# The Sun.

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## Mr. Taft's Victory.

The economic and commercial effects of reciprocity with Canada must be tested by time; and the abundance of prophecies of good or ill to come from it may be dismissed as essentially poetical. A political effect of the discussion of the agreement has been disclosing itself gradually since Mr. TAFT's message to Congress on January 26, and with particular clearness in the last few weeks. Mr. TAFT has gained remarkably in public estimation, and the Insurgents have sagged steadily in reputation until there seems to be a general feeling of disgust at their insincerity, selfishness and double dealing. Mr. TAFT has shown that he is a frank, brave and capable leader. The Progressive saints have lost their halos; the congregation of the hypocrites is desolate.

## The Third Defeat.

For a third time the people of the State are able to congratulate themselves upon an escape from the direct nominations humbug. This year the congratulation is the heartier because there were moments when it seemed not unlikely that a ridiculous and thoroughly dishonest measure would be jammed through to satisfy an oratorical declaration in a party platform.

Fortunately the Blauvelt bill was defeated. Like the Cobb bill of last year, which all direct primary champions first denounced and then accepted, it was a fraud intended to deny precisely the thing that it pretended to bestow. It was not more dishonest than the Cobb bill, because nothing could be, but it was equally contemptible.

It may still be necessary for several Legislatures to defeat more or less denatured direct nominations projects before it becomes thoroughly understood that the opportunity for political advantage and self-advertisement in this agitation has been exhausted. But each year the attempt to foist the scheme upon an indifferent if not hostile electorate becomes more absurd.

## At Ghadames.

Even the Sahara has preserved few of its ancient cities unspoiled. Biskra has become a winter playground, and Figuig is now a rival. But one city, one oasis, has retained its independence, its aloofness; still deserves the designation of "mysterious," which Timbuktu has lost forever. This city is Ghadames, the Clapham Junction of the Sahara, the point at which almost all the Mediterranean routes from the Sudan, the eastern Niger country, Lake Tchad and the Congo regions converge.

Fifty years ago, to be sure, Ghadames was familiar enough to African travellers. ROHLFS, RICHARDSON, DUVEYRIER stopped here and described its charm and its commercial and strategic value. But when a French army stepped over from Algeria into Tunis and Tripoli became a frontier province, the Turkish owners closed the gates of Ghadames to Europe. In forty years CORNETZ had been the only European to enter its gates. FOUREAU tried and narrowly escaped with his life. The Marquis DE MORÈS ventured and left his bones in the desert sands. Some of the "White Fathers," the famous French missionaries, gave their lives in a vain attempt to reach the town.

So unspoiled and remote Ghadames has kept its color and its character, the original character of the remote Sahara. There is therefore peculiar interest in the description of this town now supplied by M. LÉON PERVINQUIÈRE in the June number of *La Géographie*. By no more romantic method than a touring car and an Arab horse M. PERVINQUIÈRE reached Ghadames. A member of the commission sent to mark the boundary between Tunis and Tripoli, he needed no disguise and had an opportunity for careful observation not rivalled by his famous predecessors.

From Paris to Ghadames M. PERVINQUIÈRE travelled in eighteen days, a record respectable even in present days of accelerated transit. His description of Ghadames seen from the desert is as follows:

"In the distance Ghadames seems like a dark line, then it is a long green speck, a green that is almost black, bordered by gray. The view is different when one climbs the plateau which dominates the southern side of the town. Here the ramparts formed by the dead walls of the houses have the appearance of a long crest, jagged, serrated. Above the flat roofs surge the white cornices of the taller houses in the centre of the town which emerge from a cluster of palm trees. In the foreground four white minarets of Tunisian architecture contrast sharply with the Sudanese design of the houses."

Entering the city through the narrow gate so long closed to Europeans, and penetrating the twisting passage under the walls, M. PERVINQUIÈRE's first impression was as follows:

"The first street is open to the sky; but it is the exception, for the majority of the streets of Ghadames are covered, and covered not merely by planks or arches like certain streets in Biskra and Tunis. At Ghadames the streets pass under the houses, which reunite above them. Many of the streets are wholly obscure. In the main artery alone are there some wells of aeration at long intervals to bring air and light. Ghadames makes you think of a city of moles or of the catacombs.

"One can imagine one is walking in the galleries of a mine, the timbering of palm trees. The tiny streets are so narrow that it is often difficult for people to pass. Frequently the main street itself is not seven feet wide. The roof is generally flat. Accidentally the street widens in one subterranean place which is arched, and here the inhabitants pass the warm hours of the day sleeping on stone benches. Sometimes a massive gate closes the end of a street. For the town of Ghadames is divided into many quarters, where for many years its inhabitants have lived as hostile brothers. And it remains a singular survival of an earlier day that the citizen of Ghadames almost never enters any quarter but his own."

It was M. PERVINQUIÈRE's good fortune to visit several of the native houses. The following description reveals the familiar North African home:

"Generally a low door opens into a winding corridor, completely obscure, broken by steps and terminating in a staircase which leads to the principal room, reception room, salesroom, and bedroom of the master of the family. On the walls hang some Sudanese tapestries, sometimes copper plates, weapons and clothes. In one corner in an alcove hidden more or less by tapestry is the bed of the head of the family, a kind of a catafalque in red and green wood, or more simply a mattress on a mat. This room alone is lighted by an opening in the ceiling, one or two interior stairways give access to the chamber of the second story and the terraces where the women circulate freely and where the men never appear."

Of the burghers of Ghadames the French visitor formed a slighting opinion. To the presence of Christians the residents seemed largely indifferent. Occasionally there were curses, but they were rare. On the other hand the report circulated that the French had purchased the oasis. The price was quoted as $4,000, "not an excessive amount," comments M. PERVINQUIÈRE, and those who believed it showed little resentment. But if the visitor cared little for the citizens, his admiration of the Tuareg was unqualified. Of the fraction of those gentlemanly bandits who camped outside Ghadames he writes:

"In their physical aspect the Tuaregs are superior to the citizens of Ghadames; truly they are fine men; big, slender, with supple bodies and fine figures and keen eyes rather more often brown than blue. They are evidently of the white type, but there has been some infusion of negro blood. They wear long pantaloons of blue cotton or white reaching to the ankle, and a sort of shirt or blouse, also blue or white, sometimes both. The head is covered by the titham, a piece of blue cotton deeply dyed and staining the skin considerably, which veils the face and leaves only the eyes visible. The Arab often goes bare footed, but on the Hamada there are too many stones, so the Tuaregs are shod in strong sandals of buffalo or camel hide.

"The women of the Tuaregs present equally fine types, perfectly European. They have oval faces, straight and fine noses, thin lips, dull complexions, slightly amber; but one cannot disguise the fact that many of them have the by no means unequivocal character of the negro. They wear a chemise and a piece of cotton or of wool, white, red, blue or striped, in which they drape themselves with real elegance. Their hair is braided, and their head is covered with a piece of cloth varying in color, which completes happily the costume.

"The Tuaregs are the true masters of Ghadames. No one dares dispute their will. They take what they want in the houses, and everybody gets out of their way when they pass."

But if Ghadames remains interesting, it is a dead city. Its commerce is gone. Of the gold, ivory and ostrich plumes which were anciently its staples little remains. No gold, four small tusks, one of which had been in the dealers' hands for forty years, and less than a hundred ostrich plumes; these were the trophies of the French mission. "There are not fifteen wealthy families in Ghadames, and the balance perform real miracles to escape starving to death," comments the French traveller. In the town shops there was practically nothing to sell. Even the palm trees are declining in number and value.

As might have been expected, M. PERVINQUIÈRE regrets the final acknowledgment by France of Turkish sovereignty in Ghadames. Commercially valueless or next to valueless, its usefulness in the scheme of policing the Sahara is conceded. "Since we are in the Sahara we ought to have this last refuge of pillagers whom we have elsewhere expelled," concludes M. PERVINQUIÈRE. But as to Ghadames itself, whose gates are again shut in European faces, M. PERVINQUIÈRE brought back few illusions. Its ancient glory he believes to have been greatly exaggerated; its present decline complete and final.

## The Father of Volapuk.

The name of JOHANN MARTIN SCHLEYER, who has just died at Constance at the age of 80, is now known to but a few persons outside the number directly concerned in his work. This German pastor was the inventor of Volapük, which was once put forward with some plausible chances of success as an international language.

SCHLEYER's system of universal speech was introduced to the world in 1879. It was formed on the basis of similar artificial languages which seek to exclude all elements not universal. The sounds in Volapük are expressed by twenty-seven letters, which generally speaking are to be used in their Latin, Italian or German values. Words are formed from the European languages. The noun in Volapük is the root of the word divested of all sounds excluded by the rules of the new tongue. In its final effect this artificial speech was rather a meagre medium of expression, practically incapable of any special vocabulary. So changed by its processes and rules were the roots of the words taken from various tongues that they were scarcely recognizable and had to be learned by memory.

These disadvantages of the invention did not, however, prevent it from finding supporters in Europe and this country. International congresses were held, an academy with directors was formed to govern the propagation of the language, and a formal machinery for the development of Pastor SCHLEYER's world speech was organized. The usual disagreement arose, however, among the directors, to be followed by indifference, and its inventor lived to see Volapük not only fail to achieve the purpose for which it was intended but even cease to be a subject of interest any longer to the specialists who once had considered it so important.

So Volapük went to share the oblivion of other artificial languages. Just as Volapük succeeded other experiments in the same field there has been a successor to it. Back of these efforts lies a deep and perhaps a permanent impulse, for they are looking toward the fulfilment of the ideal of the brotherhood of man, an aim that will undoubtedly add more made languages to those that have already been tried and found wanting.

## A People Without Religion.

Many years ago Sir JOHN LUBBOCK asserted that there are primitive peoples who have no religion. He was criticised by some writers, who said that his evidence was not satisfactory; and there are authors to-day who maintain that no known primitive element of the human race has not at least a glimmering of religious idea.

In its June number *Petermann's Mitteilungen* prints some testimony that seems to support the view of Sir JOHN LUBBOCK. It comes from Dr. WILHELM VOLZ, the geologist of the University of Breslau, who some time ago made extensive journeys through Sumatra in the course of which he pushed into the almost impenetrable wilds of the great forest in the interior of the southern part of the island. He found there a handful of natives, numbering probably not more than two or three thousand, who are isolated from the rest of the world as few human beings are in the present age. He says they have absolutely no knowledge of any place or thing outside the confines of their own narrow habitat. They have not advanced beyond the lowest state of "primitive" human life that can be conceived. Dr. VOLZ was not able to find among them any trace of a religious conception or any other idea beyond the satisfaction of their few physical needs. The gap between them and the brute he believes is very small. He calls them the wild Kubus, and asks that further investigation be made to establish or confute his opinion that here at last has been found a people with no religion, no superstition that might pass for a "primitive" form of religious faith, no fetich, no idea of good or evil spirits, of supernatural influences affecting human beings, or of another life after death.

The geographical conditions that environ the wild Kubus are the cause of their isolation. Their forest home, about sixty miles wide, lies between the second and third parallels of south latitude. To the east stretches a band of mangrove swamp extending about fifty miles to the sea, covered far inland every day by tidal waters, affording no footing for man or beast, harboring not even birds excepting a few that live on fish. To the west are the high mountains that skirt the western borders of the island. Between the mountains and the swamp is the low lying forest reaching far north and south; and few Kubus ever leave the little part of it which they inhabit. The thick foliage that roofs them over is scarcely penetrated by the tropical sun. The Kubus eke out a meagre life where Malays who have wandered into the woods have nearly starved. Great movements of population have swept over Sumatra, but no evidence has yet been discovered that other immigrants have ever entered this forbidding forest. The Kubus have been undisturbed perhaps for many generations.

Dr. VOLZ says these "primitive" folk in some of their ways are scarcely to be distinguished from the small manlike apes in the Indo-Malayan countries collectively known as the gibbon. These apes, few in number, live in the forest of the Kubus, and the explorer improved the opportunity to observe their habits. He says that the male has only one mate. He lives with his female and their two or three offspring. When the young gibbon, male or female, is old enough to look out for itself it wanders off and lives alone till some day it meets a mate and a new family is formed. This is precisely the custom of the Kubus; and the fact that they are monogamists and that their families are very small may have grown out of the sparsity of food in the perpetual semi-twilight of their habitat. They are wanderers through the forest seeking food. They have no property. They are not hunters, but simply collectors. They seek merely sufficient nuts, fruits and other edible growths to keep them alive. Every day in the year is hot, and the Kubus lack the stimulus of climatic change which compels many "primitive" folk to readjust their habits and pursuits to changed conditions. The Kubus wage very little warfare upon the small amount of animal life in their silent and sombre land. Nothing in their experience develops even the germs of activity, ingenuity or courage.

Dr. VOLZ found these people listless and uninterested in anything around them. The only notion he could get from them of a difference between a live and a dead person was that the dead do not breathe. He infers that they are immeasurably inferior to the paleolithic man of Europe who fashioned tools and hunted big game with his flint tipped arrow and steel. Intellectual atrophy is the result of the Kubus' environment. The words they know are almost as few as the ideas they try to express. The gibbon comes under exactly the same influence and has the same end in life, that is, merely to exist.

Dr. VOLZ has seen enough, however, to prove that the man has latent potentialities. A river or two, coming from the mountains, is so large that Malays, ascending in their boats, have established a few settlements near the Kubu country. Some of the forest dwellers who now live with them have shown important development in a comparatively short time. But the explorer has written not of them, but only of those of their tribe who have never come into contact with superior peoples.

The number of the wild Kubus is rapidly decreasing and Dr. VOLZ urges that the opportunity to study them should soon be improved. An investigation of the psychology and the intellectual content of these folk on the lowest plane of humanity is a mission which he believes should soon be given to experts; for here seems to be an opportunity to study man in his nearest approach to the mere animal.

## Pogram in Michigan.

The Hon. CHASE OSBORN, a native of Indiana, is Governor of Michigan. He is some sort of "Progressive" statesman, we believe; he walks backward and thus reverts to a type observed by Mr. DICKENS in the United States nearly seventy years ago. Pouring himself out before the National Editorial Association, the Governor of Michigan emitted this charming specimen of good taste and good manners:

"I think it is the destiny of America to abolish the long line of menace along our northern border until we have one country with one type of government, one language, one people from the north pole to the Isthmus of Panama."

It is the misfortune of America to have a long line of auritulous heehawers whose "boastful answer to the tyrant and the despot is that their bright home is in the land of the settin' sun."

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The vast wooded areas of the northern part of this continent have always been a land of mystery and their value a matter of considerable speculation. They have in part been explored recently by the forestry branch of the Dominion Interior Department, and the report may interest this country as well as Canada.

Of the land gone over from Hudson Bay westward to beyond the Mackenzie Valley only a small portion bore merchantable timber. The small, crooked jack pine, poplar and birch were fit for scarcely anything but fuel. All the tamarack had been killed by insects. Spruce was the only timber for sawmills. The supply of pulp wood was limited, as most of the trees were too small. The rate of growth is remarkably slow. White spruce and poplar in a hundred years attain a diameter of only from eight to twelve inches, and black spruce in the same period not more than four or five. Conditions somewhat similar to these are said to exist in the interior and eastern portions of Alaska.

The project to make this Canadian northland a forest reserve when the woods of the south have been exhausted by fires and the advance of settlers is not encouraging. But it is asserted that the slow growth and inferior quality of the trees are due largely to the "cold wet soil of the undrained muskegs which cover so much of the district." Proper drainage and scientific reforestation, it is believed, will do away with this and will result in the successful growth of great spruce reserves. Besides, it is shown in support of the project that valuable forests in the Scandinavian peninsula and Russia are still further north than the region sought to be developed.

## Aboard the Thackeray.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Since on Tuesday morning you were just about to man that interesting craft called the "Thackeray ark," I take it that I may not be too late to seek a place on her list; not among the elect, of course, but in some humbler capacity. Perhaps you haven't as yet secured a stewardess, or better still, one of the ladies may need a maid, and so I present my application herewith. The delight of the trip would fully compensate for the services required, you may say. And by the way, I hear that Madam Becky Sharp is looking for just such a companion, her coffers being unusually low. I have also heard that there is great speculation as to just whose chairs are to be placed together and that Mr. Joseph Sedley has paid an exorbitant price for his position aboard.

By the way, I think Dr. Johnson's Dictionary will be superfluous, for I am positive not one lady will take the time to look up a word from him while Mrs. Beatrix or Madam Becky is on deck, so much would those ladies make of the opportune moment. Kindly use your influence for me.

A HUMBLE PASSENGER.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., July 21.

## Scarlet or Black?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Were the stockings of Mistress Beatrix Esmond upon a certain festive occasion scarlet or black? My memory persistently says "scarlet."

M. V. T.

GLEN COVE, July 22.

## Racing and Betting.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The attitude of the Legislature toward racing is disgusting to every real American. That racing should be abolished in this State is an astonishing absurdity. There is not now and there never has been any opposition to this sport except on the part of a few professional notoriety seekers and dyspeptics. To think that we allow ourselves to become a laughing stock of the nations by public restrictions upon every blessed enjoyment of man makes one almost ashamed to be called an American.

I have failed yet to meet any one who does not enjoy racing, and incidentally betting on races; but these good people, long since wearied by the doings of their "representatives," are too tired to interfere.

Nine out of ten of these representatives favor the repeal of the absurd laws passed in the Hughes administration, but the activity of a few loud mouthed "reformers" yelling in their ears creates in their minds a false impression.

It is possible that there were a few unfortunate results of the former private bookmaking system, but even so, that is no reason for abolishing the entire institution, in which millions of dollars were invested, tens of thousands of men employed, and which almost the entire population enjoyed.

Let us have racing again by all means, and also betting. If there is a prejudice against private bookmakers, let us establish the pari-mutuel system which works so well in France.

Gee! But what is more fun than to see your colors coming down the stretch in front while you excitedly collect a little sympathy for the bookie. Come, Solons, let us have somewhere else to go than to the ball grounds.

LIBERTY.

NEW YORK, July 21.

## A "Character" Given to the Gray Squirrel.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A few days ago a letter appeared in THE SUN from a correspondent who seems to think that the squirrels in Central Park are annoying birds especially by eating their eggs, and possibly their young. To substantiate his fears he quoted an article that appeared in a foreign magazine.

I have carefully investigated this subject and find that our American gray squirrels, such as are found in Central Park, have never been accused of this unfortunate habit. It seems that in England the squirrels do sometimes eat birds' eggs. This is probably due to a scarcity of food.

It may also be possible that the American red squirrel will sometimes do this trick, for in general the red squirrel seems to be a disturber.

NEW YORK, July 22. W. A. CHANDLER.

## EQUAL POLITICAL RIGHTS.

### Views of a Woman Who Belongs to the "Conservative Sisterhood."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The letter of "J. T. W." in THE SUN of July 20 headed "Was Joan of Arc an Anti?" invites "conservative" women to "break their silence and speak their minds" on the subject of woman suffrage. As I am neither a "suffragette" who cares to march in parades and make speeches on street corners nor an "anti" who sees in the ballot only an instrument for the destruction of home and society, I think I may call myself one of the "conservative" sisterhood.

Being an American and a believer in democracy I naturally believe in the principle of woman suffrage, which is in accord with the spirit of our institutions, and I confidently expect the enfranchisement of women sooner or later as a matter of expediency. It is in the line of progress and inevitable.

But why will these "antis" insist that to vote will mean to neglect our homes? I am a housekeeper, and voting would not interfere with the business of my life any more than it does with my husband's business.

What is there about the right to vote that would prevent any woman from emulating Caroline Norton or Florence Nightingale or Joan of Arc, provided she possesses the great qualities these women had? Were these women great because they were not suffragists?

"J. T. W." says: "It behooves us to think on these things; otherwise I fear we may fail even as men have failed to make an ideal republic." I suppose she means when women vote. Most likely we shall fail even as men have failed, but equal political rights is one step forward toward the "ideal republic."

ONE CONSERVATIVE WOMAN.

BROOKLYN, July 22.

## Socialism Among the Farmers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A little investigating might induce Senator Bailey to change his statement quoted in to-day's SUN that "the socialists do not recruit their pestilential organization from among his kind," meaning the farmer.

I recently visited a rural farming community in the eastern part of Pennsylvania and was astonished to find socialism rampant among the farmers. Fifteen years ago in that section socialism was considered synonymous with everything obnoxious or dangerous, and it would have been impossible to find a socialist. All this has changed; and the same can be said of the little industrial centres throughout the Schuylkill Valley. The labor movement never amounted to much among those workingmen, but socialism has taken firm root and is already becoming an influence.

If Mr. Bailey really desires to prevent the spread of socialism he can do a little by retiring into well earned oblivion. He and others of his type in public life furnish the most effective means for advancing socialist propaganda in this country.

BROOKLYN, July 21. SAMUEL SQUIBB.

## Increments.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I append two clippings from this morning's newspapers. The first is from the testimony of Mr. John E. Parsons before the Congressional committee in the sugar trust matter. You will note the comment of Congressman Garrett on the "policy of the company in paying 200 per cent. in trust certificates on 100 per cent. of actual valuation."

The second clipping records that the value of land in farms has risen from thirteen to twenty-eight billions of dollars, an increase of 118 per cent. in a ten year period, and that the value an acre of all land in farms in the same period has risen from $15.60 to $32.50, or 108 per cent.

The point in my mind is, how far is it criminal for the sugar trust to have an increase in its values of 100 per cent. and how far it is praiseworthy for the farmer to have his property advanced to an equal amount? An interesting sidelight on this might be shown by a comparison in the selling price of sugar and the selling price of farm commodities in the last ten years.

PHILADELPHIA, July 21. A READER.

## Candidates.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Colonel Bryan of Nebraska publishes a formidable list of Presidential candidates in his weekly paper, any of whom he says will be satisfactory to him. It pains me to note the omission of ex-Constable Jones of Texas, ex-Secretary Brown of the village board of Salt Run, Supervisor Shanks of the Beaver Creek precinct, Captain Smith of Arkansas and Colonel Williams of Kentucky, every one a veteran and scarred up from head to foot. I guarantee every one of them to have been properly "environed."

Colonel Bryan's list is made up almost wholly of men who reside east of the Rocky Mountains, and is shockingly unfair in its preference for those who reside in large cities. If the party is wise it will choose some experienced runner from some point west and south of the Rio Grande River, California, being known by many as a "gold State," could present no acceptable candidate. Name some modest editor from Arizona and the result will be a foregone conclusion.

D. SWIFT DIGGINS,
Editor of the *Rattler*.

CROTALUS CENTRE, Ariz., July 18.

## The Flag in Church.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Attending church at Patchogue, L. I., last Sunday, I saw something which I never remember seeing in a church before—an American flag. Seeing it there beside the pulpit in the house of God its true meaning seemed suddenly forced upon me, "In God We Trust."

The American flag, always revered by me, as it is by every true American, now seemed to have an added sacredness, which will always impress me. What a pity that more ministers have not thought of giving to America's flag this honor, that by so doing our reverence for our country's emblem may be increased.

NEW YORK, July 22. THEODORA BOOTH.

## Still Harping on the Lions.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A recent visit to the Bronx Zoo leads me to suggest as a compromise between the various opinions of the nature of the interesting objects in front of the new library that the sculptor intended them for Neolithic Pandogs, combining in one happy thought the attributes of the Egyptian cat, the Assyrian wolf, the Russian bear and Davy Crockett's coon.

I am bound to say, however, that my little daughter says that they are nothing but great big white kittycats.

H. W.

NEW YORK, July 22.

## Twin Phrases.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The difference between executive ability and administrative ability is the difference 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee.

C. D. S.

WAYSIDE, N. J., July 22.

## Confession.

The stars that trail the shoreless blue,
  Whose distant lights are earthward borne,
Whence hail they, where to-morrow due,
  Upon what voyages forlorn,
And manned by what fantastic crew?

Shall we who watch their signal fires
  Presume to give them each a name,
Or measure their remote desires,
  Whose calm, untroubled courses shame
The narrow wisdom of our shires?

Precocious children of the West,
  Of mother earth the youngest breed,
How know we that our way is best?
  The undried ink upon our creed
The ages only shall attest.

Shall short lived monsters of our seas,
  And cañons of our city streets,
Shall turmoil in a hive of bees,
  That gathers what another eats,
Outweigh one Arab on his knees?

As each man's God is what he thinks,
  So ours is made of brass and gold,
And lo, our bragging clamor sinks,
  Like children's chatter, over bold,
Before the calm eyes of the Sphynx.

FREDERICK TRUESDELL.

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Detective Burns, President Diaz, the "masters of capital" and the "law making" voters of Oregon figure in the current number of *McClure's Magazine*. Mrs. Humphry Ward's serial story, five short stories and a poem complete the number.

## SHAKESPEARE RELICS.

### II.

It is comforting to know that there is one real thing at Stratford-on-Avon. Trinity Church has not yet been torn down by the Stratford Aldermen. The grave of the dramatist is there, once dug in the loam under the chancel. True, the slab bearing the well known "Good Frend for Jeasus Sake," &c., is not the first nor perhaps the second slab so inscribed. But the mural monument and bust, as repaired in 1748 by John Ward, is there too. So let us be happy yet. At least not one of the "birthplace" relics is a more precious humbug than the roof which shelters them.

I now pass to enumeration of the later relics, real or alleged, that have accrued within the last ten and mostly within the last five years, and so have not yet been accepted or challenged by the biographers. In 1905 one Dr. Andrew Clark of Chelmsford, England, sent to Dr. Furnivall the following which he claimed to have copied from "The Plume MSS." (1565-1663). (This "Plume" manuscript is a lot of memoranda left by Dr. Plume, vicar of Greenwich, dating about 1657-59. It was in this collection that the well known story of the Latten [Latin] spoons which Shakespeare was to give as a christening present and that Ben Jonson was to translate was found.):

He [Shakespeare] was a glover's son. Sir John Mennes once saw his old father in his shop, a merry cheeked old man that said: "Will was a good honest fellow, but he darst have cracked a jest with him at any time."

Dr. Furnivall at once interpreted this enigmatical entry to mean that William Shakespeare's father "dared to crack a joke" with his own son "at any time." And in true Furnivallian fashion announced another discovery concerning the great dramatist. On it being pointed out to Dr. Furnivall that Sir John Mennes was born in March, 1599, whereas John, Shakespeare's father, died September, 1601, so that Sir John must have had the interview of which he testified when in his second year, Dr. Furnivall replied: "The story may be trustworthy even if assigned to the wrong person. I at any rate don't mean to give up that merry cheeked old father cracking jokes with his illustrious son." And "the merry cheeked old father" aforesaid is with us still.

One of the most interesting of Shakespeare hoaxes seems to have originated wholly within the United States and to be the only one enjoying that distinction. It appeared first, from nobody knows where, in or about the year 1850, and preserved a periodicity thereafter until interrupted, as will be told, of almost exactly five years. The story was that in Fredericksburg, Va., there was buried a man who had been a pallbearer at William Shakespeare's funeral. The inscription on the stone covering the grave ran thus: "Here lies the Body of Edward Helder, Practitioner in Physick and Chirurgery; Born in Bedfordshire, England, in the year of our Lord 1542. Was contemporaneous with and one of the bearers of William Shakespeare. After a brief illness his spirit ascended in the year of our Lord 1618 aged 76."

I traced this tale to the year 1850. In 1863 it arrived with a touch of tragedy. It got itself printed in *Fraser's* in March, 1865. In 1870 the *Atlantic Monthly* in its September issue contained it in verses, the metre of which, like the roll of pumpkins on a barn floor, would have alone commended its antiquity, each stanza winding up with the burden "At the Funeral of William Shakespeare." The poem was signed "F. W. Loring," which seemed a promising clue. But Mr. Loring was dead, and nothing further came from it.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of July 13, 1870, had it next. And then another American newspaper circuit began. In one of them it was stated that "in Fredericksburg, Virginia, is preserved a copy of the Fredericksburg *Gazette*, published in 1784 [as indefinite, be it noted, as Falstaff's birthday, which identified only the hour of the morning of that auspicious event, no day or month vouchsafed] which bears evidence that this stone was then a feature of the place, since a tribute to it in verse is there printed as follows" then adding these very *Atlantic Monthly* verses of 1870 (spelled as antiquity is supposed to have spelled) as a holdover from 1784. Its last appearance, however, on any stage was in a series of syndicated papers on Sunday, October 20, 1884. This time the story added that when Burnside's artillery passed through the old graveyard at Fredericksburg the stone was somehow wrenched from the grave, and years afterward was taken and used for a doorstep to a negro's cottage in the town. This was its quietus, for knowing that no negro could well overcome his superstitions far enough to select a gravestone for his doorstep I started certain investigations, which resulted after considerable correspondence in establishing the fact that there had never been any such stone in the Fredericksburg graveyard! But a curious thing now happened. I addressed a letter to a Boston literary journal that made a specialty of Shakespeare matters, reciting the above facts. Subsequently I was surprised to receive a letter signed John Hawkins, a resident of Baltimore. Mr. Hawkins informed me that on a visit to the battlefield of Fredericksburg in 1863 he found on the body of a dead Federal soldier a diary, a small book about three inches tall by two inches wide, in which was written in pencil this very inscription above given. I sent for the book and Mr. Hawkins entrusted me with it. The soldier's name was not in it, but it was the diary of an illiterate Indiana boy giving the date of his enlistment, entries of his good-by visits in his town (name not given), and on the date of the battle where he was killed only the two entries "Ordered to winter quarters" and "Order to go into winter quarters countermanded." But the remarkable thing was that copied upon a flyleaf of the little book in pencil was this inscription on Edward Helder's grave. I could make nothing of it, nor could Dr. Moncure Conway, to whom I showed it. "But," said Dr. Conway, "I am a native of Fredericksburg and I will find out about that gravestone." Dr. Conway did go to the bottom of it, and printed his account of his adventures in locating the stone under the title "Hunting a Mythical Pallbearer" in a well known magazine of this city in 1885. To wind up this remarkable story I will say that Dr. Conway did find a piece of a gravestone near a house on Potomac Run at a certain Willow Grove Farm, in the vicinity of Fredericksburg. The stone had been badly broken up by artillery wheels, according to a Mrs. Alexander, who lived near by. And on the stone itself on careful examination Dr. Conway found the remains of a letter R and the words "Ætatis sua 76." He also found a Mr. C. L. Brown who in 1861 had copied the inscription the stone then bore, as follows: "Here lies intered the body of Edmond Holder practitioner in Physic and Chyrurgery born in Bedfordshire obit March 11, 1613, ætatis 76."

The only guess that I can make at an explanation of this remarkable story is that some local genius, seeing the age of the stone, associated it with Shakespeare in order to make copy for some local newspaper; that on its periodical rounds the story had attracted the attention of some persons in the town where the soldier had enlisted, and this person, thinking that the soldier might be in a part of Virginia where he could verify it, had asked him to copy it into his diary for purposes of such verification. At least I feel from the character of the entries in the diary that the young soldier himself would not have been interested in the matter at all.

At least this explanation is as good as another and quite as sensible as most attempts to account for half the unaccountable things that are always happening in Shakespearian contingencies.

The myth of "Shakespeare's gloves" already exploded in THE SUN, leads up to another curious story which has created another fraudulent relic of Shakespeare, and this too is in the United States.

In 1742 there was living at Leominster in England an actor named John Ward. He was not only an actor himself but was the manager of his own theatrical company, and moreover he was grandfather of the great Mrs. Siddons. He took a zealous and constant care of Shakespeare's vestiges during his entire life. In 1748 he caused the mural monument and bust in Trinity Church to be overhauled and restored to its original state and coloring, which may have some bearing on Mrs. Stopes's claim that different pictures of it made at different times do not agree as to details and the various bizarre theories that that good dame founds thereon. He raised the funds to pay for this restoration by a performance of "Othello" in Stratford Town Hall in September of that year. It was he who suggested to Garrick the latter's famous jubilee. He is connected with us here in America by a curious story. It seems that he cut from some document a tracing of the last signature to Shakespeare's will and pasted it on the inside of the first cover of his copy of the Second Folio. In 1885 the Rev. Frank Bristol of Chicago, later of Washington, found that identical copy of the Second Folio in a miner's cabin in Nevada, sold it to Mr. Charles A. Gunther of Chicago for a thousand dollars and Mr. Gunther brought it to this city and it was examined by the New York Shakespeare Society. The society appointed a committee which after two years was able to report every link in the chain of ownership of the volume from John Ward to an owner in 1839, though how it got from that owner to the miner's cabin in Nevada nobody can pretend to guess. The entire report, which is one of the cleverest pieces of identification to be found anywhere, is printed in New Shakespeareana, Vol. IV., page 56.

The complete text of his letter presenting the gloves now owned by Dr. Furness to Garrick is as follows:

LEOMINSTER, May the 21, 1769.

DEAR SIR: On reading the newspapers I find you are preparing a grand jubilee to be kept at Stratford on Avon to the memory of the immortal Shakespeare. I have sent you a pair of gloves which have often covered his hands. They were made me a present by a descendant of the family when myself and company went over there from Warwick in the year 1746 to perform 'the play of "Othello"' as a benefit for repairing his monument in the great church, which we did gratis, the whole of the receipts being expended on that alone. The person who gave them to me, William Shakespeare by name, told me his father had often declared to him that they were the identical gloves of our great poet, and when he delivered them to me said: "Sir, these are the only property that remains of our famous relative. My father possessed and sold the estate he left behind him and these are all the recompense I can make you for this night's performance." The donor was a glazier by trade, very old, and to the best of my memory lived in the street leading from the town hall down to the river. On my coming to play in Stratford about three years after he was dead. The father of him and our poet were brothers' children. The veneration I bear to the memory of our great author and player makes me wish to have these relics preserved to his immortal memory, and I am led to think that I cannot better deposit them for that purpose than in the hands of our modern Roscius.

I am, sir, your most ob't humble serv'nt,

JOHN WARD.

Mr. Ward could hardly, one would think, have forgotten that such statements as these of "the glazier named William Shakespeare" (there never was any such person) could guarantee nothing. But here is the letter. Garrick's widow gave these gloves to Mrs. George Combe, who was, before her second marriage, the great Mrs. Siddons. Mrs. Combe gave them to Mrs. Fanny Kemble, and Mrs. Kemble, then Mrs. Butler, gave them to Dr. Furness.

In 1906 Sir Henry Maxwell Lyte, deputy keeper of the English Public Records Office in London, announced that a Mr. W. H. Stevenson, an antiquary whom he had directed to examine them, had unearthed two startling entries in a domestic relic. The papers being examined were those of the Duke of Rutland, the Elizabethan Earl, of whom we remember the entry in a letter from Rowland White to Sir Robert Sidney, dated October 11, 1599: "My Lord Southampton and my Lord Rutland come not to the court but very seldom. They pass the time merely in going to plays every day." In the book of household accounts of this Earl of Rutland are the following entries:

Item 31 Martii, to Mr. Shakespeare, in gold about my Lord's impresse, xliij s.

To Richard Burbage, for payntinge and makeing it, yt, in gold xliiij s iiiij, xliij s.

Translated, these entries mean that upon some function given by Lord Rutland a tournament was arranged and the device or "impresse" for his lordship's display therein was assigned to Shakespeare and Burbage to design and execute in painting respectively.

The account book, which is preserved at Belvoir Castle, contains these extraordinarily interesting items under the grouping "Payments for household stuffe, plate, armour, hammers, anvyles and reparacions, 1613." Here is of course a new and very startling relic of Shakespeare, identified sufficiently as the dramatist by the association with Burbage. Not much comment has as yet been made by Shakespearian scholars. Possibly the evidence is only to be accepted in silence. That Shakespeare should have volunteered to design an "impresse," such as were very common and often changed as the fancy of gentlemen dictated, for a special occasion for a noble patron of his theatres seems not unnatural. But that he should have charged for it and been paid for it seems inexplicable. The payment mentioned in the entry is the "gold shilling," which amounted to eleven silver shillings, say about ten pounds sterling to-day. But at this date Shakespeare was living in New Place at a rate which impressed Domine Ward as being about "a thousand a year." Of course an overestimate, since a thousand pounds at present value of money would be something like $25,000 or even more (Shakespeare, it will be remembered, paid only £60 for New Place itself); but sufficiently indicative of his anything but poverty. But the relic is genuine however interpreted, and we