# CATHOLICS AND THE BIBLE.

*THE ATTITUDE OF ROMAN CATHOLICS TOWARD THE BRIGGS CONTROVERSY.*

**Exposition of Roman Catholic Doctrine by a Distinguished Jesuit Scholar—Inspiration of the Scriptures Taught by the Church—"Higher Criticism" Condemned by the Pope—Decrees of the Councils.**

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* If I were asked to state the attitude of Catholics in the Briggs controversy, I would be tempted to say that it is one of comparative indifference. Catholics, as a body, are profoundly indifferent as to the amount of heterodoxy, liberalism, heresy, or even unbelief, professed by any individual in particular, outside the pale of the Church. They reck little whether the work of destructive criticism is done by Dr. Briggs, or Dr. Kuenen, or Robert Ingersoll. They are little concerned whether Dr. Briggs ministers in the Presbyterian or in the Episcopalian Church, nor do they see any reason why he should not find wide enough berth in the bosom of the latter establishment, as he will certainly find there most congenial companions, though some may think it their duty to refuse him the kiss of peace for a time. As the Briggs controversy, however, has awakened new interest in Scriptural questions, and the representatives of most religious denominations have ventilated their views on the Scriptures and the "higher criticism," it may prove of some interest briefly to define the position of Catholics in regard to the Bible.

The attitude of Catholics toward the Holy Scriptures is that of Leo XIII., as set forth in his recent encyclical, *Providentissimus Deus*, and unanimously accepted by the entire Catholic Church. Of course, there may be isolated expressions to the contrary, purporting to come from Catholics, propounded in some non-Catholic organs, such as the *Contemporary Review* or the New York *Independent*, but these are not the sentiments of the Catholic Church. The Church has always regarded the Scriptures as an inheritance, left to her guardianship by her divine founder. The study of the Holy Scriptures was cultivated by the Church from the beginning. It was the theme of the preaching and of the writings of the holy fathers. It was continued through the middle ages, and received a new impulse by the invention of the printing press, though which, in a short time, an incredible number of editions of the Latin Vulgate and translations in the vernaculars were issued. It was perfected by the revision and authentic edition of the Latin Vulgate and the Greek Septuagint by Sixtus V. and Clement VIII. New light was thrown on the Scriptures by the monumental polyglot editions of Antwerp and Paris, and by the more recent works of Catholic commentators, who, following in the footsteps of the fathers, wrote profound and copious expositions of every book of the sacred text, and met the theories of the rationalists, as they came up, with arguments taken from their own favorite sciences of criticism and philology. The authenticity, integrity and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures have been defined and defended by various of her councils.

The doctrine of the Church, in regard to the sacred books, may be thus briefly summarized. (1) The Scriptures have been at all times looked upon as sacred and divine. It is a patent, historic fact that the Jews possessed a certain definite collection of books, which were regarded as sacred oracles of divine truth. Flavius Josephus, the Jewish historian, writes (Ad Appion, I., 8): "We (the Jews) say there is not an indefinite number of books at variance with themselves and contradicting one another, but only two and twenty books, containing our entire history, and these are deservedly regarded as divine;" and again: "It is self-evident with what reverence we regard our books, for, although many ages have passed, no one has ever dared to add to or subtract from them, or to change them in aught; but every Jew has been taught from his infancy to look upon these writings as the divine decrees, to adhere to them, and, if necessary, to die for them." This collection went by the name of the Scriptures (writings by way of excellence); sacred Scriptures; the Law; the Prophets; the Books, &c.

This constant tradition of the Jews was sanctioned by Christ Himself and the Apostles. Thus our Lord exhorts the Jews, "Search the Scriptures, for you think in them to have life everlasting, and the same are they that give testimony of Me" (John, v., 39;) and again: "These are the words which I speak to you, while I say to you that all things must needs be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning Me."

The same belief in the sacredness of the Scriptures we find also in the teaching of the Apostles. We need only refer to St. Peter's first address on the day of Pentecost, or to St. Stephen before the Jewish council, to convince ourselves of this fact. St. Paul characterizes the Scriptures as inspired of God; St. Peter, as a firm, prophetic word, prophecy which came not by the will of man, but which holy men of God spoke, inspired by the Holy Ghost. Hence the Scriptures have always been described in the language of the Church and the fathers as communications of God to man, as divine oracles, God's letters to men, God's Word, and the written Word of God. It is plain, therefore, that the Scriptures contain a divine revelation manifesting the divine mind and will. This truth is clearly set forth by the Vatican Council, when, speaking of revelation, it says that "this supernatural revelation, according to the belief of the universal Church, is contained in the Scriptures and in the unwritten traditions."

But the teaching of the Church goes still further. The Scriptures not only contain a divine revelation, but what is more, they are inspired. Other documents, such as professions of faith, catechisms, the works of the fathers, contain a divine revelation, yet no one asserts that such documents are inspired. What, then, do we understand by the inspiration of Holy Scripture? When we say that a document is inspired we mean that God is its primary author, while the human writer is only its secondary author. The Vatican Council puts this idea of inspiration in the clearest terms when it says: "These books the Church regards as sacred and canonical, not because they were composed by mere human industry and subsequently approved by its authority, nor because they contain a revelation without error; but being written by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they have God as their author, and as such have been intrusted to the Church." It is authorship on the part of God, then, that constitutes divine inspiration, not that universal authorship whereby God is the author of all things, nor special authorship, in the sense in which God brings about certain things by a special providence, but authorship in the strict and proper sense of the word, in the same sense as any responsible writer is said to be the author of those works that bear his name.

From this it is evident that God must exercise a certain supernatural influence upon the intellect and will of the writer, that the latter may conceive the document as intended by God, and be determined or determine himself to its proper execution. God must also extend to him, while writing, the necessary assistance that he may not err in the execution of the divine purpose. This supernatural influence is the primary and efficient cause of the document as such. This influence need not in any way interfere with the freedom of the inspired writer. The secondary or human author may or may not be conscious of the supernatural action of God. All that is needed is that God so act on the mind and will of the writer that He Himself must be regarded as the efficient and efficacious cause of the document in question. No verbal dictation on the part of God is required. Such is the opinion of orthodox theologians of the present day in regard to inspiration, and it seems to be the only view which can be reconciled with certain portions of the Scriptures in which the inspired writers appear to assume the entire responsibility of literary authorship. When, therefore, the fathers of the Church say that the Scriptures are dictated by the Holy Ghost the expression must be taken in a wider sense. In this sense God is the author of the entire Scripture and of all its parts.

The divine authorship is brought out very clearly in the Scriptures themselves. Christ Himself and the Apostles repeatedly represent God or the Holy Ghost as speaking through the Scripture or through the mouth of the inspired writers, while in other passages they represent the inspired writers as speaking in the Holy Ghost, and sometimes the Scriptures themselves are personified as the divine voice. St. Paul expressly calls the Scriptures inspired; St. Peter assures us that the holy men of God, the sacred authors, spoke inspired by the Holy Ghost. The Council of Florence declares that "one and the same God is the author of the Old and the New Testaments; that is, of the Law, the Prophets and the Gospels, since, inspired by one and the same Holy Ghost, the saints of both Testaments have spoken." The same doctrine is taught by the Council of Trent, which extends this inspiration to the entire books, with all their parts, as contained in the ancient Latin vulgate edition; and the Council of the Vatican reiterates the same doctrine on inspiration. Leo XIII., in his encyclical on the study of the Scriptures, reaffirms the same definitions.

Some Catholic writers, however, are inclined to limit the inspiration of the Scriptures from another aspect. They admit all that had been defined by the Councils of Trent and the Vatican, the divine inspiration extending to all the books of the Tridentine canon, taken in their entirety and in their detailed parts, but by "parts" they would have us understand only those portions that pertain to faith and morals or to the "upbuilding of the Christian doctrine." To such parts only they would vindicate divine inspiration, while portions of the Scripture not appertaining to faith or morals need not be regarded as inspired, and may therefore be subject to errors in historic and scientific facts and statements not regarding faith and morals. This, however, seems ill in keeping with the teachings of the fathers and the canons of the councils. The councils make no distinction between part and part. God is the author of each part, and is therefore responsible for the truth of each fact or statement as it proceeded from the pen of the inspired writers. The holy fathers have been very solicitous to reconcile every apparent contradiction to the Scriptures, however slight they may have seemed, convinced of the absolute inerrancy of the sacred writers, also in matters not pertaining to faith and morals. Hence the inviolable canon of St. Augustine: "If in the Scriptures we should meet any error, we are not permitted to say the author has not attained to the truth, but either the manuscript is faulty or the translator has erred, or thou dost not understand it." (In Ps. Serm. 118.)

It is not to be wondered at, then, that the more conservative schools of theology have expressed themselves as strictly opposed to the *obiter dicta* theory, which left the sacred writers free to err in certain minor details not pertaining to faith and morals, and that they regarded such doctrines as fraught with dangerous consequences for the integrity of the Scriptures. A modern French writer does not seem to put it too strongly when he says: "We cannot disguise from ourselves that the new opinion, which limits inspiration and freedom from error simply to those passages of Scripture which concern faith and morals, has lately made rapid strides. This being admitted, the conclusion may be drawn that the historical books—*e. g.*, Kings, Chronicles, Judges, &c.—may be inspired and free from error only in their dogmatic and moral parts. In this case we shall soon have to suppress two-thirds of the Bible." The encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. rejects this theory in most unmistakable terms. "It would be altogether wrong," writes the sovereign Pontiff, "to restrict the inspiration to some parts of the Scriptures, or to allow that the sacred writer has erred. For the method of those is not to be tolerated who endeavor to extricate themselves from difficulties by conceding that the inspiration extends, indeed, to matters of faith and morals, but no further. For all those books which the Church receives as sacred and canonical in their entirety and in their parts have been written at the dictation of the Holy Ghost. But divine inspiration, far from being compatible with any error, of its very nature not only excludes every error, but excludes and rejects it with the selfsame necessity in virtue of which God, the Supreme Truth, cannot be the author of any error whatsoever."

3. It must be of particular interest to know the Pope's mind upon the so-called "higher criticism." There is a higher criticism for which the Pope has the highest possible appreciation. It is the broad criticism that is based, not on gratuitous assumptions, arbitrary rules and philological subtleties, but on thorough knowledge of philosophy and dogmatic theology, on familiarity with the original languages of the Scriptures and of the cognate idioms, on history, ethnology, archæology and profound scientific research. To this kind of higher criticism his Holiness exhorts the scripturist and the student of the sacred sciences generally. But for the so-called "higher criticism" of the age, which is based only on grammatical subtleties, philological hair-splitting and historic surmises, the Pope has no use, and thus he writes: "Without reason, and to the detriment of religion, has been introduced an artifice called by the specious name of 'higher criticism,' according to which the origin, genuineness and authority of each book are wont to be decided from so-called intrinsic reasons. On the contrary, it is manifest that in questions of a historical nature, such as that of the origin and the preservation of the sacred books, the evidences of history are paramount, and are to be most carefully explored and examined, that, on the other hand, those intrinsic reasons are not of such weight that they should be brought to bear on the matter, except as subsidiary evidence. Else great inconveniences are certain to follow, for the enemy shall then gain greater confidence in attacking and discrediting the authenticity of the sacred books. That which is called higher criticism will eventually lead to this, that each one will follow his own whims and prejudices in the interpretation of the Scriptures. Hence no light will be thrown on Holy Writ, no benefit will accrue to science, but that wide diversity of opinion which is the index of error will prevail, as the leaders of this novel science give ample evidence. Moreover, since most of its advocates are imbued with the doctrine of false philosophy and rationalism, they will not shrink from eliminating from the books prophecies, miracles, and whatever else there is of a supernatural character." These are the well-weighed words of the great Pontiff of the age.

4. Another point upon which modern theologians look for instruction to Leo XIII. is the use of the Latin Vulgate. This version of the Scriptures had been declared authentic by the Council of Trent. The sacred synod decreed and declared that the same ancient and vulgate edition, which has been sanctioned by the continued use of ages of the Church, was to be regarded as authentic in public lectures, disputations and sermons, and that no one should dare or presume to reject it. This declaration of the Council of Trent was an eyesore to "higher critics," who consider themselves the divinely constituted custodians or rather restorers and demolishers of the sacred text. A departure from it would have been, in their eyes, a consummation devoutly to be wished for. Leo XIII., however, far from making any innovation on this point, enforced anew the decree of Trent, while earnestly inviting and exhorting the Scripture student in cases of doubt to have recourse to the original texts.

5. A few words on the universal canon of interpretation of the Scriptures. On this point the Council of Trent issued the following decree: "For the restraint of audacious minds, the sacred council decrees that no one, relying on his own prudence in matters of faith and morals pertaining to the upbuilding of Christian doctrine, distorting the Scriptures to his own opinions, dare interpret the same Scriptures contrary to the meaning that our Holy Mother the Church held, and holds, whose province it is to judge of the true meaning and interpretation of the Scripture; or also contrary to the unanimous consent of the fathers."

The general rule to be followed in the interpretation of the Scriptures is, therefore, the authority of the Church and the unanimous consent of the fathers. If, then, the meaning of a text is defined by the Church, as in the case of the words, "This is My Body," "This is My Blood," the interpreter must defend that meaning. But if the meaning of the text is not defined, he must not give any exposition which would conflict with any point of the Church's teaching, and the same rule holds in regard to the unanimous teaching of the fathers in matters of faith and morals.

The reader who has no knowledge of our Catholic commentators may be inclined to think that the Catholic Scripture student, who has his way thus marked out for him, has comparatively easy work—that nothing is left to private judgment. This, however, is a great mistake, which may be corrected by a mere glance at the works of any of our great commentators, ancient or modern. Here we find the greatest freedom of treatment. The number of texts whose meaning is determined by the teaching of the Church or the fathers is exceedingly small. If there is a definition of the Church or a consensus of the fathers on a certain text, it is the duty of the Catholic commentator to establish that meaning. If not, he is free to follow his own opinion, provided it be in concert with Catholic teaching. The Catholic commentator must bring to bear on his subject all that ancient and modern science, history, philology, &c., can offer for his aid. Even a superficial glance at the "Cursus Sacræ Scripturæ," in course of publication by the German Jesuits, will convince the reader that Catholic Scripture studies are conducted according to the most scientific methods. This is a work of some sixty bulky volumes, of which about forty have already been given to the public. Father Maas's work, entitled "Christ in Type and Prophecy," and his recent commentary on St. Matthew, which are written in the vernacular, may serve the same purpose. Yet those learned scripturists, who are all masters of the "higher criticism," fail to find the conclusions of "higher critics," and bring the Scriptures and all their parts into best harmony with the teaching of the Church. I refer to these works as among the most modern specimens of Catholic Scripture study.

I have probably transgressed the limits intended for this article, and yet I have been forced to leave much unsaid that might serve to make the subject more intelligible to the average reader. Those who would have a fuller treatment of the matter I would refer to an article of mine, entitled "The Pope and the Scriptures," in the *American Catholic Quarterly* for April, 1894, which contains an extended commentary on the encyclical *Providentissimus Deus;* or an excellent little book, entitled "Chapters of Bible Study," by Prof. Heuser, editor of the *American Ecclesiastical Review* (Cathedral Library Association, New York).

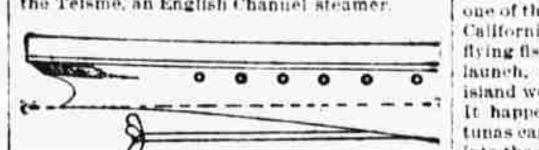
JAMES CONWAY, S. J.,
Church of St. Ignatius Loyola.

MAY 25.

## *A NOVEL STEAMER.*

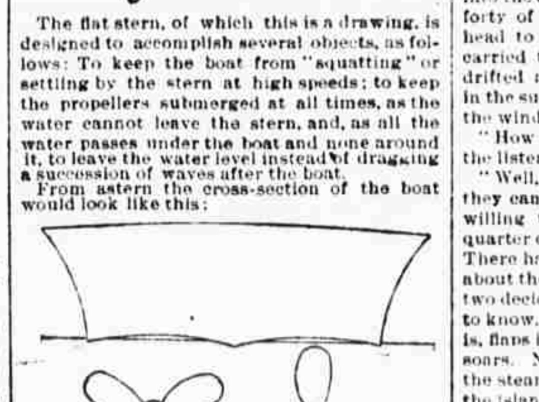
**Commercial Vessel with a Flat Stern Like the Feiseen's.**

A venture in commercial steamboats has been undertaken by the New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk Railroad company in the twin-screw steamer Pennsylvania, which the company is having built at Chester after designs by Gardiner & Cox of New York. The new boat's peculiarity will be in the after body, which is similar to that of the Feiseen, built by the same designers some years ago and sold for a torpedo boat to the Brazilian Government. The only large boat approaching this one in form is the Teisme, an English Channel steamer.



The flat stern, of which this is a drawing, is designed to accomplish several objects, as follows: To keep the boat from "squatting" or settling by the stern at high speeds; to keep the propellers submerged at all times, as the water cannot leave the stern, and, as all the water passes under the boat and none around it, to leave the water level instead of dragging a succession of waves after the boat.

From astern the cross-section of the boat would look like this:



She is 290 feet long, 41 feet extreme beam, and draws 9 feet 6 inches, carrying thirty carloads of freight. Her speed is to be twenty miles per hour loaded. She is fitted with four cylinder triple expansion engines of 3,000 horse power, and six Almy water tube boilers, machinery weight having to be reduced as low as possible on account of the large amount of freight and passengers to be carried at 9 feet 6 inches draught of water.

The boat connects with trains at Cape Charles for Old Point Comfort and Norfolk. When it is realized that, on a foot less draught than the Sandy Hook boats, she has to carry thirty carloads of express freight and passengers at a greater speed, the difficulty of the problem is seen at once. In fact, the new boat will be watched very closely by the entire steamboat trade, and if successful will demonstrate the applicability to sound and river carrying in America of the latest developments in marine engineering and naval architecture, on lines successfully followed abroad, but not hitherto on our side of the Atlantic.

## *NEW YORK MAPLE SUGAR.*

**A Belt in This State Which Surpasses Vermont's Famous Product.**

"I have sopped pancakes in the maple syrup, and got toothache from the maple sugar, and stomach ache from the wax pullings of the maple bilein's of five States and sixteen counties, all the way from old Vermont to Michigan, including Schoharie county, New York," said a man from that part of the State, "and I have been ready to stand up and say, and to bet heavy on what I said, that the sun never shone on any land nor quickened it to the production of anything that could even begin to think of being one-half as good as the maple sugar that Schoharie county boiled down out of its sap, or the maple syrup that Schoharie county got out of its sugar, or the maple wax that we pulled out of both of 'em. But that was before I got over into Otsego county. When I struck a sugaring-off of Otsego county's first run of sap I had to admit that I had never known before what sap could really be made to give up. But by and by I was domiciled in Delaware county. Then I stood up and declared that I had found out at last what maple sugar actually was. I began to think that whatever of excellence there was in the maple sugar of Schoharie and Otsego counties was due to the circumstance of their contiguity to Delaware county, and I reflected on how fortunate Schoharie and Otsego were to be there.

"As a matter of fact, now that I am reminded of it by the census we have just taken of this season's yield of maple sugar in those three counties, and found that it isn't far from 1,000,000 pounds, I don't suppose there is any difference at all in the quality of the sugar made in all that peculiar maple belt extending from the Delaware county Catskills on the south through that county, through Schoharie and Otsego and into Cortland county, this State, and embracing Wayne and Susquehanna counties in Pennsylvania. If the sugar makers of that belt would only give the attention to this business and apply to it the systematic methods that have made the products of the Vermont maples world famous, they would soon be as famous as their brethren in Vermont. As it is, their product ranks second in the market to that of the Green Mountain State. Anyhow, a million pounds of maple sugar from a spring's running of sap in three counties isn't so bad. It sort o' fills in the chinks in the bank account, and makes us feel good for putting in the corn and 'taters. We're a great nation up Schoharie way."

# SPORT WITH FLYING FISH.

*THEY ARE SHOT ON THE WING OFF A CALIFORNIA ISLAND.*

**A Water Spaniel Trained to Retrieve Them—The Flight of Flying Fish—Great Tunas That Leap After Them and Catch Them in the Air—A Stirring Sight from a Boat.**

AVALON, Cal., May 20.—"Look out! Look out!" shouted the man at the wheel of the little launch Linda. The two men lying on deck ducked their heads and over the bow went a flying fish at least thirteen inches in length; its wings outspread and locked, its hind wings trembling and its big black eyes staring.

It was a singular sight; but one of the men had no poetry in his soul, for the moment the flyer was a fair distance away he raised a shotgun and fired, bringing it down whirling and struggling into the water. Immediately a water spaniel sprang over the rail and swam toward the game.

"He won't get it," said the dog's master, throwing the shell out of the gun. "There's but one trouble—the game sinks." And such was the case. The flying fish went to the bottom and disappeared before the dog reached it. The animal swam around in a dazed fashion and finally was hauled aboard.

Flying fish shooting is peculiar to Santa Catalina, where the big California flying fish makes its summer home in the San Clemente channel.

"I have a patent on the sport," said the man who had the gun, "but, as I said, it has but one drawback—you can't always get the game. No, I am not in it for my health or pleasure. You see, the tuna season is beginning here. The tuna is particular and wants a flying-fish diet; but the trouble is the flying fish don't come into the bays until it gets a little warmer; so we have to go and get them. Last night they were offering $5 apiece for flying fish and everybody was out. Some had nets, some went with two lights in the bow of the boat and tried to spear the fish; that works in summer. The flying fish seems sort of dazed when it sees the light and lies perfectly still in the water and can be struck with a spear very easily. Another man rigged up a big sheet on his boat so that the flying fish would strike it and fall in, but it didn't work, so I'm out for some on a new plan. You see, we just steam ahead at full speed, and when a fish rises, frightened, and tries to soar away, why, I let him have it and the dog jumps over and retrieves it if it doesn't sink. Look out! There they go!"

As he spoke two large flyers started out of the water and went bounding away. They did not fly, that was evident; they merely locked their wings and soared. One went to the right and one to the left, about two feet above the surface, and the sportsman picked off one with a shot as neatly as one could wish.

"It's queer sport," he said, "and they're a queer fish. See this one. Ten to one it will strike the boat with its eyes wide open."

Instead of darting away from the boat, a flying fish that had dashed out of the water headed directly for it and was coming on about three feet above the surface. It tipped slightly with the wind, but preserved its balance perfectly, and, with a headlong plunge, struck the cabin and fell into the water, from which it was rescued by one of the men. Presently the rushing boat started two more fish, and the man with the gun picked them off in a manner that elicited applause from the lookers on; but, unfortunately, both fishes were lost, the spaniel reaching one just as it went down.

"Shooting flying fishes requires as much skill as in shooting quails," said the sportsman. "They move just as fast and look so much like the water that they are hard to hit. They swim in coveys, just like quails, too, and one of the prettiest sights I ever saw about the California islands was the flight of a covey of flying fishes. I was out after them in a small launch, and as we turned the corner of the island we suddenly struck a heavy west wind. It happened that at that moment a school of tunas came rushing in and chased the flyers into the air. There must have been thirty or forty of them, and as they cleared the water, head to the wind, the gale struck them and carried them high into the air, where they drifted away like a flock of insects glistening in the sunlight, gradually falling away before the wind and disappearing from view."

"How far can a flying fish fly?" asked one of the listeners.

"Well, that's difficult to say. I know that they can soar an eighth of a mile, and I'd be willing to say that they often clear over a quarter of a mile under favorable conditions. There has always been a good deal of mystery about the flight of flying fishes, and there are two decided factions among men who ought to know. One side says that the fish flies, that is, flaps its wings; and the other that it merely soars. Now, if you interview the steward of the steamer that runs between San Pedro and the island he will prove, or try to, that they fly like birds. The steamer is high forward, and one day he saw what he thought was a bird in the air. A moment later it shot through the glass window and landed among his glasses. He will make affidavit that he saw its wings going. But if you interview President Jordan of Stanford University, who is an authority on fishes, or any of our local naturalists, he will tell you that the flying fish does not fly. Why, just look at it: they come plumb against the side of the boat. Once I was rowing some ladies along shore when I saw two flying fishes coming right for us. One, despite the fact that the lady waved her hands to frighten it, struck her in the back, while the other passed a few inches from my head; in fact I turned to avoid it. Now if the fish could fly, in the proper acceptation of the term, it would avoid obstacles. Why, I have seen them fly upon the beach in numbers. A lady was sitting on the shore at Avalon when a flying fish flew right into her lap, frightening her well, you may be sure. Another fish struck a fisherman in the face. This was at night and might have resulted seriously, as a man could easily be stunned by such a blow.

"No, the fish don't fly. I have watched hundreds of them and spent weeks trying to photograph them. There is a porthole in the Hermosa, and I leaned out of that and held my kodak trying to catch one, but it was almost impossible. But I saw how they fly. You see, all sorts of fish prey on the flying fish, and when the steamer comes along they think it's a big killer perhaps or a tuna, and being slow swimmers they leap out of the water, and they do it in this way: they whirl the tail around and around, and it acts as a screw and sends them out of the water. The tail is lashed with great vigor and that conveys to the body a quivering, wriggling motion that makes the side fins or wings look as though they were being flapped; but it is only for a second. The moment the fish clears the water the wings are seen to be rigid, and they are held that way while the fish shoots away three feet above the surface, like a kite, supported by the rush through the air, and impelled by the momentum received by the action of the tail. They shoot along, say, for 500 feet, then the force of the rush begins to be exhausted and the tail drops—not the head, mind you; just the tip of the tail; and see," and the speaker picked up the four-pound flyer—"see the lower lobe of the tail. It is longer than the upper. This touches the water first, and the moment it does the tail is twisted furiously, and once more the fish darts away, clearing, perhaps, 300 feet before its tail drops again. This is repeated three or four times, enabling the fish to travel a great distance without returning to the water. The only beating of the wings is caused by the wriggling of the tail. In a word, the flying fish has four parachutes that it fixes—two in front and two behind."

As the speaker finished a flying fish crossed the bow of the boat followed by a huge fish, gleaming like silver, that shot up into the air like an arrow, struck the flyer, and sent it, whirling like a pinwheel, into the air.

"There's the fish," exclaimed the man with the gun, as the big creature dropped gracefully back; "there's the fellow that retrieves the flying fish and rarely misses him. The tuna is the only fish that can catch his prey in the air. You see, he frightens the flying fish into the air and follows it, just beneath the surface, and when the opportunity comes makes a flying leap and sometimes seizes it; again, as now, he hits and kills it, picking it up as it falls into the water. The tuna is the sharp-eyed fish of the sea. I have seen them following the flying fish. The latter would fly directly over my boat, the tuna would go under; but the tuna would never lose sight of the flyer, and bagged it as it finally fell, exhausted, after its long, soaring flight.

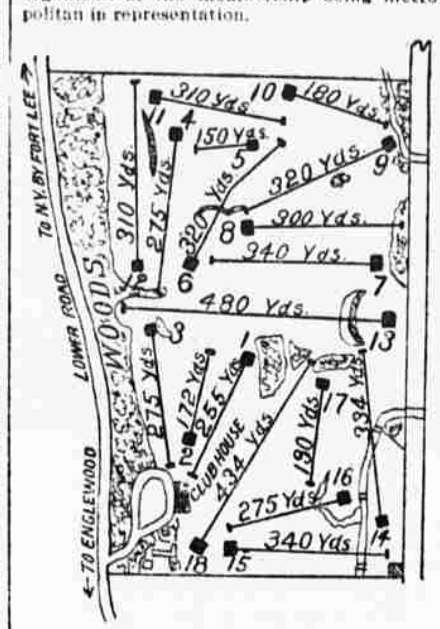
"It may seem queer for a man to say that he is afraid of a fish, but I have seen the time when the tunas demoralized me. I was up on the stage road above the town one day when I noticed a white patch of foam about two miles away. It was a dead calm elsewhere and I knew it was a school of fish; so I hurried down, jumped into a boat and rowed out opposite the entrance to the bay and waited. In a short time I could see the fish. They were big tunas, leaping after a school of flying fish, going into the air by scores eight or more feet at a jump, and covering an area of many acres with a mass of foam. First the flying fish reached me, as demoralized a throng as I ever saw. Scores were in the air at a time; some struck the boat, others went over it, and I could see dozens huddled beneath it as if for protection, while others again seemed utterly fagged by the long chase and were unable to move very fast. Pretty soon a tuna went into the air not five feet away from my skiff, then another, and I saw that if by accident one should strike my boat it would go through it as though through paper and I would be left a half a mile or more away from shore.

"I was rather late in making up my mind to retreat, as by this time the tunas were going into the air all around me, the most remarkable sight it was ever my good fortune to see, and I believe that I do not overestimate the facts when I say that they went up a dozen feet in a straight line. Then they would turn and come down like an arrow, and when numbers were in the air at one time you may know it was a great sight. That's what makes the demand for flying fish at the beginning of the season; the tuna fishermen must have them, as they are the natural food of the tuna."

## *ENGLEWOOD'S NEW LINKS.*

**One of the First of the Season's Eighteen Hole Courses Ready.**

About the first of the eighteen hole links started last season to be pronounced ready for play is the extended course of the Englewood Golf Club. Although not a long links it affords many opportunities for first class golf, but on the long and short game. Only by remarkably long tee shots can the greens be reached in two or three strokes and the chance gained to equal bogie figures. The putting greens are really models of perfection, measuring eighty feet square and with turf running the ball true every time, granting to the good putter a grand chance to record low figures. Harry Stark, the Englewood professional, who is responsible for the good condition of the links, asserts that there is not a stroke in the game that is not needed somewhere on the round. The club has now nearly a full membership and, somewhat to the regret of the founders, has nearly lost its character as a merely local organization, the membership being metropolitan in representation.




NEW LINKS AT ENGLEWOOD.

The first tee at Englewood is placed on the edge of a bank a few yards from the house. The green lies 255 yards off, and a drive and short iron shot should reach it. A topped ball will be badly punished. The bogie is an easy 4.

The second tee is placed to the left of the first green, the green being on a knoll a short distance from the clubhouse. A full iron shot should reach the green, but the sugarloaf shape makes it a first-class 3 hole. The third tee lies a few yards to the left of the clubhouse, the green being 275 yards off, between two hazards, which make a full drive necessary for a safe approach. This makes a good 4. The tee for the fourth, the first of the new holes, is placed on the edge of the wood, the green being in plain view, 275 yards away. A topped or sliced ball pays the usual penalty, but a good drive and iron shot will reach the green. The putting green lying on the slope makes this rather a hard 4.

The fifth is the short hole of the course, the distance only 150 yards, but the ball must be played right to obtain 3, which is bogie. Starting for the sixth, the ground rises in front of the tee, requiring a long drive to be sure of reaching the green with the brassey. A water hazard crosses the course 240 yards from the tee, which will stop a topped second shot, but a good driver will be hole high in two. The distance is 320 yards and bogie 4.

Teeing for the seventh hole, the ground falls to the green placed on the edge of the wood 340 yards away. Good driving should reach the green in 2, but only the first-class player will reach the green in that figure, making bogie 4.

Teeing beside the fence for the eighth hole, the ground rising before the player, the hole is placed on the edge of the bank 310 yards from the tee. At the right of the tee a small pond will stop sliced balls, while on the left there is a gully that will punish the pulled ball. Par is 4.

The ninth green is down in the hollow and a stream encircles it which will punish the overplayed ball. Another small stream runs parallel to the drive and a bed of rushes makes the right interesting. The distance is 320 yards, which calls for long drives to reach the green in 2, and it is a bogie 4.

The tenth hole is 180 yards from the tee, but the bogie 3 calls for perfectly straight driving.

The eleventh green is placed on the highest point of the course. The distance is 320 yards. A full drive and brassie will reach the green, but both drives will have to be perfect to equal the bogie of 4. The view from this green may well excuse a player lingering after holing out. Away to the right the wooded hills in New York State are plainly visible, while in front the New Jersey mountains loom up, with here and there a village. Paterson is plainly visible, while on the left the busy city of Newark, backed by the Orange hills, is to be seen. The drive for the twelfth green is one of the prettiest on the course, the line being through a clearing cut through the wood. The avenue has been cut 250 feet wide, so it is only the badly pulled or sliced ball that is punished. The green lies in a hollow 310 yards off. This hole calls for good golf to hole out in 4.

This brings the golfers back to the old links and to the longest hole on the course. The distance is 480 yards. A bank crosses the course 230 yards from the tee, and the green is guarded with a sand bunker in front and the roadway on the far side. A long drive is necessary to be able to carry the first bank on the second shot, while an equally good brassie is necessary to get over the sand bunker on the third, while the road awaits an overplayed ball. One of our leading amateurs claims this to be one of the best holes in this country.

The bogie is placed at 5. The brook that guards the fourteenth hole calls for extra play to get the green in two, three shots being good, yet a fine drive and brassie should reach the green. The distance is 334 yards. The bogie for this hole is placed at 5. The fifteenth is rightly named "Hillhead," the green lying on the top of the rising ground. A really first-class driver can reach the green in two, but it is very rarely reached in less than three strokes. The bogie is 5.

Driving for the sixteenth hole gives one the sensation of driving into space, the hole being 275 yards off and a hundred feet lower than the tee. This is a very attractive hole. The green is closely guarded by sand bunkers on both sides, making a topped or badly played drive pay the penalty of a stroke, while, as the green lies on the bank, an overplayed ball is also punished. This is one of the finest putting greens possible. A visitor from Hoylake, England, remarked that it ranked with the best greens there, and that it was the only green in this country where a wooden putter was any use. The bogie is 4. The fact that the seventeenth green lies on the level and is distant 190 yards makes this one of the pressing places on the course and consequently an occasion of many foozled drives. Bogie is 3. The home hole is the hardest on the links. The distance is 433 yards and the ground rises all the way to the green, the fact that the ball is always above the player calling for especial skill in driving. It takes three good strokes to reach the green and the bogie is 5.

This gives the following summary of distances and bogie play:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Out... | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | |
| Yards | 255 | 172 | 275 | 275 | 150 | 320 | 340 | 300 | 320 | —2,407 |
| Bogie... | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | — 34 |
| In...... | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | |
| Yards | 180 | 310 | 310 | 480 | 334 | 340 | 275 | 190 | 434 | —2,873 |
| Bogie.. | 3 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 5 | — 38 |

The total length is 5,280 yards and the bogie score 72 strokes.

## *BETTER GOLF PLAY.*

**Mr. H. H. Hilton's Lucid Reasons for Thinking That the Game Is Better Than It Used to Be—New Players Beat the Old.**

The most interesting comparison with modern golfers with the famous men of earlier days is probably that found in the "Book of Golf and Golfers" (Longmans, Green & Co.), by Mr. H. H. Hilton, the open champion of Great Britain for 1897. In substance it is this:

"Has golf improved? The older class of golfers, who remember Allan Robertson and young Tom Morris in his brilliant meteoric career across the golfing horizon, say nay; the younger school of golfers, whose golfing education only commenced after the passing away of these two old-time celebrities, say yea; to which the old school reply, 'How can you form an opinion? You never saw either young Tom or Allan play.' This is only too true, and this is where lies the weakness in the armor of the arguments of the younger school; but against this they can bring forth a number of hard, stern facts, which are difficult to dispute. Scores are recorded now which were never even dreamt of five-and-twenty years ago. Courses are undoubtedly kept in much finer condition nowadays; the horse mower was an unknown luxury to the ancients. Again, clubs have improved and players have the advantage of many years of experience in connection with the manufacture of balls. But do these advantages compensate for the enormous disparity in the scores of twenty-five or thirty years ago and those of the present day? That is the real basis of the argument, and I am afraid that it can never be settled to the satisfaction of both sides.

"My experience of the royal and ancient game unfortunately does not go far enough back to remember the days of young Tom, as when first I began to take an interest in the game his fame was but a memory in the minds of men—a memory, however, which will never be forgotten, and golfers may come and golfers may go, but it is very much open to doubt whether any golfer will be quite the idol of the day that young Tom was during his brilliant career, and certainly no golfer since, probably not even Harry Vardon, has shown quite the decided superiority over all rivals that he was called upon to meet as did the pride of St. Andrew's. It was not merely a question of one season's brilliant play, as from the very commencement of his golfing career almost to the time of his sad demise he may be said to have brooked no rivals.

"Naturally the question arises, whom had he to compete against? Certainly not the strength of field a professional of the present day has to meet. There were good players in those days, but they were few; probably the players who had any chance of success against him could be counted on the fingers of one hand, and that is where the difficulty of comparing his form with the Vardons, Herds and Taylors of the present day really lies. The scores of the latter are undoubtedly far ahead of anything young Tom accomplished, but they have had the advantage of finding greater obstacles to overcome, and that it is an advantage the past ten years' golf has plainly proved. Experience may account for a great deal of the improved form among young players, but among experienced players, those who may be said to have served their apprenticeship and been through the fire, we must look for some other cause to account for the decided improvement in the general run of the play, an improvement which has certainly taken place during the past ten years or so, and I have no hesitation in saying that it is chiefly due to increased competition, association with players of an equal or higher standard of excellence, and that consequent spirit of emulation which tends to unearth any latent talent which may be lying dormant. The tendency of the age is to lengthen links; still, records are continually reduced, and it is difficult to say when they will stop. But unless there is a great improvement in the implements of war, it certainly appears there must be a limit, and that limit must certainly soon be reached. It may be that some golfing Goliath may turn up who can regularly drive holes of 300 yards in one, but as yet this Brobdingnagian golfer is in prospective, and we are quite satisfied to worship at the shrine of a Blackwell or a Rolland, as they drive quite far enough for ordinary mortals. It is not, however, to ordinary individual records that we must turn for a proof of the improvement which has taken place; it is to the higher level of general excellence in all important competitions. As an instance, we may take the open championship contests.

"Who thought for a moment that the winning score at Prestwick this year would be as low as 307, or an average of under 77 for each round? Prestwick golfers? Certainly not; they placed a much higher value on the merits of their course as a difficult test of the game. But not only was Vardon 307, but two other players ran him very close indeed, a difference of one and two strokes respectively, and at least four players returned totals lower than the generally accepted idea as to what the winning score would be. Now the winning score on the previous occasion on which the championship was played at Prestwick, in 1893, was 322, or an average of over 80 a round. The weather conditions were certainly not favorable on that occasion, but the difference in the weather conditions in 1893 and 1898 could hardly be said to account for a disparity of nearly four strokes per round. And this lesson is taught right through all the important competitions which have taken place during the past two or three years; the scores are lower, the courses are virtually the same, and we are forced to the conclusion that to produce these results the play must naturally be better.

"And although the old school are fain to admit that the first-class players of the present day obtain a greater length than they did in the days of young Tom and Allan Robertson—recent results conclusively prove that they do—it may be that the St. Andrew's celebrities in question had quite the power at command that the leading players of the present day have, but they were apparently afraid to use it. And we have only to turn to that interesting volume by the Rev. J. G. McPherson, called "Golf and Golfers," in which he explains the manner in which Allan Robertson played the sixth or "Heathery" hole at St. Andrew's—short of the bunkers from the tee, over the bunkers with his second and a spoon shot up to the hole side, holing in 5.

"Yes, Allan Robertson probably obtained as beneficial a result by his pawky play as the average of first-class players of the present day, who probably as often take five or six as four to this particular hole. But suppose during the course of these three spoon shots something came amiss—a bad lie might be sufficient—how would Allan have fared? Badly, I think. Or even how would a player who followed this mode of procedure fare against, say Andrew Kirkaldy, who habitually reaches this green with ease in two? Again badly, I think. It would be tempting Providence by placing too great a premium on accuracy and superiority in the short game. No, the race goes to the swift in the days of the present, risks are taken which were never thought of in the old days. It may not be due to any superiority of talent that these risks are successfully overcome, but the ever-increasing number of first-class players has had a beneficial effect in sifting the wheat from the chaff. These risks have to be taken, and unless a player can successfully overcome them he will find himself left behind in the fight for fame.

"Even during the past five years those who have followed the game closely have noticed an improvement in first-class play, and I have always thought that the advent of J. H. Taylor in the world of first-class golf was in a sense responsible for this improvement. His play during the championship week at Prestwick in 1893, unsuccessful as he eventually proved to be, came as a revelation to many of the older school of golfers; he played full shots up to the hole side with an amount of accuracy and apparent *sang froid* which came as a revelation to them. 'Take your cleek for safety' was the old motto. Taylor ignored this safety play with wonderful results, and unearthed new possibilities in the game, which other players have unconsciously copied and have conquered, with the result that other 'Richmonds' are in the field to challenge the supremacy of 1895 and 1898.

"That Taylor's play has deteriorated, as many assert, I cannot believe for one moment. He can still hold his own, as he has proved on many occasions during the season 1898. But a player like Harry Vardon has, while equalling the accuracy of the Wimbledon professional, been able to produce a slight degree of extra power which has turned the scale in his favor. And watching closely the play of the first-class professional one is forced to the conclusion that it is the accuracy and power in long game which tells in the end. Not only has a player to drive a long ball, but he has to drive consistently far, for, as one well-known professional remarked at the conclusion of the meeting at Prestwick this year, 'it is galloping all the way.' Steady, accurate golf is of no avail; it must be both brilliant and accurate; and the present generation of players, recognizing this fact, have in consequence accomplished performances which five years ago would have been considered bordering on the impossible.

"That the standard of play has improved during the past five years, I feel certain, and I am equally positive that the standard was higher then than it was ten years previously, as my memory serves me that far."

# AN INDIAN DEVIL'S VISIT.

*NICOLAS TELLS OF A MEETING WITH A LEGENDARY BEAST.*

**The Bullet-Proof Prowler of the Maine Woods That Only a Thunderbolt Can Slay—The Indian and Also the Scientific Theory of a Great Black Tooth.**

OLD TOWN, Me., May 26.—"Heem come some more, same las' time Ai seen heem, beeg lak some moose, twelve, twenty feet long. Heem tooth shine some like some icicle on ze house gutter. Heem growl more beeg as ze locomotif holler. Heem Pomoola zis tim' for sure. Ai seen heem."

The stolid faces of the Indians who heard Alexander Nicolas tell of his meeting with an Indian devil while trapping muskrats on the shores of Abal stream at the base of Mount Katahdin did not relax a muscle as the tale went on at interminable length. As he was a practical minded Indian without a trace of imagination his hearers knew he was not capable of inventing a lie, and the conviction grew that the story teller had either seen an Indian devil in the flesh or some strolling woodsman had played a practical joke upon him.

As well as he can remember the animal appeared to him on a May night, coming within ten rods of the campfire, near which he was sitting skinning muskrats. As nearly as he could estimate the visitor was fully fifteen feet long from tip to tip. It was not a panther, because panthers are of the color of fresh iron rust, while the caller was prettily barred with stripes of slate gray and brown. What convinced him that the beast was an Indian devil was the presence of four long white tusks that protruded from the animal's mouth and shone like polished ivory. In all the traditions of the tribe the men who had seen Indian devils and lived to tell about it had described them as having great pointed tusks nearly a foot long.

"Ai'm skeen heem musquash an' smoke heem pipe," said Alex as he continued the tale. "Bim'by Ai hef skeen seex, maybe ten, an' look oop. W'at Ai see, you t'ink? Mogre! Heem all thar, set oop on heem tail, lak some dog, an' lap heem chop so heem hungry. W'at's Ai'm do? W'at's you do, you bin thar—hey? Ai t'row heem one musquash what Ai skeen. Heem peek heem oop an' eet him lak some sassige. Course Ai t'row heem some more, an' some more after heem, which Pomoola eet heem all. *Voilà!* Musquash w'at Ai skeen all gone. Pomoola, heem want more. Musquash skin pay 25 cents at ze store. Alex skeen not breeng nuching nowher? Musquash skeen mine long's. Ai hef eet. My skeen Pomoola's pretty dam queek. Ai trow him musquash w'at Ai don't yet skeen, an' bimeby Pomoola heem go 'way. Ai go 'way, too, lak Ai scart. Ai don't wass stop teel Ai geet home. W'at you say now—hey?"

Indian traditions that have been handed down in wigwam tales for centuries differ as to the size, coloring and general habits of the Indian devil, but all unite in declaring that he has four long incurved canine teeth that hang outside his mouth, giving the creature a most ferocious look. The Abenaki story asserts that a pair of these animals, who are bullet and arrow proof, and defy all weapons except a thunderbolt, live on the steep side of Mount Katahdin, where they kill and eat moose and other large game, taking a sunburned brave or a squaw by way of dessert whenever one happens to be nearby. As for the whites, an Indian devil will not taste of their flesh. Therefore, while a few Indians have survived a meeting with Pomoola, no Caucasian ever saw one.

A century ago, when the Old Town tribe contained more than 1,000 souls, Pomoola took five or six Indians as toll every year. In September, 1823, a party of twenty-one braves and squaws were coming down the West Branch with fourteen canoes loaded with moose and caribou meat when an Indian devil visited them over night while they camped on the shore of Jo Mary Lake, and killed four. The fall rains had swollen the streams and made the current very swift. Though the flood favored the fleeing Indians, Pomoola overtook them on the following day, and swimming out, tipped over a canoe in South Twin Lake, drowning two braves and a squaw. The animal swam about in the lake for an hour, waiting for the bodies to come up, and then gave chase to the party. The Indians had passed from Elbow Lake into Millinockert Rips when they saw their enemy behind. There was a brisk gale blowing at the time, and the sky was dark with thunderclouds. As the canoes shot out of the rips into smooth water beyond the men in the near canoe saw Pomoola stretch his striped legs up the trunk of a great yellow birch tree, testing his claws upon the tough bark to see if they were sharp enough. When he was stretched out at full length, "twice as long as a canoe for four men," a thunderbolt fell, splitting the tree into slivers and filling the air with sulphurous smoke. As the vapor lifted they saw the Indian devil lying dead on the bank of the stream. A line of scorched fur marked the passage of the lightning from the animal's nose to its hips, where the current divided and passed down the hind legs to the ground. One of the ivory tusks had been turned coal black by the stroke, the others remaining untouched. The body was taken to Old Town on two canoes, and for a week the Indians did nothing but celebrate the death of their ancient enemy. The black tooth was given to Sol Sockalexis, who was chief at that time. It is kept as an heirloom in the Sockalexis family. Though somewhat damaged from rough usage, it is eight inches long, and the inside edge is still sharp.

Scientific men who have examined the trophy are inclined to believe that it comes from the jaw of the sabre-tooth tiger, an animal which geologists say lived in Maine about six million years ago. Opposed to this assertion is the tradition of the Sockalexis family, which declares that the tooth was taken from the upper jaw of an Indian devil that was killed by lightning in September, 1823.

## *WHAT BECOMES OF THE GUN?*

**Report by a Candidate for Military Honors of His Examination.**

The examining board was in session in an upstairs room of the armory in the most warlike region of Brooklyn, which takes on a military appearance every weekday evening after the soldiers have come home from work and have used their military duty as an excuse to get out of drying the tea things. Downstairs in the assembly hall, deep in tan bark, was an assorted group of seasoned military persons who had more than once mobilized at the Bedford avenue fountain and thence moved in intrepid columns to the reviewing stand at the Prospect Park entrance. Seasoned campaigners, they were now awaiting their chance to go higher for their reward. In the group were privates who would be made Corporals if they could pass the examination; there were Corporals who hoped to show their fitness for the extra stripe in the chevrons and attain the glory of being Sergeants in time to get on the streets on Decoration Day and say in the hearing of all men such simple sayings as "Comp'ny wow-wow-hip-rah-tion!" in the dialect of the race of Sergeants.

But none was certain of his fate. There was no telling what sort of stunts the examining board would set them to do. Therefore they flocked eagerly about the first man down and begged him for a tip on the board. He was a candidate to be made Sergeant in a light battery and perhaps on that account his report was not of the greatest value to those in the other arms of the service.

"What did the board ask me?" he said. "Why, they wanted to know who took charge of the gun in action.

"'The Chief of Division,' I said.

"'But if the Chief of Division is not there—it made me think of being shot or at least wounded—'then who takes the gun?'

"I knew the answer to that like a book. 'It's the Caisson Corporal.'

"'And if the Caisson Corporal is put out of action who then takes charge?'

"That was easy. 'It's the best private he looks after things.'

"I ain't dead sure about that, but I told them you had to take the gun away and put it in the stable. I won't know whether that's right until I get home and look it up in the little book. But that's the sort of questions they're going to ask you when you get upstairs."