespearean play which he called *Vortigern*. The critics were divided on the question of its genuineness; and it was not until it had been produced amid great excitement at the Drury Lane Theatre and been howled down by the "gods" that the imposture was admitted.

The plaintiff in this action is Francis Bacon. Of all the contemporaries of William Shakespeare, the one selected to bear off his honors was a prose writer. Bacon's published works (Spedding's edition) comprise fourteen bulky volumes, on a vast variety of subjects, but without a line of undoubtedly original verse. In the specimens that are given

* In wisdom, a Nestor; in genius, a Socrates; in art, a Virgil.

we vainly search for a spark of that celestial fire which emblazons almost every page of Shakespeare.

We do, indeed, find there six of the Psalms of David translated metrically, a little work which its author made haste to publish to the world, and which he deemed worthy of a formal dedication to George Herbert. To us it establishes one proposition incontrovertibly, viz.:

Bacon was not averse to being known as a poet.

It goes far, also, to establish another:—

Bacon was not a poet.

We give two or three specimen stanzas, as follows:—

"When we sat, all sad and desolate,
By Babylon upon the river's side,
Eased from the tasks which in our captive state
We were enforced daily to abide,
Our harps we had brought with us to the field,
Some solace to our heavy souls to yield.

"But soon we found we failed of our account;
For when our minds some freedom did obtain,
Straightway the memory of Zion Mount
Did cause afresh our wounds to bleed again;
So that, with present griefs and future fears,
Our eyes burst forth into a stream of tears.

"As for our harps, since sorrow struck them dumb,
We hanged them on the willow trees were near;
Yet did our cruel masters to us come,
Asking of us some Hebrew songs to hear;
Taunting us rather in our misery,
Than much delighting in our melody."

Psalm cxxxvii.

"O Lord, thy providence sufficeth all;
Thy goodness, not restrained, but general
Over thy creatures; the whole earth doth flow
With thy great largeness poured forth here below.
Nor is it earth alone exalts thy name,
But seas and streams likewise do spread the same.
The rolling seas unto the lot doth fall
Of beasts innumerable, great and small;
There do the stately ships plough up the floods,
The greater navies look like walking woods.
The fishes there far voyages do make,
To divers shores their journey they do take;
There hast thou set the great Leviathan,
That makes the seas to seethe like boiling pan."

Psalm civ.

Let us try, also, the "deadly parallel": —

PSALM CIV.

AUTHORIZED VERSION.	BACON'S VERSION.
14. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and the herb for the service of man; that he may bring forth food out of the earth.	14. Causing the earth put forth the grass for beasts, And garden herbs, served at the greatest feasts, And bread that is all viands firmament, And gives a firm and solid nourishment;
15. And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.	15. And wine, man's spirit for to recreate, And oil, his face for to exhilarate.
16. The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted.	16. The sappy cedars, tall, like stately towers, High-flying birds do harbor in their bowers.
17. Where the birds make their nests; as for the stork, the fir trees are her house.	17. The holy storks, that are the travellers, Choose for to dwell and build within the firs.
18. The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies.	18. The climbing goats hang on steep mountain's side; The digging conies in the rocks do bide.
19. He appointed the moon for seasons; the sun knoweth his going down.	19. The moon, so constant in inconstancy, Doth rule the monthly seasons orderly; The sun, eye of the world, doth know his race, And when to show and when to hide his face.
20. Thou makest darkness, and it is night, wherein all the beasts of the forests do creep forth.	20. Thou makest darkness, that it may be night, When as the savage beasts that fly the light, (As conscious of man's hatred) leave their den, And range abroad, secured from sight of men.
21. The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.	21. Then do the forests ring of lions roaring, That ask their meat of God, their strength restoring.
22. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens.	22. But when the day appears, they back do fly, And in their dens again do lurking lie.

Candor compels us to say that apologies for this work based on ill health and old age, are not pertinent. The philosopher had reached the age of sixty-three, a time of life when, in the ordinary course of nature, the almond tree may flourish, but the grasshopper has not become a burden. Milton wrote "Paradise Regained" (which he regarded as his greatest work) at the same age. Cervantes was sixty-eight when the second part of "Don Quixote" appeared, and

Goethe eighty-two when he completed the "Faust." Indeed, this version of the Psalms was made by Bacon in 1624, one year only after the first folio edition of the plays was published, and not more than three after "Timon of Athens" and "Henry VIII.," as we are told, had been written or recast by him. Furthermore, Bacon's habits of composition preclude the idea of his having sent anything immature from his pen to the press. Is it, then, within the range of credibility that he concealed his authorship of "King Lear," * while parading before the public in his own name such stuff as this?

It will be hardly necessary to examine at length the two or three other poems which have been attributed by various persons and for various reasons, more or less satisfactory, to Lord Bacon; for, even if genuine, they cannot raise the standard of his poetic abilities much above that fixed by his translation of the Psalms. One of them, however, has the distinction of being cited approvingly by Spedding. It is as follows: —

"The man of life upright, whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds and thoughts of vanity;
The man whose silent days in harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude, nor fortune discontent;
That man needs neither towers nor armor for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly from thunder's violence;
He only can behold with unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep and terrors of the skies.
Thus scorning all the care that Fate or Fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book, his wisdom heavenly things;
Good thoughts his only friends, his life a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn, a quiet pilgrimage."

At the risk of being prosecuted by some society on the charge of cruelty to a poetic shade, we place, in juxtaposition with the above, the following brief extracts from Shakespeare:

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

"A combination and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man."

"Let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning."

* "The most wondrous work of human genius."— *Richard Grant White.*

"My way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not."

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

"The rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music."

"What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman."

Clearly the plaintiff, so far as his own poetic compositions are concerned, has no standing in court.

The main attack, however, comes from the point of Bacon's prose. The lambent flame that plays along the lines and around the periods in his philosophical works leaped, we are told, into lightning flashes when he wrote the dramas. This view of the matter places us at a disadvantage. We have no means of identifying the two manifestations, not even by the familiar expedient of flying a kite. One cannot deny a theoretical possibility. We are as helpless before it as we would be in the presence of an armed highwayman at night carrying a bull's-eye: we see a portentous shadow, but nothing more.

Our dealings are not with possibilities. That kind of discussion we have left behind us with the schoolmen. Whether or not an angel can pass from one point in space to another point in space without passing through the intermediate space, may be an open question, but we are very sure that Francis Bacon had not the power to do so. The road from prose to poetry is a shining one; few have trodden it, but their footprints remain forever.

Our only resource is to compare prose with prose. The materials at hand for this purpose are abundant; for besides

the voluminous works of Bacon on one side, we have no inconsiderable part of the plays on the other. "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is almost wholly a prose composition. Trusting again to examples, the only solid ground for our feet, we quote the following: —

From Bacon: —

"The stage is more beholding to love than the life of man. For as to the stage, love is ever matter of comedies, and now and then of tragedies; but in life it doth much mischief, sometimes like a siren, sometimes like a fury. You may observe that, amongst all the great and worthy persons (whereof the memory remaineth, either ancient or recent) there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love; which shows that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion. You must except, nevertheless, Marcus Antonius, the half-partner of the empire of Rome, and Appius Claudius, the decemvir and law-giver; whereof the former was indeed a voluptuous man and inordinate; but the latter was an austere and wise man; and, therefore, it seems (though rarely) that love can find entrance, not only into an open heart, but also into a heart well fortified, if watch be not well kept. . . . There is in man's nature a secret inclination and motion towards love of others, which, if it be not spent upon some one or a few, doth naturally spread itself towards many, and maketh men become humane and charitable, as it is seen sometimes in friars. Nuptial love maketh mankind; friendly love perfecteth it; but wanton love corrupteth and embaseth it."

Essay on Love.

From Shakespeare: —

"Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply." *Julius Cæsar, III.* 2.

"This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it ap-

pears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!"

Hamlet, *II.* 2.

No one can say authoritatively that the above-quoted passages may not have come, all of them, from the same pen. The exigencies of dialogue count for something in an estimate of style. And yet the unlikeness of type is apparent at a glance. Bacon is always reminding us of that printer of his essays who cut them up into inch pieces with commas. The sentences move along as though they were on parade and keeping step. They never forget themselves, never tumble over one another in a wild rush to a goal. The philosopher must have been conscious of this sin of formality, for he expressed a wonder that the stars had not been set in the heavens according to some rule.

But Shakespeare! What a contrast! As much above rules as the hero of Austerlitz! As free from formality as a shower of aerolites! Indeed, we can hardly think of him but as one of the forces of nature, untamable, universal, absolute.

OBJECTIONS CONSIDERED.

I. Shakespeare made no personal impress on the political or social life of his time, having been, so far as we know, a stranger to every man of prominence, outside of theatrical circles, among his contemporaries.

He was professionally an actor and, therefore, little better than a social outcast. In common with all others of his class, he was obliged to pursue his calling under the protection of some one in authority, or, in other words, to be a nobleman's "player"; otherwise, he was liable to be arrested as a vagabond, to be publicly whipped, and to have his right ear bored with a hot iron, not less (as prescribed by law under Elizabeth) than one inch thick. It is evident that no genius, however exalted, could have broken down a barrier laid as deep as this in the prejudices of society.

II. Shakespeare's handwriting indicates a man without cultivation and even without natural refinement.

Theories based on a problematical sympathy between mental and bodily powers must always yield to ascertained facts.

It is undeniable that Shakespeare stood at the head of one of the most exacting professions of civil life. His success in it, considering the circumstances of his origin and the intellectual vigor of the times, was simply phenomenal. We hardly have acquired a clearer apprehension of the native strength of his character, if he had written his signature in the sky over our heads.

III. The manuscripts of the plays have disappeared, a circumstance perfectly natural if Bacon were the secret author, but on any other supposition, mysterious.

The editors of the first folio had in their possession, as they claim, the author's "true original copies." They even mention certain peculiarities in the handwriting as characteristic of Shakespeare. This is the last we know of the manuscripts; evidently, they met their end, then and there, that their souls might become immortal in type. The habits of printers at this day make it certain that the laws of mortality apply to literary remains. Had the poet been living, or had his family possessed any interest, financial or otherwise, in the undertaking, the result might have been different. In either of these contingencies, the precious documents, however disfigured, might now be ruling us from their urn.

IV. From official records and from tradition alike, we must infer that Shakespeare was low-bred and vulgar, utterly devoid of intellectual ideals.

The following is a summary of the known facts in Shakespeare's life: —

1564, April 26.	Baptized at Stratford-on-Avon.
1582, Nov. 28.	Licensed to marry Anne Hathaway.
1583, May 26.	His daughter, Susanna, baptized.
1585, Feb. 2.	Hamnet and Judith, twins, baptized.
1592.	In London. Satirized by Greene.
1593.	Dedicates the poem, "Venus and Adonis," to the Earl of Southampton.
1594.	Dedicates the poem, "Rape of Lucrece," to the same.
1596, Aug. 11.	His son, Hamnet, buried at Stratford.
1597.	Purchases New Place in Stratford.
1598, Feb. 4.	Returned on the rolls of the town as the holder (during a famine) of ten quarters of corn.
"	His name, as author, printed for the first time on the title-page of a play ("Love's Labor's Lost").

1600.	Sues John Clayton for £7 and obtains verdict.
1602.	Buys two parcels of land and a cottage in Stratford.
1603.	Appointed one of "His Majesty's servants" for theatrical performances.
1604.	Sues Philip Rogers at Stratford for £1 15s. 10d. for malt delivered, including 2s. loaned.
1605.	Purchases a moiety of the tithes of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopton and Welcombe.
1607, June 5.	His daughter, Susanna, marries Dr. John Hall at Stratford.
1608.	Sues John Addenbroke of Stratford, obtaining judgment for £6, together with £1 4s. costs. Addenbroke not being found, sues his bondsman, Hornby.
"	Present, as sponsor, at baptism of son of Henry Walker, in Stratford.
1613, March. 10.	Purchases a house in London.
" " 11.	Mortgages the same for £60.
1614, Oct. 28.	Guaranteed by William Replingham against loss by enclosure of commons at Welcombe.
" Nov. 16.	Comes to London.
" " 17.	Explains to Thomas Greene how far the enclosure at Welcombe will extend.
1616, Feb. 10.	His daughter, Judith, marries Thomas Quiney.
" March 25.	Makes his will.
" April 23.	His death.

The foregoing is a mere skeleton, but it is all that has survived the decay of three centuries. The Shakespeare of the biographers is not our Shakespeare. We prefer his dry bones to the rounded, almost living and breathing, form which they have constructed for us out of the tissues of conjecture and scandal. Aubrey and Davenant, *et id omne genus*, we dismiss peremptorily. They are beneath our contempt. The witticism to which one of these men owes his unenviable fame is as old as the pyramids; crawling out of the ooze of the Nile, it has made its slimy track for thousands of years through the world's literature.

Confining ourselves to the facts, we find but two that seem to be out of harmony with our conception of Shakespeare's character. They are as follows: —

1. His withdrawal from London, and consequent abandonment of intellectual pursuits, in middle life.

The exact date of his retirement is unknown. He was in London in 1613, for he purchased a house in Blackfriars in the spring of that year. He visited the city, also, a year later. It is evident that, wherever he was, he continued literary

work, for the press did not exhaust his manuscript accumulations of this period till seven years after his death.

2. His frequent litigation in the collection of debts.

We have no knowledge of the circumstances under which he invoked the law on these occasions. Legal processes may not be adapted to show the "quality of mercy," but we have no reason to believe that in this case they were inconsistent with justice. Certainly, Shakespeare will not suffer on this account by comparison with the plaintiff in this action, who, living far beyond his means, was unjust to others, and (as the sequel gave terrible proof) unjust to himself.

V. The plays exhibit, on the part of the author, an intimate and thorough knowledge of classical literature, such as Shakespeare, uneducated, could not have possessed.

It is a gratuitous assumption that because Shakespeare was not matriculated at Oxford or Cambridge, therefore he was uneducated. Education is a training of the mental faculties. It has nothing to do, except as means to an end, with the acquisition of knowledge. Indeed, the less it concerns itself, while in process, with the acquisition of knowledge *per se*, the better. We must temper our tools before we put them to practical use. A goddess of song must spend years in the practice of elementary sounds, before she can wing her flight into the highest regions of melody. The pressure of what is claimed to be acquired knowledge in a university tends to unfit a young man for a life of reform, or, indeed, for any original work. Bacon saw the danger, and abandoned Cambridge at the age of sixteen, an act that made it possible for him to write the "Novum Organum." Had Shakespeare been a senior wrangler, the world would to-day be without a "Hamlet."

We may be sure that, previously to his arrival in London, the poet had learned, in the fields and woods and in intercourse with his fellow-beings, all that was necessary for vigorous and sustained exercise of his intellectual faculties. He came as a child of Nature, with heart and brain charged to the full with its richest impulses, for he had been dwelling in

> "the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the heart of man."

Is it incredible, is it even extraordinary, that to such a

one, in the early maturity of his wonderful powers, and fresh from the study of that great Book the living pages of which are outspread before us all, the conquest of a few foreign languages, and of the literature contained in them, should have been an easy and congenial task?

Here, then, is our Shakespeare. A man born, where nearly all the benefactors of the human race have been born, in a cottage; descended from a line of husbandmen to whom the soil they tilled gave a silent strength; educated in a school where the mind unfolds as naturally as a flower; brought into contact with the world's literature at a time of life when curiosity and ambition have their keenest edge; a man beloved for the gentleness of his spirit, and revered for his genius. Surely, in the presence of such a character, we are impressed with a new sense of the dignity of our common nature, and feel a fresh consecration for the duties that lie before us.

ASIATIC CHOLERA, WITH SOME PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

BY HENRY SHEFFIELD, M. D.

THIS disease is propagated from its own specific germ, and becomes epidemic only when it finds a suitable atmosphere for its development. It can be communicated from the dejections of one suffering with the disease, but the contagion is less violent than diphtheria and other diseases.

The germ of cholera is not sown broadcast over the earth nor in isolated spots, but, when epidemic, travels forward by its immutable laws. It advances from place to place by developing its own germ, in a well-marked choleraic stream which can be definitely traced. Epidemic cholera does not always follow the same route, but selects its own course in and through that atmosphere which furnishes the best condition for its rapid propagation; it marches onward across oceans, seas, and continents.

Surgeon-General Cornish has stated authoritatively that "Epidemic cholera follows the same laws in India as in any other country, and is epidemic only in certain limited parts. . . . The present epidemic crossed the Caspian Sea (where it could have been contracted) and spread among the population of Asiatic Russia; . . . that in India, with ample military aid at hand, *quarantine and sanitary conditions have been tried again and again unsuccessfully.*" This statement is undoubtedly true; for cholera germs float in the air, and there only where they can find suitable conditions for their propagation.

The Gulf Stream is a body of water flowing rapidly through another body of water which is comparatively motionless. A choleraic stream of germs flows through the air in a similar way. This choleraic stream cannot be mapped out on the ocean, but can be on land. It is well known that vessels have left the continent with every passenger on board in perfect health; in a few days they ran into this unseen choleraic stream of germs, when a score or more would

succumb to the disease in a few hours. As soon as that vessel left that choleraic stream, the passengers ceased to contract the disease, began to recover, and all who survived were landed in health.

Its development and progress are similar to yellow fever, which propagates its own specific germ as it advances. A few hundred years since a stream of yellow fever germs crossed the Gulf of Mexico (where susceptible persons could have contracted the disease) and soon entered New Orleans. From thence it took an unusual route; it came north; its daily advancement was noted until it reached Memphis. The condition of the air north of that city was unsuited to the propagation of its germ; therefore, it could not go farther. At that time many persons whose systems were impregnated with its poisonous germs, came to Nashville. The air at this point was of sufficient purity to prevent the propagation of those germs and to protect those who came in immediate contact with the diseased refugees, all of whom recovered. Those persons who lived a few hundred feet from the stream of yellow fever germs on its way north towards Memphis, were exempt from the disease.

Those persons who live a few hundred feet from a choleraic stream of germs are also exempt from the disease, unless in a condition peculiarly receptive to those germs.

The present condition of the air in Nashville (and nearly every other city in the United States of America) is so pure that if the germs of cholera were introduced here it could not become epidemic; only a few susceptible persons could contract the disease. When cholera becomes epidemic in any locality, its germs displace or destroy the life-sustaining powers of the air,— the oxygen and ozone,— and every person becomes enfeebled and exhausted. At that time the digestive organs become quite powerless, therefore indifferently perform their normal functions. It seems that the lacteals become inert and cease to take up the chyle and transfer it into the viscera, thence into the blood vessels. This life-sustaining product then remains in the intestine, flows onward combining with its other contents, and then becomes corrupt matter. To use powerful astringents for the purpose of retaining this putrid mass within this perfectly natural sewer of the body is dangerous and destructive. If these putrid contents of the bowels could be medicinally or mechanically

confined therein, its acridity would soon perforate their walls and escape into the abdomen.

The fountain must be pure or the stream cannot be, and a dam built across its mouth cannot make it pure.

The liver is a large gland within the body, and its secretions are absolutely essential to the formation of chyme from wholesome food. Now, during an attack of cholera, food cannot be taken into the stomach, at which time there are no secretions required of the liver to aid in digestion. The healthy liver is easily moved to active secretions by small doses of *calomel*. During an attack of cholera it will require exceedingly large doses of calomel to excite the enfeebled, weary liver to increased activity. The secretions of the liver are taken out of the blood, and it will soon become exhausted if not resupplied by the blood-making organs, and they cannot furnish it even in small quantities. In that condition, to torture the feeble liver with calomel, is dangerous in the extreme.

Now if it requires four ounces of blood for the liver to secrete one drachm of bile, it would be far more safe to take that quantity of blood from the arm than to greatly overtax the weary liver. The liver and digestive organs could then retain their own vitality, and sooner be able to resume again their normal functions.

The great sympathetic nerve (which is semi-sensitive) controls the action of the abdominal viscera. This nerve is irritated by acrid substances which traverse the intestines, and by its reflex action will produce convulsions, cramps, and vomiting. *Opium* and its congeners, in appreciable doses, will produce insensibility of the brain, paralysis of the cerebro spinal and great sympathetic nerves, and suspend every function of the entire body. It therefore should never be taken during an attack of cholera — except by suicides. It will not always bring death to them, but produce a comatose condition during which they have been buried.

Remedies that are positively known to be curative in cholera, become inert and useless to a patient who has been dosed with opium and who will succumb to the disease before those remedies can produce an impression.

Alcoholic drinks, astringent and pungent concoctions will diminish or destroy the normal secretions of the alimentary canal, and create inflammation, which is as fatal as cholera.

Iced drinks, ice cream, and sherbet must not be used during an epidemic.

Ham, sausage, boiled cabbage, milk, cheese, nuts, pickles, salads, honey, molasses, pastry, canned fish, oysters, and lobsters must not be eaten.

There is a want of appetite during an epidemic of cholera, and to use stimulants to create a morbid one will result in distress and disaster. Only foods known to be easily digested and assimilated must be eaten. Fresh beef, sound vegetables, and ripe fruits can be eaten in moderation, but must be well masticated to furnish the much-needed saliva. The digestive organs are so enfeebled they can be overtaxed easily by wholesome food even in small quantities. Food should be kept on ice and outside of the infected district if possible, then cooked as soon as received.

Hot water or pure cool water may be drunk before meals, but not with them or immediately afterwards. Limestone water should be boiled, put into bottles, corked and turned down to cool. Cistern water and filtered water of the same temperature may be drunk in moderation, but best when the stomach is empty.

The bowels can be kept in good condition by suitable food — by taking a cup of oatmeal gruel, with a little salt, before breakfast, or an enema of hot water afterwards.

A flannel bandage worn around the body is a safeguard. Copper worn next to the skin will relieve cramps and be preventive of cholera. The best prophylactic known is *cuprum metalecium;* a dose daily when living in an infected district of the sixth trituration.

The only stimulant of any value whatever to relieve depression and debility during an epidemic, is spirits of camphor. Two drops on granulated sugar is the proper way to prescribe it. If taken during the first stage of cholera, a dose every three to five minutes, it alone will cure nearly every case. It is the one and only domestic remedy of any surety or value.

Cleanliness, ventilation, good nursing, and the use of disinfectants are requisite in all diseases. During an attack of cholera all the vessels to be used for receiving the dejections of the patient should be kept ready and contain a half pint or more of water, in which have been placed a few drops of *carbolic acid.*

The clothing and bedding in contact with the patient should be disinfected, as well as the apartment afterwards.

Cholera is sudden in its attack, rapid in progress; and its treatment, to be successful, must be certain, specific, and curative — not palliative, not experimental.

Homœopathic physicians have treated it successfully wherever it has appeared all over the world, and have learned that it yields readily to our specific remedies. Our individual, our combined experience, and our statistics give us supreme confidence in our remedies: therefore we have no fears of the result of our treatment of epidemic cholera for ourselves, our friends, and our patients.

To prevent confusion, I will recommend only a few remedies. For cramps, *cuprum met;* for vomiting, *veratrune alb;* for colliquative discharges from skin and bowels, *arsenicum alb;* for consecutive fever, *baptisin;* for suppression of urine, *cannabis sati;* for delirium, *belladonna;* cuprum and belladonna in the sixth trituration, the others in the third trituration.

Tablet triturates, each containing a dose, can be obtained at a homœopathic pharmacy. They can be taken dry on the tongue or dissolved in a spoonful of pure water, used according to the urgency of the case, from six to sixty minutes apart.

Patients can rinse the mouth in hot water and take a spoonful as often as the stomach will tolerate it.

Patients should be gently rubbed with a towel, then briskly with the naked hand, and patted until warmth returns to the skin.

Bottles filled with hot water placed around the body will add to the comfort of the patient.

If the foregoing instructions are followed during an epidemic of cholera, the death rate will be far less than it was during *la grippe* and no distressing *sequelæ*.

THE VOLUME OF CURRENCY.

BY N. A. DUNNING.

THE volume of currency in circulation has become such an important factor in political discussions that a careful analysis of the subject, although repeatedly made in the past, will doubtless be of interest at the present time.

Much of the confusion and difference of opinion which now obtains in regard to this question comes from an absence of clearness, and I might say fairness, in the government reports from the Treasury. If the secretary of the Treasury would plainly declare that his monthly statements simply disclose, first, the amount of currency that has been issued from the registry of the Treasury and the mints; second, the amount of this currency held in the Treasury, and third, the amount that is outside the Treasury, he would at once place the matter in its proper light and eliminate much that is now misleading and deceptive. As it is, he assumes to give out not only the volume of circulation but the per capita circulation as well. The manifest unreliability of such statements will be apparent to all after even a partial examination of the facts. The following letter from Mr. Leech, director of the Mint, fully sustains my position, that the amount of currency which the secretary of the Treasury assumes to be in circulation is really the amount outside the Treasury, which may be in circulation among the people or may be lost, destroyed, exported, or used in the mechanical arts.

Treasury Department, Bureau of the Mint,
Washington, D. C., Feb. 5, 1892.

N. A. DUNNING, ESQ., No. 239 N. Capitol St., Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir: Replying to your communication of the 4th instant, as to the amount of currency in the United States, I would say that the amount of $24.70 is the per capita amount of money in circulation in the United States; *that is, outside of Treasury vaults.* I enclose herewith a statement exhibiting the same.

Very respectfully,

E. O. LEECH, *Director of the Mint.*

The tables which I shall use are taken from the reports of 1889, since later reports do not contain certain valuable data. It might be proper to add that the increase of currency since that date has hardly kept pace with increased population.

GOVERNMENT TABLES.

The treasurer of the United States, in his report for 1889, pages 10 and 11, says: "The metallic stock of the country, as estimated by the director of the Mint, and the outstanding issue of paper, as shown by the records of this office, on June 30, 1889, was as follows:—

Gold coin and bullion	$680,063,505 00
Silver dollars and bullion	343,947,093 00
Fractional silver coin	76,601,836 00
Total coin and bullion	$1,100,612,434 00
State bank notes	201,170 00
Old demand notes	56,442 00
One and two year notes	62,955 00
Compound interest notes	185,750 00
Fractional currency, estimated	5,916,590 47
National bank notes	211,378,963 00
United States notes	346,681,016 00
Certificates of deposit, act of June 8, 1872	17,195,000 00
Gold certificates	154,048,552 00
Silver certificates	262,629,746 00
Total paper currency	999,356,248 47
Aggregate	$2,099,968,718 47

The following tables show the amounts of the several kinds of currency in the Treasury and in circulation June 30, 1889:—

	In Treasury.	In Circulation.
Gold	$303,387,719 79	$376,675,785 21
Silver	314,935,151 52	105,613,777 48
Old paper issues	1,094 76	7,421,912 71
National bank notes	4,150,537 75	207,228,425 25
United States notes	47,296,875 54	299,384,140 40
Certificates of deposit, act of 1872	240,000 00	16,955,000 00
Gold certificates	36,918,323 00	117,130,229 00
Silver certificates	5,487,181 00	257,142,565 00
Total	$712,416,883 36	$1,387,551,835 11

This statement of the director of the Mint appeared so misleading that the treasurer was constrained to qualify or explain it as follows. He says, page 11: —

"From the face of the preceding statements it would appear that there was an increase both in the aggregate monetary supply and in the amount held by the people. The certificates of deposit are, however, merely representative of moneys in the Treasury; and to count them with the coin and notes to which they give title would be a duplication. If these be eliminated and the actual moneys be disposed according to ownership, the result will be as shown below: —

June 30, 1889,	Outstanding.	In Treasury.	In Circulation.
Gold . .	$680,063,505 00	$186,257,490 79	$493,806,014 21
Silver . .	420,548,929 00	57,797,586 22	362,756,542 48
Notes . .	565,482,986 47	34,493,508 05	530,989,478 42
Total	$1,666,094,420 47	$278,543,585 36	$1,387,551,835 11

This is an authoritative statement of the currency that has been made by the fiat of government either at the Mint or at the Bureau of Printing and Engraving. This amount is given at $1,666,094,420.47, which I shall use as the basis of my calculations. The difference between the method adopted by the secretary of the Treasury to ascertain the amount of currency in circulation and the one I use, is this: He takes the whole amount, $1,666,094,420.47, and deducts from it the amount in the United States Treasury, $278,543,585.36, and assumes that the difference, $1,387,551,835.11, is in circulation among the people. I shall take the amount given as outstanding, $1,666,094,420.47, and attempt to locate it, whether in the United States Treasury, as reserves in banks, lost or destroyed, or in circulation among the people. In the Mint report for 1889, page 128, is found a detailed statement of the estimate of gold and silver coin and bullion as follows: —

GOLD.

In U. S. Treasury	$186,451,708
In national banks	152,169,400
In other banks reported	46,911,553
In private banks and among the people . . .	294,530,744
Total	$680,063,505

SILVER.

In U. S. Treasury	$57,458,901
In national banks	23,734,469
In other banks reported	2,118,516
In private banks and among the people	337,237,043
Total	$420,548,929

The United States treasurer's report, page 10, furnishes a statement of paper currency.

Greenbacks outstanding	$346,681,016 00
National bank notes outstanding	211,378,963 00
Fractional currency outstanding	6,916,690 47
Compound notes outstanding	185,750 00
One and two year notes outstanding	62,955 00
Old demand notes outstanding	56,442 00
State bank notes outstanding	201,170 00
Total	$565,482,986 47

This gives a total outstanding currency of $1,666,095,420.47. These tables contain the government estimates of the amount and kind of the currency, together with the location of the coin.

BULLION.

Before beginning a detailed examination of the items of currency, I desire to call attention to the bullion account. While the amount of gold and silver held in the United States Treasury is perhaps correct, yet on page 129 of the same report the director of the Mint states that $65,995,145 is in gold and $10,444,443 in silver bullion. This $76,439,588 in bullion can no more be called money than so much pork or wheat. It is simply a commodity and nothing else. I shall therefore deduct this amount at the commencement of the investigation.

GOLD.

In considering the amount of gold coin it is proper to state that the original estimate, which has been the basis of all subsequent calculations, was made by Director Linderman in 1872. He placed the amount of gold coin in the country on July 1, 1873, at $135,000,000. Something over $98,000,000 was shown by official reports to have been in the banks and public treasuries; $20,000,000 was estimated as being in circulation on the Pacific Coast, with an allowance of about $10,000,000 in banks not reporting. Since this

estimate, Directors Birchard and Kimball have made three revisions, each of which reduced this amount. In 1885 Director Kimball deducted $30,000,000 "as a moderate estimate for the amount of gold consumed in the arts." In 1886 a further reduction of $15,669,981 was made, and also one of $4,654,714, in all $50,324,695. On page 56 of his report for 1889, on the production of the precious metals, Director Leech says:—

"The elements of uncertainty in these official tables have been: first, the actual consumption of coin in the industrial arts, and second, the amount of coin which finds its way out of the country without being recorded."

This uncertainty is made more apparent by the following statement, taken from the report of Director Kimball, on the production of gold and silver for 1888, pages 42 and 43. He quotes from the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* of Feb. 9, 1889, which he vouches for as being worthy of confidence.

"In years past we have often insisted that there must be an error in the item, because the most industrious inquiry failed to bring to light a very considerable portion of it. At present there are at least $275,000,000 of the total that cannot be accounted for. Since the New York banks turned their gold into the Treasury and obtained gold certificates for it, the government gross holdings of gold have become large. On Jan. 1, 1888, it held gross $324,773,677; it had outstanding of gold certificates issued against it $120,888,448, hence its net holdings were $203,885,219, as we give them in the above table. Even of these certificates afloat it is impossible to trace more than seventy-six and one-fourth millions in all, and of the gold not in the Treasury only about one hundred millions can be found. So whichever method the investigator may adopt,—whether by counting the gross gold in the Treasury, with an estimate for circulation, deducting certificates which are not in bank and in the Treasury, or by taking the course we have pursued,—the result reached will be the same. As to the gold in active circulation, whatever there is of it must be in the Pacific States; for in the Eastern, Western, and Southern States not one individual in every hundred receives in ordinary business transactions a gold certificate or a gold coin once in twelve months. Contrast that fact with the other,

that on the 1st of January, 1889, there were 60,799,321 silver dollars in circulation in the United States, the remainder of the $307,000,000 being in the form of silver certificates. Of that sixty and three-quarter million silver dollars we venture to say that every inhabitant who during the last year has tendered a $5 bill in payment of some small purchase made has, nine out of ten times, had offered to him one or more in change. Such ubiquity in the case of sixty and three-quarter million of silver dollars proves clearly enough that if there was even a little gold coin passing from hand to hand, it would often be met with. Still, in the following statement, locating the gold in the United States, we have made a very liberal allowance for circulation, so that the reader may be satisfied that the amount hoarded is understated rather than overstated.

In Treasury, gold and bullion, less certificates outstanding		$203,885,219
In national banks:		
Gold	$70,825,187	
Gold certificates	75,334,420	
Gold clearing-house certificates	7,399,000	
		153,558,607
In state banks, etc.:		
Gold	$27,015,951	
Gold certificates	937,710	
		27,953,661
In actual circulation, gold and silver certificates		40,000,000
Total in sight and estimated in circulation		425,397,487
Total in country		704,608,169
Total hoarded Jan. 1, 1889		$279,210,682

"In the above it will be seen that we allot $40,000,000 to circulation, and yet even with that deducted there are still left $279,210,682 unaccounted for.

"From these facts the conclusion is unavoidable that either there are to-day at least $279,000,000 in gold hoarded by the people of the United States, or else that the government mint figures are extremely erroneous."

This is a frank admission that more than $279,000,000 of gold coin cannot be accounted for. It admits that it is not in the Treasury or the banks, and is not seen in circulation among the people. Besides this the director of the Mint acknowledges, on page 128, that the amount given as held by banks other than national, aggregating $46,911,653, is

simply an estimate. In view of all this, I consider it justifiable to make a large deduction from the amount of gold estimated as being in circulation.

SILVER.

The amount of silver in the country is estimated at $333,502,650 in standard dollars and $76,601,836 in subsidiary coin, or a total of $410,104,406 in silver coin. The entire amount of silver coinage since the foundation of the government is: —

Silver dollars	$341,533,888 00
Silver one-half dollars	122,822,414 50
Silver one-quarter dollars	38,831,202 25
Silver twenty-cent pieces	271,000 00
Silver dimes	21,704,516 10
Silver one-half dimes	4,880,219 40
Silver three-cent pieces	1,282,087 20
Total	$531,325,327 45

This does not include the trade dollar coinage.

There has been coined since 1878 $333,502,649 in standard silver dollars, $768,925.50 in half dollars, $1,184,500.75 in quarter dollars, $271,000 in twenty-cent pieces, and $4,959,038.80 in dimes. Total subsidiary coin, $7,183,465.05. Government statisticians ask us to believe that every silver dollar coined since 1878 still remains in this country. We are also asked to believe that all the subsidiary coin that has been minted since 1878, and $68,418,371, a considerable portion of which was coined previous to the war, is still in use as currency. Senator Sherman declared that the entire silver circulation wears out and is renewed once in thirty years. The whole amount of subsidiary coin minted since 1793 is $189,791,439, and we are asked to believe that over forty per cent of this entire amount is still in use in this country. I deem it proper to make a liberal deduction from government estimates relative to silver currency.

PAPER CURRENCY.

The largest amount of legal tenders outstanding at any one time was $449,338,902, on June 30, 1864. From the date of their first issue, October, 1862, there has been issued and re-issued $2,253,997,808. The act of May 31, 1878, forbade their further destruction. At that time, according to

the books of the Treasury, $346,681,016 was outstanding. Since that date the government has included this whole amount in its statement of the volume of currency. The largest issue of national bank currency was in December, 1873, when it amounted to $341,320,256. Since 1863, when the system went into operation, there have been $1,362,353,706 issues and re-issues of this currency, and there was outstanding Sept. 30, 1889, $128,450,600. There is no data upon which to base an estimate of the loss by fire, wreck, flood or other accidents, including the lost and worn-out bills. The government in its statement makes no allowance for such contingencies. It is absurd, however, to assume there has been no loss on this account. Some idea may be formed of the loss in such cases by a comparison with the known statistics regarding fractional currency. Since 1863, when fractional currency was first issued, there has been issued and re-issued $368,720,079. The largest amount in circulation at any one time was $46,912,003.34, in 1874. The act of Jan. 14, 1875, provided for their retirement, since which time all of this kind of currency that has been presented has been redeemed. The amount outstanding June 30, 1880, was $15,589,888.37. By act of June 21, 1879, Congress declared that $8,375,934 had been lost or destroyed. Since then only $299,210.40 has been redeemed; and Senator Sherman, in a recent speech, declared that the remaining $6,915,743.97 is probably lost. Here, then, is proof that out of the $46,961,000 fractional currency issued, over $15,000,000 remains unaccounted for, an absolute loss of thirty-three per cent in sixteen years.

The director of the Mint estimates $202,027,359 legal tenders and $244,703,508 silver certificates in circulation outside the Treasury and national banks. This shows about seventy-five cents more per capita of certificates than greenbacks among the people. If any one will take account of the paper currency received in the ordinary course of business, he will find $50 in certificates and treasury notes of 1890 for every $1 of original greenbacks. If this vast amount of greenbacks is circulating among the people, why is it not seen more frequently? Senator Stewart, in his speech on the free coinage of silver, said: "The greenbacks or treasury notes have been in circulation for twenty-eight years, and were used during the rebellion in the theatre of war.

A deduction of at least $50,000,000 ought to be made for loss of greenbacks."

Senators Daniel, Teller, Plumb, and others have declared that proper reductions should be made for such loss. Even Secretary Windom acknowledged before the Finance Committee that certain amounts should be taken from this statement, in order to show the true amount in circulation. Others have expressed similar opinions of equally as good authority.

CURRENCY HELD AS RESERVES.

In considering the amount of currency withheld from circulation by statute law, reference is made to the statistical abstract of 1889, page 28, table 26. "Amount of the cash reserve held by the national banks, also the whole amount required to be held by them: —

Oct. 5, 1887, cash held in banks	$245,026,709
Amount required to be held	278,035,273
Oct. 4, 1888, cash held in banks	$268,152,277
Amount required to be held	311,959,161
Sept. 30, 1889, cash held in banks	$264,023,542
Amount required to be held	333,111,465

As this table comes from the Treasury Department, I will deduct $333,111,465 from the currency outstanding, as being held in reserve according to law, and as such out of circulation. The returns from 1,671 state banks, 1,324 private banks, and 969 savings banks and trust companies, Comptroller's Report, page 80, show $2,334,272,433 in deposits. The laws governing such institutions differ with different states. Some require more reserve than others, the range being from ten to twenty-five per cent of deposits. An estimate of ten per cent, therefore, would be very conservative, and give $233,427,242 as a reserve fund.

The amount held by the 3,647 banks not reporting can only be estimated. Placing it at $10,000 each, gives $36,470,000, which is a very low estimate. This makes a total of $603,008,707. It has been urged that these reserves are really in circulation; that no distinction is made in the moneys paid out, and that they are part of the assets of the banks. The last two propositions are doubtless true; but the law demands that a certain per cent of the moneys deposited

shall be held as a reserve, and the banks that do not conform to this law violate it at the risk of their charters. When the farmer threshes his wheat, he calculates how much he will want for seed and bread for his family; the remainder he can sell. He does not remove the wheat for bread and seed from the general bin, but when he has sold down to that amount he stops selling. Just so with the banks. They keep all their money together, but when they have loaned down to their legal reserve they stop, or continue in violation of law. Senator Plumb places this amount at $700,000,000; and Senator Sherman, in a recent speech, said: "Can any one, with a knowledge of the fact that we have in the course of the year to disburse some $400,000,000, suppose that $10,000,000 as a working balance would be all sufficient? If any bank should maintain on hand, for the redemption of current deposits or any other form of liability coming in, at least twenty-five per cent of the amount, even that would be considered very close banking."

Perhaps the most convincing argument that can be adduced is the position Secretary Windom and his predecessors have taken in regard to the redemption of the greenbacks. One hundred millions in gold have been and are now being held to redeem $346,000,000 of legal tenders. This reserve of twenty-eight and nine-tenths per cent is deemed necessary for the safety of the public credit, and is, therefore, a guide as to the amount required to keep private credit from being doubted. If twenty-eight and nine-tenths per cent is required by the government to protect the redemption of these greenbacks, which the law of May 31, 1878, says shall not be redeemed, surely an estimate of about fifteen per cent is not too large for the protection of private or corporate business. Either Senator Plumb is mistaken, or Senator Sherman errs in judgment, and his predecessors have acted unwisely in the administration of the Treasury, or my figures must stand. It is difficult for me to determine how a certain amount of currency held for a special purpose, either by law or the dictate of business prudence, can be considered as acting in a contradictory or opposite capacity. When the reserve fund of a bank reaches the legal point, discount, and consequently a further service to the people, must cease. And no matter how often this sum may be changed as regards denomination or kinds, the amount must

not go below a certain sum. I shall, therefore, contend that a reserve fund is so much of the amount outstanding that is located in the vaults of the banks, and as a consequence not in circulation.

CONCLUSIONS.

The whole amount held in United States Treasury is $712,416,883.36; from this should be deducted $375,272,794, being the amount of gold and silver certificates outside the Treasury for which coin is held to redeem. This leaves $337,144,089.36 as the amount to be taken from the sum outstanding. During the fiscal year 1889 there was a net loss of gold and silver of $61,691,504. (See Mint Report, page 30.) As the amount of bullion remained the same, this was a loss to the circulation. It only remains now to deduct the $6,916,690 of fractional currency that is still counted in circulation, which has long since been destroyed, and the statement of deductions, that I consider fair and reasonable, will be complete, which is as follows: —

Amount outstanding as per treasurer's statement .		$1,666,094,420 47
Amounts to be deducted:		
Loss in gold coin . . .	$200,000,000 00	
Loss in silver coin . .	20,000,000 00	
Loss in paper currency .	50,000,000 00	
Loss in fractional currency .	6,916,690 00	
Held as reserves, total . .	603,008,707 00	
Held in U. S. Treasury . .	337,144,089 36	
Coin sent abroad . . .	61,605,504 00	
Bullion counted as currency .	76,439,588 00	
		$1,355,204,578 36
In circulation		$310,889,842 11

The balance in circulation divided among 61,717,936 people, gives $4.97 per capita. While this small per capita may appear unreasonable or even absurd to many, I would suggest a careful revision of these figures item by item before hasty conclusions are made. The subject will bear a much closer investigation than at first seems probable; and since nearly every political economist declares that the volume of currency in circulation determines the level price of labor and its products, this article may be of some service in locating the difficulties which to-day surround every species of industry.

ALCOHOL IN ITS RELATION TO THE BIBLE.

A Reply to Alex. Gustafson's Criticism

BY HENRY A. HARTT, M. D.

Another champion has appeared in The Arena against me, who maintains that the wine sanctioned by Scripture was unfermented grape juice, and that this is the only kind of wine that Scripture ought to have sanctioned; and in relation to the Last Supper, he says: —

"Jesus claimed to be the Christ. If He were the Christ, He knew the nature of intoxicating wine, and could foresee what a terrible obstacle it would become in the path of His Kingdom upon earth. Could He, possessing such knowledge, have put that intoxicating cup to His disciples' lips? Could He have compared its poisoned contents to His own blood, shed for the remission of sins? Could He have constituted alcohol, that regal agent of damnation, as the most sacred symbol of salvation? Could He have wistfully looked forward to again supping with them in His Father's Kingdom, if the cup He used was intoxicating (poisoned)? It ought to be apparent from this to every sincere Christian, that to admit even the possibility of Jesus having used fermented wine, is to doubt His mission, and question His claims; and that to believe that He ever used the poisoned cup is to repudiate Him as Christ, hence proclaim Him the Antichrist."

I have never opposed the cause of Temperance when it was properly advocated. On the contrary, I have always admired its supporters for their courage and self-sacrificing benevolence, and have especially appreciated their successful efforts in dragging to light the enormous evil of drunkenness, and presenting it to mankind in all its magnitude and horrors. But when I see a champion come forth, arrayed in the armor of infidelity, and, in the name of Christ, presume to dictate to Him what He should or should not have done; and to declare authoritatively what the Scriptures should or should not have taught; and to charge that all

Christian men who differ from him, and who believe that unfermented grape juice is not wine, and that the wine of Scripture was alcoholic wine, are virtually guilty of doubting His mission, questioning His claims, repudiating Him as Christ, and hence proclaiming Him as Antichrist; — I challenge him as, practically, a foe both to the true interests of the cause of Temperance and of Christianity.

The philological argument to prove that the wine of Scripture was alcoholic wine, founded on the Hebrew word *yayin*, in the Old Testament, and on the corresponding Greek word *oinos*, in the New, is to me conclusive. The pretence that they are generic is, in my opinion, ridiculous. The hypothesis involves that the authors of the Bible employed for centuries two words, each representing two substances utterly dissimilar in their nature and effects. And now for nearly two thousand years the whole Christian world has accepted the definition which, for the first time, a small party in this country has suddenly found to be incredible and horrible.

The incidental remark of Jesus, in illustration of the new and old dispensations, that "Men do not put new wine into old bottles," furnishes indubitable evidence to the same effect; for what other explanation of it can be given than that new wine, which was still more or less in a state of fermentation, was put into new bottles (which were then made of wine-skins) because they only could resist the pressure produced thereby.

In my paper on "Alcohol in its Relation to the Bible," I referred to the passage in which Jesus is charged with being a winebibber, in order to show that He habitually used wine in accordance with the universal custom of the country; and so far from justifying the charge, I expressly ascribed it to the "benighted Pharisees." And yet my opponent, in commenting upon this point, says: "Surely His self-forgetting and self-sacrificing life, not to speak of His divinity, should have shielded Him from Christian indorsement of that libel!"

Such an amazing perverseness of criticism can only be excused on the ground of fanaticism.

In the famous rebuke of St. Paul to the Church of Corinth, my critic says that "the word translated 'drunken' is ambiguous; its original meaning is, merely filled with something, whether it be food or drink. It is plainly apparent that in

this passage it has no reference to drink, but only to food. Satiety, not drunkenness, is the antithesis to hunger."

This criticism, in my judgment, affords no reason for changing the word "drunken," as given in the accepted version. It is not probable that the Apostle would have administered so severe a rebuke in that early age, if the irregularity of which he complained had been the observance of the sacred ordinance in connection with an ordinary repast, and if, in addition thereto, the only offence committed had been that some were hungry, and that others had taken too much solid food. Besides, the Apostle distinctly refers to drink when, in the conclusion of the admonition, he says; "What! have ye not houses t eat and to *drink* in? Or despise ye the Church of God, and shame them that have not? There is an obvious allusion to some sinful excess in the form of drunkenness, which could not have been produced by a superabundance of unfermented grape juice, but must have been due to alcoholic wine, the *oinos* of the New Testament.

My critic admits that the only thing in the matter of drinking which the Bible condemns, is drunkenness, but adds: "Yet nowhere does the Bible define what is meant by drunkenness."

The Bible is not a dictionary. It takes for granted that its commandments and denunciations, the good things which it commends, and the evil things which it forbids, will be understood; and I am persuaded that it never entered into the imagination of prophet or evangelist, that there ever was or would be a man of sound mind upon the earth who did not or would not fully comprehend the meaning of the word, "drunkenness."

On the other hand, I doubt if prophet, evangelist, scientist, or philosopher ever heard or dreamed of the scientific vagaries set forth in the following statements: —

"The Bible's silence as to the meaning of drunkenness is the more remarkable and impressive in view of the fact that the most authoritative and latest data of science declare and demonstrate that drunkenness is neither a matter of amount of liquor or degree of intoxication, but solely of the kind of fluid taken. For science shows that the whole man — spirit, soul, and body — is palpably injured, and helpless descendants more so, by what is commonly termed moderate drinking. . . . Science, therefore, proves that there is no such

thing as harmless, moderate drinking; that, indeed, moderate drinking is simply moderate drunkenness."

The authority for this wonderful scientific discovery is not given. It is utterly opposed to the teachings of physiological science and to the experience of mankind through all the ages, and has obviously been wrought out in the laboratory of Prohibition.

Several paragraphs are devoted to the discussion of the methods employed to preserve unfermented grape juice.

I have never denied that it is possible to accomplish this feat, but have always understood that it is difficult. Whether, however, it be easy or difficult, I marvel that they who attach such infinite importance to this beverage have not long since effected its manufacture on a gigantic scale, and sought to bring about its substitution for that which they deem the diabolical poison of alcohol.

The most startling objection of the article under review is embodied in the following quotation: —

"The circumstances under which the Supper was held, should alone preclude anybody — Christian or otherwise — who understands them, from thinking that Jesus, in the Last Supper, partook of intoxicating wine; for He was a 'conforming Jew,' His work to fulfill the law. The Supper took place during Passover. According to Exodus xii. 15, whosoever used anything fermented during Passover, his soul should be 'cut off from Israel.' Is it thinkable that, in His Last Supper, Jesus should have made such a vital departure from the law?"

The Scripture referred to reads as follows: —

"Seven days shall ye eat unleavened bread; even the first day ye shall put leaven out of your houses; for whosoever eateth leavened bread, from the first day unto the seventh day, that soul shall be 'cut off from Israel.'"

The commandment in this case is to eat unleavened bread; there is no allusion made to any drink, fermented or unfermented; and unless some new rule has been dug out by "higher criticism" from the literary caverns of the past, whereby "ye shall eat unleavened bread" was construed so as to include, "ye shall drink unfermented grape juice," the charge against Christ of violating the law in selecting veritable wine as an emblem of His blood in the Holy Communion, like every other charge made against Him, before

the bar of Pilate or any other bar, must fall to the ground. This is a notable instance in which the reckless enthusiasts of these times, in order to establish an irrational or impracticable theory, substitute imaginations for facts, and even foist into an authoritative document, sacred or otherwise, language which is not there.

My opponent passes over entirely my solution of the problem of the prominence given to wine in the Bible. Unfermented grape juice has not, and cannot have, any spiritual significance more than any other ordinary article of food. But we find wine and two other substances — corn and oil — singled out from all others, and associated in the Mosaic ritual with all the offerings, festivals, and typical sacrifices of the Jews. Now, if we can discover three prominent, commanding, spiritual objects which these substances fitly represent, are we not warranted in believing that they were employed as the emblems of those objects? It is not necessary that they should have been understood in that relation either by Moses or any of his successors among the prophets and authors of the Old Testament. It is probable that they were not. Jesus said: "I am the bread of life which came down from Heaven, of which if any man eat, he shall never die." And at the Last Supper He selected bread as the representative of His body, saying: "This is my body broken for you." And on the same occasion He took the cup, and said: "This is my blood shed for you, and for many, for the remission of sins." In the parable of the ten virgins He revealed, for the first time in sacred history, the true significance of oil as a source of light and an emblem of His grace and spirit. This wonderful symbolism affords a striking evidence of the inspiration of the Pentateuch; an evidence which no criticism can invalidate and no ingenuity evade, but which, unfortunately, men otherwise distinguished for wisdom and piety entirely overlook in their zeal to establish a false theory.

An eminent clergyman of this city once said to me that when he was preparing a paper on the prevention and curability of drunkenness, to read before a famous Episcopal Church congress, he was struck with the prominence given to wine in the Bible, and that he was sure there was a reason for it which he had never met with in any of his theological studies, and that it had become a problem which he

could not solve. But when I announced the following solution, he accepted it gladly.

Fermented grape juice alone is *bona fide* wine. Now one of its essential ingredients is alcohol, and from this ingredient it derives its stimulating and vitalizing force; and it is a remarkable fact that this substance cannot be produced without the destruction of food. To this, then, is wine indebted for its grand pre-eminence, for thereby it becomes a fit emblem of that infinite power of beneficence and love and source of spiritual and eternal life, the blood of a crucified Saviour, which could only be procured for the salvation of mankind by the sacrifice of His life.

In the light of this interpretation how stupendous was the miracle performed at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee, in which water, that, as a necessary part of the food of man and beast, may justly be deemed an emblem of animal life, was, by this divine alchemy, transmuted into the emblem of the source of spiritual and eternal life. And thus in this incomparable achievement were symbolically set forth the two fundamental ideas of Christianity: the doctrine of the atonement, or the necessity of blood for the remission of sins, and the doctrine of regeneration, or the conversion of the animal into the spiritual, which was so fully and lucidly expounded by Christ to Nicodemus in His interview by night with that devout and intelligent Rabbi, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God. . . . Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh, is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit, is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again."

Tolstoi, in his comments on this miracle in one of his works, says: —

"This occurrence, thus minutely described, is one of the most instructive passages in the Gospels — instructive as an example of the harm done by accepting literally the so-called canonical Gospels as something sacred. The occurrence in Cana of Galilee offers nothing interesting or instructive or noteworthy in any way. If it is a miracle it has no sense; if it is a juggler's trick, it is insulting; if it is a picture of manners or customs, it is unnecessary." But if

the spiritual vision of this famous writer had been opened, and he could have understood as clearly and distinctly the divine lessons of the sacred Scriptures as he portrays and illustrates from day to day the beauties of literature and the wisdom and graciousness of a broad, humanitarian philosophy, he would not have fallen into this deplorable error with regard to the miracle at the marriage feast, but would have seen that it was a sublime act of supreme power which Jesus did to manifest His glory, and to present great doctrines and principles, in emblematic form, essential to the welfare of mankind throughout all generations. It shines forth as one of the brilliant stars in the resplendent galaxy, which the life of Christ, beaming with His miracles and parables, and all His glorious words and works, and His vicarious death and triumphant resurrection, has set up in the firmament of truth, and will continue, with its bright company, to shine and irradiate the heavens and the earth when the puny lights of science, falsely so-called, will be utterly extinguished and forgotten, or remembered only in the imperishable consciousness and repentant regrets of their deluded and unfortunate authors. Oh! what a pity it is that men of genius, instead of devoting their great abilities to the momentous task of unravelling the mysteries of science and religion, in order to show their true correspondence and unbroken harmony, should employ them in a malignant and diabolical effort to make obscurities still more obscure, and to darken counsel by words without knowledge.

But while we are disputing about the nature of biblical wine, there is a great practical evil regarding which there should be a perfect agreement. It prevailed extensively among the Jews and all the surrounding nations, and is today the chief curse of the civilized world. Whatever may be the character of biblical wine, wine used by the Jews in Jerusalem and throughout Judea was a source of unspeakable calamities, which called forth the cry: "Who have woe, who have sorrow, who have contentions, who have babbling, who have wounds without cause?" And the answer, "They that tarry long at the wine." And if now in this enlightened republic the same cry should be heard after the lapse of more than two thousand years, would there not come a similar response, with groanings that could not be uttered?

The question before us is, Can any way be found by which

all true citizens, of every name and party, may combine to crush this evil? It is admitted on all sides that prohibition is impracticable and could not be justified except as a matter of imperious necessity on the ground of public policy, after all the ordinary methods of civil and political restraint had been tried in vain. Now, there is a measure which is perfectly legitimate, which is successfully applied to analogous evils, and which undoubtedly would be effectual in this case. It is to me one of those insoluble problems, which we now and then meet with in human history, why this remedy has not been applied. Drunkenness throughout the Jewish and Christian dispensations has ever been thoroughly understood and clearly defined by the people, and held to be a sin against God and a crime against man. As a sin it is a ground of excommunication from the Church and exclusion from the Kingdom of Heaven. It is not only a crime, but a germinal crime, the prolific source of two thirds of all the other crimes and of the pauperism which afflict society; but it has ever been treated, except in a certain class of cases under the Jewish polity, with marked indulgence and forbearance; and now in this country it has become the habit to sympathize with its perpetrators, and to cast the responsibility for their crime upon the shoulders of those who are engaged in the liquor traffic, making the latter the objects of unlimited vituperation and reproach, until, with all their intelligence and wealth, they may justly be styled a persecuted class, who require to expend millions of dollars annually to protect their business, which, when properly conducted, is as honorable and legitimate as any other in the field of commerce, from injurious legislation. It is time that we awoke from this hallucination, and abandoned this preposterous policy. The tide of fanaticism and folly is rushing on with the force of a cataract, and we know not where, in a few years, it will land us. In a recent able article in THE ARENA it was foretold that when women shall cease to be treated as children and an imbecile class, and shall take their true position in the field of politics, the sad lessons they have been taught by their sufferings would naturally array them in a united phalanx, without regard to their religions or general political views, on the side of prohibition against their common foe.

What, then, is the remedy? The enactment of a law in every state of this Union, making drunkenness a *bona fide*

felony with an ignominious penalty, and similar in its provisions to every other law against felony. It will not be sufficient to make laws like the law of Vermont, which applies only to persons who are found intoxicated, and to those who create disorder in the streets, and which if applied to a respectable citizen in a state of inebriation would arouse popular indignation, and probably subject the prosecutor to summary political decapitation. The public mind requires to be educated on this subject, and I have long thought that the liquor dealers should be the leaders in this reform. They suffer more from drunkenness than any class except the immediate victims themselves. It is the only cause of the temperance agitation which has put them and their trade under a ban of disgrace as if they were condemned by the Almighty. They ought in self-defence to go forth as teachers of the people, and show them that it is grossly unjust to charge them with the results of the abuse of their traffic; that it would be just as reasonable to charge the bankers and money changers with all the results of the manifold abuses of gold and silver and bank notes; and to arraign the priesthood generally for all the terrible consequences of the abuse of the sacred rite of marriage; that the true principle is to punish the culprit, as set forth in the divine legislation and adopted in every other instance, in the jurisprudence of all the governments of the civilized world, and thus give to the traffic in alcoholic beverages the same protection which is everywhere given to the traffic in money.

Fellow-citizens of this Republic! "I speak as unto wise men; judge ye what I say."

DAWN: IN SAN DIEGO.

BY HEINE MILLER.

"TO THE UNKNOWN GOD."

I.

"'UNTO the unknown God,' you say?
Old man, as gray as San Miguel,
Sad, silent, and self-banished man,
You die, and die beneath the ban.
This is not well, this is not well:
My son, bend down your head and pray.

"You fled my flock, and sought this steep
And stony, star-lit, lonely, height
To hold strange thought with things of night
Long, long ago. But now at last
Your life sinks surely to the past.
Lay hold, lay hold, the cross I bring
Where all God's goodly creatures cling,
And all the true and goodly keep.

"Yea! You are good. Dark-browed and low
Beneath your shaggy brows you look
On me, as you would read a book:
And darker still your dark brows grow
As I lift up the cross to pray,
And plead with you to walk its way.

"Aye, you are good! There is not one,
From Tia Juana, to the reach
And bound of gray Pacific Beach,
From Coronado's palm-set isle
And palm-hung pathways, mile on mile,
But speaks old Sancho, good and true.
But, oh, my silent dying son
The cross alone can speak for you
When all is said and all is done.

"Come! Turn your dim old eyes to me;
Have faith; and help me plant this cross

"Beyond where blackest billows toss,
As you would plant some pleasant tree:
Some fruitful orange tree, and know
That it shall surely grow, and grow,
As your own orange trees have grown,
And be, as they, your very own.

"You smile at last, and pleasantly:
You love your laden orange trees
Set high above your silver seas
With your own honest hand; each tree
A date, a day, a part, indeed,
Of your own life, and walk, and creed.

"You love your steeps, your star-set blue;
You watch yon billows flash, and toss,
And leap, and curve, in merry rout,
You love to hear them laugh and shout—
Men say you hear them talk to you;
Men say you sit and look and look,
As one who reads some holy book—
My son, wouldst look upon the cross?

"Come, let me plant amid your trees
My cross, that you may see and know
'Twill surely grow, and grow, and grow,
As grows some trusted little seed;
As grows some secret, small good deed;
The while you gaze upon your seas . . .
Sweet Christ, now let it grow, and bear
Fair fruit, as your own fruit is fair.

"Aye! ever from the first I knew,
And marked its flavor, freshness, hue,
The gold of sunset and the gold
Of morn, in each rich orange rolled.

"I mind me now, 'twas long since, friend,
When first I climbed your path alone,
A savage path of brush and stone;
And rattling serpents, without end.

"Yea, years ago, when blood and life
Ran swift, and your sweet, faithful wife—
What! tears at last; hot, piteous tears
That through your bony fingers creep

"The while you bend your face, and weep
As if your very heart would break —
As if these tears were your heart's blood,
A pent-up, sudden, bursting flood —
Look on the cross, for Jesus' sake."

II.

'Twas night, and yet it was not night.
But far down in the cañon deep,
Where night had housed all day, to keep
Companion with the wolf, you might
Have hewn a statue out of night.

The shrill coyote loosed his tongue
Deep in the dark arroya's bed;
And bat and owl above his head
From out their gloomy caverns swung:
A swoop of wings, a catlike call;
A crackle of sharp chapparral!

Then sudden, fitful winds sprang out,
And swept the Mesa like a broom;
Wild, saucy winds, that sang of room!
They leapt the cañon with a shout
From dusty throats audaciously
And headlong, tore into the sea,
As tore the swine with lifted snout.

Some birds came, went, then came again
From out the hermit's wood-hung hill,
Came swift, and arrowlike, and still;
As you have seen birds, when the rain —
The great, big, high-born rain, leapt white
And sudden from a cloud, like night.

And then a dove, dear, nunlike, dove
With eyes all tenderness, with eyes
So loving, longing, full of love,
That when she reached her slender throat
And sang one low, sad, sweetest note,
Just one, so faint, so far, so near,
You could have wept with joy to hear.

The old man, as if he had slept,
Raised quick his head, then bowed, and wept

For joy, to hear once more her voice.
With childish joy he did rejoice
As one will joy, to surely learn
His dear, dead love is living still;
As one will joy, to know in turn
He too, is loved, with love to kill.

He put a hand forth, let it fall
And feebly close; and that was all.
And then he turned his tearful eyes
To meet the priest's, and spake this wise:
Now mind, I say, not one more word
That livelong night of nights was heard
By monk or man, from dusk till dawn;
And yet that man spake, on and on.

Why, know you not, soul speaks to soul?
I say the use of words shall pass.
Words are but fragments of the glass;
But silence is the perfect whole.
And thus the old man, bowed and wan,
And broken in his body, spake,
Spake youthful, ardent, on and on,
As dear love speaks for dear love's sake.

"You spoke of her, my wife; behold!
Behold my faithful, constant love.
Nay, nay, you shall not doubt my dove,
Perched there above your cross of gold!

"Yea, you have books, I know, to tell
Of far, fair heaven: but no hell
To her had been so terrible
As all sweet heaven, with its gold
And jasper gates, and great white throne,
Had she been banished hence alone.

"I say, not God himself could keep,
Beyond the stars, beneath the deep,
Or mid the stars, or mid the sea,
Her soul from my soul, one brief day,
But she would find some pretty way
To come and still companion me.

"And say, where bide your souls, good priest?
Lies heaven west, lies heaven east?

"Let us be frank, let us be fair.
Where is your heaven, good priest, where?

"Is there not room, is there not place
In all those boundless realms of space?
Is there not room in this sweet air,
Room mid my trees, room anywhere
For souls that love us thus so well
And love so well this beauteous world
But that they must be headlong hurled
Down, down, to undiscovered hell?

"Good priest, we questioned not one word
Of all the holy things we heard
Down in yon pleasant town of palms
Long, long ago, sweet chants, sweet psalms,
Sweet incense, and the solemn rite
Above the dear, believing dead.

"Nor do I question here to-night
One gentle word you may have said.
I would not doubt, for one brief hour,
Your word, your creed, your priestly power.
Let those who will, seek realms above
Remote from all that heart can love
In their ignoble dread of hell.
Give all, good priest, in charity;
Give heaven to all, if this may be,
And count it well, and very well.

"But I, I could not leave this spot
Where she is waiting by my side.
Forgive me, priest, it is not pride:
There is no God where she is not!

"You did not know her well. Her creed
Was yours; my faith it was the same.
My faith was fair, my lands were broad
Far down where yonder palm trees rise.
We two together worshipped God
From childhood. And we grew, indeed,
Devout in heart, as well as name,
And loved our palm-set paradise.

"We loved, we loved all things on earth,
However mean or miserable.

"We knew no thing that had not worth,
And learned to know no need of hell.

"Indeed, good priest, so much indeed
We found to do, we saw to love,
We did not always look above
As is commanded in your creed,
But kept in heart one chiefest care,
To make this fair world, still more fair.

"'Twas then that meek, pale Saxon came;
With small, quick, greedy eyes of green,
A snake's eyes, glittering and keen.
And I, I could not fight, or fly
His crafty wiles, at all; and I —
Enough, enough! I signed my name.

"It was not loss of pleasure, place,
Broad lands, or the serene delight
Of doing good, that made dusk night
O'er all the sunlight of her face.

"But there be little things that feed
A woman's sweetness, day by day,
That strong men miss not, do not need,
But shorn of all, can go their way
To battle, and but stronger grow,
As grow great waves that gather so.

"She missed the music, missed the song,
The pleasant speech of courteous men,
Who came and went, a comely throng,
Before her open window, when
The sea sang with us, and we two
Had heartfelt homage, warm and true.

"She missed the restfulness, the rest
Of dulcet silence, the delight
Of singing silence, when the town
Put on its twilight robes of brown:
When twilight wrapped herself with night
And couched against the curtained west.

"But not one murmur, not one word
From her sweet baby lips was heard.

"She only knew I could not bear
To see sweet San Diego town,
Her palm-set lanes, her pleasant square,
Her people passing up and down,
Without black hate, and deadly hate
For him who housed within our gate.

"How pale she grew, how piteous pale
The while I wrought, and ceaseless wrought
To keep my soul from bitter thought,
And build me high above the vale.
Ah me, my selfish, Spanish pride!
Enough of pride, enough of hate,
Enough of her sad, piteous fate:
She died: right here she sank and died.

"She died, and with her latest breath
Did promise to return to me,
As turns a dove unto her tree
To find her mate at night, and rest:
Died, clinging close unto my breast:
Died, saying she would surely rise
So soon as God had loosed her eyes
From the strange wonderment of death.

"How beautiful is death! and how
Surpassing good, and true, and fair!
How just is death, how gently just
To lay his sword against the thread
Of life when life is surely dead
And loose the sweet soul from the dust.
Beneath that dove, that orange bough —
How strange your cross should stand just there!

"And then I waited, hours and days:
Those bitter days, they were as years.
My soul groped through the darkest ways;
I scarce could see God's face for tears.

"I clutched my knife, and I crept down
A wolf, to San Diego town.
On, on, mid my own palms once more,
Keen knife in hand I crept that night.
I passed the gate; then fled in fright;
For black crape fluttered from the door.

"I climbed back here, with heart of stone:
I heard a low, soft, sweetest tone;
Looked up, and lo! there on that bough
She perched, as she sits perching now.

"I heard the bells peal from my height,
Peal pompously, peal piously;
Saw sable hearse, in plumes of night,
With not one thought of hate in me.
I watched the long train winding by,
A mournful, melancholy lie —;
A sable, solemn, mourning mile,
And only pitied him the while.
And she, she sang that whole day through;
Sad-voiced, as if she pitied too.

"They sang, 'His work is done, and well.'
They laid his body in his tomb
Of massive splendor. It lies there
In all its stolen pomp and gloom —
But list! his soul — his soul is where?
In hell! In hell! But where is hell?

"Hear me but this. Year after year
She trained my eye, she trained my ear;
No book to blind my eyes, or aught
To prate of hell, where hell is not,
I came to know at last, and well,
Such things as never book can tell.

"And where was that poor, dismal soul
Ye priests had sent to paradise?
I heard the long years roll, and roll,
As rolls the sea. My once dimmed eyes
Grew keen as long, sharp shafts of light.
With eager eyes and reaching face
I searched the stars, night after night:
That dismal soul was not in space!

"Meanwhile, my green trees grew and grew;
And, sad or glad, this much I knew,
It were no sin to make more fair
One spot on earth, to toil and share
With man, or beast, or bird; while she
Still sang her sad, sweet melody.

"One day, a perfumed day in white,
Such restful, fresh, and friendlike day—
Fair Mexico a mirage lay
High lifted in a sea of light—
Soft purple light, and far away;
I turned, yon pleasant pathway down,
And sauntered leisurely toward town.
I heard my dear love call and coo
And knew that she was happy too,
In her sad, sweet, and patient pain
Of waiting till I came again.

"Aye, I was glad, quite glad at last:
Not glad as I had been, when she
In that sweet, holy, palm-set past,
Walked with me by our palm-set sea,
But sadly and serenely glad:
As though 'twere twilight like, as though
You knew, and yet you did not know
That sadness, most supremely sad
Should lay upon you like a pall,
And would not, could not pass away
Till midnight, and God's perfect day
Dawns sudden on you, and the call
Of birds awakens you to morn—
A babe new-born; a soul new-born.

"Good priest, what are the birds for? Priest,
Build ye your heaven west or east?
Above, below, or anywhere?
I only ask, I only say
She sits there, waiting for the day,
The fair, full day, to guide me there.

"What, he? That creature? Ah, quite true
I wander much, I weary you:
I beg your pardon, gentle priest.
Returning up the stone-strewn steep,
Down in yon jungle, dank and deep,
Where toads and venomed reptiles creep,
There, there, I saw that hideous beast!

"Aye, there! right there, beside my road,
Close coiled behind a monstrous toad,
A huge flat-bellied reptile hid!
His tongue leapt red as flame, his eyes,

"His eyes were burning hells of lies,
His head was like a coffin's lid:

"Saint George! Saint George! I gasped for breath.
The beast tight coiled, all sudden, sprang
High in the air, and rattling, sang
His hateful, hissing song of death!

"My eyes met his. He shrank, he fell,
Fell sullenly and slow. The swell
Of braided, brassy neck forgot
Its poise, and every venomed spot
Lost lustre, and the coffin head
Cowed level with the toad, and lay
Low, quivering with hate and dread:
The while I kept my upward way.

"What! should have killed him? Nay, good priest.
I know not what, or where's your hell.
But be it west or be it east
His hell will answer very well.

"Nay, do not, do not question me;
I could not tell you why I know;
I only know that this is so,
As sure as God is Equity.

"Good priest, forgive me, and good-by.
The stars slow gather to their fold.
I see God's garment's hem of gold
Against the far, faint morning sky.

"Good priest, good priest, your God is where?
You come to me with book and creed,
I cannot read your books, I read
Yon boundless, open books of air.
What time, or way, or place, I look
I see God in His garden walk;
I hear Him through the thunders talk,
As once He talked, with burning tongue,
To Moses, when the world was young;
And, priest, what more is in your book?

"Behold! the holy grail is found,
Found in each poppy's cup of gold;
And God walks with us as of old.

"Behold! the burning bush still burns
For man, whichever way he turns;
And all God's earth is holy ground.

"And — and — good priest, bend low your head,
The sands are crumbling where I tread,
Beside the shoreless, soundless sea.
Good priest, you came to pray, you said;
And now, what would you have of me?"

"Your blessing son, despite the ban."
He fell before the dying man;
And when he raised his face from prayer,
Sweet Dawn, and two sweet doves were there.

IN THE YEAR TEN THOUSAND.

BY WILLIAM HARBEN.

A. D. 10,000. An old man, more than six hundred years of age, was walking with a boy through a great museum. The people who were moving around them had beautiful forms, and faces which were indescribably refined and spiritual.

"Father," said the boy, "you promised to tell me to-day about the Dark Ages. I like to hear how men lived and thought long ago."

"It is no easy task to make you understand the past," was the reply. "It is hard to realize that man could have been so ignorant as he was eight thousand years ago, but come with me; I will show you something."

He led the boy to a cabinet containing a few time-worn books bound in solid gold.

"You have never seen a book," he said, taking out a large volume and carefully placing it on a silk cushion on a table. "There are only a few in the leading museums of the world. Time was when there were as many books on earth as inhabitants."

"I cannot understand," said the boy with a look of perplexity on his intellectual face. "I cannot see what people could have wanted with them; they are not attractive; they seem to be useless."

The old man smiled. "When I was your age, the subject was too deep for me; but as I grew older and made a close study of the history of the past, the use of books gradually became plain to me. We know that in the year 2000 they were read by the best minds. To make you understand this, I shall first have to explain that eight thousand years ago human beings communicated their thoughts to one another by making sounds with their tongues, and not by mind-reading, as you and I do. To understand me, you have simply to read my thoughts as well as your education will permit; but primitive man knew nothing about thought-intercourse, so he invented speech. Humanity then was divided up in various races, and each race had a separate language. As certain sounds conveyed definite ideas, so did signs and letters; and later, to facilitate the exchange of thought, writing and printing were invented. This book was printed."

The boy leaned forward and examined the pages closely; his young brow clouded. "I cannot understand," he said, "it seems so useless."

The old man put his delicate fingers on the page. "A line of these words may have conveyed a valuable thought to a reader long ago," he said, reflectively. "In fact, this book purports to be a history of the world up to the year 2000. Here are some pictures," he continued, turning the worn leaves carefully. "This is George Washington; this a pope of a church called the Roman Catholic; this is a man named Gladstone, who was a great political leader in England. Pictures then, as you see, were very crude. We have preserved some of the oil paintings made in those days. Art was in its cradle. In producing a painting of an object, the early artists mixed colored paints and spread them according to taste on stretched canvas or on the walls or windows of buildings. You know that our artists simply throw light and darkness into space in the necessary variations, and the effect is all that could be desired in the way of imitating nature. See that landscape in the alcove before you. The foliage of the trees, the grass, the flowers, the stretch of water, have every appearance of life because the light which produces them is alive."

The boy looked at the scene admiringly for a few minutes, then bent again over the book. Presently he recoiled from the pictures, a strange look of disgust struggling in his tender features.

"These men have awful faces," he said. "They are so unlike people living now. The man you call a pope looks like an animal. They all have huge mouths and frightfully heavy jaws. Surely men could not have looked like that."

"Yes," the old man replied, gently. "There is no doubt that human beings then bore a nearer resemblance to the lower animals than we now do. In the sculpture and portraits of all ages we can trace a gradual refinement in the appearances of men. The features of the human race to-day are more ideal. Thought has always given form and expression to faces. In those dark days the thoughts of men were not refined. Human beings died of starvation and lack of attention in cities where there were people so wealthy that they could not use their fortunes. And they were so nearly related to the lower animals that they believed in war. George Washington was for several centuries reverenced by millions of people as a great and good man; and yet under his leadership thousands of human beings lost their lives in battle."

The boy's susceptible face turned white.

"Do you mean that he encouraged men to kill one another?" he asked, bending more closely over the book.

"Yes, but we cannot blame him; he thought he was right. Millions of his countrymen applauded him. A greater warrior than he was a man named Napoleon Bonaparte. Washington fought under the belief that he was doing his country a service in defending it against enemies, but everything in history goes to prove that Bonaparte waged war to gratify a personal ambition to distinguish himself as a hero. Wild animals of the lowest orders were courageous, and would fight one another till they died; and yet the most refined of the human race, eight or nine thousand years ago, prided themselves on the same ferocity of nature. Women, the gentlest half of humanity, honored men more for bold achievements in shedding blood than for any other quality. But murder was not only committed in wars; men in private life killed one another; fathers and mothers were now and then so depraved as to put their own children to death; and the highest tribunals of the world executed murderers without dreaming that it was wrong, erroneously believing that to kill was the only way to prevent killing."

"Did no one in those days realize that it was horrible?" asked the youth.

"Yes," answered the father, "as far back as ten thousand years ago there was an humble man, it is said, who was called Jesus Christ. He went from place to place, telling every one he met that the world would be better if men would love one another as themselves."

"What kind of man was he?" asked the boy, with kindling eyes.

"He was a spiritual genius," was the earnest reply, "and the greatest that has ever lived."

"Did he prevent them from killing one another?" asked the youth, with a tender upward glance.

"No, for he himself was killed by men who were too barbarous to understand him. But long after his death his words were remembered. People were not civilized enough to put his teachings into practice, but they were able to see that he was right."

"After he was killed, did the people not do as he had told them?" asked the youth, after a pause of several minutes.

"It seems not," was the reply. "They said no human being could live as he had directed. And when he had been dead for several centuries, people began to say that he was the Son of God who had come to earth to show men how to live. Some even believed that he was God himself."

"Did they believe that he was a person like ourselves?"

The old man reflected for a few minutes, then, looking into the boy's eager face, he answered: "That subject will be hard for you to understand. I will try to make it plain. To the unformed

minds of early humanity there could be nothing without a personal creator. As man could build a house with his own hands, and was superior to his work, so he argued that some unknown being, greater than all visible things, had made the universe. They called that being by different names according to the language they spoke. In English the word used was 'God.'"

"They believed that somebody had made the universe!" said the boy, "how very strange!"

"No, not somebody as you comprehend it," replied the father gently, "but some vague, infinite being who punished the evil and rewarded the good. Men could form no idea of a creator that did not in some way resemble themselves; and as they could subdue their enemies through fear and by the infliction of pain, so did they believe that God would punish those who did not please him. Some people long ago believed that God's punishment was inflicted after death for eternity. The numerous beliefs about the personality and laws of the creator caused more bloodshed in the gloomy days of the past than anything else. Religion was the foundation of many of the most horrible wars. People committed thousands of crimes in the name of the God of the universe. Men and women were burned alive because they would not believe certain creeds, and yet they adhered to convictions equally as preposterous; but you will learn all these things later in life. That picture before you was the last queen of England, called Victoria."

"I hoped that the women would not have such repulsive features as the men," said the boy, looking critically at the picture, "but this face makes me shudder. Why do they all look so coarse and brutal?"

"People living when this queen reigned had the most degrading habit that ever blackened the history of mankind."

"What was that?" asked the youth.

"The consumption of flesh. They believed that animals, fowls, and fish were created to be eaten."

"Is it possible?" The boy shuddered convulsively, and turned away from the book. "I understand now why their faces repel me so. I do not like to think that we have descended from such people."

"They knew no better," said the father. "As they gradually became more refined they learned to burn the meat over flames and to cook it in heated vessels to change its appearance. The places where animals were killed and sold were withdrawn to retired places. Mankind was slowly turning from the habit, but they did not know it. As early as 2050 learned men, calling themselves vegetarians, proved conclusively that the consumption of such food was cruel and barbarous, and that it retarded refine-

ment and mental growth. However, it was not till about 2300 that the vegetarian movement became of marked importance. The most highly educated classes in all lands adopted vegetarianism, and only the uneducated continued to kill and eat animals. The vegetarians tried for years to enact laws prohibiting the consumption of flesh, but opposition was very strong. In America in 2320 a colony was formed consisting of about three hundred thousand vegetarians. They purchased large tracts of land in what was known as the Indian Territory, and there made their homes, determined to prove by example the efficacy of their tenets. Within the first year the colony had doubled its number: people joined it from all parts of the globe. In the year 4000 it was a country of its own, and was the wonder of the world. The brightest minds were born there. The greatest discoveries and inventions were made by its inhabitants. In 4030 Gillette discovered the process of manufacturing crystal. Up to that time people had built their houses of natural stone, inflammable wood, and metals; but the new material, being fireproof and beautiful in its various colors, was used for all building purposes. In 4050 Holloway found the submerged succession of mountain chains across the Atlantic Ocean, and intended to construct a bridge on their summits; but the vast improvement in air ships rendered his plans impracticable.

"In 4051 John Saunders discovered and put into practice thought-telegraphy. This discovery was the signal for the introduction in schools and colleges of the science of mind-reading, and by the year 5000 so great had been the progress in that branch of knowledge that words were spoken only among the lowest of the uneducated. In no age of the world's history has there been such an important discovery. It civilized the world. Its early promoters did not dream of the vast good mind-reading would accomplish. Slowly it killed evil. Societies for the prevention of evil thought were organized in all lands. Children were born pure of mind and grew up in purity. Crime was choked out of existence. If a man had an evil thought, it was read in his heart, and he was not allowed to keep it. Men at first shunned evil for fear of detection, and then grew to love purity.

"In the year 6021 all countries of the world, having then a common language, and being drawn together in brotherly love by constant exchange of thought, agreed to call themselves a union without ruler or rulers. It was the greatest event in the history of the world. Certain sensitive mind students in Germany, who had for years been trying to communicate with other planets through the channel of thought, declared that, owing to the terrestrial unanimity of purpose in that direction, they had received

mental impressions from other worlds, and that thorough interplanetary intercourse was a future possibility.

"Important inventions were made as the mind of humanity grew more elevated. Thornton discovered the plan to heat the earth's surface from its internal fire, and this discovery made journeys to the wonderful ice-bound countries situated at the North and the South Poles easy of accomplishment. At the North Pole, in the extensive concave lands, was found a peculiar race of men. Their sun was the great perpetually boiling lake of lava which bubbled from the centre of the earth in the bottom of their bowl-shaped world. And a strange religion was theirs! They believed that the earth was a monster on whose hide they had to live for a mortal lifetime, and that to the good was given the power after death to walk over the icy waste to their god, whose starry eyes they could see twinkling in space, and that the evil were condemned to feed the fire in the stomach of the monster as long as it lived. They told beautiful stories about the creation of their world, and held that if they lived too near the hot, dazzling mouth of evil, they would become blinded to the soft, forgiving eyes of the god of space. Hence they suffered the extreme cold of the lands near the frozen seas, believing that the physical ordeal prepared them for the icy journey to immortal rest after death. But there were those who hungered after the balmy atmosphere and the wonderful fruits and flowers that grew in the lowlands, and they lived there in indolence and so-called sin."

The old man and his son left the museum and walked into a wonderful park. Flowers of the most beautiful kinds and of sweetest fragrance grew on all sides. They came to a tall tower, four thousand feet in height, built of manufactured crystal. Something, like a great white bird, a thousand feet long, flew across the sky and settled down on the tower's summit.

"This was one of the most wonderful inventions of the Seventieth century," said the old man. "The early inhabitants of the earth could not have dreamed that it would be possible to go around it in twenty-four hours. In fact, there was a time when they were not able to go around it at all. Scientists were astonished when a man called Malburn, a great inventor, announced that, at a height of four thousand feet, he could disconnect an air ship from the laws of gravitation, and cause it to stand still in space till the earth had turned over. Fancy what must have been that immortal genius' feelings when he stood in space and saw the earth for the first time whirling beneath him!"

They walked on for some distance across the park till they came to a great instrument made to magnify the music in light. Here they paused and seated themselves.

"It will soon be night," said the old man. "The tones are those of bleeding sunset. I came here last evening to listen to the musical struggle between the light of dying day and that of the coming stars. The sunlight had been playing a powerful solo; but the gentle chorus of the stars, led by the moon, was inexplicably touching. Light is the voice of immortality; it speaks in all things."

An hour passed. It was growing dark.

"Tell me what immortality is," said the boy. "What does life lead to?"

"We do not know," replied the old man. "If we knew we would be infinite. Immortality is increasing happiness for all time; it is"—

A meteor shot across the sky. There was a burst of musical laughter among the singing stars. The old man bent over the boy's face and kissed it. "Immortality," said he—"immortality must be love immortal."

A SCRAP OF COLLEGE LORE.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

From the old homestead kitchen a voice rang out in song. The dreamy, drawling pathos of the music betrayed the nationality, no less than the sex, of the singer.

"Free grace an' dyen' love,
Free grace an' dyen' love,
Free grace an' dyen' love,
Ter wash me white as snow."

Over and over again, in the cracked, crazy voice of an old woman, a negress; but withal full of a strong, strange faith, that seemed to fix itself upon something unseen but felt, and to cling there, and hold.

The woman was busy preparing the early supper; for the sun would soon drop behind the ragged old oaks that studded the west lawn, and the master of the house would expect his beaten biscuit whether he came at sunset or at midnight. And just as like to come at one time as at the other, was the profligate young master.

It would have been difficult to persuade old Tildy that he was *not* the master of the house, although the *old* master's last will and testament made it appear so. Handsome, reckless, and dissipated to the last degree, he was, nevertheless, to the old slave-mammy the same young master committed to her care by the *real* master, in that same will which had seemingly cast him off. That was five years before; it was *nine* years since the *mistress* had committed the young master likewise to her love and care. He was still young, and the only one of the seven children born to the squire and his wife that had passed beyond the years of early childhood. And *he* had broken their hearts; had begun early upon the downward road, and kept steadily on all those years. Thinking of those years, the biscuit beater made a sudden stop, as if the years, those heavy weights, had snapped, broken by their own heaviness.

The old woman leaned upon the wooden handle, and watched, with her face to the kitchen window, the last rays of the sunset, creeping across the bare, brown cotton-field, and tingeing the gnarled oaks of the lawn with purple and red and dull amber. An azure haze followed the sunlight, creeping up from the river beyond the field, — Stone River, in the heart of Tennessee.

The face turned to the sunset was seamed and broken, but *such* a face. An artist, catching the fervor of devotion, the magnetic mingling of pain and pride, lightened by the finer lines of faith, the whole mellowed by that chastened patience which is born of love and sorrow, would have held his breath, lest fancy cheat him of an ideal, a *something* in bronze, that should puzzle the world for a name.

She was watching the azure shadows creeping across the cotton-field; the azure mist stirred sleeping memories, leading the slave-woman back where the smoke circled above a light-boat, plying somewhere along the Virginian waters. There was a prison, a slave-prison, and a market-place, and a woman, a strong, silent woman who held a little child by the hand. The woman was her mother, the child herself, a child of six years. She hid her face in the woman's dress while a shrill voice called for "a bid." A bid for a "likely nigger, going for a song."

"Ten dollars!" there came a bid. The hand clasping the child's grew cold, and the clasp grew closer.

Then a voice — she remembered that voice in her *dreams* sometimes, even yet — that voice sweeter than unknown music, that had said "fifty."

Fifty dollars for a baby! He had carried her home in his lap, before him on the saddle; and the heart of the strong old woman who had held the child's hand had gone with him also.

She had crept to his feet and begged leave to hug her baby, "just once, good marster," before she herself should be shipped to New Orleans.

"Don't beat her, marster!" — the slave's prayer still sobbed upon the wings of memory. "Don't beat her! she's only a nigger, but she's my baby! *don't* beat her!"

And the promise was given, and faithfully kept by the then young master. "Never a lick shall she have, so help me heaven."

The sunlight faded from the field, the amber and red left the oak trees, the shadows deepened. Before the slave's eye came the face of one fast in the agonies of death — a gentle face — a broken-hearted mother's face. It lay upon her arm.

"My boy," the white lips whispered. "My poor, poor boy! Mam-Tildy?"

"I'm here, mistiss."

Here! always here at the call of duty. She put her black face close to the gentle white one.

"As I have dealt with you, Mam-Tildy."

She understood, true old slave-heart.

"I'll foller him ter de grave, mistiss, an' hand him inter heaben ter yer, ef de good Lord spar's me."

Since then, when duty seemed too hard, and devotion reaped only ingratitude, she heard again the soft voice calling: —

"Mam-Tildy?"

"Here I am, mistiss."

"As I have dealt with you, Mam-Tildy."

And waking, the old heart had renewed to itself the promise, "I'll foller him ter de grave, an' hand him inter heaben ter his mammy, ef de good Lord spa'rs me."

The old master slept beside the fair young mistress, in the family burying-ground beyond the meadow, and in sight of the gentle waters of Stone River. His proud old heart had broken too. The tears rolled down the woman's dark cheek as she recalled the last night on the old plantation, when it rained, and rained, and the storm rattled at all the windows, and the river burst its banks, flooding meadow and field until the cries of the drowning things down in the low ground rang through the house piteously.

Such a night! such a pitiless night, and black with despair! An old man waited, that black night, with bowed head, for a step, a boy's careless step; waiting and listening while the storm beat furiously. O those footsteps of erring children! Note ye the hell or heaven they carry! The gray dawn shivered at the window like a frozen foundling; and a song, a senseless, drunken song, reached the strained ears of the master. A reeling figure tottered up the strong old stairs: a shuffling, loathsome thing, calling himself *his son*, and who, but for the will that day executed, would have inherited those fair Tennessee lands, to be squandered in drunken college revels.

The disappointment was too, *too* bitter. A shot rang out. The old man could bear the burden of his son no longer.

The will left the plantation to the old nurse, the *baby* bought at Richmond six and forty years before.

There Mam-Tildy's dreaming always ended. She came back to her biscuit beating at this point, to protest, as usual.

"It orter be Marse Hal's house," she said to the dough, crisping beneath the blows she laid upon it. "Ef I cud sell it I cud pay his debts termorrer."

That was precisely what the old master meant she should *not* do when he had tied the property against the young reprobate, his son and lawful heir.

Mam-Tildy would take care of him, but he would not take care of Mam-Tildy; and therefore the will had judiciously set the property in the safer hands.

It was hers, Mam-Tildy's, "during her natural life."

"But it orter been Marse Hal's," she declared; "he needs it mighty bad."

She spread the dough with the cedar rolling-pin, rolling it to a precise thickness, and keeping a kind of time to the song with which she had begun her task, —

"Free grace an' dyen' love,
Free grace an' dyen' love,
Ter wash me white as snow.
Way ober Jord'n, Lord" —

The song abruptly ended. Some one came up the gravelled walk; a quick, boyish step, a step she knew full well, although it did not stagger now, as was its wont. It *ran*, or the owner of it ran, straight across the piazza, into the kitchen; and although the hand placed on Mam-Tildy's arm shook, she knew the young master was not drunk.

"Hide me! Mam-Tildy, hide me!" he gasped. "I have killed a man, and they are after me!"

There was a boyish ring in the voice, despite the situation, that belonged wholly to Hal Gordon's character; a carelessness which had so annoyed the old squire, his father, who called it "dare-devilism," and which Mam-Tildy noticed even in the extremity of her distress.

She gave a hurried glance around the kitchen, then shoved her biscuit-board aside, and pointed to the large empty barrel upon which the board rested.

The next moment the board was in its place again, she was rolling her dough and singing, —

"Free grace an' dyen' love,
Ter wash me white as snow."

The sheriff's possee coming down the piazza had detected no break in the song, and the sheriff himself saw nothing odd in the fact that he had to call twice from the kitchen doorway before the busy old negress turned to hear his demand for Harry Gordon, the runaway from justice.

She dropped the rolling-pin with a great clatter: perhaps because she heard a defiant little laugh in the barrel; perhaps because she was, as the officers thought, so taken by surprise.

"Marsters," she begged, "don't tease a pore ole nigger dat er way. Ef Marse Hal hab done somefin, shore nuff, for de love ob God, don't stan' dar foolin', but tell ole Tildy an' let her go to him."

She had rubbed the dough from her hands and taken off her apron; the tears were raining down her cheeks when she reached for her sun bonnet hung upon a convenient peg.

The men were completely disarmed, touched to the quick by

her prompt response to the danger threatening the beloved master.

"Go back, Aunt Tildy," said the sheriff. "He isn't worth your affection. You can't go to him, for we have not yet found him. Go back to your dough, and don't waste any more sleep on that ungrateful scamp."

They left her, with her apron before her eyes, rocking to and fro, and moaning.

"Ter de grave! ter de grave!" she sobbed. "I promused his mammy. Yes, Lord, *good* Lord, ter de grave."

That night the fugitive received the coins, all Mam-Tildy's ready money, which she poured into his hand, and stole away under cover of darkness.

"Ef I cud jes' sell de place, little marster," she said at parting, "de money ud fetch you out o' danger."

"Damn the place!" was the reply. "Only let me get well away from it; it is getting too all-fired hot here to suit my fancy."

He drew his coat about his ears, a soft, fashionably made garment, for which the old negress had paid a fair sum, and started toward the door. Twice he looked back. The old nurse sat in a corner with her apron over her head, rocking and moaning.

She had sat thus, in that very corner, the night his mother died. He went back, and laid his hand lightly upon her head.

"Mam-Tildy," he said, "I'll write you if I ever land beyond the county jail, and you shall come to me. Hush! I swear it. Good bye now. If I ever *should* get to heaven, Mam-Tildy,—mind, I don't expect to, but *if* I should,—it will be your work."

He laughed softly, and, stooping, put his lips to the apron covering her head. She could not see that, despite the laugh, the boyish blue eyes held tears, nor did she understand that he knew that never again would he set free foot upon the threshold of the once proud old homestead.

She only knew that he passed out with a curse and a low rippling laugh, and that her old heart was very desolate.

The next day news came: he had been taken. The man he had shot lived a week, and in two months the murderer had received his sentence, life servitude in the state prison.

She rented the house, being unable to sell it, and followed him to the loathsome den in the mountains which had been dignified by the name of Branch Prison. Her little whitewashed cabin stood upon a green rise between the stockade and the coal mine; from either the door or the window she could see him at morning and evening going to and coming from his work. At noon she often went down where the men were eating their dinner, to carry him something hot from her own kitchen. He laughed at her for

this, telling her it was as foolish as her old song of "Free grace and dying love."

One evening a squad of convicts coming in from the mine heard her singing, in that quaint, quavering treble, that same old hymn, and laughed, making many a joke of the song and singer. Odd, how those in its worst extremity make the lightest jest of life: solemn, serious old life with its burdens and heart-aches. He who laughs at life is apt to cry out against death. The convicts laughed at the old crone and her song; the convicts, blackened with evil, and with that deeper stain — sin. The one who laughed loudest was a young man of perhaps five and twenty years. Dissipation had been somewhat obliterated from the boyish face by five years' imprisonment and confinement in the underground workshops, — the mines.

The complexion was fair and delicate as a child's; and the hands, which Mam-Tildy kept carefully provided with gloves, were small and white, and delicately feminine. He had changed but little; in all but dissipation, so far as any one knew, he was the same Harry Gordon of five years before.

"Yer mammy's singing for ye, sonny," laughed one of the squad.

"I wonder where she got that queer song," said another. "There isn't so much in the words, yet somehow it makes a fellow want to go home to his mammy."

Again there was a laugh; life is *such* a jest.

"Because it's '*free*,' I reckon," said a third. "It's the only thing hereabouts that is."

"It is the first thing I remember to have ever heard," said Hal, who as a rule had but little to say to the men. "She trotted me on her knees and sang it. I think she sang it the day I was born, and I expect she will sing it at my funeral, if mine chances to get in ahead of hers."

Then the squad passed on up the hot, coal-sooted path to the stockade gate, and stood a moment to be counted. The old woman's song still reached their ears, faintly, —

"*Free grace an' dyen' love,*
Ter wash me white as snow."

The chains rattled, the gate swung back, and the squad went in. There was no trace of emotion of any kind in any of their faces, except the face of Gordon; he was smiling.

A few minutes later he stood before his cell door, humming under his breath, —

"*Free grace and dying love.*"

"What a funny old song," he said to himself. "I wonder

what it means anyhow. I shall ask Mam-Tildy next visit she makes to my *State* apartment."

He laughed again, in that half merry, half defiant, boyish way, and drew the little iron door open.

As it swung back he glanced up at a bit of dainty carving just above the entrance to his cell.

It was done in Latin, daintily, dexterously done, with his own pearl-handled pen-knife.

"*Errare est humanum.*"

That was all of the college lore he had carried out into the world with him. All the use he had found for it was to make a motto for a felon's cell. His college course, like his life course, ended in a convict's cell. Ended, summed up, in that one sentence, *Errare est humanum.*

He laughed, as he divested himself of his mining clothes. The cleanly and careful were allowed a second suit; he was cleanly enough, and Mam-Tildy would have been more than satisfied if he had been half as careful with his soul as he was with the coarse prison uniform.

He was thinking of the motto; that little Latin device had wrought so many amusing incidents.

First, Mam-Tildy, when she came to bring the sweet cakes she had made for him, had asked what the inscription meant. How the old face had lighted up when he told her; and it had ever afterward been impossible to convince the old woman that it was a mere bit of handiwork, utterly without heart on the part of the convict.

The prison chaplain, too, had caught sight of the carving, and had straightway come into the cell, his mild eyes full of tears, and pressed the hand of the convict-student, and kneeling by the little iron prison bunk had prayed, *prayed*, with the beads upon his brow and agony in every feature, yet not once opening his lips for words. And Hal had stood by, that old boyish smile parting his daintily curved lips while the old chaplain prayed. He laughed aloud when later he had found the chaplain's card upon his little shelf. The bit of white pasteboard bore his own little motto in Latin, to which the pious man had added in pencil, "*condonare est divinum.*"

That pleased Mam-Tildy mightily, when he told her about it; and she had teased him to add the preacher's "sign" to his own above the door, but he had laughingly refused.

The "sign" had amused him greatly; one morning, he remembered, a new gang had arrived at the Branch. Among the convicts was a young man convicted of murder in the second degree, and sentenced for ten years in the *pen.* In his native town he

was considered a dangerous and unreclaimable character, a boy utterly without friends, since the time when his *college career* had broken his mother's heart. Oh, these colleges! hot-beds of infidelity and generators of corruption.

Hal came upon the man the morning of his arrival at the prison. He was standing in the corridor before young Gordon's cell; he still wore his ball and chain, and he was manacled with iron, just as the guard had left him. He was gazing at the Latin inscription above the door.

"*To err is human.*" He had met only upbraidings, reproaches, doubts, revilings. That little Latin device was the first touch of forbearance that had ever come to him; the first whisper of condolence or of condonation that had ever touched his wretched, ill-spent life since he began his downward career. It came like a breath from paradise. He forgot his chains, his handcuffs, the long score of crime-blotted years. The sweet old boyhood time came crowding back; he chased the ball across the college campus; pored over his Greek and Latin under the sweet old maple trees.

"*Errare est humanum.*" It was one of those mysterious messages that strike straight for the soul and batter its wall of rebellion down, and make for itself an abode there. The ten years' term was commuted to five; the five by "good time made" became four; and one morning the prison door swung back and he passed out, a free man.

He had been very fond of young Gordon, fancying that to him he was indebted for his reformation, and had wept upon his shoulder at parting, and begged to be remembered sometimes. Hal remembered that he had laughed and pushed him off; the merry sparkle had still danced in his blue eyes when the two said good bye, forever. They were totally unlike. Strange *he* should have carved the inscription above *his* door: he, so light, so shallow, so indifferent. Even Mam-Tildy had begged of him to "try en be sober, en see things as they is."

"Sober!" he had replied. "It is bad enough to be here, Mam-Tildy, but it is lucky I can laugh over it."

"Naw taint, little marster," she sobbed. "It am like slappin' ob de good Lord in de face. Taint allus right ter laff; it am better ter cry en ter laff sometimes, Marse Hal."

Yes, his scrap of college lore had stood him well. The lady missionaries to the prison had been attracted by it; read a story of high birth, strong temptation, and earnest repentance in the simple words, and gave him special prayer. It was as if a dignified, refined sorrow hid in the old college exercise. All who saw it conceived a tender interest in the fair-faced young convict. A glamour of romance gathered about him. Young girls sought his

cell with flowers and gifts of jewels, and even the old ladies sent in pretty bits of needle-work to decorate the cell of "the poor student."

"*To err is human!*" What an appeal; and to go up from that black hole; and from a soul cultivated, used to the higher walks. Why, it was as if he said, "Careful, careful now how you judge — the way is slippery, and to *err* is *human*. Your own feet"——

He was very peaceable and good-natured; the guards and wardens all liked him, although they still continued to wonder if the lightness was genuine, or if the man truly had no feeling. He seldom gave evidence of any, either of impatience or rebellion or of temper. He always did his work, just what was required of him; never a lick beyond or a blow below the requisite amount. The miners called him a "lazy bones" at first; but when they saw that always his work was faithfully and exactly done, they gave that up, remembering how their own went beyond the requirement to-day and to-morrow far below it. Nobody ever thought the trouble might have been a lack of ambition, for nobody cared especially; they only knew there *was* a peculiarity. His hands were always clean, conspicuously clean, down the long prison dining-table where the hard-fisted coal diggers were at their meals. He never held aloof from the others, yet they seemed to feel, instinctively, that he *was* apart from and above them. It was because of the Latin over his cell. His was a life sentence; he had no hope of reaching the outside world again, and he seldom gave it a thought, except to laugh at Mam-Tildy's foolish fancies that he would some day gain a pardon by some great deed of heroism. There was a *hint* in these foolish fancies, if he had but considered it. But he did *not* consider — considering meant melancholy, discontent. So he put aside all unpleasant comparisons and unavailing longings; he read the books the old nurse brought him, played with the flowers sent him, and munched the delicacies left every day at his door, much in the same way that he ate the coarse prison fare, and in the same way, of laughing indifference, that he had met his mother's tears and his father's curse.

They tried to make a hero of him because of the Latin, but he did not respond to the effort; nothing in him responded to the heroic in any sense. Only to poor old Mam-Tildy, in her tireless devotion, her daily pilgrimage to his cell with clean sheets, a white counterpane, fresh underclothing, never without some offering — only to her was vouchsafed an abiding hope, a faith that at last, at *last*, the little marster would "see things right."

One morning when, having received permission to do so, she was scouring out his cell, and singing in the old familiar way, he stopped on his way to join the mine gang, and said:—

"Mam-Tildy, that is a funny old song of yours. What does it mean anyhow, your 'free grace and dying love'?"

She paused in her work, and looked up at him from her knees, where she had crept in order to carry her scouring-cloth well under his bed. There was a perplexed, worried look in the faded old eyes. What did "free grace" mean? Free grace and dying love. Oh, for words, words; words that might *tell* him the true meaning of that grace, that love! *She* knew; her soul recognized the meaning long ago, but the poor old tongue had no cunning.

She shook her head — gray head it was, carefully bound in a white knotted handkerchief.

"You'll know some day, little marster," she said. "I can't tell yer, honey; ole Tildy aint got much sense; but you'll know what free grace am some day."

That noon, at the counting of the prisoners, he was absent. There is always a thrill follows the announcement that a convict is missing. Escaped? Dead? Pardoned? Gordon was neither; he was lying on an iron bunk in the hospital — still, unconscious, in a deadly stupor, and white and innocent-looking as a little child. A little child — he was like a child in many things; yet he had broken many hearts — his old father's, his poor mother's, and last of all Mam-Tildy's.

He had been hurt down in the mine; and before the news had fairly reached the stockade, the old negress was at the mouth of the pit, and would have gone on, right into that roar of nauseous gas and stifling sulphur, only that a guard prevented her.

"Stop, aunty," he said, "you can't pass there."

The old eyes filled.

"O marster, fur de love ob God, lemme go ter him!" she begged.

"No, come back; the tunnel is full of gas and smoke and falling slate. You can do him no earthly good. Come back, I tell you!"

"Marster, I promised his mammy ter foller him ter de grave itse'f."

She was moving right on, and weeping — not heeding, if indeed hearing, the command to "come back."

"I promised ole miss" — the smoke was stifling. Again the guard called to her, his gun levelled at the old gray head.

"*Will* you come back?"

"Naw, marster, I won't, I can't" — she was already in, beyond the black opening. "My feet wouldn't turn back ef I tried ter make 'em ter; lemme go!" Her voice came back to him from the tunnel, muffled and seeming afar off. "Fur de love ob God, lemme go ter him. I — promised — ole — miss"—

The words were a wail, a wail of agony and devotion.

They brought him out, however, by another tunnel, and the guard sent some one in to tell Mam-Tildy. When she came back they had carried him up to the prison hospital, and all the town knew of the "little student's" injury.

Feeble and old and heart-broken, she tottered to the stockade gate, the tears rolling down her wrinkled cheeks, her gray hair forgotten, its covering gone, and stopped to question the guard there.

"They say he will die," he told her, his heart full of a great pity.

But that was not what she wished to know.

"Marster," she said, "*how* wuz it?"

"The slate fell on him while he was eating his noon lunch — that was all."

All; she sighed and turned away, her last poor vain hope of heroism dead.

They refused her admittance at the hospital, but allowed her to crouch at the door of his prison cell, just under the old college text, and to nurse her grief near something that had been his. All the afternoon she sat there, moaning when no one was near, and praying always. She had prayed for so many years, poor old black mammy, and received for her faith — silence; silence, that maker of infidels and of blasphemers. Yet her faith held; she was ignorant, but it held, held; let the wise and the favored look to it. It held even while the white face of him who was the object of her prayers lay back upon the coarse prison pillow, waiting for death — for *death;* and still the old nurse's faith held.

It was a fair face, so touchingly childlike; the old smile still curved the delicate lips; the smile which had met the ills and failures of life, met death with the same boyish defiance — a foil to rob him of his terror.

The prison physician, together with the chaplain and the warden, had endeavored vainly to rouse him out of that deadly stupor. There was no response, not a quiver of the eyelids, to tell that he heard or lived.

"Is there nothing," said the chaplain, "that will arouse him, nothing that will touch him?"

"He has been here five years," said the warden," and I have never known him show the slightest feeling except one morning when one of the men attempted to play a prank upon his old black nurse. He didn't really show any feeling then, for he laughed at the same time that he cracked the fellow's skull. It was hushed up; nobody held any ill-will against the boy, and the other had made himself obnoxious to the officials."

The physician, his hand still upon the pulse of the unconscious convict, turned suddenly to the warden.

"Go bring the old nurse," he commanded.

They had not far to send, and she came at once, tottering, the old body well-nigh spent. The surgeon was removing the electric battery with which he had been vainly endeavoring to recall life into the benumbed faculties, when the old negress entered. They moved aside to make room for her, for she was growing strangely feeble. Is it instinct that teaches those old black heroines those great, grand strokes upon the chords of the human heart? Is it instinct, like the brutes possess? Who dares insult Divinity with such a charge?

The old nurse tottered to the low prison bunk — her gray grizzled hair made a kind of setting for the dark face. Trouble in every wrinkle; grief, such as tender mothers know, in every motion of the trembling lips; but love, abiding devotion, burning in the fond, faded eyes resting upon the fragile form, bound in linen, upon which the blood stains showed glaringly. She bent over him, no tears in her eyes now.

"Marse Hal," she said, "does yer know me, honey? How is yer, little marster?"

O thou great electric king! Out upon thy puny power, that the whisper from a slave's lip can put thee to such shame! The delicate white hand moved slowly across the yellow sheet until it found the hand of the old nurse, and, clasping it, rested there. The prisoner sighed softly.

"Mam-Tildy?"

"Yes, my lam'."

"Take me home!"

It was the voice, the pleading prayer, of a homesick child. The nurse was the only one of the little group whose eyes were dry.

"Yes, honey," she replied, "Mam-Tildy gwine sen' yer home soon; she done promise ole miss."

She covered his small hand with both her own, and held it against her faithful old black breast, and sat there, with eyes closed, but with a kind of peace upon her tired face — as if, indeed, she had been transported back to the old innocent days upon the plantation.

"Mam-Tildy?"

"Yes, my lam'."

"Sing!"

She began to rock to and fro and to croon a hymn; but he stopped her with a movement of his head.

"No, no," he said; "sing your old — 'free grace' — you used to sing it — in the kitchen — at home."

Tremblingly, trustfully the old cracked voice began, and went bravely on to the end, —

"Free grace an' dyen' love,
Free grace an' dyen' love,
Ter wash me white as snow."

When she finished he lay so still they believed him going indeed; but his lips moved faintly, and he murmured something about "the old college text" and "something" which he said "the chaplain added to it." Mam-Tildy's old song was running through his brain, confusing him absurdly; for he was mumbling something about "To err is human, free grace — divine," and smiling — knowing that he had tangled song and text. Mam-Tildy tried to help him.

"Free grace an' dyen' love, Marse Hal," she said.

"I know," he whispered; and suddenly, with strange strength, he lifted himself in bed and clasped his arm about the old mammy's neck, smiling the while — that old boyish smile she knew so well.

The surgeon took out his watch; one, two, *five* minutes passed, then he placed his fingers upon the delicate, blue-veined wrist lying against Mam-Tildy's neck, and motioned a guard to drop the window curtain.

"Mam-Tildy," he said gently, "you may go now."

"Yes, marster," she replied, "I's ready. Old Tildy's work am done."

And unclasping his arm, she laid the dead boy back upon his pillow.

THE POET'S PRAYER.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

My Love in Heaven! love was not hid
By closing of a coffin-lid!

Dear Love in Heaven! true love survives
All separation in our lives!

O Love in Heaven, from you I win
Sure help without, and hope within!

My Love in Heaven, for me she waits
Like Morning golden at her Gates!

Dear Love in Heaven, let your sunrise
Make the dews lighter in mine eyes!

O Love in Heaven, for one wee while
Let me reflect your vanished smile!

My Love in Heaven, bid me rejoice
To hear once more love's earthly voice!

Dear Love in Heaven, your voice was low,
But the least whisper I should know!

O Love in Heaven, there is a way
To come back to me with your day!

My Love in Heaven can magnetize
And open wide mine inner eyes!

Dear Love in Heaven, as in a glass
Into another self we pass!

O Love in Heaven, shut out the night,
That I may see by spirit-light!

My Love in Heaven, give me the grace
To glimpse the glory in your face!

Dear Love in Heaven! Let me but see
You wear the crown of victory!

O Love in Heaven, from your dear eyes,
Two life-drops trembled crystal-wise,—

My Love in Heaven — those drops I stole
To anoint mine eyes with sight of soul!

Dear Love in Heaven, that precious dew
I took to gain *the sight of you!*

O Love in Heaven, reach down to me,
And lift my spirit up to see!

My Love in Heaven, the Euphrasy
Of sorrow purged mine eyes to see.

Dear Love in Heaven, with purity
Of life I wash my soul to see!

O Love in Heaven, unveil for me;
To God I give my soul to see!

SOME OF CIVILIZATION'S SILENT CURRENTS.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

THE present is so pre-eminently a transition period, a day of such striking contrasts and startling antitheses, that it is difficult for even the most sincere and conscientious thinker to grasp the true status of our civilization in all its bearings or gain anything like a just conception of the manifold agencies working seemingly at cross purposes and, from a superficial point of view, presenting an appearance dishearteningly chaotic. For on the one hand we see an arrogant plutocracy securing class privileges and special favors from incompetent or venial legislators; on the other, the aroused indignation of the wage-earning millions who appreciate that something is wrong, but whose mentality, dulled by grinding toil and canker-eating, anxious care, fails to grasp quickly the wise means of solution amid a babel of conflicting voices. On the one hand we see the tyranny of wealth, the heartless robbery of speculation and gambling, the revolting spectacle of criminal ostentation and the lavish expenditure of wealth in voluptuous enjoyment by thousands who neither toil nor spin. On the other hand, we hear, clearly ringing in trumpet tones, the voices of the prophets of the new day, denouncing present evils and demanding justice. Here in the daily journals one's eyes fall upon accounts of ten-thousand-dollar banquets, at which a few score of the *dilettante* sip champagne and further enervate their already shattered moral natures. In another column we read of mothers who, failing to secure work and finding starvation facing them, burn charcoal and thus kill themselves and children; or, perhaps, daughters who have struggled for life and virtue until the fight has become hopeless, and to save honor have sought death. At the present time, also, we behold floating palaces for millionnaires gliding up to wharves within gunshot of squalid dens where the starving are huddled in droves, daily sinking from man's holy estate to the level of animals, who exist in an atmosphere of filth, degradation, and moral death.

To the sincere and earnest inquirer who would be just to the present, and who furthermore desires to view conditions from the eagle's eyrie rather than from the vantage-ground of the valley, it is necessary to note the true significance of the deep currents

which are making for civilization — not the voluble laudation of conservatism, which is the age-long, shallow cry of the worshipper of the past and the upholder of all conditions which bear the sanction of conventionalism, but rather those silent forces which escape the casual observer amid the prophetic warnings and the heart cries of the reformers' divinely fired souls on the one hand, and the brutal tyranny of corporate wealth, the heartless indifference of plutocracy, and the insufferable vulgarity of the parvenu element on the other — those silent agencies which without ostentation are doing so much toward stemming the tide of ignorance, crime, and degradation which are shedding abroad kindness and love as the sun sends forth life-giving heat; which are silently sowing the seeds of a better day, and reproducing in colors, visible even to the unschooled mind, the noblest ideals of a higher civilization which are floating before humanity's advancing columns.

Of the many organized agencies in philanthropy, in education, in practical business and social life, I will not now speak at length, because their worth is more or less appreciated even by the casual observer. The simple enumeration of a few of them will indicate how completely humanity is awaking along the whole line of human endeavor, and how strong is the higher current even in the disturbed waters of the present. The wonderful growth of the kindergarten schools; the even more marked progress of industrial education resulting in its introduction in a greater or less degree in various schools, and the establishment of industrial schools in the slums of almost all our great cities, and what is more, the steady growth of the idea, even in the circle of conventional education, that mere intellectual schooling is not only insufficient, but that it is a small part of a liberal education. Then, again, who can measure the influence already exerted by that marvellous movement which culminated in the organization of the working girls' clubs, or their almost incredible growth. The formation of various clubs by women in easier walks of life are also even now exerting an educating and stimulating influence upon thousands of our most thoughtful women. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union and its sister organization, the White Ribbon movement for social purity, are being felt more or less in millions of homes. The White Cross movement; societies for home culture and for ethical training; summer schools of philosophy, science and ethics; college extension; and Associated Charities, with all the encumbrances of conventionalism, are leavening society and doing far more than we realize to keep in check the baleful influences of the saloon, of the incoming tide of ignorant and vicious emigration, of the aggressive democracy of crime and vice now within our borders, and the vicious spirit of

the business world, which to so large an extent worships gold and loses all finer thought in thought of self.

Beyond these organized agencies, whose power is more or less marked on every side, are unorganized and iconoclastic influences which, because they are silent and to a certain extent isolated, are overlooked by many social reformers. Into all our lives, at some time or another, have come the influence of other lives which has been elevating, stimulating, and ennobling, and we must remember that what is true in our personal experience is true of others. The influences of these uplifting waves are, in my judgment, the most subtle yet far-reaching power to-day making for a truer civilization. Few of us pause in the feverish race of life to take cognizance of the influence of these silent lives quietly toiling on every hand. Yet until their influence is placed in the scales, it is clearly impossible to strike a balance and determine the unmistakable trend of the times. To further emphasize this idea of the nature and extent of the influence for good of these sowers of civilization's seed, I wish to briefly touch on a few lives whose influence and whose inspiration have come into my own, either by their helpful words or by their teachings and personality, as in no other way can I so well illustrate the thought I wish to convey. These sowers of civilization's seeds, as I call them, always remind me of a story read to me when I was very young. It described a boy who wandered into an enchanted wood. Here a vision of marvellous beauty appeared to him saying, "If you succeed in finding my home, it will be ready for thee, and I will forever dwell with thee; but before you will find it, you must grow into my likeness." And the boy, haunted by the divine ideal, feverishly wandered the world over, seeking the wonderful face which embodied love, mercy, and knowledge; and as he journeyed he said to himself, "If I find her, I must be worthy of her." Hence he sought the sick and poor and needy wherever he travelled, soothed their sufferings, ministered to their wants; in short, became an angel of mercy and love. But this was not all; he said to himself, "I must gather the seeds of knowledge from all lands and climes through which I roam, that I may not appear a mental pauper in the presence of my loved one, for she bears the stamp of wisdom no less than love upon her high, splendid brow." And so he journeyed through life, and in its golden sunset, having left a trail of light wherever he had travelled, he laid him down to rest, and the angel touched his eyes, when lo! the scales fell, and he beheld his love. "At last!" he cried, extending his arms and falling on the earth. "I have been with thee always," returned the voice; "but not until thy spirit was worthy of a higher home was it best that thou should'st see me, for now no sense of inferiority will disturb thy soul during our progress

throughout eternity." I say the sight of these silent workers for eternity always reminds me of this vision-haunted youth. They have caught glimpses of nobler ideals; they cease to find satisfaction in the selfish gratification; *they must help the world onward; they must aid humanity.*

One of these chosen ones to whom I owe a debt through his inspiring writings is Victor Hugo, that noble worker for a better day; he who could not live for himself; who felt he must give as bountiful nature gave; give as the sun and heaven give their glory and their peace. Even when an exile on a barren island, listening to the eternal swashing of the ocean on the rock-bound shore, his pen was never idle. He seemed ever pursued by the angel of utility, who, through his pen, sought to inspire other lives. His great spirit voiced its inmost desire when he wrote the following words of fire:—

Sacrifice to "the mob," O poet! Sacrifice to that unfortunate, disinherited, vanquished, vagabond, shoeless, famished, repudiated, despairing mob; sacrifice to it, if it must be, and when it must be, thy repose, thy fortune, thy joy, thy country, thy liberty, thy life. The mob is the human race in misery. The mob is the mournful beginning of the people. The mob is the great victim of darkness. Sacrifice to it thy gold, and thy blood which is more than thy gold, and thy thought which is more than thy blood, and thy love which is more than thy thought; sacrifice to it everything except justice. Receive its complaint; listen to it touching its faults and touching the faults of others; hear its confession and its accusation. Give it thy ear, thy hand, thy arm, thy heart. Do everything for it, excepting evil. Alas! it suffers so much, and it knows nothing. Correct it, warn it, instruct it, guide it, train it. Put it to the school of honesty. Make it spell truth, show it the alphabet of reason, teach it to read virtue, probity, generosity, mercy. Hold thy book wide open. Be there, attentive, vigilant, kind, faithful, humble. Light up the brain, inflame the mind, extinguish selfishness, and thyself give the example. For it is beautiful on this sombre earth, during this dark life, brief passage to something beyond, —it is beautiful that Force should have Right for a master, that Progress should have Courage as a leader, that Intelligence should have Honor as a sovereign, that Conscience should have Duty as a despot, that Civilization should have Liberty as a queen, and that the servant of Ignorance should be the Light.

These lines express in a word the thought throbbing in the soul, not only of the great teachers, but of every one who belongs to that class who live for humanity and who so often shun all prominence, scattering happiness in such a way that only the recipients know what is being done. Some are writers and workers, as was the great Frenchman; some are poets and singers, as, for example, that rare and truly noble soul, that typical son of true democracy, James G. Clark, who for years has written songs of the human, songs of the dawn, songs of justice; who has set them to music and then sung them into the hearts of thousands, while he has taught the purest ethics, the

broadest charity, and an ideal altruism. Mr. Clark, while profoundly spiritual in nature, is as free in thought as Hugo. He is nothing if not liberal, and hates creeds, dogmas, and the narrow spirit of bigotry and persecution as much as did the great catholic spirit of the founder of Christianity. He, moreover, is as simple in his life and tastes as are his teachings fine and elevating. He is a prophet of the dawn; and the burden of his exalted faith is constantly finding expression in noble lines, as, for example, the following:—

Swing inward, O gates of the future!
Swing outward, ye doors of the past,
For the soul of the people is moving
And rising from slumber at last;
The black forms of night are retreating,
The white peaks have signalled the day,
And Freedom her long roll is beating,
And calling her sons to the fray.

Swing inward, O gates! till the morning
Shall paint the brown mountains in gold,
Till the life and the love of the New Time
Shall conquer the hate of the Old;
Let the face and the hand of the Master
No longer be hidden from view,
Nor the lands he prepared for the many
Be trampled and robbed by the few.

The soil tells the same fruitful story,
The seasons their bounties display,
And the flowers lift their faces in glory
To catch the warm kisses of day;
While our fellows are treated as cattle
That are muzzled when treading the corn,
And millions sink down in Life's battle
With a sigh for the day they were born.

Swing inward, O gates of the future!
Swing outward, ye doors of the past.
A giant is waking from slumber
And rending his fetters at last;
From the dust where his proud tyrants found him,
Unhonored and scorned and betrayed,
He shall rise with the sunlight around him,
And rule in the realm he has made.

Mr. Clark is not what would be called a popular poet, for, like men of his class, he has never sought fame or desired to press his claim on the attention of the world. To aid his fellow-men, to break the bonds of the enslaved, to secure justice for the oppressed, and to broaden the horizon and soften the hearts of all with whom he has come in contact — this has been the sole aim of this fine, true man.

Another noble nature to whom I, in common with thousands,

owe much, and whose personal influence and utterances by word of mouth have been of inestimable value to me, is Professor Joseph Rodes Buchanan, the many-sided man of genius, whose "New Education" was the first work which gave the world a glimpse of what an ideal education should be, and whose various medical and scientific works have been of incalculable value to those who are willing to find truth outside conventional highways. As a teacher and editor, however, the influence of this really great man will, I fancy, reach down the ages, exerting an influence almost as potent as that of contributions to our educational and philosophical literature. During the past few years I have received many letters from persons prominent in reform, educational, and progressive work, who have voiced the following sentiment, expressed by a well-known writer and worker for the progress of the race: "It must have been a quarter of a century," writes this eminent gentleman, "since I had my thought turned into broader paths by the same noble teaching and inspiring sentiments which I now find in THE ARENA. I received this new inspiration from Professor Buchanan's 'Journal of Man,' then published in Cincinnati." A congressman, who is one of the bravest and most conscientious members of the House, said to me last winter, "Years ago my interest in social, educational, and reformative work was awakened and stimulated by Professor Buchanan, who then lived in Cincinnati." Only a few days since I received a letter from Mrs. Elizabeth Lyle Saxon, the noble-souled lady who recently, by arousing the women of New Orleans, succeeded in defeating an infamous ordinance which had passed both branches of the city government, and, had it secured the mayor's signature, would have licensed prostitution and placed the Crescent City in this respect on the debased level of Paris. In her letter Mrs. Saxon refers to the long and helpful acquaintance she has enjoyed with Professor Buchanan, whom she styles "The beloved friend of all womankind." I might continue almost indefinitely quoting from persons who are at the present time moral levers in society, all referring in like manner to the inspiration derived from this patient and profound worker for humanity's weal. I have, however, cited these cases not for the purpose of paying a well-merited tribute to the noble master, to whom I owe a great debt for his inspiring thoughts and helpful suggestions, but to illustrate the far-reaching influence of seed sown by him more than a quarter of a century ago. Doubtless he little imagined the amount of good he was doing in those long vanished years, when his thoughts were moulding minds, and turning brains which might have drifted with the world's gay and aimless current, into the stream of noble, human endeavor. The life of Professor Buchanan affords a very strik-

ing illustration of the point I am seeking to impress: that these silent forces, so seldom taken into account by students of the social unrest of the present, are in fact one of the most powerful agencies operating for a higher civilization. Even the individuals who compose this leaven of a diviner civilization little realize what they are doing.

It is not alone among the writers, singers, orators, or teachers that we find these uncounted forces exerting an exalted influence; in the business and social worlds are many lives touched by the ideals of the higher civilization, and consecrated to all that is best in life. But their influence is least of all taken into account; for the world knows little of their benefactions when, as is usually the case with these natures, they strive to keep from the vulgar gaze of the world all knowledge of their deeds. As a shining example of this class I would mention the late Gideon F. T. Reed, largely through whose instrumentality and that of his noble wife, THE ARENA was founded.

Mr. Reed was one of the highest types of men I have ever known. He was a fine thinker, taking a deep pleasure in the best thought of our time. In the sphere of business he had few equals; rigidly just, thoroughly conscientious, and of untiring application, he succeeded along the high pathway of honorable business. During the closing years of his life paralysis rendered his lower limbs comparatively useless, but his mind remained clear and his heart warm; his thoughts seemed to ever go out from self to others; it was not his sufferings or his happiness which so much concerned him, as the burdens and happiness of those less blessed by wordly possessions. I never knew him to be other than cheerful, and I never knew him to express other than kind and charitable concern for the weak and erring. Instead of spending his honorably acquired wealth in vulgar ostentation or selfish gratification, he sought to spend it with the triple purpose in view of increasing the happiness of others, relieving sorrow and pain, and aiding the educational currents of the world. Where a parvenu would lavish hundreds of thousands on stables for fast horses, or steam launches, Mr. Reed supplied numbers of poor families with fuel and necessities during the long winter months. Instead of lavishing tens of thousands of dollars upon banquets, he munificently aided schools, libraries, hospitals, and other enterprises of an educational nature or philanthropic character; but in all his giving he sought to avoid any publicity. His chief desire was to make others happy and increase the volume of the world's knowledge. I never knew a sweeter or more lovable nature, or a mind which so constantly went out to those in distress. One afternoon, a short time before he passed from life, Mrs. Reed returned from a

mission of charity, and almost the first words uttered by the invalid were, "How did you find them, and did they need anything?" He referred to an old man and woman; the former had many years before been in his employ. This was thoroughly characteristic of the man, whose ripe culture and warm heart were united to a spirit of wondrous gentleness; a man whose chief desire was to uplift his fellow-men, and who was willing that only they who enjoyed his beneficence should know what was done. In all his labors he was loyally seconded by his high-minded wife, who no less than Mr. Reed has untiringly sought to advance the noble works which marked the closing years of his life. Many men have succeeded in having their names trumpeted by the press of two continents as benefactors and philanthropists who have done far less than Mr. Reed. Few men have in a quiet way done so much to diffuse the light of knowledge and gladden oppressed, bruised, or burdened hearts as this splendid example of one of Nature's noblemen. And yet there are many, aye, very, very many who are silently following more or less successfully this same path of noble endeavor. And thus in public life, among our writers, among our teachers, and in the realms of social and business life, there are thousands who are quietly but effectively helping humanity upward and onward.

These lives are typical; they stand for an influence little understood or appreciated; they are not among the organizations which, with slow movement, being more or less cumbered with conventionalism, are helping the world forward. None of the lives I have cited wore the label of any church or creed; they one and all were beyond the pale of dogma. Broad, noble, and illuminated by the divine light of love and wisdom, they have helped the world onward. And they are representative; they stand for a wonderful power which, like the undertow of the ocean, is carrying civilization with irresistible force toward a happier clime and a fairer land. It is my opinion to-day that the divine in man is stronger than ever before; but because I believe this, I would not for a moment relax our struggle for a better, grander, and nobler civilization. Wrongs are facing us on every side, which must be overthrown. Selfishness, avarice, lust, and dissipation are menacing civilization. Never were earnest reformers or moral soldiers more needed than now; and yet, in order that we may be wise and just, and that our hearts may be sustained by an unwavering faith in the triumph of good, let us not overlook or minify the splendid works of the sowers of civilization's seed, who are silently stimulating humanity to nobler endeavor, and brightening the hearts of millions.

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BOOKS OF THE DAY.

Sultan to Sultan.*

"Bibles and bullets," the laconic reply of the great German statesman to the query, "How will you conquer and civilize Africa," might be used as an epigrammatic summary of the history of Christian civilization in its treatment of the heathen since the days of Columbus to the present time. It is said that the cross and the sword were the weapons of Spain during her conquests; but as some clever writer observes, the Spaniards forgot the cross until the sword had laid low the poor savage. The history of our Christian civilization in its treatment of savage and heathen nations is such as may well bring the blush of shame to every humane cheek. Spain, Portugal, France, Germany, England, and America have so frequently pursued a deliberate, cold-blooded policy, looking toward the crushing of the weak, and based on heartlessness and injustice, that to the conquered nations Christianity means anything but a religion of peace, good will, and universal brotherhood. To the remnant of the red men who now behold themselves bereft of nature and hemmed in on all sides by a merciless civilization, which year by year encroaches more and more upon their already circumscribed territory, Christian civilization is anything but the synonym of universal love or fraternity. To the East Indian, crushed by the iron heel of England's power and with mind stored with the story of British conquest, the words "Christian civilization" call up in his heart a torrent of hate and arouse all that is worst in his nature. To negroes who are being crushed under the stern arm of Germany's advancing forces in Africa, Christian civilization is no magic phrase, carrying to the mind thoughts of peace, prosperity, or the ideas of human kindness or Divine love. To none of these people, any more than to the races which have gone down before the cohorts of our civilization in other ages, does Christianity carry the idea of a religion of love. They who have marched to conquest have claimed to be Christian peoples, and their God to the poor heathen is no Prince of Peace. In the book which is before me, a woman, an American woman, who has accomplished a marvellous feat, hints at a more excellent way than that pursued by men in conquering and civilizing in the past. In the first place M. French-Sheldon has demonstrated that it is not necessary for a traveller and explorer to leave behind a trail of

* "Sultan to Sultan." Adventures among the Masai and other tribes of East Africa, by M. French-Sheldon. Illustrated by over three hundred and fifty photogravures and text cuts. Red and gold cloth, pp. 492, price $5. Arena Publishing Company, Boston.

blood; she has shown that kindness calls forth kindness; her progress was beset by dangers, and she penetrated the land of many tribes reputed to be very savage; yet of her caravan of one hundred and thirty-seven only one died, and he was slain by a wild beast, while she was everywhere treated with respect and loaded with presents. Our author has very decided views about how we should proceed to civilize these poor savages, which are anything but conventional. She does not believe in the bullet-Bible theory, and would send people to teach the African tribes the arts of peace; to show them how to read and cook, and how to till the rich fields and convert nature's wealth into articles of food, clothes, and the making of homes; and hand in hand with this practical, industrial education she would teach them how to read and write, how to develop the intellect, and in so teaching she would inculcate the high ethical training without which there can be no ideal manhood or womanhood.

The story of Mrs. Sheldon's travels is written in a bright, chatty style. Occasionally her sentences are somewhat involved, but on the whole her style is pleasing, and the reader is led from page to page, fascinated with the subject-matter, which is more interesting than romance, because it has the added interest of being a narration of facts which increase the reader's store of knowledge. Of our author's style the reader can form a fair idea from the description of her visits to the Sultan of Zanzibar, which I give below. By way of introduction I should say, Mrs. Sheldon, on arriving in East Africa, found the British East Africa Company hostile to her project. They tried in many ways to prevent the execution of her plans, and she found it impossible to obtain the requisite number of porters and interpreters without the influence of some one in authority. Our consul at Zanzibar interested himself in her cause, and through him she obtained an audience with the Sultan of Zanzibar. This audience and her subsequent visit to his harem are given below.

Arriving at the palace, which is a most unpretentious structure, I was conducted up a flight of long stairs, and was met by the Sultan on the landing. The few words of salutation in Ki-Swahali I had mastered came tripping off my tongue in response to the Sultan's *jambos*, obsequious smiles, and bows of welcome. After these ceremonious preliminaries were over, one of the dragomen was commanded by the Sultan to act as interpreter. The walls of the large, showy saloon were hung with red panels embellished with quotations from the Koran in embossed gilt characters; great showy crystal chandeliers hung from the ceiling; tables of beautiful inlaid workmanship were ranged through the centre of the room, and tall-backed gilt chairs with crimson satin cushions were arranged in a stilted fashion throughout the long saloon. The floor had a crimson velvet carpet with such thick pile the tread of feet became noiseless.

Once seated at one of the tables, feeling flushed by the curious scrutiny of all the attendants who hovered about, I was gratified when the Sultan ordered a particularly staring oleaginous creature to serve coffee. This I drank with relish; but no sooner was my cup partially empty than there was a quick succession of various sorts of sherbets paraded for my refreshment; truly they were marvellous concoctions of all colors, beginning with brown, closely followed by red, green, and white syrup-like

fluids in the daintiest glasses imaginable; but with suspicion, I avoided the strange, spicy, honeyed beverages, only touching the rim of each glass with my forefinger, then, out of courtesy, pressing my finger to my lips in sign of satiety, to excuse my declining such choice nectars.

Subsequent to these delicate civilities, the Sultan explained, with evident embarrassment, that it was not his custom to *ceremoniously* receive ladies; nevertheless he was quite desirous to be of service to me in every possible way. This was my chance to tell him of my proposed expedition to Kilimanjaro and Masai land. Pulling his *joho* (long loose embroidered coat) around him, exposing his bare feet encased in sandals, he expressed regret that I should desire to go to such a dangerous, wild section of Africa, and wished I might be dissuaded.

"Is not Zanzibar charming? Why not linger here as the friend of the Sultan?"

"No, not dissuaded," I firmly rejoined; "however, his Majesty could make it far easier and safer for me, if he felt inclined."

Again he wrapped his splendid gold-embroidered *joho* about him with a certain majesty and said imperiously, "Command us and it shall be done."

Explaining the difficulties my agent experienced in procuring porters, I urged that he would aid me by having all slaves volunteering speedily sworn in on the following Saturday; and when masters interfered with their slaves, or middlemen objected, to declare himself my friend, and command it otherwise.

"It shall be done."

He ordered his band to play some special pieces in my honor, which, as usual, wound up the performance by the national anthem, an explosive *pot pourri*. When I was on the point of leaving, after drenching me with otter of rose, he invited me, with great effusiveness, to return on the following Friday with a woman interpreter, to visit his harem; he also placed a carriage at my disposal during the entire time I remained in port,—I will not mar the lustre of his gallantry by describing the Sultan's vehicles and horses,—and he offered to take out his war ship Glasgow for my pleasure. This war ship, by the by, it is satirically said, was presented to the Sultan by a celebrated shipbuilder for the paltry sum of $200,000 (£40,000).

Friday's arrangements, owing to the difficulties of procuring a woman interpreter, either from the mission people or through my agents, seemed to be unavoidably cancelled, when I received a message from the Sultan summoning me to come, as he had himself secured the services of a woman interpreter. So I went, and received a most friendly reception. Through locked and barred doors I was conducted from one of the palaces—there are three in a row—to the other, and finally reaching a large saloon, the place where the interpreter was dismissed, that was in wild disorder, like the show-room of a barbaric merchant prince,—a dazzling variety and array of valuable gifts, curios, all sorts of purchasable splendors heaped incongruously one upon another upon tables, on the floor, and nothing showing to any advantage, the only impression given was of quantity and enormous value.

The Sultan's eldest daughter was brought in by a black woman slave, attended by two little black slave boys.

With a flash of pride the Sultan exclaimed, "See how a Sultan dresses his daughter! Look well, and tell to other Europeans how splendid are her jewels." The heavy gold anklets worn by this little child, but five years of age, impeded her moving with any freedom. Her crown, studded with jewels, must have pained her tender brow; and the gorgeous as well as curious necklaces suspended one upon another, to the number of a dozen, and numerous bracelets and finger rings, certainly must have been burdensome. The Sultan's lament is that he is unfortunate in having three daughters and no sons. He was curious to know if I had children; and when the negative response was conveyed to him, he asked boldly, "Has your husband many wives?" He smiled in a cynical way.

"Certainly not," I retorted with some contempt, vexed by his effrontery.

At this juncture a heavy embroidered portière was drawn aside by two Malay eunuchs, whose tongues were cut out to limit their power of disclosing secrets, and there appeared a haughty woman, gorgeously attired. Possessed with all the impe-

rious disdain of an empress, she approached me, and rudely threw out her hand to me, at the same time ungraciously darting a glance of outraged feeling upon me. This, then, was the Sultana! Poor woman! did she presume I was another usurper of her legitimate place? Only a few moments expired when she was ushered out by two gross, horrid, greasy eunuchs, and the portière was drawn over the closing door. Within ten minutes after her Highness's exit, through another door entered in Indian file woman after woman of the Sultan's harem, to a number most amazing. Each one in turn approached me, extending her hand. To the first, who was a fine frank-looking creature, I arose to respond to her greeting, when the Sultan waved me down.

"Do not trouble yourself for them. There are too many, all alike, and not worth it."

Some of these poor, degraded concubines were sad-eyed and full of sorrow; others seemed defiant and triumphant, and yet others looked envious. Comparing the vast difference in the costliness and quantity of their jewels and dresses, it flashed across my mind that these distinctions were marks of favoritism. Each and every one of these royal concubines, at the command of the Sultan, bathed my right foot in rose-water; and in recognition of my superiority and evidence of their humility, each gave me one of her jewelled rings. The sum total was one hundred and forty-two.

The Sultan, after showing me about through the private rooms, as he professed he had never previously shown any one, queried what I thought of it all. With true American frankness, I declared it atrocious. He said he would gladly renounce his harem, "But I should lose my Arab constituency."

Most cautious man as this Sultan is respecting signing papers, always suspicious of some governmental policy that will involve him, he offered to *visé* my passport. This I declined, desirous that he should give me a special letter to any Arab caravans I might encounter on my trip up country. This he did. He also gave me his autographed photograph; and I had the Sultan's word he would always be more than pleased to serve me in any possible way as his friend.

A feature of peculiar value and interest in this volume is the delightful description of the home life, the customs, habits, and modes of living of the various tribes. No former work on the Dark Continent has ever given anything like a full, intelligent, or real picture of the native negro races, for the reason that no traveller has ever before enjoyed such advantageous opportunities as Mrs. Sheldon. Then, again, a woman sees in domestic life what a man would never notice. The descriptions of the various tribes are very fascinating as well as highly instructive. I will give a glimpse of the tribes of the Taveta, one of the most interesting and intelligent of the natives, as given by Mrs. Sheldon. Space prevents my quoting more than a few paragraphs of this intensely interesting description. They will, however, prove sufficient to indicate the character of this feature of the work.

The English officers have placed a hand-mill within their *boma* for their own use, but generously accord to the natives the privilege of using it to grind their corn and banana flour; this relieves them of the tedious process of pounding the grain and dried fruit in a wooden or stone mortar with a heavy wooden pestle, an advantage they evidently seem to highly appreciate, for the mill is never idle all day long. Heretofore the women were allotted the task of pulverizing the corn and bananas to an impalpable flour, and with maternal solicitude strapped their babes upon their backs, afraid to put the little ones on the ground on account of the ravages of the white ants, and they would be quieted and rocked to sleep by the swaying motion of the mother's body as she monotonously wielded the heavy pestle.

Honey bees thrive, and the Wa-Taveta manufacture quantities of beehives out of logs. They are cylindrical in shape, three to four feet long, and a foot and a half in

diameter, hollowed out and then closed at one end, with a puncture at the other to admit the ingress and egress of the bees.

The honey is rather dark in color, but most delicious in flavor and plentiful. It is put in hide boxes or calabashes. We several times came across dead hollow tree-trunks, branches lopped, standing erect, covered over with a removable piece of hide, punctured to admit the bees, which were used for hives. These primitives are utilitarians by nature.

Made hives are hung in the trees on the track of the bee ranges, where honey flowers are most abundant. A similar utensil to the made beehives is used in which to brew their *pombe*, a concoction of sugar-cane, bananas, or cocoanut, wimbe, and corn. When the mash is fresh the beverage tastes very much like unfermented mead or beer, but in the course of three days fermentation has reached a point when the brew becomes a subtle intoxicant; and as it is profusely brewed by almost every native of the tribe, they are during harvest time in a perpetual state of jollification, and all the unamiable qualities and propensities of their natures seem to be strangely affected by this intoxicant. It is a mistake to say that the Africans have been polluted in this respect by the invasion of white men, because they have always, as far as one can ascertain, used *pombe* and *tembo* or other native drinks.

The idea prevails that by the preservation of the skull the spirit of the departed is saved, and that the congregation in one place of the skulls of a family or tribe guarantees a future reunion.

Superstitions concerning death are decidedly obscure and extremely heterogeneous in East Africa, and yet there are little threads which have various origins, running through the tissues of what may be called their religion. They worship the moon and the sun, and revel in songs or chants addressed to the rain during planting seasons.

The Wa-Duruma near the coast beat drums, but they are the only tribe in the part of East Africa I visited where they use drums.

Strange native medical practices were revealed to me through the auspices of the Woman of Taveta. The old women are all skilled mid-wives. Mothers suffer very little during the period of gestation or in the throes of childbirth. A girl reaches puberty at the infantile age of ten. Youths are circumcised by their own election when they no longer wish to be children, but aspire to the station of *el-moran*, as early often as the age of twelve. The custom of circumcision must have maintained for many decades, for nature frequently simulates it, and the parents boast of an offspring so pre-eminently destined to be a warrior, and the favored boy is pointed out as one elect.

All the natives seem to possess a minor yet practical knowledge of the use of herbs and roots, and of imported medicaments. Sulphur, quinine, bluestone do they beseech the leaders of caravans for. They suffer from itch, ulcers, sore eyes, and fevers. The Woman of Taveta told me of bubbling hot-water *ziwis* (springs or pools) where those who were afflicted with various diseases, including smallpox and elephantiasis, made pilgrimages and were benefited, and of certain clays that the Wandorobo knew about and brought down country that possessed curative properties for coughs and stiff joints, a species of rheumatism, and sometimes progressive paralysis caused from excessive drinking and exposure to the elements. This paralysis, with marked and retributive selection, inflicts the sultans and important men of tribes, who are in position to command the largest harems, and indulge themselves like Sybarites.

Personal decoration attains a very great height at Taveta, especially among the young men, who are much given to dressing their hair in a very quaint fashion, drawing it in braided clumps, hanging down over the face, and divided in strands made over the back of the head, hanging over the shoulders, which they plaster with grease and red clay, to which they frequently add bead and metal pendants. These young fellows, who represent the Taveta snobs, smear their bodies with grease and tint themselves with red clay. They are very self-conscious and great posers, the very princes of dawdlers and slaves of fashion. They divide themselves up into little bevies, almost clubs, and they wear as an insignia or badge of fellowship or brotherhood little armlets made of a strip of cowhide, upon which are sewn beads in special devices and chosen colors,

which seem to indicate their particular faction or club. They are great dancers and merrymakers. The young fellows gather in groups and dance as though in competition, one with the other; a daring aspirant will dash out from the circle apart from his companions, rush into the middle of a circumscribed space, and scream out, "Wow! wow!" another follows him and screams in the same way; and a third, and so on. These men will dance with their knees almost rigid, jumping into the air faster and faster, until they bound with amazing velocity, and their excitement becomes proportionately greater, and their energy waxes more and more spasmodic, leaving the ground frequently fully three feet as they spring into the air.

The women also engaged in dances, and especially as guests, during wedding festivities, bedecked with all their fine toggery, they separate themselves from the men and follow in a procession, one after another, with their hands upon each other's shoulders or hips, beating their feet in time, and singing a strange, monotonous plaint, now and then interspersed with shouts of laughter when they resume their measured processional steps, jingling all the bells they have about them with a peculiar jerk and fling of their hips and shoulders as they go round and round, threading their way through the forest, back again to the *boma* of the host of ceremony, drinking and carousing quite as much as the young fellows. A certain amount of dignity is put upon these gayeties by the presence of the elders; however, there seems no viciousness in any of their games and pleasures.

The children amuse themselves, as do other children, vying with each other shooting at a mark and at birds on wing with their bows and arrows, which they succeed in doing with great dexterity. They have some idea of forming companies and drilling, and accept a leader whom they are disposed to follow. Their education is a rudimentary one of imitation, and not of instruction. They are impressionable and observing. Their reasoning faculties naturally would be quickened and vivified by attrition and calling them into play, although at present they are, at times, somewhat slow to comprehend innovations to their old habits and customs. They are afraid of monkeys, and the lemur makes frequent nocturnal visitations to the settlements, to the distress of the people.

I came very near being betrayed into supposing that certain scars upon their bodies were the result of tattooing, but after close inspection found that they resulted from cupping, which they resort to for their headaches and stomach difficulties; in fact, no matter what malady afflicts them, they are great blood letters, and the simple methods they employ I adopted with great service during my caravan clinic. After excoriating the surface with a little knife or a piece of flint or a piece of wire, they place over it a gazelle horn, with the pointed end cut off, when they apply suction by holding the horn, first wet, firmly against the part to be cupped, and then drawing with their lips the blood; and if the malady is serious, they make several applications, on different places, drawing as much as an ounce and a half of blood from the sufferer.

Natives eat as a medicine, as a condiment, and as a stomachic great quantities of red peppers, which grow indigenously and abundantly. They are fond of raw plum tomatoes, which I discovered to be delicious, and identical in flavor to the cultivated tomato, perhaps a trifle more tart. Ears of corn or maize are spiked about their fireplaces, which consist of three stones canted inward so as to touch at the top, or placed upright, under which the fire is built, where they roast, bake, or boil the maize, which is most luscious. They also eat maize raw, and so did we before too ripe, when it is palatable and nutritious, full of sweet milky juice which slakes the thirst. When they cannot obtain pure salt, which they always crave, and is an appreciated article of barter, they use chumvi-stone, which has a brackish, alkaline flavor, and answers very well as a substitute. Salt is found in great abundance in some of these highland districts, according to good authority. Butter they churn by rolling across their *boma* grounds or by shaking large calabashes, or oblong wooden dug-out cylinders, like their honey boxes, filled with milk. Butter made of cow's milk is very white and waxy in appearance, strongly flavored with banana, for the cattle are fed during the rainy season on banana leaves and the fruit that is unfit to keep or exceeds the native's wants. The taste for this butter I fancy must be acquired by a foreigner. They also

make goat's milk butter, called *gee*, oily, strongly flavored, and odoriferous as the goat itself. This product is used largely in the cookery of native gourmands, and adopted by caravans, but to my taste it was decidedly obnoxious.

Mutton obtained from sheep of the fat-tailed species is very strong, as is also that of the goats. The beef is more or less tough. The chickens, strangely enough called *ku-kus*, are very tiny and sinewy. Natives frequently sell a hen that is laying, with the proviso that the eggs laid for four days, or according to arrangement, should be theirs. It is a very quaint custom to string these chickens upon the pole carried by the cook's mate, with pots and pans, and a cloth pouch is kept fastened under the hen, so that if she lays on the march, the egg is preserved; and in order to make sure that the purchaser will not defraud the seller, the latter sends some boy of the tribe to follow the caravan three or four days, in order to take the product on the spot.

Africans all have a particular taste and decided preference for rotten eggs. It has been often cited that as a reward for some act of kindness on the part of white men to natives, that the women, under the guise of gratitude, have brought as thank-offerings, eggs — rotten eggs! Could they do more? Even their gratitude has been impugned by almost every explorer and traveller, simply because the native's expression of this sentiment is at variance with the white man's conception of what it should be. They gave what they valued most, yet this has been attributed to a mean trait of deception in their natures, which are judged so utterly devoid of gratitude. The civilized man is, after all, a thorough Procrustean, intolerant of the natural diversities of human nature, unjust and illiberal once he departs from the limitations of his own studied environments. He deliberately makes his reason impervious to new truths by a heterogeneous composite of principles and his own accepted theories.

Polygamy exists. It seems almost as a necessity more than licentiousness, considering the environments. A man accumulates more land or more cattle than his first wife can attend; he purchases another wife, and so on. The wives are far from being jealous of each other; in truth, are delighted to welcome a new wife, and make great preparations for her. Each wife has her own hut, if indeed not her own *boma*. She has control of her own plantations, and has the supreme right to her children. Her moral standard is exactly the same as her husband's. A woman is only declassed when she holds *liaisons* with porters in a caravan or with the enemy of her husband. Marriage is by purchase; the wife is bought from her parents by cows, land, spears, etc.; then the marriage ceremony is consummated by capture. Her marital aspirant, with four or five of his comrades, pursues her, and after capture she is secluded four or five days; meanwhile the husband's friends have been permitted certain privileges before the husband claims her. This is simply atrocious. The wedding feast is held with great pomp and ceremony to every one but the bride, who is secluded and presumably undergoing a preparatory schooling in the hands of her husband's mother.

The established wives are full of merriment, and interchange many pleasantries with their lord and master, feeling that their daily toil will be lightened.

Frequently the Woman of Taveta would bring a man or woman to me and say, "This is my brother by my father, but not the same mother," and "This is my sister by the *el-moran* my mother lived with before she married," or "This is my brother by the same father and the same mother."

Childhood's limit is very brief with the African children; in good truth, it seemed to me there were no real children after six or eight years of age. That is, they engaged in the pursuits of, and mingled freely with, the adults, in so far as their physical strength and adolescence would admit. They seemed also to be perfectly acquainted with the existent relationships held by their seniors, even to the extent of passing comments upon certain customs, and avowing their future intentions to follow or abandon a similar course when they should have become *el-moran* (young man) or *en-aitto* (a marriageable young woman). This fact comes from the mediocre limitations of the native adult mind, hence the children's accession to the same is comparatively rapid, although I must disclaim that it evinces precocity. I heard a boy of about six say to a little girl no more than five years of age as he strode about, facing her, while he flourished his wooden spear, full of pride and impetuosity: "When I shall be *el-*

moran and thou *en-ditto*, I shall win and wear the bearded collar, and thou wilt be my wife, aye! Thou shalt have more beads than all of Endella's wives put together. I have spoken! Now walk with me and show to my fellows how a sultana should look." And the two midgets, with all the pomposity imaginable, made a circle round about the young people gathered in the market-place, to become the object of merriment and joke, but good-naturedly they gesticulated and returned the pleasantries of the different groups, and seemingly had their own little fun and glory by thus emphasizing their rosy prospects.

This bearded collar is worn by the Masai warrior who has twelve times "plunged to the heart of twelve foes his spear." Hence the ambitious, bellicose youngster proffered to his young Dulcinea no mean outlook, if his boast met with realization.

Throughout the section of East Africa I journeyed, I was in a constant state of wonderment over the happy, merry dispositions of the children, full of song and sport, like arboreal sprites. The region can well be called, as is Japan, the *Paradise of Children*. Archery clubs are formed among the youngsters and under the command of a leader, selected, or who asserts himself, because of his skill. They practice shooting at a mark, and vie with one another with a pardonable zest. They participate in games of running, become competitors in swimming, diving, and dancing. In imitation of adult blacksmiths, they make wooden spears, the precise counterfeits of the metal ones. They are venders of all sorts of produce at the markets, especially of chickens and eggs.

Another delightful feature of this work is the introduction of charming little incidents of life which illustrate so beautifully the fact that the human heart is the same in savage and civilized, and whether found under the skin blackened and burned for ages by the torrid sun, or under the delicate white of the northlier climes. Here, for example, is a charming little incident of this character.

One of the most touching incidents came under my personal observation whilst at Moschi, respecting a little native child, who had been captured by a slave-raider with other unfortunates, and freed by the German government. The missionaries are generally made custodians of the freed slaves, and receive from the government a pittance of not over five dollars (one pound), I believe, to take, educate, rear, clothe, and feed them. In this way it happened that the celebrated mission doctor, Wm. Baxter, who has spent the best part of his adult life in Africa, during a professional visit to the station where the little child, not over six years of age, had been placed, noticed him, and the child was immediately drawn by the doctor's kindliness and evinced love for children, and became deeply attached to him.

When the doctor had finished the duties of his professional visit, and returned to his own post, distant from the place where he met the child something like twelve or fifteen miles, and over a very difficult range of rugged steep foot-hills of Kilimanjaro, intersected by deep ravines, gullies, and water-courses, as well as being infested by wild animals, a day or so elapsed when one night he was aroused by his attendants, who brought a little native waif utterly worn out by fatigue and hunger. It was his little friend, who, unattended, had braved the terrors of night and prowling animals, and the hardships of a perilous journey, as he followed the tracks of the good doctor, guided only by his child's affection and innate instinct of trapper.

Touched as the doctor was by compassion for the devoted brave little soul, after the child had recuperated it was necessary that he should return him to his legitimate protectors. With much grief and disappointment to the child, and reluctance on the part of the doctor, this was done.

Before a fortnight had elapsed, again during the blackest hours of night the child put in an appearance at Moschi, the doctor's station, having eluded the vigilance of his warders, and ignoring the terrors he had encountered during his former escapade. Heroic little chap! The doctor could no longer resist his pleading words of love and

desire to be his *m'toto* (little boy), and took measures to secure the right of guardianship.

When I saw this child he was trudging up a steep hill, bearing on his staff just like a little old man, his face radiant with a welcome for the doctor, who had been on a long journey. What will the future of this child be, I wonder!

The work also abounds in vivid description of personal adventure and incidents far more entertaining to the reader than they were to the traveller, as the following pen-picture of a visit from a large snake well illustrates:—

Observations made by me in East Africa at night were most unusual if not unique, and made me acquainted with certain peculiar revelations which nature seems to keep mysteriously concealed during the day. Creeping things, prowling animals, were ever on the alert just outside of the encampment, deterred from coming in by the numerous fires and the sentinels on watch. One night, experiencing great fatigue, I fell in a profound slumber lying in my palanquin within my tent, when suddenly I awoke with a shuddering apprehension of danger, and possessed by an instinctive feeling of the presence of some harmful thing. Involuntarily seizing my knife and pistol, I cried out, "Who is there!" No answer. Then I called out for the *askari* on guard, at the same time tried to penetrate the darkness surrounding me, when I became aware, through the atmospheric conditions, that a cold, clammy, moving object was above me, in truth almost touching me, on the top of my palanquin, the rattans of which were cracking as if under the pressure of a mangle. I was struggling to slide out of the palanquin without rising from my recumbent position, to avoid touching the thing, when the alarmed *askari* entered, carrying a lantern, to my abject horror revealing to me the object I had intuitively dreaded. My blood fairly seemed to congeal in my veins at the spectacle: it was an enormous python, about fifteen feet long, which had coiled around the top of the palanquin, and at that moment was ramping and thrusting its head out, searching for some attainable projection around which to coil its great, shiny, loathsome length of body. Seeing the python, the *askari* immediately yelled wildly out for help, and in a moment a dozen stalwart porters pitched in a merciless way with their knives upon the reptile, slashing and cutting its writhing body into inch bits. I am not ashamed to confess it was the supreme fear of my life, and almost paralyzed me. I came very near collapsing and relinquishing myself to the nervous shock; but there was no time for such an indulgence of weakness.

Physical appearances of a peculiar nature are also noted in an entertaining manner, as the following paragraph illustrates:—

In countries of such a climate the usual practice suggested by all good military tacticians, of surrounding a tent with a ditch, in case of rain, is a great mistake, excepting when absolutely necessary. Making personal observations on this point, in the hope of ameliorating my personal condition,—being a victim to chronic asthma,—I found that the newly upturned earth at night would emit a phosphorescent glow which would hang and hover about the little trench as if reluctant to part from its maternal source; and all sorts of crawling things would issue forth and revel in the unhealthy place. Another strange manifestation of these mists was evidenced in passing my hands through the thick, wavy veil and rubbing the palms together in a dark spot removed from the trench. They would glow with phosphorus as if I had dipped them in fire; and when one of the porters stepped out of these trenches he would leave his fiery footprint on the solid ground for some minutes after walking thereon. Such a miasmatic condition certainly cannot be conducive to the well-being of human creatures. I have also seen mists in Africa which were luminous and had certain powers of refracting the rays of the moon, which became iridescent and full of prismatic sheets and gleams. The effect was very much like a terrestrial

aurora borealis, and the foliage would stand out bright, glistening, and green, as if the sunlight had fallen upon them after a rain. The appearance is very weird, and I inferred of common occurrence, as none of the men in the caravan noted it with any degree of surprise, which would indicate that they were accustomed to it.

These brief extracts from this volume, which in many respects is the most notable book of travel which has appeared in recent years, will, I think, give our readers a fair idea of the character of the work and its literary style. To appreciate the volume, however, one must see it as it is, sumptuously gotten up, containing nearly four hundred illustrations, many of which are full-page photogravures taken by Mrs. Sheldon; many also are faithful reproductions of ornaments, implements, and curios procured by the author from the various tribes. The illustrations aid greatly in understanding her description of the native customs, habits, dress, and articles of utility or ornament which prevail in this little-known region. The volume contains about five hundred pages, is printed in very large type on heavy plate paper, and is bound in African red and gold; one of the richest and most desirable holiday volumes of the year.

B. O. FLOWER.

THE ORIGIN, PURPOSE, AND DESTINY OF MAN.*

On taking up this work I was at first impressed with the sublime audacity of a writer who in the compass of one hundred pages sought to solve the three most profound problems which confront humanity. An examination of the work, however, proved that the author is a deep thinker, who possesses in a rare degree the power of condensing his thoughts. What most writers would extend over many hundred pages, are here given in five brief chapters. I know of no writer who states his propositions more concisely than Dr. Thornton; but this element necessitates close intellectual application on the part of the reader if he would follow the author, who rarely pauses to elucidate a proposition, and who presumes that his readers are philosophers as well as high thinkers. The work is divided into three major divisions: The Discussion of the Origin of Life; or, "The Philosophy of the Three Ethers"; "How to Make Medicine a Science," including a critical examination of the germ theory; "The Transmission Theory of Disease," and "Immortality," or the author's conception of the destiny of man.

In the introduction to his work Dr. Thornton thus states the basic principles upon which he builds his argument:—

> That all things animate and inanimate, organic and inorganic, are made up of three states which I call the three ethers. Life I call the first ether, which is a continuous aggregate. The second ether I call a composition of the potentialities, heat, light, electricity, and magnetism, mechanical power being manifested during the activity of these potentialities. The third ether is a material nucleus which permits of the action of the other two ethers. All bodies manifesting the second and third ethers independently of the first, make up all inorganic bodies. Organized bodies require all three ethers. These two conditions constitute all things natural and supernatural. I com-

* "The Origin, Purpose, and Destiny of Man." By William Thornton. Cloth, pp. 100. Boston. Published by the author.

mence at the beginning, where life by divine impression enters the second ether, a composition of the potentialities. From thence it passes to the tangible substances, nature having prepared them for the inception of life. Finally man's state is reached by a process of evolution, that is in no way discordant or inharmonious with religion or the genesis of things. The progressive differentiation from the lowest forms of life to the highest known type, man, is presided over by the supernatural agencies, in which intelligence in the form of the Creator reigns supreme and the impression on the three ethers becomes evident.

* * * * *

In order to explain the relative positions occupied by the three ethers in forming the human body, and about which I am philosophizing, a single experiment will illustrate. If we evaporate a given quantity of water into steam inside of a globe of a given size, from which the air has been removed and to which a stopcock is adjusted, we shall find this vapor to fill the globe. If the same quantity of alcohol be evaporated in the same way in the same globe, we shall find the alcohol vapor to occupy the globe as if no steam were present. Now, by the same process if we evaporate the same quantity of ether in this globe, each one of these things will occupy the globe as if the other two were not present. We will suppose the globe to be a man. Take the water in the form of steam in the globe to represent the third ether from which all chemical compounds in nature are formed; the alcohol to represent the second ether, a composition of the imponderables or potentialities, heat, light, electricity, and magnetism; the evaporated ether to represent the continuous entity, life. These three vapors in the globe exist in the same relativity as the three ethers representing all organized beings.

Our author next advances his views more in detail.

Life, which is the first ether, enters into the potentialities of the second ether; from thence it passes to the third ether, which is the material tangible to us. The second ether permits the manifestation of heat, light, electricity, and magnetism, which are present in the form of a mechanical atmosphere of these agencies. Heat is drawn from this atmosphere by molecular agitation, more of which enters as the agitation is becoming intensified, and at a certain degree of this agitation light is attracted. Light is the visible expression of heat. Electricity is a modification of the same influence that produces light. . . . The imponderable or physical agencies of nature are the molecular groupings of the second ether. These agencies are pent up as potentialities in all the solids, liquids, and gases in the third ether; the disturbances of them give rise to the activities of atoms and molecules, and they may be called the directing influences for combination, in the production of different states of bodies. Material changes represent the disturbances of these potentialities. Electrical fixity is the cause of the relativity of the units in combination in solids, liquids, and gases, this fixity being the most feeble in gases. The unvarying inclination to combine is the cause of motion.

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An example of the change of the state, which is evidence of divine impression, is seen when sulphur and iron combine chemically to form sulphate of iron, after which they manifest different properties from those that each manifested before uniting. Iron and sulphur are still present and have combined to form crystals. A molecular arrangement takes place which permits the passage of light through them. Iron and sulphur, both opaque before combining, are by the change rendered transparent in a measure, and are made to approach nearer to the state of the second ether by the presence in their bodies of more of the modified potentialities. Sulphuric acid added, containing more still of the potentialities, will in the presence of water place them still nearer to the second ether.

These brief extracts are given to enable the reader to obtain an idea of Dr. Thornton's position, which he sets forth in the first forty pages of his work. From the "Philosophy of the Three Ethers," he passes to the discussion of "How to Make Medicine a Science," an interesting

subject in the present chaotic condition of thought in the medical world. According to Dr. Thornton's theory, each germ of life holds in image or impression all the units or cells of the body. "Here," he continues, "we have further evidence of the presence of the image of the Creator; for this image is without form till its development is complete through the material. . . . Life is that evidence of the supernatural endowment which originally entered nature during the formation of those units for the evolution of man. This being understood, the question naturally arises, What were the elements that nature first selected from the chemical world for man's formation? An analysis of his composition shows that she selected those elements which are the most abundant in nature: oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, sulphur, phosphorous, fluorine, chlorine, sodium, potassium, calcium, magnetism, silicium, iron, and many of the derivatives of these elements. If nature had been as successful in the selection of durable material in the formation of the more complex compounds essential to life, as she was in selecting the material to form the bony system, then her efforts would have been less abortive in what had the appearance of an attempt to perpetuate man's existence. This is evidenced by the bony system, which persists, preserving a comparatively unlimited identity, long after those complex compounds have passed away. . . . Man's foundation was of the most durable material, carefully selected from the most abundant compounds in nature, upon which she also relied in her foundation of the earth. Such being the case, it becomes an easy matter to see the glaring absurdity of trying to reproduce man's normal composition by those elements and compounds which are not at any time found in the body of man. The most powerful irritants and disturbers of the potentialities are to be found in those incompatibles prescribed by different members of the medical profession, —incompatibles that could not enter without violently disturbing the normal composition of the body by inharmonious action, and for this reason they should never be used."

After giving a list of over eighty drugs more or less popular with the medical profession which he holds should never be given, as they are never found in the human body, our author continues:—

> Everything prescribed in the form of medicine should act more as a chemical food in building up the body by promoting organization; this could not be done by those means never found in the body at any time. The analyses of the different kinds of food taken into the body furnish us with an excellent guide in finding out, not only its normal composition, but also its matter of nutrition. This knowledge will enable us to replace any of the lacking elements, which give rise to malnutrition and diseases other than those of so-called miasmatic or contagious origin. The same method should be applied in formulating medicines as is expected will be the ultimate result obtained in the laboratory, in the formulation by chemical means of those complex compounds which are the essential principles of the human body. . . . If nature selected the most abundant things in nature from which to produce man's composition, is it not the highest absurdity to look for the least abundant things in nature to repair his condition when disease arises? From this fact, common sense as well as science shows distinctly why there is no science or system of medicine now practised or taught in

any medical school throughout the world. . . . Anything, in fact, which arises and passes beyond a comparatively slight ailment and merges into a grave condition, medicine as practised to-day is unable to cope with, for the simple reason that common sense and science are not permitted to harmonize. . . . Medicine can never become a science when wrong ideas in formulating prevail. When so many foreign ingredients, that are never found in the body at any time, are used as remedies for disease, we shall never obtain any but the most unsatisfactory results.

Again Dr. Thornton observes:—

Everything given in the form of medicine should promote organization, and prevent all those regressive changes going on in disease, by increasing the spermatic influence of cells.

Next, diseases of extraneous origin, and, lastly, decrepitude or old age are examined. But space prevents a further notice of this division of the work. I will dismiss it with a brief quotation:—

A complete system of medicine can be founded only on the following principle: From the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms nothing must be selected but those elements which enter normally into the chemical composition of the body, everything else being incompatible with it; in short, nothing is to be introduced into the body in a diseased state but that which is formulated from the elements found in it in a healthy state. On this principle, every remedy used in disease would act invariably the same way under all circumstances. Then, and then only, should we have a complete system or science of medicine.

In his chapter on the germ theory of disease our author assails the popular and prevailing germ theory in a very able argument. He calls attention to the fact that these disease germs are "Microscopic units always present, either in or adjacent to the body, and ready to make an attack when an occasion presents itself. If this be the case, what is the condition necessary for them to manifest their pernicious influence? Incipient disorganization or decrepitude of the cells? If the condition for attack never arose, they would remain in their surroundings perfectly harmless as before, as we know they are present in myriads in both health and disease. More attention is given at the present time in the scientific world to the isolation of specific germs than to the prevention of their attack by elevating organization in devitalizing processes. Unless the condition arises, one cannot live upon another. What is this condition? It is this: That an environment must exist which is produced from a specific change in the composition of a part, rendering it susceptible to the support and growth of micro-organisms or "living" units. This condition evidences disorganizing processes. These parasites are present for the removal of all disorganized products, so that it is a wise provision in nature to furnish means, the absence of which would permit of the production of sufficient septic matter to annihilate whole colonies of subjects.

From the discussion of the germ theory, Dr. Thornton passes to an examination of the transmission theory, which he strongly upholds. The last ten pages of the work are given to a treatise on the problem of immortality. An idea of our author's views on this subject may be gleaned from the following lines:—

To the creative power of intuition we must look for a knowledge of the supernatural, and in this alone we have the evidence of infinity; to which inventive genius can testify, as intuition creates those things which have no material existence. The man who invents a machine can see the working of that machine before its construction as distinctly as though it were in working order before him, from which he creates his plans and drawings, the material furnishing merely the object or image of his mental creation. The same occurs when the painter creates his subject before it appears on the canvas. In fact, many instances could be adduced of the manifestation of this power of creative intuition. In the genesis of things where Moses says: "In his own image, male and female, created He them," he must have referred to the soul of man; for he could not mean that God was the image of both male and female at the same time, but that the souls of male and female are equal. The image of God is manifested in the creative faculties of man, and not in his morphological figure. The difference between God and man seems clearly to be the following: The infinite power of God is to create a thing without previous existence, by command; and man brings into existence, through material, that which his intuition creates.

I cannot agree with Dr. Thornton in his views of eternal life as given in this work, as he seems to believe that the units of life, after their manifestations through matter on this planet, are allotted forever their future abiding-place in felicity or anguish; that death ends all opportunity for change; and to me this conception would make the Creator an inhuman monster, and creation a hideous tragedy of infinite dimensions. I believe that whatever lies beyond will come under the general law of progress, that seems so clearly to be one of the cardinal laws of life. I believe that when once the clogs which drag man sinward are cast aside, and the night of ignorance in which millions of souls grope and fall has been swallowed up in eternal light, the God essence of man's nature will climb Godward, feebly and lamely perchance at first, but nevertheless the trend will be upward. With one more quotation I close this interesting and thought-suggesting volume:—

Nature's process of evolution culminated in man. Is she to stop here, or is she by the same rate and manner going to produce a being still higher? I think, now that man's state has been reached, that a psychological differentiation may commence in continuation with the Darwinian morphological differentiation. Is there any evidence existing to-day which indicates anything like such an assertion of the spirit here in this world? This would require the gradational throwing off of this material concrete which we call man's body, until an ultimately developed spiritual state shall become the order of things. If the soul does not require feeding, such a state is possible. There are human beings who are so sensitively organized that they are impressionable to surrounding influences as though they were not manifesting anything but a spiritual state through a material body; a complete bundle of nerves and psychic influences. If such a state is to be possible, then death truly becomes swallowed up in victory. And there shall be no more deaths, neither shall there be any more disease contracted through the flesh. Corruption shall take on the incorruptible and dwell as an eternal entity, defying all material influences.

I have endeavored to give my readers as clear an idea of the work as the compass of a few pages would permit. It is a work which requires thoughtful reading; and whether or not one agrees with the author's conclusions, it will give the mind a healthy stimulus.

B. O. FLOWER.

Some Notable Reformative Works of Fiction.*

During the past two years the energetic and wide-awake publishing house of F. J. Schulte & Co. of Chicago has eclipsed all other Western book-making firms in the number of works of fiction brought out and the general excellence which has characterized them. The novels published by this firm represent, as do the works of no other publishing house, the new literary movement in the West; a movement which is characteristic of the native soil and the temper of our times. They are realistic rather than idealistic, but in all instances clean and wholesome; and what is more, they are strongly reformative in their impulses. What the Lovells are doing for the fiction side of the new metaphysical movement which of late years has made such astonishing strides in the Western world, Schulte is doing for the great social and economic revolution which marks the present hour, and which in so many respects resembles the time immediately preceding the French Revolution, when the philosophers and pamphleteers flooded Paris with altruistic and socialistic literature, and when the common people were all reading and thinking, while the aristocracy were haughtily dancing and dissipating on wealth *acquired* rather than *earned*. Doubtless the most successful and widely read of the Schulte novels was "Cæsar's Column," by Ignatius Donnelly. This was one of the first books published by this firm, and scored an immense sale. I understand more than one hundred and fifty thousand copies have been sold, and the sale continues. In it Mr. Donnelly has pictured in a wonderfully truthful and realistic way the rapidly augmenting power of plutocracy, and has shown the legitimate results which are to follow, if there is no change, in a startling and dramatic manner. Another valuable work bearing upon social conditions which bears the imprint of this house is Mr. C. C. Post's "Driven from Sea to Sea," a thrilling romance of corporate crimes; a story which deals in a startling manner with a gigantic wrong suffered by the millions through the craft of unscrupulous promoters of monopolistic railways and the veniality of lawmakers. Seldom if ever has the crime of organized power against the helpless industrial classes been advanced with such strength as in this story, which in my judgment is in many respects one of the strongest novels of modern times. It literally glows with vital thought. It should bring the blush of shame to the brow of every true American, and hasten the day when justice shall sit on the throne of power.

Scarcely less noteworthy is Robert H. Cowdrey's "A Tramp in Society," the great individualistic novel of our period of social unrest.

*"Cæsar's Column." By Ignatius Donnelly. "Driven from Sea to Sea." By C. C Post. "Better Days." By Thomas and Anne Fitch. "A Tramp in Society." By Robert Cowdrey. "A Member of the Third House." By Hamlin Garland. "An Honest Lawyer." By A. M. Kerr. "The Price of the Ring." By Margaret Holmes. "A Man and a Woman." By Stanley Waterloo. Each volume cloth, except "The Price of the Ring," price, $1.25; "The Price of the Ring" is published only in paper. Published by F. J. Schulte & Co., 298 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Few men understand the art of setting forth the injustice and the wrongs which are slowly but surely undermining our social fabric as does the gifted author of this story, which, considered apart from its reformative value, possesses as a story strong interest.

"Better Days; or, a Millionnaire of To-morrow," by Thomas and Anne Fitch, is another novel dealing with live social and economic problems such as are engrossing the public mind at the present time. It is a thoughtful presentation of social problems from a different point of view from Mr. Cowdrey's. Here again fiction, which is the most popular vehicle of the day for the teacher and reformer, is employed; and in this case, as with Messrs. Post and Cowdrey, the story has sufficient texture to be interesting from cover to cover. In "Better Days" one finds many helpful hints which will prove valuable in this moulding season of industrial and economic unrest.

Along a different line, but none the less reformative in its motive, is Hamlin Garland's "Member of the Third House," which is the most powerful unmasking of the intrigues and the corrupt practices of corporate power in our great eastern commonwealths which has ever been presented. This book John Wanamaker refused to sell over his counter. I cannot imagine the real reason which prompted this prohibition, as Mr. Garland did not have in mind the Keystone Bank or the corruption which has marked the city government of Philadelphia during recent years when he told his thrilling story. However, the work is one which all practical politicians who subscribe large funds to be disbursed during the closing hours of political campaigns would look upon with apprehension. "A Member of the Third House" is a powerful dramatic story which teaches a great truth. It is an alarm bell, rung late, it is true, but not yet too late to save the building.

Mr. Opie Read's works are also brought out by this firm; but as they were noticed by Mr. Garland in this department last month, I will not dwell upon them.

"An Honest Lawyer" is another noble novel recently issued by Mr. Schulte. It does not deal with economic conditions as much as types of our time. In it Mr. A. M. Kerr, the author, gives us a strong story closely knit. His picture of Silas Cornforth is vivid and true to life. Here we have a type of a numerous class, — the shrewd, avaricious, and ambitious man of the world. He is always careful not to go beyond the letter of the law, and is merciless toward those who do it they chance to stand in his way. But he robs and ruins on all sides — always legally, but none the less remorselessly. This counterfeit coin which passes for respectable manhood is current in all communities to-day, but in the new era the test of true metal will be more severe. The ethical gauge will be lifted, and the Silas Cornforth will be branded as criminal no less than less pretentious violators of moral laws. Allen Farr, the hero of this work, is a pure, lovable creation, — an inspiration; he shows what a true man can be even in this age. "An

Honest Lawyer" is a book which fathers and mothers should read aloud at their fireside during the long winter evenings.

"The Price of the Ring," by Margaret Holmes, is a powerful novel which deals with the sex problem. At the head of the title of this volume we have this line which gives the key to the story, "Should there be one code of morals for men and another for women?" This story deals with the crime of infidelity to the marriage vows. A faithless husband and an erring wife figure in its pages. It is a strong plea for social purity, and is a fit companion for Helen Gardener's latest novel, "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?"

One of the poorest works from a literary point of view issued by this firm is Lewis Vital Bogy's novel, "In Office," a book which was so true to life that it cost its author his position in one of the government departments at Washington. I do not for a moment doubt that this book is history rather than fiction. It is not, however, in any sense a strong work. Quite the reverse is "Stanley Waterloo's realistic novel," "A Man and a Woman," a volume of far more than ordinary power, strong, frank, and keenly analytical. This work entitles the author to be recognized as one of the few really strong writers of fiction of our time. It is a story, however, which at times suggests Zola, but is not so repulsive in its shadows, and is far more attractive in its brighter pages.

Space forbids the mention of other excellent works of fiction along modern and reformative lines which have recently come from the press of this enterprising young firm. All the above mentioned volumes, except "In Office" and "The Price of the Ring," are richly bound in cloth with gilt top, and sell for $1.25 per volume. They would make an admirable set for a Christmas present for one desiring to supply a friend with choice reading along vital economic and reformative lines.

B. O. Flower.

An Erring Woman's Love.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox's new book of poems is by far her strongest and noblest work. It gives me great pleasure to review this work, which throbs, as does no volume of poetry which has come to my notice in recent months, with the new life and vital thought which surcharges the moral atmosphere of the present. I quite shocked a staid, conventional friend a short time since by observing that, in my judgment, Ella Wheeler Wilcox was the prophet poetess of the dawning day. My friend observed that she had a very different opinion of the lady in question; a writer of sentimental and erotic verses, some of which she regarded quite questionable. "True," I replied, "our author is bold, frank, and unconventional, but her lines fairly glow with the noblest thought; a lofty morality pervades them; she writes to make the world better, and she is doing a noble work." In the volume before me Mrs. Wilcox

*"An Erring Woman's Love." By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Cloth, pp. 157. Price, $2.50 and $1. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.

appears at her best. No one can read this work without being made purer, gentler, and more considerate for others, or without having caught an inspiration which impels him upward. A lofty faith devoid of all bigotry; an unfaltering trust, which rests on conviction of eternal justice underlying creation; a sublime hope, which is neither circumscribed nor creed-bound, pervade the pages. The author enters fully into the new conception of life which is rapidly overcoming the old religious ideas as the rising sun overcomes the night. She has grasped the new ideal of God and man, life and duty, and this gives to her poems a vitality and worth which are entirely absent from the pages of those who write for the ease-loving, *dilettante* who clings to the old-time standard of "art for art's sake." The principal poem gives to this volume its title, "An Erring Woman's Love." It is a powerful sermon. It depicts a woman who has sinned for gold; who, rather than toil in rags, seeks ease through sin. Of this woman and her fatal choice our author, in her opening lines, observes:—

Who looks beneath life's outer crust
Is satisfied that God is just;
Who looks not under, but about,
Finds much to make him sad with doubt.
For Virtue walks with feet worn bare,
While Sin rides by with coach and pair:
Men praise the modest heart and chaste,
And yet they let it go to waste,
And follow, fierce to have and hold,
Some creature, wanton, selfish, bold.

She saw but this, life's outer side,
No higher faith was hers to guide;
She worshipped gold and hated toil;
And hence her youth with all its soil,
With all its sins too dark to name,
Of secret crimes and public shame,
With all its trail of broken lives,
Of ruined homes, neglected wives,
And weeping mothers. Proud and gay
She went her devastating way
With untouched brow and fadeless grace.

At length into her life comes a man who fires in her soul for the first time the deep passion of a deathless love. He left her, but not until he had awakened in her heart that which until now had slumbered,—her real self. Then, leaping from the dungeon to which it had been driven, springs accusing Conscience. The past is unfolded.

Accusing memories rose. She felt
A loneliness that seemed to belt
The universe in its embrace.
It was as if from some high place
A giant hand had reached and hurled
To nothingness her petty world,
And left her staring, awed, alone,
Up into regions vast, unknown.

There is no other loneliness
That can so sadden and oppress,
As when beside the burned-out fire
Of sated passion and desire
The wakening spirit, in a glance,
Beholds its lost inheritance.

At length she falls upon her knees in an abandon of wretchedness. To her lips so unused to prayer come timidly, —

"Lord, let me be a child again
And grow up good." The strange prayer said,
Like some o'er-weary child, her head
She pillowed on her arm, and wept
Low, shuddering sobs, until she slept
And dreamed; and in that dream she thought
She sat within a vine-wreathed cot;
An infant slumbered on her breast;
She crooned a lullaby, and pressed
Its waxen hand against her cheek;
While one too proud and fond to speak,
The happy father of the child,
Stood near, and gazing on them, smiled.

She woke while still the lullaby
Was on her lips — then such a cry,
As souls in fabled realms below
Might utter, voiced her awful woe.

The mighty moral labor pain
Of new-born conscience racked her brain
And tore her soul. She understood
The meaning now of womanhood
And chastity, and o'er her came
The full, dark sense of all her shame.

Vivid, and at times highly dramatic, are the lines which depict the hopelessness of the newly awakened soul as it pleads with the Infinite for the lost jewel of chastity. Then leaped forth a great truth, which is one of the most pertinent questions of the new day, and indicates that the hour is at hand when the vicious double standard must be abolished, when womanhood will demand a "white life for two." In these lines Mrs. Wilcox simply raised again the question which Helen Gardener puts with such terrible power in her great novel, "Is This Your Son, My Lord?"

Why, men have trod the burning track
Of sin for years, and then gone back!
And cannot I for sin atone,
Or did Christ die for men alone?
When God formed worlds, He failed to make
A path for erring feet to take
Back into light and peace again,
Unless they were the feet of men.
When woman errs, and then regrets,
Her sun of hope forever sets.

The awful loneliness which comes to a heart which, through awakened

consciousness of a higher life, is stung with remorse, and yet who finds in society so little of the divine spirit of altruism, especially in its attitude toward erring woman, is hinted at in these lines, when the subject of the poem prepares for self-destruction: —

> She seemed to stand upon a brink;
> Behind her loomed the sinful past,
> Below her rocks, beyond her vast
> And awful darkness. Not one ray
> Of sun or star to show the way!
> She drew a long and shuddering breath.
> "There is no other path but death
> For me to tread," she sighed, "and so
> I will prepare my house and go."

Part second of this poem lifts the veil and gives us a glimpse of the poet's conception of the beyond, a conception far more probable and rational than that which came to the Calvinistic-moulded mind of Milton. The soul of the dead is represented as awaking, but under the delusion that the potion has failed and that she still dwells in the mortal body. She, however, is enlightened by a voice by her side. Looking up —

> She saw a weird and shadowy crowd
> With anguished lips, and shoulders bowed,

While a voice answered —

> With yonder shuddering, woeful throng
> Of suicides thy ways belong.
> Close to the earth a shadowy band,
> Unseen but seeing all, they stand
> Until their natural time to die,
> As God intended, shall draw nigh.
> On earth repentant, sick of sin,
> A ministering angel thou hadst been,
> Whose patient toil and deeds divine
> Had rescued souls as sad as thine.
> Each deed a firm ascending stair
> To lead beyond thy great despair.
> But now it is thy mournful fate
> To linger here and meditate.
> When God shall send
> A second death to be thy friend,
> Thou need'st not fear a darker fate —
> Go forth with yonder throng and wait.

While this is the longest poem in the work, there are many others of beauty and strength. The following, entitled "Two Women," is a sermon in song, and reveals the author's strong love nature. In spirit how like the action of Jesus with the woman taken in sin is this poem: —

> I know two women, and one is chaste
> And cold as the snows on a winter waste,
> Stainless ever in act and thought.
> (As a man, born dumb, in speech errs not.)
> But she has malice toward her kind,
> A cruel tongue and a jealous mind.

Void of pity and full of greed,
She judges the world by her narrow creed:
A brewer of quarrels, a breeder of hate,
Yet she holds the key to "Society's" Gate.

The other woman, with heart of flame,
Went mad for a love that marred her name;
And out of the grave of her murdered faith
She rose like a soul that has passed through death.
Her aims are noble, her pity so broad,
It covers the world like the mercy of God.
A soother of discord, a healer of woes,
Peace follows her footsteps wherever she goes.
The worthier life of the two, no doubt,
And yet "Society" locks her out.

Here is another waif which contains the spirit of the new day:—

Thoughts do not need the wings of words
To fly to any goal.
Like subtle lightnings, not like birds,
They speed from soul to soul.

Hide in your heart a bitter thought,
Still it has power to blight.
Think Love, although you speak it not,
It gives the world more light.

A poem entitled "The Eternal Will" contains many noble thoughts. I have space, however, for only one stanza:—

There is no thing we cannot overcome.
Say not thy evil instinct is inherited,
Or that some trait inborn makes thy whole life forlorn,
And calls down punishment that is not merited.
Back of thy parents and grand-parents lies
The Great Eternal Will. That, too, is thine
Inheritance; strong, beautiful, divine,
Sure lever of success for one who tries.

I close this notice with a characteristic poem, illustrating far better than any description the deep faith which characterizes those whose brows are bathed in the light of the religion of the morrow; they who have cast aside the shackles of creed and dogma, but who hold to all that is vital, uplifting, or divine in pure religion.

Luck is the tuning of our inmost thought
To chord with God's great plan. That done, ah, know,
Thy silent wishes to results shall grow,
And day by day shall miracles be wrought.
Once let thy being selflessly be brought
To chime with universal good, and lo!
What music from the spheres shall through thee flow!
What benefits shall come to thee unsought!
Shut out the noise of traffic! Rise above
The body's clamor! With the soul's fine ear
Attune thyself to harmonies divine.
All, all are written in the key of Love;
Keep to the score, and thou hast naught to fear,
Achievements yet undreamed of shall be thine.

"An Erring Woman's Love" is richly bound in colored cloth, stamped in gold and silver, with gilt edges. It is handsomely illustrated with numerous full-page illustrations printed on heavy plate paper. It is a superb gift volume. A cheaper edition, printed on smaller pages, bound plain and without illustrations, is also issued.

Psychology Applied to the Art of Teaching.*

"Psychology Applied to the Art of Teaching," by Professor Joseph Baldwin of the University of Texas, is one of the best short works on this absorbing theme now before the public. It belongs to Appleton's popular International Educational Series. All persons interested in psychology, psychical research, and kindred subjects should read this work. Few men possess, in as eminent degree as Professor Baldwin, the rare power of presenting his theme in a clear and concise manner. With a few sentences he brings before the reader's mind his thoughts in such a manner as to be retained. The idea seems to be so presented as to photograph itself upon the mind. The volume is divided in six parts, discussing the following branches of the subject: Education of the perceptive powers, education of the representative powers, education of the thought powers, education of the emotions, education of the will powers, and the art of teaching. I can cordially recommend this work, not only to teachers, although of course it is written especially for them, but to all persons interested in psychology. B. O. Flower.

Suggestion.†

The attention of the reading world is now turned to psychological and psychical realms. Even science is beginning to appreciate the fact that patient study may result in far more than mere speculation. It is not strange that this general interest should be improved by novelists. Unfortunately, few persons capable of writing in an entertaining manner are sufficiently acquainted with the subject to write in an authoritative or scientific way, and, this being the case, readers are frequently led into misapprehension and exaggerated ideas which are unwarranted by the facts. This is always to be deplored; and from the information I have received from practical demonstrators in hypnotism, as well as my own investigations in this department of research, I am led to believe that Mabel Collins has fallen into this common error in her latest novel, "Suggestion." It is true a strong, magnetic person, who has never dissipated his powers by intemperance or excesses, might gain a powerful mesmeric control over even so bright and positive a lady as her heroine; but that a youth who had spent years in riotous living, who was wont to spend his nights in revels, and who had squandered a fortune in

*"Psychology Applied to the Art of Teaching." By Joseph Baldwin, A. M., LL. D. Cloth, pp. 381. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

†"Suggestion," a novel by Mabel Collins. Cloth, price $1.25. Published by Lovell, Gestefeld & Co., New York.

excesses and debauchery, could hold a strong, clean-souled, positive woman in the toils of his will, and compel her to do his bidding in defiance of her wishes, is improbable, if it is not absolutely impossible. This story reminds one of some of Mrs. Henry Woods' or Miss Braddon's novels, only the author is working in a new field. I cannot feel that the novel is worth the buying or the reading, unless a person desires simply to be absorbed in a story regardless of literary value or scientific accuracy. The book is handsomely printed and beautifully bound.

Who Pays Your Taxes?*

There is no greater misapprehension in economics than the idea that taxes are paid by persons upon whom they are directly assessed. It is this mistaken idea which works confusion in the farmer's mind and causes him to advocate a tax upon money and mortgages and other personal property. It is his belief that by more stringent laws of assessment, more inquisitorial codes of search, he can make the wealthy men of the cities pay their proper proportion of tax. Upon this basis, also, the workman computes his own escape from tax by advocating the rigid assessment of the great city store and warehouse.

If we were to suppose that the taxes upon personal property were properly assessed, that each merchant and manufacturer actually paid taxes on a true valuation of his goods, such as the law requires, the operation of the inexorable law of *incidence* would make it just that much harder for the mechanic, the small trader, and the farmer. The great business man would simply *shift just that much more to the consumer.*

Broadly, the matter may be stated thus: Every tax which makes trade and production difficult is added to the *expense* of production and trade, and is paid in the end by the consumer, and consequently by the many for the benefit of the few.

The farmer, by attempting to take the trade and manufacture of the city, finds himself paying the taxes in the extra cost of the cloth, machinery, and other articles he buys, or in the continued high cost when prices should fall with increase of production. This last consideration is most important. As production increases in effectiveness, prices of manufactured articles should fall in proportion, and wages should rise. It is the power of monopoly which comes in to prevent both of these desired results. It may be stated thus: Monopoly to-day pays the minimum of tax, while production and labor (by loss of wages) pays the maximum of tax, while the tax levied upon production and trade falls finally upon the consumer. All taxes being paid out of possible savings, it follows that the man who consumes the major part of his income in living pays the maximum of tax.

In other words, all taxes levied upon trade and production are shifted

*"Who Pays Your Taxes?" A consideration of taxation by David A. Wells, George H. Andrews, Thomas G. Shearman, etc. G. P. Putnam, New York.

from shoulder to shoulder till they rest at last on the man least able to bear them, who has no special privilege and who cannot shift his taxes by arbitrarily increasing the price of the product of his hands; that is, the farmer and the laborer.

All indirect taxation has this effect, and that is the central lesson of the little book edited by Butler Hall and published by Putnam of New York. The farmers should read the chapter by Thomas G. Shearman on the taxing of personal property as set forth in a study of facts in Ohio. It is complete in its showing of the failure of the present system, which lets the city off with the minimum of actual tax (so far as monopolies are concerned) and fosters a system of indirect taxation which is directly burdensome to the workingman and the farmer.

The system advocated is the exemption of personal property and improvements and the substitution of a direct tax upon all privileges in land. The more money we have, the cheaper interest will be; the more houses we have, the cheaper rents will be; the more unrestricted trade and production, the lower will be the cost of articles produced, and this without lowering wages; for with the exemption of personal property and improvements from burdens, production will be enormously increased and demand for labor will give the laborer the power to demand higher wages instead of submitting to less; and privilege, monopoly, will pay its taxes.

I wish this little book could be read by the farmers and the workers everywhere. It is full of just the sort of information needed to clear up false ideas about "Who Pays Your Taxes?" HAMLIN GARLAND.

A TRUE SON OF LIBERTY.*

A story of the civil war written from a non-partisan point of view, by F. P. Williams. This story is not remarkable as a story. The author desires to show how easy it is for a sincere and honest lover of free thought and speech, a true lover of humanity, whose opinions run counter to the popular thought of the hour, especially when men's passions are aroused, to find himself ostracized by what is termed the "best element." In this story the hero, a minister, who is regarded in war times as a rebel, is tarred, feathered, and so brutally injured as to cause death on account of his opinions. His persecution reminds us of several similar but more atrocious outrages which have been perpetrated by the present administration; as, for example, the arrest and criminal prosecution, through the Postal Department, of Rev. J. B. Caldwell for publishing a plea for social purity, after he had criticised the Postal Department. The chief value of "A True Son of Liberty" lies in the fact that it will make men think and also take broader views of life. It will make men more tolerant, though by many it will be considered a very unpatriotic story.

*"A True Son of Liberty." By F. P. Williams. Cloth, pp. 190. Published for the author by E. Scott, 134 West 239th Street, New York.

A Close Shave.*

Lovers of literature of the character of Jules Verne's "Around the World in Eighty Days" will enjoy Thomas W. Knox's story entitled "A Close Shave." It is a story of a voyage around the world in seventy days. In the preface the author observes: —

> The object of the following is to show the possibility of making a journey around the world in seventy days from the time of starting, and to present the various aids to travel and communication which have appeared since Jules Verne published his famous volume entitled "Around the World in Eighty Days." Various scientific discoveries and inventions are thus brought to the reader's attention in their adaptation to the needs of the heroes of "A Close Shave." The geographical descriptions, routes, time-tables, monsoons, etc., may be relied upon as correct, and also the practices of pirates, boatmen, and other people encountered by the travellers in their adventurous journey.

The story is written, I should judge, for boys, and it abounds in adventures more or less probable. It is not a healthy work, as it is calculated to excite the roving spirit in youths; while the description of how the heroes slew the Chinese and Malay pirates is entirely out of keeping with the best thought of the hour. Then there is the presence of the melodramatic and mock-heroic which one expects in such works as "Around the World in Eighty Days" and "Mr. Barnes of New York," which, however strongly they appeal to immature tastes, nauseate a lover of literature. Like the conventional melodrama, the heroes are constantly facing death, but always escaping. The end, of course, is satisfactory to those in sympathy with the hero.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Next Step Forward; or, Better Times for Us All," by Augustus Jacobson. Paper, pp. 76; price, 15 cents. Published by F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"Born of Flame," by Margaret B. Peeke. Cloth, pp. 289. Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Penn.

"Jack's Father," by W. E. Norris. Paper, pp. 189. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.

"The Soul of Lilith," by Marie Corelli. Paper, pp. 356; price, 50 cents. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co.

"Squire Kate; or, Come, Live with me, and Be My Love," by Robert Buchanan. Paper, pp. 323. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co.

"Origin, Purpose, and Destiny of Man," by William Thornton. Cloth, pp. 100. Published by the author.

"Vanitas," by Vernon Lee. Cloth, pp. 276. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.

"Silver Threads of Thoughts that Live," by Stella. Card-board covers, pp. 24; price, 35 cents. For sale 4353 Calumet Ave., Chicago.

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*"A Close Shave." By Thomas W. Knox. Cloth, pp. 323. Published by the Price McGill Company, St. Paul, Minn.

"THE NEW RECTOR," by Stanley J. Weyman. Cloth, pp. 338; price, $1.25. Published by Lovell, Gestefeld & Co., New York.

"MORIAL THE MAHATMA; OR, THE BLACK MASTER OF TIBET," by Mabel Collins. Cloth, pp. 270; price, $1.25. Published by Lovell, Gestefeld & Co., New York.

"MARGERY OF QUETHER," by S. Baring-Gould. Cloth, pp. 286; price, $1.25. Published by Lovell, Gestefeld & Co., New York.

"TALES FROM TOWN TOPICS." Paper, pp. 223. Published by Town Topics Publishing Co., 21 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

"DORA DARLING," by Jane G. Austin. Paper, pp. 370; price, 50 cents. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

"ARMY TALES," by John Strange Winter. Cloth, pp. ; price, $1. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.

"THE MAKING OF A MAN," by Rev. J. W. Lee, D. D. Cloth, pp. 372. Published by Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

"SUGGESTION," by Mabel Collins. Cloth, pp. 276; price, $1.25. Published by Lovell, Gestefeld & Co., 125 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

"AN ERRING WOMAN'S LOVE," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Cloth, pp. 157; price, $2.50. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.

"A CLOSE SHAVE," by Thomas W. Knox. Cloth, pp. 323. Published by The Price-McGill Co., St. Paul, Minn.

"THE AMERICAN PEASANT," by T. H. Tibbles. Paper, pp. 145; price, 25 cents. Published by F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"THE SONG OF AMERICA AND COLUMBUS," by Kinahan Cornwallis. Cloth, pp. 278. Published at the office of the *Daily Investigator*, 66 Broadway, New York.

"THE OTHER HOUSE," by Kate Jordan. Cloth, pp. 183; price, $1.25. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.

"L'EVANGELISTE," by Alphonse Daudet. Paper, pp. 304; price, 50 cents. Published by E. T. Neely, Chicago.

"MICHAEL AND THEODORA; A RUSSIAN STORY," by Amelia E. Barr. Cloth, pp. 168. Published by Bradley & Woodruff, Boston.

"THE PREACHER'S DAUGHTER; A DOMESTIC ROMANCE," by Amelia E. Barr. Cloth, pp. 298. Published by Bradley & Woodruff, Boston.

"OMOO; A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTH SEAS," by Herman Melville. Cloth, pp. 365; price, $1.50. Published by United States Book Co., New York.

"TYPEE; A REAL ROMANCE OF THE SOUTH SEAS." Cloth, pp. 389; price, $1.50. Published by United States Book Co., New York.

"THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE," by B. Paul Neuman. Cloth, pp. 207. Published by T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square, London.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Some Contributors during the Past Year.

THE following are a few of the eminent names which have appeared as contributors to THE ARENA during the past year: Camille Flammarion, Hon. David A. Wells, Rev. M. J. Savage, Edgar Fawcett, Rev. C. A. Bartol, Mary A. Livermore, Helen Campbell, Prof. T. Funck-Brentano of Paris, Dr. George Stuart, D. C. L., Hamlin Garland, Louise Chandler Moulton, Henry Wood, Dr. Richard Hodgson, LL. D., Prof. A. N. Jannaris of Athens, Greece, Hon. Walter Clark, LL. D., of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, Gen. J. B. Weaver of Iowa, Prof. Jos. Rodes Buchanan, M. D., W. D. McCrackan, A. M., Rabbi Solomon Schindler, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, May Wright Sewall, Emil Blum, Ph. D., Frances E. Willard, Sara A. Underwood, James A. Herne, Ibn Ishak, Prof. Willis Boughton of the Ohio State University, Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller, Frances M. Steele, Gail Hamilton, Rev. Thomas P. Hughes, D. D., Lady Harberton, Congressmen G. F. Williams, W. T. Ellis, Thomas E. Watson, Marriott Brosius, J. C. Burrows and William M. Springer, M. French-Sheldon, Prof. A. E. Dolbear of Tufts College, B. F. Underwood, Helen H. Gardener, Mrs. Gen. Lew Wallace, Will Allen Dromgoole, James H. Kyle, Joaquin Miller, and Prof. James T. Bixby, Ph. D. The above partial list of contributors for the past twelve months indicates how catholic in the range of thought is this magazine, and how thoroughly the truly progressive and reformative spirit of the age finds expression in the pages of THE ARENA. It has been our aim to make THE ARENA a busy man's library, essential to every earnest and progressive person. THE ARENA for 1893 will be even more brilliant than THE ARENA of the past.

The Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy.

In the December ARENA Rev. Dr. A. Nicholson, St. Albans, Warwickshire, Eng., will enter THE ARENA in defence of Shakespeare's claims. He will make a remarkably strong argument. Among the eminent thinkers who will be heard in this celebrated case either as attorneys, jurors, or specialists rendering opinions, are the following: The Marquis of Lorne, Edmund Gosse, Professor Donaldson, principal of St. Andrews University, Scotland, ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, Gov. William E. Russell of Massachusetts, E. C. Stedman, Appleton Morgan, president of the New York Shakespeare Society, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, Prof. N. S. Shaler of Harvard, Prof. A. E. Dolbear of Tufts, Henry Irving, Joseph Jefferson, Luther R. Marsh, Mary A. Livermore, Henry W. Hilliard, Lewis O. Brastow, Dr. C. A. Bartol, Rev. M. J. Savage, George M. Towle, Gen. Marcus J. Wright, A. R. MacDonough, William E. Sheldon, Francis E. Abbott, Thomas G. Shearman, Henry George, Franklin H. Head, Hon. A. A. Adee, Mrs. Henry Pott, and Frances E. Willard.

Women Wage-Earners.

The first paper of Helen Campbell's notable series of papers on Women Wage-earners, their Past, Present, and Future, will be a feature of the December ARENA. No social reformer or person interested in the advancement of woman can afford to miss these remarkable papers.

Alfred Russel Wallace on Socialism.

Alfred Russel Wallace will contribute a notable paper to an early issue of THE ARENA on "The Next Step in Social Progress," giving his views as to the necessary remedy for the social inequalities of modern civilization. This paper will be one of a series on social wrongs and remedies.

Napoleon Ney on Occultism in Paris.

Among the notable papers which will appear in the December or January ARENA, will be an essay written by Napoleon Ney, the grandson of the great

Marshal of France. M. Ney discusses occultism in Paris in a manner which will be exceedingly interesting to our readers.

Suicides and our Civilization.

A careful and scholarly writer is now preparing for THE ARENA a paper on "Suicides and Civilization." It will contain statistics reaching back for a number of years, and comparative tables illustrating the ratio of suicides in various great American cities. Next it will discuss the leading causes and the remedies. It will be one of the most valuable papers of our series of present day problems, which will render THE ARENA for 1893 indispensable to thoughtful and wide-awake people.

Stories by Will Allen Dromgoole.

Among the many Southern writers who, during recent years, have acquired fame by their admirable work in character sketches and short stories, no one has risen more rapidly than Miss Will Allen Dromgoole. Many of her short stories, as, for example, "The Heart of Old Hickory," display a rare power of presenting human nature in fiction as only a genius can picture it. Some of her character sketches, as, for instance, "Fiddling his Way to Fame," are also superb. This month we give a strong story by this gifted young Southerner, and during 1893 THE ARENA will present the cream of her work in the line of short stories and character sketches.

Mr. Savage's Important Contribution to Psychical Science.

I desire to call special attention to the admirable paper of Mr. Savage in this issue of THE ARENA, because it is one of the most important papers of recent months on a subject which is rapidly growing in interest and importance. The preceding papers of Mr. Savage's series have been interesting and valuable as presenting many carefully verified psychical cases of a remarkable nature. In this paper the author makes many interesting and logical deductions. The real significance of these important problems will not be appreciated until men have grown great enough to rise above the arrogance of materialistic thought, which is a reaction from the all but universal credulity of the past and the short-sightedness of ecclesiasticism, which have hitherto so often opposed all honest investigation, owing to the fear that the establishment of new truths relating to the psychic realm would compel a revision of old-time creeds and dogmas.

The Poet of the Sierras.

In this issue we publish as a frontispiece a recent portrait of the unique figure in our literature, Joaquin Miller. This picture, which is as unconventional as is the poet himself, was taken for us and represents Mr. Miller on his own premises preparing for a little morning exercise. The poem, "Dawn in San Diego," which appears under his real name, "Heine," contains many lines of great beauty.

A Long Look Forward.

Mr. Will N. Harben, another Southern writer who has won an enviable place among the rising young authors of the New South, contributes an interesting conceit to this number of THE ARENA entitled "In the Year Ten Thousand." Mr. Harben's story "Almost Persuaded" has enjoyed a wide circulation, and, as I have before observed, must have accomplished much good, as it is one of the noblest sermons I have ever read. The Arena Publishing Company will at an early date publish a new story by Mr. Harben, which is by far his best and most finished work. It is entitled "A Romance of a Southern Town."

A Story for Our Times.

A really noble story, giving a woman's view of the broader life of woman, has just appeared from the press of Lovell, Gestefeld & Co. It is entitled "The Woman Who Dares," and is written by Ursula N. Gestefeld. It is a magnificent presentation of what expanding womanhood demands. I shall shortly review it at length. The price is $1.25, published only in cloth.

The Coal Trust and the Poor.

Notwithstanding the spasmodic protest of the press and the dismay of the public, the nineteenth century free-booters who live in palaces and bleed the nation that they may lavish millions on mistresses, race horses, banquets, summer villas, and yachts, continue to form great trusts which widen the gulf between the poor and the rich and prepare the field for revolution. I notice that the great coal trust has succeeded thus early in the season in raising the price of coal to six dollars a ton, which when retailed out by the basket, as it is to the very poor, doubtless means eight or nine dollars a ton; and these very poor are already on starvation's brink. Is it any wonder that crime increases, or that the dead sea of want and despair is broadening with each succeeding month? Have a care, gentlemen; you are sowing to the wind!

"The Dream Child."

Florence Huntley, the well-known editorial writer and newspaper correspondent, has written a most remarkable occult romance entitled "The Dream Child." It is the strongest and clearest presentation of Theosophy as taught by the best thinkers of India which we have ever read, and it is presented in the form of a most charming romance. All persons at the present time should be *acquainted* with the *leading or central thought* of Buddhism, whether or not they agree with this elaborate metaphysical philosophy. This story gives the higher aspects of the ancient religion in a most fascinating manner. "The Dream Child" is a noble work. Its ethical teaching is very exalted; its atmosphere very pure and inviting. The interest in the story is well sustained, and it will increase the spirit of tolerance, as well as enlarge the intellectual and moral vision of every reader. I hope to be able to review it at length in our next issue. The price in paper is 50 cents; cloth, $1. Published by The Arena Publishing Company.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott.

Rev. Lyman Abbott will contribute a paper on a live theme to an early number of THE ARENA. He is one of our foremost ministers — a worthy successor to the Immortal Beecher.

Bacon or Shakespeare.

Among the eminent persons who have consented to serve as jurors in the Bacon-Shakespeare case since our last issue are the Marquis of Lorne, Edmund Gosse, Professor James Donaldson of St. Andrews University, Scotland, and Henry Irving. This case grows in interest, and will prove one of the most interesting literary discussions of the year.

Bishop J. L. Spalding.

Bishop J. L. Spalding will be heard in the pages of THE ARENA in an early issue. He is one of the clearest thinkers and most earnest workers among the eminent prelates of the Catholic Church. Next to Bishop Ireland he probably better represents the American impulses in the Roman Church than any other bishop.

Dr. Hughes on Afghan Question.

No man in America to-day is so well able to write authoritatively upon the Afghan question as Rev. Thomas P. Hughes, who this month furnishes our readers with many most interesting facts which he alone is able to properly present. This paper will, I feel confident, be read with keen interest by our readers.

A Roman Prelate on Sunday Opening of the Fair.

Bishop John Lansing Spalding of Peoria will contribute a paper to an early issue of THE ARENA on "The Sunday Opening of the World's Fair."

For the Comfort of Those Who Fear Cholera.

A friend forwards the following clipping from the *Cleveland World*. Thinking that our readers might be sufficiently interested in it to try the suggested pre-

ventive in case they happened in cholera infected regions, we publish it in full :—

During the terrible epidemics of '66 and '67 I tested, most fully, the efficacy of Dr. Constantine Hering's preventive of cholera, which is simple enough, being the flowers of sulphur, worn constantly in the socks. To quote from the eminent gentleman : "Put half a teaspoonful of the flowers of sulphur into each sock every morning during the epidemic, for cholera will never cross a line of sulphurated hydrogen." And he further said: "Among the many thousands who followed this, my advice, not a case of cholera occurred." And of the many hundreds of my friends in St. Louis and Memphis, whom I persuaded to use sulphur, none were attacked by the dread disease, though it was raging fiercely.

It is not at all unpleasant used externally, and after a few days' use—four or five—the system becomes charged with sulphurated hydrogen, as will appear from the discoloration of silver carried in the pocket, which, being death to the cholera germ, renders an attack impossible. Again Asiatic cholera has reached this country and begun its deadly work. I most earnestly urge that all my readers will use sulphur as above directed. Its fumes are now relied on as a disinfectant; and taken into the system through the pores of the feet, one becomes a veritable walking battery.

The dead physician to whom I refer was a very learned and very practical man.

Industrial Unrest in the Old World.

The London *Daily Chronicle* of September 8th contained an editorial of a column in length noticing approvingly our paper on the "Menace of Plutocracy." In closing the article the writer observes :—

The editor of THE ARENA believes with but too solid reason that this is a critical stage in the history of the Republic, and unless prompt measures are taken to prevent injustice on the part of capital, and amicably and peacefully to adjust the grievances between wealth and labor, the next decade will be marked by great social disturbances and terrible loss of life. The lesson has its application on this side of the Atlantic also.

Esoteric Teaching in the World's Great Religions.

A feature of THE ARENA for 1893 will be a series of papers on Esoteric Teaching in the World's Great Religions, one of the most interesting and important series of metaphysical papers of recent times. They are prepared by a well-known and scholarly writer, and will be read with great interest and profit by our readers.

Books and Children.

Few parents consider how much influence books exert, or might exert, on the minds of their children. Good books of an interesting character are the best of all Christmas, New Year, or birth-day presents, especially for the young. They enrich the mind while affording lasting pleasure of the highest and purest kind. If parents would set aside for good books the money usually spent on comparatively useless presents during the holiday season, they would be conferring a real benefit upon their loved ones: a benefit which in many cases would carry a helpful reflex influence on many other lives. Is not this a question for your thoughtful consideration at this season of the year?

A Moral Victory.

A notable moral victory has been won by the women of New Orleans, led by Mrs. Elizabeth Lyle Saxon. The Council of the Crescent City had passed a most infamous ordinance at the instigation of a young doctor and others who hoped to be immensely benefited by this class legislation. The ordinance proposed to license prostitution and place the inmates of houses of ill fame under the surveillance of the doctor in question and his aids. In other words, the system which has had such a debasing effect on morals in Paris was proposed for New Orleans, and but for the brave action of Mrs. Saxon, Mrs. Katharine Nobles, and other high-minded ladies of the Crescent City the measure would have become a law. All honor to the noble women of the Crescent City!

An Interesting Economic Paper.

In this issue will be found an interesting paper by N. A. Dunning on "The Volume of Currency." It is a thoughtful paper for the times, dealing with a prob-

lem which we predict will occupy the attention of our lawmakers more than any other national issue during the next four years.

Gone from Earth.

The loved wife and helpful companion of one of our valued contributors, Mr. P. Cameron of Toronto, Canada, has recently passed from the scenes of life. In his hour of deep grief my heart goes out to the invalid husband and the motherless children with feeling of deepest sympathy, and with pleasure I give place to a little memorial poem written in memory of the spirit which has passed into the splendors of a more perfect day.

KATE CAMERON.

DIED IN TORONTO, CANADA, AUG. 9, A. D. 1892.

And hast thou left us for a better land?
Borne on the white wings of an angel band,
Entering the portals of the land of rest
Where all is calm and peace, forever blest.

Thy work was done, thy fight well won,
Earth's exile o'er; nor moon nor sun
Shall beam on thee again. This shore
With noisy waves shall bear thy feet no more.

Loved wife and mother, whisper in our ear
Some wonted word to drive away the tear;
Shed on us something of the glorious light.
We think of thee, thy image crowds our sight.

We feel thee near us, yet no sound we hear
Of angel wings; nor dost thou say, I'm here.
Speak, spirit, speak! we wait, and yet we fear
That Death forbids the word our hearts to cheer.

The Spirit Answers.

Yes, it is true the icy hand of Death
Has sealed forever all of mortal breath.
My tongue would gladly tell the joy I know,
My arms would twine where often twined below,

But for the veil. That shuts out mortal view.
You shall ascend to me — I cannot come to you.
Deep as the love on earth to you I bore,
'T was but a fragment broken from this shore.

Think not, though silent to a mortal's ear,
That I, a spirit, cease to give you cheer
Or guard your journey from the rising sun
Till evening star proclaims your labor done.

I'm ever near you, hear your every sigh;
My wings you see not, yet believe me nigh;
I'm only waiting till my Master wills
To speak the word that o'er my spirit thrills.

That word is, Go and touch the mortal hand
Of those you loved once in the far-off land;
Tell them I bid them to come here
And join thee, wife and mother, in this sphere.

Lady Somerset and Frances E. Willard in The Arena.

Among papers of special interest which will early appear in THE ARENA are contributions from the pens of Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Frances E. Willard. The former discusses "The Genius of the New Temperance Movement in England," while Miss Willard will write upon "The Modern Temperance Movement in America."

The West in Literature.

A paper of more than ordinary interest in this number of THE ARENA is the clear, strong, and thoughtful paper by Hamlin Garland on "The West in Literature." It will be read with special interest by young authors, but I imagine all our readers will enjoy it. Mr. Garland bids fair to lead the new school of veritists or impressionists now becoming a real power in literature. "The West in Literature" is the opening paper of a series of contributions of special value to lovers of American literature and art. The second paper of this series will appear from the pen of the gifted sculptor, Wm. Ordway Parker, entitled "An American School of Sculpture."

An Important Contribution to Educational Literature.

We desire to call special attention to the brilliant and scholarly paper of Professor J. R. Buchanan on "The New Education and its Practical Application." It is one of those noble productions which belong to the literature of progress, and which carry thoughts and suggestions which will be brought into general use at an early date. We shall shortly publish another paper, no less interesting, from the pen of Professor Buchanan, dealing chiefly with industrial education.

The December Arena.

Among the good things which will appear in the December ARENA will be a paper by Bishop J. L. Spalding of Peoria, Ill., on "The Opening of the World's Fair on Sunday"; a paper by T. V. Powderly on "Government Ownership o

Railways"; a paper by W. P. McLaughlin on "Evictions in Tenement House Districts of New York City during the Past Year," in which many startling facts will be given, all taken from the official records. This will be the first paper of a series on our present social conditions, which will run through THE ARENA for 1893, making it absolutely indispensable to all persons interested in the social problems of the day. "The Occult in Paris," by Napoleon Ney, the first paper of our second series of psychical papers. M. Ney is a grandson of the great Marshal of France, and has made a careful study of occultism in the French metropolis, and discusses in a most interesting manner the widespread interest in all matters of a metaphysical and occult character. Dr. A. Nicholson, one of England's greatest Shakespearean scholars, will present a powerful paper in defence of the Shakespearean authorship of the plays ascribed to William Shakespeare. This paper will be a very notable contribution. Many other papers of special interest will appear in this number, which opens the seventh volume of THE ARENA.

A Spoil of Office.

The *Review of Reviews* for October contains the following concise review of "A Spoil of Office":—

"A Spoil of Office" is Mr. Hamlin Garland's best novel thus far. It deals with the new types of manhood and womanhood, and the new issues of life and motive in the northern Mississippi Valley. The hero is an Iowa boy, whom through his school days and early struggles on the prairie farm we follow to the halls of Congress. We have strong sidelights thrown upon the agrarian movements of the West and upon the low standards and actual corruptions that taint our American political life.

Of this remarkable novel of Western life, the *New York World* of September 17 has this to say:—

It is a criticism of American life from several points of view; a piece of fiction drawn from actual occurrences; a novel based on historical events; a wholesome sample of realistic writing; that is to say, it deals with real people who are important factors in the sociological advancement of the United States, and not at all with the exclusive class that represents nothing but leisure, money, and morbidity.

The writer after giving almost a column review to the work closes it in the following language:—

The denouement of the story is something like that of Dickens' "Great Expectations." We do not see Talcott and Miss Wilbur married, but that event is satisfactorily indicated. Garland is a strong and refreshing writer, and it is to be hoped that he will not permit success to conventionalize him. His picture of Bradley Talcott as "a spoil of office" is one admonitory to the farmer-boys.

This book is proving immensely popular among thoughtful American readers who appreciate pictures of real life as they are found to-day.

The Rise of the Swiss Republic.

The New York *Herald* for Sunday, October 9, has an exceedingly appreciative review of Mr. McCrackan's "The Rise of the Swiss Republic," a work which the reviewer claims is as "Good as gold; a work that should be treasured by the thoughtful student; a book to take the place of honor on the book shelf; to be read once, twice, thrice, and afterwards used for the purpose of reference as often as need be." This work is having a splendid sale and should be found in the library of every thoughtful American, as it is the most complete, comprehensive, and authoritative history of Switzerland ever written, and being written by an American and a great lover of the republic, it has many points of excellence which would not be found were Mr. McCrackan a European.

FUND FOR THE DESERVING POOR.

LAST month we published an earnest appeal to our readers who wished to aid struggling humanity in the slums of Boston to contribute such an amount as they might feel able for this purpose. Below we give a statement of receipts and disbursements since our September statement. We can only add that winter is upon us; coal and food are higher. The infamous coal trust is adding greatly to the miseries of the very poor, who have to freeze when they have little money, so that the many time millionnaires who have monopolized God's great storehouses of heat, may add to their already overflowing coffers. Winter is here and the poor are starving and freezing. Those among our readers who feel that they can lighten hearts now bowed with crushing care, and sweeten homes now made very bitter by failure to obtain work at living prices, can accomplish this by forwarding whatever they feel they can afford to the editor of THE ARENA. We have, during the past year and a half, raised over $2,000, the most of which has already been disbursed for the relief or aid of those who were destitute and deserving.

ANNUAL REPORT.

Total receipts to date		$2,117 44
Total disbursements as per itemized reports published in ARENA up to the October number, including September reports		1,760 60
Disbursements as per report given below	$160 35	
		1,920 95
Balance from which reports have not been returned		$196 49

REPORT OF RECEIPTS.

Total receipts acknowledged up to October	$2,004 19	
Acknowledged in October ARENA	110 25	
Received from a friend, Stockton, Cal.	1 00	
C. L. H., Boston	2 00	
	$2,117 44	

EXPENDITURE OF ARENA POOR FUND FROM JULY 12 TO SEPTEMBER 12, 1892.

For groceries for destitute families	$7 25
For medicine	3 00
For nourishing food for the sick	1 40
Clothing for children	1 95
Repairs on fifty-three pairs of old boots and shoes donated	21 55
Aid in getting a situation for a man	2 50
Aid in paying rent	6 00
Temperance work and relief	3 45
Expenses in connection with summer outing for 765 children and mother from one to ten days each	67 75
For poor man with large family in great need	8 00
For two families in want	17 50
For clothes and rent for a poor woman kept from a situation owing to shabby clothes	20 00
	$160 35

RECAPITULATION.

Total receipts	$2,117 44
Total disbursements	1,920 95
Balance	196 49

A large proportion of this balance of $196 will have been spent before this report goes to press, and probably all will be exhausted before this line meets the reader's eye.

Rev. Walter J. Swaffield of the Bethel Mission, which is situated in the heart of the slums of the North End, presents his statement of disbursements made under his personal supervision, as follows: —

SUMMER OUTINGS FOR THE POOR.

No one who has spent an hour in the "social cellar" of Boston, and looked upon the sufferings and privations of the people, and breathed the impure

and suffocating atmosphere in which men, women, and children linger through the livelong year, can fail to realize the great need for these kindred in distress having at least once a year a breath of fresh air and a sight green fields and trees and smiling flowers. The readers of THE ARENA have made it possible, at a very small sacrifice on their part, for over seven hundred and sixty women and children to enjoy from one to twenty days at the seaside or in the country. If the contributors could only see the looks of surprise, and listen to the wild cries of delight, or spend an hour or more with the merry romping children from the slums, or greet those who have been sent away wasted and sick as they return with bounding step and glad report of feeling "so much better," and hear the hearty and sincere, "thank you," "thank you," they would feel that they were well repaid for all they had done, and only wish they had done more in the name of Him who went about doing good. Would you look in upon a few of the homes from which the children have been taken? Here are a few, only typical, however, of the many.

We were called to see a poor family on Hanover Street, who were reported as in great distress; found a poor sick woman, with an infant two weeks old. The mother, though weak and suffering, was bending over the wash-tub. No food in the house except a crust saved from the last evening meal for the dinner of a girl who just then came in from school with the faint but bitter cry, "O mother, I'm so hungry!" The crust is brought forth and devoured by the child, while mother and infant continue their fast from the evening before. (The husband went to sea six months ago, and has not been heard of since.) The wants of these poor ones were relieved, and mother and children sent into the country for three weeks. The poor woman has regained her strength, and the children are doing well.

On the same street a little cripple girl who was a great care to her mother, whose only way of making a living was by sewing, was sent into the country for the whole summer, and the mother for a few days, making her feel, as she said, as though "she could work all the time now."

We enter a dark alley, off one of the main streets, and in a wretched place find a poor man sick with rheumatism; his wife with a most painful felon on her finger, thus preventing her from doing what little work she could get for the support of the family — a little boy, sick with cholera infantum; two girls, whose white pinched faces were a sight to behold — they were all in a most desperate condition. Plain and proper nourishment was provided, and the whole family taken for several days to the seaside. Even this brief respite from such awful condition has seemed to give them new courage and health.

Such cases could be multiplied, but these are only fair samples of many others. One more must suffice. We had secured a place in the country for a poor old widow with two children dependent upon her, but she, being a Catholic, was forbidden by the priest to send them; she stoutly refused to obey him, telling him to his face that it was all well enough for him to sit in his gilded mansion and feast upon all the luxuries of the season, and to dictate to her who had but a crust to eat, and forbid her to accept the kindness of "true Christianity." She went with the children, and was very much improved on her return to the city, the priest notwithstanding. In behalf of the poor, and those who otherwise would have no earthly helpers, I desire to thank the readers of THE ARENA for their aid in this work.

Our kindergarten for these poor children has opened, and already the number in attendance is greater than one teacher can manage. Could not the expense of providing another teacher be borne by some friend of oppressed childhood?

WALTER J. SWAFFIELD.

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