Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THE ADMINISTRATION'S HALL OF FAME

"O WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US
TO SEE OURSELS AS (*SOME*) ITHERS SEE US!"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

A STORY IS TOLD by ROBERT OGDEN about a friend of his, not long dead, who held securities in a certain railroad. Being told, and from a source to leave no doubt, that the road was about to collapse, he refused to sell, not wishing to shift the loss upon a purchaser. He had no large amount of money, but he was rich in something better. With all the venal trickery that is being exposed, we lean to a belief that men like this exist in America in larger numbers to-day than they did five, a dozen, or twenty years ago. We hope there will soon be fewer with salaries like those of Senator DEPEW, and fewer corporations which seek to have their lawyers in the Legislature. "Old-fashioned honesty," Mr. CLEVELAND says, but he must be referring to some period before the Civil War. Americans are now endeavoring to halt a plunging commercial dishonesty that took its impetus with the immense practical activity of the nation after '65. In a sense we are a new nation from that date. President ELIOT has spoken of business as one of the learned professions, and so, in many of its divisions, it is coming to be. Miss TARBELL, in the latest of her ROCKEFELLER studies, draws some graphic features of the most discouragingly successful money-grabber in the world. It is not a pretty picture, composed as it is of greed, cruelty, and disgusting piety. "According as you put something in," he observed to a Cleveland Sunday-school, "the greater will be your dividends of salvation." But he is not the type of business man who represents the future. His like are on the wane. The responsibilities and opportunities of money are becoming more widely understood, and its mere rapacious accumulation tends every day more to become a source of shame.

HONOR AMONG BUSINESS MEN

THERE IS ENOUGH TO DO, Heaven knows, before our financial habits are what in reasonable expectation they ought to be. Of course the absolute prevalence of honesty and altruism is hardly for this earth, but we may some time be as honest in business dealings as, let us say, the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire. It is because changes so great may be fought for, that the Equitable situation is in importance so immeasurable. Behind protection of a few hundred thousand widows and children lies the whole moral improvement of the nation. The Equitable happens to be the leading present case where some actual cleansing may be forced. It will not be gained, however, by any attitude of restfulness under slight concessions. Censure and expectation should be kept alive until every vital point is won, and even then general attention will be necessary in order that insurance inspectors may be men of courage and integrity, and in order that directors and presidents may be business men of honor. Immediately, however, it must be arranged that stock shall not control in one company, nor an irresponsible president in another; that investments shall be limited, as carefully if not as narrowly as those permitted to a savings bank; that dividends shall be frequently divided; and that all such bunco games as tontine policies shall see their end.

THE LEADING OPPORTUNITY

TONTINE IS IN PRINCIPLE gambling and in practice fraud, and all deferred policies are of this class. That the annual dividend scheme of surplus apportionment is the natural method and the one chosen by policy-holders if left free in their selection, may be illustrated by the experience of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company. This company issues policies which are either annual dividend or tontine, as the policy-holder elects at the end of the second year. 29,223 policies were sold in 1901. Of this number only 768 took the tontine option in 1903. 30,350 policies were sold in 1902, and of this number only 579 took the tontine option in 1904. In other words, when left free to choose, over ninety-eight per cent requested annual dividends, and less than two per cent chose the tontine method of surplus apportionment, as may be seen by the Wisconsin Insurance Commissioner's report to Governor LA FOLLETTE on this company, dated March 6, 1905, at page 14. We have been asked how, in the face of these facts, many large companies justify their practice of pushing almost exclusively the tontine policy. They can not justify it. They practically force deferred payment policies on the public for the purpose of using all the money they can get hold of in their speculations, and ultimately cheating the policy-holders when the final account is made.

TONTINE

THE MOVEMENT FOR FIXING RATES actually through a commission, as contrasted with regulating them, has lost ground of late. The President, responding to the public, has slackened speed in the onslaught he was making. We have never cared much to see the rate-fixing power in absolute form in a small group of government appointees. A sign of the trend was given when the organ of the locomotive engineers came out against the scheme. A railway is a thing peculiarly requiring regulation. It ought to be a monopoly, to avoid wasteful duplication, and yet unless there is competition the roads will treat the people like so much dirt. Compare the rival services between Chicago and New York with the performances of a fat monopoly like the Boston & Maine, which owns legislatures and with impunity maltreats the public in every known way. But it is perfectly simple to have monopoly and good service, by Government and State supervision. Everything about a railway ought to be subject to the State, from rates to comfort, from equal privileges to safety, but the correct democratic principle is to let the roads know what is expected of them, and see that they perform it—not for the State to step in itself and undertake the conduct of the railway business.

RAILROADS

SMALL THINGS ARE SMALL. We have no desire to exaggerate the loss of confidence which the President has incurred from recent exhibitions, lighting up his conception of a square deal. Everybody knows he is honest, and everybody knows he is useful. He will always be popular. His own success in life is secure. It is only the public that he can hurt. Public corruption in this country is founded largely on easy standards between friends. Mr. ROOSEVELT scolds corruption, but he heaps honor on a man who, as our Minister to Venezuela, speculated in corporation claims against the Venezuelan Government. Why? He likes the man. Very likely LOOMIS may have told him he was the greatest President ever seen. Certainly LOOMIS is for the navy. Any candid railroad man in America, however much he might like the frank and manly MORTON, would laugh at the idea of how little this innocent expert knew of rebates. Yet to protect his friend, who is a great admirer of the President, Mr. ROOSEVELT destroys the powers of his appointed lawyers with the insolent and stupid allegation that there is no shred of evidence. The President loves flattery. He is no judge of men. They are divided into ROOSEVELT and anti-ROOSEVELT in his mind, and honest censure is beyond his grasp. In a great crisis, like the Civil War, he would have filled armies, diplomatic posts, and Cabinet positions with second-class men, and the difference then would have meant more than happily it does to-day.

CONFIDENCE AND FAVOR

THE DIVINE ELEMENT in royalty persists in singularly different forms. The Czar, still securely hedged in traditional divinity, according to his peasant subjects, also has in fact a power that is without check or limit in the law. Hence riot and hardship everywhere. The Mikado, on the other hand, is even more divine than the Russian emperor, in theory and in sentiment, but this imaginative loyalty is combined with clear-headed acceptance of parliamentary government. When Admiral TOGO announced that victory was due not to individual prowess, but to the virtues of his Majesty, he was not passing along a merely conventional compliment. It was not flattery. It was imagination, religion almost, far away from superstition, for the Japanese feel that some outside embodiment of virtue and justice is needed against individual selfishness and ambition. Some such external centre of devotion is perhaps a necessary part of that spirit which breathed in the same admiral when he assembled his officers and thus addressed them: "*Gentlemen*—It is hardly necessary for me to say that the men of Nippon's navy are never permitted while on duty to share a pleasant day such as we enjoyed with our wives and children save on one occasion. The happy hours which we enjoyed on the hillside of Sasebo were the farewell feast to our wives and children and—to life. The squadron will sail to-day. I have the honor to announce to you that the enemy of our country flies the Russian flag." To embody this spirit of self-sacrifice enlightened Japan keeps alive in the people the divinity of the Mikado. Pure divine right, in its least imaginative, most aggressive form—just the opposite of the Mikado—exists in Germany in one man's mind—in the mind of WILLIAM only.

DIVINITY IN KINGS

IMPERIALISM IS A TOPIC on which we have not succeeded in becoming bigoted. Either view of it may be made appealing. The most interesting views on the subject which have risen lately above our horizon are in an admirable book by L. T. HOBHOUSE, called "Democracy and Reaction." The English Liberals stand for the belief that what is spent on military preparation, and expansion generally, can not be spent on amelioration of the common lot at home. Once they believed that if the many wrested control of government from the few, aggression abroad would cease. They have been compelled to acknowledge their mistake. The people are imperial. It is only the studious few who can glory in such a term as "Little England." England, when she was little, "three times encountered Powers which aspired to the mastery of the world, and three times overthrew them. The genuine pride of patriotism is surely lost when littleness of geographical extent can be construed into a term of reproach." All of which is true; yet who can fail to reflect upon the fact that near a million men were fighting at Mukden? Numbers are not what they used to be. Lord KITCHENER, we believe, in his fight for military efficiency in India, has the nation with him. The Slav peril has received a check, but not its death. The Germans keep English statesmen awake at night, and in the future the Orientals are to be considered. England is doing what she can for retrenchment in abandoning her defences on this side of the Atlantic, trusting that region to the United States. More than that, by way of lessening her responsibilities, she will hardly dare.

ON BEING LITTLE

THE ENGLISH LIBERALS—those who are first in ability and intelligence—admit that there has been a reaction against some of their cherished principles, but console themselves with the belief that a reaction now seems approaching against the opposing harsher notions also. An Italian girl, being told something of the past glories and history of her country, replied: "These were very disagreeable people; they are all dead; let us hear no more about them." Such a view the public often takes of history, and therefore men like Mr. HOBHOUSE have to struggle not to become discouraged with the masses; with "John Bull-Cohen," as he has been called, the "man in the street" of the English, or our average citizen. "The man in the street," says our philosopher, "is the man in a hurry." His enfranchisement has increased "collective selfishness." He believes too much in an ethical basis for the survival of the strong, not realizing that disease microbes would come off well on such a doctrine. "Tubercle is better fitted to survive than the consumptive patient whom it attacks." The Protozoa have persisted through all the geologic periods. The fight of Liberalism in England to-day is a contest for greater reliance on ethical and humane beliefs and less on force. It is because Socialism shares this principle that the two parties give signs of negotiating for work in common against the powers of wealth and arms, represented by the Conservatives.

PRINCIPLES ON TRIAL

IDAHO HAS A CASE of the people against greedy special business interests not unlike the situation at Niagara. Shoshone Falls, widely known for their height and beauty, are a stirring feature of a country that is full of beauty and wonderful. A power company got control of these falls. Already the "Bridal Veil" is as dry as a bone, a gallows frame is set up over the water, the power tunnel is being constructed, and a power house is to be set in full sight at the very bottom of the falls. To add to their impudence, it is said that they propose to carry the power to Salt Lake City and use it there. They take water out of a State where every inch of water is worth money for irrigation and carry it in the form of power to another State. For after the water has got down to low level it can't be got up except by impossibly expensive pumping. The people submit to the falls being lessened during the summer months, because irrigation is simply the existence of the region, but there is no such necessity for stealing power. Senator CLARK, owner of some of the land near the falls, in this matter represents the State of Idaho against the power company. Legal battles have been fought, injunctions have been secured, only to be dismissed by some upper court, and the case is now in the United States courts.

SIMILAR TO NIAGARA

YELLOW JOURNALISM DOES NOT MONOPOLIZE all newspaper practice that is evil. Far from it. It has high merits and the opposite school has many faults. When yellow journalism does have a fault, however, it makes the most of it. The first in fame among American organs of the intellectually fastidious, a paper which has fought many a hard, courageous battle for independence from the bullying demands of popularity and business, publishes certain race-track news which must appeal primarily to the gambling impulse; and this news is given for the sake of circulation. In the most prominent evening yellow, however, what is an inconspicuous concession in the other paper becomes a mainstay. Its first edition, which it calls its "7th afternoon," comes out before breakfast and is prepared almost wholly for the immense number of persons who, up and down Manhattan Island, take an interest in the race-track. This makes probably rather more than half of the "Evening Journal's" circulation. To propitiate the other half it publishes editorial sermons against the race-track. Some of our subscribers think this is because the vaulting moral principles of the editor are overruled by the publisher. If such faith comforts them, so much is gained. We repeat again that any paper and any man should be for gambling or against it, and that selling a paper to one crowd by publishing gambling tips and to another by publishing anti-gambling editorials, is not a course to make this world better or more honest.

GAMBLING

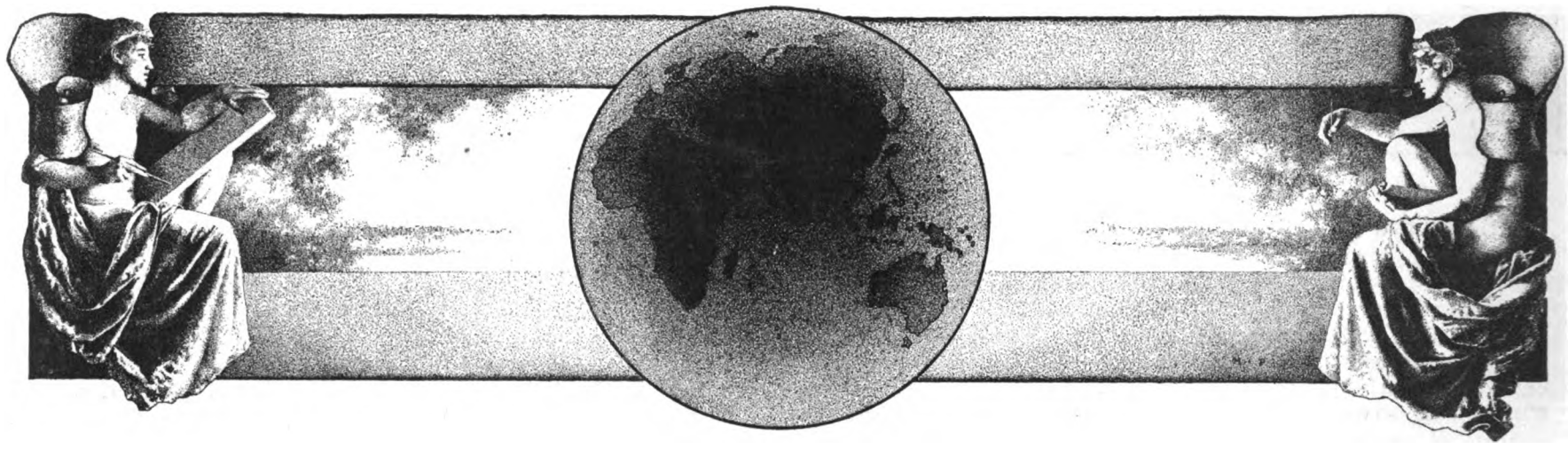
A VOICE FROM TEXAS is added to our sanctum's uproar. The "Fort Worth Telegram" is in eruption. Fury and contempt are spilled from the pen or typewriter of C. MYERS, proprietor and publisher of that honored contemporary, as well as of the "Texas Stockman-Journal." He disapproves of the view which we have been expressing, touching on and appertaining to the traffic in patent nostrums. He surmises that perhaps "these great industries" (awful term) have not, at our behest, withdrawn advertisements from the daily press in order to patronize more extensively the weeklies. His eagle eye sees the venality and feeble intellect of our position, and naturally the vision makes him cross. He wishes to know: "Was not your mother, when you were a lad, ever ready with a simple home remedy," etc.? Why should not mother patent and sell the same? Also, "Take, for another example, the dumb brutes. There are but few of them, if any, which the Creator did not imbue with a knowledge as to what plants, herbs, etc., were intended for the relief of their ills. Have you not seen a sick dog eating a certain grass because it knew with its limited mental capacity that this grass was provided for the relief of its afflictions, and are not many herbs treated in the same way by humans?" The "Fort Worth Telegram" believes that "there is probably not one civilized adult in the world who does not know what to do when suffering and attacked by simple aches and pains." Why then the need of LYDIA PINKHAM, Mrs. WINSLOW, or even mother's simple patents? "This country," in the "Telegram's" opinion, "is great because of its free and noble doctrines. It is the final settling place of the oppressed of some of the European Monarchies, where the sale of patent medicines is restricted, and where it is necessary to have a physician re-write a prescription every time it is filled. Is it your idea to be one of the two publishers to put this great country on the same plane with these?" Perish the thought. Far sooner would we retire from journalism and live with our hens and butterflies among the hills.

MOTHER'S REMEDY

WHAT IS ROMANCE? The world loves it. Men and women need it. It tells no one story, although, in youth especially, it speaks most often of the charmed imaginings of sex. It is a mood, an atmosphere, that may lurk in any tale or sight. It is a "purple mist." It is what "holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner." The easier and lower forms of it prefer the future and the past. It is spoken of as fancy, but we are not well able to surmise what happens to be more real. We, like it, are such stuff as dreams are made of, and so is this goodly fabric on which we move. He sees best who sees most beautifully. That sentence is our own, but COLERIDGE said that "we receive but what we give, and in our life alone does nature live," and to KEATS belongs the credit of calling his art "the magic hand of chance," and its material "huge, cloudy symbols of a high romance." Romance is not at home in fiction mainly, nor in that poetry which is verse. It is wherever man is most alive. It is what makes it most worth while to call his hurried existence by the name of life. Romance is truth, and the more profoundly romantic it is the more profoundly is it true.

ROMANCE

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



Defeat in the Japan Sea has been followed by the still more startling spectacle of a Russian battleship floating the red flag of anarchy at home. The Panama Canal work is suffering another upheaval. The Equitable probe has been pushed into other insurance companies. President Roosevelt has tried to check the Chinese boycott by issuing orders for the liberal enforcement of the Exclusion Act

THE RED FLAG AT ODESSA

FOREIGN WAR IN MANCHURIA has yielded place in interest to civil war in Russia. The fires of discord, always smouldering, blazed up at Lodz, the great manufacturing centre of Poland, and for several days sixty thousand workmen, intrenched behind barricades, disputed the possession of the town with the troops. The excesses committed by the Cossacks in suppressing this revolt stirred up sympathetic outbreaks in Warsaw and other cities of Poland, but these uprisings were thrown into eclipse by the news that on the night of June 27 the battleship *Kniaz Potemkine*, with two torpedo boats, had appeared before Odessa, flying the red flag and making open war on the Russian authorities. The crews had mutinied because a sailor complaining on their behalf about their food had been shot by the captain of the *Kniaz Potemkine*. They had killed some of their officers, imprisoned others, and apparently induced others to join them. This sudden apparition of anarchy, armed with all the resources of modern naval science, struck the imagination of the world as the most thrilling incident of a marvelous year—more dramatic even than Mukden, the Sea of Japan, or the first dash on Port Arthur.

REVOLUTION IN THE AIR

THE ARRIVAL of the insurgent squadron created a reign of terror in the second seaport of Russia. The port was strictly blockaded, so far as vessels flying the Russian flag were concerned, and the mutineers burned several ships and helped themselves to coal from another. The body of the sailor whose death had caused the mutiny was brought ashore and left in state on the quay, with a threat that the city would be bombarded if it should be disturbed. It was buried with a great popular demonstration on the 29th, the police and soldiers prudently keeping out of sight. The seamen fraternized with riotous strikers on shore, their guns helped to equalize the odds between the mob and the soldiery, and the sky was red with the light of burning houses, docks, and ships. Odessa was delivered to anarchy. Hundreds of people were killed in daily battles in the streets, and the Emperor was compelled to proclaim a state of war. The spirit of mutiny spread to the great northern naval ports of Libau and Cronstadt, where almost all the remaining sailors burst into revolt. The fidelity of the army itself was distrusted. In this crisis the zemstvos of the provinces of Moscow and St. Petersburg took the tremendous resolution to notify the Czar that if he did not establish constitutional government by the middle of July they would do it in those provinces for themselves.

CONFUSION AT PANAMA

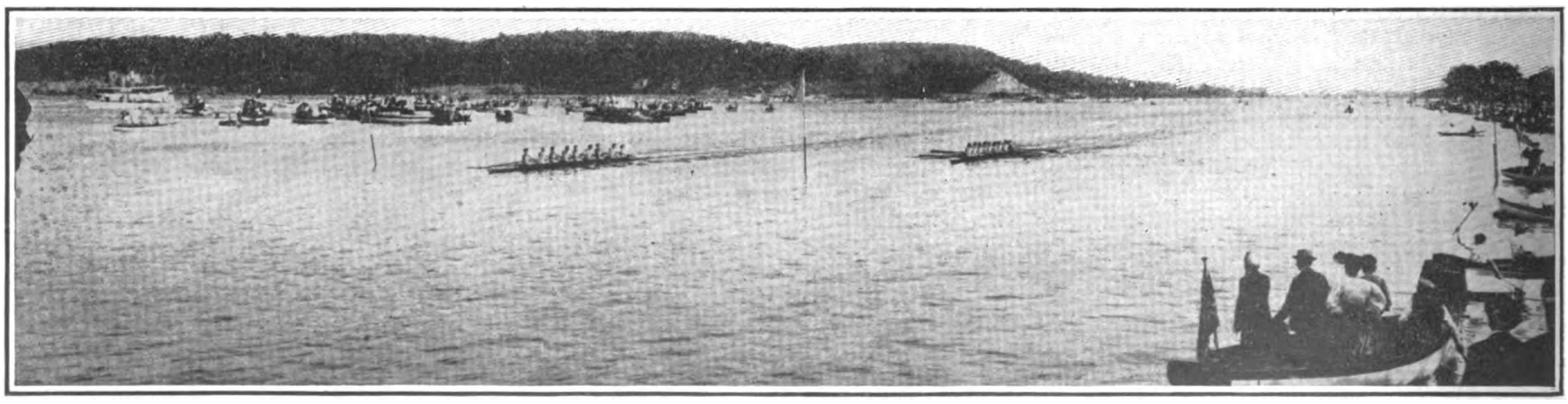
THE REORGANIZATION of the Isthmian Canal Commission, which was expected to bring peace and efficiency to Panama, has failed to keep the canal work from falling into a worse tangle than ever. Following reports of demoralization in the working force, of the ravages of yellow fever, and of the practical stoppage of operations, Chief Engineer Wallace landed in New York, held a strenuous interview with Secretary Taft and Mr. William Nelson Cromwell, and promptly resigned at the Secretary's request. By direction of President Roosevelt, the resignation was as promptly accepted. It appeared that soon after Mr. Wallace's last return to the Isthmus he had received an offer of a salary of between $60,000 and $65,000 a year as president of a corporation, together with an opportunity to make money in stocks. He thought the proposition too inviting to be declined, especially as the climate of the Isthmus was unpleasant for himself and his family, but he was willing to give the Government the benefit of his services in New York for two months. Mr. Taft denounced Mr. Wallace as a deserter, thinking only of his own advantage and preferring lucre to the claims of honor and duty. He declined the offer of assistance for two months, and demanded an immediate resignation. The Secretary afterward gave out the record of this conference in the form of an official protocol which formed one of the severest castigations ever administered to any man who had held an honored position in the public service. Preparations were immediately made to fill Mr. Wallace's place, and Mr. John F. Stevens, of Chicago, formerly Second Vice-President of the Rock Island Railroad, was selected for the position. Mr. Stevens had already been picked out, after a careful canvass of engineers throughout the country, as the best man to supervise the construction of a system of railways in the Philippines. But the unlucky experience of the Government with civilian management has led to the earnest revival of the suggestion that the canal should be built by the Engineer Corps of the army, which has done such excellent work in river and harbor improvements.

EDUCATION ENRICHED

YALE AND HARVARD developed unwonted prosperity in Commencement week. Yale received a million tainted dollars from John D. Rockefeller, which she professed her ability to purify and make useful, and this gift was duplicated by some of the alumni. The Harvard alumni did a little better by raising $2,400,000. But both these achievements were overshadowed on the last day of June, when the General Education Board announced a gift of ten millions from Mr. Rockefeller as an endowment for higher education in the United States. The well of Standard Oil beneficence is beginning to gush with a lavishness calculated to wash out any possible spots in the pipes that convey it to the world. Mr. Rockefeller had previously given a million dollars to the General Board, but that was for current uses. The new donation will form a permanent endowment. These are merely the largest gifts to education in a generous week. There have been others only a little less liberal.

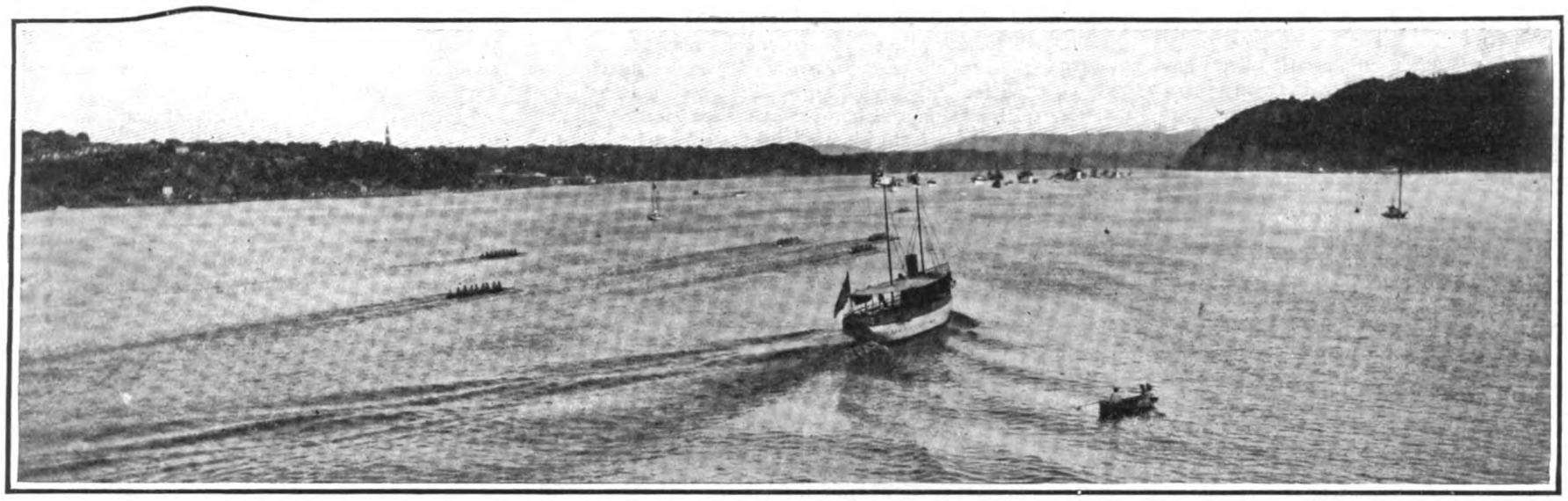
YALE AND CORNELL AQUATIC CHAMPIONS

ONE OF THE TWO great collegiate aquatic events of the year was a close and exciting contest; the other was a procession. At New London, on June 29, Yale and Harvard struggled every inch of the way, so close together that clear water never showed between the boats at any stage. Yale finally won the great event by three-quarters of a length, the Harvard university four and freshman eight winning the two minor contests. The honors of the intercollegiate regatta at Poughkeepsie, on June 28, went to Cornell, which won the



YALE AND HARVARD ON THE THAMES AT NEW LONDON, JUNE 29

The finish of the eight-oared University race Yale winning by three-quarters of a length, after a neck-and-neck struggle over the entire course. Harvard won the University four-oared and Freshman events



THE INTERCOLLEGIATE REGATTA AT POUGHKEEPSIE, JUNE 28

View from the bridge of the boats entering the last half mile of the course. The crews, from right to left, are Cornell, Syracuse, Georgetown, Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin

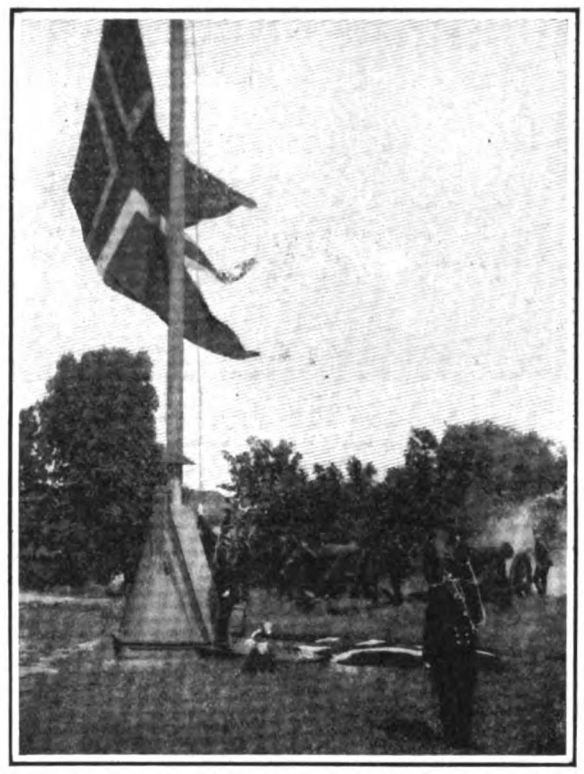
PHOTOGRAPH BY C. H. GALLUP

eight-oared university and freshman races with ease. Syracuse secured a consolation prize, in the shape of the four-oared university race. The Cornell victory in the great event was the most decisive in the ten years' history of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association. The winning crew, which crossed the line over fifteen lengths ahead of its nearest competitor, was declared by some to be the most perfect combination that ever pulled an American shell. Syracuse and Georgetown secured the empty honors of second and third places, respectively, with Columbia and Pennsylvania following, and Wisconsin, the dreaded dark horse, last. Syracuse won the four-oared race in the record time of 10 minutes 15 2-5 seconds for two miles. Cornell and Syracuse changed places this year, each winning what the other won last year.

AN AWAKENING CONSCIENCE

THIS YEAR'S COMMENCEMENT season has been the occasion for solemn heart-searchings on the part of a number of distinguished orators. Secretary Taft's gloomy description at Yale of the decay of the criminal law is summarized on the next page. At Oberlin, Mr. James B. Dill, one of the most expert trust pilots of the bar, denounced business graft, declaring the crisis acute. "We have to learn to recognize graft and the grafters," he said, "however respectable their disguise, and to punish them—not alone by imprisonment and fine, but with all the might of the terrible scorn of society." But the climax came at Harvard, where President Roosevelt delivered an impassioned plea for high ideals in public and private life. The President was especially impressive in his appeal to the conscience of the legal profession, observing:

> We all know that, as things actually are, many of the most influential and most highly remunerated members of the bar in every centre of wealth make it their especial task to work out bold and ingenious schemes by which their very wealthy clients, individual or corporate, can evade the laws which are made to regulate in the interests of the public the use of great wealth. Now, the great lawyer who employs his talent and his learning in the highly remunerative task of enabling a very wealthy client to override or circumvent the law is doing all that in him lies to encourage the growth in this country of a spirit of dumb anger against all laws and of disbelief in their efficacy.

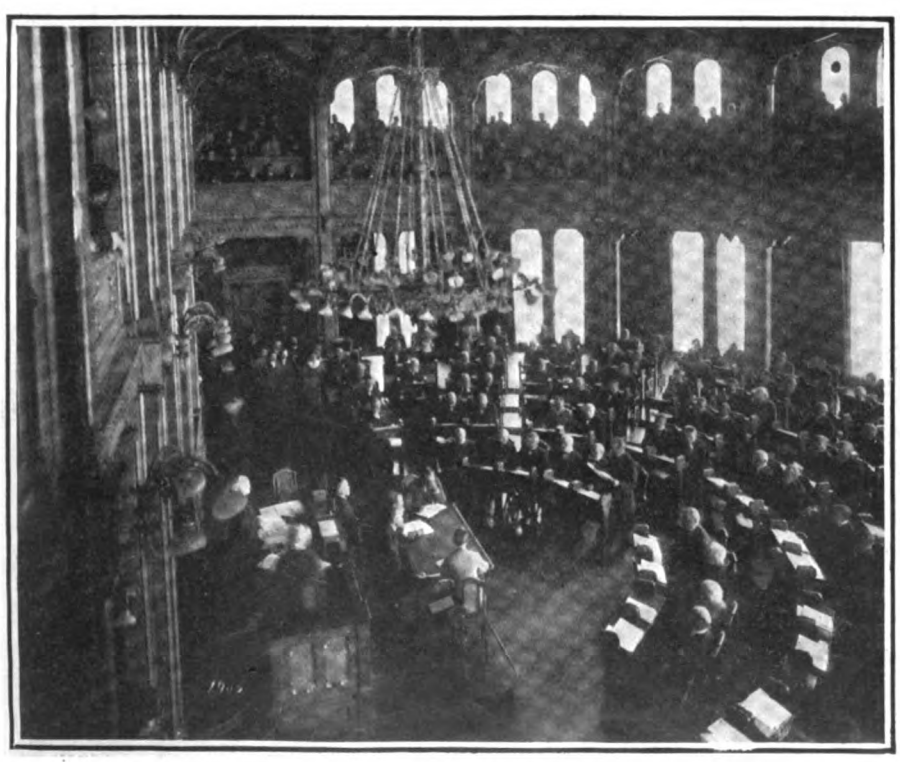


FROM THE OLD TO THE NEW FLAG

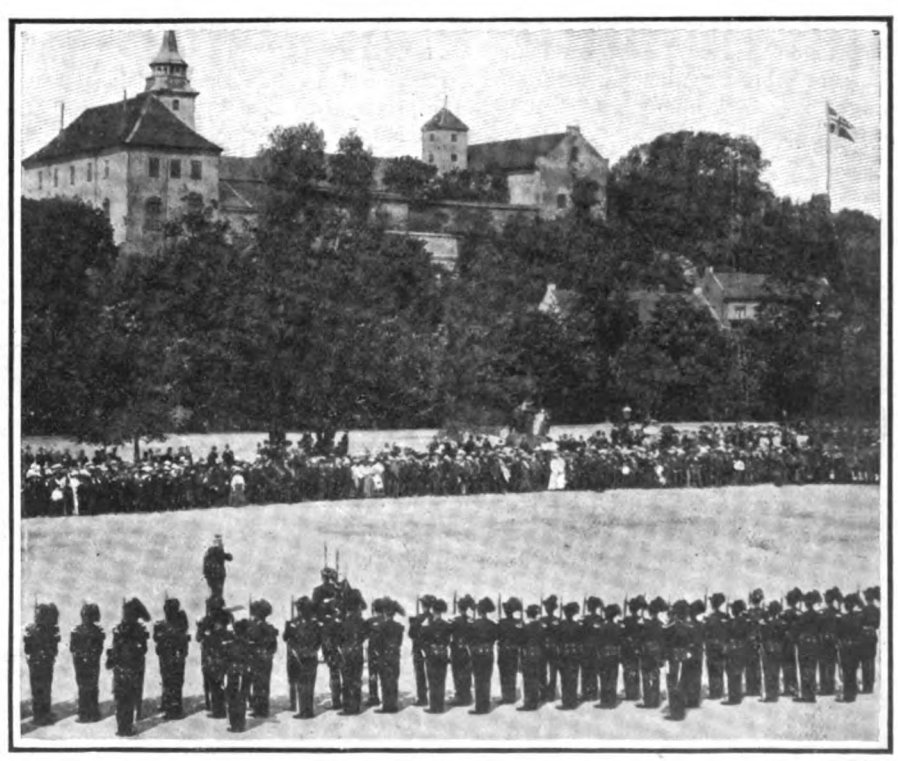
Hauling down the old flag of Norway and Sweden, and substituting the "clean" Norwegian flag with the emblems of union omitted

NEW BLOOD IN THE EQUITABLE

AFTER A SERIES of resignations of directors—twenty-one in all—intended to clear the way for a reorganization of the board, the Ryan trustees of the Equitable proposed the names of nine large policy-holders, all of whom were elected on June 29. The new directors were E. B. Thomas of New York, president of the Lehigh Valley Railroad; E. G. Bourne of New York, president of the Singer Manufacturing Company; William Whitman of Boston, John J. Albright of Buffalo, F. W. Roebling of Trenton, N. J.; J. D. Schmidlapp of Cincinnati, president of the Union Savings Bank and Trust Company; E. W. Robertson of Columbia, S. C.; Joseph Bryan of Richmond, Va., and E. W. Bloomingdale of New York. In connection with this list, the trustees gave out a statement in which they declared their purpose to secure as directors such policy-holders as were "imbued with conservative views of management," and would "regard as distinctly violative of duty the use of the funds of the society, directly or indirectly, in the promotion, underwriting or syndicating of new and uncertain enterprises, or the investment of such funds in speculative stocks and securities." They spoke of the "astounding revelations" that had impressed them with their responsibility for the prevention of "a scandalous and tragic chapter in the history of a great life insurance company." At the same directors' meeting, Mr. Hyde presented a long and earnest defence of his father's memory against the charges of the Hendricks report. He maintained that so far from bleeding the society for his personal profit in the matter of the safe-deposit leases, the elder Hyde had assumed a heavy burden with the sole purpose of protecting the society's interests. The disclosures in the Equitable investigation have aroused a growing demand for similar investigations of the Mutual and the New York Life, and at the request of President McCurdy the former has already begun.



The session of the Storthing, June 7, at which the union with Sweden was dissolved and King Oscar deposed



The former Royal Guard in front of the mediæval castle of Akershus saluting the change of flags

LAUNCHING THE NORWEGIAN REVOLUTION AT CHRISTIANIA

CONCILIATING CHINESE BOYCOTTERS

WHAT CHINA'S diplomatic efforts have not been able to accomplish in twenty years a threat of a trade boycott has accomplished in a few weeks. On June 24, President Roosevelt directed the State Department to issue a circular designed to satisfy every reasonable Chinese complaint regarding the operation of our exclusion laws. This document was to recite the fact that the immigration of Chinese laborers was prohibited, but that it was the purpose of our Government to show "the widest and heartiest courtesy" toward all merchants, teachers, students, travelers, and officials who might come to the United States. Such persons were to be allowed to come and go of their own free will, and to have all the rights and privileges accorded to citizens of the most favored nation. Any discourtesy shown to them by any public servant was to be cause for immediate dismissal. The certificates provided for in the law were to be accepted by the immigration officials as presumably truthful, and the responsibility for their correctness was to be thrown upon the consuls who viséd them abroad. These officers were to be held to the strictest account for the thoroughness with which they performed their duties. The President very pertinently called attention to the fact that in the past Chinese officials had "recklessly issued thousands of such certificates which were not true," and that the evasion of the laws by such methods had provoked the harsh enforcement of which China now complains. Minister Rockhill has succeeded in inducing the Chinese Government to use its influence against the boycott.

THE BELGIAN HIVE

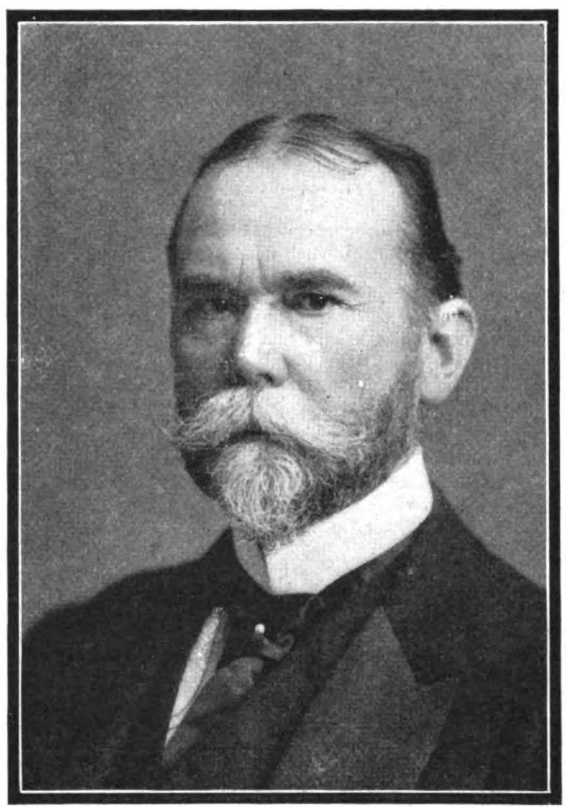
POPULATION IN BELGIUM long ago seemed to reach the limit of possible density, but the new census, whose returns have just been published, shows that there has still been room for more. According to these figures, Belgium had 7,074,910 inhabitants at the end of 1904, against 6,693,548 in 1900. With an area of 11,373 square miles, the little kingdom now has an average of 622 people to the square mile, or almost one to the acre. That is about thirty times the density of population in the United States. Nevertheless it would be possible to carve out a country about New York of the same size as Belgium and with more people.

THE INSULT TO PAUL JONES

THAT CURIOUS STREAK of indelicacy which has so often driven President Roosevelt's friends to sheepish apologies or shamefaced silence had its most astonishing manifestation on June 24, when the egregious Loomis sailed for Europe as Special Ambassador to receive the body of Paul Jones, with the further mission of inspecting our diplomatic and consular service, and suggesting desirable reforms. Presumably as a circular letter of recommendation, the State Department printed in pamphlet form for distribution among our representatives abroad the findings which exhibited Loomis as an assiduous speculator in claims and concessions while acting as the guardian of our national honor. When Mr. Bowen called the Venezuelan scandal a "national disgrace," he did not foresee that it would be dragged out of its native swamps and flaunted in the face of Europe. Paul Jones is dead and can not protest against an insult to his remains that might have been fitting if he had been the pirate his slanderers called him, and France is too polite to resent openly an affront that has never had a precedent in our diplomatic history. The particular reason for selecting the hero of the *Bon Homme Richard* as the victim of the necessity of vindicating Mr. Loomis is that the special mission will be over before the meeting of Congress, and the nomination will not have to be submitted to a critical Senate. But the thrifty Special Ambassador may have to face a Congressional investigation in any case.

THE LAW'S DECAY

SECRETARY TAFT delivered a notable address before the graduating class of the Yale Law School on June 26. He described the decadence of the administration of the criminal law in America, showing how the traditional safeguards of innocence, such as trial by jury, the writ of habeas corpus, and the right of appeal have been turned by the unscrupulous ingenuity of lawyers into accomplices of guilt. What this process has accomplished in a single class of crimes is shown in the appalling record of 131,951 murders and homicides in the United States in twenty years, with only 2,286 executions. More Americans have died by each other's hands in these twenty years than the number of Russians and Japanese killed by their enemies in the campaign of Mukden. The annual crop of homicides has increased from 1,808 in 1885 to 8,482 in 1904, while the number of executions has grown only from 108 to 116. It is to this abdication of the criminal law that the Secretary charges the prevalence of lynching. Mr. Taft stated his case with studied moderation, refraining from dwelling upon many of its most impressive aspects. For instance, he said nothing of the effect that must be produced upon legal administration by the understanding that crimes committed by a corporation are not to be permitted to subject an individual to any inconvenience. Nor did he treat of the demoralizing influence of actions, such as speculation in claims by representatives of the Government, which fall just short of incurring the penalties of the criminal law, but which help to create an atmosphere in which the moral basis of that law must decay.



JOHN HAY

The unexpected death of the Secretary of State occurred shortly after midnight, July 1, at his summer home at Newbury, N. H. Only a few weeks ago he returned from Europe, where he had gone for his health. He seemed greatly improved, and the news of his death therefore came as a great shock, not only to Americans, but the world at large. John Hay, whom President Roosevelt has designated as our greatest Secretary of State, was born at Salem, Ind., October 8, 1838. He graduated at Brown University in 1858, taking high honors, and in 1861 was an Assistant Secretary to President Lincoln. After Lincoln's assassination he was Secretary of the Paris legation, and three years later similarly occupied at Vienna, and in 1869 became the Secretary at Madrid, thus gaining a most useful training in diplomatic affairs. On his return to the United States he became an editor of the New York "Tribune." He had already published the "Pike County Ballads," and now "Castilian Days" appeared. Early in the eighties, in collaboration with Lincoln's secretary, John G. Nicolay, he prepared the authoritative biography of the war president. In March, 1897, Colonel Hay re-entered public life, when President McKinley tendered him the ambassadorship to Great Britain. He became Secretary of State in September, 1898, succeeding Judge W. R. Day. The burial, attended by President Roosevelt and all of the representatives of the foreign governments, occurred July 5, at Cleveland

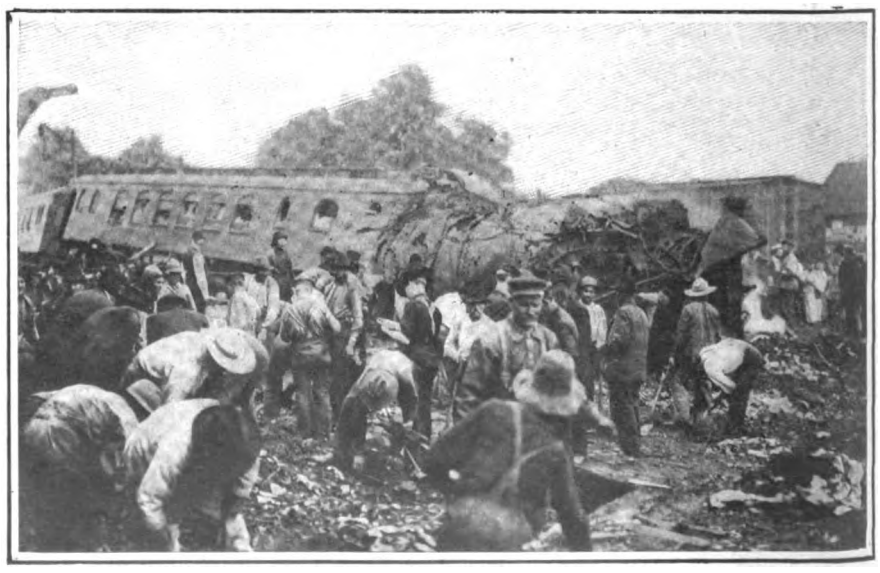
"SLOCUM" LESSON NOT YET LEARNED

THE REPORT OF the Naval Board appointed to investigate conditions in the excursion steamboat business confirms the general body of evidence that the *Slocum* disaster has worked little reform. The worst conditions are along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts. The unprotected lamp rooms and paint lockers, which caused the fire on the *Slocum*, the rotten fire-hose, that allowed it to spread, and the worthless life-preservers that swelled the death rate, are all ready for another massacre. In Milwaukee, it has been noted that the inspectors do not require proper life-preservers, because it has never been customary to be insistent upon that point, because they are afraid that if they made trouble captains would go to other ports for their annual inspection, and so reduce the business and the pay of the Milwaukee officials, and because they have feared that if they offended powerful interests they would endanger their jobs. At Baltimore, fifty per cent of the fire-hose on one steamer burst, and on five boats the couplings blew off. Both of these failings contributed to the *Slocum* horror. In spite of such things as these at Baltimore, and the fact that nineteen out of twenty-six life-preservers on one boat at Norfolk were condemned, the board reported conditions at both those ports as satisfactory, which shows that it was not unduly hard to please. Conditions are also said to be satisfactory at Burlington, Vermont. It takes less time to enumerate the satisfactory places than those of the opposite character. The new inspection laws went into effect on July 1, and some changes in the situation may be noted in time.

WOOD FOR PHILIPPINE FREE TRADE

GENERAL LEONARD WOOD landed at San Francisco on June 27, and spoke hopefully of conditions in the Philippines. He asserted that the Samar trouble had originated in Borneo, and that the bandits recently killed by our troops had escaped from the British Government. Like all others who have become personally familiar with the needs of the islands, General Wood was convinced that free trade with the United States was essential to their prosperity, and he expressed the sanguine belief that it would come.

View of the wreck from the station platform



Searching for bodies in the debris

THE WRECK OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY LIMITED AT MENTOR, OHIO, ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 21

The Dragon-Painter

By · Mary · McNeil · Fenollosa

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART I

ILLUSTRATED BY F. X. LEYENDECKER

OLD Kano Indara, the last of his race, and of a mighty line of artists, greeted the early day with the eyes and smile of a boy. He alone of the little household had wakened: outside were morning-glories and sparrows. The day belonged to him. Royally he dispensed favors among the many-colored courtiers of his garden, and knew himself to be a king.

The vine-covered cottage where he lived, he and the old nurse Mata, and Umè-ko, his only child, made part of the beauty of a hillside slope in a northern suburb of Yedo. Behind the house the rise of earth, at first slight, gained midway sudden speed, swooping upward until at the top it crested and broke into a foam of grasses, shrubs, and stony ledges. Almost at the zenith of the cottage garden it poised, and a camphor tree, centuries old, soared out like a great balloon. A Buddhist temple of the ancient "Shingon" sect stood on the very summit of the ridge; attached to the temple was a convent. Often at twilight gray forms of nuns crept out to the roots of the camphor tree, gazing silently across the broad blue city and its gleaming bay, then dissolving like shadows into deepening twilight.

An hour later Mata peered out through a hole in her *shoji*, and, seeing the master busy among his flowers, sprang up hastily. Her young mistress still lay asleep in an adjoining room.

"Umè San, Umè San!" she called. "Ma-a-a! But what has come to us both? The Danna-San walks about as if he had been awake for hours, and not even a cup of tea for him! The honorable fire does not exist. Surely a demon of sleep has bewitched us!"

Umè-ko behind her paper *fusuma* turned lazily, rocking the lacquered pillow with its bright cushion. "No demon has found me, Mata San," she murmured. "No demon, unless it be you, cruel nurse, who have dragged me down from a heavenly dream."

"Baku devour your dream!" cried Mata. "I say there is no fire beneath the pot!"

Umè-ko sat up slowly and smoothed the loops of her shining hair. She leaned forward, slid aside the *fusuma* that parted them, and with sparkling, mischievous eyes on the old dame, deliberately nestled back among her quilts.

Mata's lip twitched with an unwilling smile as she turned away. "I've no time for your honorable foolishness," she said crossly. "I entreat you to rise now, Umè San. I have not the arms of a hundred-handed Kwannon! Prepare the tray for your august parent, and get out two of the pickled plums from the blue jar."

Umè-ko was herself an artist. From childhood old Kano had trained her. She excelled in delicate studies of flower and bird life, of mists and summer rain, of snow, and of shimmering morning hues that an opal might have dreamed. She was beautiful, too, and well known, this girl of nineteen, and old Kano was proud of her, though he never ceased to bewail in her presence, as elsewhere, the fact that she had not been born a son.

"It is not only my personal longing for an heir," he often declared. "I grieve most bitterly that in all this herd of dabblers and imitators that now disgrace the name of artist, there is not one fit to receive, even by adoption, the name I am privileged to bear."

When at times a friend would seek to cheer him by eulogies upon Umè-ko he would reply, ungraciously: "She does well for a woman, but she is only a woman, and therefore can not be truly great. A woman painter can not understand personal sacrifice for art's sake. They have not the strong arm, the fierce imagination, the untamed heart of a dragon-painter. Alas, it may be that never again shall our country know a dragon-painter!"

On this June morning, which had begun so fair, Kano slowly yielded himself to a humor of intense and brooding melancholy. Perhaps he had waited too long for the simple breakfast; perhaps the splendor and exultation of earlier hours had drained him of vitality. His morning-glories, twining on bamboo trellises, hung now wretched and limp, mere fading scraps of dissolution. Sparrows chirped no longer. Overhead the great temple bell boomed out the hour of eight. Kano shuddered with distaste at this foreign marking-off of hours. Here was the real curse of his land, the coming in of Western barbarians! No wonder that Art hid herself. The getting and spending of money had started a dry-rot at the heart of modern Japan. He could see hope nowhere.

In the midst of his reverie a guest was announced—Ando Uchida. At first he could not recall the name, but at sight of the visitor his gloomy countenance brightened.

"Welcome, Ando Uchida! Enter, I pray, and be seated upon these unworthy cushions. It is five years at the least since my eyes hung on your face. Where, if it is not rude to ask, have you been during the long parting?"

"I am just now from remote mountains in the province of Kiushiu," answered Uchida, smiling, and adjusting his plump person to the cool leather cushion.

"Ah," said the artist, "I wandered there once in my youth and have always intended to return. The rocks and peaks are of unspeakable beauty. I remember well one white, thin waterfall that flung itself out like a laugh, but never reached the dull earth. It splintered itself upon sunbeams, and turned into rainbows, pearls, and swallows."

"I know it excellently well," said Uchida. "Indeed, I have been zealous to preserve it, chiefly for your sake."

"Preserve it! What can you mean?"

"I have become a government inspector of mines," explained Uchida in some embarrassment. "I thought you knew. There is a rich coal deposit near that waterfall."

"Ando, Ando," groaned the old man, "you were once an artist. The foreigners are tainting us all."

"I love art still," said Ando. "But I make a better engineer. And—I beseech you to overlook my vulgarity—I am getting rich."

Kano groaned again. "Oh, this foreign influence! It is teaching us to love money and success and material power—all—all of them delusions of the soul—and to be blinded to all that is of real value. Surely my karma was evil, that I needed to be born again into this age of death."

Uchida looked sympathetic. "Was it of this that your honorable spirit pondered so heavily as I entered?"

"Yes; this—and my other sorrow, that I have no son."

"But your daughter, friend Kano. She is beautiful, I understand, and famous, though yet a maiden."

"Oh, yes, I have a daughter," admitted the other. "I say nothing against my daughter—but why could I not also have been given a son?"

"Is her skill as an artist as great as men say?"

"She has gifts from the Gods," said Kano, in the same grudging way. "She paints now because my influence is never lifted. She knows nothing else. I have allowed no lover to approach. But some day he will find the way. In every rock and tree she paints I see her thoughts of him. In her flowers, exquisitely drawn, I see the faces of her children. Now she cares only for her father and her art—or so she believes. When I die she will marry—and then how many pictures will she paint? Bah!"

"Poor child!" murmured Ando.

"Poor child!" repeated the artist angrily. "Poor Nippon, you had better say, and poor old Kano, whose one heir is this frail girl! Oh, Ando, I have clamored to the Gods; I have made pilgrimages and given gifts, but nowhere can I find a man to inherit the name and traditions of my race—nowhere can I find my dragon-painter!"

Uchida drew breath quickly and put out a hand toward a roll of papers which he had laid on the floor beside him. "Strange—strange!" he whispered to himself. His silence attracted Kano's upward look. Uchida held the old man's gaze in his own as he said, slowly and impressively: "Kano Indara, the Gods have heard you. It is of a dragon-painter that I came to speak."

The old man started up, his face shining; then sank back in a heap, muttering: "I can not believe you. Too long have I hoped and searched. Not a schoolboy who thought he could draw an outline in the sand with his toe but I have followed. No, Ando, I must not let myself believe. I—I—could hardly face a new disappointment to-day."

"This will be no disappointment. Listen patiently," said Uchida. "We found him among the mountains of Kiushiu, not far from the waterfall. Our engineering party had just gained the peaks when a terrific summer storm drove down upon us. From its midst came this strange youth, half god, half beast, with unkempt hair and glowing eyes. His arms were held upward. He seemed to be drinking the whole storm into himself."

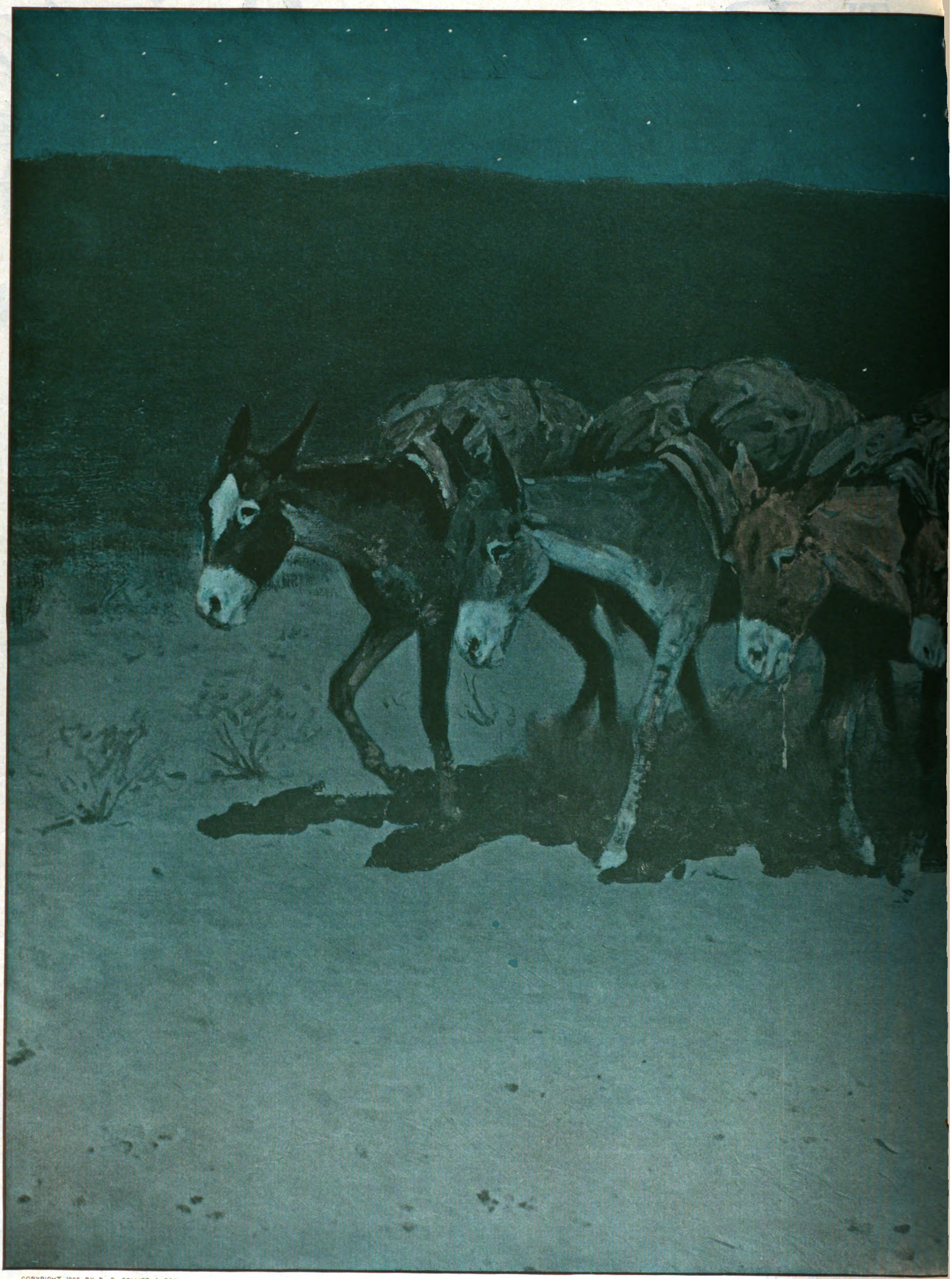
Kano panted slightly. "It sounds, indeed, as if—as if—"

Uchida continued: "At sight of us he scowled and shrank backward, then advanced, speaking to us in a coarse dialect, but with a voice of unearthly sweetness, and guided us down the slopes to a village."

"Did he tell you that he wished to paint?—that he desired to learn?" cried the old man with trembling eagerness.

Ando smiled. "From childhood—he is a foundling—he has painted on rocks and sandbeds and the inner bark of trees. He lives on the charity of the village. The people think him mad. Sometimes they give him good sheets of paper, like these—and ink and brushes. Then he rushes up the mountain to paint like a demon, but as soon as he has eased his soul of a sketch, lets the first gust blow it off."

Kano now trembled from head to foot. "Shall I believe! Oh, Ando, I could hardly bear it now. Unroll the paintings, or I shall go mad! No, I dare not look!"

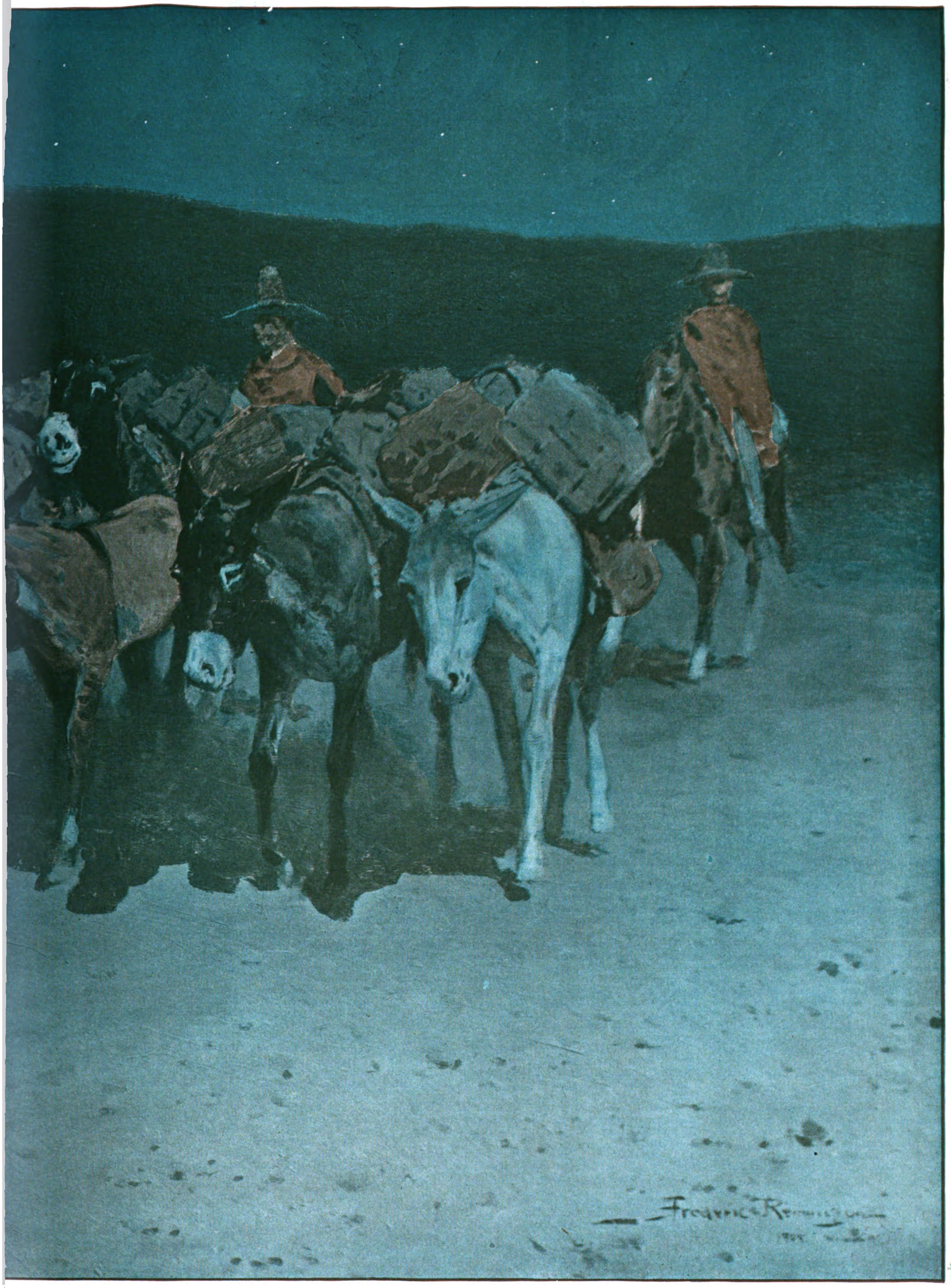


AN EARLY STAR

MEXICAN RANCHMEN WITH A HEAVY-LADEN PACK-TRAIN

DRAWN BY FRED

ER'S



T FOR MARKET

SETTING OUT ON THEIR WEEKLY VISIT TO THE CITY

RIC REMINGTON

"Take heart, friend," said Ando. "I once called myself an artist."

He spread out the first, a scene of mountain storm, painted in an elemental fury, with inky pine branches slashed and hurled upward—downward—across on a shivering gray sky. All was black and gray and blinding white except one huge yellow talon of lightning that rent the texture of the storm.

Kano gave a look, covered his face, and began to sob. Uchida blew his nose on a pink-bordered, foreign pocket-handkerchief. After a long while the old man whispered: "What may I call him in my prayer?"

"What should the name of such a painter be, friend Kano?"

Kano understood and lifted his face. "That would be too great favor of the Gods. Can it be that his name is—Tatsu?"

"It is, indeed," said Ando Uchida. "Tatsu, the Dragon."

II

IN the weeks that followed, old Mata threatened many times to drown herself, and Umè-ko grew white and grave under the impatient tyrannies of her father. A letter of urgent invitation, containing a gift of money, had been sent the "Dragon-Youth," and a reply received from the head man of the mountain village saying that Tatsu had departed immediately without waiting even for a change of clothing. By what route he would journey, or on what date arrive, the Gods alone knew.

At twilight, late in June, he came. Mata opened the gate and almost shut it in his face, through fright. His hair grew in a black tangle; his robe might have been that of a mountain spirit, a wandering priest or a beggar. Kano, hearing sounds, hurried through the rooms, thrusting aside *shoji* and *fusuma* as he came.

"It is your dragon-painter this time," said Mata, with a toss of her head. "He looks it!"

Kano had begun to tremble. "Enter, august sir," he said, peering out through the gateway. "Can it be that your honorable name is—Tatsu?"

"I am Tatsu of Kiushiu," replied the stranger gravely. "Are you Kano Indara, who sent me money?"

"Yes—yes—I am Kano Indara. Enter at once, I beseech. You must be weary. Accompany me in this direction, august youth. Mata, bring tea to the guest-room."

Tatsu followed his impetuous host through the house to the corner room that overlooked the garden. As Kano motioned him to a cushion, he sank to his knees, bowing again and again stiffly, in a manner long forgotten in fashionable Yedo.

"Discard the ceremony of bowing, I entreat," said Kano.

"Is it not a custom here?" asked the boy in a voice of intense depth and sweetness.

"Indeed, yes—to some extent. But between us it is unnecessary."

"Why should it be?" persisted the unsmiling guest.

"Because we are artists, therefore brothers," explained the host.

Tatsu frowned. After a pause he asked: "Who are you, and why did you send?"

Kano stared: "Why, surely, you know that I am Kano Indara."

"That was the name on the scrap of paper which guided me here," said Tatsu.

"Is it possible that you do not know the meaning of the name of Kano?" asked the artist incredulously. A thin red tingled to his cheek—the hurt of childish vanity.

"There is one of the name in my village," said Tatsu. "He is a scavenger, and often gives me fine large sheets of paper."

Old Kano's lip trembled. "I am not of his sort. Men call me an artist."

"Oh, an artist! Does that mean a painter of dragons, like me?"

"Among other things of earth and air I have attempted to paint dragons," said Kano.

"I paint nothing else," declared Tatsu, and seemed to lose interest in the conversation.

Kano looked hard into his face. "You say that you paint nothing else," he challenged. "Are not these—all of them—the work of your fancy?" He reached out for the roll that Uchida had brought, and in his nervous excitement scattered them broadcast over the floor. Tatsu's dark face flashed into light. He leaned forward, clutching at one, then another. "My pictures! My pictures," he cried out, like a child. "They always blow off down the mountain!"

Kano took up a study of a mountain tarn lying in the sun. Trees in a windless silence clasped hands about the brink. A few peaks beyond and above stood thin and pale against a sky empty of all but light.

"Where is a dragon here?" asked the old man triumphantly.

"Asleep under the lake."

"Oh," said Kano disconcerted. "But here—where in this one is a dragon? Yes, never mind—I see now for myself. He lies full length on the soaking cloud."

Tatsu's lips curled, but he remained silent.

Kano's hands shook among the sketches. "Ah, here I have overthrown you," he cried. "No hint of a dragon can be found in this!" He held out a painting of a tall, slender girl who seemed to be swayed by drifting mists. The lines of her long gray robe blew slightly aside. She had the delicate poise and lightness of an exhalation. Tatsu looked troubled, and for the first time scanned closely the face of his host.

"Surely, sir, if you are a painter, you must know its meaning. Look more intently. Do you not observe on what the maiden stands?"

"She stands on rocks and grass, and resembles strangely my daughter Umè-ko. That is all I can see," said Kano, nettled at the contempt in Tatsu's voice.

Tatsu reached out, took the picture and tore it into shreds. Then he rose to his feet. "Good-by," he said. "I shall now make a quick returning. You are of the blind ones. My painting was the Dragon-Maiden standing on the peaks of earth. All my life I have sought her. Because I can not find, I paint. Good-by."

Kano's heart almost stopped beating. "Wait, wait, my good Tatsu! Surely you can not mean to return when you have but now arrived. Be seated, my friend. There is much to talk about."

"What need to wait?" asked Tatsu simply. "I have said all that I wish to say." He strode toward the veranda.

"Tatsu, Tatsu!" cried the old man in an agony of fear. "Stop, I command!" Tatsu turned scowling. "No, no, I entreat, Tatsu. Because you are young and I am old—because I need you! You are weary, too. Rest, at least, until our meal is served."

"I desire no food of yours," said Tatsu. "Why did you summon me when you had nothing to reveal? You are not even an artist. I am sick already for the mountains!"

"Then, Tatsu, if I am no artist, stay and teach me. Yes, yes, you shall teach me. I shall humbly receive reproof. I need you, Tatsu. I have no son. Stay and be my son!"

"Your son!" echoed the boy with a laugh. "What could you do with a son like me? You love to dwell in square cages, and wear smooth, shining clothes. You eat many tasteless foods, and sleep like a cocoon that is rolled. My life is upon the mountains, and my food the wild grapes and berries that grow upon them. The small gray apes and mountain lions are my friends. I stifle in the lowlands. I must breathe the mountains! And there, among the peaks some day—some day, I shall touch her sleeve, the sleeve of the Dragon-Maiden whom I seek. Let me go, old man. I have no business in this place!"

In extremes of desperation strange thoughts intrude. Kano's face grew quiet, and into his eyes crept a hope. "Hush, Tatsu," he whispered. "Lean down, that none save you may hear. The real motive of my summons has not been spoken. In this very house, under my mortal control, your Dragon-Maid is hiding."

Tatsu stared, frowning and incredulous, then slowly and awkwardly he reseated himself upon the floor. Kano blanched before his look. "Do you dare lie to me, Kano Indara?"

Kano, faint with the excitement of the crisis just past, clapped his hands together, and called for Mata. The dame entered warily, keeping suspicious eyes on the painter "madman," and taking care to maintain a prudent distance.

"Mata, fix your eyes on mine as I speak," began the master. "Say to the Dragon-Maiden that I, Kano Indara, command her to appear. The costume must be worn. Let her come singing. These are my instructions." His piercing look froze the questions on her tongue. "Stop, Mata! Bring you at once some heated *saké*, the best—and follow it closely with the evening meal. This is all."

Tatsu, who had listened eagerly, now flung back his head and drew a long, quivering breath. "My life, being spent among wild creatures," he began, as if to himself, "I have no skill to judge the ways of men. Yet how should it be possible that in this hideous desert of human dwellings a true Dragon-Maiden should be found!" Again he turned flashing eyes upon his host. "I mistrust you, Kano Indara. Your face wears the smooth look of men. If you deceive me—"

"You shall soon see for yourself, dear dragon-youth."

Mata entered with the *sak* and departed. "Now, n son," continued the elder man, "Deign to permit me to fill your cup."

"I seldom drink," said Tatsu. "Once it made of me a fool. But I will take a little now, for I am very tired."

The two men drank slowly, sipping at the tiny cups. Even before the thin amber stung his lips, its fumes sent new life and warmth into the traveler's brain. The two men faced the inner side of the room, now shut close by four *fusuma* papered in dull silver. Slowly the two central *fusuma* slid apart, and in the rectangle of the opened space stood a slender figure, robed in shimmering gray and black and silver. On her head rested a crown of ancient filigree-work, representing intertwisting dragons, while chains and filigree ornaments drooped to each slender shoulder. The broad sash was of black, embroidered in silver dragons. In one hand she held an opened fan of dull silver.

Her face, delicate, impassive, and exquisitely sweet, gave hint of a slumbering, spiritual passion which might soon awake. For an instant she stood motionless, then one white clad foot advanced and she began to sway lightly from side to side, like the long perpendicular bands of mist that sometimes blur a mountain. Another step brought her just within the room. The silver *fusuma* closed softly behind her.

A singing voice began, rich, tremulous, and low, matching in rhythm the subtle postures of fan, throat, and body. The voice swelled into one long, vibrating

note, long held. It seemed to gather up listening shadows and turn them into light. Tatsu watched her as if he had just found a soul.

The old *No* dances, the sacred drama of his land, were unknown to the mountain boy, even by name. The actual words of the song were unintelligible to him. Each gesture was a revelation. Yet his strongest emotion was an overwhelming sense of attainment, of familiarity; that which he could have never known became suddenly a recognized part of an age-long past; experiences as new to him as the hour in which they dawned satisfied him with a godlike calm of accomplished waiting.

The unfamiliar wine whirled in the boy's head. He knew himself at last, not a mere mortal, but a spirit above men, a high priest of storm and wind, who, at last, through centuries of barren searching, had found the miracle of his bride. His hands slipped within the tattered blue sleeves, gripped tightly each an elbow of the other arm. He had not uttered a sound, but his face grew white and set, and his eyes glowed as though he faced a fire.

Suddenly the dance stopped. Umè-ko, trembling from her own abandonment to beauty, bowed to the guest, touched her wet eyes with a silken sleeve, and glided to the back of the room, sitting upright against the closed silver *fusuma*. Twilight was merging into light, and in the semi-darkness her white face shone like a flower. Tatsu's eyes never left her. Old Kano, in the background, rocked to and fro.

Now Mata entered with lights, four tall candlesticks, with tapers, and soon after with two trays of steaming food, which she set before the men. Tatsu ate greedily, almost unconsciously, with the coarse manners of a mountain peasant, and his eyes burned on Umè-ko.

"Dragon-Maid," purred Kano, "weariness has come upon you. Retire, I pray, and deign to rest."

"No!" cried Tatsu. "She shall not go!"

"My concern was for the august maiden," said Kano, deprecatingly. "Here, Tatsu, let me fill your cup."

Tatsu threw his cup face-down to the floor, and put his lean, brown hand upon it. "I drink no more until my cup of troth with the maiden yonder."

Umè-ko's startled eyes met his, and hung a moment fascinated.

"My daughter," suggested the artist mildly, "think you not that it were wise to depart?" The girl rose quietly, pushed aside the *fusuma*, and vanished.

"She is mine! Why did you send her away?" called Tatsu.

"Gently, gently," cooed the other. "In this incarnation she is my daughter."

"I believe it not," exclaimed Tatsu. "How came she under bondage to you? I have sought her through a thousand lives. She is mine!"

"She calls me father, and obeys my commands," said Kano.

Tatsu writhed. "She is mine," he panted. "I will slay him who holds her back!"

"I am her father," persisted Kano. "She is a good daughter. Without my consent you shall not touch her—not even her sleeve."

Tatsu sprang to his feet and struck his brow. The hot wine whirled in his brain. "Oh, you pigmies of the city," he cried aloud. "You are like the farmyard fowls and swine—running always to one sty—following always one lead—doing things as other base creatures have done them—"

Kano laughed aloud. His whole life had been a protest against conventionality. Tatsu rushed out to the veranda, flinging his arm about the corner post, and leaning far out, gasping, into the night. The old man watched tranquilly. In an instant the youth returned, his face black and sullen.

"I will be your son if you give me the maiden," he muttered.

"Come, now, this is better," said Kano with a smile. "If I should adopt you, and you prove yourself a suitable person, nothing could be more appropriate than for you to become my daughter's husband."

"Suitable! appropriate!—husband!" echoed the boy in mocking despair. "Farmyard cackle, all of it! Oh, to be joined in the manner of such earthlings to a Dragon-Maid! Old man, can not even your shriveled heart feel the horror of it? No, your eyes blink like a beast that has eaten and slept. You can not see! She should be made mine among mist and storm and wind on some high peak, where the Gods would call to us, and great, straining forests roar out our marriage hymn."

"There is something in it that appeals, I admit," said Kano pleasantly. "It would make a fine subject for a painting—you and Umè-ko—"

"Oh, oh," gasped Tatsu, and clutched his throat as if strangling. He rushed far out into the garden, then returned to the edge of the narrow veranda. Candle light streamed out, flickering over his haggard face.

"When will you give her, Kano Indara? Can it be to-night?"

"To-night! Are you raving?" said the astonished Kano. "It would be at the least a month."

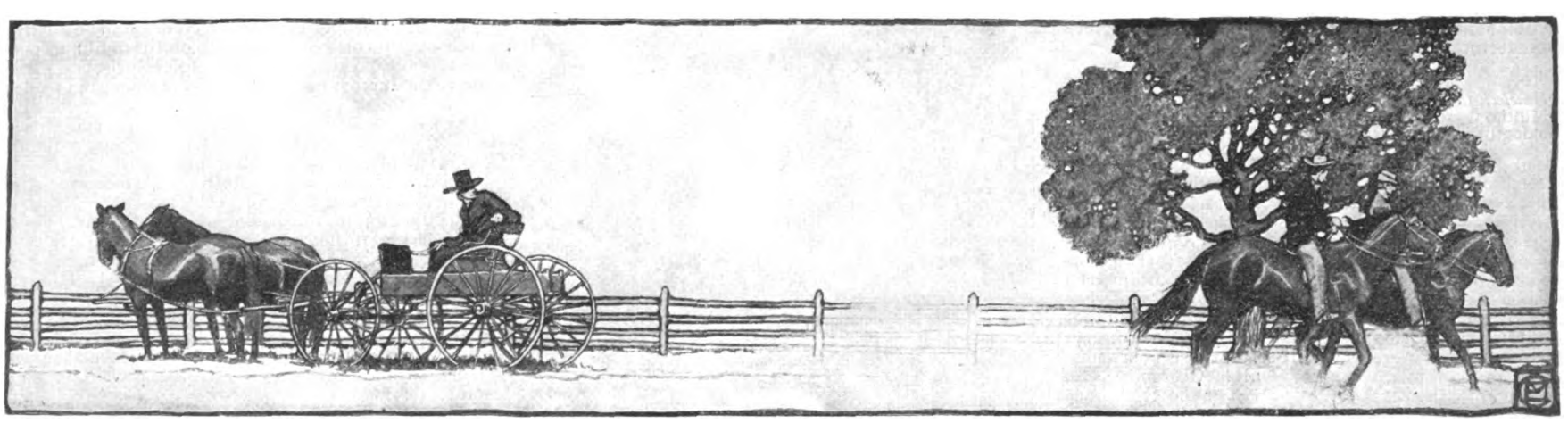
Tatsu staggered. "A month!" he whispered to the stars. "A month! Shall I live for a month?" His eyes turned again to Kano. "Good-night, old man of clay," he said.

"Stop—stop—young sir," called Kano. "You are my guest. The women are preparing a bed."

"I lie not on beds," jeered Tatsu through the darkness. "Vile things they are, like the ooze of lakes. I go to climb the hill-slope. To-morrow, with the sun, I shall return."

Old Kano wiped his brow. "I prayed the Gods for him, and I thank them that he is here, yet I rejoice in my heart that there is but one of him. Mata—Mata—my hot bath, is it ready? And Mata, prepare for me a soothing draught, I pray."

END OF PART ONE



THE ATAVISM OF ABIMELECH

AND HOW HE ROSE TO THE OCCASION WHEN THE LYNCHERS STORMED THE JAIL

By FRANK N. STRATTON

ABIMELECH CRUMMITT, preacher of the word, pushed back his broad-brimmed hat and turned in his wagon-seat to peer curiously through his shaggy gray eyebrows after the two horsemen who had galloped by him toward the town of Colomo. Abimelech, who knew every citizen of Howell County, knew not these men, and the horses they rode—lithe, powerful, and slender of limb—were of a breed strange to that region.

"Beauties," soliloquized Abimelech—not of the riders.

When the cavaliers had finally disappeared within the town, Abimelech clucked to his own round, sturdy steeds and jolted noisily on toward his little white farmhouse in the distance.

It was just as he reached the cross-roads that he heard the first shot; he had already halted, abruptly, when the fusillade began; he was hurrying back toward Colomo when his alert ears caught the final report—the sharp, spiteful voice of the muzzle-loading, epoch-making rifle of the predatory pioneer, whose convincing eloquence had persuaded the reluctant aborigine to "move on."

As he hastened toward the county-seat Abimelech was sore troubled of spirit. Next to the fair fame of his meek, Quaker-garbed spouse, Martha, he cherished the fair fame of Colomo. Almost a half century before, he had helped at the "raising" of the first house in the town; he had loyally rejoiced when the straggling village had been chosen as the county seat, and he had been one of the foremost to contribute his quota of hewn logs for the court-house. For more than fourteen years—ever since the extirpation of the lawless Rolihan gang—Colomo had been a model of peace and quietude, a city of law and order and brotherly love—a condition largely due to the insistent influence of Abimelech and his sect. Wherefore was Abimelech perplexed and much mortified by those ominous sounds that presaged the return of crime and lawlessness to Colomo.

He tied his panting and indignant horses to the ancient hitching rack that disfigured the public square, and proceeded slowly toward the gaping crowd that surged about the entrance to Lumson's livery stable. Halfway across the street he met the county clerk, a hard, strange look on his usually jolly face.

"What was the shooting about, friend Hiram?" asked Abimelech.

The county clerk slackened his rapid pace.

"Daddy Dow's killed; shot down like a hog!"

Abimelech's grave eyes grew wonder-wide.

"Killed! Israel Dow—"

"Yes; two hoss-thieves. We had notice they was headed this way, an' we'd have got 'em, only Stone was too sudden—tried to arrest 'em before they was out of th' saddles. They whirled an' was off like two streaks, after firin' th' shot that killed poor ol' Daddy—an' him dozin' peaceful in his ol' chair."

"And they escaped, friend Hiram?"

The clerk's eyes flashed vindictively as he hurried on.

"We got one. Bill Seward dropped 'im on th' jump, with his old rifle, shot through th' hip. Stone hustled 'im down to jail—but he won't be there long."

Abimelech crossed the street and peered over the fast increasing assemblage of heads. An overturned chair and a little red pool marked the spot where old Israel Dow—"Daddy Dow," venerated pioneer and patriarch—had met death.

When Abimelech had listened to the muttering of those about him, when he had seen man after man leave the crowd and hurry toward the court-house, his long, clean-shaven face grew severely serious. He clasped his calloused hands behind his broad back and walked thoughtfully along the main street to the rickety jail on the riverside, climbed the creaking steps, and rapped softly upon the door. It slowly swung open and the sheriff stood on the threshold, barring Abimelech's entrance.

"What's your business, Ab?" asked the officer, brusquely. "I'm busy."

"I fear thee'll be much busier very soon, friend Stone," Abimelech observed. The sheriff eyed him sharply, and laughed faintly and uneasily.

"They'll find us ready," he answered. "I reckon me an' my dep'ty knows our business."

"Thee and thy deputy! Friend Stone, thee'll need twenty deputies!"

The sheriff frowned and his face flushed angrily; but there were many wearers of the broad brim in Howell County—a fact worthy of consideration by an officer asking a second term.

"Where'd I get 'em?" he growled. "I guess you ain't on to public sentiment in this matter, Ab."

Beyond the sheriff, astride a chair, his hat carelessly awry, the deputy removed the pipe from his lips and laughed sneeringly.

"Why don't ye swear Ab in, Tom?" he suggested. "They may not be afeared of us, but they'd never tackle sich a terror as Ab."

Well did Abimelech comprehend the irony of the suggestion. No man in Howell County was better fitted for personal combat than Abimelech. Standing flat-footed on his native soil, he could fold his massive arms on the top of a ten-rail fence. To vault lightly over the same fence, or with one blow to sink his axe to the helve in a standing poplar, were feats easy of accomplishment by Abimelech. But, true to the tenets of his sect, Abimelech, only begotten son of Elihu and Keturah, was a man of peace. He had seen his neighbors march, rifle on shoulder, to join Harrison at Tippecanoe; drafted during the dark days of the great rebellion, he had promptly furnished a substitute. With meekness and in silence he had many times heard his courage questioned—for he was a man of few words, save when the Spirit moved and the Friends' Meeting-house rang with Abimelech's fervent prayers and quavering exhortations.

And so, when the grinning sheriff commanded him to hold up his right hand, Abimelech only gazed at him in reproving mildness and answered: "Thee knows I can't fight, friend Stone."

"You're like th' rest of 'em," the sheriff declared, contemptuously; "only you can't an' they won't."

"Then, friend, I demand that thee immediately telegraph the Governor for the militia."

"Th' militia be d—d, an' you with it!" the sheriff snarled. "Howell County can manage its own affairs

without shootin' its citizens down to save th' neck of a murderin' hoss-thief, An' don't you come nosin' around, tryin' to run my business, when ye're too big a coward to practice what you preach."

Abimelech calmly turned, passed down the steps and leaned against the dilapidated paling fence, his broad chin on his enormous chest. He was thinking of the Governor, whose half-section adjoined his own modest "forty"—the Governor, shrewd observer and reader of men, who had once said, humorously: "If Quaker Ab were to state that two and two made six, I should feel it my duty to cause the arithmetics of our schools to be altered accordingly." Whatever his personal courage, Abimelech's stern probity and calm, conservative judgment remained unchallenged and unquestioned.

Ten minutes later Abimelech stood in the little office of Colomo's solitary railroad, scribbling, erasing and re-writing, perplexedly—for the pen was a clumsy weapon in his untutored hand. At last he straightened up and regarded the agent dubiously.

"Friend," he asked, "can thee get this through at once?"

The man scanned the message, and looked up at Abimelech's grave, anxious face.

"This is th' sheriff's business; th' Governor can't—"

"Friend," Abimelech interrupted, "James Wilson is not the man to quibble in such a case. He was raised in Colomo, and he loves it. I have given thee the message; if thee shirks thy duty thee will have to answer to James Wilson."

The agent seized the key of the instrument.

"I'll try," he said, guardedly. "If they haven't cut th' wire I can get it through quick."

"I thank thee, friend," said Abimelech, fervently. "I'll wait for an answer."

Thirty long, anxious minutes ticked away. Then, with a sigh, Abimelech arose from his seat in the dim corner of the dingy room.

"I may as well go home," he said, in answer to the agent's questioning glance. "I've done all I can, and I don't want to be here when—"

"Answer's coming," the agent broke in as the little instrument suddenly set up an insistent clatter.

A moment of hasty scribbling, and he laid before Abimelech the little yellow sheet, yet uncopied.

"METROPOLIS, IND., *July 10, 187—*.

"*Abimelech Crummitt, Colomo, Ind.:*

"Militia there by ten, special train. There must be no lynching in Colomo. Hold the jail. I rely on you,

"JAMES WILSON."

Outside the office, the little slip of paper clutched in his hard hand, Abimelech, gazing helplessly down the street, saw that the stores were closed, the streets silent and deserted. Somewhere on that balmy summer evening the men of Colomo were gathering, organizing, planning deliberate murder, and Abimelech groaned as he thought of the Governor of a mighty State relying on one man to thwart that mob—and that man Abimelech Crummitt, preacher of the word, man of peace! If it were only either of those poor, misguided men of war, Captain Adonijah Crummitt who had stood with Stark at Bennington, or Seekpeace Crummitt who had charged with Cromwell at Naseby. Into Abimelech's mind flashed a damning doubt, a sinful suspicion that, perhaps, after all, there might be times when the sword rather than the word was necessary for the accomplishment of the Lord's work.

"Hold the jail. I rely on you!"

Mechanically Abimelech muttered those words as he moved dejectedly in the direction of his waiting team. The old clock in the court-house tower struck nine, slowly and solemnly. The moon began to peep timidly above the dim horizon. Glancing up, Abimelech saw that the windows of the court-house were ablaze with light. As he passed slowly under the old oak in the court-house lawn, something dangling from its branches swayed in the rising breeze before his face. Impulsively he seized the portentous noosed thing, tore it down, and hurled it far away. The doors of the court-house squeaked on their rusty hinges, and a grim, double column of men marched forth, turned toward the jail, and halted while the leaders called out sharp, stern instructions. Shuddering, Abimelech made three plunging strides toward his team, then stood still, gripping the Governor's message in his hands. "*I rely on you!*" The words burned in his brain. If he could gain a hearing from these men of Colomo before they began their murderous work, perhaps— "Is not my word like as fire? . . . and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" A great voice seemed to cry out the question, and to make of it a command.

Down the dark side of the street Abimelech, half-crouching, sped to the jail, sprang up the steps, and beat upon the door.

"Git away from there," the sheriff called. "Th' shootin' will begin in a minnit."

"No!" cried Abimelech. "I can help thee. I'll take the affirmation if necessary."

"I'd let him in, Tom"—the rasping voice of the deputy penetrated through the thin door; "it'll help us in case th' Gov'ner gits inquisitive—an' he'll git on to our game out there."

The sheriff mumbled over the affirmation as he hastily rebolted the door behind his recruit.

"There need be no bloodshed, friend Stone," Abimelech exclaimed; "I'll speak to those erring—"

"Do yer talkin' at the other door—through yonder," interjected the sheriff, thrusting a revolver into Abimelech's hand. "Jap an' me stays here."

Mechanically grasping the unfamiliar weapon, Abimelech hurried through the inner door of the office and into the corridor that circled the cage of grated cells. A dozen jailbirds, grimy and unkempt, leered out at him between the iron bars. He slipped the solitary bolt of the pine door and peered out. The head of the grim column was filing through the gate of the dilapidated fence. Abimelech dropped the revolver into his pocket, removed his broad-brimmed hat, and stepped out into the moonlight. The white hair that the breeze tossed about his head was little whiter than his face. Abimelech lifted up his hands.

"Halt, friends!" he cried, in deep, sonorous tones. The column halted, as if in surprise. "It's Quaker Ab," a dozen voices muttered. The leaders whispered together; then one called out:

"Go home, Ab—get out of the way. We don't want to hurt you."

"It is thee, friends, who should go home," returned Abimelech; "thee, who are about to commit murder, and bring disgrace upon our town of Colomo. Friends, listen to me—"

"Forward!" growled a score of voices. "We didn't come here for a sermon. Forward!" The column pressed against its leaders, who held it back.

"Crummitt," called one, "we don't particular want this fellow if he'll tell who his partner was, and where he's headed for. 'Twas his partner that shot Daddy."

Abimelech's face shone.

"Friends, I'll ask him—if thee'll promise me to make no attack before I report."

"Sure! We'll wait. Won't we, boys?"

Subdued laughter ran down the column as a hundred voices gave assent. Honest Abimelech re-entered the jail and hastened around the corridor, peering into each cell. From the floor of the furthest one a man with

Abimelech reeled, shifted his burden, and faced the mob

pallid, pain-distorted face looked up through half-closed eyes and spoke convulsively between clinched teeth:

"It's me you're—lookin' for. An' you can—go back an'—tell that mob—to go to—"

Abimelech covered his ears to shut out that last word.

"Friend," he said, earnestly, "if thee refuses, only a miracle can save thee."

The man on the floor held out a hand.

"Give me that gun—in your pocket," he gasped. "I'll have—company—on th' way over."

"Blank cartridges, friend—like the others," answered Abimelech, with a significant gesture toward the sheriff's office. "Thy only chance is to—"

A volley of shots from the office drowned his voice.

A chorus of fierce cheers arose from the column he had just left, as it swept through the open door and into the jail.

Over the solemn face of Abimelech flashed a look of indignant amazement; his long, heavy jaw shut with a click. He seized the rusted bar that fastened the prisoner's door, and in his immense hands it snapped like a pipe stem. He lifted the groaning prisoner in his arms and sped to the flimsy stairway that led to the upper story. As he sprang upon the lowest step an axe hurled from the oncoming mob glanced from his white head. Abimelech reeled, took one more upward, staggering step, shifted his burden to his left arm and faced the mob. Blood streamed over his face—not the blood of Abimelech, man of peace, expounder of the word; it was the blood of that Captain Adonijah who had stood with Stark at Bennington, of Seekpeace Crummitt who had charged with Cromwell at Naseby! From behind the shaggy eyebrows his eyes shot forth blue fire; his teeth gleamed, white and set, between the snarling lips. A ponderous arm swung in darting, catapultic circles against the foremost pursuers, hurling them back disabled. Then, with three springs, Abimelech reached the upper floor and laid his burden down. Stooping, he wrenched the flimsy stairway from its upper fastenings and it fell, crashing, with its load of panting, scrambling men.

"By the gods, old boy, you're a brick!" the wounded man moaned.

Two men in the cell at Abimelech's back pressed their hard faces against the bars.

"Let us out, Goliath," said one. "We'll help ye keep 'em down."

"The law put thee in; the law must let thee out," laconically said Abimelech.

From below arose curses and epithets uncomplimentary to Abimelech. The shooting ceased, and more men poured into the corridor—from the sheriff's office. The top of a ladder shot upward through the opening at Abimelech's feet. The voice of the sheriff called from below:

"Abimelech Crummitt, as sheriff of Howell County I demand my prisoner that I may protect him."

"Come up and get him," growled Abimelech.

The officer's head reared itself above the upper floor.

A hairy hand twined like a rope of wire around the scrawny neck, shook the sheriff of Howell County rudely in mid-air, and dropped him to the floor below. Then Abimelech seized the ladder, drew it quickly upward, and waited.

Listening, hopefully, to catch the first sound of the special, he heard only the tramping of many feet, the confused babble of angry voices. Suddenly, with a rending crash, fragments of glass and sash sifted through the bars of the window at his right. He took the heavy revolver from his pocket and handed it to the man at his feet.

"Thee must try to guard this stairway," he said. "Hit every head. I must go to the window."

"They'll shoot you," the man warned. Abimelech drew himself up proudly.

"Shoot me? They daren't!"

He drew an arm across his eyes to wipe away the blood, leaped toward the window, then halted, perplexed. In the moonlight he saw two ladders thronged with men. To attempt to overthrow them—to thrust his arms between the bars—meant certain maiming by those battering hammers. He glanced about, despairingly. His blazing eyes discovered a dim and narrow cul-de-sac, formed by the wall of the building and a row of cells. He raised the helpless prisoner, carried him to the further end of the blind passage, and tenderly laid him down. He heard the bars of the window fall, clattering under the hammers. He heard cheers, fierce cries, the rush of many feet. And he heard the roar and rattle of a train speeding into town!

"By the mighty sword of Gideon," muttered Abimelech, "we'll save Colomo yet!"

The opening of the passage filled with dark, hesitating, peering forms. Abimelech took two strides forward; the lust of battle swelled his heart.

"Cowards!" he challenged, "come on! I bear no arms save those the Lord gave me!"

Then, down the passage they swept—men of Colomo—with angry faces and cruel eyes, and Abimelech struck—struck with bare hands as even he had never struck with axe and maul. Down went the foremost, man after man, but others pressed forward, climbed over prostrate forms, precipitated themselves upon the giant, forced him back inch by inch, while he fought as Adonijah and Seekpeace had never fought.

"Kill him! Kill the meddling Quaker!" they screamed, snarling like enraged beasts.

A demon leaped up within Abimelech's breast; the impulse to slay possessed his brain. His retreating foot struck the hammer-like weapon that had slipped from the nerveless hand of the fainting man upon the floor. He stooped, quickly, to seize it, his foes leaped upon him, and the struggling mass crashed to the floor. With a Titan's strength Abimelech rose to his knees and swung the weapon above his head. Then, as a column of blue coats and leveled bayonets came charging down the passage, something hard struck Abimelech between his swimming eyes, and he pitched forward, a quivering mass of mighty bone and muscle, muttering in triumphant delirium between clinched teeth: "I rely on you!"

When Abimelech opened his eyes they wandered painfully about a familiar room through whose little eastern window the sun was shining brightly. His buzzing ears caught the gruff tones of old Dr. Newland:

"Just keep him quiet, Mrs. Crummitt. We'll have him up in a day or two, and as good as new in a week. Good-day, ma'am."

"Then it wasn't a dream," groaned Abimelech. A Quaker-garbed, patient-faced little woman hurried to his side.

"Thee must not try to arise, Abimelech," she said with low and gentle voice.

"Martha, did I—was any one killed?" he whispered, hoarsely.

"No, Abimelech; praise the Lord. But thee has sinned—grievously sinned."

"And I deserve to be disciplined—severely and righteously disciplined, Martha." The little woman bowed her head. "Yes, Abimelech; already two of the brethren have called to express their opinion of thy amazing conduct."

Abimelech closed his eyes wearily and his lips tightly.

"Martha," he said, after a while, "bring me the Book—and a pen."

While the little woman held the ancient Bible before him he turned to the old family record, between the two Testaments, and drew two black, obliterating lines through the names of Captain Adonijah and Seekpeace Crummitt.

"Martha," he said, plaintively, "it was in the blood."

The little woman sighed.

"Yes, Abimelech. But thee can live it down. I will help thee."

Abimelech raised one ponderous arm, drew the little woman to him, and kissed her.

"I rely on you," he whispered, an odd smile playing about his lips as he closed his aching eyes.

THE FLIGHT FROM MUKDEN

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF AN AMERICAN WAR CORRESPONDENT WITH KUROPATKIN'S ROUTED ARMY

GENERAL KUROPATKIN'S RETREAT FROM MUKDEN AFTER THE BATTLE IN WHICH HE LOST NEARLY 500 GUNS AND OVER 200,000 MEN
(*From the London "Graphic"*)

By FREDERICK McCORMICK

This article takes up the story of the battle of Mukden at the point where organized resistance ended and disorganized flight began. The story of the fight itself was published in last week's issue. Mr. McCormick was the only foreign correspondent who saw the battle and who followed the panic-stricken Russians from Mukden to Tieling

As I hurriedly left the Ta Lama's house upon the salutary explosion which wrecked the Hun River bridge and which shook the entire region, I knew that the whole main body of the army of the centre was moving; there could be no other conclusion. And in a moment I saw that I was yet in the van of a considerable body of troops because the miscellaneous small bodies of military adjacent to and occupying the temples where I lived, though they were ready for the march, were only just about to move off.

An immense tower of smoke, formidable and grand, filling the sky over the Railway Settlement, confronted me as I stepped into the court. I did not delay beyond a moment of involuntary hesitation and wonder. It was an instantaneous revelation—the place was in flames.

One hundred yards from the gate-house, as my carter and I with all the baggage turned the corner of the temple wall where soldiers had fired some small native houses which they had occupied during the winter, cartridges were exploding in the flames. It was early, and this region, just outside the west mud wall of Mukden, as was the entire plain about the Settlement, was covered with an uncanny light—the shadows of the Settlement smoke. A couple of hundred yards further on, where the alley opened out from between the temples on to the cattle market, a scene confronted us which no painter can exaggerate. Under shadows of the towers of rising smoke, moving off to the east, are quadruple, sextuple lines of horse and foot in all degrees of military panoply, order, disorder and discipline, beating up a dull blue dust as they choke up the road where they can not hope to pass for hours.

Panic, Disorder, and Drunken Riot

They are arriving by four or five roads converging on a spot further on whose sole exit northward lies along the mud wall of the city where the road is narrow and confined on the open side by a vast native graveyard, thick with impassable mounds extending to the railway a verst to the west! The air is mixed with the fumes of the burning Settlement. The Chinese rustics, awed by the ominous sight, stand up, amazed and curious, along the top of the ruinous wall, surveying this tide of horses and humanity and apparatus surging out of the south and out of the doomed Settlement which now begins to be raucous and weird with pilfering soldiers running here and there, testing wines and liquors in the abandoned sutlers' shops, contesting for drink with the fire and smoke and with the native hoodlums and cut-throats. Later on they fall into disorder and insubordination, and in a final orgy, unconfined, roam over the fields and city, even finding their way intoxicated as far as the Northern Tombs, and are taken by the advancing Japanese. In fact, spectators on Mukden walls observed soldiers near mid-day, when the Japanese were in possession of the north gate of the city, comfortably and deliberately eating and drinking along the west! It was a moment when the Japanese threatened to cut the army asunder, ten versts to the north!

The drivers of the army wagons now badger each other for the right of way, which at the jam is wide enough for two teams abreast. The day is too young for bickering and strife. But in an hour there is contention at this spot, and one with small gift of prophecy may clearly foresee what will take place in the heat of noon.

Finding it impossible to cross through the chawing, champing line, sawing and scissoring like an engine, I turn directly into the first opening and we are carried along with the flood, the drivers submitting to the invasion without protest. It requires about an hour to encircle the west wall, passing in and out among some of the smaller graves, getting severely jammed here and there among the heavier wagons. During this hour a certain amount of clothing, bread, firewood, and utensils fall into the road, where it is impossible to rescue them because of the surging behind and the certainty of losing place altogether. The men only laugh at these mishaps—it is a kind of sport. Presently a few wheels are smashed. Singletrees begin to snap, the wagons to block the road. Here is a carcass of beef fallen in the dust, and it calls for remarks a plenty from the drivers. Soldiers and Chinese have chopped out pieces of the frozen meat in passing. The disabled wagons are lost in the hosts behind. None seem to obstruct the road ahead—we must be in the van of our own column. The roads to the left and right are full of moving armies, as is our own; we have our own road, it is still a road.

A man, recognizing me as a correspondent, says, by way of salutation: "*Now* what will you write?" He is walking, and persists in a polite and familiar conversation in the overcrowded road, in among the wagons, until both he and I get rudely and unceremoniously jammed, when he seems to even increase his ardor of conversation. He volunteers the curious observation that this is to be "Napoleon's retreat from Moscow repeated." "It looks that way to me," says he. He seems to foresee disaster, but does not fear it—though foreboding, the excitement of the moment is exhilarating. To him the army is disorganized, but he is not uncheerful, even though it were doomed. Now we are swept apart and saved another knocking about.

We are now fully in the open with a fair field. The air is more clear and army trains can be seen everywhere. The roads are inadequate, so we take boldly to the plowed fields, where the horses bury their hoofs, the wheels their felloes, in the loose soil. About nine o'clock the dust begins to rise and the armies begin to be heated. On all sides are artillery, baggage, field telegraph wagons, with telegraph wire and apparatus wound all over them, field telephone vans, mess carts, ambulances. Beside the way a cart of merchandise has been abandoned by some alarmed sutler and is looted clean. Nothing remains but the Chinese cart and the empty boxes and packing.

An Army in Frantic Flight

There has never been such a spectacle as this now presented in these ancient, quiet fields. The army begins to wonder, and, what is worse, to speculate, which is the first danger. Off there to the left are the old Imperial Northern Tombs, from where since dawn has come the sound of the guns, and where on the right flank—still the right flank—the battle is centred, if there is a centre. But there seems to be neither centre nor circumference, but only incipient chaos. We have not been without the guns for two weeks. They are now also going behind us on the south, and the southeast, and the southwest, and the west. Guns are still noisy and numerous, notwithstanding the long lines of them here making rapidly northward. The infantry are behind, saving the rear—making up the rearguard while we march yet safely on.

Here and there is a wagon train blocked in a village street, quiet and orderly. There are here and there the native interpreters—Chinese—mounted and bedecked with long Russian sabres and pistols with which they will be robbing and plundering, and worse, before the day is done. They are the army's reliance. All are blackmailers, some are murderers, and all are for the time of their service exempt from law. Though they are guilty on scores of charges, no Chinese magistrate will be allowed to execute one of them according to Chinese law, as that would drive the remainder from the army's service. Freed from their own native justice and all other, they prey, sure outlaws, upon whoever m · fall in

At one point the head of the fleeing column paused to allow a regiment of infantry to pass, marching southward to reinforce the rearguard; but when scarcely half this regiment had gotten by, the mob of retreating men, horses, and wagons plunged forward, cutting off the rear companies, which soon joined in the general flight toward Tieling

PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICK MCCORMICK COPYRIGHT 1905 BY P. F. COLLIER & SON

their way, fully assured of the protection of the army. It is a time to be without baggage and servants, for neither are safe. Moreover, the temper of the soldiers threatens to completely annul the influence of the officers. Every man must defend his own: for the first time in this war I am hampered by my effects. If the animals, cart, and papers are saved I must remain with them, leading with my right arm the led horse as I ride along.

Hour follows hour, we seem to have gotten nowhere, the guns sound the same. The retreaters are oblivious of all order and are making for any opening that leads to the north. We enter low rolling hills. There is now infantry intermingled with the trains, carrying on their long bayonets loaves of bread and buns run through, and such vegetables and fruit and whatever else they might spear in this way.

At ten o'clock it becomes apparent that this army is an army out of a job and that tens of thousands of men are engaged in flight—call it retreat if you like, but you will change your characterization at eleven-thirty, when we arrive at Ta-wa, where all contend for the road.

Japanese Shells Create Havoc and Panic

The ways are even more crowded—it is no longer merely artillery and army trains—and the troops are nervous. There is a kind of backwater quiet out of the main current in front of the village of Ta-wa, which seems to offer an opportunity to rest, and we attempt to feed the animals. The Japanese are bursting shells ahead of us to the right and to the left. Although the enemy can not see the village, their fire has struck into a large concourse there, and the wagons and troops which have halted for rest immediately get under way, the lines closing up where the shells have exploded and all becoming hurry, commotion, and worse. Wagons now plunge into impassable gullies, breaking wheels and whiffletrees. Carts and wagons that always jam knock out each other's end-gates and heave and haw over stubble, ditches, broken walls, and whatever obstacles do not entirely flay them.

On the brow of the rise north of the village the infantry that have joined us begin to relieve themselves of their accoutrements. Cast-off clothing is burning in little heaps, fired to prevent the enemy from acquiring it. Soldiers are kneeling or sitting in the stubble, throwing cartridge clips out of their kits. In every furrow is a wheel: the fields are harrowed as at seed-time.

The army of the East, now being driven in, converges on our common way, lines of flight leading in from several points. And a few versts north of Ta-wa at 2 P. M. a column of infantry crosses us, moving southwest. It steadies and quiets our column, for it appears to be going to reinforce the rearguard along the railway. The commander lifts his hand in signal for us to halt, and the column halts. It waits for a time respectfully—there are no shells falling near us at the moment. Five, ten minutes wear on to a quarter of an hour, twenty minutes! Some of the front carts and Cossacks have crossed the line through the intervals between the infantry companies. And now the column can no longer wait, and plunges forward in a phalanx a hundred yards wide, which has been restlessly forming, and breaks through, carrying the remains of the confronting column with it. Cut off from the head of their column, they are swerved out of its course altogether and they join our own, the soldiers running wild and loose to dodge the traffic, and mixing with the wagons, and artillery, and horses, the officers making no resistance, but following them, I would not say gladly, although I observed them look first anxiously in the direction of their comrades and until the dust hid them from view, when they seemed relieved. My half-formed conviction upon seeing this was that we were near the spot where this army was to be cut in two. So I pushed on. The Japanese were now shelling us on three sides and we were making for the opening which seemed to be still on the north. The great dust going up exactly locates the mass of moving armies to the Japanese gunners. At Wang-san-chia-tzu, the next village north of Ta-wa, a shell strikes among us. There is a crush to get round the village. Jammed in the sunken road! An officer in charge of a long-barreled machine gun, like a tarantula, creeps along in front of me. He seems to be looking for some one. He is one of the retreaters. Another officer, whom I have never seen, introduces himself, shakes me warmly by the hand, and says, almost with tears in his eyes and with strong emphasis: "This was not in the General's plan." He disappears. A day's hard work and we have made thirteen miles! Nine hours of crushing, waiting, and contention.

At this ford of the Pu-ho several columns of fleeing batteries, ambulance and transport trains, with crowds of panic-stricken soldiers on foot and on horses, tried to cross at the same time. The confusion was terrific, and four hundred carts were abandoned there

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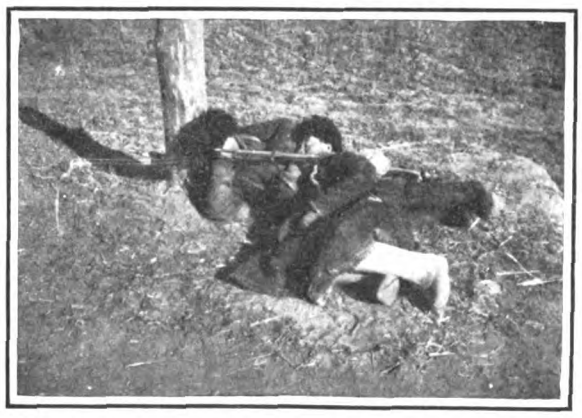

EXHAUSTED SOLDIERS ASLEEP BY THE ROADSIDE

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What are we here for? Why don't we fight? Is nobody fighting? Are we all mere baggage-drivers? The occupation seems contemptible, and I wonder why I am dragging, with an arm that is now like wood, my lead horse, whose nostrils are screeching like brass. Why don't I take out my valuable papers from my cart and cram them into my saddle-bags, abandon everything else, and find out what is going on? A correspondent has no right to have baggage. He is paid for having a horse and a telegraph blank and sleeping on his good forearm, for getting shot at without the excitement of any occupation aside from looking on, while other people die with enthusiasm for something to die for. But here is my faithful servant, who has seen me through several scrapes, suffered imprisonment as a spy for me; he doesn't want to be abandoned; he is fifty years old and can not be left in a chaos like this. Besides, every moment promises safety. But can we cross the Pu-ho? The banks are impassable except at a single spot, here. There is no use wasting words as to what that spot is like at this instant. A mile's width of armies have converged there, where a steep road is broken and some officers are trying to regulate the descent of the artillery to the water's and the ice's level, and their passage to the further side.

This is but one of the crossings of the Pu-ho, along whose course the most distracted spectacles of the flight occurred. One need not now ask why we are not fighting. It is plain to see that the fighting of this army is finished for this battle: its present fighting career is ended! Further east is another crossing at the Yü-lu or Imperial road. A shell falls here plump into the line and there is panic in the Pu-ho! Four hundred carts are lost and abandoned to the enemy there. One speculates on one's market value, that of his baggage, that of his horses, that of his own pocket-book and his pistol, to say nothing of the other thing. I have never carried a pistol on the battlefield: not until now. You veterans have told me that I would better carry it *all* the time for that *once* when I would need it badly. But I've got it, I've got it in my holster, six savage cartridges in the chambers, though not savage enough, I can tell you that. They look like caraway-seed in the face of this crowd, swearing, laughing, badgering, railing, joking, cursing: every change of rising pandemonium ringing up and down the fated and ill-fated line.

One says that the Mukden bank now en route is being plundered. Some of the attendants are wounded. The soldiers make free with the money-chests. That is on the east. There is a battery assaulted by infantry who are making for the battery's money-chest, and the Cossacks help to beat the attackers off.

Half an hour before sundown we come up before a village, beyond which is a train standing—glad sight! There must be a kind of position here: troops prepared to make a stand—hold the enemy when he comes, at least for a couple of hours' respite. The train gives the retreaters confidence.

Scenes of Fear and Frenzy

After what has passed during the day, what now follows, continuing long after dark and through the night, impoverishes speech. Not since the hordes of Ghengis Khan swept over these regions have they beheld such a scene. Some call upon the name of Kuropatkin, some upon God alone. Wagons and baggage are burning on some roads: the drivers are riding away on the horses. But in the street here in this little theatre, what a stage! Men contend for horses. There are not enough. Some of the horses, frenzied, get loose, and men, more frenzied, pursue them. The road is the scene of a wild scrimmage. All about are riderless horses and horses with parts of harness careering like mad, followed by raging soldiers, some of whom have thrown away their rifles. All delusions of a defence in being here fades like a dream. A Red Cross officer, well mounted and crazy from excitement, is giving orders right and left to nobody, shouting at the top of his voice. Seeing me, he begs me to go with him, to stay by him, and march together with him. On the contrary, I take an alley which leads to the edge of the village, away from the road, where there is less dust.

CROSSING A RIVER BED CLOGGED WITH ICE IN THE FLIGHT FROM MUKDEN

PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICK MCCORMICK [illegible] BY P. F. COLLIER & SON

At a time when it is so black that one can scarcely make out the outlines of a man, my Red Cross officer, whom I left in the melee at the village, apprehends me and takes possesion of me. There is no escaping him, he is overjoyed and will take me to camp, to Tieling. The correspondent also stays close by, and about nine o'clock we arrive together at a vast camp. Here a great conflagration of forage, tumultuous and grand, and visible ten miles, is burning as a beacon to the scattered armies. The camp, whose dimensions are extended in imagination until they have no bounds, is close beside one of those innumerable unnameable stations of the Manchurian railway, and a few trains appear, from the lights, to be standing on the tracks. We edge a little way into the vast, vague, illimitable body which is compact and huddled as though to keep warm. But there is no keeping warm for them, a cold, merciless wind sweeping in from Mongolia, taking the last hope of cheer from this hapless assembly so strangely brought together. Some have enough wood to build a fire, and the officers give us a share, a kind of night benison, but it only makes one more sleepy. We stand up again, shivering; that is better. I go to my mare and, leaning against her warm neck, get a few moments' sleep.

We are now as long on duty as Nogi's soldiers who were sleeping in the sun inside the Russian redoubts on the third of March! Walking, one falls into a sighing slumber, to be aroused by the stamping of artillery horses under one's nose or a caisson under one's elbow, the wheels perilously near. It is but little better riding. One's legs refuse to do their functions, and now and again one's face plunges into the horse's mane and neck. Waking moments are like hours.

Now we creep in over the rocky plain and the rocky flat, broken by little watercourses, to Tieling. There are horses before us, troops, wagons: little camps of the first and the swiftest. They have won even before us. A cold, cold wind laves them. Yet they camp, camp without shelter in such a plain, in such a wind—a revelation of what bivouacking men can do.

Tieling Full of Fear-Stricken, Exhausted, Dead and Wounded Russians

Long straggling railway trains, that of the Commander-in-Chief and others, sidings, straggling black houses, outlines of hills and other houses and camps and trains, now gray, for it is approaching dawn! It is five o'clock. My Red Cross friend is quieted and sane—it is cold enough for that. He finds a place for our horses, for an hour, though it is only a bare, hard, wind-swept space with vagrant straws scurrying over it. And we go over to the railway station to seek a cup of tea. Gray dawn is breaking there over the saddest of scenes. The railway yards are quiet, the trains have done their work and departed. On the cold gravel platform are litters of men. Are they living, are they dead? How the wind blows over them, under them! How thin their coverings. They must be dead, for the warm bodies of the living are inside in the buffet, the warm bodies of officers standing, many of them sleeping, supported by the crush.

The battle of Mukden was precipitately ended when, under cover of the dust, the Japanese on the 9th, pushing adroitly forward opposite Chiu-chan, east of Fu-ling, tested the two bridges there, which were impassable, and discovered a place where the ice of the Hun River was intact, which enabled them to assault the line at a point guarded by two companies of the Barnaul Regiment of General Levistein's command. The Russians had evidently overlooked the weakness in this part of their terrain, thinking they had a formidable natural glacis a mile wide, protecting their trenches. The Japanese, after breaking through at this point, pushed forward west by north, though not without opposition, and on the morning of the 10th were able to throw shells into the ranks of the retreating Russian columns or armies.

What followed on the 10th I have here described as apart from both the battle and the retreat proper, which latter was organized and executed with order only after Tieling was reached. It was two days before the main body of the grand army arrived at Tieling; not until the morning of the 12th was every nook and cranny peopled with soldiers.

The evening of the 11th I set out around the scattered Greek, Russian, and Armenian restaurants and hotels, now packed with famished and exhausted officers in search of bed and food. I had not slept for three days and two nights. But I had telegraphed a complete and connected story of what had occurred for fifteen days, and felt that whatever else happened I could now lie down and sleep.

Near the Chinese inn, which itself had not an inch of sleeping space, there was a Russian restaurant, which, of all places I had seen in the town, appeared to me to be the most promising. I went in here and found that it was not so crowded. There was order, even quiet. The officers, gathered together, sober and downcast, turned to look at me, and, I thought, not unsympathetically, for, after all, the angles of difference and of nationality had been smoothed away by mutual hardships. They were ready to rest, and we might all lie down together.

At the far end of the room was a table, where, as I passed, two officers were sitting. I did not pay attention to them, but seeing that the table was heaped with soiled dishes, and thinking it occupied, I passed by and continued my search for a place to sit down, not at all a chooser in the matter. Immediately, however, one of the officers, who was a mere downy-lipped boy, came after me and in good French asked if I would not sit with them. His action seemed so kind that I thanked him and went back, taking a chair at his left to which he assisted me. He was travel and battle stained, while opposite me sat a bearded man just past middle age, rolled in a perturbed slumber as an ancient galleon is rolled at sea, heaving audibly and inclined to fall forward as a ship that pitches into the trough. His face and uniform were grimy with dust and grease. At the surrounding tables were other officers in all stages of weariness, some eating and drinking, some drinking only. The waiters paid no heed to us, nor did they seem to be attending to others. We repeatedly hailed them, but without success. Presently the boy, suspecting that I was not acquainted with the custom of the establishment, took me to the further end of the room, where I purchased a ticket which entitled me to half a pheasant. I could not get liquors, he said, because a military order had been put in force forbidding their sale after eight o'clock. We went back to our table, but with the tickets we were no more successful than before, and seeing that nothing could be had that we did not ourselves retrieve from the kitchen, the boy invaded the cook-house and secured the fowl to which we were entitled, while in the same manner I secured the tea. Bread and vegetables were out of the question; knives and forks we got with difficulty.

The Restaurant at Tieling

The boy was of the artillery. The bearded man, he said, was his colonel, and by his talk I saw that he regarded him with affection and fidelity. The boy tried to arouse him by fair words of boyish kindness, but could not. He was ingulfed in a sonorous slumber, a strained weariness spread over his broad, kind face, his brows knitted and twitching with troubled dreams. The boy cut a portion of the half pheasant and ate. And then, having finished his portion, he again placed his hand on the colonel's arm and tried to arouse him, uttering loud words of gentle persuasion intended to tempt him to eat. The colonel this time did throw himself upward and with a great effort awoke, long enough to take note of the plate before him and to answer the boy, who placed the knife and fork in his hands, which at once fell away again and again. He took a few half-resolute bites and roused himself sufficiently to ask who I was sitting at the table with them. The boy has already spoken of me, and he says again that I am a war correspondent, "yes, a war correspondent," says the boy. He is persuaded, as he looks up wearily at me with swimming half-opened eyes, by what the boy says, and turning to the boy he tells him to say to me that he wishes—I shall—write—for him, the story—of—the—battle. And from the last word he falls, as the galleon goes over a great wave, into that other labored slumber from which he can not again be aroused, a slumber like a sea which promises no harbor and shows no earnest of calm.

o

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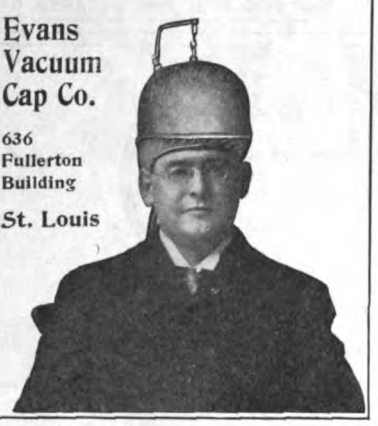

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A GLIMPSE AT RECENT FICTION

By ROBERT BRIDGES

Many Novels About Public Questions

NOVELS in increasing number are appearing in this country which have to do with the industrial and social problems that are pressing for a solution. Many of the men who would once have made a pamphlet or treatise the vehicle for their views, now adopt the novel as a form of literature which has some chance of being read and talked about. It is in line with the general belief that all knowledge should be humanized to be really useful. The speeches of great statesmen and the sermons of great preachers used to be eagerly read for enlightenment on social and moral questions. They wrote as "men having authority," and were entitled to respect. For good or bad, this respect for authority has decayed. The attention of the vast public can be caught only by a strong human appeal. "How does this theory of yours touch real men and women?" is the universal question. To reach them you must go back to the old, old precedent and "speak unto them in parables."

Fiction Outdone by Reality

THE pessimistic views expressed by so many of these current writers of fiction in regard to public affairs and social and political honesty seem to the majority of readers to be overstrained and untrue to life. For, after all, the average way of life is pleasant, and daily contact with rapacity and dishonesty in high places is a privilege reserved for the elect. The intelligent reader with a professional and business environment which has to do with moderate men in moderate circumstances does not believe that either politics or business is as bad as it is painted in fiction.

What a shock must this average clean-minded, hopeful man have had within the past month or two! Just the other day the first page of the most conservative newspaper in New York contained the following pieces of news:

The accepted resignations of the two highest officers in a great insurance company.

The meeting of a special session of the New York Legislature to consider charges against a Justice of the Supreme Court of that State.

The discovery that a reputable banker and broker (now dead) had forged stock certificates to the amount of one million dollars.

A proposal by the Mayor of Chicago to seize the street railway tracks of the city in order to regain for the people their rights.

Arrest in Philadelphia of an ex-chief of a Bureau for forgery and fraud.

Dismissal of a United States Minister and censure of an Assistant Secretary of State.

All of the men involved in these charges are of high social and business position, and, almost without exception, are of what we call the "good, old American stock." It is about time for the New Englander who is always crying for the salvation of this country from foreign immigration to reconsider the facts and realize to some small degree the debt which the country owes to the influx of thousands of decent foreigners with old-fashioned ideas of social honesty, and with old-fashioned notions of the duties of a citizen.

The Story of a President-Maker

SUCH a book as "The Plum Tree," by David Graham Phillips, must seem to the average decent reader that we have described, an overdrawn, melodramatic picture of political life in high places. In the light of recent disclosures, however, Mr. Phillips can probably justify himself. He has depicted the career of a young man in the Middle West, a poor lawyer, who, starting with high ideals, deliberately chooses the "practical way" to success in politics, and, rising to be a United States Senator, becomes the great man in his party, the maker of a President—the power behind the throne. The hero tells his own story, and Mr. Phillips has clearly preserved the attitude of the hero's mind while justifying his actions to himself and also fully realizing how far he has fallen from his first conception of duty. He confesses at the end of his career, "I have convinced other people that I am somebody at the cost of convincing myself that I am nobody," and exclaims, "Happy is the man who through strength or through luck guides his whole life by the star of his youth!" And yet he is equally sure that he never could have risen except by the method which he employed. That method was one of strict and scrupulous *personal* honesty; but his power was gained wholly by using the great corporations as the "big stick" with which to drive his minions into line. The author has depicted the inside workings of this kind of politics with remarkable skill, showing the "reasonableness" of the motives which moved the puppets in the game. It is a strange coincidence that the chapter entitled "Harry Sayler, Swineherd," is not one bit more disgraceful as a picture of the actions of big men in a panic than was the recent actual meeting of a Board of Directors in the presence of a report that antagonized them. Sayler's shrewd comment will apply to both: "The best of us are, after all, animals changed into men by the spell of reason; and in some circumstances it doesn't take much of a blow to dissolve that spell."

But there is another and brighter side to the whole picture which is well shown in real life in the careers of such men as Roosevelt, Cleveland, Hay, Root, and Taft.

Back of it all, and more alarming than the manifestations of disorder, is the widespread decay of standards of belief and standards of conduct. There is no one who goes further in wrongdoing than the good man by inheritance who deliberately throws over the ballast of his inherited beliefs. That is why the leaders in this carnival of political and social dishonesty are almost without exception the sons of the Puritans.

Melodramatic Politics

ANOTHER novel about President-making is "The Ultimate Passion," by Philip Verrill Mighels. In it the usual man with "high ideals" allows the Boss to pull the wires for his nomination, and spend a million dollars of his own money, and use the fascinations of a yellow-haired enchantress—all upon the condition that the prospective President shall marry the Boss's daughter when he has delivered the goods. Of course, the hero does not love her, and makes a secret marriage with the real girl while the campaign is on. It is

A GLIMPSE AT RECENT FICTION

(*Continued from page 21*)

a silly plot, and heroes, and villains, are alike commonplace, ineffective, and impossible. Politics, as actually played, may be a wicked game, but it is a man's game, and not a Bowery melodrama.

Sturmsee, Idealist and Practical Statesman

ONE of the most remarkable novels of politics and social life is huge in bulk and as austere in appearance as a system of philosophy. The title is "Sturmsee," and no author's name is given, and no clew except that it is "by the author of 'Calmire.'" To those who remember that unusual novel, this is enough. Away back in 1892 "Calmire" made its appearance in the same severe, anonymous way. It attracted the attention of the thoughtful and the derision of those who were looking for mere amusement. In it the agnostic's theory of life was exhibited in a small group of characters. It was discursive and prolix, but somehow the people in it were real and marvelously interesting to inquiring minds.

After all these years the author publishes "Sturmsee," in which he applies his acute mind to the complex social questions of the end of the nineteenth century. There is internal evidence that the book has been a long time in making, probably more than a decade, and many of the problems have moved ahead faster than the book. It gives the impression of a thoughtful man, conversant with life in New York—business, social, and artistic—and striving to free his mind on many questions. This novel has been the safety valve for his satiric observations on the modern social organism.

The thing of supreme importance to him is the "relation of man to man"—in industry and commerce, in society, and in the State. How to approximate justice in a Democracy, where all men are created *unequal* in capacity, in opportunity, and in social surroundings, is the perpetual theme of his story. For with all its drawbacks of form, it *is* a story and a good story at that. The men and women have striking originality and undoubted charm. Old Philson, the self-made manufacturer, is as real as P. D. Armour. His shrewdness, his justice, and his kindliness are revealed with none of the art of the expert novelist, but with far more efficiency than most of them ever attain with all their tricks. He exhibits the opportunities in a Democracy for a strong man to rise. In opposition to him as a character is Glendale, the young man of inherited wealth and position, who is inspired by Philson's example to do something on his own account. It is a stimulating contrast.

And then in Dr. Sturmsee himself, a young German of education, who comes from a little German principality, with its traditions of caste and government by divine right, to settle in the Republic and take part in its work, the author has created a vigorous image of what this country gives to the intelligent immigrant who has ideas of social reform. The career which this young man makes for himself in a Western State, and the high ideals on which he achieves it, suggest the inspiration of a man like Carl Schurz.

Sturmsee is a scientific idealist who tries his theories by real conditions, and through many disappointments works out a practical solution of some of the social problems. As Governor of a Western State he has to deal with strikes and anarchism. His attitude on these questions is vigorous and refreshing. The letter of acceptance which Sturmsee wrote when nominated for Governor is a surprising document—full of the wisdom of the most advanced thinkers on political questions. Withal, it seems so entirely practical and feasible that a real man would run upon it—and probably be defeated.

There are many other phases of the book which are rich in their suggestiveness—such as Philson's ideal town for workmen, Nellie's University Settlement experiments, Stalker's futile co-operative scheme—all of them shown with the illuminating detail of a comprehending mind.

On its literary side this apparently casual, formless story is filled with witty dialogue and biting aphorisms. Most surprising of all, it contains some good love-making and three fascinating women.

But for the majority of readers it will seem prosy and dull. The author wrote it to please himself, and he must have had a mighty good time writing it. It has evidently been the relaxation of a man actively engaged in some other absorbing business—but one that has brought him in contact with men of importance in many walks of life. Praise or blame can mean little to him, but the hearty appreciation of some fellow who has glimpses of what he has been driving at may give him satisfaction.

There is a profound philosophy in the whole book—going far beyond the mere cant of the "survival of the fittest" to the higher morality which is evolved not by struggle, but "through the care of the weak by the strong, and the reciprocation of the weak to the strong—sympathy and generosity on one side, fidelity and gratitude on the other, until all are strong."

The Sam Parks Type in Fiction

"THE WALKING DELEGATE," by Leroy Scott, has evidently grown out of the long-continued troubles in the building trades. It displays a vivid contrast between the dishonest labor leader of the Sam Parks type, and an able, high-minded leader who believes in the rights and wrongs of his class, and tries to work for their good by honest methods. Here, also, as in the field of politics, the moving motive is shown to be Money—simply Money. And the employers are at the root of the matter, because they would rather buy off a leader than suffer inconvenience or loss. It is all a part of the same system of managing men through their cupidity—whether they are directors of trust companies, Senators of the United States, or walking delegates. It is the worship of the "man who does things."

Mr. Scott has evidently made a first-hand study of the workings of labor unions, and the book is written rather from the workman's point of view than from the employer's. It is in favor of unions led by honest men; it is against employers who truckle to dishonest leaders. The subsidiary love story is lugged in, and adds nothing to the interest of the story. It was evidently put in to satisfy a belief in the commercial efficiency of "a love motive."

The Modern Game of Finance

HOW the banks and the stock market are turned into simple instruments for the personal schemes of a few great financiers is shown in "The Golden Flood," by Edwin Lefèvre. The author has a most ingenious plot, founded on the economic law that the cheaper money always drives out the dearer. He creates the impression that gold is being *manufactured* in unlimited quantities, with the result that gold bonds rapidly fall and stocks rise. The book is a clever satire on the power of riches and the selfish greed of its great possessors. In this book also, as in all the others, honesty and integrity are revealed as of no merit in [illegible]n who does big things.

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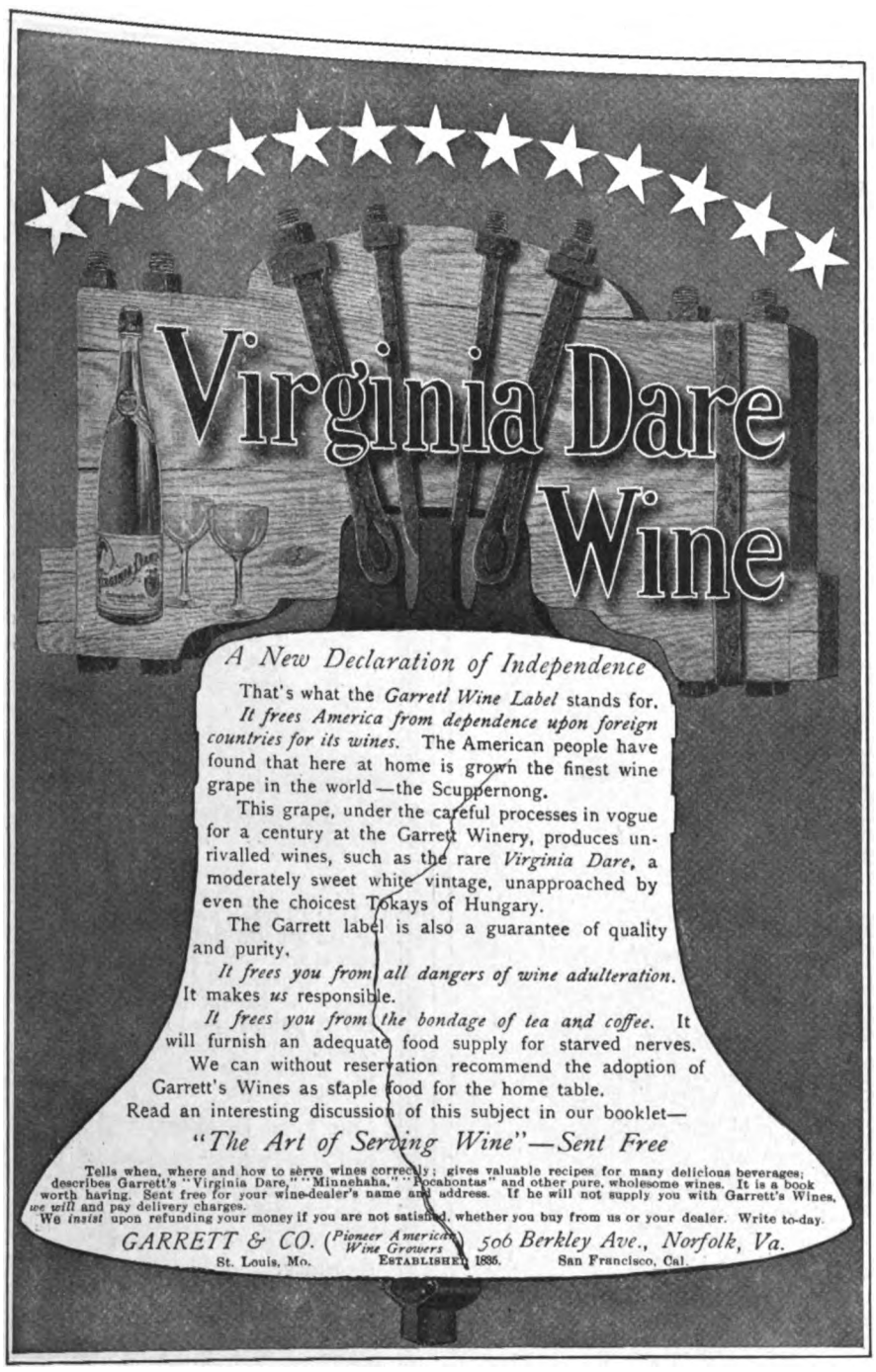

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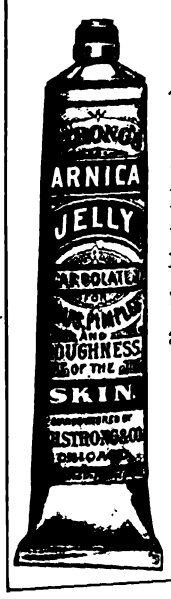

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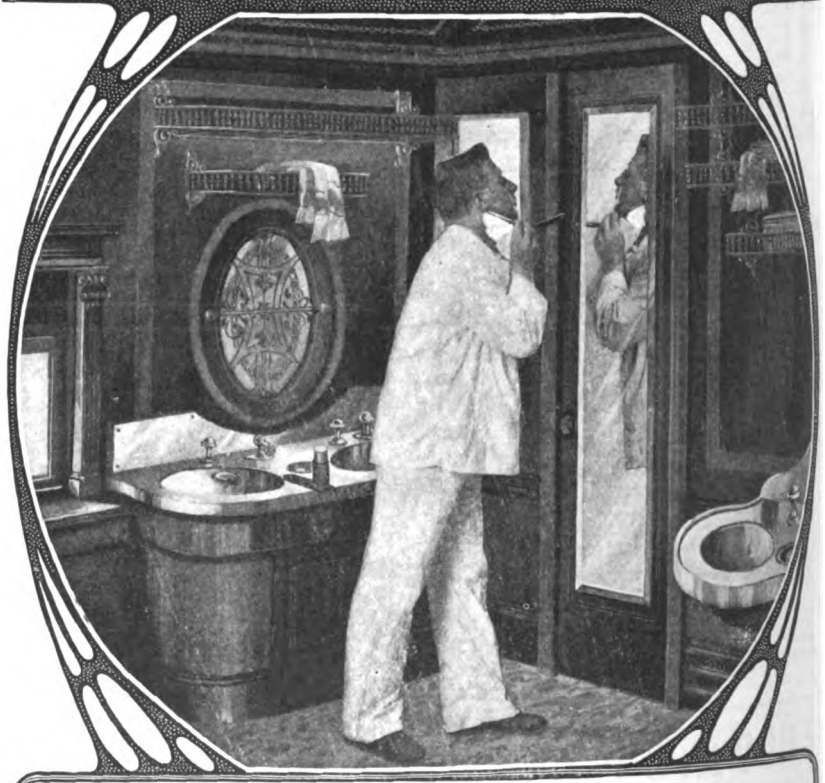

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