TO KNEEL OR NOT TO KNEEL

Some Notes on Genuflexion in Connection with the Recent Naval Mutiny at Portsmouth.

Since Lieut. Collard, of the royal navy, has just been court-martialed for the role which he played in connection with the recent very serious mutiny of the naval stokers at Portsmouth, a mutiny which was brought about by the order which he gave to a number of the men that they should go down on their knees, it may be timely to consider the question of kneeling. The latter figures quite extensively in our existence, that is to say, in the existence of those of us who belong to the masculine persuasion. We are, all of us, at some time or another of our lives on our knees, especially if we happen to have experienced the pangs of love, or the consolation of religion. It is a posture that is to be found in almost every country and clime, no matter whether the people have attained the highest point of civilization, or are plunged in the most profound depths of barbarism; and the carvings on the ruins in Egypt furnish us with convincing demonstration that it was as common thousands of years before the Christian era as it is to-day. If Lieut. Collard has been court-martialed, it is not so much on account of the fact that he commanded the stokers to kneel, as to the circumstances in relation to the affair. An officer in the British navy who has occasion to address a large body of men will often direct the front ranks to kneel, so that his words may reach those in the rear. The sailors in such cases as these offer no more objection to complying with the demand than when required to drop on one knee during fire and bayonet drill, and rifle practice. But in this particular instance Mr. Collard seems to have ordered the men on their knees by way of punishment. They were leaving the drill shed, and returning to barracks at the conclusion of roll call, when he took exception to the noise which they were making while filing out into the grounds, and accordingly ordered them all back and into line, and then in tones of anger shouted the command, "On the knees!" As he subsequently explained, it was for the purpose of delivering a reproof to the entire force. But the men, who were most of them young fellows to whom this kneeling maneuver was not familiar, construed it as a punishment, and as an attempt by an unpopular officer to humiliate and demean them, and so they refused to obey. It may be added that Lieut. Collard had already some time previously been called to severe account by his superiors for the lack of consideration with which he treated the men under his command.

Whether American naval officers in addressing bodies of men ever order those in front to kneel so that their voices may reach the rear ranks, I am unable to say. But it is difficult to imagine any American sailor, no matter how high spirited, taking exception to a command of this kind as long as no humiliation is meant thereby. In fact, an American tar would attach no more importance to it than when ordered to lie flat on his stomach during collision drill, or when directed to kneel during skirmish maneuvers on land. Of course, it all depends upon the way in which the order is given and the apparent object thereof, and if a young officer possessed of a swelled head and of an offensive manner toward his inferiors were to order even old and seasoned seamen on their knees by way of punishment, in order to humiliate them, he would certainly hear something more about the matter, even if they obeyed orders.

Officers both of the navy and of the army, for the matter of that, are often required by the exigencies of service to go down on their knees, and no one thinks the worse of them for it. For instance, in England, whenever new colors are consecrated and presented to a regiment, two junior officers of the latter receive the flags on bended knee from the ruler or from his delegate. Then, too, officers, no matter whether admirals or generals, are called upon to kneel when receiving the honor of knighthood from the sovereign, which is administered in the following fashion. The officer drops on his left knee and then the monarch takes a sword from one of the equerries or aids-de-camp in attendance and strikes him gently with the blade on the left shoulder, exclaiming, "Rise, Sir Richard," or "Sir Arthur," as the case may be. During the late reign it was customary for the candidate for knighthood to kiss the Queen's hand before she dubbed him knight. After going down on his knee he would extend his right hand, back uppermost, and on this her majesty would lay her hand to be kissed. She was very particular about these ceremonials of conferring knighthood, and is on record as having on one occasion exclaimed in rather stern tones: "Do not be in such haste!" to a new-made knight who had risen somewhat prematurely from his knee.

Nowadays King Edward and Emperor William permit those of their ministers with whom they are on terms of personal friendship to be seated when discussing the affairs of state in private audiences. Emperor Francis Joseph and the Czar still adhere to the fashion in vogue in the reign of Queen Victoria, of compelling ministers to stand when transacting public business with them. Of course, this has the advantage in the eyes of the sovereign of causing the statesmen to be as concise and as brief as possible in their remarks. In former days the ministers of the crown used to kneel when received in audience by the sovereign, and the great Lord Chatham, father of William Pitt, was always on his knees when talking with George III about questions relating to the government. At coronations in Westminster Abbey, all the princes of the blood, the peers of the realm, and certain of the archbishops and bishops occupying seats in the House of Lords, kneel before the sovereign to offer their homage, and this ceremony is usually attended by some contretemps. At the coronation of King Edward the primate was unable to rise, and had to be assisted to his feet, while at that of Queen Victoria, poor old Lord De Ros caught his foot in his robes when he reached the top of the dais and rolled down the steps, much to the concern of the young sovereign. Moreover, bishops and archbishops on their appointment make their homage to the King kneeling, and cabinet ministers, the great officers of state, ambassadors, and envoys of minor rank, likewise kneel when kissing hands, on receiving their commissions from the sovereign.

Whereas the members of the House of Commons do not kneel at prayers, but rise to their feet, this being a relic of the Puritan era of Oliver Cromwell, the upper chamber of the legislature invariably perform on their marrowbones the devotions with which they inaugurate their deliberations every afternoon. In fact, the peers of the British empire are to be seen at their very best during their prayer with which the proceedings in the House of Lords are opened each day when Parliament is in session, and I do not believe that a more curious and characteristic spectacle than that which they present on these occasions can be witnessed in any other legislative chamber in the world. While the prayers are being read by the junior of the spiritual peers present, arrayed in full canonicals as a bishop, with lawn sleeves, rochet, hood, &c., every one of the temporal peers kneel, some of them on the floor of the house, others on the benches, presenting much the aspect of a lot of bald-headed and gray-bearded children performing their evening benison. Curiously enough, it is only the spiritual lords, that is to say, the archbishops and the bishops, who do not think it worth while to kneel to the Almighty. Their graces of Canterbury and of York, as well as their right reverend colleagues, attired in their ecclesiastical vestments, without which they may not cross the threshold of the House, remain seated, and content themselves with merely inclining their heads and looking very solemn. The public never has a glimpse of this. It is excluded from the gallery of the House until the last amen has been pronounced, and it was merely by a piece of oversight and official negligence that an opportunity was afforded me of witnessing this well-nigh unique spectacle.

Even kings, queens, and emperors kneel, and that not purely to the Almighty, but to human beings. Thus, on Maundy Thursday of each year the venerable Emperor of Austria, in memory of Christ's washing the feet of His apostles, performs at the Imperial Palace of Vienna the ceremony of washing the feet of twelve old men, assembled for the purpose, kneeling before each of them in turn, pouring perfumed water on their feet, and drying the latter with towels handed to him by archdukes and prelates. King Alfonso goes through the same performance at Madrid, and next year his young English-born consort will be called upon to wash the feet of twelve old women, kneeling before them. Until 1870 the Pope was wont on his knees to wash the feet of twelve men in the Church of the Lateran. But since then this duty has been delegated to the cardinal vicar of Rome.

Genuflexion naturally plays an important role in the ritual and ceremonial of the various churches. In the established Church of England there have been during the last fifty years bitter controversies as to the right of the clergy to bend the knee at certain portions of the divine service. Numerous genuflexions are required of the priests of the Roman Catholic denomination, especially when celebrating mass, and it is likewise customary to bend the knee before the highest dignitaries of the church. Indeed, at the public audiences granted by the Pope, all present—men, women, and children, irrespective of their creed—are required to kneel.

Nowhere, however, does kneeling play so important a part as in the Orient, particularly in China, where the obeisances of this kind are divided into five different classes. Thus, there is the Tatsien, which is the bending of the knee, as if about to kneel. Then there is the kwei, or actual kneeling. Then there is the kow-tow, which consists in kneeling and striking the head on the ground once. Then there is the kneeling on the ground and knocking the head thrice. This is called the sun-kao. After that comes the luh-kao, which consists in kneeling, knocking the head thrice upon the ground, then standing upright, and again kneeling and knocking the head three times more. The climax is the sun-kwei-kul-kao, or thrice kneeling and nine times knocking the head. The Emperor is entitled to this last-mentioned form of salutation. And it is difficult to believe nowadays that in former times European envoys readily accorded this amazing act of subserviency to the monarchs of China. It is to the American government and to its envoy at Pekin that the foreign powers are indebted more particularly for the abandonment by the Chinese court of this form of obeisance on the part of the foreign ministers accredited to the Celestial empire, Mr. Low declaring, on behalf of himself and of his colleagues, that under no circumstances would they kneel before the Emperor, or perform any other ceremony derogatory to their own dignity or to that of their nationalities.

There is one spectacle in which kneeling was an essential feature which will always remain impressed upon my memory. It was the guillotining of a convict at Noumea, the capital of New Caledonia, used by the French government as the most important of its penal colonies. The condemned prisoner was a ruffian, deserving of no sympathy. But it was difficult not to feel for the unfortunate convicts, many of them in chains, who had been assembled to the number of several hundreds to witness the execution. As soon as the little procession, consisting of the man about to die, the executioners, the priest, and a few of the prison attendants, appeared, the command rang out: "Convicts, on your knees! Doff your hats!" At the same moment the warders drew and cocked their revolvers, while the troops present leveled their rifles at the convicts to shoot in the event of any man rising to his feet before receiving permission to do so. The condemned man asked leave to say a few words to his fellow-prisoners, and talked, and talked, and talked, for the sake of prolonging his life even for a few minutes, until the deputy governor, who was directing the operations, signaled for the drums to beat, drowning his voice. At the same moment he was seized, strapped down to the guillotine board, and the knife came down, after which the executioner brandished aloft for a moment the head, holding it by one of its ears, before throwing it into the basket containing the body. Thereupon the command rang out: "Convicts, to your feet!" and then they were marched off to their various occupations, to the tune, not of music, but of the rattling of their chains. The convicts on that occasion were required to kneel in order to prevent any outbreak excited by the sight of blood, the prisoners largely outnumbering the troops and warders. But, in spite of this, it has always seemed to me that the lowest depths of humiliation were portrayed in that spectacle of those shaven-headed and kneeling convicts, cowed by the leveled rifles and cocked revolvers, while they were forced to gaze upon the execution of one of their comrades.

EX-ATTACHE.

A PATRIOT'S PRAYER.

Tho we must die, let me not die
In ignominious strife,
With fate invincible, and sigh
To linger out my life;
With powers decayed, enfeebled mind
And slowly slackening breath,
Burden of pity to my kind,
And dead before my death.

No, let me perish, sword in hand,
At honor's sudden call,
Guarding my menaced Motherland,
And for her safety fall.
Or mount the scaffold with firm gaze,
Martyr to some great cause,
And end my not inglorious days
For Freedom's outraged Laws.

What is this life except a trust
For nobleness and right,
The torch, which, while we may, we must
Still bear and keep aright;
And when from our exhausted will
It flickers, hand it on,
That it may burn and beckon still,
Till time itself be gone.

But if, in unheroic days,
No great deed may be done,
Let me at least deserve this praise:
"He lived and died as one
Who looked on life with fearless eyes,
And with intrepid mind;
So leaves, where now he silent lies,
And honored name behind."

—Alfred Austin, in the Independent.

CHOICE OF EVILS.

Dangers as Well as Advantages in Our Relations with Asia.

David Starr Jordan, in the World To-day.

It cannot be denied that great dangers, as well as great advantages, lie in our relations with Asia. We have, on the Pacific Coast, no economic asset more valuable than the good will of China and Japan. On the other hand, there is real danger that our civilization may suffer enormously from the mere overflow of the superfluous Japanese and Chinese.

I believe that exclusion laws should be jointly framed, so that the people we deal with will not be humiliated by them. Any sort of exclusion law is an evil. An overflow of people of less intelligence, less self-reliance, and less patriotism than our own, whether from Japan, China, Poland, Africa, or elsewhere, is also an evil. If we choose exclusion acts as the lesser evil, we should not make them offensive to those we do not need to exclude. We must always let our neighbors "save their face."

INTELLIGENCE IN A TREE.

Life Drama Revealed by Study of a Centenarian Mountain Laurel.

M. Maeterlinck, in Harper's.

It is not only in the seed of the flower, but in the whole plant, leaves, stalks, roots, that we discover, if we stoop for a moment over their humble work, many traces of a prudent and quick intelligence. Think of the magnificent struggle toward the light of the thwarted branches or the ingenious and courageous strife of trees in danger.

As for myself, I shall never forget the admirable example of heroism given me the other day in Provence, in the wild and delightful Gorges du Loup, all perfumed with violets, by a huge centenarian laurel tree. It was easy to read on its tortured and, so to speak, convulsive trunk the whole drama of its hard and tenacious life.

A bird or the wind, masters of destiny, had carried the seed to the flank of the rock, which was as perpendicular as an iron curtain; and the tree was born there, 200 yards above the torrent, inaccessible and solitary, among the burning and barren stones. From the first hour it had sent its blind roots on a long and painful search for precarious water and soil.

But this was only the hereditary care of a species that knows the aridity of the South. The young stem had to solve a much graver and more unexpected problem; it started from a vertical plane, so that its top, instead of rising toward the sky, bent down over the gulf. It was, therefore, obliged, notwithstanding the increasing weight of its branches, to correct the first flight, stubbornly to bend its disconcerted trunk in the form of an elbow close to the rock, and thus, like a swimmer who throws back his head, by means of an incessant will, tension, and contraction, to hold its heavy crown of leaves straight up into the sky.

Thenceforward all the preoccupations, all the energy, all the free and conscious genius of the plant had centered round that vital knot. The monstrous, hypertrophied elbow revealed one by one the successive solicitudes of a kind of thought that knew how to profit by the warnings which it received from the rains and the storms.

Year by year the leafy dome grew heavier, with no other care than to spread itself out in the light and heat, while a hidden canker gnawed deep into the tragic arm that supported it in space.

STORIES OF EMPEROR

German Ruler Is Proud of Hohenzollern Descent.

CRONY OF OUR AMBASSADOR

A Member of the Reichstag Remarked that the Kaiser Was Not So Broad-minded or So Autocratic as President Roosevelt—Well Acquainted with American Affairs.

Emperor William has more pride in his race than in any of the other glories he has inherited or acquired, but as proud as he is of his great united Kingdom, of the progress it has made in the last quarter of a century, as proud as he is of his high position, of the immense power he holds, and of his children, he is prouder yet of being a Hohenzollern. From that first Conrad who left his home in Suabia to seek his fortunes with the Emperor Barbarossa, and become Burgrave of Nuremberg, and founder of the present reigning family of Prussia, the Emperor knows the history of every member of his house, and has tried to unite in his person all the august qualities of his forbears, to eliminate from his character all their weaknesses. It is great to be Emperor of Germany, but to the Emperor's mind it is greater yet to be a Hohenzollern, and if he should be compelled to choose between his scepter or his blood, he would unquestionably choose the latter. The remark, therefore—although he is a self-confessed admirer of President Roosevelt—made by an Agrarian member of the German Reichstag to an American friend, who, following his presentation to the Emperor, had been eulogizing that monarch, would hardly have pleased him.

"Ach!" said the Agrarian, "er is unser Roosevelt, not so broad-minded, to be sure; not so quick; not so autocratic, but still the best Roosevelt we have."

Mr. Tower His Friend.

Speaking of the Kaiser, the American Ambassador at Berlin, Mr. Tower, is one of his best-liked cronies. The word cronies is used advisedly, for no other word quite so well describes the degree of intimacy to which the Kaiser admits his favorites. He never forgets, to be sure, his position—he is always the Emperor; but he does on occasions relax the royal pose and gives and takes badinage in the most amiable way. Ambassador Tower is a frequent guest at the Emperor's table, and whenever questions about America arise, the Emperor invites his presence and quizzes him as only the Emperor can quiz. Mr. Tower insists that his knowledge of this country, institutions, political systems, manners, and customs is wonderful for one who has not passed months here, and the Emperor is constantly surprising the Americans he meets by the questions he asks and the familiarity he shows with affairs in this part of the world.

The Kaiser is also a great friend of the Ambassador's two little girls. The friendship began in this way. Shortly after Mr. Tower was accredited to Berlin, he dined with the Emperor, who, as is his custom—for he not only wants to know the men at his court, but all about their connections—asked him of his family. Mr. Tower told him the family history, and then, laughing, said that his two little girls had followed him to the very door, asking him about the Emperor, and begging him to remember everything the Emperor said, so that he could tell them. The Emperor was very much amused—pleased, perhaps, is a better word, for he loves children—and a few days after the royal carriage stopped in front of the embassy, the footman carrying to the door a bundle of toys which the Emperor had himself selected for his little American friends. Since then, he has always remembered them at Christmas, and no subject in his empire is more loyal or devoted to him then these daughters of the American Ambassador.

Presentation at Court.

Last winter three young American women residents in Berlin were presented at the German court. They had seen the Emperor only on parade, at the opera, on horseback, or reviewing his troops, when he seems a severe and austere man, every inch an Emperor, so that the three little girls from America prepared for their "presentation" with fear and trepidation. For weeks they practiced their bows, the management of their court trains, and even made up little speeches to say to the Emperor in case he should address them. But the affair went off much easier than they expected, and when one of them was asked what she thought of the presentation, said: "Oh! He was lovely, and so was the Empress; and it was much simpler and nicer than it is at the White House, where it is so crowded that one never can show her train. There was chance for a beautiful sweep at the palace."

The Emperor is keenly jealous for his country. He would place her at the very head of the nations of the world, have her navy rule the seas, and he would have German the language of commerce and diplomacy. This latter ambition came to him from his grandfather, Emperor William I, and from Bismarck, who, after the German-Franco war, instructed their diplomatic agents to use German, instead of French, then as always the accepted medium for diplomatic speech, whenever it was possible. When the German ambassador at St. Petersburg mentioned this to the Russian premier, the latter replied, "Certainly there is no objection whatever to that. We all understand German. Of course, you must expect our replies to be in Russian."

At the American Embassy.

Ambassador Tower occupies one of the handsomest private mansions in Berlin, situated on the Koenigs' Platz, and near the famous Sieges Allee, where stands the statue of every ruler of Germany from Albert the Bear to Emperor William I, and that very ornate building, the Reichstag. It is an imposing house, the living rooms being reached by a magnificent stairway, which leads from the rez de chaussee to a gallery upon which the whole group of rooms used for entertaining open, and at the very top of the list of the most assiduous entertainers in the diplomatic corps at Berlin stand the American Ambassador and Mrs. Tower. Their entertainments are on a scale which quite overshadows those at the White House, because there is more style, more elegance, more decorum, and they are second to none given at the German capital. On arriving at the embassy, one's carriage door is opened by a footman in livery, and one passes into the house between two lackeys who stand at attention. An usher directs the guests to a dressing-room, where deft maids help remove their wraps. This accomplished, the cards are handed to one of the ushers and passed by him to a secretary, who makes note of name, address, and day at home. Then begins the ascent up the marble stairway, carpeted with red velvet, between the liveried lackeys, who are stationed here and there along its length. At the door of the drawing-room the guests are presented by the secretary of the embassy to Mrs. Tower and the Ambassador. It is all quite simple, but everything is so perfectly arranged that there is nothing to criticise. Not even the Whitelaw Reids, who spend more money than the Ambassador at Berlin, entertain more elegantly or in better taste than the Towers.

GOING ABROAD

Observations of a Feminine Rambler.

The voyage home was a study in emigration. When I was not occupied watching the "Zwischendeck" I was asking questions of the ship's officers about the two thousand souls—men, women, and children—that swarmed from their quarters in the hold at the first dawn of day, and ate, grew sick and well again, slept, and pursued their pleasures beneath the open sky until driven below at 9 o'clock.

Such herding of humanity, such indiscriminate mingling of races; such scenes of seasick misery, and, again, such abandonment of ease—when the sea was calm—I never before beheld.

They were mostly Polish Jews, refugees from Russia, Slavs, and Hungarians. Germany sends practically no emigrants to this country now. Conditions are too prosperous at home for her peasant class to be tempted to the United States. The Germans who migrate to America are of the middle working class, and they do not travel in the steerage. They are generally civil engineers, skilled mechanics, and electricians, and they come armed with college diplomas, university educations, and with money in their pockets. There is no scum or riff-raff from Germany dumped into American ports any longer. In that enormous company of emigrants, there were but two single German women qualified for service, and but four German families.

Where the Poles and Russians—entirely ignorant of the English language and American customs, and taken raw from the rural districts—would find a haven seemed a mystery, but not one individual was shipped whose destination was not prearranged.

The steamship is responsible for every person brought into this country for a period of two years. If in that time he does not prove a desirable American citizen, he must be transported out of the country at the steamship company's expense. The emigrants are subjected to the most rigid physical and mental examination before they are shipped. Children who are in any way deformed or in danger of inherited mental disorder are barred. Every man, woman, and child is individually accounted for, and if an imperfect type slips through the first or second agent, the third or fourth is bound to discover it. The ship's physicians keep a rigid guard over the health of the emigrants. Every night and morning the entire steerage company passes in single file between two doctors who inspect the eyes, throat, and general appearance of the emigrants. Seasick and languid women, surly men and crying children are reluctantly dragged forth for this inspection. At certain hours of the day not a person is allowed below. This is the time when the purifying and disinfecting of the bunks takes place. Then the decks present a curious spectacle. Children dead with sleep are piled over and upon each other. Women in a similar condition wrap their heads in petticoats and stretch out or curl up wherever space permits. Dozing men overlap each other like rows of sardines. Often a sleeping form is utilized for a card table. Eating is going on at any and all times. When the ship's rations are distributed, slim salt fish are stuffed into the coat pockets of the Poles, boiled potatoes are dumped into the crowns of hats, and women fill their dress skirts with bread.

The little children run with tin pails, carrying soup back and forth, which, for the most part, is spilled. Boys trip each other in the efforts to get first in line; girls fight over scraps; where the water runs from the taps, indiscriminate drinking and washing of tins and clasp knives goes on.

People slip on potato peels, food and drink is slopped, wasted, and scattered and groveled in in sickening disregard of cleanliness. There is a universal grumble when the sailors arrive with their buckets and hose to wash down decks. Woe, then, to a stray shoe or hat or shawl carelessly left in the path of the cleaning brigade.

There were some wonderfully beautiful types of children, and a few Madonna-like women, who would have appealed to any painter. The captain told me that in every thousand emigrants from five to ten were denied admittance into the United States in spite of the rigid care exercised to bring over only healthy and moral classes. Sometimes tragedies separate families in cases of deformity or incurable disease. The captain related one instance of a mother and five children coming to America last year in the steerage to join a brother in the West who had prospered in a wheat deal. After being four months in this country, the youngest of the children was found to be mentally deficient. The case was thrown back upon the hands of the transportation company, and there was nothing to do but carry the mother and child back to Germany. The brother tried in every way to save his sister from this fate, even offering as much as $50,000 if the authorities would permit the family to remain in this country. Money and influence, however, were powerless against the emigration laws, and the mother and child were forced to return to Germany.

Another sad case of the preceding winter had enlisted the captain's interest. A young woman, claiming to have a husband in this country, who would meet her at Baltimore, arrived in port with the rest of the steerage passengers two days before Christmas. The husband failed to put in an appearance, and the woman, on account of her condition, was not allowed to land. She was without apparent means of support, and was regarded in an unfavorable light by the officials, who did not believe her story. She was placed in the detention office of the company, and the necessary papers were made out ordering her return on the same ship.

The captain was to sail Christmas morning at 10 o'clock. Shortly after 8 a man answering to the description given by the unfortunate woman arrived in search of his wife. It was with extreme difficulty that the captain managed to gain admittance for this man to the detention office, where his wife was confined. There was not time to refute the order for her return to Germany, as the necessary officials were off duty for Christmas day. The poor creature was obliged to sail with the ship, and the grief of the pair was pitiable to behold. Owing to a blockade on the railroad, the husband had failed to reach Baltimore the day of the ship's arrival.

It is interesting to learn how the emigrants are induced to go to the less thickly populated regions of the United States. It is the universal tendency to go direct to New York. As an inducement to settle farther South, the transportation from Bremen to Baltimore is $2.50 less than the fare to New York. From Bremen to Galveston is $5 less, hence there is a monetary reason why the least prosperous emigrants should be landed where labor is in greatest demand. Practically few emigrants are allowed to stop in New York. Unless they have relatives who will receive and house them, under no condition are they received in the metropolis. This is true also in regard to Baltimore, Chicago, Milwaukee, and several other important cities where there is a large foreign population.

The agents who induce them to leave the native fields engage them likewise to go to certain districts where they will find immediate employment. The men are given their choice of several forms of labor, and they are herded in bands and sent on emigrant trains to their places of destination directly they land in this country.

There is an age limit also that affects emigration. In all the hundreds that made up the steerage load in our steamer, not an individual appeared to be more than forty years of age. The men were a strong, vigorous looking lot, averaging from eighteen to twenty-five. There were several rabbis in the steerage, who, with open book, read aloud to numerous groups of sleepy-eyed Russians every day. Several births occurred in the steerage, and each case a purse for the mother was made up by the cabin passengers, and the child was christened with the name of the ship. One mother died, and the burial at sea was conducted at night.

The enterprise shown by foreigners in coming alone to this country is amazing. Among the cabin passengers were several examples of this. There was a Polish countess, who spent much of her leisure doing very beautiful altar embroidery. She did not understand a word of English, but she told me in German that she was greatly reduced in circumstances, and had realized on what remained of her property in order to come to New York, where she expected to teach needlework. This woman had exactly $800 to her credit. She showed me the embroidered lingerie which she hoped to sell advantageously in New York. The work was exquisite, but it was all wrought upon linen as thick as we employ for bed sheets. Fancy such a commodity finding a market in New York!

There were several young German girls who hoped to obtain positions as nursery governesses or ladies' maids—girls sufficiently well-to-do to travel as cabin passengers, and coming to America to enter domestic service. They were accomplished in music and needlework, and finely educated. There was one little Russian only twelve years old, bound for California to join her parents. She traveled entirely alone, and trusted cheerfully to the steamship company to put her in care of the railroad officials, who would see her safely to her destination.

The confidence with which the youth of other countries is intrusted to America seems a questionable form of international policy on the part of the mothers and fathers.

Why is a voyage home less thrilling and pleasant than a voyage out?

Jack said my nose was always in the air—over the personnel of the passengers, the food, the service. As I simply lived on deck, and the sun rendered necessary my heaviest veil, at no time was the position of my nose a calculable thing to Jack. The daschshund and I kept rather exclusively to ourselves until I blew into the arms of a big man in an ulster one windy morning, and he, in turn, tripped over what we mistook for a steward's clothes-basket, but which proved to be the bassinet of a two-months-old baby covered with oil-cloth for the voyage. Finding an infant in such an unexpected place was sufficient to make us break out conversationally. If a strange man had been present when little Moses was found in the bulrushes, even the daughter of an Egyptian king would have waived an introduction and squealed over the baby. Women cannot help that kind of thing. My big man and I were friends on the spot. He was as strong as a lion, an American citizen who thought enough of his fatherland to return every summer to Germany and visit his old mother. I believe he had crossed the ocean more than fifty times. He was a splendid anchor when I wanted to stand the wind of the forward deck and catch the spray that caught the bow as we took the great rollers of the Gulf Stream.

It was a rough voyage, and the nearer we came to America the keener was my relish for the salt and brine of the sea.

Jack had taken under his wing a dear little Maryland girl, who was traveling home from Europe alone, and with her he talked long hours of Atlantic City and Annapolis jargon. When Southerners meet, what depths of congeniality are sounded! We used to call this gay little companion "Kitty," but it was not her correct name. Kitty took it upon herself to run the "Zwischendeckers" off the steps that connect the upper and lower decks, and to spur the sailors to their task of setting babies upright when they toppled over under the vigorous onslaught of the brooms. Kitty had the history of all the rosy-cheeked deck stewards down fine and Jack and I depended upon her for the news of the ship. My errant husband even went so far as to write an ode to this maiden's useful charms, invoking her presence upon all subsequent ocean voyages. A lazy man does love a busybody woman who hustles for gossip and dotes upon setting crooked matters straight. Wherever little Kitty is—ruddy of cheek and curly of head—long may she prosper and help set the world to rights!

My big man—how dreadful it is not to disclose his identity, but he is too well-known in official Washington to do so—never spoke of Kitty by any name but "Sherlock Holmes." I don't know what I should have done without his calming presence when we sailed into dear old New York Harbor one glorious morning. My heart was so light at the prospect of soon beholding my children—measles, spots and all—that I hung over the rail with the glasses glued to my eyes trying to distinguish a familiar form in the crowd gathered to welcome our arrival.

Jack was every bit as excited as I was; only, being a man, the emotions of his soul did not flow glibly from the tip of his tongue.

Poor Kaiser would have been utterly neglected if Kitty and the big man between them had not attended to the little fellow's needs. The nearer I approached to my blessed babies, the less I cared for dogs.

That night, sitting around an immaculate table at the Waldorf, with parents-in-law and a few congenial friends, discussing the best hot weather menu possible to find in New York, Jack said to me: "How about it, Jean; sorry we didn't go on to China?"

THE END.

The President Takes Them All.

From the Baltimore Sun.

President Roosevelt is the despair of all statesmen of advanced views and opposite political faith in the United States. He will not allow them to keep in the lead in the advocacy of measures which seem to have a considerable degree of popular support. There was never such a bold and audacious statesman in the United States as the Chief Magistrate who has, in the last few years—and certainly in no Pickwickian spirit—denounced his political opponents in one breath for their dangerous and unpatriotic radicalism, and at the earliest opportunity seized their most radical doctrines and made them his own.

A Continuous Session.

From the Detroit Free Press.

A review of his message will convince any one that the President is also in session.

MUSICAL EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

The excellent attendance at the concerts this year by the Philadelphia Orchestra is placing the organization on a sure footing in this city. The Orchestra, under the direction of Fritz Scheel, will offer a splendid programme at the Belasco on Tuesday afternoon. The soloist will be Alexander Petschnikoff, a violinist who has met with some successes abroad. The list of numbers announced is as follows:

Dvorak.....Symphony No. 5, from "New World"
Tschaikowsky.....Concerto in D major
Cesar Franck.....Symphonic Poem, "Redemption"
Grieg.....Symphonic Dance No. 4, Op. 64

Considerable interest is displayed in the Dvorak Symphony, as many presentations of this beautiful work have been heard here, and the playing of Mr. Scheel's men will be watched with understanding by the concert-goers.

An interesting programme is announced for the first concert by the Kneisel Quartet, which will be, as usual, in the ballroom of the New Willard on the afternoon of December 13. The numbers to be played by the quartet are as follows:

Schubert.....Quartet in D minor
Debussy.....Andantino, from G minor Quartet
Gliere.....Quartet in A major

The first two numbers are familiar. The third quartet, by Gliere, will be played for the first time in Washington by the quartet. This young Russian composer was born in Kieff in 1874, and studied at the Moscow Conservatory.

To many people the playing of M. Saint-Saens has been a surprise, known as he is as a composer. His playing, however, must, and does, appeal to the layman by its absolute finish. His appearance on last Tuesday with the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give an added interest to the recital of his own compositions, which will take place at the Columbia Theater to-morrow afternoon. The eminent French composer will be assisted by M. Leon Rennay, who has just returned from abroad, and will show the musical public the correct interpretation of the composer's songs. M. Rennay is said to possess a fine voice and sings with good finish. The other assisting artist is M. Edouard Dethier, a Belgian violinist and a pupil of the great Ysaye, who will also play some of M. Saint-Saens' compositions.

The first appearance in concert of Mme. Schumann-Heink will be at the New National Theater Tuesday afternoon. The concert will be given by the Mount Vernon Seminary, and will be for the benefit of the free kindergarten which is supported in Southwest Washington by the school. Schumann-Heink will sing an excellent series of songs. In addition to the two song cycles, "Frauen-liebe und Leben" (Schumann) and "Six Hungarian Songs" (Brahms), the great contralto will be heard in songs by Rossi, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, and Richard Strauss.

The postponed concert by the United States Marine Band, William H. Saltelmann, leader, will take place this evening at the New National Theater. At this second concert by the band the following programme will be rendered:

Overture, "Tannhauser".....Wagner
Musical Scenes from Spain.....Langey
Solo for Cornet, "La Reve d'Amour".....Haydn
Mr. Arthur S. Witcomb.
Concert Waltz, "The Debutante".....Santelmann
Prelude to the opera "Iris" (first time)....Mascagni
Sextet from "Lucia di Lammermoor".....Donizetti
Second Leader Walter F. Smith, Messrs. Arthur S. Witcomb, Harry A. Stone, James M. Brearton, Edward McIntire, and Ole J. May.
(a) La Papillon.....Gareissen
(b) The Free Lance March.....Sousa
Grand Selection, "La Boheme".....Puccini
"The Star-Spangled Banner."

The soloist for the evening will be Mr. Arthur S. Witcomb, cornetist.

The Morsell Vocal Club has been engaged for the first of the series of three concerts which will be given at the Universalist Church. These concerts are for the benefit of the church, and the club, under the direction of Mr. Herndon Morsell, is preparing some new choruses for the concert, which is planned for the latter part of January.

Mlle. Harden-Hickey has resigned her position as soprano soloist at Calvary Baptist Church, where she has done excellent work. Mrs. Deyo will sing at the church to-day, although no permanent soloist has been appointed.

The piano recital by four pupils of the Virgil Clavier Piano School has been postponed to Monday evening, December 10. Miss Lucile Compton will play numbers by MacDowell and Chopin. Miss Jessie Sams will play compositions by MacDowell and Mokrejs. Miss Katharine May Brooks, one of the most promising pupils of the school, will be heard in a double Chopin number, "Rondon," C major (Beethoven), and "Humoreske" (Dvorak), and a Schumann number. Miss Elizabeth Defendorf will play Handel's Concerto in G minor, with accompaniment on second piano by Miss Miller, and two numbers by Chopin and Paderewski.

The monthly piano recital by pupils of Mr. Frank Gebest, assisted by Mr. Edgar Embrey, tenor, will take place at the studio of Mr. Gebest on the evening of December 14. The pupils who will be heard in this recital are Miss Clarine McCarty, Miss Mildred Thwing, Miss Lucretia Lawrence, Miss Freda Egbert, Miss Selene Wilmer Dortch, Robert Bond Goeta, Miss Grace Adams, and Vivian Church Matson. A programme which will display the merits of these young pianists has been prepared for the recital.

A sacred concert by the Rounds Ladies' Orchestra and Specialty Company is announced for this evening at Pythian Temple. The orchestra is under the direction of Flora Sprague Rounds, and the soloists will be Gussie Lenshaw, lady barytone; Dollie MacDonnell, reader and impersonator; Kate Coburn, violin soloist, and Anna Hoffman, cornettist. The orchestra has completed a week's engagement with the Pure Food Show at Convention Hall.

The first public rehearsal of the Rebew Orchestra, at Kellar Memorial Church, Ninth street and Maryland avenue northeast, was held on the evening of December 3. Mrs. D. Olin Leech was well received in "And the Stately Ships Go On." Bischoff, and sang for encore "Believe Me;" Mr. H. B. Schmidt played the clarinet solo, "Midnight Bells of Rome," Burgmueller, and for encore "Simple Aven," Thome. The orchestra was well drilled, and highly pleased the audience with the intermezzo, "Sorella," by Gallini, and the some what ambitious Symphony in B major, two movements, andante and minuetto, Haydn.

The Aeolian Chorus Club scored a decided success in the production of Cowen's "Rose Maiden," at Pythian Temple last Monday evening. This melodious cantata is the most ambitious work yet attempted by the club, which is now in its third season, and its rendition reflects much credit on the director, Mr. Joseph H. Hunter. The soloists were Miss Bostrom, Mesdames Atkins, Bowen, and Pirtle, sopranos; Miss Anna Brett, contralto; Mr. B. Allen Terrell, tenor; Messrs. Baum and Bowen, barytones, and Mr. William T. Ellis, bass. Mrs. Harry G. Wilbur played the accompaniments with her usual taste and skill.

Mrs. Rosa C. Pennebaker has again assumed charge of the choir of Holy Name Church. Mrs. Pennebaker is one of the best-known sopranos in the city, and in her capacity of director will be able to give Holy Name the benefit of skill derived from long experience. Mrs. Pennebaker's fine soprano voice will also greatly augment the power of the choir.

Miss Bertha H. Hansen, soprano; Mr. Fred C. Schaeffer, barytone, and Miss Marie Hansen, accompanist, were heard in a recital at the studio of Mrs. Batts, Wednesday evening. The programme included "Dreams," Strelezki; "Thou'rt Like a Flower," Kimball; "Serenade," Strauss; "Amore," Pinsutti; (Miss Hansen and Mr. Schaeffer); "Der Lindenbaum" and "Das Wanderer," Schubert, and other songs by Rossini, Finke, Denza, and Salter.

The twenty-sixth season of the Bischoff course of concerts will be given in the First Congregational Church, Tenth and G streets, beginning Wednesday evening, December 19, and will continue throughout the season.

This course will be educational as well as entertaining, and will afford the musical public an opportunity of hearing some good music.

Miss Marie von Unschuld's recital last month, given at the residence of Mrs. Austin Flint, met with great success, and the assembled music lovers of New York society asked the young artist for several musicales, to be given at their residences on the day Miss von Unschuld has chosen for her New York classes. There were many people of note among the select audience. Mrs. Auckland Thorne will hold the next musicale at her residence.

Miss Irene Dieterich and Miss Demarest will appear in concert in the opera house, Alexandria, on December 14.

The Washington Saengerbund, Mr. Henry Xander, musical director, will give its third musicale this evening, and will render the following very interesting programme:

Choruses—(a) "Im Feld des Morgens fruh".Burkhardt
(b) "Sandmaenchen" .....Sitt
Saengerbund.
Piano solos—(a) "Loreley".....Seeling
(b) "Scotch Poem".....McDowell
Mr. Norman Daly.
Soprano solo, "Chanson Provencale"....Dell' Acqua
Miss Ancella B. Fisher.
Tenor solo, "Once More.....Chaminade
Mr. Herndon Morsell.
Contralto solo, "Hosanna".....Granier
Mrs. William T. Reed.
Bass solo, Prologue from "I Pagliacci".Leoncavallo
Mr. Thomas A. Murray.

The December studio recital given by Mr. Oscar Franklin Comstock last Thursday evening offered an attractive and well-performed programme. Mr. Edwin T. Miller's singing of an aria from Mendelssohn's "Elijah" revealed to advantage a voice of much war