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RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS

EDWARD'S CORONATION NOT THE ONLY NOTABLE COMING EVENT.

Signs Pointing to Churchly Prosperity and a Coming Together of Hitherto Divided Forces.

PROGRESS OF THE AGITATION

A FEW OF THE MOVEMENTS ARE NOT ENTIRELY HARMONIOUS,

But the Majority Promise to Be Fairly Successful—A Review of Present Church Conditions.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

LONDON, Feb. 4.—Great and memorable will be this coronation year, judging by what the first month has brought forth, for other reasons than the absorbing spectacle scheduled to take place in June. The crowning of King Edward and Queen Alexandra will stir the social and political world as nothing has done since the lovely and youthful Victoria came to her inheritance in 1838. But behind politics and the throne, and having, in this country, a vital relation to them, are the state church and the still wider circle of influence which embraces all the churches and the cause of religion in general, and it is interesting to note that within that realm events are occurring which are as certain to make the year 1902 a red-letter one as is the brilliant ceremonial which will take place five months hence in Westminster Abbey. Unfortunately, some of these religious movements, so far as they have gone in the first month of the year, are ominous of strife and disruption. But others presage churchly prosperity and the coming together of forces which have long been weakened by foolish divisions.

Canon Hensley Henson is still at the front as a pleader for denominational reunion. To properly rate this state church dignitary one must remember that he is a canon of Westminster Abbey, and also the rector of St. Margaret's, the historic and aristocratic church which stands on the same site as the Abbey, and which, if you are seeking to enter the Abbey by the north transept, seems, in its chimes and beautiful architecture, to be a rival of the larger and better-known temple in offering you the opportunities of impressive worship. To the readers of these letters it is already known that Canon Henson signalized the closing of the old year by a series of remarkable sermons, delivered to crowded congregations in the church where the coronation will take place. In these, he condemned the exclusiveness of his own fold and raised his voice in favor of intercommunication—that is, the exchange of pulpits and other acts of brotherliness—between ministers of the establishment and pastors of the dissenting denominations.

CANON HENSON'S BELIEFS.

Canon Henson doesn't believe in apostolic succession in the sense in which his own church holds to it. On the contrary, he recognizes that bodies like the Wesleyans, the Congregationalists, the Baptists and the Presbyterians are as really churches of Christ as is the Church of England, and that their ministers are as truly ministers of Christ. This was strong doctrine to enunciate from the pulpit of Westminster Abbey. Many thought his series of eight sermons would be rudely broken in upon by the bishop. In other words, that he would be silenced. But he was not, and now, from having at the close of the old year preached these doctrines in his own pulpit, he has gone, in the first month of the new year, to repeat them at City Road Chapel—John Wesley's chapel—before a company of Methodist preachers. Here is the religious development of the coronation year which distinctly presages good. It may be long before this daring ecclesiastic gains his point, but all must admire his broad-minded courage, and all well-wishers of England should hope that eventually, under leadership of this kind, the Established Church and the free churches will attain to something like a working reunion.

This reference to the Methodists reminds us that in what is known here as the Wesleyan Church, the largest of the seven or eight bodies which own allegiance to John Wesley, the coronation year will be memorable because at any moment from now the announcement may be made that this church has completed the raising of its twentieth century fund. The total aimed at was $5,000,000, and it lacks now about $200,000 of that sum. On the last Sunday of the old year its cash collections for this fund were over $300,000. Public appeals have now ceased, but, led by R. W. Perks, M. P., who has engineered this enterprise from the first, the rich men of Methodism are at the present moment silently fumbling for the balance in their own pockets, and it is a foregone certainty that before King Edward is formally crowned this balance will be forthcoming, and the capstone be thus put upon an undertaking which is relatively far beyond what has been done in the same line by American Methodists, and so far beyond what other English churches have done in twentieth century money raising that English critics are constantly holding it up as a reproachful example to the other churches.

CRITICISMS OF STATE CHURCH.

The State Church, notwithstanding the poverty of many of its clergy, has inaugurated no twentieth-century fund, and for their remissness in a situation of great need the authorities of that church are being severely taken to task. Among those who in this matter are seeking to wake up the Anglican bishops is Sir John Leng, one of the gentlemen from whom I quoted a week ago on the broader question—how to wake up England. By the Bishop of London Sir John had been invited to a dinner in behalf of a fund for the education of poor clergymen's sons, a function of annual recurrence, and the bishop in his letter hade made some statements about the beggarly incomes of the clergy. There are 1,491 clergymen, he said, whose incomes do not exceed $535 a year, 4,704 whose average income is under $750, and 7,000 curates whose incomes do not average $650 per annum. The dinner by which it was proposed to aid these men Sir John Leng could not attend, but the letter he sent was read and has been published. In this he says that to put the state clergy on a proper basis of support what is needed is not such charitable and variable aid as public dinners afford, but a determined effort by the members of the Church of England to do for the clergy of that church what has been done for both the clergy of the Established and Nonestablished churches of Scotland.

Very general in England is the notion that the Scotch are a hard-fisted lot, who part with money only when they are obliged to and then in but niggardly sums. It transpires, however, that in the average support of their clergy they are generous to a degree which puts to shame the situation in the Church of England. Parish ministers in the Established Church of Scotland have average incomes, in addition to their manses, of close upon $1,500 a year, and the average is kept well up to $1,000 in the Free Church and the United Presbyterian. This is because of splendidly maintained sustenation funds, and Sir John Leng, after remarking, in his letter to the Bishop of London, that the Presbyterians of Scotland have set a noble example to the Episcopal Church of England, goes on to remind Bishop Ingram that for examples of this kind his lordship need not go outside of England itself. Besides the million guineas the Wesleyans have nearly raised, there is the 500,000 guinea fund of the Congregationalists and the 250,000 fund of the Baptists. To these Sir John Leng directs the bishop's attention, and then, with no hope of a reply, he pertinently asks—"What has your great and wealthy church recently done equivalent to splendidly liberal contributions like these?"

RADICAL CHANGE PROMISED.

In Congregational circles the great movement of the coronation year is one which proposes nothing less radical than a change in the Congregational form of church government. In England, where the Nonconformist churches have a state church to contend with, the old principle of "every little church for itself and the devil take the hindmost," doesn't seem to have worked very well, although the devil, no doubt, has been perfectly satisfied with it. But small Congregational churches all over the country have languished and died for lack of some vital, sustaining connection with the stronger churches. There has been trouble, also, about the ministry, one standard of qualification obtaining in one county and a different one in another; city churches paying princely salaries and in country districts the poor pastor getting scarcely enough to keep body and soul together. Another point of weakness has been that the independent system does not lend itself, as the connectional does, to great money-getting schemes, such as are necessary to carry on colleges and missions, and that it affords no means of rallying the Congregational body, as a whole, for aggressive work amongst the masses.

To remedy these defects the bold proposal now is to gather this divided Israel under one flag and one central administration. The new name suggested is the United Congregational Church, and the father of this forward movement is that old-man-eloquent of the London pulpit, Dr. Joseph Parker. A great change of this kind could not have had a sponsor more likely to carry it through, for besides his persuasive eloquence, Dr. Parker brings to the movement the weight of a great personality and the peculiar, almost irresistible, influence which necessarily attaches to one who, after a long and masterful life, takes up some task as his closing job and fights and pleads for it as though it were the one thing needful to make his life work complete. To see Dr. Parker pleading before the Congregational Union of England and Wales for a United Congregational Church was a sight to bring tears, and when he announced at the close that, owing to a constitutional ailment, his work from that time would have to be limited to his own pulpit, there was scarcely an undimmed eye in all that vast assembly. That this Moses of English Congregationalism will live long enough to lead his people into what he deems the promised land of their enlarged usefulness, is extremely doubtful. But at any rate he has pointed out the way to this Canaan, and at this moment, all over England, the individual churches and county unions of Congregationalism are discussing the project and preparing to vote upon it.

PARKER AND BOOTH.

A great figure like Joseph Parker, struggling in old age for a great cause, makes one think of that other heroic and aged figure, General Booth, whose lot is rendered peculiarly hard just now by the new defection that has arisen in his own household. It is nothing uncommon for officers of the Salvation Army to go off after strange gods. An emotional religion is sure to lead ill-balanced souls into fanaticism, and ordinary instances of this kind are so easily and quickly disposed of, under the army system, that the general public scarcely hears of them. But sad indeed must it be for this venerable chieftain to have to cut off his own flesh and blood for this cause. One wonders if he might not have stretched a point and given Booth-Clibborn and his wife liberty to believe what they pleased and to preach it, providing they were discreet and still successfully carried on their army work.

General Booth, however, is a no-compromise man. Like a flint his face has been set from the first against tobacco and rum. No man who smokes or drinks can remain a soldier in the Salvation Army, and when one reflects how common are these practices over here, one wonders that, with so stringent a rule, so many recruits could have been enrolled. But this rule General Booth has never relaxed in a single instance, and repeatedly has it been shown that he is equally intolerant toward strange doctrines. Considering, too, the class of people he commands, and the tendency of religious extravagance toward still greater extravagance, this, perhaps, is the only safe course, for with doctrinal laxity allowed, what might the army not have been and what might it not stand for at the end of thirty years? Whereas, under General Booth's firm and masterful guidance, it remains to-day what it was at the first, doing the same much-needed work, and, with certain social enlargements, preaching exactly the same gospel.

But if General Booth is having trouble, how much greater than that into which, at the opening of the coronation year, some of the dignitaries of the Church of England have been plunged. This year of grace and great events has opened ominously for churchmen. Political animosities are stronger in this country than for half a century, and the bitterness of these bids fair to find its match in the quarrels and scenes that are going on between ritualists and anti-ritualists in the Established Church. At this moment two lawsuits are pending, and rumor has it that the Church Association, which is anti-ritualistic and which has already spent $400,000 in guarding what it calls "Protestant practices," will, from this time, fight all Romanizing tendencies to the bitter end, regardless of cost.

JOHN KENSIT'S PERSONALITY.

The case of Canon Gore is but an incident in this strife, and the canon himself, apart from some advanced views upon Biblical criticism and some practices which his opponents call Romish, is one of the most liberal-minded, self-denying and up-to-date clerics this church has produced. Pure in character, splendid in scholarship, and famous for good deeds, he is still, however, halted at the foot of that Episcopal throne to which King Edward has called him, because there are those in the Church of England who hold that mass, and prayers for the dead, and adoration of the communion, and confession, and penance, in all of which Canon Gore is said to believe, do not belong to Protestantism and have no rightful place in the Reformed Church of England.

The chief fighter on the anti-ritualistic side is John Kensit, who, four years ago, burst upon ecclesiastical London with the suddenness of a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. The vicar of St. Cuthbert's Church, Kensington, had kissed a wooden cross, and had laid it down on the floor for the people to kiss, and the people were devoutly doing it, when, to the consternation of all, John Kensit sprang into the chancel, and, seizing the crucifix, held it up at arm's length, shouting in a loud voice—"In God's name I protest against this idolatry." That was Mr. Kensit's debut, and since then, for four years, off and on, in different London churches and on various occasions, he has been doing the same thing with variations, his very latest, but by no means most sensational, exploit being the futile attempt he made last week to enter a formal protest against the confirmation of Canon Gore.

In his little book store at Paternoster row I have repeatedly conversed with Mr. Kensit. His personnel shatters utterly all one's preconceptions of what a great agitator and reformer should look like, for he is short and stocky in build, with a round, red, good-natured face, with eyes that easily smile and with hair no longer than any other sensible man might wear it. Regarding his personal appearance nothing could better describe it in brief than the remark a lady made to him at the close of one of his big meetings. This story Mr. Kensit told me himself. "I've greatly enjoyed what you said," was this lady's remark, as they shook hands, "but I'm disappointed, for I expected to see a great fighting man and instead I find only a little fat man." But all the same John Kensit is a fighting man, and by being good-natured and hard to turn sour he is the better fitted to fight. He isn't afraid of magistrates or prisons, he gets plenty of financial support, and with a son to help him who is a chip off the old block, not to speak of the many associations that are back of him, he may be expected to continue his crusade, win or lose, for good or ill, indefinitely.

HENRY TUCKLEY.

Root's Reprehensible Habit.

New York Times.

Among Washington newspaper men Secretary Root is not regarded as a fountain of information. To extract a two-line item from the Sphinx of the War Department is regarded as a feat, and every attempt to interview the secretary is met with an initial announcement by that official that there is no news.

When General Miles was censured for his utterance commending Admiral Dewey's attitude on the Schley case, the newspaper men who "cover" the department buildings were notified that Mr. Root would give out the correspondence personally in about half an hour. He also had the order for Edgar S. Maclay's resignation to give out. The correspondents waited patiently for half an hour, and were then admitted to Mr. Root's presence. He looked up from some papers he was examining as they came in, and said, mechanically:

"Well, gentlemen, there is absolutely no news to-day."

Then he noticed the look of amazement that overspread their faces, pulled himself together, grinned feebly, and handed out the most important news that has come from the War Department in many a day. It was force of habit, that was all.

Her View of It.

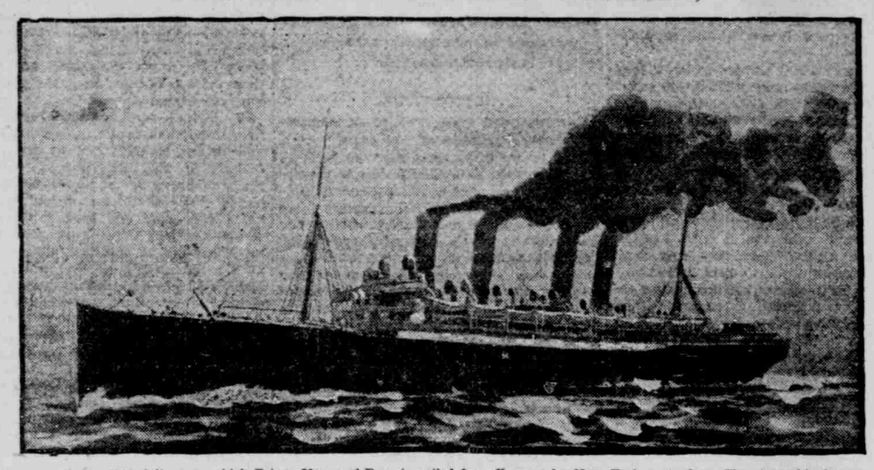
Elliott Flower, in Brooklyn Eagle.

"With the aid of this little book," said the canvasser, as he produced a "Mother's Guide" for the inspection of his victim, "you will be able to bring up your children properly."

She took the book and weighed it thoughtfully in her hand. Then she caught it by the edge and brought it down on the palm of her other hand, as if to see if it could be handled with ease and dexterity.

"Oh, I don't know," she said at last. "I can't see that it's any better for that purpose than a slipper."

STEAMSHIP KRONPRINZ WILHELM,



The North German Lloyd liner on which Prince Henry of Prussia sailed from Bremen for New York yesterday. The steamship is new and one of the best in the transatlantic service.

THE LITERARY OUTLOOK

SOME OF THE NOTABLE "PHYSICALLY UNFIT" IN LITERATURE.

Subjects for Perennial Discussion—Mark Twain's Freakish Story—Plagiarism of the Day.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

NEW YORK, Feb. 13.—Mr. Goldwin Smith, whose eminently respectable and dignified criticism always command attention, has drawn down upon himself the fire of wrath from some of his readers who protest at his recent wholesale condemnation of the physically unfit, a sort of latter-day Darwinian philosophy. "According to his plan, the misshapen and malformed Socrates would have been eliminated," says one, "and Nero, who started well, would have been allowed to live." The defender of the incompetents, from a physical or Darwinian standpoint, is ready to quote enough examples in support of his position to fill several pages, but among the most important the following should be puzzling to Mr. Smith:

Byron was, according to his mother, "a club-footed brat." Had this "lame boy" been "eliminated" the world would never have had "Childe Harold," "Manfred" and the exquisite "Hebrew Melodies." De Quincey and Coleridge were nerve-rotten and turned to opium for consolation. Leopardi, next to Dante, Italy's greatest poet, and her most brilliant essayist, was a bedridden invalid all his life. Herbert Spencer was a sickly child, totally "unfit," physically. Pascal was a paralytic. Alexander Pope was a physical wreck from his birth. Poe was a neurotic and at times insane. Kant was sickly all his life. Mrs. Browning was an invalid for the best part of her life. Robert Louis Stevenson suffered all his life from pulmonary and other troubles. These are but a few of the brilliant "physical incompetents"—so designated by society; Villon, the maker of France's most exquisite ballads, was a housebreaker, thief and vagabond. Tolstoi was, according to his own confession, a "blackleg and murderer." Veraline was a drunkard and vagabond. Shelley, "the cloud-begot," abandoned Harriet Westbrook, who committed suicide. Goethe, Heine and Beethoven broke all the "moral laws," as did George Sand and George Eliot.

Here are a few "physically perfect" ("competent," the disciples of Nietzsche would say) beings that fate has unloaded from time to time on an unsuspecting public: Napoleon, Torquemada, Catherine, Queen Mary, Charles IX, Duke of Alva, Benedict Arnold, Judge Jeffreys, Caligula, Claverhouse, Bodinus, Judas Iscariot, Robespierre, the Borgias, and others "too numerous to mention." When we get high enough X-ray magnifiers we may, by examining the brain lobes of a Robespierre at birth pronounce a verdict on his future career and expunge him in the kitchen sink. And so with the congenial physical imperfects. When, with the aid of these magnifiers and a small dose of omniscience, we can tell whether a born weakling will blossom into a Spencer or a mendicant, it will then be time for the creation of a board for the disposing of incompetents.

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That the same discussion about books and authors is likely to be gone over year after year for generations is evidenced simply enough by comparisons. In a recent number of a periodical devoted to the interests of authors a contributor gives advice to the budding genius of authorship by urging the making of notes at the very moment of inspiration—to write the red-hot idea when it is sizzling in the brain, even though the pencil may not run as fast as the burning thought. Transfer verse, story or essay to paper as rapidly as possible, and then, afterwards, when the whole thing is forgotten, think of revising it for its final form. If one wishes to get advice of this kind it would be difficult for him to go back far enough to get it at first hand, but even that will not be necessary, for almost two thousand years ago Horace wrote much along this line and in a better manner than any of the latter-day guides have been able to express themselves. In the same sense the profession of letters has been attacked and defended for ages. It is now nearly a quarter of a century since Robert Louis Stevenson expressed the modern defense when he advised the young writer that there were just two reasons for the choice of any way of life. "The first is inbred taste in the chooser; the second some high utility in the industry selected. Literature, like any other art, is singularly interesting to the artist, and in a degree peculiar to itself among the arts; it is useful to mankind. I shall not say much about the wages. A writer can live by his writing; if not so luxuriously as by other trades, then less luxuriously. The nature of the work he does all day will more affect his happiness than the quality of his dinner at night."

In spite of much tramping, however, over the same ground as the ancients, we are not ready to confess that we have not advanced somehow in the field of letters.

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Dr. Conan Doyle is meeting with some difficulty in connection with the publishing of his defense of the English in their conduct of the Boer war. Publishers for his last work on the subject have been found for both England and the United States, but, although the author offers to bear all the expenses of publication in Germany, he can find no one with the courage to take the matter up. At the present time there is little love for the English within the domain of the Kaiser, but it is certainly to the credit of the American public that, in spite of the fact that a majority are Boer sympathizers, there is a fair-minded spirit manifested in this country. We are quite willing to hear both sides of a question and then decide as we choose.

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Mark Twain recently published serially a peculiar detective story which will be brought out in book form shortly. His friends and admirers are trying to decide whether to take the tale seriously or merely as a humorist's play with some words and a strange idea. The story started out well, but unfortunately ended up with an imitation of Sherlock Holmes's methods that was to be deplored, since the author had previously in the tale poked fun at the great detective. In one paragraph the combination of impossibilities was positively ludicrous—which was doubtless the effect the author desired to get. One character saw an aesophagus floating in the air, and the author told of trees blooming which never flowered and so on. Mr. Clemens frequently says he is a much understood man; the public insist on taking his most serious statements with bursts of laughter and fail to smile at his best humor. It may be a lack of perception on the part of the reader or it may be a lack of something on the part of the writer.

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There has been much discussion in London recently over a proposal to found a British Academy in England. Fifty authors and prominent men in other callings have petitioned the King for a charter and the King has referred the matter to the lords of the council. According to the present plan the incorporators are carrying out the suggestion of Mathew Arnold in not attempting to cover the whole province of literature. The new academy is described as the British Academy for the Promotion of Historical, Philosophical and Philological Studies. Poetry, fiction and the belles-lettres are not included. It will be seen, therefore, that the English incorporators do not hope to establish an organization as comprehensive as that of the French.

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One of the New York daily papers recently began a serial story in its columns under the title of "Stratagems and Spoils." The title, unfortunately, had already been copyrighted by William Allen White for his collection of political stories. Accordingly the newspaper changed its story's title to "Spoils and Intrigue." Then some one discovered that the alleged author had merely copied one of Charles Reade's novels, "Foul Play," and the serial was broken off abruptly. It seems that there are a number of persons who make a practice of copying some old half-forgotten stories and sending them around to various publishers. Indeed, some of the plagiarisms are quite recent. One of the minor magazines, which is said to be edited by the office boy, is a particular sufferer from these pirates. Only last month this periodical reprinted as a fiction story a special feature article which had appeared in a number of Sunday newspapers less than a year ago. In a case of this kind there is not likely to be much sympathy for the editor.

HERBERT BREWSTER.

AUTHORS' GRIEVANCES.

They Are Continually Asked for Gift Copies of Their Books.

New York Times.

It is a pleasant thing to be an author—after the book is written. Tom Moore said once upon a time that there was no fool's paradise so beautiful as the conceiving of a poem and no treadmill so laborious as the writing of it. Perhaps this was more especially true of Moore than of many others, for Moore was wont to drive along at "Lallah Rookh" at the rate of seven lines a week. But the principle is applicable to all literary work. To sit and imagine a book is the easiest part of the work, provided the sitter has the requisite imagination and that his mind be stored with the necessary material. But to sit at the desk and shape the book into being is another matter.

When all, however, is done and the book is on the market, and the "press notices" are favorable and the royalties certain, there is something worth while in the life of an author. But even then come manfold trials of his spirit. First and foremost come the friends who have hastily glanced at the work which has occupied his thoughts for years and who think to delight him with ill-conceived praises. How it makes an author writhe to be commended for doing just the things he has striven to avoid, or to be praised for superficialities and have the soul of his work pass unnoticed!

But there is something else, grosser, yet none the less a most decided annoyance. That is the demand of acquaintances for copies of the book. No one ever goes to the butcher who has just killed a fresh beef and asks for presentation pieces. No one asks the baker of fresh bread for free loaves. Every one realizes that the butcher and the baker must sell bread and meat in order to earn their living. But the author—it is so easy for him to go to the publisher and get a few copies to give away to his friends! It never seems to occur to the friends that the author cannot get all the copies he desires for nothing. It is nothing to the publisher, of course, to let the author have fifty or sixty copies to give away.

The facts in the case are these: An author in almost all cases receives six copies of his book from the publisher gratis. If he wishes any more, he must pay the trade price for them. The publisher has to sell the books and pay the author royalties on them. He cannot afford to give them away, even to the author. Hence the author cannot afford to give them away to his friends. Acquaintances of authors ought to bear in mind that when they ask an author to give them copies of his book after he has parted with five out of the complimentary six (the foolish fellow always wishes to keep one for himself), they are asking him to go down into his pocket and pay out his hard-earned money. The author is perfectly justified in refusing to accede to such a demand.

John Habberton's Prank.

Philadelphia Press.

John Habberton, the author of "Helen's Babies," told at a dinner party recently an interesting story. "I am," he began, "a cousin of the New York publishing family of the Harpers, and I worked for the Harpers in my youth, learning with them the printing business. Well, one day they gave me the manuscript of a book of Ruskin's to set up. It was 'The Seven Lamps of Architecture,' or 'The Stones of Venice,' I think. At any rate it contained a long passage in praise of the work done in the world by the great artists—by the poets, the sculptors, the musicians, the architects, the painters, and so on—and I, for mischief, changed one word in this passage. I substituted for 'painters' 'printers.' Of course I thought the proofreader would catch the error; my idea was that we should all have a little laugh at Ruskin's eulogy of the printer along with such fine fellows as the musician and the poet, and that then the types should be set right again. But somehow my willful blunder missed the proofreader's eye, and in that and every following edition for many years it appeared. Hence thousands of Americans have admired the perception and the originality of Ruskin in praising so highly the work of the humble printer, thanks to me. I, by the way, didn't discover how this error had endured till recently. I took up the volume, saw 'printer' where 'painter' should have been, and the memory of that youthful prank of mine came back to me. I wrote immediately to one of my Harper cousins, confessing all. His answer was a letter of three words: 'You young rascal!' I am not precisely a young rascal, either," Mr. Habberton concluded, smoothing his gray hair.

LINCOLN AND MILROY.

How the Latter Was Restored to the Service After Suspension.

In a paper entitled "Lincoln's Official Habit," contributed to the February number of Lippincott's Magazine by Leslie J. Perry, late of the War Records Board of Publication, Washington, is a passage relating to General Milroy, an Indiana officer, now deceased. It reads as follows:

"The department commander at Baltimore permitted the enemy to creep up on his forces in the Shenandoah valley. Lincoln thus warned him: 'War Department, June 14, 1863—Major General Schenck, Baltimore: Get General Milroy from Winchester to Harper's Ferry, if possible. He will be "gobbled up" if he remains, if he is not already past redemption. A. Lincoln.'

"Milroy then was 'already past redemption,' and was 'gobbled up' the very next day by the rebel general Ewell on the road to Pennsylvania. The case of Milroy, who was now in disgrace, illustrates another of the President's characteristics. The Indiana delegation in Congress waited on him subsequently, expressing a strong feeling in favor of Milroy's restoration to command. Lincoln knew Milroy personally, and had a high regard for him. Telegraphing to General Grant, then in Tennessee, explaining the Indiana pressure, Lincoln said: 'I share in this feeling. He (Milroy) is not a difficult man to satisfy, sincerity and courage being his strong points. Believing in our cause and wanting to fight for it is the whole matter with him. Could you, without embarrassment, assign him a place it directed to report to you? A. Lincoln.'

"That was a manly thing to say of a common place, but patriotic general, laboring under the cloud of defeat, the more so as it was said to the most victorious general in the service, who had but little patience with poor officers. Milroy got another command."

Interesting Geological Facts.

Boston Budget.

The United States Geological Survey has discovered that abundant waters flow beneath the vast lava plains of southern Idaho. Streams pouring down from the mountains disappear on reaching the previous surface of the plains, but come out again in the form of magnificent springs far down the walls of canyons. Some of the springs, according to Prof. Israel C. Russell, "are literally large enough to float a steamboat." The geographical survey is locating these hidden streams in order to determine where deep wells may best be driven to fertilize the new drought-stricken plains that cover the region of lost waters. Somewhat similar conditions exist in parts of Colorado, Wyoming and the Dakotas.

SUBMARINE TORPEDO BOATS.

The United States will soon possess nine submarine torpedo boats of the Holland type, like the Fulton. The Adder, Moccasin and Porpoise will soon be ready for service. The Shark, Plunger, Grampus and Pike also will be in commission before long. The above are views of the Fulton speeding on the surface of the water.

GEN. BERNARDO REYES

WILL BE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO WHEN DIAZ DIES OR RESIGNS.

A Fiery Soldier-Poet, He Has Qualities Which Make Him a Favorite with the People.

A MAN OF THE SPANISH TYPE

KNOWS AMERICANS WELL, BUT DOES NOT LIKE THEM.

A Change in Government Will Result in Disorder, but It Is Likely to Be but Temporary.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

CITY OF MEXICO, Feb. 10.—If Gen. Porfirio Diaz resigns the office of President of Mexico he will be succeeded by Gen. Bernardo Reyes, the present minister of war. If President Diaz should die suddenly while in office he would likewise be succeeded by General Reyes. The accession to the presidency of Mexico, if accomplished by General Reyes through the resignation of his chief, would be a comparatively peaceful event. Should he secure the office through the sudden death of the present incumbent he will do so under circumstances which will give rise to some alarms in foreign countries whose citizens are interested financially in Mexico maintaining her present political stability.

The story that President Diaz is about to resign has again gone the rounds of the press of the United States. It is a familiar story, and, as it is based upon a perfectly logical outcome of the present situation in Mexico, it is readily accepted. It is not believed by those who know the President of Mexico that he is anxious to lay down the tremendous and autocratic power which he has exercised so wisely and so long. He realizes, however, that he is getting to be an old man. He also realizes that, owing to the peculiar character of his people and the autocratic form of government which prevails in Mexico under the name of a republic, that the will of the people is not expressed at the ballot box, and that a new reign cannot be inaugurated as in the greater and truer republic to the north.

If President Diaz resigns it will be because the love of his country, which is strong within him, is greater than his desire to continue to wield the scepter. It will be because he wishes to install a young and vigorous successor who will carry out the Diaz policy and to prevent aspiring politicians or jealous rivals from making a change in the administration the occasion for noisy demonstrations which would destory much of the prestige Mexico now holds as the best governed Spanish-American country.

KNOWS AMERICANS WELL.

Gen. Bernardo Reyes first came into political prominence as the Governor of the Mexican state of Nueva Leon, of which Monterey, the most thoroughly Americanized Mexican city, is the prosperous capital. There are over 2,000 Americans living in Monterey, or more than are to be found as permanent residents in the City of Mexico, although the latter is ten times as large as Monterey. Being near the northern boundary of Mexico and in the zone of operations where American capital has found its freest outlet, the natives of Monterey are thoroughly familiar with the character and customs of the people of the United States. The latter have come to Monterey, paved the streets, put in electric light plants, built factories, planted orange groves in the suburbs, drained the city upon scientific principles, built handsome residences, extended the railroad facilities and made a specialty of entertaining tourists. The stores, the cafes, the banks, and, in fact, all of the industries of Monterey have found their greatest profit in handling American money.

Quite naturally, General Reyes, when Governor of Neuva Leon and a resident of Monterey, was thrown in close contact with the Americans who performed these modern miracles. It has been stated that he is an Americanized Mexican. This is hardly true, for, while he knows more about Americans and their methods than almost any prominent Mexican, he is not so much in sympathy with them as is the President of Mexico to-day. President Diaz has a calm and judicial appreciation of American character. He has overlooked the eccentricties, and, discerning the real good and energetic purpose behind everything, he has not expected the impossible, but has given every encouragement to the natural bent of his northern neighbors for enterprise and profit. All this he has done to the advantage of his own country, and has willingly allowed a liberal percentage of the surplus profits to go to those who furnished the initiative, the brains and the money to develop the native opportunities. In President Diaz there is little of that highly developed sentimentality so characteristic of the Spanish man at arms. He is a soldier and a good one, a dictator and a just one, but he is also a good business man, and is not swayed by prejudice or sentiment in carrying out to a successful end the plans which have guided him in the building of modern Mexico.

A SUCCESSFUL POLICY.

The result of his policy speaks for itself. In a quarter of a century he has brought an undeveloped empire populated in the majority by a race of Indians and in the minority by the descendants of old world aristocrats into a condition where millions upon millions of foreign capital have built railroads, mills and factories, opened banks, mines and international lines of communication, have raised the rate of wages over 100 per cent, and through a firm but in the main kindly administration of a dictatorial regime has kept the people at peace with each other.

Whether General Reyes, now the Mexican minister of war, can take up this work where his great chief lays it down, and carry it on in the same broad spirit of political and commercial toleration is a question which deeply concerns not only the people of Mexico, but the thousands of foreigners who have invested their money in Mexican enterprises. General Reyes is, as stated, very familiar with Americans and their ways of doing. It must be said, however, that he does not like them. In his character are developed to a high degree the sentimentality, the fiery ardor and the impulsiveness of the Latins. He is romantic, a dashing soldier, a dreamer and a poet, a man who has long sought the highest office and the greatest power within his sight. It is told of him that once at a banquet, when Governor of Nueva