

next thing to suicide. But if I could have the nigger show back again, in its pristine purity and perfection, I should have but little further use for opera. It seems to me that to the elevated mind and the sensitive spirit the hand organ and the nigger show are a standard and a summit to whose rarefied altitude the other forms of musical art may not hope to reach.

[DICTATED SEPTEMBER 5, 1906.]

IT is years since I have examined "The Children's Record." I have turned over a few of its pages this morning. This book is a record in which Mrs. Clemens and I registered some of the sayings and doings of the children, in the long ago, when they were little chaps. Of course, we wrote these things down at the time because they were of momentary interest,—things of the passing hour, and of no permanent value,—but at this distant day I find that they still possess an interest for me and also a value, because it turns out that they were registrations of character. The qualities then revealed by fitful glimpses, in childish acts and speeches, remained as a permanence in the children's characters in the drift of the years, and were always afterward clearly and definitely recognizable.

There is a masterful streak in Jean that now and then moves her to set my authority aside for a moment and end a losing argument in that prompt and effective fashion. And here in this old book I find evidence that she was just like that before she was quite four years old:

FROM THE CHILDREN'S RECORD

Quarry Farm, July 7, 1884.

Yesterday evening our cows (after being inspected and worshipped by Jean from the shed for an hour) wandered off down into the pasture, and left her bereft. I thought I was going to get back home now; but that was an error. Jean knew of some more cows, in a field somewhere, and took my hand and led me thitherward. When we turned the corner and took the right hand road, I saw that we should presently be out of range of call and sight; so I began to argue against continuing the expedition, and Jean began to argue in favor of it,—she using English for light skirmishing, and German for "business." I kept up my end with vigor, and demolished her arguments in detail, one after the other, till I judged I had her about cornered. She hesitated a moment, then answered up sharply:

"Wir werden nichts mehr darüber sprechen!" (We won't talk any more about it.)

It nearly took my breath away; though I thought I might possibly have misunderstood. I said, "Why, you little rascal! Was hast du gesagt?"

But she said the same words over again, and in the same decided way. I suppose I ought to have been outraged; but I wasn't, I was charmed. And I suppose I ought to have spanked her; but I didn't, I fraternized with the enemy, and we went on and spent half an hour with the cows.

That incident is followed in "The Record" by the following paragraph, which is another instance of a juvenile characteristic maintaining itself into mature age. Susy was persistently and conscientiously truthful throughout her life, with the exception of one interruption covering several months, and perhaps a year. This was while she was still a little child. Suddenly, not gradually, she began

to lie; not furtively, but frankly, openly, and on a scale quite disproportioned to her size. Her mother was so stunned, so nearly paralyzed, for a day or two, that she did not know what to do with the emergency. Reasonings, persuasions, beseechings, all went for nothing; they produced no effect; the lying went tranquilly on. Other remedies were tried; but they failed. There is a tradition that success was finally accomplished by whipping. I think "The Record" says so; but if it does it is because "The Record" is incomplete. Whipping was indeed tried, and was faithfully kept up during two or three weeks; but the results were merely temporary; the reforms achieved were discouragingly brief.

FORTUNATELY for Susy, an incident presently occurred which put a complete stop to all the mother's efforts in the direction of reform. This incident was the chance discovery in Darwin of a passage which said that when a child exhibits a sudden and unaccountable disposition to forsake the truth and restrict itself to lying, the explanation must be sought away back in the past; that an ancestor of the child had had the same disease, at the same tender age; that it was irremovable by persuasion or punishment; and that it had ceased as suddenly and as mysteriously as it had come, when it had run its appointed course. I think Mr. Darwin said that nothing was necessary but to leave the matter alone and let the malady have its way and perish by the statute of limitations.

We had confidence in Darwin, and after that day Susy was relieved of our reformatory persecutions. She went on lying without let or hindrance during several months, or a year; then the lying suddenly ceased, and she became as conscientiously and exactly truthful as she had been before the attack, and remained so to the end of her life.

The paragraph in "The Record" to which I have been leading up is in my handwriting, and is of a date so long posterior to the time of the lying malady that she had evidently forgotten that truth speaking had ever had any difficulties for her.

Mama was speaking of a servant who had been pretty unvarnished, but was now "trying to tell the truth." Susy was a good deal surprised, and said she shouldn't think anybody would have to try to tell the truth.

IN "The Record" the children's acts and speeches quite definitely define their characters. Susy's indicated the presence of mentality,—thought,—and they were generally marked by gravity. She was timid on her physical side, but had an abundance of moral courage. Clara was sturdy, independent, orderly, practical, persistent, plucky, just a little animal, and very satisfactory. Charles Dudley Warner said Susy was made of mind, and Clara of matter.

When Motley, the kitten, died, some one said that the thoughts of the two children need not be inquired into, they could be divined: that Susy was wondering if this was the end of Motley, and had his life been worth while; whereas Clara was merely interested in seeing to it that there should be a creditable funeral.

In those days Susy was a dreamer, a thinker, a

poet, and philosopher, and Clara—well, Clara wasn't. In after years a passion for music developed the latent spirituality and intellectuality in Clara, and her practicality took second and, in fact, even third place. Jean was from the beginning orderly, steady, diligent, persistent, and remains so. She picked up languages easily, and kept them.

(Susy aged eleven, Jean three.) Susy said the other day when she saw Jean bringing a cat to me of her own meter. "Jean has found out already that mama loves morals and papa loves cats."

It is another of Susy's remorselessly sound verdicts.

As a child, Jean neglected my books. When she was nine years old Will Gillette invited her and the rest of us to a dinner at the Murray Hill hotel in New York, in order that we might get acquainted with Mrs. Leslie and her daughters. Elsie Leslie was nine years old, and was a great celebrity on the stage. Jean was astonished and awed to see that little slip of a thing sit up at table and take part in the conversation of the grown people, capably, and with ease and tranquillity. Poor Jean was obliged to keep still, for the subjects discussed never happened to hit her level; but at last the talk fell within her limit, and she had her chance to contribute to it. "Tom Sawyer" was mentioned. Jean spoke gratefully up and said:

"I know who wrote that book.—Harriet Beecher Stowe!"

One evening Susy had prayed, Clara was curled up for sleep; she was reminded that it was her turn to pray now. She said, "Oh, one's enough," and dropped off to slumber.

(Clara five years old.) We were in Germany. The nurse, Rosa, was not allowed to speak to the children otherwise than in German. Clara grew very tired of it; by and by the little creature's patience was exhausted, and she said, "Aunt Clara, I wish God had made Rosa in English."

(Clara four years old, Susy six.) This morning when Clara discovered that this is my birthday, she was greatly troubled because she had provided no gift for me, and repeated her sorrow several times. Finally she went musing to the nursery and presently returned with her newest and dearest treasure, a large toy horse, and said, "You shall have this horse for your birthday, papa."

I accepted it with many thanks. After an hour she was racing up and down the room with the horse, when Susy said:

"Why Clara, you gave that horse to papa, and now you've taken it again."

CLARA.—"I never give it to him for always. I give it to him for his birthday."

In Geneva, in September, I lay abed late one morning, and as Clara was passing through the room I took her on my bed a moment. Then the child went to Clara Spaulding and said:

"Aunt Clara, papa is a good deal of trouble to me."

"Is he? Why?"

"Well, he wants me to get in bed with him, and I can't do that with jelmuls [gentlemen]. I don't like jelmuls, anyway."

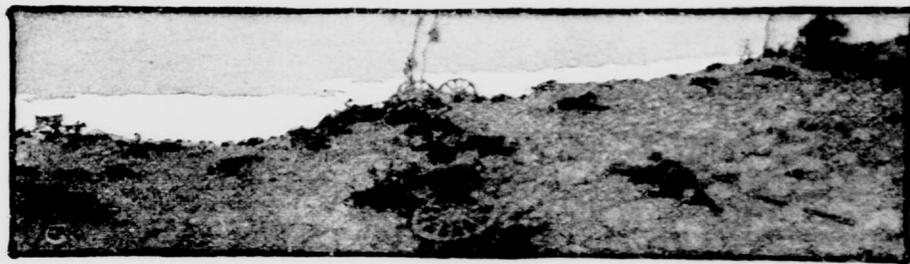
"What? you don't like gentlemen? Don't you like Uncle Theodore Crane?"

"Oh yes, but he's not a jelmul, he's a friend."

To be continued Sunday after next.

THE WOUNDED IN TIME OF WAR

By William G. Fitz-Gerald



CONSIDERING the enormous naval armaments piled up with eager zeal by every nation, it must come as a shock to be told there is no provision for the wounded on warships of to-day. Men must lie where they fall, with injuries infinitely worse than any inflicted by rifle, sword, or bayonet of land warfare, and largely involving what the surgeons call "major operations"; and this merely because every inch of available space is taken up in the floating fortress of to-day. A warship, the authorities will say cynically, "is a fighting machine, and has neither time nor place for useless members of its strength."

True, the warship carries surgeons; but these must be put out of harm's way during the wild inferno of an action, just when they are most needed; and released when all is over—that is, if the ship is afloat. It is also true she has a sick bay; but modern science has brought this up and up out of the reeking cockpit of other days into light and air, where though there may be hygiene there is absolutely no pretense of protection; in fact, the situation selected for the sick bay in all modern ships is perfectly recognized as one absolutely untenable in actual warfare.

During the Chino-Japanese War a shell burst in the ward room of the He-Yei, killing both surgeons outright, and all the wounded subsequently died on their way home.

A first-class battleship of the type of the Connecticut, Kansas, or Louisiana carries perhaps seven hundred and fifty men. Now, the "irreducible minimum" of wounded on a ship of her class after a sharp action is put by the British naval authorities at seven per cent., or say fifty-two men. The figure was twenty per cent. in the action between the Chesapeake and Shannon; but take the lower estimate. The sick berth of a great battleship has ac-

commodation for perhaps eight cases in cots and sixteen more in hammocks slung sardine fashion. Now, any naval officer, asked what would be done with fifty-two sorely wounded men after a serious action, will reply frankly, "I really can't say."

Will it be believed that H. W. Wilson, author of "Ironclads in Action," a naval expert of international repute, so recognized the apparent hopelessness of the problem as to suggest that each blue-jacket should go into action wearing a lifebelt, so that if wounded he could be dropped overboard? And Fleet Surgeon Randall, of the British navy, commenting on this, says grimly, "At all events, the sea water is clean and will keep the wounds clean. A man would therefore get a better chance that way. He might be picked up by boats; whereas if he was below the armored decks lying helpless in one of the wing passages or barbettes flats, he would be like a rat in a trap if the ship went down; which even the man in the street knows is likely enough."

Certainly if any solution offered, it would have been adopted long ago. For not only does the canon of civilized warfare require that no unnecessary suffering shall be caused in the process of crushing an enemy; but the removal of the wounded is in itself an obvious advantage to the survivors, who can thus carry on the fight free from the distress of

seeing friends and messmates in dire agony.

These remarks will cause surprise. "But," it will be objected, "granted the cockpit of the old wooden walls was a dark, noisome den in which mortality was frightful and conditions indescribable in their horror, surely in these days of nickel steel armor and scientific marvels there is provision and protection for the wounded?"

It can only be repeated that the battleship of to-day is a fighting machine, and her belted underwater section is

scrupulously divided between certain departments, which dispute eagerly for space and weight. Thus, the engineers want room for their main engines, the gunnery officers for their magazines, the torpedo lieutenants for their torpedoes; and then there are the stores and minor engines, with the machinery of all that want power for their work. It is a fact that there is no space below for either doctors or wounded; and even if such space was possible, there could neither be air nor light through the shutting off of bulkheads. Worse still, the vast boilers would render the air intolerable. And lastly, when a modern warship is cleared for action, every opening is rigidly closed up, save only those between the magazines and fighting stations.

Therefore, naval surgeons are agreed that the stricken must lie where they fall, and recommend that both sailors and petty officers receive instruction in first aid, especially the application of tourniquets and temporary dressings.

But the evil goes much further. When the great ship emerges from action her unarmored ends are utterly wrecked. Even her armored sections are riven and battered; her flanks pierced with shell and solid shot. Through these holes big seas wash freely, flooding the decks and flats about the water

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