"Personal Reminiscences of William Warren."

The Coming Age

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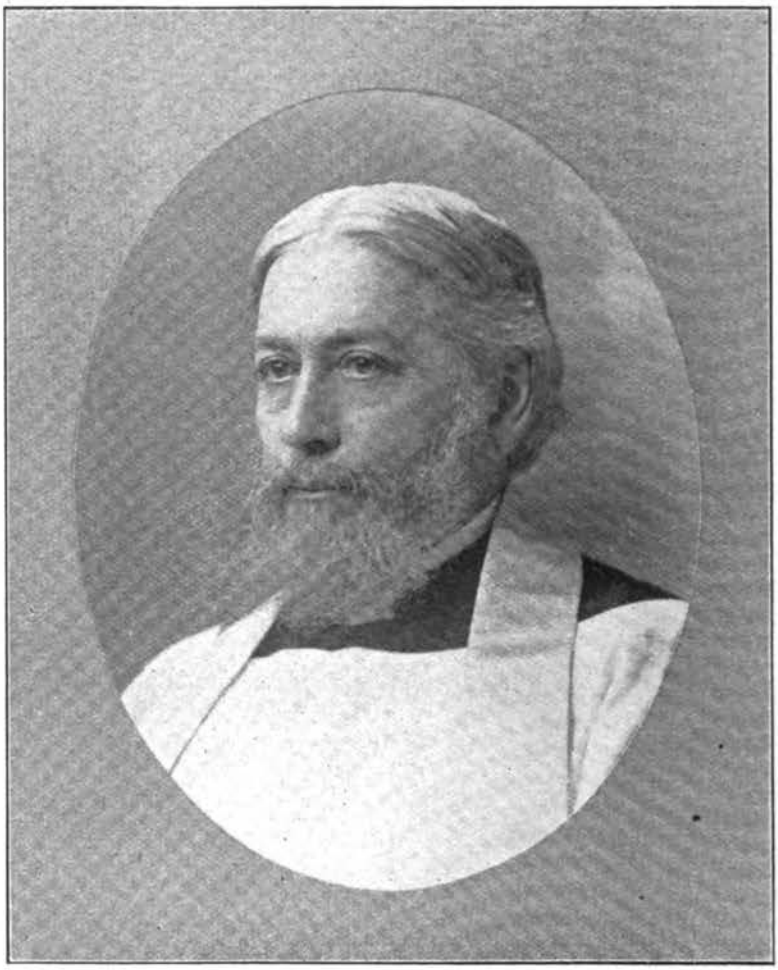
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THE COMING AGE

VOL. IV JULY, 1900 No. 1

CONVERSATIONS

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM WARREN,
BY REV. J. HENRY WIGGIN.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM WARREN

REV. JAMES HENRY WIGGIN.

AN EDITORIAL SKETCH.

The Rev. James Henry Wiggin was born on the 14th of May, 1836, in the historic North End district of Boston. In early life he was exceedingly delicate, his parents sometimes despairing of their eldest child's life. He possessed, however, a good constitution—a priceless legacy bestowed by his sturdy New England ancestors, who since the settlement of New England had preserved the simple and austerely democratic habits of life so conducive to health and longevity. His childhood was cast at a time of great theological activity and controversy in New England. A religious revolution was then in progress whose far-reaching influence we are yet unable adequately to measure; and it is an interesting fact that in the life of Mr. Wiggin we have a concrete illustration of the mental and religious state of Boston when he was born. Indeed, we may say that in him we see, in a very real way, the legitimate product of the old New England mind, tempered by the larger life of our century.

The Puritan fathers were nothing if not theological. To them religion overshadowed all else, and had the conception of the religious life been broader, saner, and less austere, this would have been well; but unhappily the old theological ideas were pitifully limited, circumscribed, narrow, and frigid in character.

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scope, and essence. Though unfortunate, this was by no means surprising when we remember that they came as the extreme reaction from the worldliness, corruption, and laxity of the church during the Renaissance. Puritanism stood as a profound protest against vice, immorality, effeminacy, and materialism in society and injustice among the powerful. It was hard, stern, austere, and often unjust when it sought to be just; because it essayed to reflect its God, and its God partook too much of the medieval idea of Christ, which represented the great Nazarene as "crowned with thorns and turned to stone." Hence, it failed to grasp the glorious significance of the normal and sane religious life, or to see that true religion would necessarily broaden, enrich, and glorify existence, filling the soul with song and the heart with love. Yet, in spite of the unfortunate extremes which usually characterize reformers and reactions, our fathers will ever remain noble and heroic figures—men of moral worth whose loyalty to conscience, love of right, and passion for what they believed to be God's will have seldom been matched in the annals of our race; and it is unquestionably true that these pure and upright men and women gave to New England society that solid basis which has since made it a real factor in the moral and intellectual world. The very protest of Puritanism opened the windows of reverent rationalism, and made free inquiry and intellectual progress a natural sequence, even though for a time fear and prejudice closed the eyes of the leaders to the larger vision of truth which the Reformation rendered inevitable; while the intense and passionate devotion to what they believed to be God's truth stimulated the devotional and emotional sides of life in a profound way. Now, the intellectual life of Mr. Wiggin, as we shall presently see, affords a concrete illustration of the conflict between devotionalism and rationalism, which the Reformation rendered sooner or later inevitable, and which made the first half of our century so notable in the theological history of our land.

Mr. Wiggin's parents fully appreciated the importance of education, and from his earliest years he was carefully instructed at home and in school. In 1850 he graduated at the Boston Dwight Grammar School, after which he entered a military academy in Vermont. On returning to Boston he had an opportunity to visit the Provinces on a sailing vessel, and with the love of the ocean which seems born in the New England lads, he eagerly embraced the opportunity. Nor did this experience satisfy him, for on his return, when the position of captain's clerk was tendered him on a bark bound for the East Indies, he gladly accepted the offer. This journey was rendered exciting by many stirring incidents, not the least of which was a fire on board the vessel. The flames, however, were controlled, and the voyage duly finished. The boy had ever possessed a vivid imagination. All that was dramatic and picturesque had from his earliest memory appealed to him in an irresistible manner. Hitherto nature had spoken to him chiefly under her sterner guises. He had loved the rough and rugged coast of New England, and her wonderfully picturesque valleys and pine-clad mountains had filled his heart with strange and indefinable emotions, which he had never even sought to analyze; but now before him in East Indian waters was a new heaven and a new earth—the marvelous blue of the sky studded and jeweled with stars of matchless brilliancy, the soft, heavy, and soothing breeze that bore the bark to the Javan shores, and later the wonderful lands of the orient! Ah, who shall describe the witchery of the first days and nights in the lands of the Hindoo, Chinaman, and Malay? Here he saw for the first time nature in the wild abundance of tropical luxuriance. Such vegetation as he had never even been able to picture in his mind was now before him with its profusion of gorgeous blooms and its wealth of fragrant and delicious fruits. Here were trees of rare beauty, whose every bough was laden with perfume; here were birds of rare plumage, and strange and curious animals. He remembered that he was now in the land of mystery and wealth, about which long, long before Marco Polo had written, and of which Columbus dreamed when he sailed toward the setting sun, in the finding of which

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Magellan lost his life, and whose riches Vasco da Gama discovered to Portugal and western Europe, after he had doubled the cape and crossed the Indian sea. To the vivid imagination of the New England boy this land of the rising sun presented a revelation which enriched the mind and added much to that broad culture that constitutes so much of life's purest enjoyment. To him India was indeed a dream of spring actualized. His vessel touched at various places. Some time was spent at Singapore, and the Isle of Penang was visited. At length the cargo was discharged, and the vessel, laden with the products of the far East, turned its prow homeward. All went well till the bark reached the southern coast of Africa and attempted to double the cape. Then a terrible storm arose, and the craft seemed like a frail shell in the angry grip of a giant. Every beam and timber seemed to creak and crash as she rolled and pitched, a helpless toy in the trough of the storm-beaten sea. Perhaps man is never brought to so keen a realization of his own insignificance as during a fierce storm on the ocean; and in the supremely solemn hour, when it seemed that each minute the vessel would be rent in twain, strange, new emotions came into the soul of the boy. Deeper springs of life were touched than had ever been sounded before. The storm at length spent its fury, and though the ship had lived through the struggle, it did not come forth unscathed, and for some time it floated on the bosom of the deep, presenting a rather dilapidated appearance. Yet all hands worked merrily, the cape was doubled, and the prow was pointed toward Boston. It was the intention of the captain to touch at St. Helena, but a broken yard led him to change his decision, much to the disappointment of young Wiggin, who had counted upon landing upon and examining the island so long the desolate prison home of the most ambitious and self-centered monarch of the ages.

The vessel had been absent thirteen months when it came again in sight of the green-tufted islands that guard the harbor of Boston, and right glad was the boy to reach his home once more. The voyage had been rich in experience. He had learned much, perhaps more than during any two years of life, and his imaginative faculties and emotional nature had been stirred and moved as never before. Life now appeared more serious and august. He had always desired to obtain a good education, but now the importance of this impressed him as at no previous time, and he entered David B. Tower's Latin School, then conducted under the old Park Street Church. He also received outside instruction from special teachers in music and the languages.

From early childhood he had been enamored of the drama. Indeed, as he recently pointed out, his father on one occasion sought to cure him of what was regarded as an abnormal appetite by compelling him to go nightly to the theater for a fortnight, much to the secret delight of Henry, who was proudly conscious of being the most envied boy at the South End. After his return from the Indies his old appetite for the drama returned, and his spare money was tolerably certain to find its way into the cash box of one of the theaters.

During the fifties the question of a profession confronted him. He had always been deeply religious, and the ceremonialism of the church appealed to his emotional nature almost as irresistibly as the liberalism of the rational wing of Unitarianism appealed to his reason. At last he decided to enter the ministry. Accordingly, after preparatory study, he attended Tufts College, but at the age of twenty-two he left this institution and entered the theological college at Meadville, Pennsylvania, from which he graduated in 1861.

It was about this time that the young man fought one of those mental battles which all true natures are called upon to undergo at some period in life. His family and most intimate friends were stalwart proslavery Whigs, and had small sympathy for the abolitionists and Republicans; but the more young Wiggin thought upon the question about which every one was talking, but which few were able to discuss with coolness and dispassionate reason, the more he felt his sympathies were with the tall, lank, and homely backwoods lawyer, whose carica-

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tures were the source of no end of merriment among the boys. Accordingly, after more than one heated argument, the young man cast his first ballot for Abraham Lincoln, and had the satisfaction of later seeing many friends and relatives become enthusiastic admirers of the really great man who passed to his tragic death in the manly performance of his duty, ever loyal to the everlasting demands of freedom, justice, and right as he saw them.

Mr. Wiggin was ordained in 1862, the ceremony taking place in the Unitarian church of Springfield, Massachusetts. After two years spent as pastor of the Unitarian church in Montague, in the Connecticut Valley, Mr. Wiggin, in company with his mother, went abroad for a year of foreign travel, visiting Asia Minor, Turkey, Greece, Egypt, Malta, Sicily, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Switzerland, Germany, and France. On November 21, 1864, soon after his return from Europe, he married Laura Emma Newman, of Brattleboro, Vermont. This union, which occurred thirty-five years ago, has proved very congenial. Three children came into the home, a girl and two boys, all of whom have grown to maturity, and are successfully established in life.

In 1864 Mr. Wiggin entered upon his ministerial duties for the second time, and for the next twenty years he was at no time without a charge, officiating successively as pastor of the Unitarian churches in Lawrence, Marblehead, Medfield, and Marlboro. He early joined the Masons, and became an interested member of that great society. He was also a zealous worker in the order of Good Templars, then believing in that organization he would be able practically to further the cause of temperance. He has also at all times been deeply interested in the advancement of education, and entertains many novel but sound and practical views on the instruction of the young. One of these is the teaching of history by means of historical dramas so arranged as to touch upon the great acts and important happenings in great historical epochs by means of striking dialogues and tableaux. Take, for example, the history of the Revolutionary War. Here he holds the principal facts could be presented so effectively that the child would grasp in a two or three hour performance what never becomes plain from reading history. He would have the children, after seeing these performances, rigidly examined on the play; and all those who were not clear on all the major points he would have witness the production again. In this manner he holds that the young could be made to carry vivid pictures of the great passages of history with them through life, which is impossible under the present method of teaching. I mention this as an illustration of one of many positive theories and ideas which Mr. Wiggin holds in relation to practical education for the young. He is also a firm believer in the German method of teaching by travel.

During all the years of his ministry, in fact, ever since and before his voyage to the far East, Mr. Wiggin had been an omnivorous reader, and on many subjects a deep thinker. Naturally, as we have observed, he inherited a religious nature. He was inclined to be conservative and a lover of ritualism, but the larger life of our age appealed to his rationality; and he experienced in his own thought world the conflict which shook all New England during both the first and last half of our century—the battle between the worshipful heart and the logical brain. Frequently it has been observed that in the same family there are two children upon whose brains the same factors and influences will play with the result that they awaken entirely different emotions, and lead to opposing actions and opinions. In the Newman family, in England, we have a striking illustration of this character. Here were two young men of brilliant intellect and equally loving and loyal hearts. The wonderful discoveries and daring theories of our century dazzled their youthful minds. The record of geology, the revelations of the telescope, microscope, and spectroscope, the philosophical discussions of German and English savants, these and other influences which have so wonderfully changed and broadened our views of life and creation, came with overmastering potency into the thought worlds of the Newman boys.

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Both were disquieted for a time. One was frightened at what seemed to be the crumbling away of religion, and he made haste to flee into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, while the other became a fearless searcher for truth along the highway of liberal thought.

With Mr. Wiggin these same influences, which carried one of the Newmans into the Roman Church and the other into liberalism, proved peculiarly trying, because his love and sympathies led him in both directions. At length, however, he felt that it would not be right for him to accept any regular charge, as his changing views might prove a cause of division, and he therefore determined to turn his attention to other lines of scholarly work. For a short time he edited a Unitarian paper in New York City. His editorial discussions were widely copied; but in the latter part of 1875 he returned to his native city of Boston, and devoted his time to journalism, literary work, and lecturing. Since 1880 he has lived in his comfortable home on the old boundary line of Roxbury, where, surrounded by books, pictures, and interesting mementoes of travel, one may find him generally busy. His is the typical home of the literary man, with its multitudinous pigeon-holes crowded with interesting data and memoranda. Although much of his time is given to literary work, he has also translated and edited manuscripts for the press. During recent years he has written several critical essays, and for nearly twenty years he has been a regular and prolific contributor and correspondent to the oldest musical weekly of the land, the American Art Journal, of New York. He is peculiarly well fitted for this work, owing to his natural taste, his fluent pen, and retentive memory, aided by an uninterrupted diary dating from 1850. He is the author of several literary works, the most important of which are two elaborate historical dramas dealing with the French Revolution, which he has recently completed.

On the great problems relating to the social organism and the larger life of the people Mr. Wiggin entertains positive convictions. Though a Republican since 1861, he has manifested great independence in his actions, and cherishes a serene and optimistic faith in the final triumph of progressive free-trade principles. He holds that the cabinet, as well as the president and vice-president, should be elected by popular vote, and that the principles of the initiative and the referendum should be introduced into our political machinery. He believes that, despite the perils of the present and the clouds which hang heavy from time to time over our government, the nation is fronting the morning rather than the evening, and that the manhood and moral worth of America will carry forward our civilization so that the twentieth century will witness nobler things than men have yet known or than the masses have yet dreamed of.

Among his published works should be mentioned several biographies, and a long translation from Dumas for a leading publishing house; and, though not a believer in their philosophy, he has done much work for Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy and other Christian Scientists.

In the course of his life Mr. Wiggin has held various denominational offices, and is a member of the Eliot, Dwight, Old Schoolboys' Associations, the Meadville Alumni, the Bostonian Society, Massachusetts Society of Colonial Wars, and has been particularly interested in the Boston Play-goers' Club, the Governor Dudley, Danforth, and Wiggins Family Associations, besides keeping up sundry church interests, though he seldom preaches.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM WARREN.

A CONVERSATION WITH REV. J. HENRY WIGGIN.

Q. Mr. Wiggin, you were, of course, familiar with the acting of that popular comedian, William Warren. Can you recall the first time you saw him?

A. Most certainly. I first saw Mr. Warren when I was a boy of ten, and he, fresh from Philadelphia, was a comparatively young actor, scarcely known in Boston. It was at the Howard Athenaeum, in 1847. The forty-eight Viennoise Children, under the management of Madame Weiss (Weese, as it was commonly

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pronounced), were filling an engagement in that new theater, then only about a year old, having been rebuilt, after a fire the year previous, when it had very recently been transformed from a Millerite tabernacle into a play-house. On the outside it looked much as you see it to-day, though now somewhat changed within, as to the arrangement of its seats, the square, sociable, low-partitioned, private parlor boxes in the rear of the parquet having disappeared.

These juvenile dancers were accustomed to give four elaborate ballets each evening, with three farces or other one-act plays sandwiched between,—a sort of jelly-cake, only with the jam outside as well as inside. On that particular night there was snow on the ground. As there were neither street cars nor omnibuses, patrons of the theater either walked, or, if they could afford it, rode in public or private carriages, even though the distance was short,—as it was from my father's house, close by the North End salt wharves, to Howard street, only the length of Hanover street. We rode in the hack belonging to Misener, the always busy and solitary hackman, known to every old denizen of the North End, where he occupied his newly erected brick house on Margaret Alley, since known as Cleveland Place, though not a namesake of our former President Cleveland; nor can I forget an incident of its building, when, as I was gazing in at the low cellar window, I was suddenly startled by the annoyed contractor into a leap through the narrow aperture, which landed me among the bricks, mortar, and other debris beneath, to my intense disgust and the damage of my nether garments.

The theater was packed; and the parquet, just changed from the pit, where only men sat, was filled with "fair women and brave men," the former in brilliant costumes, enjoying the newly upholstered seats, costing half a dollar apiece. Bear in mind that the Howard was then the fashionable play-house of our city,—the Museum being hardly started, the Tremont extinct, the Federal Street Theater practically abandoned, the National not quite up to Beacon Hill standard, the present Boston as yet seven years distant in the future, the Eagle and other small play-houses being considered decidedly below par.

About the dancing children that evening I recall little more than the great beauty of their grouping, except that one ballet was called the oriental, and presented half the younkets with dark skins and clashing cymbals; but in two farces Warren made upon my youthful mind an impression never to be effaced. In one of the three short pieces he did not appear,—"The Day After the Wedding," representing the quarrels of Sir William and Lady Freelove. In the farce, "A Kiss in the Dark," he personated Felix Pettibone, who smirches his wife's face, that he may detect, by soiled lips, the kiss imprinted by the offending Lothario. In the other farce, "Willful Murder," he personated Pythagoras Sphoon, greatly disturbed when the wrathful cabby staves his foot through the "h" in the surname, leaving it plain Spoon.

Q. When did Mr. Warren join the forces at the Boston Museum?

A. Shortly after this date Mr. Warren was engaged at the Museum, where previous popular comedians had been Charles H. Saunders, whose brother-in-law was in my class at the Dwight School, and C. W. Hunt. Warren remained at the new house, the present Old Museum, built in 1846, till 1883, a few years before his death, in 1888. Occasionally, to be sure, he went away on a starring tour; but starring was not his forte, and he really belonged to the Museum till he left the stage forever. Jacob W. Thoman was long his assistant comedian, Mrs. Thoman playing soubrettes.

When Rachel's troupe visited Boston, in 1855, they pronounced William Warren the one artist whom they saw on the Boston stage.

You know his record,—how he played hundreds of characters, that he never kicked at a part, that he never quarreled with his coadjutors, and always did his best. In private conversation, not long before his farewell to the stage, he declared that, with very brief study, he could accurately recall the lines of every part he had ever played. What a library was his brain!

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You have doubtless heard of his failings. Now and then, before the curtain rose, the management would announce that one or more of the plays must be changed, on account of the indisposition of one of the actors; and presently you might observe that the popular favorite did not appear in the substituted plays. An English actress, distinguished on both sides of the Atlantic, used to relate, to her dying day, the painful experiences of her first bow before a Boston audience, by whom her husband had been many years admired. She appeared as Neighbor Constance, in Sheridan Knowles's play, "The Love Chase," and the Sir William Fondlove of the evening not being "right side up with care," it is easy to imagine the condition of the debutante's nerves. How delightfully he played Sir William, in 1848, with Mrs. Barrett as Constance and Mrs. Judah as Widow Green. These breaks fade away in the bright light of Warren's life-long devotion to dramatic art. He never slurred a part, never sneered at it as of small importance, but gave perfect attention to every detail. In the dressing-room which he so long occupied still hangs, unless recently removed, a quaint, old-fashioned mirror, bearing a motto whose pith is in the adage, "Trifles make perfection." No one who ever saw him can forget his peculiar way of saying "D—n," which always convulsed the house.

After a lifetime of harmonious connection with the Museum, it is a pity this relationship should have ended in the cloud of misunderstanding which arose from the double farewell benefit he enjoyed on October 28, 1882, appearing as Dr. Pangloss, in Cobman's "Heir-at-Law," in the afternoon, and as Sir Peter, in Sheridan's "School for Scandal," in the evening, seats being sold at five dollars each. A benefit more befitting the artistic love, which he won from the hearts all over New England, would have continued at least a fortnight at popular prices. Over the receipts there arose some question as to the percentage of profit due the house, both the actor and his friends feeling that he was too economically treated in the settlement. In accordance with his business principles, Mr. Warren completed his engagement, remaining in the company till the end of the season; but thereafter he never re-entered that play-house, though the managers tried to sooth his wounded feelings by courteous declarations that his dressing-room and their stage would be ever at his disposal, should he again wish, for one night or many, to don sock and buskin, and tread the old familiar boards; but his displeasure was not to be appeased. One night I was in that same dressing-room, talking with the star manager of the evening, who was making up for the next act; and, as we read the mirror motto, the star said: "I wish Mr. Warren would come and see my play! I have written him; but his reply is, that he would hear me in any theater in the world except this."

Q. Of course, you saw Mr. Warren in many roles. We understand that, during at least a quarter of a century of his Boston career, he was extremely popular in such pieces as you have already mentioned —farces. Please tell us more about them.

A. Farces have practically disappeared from the stage, except for an occasional production in amateur theatricals; but in the old days it was far otherwise. No matter what or how long the main play, there was always an afterpiece, and that afterpiece was usually a farce; and it was considered a great thing for the tragedian, who had already played Macbeth, immediately thereafter to appear as Jerry Sneak or Jeremy Diddler. As times changed a little, and people came tardily, the afterpiece became the forepiece, preceding the chief play; and the leading actor did not himself appear till the curtain rose on the battlements of Elsinore, and the auditors were already in their places, even though the hour of beginning was as early as seven o'clock.

In those days every member of the stock company enjoyed, as a regular perquisite, one or more benefit nights in the course of the year, when special friends were greatly in evidence in the front of the house, and the beneficiary's pocket was enriched by a considerable sum beyond his weekly salary, not then so large as in our day. Forty years ago it was no uncommon thing for Mr. Warren, at his quarterly benefit, to appear in five differ-

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ent farces; and as the hero of a farce is usually on the stage nearly all the time, and has soliloquies enormously prolonged, it is easy to understand what a test this was of histrionic ability, memory, and versatility. Let me give one illustration. At one benefit, in 1853, our comedian appeared as John Peter Pillicoddy, in "Poor Pillicoddy;" as Jeremiah Jorum, in "The Two Bonnycastles;" as Tompkins Tipthorp, in "Who Stole the Pócket-book?" as Potterly Peewit, in "Taken in and Done for" (all three by that prolific farce writer, James Maddison Morton); and as John Downey, the policeman, in "Seeing Warren."

"Seeing Warren" was but a new adaptation of an old farce, perhaps originally known as "Seeing Garrick." In "Poor Pillicoddy," who can forget the tone in which the heart-broken seedman exclaims, "Poppy seeds taken incessantly for several weeks will produce instant death," and, "Arouse me, Susan!" It was in this farce that a little accident once occurred, which led Mr. Warren never to forget or quite forgive the soubrette, who forsook him in a stage predicament in a way which he considered both unprofessional and inartistic, and wanting in the right spirit of comradeship. Again, in the mind's ear, can I hear Tompkins Tipthorp exclaiming: "There, sir; there is your pocket-book. I may have appropriated the filthy lucre it contained, but your pocket-book, your pocket-book was sacred;" and, "Now let me collect my scattered senses. Scattered senses, where the devil are you? Why don't you arrange yourselves, in order that I may collect you?"

In my diary, kept with reasonable care and no omission since 1850, I find this record for February 11, 1853, when I was "sweet sixteen:"

It was Warren's benefit, and of course the house was crowded. We, however, got tolerable seats. The overture was Auber's to "Zanetta." Morton's farce, "The Woman I Adore," was not nearly as well got up as when I saw it at the National a week or two ago. However, it went off very well, for Warren played Paddington Green, though the stage arrangements were entirely different. A "grand dance," La Giselle, by Miss Gaszinski, was tolerable. "Hunting a Turtle," an excellent comedy, which I never saw before, was performed more for the purpose of bringing out Mrs. Rice, a sister of Warren. It contains several disguises, all of which were well done. Mrs. Rice looks and acts very much like Mrs. J. W. Thoman, of this play-house, who *on dit* is her sister. Morton's ever popular farce of French extraction, "Box and Cox," was followed by "The Married Life of Box and Cox," or "Box and Cox Married and Settled," recently written by another playwright, Sterling Coyne, and both went off well, though the older is the best of the two. Between them Miss Gaszinski danced a medley. The performance concluded with "Done on Both Sides," an excellent comic farce, with Warren as Pygmalion Phibbs. Madame Radynski sang two pieces," "Smile again, my bonnie lassie," and "Annie Laurie," both in her usual manner, the latter substituted for "Kathleen Mavourneen." Mr. Warren and Mrs. Rice were both called out at the end of the Turtle farce. Upon the whole, Warren's benefit was very flattering to him, but, notwithstanding the applause he receives, he seldom if ever speaks. He is certainly the best comic actor we have in Boston (perhaps we had a half dozen, all told), and the best one I ever saw anywhere.

The farces wherein I have seen Mr. Warren are almost innumerable, nor will I try to complete the list. One was "The Fire-Eater," whose hero is Jeremiah Gosling, a part which Mr. Sol Smith Russell, that genial gentleman and comedian, revived a year or two ago, under the management of William Seymour; though it soon became evident that the public was no longer anxious for plays of this nature. Other farces were Morton's "Grimshaw, Bagshaw, and Bradshaw;" the same author's "Slasher and Crasher;" "Dunducketty's Picnic," by T. J. Williams, which Mr. B. P. Cheney, Julia Arthur's husband, revived for an amateur philanthropic benefit a season or two ago, at Hollis Street. Mr. Warren also appeared as Mr. Plummy, in "How Stout You're Getting," though for some reason this farce was never a great success; as Mortimer, in "The Phantom Breakfast;" as Simon Sparks, in "The Milliners' Holiday;" as Waggles, in "Our Friend Waggles;" as Benjamin Woggles, in "Brother Bill and Me;" as John Small, in Morton's "Two Buzzards, or, Whitebait at Greenwich;" in "The Two Puddifords;" in Poole's "Turning the Tables;" as Tristram Sappy, in the same author's "Deaf as a Post;" as the hero in "John Wopps, or,

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From Information I Received," by W. E. Suter; as Perkyn Postlethwaite, in "The Three Cuckoos;" as Taraxicum Twitters, the man who thinks his wife is trying to poison him, in "My Turn Next;" as Nicodemus Nobbs, in "Turn Him Out;" by T. J. Williams; as John Dibbitts, in "On the Sly."

A part in which he excelled was that of Felix Fumer, the jealous husband, in "The Laughing Hyena;" nor can one forget the chemist opposite, who says to Mrs. Fumer, "Allow me to present you with a box of ipecacuanha lozenges of my own manufacture." It seemed odd to see this same play given in modern Greek, at a theater in Constantinople, in 1863, under the title "Ho Tigris tes Beggalis" (not the different farce, called in English "The Bengal Tiger"), wherein the heroine wore precisely the same dress she had already worn through the previous longer comedy. One of the most effective of the ancient farces was Buckstone's "Rural Felicity," showing how certain city folks go into the country, to find there more duplicity than they had left behind in London. How good Warren was as the cheating Simon Sly.

Mr. Warren was equally inimitable as Marmaduke Mouser, in Morton's "Betsy Baker;" in "Allow Me to Apologize;" as Gregory Grizzle, in "My Young Wife and Old Umbrella;" as Job Wort, in Tom Taylor's "Blighted Being;" as Launcelot Banks, in "Sent to the Tower;" as Samuel Tottles, in the farce bearing this surname; as Pygmalion, in "Done on Both Sides;" as Jackley, in "Christmas Boxes;" as Mr. Richards, in "As Like as Two Peas;" as Hector Timid, in "A Dead Shot;" as Jonathan Chickweed, the town sexton and crier, who suddenly has a helpless infant thrust upon his hands, in T. J. Williams's "Nursery Chickweed;" as Tittums, in "The Steeple Chase;" as Jeremiah Fluke, in "Behind Time;" as John Buttercup, in "The Phenomenon in a Smock Frock;" as Mr. Guy Goodluck, in "John Jones, or, The Haunted Man;" as Otway Sheridan Brown, in "I've Written to Brown," by T. J. Williams; as Joseph Ironside, in "Nine Points of Law," by Taylor; as Jacob Earwig, the deaf servant, in Selby's "Boots at the Swan;" as Wormwood, in Buckstone's "Lottery Ticket;" as Tweezer, in Shelby's "Valet de Sham;" as Cousin Joe, in Buckstone's "Rough Diamond;" in "Caught in His Own Trap," "The Clockmaker's Hat," "Double-bedded Room," "A Lady and Gentleman in a Peculiarly Perplexing Predicament," "Hunting a Turtle," "Mr. and Mrs. Peter White," "My Wife's Second Floor," "My Neighbor's Wife," "Sarah's Young Man," "My Precious Betsy," "The Mummy;" in "The Quiet Family," which was tremendously noisy; as Bob Tickets, in Buckstone's "Alarming Sacrifice;" in "A Thumping Legacy, or, Customs in Corsica;" as Nobbles, in "Number One Round the Corner;" as Anthony Boskin, the law clerk, in "The Moustache Movement," produced when moustaches were again unpopularly coming into vogue, after a century's rest; as the bewildered Trotter Southdown, in "To Oblige Benson," by Taylor; as Christopher Quail, in "Heads or Tails," not often played; as Sowerby, in "Tit for Tat;" as Hans Moritz, in "Somebody Else;" as Nicholas Dovetail, in "Mischief Making;" as Swig, in Webster's "Swiss Swains," music by Alexander Lee; as Joseph Brag, in Mayhew and Smith's "Make Your Wills;" as Jack Cabbage, in Thomas Egerton Wilks's "Sudden Thoughts." As Henry Dove, in Buckstone's tediously artificial comedy, "Married Life," he was always very popular. In Thomas Morton's "Roland for an Oliver" he was Fixture. In 1858, with J. W. Wallack as the star, Warren played Jeremy, in "The Lady or Devil," a musical farce. The sweeping popularity of the Swedish Nightingale, under Barnum's management, in 1850, suggested a musical farce, "Jenny Lind at Last," by Angus B. Reach; and when this skit reached the Museum Warren played Baron Swigitoff Beery, the German nobleman whose name indicates his character.

Q. How about Warren's personations of leading parts in the old English comedies?

A. The first part of this sort in which I ever saw him, a full half-century ago, was John Moody, the country helper of the Wronghead family, in "The Provoked Husband," by Vanbrugh and Cibber. He was delightful as Goldfinch, in Holcroft's

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"Road to Ruin;" as Dr. Ollapod, in "The Poor Gentleman," by the younger George Cobman; as Dr. Pangloss, in "The Heir-at-Law;" as Triplet, the starving portrait painter, in Charles Reade's "Masks and Faces," or "Peg Woffington;" as Bunberry Cobb, in that once popular but inconsistent drama, "Rosedale, or, The Rifle Ball;" as Fathom, in Knowles's "Hunchback," in which he once supported a now forgotten actress, Annette Ince; as the hypocrite, Aminidab Sleek, in Terry's "Serious Family;" as Ephraim Smooth, in "Wild Oats," by John O'Keefe; John Mildmay, in Taylor's delightful modern comedy, "Still Waters Run Deep;" Andrew Wylie, in Pelham Hardwick's "Master of Arts;" Moses, the green son, in Sterling Coyne's dramatization of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," not to be confounded with "Olivia," produced by Sir Henry Irving, founded on the same story.

In no personation was he ever more pathetically delightful than his old clergyman, Jesse Rural, in the best comedy Dion Boucicault ever wrote, "Old Heads and Young Hearts," especially in the episode where his laughter turns into tears; nor can his Sir Harcourt Courtley be ever forgotten, in the same author's "London Assurance;" though this clever play-actor and writer then spelled his name with an "r," Bourcicault, and his authorship was contested by that admirable comedian, John Brougham. Another fine assumption was Warren's Dominie Sampson, in "Guy Mannering," though it is doubtful if he ever played this part with Charlotte Cushman. Nor must he be forgotten in "She Stoops to Conquer," and as Bullfrog, in Douglas Jerrold's "Rent Day." "Speed the Plough," by Thomas Morton, was then a favorite comedy, and gave birth to "Mrs. Grundy" as a telling word in our language. Of course, Warren sometimes enacted the inventive old baronet, Sir Abel Handy.

The first time I ever witnessed Sheridan's delicious comedy, "The School for Scandal," Mrs. G. H. Barrett, the wife of Gentleman George Barrett, was the Lady Teazle, and wonderfully touching was Mr. Warren's Sir Peter. Another favorite and similar part with Mrs. Barrett was Mrs. Oakley, in the elder Cobman's "Jealous Wife," and with her, as far back as 1848, Warren played Sir Harry Beagle, whose name suggests his hunting propensities. He was also greatly admired in "Paul Pry, or, I Hope I Don't Intrude;" as Toby Perch, the bricklayer, in "Old Honesty," by Morton; as Sampson Low, in "The Windmill;" as Peter Spyke, in the musical vaudeville, by Planche, "The Loan of a Lover;" as Lawyer Endless, in another musical comedy, with songs for Adelaide Phillips, "No Song, No Supper," in which it was the ancient custom for the company, after the performance, to enjoy the real leg of mutton which had appeared on the Miller's table; as Beau Shatterly, in "Married and Single;" as Billy Lackaday, in James Kenney's "Sweethearts and Wives;" in "The Chimney Corner;" in that old melodrama, "The Crock of Gold," of which one scene especially lingers in the mind,—the appearance of all the dwellers in the manor-house, wearing their supposed night-dresses and bearing lighted candles. In "The Willow Copse," by Boucicault, in which C. W. Couldock enacted Luke Fielding so powerfully, Warren was Augustus, the thief, who also tries to be honest. When Joseph Proctor came to the Museum, with the Medina Indian melodrama, which he played successfully for more than one generation, "Nick of the Woods, or, The Jibbenainosy," Warren played Roaring Ralph Stackpole. In 1850, in Wilks's "Michael Erle, the Maniac Lover, or, The Fayre Lass of Litchfield," he was Andrew Adze.

Q. How about more modern plays?

A. It would be absurd for me to mention all the modern plays in which I have seen Mr. Warren, but a few may be named. He supported the lamented Harry Montague in "Partners for Life." In "The Babes in the Wood" he was overpoweringly funny as Jeremiah Beetle; in "Divorce" he was Templeton Jitt; in "Rachel the Reaper" he was Corporal Patrick; in "The American Cousin" he played Asa Trenchard, before the elder Sothern had made Lord Dundreary the prominent and absorbing character.

In the line of modern melodrama he played John Want, the ship's cook, in "The Frozen Deep," or "Polaris," as it was afterward called; Montgomery J.

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Brown, in "Time and the Hour;" Joe Wylie, in a version of Charles Reade's story, "Foul Play;" Sadlowe, in Boucicault's "Effie, or, The Cherry-tree Inn;" Robin Wildbrier, in "Men of the Day;" Spotty, "a waif and a stray," in "Lancashire Lass;" Old Eccles, in Robertson's "Caste;" Blinker, the gentleman's tiger, in "Lost in London;" Dennis Wayman, the cut-throat, in "Nobody's Daughter;" Paulo Baretti, in "John Garth." As far back as 1847 I remember my thorough enjoyment of his Cheap John, the auctioneer peddler, who humbugs the rural public, in J. Baldwin Buckstone's delightful old gypsy melodrama, beautifully staged in those days, with misty landscapes, "Flowers of the Forest." He was attractive, too, in such semi-historic plays as "The Jacobite," in which he was, of course, John Duck; "State Secrets," in which he was the drunken tailor, Gregory Thimblewell; "Charles XII., King of Sweden," in which he was Adam Brock; in "'Twould Puzzle a Conjurer," relating to the shipyard explorations of the czar, Peter the Great, in which Warren was Von Dunder; Morton's "Ticklish Times," wherein our comedian was Launcelot Griggs.

He was interesting in a line of old-fashioned melodramas, so common forty years ago, borrowed largely from other countries, such as "The Wreck Ashore, or, The Rover's Bride," in which he was the pompous Marmaduke Magog; as Hannibal Fuzee, in "The Bold Dragoons, or, Which is My Son;" as Pablo, the humorous servant, in "The Broken Sword," a play which chiefly lingers in my mind through the fight which takes place on a beam over a waterfall, and from which, through Mr. Warren's humorous quotation therefrom in a private circle, has developed our current use of the word "chestnut;" Pablo impudently reminding his boastful master that the last time he had told that story the episode was under a chestnut instead of a walnut tree.

Q. Can you mention some of Mr. Warren's French characters?

A. His enunciation of French words was well-nigh perfect, and he was as artistically subtle as he was pathetic as Haversack, the veteran soldier who defends his daughter from the insults of a nobleman, in "The Old Guard;" as Achille Talma Dufard, in a little play called "The First Night;" as Michomet, in Scribe's "Adrienne the Actress, or, The Youthful Days of Marshal Saxe," wherein he supported many stars, notably Eliza Logan; nor can I ever forget his performance, in 1848, of the badgered old French barber, Monsieur Morbleau, in a forgotten farce called "Monsieur Tonson,"—"Mr. Thompson come again."

Other French characters in which he excelled were Marcel Margot, in "'Twas I, or, The Truth a Lie;" Jacques Strop, in "Robert Macaire," now known to the comic opera world as "Erminie;" Pierre Palliot, in "The Follies of a Night," a comedy relating to the old days of the Bastile and Lettres de Cachet. One of his parts, repeated for many feminine stars, was Jean Ruse, the old clerk, in "Love's Sacrifice." In "Secrets Worth Knowing" he was Nicholas Ruse. In Planche's "Pride of the Market" he was the Isidore.

In more modern plays he was Hector Placide, in "Led Astray;" Floupin, the meddlesome apothecary in "A Dangerous Game;" Leon Bonnefoi, in "A Victim of Circumstances;" Jacques Fauvel, in "The Centenarian," or, "One Hundred Years Old;" Hector Boisjoli, in "A Double Wedding;" the clerk Finesse, in "The Misalliance," which he played with Jean M. Davenport, afterward Mrs. General Lander; Palamedes Perrisol, in "Ferreol;" Gatinet, in "Wanted, a Divorce;" Pomeroi, in "Fernande;" the factory workman, Simon Cornichet, in that modern war drama, "The Geneva Cross;" Pinkeywood, in "What Will He Do with It?" Genevoix, in "The Old Cockade," a play better known in such other versions as "The New House;" Hector, in "Crossing the Quicksands;" Fritz Schneider, in "Mimi," Boucicault's adaptation of a play now better known, in other dramatic and operatic versions, as "The Bohemians." In Morton's "Our Wife, or, The Rose of Amiens," he was the Count de Brissac; and this comedy was given some fifteen years ago as an opera by the Bostonians, and claiming an originality which it did not deserve. In "Our Friends," translated from

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Sardou's "Nos Intimes," he was the mischievous old grumbler, Marecat; though it must be admitted that neither in this version, nor in Mrs. Langtry's version, called "A Wife's Peril," did the players achieve the delicacy of French artists in the same piece. In "Rose Marie" he was Levardier; in "Vendome," a French rebel war play, he was the Marquis de Vere; in "Frou-Frou," the flirtatious Baron Cambri. In a peculiar line of French melodramas he played Jean Guignon, in "Rocambole, or, The Knave of Hearts." In "The Sea of Ice" he was Barabas, the faithful old sailor. In "Cretin de la Montaigne" he was Roussel, the peddler. In "Rose Michel" he was Moulinet. How intensely amusing he was in "The Angel of Midnight," as Dr. Rouspeck, disguised as a white-skirted Apollo. In Planche's "Grist to the Mill" he played, in 1848, the Marquis de Richeville.

Q. How about plays derived from other languages than French?

A. Well, plays taken from the Spanish were, a century or two ago, familiar in English "as household words," and they lingered into the last half of the nineteenth century; for example, "The Wonder, or, A Woman Keeps a Secret," by Mrs. Centlivre, reproduced a few years ago by Manager Augustin Daly, for that clever comedienne, Ada Rehan. Mr. Warren was very laughable as Gil Perez, the miller, in "Giralda," since made into an opera; as the officious servant, in "She Would and She Would Not;" in "The Hopeless Passion," by Morton.

A later generation has greatly enjoyed plays adapted from the German, and Mr. Warren's pathos, as the father who sacrifices so much for "My Son," probed every listener to the heart. How amusing he was as the butler, who always used the cautionary adjective, "alleged," before every statement, in "Dr. Clyde;" in "Lemons," wherein everybody squeezes or is squeezed; as Judge Thornby, in "Mrs. Walthrop's Boarders;" as Colonel M. T. Elevator, in "Our Boarding House."

A very happy effort, in 1876, was his Professor Cawallader, in a version of the German play, "Ultimo," rechristened "The Big Bonanza." My companion one evening, in the parquet circle, was an eminent dentist from the Connecticut Valley, tall, big-voiced, and big-hearted. At the end of one act the professor is carried out of the room, despairingly sprawled on a sofa. This so moved the sympathies of my friend that he exclaimed in loud tones, "Poor old Warren!" This recalls a similar incident, when a venerable uncle from New Hampshire, witnessing "Uncle Tom's Cabin," audibly responded, "I believe you have!" to Cassy's assertion to Legree, "I've a devil in me!" Not many months ago a child in the front row cried out, "You're a bad man!" when Sikes was torturing Nancy, in "Oliver Twist."

Q. How about Mr. Warren's dialect parts, other than French?

A. It so happens that I do not vividly recall his Scotch characters, but Bailie Nicol Jarvie, in "Rob Roy," was one of them, that being a play so frequently presented in the olden days, that once, at the Howard, it was produced by Anderson, the magician, for the benefit of the Scots' Charitable Association, he for one night turning aside from his miraculous rabbits, magic bottle, and spiritualistic bell.

In the Irish line Warren was excellent, as the impecunious O'Callaghan, in "His Last Legs," by Bayle Bernard, and as Barney O'Toole, in "Peep o' Day." Among the many Irish plays which Boucicault has given the stage, Mr. Warren was conspicuous for his Myles na Coppaleen, or Myles of the Ponies, in "The Colleen Bawn;" and as Colonel Baganel O'Grady, the sympathetic-hearted gentleman, "the O'Grady," in "Arrah na Pogue," or, "Arrah of the Kiss." Both these plays still hold the boards, though it is always evident that "Arrah na Pogue" was shunted upon a side track, away from the playwright's original intention, so that the kiss almost disappears from the story.

In another Boucicault play Mr. Warren perhaps reached the height of his Hibernian assumptions, as the hero, "Daddy O'Dowd," who sacrifices his last penny to redeem the good name of his prodigal boy. By the way, this play has a singular history. Somewhere about the beginning of this century there appeared an English play by John Oxenford, called "The Porter's Knot," the title having ref-

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erence to the shoulder pad formerly used by porters in carrying heavy burdens on their shoulders, after the oriental fashion, before the incoming of railroads, drays, and express companies. For years I had supposed "Daddy O'Dowd" to be an enlargement of Oxenford's touching drama, introducing the son's London life as well as his country home; but what was my recent surprise to find, in a volume of old plays, one called "Old Martin's Trials" professedly written by Edward Stirling, but evidently adapted from the French, and giving the precise outlines of Boucicault's much later production.

Q. Did Warren never appear in Shakspearian plays?

A. As chiefly a comedian, our actor, of course, had little place in many Shakspeare plays, but I remember him well as the Lord Mayor, in "Richard III.," supporting James W. Wallack; as Gobbo, in "The Merchant of Venice," with the elder Booth; as a racy Dogberry, for Annie Clarke's benefit as Beatrice, in "Much Ado About Nothing;" as "Peter, my fan," in "Romeo and Juliet," with Vandenhoff and others. Especially do I recall his Polonius, supporting George Vandenhoff as Hamlet, on the latter's debut in Boston, the first time I ever had the pleasure of seeing that tragedy. Above all do I recall his Duke of Kent, in support of Junius Brutus Booth, in "King Lear," in the summer of 1850; for not only was he admirable in the humorous passages, where Kent is disguised as a yeoman, but he rose to greatness in the opening scene, where Kent defends Cordelia against the foolish egotism of his royal master; his vigorous outbreak of speech showing Mr. Warren to be capable of eminent tragic efforts, if he had followed out the foreshadowing of his first appearance on any stage, in the serious part of Young Norval, in Home's venerable play of "Douglas." By the way, the "King Lear" used in 1850 was the emasculated version known as Colley Cibber's, wherein the curtain falls on the leading personages as not only alive, but happy,—Lear, Cordelia, Gloster, and Kent.

Let me allude also to Warren's wondrous personation of Laird Small, when "The King of the Commons," by Rev. James White, was played here by James W. Wallack, nearly fifty years ago. In this drama also we witnessed the doting love of a father for his son; and who can forget the confident tone in which he assured an elderly gentlewoman that he "knew a woman once who had a son." Surely the watery eyes and dry lips of senility were never better simulated. One of his parts, in an old play, now never performed, Massinger's "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," was Marall. With George Vandenhoff he played Miramont, in "The Elder Brother," by Beaumont and Fletcher.

Q. One might suppose Warren would be specially successful in Dickens's characters.

A. To a certain extent this was true, for he was Inspector Bucket, in "Poor Joe," a version of "Bleak House;" Micawber, in "Little Em'ly," a version of "David Copperfield;" Bumble, in "Oliver Twist;" John Brodie, in "Nicholas Nickleby," produced long, long ago, one night only, for the benefit of Adelaide Phillips (afterward the famous contralto singer), who, on that occasion, played the part of the starving Smike. He also personated Captain Edward Cuttle, in "Dombey and Son;" though I do not know whether he ever doubled this with any other part, say of sly Major Joe Bagstock, in this same play, as did other actors.

Q. Did Mr. Warren appear in the supernatural spectacular plays, for which the Museum was famous in the early years of its career?

A. Oh, yes; he played Ibrahim Mustapha, the Cadi of Damascus, in "The Talisman," which was running on Thanksgiving Day, 1853. In "Bluebeard" he was Shakabac. In "The Enchanted Horse," wherewith director Thomas Comer used part of the music written by Auber for "The Bronze Horse," Warren was the laughable Ping-Sing, the mandarin who was constantly hitting people over the head with an empty bladder attached to a whip handle and lash, and enjoyed the misery of four wives. In the medieval story of "Valentine and Orson," the knight and the wild man, Warren was Hugo, Valentine's warlike page. In "Cinderella," with its imitation waterfall, he was Pedro,

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the heroine's friendly knave in the household. He was very enjoyable as Jing Jollygong, the witty friend of the hero, in "Aladdin, or, The Wonderful Lamp;" but in this line his masterpiece was in the brief part of Mustapha, in "The Forty Thieves," wherein he astonished everybody by really singing the "Cobbler's Song," with its shoemaking puns. I quote it from memory:

Last week I took a wife,
  And when I first did woo her,
I vowed to stick through life,
  Like cobbler's wax unto her;
But soon we went by some mishap,
  Two loggerheads together,
And when my wife began to strap,
  Why I began to leather.

My wife without her shoes
  Is scarcely three feet seven,
While I, to all men's views,
  Am good five feet eleven;
So when, to take her down some pegs,
  I drubbed her neat and clever,
She made a bolt right through my legs,
  And ran away forever.

When she had gone, good lack!
  My hair like hog's hair bristled;
I thought she'd ne'er come back,
  So went to work and whistled;
But let her go! I've got my stall,
  Which may no robber rifle;
'Twould break my heart to lose my awl,—
  To lose my wife's a trifle.

(Refrain.)

Ri-tol-de-rol-dol, diddle-lol-de-day,
  To lose my wife's a trifle.

Some years later, in 1856, the "Open Sesame" play was reproduced with additions, probably for the sake of exploiting Mr. Warren; but the song remained the chief card, even though the reviser of the piece, C. S. Davis, of the company,—who himself enacted the rich brother, Cassin Baba,—added to the list of characters Sittara, the cobbler's scolding wife, acted by the popular Mrs. Vincent, and Ahmed, his boon companion, personated by a versatile low comedian of the company, J. H. Ring. There were scenes in Mustapha's hut and mansion, for in this version he became rich, through helping the robbers find Ali Baba, the confiscator of their spoils; and he also posed as an astrologer in the earlier portion of the spectacle.

"The Jewess," a dramatic version of Halevy's opera, was the Museum "spectacle" one season, Mrs. G. H. Barrett playing Rachel, and W. H. Smith playing her father; but I do not recall Warren in this piece.

In the ninth of the Museum spectacular series, "The Enchanted Harp," a Peruvian tale, Warren was the bull-fighter, who saw snakes, and who sang to Miss M. Hart, as Justina, who caught boyhood's fancy as a remarkably pretty girl:

If with fatigue thy precious form be laden,
Trust all thy cares on trusty, loved Bullwaden.

Q. Like other local theaters in the first threescore years of the nineteenth century, the Museum made a specialty of local plays. Of course Mr. Warren appeared in these?

A. Indeed he did. When "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was first dramatized, and Helen Western, afterward the first Mrs. James A. Herne, drew tears as the dying Eva, Warren played a part of which Mrs. Stowe never dreamed,—Penetrate Partyside, the intrusive Yankee. Later, in a version of Mrs. Stowe's other slavery story, "Dred, a Tale of the Dismal Swamp," he also had a part. In Boucicault's slave play, "The Octoroon," Mr. Warren was the courageous and humorous Yankee, Salem Scudder. In 1876 he played Abel Siders, in that excellent historic play, "Paul Revere;" and also he was Eben Doolittle, in a revived and revised version of "The Minute Man." When "The Sons of the Cape, or, Life's Lee Shore," was brought out, about 1866, he played Iodine Gnuskughl. In "The Rich and Poor of Boston," the Americanization of a French play, better known as "The Streets of New York," he was cast for J. A. Butters.

In 1844 "The Drunkard, or, The Fallen Saved," was written by the stage manager, William H. Sedley-Smith, father of Mrs. Sol Smith, and had a very splendid run, at the old Boston Museum, on the spot where Horticultural Hall now stands, at the corner of Tremont, Bromfield, and Bosworth streets, then known as Montgomery Place. A few years later, at the new Museum, the one still stand-

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ing, this play was reproduced and Mr. Warren had the part of Bill Dowton, the good-hearted fellow who is always turning up just in time to prevent injustice,—a part originally played by C. W. Hunt; and this doubtless led to the importation of an English play, by T. P. Taylor, in 1847, called "The Bottle," written around Cruikshank's moral engravings, in which Warren played Coddles, the potboy.

A few years later he played Enos Crumlett, the curmudgeon, in a version of that excellent story, "Neighbor Jackwood," by J. T. Trowbridge, then known by his pen name of Paul Creyton. In the forties the Museum reproduced a play which had already been very popular at the older National Theater, "Moll Pitcher, the Fortune Teller of Lynn," with scenes showing Nahant and Egg Rock, and giving a specially realistic staging to the old Charlestown Bridge, crossing Charles River. In this revival Mr. Warren was Jotham Hook, Senior, the town constable and Jack-of-all-trades, the name being possibly confiscated from Jacob Hook (whose daughter Eliza was my primary school teacher), the well-known constable at the North End of Boston, sixty years ago, when such an officer's only badge was the word "Police," on a ribbon tied around his hat. Also in those days Warren was one of the brothers in Dr. Jones's local drama, "Old Job and Jacob Gray." The same author also produced, in 1850, another local play, called "The Last Dollar," "in four quarters." One of the comic characters was Peletiah Peabody Patch, the sweetheart of Perulia Pettingill Pease, these alliterative names being doubtless suggested by the name of a gentleman in East Lexington, with whom Dr. Jones sometimes spent a summer. Singularly enough, Mr. Warren did not play this part, however, but that of an old Frenchman, probably because of his proficiency in the French dialect. Later, in Olive Logan's play, called "Surf," Mr. Warren was Simon Schweinfleisch.

The most celebrated, however, of this class of assumptions by Mr. Warren was in another play by Dr. Jones, produced a half-century ago, "The Silver Spoon," he being that member of the "legislater" from Cranberry Center, distinguished for his opposition to the Boston "click," who always convulsed the audience by the way in which he made his first effort at gulping down sardines,—"little fishes biled in ile," and who was named Jefferson Scattering Batkins, because his father was a staunch, old-fashioned Jeffersonian Democrat, whose name had once appeared among the "Scattering" votes at town election. Throughout "The Silver Spoon" Mr. Batkins vainly tries to get off his carefully prepared speech, beginning thus, "Mr. Speaker! When I see Napoleon Bonaparty seated on the throne of France, going about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour somebody—" But he never succeeds in catching the speaker's eye. One night, for his benefit, in addition to the customary five farces, Mr. Warren delivered the whole of this speech, written for the occasion; and very enjoyable it was, though I believe never repeated in public.

One of Mr. Warren's most incisive personations was that of Mr. Golightly, in a comedietta reduced from several acts in French to one in English, and renamed "Lend Me Five Shillings,"—the story of a young man who, disappointed in his wooing at a ball, gets himself recklessly stranded, and is thereafter terribly hampered, when Cupid's fortune turns his way. Who can forget the tone in which he anticipates his drive home with "a one-horse woman in a fly. No! I mean a fly in a one-horse woman!" Who that ever heard it can forget his question to the waiter who brings him the wrong coat: "Do you suppose anybody could mistake a superfine new peagreen Taglioni for an old whitey-browny thing like this?" In the original this comedietta was called "Riche d'Amour," and the hero's name was not Golightly, but Arnal.

In another farce, you cannot but recall his declaration, as he stands before a closed chamber door: "I am slim, but desperate,—diminutive, but determined." In striking contrast to Warren's Golightly was that of his kinsman, Mr. Joseph Jefferson, at the Globe Theater. Indeed, the difference made the comedietta seem like a different play; and everybody has heard of Warren's pun at Mr. Jefferson's expense, when he said of his Bob Acres, in

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"The Rivals," "Sheridan,—fifty miles away;" a jest absolutely founded on fact, since Mr. Jefferson's Acres is rather a western Yankee than an English country squire of any degree. One day, while he was playing this part in Boston, a young student of oratory was invited by his teacher, the splendid veteran, James E. Murdoch, to visit him, and meet both Mr. Warren and Mr. Jefferson. As the latter earnestly asked the young man's criticism, he hesitatingly replied that he thought Jefferson's Bob Acres too much like Rip Van Winkle in a different suit. At this suggestion the actor loudly protested; but the older actors both said, "Ah, Joe, the boy's onto you;" and Mr. Warren imitated Jefferson on the spot.

Q. You had some personal acquaintance with Mr. Warren, did you not?

A. Yes, an acquaintance as delightful as it was desultory; though I cannot remember when I was first introduced to him, but fancy the acquaintance blossomed of its own accord.

It is a trial to sit beside some actors during a play, because they are forever indulging in sneering comments on house or players,—comments you do not like, but in which you are in a measure implicated, unless you take refuge in an interruptive argument. With Mr. Warren it was far otherwise. To sit beside him during a performance was a pleasure, for he always gave reverent attention to everything on the stage; and if he made any comment, it was rarely while the curtain was up, and never unkind. I recollect sitting thus by him one night at the Boston, when Madame Judic, the French commedienne and vaudeville singer, was playing an engagement in her own language. Once, when the man on the stage was uttering a soliloquy, Mr. Warren whispered, with bated breath, "How these French actors talk to the audience!"

I can well believe an anecdote concerning him, that one night, when besought, by the young-lady kinsfolk who accompanied him, to leave the theater when the play was half over, because none of them cared very much for it, Uncle Warren replied: "No, my dears! Nearly everybody knows me in this audience, and if I should go out, it would be interpreted to the discredit of the young men who have kindly asked me to come and see their performance, and whose personal feelings would be wounded."

In this line of fraternal artistic thoughtfulness I recall with the greatest pleasure a personal incident. One of the British reproductions at the Museum was "The Parvenu," the story of a noble-minded but unpolished man, who has risen to wealth and distinction through trade, and is on this account accepted by her family as an eligible suitor for the hand of the daughter of the house. Easily discovering that the girl loves another, he takes upon himself all the blame of rupturing the betrothal. So perfect was Warren's pathos in his conversation with her, that Miss Annie Clarke, who had the opposite part, told me she could never go through the dialogue without tears, though she had been on the stage with him for so many years, and was playing this piece eight times a week. Not long afterward "The Parvenu" was brought out at the Globe Theater, by Rosina Vokes and an excellent company, Mr. Elliott playing the title role. So utterly different was his conception of the part from Mr. Warren's, that I could not choose but lean over to our comedian, who sat across the aisle, and say: "After having enjoyed yourself in this character, you will pardon me if I say that I can hardly make the personation we are witnessing quite real to my own mind." His reply was that of a gentleman and an artist: "Thanks! It is certainly a very different personation from my own, but doubtless this actor has his reasons for it."

Soon after, in conversation with an observant English humorist, I learned that this actor was a graduate of one of the great English universities, and very careful in every dramatic effort; and my interlocutor further assured me that this Parvenu was a portrait absolutely drawn from London business life, as he knew it. The next time I met Mr. Warren I told him this. He seemed as pleased as if I were telling him something to his own advantage, and replied that he felt sure Mr.

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Elliott, though a stranger to him, was not building on the sand.

Q. Have you anything more to say about Mr. Warren's devotion to art?

A. No actor could excel Mr. Warren in his professional devotion. Indeed, he carried his respect for an author's language so far that he would not change a line, even if he disliked that line or found it misleading. For instance, in one of the old comedies,—perhaps in Bulwer's "Money," in which he played Graves, the lawyer,—occurs the phrase, "I'll gazette him," meaning that the speaker would post, in some London club, a deed he considered reprehensible. Bostonians fancied this was an allusion to the Boston paper, the Saturday Evening Gazette, much to Mr. Warren's annoyance; but he would not budge from his loyal and exact following of the dramatic text.

In the long and laughable speeches, invariably occurring in the old-time farces, it almost seemed as if our actor must be often talking at random, or at his own sweet will; but a careful examination of the play-book showed that variations on his part were extremely rare and unintentional. It is a curious illustration of public misapprehension, that play-goers generally believed that Mr. Warren's speeches were largely interpolations of his own. This partly arose from the extreme naturalness of his utterance. "He's so funny! He always puts in things of his own, you know," people would say; when no actor was ever farther from such a thought, however great the temptation.

Q. Do you recall your last interview with Mr. Warren?

A. Mr. Warren lived for years, as everybody knows, as a boarder with Miss Fisher, on Bulfinch Place, where he was always respected as master of the feast. Once or twice I had called upon him at this home, but finding him unable wisely to see any one, had spent my hour in useful chat with his devoted landlady.

My very last interview with himself I recall with mingled satisfaction and pain. It occurred on the corner of Scollay Square and Hanover street, and I said to him: "Mr. Warren, I am so glad to see you out! I heard you had been ill."

"A little so," was the reply, "for my day is nearly over; yet I am still alive, though some folks seem to think I'm only like one of those wax-figgers Moses Kimball has stored away up in the garret of the Museum."

A few days later the papers announced his death, September 21, 1888.

Of course, in mentioning so many plays and characters I may have made some mistakes, which I should be very glad to have corrected; though the blunders cannot be very numerous. Moreover, every admirer of Mr. Warren will recall some personation which I have either forgotten or not found it convenient to insert, and can mayhap tell you a better story than mine about him.

ELECTRIC LINKS

BY EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY

Our lives are shadows of our dreams,
Our faith is dreaming, taken wings.
Our hopes drift in the mists that seem
On memory's receding streams;
But love and truth can send their gleams
Across all space—since thoughts are things.

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A SUNSET CLOUD

BY ELTWEED POMEROY

Only a cloud on evening's breast,
An isle of peace on a sea of rest,
Only a streak of fleecy gold
Across the gloaming soft unrolled,
Only a drift of aerial snow
Stained gorgeously red by the sun below.
How bright must be the clouds of day
To those who above look down alway!
To us they're leaden and dark and grim;
At eve we see the upturned rim
Of the waning splendor of cloud and sun,
The frayed-off edge of the day that's done.
And it seems as if the portal fair
Of paradise were wide flung there.
These hues that glow and shimmer and shine,
So tender and soft with their light divine,
Uplift us to their poise serene
And make this life seem but a dream
Of misty hopes and joys and tears,
Of quickly ended though weary years,
A shadowy vista across the hills
When mist floats up and blurs and fills
The landscape with its neutral gray,
A dim wood-road, a half-remembered way,
An unaccomplished hope long past,
A time-dulled grief in memory fast,
A something sunken in the sea
Whose garments float mysteriously.

But here in light our true life lies,
And when we're lifted in the skies
Above the clouds of petty cares,
The daily toil that frets and wears,
We then shall see the upper side
Of cloud and storm, of care and pride.
Instead of dimming day and night,
These clouds will then reflect the light,
Instead of turning the whole world gray,
Their changing hues will light our way.
This life will then be but the shade
By which the brightness is brighter made,
Brighter glow than sunset light
And never followed by a night.

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ORIGINAL ESSAYS

THE TEACHING FUNCTION OF THE STAGE FROM A CLERGYMAN'S STANDPOINT

BY GEORGE WOLFE SHINN, D. D.

The position of this article is the frankest recognition of the stage as a useful institution, and of the calling of the actor as legitimate. This is not the view always taken by the clergy, nor does it meet the approval of large numbers of the members of the Christian Church who think of the modern stage as a blemish upon our civilization and as a hinderance to purity of public morals. They declare the stage to be so corrupt that it is beyond reform, and they contend that its complete suppression would be a public benefit. Large numbers of American people still maintain unrelenting hostility to the theater, and regard the witnessing of plays as an alarming evidence of the decay of one's religion, and the falling back into worldliness. In some portions of the church abstinence from theater-going has been made a condition of membership, and the frequent theme of the revivalist has been, "Give up the theater if you would be a Christian and be saved." The theater has been put under the ban, and nothing has been regarded as too severe to be said in its condemnation. Some less violent folk, not willing to take such an extreme view as this, are nevertheless greatly perplexed when they see so much that is objectionable in the modern drama and in the lives of many actors. They dread the stage as a form of entertainment that presents peculiar temptations, and they regard the actor as one who moves in surroundings where it is very hard to maintain a proper degree of moral rectitude. They want to be as broad and as liberal as possible, but they are continually repelled both by the bad plays which are brought out, and by the character of actors and actresses whose record is a constant violation of good morals. They cannot free themselves from the fear that, at its best, it may be a form of entertainment supplied at the fearful cost of the sacrifice of those whose misfortune it is to drift away from ordinary callings to provide entertainment for others. They fear that the temptations encountered may be beyond the powers of resistance of ordinary human beings, and they have a sincere pity for those who seek to earn a living by acting in plays. They are confirmed in their fears by the occasional testimony which is given by some who have turned away from the stage horrified at the revelations of iniquity they have met behind the scenes.

No one can deny that there is a seamy side. No one can deny that there is enough of iniquity associated with the theater of to-day to give some reason for the continuance of dread, and for the active hostility of those who have not looked fairly at the whole matter. Think, for example, of the character of a portion of the play-houses which find patronage in every large city and in many large towns, and of the character of some of the strolling companies who make their way into every community where there is a hall large enough for a dramatic representation. The advertisement of these

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performances are in themselves sufficient to excite disgust on the part of self-respecting people. Now and then some "Watch and Ward Society," or some similar organization, has to make its protest against indecent posters and indecent performances. If constant vigilance were not used there is no predicting the dreadful things that would be done to cater to the depraved taste of those who patronize the low theater and find delight in exhibitions that minister to licentiousness and crime. Every instinct of purity, every feeling of manliness is stirred up in remonstrance, particularly against the degradation of womanhood which goes on on the boards of so many theaters of the low class. We must draw the line to exclude all such places if we attempt any defense of the stage. There are theaters where the performances are so vicious as to be absolutely indefensible. They are intended to be vicious. They pander to the depraved people who frequent them. Among those who frequent these places are not only the "roughs" and "toughs" of great cities, and people of more than blemished reputations, but young men away from home, students in colleges, clerks in stores, traveling salesmen and country merchants seeing the sights of a great city. It is more than pitiable to read of a great party of college students going to a low-down theater, to celebrate a ball-game victory or a successful boat-race, and adding to the ribaldry of the stage by their own contributions. It is one of the things that add to the anxiety of parents and sisters when they know that their boy, who is sent out on the road as a salesman by his firm, may be tempted to spend his otherwise unoccupied evenings in some place of amusement where these vicious shows are provided. Some young men dread being considered ignorant of the world. Well brought up at home, they do not have the courage to admit that there are some things a man need not know, some things a man need not see and hear. Then there are other young men who, when the restraints of home are removed and they go out into the world, feel drawn to the low theater by evil propensities which have been but partly held in check by their previous training. The most pitiable creature, however, the most flagrant offender, is the rich young fellow who has money in plenty and who goes the rounds of all the low resorts with his gang of satellites who are quite willing to wade through the deepest mire to keep up with him as he lavishes his money upon the disreputable performers and hangers-on at low theaters. This young prodigal may almost be said to be a main-stay in the support of questionable places of amusement, and he has always been so. He is ably seconded in his patronage of vice by the elderly roue, and by the gray-haired hypocrite who leads a double life—a reputable business man in the day-time and an eager abettor of vice after dark. There are theaters and plays and performers where no defense is possible. They are inexpressibly vile. Unhappily no line can be run which will put all the bad plays, and the bad players, and the bad frequenters of theaters on one side, so that we can claim that all on the other side are free from blame. Unhappily there are vicious performances and vicious performers in theaters which make pretensions to respectability. There can be no adequate excuse made for some of the plays which are presented in ordinarily respectable playhouses, and no excuse can be made for the misconduct of men and women who have occupied leading positions as players. It would be revolting even to recount the plots of some of the plays which have of late been popular. Popular? Yes, they have drawn large crowds, but some who have seen them have felt as if the next thing to do was to take a bath and be thoroughly fumigated before meeting respectable people. If such plays as these and only such as these are to be produced, then there can be no question as to the duty of every self-respecting man and self-respecting woman to shun the theater. The ban of reprobation should be put upon the play, the player, and the playhouse.

A somewhat new question has been forced upon the community of late—the propriety of certain plays which deal with abnormal phases of life. It can hardly be said that these all have a deliberate purpose to glorify vice or to debauch pub-

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lic morals. There is much in some of the problems presented to awaken psychological interest, and possibly to start new questions in the field of morals. If it were possible to select the audiences before whom these plays are presented they might be rendered without any danger; but unhappily the audiences are made up of many who are not well trained to see any moral purpose, if there be any, and who ought not to find entertainment in looking at scenes which give them nothing but low and groveling views of human kind.

It sounds as if it were very conclusive to say with a sneer, that such and such a play "is not for Sunday-school children, but for men and women." But what do men and women want with such a play? We do not throw open the doors of dissecting-rooms and invite the people to come in and view the ghastly work which is done there. Why should this equally ghastly dissection of moral monstrosities be presented in public?

There is one perpetually surprising thing in these days when woman has so great an influence in society, and that is the lack of protest on the part of women against the degradation of their sex upon the stage. One might well think that no woman who respects herself and who respects her sex would attend a performance where scenes are represented which she could not tolerate off the stage. It may be that many women do not catch the significance of these questionable things, and do not realize their sensualizing tendency; but if we accept such a supposition we shall have to revise some of our notions of the acuteness of the sex, and its instinctive shrinking from such evil. There is no doubt that much might be done to give the quietus to an improper play, if women were to resent these representations, and if man were too chivalrous to ask a woman to look at what he knows is beneath the level of her character. Perhaps it is true that people see the plays they want to see, and that the demand creates the supply, but it is far more pleasant to think that theatrical managers and playwrights do not always understand the aversion of the average American to anything that is coarse and degrading. There may not always be refined taste, but our American people are not yet brutalized, nor are they ready yet to accept the gilded nastiness which so abounds elsewhere. The French farce has to be adapted, that is, pruned and gilded, for American use. The remarkable success of scores of sweet, wholesome plays is a testimony to the fact that as yet the average American is not wholly corrupted in his tastes and depraved in morals. But, say some, the corruption is fast advancing. Awhile ago it occurred to an inquirer to look up the piles of newspapers of ten years ago, and to publish the list of plays then successfully running in our American cities and contrast them with the list of those which have held sway the past winter. The contrast made it seem, indeed, as if the stage were rapidly degenerating. Taken alone the proof seemed conclusive, but there are other considerations which deprive it of some of its force. We have to consider the vast increase in the number of theaters and theater-goers in the past ten years, and that, while plays of questionable propriety have found their audiences, the better class of plays have found theirs. We must admit, however, that there is constant danger of the degeneration of the stage. The very attempt to produce drawing attractions and the strong competition for popular patronage tempt managers to bring out pieces which certainly are not wholesome, to say the least about them. But is not this degeneration all the more certain if the patronage of the theater is left to those who have no high moral aims themselves? If the more responsible classes of society stand aloof the stage loses that effectual though non-official censorship which secures, at least, freedom from grossness. When an audience will not tolerate a vicious play, or an indecent allusion, or profanity on the stage, the plays and the players will no longer offend. Happily, the rule is adopted in more and more theaters,—"Nothing to offend good morals or good taste."

But the objector to the theater finds not only in the character of many plays a reason for his fear of the stage; he finds also much to condemn in the character

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of some who have risen to prominence on the stage. The lives of some actors and actresses have certainly not commended their calling in the eyes of those who have had any concern for public morals. But it would be a woeful mistake to brand the whole dramatic fraternity as corrupt, and to allow censure to rest upon all for the delinquencies of some. If instances of vice can be cited, we can cite instances of virtue. The fact is that, while there may be especial temptations in the pathway of the members of this calling, not all yield. The very latest testimony on this point is given by Clara Morris, who repudiates the common belief that the stage is filled with strange and terrible pitfalls for women. She claims that "temptation assails working women in any walk in life, and that the profession of acting has nothing weird or novel to offer in the line of danger." She advises young girls to keep off of the stage, not because of moral danger, but because it is overcrowded and over laborious and most unsatisfactory. The laxity of morals on the part of some players may be paralleled by the study of the morals of people in some other calling, but it is the prominence which is given the actor that makes his offense seem worse than that of the ordinary offender. It is not easy to speak with authority upon a subject where no statistics can be gathered, but it is safe to say that there are those in this calling who are eminent not only for professional ability, but for their integrity of character, and that there are those who are like the ordinary people we are meeting every day. There is no doubt that some are vicious, grossly so, but not all. As a class, however, actors and actresses are regarded with suspicion by a large number of people, and are treated as disreputable without any other proof than the fact of their connection with the theater. This unjust treatment has done much to widen the breach between the actor and society, and to throw him into the companionship of circles whose influence is anything but helpful. Even now people who may admire professional ability are so far under the influence of old-time prejudices that they would not care to invite an actor to their homes. By some circles a woman is regarded as a social outcast if she becomes an actress. She may entertain her friends as much as they will be entertained as an amateur, but when she becomes a professional they turn from her.

There is a wide breach between the dramatic calling and large circles of people. Very few efforts have been made to close this breach. One of the rare movements of the kind is a society recently organized in this country under the presidency of Bishop Potter. It is called "The Actors' Church Alliance." It aims to abolish prejudices and misunderstandings, and to encourage the dramatic fraternity to make the stage a source of wholesome and helpful recreation. It is needless to say that the movement is discredited by many and condemned by some. It is regarded by them as without any prospect of good results, and as a well-meant but mistaken attempt to give respectability to a calling which they regard as in itself disreputable. Its advocates, however, are hopeful, and their plans are pressed with considerable energy. Already in nearly every one of our large cities there will be found a list of chaplains of this new society, and a list of services posted in the green-room, or what may correspond to the green-room, of many of the theaters. An occasional or a regular monthly service is held for players in some of the cities, to be extended in time to many others.

But one of the most useful lines of work which such an organization is pursuing is in the recognition of the stage as an institution which may be made beneficial to society, and the recognition also of the calling of the actor as legitimate. There is a large doubt still in the minds of many intelligent persons upon both these points. Indeed, many who go to the theater are not quite sure they are doing right in encouraging it by their presence, and some regard any enjoyment they get from it as being rather dearly bought.

In the judgment of some who regard themselves as in some sense the conservators of morals, and who feel their responsibility for the creation of a sound public sentiment, the time has come for outspoken utterances in favor of the possibilities of the theater, even though such a

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course may bring upon them the condemnation of any who are not ready yet to adopt their views. Friends of the theater and friends of the actor, who are at the same time regardful of the best interests of society, may claim that the stage has its proper place in society and that the calling of the actor is not in itself disreputable.

It must be remembered that the modern drama had its origin in the church itself. For a long time it was a teacher under the patronage of the church. The modern drama is a child of the church. The ancient drama of the Greeks and Romans was swept from the boards in the early centuries of Christianity, and gradually, starting from the third century, plays founded on scriptural incidents were substituted.

But more important than these early religious plays were the tableaux, the singing, the dialogues, and the action which were introduced into the church services themselves on great festivals. As far back as the fifth century the services of the church, already picturesque and impressive, were embellished, especially at Easter and Christmas, by the addition of living tableaux to illustrate the Gospel story. Later on singing and dialogue were added to these tableaux; and then processions, the carrying of banners, and the grouping of personages.

In medieval days the influence of the architecture and appointments of the sacred edifices was such as to quicken the esthetic cravings of those who entered their portals, while the services rendered were aglow with life and beauty. There were processions of richly appareled officials, jewels flashed from vestments and altar vessels, music re-echoed throughout the vaulted roofs, and men stood watching with eager gaze the solemn and most significant transactions. And in those same places where these highly ornate services were rendered there were also rendered those plays in which the incidents of the Scriptures and the legends of the saints were enacted. The players, too, were often the same persons whom the people had seen leading the religious services; for the clergy of the various orders were playwrights, actors, and managers.

The religious teachers of the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries regarded it as a most effective way of bringing home to the populations of the middle ages the great truths of the Christian religion. By dramatic representation they set forth the most striking episodes of sacred history and the lives of those who had become eminent as saints and martyrs of the faith. They used the naves of the great abbeys and cathedrals as theaters.

In speaking of such representations in a cathedral Dean Milman said: "What a theater! It was the church soaring to its majestic height, receding to its interminable length, broken by its stately divisions, with its many chapels, with its succession of arches. How effective the light and shade even by daylight, and how heightened at night by lamps and torches. How grand the music. There was no event, however solemn and appalling, up to the Passion, the Resurrection, and the Ascension, which was not wrought into action, preached in this impressive way to awestruck crowds. No legend, like the gospels, lent itself to the same purpose. Instead of being read it was thrown into a stirring representation. What remains of these old plays can give no notion of what they were when alive with all their august, enthralling accessories, and their simple, unreasoning, but profoundly agitated hearers."

A notable survival of these old mystery plays is that which is performed every ten years at Ober Ammergau, in the Bavarian Alps, and usually known as "The Passion Play." It was the writer's good fortune to witness it in the summer of 1890. Going there expecting to be shocked, and determined to withdraw if his fears were realized, he found himself fascinated and profoundly moved. It was a most devout religious rendering of scenes in the sorrowful life of Christ. It was entered into with a deep religious spirit by the performers, and produced the most profound and lasting effects upon the great audiences who witnessed it. We can best understand the spirit of the performers when we recall the address given them by the old parish priest, Daisenberger, on the eve of its first performance that year.

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"Others," said he, "have attempted to tell their fellow-men the story of our Lord's passion. Some have written poems, some have uttered eloquent words, still others have carved groups of statuary, and painted pictures, but you are to enact the story in your own persons."

The interest awakened by these performances in Bavaria has led many to study the strange history of the religious plays of the middle ages, and the result has been the accumulation of a considerable literature upon the subject and the rescue of fragments of the old plays from oblivion. It would seem that these sacred performances were so extremely popular at one time that strolling bands found it profitable to imitate them in their uncouth way. Later on the guilds of trades in the middle ages gave performances of the same character, but introducing more dramatic variety and greater elaboration in their scenic side. The religious plays reached their highest development about the middle of the fourteenth century.

After a while there were added to these miracle plays, as they were called, a great variety of lighter performances which became known as the morality plays, in which legends and mythical stories were enacted. They were of a lighter character than the miracle plays, and as time went on shaded off even more and more, until they somehow glided into the Elizabethan drama of the sixteenth century in England. The religious plays thus led up to the modern drama.

But who would think, as he hears the controversy over the drama, that there had ever been any links of connection between the church and the stage? As one has said: "The romantic drama born of the church and nourished by the church came in time, as it acquired an independent life and gradually passed from sacred to secular uses, to incur the resentful hostility of the church." The child of the church was repudiated by the church. The theater was put under the ban. It has been proclaimed that there is utter incompatibility between the witnessing of plays and living a Christian life. Many good people to-day are firmly convinced that the theater serves no good purpose in our modern life. Not all religious people hold such views, and an increasingly large number of them to-day believe most heartily in the mission of the stage as an educator. Especially are they led to this view by their study of sociology, which regards society as a living whole. Society is the aggregation of individuals living together, each having some relationship to the welfare of all, and the value of the individual is judged by the work done by him. Is he doing something for the welfare of society? It is not merely that he belongs to an institution, or is called by the name of a profession, but is society benefited by his work? A man may be a lawyer, but not a good lawyer, and so the interests of justice may not be advanced. Another may be a minister, but not a good minister, and so he hinders rather than helps. Thinking of the theater as an institution existing in society, the question to be asked is, does it serve a helpful purpose? And concerning the actor, does he help his fellow-men? Is the player useful in the sense of doing his work well according to his ability and with a profitable result to society?

The judgment of many students of sociology is that the actor ministers to a need of human nature,—to that craving for dramatic representation which, if properly gratified, is wholesome and helpful. No one can deny the existence of the dramatic instinct in man. It shows itself in earliest childhood. Your little girl in the nursery arrays herself in her mother's gown and plays her part. Your boy and his playmates enact in the back yard the story they read in school the day before. A motley group of little people in the side street play soldiers for a while, and then wearying of that conclude to have a funeral. There is nothing so interesting in school life as amateur dramatics, however unskilled the players and however stereotyped the themes. Then when college days come, and skill is somewhat greater and the themes more varied, there is fascination enough about the play to induce even the most studious men in the class to take a part. Consider that a large proportion of the evening recreations of almost any town consists of amateur theatricals, from the Salvation Army's newest drama, "The Struggle for a

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Soul," on to the elaborate performance in some stately residence where the compliment is paid the players that it was "hard to distinguish them from professionals."

Grown-up people play plays even when they are not on a stage. Yes, the dramatic instinct shows itself sometimes in unexpected ways and in unexpected places. It is a part of our nature and implanted there for good purposes. It is to be recognized and it is to be gratified. The recognition of the dramatic instinct is fundamental in forming any estimate of the purpose of the stage. It would be absurd to have plays for people who could not understand what a play is, as it would be absurd to project an exhibition of fireworks for the members of a blind asylum. Just as music finds its recognition in a faculty implanted in man, so does dramatic representation find something by which it is apprehended. Hence, then, the field for teaching. Hence, then, the need of the teacher. The stage drama gratifies a need, and the actor has his share in the task of educating society. He has his work to do. He is a teacher of others.

And so we get still nearer the question which needs answering: How is the stage an educational influence? We must answer the question because it is asked incredulously by some, as if they said: "Is, indeed, the stage capable of being a helpful educational influence?" It is put sometimes as the equivalent of a negative declaration by others, as if they said: "Do you really want us to believe such an absurdity as that the stage has any function in education?" It is put sorrowfully by good people who are always grieved at any effort any one may make to defend an institution which they so relentlessly oppose, and they say with a sad, sad expression: "Ah, how hazardous the task you set yourself, for what good can come from the theater?"

It is the failure to recognize the teaching function of the stage that is responsible for much of the antagonism shown toward it, and it is also responsible for the low view of their own chosen calling taken by many actors. No institution ever rises higher in the estimate of the world than the ideal of those who are in it and part of it. Men generally will not rate it at any higher value than the estimate put upon it by its most ardent advocates. The dramatic fraternity has much to do with bringing about a right view of the stage. If actors and actresses think meanly of their calling, and see nothing in it but an irksome means of gaining a living or an outlet for untrained impulses, then they degrade themselves and their calling. If actors and actresses think of their calling as a legitimate one to be made honorable, and of the stage as having its teaching function, then the theater justifies its existence and demands an honorable place among the social forces of the day.

For the sake of the dramatic fraternity, then, as well as for the sake of the public at large, we are challenged to show in what respects the stage is an educational power among us. If it can be made clear that the stage has a teaching function, and that it may be made tributary to the welfare of society, much of the remaining antagonism to the theater will die out, and there will be an impulse given toward the elevation of the drama everywhere.

With the question before us, What is the teaching function of the stage? we note as a preliminary that the method is different from the lecture-room, different from the pulpit, different from the written book. All these set out to teach directly. The method of the stage is that of indirect teaching. It tells its story, and there underneath the story is the lesson. Perhaps it is the old theme of friendship put to the test and coming out truer in the end; or it may be that more frequent theme of human affection between two, with all the romantic incidents by which it may be surrounded; or it is the story of craft and cunning overreaching themselves and being defeated in the end; or of the well-kept secret being unraveled at length by the irresistible evolution of events. Perhaps its lesson may be in the skillful contrasts of characters, as people of opposite training collide in the race for some supposed benefit. Or it may be an analysis of human motive, so that we see before us how one thing leads on to another, the imperiousness of appetite and passion precipitating disaster.

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The drama aims to present a picture of life, and as the progress of the play is watched, there before us is the semblance of that section of life for the time being, and what it teaches as the results of the development of relationships. Consciously or unconsciously the playwright has his theory of human life, and what he does is based upon it. He knows that there are laws of human conduct which govern the relation of man to man. He may be mistaken as to what those laws are, and he may not have a true ideal of human society. But with all this, all the characters and situations, the scenes and the utterances, go on developing a result which may teach its lesson, not directly but indirectly. The lesson may not be forcibly taught. It may be indeed clumsily conveyed, but it is somewhere there, and he who will may read it.

The method of teaching, then, which the drama adopts, is that of the parable. It tells its story and you look for the lesson. And as the drama must thus teach indirectly, so the actor teaches by developing the character he assumes. He cannot undertake the office of the preacher by making the stage his pulpit and the audience his congregation, and declaim against vice and in favor of virtue. He must confine himself to his part and let the teaching be gathered from the evolution of the play. He is to contribute to a result. His part may seem to have but little to do with the result, and yet it really may give the color and shape which the issue is to possess.

When, therefore, we think of the stage as teaching, not by direct but by the indirect method, we shall be prepared to see the exercise of its teaching function, first in setting before us the color and the movement of life in other periods or in other sections of society. It may show the rich something of the sorrows of the poor, and the poor something of the trials and temptations of the rich. It brings back for us far-off periods of history, and the usages of people in far-off climes, so that from some plays there is wondrous expansion of our knowledge of human life as life is lived under conditions different from our own. It surely is valuable to know much of various phases of life. That is why we travel, and why we read history and listen to the tales and study the pictures brought by the traveler with his camera. And that, too, is what the stage does. It enlarges our knowledge of life in its varied phases, and with this advantage, that we see the motives of the personages and the working out of their characters as they are brought into relationship with each other. As these pictures of life are brought before us, they suggest questions of conduct and duty, and we are compelled to condemn or to approve. Our sympathy is drawn out or repelled. We have seen something of what one has called "the democracy of joy or suffering." We have recognized the likeness to somewhat of that we have known or have experienced, something of that we find to be part of human life. The play is the opening of a chapter of human life that we may read and learn. And as chapter after chapter is opened before us, if the story be true to life, our knowledge is enlarged.

But there is a limit somewhere. It is not by any means desirable that all phases of life should be represented. Some phases of life surely should not be made known at all. There is such a thing as commendable ignorance. No good can ever be hoped by the presentation of abnormal conditions of viciousness. Is not the range wide enough for the playwright without his descending to those dark, muddy circles to show us the lives of people whose living is an offense against every noble principle? Is not the range wide enough for the actor without his degrading himself by the presentment of characters reeking with hideous vices? Surely there must be a limit. The stage has no need to bring to the surface that current of life which flows as through the sewage of society.

It is very difficult to say in few words what ought to be said of those plays which enter into the darker side of life and show us pictures which are revolting, and which yet have in them for some an element of fascination. It is a safe dictum that no play shall offend public decency and teach immorality, and that no man or woman is worthy to fill the calling of an actor who outrages the public conscience and defiles

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the public taste. It matters not how pecuniarily successful such plays may be, they should be banished. They are not helpful in any sense, however great the talent of actor or dramatist may be, or however lavish may be the expenditure which puts them on the boards. Society has the right to protest against anything that makes vice alluring or that weakens the safeguards of virtue. Society must not tolerate that which makes for its own undoing. A well-known manager has put the matter very clearly in telling us what he regards as the office of the stage and of the actor. They are the words of one who, in a certain sense, represents the best spirit of the dramatic calling to-day. Says he: "The office of the stage and the office of the actor are to encourage men to lead noble lives and to deter them from vice. While affording amusement, the drama would show man his own likeness, so that seeing what he is, he may, with more knowledge, try to be what he ought to be."

We need not linger to speak of the impressive lessons of some plays, and how they remain with you year after year; nor speak of impressions made by other plays which, although less vivid, have contributed to the result of showing men how noble their manhood may be, and how mean and base it is to defraud and to oppress others. We need not speak of the beautiful pictures of home life which the stage has given, and which have shown men how sweet their homes might be. It would take too long to speak of these, and so we pass on to speak of another educational result of the drama. It is this,—the drama may stimulate a fondness for literature and poetry, and especially for history, as history presents analyses of human motives in affecting human conduct.

It is certainly easy to think of the possibilities, not always realized, of making the drama an agent for conveying what literature, poetry, history, music, painting, and even statuary convey. The drama may combine them all. The poem may be realized. The historic period may be made vivid. The painting may come to life. Music, the tonal influence, may be embodied to sight, and the group the sculptor created may move before us as living beings. Charles Lamb said he got more out of Shakspeare's plays by reading them than by seeing them, and perhaps there are other people like him; but for the most the instruction and the enjoyment of any play are increased by hearing the words and seeing the movement. And so the stage may make poetry and history, and their kindred, all the more vivid for us. When you think of what a wealth of literature there has come to be in our own language, to say nothing of that which is found in other languages, you will realize something of the educational value of an institution which may be called "The Interpreter of Literature."

There is a wide vista open before us when we consider the stage as interpreting the author and the dramatist, the poet and the historian, the moralist and the philosopher, and giving reality to thoughts which otherwise were cold and dead upon the silent page. But the condemning voices of critics say: "Yes, it may all be so; but see what literature the stage of to-day really does interpret! The mediocrity of some plays! The repulsiveness of others!"

When they put together what is weak and what is bad they certainly make a strong point, and may well declare that some literature is not worth interpreting and other literature is too bad to be interpreted. What shall we reply? We cannot deny that many modern plays are feeble indeed and possess but small literary value. We cannot deny that venturesome experiments are made in adapting foreign plays. It is deplorable that there should be the loss of appreciation of the great dramatists. Nor can we deny that, as we compare the productions of to-day with those of ten years ago, there are evidences which look like degeneracy. What is to be said? Well, we find some encouragement when we think of the great success of those sweet and wholesome plays which have swept triumphantly over the country. Some of them have held the boards for months at a time in large cities, and they are sure of audiences wherever they are presented. It is surely an encouragement to know that plays of

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this character have been popular. And then we get still more encouragement when we know that the average American is averse to whatever is coarse and degrading. There may not always be the most refined taste, but our American people are not brutalized, nor will they long accept the gilded impurity which may delight others. There will surely be a revulsion against the questionable plays which have neither presented good literature nor good morals. If such plays survive the period when patronage is secured through mere morbid curiosity, they will be relegated to the low theater where the roughs and the toughs disport themselves. The time will come when, whether an average American audience can appreciate good literature or not, it will not tolerate a vicious play. The rule will be adopted in many theaters which to-day is adopted in some,—"Nothing to offend good morals. Nothing to offend good taste."

Perhaps what has been said thus far as to the educational function of the stage may be admitted by some who, as they admit it, say that their perplexity arises from the fact that the mass of people who go to the theater do not go there for educational purposes, but simply to be entertained. What shall be said in reply? We frankly admit that we have reached a genuine difficulty which stands in the way of some. They may admit the correctness of what has been claimed for the stage as a teacher, but they say to us that the stage is used mainly for purposes of amusement, and most people go to the theater simply to be amused. They therefore doubt any institution advertised as a place of amusement. What shall we say? Why, let us recognize the legitimacy of amusement. Let us recognize it frankly. Says Dr. Lubeck: "The Creator has furnished us all with the power of enjoyment. He has also given the desire to exercise this power. He has made enjoyment possible. He has given the means by which we can gratify this instinct. Therefore the man who meets this want, the man who ministers to the amusement of his fellow-men," does them a good service.

It is sometimes a good thing to make a man laugh—to amuse him and turn his mind away from the burdens which have been pressing upon him. "Laughter, while it lasts," said Addison, "unbraces the mind." It is the unbending of the bow. Humor has its uses, and cheerfulness is not incompatible with dignity. We must recognize the good work of the merrymaker and the helpfulness of laughter. "Laughter is the cheapest luxury we enjoy," said William Matthews, and he quotes Charles Lamb as saying that a laugh is worth a hundred groans in any state of the market. It stirs up the blood, gives the whole system a wholesome shock, and rolls away for the time their burdens. Carlyle quotes the saying that the man who cannot laugh is only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, and adds his own words: "Yes, that man's whole life is already a treason and a stratagem." We must beware of the man who cannot laugh, just as we must beware of him who is never serious. A well-balanced mind and a heart that beats true find place for laughter in life. "Think what it is," says Dr. Lubeck, "to entertain human minds, to fill them with new thoughts and new inspirations for life. Think what it is to take care-worn, overworked human beings out of their toil and amuse them for a while, and then send them back to their tasks refreshed and cheered."

We must recognize the usefulness of entertainment even where instruction is not the principal aim. But instruction may go along with the merriment which the play produces. Some follies are to be laughed down. They are not worthy of serious treatment. Some absurdities lose their hold quicker when they are made absurd by tearing off the disguise which has given them a temporary respectability. The merriest comedy sometimes may point a moral or convey courage in well-doing to those who follow it. May we not say that one of the best lubricants by which we slip over some of the rough or hard places in life is cheerfulness, and the play may help in that way. But the laugh must be wholesome, and the fun good-natured. If the play is insincere, false to humanity, suggestive of evil, then its fun is baleful; but there is virtue in good, honest merriment. Let us hope that people may outgrow their fondness for the ex-

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cessively silly plays which have been popular, and acquire a better taste than that which can find enjoyment in so much that passes for merrymaking on the stage. There is a difference between buffoonery and comedy, between low-down horse-play and genuine fun-making, a difference between vulgarity and refinement. Declaim as much as you will against silliness and coarse wit, and the mocking of holy things, but recognize frankly the legitimacy of amusement. Humor has its province, and it may help make life better.

If, then, the positions of this paper are correct—if there is an innocent craving for dramatic representation, and if it may be properly gratified, and if the stage has its teaching function—then give it proper recognition. It ought to be rescued from the evil uses to which it has so often been put. We cannot do this by running a so-called religious theater, and by producing pious plays, but by the creation of a public sentiment that will condemn anything on the stage that is vicious, and by the avoidance of all patronage of those places where they pander to the low tastes of the depraved. If the reputable part of the people will have it so, the stage can be made, not only the source of innocent recreation, but an interpreter of history and art, of literature and poetry, and a teacher of the great principles of morality.

AMERICAN ARTIST-ARTISANSHIP

BY A STAFF CONTRIBUTOR OF THE COMING AGE

We are told by the oldest literature of the most ethical race that ever existed that, while the Almighty forbade them to make any graven image of himself (as evincing the impossibility of man's compassing his being), yet he did authorize and enjoin the gathering of "all that were wise hearted," and all in whom "he had put his spirit," to "work cunning work, in all manner of workmanship," for the glory of his house (Exodus xxxv). I presume this was because the Almighty himself was ever a poetic and artistic worker throughout the vast studio of refined and marvelous skill we call nature. "My father worketh hitherto, and I work," said that resplendent character who had condescended to be born in a manger, to work at a carpenter's bench, and to bathe his disciples' feet.

The human race needs no higher authorization for the essential dignity of labor. And though as a people we have suffered by a late tendency to affect idle snobbery, by the passing crazes for speculation and pose, still our original ancestral stock was of a higher order of spiritual aristocracy and laid the national foundations on nobler lines.

It is no question of caste or class. The essence of the whole subject is psychological. Soul was born to self-expression. But for us to borrow the expressions of others for money or pose, while remaining spiritless and expressionless ourselves, is to commit suicide. It is as true for a nation, city, or family as for an individual. The logic of the situation is that when an individual nature is genuine, sincere, refined—in touch with natural order and natural sources of inspiration—it is just as organic and necessary for him (or her) to be self-expressional, poetic, spiritual, as it was for God who made him. He made us to be so, and in so far "like himself." Whatever destroys that true instinct or prevents its sincere expansion is in so far diabolic, unholy, and accursed, be it a false system of public education or false economic and social etiquette. Whatever gives the soul back its love of nature, its likeness to the personal, fearless, self-expressive divine nature, is thrice blessed—to body, heart, and brain—for it liberates soul, mind, hands, feet, and heart at one grand stroke.

We have lately had to mourn the death of John Ruskin and William Morris, two of the noblest types of Saxon manhood and inspired artist-artisanship. They were gods in their way, the grand old Greek way, when men's eyes saw straight and clear enough (as did Homer, Aeschy-

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lus, Socrates) over the smoke of battle and dust of the mart, to behold the gods in "the very air" before Troy, "moving over Marathon," standing "perched on the Acropolis."

They obeyed God better than we, or than even the Hebrews in that injunction, "Say not in your heart who shall ascend into heaven to bring Christ down, nor into the deep to bring him up," for they found him "nigh" in every tree and rock and rose and aurora. And they were right. Science assures us to-day of the literal fact (which we had considered poetic metaphor), in David's psalms, "Thou fillest the immensity of space with thy presence." The "Immanent Deity" is now the mystic watchword. Not only must the last atom of space be "alive" with him, but the last atom of ourselves. "Behold, He is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and heart." He is in the infinitely impalpable etheric mobilities of mind, the stupendous surging depths of feeling, the sublime inspirations of expression, and the limitless activities of the magic hand (in transformations and adaptations). That is, there is no material in which the sublime principles of order, beauty, proportion, harmony, fitness, adaptation to place, purpose, and character, should not become an hourly and daily incorporation, alike to the American as to the Greek or the Japanese.

But how have our foolish and purblind leaders deceived and betrayed the nation! Instead of a wholesome love of God in nature, the American child was taught, but little ago, to regard nature as something contemptible, immoral, if not positively accursed. We sang but shortly ago, "The world is all a fleeting show for man's delusion given." This he got from his Puritanical theology and hymnology. From his schoolmasters he got a perfunctory aptitude at mathematics and tape-measuring, and a boundless avarice at calculation. "Heaping up riches, knowing not who should gather them," and perverting himself and everybody under him into a machine (the school system and government parties with it).

But raw material in the hands of raw men is not true "riches," it is the most appalling of poverties, the bankruptcy of mind and heart! Dives, who had "much laid up for many years," heard the cry, "This night thy soul shall be required,—then whose are those things?" He had never really "possessed" them. For soul alone and its attributes can be "possessed" and carried over the grave.

And so with America. We have destroyed our national character by gluttony and greed of raw materials, left to raw ideals and immoral appetites, till the very plague has undermined social and political life and the very church itself. Our politicians, more than all men, are culpable, because they had the highest responsibilities and opportunities. And when international exhibitions and increasing world competition (by multiplied facilities of trade) warned them with voice of thunder to haste to prepare the people by industrial skill, beauty, and productive intelligence in order to forestall that competition, and forefend ruin, they coldly closed the schools to vital art education or application, sold out the children to syndicates of copy-book speculators and mechanical art harpies (who gave "stones for bread and serpents for fish"), while they, the politicians, set up auction blocks for their votes, and the hocus-pocus of "protective tariffs" that never could "vitally" protect at all, but were schemes to enrich the few.

Meanwhile, what did the clever German, French, and even Japanese Governments do, but multiply their schools for skill, give every aid to ennobled "artist-artisanship," furnish in every good-sized city helpful collections of beautiful work, and call their children's attention to the artist-artisanship of God? Yes, more, the more genuinely religious and spiritual Japanese encouraged their people to lift their nose occasionally from barren grindstones of greed, and eyes from big bank accounts, to take account of higher "stock" in the bank of God himself, and whole villages were told to drop tools (on some great day of the Feast of Nature, or spring Pentecostal showers), and "watch the Lord come down in the peach blossoms and the wistaria vines."

What difference did it make that they called Him Buddha?—mere difference in language. Their hearts were right and

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ours were wrong. Then they all go home and "apply the spirit they caught from nature" in their daily life and labor in homes and shops; and even come visiting us, and take up our mere mechanical applications of force, then adapt to our machines their far higher art feeling, cultivated taste, and skilled dexterity, and beat us out of our own markets. Then soon the commercial and industrial pains, panics, and pandemoniums set in upon us, verily, with all their political nostrums and nonsense to hoodwink the people, and opiate the disease without honestly curing it; so that, when convulsions arrive, they have to invent wars and beat drums to drown the cries of general misery.

I said Ruskin and Morris were noble men. They tried to warn the Saxon race on both sides the Atlantic, but found it stolid, blind with crude conceit, crass materialism, hypocritically "Christian" or even speciously "Republican." Till, just as in South Africa and Manila, where it has plunged itself into humiliation and defeat through sheer avarice and vanity, so in the industrial world there are certainly straight before us deplorable crises coming fast, when the real crush of competitive world skill will be fully upon them, with no escape, and they be found "foolish virgins" with empty lamps, having failed to store themselves betimes with the divine oil of beauty and skill, that (had they not insulted and flouted their prophets) would have brought them "beauty for ashes, joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of (mechanical) heaviness."

Of all correlative movements this side the ocean, to do for America what Ruskin and Morris did for England, those who look up the historic facts of the so-named "artist-artisan" movement of New York City will find it fairly the earliest, broadest, and by far the most vital. There had been earlier, tentative efforts to give art education an industrial as well as idealistic professional bearing before this movement began in 1872. The Centennial soon after was to show us very deficient, nationally, in art training of any kind. Here and there a little smattering was taught, mostly sentimentality instead of sentiment, and confined to a little thin landscape and portraiture. The few schools rarely had a life class, students would have to pose for each other, and what popular education was done beyond that was a poor class of illustration; lectures by feminine correspondence of village newspapers; and, worst of all, the monstrous "copy-book" systems of flat, insipid mimicry, cheap mechanicalism, exploited from Walter Smith's "versions and perversions" in the hands of speculators.

At that time a young graduate of Yale noticed the dangers ahead of industrial depression coming from this lack, and set abroad to prepare himself to help. He spent six or seven years in the principal European art centers, passing honorably the examinations and competitions of the French National Art Academy, but more earnestly and deeply studying the historic movements and vital principles underlying natural and national art expression; the sympathies, instincts, laws, local qualities, and insights at work, and most of all the special powers of vital men and epochs. Where many of his fellow-students returned to revamp little technical dexterities and studio mannerisms picked up abroad, he came back prepared and inspired to do the country a serious educational work along the broadest lines, as his university training had widened his outlook, sympathies, and insight. John Ward Stimson was of mixed New England and Huguenot stock, and the first gave him a strong patriotic and intellectual impulse, which became popularized among hundreds of students afterward, by the French instincts of application and bonhommie. So that, on returning, in 1878, and helping some of the newer art movements and exhibitions among his later professional compatriots, and finding too generally the spirit of coterie and fad, he shook loose to do a broad, personal, and independent work for the artists and artisans of his country. His first inspiration was to join the words by a marital hyphen, and coin the term "Artist-Artisan" movement, school, principle, in order that the land might catch the ideal of a broad and vitally united "Democracy of Art," such as he saw had truly prevailed in the best antique epochs, and still did prevail in

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great oriental centers. But back of that was the necessity to show artist and artisan alike the vital sources, from common springs of beauty in nature herself. He prepared quantities of charts, stereopticon slides, valuable collections from all times, to show how inspirations, and even forms hitherto thought "local," had been seized and inspiringly utilized, from nature's implications and directions, by people far removed and even separated by oceans, as the Greek fret appears on the Aztec walls of Yucatan, and the supposed Ionic volutes are found in the remote, inaccessible villages of India. How here, there, and everywhere, through all ages and climes, men were studying kindred laws of form, elements of beauty, principles of design and artistically appreciating them in their local nature, before exemplifying them in local arts of all kinds—wholly independent of and inaccessible to remote brethren who were doing the same thing. That above all, it was important to seize these elements, expand (nationally) the sense of courage, local and personal inspiration, character, and self-expression through them, and extend this application to every accessible and appropriate national material. That this alone would make us spontaneous, interesting, original, fresh, delightful, in new suggestiveness and scope, flavored and qualified anew by wholly fresh and delightful art impulse. He showed how Japanese and Greek alike, at opposite poles of the earth, had each gone separately to nature and developed a delightfully distinct national art, wholly unknown and uninfluenced by each other, and yet both absolutely pervaded, illumined, and inspired by common natural suggestions, laws of beauty, and principles of appropriate adaptation. That these were the vital and pre-eminent elements and sources of inspiration and guidance, to open up to the young in schools, not to sterilize their inventiveness by mimicry, nor stultify and stupefy their taste by flat copy-books and uncomprehended form. But rather to look into the vital structure, movements, internal measures and relations, organic characteristics, and virile style of every form, natural or ornamental, and catch the suggestive spirit or poetry of it, rather than its shell. He was opposed by the importers, who frankly told him they did not want a vital American art education, because it would lessen their profits on foreign consignments, and they were "working" the ignorant American buyer for all he was worth. Even professional friends attacked him, because it made art democratic, instead of exalting and confining prestige and profits to the few professional elite. And most of all the public-school vampires were horrified, because it took from their publishing syndicates the vast pickings and stealings among poor country boards. But he bore his burdens bravely, fearlessly, victoriously, for eighteen years, lecturing to colleges, schools, institutes, practically developing and proving, in large and popular classes and exhibitions, the issues involved. Called, for a while, to Princeton University, he soon left the narrower circle there for the broader call to the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York City, where for several years he developed their educational art work into crowded departments and many hundreds of devoted workers, in architecture, sculpture, painting, book illustration, interior design, and decorations for fresco, wall paper, silks, cretons, cabinetware, metal work, porcelain, faience, clay tiling, etc., attaching even a department for more grace, elegance, and fitness in carriages. But, finding himself again cramped by an idle, dilettante element of foreign affiliation, who then cared little for art save as a social pose, he publicly arraigned them for neglect of opportunity and obligation; and reorganized the whole movement again more independently and vitally than ever at the "Artist-Artisan Institute." It, in thirteen years since, has done a widely influential and most constructively beneficent work,—educating thousands of young men and women of finest fiber and aspiration; preserving rather than smothering their American spirit and personality, and spreading them as it had drawn them from every State in the Union, and from every branch of artistic and artisan taste, to give them encouragement, light, virile help, efficient, effective power, and above all faith in God, nature, and their native land.

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Gradually the opposition that had been excited in petty or jealous quarters slunk out of sight before the steady growth and solidly beneficent results. Popularity of departments with numbers and enthusiasm of students proved resistless. The leading firms, such as Tiffany, Gorham, Cottier, Herter, Cheney Bros., Lamb & Co., the silk guilds, potteries, weavers, iron and bronze workers, etc., all began to see their interest in patronizing the institute, and the noblest and best professional leaders publicly came over to Mr. Stimson's side, many of them being proud to be counted on the staff of instructors. The artist-artisan idea became victorious, the example was caught up by other cities and schools, even where the vitality and originality of the mother school's methods were not understood, or where superficial mimicry and wooden ideas of mechanical, external "blocking" prevailed, instead of vital, intelligent, interpretative ones. Still, hundreds of graduates of the Artist-Artisan Institute itself had grown able to conduct leading and similar movements elsewhere, as colonies of the original school, and were able to permeate the country with its splendid spiritual and native power. No one, once vitally a part of the earnest, living, and artistic atmosphere of the institute,—where all were freely and kindly welcomed, all allowed and encouraged to preserve and develop personality, and freely visit and compare results in all departments under stimulating instruction,—would ever forget or lose the spirit of the mother institute, nor would he fail to impart its sacred spark of real sympathy, appreciation, comradeship, and life wherever he went. Hence, the wide esprit du corps which bound, and still binds, all old graduates who came under the founder's personal care.

As years and heavy toil told on his health they were the most eager and earnest to sustain him and show him unfaltering gratitude, and when a hemorrhage compelled his withdrawal for rest and rebuilding to the Adirondack woods, they rallied with devoted enthusiasm to carry the institute on, and do still conduct together the work he so long and lovingly bore for their sake.

But the whole work is one no man or group of men should be allowed to bear. The whole country should rally to such an ideal. The life of essential patriotism, Christianity, democracy, and ennobled labor is involved in it. For what is more inherently at the roots of vital ethics, esthetics, economics, or patriotic manhood than that, individually and collectively, we should permeate our people and industries with the broadest sympathy for God's spirit, in his handiwork (as First and Chief of "Artist-Artisans"), and put ourselves in the same spirit of manly and womanly productiveness and ennobled self-expression, for his glory, our country's honor, and our national industry's prosperity and happiness.

Labor is worship.

Control your thoughts and you can control your tongue.

A reverent belief in God lightens labor and sanctifies toil.

An honest man is honest under all circumstances and in every condition.

Have courage to face a difficulty, for like the thief it cannot look you long in the face.

The man who begins by making falsehood appear like truth, ends by making truth appear like falsehood.

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APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY; OR, HYPNO-SUGGESTIVE THERAPEUTICS.

BY HENRIK G. PETERSEN, M. D.

FOURTH PAPER

There can be no controversy in regard to assertions that the educational problem is a fundamental one for individual as well as for public growth. Controversy exists merely as to its successful solution. We have departed in a very large degree from the earlier, cumbersome interference with natural development of the child intellect, and where our forefathers, of a comparatively recent date, made learning a cheerless, even a soulless function, we have sought to render easy and pleasurable its successive stages. Still we are burdened, however, with systems within systems, the parasitic obnoxiousness of which is principally due to ambitious, even silly idiosyncrasies and conflict concerning both measure and quantity, together with an apparent lack of delicate adjustment as to suitable adaptability and quality. We have to defend ourselves against an inveterate tendency to rush grades and make results showy instead of modestly effective and simple. There is something so pathetically true in that illiterate but common-sense New England mother's appeal to her son's teacher, when writing to him: "Please hold him back so as to keep his intelleck from getting bigger than his boddy an injooring him for life."

The simplest system proves the best, and a pure evolution of the original kindergarten idea cannot be improved upon by solely ornate methods. So far it is very much the same as with the ventilation of our buildings. The architect's intricate and costly attempts make us look upon the open fireplace as nearer perfection in giving us a maximum of fresh air. The soundness of the kindergarten system in education we can demonstrate as equally suitable for the primary school and the college, for the intellectual and the moral life of child and adult. But to receive the greatest advantage from this or any other logical system of development, we must recognize the limitations of its elementary stage, not persist in enthusiastic or servile following of the originator. The trouble now, however, and probably for some time to come, lies more in going to the other extreme, and if we were to continue the curious and artificially complicated ways of many well-meaning but practically incompetent petty reformers of early child teaching, the result would end in confusion. Clear minds are aware of this, and are working strenuously to expurgate the later nonsensical part of an admirable system.

Starting with the idea in educational work that the child is a genius in germ or an incarnate angel, just as by birthright he may be considered a United States president in miniature, is very likely to "injoore" it for life. Much easier it is to prove, and therefore also more apt to assist the influence of our efforts, that the majority of children are as far from being angels as they are from being geniuses. Tenderness with firmness, not sentimentality with optimism, must mark the logic underlying the educator's work. His is also the responsibility of considerately nourishing the physical, mental, and moral capacities during growth, and he whose practical sense does not perceive that a quart measure cannot hold a gallon must not be given the surveillance and guidance.

It has been said that a child's education begins in the unborn state, and we have many reasons for adding that the child owes to its immediate parentage but a fractional part of what it presents for future development when entering upon a new existence. Children are but psychic conglomerations of the past with its virtues and vices. He who observes them with unbiased views, learning from their

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transitory evolution, faces the evil and the good in human nature as it is found in the universe everywhere, and as it has impressed itself upon savage as well as cultured thought from remotest ages. This undisputed duality we do not believe to be open for profitable theological discussion, although we ally ourselves with the ideal philosophers who proclaim the universal law of the good unfolding itself through experience and stronger than that other universal law of evil. It is for that very reason that we are teachers for the young and for the old, and that we are hopeful to accomplish the best. It may seem unaccountably strange that we should find the evil instincts so prone to declare themselves and even preponderate in comparison with the good ones in the child from an early hour, but it points only more sternly to the necessity of directing the first educational efforts to the heart and not to memory and mind. We do not refer to children possessing abnormal traits, but to the ordinary, so-called normal majority. Education of feelings does not, in the first instance, become less prominent from the fact that mental evolution toward consciousness of personality occupies the first year of childhood, while moral development requires an ensuing period of more than a dozen years. Because we become aware of the child's moral expression at that later period, we cannot therefore say that the new-born, while mentally striving to grasp and recognize its own self and surroundings, does not receive also at the same time lasting impressions of a moral nature. Ours is a general classification—call it scientific—of external facts and connected with earliest childhood, but does not grant a supposition of separate mental and moral evolution absolutely. The cradle period has from the beginning its psychic importance, is an uninterrupted continuance of prenatal impressibility, later expressed through conscious physical life. If that possibility is accepted, it will not seem exaggerated to demand a moral education before the outward signs of nascent intellect appear, and this should also make us careful of our position in relation to its receptivity. The task does not begin with the teachers and school, nor can it ever exist unaided by home influence. Still, we know, it is largely left for teachers to remake what parents have undone or warped, either because they did not take pains to understand the child's nature, or because they followed a narrow rule intended to fit the entire household. The sins of parents are thus turned into our schools first and then into our penitentiaries, there to be corrected. The process does not always succeed, and society at large is burdened with misshaped individuals for whom and against whom it finally knows no better remedy than the house of correction. The alarming increase of such criminal and also insane classes, not to mention the vast number hovering between, is sad eloquence in support of educational demands on the basis of careful moral and mental individualization. This requires a simple and yet thorough system, taking its working capacity from all available sources and directed by the largest possible number of competent teachers, stimulated by intelligent public sympathy and liberal compensation. It will prove less expensive than the maintenance and increase of institutions of coercion, and more effectively counterbalance degenerating influences.

If, as we contend, both from our own experience and that of other medical men, the hypno-suggestive influence has corrective and curative effect upon adults in moral, mental, and physical diseases, the child is undoubtedly even more adapted to benefit by this means. Let it again be emphasized that it does not create. As little as it can make a gangrenous limb grow sound and beautiful, just as impotent it is in moral depravity which through neglect has become pestiferously rotten. In other words, it cannot revive what is physically or morally dead. What it has power to do is to limit contamination, and by preventing total ruin uphold and heal what may yet become useful. Education itself is largely the suggestive method carried along ever changing lines indicated by close study of the individual child. There is not and cannot be any mathematical rule, but psychology must patiently endeavor to penetrate the recesses of human nature, and by so doing

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it reveals its great advantage of being able to establish equilibrium as it goes on unraveling. The educator who knows how to approach and comprehend child nature, needs the assistance of hypno-suggestive measures only where his repeated efforts have been ineffective. Far from interfering with or replacing his work, it aids and frequently accomplishes the aim of his own suggestions, which hitherto, by the force of adverse circumstances or faulty method, had met with an unconquerable resistance.

New ideas move slowly to the front, but the good and weighty ones never lose their intrinsic value on the way, even if they are temporarily buried under the avalanche of more glittering and to the superficial judgment more seductive generalities. The French physician, Durand de Gros, was the first to speak in 1860 of this agent, then termed Braidism, as an intellectual and moral orthopedy, destined some day to enter into educational and penitentiary work, but it was reserved for Dr. Berillon, inspector of insane asylums in the Department of Seine, to become its practical pioneer after having proclaimed in 1886, at Nancy to the congress for the advancement of science, what this factor could do for human progress. Psychologists at first discouraged the method as a pedagogic adjuvant. It was pronounced utopian and paradoxical, and some moralists held that it attacked Kant's philosophy in regard to individual moral liberty.

The echoes of these voices were soon stilled, and men prominent in thought and reform are to-day the advocates of the idea and cognizant of the great value of this moral vaccination both as to principle and effect. What is needed is to procure the best moral lymph, and then the inoculation proves not only safe but beneficial. It becomes daily more and more evident that many of those who come to us in later life, with vices and habits nourished from their childhood, could have been spared many years' humiliation and indignities if their teachers then had known of this effective means, and how by its aid to mitigate or perhaps eradicate such obstinate causes as were beyond their strength. Psychology in its modern sense and application, being the art which utilizes in a person his aptitude to transform into act the idea received, and daily demonstrated as a relief or cure for adult physical, mental, and moral sufferers, how much easier should it not then be to obtain similar results in the young and pliable? It is but a logical deduction, and experience brings evidence that it can be a lasting impression which furthers normal growth without detriment to individual character. We recognize here a most important step in the evolution of natural science, marking the departure from or the advance of that same psychology which recently, in its experimental stage, occupied itself principally with the sensations as a psycho-physiological and psycho-metrical investigation. The adherence to a belief in its reformatory value has grown stronger as shown in 1896 at the third international psychological congress in Munich, and in the same year at Florence at the international congress for protection of childhood. Still clearer and more definite will its working be made at the Paris congress this year, although already able to formulate the practical process of suggestive and preventive pedagogy in its endeavor to correct automatic habits in children or develop certain faculties and will power. We study a child's normal suggestibility in the waking state by directing it to execute some simple acts against its manifest inclination. The agreeable discovery resulting from this experiment is often a most unexpected suggestibility not revealed by the child's physiognomy. Such an experiment determines a psychological law that suggestibility is proportionate to the subject's intellectual development. Hypnosis, or at least a passive state, is the next step. In this condition the verbal suggestion is associated with a psycho-mechanical act. A child manifests thieving propensities, which we are desired to correct. Some pieces of money are laid on the table. He is told to take them if he wants and to put them in his pocket. He does so. Then comes the suggestion: "Yes, this is what you have always done stealthily, knowing it to be theft. You are now to put the money back upon the table and always do so hereafter until

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you have grown ashamed of yourself, and can no more yield to the temptation." This mental gymnastic under suggestive influence generally cures the habit. The purpose is to develop an inhibitory center, and thereby prevent automatic habit, correct more or less irresistible impulse or stimulate mental sluggishness. As the child acts by instinct where the adult uses individual will, we endeavor to prevent the instinct, which is a natural condition, from becoming habit or an acquired condition. It is further our aim so to take care of the child's instinct that consciousness of purpose grows from it, and reason and knowledge develop. Nothing in all this is based upon any cut and dried principle like a piece of revolving machinery. All psychological knowledge and training will be found sadly deficient if it is more didactic than sympathetic, and, therefore, the efficient educator must possess, irrespective of method, love for children and love for his work in their behalf. The physician holds the same position, and this may well explain why so many fail to impress and to succeed, although they know how to do, know it by heart, but not with heart.

It is often observed that the most ordinary and harmless appearing habits in young children have both indirect and direct effect upon their physical health as well as their mental alertness. They are made subject to corrective measures on the part of parents and teachers, and also by their physicians, but nothing avails one way or the other. We will illustrate this by a rather frequently occurring instance.

Boy, eleven. Constantly sucking the index and middle fingers of the left hand. Except digestive troubles his health was good. At school, where his efforts were but indifferent, the habit had cost him much humiliation and punishment, while his disordered stomach had been a source of considerable expense to his parents. Somebody, whose child had been relieved of embarrassing timidity and stammering by the suggestive treatment, proposed the method. The father, who was willing to try, thought that he could do it just as well as a physician, read up the matter, tried, and failed. The family physician discouraged as useless any further attempt, but the friend persisted, with the result that the boy was finally brought to the office. He was evidently much scared, mostly due to parental proceedings. During slight somnolence it was suggested that whenever he felt impelled to suck the fingers he should close the hand. The result was that he now sucked that part of the fist as a substitute and as conscientiously, but his suggestibility had been demonstrated by indirect approach. The next suggestion impressed upon him that, in addition to the involuntary closing of the hand, he would experience a disagreeable bitter taste whenever attempting to indulge the habit. The parents reported later that he had tried it just once, and that upon the way home. No more visits became necessary in this case, and the digestion corrected itself. Besides, his attention and progress at school had much improved.

A child's intelligence is ever ready to seize upon whatever pertains to the marvelous. Its curiosity shows an avidity which it cannot always satisfy legitimately, and its imagination supplies quickly what sober reasoning will do later in life. The impressions become objective, and produce illusions and hallucinations of perception and memory. A child's statements therefore are always open to doubt, although its sincerity may not be condemned indiscriminately. We may assert that such and such a child is truthful, if we have a sufficient knowledge as to its character generally, but we are nevertheless justified in hesitating to rest our judgment upon its declarations, especially in matters of importance. This simply because the normal child is highly suggestible and imagination supplants its reason. In a court of justice such testimony has often presented damaging detail in which even close scrutiny has failed to discover a flaw. The child believes that he tells the truth about what he heard or saw, and yet he renders false testimony. The manner in which one lawyer frames his interrogatory may be the cause thereof, and may make it almost impossible for the other side to probe its exactness, as the child henceforth adheres tenaciously to its former statement in a

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naive language, with direct simplicity and in spite of being thrilled with fear and bathed in tears. Besides this "honest liar," we have the vicious child, who lies with the same assurance, but conscious of its falsehood. The psychological causes may be manifold in either case, but generally we find present the pride of playing a role of importance, the agreeable sensation of having something to tell which astonishes, and often a cunning valuation of the advantages accruing therefrom. A whole register might be given of every kind of vicious and criminal instinct from a very early age to adolescence, dissimulated with appalling acumen and undermining prematurely the intellectual and moral qualities. How many families can be counted exempt in this respect, and how far have the ordinary educational and reformatory methods been able to stay the pernicious ascendency of precocious perversion? No encouraging views have met us hitherto when facing this tenebrous side of human life. The Italian school of criminal anthropology points to heredity and degeneration as the predominant causes, but although Lombroso, who looks upon childhood as an age without pity, asserts that criminal instincts never undergo change, he still admits that a good nature can be prevented passing from infantile to habitual crime. Maudsley maintains that the criminal, like the genius, is born and therefore impossible to correct, its full development being but a question of time. This pessimism is but the sad doctrine of predestination, paralyzing the best efforts of rescue and hardening the unfortunate individual so classified. It is as foreign to human sentiment as it is controversial to actual facts, and its dictum we reject, therefore, as much in regard to man's social as to his religious future. But in combating this somber opinion of an ultimate and immutable result we do not turn to unscientific optimism. The present age is far more practical and analytical than either sentimental or grossly material. Its investigations proceed with an independence and a rationally idealistic faith in both the necessity and possibility of counteracting evil. As little as the old theology succeeded in making true Christians by its threatening attitude, so little have the past and passing methods of reformatory education made good out of evil through efforts rendered sterile by despair. The serious and stubborn problem of heredity and degeneration all psychologists have to face, but not all recognize the proclaimed immutable fatality as an ultimate result. We do not forget that in man, as in animals also, we meet with the most objectionable traits of character in the offspring from elevated parentage, and again that often a remarkable ideality of sentiment makes its appearance among those descending from baser natures. Even if only a single exception can be shown in contradiction of the pessimistic theory, it will prove the assertion untenable as a law of species, and becomes an argument of equal force to the contrary. To-day we possess hopeful facts, scientific facts, demonstrating that survival of the fittest can be extended even to those generally believed to be degenerate beyond all hope. In many cities of the old world, and through the efforts of reputable physicians who have made their results publicly known to the scientific world, hypno-suggestion has been recorded as a benefit to the morally depraved of various degrees and age. Together with their testimony we will give some illustrations of personal experience.

Girl, sixteen. Irresistible inclination to theft, lying, and immorality. Wealthy and somewhat refined parentage. Six weeks' suggestive treatment, during slight hypnosis, raised her moral perception in a marked degree, and she became once more a member of the family circle, from which she had been banished as a bad example to the other children. Nine months later the same rectitude was still maintained, and she manifested an honest pride in having conquered the perverse instincts.

Girl, twelve. Masturbation almost from infancy, when her nurse had employed this means to quiet her crying. Very frail, with ashy-gray complexion and dull eyes. Slow to learn and very cross. From her third year daily and nightly enuresis, which had resisted all treatment. About a month's suggestion, during deep hypnosis, worked a complete change. Within

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a year she had become bright and rosy looking, and appeared in every respect an entirely different child. She continues most amiable and intelligent.

Boy, fifteen. Inattentive and lazy. Biting his nails to bleeding. If a stranger addresses him he weeps and seems very unhappy. Had lately developed a low cunning, and would lie for personal ends, and not from imagination, with remarkably plausible details. More than two months before any special suggestive effect, but then a rapid favorable change. The hypocritical, sickly-sweet expression was gradually lost. The nail-biting habit ceased, and his industry and truthfulness have since been commendable.

Girl, sixteen. The least thing arouses her anger, which changes to fury whenever remonstrated with. During such paroxysms she strikes those near her, even her mother. No morbid physical stigmata. The father, a clergyman, is a very mild and courteous nature, and the mother a decidedly meek woman. It is their only child. Condition apparently due to a faulty education principally, as there are in other respects no moral flaws. Her temper has made her impossible in several schools. An almost immediate change as soon as deep hypnosis had been obtained, and which occurred during the fourth visit. Nearly four years have now elapsed, and, although still quick-tempered, the girl manifests self-control, even under provocation. She pursues her studies at a college satisfactorily.

Boy, eleven. Very cruel and a terror to the children and animals in the neighborhood. His favorites he teaches bad habits, although possessing none himself. An arrant coward, dirty, and disobedient. When this boy was brought to the office he was very sulky and hypnosis could not be induced. He persisted in keeping the hand in the pocket of his jacket, and this led to the discovery of his keeping concealed there a few days old kitten, the entire body of which he had tied tightly with a thin cord. His father became so enraged that it was with the utmost difficulty he was prevented from administering immediate punishment. The incident produced, however, a submissive effect, which culminated in deep hypnosis. The boy was a picture of serene sleep, which was allowed to continue for about three hours, during which time suggestions were repeated. Daily visits the next two weeks, with shorter and longer periods of sleep, brought about no visible change, but at the same time no fresh complaints were forthcoming. The father accounted for this by saying that the boy carried on his cruelty in secret. The boy's whole manner seemed changed, however, and he asserted having done no animal any harm since his first visit, but he had on two occasions put pins into some small boys. This he repeated in hypnosis followed by amnesia, and said that he was sorry for having done it. The treatment continued, and it became more and more evident to all who knew him that he was changed for the better. Later came reports of kind acts. Added to this he wore a different expression and a certain pleasing freedom of gait and voice. Then the treatment ceased, and he came under close observation at home and at school. Seventeen months have now elapsed, and the parental skepticism, which at times almost amounted to irrational suspicion, has declared itself satisfied as to absolutely conclusive proofs of a moral change.

A boy about eight years old exhibited all the irresistible tendencies of a pyromaniac. His pockets were full of matches and wood chips, and he continually lighted fires irrespective of time and place. No punishment had helped, and as yet no serious danger had occurred, but the household was in a constant fear of what might happen. The first suggestions did not seem to produce any change, until he was impressed with the idea of burning his fingers. The parents were cognizant of this suggestion, and the following day the little culprit arrived with three fingers burned. This incident was by no means a novel experience in his career, but it was now made strongly emphatic by suggestions preceded by an imposing surgical array and most liberal bandaging. The impression was very vivid, and may be considered lasting, as it has put an end to all further play with fire, toward which he maintains—it is

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now nearly two years—a most respectful attitude bereft of all temptation.

The following is an excerpt of a letter from a university professor, whose repeated advice to a vicious student had been ineffective, and to whom he finally recommended hypno-suggestion as a remedy:

Dear Doctor,—I have again met the young man about whom we have had so many interviews, and my first impressions are confirmed. Before he became your patient his dominant trait was absolute lack of character and will. He certainly made a kind of difference between the good and the bad, but, being incapable of discriminating between the influences to which he was subject, his weakness yielded to every temptation and disordered appetite. . . . The transformation seems now complete. He desires to think and act in a moral spirit. . . . His recognition of the former condition is not a mere reasoning, a parrot speech, but visible, every-day facts in his changed life. His ways are those resulting from a serious determination to please and to be useful. The former distractions are indifferent to him, and they do not urge him, as possessed of a devil, to . . .

Success nevertheless does not exclude failure. Of twenty-five promiscuous cases a conservative reckoning may claim twelve cures, eight improvements, and five failures. It should also be taken into consideration that non-success at one time has later been replaced by satisfactory results, either by the same person's suggestive influences or under that of another.

We may draw our own inferences, and carry the argumentative line through the intermediate stages, from incidental to habitual crime, from acquired to inherited degeneration, but, however varied our conclusions, we shall hesitate to pronounce the problem insoluble, or to refuse to avail ourselves of whatever may tend to approach a favorable solution. It is as brutal as it is illogical and deceptive, what some have dared to propose, that, instead of giving these unfortunate ones classified as extreme cases a ceaseless and helpful care, we should not only desist, but even deprive them of life in the interest of society. Aside from its very questionable morality, it is too illogical to claim consideration. In physical science we study deadly germs, and endeavor to understand what both sustains and suspends their nefarious existence. We intend by perfected knowledge of the germinal processes to discover the proper means of killing the germs and not the man in whom they breed. In psychic science it is the same endeavor. Child study and criminal anthropology are conducted with the purpose of dealing with morbid moral germs in various stages of development, and of bringing to bear upon them at least as much assiduity of intelligent effort as is spent upon any physical culture bacillus. Our aim is to deviate, exhaust, and check causes, and not merely to effect results. It is far better surgery skillfully to save than to amputate a limb. Moral orthopedics, as represented by hypno-suggestive efforts, have already gone far to show that during the nascent period of brain and moral development we may strongly influence the balance for good or evil in a human being, and make its better self rise above, holding it there during life. It means neither to create angelic perfection nor to destroy diabolic monstrosity, but to repress the evil instincts by psychic force sufficiently to give the other side of the dual nature the all-important chance of breathing a purer air than that to which its slum conditions gave no access, morally speaking. It is, therefore, not here a question of presence of either state, but of effective means to maintain that one which separates man from the brute. But, when the brute has grown to prodigious strength and what was man has been throttled until no sign of life, what then? The same, but more persevering effort to unclasp the murderous grasp, which never succeeds in extinguishing the moral spark, although enfeebling it. Utopian? Not wholly so, since our views of probabilities must necessarily be more limited than the ways whereby to reach them. The beautiful Greek myth of Pandora taught the human race that, after being assailed by all the evils, hope was left it as an antidote and strength-giver to overcome them. While the voice of skeptical pessimists and the well-meaning but narrow moralists, who opposed hypno-suggestive methods, has been silenced, we still need the stronger voice and the larger phi-

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lanthropy of both the individual and society to widen the field of this useful agent. The philosophy that lets alone carries a greater responsibility than that which endeavors honestly and fails, but it becomes a crime to deprive a pitiful cause of any endeavor before shutting out the faintest ray of hope and relegating it to despair. We do not even fully realize the immense effect of suggestion which baffles our efforts, or we would take serious steps to oppose it in its destructive form. Our prisons and reformatory institutions are, in spite of much benevolent and pecuniary expense, breeding places of vice either in the sense of encouraging initial crime to become habitual or of hardening already acquired and inherited depravity. This is the disastrous result of contact, especially dangerous to certain individuals, many of whom are hysterical natures and therefore greatly affected by surroundings. It is especially this type, far more common than ordinarily supposed, which proves the more dangerous, and the ideas and instincts of these individuals are more perverse upon leaving than upon entering the prison. At the same time such a criminal is more amenable to a discerning and well-directed potent influence than the non-hysterical male or female nature. Crime is nearly always the result of a gradual initiation beginning with vice, which induces act, and is developed by irregular and bad company. The existence of such facts should necessitate first of all a scrupulous investigation by competent medical men of those the law has doomed to incarceration. A judge's knowledge or ignorance of psychology is thus either corroborated or corrected, and the prisoner has a chance in his favor as to proper environment. That such preventive arrangements are imperative we cannot but the more emphasize when we recall also the frequent outbreak of insanity in our prisons. As an instance, we may mention the occurrence of last year in the Elmira Asylum, New York, where within a short period thirty-three of its inmates became insane. Psychological experts are needed in a far more extended degree than at present employed in the humane interest of our criminals and for the fair reputation of our judicial boards.

We admit that it is no easy problem to respect individual liberty, and simultaneously take such measures as will prevent the individual from falling a victim to suggestive temptations encountered everywhere in daily life, but we are not excused from lessening such dangers. Our great stores, as one instance, with their dazzling display to a promiscuous crowd, exercise an often irresistible influence to commit theft. It is not sufficient protection that the honest but weak person knows that he is watched and may be apprehended. The awakened desire to possess what he cannot buy overrules the dictates of reason, allured by the hope of impunity. Let us deal more squarely with the situation for which we are largely responsible, and, instead of the invisible detective, place the uniformed policeman well in evidence, so that many a struggling impulse may be checked by the stern warning. The idea is not new, but has been presented somewhere else, yet we must insist upon seeing it enforced as a wholesome counter-suggestion for the protection of the morally weak. What shall we say in regard to the mass of newspapers with their elastic morality and sensational impurities? Undoubtedly public evils, and the more so as they contaminate the least protected minds through the ever easy approach of imagination. Where is the potent remedy without interference with the much vaunted individual liberty and the almighty dollar? Why not let such newspapers and publishers be given the option between suppressing their offensive details and defraying the larger part of our penitentiary expenses? The result of the balance between their gain and loss may then serve to make them adopt the role of scavengers instead of propagating moral contagion.

In concluding, we may also in the same spirit allude to danger from the improper use of individual suggestion, both ignorantly and maliciously. Properly used, hypno-suggestion cannot but be a method of great benefit. Accumulative experience of medical men in every part of the world positively denies injurious results

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from its judicious application. It has no more detrimental effect upon mental equilibrium than ordinary sleep, with its ever recurring dream hallucinations and illusions during more than one-fourth of our mortal existence. Medical men have not found cause to add hypno-mania to their nomenclature of diseases, simply because none exists. The method partakes only in the same degree as other medical agents of their use and abuse. The erroneous idea of control of will, either during sleep or afterward, is exploded as an absurdity. It is you yourself, good or bad, that may be influenced by choice one way or the other. The physician protects a suggestible patient by impressing him with the idea that he cannot become responsive except for beneficial and honest therapeutic purposes. He protects himself also, against either designing or imaginary persons, by insisting upon the presence of a responsible witness.

In these papers we have endeavored to give some salient features of scientific psychology, clinically applied, and we commend them to the earnest consideration of those who desire to be informed as to its present status and its still greater promise.

THE HEBREW PHILOSOPHERS: THE PHILOSOPHER AS AN ALLEGORIST—PHILO

BY PROFESSOR NATHANIEL SCHMIDT, PH. D.

THIRD PAPER

A few years before our era three men were born whose influence upon the world has been of the profoundest character. Philo, Hillel, and Jesus were contemporaries. Through successive generations the lineal descendants of Hillel, among them men like the Gamaliels and Jehudah hanasi, carrying on the traditions of their great ancestor, furnished the best leadership in developing Rabbinic Judaism. Philo had no children, but through his writings he became the father of Neo-Platonism, the allegorizing Jewish haggarda, and Christian dogma. His thought to a large extent still dominates the church. Jesus left neither children nor books. What he said and did can only vaguely be perceived through the mists of ecclesiastical tradition. Yet his spirit has been a mighty force in our western civilization. The adoration given him through many centuries may owe its outward form to Philo's thought. But love was not dazzled by the splendors of divinity; it sought unerringly the warm heart of a brother. Stripped of the garments in which the affection of the church has wrapped him, in the naked majesty of his humanity he will yet challenge the attention of the world by the power of his thought and the manner of his life, and his leadership will become more real than it has yet been.

In the city of Alexandria there were a quarter of a million Jews. The whole population of this metropolis did not exceed a million. Favored by the Ptolemies and the first two Roman emperors, the Jews had grown rich, independent, and patriotic. They had adopted Greek speech and cosmopolitan manners, and they vied with the other ethnic elements in upholding the honor of their city. No family was more eminent than that of Philo. His brother, Alexander Lysimachus, was alabarch, or governor, at one time intrusted with the care of the estates of Antonia, Germanicus's mother, at another gaining by hospitality the friendship of Agrippa and for his son Marcus the Princess Berenice's hand.

Belonging thus to a family of high social position and abundant wealth, Philo naturally received a careful education. His works show the most intimate acquaintance with the great philosophers, Plato and Aristotle, Parmenides and Empedocles, Zeno and Cleanthes, and with the poets as well, with Homer and Hesiod, Euripides, Aeschylus, and Sophocles. Yet

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his life was always marked by great simplicity. In his youth he seems even to have been possessed by an ascetic tendency. He tells us that he would often leave his relatives and friends and native place to dwell alone for some time in the wilderness, and it is not at all impossible that he at such a time wrote the treatise on "The Contemplative Life." Later he married. His wife appears to have shared his taste. She dressed with such simplicity that the absence of jewels and ornaments elicited unfavorable comments, to which, however, she nobly responded that sufficient for a wife should be her husband's virtue. There appears to have been no issue of this marriage. In the year 40 A. D. Philo was chosen by his Jewish fellow citizens as head of the deputation sent to Rome to plead with Caesar Caius Caligula for a cessation of the persecutions of Flaccus. The emperor listened to Apion, the accuser of the Jews, but allowed the famous Jewish philosopher no chance of a hearing. We owe to Philo's pen a fine description of this embassy, and of the character of Caligula. An independent testimony to Philo's part in this legation comes from Josephus. Of his subsequent life we are not informed. He may once more have retired to the solitude on Lake Marea, as a tradition has it.

Philo appears to have written three large books and a number of smaller treatises. The first of his longer productions was a sort of catechism called "Questions and Solutions" dealing with the Pentateuch. His chief work was the allegorical commentary on selected passages from Genesis. The third was a systematic presentation of the Mosaic law, beginning with the creation, continuing with the patriarchs, and then grouping the legislative material under the headings provided by the Decalogue. Among the remaining writings, the most important were "The Life of Moses," "That Every Righteous Man is Free," "Concerning Flaccus," "The Legation to Caius," "Concerning Providence," and "The Contemplative Life." Some parts of these books have been preserved only in Armenian or Latin translations. A large number of his works are completely lost.

Philo's importance is in part due to the allegorical method of interpretation he introduced, partly to his religious philosophy. If his speculative thought has given him an honored place among Greek philosophers, he always regarded himself as a good Jew. As a matter of fact, he had only retained of his Jewish faith its monotheism and its regard for the Bible as an infallible and inspired volume. But even this was possible only by a method of interpretation which allowed him to discover the theistic speculations, the psychology, and the ethics of Greek philosophy in the Bible, so that ultimately it was not the thought of the biblical writers that was to him authoritative, but the thought he had sincerely enough imported into the Bible. The sincerity of his method cannot be questioned, arbitrary though it may appear to be. His keen intellect perceived most of the facts that in the hands of modern criticism have led to a new estimate of the Bible and of Israel's life. But these very facts convinced him of the accuracy of his method. Does the language literally understood ascribe to God what cannot belong to him? It must be allegorically interpreted. Scripture cannot contradict itself. A eunuch can have no wife. Cain can take no wife while Eve is the only woman, and build no city for a wife and a child. Canaan cannot be cursed for Ham's sin. The world cannot have been made in six days, or a woman fashioned from a man's ribs. These things, then, do not mean what they seem to mean. There can be no trees of knowledge or of life. Speaking serpents and talking asses belong clearly to the realm of myth and allegory. Double expressions denote a double sense; superfluous expressions point to deeper meanings; repetitions, synonyms, and plays of words warn the reader of hidden treasures, are subtle suggestions of thought. Names have a peculiar significance, and their bearers are important not for what they said and did, but for the qualities they suggest. Animals are not mentioned for their own sake, but as symbols of psychological facts.

To us such a system of exegesis appears as a species of deception, seeing that anything can be made by it to mean anything

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the interpreter pleases. We would rather know just what an ancient writer meant to say, and then agree or disagree with him according as the intrinsic worth of his thought seems to demand. But the difference is, after all, not so great between a personally gained conception of the world so strongly held as to force the conviction that it must be the real meaning of any records honored as a divine revelation, and, on the other hand, a similarly acquired view of the world so strongly held as to necessitate an abandonment of the very idea of an infallible divine revelation. Nor should we forget the opportunity this method provides for human thought to expand beyond anything dreamed of by the biblical writers themselves. There is no dishonesty in the method as long as it is sincerely considered to be the only rational way of accounting for certain facts that are frankly admitted. In Philo's case it rendered possible a truly grand philosophy.

Philo regarded the divine being as essentially unknowable, having no qualities of which the finite intellect could become cognizant. Only that it is, not what it is, can be affirmed. It is, and all that is is it. "To pan theos." Yet there is a realm of matter, in the last analysis non-existent, that eternally co-exists with the divine. This matter, once in a chaotic state, has become organized into a cosmos. How is this to be explained? The answer is,—through the Logos. This Logos is at once reason and thought, the producer of ideas and the synthesis of these ideas, the vessel and its contents. Turning toward God it shares the divine essence; turning outward it is a world-fashioning and world-sustaining agency. It holds within itself the eternal ideas that are as well eternally operating forces. It illumines the human mind and redeems it from the bondage of matter. It is the image of God, being the archetype of man. In this conception Platonic ideas, Stoic forces, Jewish angels, and Greek demons blend. At once impersonal and personal, the Logos mediates between the unknowable and the known, bridges the chasm between God and man, uniting both natures in one.

In Philo's view man is the incarnation of an eternal spirit, a demon, angel, force, idea, through the union of this spirit with the soul engendered by the procreative act and the body, man's prison-house, his carcass, coffin, tomb.

Emancipation from the senses; suppression of bondage to the appetites; independence of psychic experience, of joy and sorrow, of pleasure and pain; realization of the cardinal virtues of the Stoics, prudence, moderation, manliness, justice; simplicity of life, kindliness to all men,—this is morality, and morality is man's highest good. But this morality cannot be realized without divine aid, without absorption in that which is beyond the reach of sense, in contemplation, prayer, and ecstasy. In this ecstasy of immediate contemplation the limitations of ordinary sense-bound life may be broken through; women like Sarah, Leah, Rebecca, Sephora may conceive without the aid of husband, and widows recover their virginity.

Finally, a blessed immortality may be reached in freedom from the body, while an immoral course of conduct may doom the spirit to a reincarnation, a possibly endless chain of transmigration.

The tremendous influence of Philo's thought, not only on the latest, morally most earnest, religiously intensest phase of Greek paganism, nor merely on Jewish modes of reasoning in Targum and Midrash, in the last battles with developing Christianity, as well as in the kabbalistic reaction against bondage to the letter, but also on the growth of Christian dogma, on evangelists and apostles, apologists and gnostics, Alexandrian divines and framers of our great Christological creeds,—this influence is a matter of history. But the problems he tried to solve are still with us, and his solutions still offer us aid in our own thinking. Can we affirm more than did Philo concerning the infinite, all-comprehensive reality? Is not the rational order of the universe as it comes within our ken to us a matter of grave moment and intense satisfaction? With all our ineradicable longing for a monistic faith, have we quite succeeded in bridging over the chasm between mind and matter, in eliminating all the incon-

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venient question marks that every particle of dust and every organized life throw up before our eyes? If we would not have the animal appetites enslave the higher sensibilities, is it better to beat and starve the body, measuring strength of will with the recalcitrant beast, as a rider with his balky horse, than to set the mind in reverent search for the farthest reaching truth, in self-forgetful work for the common good? Have we sounded so completely the depths of being, calculated so nicely the possibilities of survival, estimated so precisely the strength of spiritual energy, of personal force, as to be able to declare that the chapter of man's most eager and persistent hopes has at length been definitely closed? If not, Philo of Alexandria may still be an active and inspiring force in our life.

PROFESSOR PARSONS ON MUNICIPAL PROBLEMS

BY REV. ROBERT E. BISBEE

"During the winter and early spring of 1897 I began to notice," says Mr. C. F. Taylor, of Philadelphia, "that certain towns in some of the States were anxious to own and operate their water works or gas works, but that they were required first to obtain permission from the legislature. I at once realized that the most important thing to do in aid of the cause of public ownership of public utilities was to learn to what extent municipalities are in bondage to the legislature in the various States, and to show the importance of obtaining municipal freedom as the first step.

"As my friend, Professor Frank Parsons, of the Law Department of the Boston University, had already given extensive study to municipal problems, I wrote to him asking if he could undertake the task of examining the constitution and statute laws of each State in reference to the rights and privileges of cities and towns. My plan was to have this information tabulated, one table showing the constitutional bearings and the other table showing the statutory bearings upon this question, preceded by introductory text and followed by explanatory text. I hoped thus to get the whole question in this condensed form into the limits of a magazine article. The task was a great one, but finally the professor consented to undertake it, with suitable assistants under his direction. The work was necessarily slow, and waiting for the latest acts of the legislatures still further retarded the work. As the work grew the professor despaired of getting the results into the limits of a magazine article. In the mean time I had planned a series of volumes, to be called 'Equity Series,' to deal with leading public questions. In the early autumn of 1898, after mature consideration, the professor and I concluded to incorporate this subject in one of the volumes of 'Equity Series,' along with other chapters dealing with other basic and vital municipal problems. This volume is the result."

The book referred to is "The City for the People," and is a perfect gold mine of facts. It is a work for which the world has long waited. No municipal officer will hereafter be considered equipped for his duties unless he is well acquainted with this book. Though encyclopedic in its mass of material, it is easy, entertaining, and even delightful reading. Broad generalizations are backed by illustrations and incidents without number. There are statistical tables, official reports, court records, and expert investigations. It would be hard to think of anything connected with municipal life that is not treated of in these pages. The book is carefully indexed, and all its valuable material is thus made easily accessible. He who has mastered this volume need fear no adversary in a debate on municipal ownership. Mr. Taylor, the promoter of this great work, has well said:

Municipal government is the problem of the age. It touches us in our daily lives a dozen or score times while the State or national government touches us once. The

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condition of the water we drink and with which our food is cooked, the condition of the air we breathe, and of the streets upon which we walk or ride, is determined largely or entirely by our local government; and also the public order, public education, public conveyance of all kinds, and other important matters too numerous to mention, are determined by our local government. Let us learn to solve our local problems well, and in the interest of all.

The book is not copyrighted. "On the contrary, an invitation is extended to all to do their utmost in every way to spread the truths contained in these pages. Newspapers and magazines are at liberty to quote as freely as they will, due credit only being asked."

It contains six hundred pages, and is sold at the following very low rates:

Cloth $1.00, paper 50 cents. Those desiring to distribute the book for educational purposes may have, 3 copies paper for $1.00, 20 copies paper for $6.00, 50 copies paper for $14.00, 100 copies paper for $25.00.

The publisher suggests:

If you will spend ten, fifty, or a hundred dollars in this way, it will not only be a great service to your community, but those who have thus submerged self in the service of the public have found much gratification and personal growth in it. It will be in every way a satisfactory investment. The more you think of it the better satisfied you will be with it—and with yourself. A community with such citizens contains the elements of "saving grace."

During the last five or six years many otherwise conservative and "safe" people have predicted a revolution as the final result of our social unrest. This prediction we do not credit for a moment; for the American people have only to do a little thinking to reach a peaceful solution of the problems pressing upon them. But deep and far-reaching changes are taking place in our social, political, and industrial life; and the movement is swifter year by year. Wherefore the occasion demands most careful study on the part of the sovereign people and their counselors in order that we may keep as far away from revolution as possible, and direct the powerful forces at work toward a smooth and beneficial evolution.

The first chapter of "The City for the People" deals with public ownership of public utilities. It discusses fifteen evils of private monopoly as follows:

1. Excessive charges. One reason men desire monopoly is the power it gives to charge more than a fair equivalent for the service rendered. The owner of an important bridge or ferry monopoly can make the people pay several times as much as the same labor and capital would bring in the open market, and a street railway, or gas company, or telephone company sometimes possesses more power to tax the people than the city government. A few examples will make the matter clear.

2. Enormous profits result from excessive charges, and the monopolistic roll in wealth while the working masses and competitive classes are cheated out of their fair share of the world's wealth.

To sustain these statements the author gives page after page of facts and statistics, and then pertinently adds:

Do you realize the meaning of all this? Do you grasp the full significance of these enormous profits and the excessive charges on which they are based? Do you perceive that monopoly in private hands means taxation without representation and for private purposes? Do you know that our people now are subjected by the monopolies to a taxation by the side of which the taxes levied by King George and his parliament are as the dust in the balance? Taxation without representation is tyranny, and every monopolistic franchise, privilege, or possession, by nature, law, or agreement is a transgression of our liberties.

3. Overcapitalization is the twin sister of extortion. Both arise naturally from the desire to squeeze as much wealth as possible out of the people and to keep the people quiet during the process. Get a franchise, issue a lot of stock, keep enough of it to retain control of the enterprise, sell the rest, build your plant, bond it for all it is worth, and recoup all you put into the concern, then double up the stock and keep adding to it as the business grows, so that an actual profit of twenty, fifty, or one hundred per cent on the real investment will be only five or six or seven per cent on the bonds and stocks, and so appear on the face of the accounts to be only a reasonable profit, not likely to arouse opposition or set in motion the legislative or administrative machinery for the reduction of the rates—such is the normal monopolistic plan. And if some public-spirited citizen should stir things up and obtain a law or ordinance or order reducing rates, the monopolist can take the matter into the courts and protect his extortions in large degree by showing that much of the bonds and stock have come into the hands of "innocent purchasers for value," wherefore he must be allowed to make interest and dividends on the whole capitalization, else the said innocent holders will be cheated out of a fair return and their property practically confiscated, which would be a very

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wicked thing if it were caused by legislative reduction of rates acting on a condition of grievous overcapitalization, but is perfectly justifiable if caused by the stock manipulation or the profit-absorbing tendencies of the monopolist himself.

4. False accounting, misleading statements, and suppression of important facts are favorite methods of keeping the people in the ignorance so necessary to the continued existence of the great monopolies. The monopolists know that their mastery over the people could not last one single day if the people knew what they know.

Abundant statistics are given to prove this assertion, and several illustrations follow, from which I quote one of the most striking:

In 1892 the cost of gas in the holders in Boston was 33.3 cents per thousand, and the cost of distribution 19.4 cents, yet the Boston Company reported these costs as $1.02, instead of 52.7 cents. The gas commissioners knew the truth, but suppressed it. When the investigating committee appointed by the legislature ordered the commissioners to supply information, the Hon. George Fred. Williams, counsel for the city of Boston, went to the office of the commissioners to get a copy of the returns of the gas companies. A clerk brought the copy and gave it to one of the commissioners, who took it and tore out the last leaf, saying to the clerk, "What did you put that in for?"

That leaf contained a statement of the actual cost of making and distributing gas, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that Mayor Matthews and Mr. Williams succeeded in obtaining the facts. The companies did not wish the people to know the truth, and the commissioners allowed false statements to go out to the people year after year in their reports; refused to allow examination of these returns, though a part of the public records of the office; kept the facts to themselves during suits for reduction of rates, protecting the companies from just reductions and entailing a waste of time and money that would have been unnecessary if the facts known to the commissioners had been brought to light and acted upon; sought to suppress the facts even when ordered by legislative authority to supply them, and after all, when the "verbatim" report of the investigation was published under authority of the State, all these vastly important data were omitted, and Mayor Matthews had to have a corrected edition of the report published by the city in order to get the facts to the people.

5. Poor service and lack of service, though not so generally characteristic of private monopoly as high charges and excessive profits, are, nevertheless, sufficiently prevalent to be named among the evils of monopoly in private control. The monopolist does not aim at service, but dividends. Service must yield to profit except where the law intervenes and manages to get itself enforced, or in the extremely rare case of a monopoly whose owners have tender, public-spirited consciences of sufficient power to govern them in their business relations. Fortunately, however, dividends are, to a considerable extent, dependent on effective service. If the gas won't burn, people will use electric light, or oil, or acetylene. If the street railways behave too badly, the people will use buses and bicycles. There is no such thing as an absolute and compulsory monopoly as yet. A monopoly is an advantage tending to shut out competition. But competition in the shape of possible substitutes is not yet shut out from any line of business. If wagon transfer, bicycle travel, and the street railways in a great city should come under one control, or the Standard Oil should get command of all the oil wells at one end and of all the gas and electric light franchises of a city at the other, we should begin to realize what monopoly could do in the way of exorbitant rates and imperfect service. We have not experienced the full possibilities of monopoly, but we have some broad hints, and among them is the lesson that private monopoly, though opposed to the adulterations of competitive manufacture, nevertheless, in various other ways tends to poor and insufficient service.

6. Disregard for public safety is a twin evil with the last. Grade crossings, that kill and maim their thousands every year; stoves that are dangerous in case of accident; carelessly placed or improperly protected electric light wires, that injure firemen, interfere with the extinguishment of conflagrations, and not infrequently cause them; overhead trolley wires, that even Yerkes admits are a menace to life and property; single flange rails obstructing the streets and wrenching the wheels off innocent carriages; fenderless cars or heavy iron battering rams instead of true fenders; leaky gas pipes left to contaminate the air, and sometimes neglected till they cause terrific explosions; beef that is more dangerous to life than Spanish bullets, and oil below the standard test required by law,—such are a few examples of the tendency of private monopolies to disregard the safety of the public. The companies care little for safety unless it will save them more money than it costs. A few years ago in Philadelphia a man presented a safety attachment for street cars. On trial with stuffed arms, legs, heads, and bodies, it was found in every instance that they were rolled from the track uninjured. The presidents of the street car companies met to discuss the advisability of adopting the new invention. "What will it cost?" they asked. "Fifty dollars a car," was the answer. The presidents ciphered up the total cost, compared it with the damages they had been

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paying for accidents, concluded it was cheaper to run over people and pay for it, and decided they would not protect the cars with the safety fender.

7. Unjust discrimination is an evil natural to monopoly in private control. Whether it be a street railway, an electric light plant, a telegraph or telephone system, a railroad or a department of the government, if the control is in private interest, unjust discrimination is almost sure to result. It is one of the chief counts in the indictment of the railroads and the street railways that they are by no means free from this taint. I know a ward heeler in one of our eastern cities who has all the passes of free tickets for street cars he cares to use or give away to his friends or vassals. In Kansas City the investigation of the Missouri Labor Bureau developed the fact that the street railways were lavish with free passes among city officials. The city clerk acted as the railway's distributor-in-chief in the city hall, and in the common council the sergeant-at-arms attended to the matter. One city legislator, Mr. Tiernan, promptly returned the pass laid on his desk, but the bureau failed to discover any other refusals to accept the "delicate advance."

8. Fraud and corruption are among the most prolific, and are quite the most deplorable, of all the results of private monopoly. As much as the debasement of individual character and the degradation of government are worse than any mere matter of property, so much are the frauds and corruptions of monopoly worse than its monetary effects. In a sense, exorbitant rates and profits constitute in themselves a fraud upon the public, and in a large proportion of cases excessive charges and extravagant profits are rendered possible only by frauds of overcapitalization, false accounting, manipulation of stock, unlawful agreement, etc., or by corruption of a legislative body to secure a favorable franchise or other privilege, or of administrative officers to prevent the enforcement of the laws. Fraud and corruption lay the foundation for extortion, and extortion supplies the means for new frauds and corruptions, which open the way for further extortions, and so the unconscionable game goes on. Governor Hazen S. Pingree, of Michigan, while Mayor of Detroit, discovered that the Citizens' Street Railway Company of that city "literally owned the council, body and soul." They would pay three thousand dollars for a member, and even made an actual offer of seventy-five thousand dollars to buy the mayor himself. The governor says: "My experience in fighting monopolistic corporations and endeavoring to save the people some of their rights as against their greed has convinced me that the corporations are responsible for nearly all the thieving and boodling with which our cities suffer." The bribe does not always take a money form. Mayor Pingree was offered a trip around the world by the agent of a certain company if he would refrain from vetoing a specified franchise.

12. Non-progressiveness on certain lines is natural to the monopolist. He wants to get all he can out of his capital, and is more or less protected from the compulsory progress imposed upon the owner of a competitive business. So we find gas works putting out the old-fashioned product instead of giving the people the benefit of the cheaper and better gas we can make to-day. Street railways keep on using the old rail that makes the street rough and dangerous to delicate buggy wheels, instead of putting down the grooved rail, level with the surface of the road, so that the street may be smooth and safe from curb to curb. We find them also neglecting to warm the cars, or fit them with fenders or vestibules, till forced to do so by law. Even severe mandatory legislation sometimes fails to move the monopolies. None of the private monopolies, so far as I know, have the development of manhood and the progress of civilization as their aim; none of them seek to extend their services to people in rural districts, as the post-office does, and the English postal telegraph, and the public water and electric systems, and the school and road departments do in all our States; and some of the private monopolies not only neglect to move, but even deliberately suppress important inventions which would compel movement if not suppressed.

13. Ill-treatment of employees is emphatic in the case of some monopolies, but is by no means as universal as most of the evils previously discussed. There are two reasons for this: (1) Some monopolists from business policy, humanity, good feeling, pride, or love of approbation, pay fair wages and accord their employees reasonable treatment; (2) In some monopolistic industries the workers, or large classes of them, at least, are able to protect themselves. The history of the great strikes on the street railways of Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit, Cleveland, Wheeling, etc., and the record of the telegraph and telephone monopolies show what private monopoly may mean to employees where neither of the above-named safeguards is operative.

14. Debasement of human nature is a natural result of any arrangement by which a few selfish men are able to achieve industrial and political mastery over others. The monopolists themselves become arrogant, overbearing, undemocratic, disregardful of the rights of others, apt to look at men not as equals and brothers, but as so many things to be used in their works, grist to be ground up in their money mills, oranges to be squeezed and thrown away. The workers, on the other hand, too often take on the character of serfs—unquestioning obedience to constituted control, unprotesting submission to low wages and

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ill-treatment, slavish deference to wealth and power, regardless of its justice, willingness even to think and vote the way their masters dictate. Divide men into controllers and controlled, on any basis but that of intelligent selection of the controllers by the controlled, for the service of the controlled, and subject to their instructions, and you destroy the truth, courage, independence, and brotherly sympathy that lift human nature to its highest type.

15. Denial of democracy is the very marrow of monopoly. Democracy says, "Equal rights to all; special privileges to none." The monopolists say, "Special privileges to us; the rest may have what they can get, and what we may choose to give them." Democracy means equality of opportunity and equal protection of the laws. Monopoly means inequality of opportunity and government by and for the few. We do not need to dwell upon the topic here, for the aristocratic tendencies of private monopoly and its dangers to republican government and free institutions have already been rendered emphatic by the facts of the preceding sections.

The benefits of monopoly. The benefits derived from monopoly through its stoppage of the wastes of competition within the field it covers, are admitted by all serious students of the subject. Competition in the supply of water, gas, or electric light, or in the street railway or telephone service, is an absurdity. It has been tried scores of times, but has never succeeded. It is a terrible waste to tear up the streets and put in parallel systems of gas or water pipes, and then maintain two pumping or producing plants and collecting agencies where one would do. With the telephone the case is even worse, for, besides the duplication of systems, subscribers are forced to belong to both systems in order to communicate with the whole field, and sometimes, where the systems are quite unfriendly, complete service becomes impossible to secure. The vast economy of union is indicated by such facts as that the consolidation of the street railway companies of Boston saved two hundred cars a day, and that the thirty-one manufacturers of matches in the United States were able, by combining, to close all the factories but thirteen, and still supply the market fully. A carload of facts to the same effect could be adduced, but it is not needful, for no one denies that conflict is wasteful or that union and concentration mean strength and economy. The irresistible movement toward the abolition of competition in respect to gas, water, electric light, street railways, and other public utilities, that has brought the companies together into solid trusts and mighty combinations, is fully justified on economic grounds. No well-informed economist advocates competitive enterprise in the public utilities of a municipality, for he knows that it means large wastes and ultimate failure through open or secret combinations of the competing companies, with high rates fastened upon the community by a double capitalization. The problem of monopoly is to retain the advantages and get rid of the evils of the monopolistic systems that so largely control our industries, and especially the public utilities of our cities.

Having thus clearly stated the question, Professor Parsons goes on to discuss the subject of regulation. This, though of decided use, is not a solution of the problem of monopoly, because it can remove neither the root of the evil nor the soil in which it thrives. The author then makes thirty-two points in favor of public ownership. These are all clearly stated, logically argued, and backed by a multitude of interesting facts. After giving the method whereby public ownership may be made practicable, the objections are taken up and argued seriatim. Space will be used here simply to illustrate the author's method of dealing with the misleading and often plainly false statements of the opposition. It will be clearly seen that when he is through with his victim nothing remains to be said. One of the objections is that:

8. "The frequent failure of public ownership shows it is not successful." This is in substance the point made by M. J. Francisco, who gives the names of twenty-two places that he says have become dissatisfied with their electric lighting plants and sold them. Professor Bemis wrote to each of the municipalities named by Francisco, and got eighteen replies. One of the places never owned a public electric plant. Seven others still own their plants and are satisfied with them. One merely took a failing private plant temporarily till a new company could be got to run it. One plant burned, and the city was too heavily involved at the time to put in a new one. One city sold its plant, not because of dissatisfaction at all, but because it had not the means to reconstruct it. In another case the plant was constructed for a village; the place now has forty thousand inhabitants; the introduction of cheap water power is expected soon, and while waiting for this the city is buying light temporarily of a railway company which has this surplus power. In five cases the plant was sold; two of them being plants that failed both in public and private hands; the cause in the third case unknown; in the fourth and fifth cases plants entirely satisfactory to the people were sold through

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corporate intrigue and influence in councils; these were the cases of Michigan City and East Portland, already mentioned in Section 8. Only two failures in the whole lot so far discovered, and one case of sale with the cause not stated, and both the failing plants were failures also under private management.

Even if all the plants cited by Francisco had really failed it would prove nothing; twenty-two out of three or four hundred public electric plants would not be alarming. The real failures cannot be more than three per cent on the evidence before us, even supposing all cases not heard from were failures. The failures in private business are said to be ninety-five per cent, but this includes competitive as well as monopolistic business. I have not been able to obtain an estimate of the failures of private electric light plants.

M. J. Francisco is the author of "Municipal Ownership: Its Fallacy." He is attorney for an electric light company, and has been president of the National Electric Light Association. He is or was at the head of an electric company in Rutland, Vermont, which the Aegis investigators of Wisconsin University say was charging $280 per arc in 1893 when Allegheny was making light at a total cost of $83 per arc, equivalent, perhaps, to $100 under Rutland conditions. Francisco's pamphlet is simply an attorney's brief, and not a truthful brief, either.

Mr. Johnston, of the Aegis, consulted Chicago's chief of construction and other officers in reference to Francisco's statements about that city, with the following result: "In this pamphlet Francisco says that part of the operating expenses are charged to the police and fire departments. Mr. Carrol says not one cent is so charged." "Francisco figures linemen's salaries at $2500. There is not a lineman employed by the city; all the wires are underground. The cost of coal per lamp is given by Francisco at $40, while the real cost is but $27; and in nearly every calculation Francisco has juggled with the facts in order to prove his theory."

Francisco uses the lamp hour and candle power test with reckless disregard of conditions. In one case he reaches his result by assuming that 2,175 incandescents of an average of 27 candle power are equivalent to 48 arcs of 1200 candle power, whereas in reality they are equivalent to about 524 such arcs in cost of operation. By such means he arrives at very erroneous conclusions respecting the cost in plants. We do not need to waste further time with Francisco; Professor Commons found his statements "utterly untrustworthy." Professor Bemis and the Aegis investigators had the same experience, and any one who will compare pages 82 and 83 of Francisco's pamphlet with vol. 3, n. 3, Amer. Statis. Assoc. Pubs., pages 302 and 303, will doubt whether the quoted words are strong enough to cover some of Francisco's statements. Francisco cites Victor Rosewater as saying in a given article precisely the contrary of what Victor Rosewater really said in that article. Francisco also quotes approvingly the partial Mr. Cowling and the packed committee of Philadelphia already referred to, also the report of the Massachusetts gas committee written by the attorney of the Bay State Gas Co., and following the worst corporation style with such marked success that it is known to-day as one of the purest examples of misstatement and fallacy to be found in the English language.

The foregoing covers but a single chapter of this marvelous work. This chapter is indeed a volume in itself. We are scarcely able in one paper even to point out its numerous veins of wealth. We again assure the student of municipal problems that this is his one indispensable book.

The second chapter on "Direct Legislation," as interesting and instructive as it is, we must omit entirely from this review, and pass on to consider the third chapter, the subject of which is "Home Rule for Cities." This question has not been so frequently discussed as the others, and will appeal to the student as something comparatively new. No better method suggests itself for furnishing the reader a clew to the import of this chapter than the quotation of statements found in various parts of it.

Our law classes cities with women as having no right to self-government—a fact which may be regarded as affording legal grounds for the custom of calling a city "she."

One of the strongest illustrations of the severe State paternalism to which our cities are subject is the fact that a city of half a million people cannot connect two of its own public buildings with an electric wire, the city being unable to obtain legislative permission against the opposition of the electric companies.

A municipality has no independent initiative of its own, and it is the only human thing in America that does not have it. The nation has a right of independent initiative in national affairs, the state in state affairs, and the individual in individual affairs, but the municipality must have permission from the legislature for everything it does. If Portland wants to establish a gas plant, she must consult with Augusta and Bangor, and Dickeyville, and all the other towns and cities in the State, and get the consent of their representatives in the legislature. If Salem, learning of the great success of

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municipal telephone exchanges in other countries, desires to build such a system for herself, she must ask authority of a lot of men from Boston, Worcester, Springfield, Osterville, Lenox, etc., who mostly know nothing about Salem or municipal telephones, and are much more apt to feel an interest in the Bell Telephone Company than in a municipal exchange in Salem. When Syracuse wants to build an electric light plant, or a subway, she must ask permission from a body of men representing Albany, Buffalo, Rochester, New York, Brooklyn, Birmingham, Rynex's Corners, Smith's Mills, Phillips Creek, Poolville, and all the other three thousand cities and towns of the State, and representing also, even more accurately perhaps, a large number of powerful corporations, whose interest it is to do all in their power to prevent Syracuse or any other city or town from establishing a municipal lighting plant, or taking any steps in the direction of a municipal street railway.

The legislature has such power over municipalities that it can plan and construct the public buildings of a city without reference to the wishes of the citizens, and then compel them to pay for the work. In 1870 the legislature of Pennsylvania arrived at the conclusion that Philadelphia should have a new city hall; so it passed an act to that effect, naming certain gentlemen as commissioners to erect the building, with absolute power to create debts for that purpose, and require the levy of taxes on the city for their payment. The act was held constitutional, and for about a quarter of a century the people of Philadelphia have been paying enormous sums, millions more than the buildings were fairly worth, for work they did not authorize, and over which they have had no control, although it consisted simply of the construction of municipal buildings for their own city—a remarkable example of the intense paternalism (to use the mildest word that suggests itself) to which the law subjects municipalities. It would be deemed a very strange thing for the legislature to say to an individual citizen: "Mr. Smith, your old brick house is getting a trifle small for you and your servants, and isn't very handsome any way; you are able to build a palatial marble dwelling, and I guess we'd better have it done. I'll plan the thing, and see it constructed to suit my taste, and you can pay for it, as you are the one who will have to live in it." The courts would not allow the legislature to act in this way toward a single individual, but a million individuals who constitute a city must be left, in such a case, entirely at the legislative mercy.

The reasons for all this. The reason sometimes given for the legislative power of strangling a municipality is that it was created by the legislature, and as the breath of life was breathed into it by the State authorities they have the right to withdraw the said breath at their pleasure. On similar grounds a parent would have a right to murder his child, and we should go back to the Roman plan of placing the power of life and death in the head of the family. Moreover, private corporations, as well as public, are created by the legislature, and if creation confers a right of limitless modification even to dissolution in the one case, why not in the other? Finally, cities and towns are not created by the legislature. They may exist and frequently have existed without any legislature, and before there was any legislature. Their existence gives them the right of local self-government. People living together in the same locality have a right to associate themselves for the accomplishment of common purposes, and to control their local affairs without dictation from distant cities and without permission from any legislature. The legislature may use cities and towns to accomplish State purposes, and in that relation may properly mold their governments and functions; but it has no more right to deprive them of freedom and self-control in local matters than Congress has to deprive a State of its freedom and self-control in internal concerns.

Summing up, we find that the cure for the evils of excessive dependence is a reasonable independence. The remedy for municipal subjection is municipal sovereignty. A city has a right to manage its local business without interference, and should be free to act outside the distinctive local sphere so long as it does not infringe a positive law of State or nation.

The best method of establishing home rule would be through constitutional provisions:

Drawing a line between State affairs and local interests as clearly as the line between State and federal interests is drawn in the national constitution;

Excluding the legislature from the field of local municipal business, so that the city may be sovereign in its own peculiar spheres; free to act in its own concerns, subject only to broad limitations such as those applied to States in the federal constitution;

Affording proper safeguards against special legislation, even in matters wherein municipal life merges into State life;

Guaranteeing the local selection of local officers;

Securing to every city and town the right to do any act whatever, whether inside the field of local sovereignty or beyond it, so long as it does not conflict with State and national law; reversing the present rule, and instead of the principle that a city can do nothing without permission, establishing the principle that a city can do anything unless forbidden—a difference as great as that between servitude and liberty;

And according to every municipality the right to frame its own charter;

In any city of Washington State, having more than twenty thousand people, the legis-

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lative authority of the city may order an election for the choice of fifteen freeholders, who must convene within ten days and prepare a charter "consistent with and subject to the constitution and laws of the State," which charter shall be published in two newspapers in the city for at least thirty days before submission; and if a majority of the voters of the city ratify the proposed charter, it supersedes the existing charter, including amendments thereto and all special laws inconsistent with the said new charter. It may be amended by proposal of the legislative authority of the city, published as above and adopted by a majority of the voters;

Thus may be secured a reasonable independence for municipalities from improper legislative control, but civil service regulations, the initiative and referendum upon ordinances and charter provisions, and the public ownership of monopolies must be established also, else freedom from legislative bossing may mean subjection to councils, local politicians, and private corporations.

Under such home rule provisions each city and town might make its own charter, choose its own officers, and govern itself subject only to the broad limitations of State and national law. Nothing could do more than such local self-government for the cause of municipal progress and purity. And on that cause hangs the future of the republic. A hundred years ago only one-thirtieth of the population of the United States dwelt in cities. In 1890 one-third of our people were in cities of more than eight thousand inhabitants. It will not be long before half the people live in cities, and when we include the towns it appears that municipal problems already affect directly at least five-sixths of our people, and indirectly, but nevertheless most vitally, all the rest.

Other chapters deal with "The Merit System of Civil Service," "Proportional Representations," "Preferential Voting," and "The Automatic Ballot."

The eighth chapter deals with the problem of political corruption. Numerous and startling instances of bribery and fraud are cited, and then the remedy is touched upon:

There are two ways of overcoming an evil. We may take away the inner causes, or remove the external conditions. We may make a man sober by removing the appetite for liquor, or the weakness that leads him to yield to that appetite, or by making it impossible for him to get liquor. The internal causes of corruption are ignorance, partisanship, selfishness, and apathy. It is our duty to do all we can to banish these primal authors of iniquity. But it is a long task of education and development to do this completely, and meanwhile a part of the work of overcoming political corruption may be directly accomplished, at the same time aiding the educational and character building processes by changing the external conditions, which fall into two classes, first, the conditions which create or intensify the motives to corruption, namely, the poverty of the people, the power of wealth and corporate influence, the chances of large gains by disreputable methods, and second, the conditions which afford opportunities for corruption, namely, the separation of legislation from the people, the system of arbitrary appointments and removals, the contract system, the imperfection of our election machinery, etc. It is needful, therefore, that we should aim to educate and inform the people, develop their patriotism and public spirit, and rouse them to action; that we should seek to raise the standard of living, close the doors to degraded immigration, take public charge of the great monopolies, adopt a better system of taxation and finance, and in every possible way endeavor to aid the diffusion of wealth, in order that the power of purchase and the temptation to be bought may be diminished; that we should establish direct legislation, proportional representation, and woman suffrage, to close the door against legislative fraud and oppression, and secure due influence in our politics to the purest and most progressive forces in the community; that we should adopt a solid civil service reform to reduce political patronage and spoils to the lowest possible terms, and take the wind out of the sails of partisanship; that we should abolish the contract system, and put the contractors' profits into higher wages for those who do the work, or into the public treasury. What is the use of employing a board of public works simply to look after private contractors? Let the board be composed of experts, and employed to look after the work directly, so as to save the contractors' profits; that we separate local and national elections, so that confusion of issues may cease; enact better naturalization laws to protect the suffrage; adopt the automatic ballot, pass an efficient corrupt practices act, and organize good government clubs, that shall persuade good men to go to the primaries, make wise nominations, watch the polls, stop repeating, bring out a full vote, elect reliable officers, as far as possible, sustain them while in office, and pursue to the extent of the law all officers who disregard their duty.

With this very inadequate review of this most important book of the decade, we are now obliged to close this paper. We trust that the century about to dawn will witness the suggestions of Professor Parsons and his coadjutors carried into practical effect.

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THE POEMS OF EMERSON

BY CHARLES MALLOY

SEVENTEENTH PAPER

"SAADI."—II.

Whispered the Muse in Saadi's cot:
"O gentle Saadi, listen not,
Tempted by thy praise of wit,
Or by thirst and appetite
For the talents not thine own,
To the sons of contradiction."

Emerson seems always averse to argument. In a letter written to Henry Ware, in answer to what Ware had written him after the Divinity School address, he says:

I believe I must tell you what I think of my new position. It strikes me very oddly that good and wise men at Cambridge and Boston should think of raising me into an object of criticism. I have always been, from my very incapacity of methodical writing, "a chartered libertine," free to worship and free to rail; lucky when I could make myself understood, but never esteemed near enough to the institutions and mind of society to deserve the notice of the masters of literature and religion. I have appreciated fully the advantage of my position; for I willingly know that there is no scholar less willing or less able to be a polemic. I could not give account of myself, if challenged. I could not possibly give you one of the "arguments" you cruelly hint at, on which any doctrine of mine stands. For I do not know what arguments mean in reference to any expression of a thought. I delight in telling what I think, but if you ask how I dare say so, or why it is so, I am the most helpless of mortal men. I do not even see that either of these questions admits of an answer. So that, in the present droll posture of my affairs, when I see myself suddenly raised into the importance of a heretic, I am very uneasy when I advert to the supposed duties of such a personage, who is expected to make good his thesis against all comers.

I certainly shall do no such thing. I shall read what you and other good men write, as I have always done,—glad when you speak my thought, and skipping the page that has nothing for me. I shall go on, just as before, seeing whatever I can, and telling what I see; and, I suppose, with the same fortune that has hitherto attended me,—the joy of finding that my abler and better brothers, who work with the sympathy of society, loving and beloved, do now and then unexpectedly confirm my perceptions, and find my nonsense is only their thought in motley.

"Listen not to the sons of contradiction." Emerson in his high standard for manners, did not like "contradiction," and who does? One can say what is proper for him to say in a manner more graceful than in the form of contradiction to another. Let him say it as an initial remark, and thus avoid the risk of dissent which comes from expressed opposition. "Always take the affirmative," he says. This of course with due qualification. That is to say, let us assent when we can as well as not; or if we cannot assent we can be silent. It is not worth while to dispute everything we may not agree with. It is too much of a task to set everybody right, and who wants an interminable argument. How offensive is the incorrigible contradictor. He converts conversation into noise.

"When men consult you, it is not that they wish you to stand on tiptoe and pump your brains, but to apply your habitual view, your wisdom, to the present question, forbearing all pedantries and the very name of argument; for in good conversation parties do not speak to the words, but to the meanings of each other." Emerson in the following words gives an example of some of these graces and virtues: "It was my fortune not long ago, with my eyes directed on this subject, to fall in with an American to be proud of. I said never was such force, good meaning, good sense, good action, combined with such domestic, lovely behavior, such modesty and persistent preference for others. Wherever he moved he was the benefactor. It is of course that he should ride well, shoot well, sail well, keep house well, administer affairs well, but he was the best talker, also, in the company,—what with a perpetual practical wisdom, with an eye always to the working of the thing, what with the multitude and dis-

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tinction of his facts (and one detected continually that he had a hand in everything that has been done), and in the temperance with which he parried all offense and opened the eyes of the person he talked with without contradicting him."

Note the words,—"the temperance with which he parried all offense, and opened the eyes of the person he talked with without contradicting him." The man referred to was the late John M. Forbes.

"Society is infested with rude, cynical, restless, and frivolous persons, who prey upon the rest, and whom a public opinion concentrated into good manners—forms accepted by the sense of all—cannot reach,—the contradictors and railers at public and private tables, who are like terriers who conceive it the duty of a dog of honor to growl at any passer-by, and do the honors of the house by barking him out of sight. I have seen men who neigh like a horse when you contradict them or say something which they do not understand; these are social inflictions which the magistrate cannot cure or defend you from." "Bad behavior the laws cannot reach." Of course, in the miscellaneous business of life there must be much contradiction. Our poet has in mind his ideal, and the high and rare refinements of society at its best.

Emerson seems to have shrunk from the impossible task of setting himself right with men who did not see what he saw, and who could never take it from him. They must be so far transcendentalists as to find the truth as he found it, by way of an open door into the source of all truth, and not from another. Argument too often only confirms an opponent in his erroneous views. It is told of the Damascus blade that it sometimes cut a man's head off and he didn't know it. It was only after some stirring about that he found his head was really severed from the rest of his body. This is allegory often for the arguing man. Some keen blade has cut off his intellectual head, but he talks on automatically, yet shows no connection with what is vital in the question. Emerson didn't like to talk with men without heads. Those who really belonged to him received him at sight, as in the case of a great prototype of old. Uriel in the poem did not argue with the old gods. He left them to "truth speaking things," and the old gods "shook at last, they knew not why."

It is hard, when charmed by the power and beauty in another's work, not to feel the impulse of imitation. "Trust thyself, never imitate," says Emerson. Resist "the thirst and appetite for talents not thine own." Thus whispered the Muse in Saadi's cot.

> **Never, son of eastern morning,**
> **Follow falsehood, follow scorning.**

"Son of eastern morning," as applied to the historic Saadi, fits well the ideal Saadi, who is Emerson himself, as we have said before. Falsehood and scorning are not quite co-ordinate, one the subject of moral and one of esthetic reprobation, yet both alike beneath the good and gentle Saadi. Scorn is always bad manners, and is always a sign of weakness. A strong character rarely employs it. Said Willis in one of his last poems, "I have unlearned contempt." Men in controversy are apt to lose their tempers; and what is so bitter as a controversy upon some trifle in religion? "What is your point worth," we say to the furious champion, "if it doesn't keep you in good nature?" The best argument is to be what one teaches. "What argument has thy life lent to thy creed?" So the poet says for "his pattern on the mountain:"

> **Denounce who will, who will deny,**
> **And pile the hills to scale the sky;**
> **Let theist, atheist, pantheist,**
> **Define and wrangle how they list,**
> **Fierce conserver, fierce destroyer,—**
> **But thou, joy-giver and enjoyer,**
> **Unknowing war, unknowing crime,**
> **Gentle Saadi, mind thy rhyme;**
> **Heed not what the brawlers say,**
> **Heed thou only Saadi's lay.**

It seems as if Emerson could easily have set men right in their want of apprehension, or misapprehension, in regard to his published word, but he never cared to do so. His expression was so clear and plain to himself that I think he hardly saw that it ever needed annotation. The great truths he uttered have come slowly into

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the full cognition of devoted readers, but fast enough after all. Thousands are added each year to those who use them, and for generations to come his words will be fresh and new. I have read him lovingly for fifty years. I read a page coming into Boston this morning. I committed it to memory long ago, and yet in the leisurely, studious way of this last reading it seemed to me that I had never read it before. "Read creatively." He gives us this phrase; and the reading is most profitable, perhaps, which inspires us with thoughts of our own.

> Let theist, atheist, pantheist,
> Define and wrangle how they list.

I doubt if Emerson cared to talk about these famous words. They were not very good names for his own conceptions. They were too much alike, and did not stand for anything real enough to satisfy his larger, better vision. Indeed, he was not content with any names. How unprofitable seemed to Saadi the long "wars" and "crimes" of "fierce conservers, fierce destroyers."

Again in these lines he would deprecate any diversion of the poet from his high calling.

> Let the great world bustle on
> With war and trade, with camp and town;
> A thousand men shall dig and eat;
> At forge and furnace thousands sweat;
> And thousands sail the purple sea,
> And give or take the stroke of war,
> Or crowd the market and bazaar;
> Oft shall war end, and peace return,
> And cities rise where cities burn,
> Ere one man my hill shall climb,
> Who can turn the golden rhyme.
> Let them manage how they may,
> Heed thou only Saadi's lay.

If the poet is so rare a product among men, when one does come, certainly he should be left to his own affairs. We have many so-called poets; but the "golden rhyme" demands "the naturlangsamkeit which hardens the ruby in a million years, and works in periods in which Alps and Andes come and go like rainbows." How hard it is to satisfy the exorbitant eyes of Emerson may be hinted in these words from "Poetry and Imagination:" "One man sees a spark or shimmer of the truth, and reports it, and his saying becomes a legend or golden proverb for ages, and other men report as much, but none wholly and well. Poems,—we have no poem. Whenever that angel shall be organized and appear on earth, the Iliad will be reckoned a poor ballad-grinding. I doubt never the riches of nature, the gifts of the future, the immense wealth of the mind. Oh, yes, poets we shall have, mythology, symbols, religion, of our own. We, too, shall know how to take up all this industry and empire, this western civilization, into thought, as easily as men did when arts were few; but not by holding it high, but by holding it low. The intellect uses and is not used,—uses London and Paris and Berlin, east and west, to its end. The only heart that can help us is one that draws, not from society but from itself, a counterpoise to society. What if we find partiality and meanness in us? The grandeur of our life exists in spite of us,—all over and under and within us, in what of us is inevitable and above our control. Men are facts as well as persons, and the involuntary part of their life so much as to fill the mind and leave them no countenance to say aught of what is so trivial as their selfish thinking and doing. Sooner or later that which is now life shall be poetry, and every fair and manly trait shall add a richer strain to the song."

> Seek the living among the dead,—
> Man in man is imprisoned;
> Barefooted Dervish is not poor,
> If fate unlock his bosom's door.

The sentiment of these four lines is prominent in religious, and especially in Christian thought. Men are conceived under the metaphor of "dead" not as involving the extinction of life. The living lie there with latent but unawakened powers. Seek these potential men. Bring them up out of their long slumber in the dirt. This is the command of both religion and poetry, if indeed in their best meaning these words are not one. "Man in man is imprisoned." "Dead" and "imprisoned" perhaps mean the same in this connection.

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Every element of a noble manhood is there, but lies inert—in "enchanted ice." Saadi bids that concealed man arise—sees the living and not the dead. Says Emerson in the essay on "History:" "There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought he may think; what a saint has felt he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man he can understand. Who hath access to this universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent."

All this is true of the Barefooted Dervish "if fate unlock his bosom's door." And all men, high and low, let us trust, have before them an equal future. No one doubts there is a power for this. Is there love enough? We will choose to be happy optimists, and sing with Browning the great concept of the equation between power and love:

So that what his eye hath seen
His tongue can paint as bright, as keen;
And what his tender heart hath felt
With equal fire thy heart shall melt.

Power for expression as well as arrested thought awaits the open door to the bosom of the Barefooted Dervish. Read these words in the essay on "The Poet:" "Adequate expression is rare. I know not how it is that we need an interpreter, but the great majority of men seem to be minors, who have not yet come into possession of their own, or mutes, who cannot report the conversation they have had with nature. There is no man who does not anticipate a supersensual utility in the sun and stars, earth and waters. These stand and wait to render him a peculiar service. But there is some obstruction or some excess of phlegm in our constitution which does not suffer them to yield the due effect. The poet is the person in whom these powers are in balance, the man without impediment, who sees and handles that which others dream of, traverses the whole scale of experience and is representative of man, in virtue of being the greatest power to receive and impart."

NATURE'S PERENNIAL YOUTH

BY DANIEL BATCHELLOR

The little child's universe is small, but all alive. With analysis and reflection come ideas of change and decay.

Most of the changes about us take place so gradually that we are unconscious of them; but there are times when they force themselves upon our attention. It gives us something of a shock when we meet with an old friend after many years of separation, and a feeling of melancholy comes over us when we revisit the scenes of our early life. Under such circumstances we are apt to moralize upon the flight of time.

Life's changes impress us in different ways according to our temperament. We see what we look for; that with which we are most in sympathy meets us everywhere. The common view is that life is ever ebbing away, and that death is the inevitable goal. The popular hymn, "Abide with me," shows that the dying preacher touched a common chord when he sang:

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:—
Oh, Thou who changest not, abide with me.

Looked at in this way we are in a dying world.

But in our more cheerful moods we cannot help seeing that it is not by any means a dead world. Indeed, it was never more alive. Always dying; but, Phoenix-like, we see it ever rising out of its own ashes. Death is but a new beginning, a passing over into other life forms. Longfellow spoke for science as well as poetry when he said:

There is no death; what seems so is transition.

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The death of the flower is the birth of the fruit. So the world is indeed a passing show; but it conveys very different meanings to different observers. To one it is a mournful procession to the tomb; to another it is a glorious transformation from life to life.

When we look abroad with observing eyes we are impressed with the universality of life. We see it everywhere, not only under favorable conditions, but also in places where we should little expect to find any living thing, as in the profound depths of ocean, in polar regions, in subterranean lakes, and in great extremes of temperature. We see it in vegetable life, each organism fitted to its own environment, growing in rank luxuriance in the tropics or struggling to keep the germ of life in cold and darkness, blossoming out in the bright sunshine or courting the cool shade, and sometimes opening its flowers only in the dark hours of the night. Here it is found in the still water, there in the turmoil of the cascade, and yet again drawing its nourishment from the dry desert.

We see life manifested, too, in the mineral world. There is no such thing as dead matter. The crystallization of the mineral is as wonderful a manifestation of life as the growth of the vegetable or animal. Given the required conditions of cold, heat, or humidity, and the latent energy springs into action. Bring two sympathetic atoms into contact, and they rush together like kindred souls.

We are only beginning to understand the universality of life. Science is continually revealing to us new spheres of vital activity. The microscope shows us a world of teeming life in a drop of water, while, on the other hand, the telescope reveals to us countless worlds stretching far away into the depths of space. The only limit either way is our means of vision.

But science also enlarges our view of life in point of duration; it gives us an ever enlarging time perspective. The old six thousand years of creation stretch out into vast eons of time. For many millions of years this planet on which we live has been the theater of life activity. But, although earth's course of life reaches far beyond our former ideas, we see that it is doomed to old age and death. The moon has passed through its briefer life, and is now a sepulcher of the past. On the other hand, the larger planets are only yet in their infancy, and may be just entering upon their grandest life activities when our earth has run out its course. From the lifetime of planets we can let our imagination try to compass the larger life of suns. And yet, vast as their duration must be, astronomy shows us the light of expiring suns, and hints strongly at others out of which the light of life has long since gone. But it shows us, also, other suns and systems in their fresh youth; while scattered through space are nebulous masses still inert or just dawning into organized life. And so our time view stretches out beyond the limit of thought, until the rise and fall of worlds and systems seem to us like "the breathings of eternity."

Or, if we look in the other direction we see how a whole life experience may be compressed into a year, a day, an hour, possibly into a moment. And these lives may be as full and complete as those which stretch out into longer periods. Length of years is not essential to completeness of life. Even in our human experience we know that the passage of time does not determine the extent of our living. There are hours which are filled with richer life experiences than come to us in ordinary years. In dreams we sometimes live long periods in a few waking moments, and the testimony of drowning people is that at the instant of passing into insensibility they seem to live over every act and thought of their past lives. Big and little, long and short are comparative terms. When the mind has been dwelling upon great astronomical problems our earth appears like a little ball spinning in its orbit. At other times, when we have been studying the minute forms of life, an insect may appear gigantic. Are we to conclude, then, that time and space are mere mental abstractions? They belong only to our lower states of existence. In the world of sense they have their meaning and use; but as we pass out of the phenomenal into the spiritual time and space lose their signifi-

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cance. In that higher life we learn that the real is universally here and now.

Consider next the inexhaustible nature of life. For every death there are a hundred possible births. Count the seeds which fall every year from a single tree. Pick up any one of these, strip it of its protective covering, and there lies the vital germ of a new tree. A fish will spawn many thousands of eggs, and in each tiny egg is guaranteed the perpetuation of the race. "Increase and multiply," is the mandate that has gone forth everywhere. Mother earth gives no sign of barrenness and old age; everywhere are evidences of fertility and of the comeliness of youth. When we think of the coming and going of successive forms of life through the ages, it gives us a larger conception of the lifetime of our planet. The advent of the human race is but a chapter in the great book of life. As Tennyson says,

Many an eon molded earth ere yet her noblest, man, was born.

We see everywhere an upward trend in evolution, the coarser forms preparing for and giving place to finer forms of life. It is true that there are many cases of reversion and backsliding, but this only emphasizes the force of the onward movement. As we watch the ebb and flow of the waves on the shore we do not see much gain, action and reaction seem to be equal; but the tide is steadily rising, and if we come back after a time we shall see how it has covered the old landmarks. Geology and biology show us how through the ages life has been struggling from the lowest forms up to man, and we cannot help asking: Has it reached its climax? Does progress stop here? Or are there to be grander embodiments of life than any which have yet been evolved?

There is a common belief that there was more of vigorous life in the "good old times" than now, and, although it is a mistaken idea, there are some evidences which seem to support it. Geology shows what Titanic forces were at work in the earlier periods of the world's formation. During the carboniferous age the gigantic ferns and mosses must have grown with marvelous rapidity, and the fossil remains of huge reptiles bear witness to the vigor of earlier and ruder forms of life. From such evidences as this we are apt to form a hasty judgment that the pulses of life now move more feebly than of yore. But we must remember that life is working through many more channels, and by finer processes. The artist can with a few broad strokes sketch out his design, but it takes thousands of finer touches to fill in the detail of his picture. The sculptor can with a few vigorous strokes of his hammer and chisel foreshadow the statue, but it takes weeks and months of finer graving before the figure reaches its full development. If we could place side by side the world of the carboniferous age with the world of our own time, we should be impressed not with the losses but rather with the gains of life. It would be the difference between the rough-hewn marble and the finished statue.

Nature teaches that life is constant, and that death is but a necessary episode in life. The individual passes away—even species run out after a shorter or longer interval; but when the race dies it is only to make way for a higher race. Through it all life survives, passing upward through many forms. Life is universal and inexhaustible.

Let us now consider this matter from the standpoint of human experience. Man is nature's crowning achievement. In him culminates the long upward life struggle through mineral, vegetable, and animal. Surely here her meaning should be more clearly revealed than in the lower forms. What then does human life teach us of nature's perennial youth? It must be admitted that the outlook is not reassuring to the superficial observer. In our despondent moods the life of the human race seems like a funeral procession from the cradle to the grave.

Like shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze their forms are gone.

What is the testimony of physiology? Passing over the fact that the great majority of people die young, or by prevent-

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able disease, we see that in the most healthy lives there is a gradual hardening of the tissues and declining pulsation until the organs become too feeble to carry on their vital functions. Perennial youth seems an impossibility as far as the body is concerned. But even here we get some hints of a more cheering character. If the frame is continually dying, it is also being continually renewed. Every night the tired body sinks into its death-like sleep; but every morning brings its new creation. We notice, too, that the body does not grow old all at once. The chief vital centers retain their youthful elasticity after the outlying parts have grown old and stiff.

If we turn to psychology we get stronger testimony in this direction. Mental vigor is more lasting than suppleness of limb. After the body has passed its meridian the mental forces are still ascending, and do not reach their zenith until the physical powers are visibly declining.

But there comes a time when even the best trained intellect loses its grasp, and shows the weakness of age. Is there anything in man yet more lasting? Yes, the muscles may stiffen, and the brain may lose its vigor, but the heart remains young. When does love grow old? See the aged couple sitting in the deepening shadows waiting for the coming night. Their bodies have no longer the elasticity of youth, and they are not able to grapple with mental problems as of old; but in their eyes still shines the old love light with undimmed luster. They are still young at heart. When does the mother's love show signs of decay? It may not be as demonstrative as formerly. Then it was like the joyous leaping of the brook, which has now broadened out into the steady sweep of the river.

Finally, in our calm moments we are aware that something within us—the real self—is ever young. And we find this agrees with the general consciousness of the race. Very old people tell us the same thing: while readily acknowledging the infirmities of age, they realize perhaps more fully than we do that they are something apart from the feeble body. The healthy soul always feels young. At life's inner citadel there is perennial youth.

And does not physical science teach the same lesson? As we go from the external toward the internal we see the life pulses quickening. The solid substance shows us the lowest form of life activity; there the atoms and molecules are comparatively inert and held firmly together for mutual support. In the liquid state the atoms and molecules have increased vital energy and greater freedom of movement; but they are still held together by mutual dependence. The gaseous condition shows an enormous increase of vital activity, accompanied by free expansive energy.

But this does not exhaust the possible forms of energy. Science teaches that there may be other states of matter as much finer than gas as gas is finer than the solid. And we find everywhere that the greatest forces are the most intangible and imponderable. What appears to our blunt senses but empty nothingness may be the sphere of transcendent vital energy. We learn then that what appears to us most tangible and real is the least effective form of life, and that in proportion as we approach the more and more subtile forms of matter does the vital energy become more and more potent. What, then, must be the intensity of life force at the center of being!

Let us see what nature teaches about the continuity of individual life, for this is a subject in which we have a deep personal interest. We may trace life passing through endless changes, the outward form ever perishing, while the life essence remains indestructible; but this does not satisfy our soul longing. As we look out upon this cosmic life we find ourselves saying with Tennyson:

> What is that to him who reaps not harvest
> of his youthful joys,
> Tho' the deep heart of existence beat forever
> like a boy's?

Does this life of ours lose its identity and become an indistinguishable part of the whole? Let us turn again to nature for her answer to this question. Upon the physical plane we find little or nothing to support the idea of personal immortality. Individuals and generations come

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and go like cloud shadows. Men have sought in vain for evidences of a resurrection in the animal and vegetable world. The argument from the seed grain and from the insect's metamorphosis may serve to strengthen the faith of him who already believes in a resurrection, but to the scientific mind it carries no weight whatever. We are driven to the conclusion that upon her physical plane nature gives a doubtful or negative answer to the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

But when we question nature upon the metaphysical plane her answers are clear and emphatic. First, there is self-consciousness. That is a factor which is as real as anything to be found in the physical world. The individual is aware of his own existence, and recognizes himself as an entity, closely related to the external universe, yet apart from it. We know that we are alive. That is an axiom of personal consciousness which admits of no question. Further than this, in our highest and best experiences we know that this life of ours is imperishable. This is perfectly rational from the standpoint of material science. Through all changes of form science teaches that the life of the atom is indestructible. And can the spiritual be more perishable than the material? This argument gains force when we think of the lives of the greatest and best of mankind, such as the great religious teachers of old. We cannot think of them as dead, when we see how their personality still sways the lives of vast multitudes. Is Shakspeare dead? His mind is a living force to-day throughout the English-speaking world? But there again looms up the question of individual continuity. We are convinced of the indestructibility of life. It is easy also to see how the life of the race passes on from generation to generation. But what becomes of the personal existence? Is it merged into the general life of the race? Is it absorbed into the universal life? Or does it retain its identity in other states of being? Some seek for an answer in the declarations of Scripture. Others think that they have positive proof in spirit manifestations. But there are many people so constituted that they cannot accept these evidences, and who yet long to know the truth. Where shall these earnest seekers find the light? When external authority has been laid aside, and all other evidence fails, there remains but one court of final appeal—the inner consciousness. Although men may reason in different ways upon the great problem of human destiny, back of it all is the general consciousness of the race, "I am a living soul, and my soul life is immortal." So far good; but when we begin to define difficulties arise. When we study two great schools of thought, the oriental and western, we find that, while they agree as to the doctrine of immortality, they have different ideals of the soul's destiny. While the great thinkers of the East seem to regard individuality or selfhood as an evil, and look toward its final absorption into the universal life, the western thinkers regard the self life as essentially good, and desire its perpetuation in larger and fuller measure. There, then, we have on the one hand individuality and on the other universality. Which is the true explanation? Or does the complete truth embrace both of them? Let us examine them a little.

Individuality alone separates us from others, and tends to a narrow exclusiveness. From this flows selfishness, clannishness, and sectarian bigotry.

On the other hand, universality alone is apt to lead us into a wide diffusion of thought and dissipation of energy. Take a lens, and focus some rays of light into a point of burning intensity. There you have the bigot, narrow but energetic. Now by the opposite process disperse the rays of light. They cover a wide area, but their pale cold light is ineffective. There you have the idealist, who reaches out vaguely into the universal, but whose life sympathies are never focused into action. There we have two extreme types, happily not often met with, and yet we are all fluctuating somewhere between them. It is by the proper co-ordination of these two that we get breadth and force of character. It is hard to keep the true balance. Although the East holds to the ideal of universality, while the West is more interested in the individual, we must not conclude that either does this exclu-

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sively. Practically, among the orientals universality must be tempered by individuality, and western individualism is modified by universalism. Further than this, if the eastern and western sages could give a comprehensive statement of their own ideals the two schools of thought would probably be found more nearly in accord than is commonly supposed. Yet there is a difference, as is shown by the two forms of civilization. The East, placing too much emphasis upon universal relations, is on the whole lacking in individual force, while the West, placing too much emphasis upon the individual, is on the whole lacking in universal sympathy. Each has a lesson to learn from the other. Let us try to realize the larger truth which embraces both the oriental and western ideals—a complete selfhood which reaches out into universal relations.

Look at the structure of the human frame. It is one body, yet composed of various members, each of which must follow its individual functions, both for its own good and for the welfare of the whole body.

More than this, modern biology shows that the aggregate body is composed of a vast number of small bodies, every one of which retains its own individual existence while at the same time it forms part of the larger individuality. And just as these smaller organisms enter into our larger organism, so we as individuals form part of the social organism. We are only beginning to realize the significance of these physical truths. When they are generally understood they will completely transform society. And who can tell where this relationship ends? We successively outgrow the limitations of family, tribe, nation, and race. Already our social ideals begin to be world-wide in scope. At our best we feel that "all are parts of one stupendous whole." We may be atoms in a vaster body than we can yet have any conception of.

All this is equally true in the world of mind. The spiritual is no less multiplex than the material. If our bodies are related to all other bodies, so are our minds as intimately connected with other minds. No one can compass the reach and interrelation of thought. Surely nature teaches that individuality is compatible with universality.

Here is another lesson for us in personal identity. We learn from science that our bodies are being continually sloughed off, so that no part remains of what we had a few years ago. The atoms which then composed our frame have been replaced by others, and yet through all of these vital changes we feel that it is the same body. It is the paradox of the river over again, continually flowing away and yet always the same river. These material changes have their counterpart in the spiritual. As many changes take place in the soul as in the body,—indeed, these bodily changes are but the outward expression of what is passing inwardly,—but through all transition the ego is conscious of its own identity.

Material science has another encouraging word for us. It teaches that the atom is not only indestructible, but also incorruptible. Whatever loathsome forms it may pass through, in itself it is pure. The very rotting process is but a releasing of the atoms back to their free condition. And is not spirit essentially pure? Our souls may for a time be out of tune with the Infinite, but the discordant notes will all be merged at last into the pure harmony. To change the figure, they may be swayed by disturbing passions; but after these temporary aberrations they will swing back to the divine truth as certainly as the magnetic needle turns to the polar attraction.

We all feel the need of unity in the collective life; but the free expression of individuality is no less necessary. Both of these principles are exemplified in nature. We see unity in the law of attractional gravitation, the common bond which holds all things together in sympathetic relation. Individuality is shown in the endless variation of created things. Nature never duplicates any pattern. And this originality of design is not a matter of caprice; each variation has its use, for it is a more perfect fitting of life to its environment. Every variety of form and habit is needed to give full expression to the cosmic life, and it is the mutual adjustment of all the variations which makes the rich harmony of nature.

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An insight into these natural principles helps us to understand how separate individualities may be complete in themselves, and at the same time in vital union with the universal life. The practical question is how to make this ideal more real.

We have already seen that we have a soul—or, more properly, that we are a central living self—that does not grow old with the body. And we have further seen that throughout all nature is an indwelling soul which is eternally young. But, although we have the germ of this imperishable life, it is in too many cases like the latent life of the seed or the egg, passive and insensible. What an inspiration comes when it germinates into consciousness! How can we get this awakening and attain to a realizing sense of perennial youth? See how bountifully nature ministers to the body, with what boundless profusion she satisfies the wants of all her children. And not less wonderful is the assimilative power by which each organism draws what it needs from the general storehouse. The same thing is true in the spiritual world. So does the Oversoul minister abundantly to our spiritual needs; and so does each soul drink in from the inexhaustible fountain of life.

"There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." Will not these words of Paul bear a wider application than we have generally given to them? Every natural body has its spiritual counterpart. If we were not so dominated by the material senses, we should realize that what now seems to us so real is but an appendage,—the outward form in which is enshrined the living reality. It is true not only of the human form, but of all forms. The food which we eat supplies more than animal tissue. Its natural body goes to build up our natural bodies; but how can it be transmuted into thought and feeling? There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body in our daily food, and as the natural body becomes assimilated into our bodies, so its spiritual essence becomes part of our spiritual being.

But in either case the amount of nourishment we receive depends upon our assimilative power. The healthy, vigorous body takes in largely of the material nutriment, while the poor dyspeptic starves before a full table. In like manner the healthy soul builds up a spiritual body from the same food which yields no sustenance to him in whom the spirit life is in a moribund condition. We gain power both of body and spirit in proportion as we are prepared to receive it. The fabled fountain of perpetual youth is essentially true, and it is within the reach of all. That is a shallow view of life which sees only advancing age and decrepitude. The larger and profounder vision shows that nature is a continual resurrection from old dead forms.

Even under physical conditions old age is to some extent a voluntary matter. We grow old prematurely, because we allow our minds to fall in with ideas of decrepitude. Unfortunately it has been instilled into us with our early religious training. How often have we listened to the dirgelike Psalm: "The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away?" And our youthful imagination has been impressed by that graphic description of feeble old age in the last chapter of Ecclesiastes, so that unconsciously we have formed false ideas of physical life, in which vigorous old age seems exceptional, and out of the order of Providence. So we often hear the expression, "I am getting too old" to do such and such a thing. The truth is that both body and mind retain their youthfulness when they are properly trained and habituated to new forms of exercise.

We speak of growing old; but if youth means fullness of life would it not be quite as proper to name it growing young? The joyous laughter of youth is like the leaping of the mountain brook; the river that flows along the valley is quieter, but there is more fullness of life in it. We are impressed with the energy of the rocket or the cannon ball; but there is vastly more force in the silent sweep of a world.

See how in our human relations the self grows out into the larger self. Take, for instance, the family life. The parent

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lives in the children; and the children live in the parent. Into the patriot's soul flows the larger life of his nation. The philanthropist, whose sympathies are broad enough and strong enough to love man as man, irrespective of the social boundaries which surround him, feels himself continually growing larger, and the pulses of life beating more strongly within him as he shares more fully in the joys and sorrows of his human kind. He cannot grow old, for into his life is ever flowing the perennial youthfulness of the race.

The law of life is that we gain by giving. If we would grow in muscular power we must give out muscular effort. If we would gain in intellectual force we must exercise our thinking faculty. And so if we would have larger stores of affection we must give out more freely of our heart's treasure. There is deep truth in the paradox, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life shall save it." They have most of the riches of life who spend themselves most for others, for in some way or other we always get back more than we give.

The best way to keep young is to keep in touch with the young. There was wonderful wisdom in that symbolic act of Jesus when he took a child and put him in the midst of the contentious disciples. Watch the crowd of men and women jostling one another in the sharp competition of life; mark how their eyes light up and a softened expression comes over their faces as a little child comes into their midst.

> Trailing clouds of glory do we come
> From God, who is our home:
> Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

No one can be irreligious in sympathetic contact with the child.

There is a divine beneficence in the family arrangement whereby the parent is kept in close relation to childhood. Those childless people who see only the anxious care of bringing up a family know nothing of the rich compensation and the inspiration which come from sharing in the fresh life of the children. Notice, too, the beautiful affection which often binds children to their grandparents. See what a close bond of sympathy and of loyal comradeship there is between them. This intimate association with childhood serves to keep the heart young and pure.

To the little child everything is aglow with life. It knows nothing of death, and believes implicitly in an encircling heaven. But this state of childish innocence cannot last; with the awakening of the intellect comes the analysis of life and death, and the distinction between earth and heaven. He thinks that he is now wiser; but knows that he is not happier. As Tom Hood says:

> And now that I am grown a man,
> It gives me little joy
> To know that heaven is farther off
> Than when I was a boy.

There is no returning to this Eden of childhood. He must think more deeply until he comes to the larger thought that death is but a passing phase of the eternal life. He must go on through his doubt to a larger faith where he comes to realize that the universe, though vastly larger than his childish imagination, is all included in God's heaven, and that every spot is a shrine of the Divine Presence.

This individual experience is that of the human race. To the child man of primitive times nature was all alive. The sun, moon, and stars overhead were gods; the woods were filled with sylvan deities; the ocean had its sceptered kingdom; everywhere he was confronted with a life which he could not understand, and which filled him with awe.

As he learned to observe the phenomena of nature, and developed the power of reasoning, the conception of abstract law dawned upon him. The personal deities which at first were so near to him became more and more removed until he began to doubt their existence. Polytheism gave way to monotheism, and even this was largely obscured in many minds. In the analytic methods of material science the early vision has been for a time obscured. But as scientific investigation becomes more searching it opens up larger issues of which the child man could never conceive. Science grows more reverent year by year, as each lifted veil

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proves only the introduction to profounder mysteries of life.

And we find the same process of development in theology. First, gods and demons on every hand. Then creeds and theological definitions, reaching their climax in medieval scholasticism, remnants of which are still found in our church creeds. But this has been succeeded by a growing perception of the sacredness of life, not confined to this or that individual, but belonging to all,—a divine life pulsing in every part of creation, whether animal, vegetable, or mineral,—all divine, all miraculous.

"Once a man, twice a child," is often used in a cynical sense. But there is a second childhood which is altogether beautiful, and to which all healthy souls at last come. It is not less than the noblest manhood and sweetest womanhood; but rather a crown of grace which is added to these. In rare instances we find lives in which the child spirit has always been in the ascendent. Such an one was Friedrich Froebel, the founder of the kindergarten. Many, too, will lovingly remember his loyal disciple, Elizabeth P. Peabody, who was a noble example of a strong intellect always under the guidance of the child spirit. And if we would know how the highest manhood can be blended with the most perfect childhood, we must reverently study the life of Jesus of Nazareth.

The order of mental development is from synthesis, through analysis, to larger synthesis. Take one illustration of this. The child looks up at the starry sky which is all embraced in his simple concept of heaven. Later on he learns something of astronomy, and begins to trace the planets and the different constellations. His childish concept of heaven is disturbed, and his mind is for a time confused by the complexity of stars and planets. By degrees, however, these fall into relation with each other as parts of a whole, while he is able to look up and read in the silent movement of the great star clock the progress of the night and of the year. This is a synthesis larger than that of the child, but it does not stop here; he must go on to a keener analysis, to be followed in turn by a larger generalization. So analysis and synthesis succeed each other in ascending cycles, and when he has reached the utmost bounds of scientific knowledge he finds himself looking out upon that unfathomable mystery of life. Once again the child spirit comes over him, and he repeats to himself, "In my Father's house are many mansions."

This is not a process of growing old. It is growing into a larger youthfulness. The popular idea of life is that which is so vividly pictured in Shakspeare's seven ages of man. But observe that the dramatist puts that speech into the mouth of a professed cynic; and there is not a line in it which refers to the soul of man —the real man—nothing but his fleshly garment. It is not true even physically. Is there no such thing as a green old age? In the play to which we have just referred, old Adam says of himself at eighty years of age:

> **Though I look old, yet am I strong and lusty;**
> . . . . . .
> . my age is as a lusty winter,
> Frosty, but kindly.

Among our own acquaintances we can point to those who have long passed the "threescore years and ten," and are yet in the enjoyment of vigorous life. And there is reason to believe that even in cases of extreme longevity people do not live out their full count of years. Under improved conditions human life may be greatly extended, and the worn-out body at last drop off painlessly.

Although we may grant that even under the best conditions the body must wear out, that does not affect the real life. The child's dresses have to be discarded as the body grows to larger proportions; and so, although this bodily garment has to be laid aside, the soul may continue to grow into fuller life. Let us turn from Shakspeare's seven ages to the inspiring words of Jesus, and try to realize what he means by "eternal life." That which is alive in us can never die, can never grow old. We cannot conceive what the future may have in store for us; but we know that in some form our life must go

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on, and that the conscious joy of living will increase in proportion as we partake in larger measure of the universal life.

A loving intercourse with nature teaches us that pessimistic views of life are superficial, however the pessimist may pride himself upon acuteness of vision. If we stand by the seaside and watch the endless succession of waves rolling in to be broken upon the shore, or if we launch a boat and rock to and fro upon the billows, it is natural for us to think of the instability and restlessness of the waters. But down in the depths of the ocean there is an eternal calm, and there is always peace at the heart of things, however they may be disturbed and fretted on the surface. These disturbances and changes are not in vain, they all answer some good purpose. Struggle is a stretching of the muscles. Death is the changing of nature's garments. Down below all that beat the great heart throbs of life.

It is inspiring to contemplate nature's perennial youth, and to see life passing with witching elusiveness through endless forms of beauty and joy. Oh, for a larger faith to realize that so the tides of spirit flow from soul to soul. If the material changes are beautiful, how much more beautiful the spiritual transformations!

Nature furnishes to the body an increasing supply as it is able to receive more. And it must be equally sure that with every new soul awakening will come a larger influx from the Eternal Life.

WHERE GOD IS THERE IS JOY

BY M. JOSEPHINE CONGER

For I have seen the Lord God everywhere. Not
In the creeds of one small church alone,
But in all churches have seen his face,
And in the silent wood there is a throne,
Whereon he dwells eternally. And I
Have caught him walking through the streets
Of towns where smoke and dust shut out the sky;
And on the stoops of mansions I have seen
Him pause, and from the kindness of his heart
Give blessings to a mortal low and mean;
And in the hovels of the poor he sits
Sometimes at even by the ingleside,
And warms the tired heart till it forgets
Life's bitter cares.

The birds that cleave the air rejoice in him,
And in the briny deep he dwells, where pearls
Abound, and strange and unknown fishes swim.
On lofty mountains, yea, and on the
Barren plains his handiwork is traced;
And high and low, and far and near, I see
The glory of his righteousness, the
Wondrous workings of his will. Yet, when
I think again, I do recall that I have
Never seen the Lord God in the wars of men.

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DREAMS AND VISIONS

A RECORD OF FACTS

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

It is frequently asked whether hallucinations, visions, etc., are hereditary.

We have made some personal inquiry, and find that "it runs in families" in some instances, and in others there may be one sensitive found where the rest of the family are professedly skeptical and attribute the "hallucination" of the sensitive member to various physical causes; but it is a remarkable fact that, whenever they get into trouble and are uncertain, they like to consult the one with the unusual experiences, as to how things will probably turn out, thus showing their real faith in the matter.

It is not true that all sensitives are necessarily weak physically, and I have never found them to be mentally weaker than the other members of the same family, but quite the reverse. These persons usually have the five senses more perfectly developed than others, especially that of hearing, as I have never known one deaf person to be at all psychic or clairvoyant. This, of course, does not refer to the blind, who seem to have their other senses quickened by the loss of sight, while the other senses are deadened by the loss of hearing.

LIFE SAVED BY A DREAM

The little story that I am about to relate has been told me many times by the wife of the man whose life was saved in a most miraculous manner. The man died when I was very young, the widow married again, and in her home I was always a welcome guest. This lady, whose life in Texas was full of romantic and thrilling incidents, passed away less than four years ago. Her mind, always strong and well balanced, remained so to within a short time of her death.

This story is well known to all old Texans, many of whom have had it direct from the parties who figured in the scenes. The man's grandchildren are living in different parts of Texas now; the lady's children by her second marriage reside in Austin and Bastrop.

In the year 1827 there came to Texas from Missouri Josiah Wilbarger and his young wife. They made for themselves a home at Barton's Prairie, near the Colorado River, about ten miles north of the town site of Bastrop. Some ten or twelve miles from this home lived a family by the name of Hornsby. In the early days of Texas many adventurous young men came from the "States" to look at the country. The early settlers were always glad to entertain guests in their humble homes. At the time of this story several unmarried men were stopping with the Hornsbys. Among the number were two Missourians, Standifer and Haynie. In the early part of August Josiah Wilbarger came to Mr. Hornsby's, and one day, in company with Strother, Christian, Standifer, and Haynie, rode in a northwesterly direction to look at the country.

When some five or six miles from the place where the city of Austin now stands they saw an Indian, and immediately gave chase, but soon lost him in the undergrowth along the banks of Walnut Creek. At noon the men, contrary to the advice

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of Wilbarger, stopped for rest and refreshment. They were about four miles east of where the Texas Granite State Building now stands. Wilbarger, Strother, and Christian unsaddled and hoppled their horses, the other two men staked their horses to graze without unsaddling them. While the men were partaking of their mid-day meal they were fired upon by Indians. Christian and Strother were mortally wounded. Wilbarger received several gun and arrow wounds, but continued to fight valiantly, and made an effort to save Christian, who was not yet dead, by getting him on a horse. Standifer and Haynie, seeing that to remain meant certain death, and believing their comrades to be mortally wounded, mounted their horses and hastily fled. Wilbarger called to them, begging to be taken up behind one of them,—he even tried to follow them,—but a well-directed shot from an Indian gun penetrated the back of his neck and came out on the left side of his chin. He fell to the ground, but did not lose consciousness, although in a paralyzed condition. The Indians stripped their victims, and then with scalping-knife finished their bloody work, first, however, cutting the throats of Strother and Christian. The gunshot wound in Wilbarger's neck no doubt led the Indians to believe that his neck was broken. Wilbarger said afterward that when the scalp was torn from his skull he felt no pain, but there was a sound as of distant thunder. His neck and shoulders were bruised and swollen from the trampling of the Indians' feet as they stood upon their helpless victim while the last bloody work was done.

A blissful unconsciousness at last came to the half-dead man, and the Indians swiftly sped away to wigwam and the dance of death. The blazing summer sun was going down when Wilbarger regained consciousness. His parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and a burning fever seemed consuming him. Led by instinct he crawled to a pool of water, and lying down in it found relief for a time. He then became chilled, and dragging himself from the water lay down upon the dry ground where the rays of the evening sun warmed him, and sleep came to him. While he slept a great horror came upon him, the green flies swarmed upon his bleeding head, and when he awoke, he knew by the pain that a greater misfortune had befallen him.

Hopeless and despairing now, he was ready to give up. Hunger and an intolerable thirst were added to his miseries. Again he crawled to the water and quenched his thirst,—a few snails and roots appeased his hunger. Weak, faint, suffering, a devouring element upon his head, alone beneath the pitiless stars, no sound on the chill night air but the distant bark of the coyote or the dismal hooting of the owl, no companion save the ghastly dead, his heart sank within him. In sheer desperation he dragged himself about six hundred yards in the direction of Reuben Hornsby's, but strength failed, and he sank exhausted under a post-oak tree and waited for death, which to him would have been a welcome messenger. While lying there in agony and despair, his sister, Margaret Clifton, stood beside him, whether in the flesh or out of the flesh he did not know; but she brought him comfort and hope. She said very distinctly; "Brother Josiah, you are too weak to go by yourself; remain here and friends will come to take care of you before tomorrow's sun shall set." Other words of comfort she spoke, and she bade him be of good cheer, saying, "You will be restored to your family, and live eleven years longer."

Then she moved away in the direction of Hornsby's house; he called to her, begging her to remain with him, but she vanished from his sight, and he was once more alone. His sister's words gave him courage; and strength was born of hope. He knew that his sister's home was in Florisant, St. Louis County, Missouri, many hundred miles away, but he did not know that she had died the day before in that distant home. This he learned long after, for news traveled slowly in those days.

When Standifer and Haynie made their escape from the Indians, they went as quickly as possible to Mr. Hornsby's and reported the death of their comrades,

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saying that they had seen Wilbarger fall as they rode away, and at least fifty Indians surrounding him.

That night Mrs. Hornsby had a strange and troublous dream. She saw Wilbarger alive, but in a most pitiable condition, —naked, bloody, scalped. She saw the other men lying cold in death. She awoke her husband and to him related the dream. Falling asleep again, the dream was repeated, and this time so vividly that she aroused not only her husband, but the other men in the house, urging them to go to Mr. Wilbarger's relief. At daybreak she had coffee and breakfast ready. The relief party consisted of Reuben and William Hornsby, Joseph Rogers, John Walters, a Mr. Webber, and others. Mrs. Hornsby gave them three sheets,—two, she said, were to cover the dead, and one to wrap around Wilbarger. She also gave them food and some fresh milk in a double Mexican gourd, for, she said, "Mr. Wilbarger will be hungry."

As the relief party drew near the place to which they had been directed, Mr. Rogers, who was in the lead, saw Mr. Wilbarger, whose body was covered with blood, leaning against a tree, and mistaking him for an Indian, leveled his gun, exclaiming, "Here they are, boys."

Mr. Wilbarger raised his hands and called out, "Don't shoot, boys; it is Wilbarger." The dead were reverently covered, and left for burial next day. Mr. Wilbarger was wrapped in a sheet, after having drank the milk Mrs. Hornsby's thoughtfulness had sent, and was placed upon one of the horses, William Hornsby, a youth of sixteen, and of slight build, sitting behind him and holding him up. Thus they returned to the home of the lady whose dream had saved Josiah Wilbarger's life.

Right here I may remark that Mr. Wilbarger lived eleven years and a few months, but always suffered from the terrible scalp wound. He related to friends the story of his sister's having appeared to him that memorable night, but was unable to give an explanation, for he did not know that she had passed out of the body only a few hours before her appearance to him. When he learned of her death he still could give no explanation; he only knew that comfort had come to him through his sister, and that his life was saved by a dream.

William Hornsby died two years ago, near Austin. The old Hornsby place is known as Hornsby's Bend.

MRS. MARY McDONALD.

SIGNIFICANT DREAMS

It was at a dining in Atlanta, Georgia, in the spring of 1886. I had been to a "fortune-teller's," as we called her. She was a clairvoyant, possessing remarkable power of reading the past, present, and future of people she had never seen before and of whom she could not possibly have known anything. This power of hers had been proved in the case of many of the most intelligent and reliable residents of Atlanta. She told me on this occasion, in the presence of several of my friends, that certain events would happen to me a few years later. These events were of a very unusual character, for which my life then offered no warrant whatever. I repeated her predictions to the company assembled at this dining, and we all laughed gayly at my impending fate. I wrote down her prophecy when I went home, but never gave it another thought, as I had not a particle of faith in it. A few years later, just about the time predicted, these events did happen to me, with such accurate truth that her prophecy was recalled to me by one of the guests present at this dining. But to return to my theme. My relating this incident on the above occasion turned the conversation to the eerie, the uncanny. Our hostess then related a strange dream she had had some years before. For three nights, at short intervals apart, she dreamed that her home had burned. Soon after the last dream a telegram came announcing the fact that that home in reality had been destroyed by fire.

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In the summer of 1890 I was told another significant dream. Its raconteur was a woman of perhaps seventy years, of beautiful character, intelligent, and charming, but not literary. She one night dreamed that her son, then in a distant State, was in great danger. So vivid, so dreadful and overpowering was her feeling of his danger, that she rose from bed, and in agonized prayer pleaded that his danger be averted from him. A few hours later came a telegram saying he had been in the Kimball House, a large hotel in Atlanta, that night when it burned down; had slept so heavily that he had barely awakened in time to save his life, but was unhurt. This lady was a devout Episcopalian, a believer in the literal inspiration of the Bible. Her explanation of the dream was that God had warned her in this way of her son's danger, and that her prayers being heard, he had wakened in time to save his life. Both these dreams made an impression on me because of the personality of the relaters of them.

JULIA O'KEEFE NELSON.

INTERESTED LADIES

WORKING IN A GOOD CAUSE

"In the Institution where I am employed as nurse (The Home for Aged Women) we find many ladies suffering from gastric trouble caused by coffee.

My own personal experience is that since a child I have been a moderate drinker of coffee, but most of the latter years have suffered from acidity of the stomach, sluggish liver, and nervousness.

I finally gave up coffee entirely, about three years ago, using hot water in its place. Of course, after removing the cause, the symptoms disappeared, but I seemed to need a beverage more strengthening than hot water, as my occupation of nurse required considerable exertion. I began to look about for a suitable breakfast beverage and undertook the preparation of one by browning some wheat berries and using that as coffee, but the result was far from satisfactory. Finally I came across Postum Food Coffee, on a visit at my home in Roselle, N. J., and found it exactly fitted the case.

"I have been using it regularly and introduced it to our institution. When it was first served, it was not satisfactory, but I looked into the matter and insisted upon having it boiled fully fifteen minutes after the actual boiling had started, not counting the time that it was on the stove before boiling again. The next time it appeared you would not think it was the same article, it was so much improved. Several of the patients decided to use it to the exclusion of coffee and I found that its use reduced the number of cases of indigestion. The result has been very gratifying, and for two years now Postum Food coffee has been in daily use at the Home.

"Mrs. Matilda Seaver and Miss Anna Merrill are desirous that their names be used to help forward the good cause. My mother has been greatly helped by the discontinuance of coffee. She was formerly subject to cramps, but they have entirely disappeared since she has abandoned coffee and taken up Postum Food Coffee. Respectfully," Miss E. Stryker, Elizabeth, N. J.

There is no wreck so shocking as a dissolute man.

Our acts, like our shadows, follow us through life.

All great men have been men of action as well as thought.

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ORIGINAL FICTION

BETWEEN TWO WOMEN

BY COLETTA RYAN

THE MEETING.

When I came into the village the night was dark, the station gloomy and unpeopled, and the general behavior of the scene before me tearful; but as I crossed the conscious little piazza I caught a face. I saw it only an instant, but that was enough. A million years could not have served me better. Keen insight does not ask many favors of time; it sees and understands, and the knowledge of a century is often locked in the heart of a tiny hour. We looked long and earnestly at each other, and finally the woman smiled in so wonderful and convincing a manner that I approached her, saying:

"I know not who you are, what name you are known by, or where stands your dwelling place. All these things are yet mysteries to me, for they are not of the soul; but you cannot conceal from me, even through your faultless dignity, the inner light that shines from out your eyes making a home wherever they may turn."

Answering me, she took my hand in hers:

"Who are we if not sisters and children of one Father? Your life has been freely given to that development of mind which makes, through constant and holy use, the face indicative of its rare beauty. You have followed the promptings of the voice within, and come here to this quiet village. You do not know it, but you have come to me." She leaned forward, her strange, pure countenance filling the shadows with light. "Friend," she whispered, coming nearer with each sweet word, "I have waited for you all my life, and because I have had trust in your coming I have not been denied. See, it is a dreary night, but the stars are coming forth one by one; the sky is no longer rushing toward the earth with angry clouds. Behold, as we stand here the morning struggles for birth, even before the midnight has spoken to the world of the great day to come." She paused, and as she looked upon me I felt that heaven was not far, and, bending over, kissed her with my soul!

THE WALK.

We were walking through the pine woods the next day, sometimes talking and sometimes silent. How happy we were in each other! She was all that is grand and noble in woman, large in her affections, with that depth and universality of nature that only the nearest children of God can possess. Wherever is found this nature is power. It may be hidden or it may be expressed, the world may never hear it, or the world may become bettered by it; but, whether hidden or expressed, it is the voice of the prophets and the foundation of ideal love. As we strolled along we came upon a lonely grave. Gazing upon it I asked: "Who lies beneath us in his last deep slumber?" Tears filled her lovely eyes. "Listen," she answered, "I will tell of one whose life was wise and wonderful and pure:

"Nobody suspected that he was a saint. In fact, he was thought quite an ordinary man. According to the far from modern idea of our strange village, the reign of saints belongs exclusively to centuries long gone by.

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"I wonder what the present thinks will be the outcome of all these years of fervent praying and their direct and indirect communication with God, if not a nobler and better race of men and women, turning their spirits to the light with a devotedness born of time and trust, and a loyalty to supreme faith, grand, and godlike, and enduring. The world despised him. He knew only the stars and the heavens, and never dreamed of sin and wrong and the terrible consciousness of the flesh. His splendid confidence in mankind was the cause of many a tear, but it also became the inspiration of the noble who had forgotten that they were children of the sky and turned their faces to the world of sorrows. Because he expected great things of the meanest, the narrow paths widened, the lanes became streets, and the streets ran to meet the sea that came in bearing wonderful trophies from far-off countries. He lived so near to God that when he spoke the multitude hardly understood him, yet, with so much sincerity in word and action did he reflect his Father that those who could not follow his discourse came to rest beneath the protecting blessedness of his mantle, and called him the prophet and the light of millions! Simplicity made him beautiful, and purity looked out of his eyes to ennoble and uplift the universe. The heat and cold, the storm and wind were nothing to him, because his spirit was with God and his body grew as forgetful of unpleasantness and pain as did his soul. He never died, though the bells tolled slowly one dark, dreary day, and the mourners came, one by one, to lay their last token of affection upon the new-made grave under the tree by the winding river."

The tears were in her eyes though she smiled upon me, and I murmured my gratitude for the little story the telling of which had evidently cost her some anguish; and all the way home we were silent and thoughtful, and so much nearer the fulfillment of our better natures that chance had led us through the lonely woods!

BORDERLAND.

Her wonderful personality encircled me as the faithful petals of a flower hovering, through love and desire, around their golden calyx. Even as I slept a voice colored and made beautiful my dreams, saying: "Yesterday I met you. You heard from my lips a pleasant word, you saw framed about them a happy smile, yet your better vision chose to think it was but the invention of an unselfish sorrow. I have lived in the bosom of a friendly circle for a long year, dear stranger, and yet not even the wisest of them has suspected me of anything but joy and absolute contentment. I was dying, and through one look of understanding and sympathy you raised me from a terrible death. If my friends really loved me, how could they allow me to grow old with pain and suffering? They have protected me as the book-seller protects a book—dusting it, caring for the binding, and returning each new day, through duty and force of habit, to see if it has not slipped away. The idealist comes along, and pushing aside all others, looks into the depths of its yearning pages!

"O stranger, it is yours! Take it, and place it near your soul; for you, and for those of your image and likeness, it was created and brought into the world."

. . . . . .

I awakened. She was bending over me.

"When did you come to me, dear comrade?" I murmered, dreamily.

"Ah, little one," she whispered, "do you not know that there is no coming or going in real affections? United minds have learned to laugh at time and distance, finding God good enough and great enough to allow the least of his children, if they are possessed of sufficient depth of feeling and sympathy, to converse across the miles regardless of time and place. But," she added, smiling down upon me, "if you would know when my physical presence broke in upon your slumbers I will tell you that I have only just arrived, also that it is a rare and wonderful day, and that the placid little village has been astir for the last two hours."

Turning over, I fell into that preparatory dozing which makes breakfast a

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deliciously doubtful possibility in the near and beckoning future. While beneath me in the garden, a beautiful, rich, low voice came forth from its inner heaven reflecting the fair unseen world with a gladness and a sadness that can only be described by the rain falling over the sun.

CONFIDENCES—I.

And all the while we had never spoken of love,—we, of the dreamers' kingdom, we who had traversed cloudland from dawn till eve, for one glimpse of light and fuller understanding. We both knew intuitively that the time must come, as we felt, through some strange and mysterious consciousness, that carried its silent messages from mind to mind, that we both had loved, and loved deeply and fervently and sincerely. When two women of strong feelings, with a passion for the highest and best in art, and a steadily growing ambition to fulfill the promise of their better selves for the betterment of those around them, when two women whose lives though often physically divided have run in the same mental channel, there is much actually known of each other even before the meeting of their hands. And when at last they stand face to face it is neither wonderful nor remarkable that they are familiar with the great events that have visited each soul without even so much as giving their verbal names. So it was not strange that, though we had not touched upon the subject of love, we both felt and knew that love had not escaped us.

"Tell me about him," she said, looking into my eyes with a true woman's appreciation and understanding.

"I was lonely, desolate, and unhappy, with a gift of expression that had no more purpose than to sing freely and melodiously without a thought or care of the morrow. I looked at the world, but found so little there that I would turn back to my pen, with tears in my eyes withholding the poor shadow that I desired to reflect upon the spotless paper. It was hardly worth the writing—and so I waited. Long weary months passed, and when they asked me why I did not work I could only reply, 'I am waiting—waiting—' and one day he came.

"He showed me the great, breathing world. He told me how to look upon it and grow rich in thought, and deed, and purpose. He showed me how, in every life, rested the seed of beauty, and love, and happiness, and that there was no sorrow for the brave and watchful soul. He was my father, teacher, and brother before he became my lover, and I was the little child learning and learning, until at last I began to stand alone with my face toward the sky, and my heart and mind full of the wonders of God. I learned that children must be born before they are begotten. That the mind of every man and woman, whether married or single, is unconsciously creating the voice of the Future. I learned that there is but one love in all this universe, and that the supreme love of God; that we are all children of one Father, and that making me the sister of my lover, I forgot to steal him from his duties, and prayed that he should serve his Master as a beautiful and sacred proof of the affection he bore the highest and best and noblest in my nature.

"He is just as human as other men, for all I have told you. God gives richest natures the greatest struggles in the war between the body and the soul. It is the saving compliment that he bestows upon them, believing them strong enough to triumph over the material world, with the limitless wealth of spirit born of strength and desire.

"One twilight we were together. We did not often see each other, and this day we had met after a separation of many months.

"Alas, our little brother and sister love, where did you bury yourself in that burning hour? He pressed me closely to his wildly beating heart, murmuring anything but the message of a father to his child. O resolutions! O newer and better ideas of loving and living, where did you all hide yourselves that terrible moment? Kiss after kiss he showered upon my trembling lips. What a fiery soul was clasping me to itself. Oh, God, I prayed for strength to take me from this flaming danger, and, as I turned my mind to higher things, my lover died, and, as the sun went down, my nearest friend returned—

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'Dear child, forgive me,' and I bowed my head, and through the beauty and silence of the twilight we dreamed of that dear day when we should begin to live a holy and united life, when love should crown us with a wedding song and all the stars command us to be wise, and turn our every feeling to the skies."

CONFIDENCES—II.

"I hardly know how to begin to tell you of my love life," she said, after thanking me with tears in her eyes for my trust and confidence in her sympathy and womanhood. "I have always had to love something." She smiled at the sad humor of what must have passed through her mind. "If it was not a plant it was a bird, and once it was a little red tin dog who, if he could have spoken, would have told you that I was capable of a great deal of affection. As I grew older my yearning for love and something to love became stronger with each new hour. One day a great master of vocal art told me that I was possessed of an unusual voice,—that I should work and work with an ideal before me; and so I threw myself into my labor, and art became my love. Oh, I was so true to this love! I dreamed of my service to humanity and a wonderful mission that I must unveil for my listeners. But I had many trials, and jealousy and injustice, and sometimes serious faults of my own, made my life very sad and bitter and lonely. I would appeal to art for mercy, with tears in my eyes. 'Help me! Help me!' I would cry; but my outstretched arms clasped only the barren air, and I would again sink into the shadows still ambitious, but so heartsick and discouraged. He found me in just such a mood as this.

"Taking my hands in his he whispered: 'Poor little bird, how can you sing when you have no branch to lean upon, no tree to protect you from the voice of the wind and rain? You are telling the world of home and love and happiness when you have never honestly even felt any of these pure blessings. Look at me, dear one, and tell me if you are not weary of climbing the rugged and narrow path alone and unassisted? You have been so brave, so strong; but it is not in the nature of things that you should go on in this dreary way.'

"I thought I should die of joy! I had never felt such trust in any man before. I was at rest and happy in his noble arms, and I wept such tears as only a weary traveler sheds on entering heaven after a terrible struggle with life upon the cruel earth. Just what you say of your lover I say of mine. He is my guide and master, my life, my hope, and my star, and for him I am living, and working, and loving my fellow-men, that I may be worthy of his great and wonderful manhood!"

THE PARTING.

Then came the day of parting. The sun assumed a father's gentleness in breaking the news to us, and the pleading breezes, pausing in their hurry, waited to give us of their sympathy and affection. Even the old station looked happier, for the brilliancy of the sky was reflected upon it, and the sleepy little village seemed to be more alive than usual, unconsciously helping us to postpone our tears until philosophy had given them no good reason to exist. "You will write, dear, will you not?" she said, placing her hand within mine. "Yes," I replied, as in a dream, trying to realize that the hour had truly come. "And you will let me know when you pass through—" "Of course, my comrade, and the time will not be long, believe me." Just then the train came furiously between our words, until at last we were obliged to listen by the face alone to guess its loving messages. "I must leave you now," I whispered. She did not hear me, but guessed it was time for me to go. Closing me within her great, womanly arms, she kissed warmly: "My friend! My friend!" she cried, "and must I lose you after so much joy?" "'Tis but the beginning, dear," I weakly said; "we are just ending a beautiful prelude; besides," I added, half smiling, "you know there is no coming or going in real affection."

And then I lost her in the lonely crowd!

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TWO HEARTS FOR ONE*

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

CHAPTER XV.

One of the recruits was even so bold as to ask her if she would give him "the tip of one of those bright curls to carry to the war."

Of course, Hal's blood was up in a moment, and he listened for the answer, but there was none; the child paused, sent a look of amazement at the recruit, and never looked at him again and went away alone. Later Mr. Van Horn found her in the library fast asleep in the chair he had left at the table. Her face was very pale, but sweet and calm. What a change since that gold had been returned, he thought. No sorrow now; all was peace within. She was growing quite happy again. One little slipper had dropped to the floor, and mechanically he picked it up. He was deliberating whether to wake her or to leave the room when Hal appeared. Mr. Van Horn pointed to her. Hal scarcely grasped the situation when Minnie woke with a start, missed her slipper, and looked down.

Hal's eyes were riveted upon it in Mr. Van Horn's hand.

"Here, darling, here it is."

"Oh, thank you. How long have you been here?"

"Just a moment."

Her eyes were fastened upon Hal—the old white look. Mr. Van Horn had stooped to put the slipper on her little foot, but, still looking at Hal's white face, she drew back, put out her hand, took the slipper from him, smiled, threw it on the floor, and slipped her foot into it.

Mr. Van Horn rose calmly, told her the nap had made her eyes very bright and her cheeks very rosy.

Minnie still looked at Hal. What was it? Was the sleep still upon her, or was Hal so changed?

"I am hardly awake, I think," she said, "for, Hal, you seem to have grown since morning. Dear me! You will soon be a man."

"Do you object to that?" said Mr. Van Horn, for Hal did not speak.

"Yes; yes, I do. For except you and pa I don't like men; they have no sense, or they think girls are fools. Hal, how tall are you any way? Dear me, where have you been to-day and what have you done to yourself?"

"Why?" he asked, at last.

"I don't know; you seem to be a man all in a day. Now I am going to bathe my face and see if the dustman has left any dust in my eyes. Sit down, both of you; I will be back in a moment. I have got something for you, Hal."

"All right!" he said, and she went out.

The two men exchanged glances as she left the room.

Turning to Mr. Van Horn, Hal said:

"I wish you would call her by her name. Where did you get that slipper?"

"On the floor. Look here, Hal, I won't be watched or questioned. I told you what I would do, and I will do it. Now don't split straws. She is indeed waking up. Don't let her see, in the sudden realization that you are a man, that you are not her ideal man."

"I fear you are her ideal of all her ideals. No other man would dare call her what you did," he said, bitterly.

"What did I call her?"

"Do such words spring involuntarily to your lips?"

"I study no words in addressing her, and she understands me perfectly always But here she comes."

Minnie came in, and Amy followed with a tray. She handed Mr. Van Horn a plate of cake and a saucer of ice cream,

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taking the other heaped saucer her- she handed Hal a spoon, and said:

Come, Hal. We never divide our cer, Mr. Van Horn—Hal and I; and never shall, shall we, Hal, until you ar a mustache? That ends all our boy- ood nonsense."

Hal had taken the spoon, but it was evi- ent he did not care for the cream; how- ever, his face did brighten as she chatter- ed.



"LATER MR. VAN HORN FOUND HER FAST ASLEEP."

"If you don't hurry it will all melt. I suppose those men in the yard are enjoy- ing theirs. Poor fellows, it will be a long time, perhaps, before they eat another saucer of ice cream."

"When do they go?" asked Mr. Van Horn of Hal.

"A week from to-morrow."

"Dear me! What do you think I heard one of those fellows say?" said Minnie,—"that the captain had pitched heels over head in love with Nellie the moment he laid eyes upon her. I wonder how men know so much about each other. Do they tell each other all they know, as we do, Hal?"

"You don't tell me all you know."

"I tell you everything I dare to. Don't catch me telling things that make boys swear, though."

"You never tell me anything that you wouldn't tell anybody else."

"I do. I don't know very much, but you know all I know, except—"

"Except what?"

"Except what Mr. Van Horn knows."

There, she had done it again, but Mr. Van Horn came to her rescue.

"I know she played truant and did not go to school the very first day I ever saw her."

"Yes, Hal, that is so. Amy and I made a swing at the spring on the road to school, and Mr. Van Horn stopped to rest his horse, and lay in the grass near by listening to all we said. He must have thought me a 'oner,' as pa says."

"What spring?" asked Hal.

"Why, the one you say you always go to drink when gunning."

Hal was silent. So that was why Van Horn loved to go to the spring. He turned his head, knowing that Mr. Van Horn read his thoughts.

"Oh, wasn't that the very loveliest summer? Mr. Van Horn stayed with us, and, Hal, I wish you had been there."

"Do you?"

"Yes. You see you would have known him better, and—but it is all right. But goodness, Hal, how old and big you look

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to-day! Something got wrong with my eyes when I slept, may be, but I never saw a fellow change from a boy to a man in a day before;" and she paused in her eating and looked at him in a puzzled way again.

"I will be a man when I return."

"Return! Where are you going?"

"To the war, down South."

"Oh, Hal, you don't mean it?"

"I do, indeed."

"Then that is it—that which has made a man of you in a day."

"I do not know about that."

She laid down her spoon and tripped away to the window and leaned out, far out, and Mr. Van Horn touched Hal and nodded toward her, and, as Hal turned his head to look at the childish figure, he felt so glad that she did not know what had made him so changed in a day. But when she raised herself up, and stood in the room again, he saw that her long eyelashes were wet with tears, and for the first time he was glad to see them in her eyes. But, alas, in trouble how natural it seemed to her to seek refuge in another love. He believed that if he was not there she would have run and buried her face in Van Horn's shoulder and wept, but she would be weeping to part from him.

They were not separated except at night now. Hal came every morning and stayed all day. She was going with him to the camp the night before they marched. She and her mother were very busy now to get Hal off. She tried to be gay; she had little real idea what the war was—but Hal was going away; she never thought of his being wounded or killed, and she told him she was sure he would return at the end of ninety days.

"But, Hal, do not appear any more like a man than now," she pleaded; "that gray suit looks well, but I know the blue would be more becoming, and, Hal, I know it would be all the same to me whether it was the blue or the gray; you would be the same Hal still."

"Now, I like that," said Mr. Van Horn; "it is the man and not the uniform."

She went to the camp with her father and mother, Nellie and Mr. Van Horn, to bid the boys good-by. Three regiments were in camp; they were cooking their supper among the trees when they got there, and Hal had already burned his white hands.

He stood apart at last with Minnie, talking of everything but that which he felt most, and at last he said:

"Minnie, I shall not be there when Van leaves, but do not, for God's sake,—do not forget me then!"

"No, no, Hal, I shall not. Do not speak to me of that. I remember what angers you or pains you, and I tell you I can avoid it better when you are away than when you are present; for I shall remember your face as I saw it that afternoon. I will never make it look so again, God helping me. But do try to learn to control your temper, Hal. Do you know, I have thought it might injure your health? Besides—"

"Besides what?"

"That is what makes pa call you a tiger."

"Does he call me that?"

"Oh, he always says you would fight like a tiger, and that with a regiment like you he would face any ten thousand ordinary men."

"I will tell you this,—if he put some man ahead of me with you in his arms as I saw you once, I would cut my way through ten thousand men and kill the man who held you. So there! Good-by."

She held out her hand and his clasped it,—the same electric thrill. She looked up,—that changing red and white, those quivering nostrils, but, oh, those eyes! 'Twas not the glare he fastened on Mr. Van Horn, not that which burned in them when he swore she should not tell him good-by. She gazed, and he drank in the gaze.

"Good-by." He dropped her hand gently, and Mr. Van Horn found her standing alone, pale, trembling, mute, still, her eyes following the retreating figure of the young soldier, when he came to take her home. She was looking at her hand and seemed pained and puzzled.

"What is it, dear?"

"Oh, I want to tell you something, and to ask you something, it is very queer, and I know that you can tell me. To-morrow morning will do. I do not want to speak

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before pa and ma, and—I must go home right now."

CHAPTER XVI.

The next morning Minnie joined Mr. Van Horn after breakfast in his favorite place under the trees and the roses.

"And now for my pet's question," he said, making room for her on the rustic seat beside him; she seemed to hesitate, and then she sat down.

"Mr. Van Horn," she said, "did you ever shake hands with Hal?" She looked into his eyes earnestly.

"Yes, dear."



"SHE HELD OUT HER HAND, AND HIS CLASPED IT."

"Mr Van Horn, what is the matter with Hal?"

"I do not understand you."

"I mean, is he ill?"

"Oh, certainly not. He is very strong, unusually so for his age. He is too young, though, I fear, to bear the hardships of army life. Why, what makes you think him ill?"

"I don't think so; I ask you. Did you notice anything peculiar about his hand when you touched it?"

"No. It is a very white and a very aristocratic hand. Is that what you mean?"

"No. Let me see your hand."

He held out his hand and she laid her palm upon his, and said:

"If you touch Hal, why, you feel him tremble, and your hand and arm, clear to your heart, will tremble, too."

"Oh, no, it would not," he said, trying to appear doubtful, but remembering Hal's confession about her touch. "No, it would not, that is imagination."

"No; it is not. You know I never touch anybody but you, or pa and ma; but the night you came and Hal got so angry at me I was a little frightened. I thought he had hurt himself with the gun he had in his hand, and I laid my hand upon his arm. I felt him quiver like one in awful pain or deadly fear, and the blood rushed up and he was red, and then he was so fearfully white. Then again, one afternoon, when talking of something which excited him, he laid his hand upon the back of mine, and the same quivering caused him to tremble, and my own arm also, so

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that I threw his hand away; he sprang up and the old white and red surged up again. And then last night when he said good-by. Do you know, it is the very first time I ever offered to shake hands with him. I held out my hand to him, and as our palms touched I felt him tremble, and then my own arm, and even to my very heart thrilled and trembled, and that is what I was thinking of when you came. I don't know why, and I wanted to know why Hal is like nobody else."

"Was it painful?"

"Oh, no; but so strange."

"He seems very much the same as other people to me. He is a very handsome fellow, and a brave, good fellow,—too much temper, perhaps; but I do not like lukewarm natures. Besides— Why did you never tell me that Hal's father was a Spaniard?"

"I didn't think of it."

"Hal is a proud southern creole, two-thirds Spaniard. He has good blood, but dangerous blood in him, child."

"I feel that is too true? Do you know what an awful thing he said last night, and I believe he meant it,—that if a man held me in his arms as he saw you, he would cut his way through ten thousand men and kill the man who held me?"

"I believe he would do it if he could."

"Just think. What could ever make a boy talk like that unless he were insane, or was a Spaniard? I guess it is because he is a Spaniard."

"He is very young; time will cool him. Why, little one, I might have been very much like him but for this;" and he touched his scarred cheek.

"Will Hal ever grow to be like you?"

"Oh, no. Hal is— What do you mean?"

"I mean, will he ever be calm and wise and self-possessed, and all that you are?"

"Oh, I hope he will be a better man than I."

"No, he can never be that, for—"

"For what?"

"For Hal has an awful tongue."

They both lapsed into silence.

"Then you do not know?" she asked at last.

"Do not know what, dear?"

"What is the matter with Hal."

"Why, yes, I do; but he is not ill, and I assure you that you will know all about it yourself in good time."

"Is it because he is a Spaniard?"

"Partly so, I think; they are a very proud and passionate race. You have never spoken of this to any one else?"

"Oh, no. I would not speak of Hal's faults to anybody but you."

"You consider this a fault, then, do you,—this peculiar sensation when he shakes hands?"

"Why it's—it's a peculiarity; it is not like other people, and since it seems always to happen when he is angry, why, it must be a fault."

"He was not angry when he bade you good-by last night, was he?"

"Why, no, not then; but a moment before he had said he would cut his way through ten thousand men; he was white when he said that. Yes, I suppose he was still a little angry when he said good-by, or else he would not have trembled like that. Poor Hal! I wonder where he is now."

"Some miles upon their journey, Minnie, dear."

The big brown eyes with their heavy fringes were turned up to the morning sky wondering again and again.

"I am so glad," she said, at last, "that you are here, for if you and Hal had both gone, I do not know what I should have done, and as one had to go, it is better for Hal, for I cannot be good with Hal as with you. I have to deceive him, or rather I have to keep everything from him that will make him angry, and that is deceit; and you do not get angry at anything. I can tell you anything I can think."

"If you ever find out, and I know you will, why Hal gets angry as you call it, and especially why he trembles when you touch him, or shake hands with him, you will come and tell me?" he said, looking steadily at her earnest face.

"Indeed I shall. Oh, but can you tell me what is the matter with Nellie? She is just like Hal. Of all the weeks last week was the magic one to change people. Hal looked like a man in a day, and Nellie is getting to be an old woman."

(To be continued.)

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HEALTH AND HOME

EDITED BY

MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

PRACTICAL RELIGION

In every true home there is a well-read Bible, and the head of the house is familiar with the New Testament and the Psalms, and each member has a favorite chapter that has wrought greater or less influence upon his life. I wish with all my heart it were read and studied daily in every home.

There is no truer index to the internal state of man than his interpretation of the Bible, and especially that portion which he says appeals strongest to him. The "Sermon on the Mount" is universally esteemed by Christians of all denominations, but how few take home its lessons and live so that they can daily receive the blessing promised to the poor in spirit, the meek, those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, the merciful, the pure in heart, and the peacemakers.

Each beatitude involves all the rest, as one will see by close analysis. For instance, suppose we are always merciful, would we not be pure in heart, meek, peacemakers, poor in spirit? There is something very beautiful in this fact that if His hearers only remember and do one, he receives all. Each man receives according to his state of receptivity, and Christ framed this sermon to suit each mind.

Judge not. The person who reaches the state of Christian perfection where he no longer judges another person has fulfilled, or is in condition to fulfill, each and every teaching contained in that great sermon, and will surely receive the blessing promised. He will fulfill the entire command, for he will surely love God with all his heart and his neighbor as himself. Only love of God flowing in, filling his entire being with Christian life, which is love to God, and flowing out in every act, which is love to his neighbor, could bring a man to this condition. He would be saved from all presumptuous sins, according to the prayer of the psalmist.

Quotations of the command not to judge are almost universally made from Matthew's Gospel, but I love that simple declaration given of St. Luke's report of the divine sermon. If one is tempted to judge another for some overt act of evil, or what appears such to him, let him ask himself the question, "Am I in condition to cast the first stone?" and then, remembering his own sins, he would repeat: "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged;" and feel that instead of committing a sin, he had been tempted, and in the resistance to the temptation had received the promised blessing.

Did you ever see a person who had reached this high estate of spirituality, who absolutely refused to judge any man, even as our Lord said, "I judge no man?" The Word of God judges, and each man is his own juror. Let him go to the Word, study the law, put the question to himself; he will stand justified or condemned then and there, for God and he alone know the motive that prompted the word or deed.

There is nothing more deplorable, because nothing more universal, in pulpit or pew, in every grade and shade of life, than the judging of others, the constant effort to pluck out the mote from his brother's eye while the most casual ob-

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server can see the beam in his own. This is certainly a most presumptuous sin.

No one has any more religion than is shown in his daily life and in each word and deed; therefore, he must begin in his own home, in his own family, to cultivate the principles of true religion. The child has ample opportunities to exercise his highest faculties in the very outset of life. Gratitude to God begins first in gratitude to earthly parents; love to God in love of parents, brothers, and sisters,—"for if ye love not those ye have seen, how can ye love God whom ye have not seen?"

Parents can exercise patience, love, forbearance, justice, mercy, fortitude. Indeed, the home life is a divine institution for education of the great family of God's children. Suppose each member of a family takes one command contained in the Sermon on the Mount as his daily guide; he will choose the one best suited to his state, and if he lives up to it in the spirit he will keep all. Then, indeed, would each family on earth be as the societies in heaven, living and working for the good of the fellow-man and the glory of God.

We read a great deal about lynch law, and hear it condemned on all sides; but it is strange that people recognize Judge Lynch only as the demon spirit of an angry mob, and do not seem to see that he wears various disguises. He masquerades very often in petticoats, and judges without hearing, executes without trial, his neighbors, his neighbor's wife, his neighbor's sons and daughters. In which form is he most cruel and deplorable? When he leads the infuriated mob to hang a criminal who has done murder or defiled a home, or when he appears clothed in soft raiment and judges some thoughtless act, some innocent or ignorant speech, and thus wrecks a life and a home by his venomous scandal? His cloven foot may be seen through the lace on my lady's silk petticoat, and his halter is more often tied by the white fingers of gossip than by the roughened hands of an outraged and excited populace.

But remember that with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again, and if you judge after the Judge Lynch fashion you shall be so judged in return. Thus we see the Divine Word is judge of us all. We receive the blessing or the curse at the very time we say the word or do the deed that blesses or curses others. If we would but remember that each and every thing in this busy world outside of us corresponds to something within us, we would begin to correct our own lives and thus improve the external condition of our own lives and those of others.

"How beautiful are the feet that bring good tidings." How welcome the friend who brings love and good cheer and peace, who tells you the best she knows of every one. You begin to think the world is getting better, and your heart opens and blooms out in its good sunshine. She tells you that some absent one has asked for you in kindly tones and remembers you in gratitude and love, and your heart beats with awakening joy of some long forgotten face or pleasure.

Look for the good, seek it persistently, and if you find not good, refuse to see, much less speak of the evil.

MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DOMESTIC EXAMPLE

No one has ever set a finer example to women than the Queen of England, who is to a large extent her own housekeeper. Every morning a paper of suggestions from the clerk of the kitchen is placed before her, from which in her own hand she orders the menus for herself and such of her grandchildren as may be with her.

Of course, everything good in season is served at the royal table, but it is a fact worthy of remembrance that the queen's personal diet is of the simplest. For breakfast, eggs and dry toast or fancy bread is all that she ever takes, and the queen's housekeeping books are most minutely and methodically kept. The

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proper requisition, signed by the head of the department concerned, accompanies all stores that are served out; not a bag of dog biscuit can be ordered for the kennels unless of the proper printed form.

This method was adopted by this domestic queen and the late prince consort in direct contrast to the chaos which descended from the days of George IV., and entirely does away with waste and extravagance, and enables her majesty to exercise that wise control over her finances, and yet to keep the grandest establishment on the relatively smallest royal income in Europe, and sets the example to all women in her kingdom, from the peasant to the prospective Queen of England.

The quiet home life that she enjoys probably more than any other queen has ever done, and her simple diet, are the secrets of the queen's good health at eighty-one. It were well if all women could emulate her example. Another prime factor in her superb health has been the fact that she has virtually lived in the open air, has done cheerfully all her work, and has been ever known as the best of mothers, the most faithful of wives, and the most conscientious of sovereigns.

REST

Rest is essential for the life and healthy growth of all things, and the best use of all things.

The tree rests in winter. The sap flows down and rests in the cradle of its roots. The very earth rests from plow and hoe. When spring comes the blood of the tree, its soul, wakes up and starts upon its journey of life to every tiny branch. Why did it rest in winter? Because its lungs were dead and incapable of breathing sufficiently to keep vigorous life active. So when its blood runs up the buds come and begin to breathe new breath into the tree, its leaves, its flowers and fruits. Each person will observe a season of the year when he feels less active than at other seasons; if he would arrange it to rest, that is, take less vigorous exercise mentally and physically, he would live longer and enjoy life to its fullest. Why, the very knife blade becomes dull with use, and the wise man lays his tired razor away to rest, and takes it from its case every molecule readjusted and ready to do good service.

CHANGE IN FOOD WORKS WONDERS IN HEALTH

It is worth knowing that a change in food can cure dyspepsia. "I deem it my duty to let you know how Grape-Nuts food has cured me of indigestion.

"I had been troubled with it for years, until last year my doctor recommended Grape-Nuts food to be used every morning. I followed instructions and now I am entirely well.

"The whole family like Grape-Nuts. We use four packages a week. You are welcome to use this testimonial as you see fit. I am willing to give any information to any one who desires to see or write me regarding Grape-Nuts." Respectfully, Mrs. C. H. Lowe, 681 Parker St., Roxbury, Mass.

The reason Mrs. Lowe was helped by the use of Grape-Nuts food, is that the food is predigested by natural processes and therefore does not tax the stomach as the food she had been using; it also contains the elements required for building up the nervous system. If that part of the human body is in perfect working order, there can be no dyspepsia, for nervous energy represents the steam that drives the engine.

When the nervous system is run down, the machinery of the body works badly. Grape-Nuts food can be used by small children as well as adults. It is perfectly cooked and ready for instant use.

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EDITORIALS

COUNT TOLSTOI'S NEW NOVEL*

I.

Count Tolstoi's new novel, bearing the singular but not inappropriate title of "Resurrection," has occasioned much controversy; and, while being enthusiastically praised on the one hand as one of the most moral and noble creations of modern fiction, it has called forth savage and intemperate attacks from leading critics, some of whom denounce it in unmeasured terms as being distinctly vicious, more injurious than the most realistic French novels of the day. These widely divergent opinions are not surprising to one who understands the different view-points of the critics. By those who believe that a wrong must be recognized and its essential evil appreciated before there is hope of its being righted, this work will be hailed as a needed voice in the modern wilderness of social and political life; while by those who hold that more injury than good results from calling attention to acknowledged evils, those who believe that the way to exalt life is to ignore the vicious and see only the good, or at least emphasize only that which is high and fine, this book will naturally be regarded as of doubtful benefit; and those critics who distrust the new, who fear to see the established order assailed, or those who cling to the principles which are represented by the old idea that "divinity hedges the throne,"—those who believe that the ruling power, whether czar, king, emperor, president, governor, or mayor, should not be criticised, and also that the judiciary and the machinery of law should be regarded as sacred,—will find in this book much to be condemned, as Count Tolstoi believes that justice is above law, and that corruption, brutality, inhumanity, and the absence of love and human interest among the judges, the rulers, and the jailers is doubly criminal, and being thus criminal it should be exposed, that the wrongs may be righted.

II.

"Resurrection" is a novel of the type of "Les Miserables," though the author insists on carrying home to the consciousness of the reader the vital truths with which he deals, in a more pronounced, persistent, and positive manner than did the great Frenchman when unfolding the results of man's struggle with unjust laws, customs, and conditions. But Tolstoi is always first the preacher, prophet, or teacher, and in Hugo the poet and artist are nicely balanced with the humanitarian philosopher. Count Tolstoi's work is a prophet's cry no less than a thrilling tale. It is throughout realistic, but it differs so widely from all that class of realistic works in which the authors seek to reap a fortune by catering to prurient tastes that it must not be confounded with the productions of such writers as Zola and Daudet. Like Shakspeare, Tolstoi, when he describes sin, vice, and evil, makes them so repulsive that one instinctively shrinks from contemplation of the author's portrayals; and he brings forward the terrible harvest that comes from the sowing of the flesh so vividly that it is inconceivable that any one could read "Resurrection" without being compelled to pause and consider, even if he be so enamored of sin as to refuse to turn away from the path that ends in night. The realism of Count Tolstoi is like that of Ibsen. It concerns itself with the smallest details of life. It is as though the writer were taking the reader through the inferno of modern civilization. He is

*"Resurrection," by Count Leo Tolstoi. Cloth. Illustrated. Price, $1.50. New York, Dodd, Mead & Co.

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compelled to breathe the vitiated atmosphere, to see and feel the truth of conditions very unjust and wrong—conditions that cannot exist if the facts are known and the conscience of man has been deeply moved. It seems to me that the sincere, earnest man or woman who reads "Resurrection" will say, "Let society do as it will; as for me, I shall henceforth strive to do right, not only in my relation to individuals, but by taking a deeper interest in government, to the end that the wrongs and injustices may be lessened or overcome." And yet while such, I believe, must be the general influence of this book, I regret that the author has not omitted some passages from its pages. There is, it seems to me, a needless dwelling on unpleasant details which are not particularly germane to the subject; and though they do not vitiate the atmosphere of the volume, which is pure and stimulating as a breath from the frozen North, they serve to repel the reader and break that close sympathy with the writer and his characters which one feels in reading "Les Miserables."

III.

The story deals with the life of a Russian prince who in youth wrongs a girl. The victim through her disgrace is forced downward, as are tens of thousands of poor girls in every Christian land, until at length she finds a refuge in a brothel. Years pass, and a man dies under suspicious circumstances. The one-time beautiful and innocent maiden is arrested on suspicion. Now it happens that Prince Nekhludoff—the man who years before had betrayed the prisoner—was drafted on the jury impaneled for the hearing of this case. Through a blunder in its finding the jury, while seeking to acquit the prisoner of the crime, stated that she was not guilty of theft, which was the alleged motive of the murder; but the finding failed to state that she was innocent of the crime, the jurymen supposing that such would be inferred. The court, on the other hand, held her guilty, and sentenced her to Siberia. The awful wrong committed against this girl in his thoughtless youth, is brought home to the nobleman with crushing power. His conscience is aroused as never before, and the new crime of her conviction serves to call forth all that is best in his nature. He begins to work for her release. He visits her, supplies her with money, knowing its power in lessening the hardships of prison life; but the girl does not appreciate his motive. It is true, she takes his money, but believes that Nekhludoff is actuated solely by a fear of eternal damnation, and is thus hoping to escape the punishment of his acts. The money received is spent largely for drink. All this, however, does not deter the prince from his determination to effect her release, to marry her if she will consent, and spend the rest of his life in seeking to atone for the wrong done. Or, in the event that it is impossible to secure her release, he proposes to share her exile, that he may mitigate, so far as possible, the hardships of her unjust fate. He visits St. Petersburg, and brings all the influence which he can command to bear upon the council, in the hope of having the decision reversed, and later lays the case before the czar. He then repairs to Maslova, the wronged woman, and accompanies her. In this manner he is brought in touch with the other prisoners, as well as the jailers, the guards, and the whole penal machinery of Russia. In St. Petersburg he had been appalled, as he had been in the lower court, at the indifference to justice and human right, and at the corruption and brutality which marked the government in all its ramifications; but nowhere was the hideous brutality, savagery, and essential criminality so glaringly and offensively in evidence as in the administration of law in dealing with society's unfortunates.

The sinking of self in the effort to be of service results, as it ever must, in bringing to the front the sleeping God in the prince, the divine that is resident in every one, but which unhappily is so seldom enthroned in the mind as its directing genius. Nekhludoff persists in his offer of marriage, and the poor girl, seeing the life and deeds of the man, finds her hate gradually turned into love. Then begins a battle in her own soul. She longs to marry this great, noble, and self-forgetting man, but she feels that to do so would be to blight his future life, and thus her own love will not permit her

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to do that which she feels would wrong the prince. At length, when her pardon is secured and Nekhludoff again presses his suit, she refuses and accepts the offer of marriage from a Nihilist exile, who has been banished for life. Thus, by the conquest of self through the supremacy of love, are the two lives resurrected from moral death. Around this thread of romance Tolstoi has woven a tale of tragic interest. It is told with that simplicity which marks the writings of the great Russian. It is very human, at times highly dramatic, but its chief value lies in its moral worth, in the vivid and powerful manner in which the count unmasks the injustice done to prisoners, and in the suggestive way in which he states the case of the unfortunates who have fallen into the clutches of the law. The book was written with no selfish interest. The author's sole desire is to do good, primarily through his message to men and women whose higher natures are not asleep, and secondarily by aiding the Russian Doukhobors who are emigrating to Canada. All the royalties of the book will go to these poor people who are being practically driven from their native land through the baleful spirit of an intolerant state church.

B. O. FLOWER.

EDITORIAL NOTES

"Let men throw off this dreamy laziness. Leave hasheesh for the Turk."—Victor Hugo.

The story is told of a tyrant who distrusted his people. Their freedom and happiness alarmed him. He therefore set them to work making massive buildings, which they imagined were to be fortifications for protection and defense in time of danger from without. When the land was fringed with these mammoth edifices the people were set to work making chains. Some of their number became alarmed, and sought to arouse their comrades to the peril that threatened them; but the people went to their masters with their fear. From them they received smooth words and an extra supply of sweetened bread. The chains they were told were for foes to the land and enemies to the king. The disturbers were dismissed and discredited, when indeed they were not gibbeted for traitors or banished for incendiaries. At length, however, each man had made a chain, to which was attached a spring clasp. Then a great banquet was given to the laborers, and the wisdom and goodness of the king were extolled by the workers as they drank deeply of drugged wine. Later they slept, and when they awakened they were manacled slaves who henceforth wrought only for the tyrant, under the lash of cruel taskmasters; and those who rebelled were thrown into the mighty dungeons they had builded.

There are comparatively few thinkers, but there are multitudes of manikins who unconsciously echo precisely what their masters wish them to say, though the thoughts they echo are against their own interests, the happiness of the masses, and the ennoblement of the state.

The progress of civilization will be necessarily slow so long as class or special interests or conventional methods succeed in confusing the public mind and persuading the people to accept as truth what the enemies of a theory say about it, instead of judging the new thought on its own merits. A theory of life is advanced by noble and profound philosophers, which not only rests on the golden rule, but whose every tenet is vibrant with the noble truths represented in the life, deeds, and words of the great Nazarene, and forthwith this exalted theory is assailed as being destructive, revolutionary, insane, or absurd, and the special pleaders for enthroned injustice even go so far as to pronounce all thought of incorporating the principles of the golden rule into social and political life "an iridescent dream;" and this is done with the same breath with which the lip service is given to Jesus from the bended knee. The special pleader for the old order denounces the sane, simple, and just teachings of the one he professes to adore as the very God whenever these teachings are made to apply to to-day, instead of to life two thousand years ago, while profound thinkers who, without thought of self, lay their life's

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rich treasures on the altar of humanity, and with single-hearted self-abnegation show, not only that the happiness of the people, but that the very life of civilization, depends on our rising to the higher levels demanded by justice, are assailed with epithets of abuse and contempt by men employed to reflect the desires of special interests, who are intellectually and morally pygmies beside those they decry; and what is more, as a rule these detractors of the really great are as ignorant of the philosophy promulgated as they are morally incapable of appreciating the nobleness of those who care more for justice, truth, and human happiness than they do for fame, gold, or ease of life.

How much easier it is to denounce a man as an ignoramus, a demagogue, or a knave than it is to take up the masterly presentation of a noble philosophy, as elucidated by a Karl Marx or a Henry George, and meet its propositions in the fair and manly spirit you would have another treat your views on any serious problem. Now, so long as people will permit the world's real leaders to be traduced by the upholders of special privileges and a slothful conventionalism, civilization will move forward with halting step, as one held back in check by chain and ball.

No spectacle at the present time is so common as that of a minister who sincerely strives to reflect the spirit of Jesus, in sermon and in life, denounced as a mountebank or a sensationalist, when he couches the words of love and warning, such as were uttered nineteen hundred years ago, in the language of to-day and applies the same to present conditions. A statesman who seeks faithfully to perform the sacred obligations of his oath is relegated to obscurity and loaded with epithets of abuse. The newspaper which seeks to bring a criminal corporation to justice is promptly denounced as "yellow," and the hands of the "unco good" of the press are raised in horror at its cheap sensationalism. Why? Well, if the secret must be told, because the stock of the "unco good" and highly respectable paper is largely held by those who are interested in other law-defying corporations.

There can be little real progress toward better things until the people recognize the importance of considering the thing rather than what somebody says about the thing, judging the merits of a philosophy rather than echoing the sentiments of those prejudiced against the philosophy. Some months ago a gentleman was requested to go to hear a prominent orator. He promptly declined, observing that he would not waste his time listening to the anarchistic mouthings of an irresponsible demagogue. "For my sake," said his friend, "and in justice to yourself, I want you to go with me;" and at length he consented. The orator had not proceeded far in his discussion before the erstwhile intolerant gentleman was completely absorbed in the clear, logical, fair, and eminently just presentation of facts of a fundamental character. One by one the cheap and shallow claims which the opposition had raised were taken up, fairly presented, and exhaustively answered. Before the address was over the orator had completely captured the man who two hours before, when in the capacity of an echo of an echo, had sneered at and ridiculed the great man about whom he knew actually nothing, and against whom he had been prejudiced by cartoons and shallow abuse in papers owned and controlled by interests inimical to the cause the statesman represented.

A very thoughtful gentleman was recently asked what message he considered to be the most urgent or vital for the present day. "Teach the young, the middle-aged, and the old," he replied, "to cease to be echoes. Teach them that they commit a crime against the higher law whenever they denounce anything about which they are not competent to speak by reason of having fairly investigated its claims; and teach them to refuse to sit in judgment on any man until they know the individual in question, not from his enemies, but from personal knowledge of his life and teachings." The man who gave this advice realized the fact that the moment people begin to think for themselves the fetters will fall from the hands of justice, and the ball and chain will be stricken from the feet of civilization.

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THE FAMINE IN INDIA

I have just received the following important letter from Mr. Ralph Waldo Trine, the well-known author, relative to the tragic conditions in India; and I earnestly invite the serious attention of all our readers to its important contents.

B. O. FLOWER.

My dear Mr. Flower: To-day there are some 60,000,000 of our fellow-beings in India suffering acutely for lack of food. Of this number 10,000,000 are already face to face with starvation, and not hundreds but thousands are dying daily.

Government aid, just enough to sustain life, is being given through the agency of relief works to large numbers. Private aid is also doing much to relieve these terrible conditions, but still there ought to be, there must be done many times over what is already being done. The famine is one of the most severe and far-reaching of any during the past one hundred years, and the worst is not yet.

Were these conditions existing in any part of our own country, there is scarcely a man, woman, or child who would not rush forward with his or her aid, however small it might be. But the mere fact of distance can surely make no difference with us as a people. The fact of this crying need, and our knowledge of it, is the call to us for service, each according to his or her ability.

There are many thousands of people in all parts of our country who would gladly, I am confident, contribute their portion, were the matter properly presented to them, and a safe channel for their aid brought to their attention. May I, therefore, make the following suggestions to the readers of The Coming Age:

During the past few days in Boston a committee of one hundred prominent citizens known as "The Boston Committee of One Hundred on India Famine Relief," has been organized to take in hand the collection of funds from Boston and vicinity. This committee has selected a chairman, a secretary, and a treasurer. It is already circulating literature setting forth the facts in connection with the famine, and putting forth whatever efforts are required for the speedy collection and transmittal to the affected districts of as large a fund as is possible for it to collect. Through its agency alone many thousands of lives will be saved from the pain and agony of slow starvation.

This same plan—and this is my point—can be adopted in every city and town in the country, and I trust that it will be adopted in very large numbers. Any person of known integrity and honesty of purpose who feels moved to turn an ear to the pitiable cry for bread that is at this moment going up from hundreds of thousands of our suffering fellow-beings, in a country which has in the past given to the world some of its most valuable treasures in learning, in music, in science, in art, in thought, in religion, in life, can be instrumental in putting into operation the above plan in the community in which he or she is living. Special care should be exercised in selecting a treasurer to receive the funds—either some well-known individual of unquestionable integrity or, better still, perhaps, some well-known banking house.

An organization of a similar nature was formed a few days earlier in New York City, and within twelve days after its formation the sum of $30,000 had been cabled to the starving ones.

The secretary of the Boston committee, who can be addressed, Boston Committee of One Hundred on India Famine Relief, No. 14 Beacon street, Room 204, or the secretary of the New York committee, who can be addressed, Committee of One Hundred on India Famine Relief, 73 Bible House, New York, will be glad, I am sure, to give suggestions to any who may interest themselves in organizing a committee in their own city or village, and also to send printed information regarding the existing conditions in the famine-stricken districts of India, as also the needs, methods of distribution there, etc., which can be reproduced by the various committees through their local press, in letter and leaflet form, etc., as they may deem best.

The treasurers of the Boston committee, Messrs. Brown Brothers & Company, Bankers, 50 State street, Boston, or of the New York committee, Messrs. Brown Brothers & Company, Bankers, 59 Wall street, New York, will be glad to receive, acknowledge, and forward by cable any amounts that may be intrusted to them by the treasurers of any organizations not so closely in touch with the cable and the distributing agencies in India, or to receive, acknowledge, and forward in like manner any sums directly from contributors where no local committee exists.

Very faithfully yours,
RALPH WALDO TRINE.

The Fitchburg Railroad has published a very attractive Summer Excursion Book, giving a list of health and pleasure resorts on and reached by its line. The book is complete in its outline of routes, rates, etc., and also embraces a volume of other interesting matter, including list of hotels and boarding houses at various points, their capacity and charges.

Copies may be obtained upon application to the ticket agents of the company, or will be mailed upon receipt of 3 cents in stamps by

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