The Sun.

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An Agreement With Japan?

The report cabled some days ago from Tokio now seems to be confirmed in Washington, although not yet officially, that an agreement of capital importance concerning the inviolability of China and of the respective possessions of the signatories, or in a word the maintenance of the status quo in the Pacific, has been reached between the United States and Japan. Such an agreement, crowning a series of conventions all tending to establish peace in the Far East and reassuring us as to the necessity of maintaining a fleet of battleships in Far Eastern waters, would constitute a great feat of statesmanship and reflect high credit on the record of Secretary ROOT in the State Department.

According to the report from Washington the agreement takes the form of a declaration in five articles which severally express, first, the wish of the two governments to encourage the free and peaceful development of their commerce in the Pacific; secondly, a common disclaimer of aggressive designs; thirdly, a firm resolution on the part of each signatory to respect the territorial possessions of the other in the Pacific, and fourthly, a joint determination to support "by all peaceful means at their disposal" the independence and integrity of China and the principle of equal commercial and industrial opportunity therein. Particular notice should be paid to the fifth article, which reciprocally pledges the two governments in the event of the territorial status quo or principle of equal opportunity being threatened, to communicate with each other for the purpose of arriving at an understanding with regard to the measures they may deem it useful coincidently to take.

On the significance of the declared intention that the possessions of each signatory in the Pacific shall be respected by the other it should be superfluous to dwell. Great Britain, France and Russia have successively entered into covenants with Japan whereby the parties have reciprocally guaranteed their respective territories in the Far East. These arrangements, as we have often pointed out, left the United States and Germany in a peculiar situation. If either of the two last named countries should become involved in war with Japan and should happen to be victorious at sea it would be precluded from prosecuting the war by the occupation of Japanese territory, as for instance the island of Formosa, because Great Britain, France and Russia would be bound by their compacts to interpose. This state of things was obviously one from which Japan had much to gain and not much to lose in a contest with the United States. Assuming that the alleged new agreement of our Government with Japan exists and is reported correctly, we have the satisfaction of knowing that the state of things whereof we have had just reason to complain exists no longer.

At the first glance it may be thought that by the fifth article of the declaration in which we are alleged to have joined we have departed from the nation's traditional policy against entangling alliances with foreign Powers. Upon close inspection, however, it appears that no alliance in any proper sense of the word, but simply concurrent and harmonious action, is contemplated, such as we undertook in connection with other civilized Powers for the relief of the besieged legations in Pekin. The contingency which this article has in view is remote and improbable. A precaution is taken against the scarcely conceivable case in which without regard to recent conventions Russia alone, or Russia and France coupled, or (once more, as in 1895) Russia, France and Germany together, should attempt to dismember the Middle Kingdom—then the United States and Japan, which with their navies could dominate the Pacific, would confer about the course which it might be deemed expedient simultaneously to follow.

If Secretary ROOT has concluded the right sort of agreement with Japan he will be able to leave the State Department with the comforting conviction that in his time there will be peace in the Pacific.

Mr. Newberry and the Navy.

We are not at all sure that "Marine Engineer," whose letter was printed in THE SUN of November 27, is not unjust to acting Secretary of the Navy NEWBERRY. At the same time we have no fixed convictions in the other direction. "Marine Engineer" is of opinion that Mr. NEWBERRY is dominated by "Admiral" CAPPS, and we, knowing nothing of importance in respect of that thrilling matter, are unable to deny it. For all we can say it may be entirely true. The "Admiral" possesses many imposing and seductive qualities which may easily affect a comparatively young and impressionable functionary. Mr. NEWBERRY came to Washington with very vague ideas as to the navy, and among the first officials with whom he entered into contact was "Admiral" CAPPS, the Chief Constructor, intrenched in authority, obscuring the rest of the bureau chiefs as an employer of labor and a dispenser of patronage, and furthermore attractive to the new Assistant Secretary by reason of his social prominence and his almost irresistible address. It is quite conceivable that Mr. NEWBERRY then and there may have been permanently fascinated.

At present the world knows very little about the Hon. TRUMAN H. NEWBERRY. Until the other day he was a subordinate in the Navy Department. It is true that he has had to discharge all sorts of duties, owing to the various absences of his chief. He has been in supreme authority some of the time and in quasi-authority the rest of the time, but it is difficult if not impossible, and for obvious reasons, to identify him with any explicit policy of serious consequence. It is true that for some time past he has had at his elbow a line officer of notable efficiency, but nobody can be sure as regards the special purpose for which he has employed that adviser, and we have nothing but conjecture to aid us in the premises. THE SUN'S hypothetical postulate, therefore, that he may devote himself to a reorganization of the administrative machinery of the navy, has as yet no more than a basis of guesswork. We proposed it as the most logical assumption in the case of a gentleman who really wishes to benefit and uplift the service. Nothing more! It was not "generosity," it was plain common sense that inspired the hope. We pretend to no insight into Mr. NEWBERRY'S intentions. Enough for us to indicate the direction in which his opportunity lies.

The insistence of certain persons upon a scheme to exalt the personnel may be suggestive. On every hand there is voluminous talk about the necessity of opening the channels of promotion and sending "the young men" to the front. THEODORE ROOSEVELT prates of "nervous" persons at the helm—old age being always the objection—and leaves in our minds the impression that the only real test of efficiency is youth. FARRAGUT was past sixty when he ascended the Mississippi River in 1862 and captured New Orleans. DUPONT, FOOTE and DAHLGREN were over fifty-five when they achieved distinction. But why thresh out the argument? The present case is different, and we may assert with reasonable confidence that the initial and in fact the indispensable preliminary overture to any plan of serious and permanent betterment of the service is a thorough and complete reorganization. Of what use to bring young men to the front if the "system" is to be perpetuated?

Mr. NEWBERRY will take control in a day or two. Then and not until then shall we know whether he intends the emancipation and the exaltation of the navy or is still under the potent spell of the "Admiral." In another column we print an estimate of him which all well wishers to the navy will hope to see confirmed by his official course. In no other department is there a better chance for a capable head.

The Flying Machine in French.

The French are dissatisfied with their present name for the flying machine. To their nicely economic minds "aéroplane" is redundant. On the other hand Chauvinism keeps them from appreciating the simple neatness of the "Yankee" term "flier," which threatens, they say, to invade their language, though so far as we know it is not being exported in any large quantity from this side. Anyhow they are determined to stem this intrusion, and abandoning "aéroplane" to any ignorant foreigners who may choose to pick it up they are at present hesitating between "autociel," "homovol," "aéroscaphe," "anémo" and "aviomobile."

"Homovol" and "anémo" obscure the vital fact that the vehicle has a gasolene engine; so perhaps does "aéroscaphe," for those Grecian barks of yore were only rowed or sailed. "Aviomobile" means nothing to the point either, though it would correctly describe the car of VENUS; so we are left with "autociel," which is tempting at the first sound, but at the second, to our Puritan sense at least, seems to infringe somehow on the patent of the angels.

Perhaps the French had better try again. Why not engage the services of an Esperanto expert?

A Comparison.

The Tenement House Department is charged with the sanitary inspection of all tenement houses. The charter requires that every tenement house in which the average monthly rental of apartments is under $25 shall be inspected at least once in each month. As to other tenement houses the frequency of inspection is left to the discretion of the Commissioner. This sanitary supervision prescribed by the Charter has not heretofore been exercised. However, a beginning is now to be made, as the budget for next year appropriates $169,000 for a semi-annual inspection of tenement houses. The object of the appropriation is to prevent disease.

The Fire Department is charged with the prevention of fires. It has a bureau of violations and auxiliary fire appliances which is authorized to inspect all buildings and to enforce whatever precautionary measures may be needed, including the installation of standpipes and automatic sprinklers. The Manhattan staff of the bureau, as described by the New York Board of Fire Underwriters last spring, consisted of a battalion chief, five lieutenants, three first grade firemen and a stenographer. The Fire Commissioner urged a substantial appropriation for the bureau in next year's budget, asserting that, "given sufficient facilities, the bureau of violations and auxiliary fire appliances can in time give us almost a fireproof city." The appropriation was not made and the bureau will consist in 1909, as heretofore, of a few men detailed from the uniformed force. It will probably have at its disposal about $12,000.

Bret Harte's California.

In an address upon "Provincialism" delivered before the Massachusetts civic conference recently Professor JOSIAH ROYCE of Harvard University sought to dispel the illusion that BRET HARTE has wrought into his high colored stories of frontier life in California. Perhaps not all his readers have accepted BRET HARTE'S realism at its face value, but the general run of them may have had faith in him, supposing that he was a painstaking scene painter and a veracious reporter of manners, customs and dialect.

Professor ROYCE, however, is inexorable. He was born in a mining town of the Sierra Nevada, lived there for some time in his youth and has a retentive memory. HARTE, he says, did not know his mining camps, or knowing belied them. The social order he depicts had no existence and was shrewdly invented for his purpose. In fact, to quote Professor ROYCE, it "never was on sea or land." California had not had time to become provincial. There could be no types, for types have to grow before they can be known and described. The Harte stories of frontier life err in this:

> "They depict the early California mining camp as if it were more or less an established institution, and portray the miners as if they already possessed a sort of provincial consciousness. For BRET HARTE the early miner is already a definable social type—with a dialect and set characteristic customs and manners—with a local consciousness almost such as a peasantry or a Highland clan might possess."

As a matter of fact the miners, traders and such women as a rude fate brought to the camp were transients by design or misfortune, who looked forward to an early return to a civilized community. They spoke in all kinds of dialect, they had the manners of a score of foreign countries and of many American localities, and their customs were representative of as many places of origin. They were neither more moral than their previous vicinage nor more vicious and desperate. As Professor ROYCE says, their memories and hopes were elsewhere, and being but just transplanted they could not be types of the Sierras. "One needs," says the professor, "a social background for the characters of a story. BRET HARTE creates this background by conceiving his mining community in distinctly provincial terms."

So these tense and florid fictions of clever BRET HARTE have no illusions for JOSIAH ROYCE, and we fancy that since he has an analytical and prosaic mind they may excite his impatience and positively bore him. We do not know, and doubt, that BRET HARTE ever boasted that he held the mirror up to nature in his California stories (or any others of his pen) and derived his color from a society that actually existed. And we presume that it will make no difference to his readers. Their want is a story, and he supplies it. His art consists in taking them out of themselves and by turns amusing and terrifying them, mingling the humorous with the tragic and sounding the depths of their sympathies. The Sierras were his setting and he was his own prompter and stage carpenter. His method was thousands of years old, and will be practised as long as humanity wants a story. Such is art. It cannot be defined, nor can it be ordered by rule of thumb.

The Retreat of the Glaciers.

The observation of glaciers in all parts of the world outside of the polar regions has shown for some years that they are diminishing in all their dimensions. The process has been long continued in some places, as in southeastern Alaska, where Professor DAVIDSON was much impressed last year with the general retreat of the glaciers and the diminution of the snow fields since his first visit forty years ago. Muir glacier, the largest glacier known in temperate regions, is now eight miles shorter than formerly.

The international committee on glaciers, whose report for 1906 has just appeared, says that among ninety-six glaciers observed in that year in the Swiss and Austrian Alps seventy-nine were retreating. Several small glaciers in the French Alps have disappeared, and others are rapidly diminishing. The ice streams are melting also in central Asia on the slopes of the Peter the Great Mountains, though several glaciers in the Tian Chan ranges appear to be advancing. The largest glaciers in southern Canada are in the Selkirks. All of them have been retreating for ten years, but the annual rate of diminution is becoming smaller.

The large collection of facts which this committee has reported annually for twelve years shows that the meteorological conditions over the temperate zone have long been more favorable to the melting of ice than to the precipitation of snow in the higher altitudes. The pendulum will swing back some day and we shall hear of greater snowfall and advancing ice rivers. In fact the upper parts of some of the Selkirk glaciers are now growing thicker, and it will be interesting to learn how soon this will affect the still retreating terminals.

THE NEW YORK SUN also appears to have been formally assigned a front seat in the Ananias Club.—*Boston Herald.*

Yes. And by the familiar process of corroboration incident to a violent denial.

According to a hymn composed in honor of the Thane of Skibo:

> "'Tis not a nation but the world
> To him should grateful be."

If you seek his monument, look at your tax bills.

Mr. GARDNER is a son-in-law of Senator HENRY CABOT LODGE.—*Washington despatch.*

At great pains to teachers and expense of parents studious youth learns what "hysteron proteron" is, and feels a pride in knowing so noble a synonym for "the cart before the horse." And here is what should be the classical place, the most flagrant example of this reversal. The Hon. HENRY CABOT LODGE has been long and justly famous as the father-in-law of the Hon. AUGUSTUS PEABODY GARDNER.

We haven't time to respond to all the questions in the catechism sent us and the rest of the country by the Commission on Country Life, but to help the good work along we reply cheerfully to this inquiry:

> "Have the farmers in your neighborhood satisfactory facilities for doing their business in banking, credit, insurance, &c.?"

They have, thank you.

There was really no danger that West Point and Annapolis would not play their annual game of football because they had failed to agree upon an umpire. If no one else had been available the Commander in Chief would have volunteered.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

The Conservative and Old Fashioned Argument Against It.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Will you permit a home loving woman to submit a brief reply to the mass of arguments presented by some of her sisters in their promulgation of woman suffrage?

For the purpose of eliminating extraneous arguments let us concede at the outset that, other things being equal, woman's mind is tantamount to man's. The object of the suffragists is said by them to be the amelioration of women in general and of feminine special interests in particular. In other words, their desire to wield the ballot is to promote selfish ends.

Miss M. Carey Thomas, president of Bryn Mawr College, in an address before the National American Woman Suffrage Association at Buffalo last month said that all women and a minority of good men think differently from the majority of men. What an egregious fallacy to assume that all women would think apart from the majority of men, as if all women would agree among themselves on any question even to the extent of desiring universal suffrage. And just so certainly as they are agitating for a special interest are they speaking for a limited representation of all women.

In her accession to the ballot woman is borne within the portals of practical politics. Emerson, the sage of Concord, in his essay on politics has said: "What satire on government can equal the severity of censure conveyed in the word politic, which now for ages has signified cunning, intimating that the State is a trick?" Far from the amelioration of mankind would be the result of the admission of woman to the cunning of politics. Man, the stronger sex, through the inheritance of ages exercises his voice in government, and in requital shoulders the musket to the defence of the nation and the preservation of liberty. Woman, the gentler sex, handicapped by the disabilities of child bearing, is, on the other hand, the omnipotent conservator of the home. Woman is the guardian of domesticity, and without her no home is complete. Her world is the circle whose line bounds the home. Man's world of necessity must centre in the shop, the banking house, the factory or the mill. It is here, in yonder hall and on the street that politics holds sway. In the dwelling room of no home are political deals made.

The amelioration of all races is centred in the keeping of man closer to his business and the welding of woman to her home. Many of our woman suffrage votaries are celibates who themselves have elected to speak for all women, but the fact is patent that the majority of women are married and still possess the intrinsic virtue to remain women.

Mrs. HENRY S. CONN.

NEW YORK, November 27.

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

A Good Word for Mr. Newberry From a Retired Officer.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* As has been said so often in THE SUN, the navy needs an energetic, level headed man in Mr. Taft's Cabinet. The naval portfolio has been too long a political football. Let us have a good business man, a man trained to affairs.

Many naval officers think exceedingly well of Mr. Newberry. He has had wide experience in the world of manufactures, and he knows his job. He is where any other man can only get after a couple of years!

He has splendid moral courage. What he has done in our navy yards, if properly told, would read like a fairy tale—and all of it in the face of open opposition from politicians and covert opposition from bureau chiefs. He has actually forced these latter to recognize the existence of a Secretary of the Navy.

I am not advocating Mr. Newberry. If there is a better, wiser, more experienced and courageous candidate in mind, bring him along. The navy and the country want the very best. At any rate a man who has revolutionized the methods of correspondence in the navy and has made such marvellous strides in navy yard consolidation and reform, strides that are saving the Government vast sums annually, deserves encouragement and praise for his achievements.

Let me add that I have nothing to gain by Mr. Newberry's retention, as I am on the retired list.

RETIRED.

WASHINGTON, D. C., November 28.

Oh, If Mr. Bryan Would Shut Up!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Advance quotations from the *Commoner* in THE SUN of November 27 are discouraging, coming as they do immediately after a day of general thanksgiving. It appears that the only hope remaining of relief from Mr. Bryan's tongue and pen is the remedying of every abuse and the securing of every possible public good. This to be sure is the greatest inducement to get good quickly that has ever been offered, but the progress of humanity toward perfection is so slow that even such an incentive can scarcely accelerate the movement to such an extent that any of us may hope to enjoy the reward promised during the lifetime of the possessor of that tongue and pen.

But Mr. Bryan says that he discusses "the interests of the common people as he understands those interests." As yet he has shown no evidence of understanding them. He practically admits as much when he adds that he is "quite sure that his life work is in the study of the science of government." Almost everybody will agree that he does need to do a lot of studying along that line, and if he would only lay aside his tongue and pen until he had learned something everybody would be satisfied.

G. H. H.

BROOKLYN, November 27.

Private Encroachments Upon the Streets.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In my humble opinion Mr. Ernest Flagg, the architect, has struck the keynote of the situation when he suggests that the old fashioned stoop and area lines be entirely eliminated. There is no reason why owners of buildings should be allowed to encroach upon the streets owned by the city, but this evil has been allowed to grow to large proportions, as a trip through Broadway and some of the narrow downtown streets like Nassau, Cortlandt and Fulton will prove. Special privileges have been granted for the erection of large posts on the curb lines. These cases of special privileges may be seen all over the city. Why are they permitted?

OBSERVER.

NEW YORK, November 27.

A Tropical Skirt.

From the Charity Organization Review.

A missionary who labored in a tropical island desired to wean his flock to his own ideas of clothing. He appealed to their vanity, and gave to the fairest of her tribe several yards of cloth wherewith to make a skirt. She was to appear in the garment at the next mission meeting. She did so. But the missionary's pleased expectancy was turned to consternation when the untutored savage appeared with the whole of his gift wound upon her head in the form of a towering turban.

Burning Need of a Kansas Town.

From the Emporia Gazette.

Next to a street sweeper the thing most needed in Emporia is a good variety of horse radish.

She Was.

Mrs. Oldblood—Are you familiar with the Almanach de Gotha?

Mrs. Newblood—Yes, Josiah relies on it entirely for his weather predictions.

THE WILL TO SUFFER.

Coleridge quotes Sir Joshua Reynolds as declaring that "the greatest man is he who forms the taste of a nation; the next greatest is he who corrupts it." It is an elastic epigram and not unlike the rule that is poor because it won't work both ways. We might say that all master reformers, heretics and rebels were first great corrupters. It was a prime necessity in their propaganda. Aristophanes and Arius; Mohammed and Napoleon; Montaigne and Rabelais; Paul and Augustine; Luther and Calvin; Voltaire and Rousseau; Darwin and Newman; Liszt and Wagner; Kant and Schopenhauer—here are a few names of men who undermined beliefs, whether for good or evil. Rousseau, for example, has been accused of being one of the greatest corrupters in history; yet to him we may owe the Constitution of the United States. Pascal, in prose of unequalled polish, denounced the Jesuits as corrupting youth. Nevertheless, Dr. Georg Brandes, an "intellectual" and a philosophic anarch, once wrote to Nietzsche: "I, too, love Pascal. But even as a young man I was on the side of the Jesuits against Pascal. Wise men, it was they who were right; he did not understand them; but they understood him and * * * they published his 'Provincial Letters' with notes themselves. The best edition is that of the Jesuits." Were not Titian, Rubens and Rembrandt the three unspeakable devils of painting for Blake? Loosely speaking, then, it doesn't much matter whether one calls a great man a regenerator or a corrupter. Napoleon was called the latter by Taine after he had been saluted as demigod by his idolatrous contemporaries. Nor does the case of Nietzsche differ much from his philosophic forerunners. He scolded Schopenhauer, though borrowing his dialectic tools, as he later mocked at the one sincere friendship of his lonely life, that with Richard Wagner. We know the most objective philosophies are tinged by the individual temperaments of their makers, and perhaps the chief characteristic of all philosophers is their unphilosophic contempt for their fellow thinkers. Nietzsche displayed this trait; so did Richard Wagner—who was in a lesser fashion an amateur philosopher, his system adorned by plumes borrowed from Fichte, Schelling and Schopenhauer. Arthur Schopenhauer was endowed with a more powerful intellect than either Wagner or Nietzsche. He "corrupted" them both. He was materialist enough to have echoed the epigram often attributed to Fontenelle: To be happy a man must have a good stomach and a wicked heart.

Friedrich Nietzsche was more rhapsodist, poet and prose artist than original thinker. Merely to say Nay! to all existing institutions is not to give birth to a mighty idea, though the gesture is brave. He substituted for Schopenhauer's "will to live"—an ingenious variation of Kant's "thing in itself"—the "will to power," which is verbal juggling. The late Eduard von Hartmann built his house of philosophy in the fog of the unconscious; Nietzsche, despising Darwin as a dull grubber, returned unknowingly to the very land of metaphysics he thought he had fled forever. He was always the theologian—*toujours séminariste*, as they said of Renan. Theology was in his blood. It stiffened his bones. Abusing Christianity, particularly Protestant Christianity, he was himself an exponent of theological odium of the old fashioned virulent sort, as may be seen in his thundering polemics. He held a brief for the other side of good and evil; but a man can't so easily empty his veins of the theologic blood of his forebears. It was his Nessus shirt and ended by consuming him. He had the romantic cult of great men, yet sneered at Carlyle for his titanism. He believed in human perfectibility. He borrowed his superman partly from the classic pantheon, partly from the hierarchy of Christian saints—or perhaps from the very cross he vituperated. The only Christian, he was fond of saying, died on the cross. The only Nietzschian, we might reply, passed away when the brilliant brain of Nietzsche crumbled. Saturated with the culture of Goethe, his superman was sent ballooning aloft by the poetic afflatus of Nietzsche.

He was an apparition possible only in modern and rationalistic Protestant Germany. Like a voice from the Middle Ages he stirred the profound phlegm and spiritual indifference of his fellow countrymen. But he has in him more of Savonarola than of Luther—Luther, who was for him the apotheosis of all that is hateful in the German character; the self-satisfied philistinism, sensuality, beer drinking, unresponsiveness to all the finer issues of existence, pious tactlessness and harsh dogmatism. Nietzsche quite loses his sense of historic perspective when dealing with the Reformation. It is the hyperæsthetic man who speaks, not the penetrating analyst of soul states.

His truth is enclosed in a transcendental vacuum. Whether he had Galton's science of eugenics in his mind when he modelled his Zarathustra we need not concern ourselves. His revaluation of moral values has not shaken morality to its centre. He challenged superficial conventional morality, but the ultimate pillars of faith still stand. He reminds us of William Blake when he writes: "The path to one's heaven ever leads through the voluptuousness of one's own hell." And his psychical resemblance to Pascal is striking. Both men were physically debilitated: their nervous systems, overwhelmed by the burdens they imposed upon them, made their days and nights a continuous agony. The Nietzschian philosophy may be negligible, but the psychological aspects of this singularly versatile, fascinating and contradictory nature are not. His "will to power" in his own case resolves itself into the will to suffer. Compared with his, Schopenhauer's pessimism is the good natured grumbling of a healthy, witty man, with a tremendous vital temperament. Nietzsche was delicate from youth. His experiences in the Franco-Prussian war harmed him. Headache, eye trouble, a weak stomach, coupled with his abuse of intellectual work and, toward the last, abuse of narcotics, all colored his philosophy. He could think only in epigrams; prolonged development of an idea was denied him. Naturally his devotion to the eighteenth century French writers of *pensées* told on his style, which is concrete, flashing, vivid, concise, subtle and often profound. However, the personal bias was unescapable, and that bias favored sickness, not health. Hence his frantic apotheosis of health, the dance and laughter, and his admiration for Bizet's "Carmen." Hence his constant employment of joyful imagery, of bold defiance to the sober workaday world. His famous injunction: "Be hard!" was meant for his own unhappy soul, ever nearing, like Pascal's, the abyss of black melancholy. Few monks have led a more self-denying and mystical life than Nietzsche.

While we believe that too much stress has been laid upon the pathologic side of Pascal's and Nietzsche's cases, there is no evading the fact that both seemed tinged with what Kurt Eisner calls *psychopathia spiritualis*. The references to suffering in Nietzsche's books are significant. There is a vibrating accent of personal sorrow on every page. He lived in an inferno, mental and physical. We are given to praising Robert Louis Stevenson for his cheerfulness in the dire straits of his illness. He was a mere amateur of misery in comparison with Nietzsche. And how cruel was the German poet to himself. He tied his soul to a stake and recorded the poignant sensations of his spiritual auto-da-fé. At the close of his sane days we find him taking a dolorous pride in his capacity for suffering. "It is great affliction only—that long, slow affliction in which we are burned as it were with green wood, which takes time—that compels us philosophers to descend into our ultimate depth and divert ourselves of all trust, all good nature, glossing, gentleness. * * * I doubt whether such affliction improves us; but I know that it deepens us. * * * Oh, how repugnant to one henceforth is gratification, coarse, dull, drab colored gratification, as usually understood by those who enjoy life! * * * Profound suffering makes noble; it separates. * * * There are free, insolent minds that would fain conceal and deny that at the bottom they are disjointed, incurable souls—it is the case with *Hamlet*." Nietzsche had the morbidly introspective *Hamlet* temper, and Pascal has been called the Christian *Hamlet*.

We read in Overbeck's recollections that Nietzsche manifested deep interest in the personality of Pascal. Both hated hypocrisy. But the German thinker saw in the French man of genius a Christian who hugged his chains, one who for his faith suffered "a continuous suicide of reason." (Has not Nietzsche himself also said hard things about Reason?) "One is punished best by one's virtues" * * * or, "He who fights with monsters, let him be careful lest he thereby become a monster. And if thou gaze long into an abyss the abyss will also gaze into thee." This last is unquestionably a reminiscence of Pascal. He could not endure with equanimity Pascal's *sacrifizio dell' intelletto*, not realizing that the Frenchman felt beneath his feet the solid earth of faith. He discerned the puritan in Pascal, though failing to recognize the puritan in himself. Despite his praise of the Dionysian element in art and life a puritan was buried in the nerves of Nietzsche. He never could tolerate the common bourgeois joys of life. Wine, woman, song and their champions were his detestations. He hated puritanism in Protestant Christianity. "The dangerous thrill of repentance spasms, the vivisection of conscience," he contemns; "even in every desire for knowledge there is a drop of cruelty." He wrote to Brandes: "Physically, too, I lived for years in the neighborhood of death. That was my great piece of good fortune; I forgot myself. I outlived myself—a shedding of the skin." Pascal also knew the sting of the flesh and brain. From the time he had an escape from sudden death he was conscious of an abyss at his side. "Men of genius," he wrote, "have their heads higher but their feet lower than the rest of us." With Nietzsche there was a darker nuance of pain; he speaks somewhere of "the philtre of the great Circe of mingled pleasure and cruelty." His soul was a mysterious palimpsest which it would be wise not to decipher.

The heart has its reasons, cried Pascal; of Nietzsche's heart the last word has not been written; not even when his "Ecce Homo" is given to the world shall we sound its abysses.

His criticism of Pascal was not element. He said: "In Goethe the superabundance becomes creative, in Flaubert the hatred; Flaubert a new edition of Pascal, but as an artist with instinctive judgment at bottom. * * * He tortured himself when he composed, quite as Pascal tortured himself when he thought." * * * Yes, but Nietzsche was as fierce a hater as Pascal or Flaubert. He set up for Christianity a straw adversary and proceeded to demolish it. He forgot that, as Francis Thompson has it: "It is the severed head that makes the Seraph." Nietzsche would not look higher than the muddy pedestal. He, poor sufferer, was not genuinely impersonal. His tragedy was his sick soul and body. "If a man cannot sing as he carries his cross he had better drop it," advises Havelock Ellis. Nietzsche bore a terrible cross—like the men staggering with chimeras in Baudelaire's poem—but he did not bear it with equanimity. We must not be deceived by his desperate gayety. As a married man he could never have endured as did John Stuart Mill his spiritual henpeckery. He was afraid of life, this dazzling Zarathustra, who went on Icarus wings so close to the sun. He could speak of women thus: "We think woman deep—why? Because we never find any foundation in her. Woman is not even shallow." Or, "Woman would like to believe that love can do all—it is a superstition peculiar to herself. Alas! he who knows the heart finds out how poor, helpless, pretentious and liable to error even the best, the deepest love is—how it rather destroys than saves."

Der Dichter spricht! Also the bachelor. Once a Hilda of the younger generation, Lou Salomé by name, came knocking at the door of the poet's heart. It was in vain. The wings of a great happiness touched his brow as it passed. No wonder he wrote: "The desert grows; woe to him who hides deserts"; "Woman unlearns the fear of man"; "Thou goest to women! Remember thy whip." (Always this resounding motive of cruelty.) "Thy soul will be dead even sooner than thy body"; "Once spirit became God; then it became man; and now it is becoming mob"; "And many a one who went into the desert and suffered thirst with the camels, merely cared not to sit around the cistern with dirty camel drivers." Here is the aristocratic radical.

It is weakness, admitted Goethe, not to possess the capacity for noble indignation; but Nietzsche was obsessed by his indignations. His voice, that golden poet's voice, becomes too often shrill, cracked and falsetto. Voltaire has remarked that the first man who compared a woman to a rose was a poet, the second a fool. In his attitude toward women Nietzsche was neither fool nor poet; but he never called one a rose. Nor was he a cynic; he saw too clearly for that, and he had suffered. Suffering should have been a bond, though; despite his cruel utterances he enjoyed several ideal friendships with cultivated women. He might have remembered Mr. Howells's wisdom: "There is no happy life for woman—the advantage that the world offers her is her choice in self-sacrifice." Gossip has whispered that he was hopelessly in love with Cosima Wagner. A charming theme for a psychological novel. So was Von Bülow, once—until he married her; so, Anton Rubinstein. Both abused Wagner's music; Von Bülow after he became an advocate of Brahms; Rubinstein always. Nietzsche, just before 1876, experienced the pangs of the reactionary. A pretty commentary this upon masculine mental superiority if one woman (even such a remarkable creature as Cosima) could upset the stanchest convictions of these three men. And convictions, asserted Nietzsche, are prisons. He contrived to escape from many intellectual prisons. Perhaps Cosima had proved the one inflexible jailer. "We live alone, we die alone," sorrowfully wrote the greatest religious force of the past century, Cardinal Newman. Nietzsche was the loneliest of poets. He lived on the heights and paid the penalty like other exalted searchers after the vanished vase of the ideal.

FAITH IN MORAL IDEAS.

Life Rule of One Who Finds Orthodox Religion Unsatisfying

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Old Bible chronicles of my family which recently I had occasion to consult yielded among other things Tract No. 68, "Poor Joseph, an Authentic Narrative," published by the American Tract Society, without date. The date of the Bible was 1802.

I have no means at hand of ascertaining the date at which the American Tract Society published Tract No. 68, but it must have been a long, long time ago, in the infancy, perhaps the incubation, of what at that time was regarded as, and maybap still is, an excellent and a praiseworthy organization.

The alleged story of "Poor Joseph" is characteristically false and obviously inane, like the stories of the temperance lecturer. Having read the tract I grew profoundly sad to think that religion must take such guise to convince, compel or confound. Then came the illumination. No, 68 was the precursor of perhaps 68,000,000 leaflets which have been issued by the American Tract Society, and each of all those millions of tracts has made its appeal—where reason, wisdom, knowledge, truth might have appealed in vain. What is the answer? The capacity of the average human soul for faith—faith in something, faith in anything, adequately proclaimed and consistently maintained.

Herein I seem to discover a solution of the relation of fanaticism to progress, and perhaps the unconscious thought back of the splendid mind of Professor Goldwin Smith. It was Napoleon who observed: "If I had not found a religion in France I should have invented one."

The Hon. William E. Chandler sees his ultimate destiny made possible and comprehensible in an adjacent planet. On the other hand, Mr. H. G. Wells observes poignantly that the thought of immortality is at once perplexing and disturbing.

We have, then, to consider only a working hypothesis for this life and not any other. Who can read the words of Victor Hugo over the grave of Balzac, at his funeral in Père la Chaise, without sympathy, without ardent desire to believe that what he says of the immortality of this magnificent genius may be true? But we have yet to hear one definite note of authority.

The analysis in THE SUN of November 27 of the situation in India, which recognized the incoherence of the some seventy religions under the ægis of the British Government, assumed, it seemed to me, that the spirit of any possible revolution essentially must be religious.

Hence, then, give us all faith. As no longer we can have faith in the supernatural or in ecclesiastical fictions, let us have faith in moral ideals. Let us discover, determine and prescribe those ideals. The last analysis of a gentleman is that he shall live up to his own standards, however mistaken. Cannot the white race discover and maintain standards adequate to its own continuance and self-respect?

EDWIN ATWELL.

NEW YORK, November 27.

LABOR UNIONS.

Work Done Under Their Control Inferior to That of Former Days.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Perhaps some of the defenders of the labor unions who express their views in your columns may be able to answer to my satisfaction a few questions.

Why is it that the workmen of to-day, with all their opportunities for "rest, recreation and education," are so very inferior in their work and so much less honest in it than their predecessors?

I will speak particularly of the men employed in the building trades. Where can we find a house built to-day which will compare in stability, honesty of work and finish with those built fifty years before the unions entered the trades?

Moving from one of the old houses, as sound and solid to-day as when it was built, into a new house, I find it full of defects, the work slighted, ill joined, badly finished in every particular. I ask the reason of this, and I am told that it is the fault of the labor unions, which compel the employment of worthless, lazy and dishonest workmen on the same terms as those who are competent and conscientious. I am told that the tendency of the unions is to bring all to the standard of the slowest and poorest workman, as he is to receive the same pay as the best. I am told that to dismiss these idle and incompetent men is to "raise a row" with the union and delay all work and entail great loss upon the builders. I am told these things by an old workman who belongs himself to a union as he could not get work otherwise, but who laments over the work done by the man who had a pride in it and a satisfaction in doing his best.

I am the owner of a house to-day, built more than fifty years ago, yes, sixty years ago, for my grandfather; and when it has been looked over by builders for some alterations needed I have been told that such work could not be done to-day for any money. Can the advocates of the unions explain this?

JUSTITIA.

NEW YORK, November 28.

Prophecies of Big Ben.

From the Captain.

Big Ben has been stopped three times by snow freezing on the hands and jamming them. A curious episode in its history took place in December, 1861, just before the Prince Consort died, when, owing to the failure of an experimental piece of apparatus, the clock struck a hundred or more strokes without stopping. People who were unaware of the cause saw in the occurrence an omen of the great loss which shortly afterward befell the nation. Another sensational prank was played by the clock on April 9, 1886, when it stopped while Mr. Gladstone was making his famous speech in favor of Home Rule for Ireland. This was taken by some as an augury that the bill would not pass, and as regards the event the prophets were justified.

A Parisian Character.

From the London Evening Standard.

The revolutionary Libertad has died in a Paris hospital from a kick which he had received during a stormy meeting last week. Libertad was one of the most curious figures in contemporary Paris. He wore no hat, but long tangled hair and a long beard. Over his scarlet shirt he wore a black blouse, and he was never seen without a crutch and an enormous cane. His language was terrific, and he rarely attended any public meeting without calling for blood. The man was a complete mystery. His most intimate disciples knew nothing of his history. On his death bed he begged his friends not to arrange a funeral for him, as he had left his body by will to the Paris School of Medicine.

An Electric Punkah.

From the Electrical Review.

One of the indispensables of torrid India is the punkah, or large fan, which is operated by a colored servant to secure a draught of air and keep insects from disturbing the sleeper. The native is not always reliable, being apt to doze, and for this reason efforts have been made to devise a mechanically driven punkah. These efforts have failed owing to the difficulty of duplicating the action of the hand worked punkah, the special value of which consists in the sudden jerk given the fan by the native at each turn. Recently an electrically driven punkah has been devised in which this jerking motion is perfectly imitated by a "lath shaped spring" covered with leather which slaps the fan to and fro.

The Present Fashions.

Stella—Isn't it all you can do to dance in your new gown?

Bella—Yes, but it's too tight to sit down in.