THE NESTOR OF AMERICAN PEACE—DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Venerable Chaplain of the Senate Was Eighty-six Years Old on Friday.

"Grand Old Man" Has Been Active in Behalf of Liberty for Half a Century.

BY EDWIN D. MEAD.

Edward Everett Hale, America's "grand old man," was eighty-six years old on Friday. As year by year his birthdays come, finding him "always young for liberty" and progress, we realize with ever new force and new gratitude how varied and great his services have been. At this time, when, at an age far beyond that when most men think themselves entitled to repose, he is so untiring in his war against war, and in particular against the present navy craze in the United States, we realize especially his immense service during the last twenty years in the cause of peace and international justice.

At the consecration service at Symphony Hall, Boston, on the Sunday evening in October, 1904, immediately preceding the opening of the international peace congress, the responsive reading was conducted by Dr. Hale. No other choice could have been so fitting for this service, and perhaps no other words could so well emphasize the aspect of the peace cause which he has so conspicuously served as the opening words of this responsive service: "God reigneth over the nations; He hath prepared His throne for judgment." Judgment—justice—is a word that he loves better even than peace. "International justice," that is the definition of the aim of a little group which he organized in Boston a few years ago to promote the interests of universal fraternity, and a regular committee on international justice has lately been organized in his Boston church. He says that no Christian church to-day should be without such a committee. He believes in peace primarily because he feels so deeply that the present war system of nations is monstrous injustice, never determining which of two fighting nations is right, but simply which is stronger.

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It would be hard to say what good cause Dr. Hale has not helped during these late winters of his residence in Washington as Chaplain of the United States Senate; but the cause of international arbitration and peace has there, as in Boston, been nearest his heart. He is always in close touch with the strong international men at Washington, in Congress and out of it, and there have been few weeks in which letters have not come from him to the Boston workers reporting progress and giving counsel. Were he Senator Hale, he could not feel more responsibly anxious to guard the country from the mischiefs of the extravagant indulgences in the battle-ship furore. He sees clearly that the logic and imperative of The Hague conventions, to which the United States is a party, are in behalf of limitation and gradual reduction, certainly not the increase of the burdensome armaments of the nations, now vastly more a provocation and menace than a defense. The decrease of the machinery for the arbitrament of the disputes between nations by battle should keep steady and regular pace with the increase of the machinery for their arbitrament by law and an international tribunal until the war system of nations is entirely supplanted by the judicial system. The development of this international judicial machinery in the last ten years has been so great as to be almost revolutionary. The world meantime, according to Dr. Hale's brave and inveterate optimism, is growing steadily better, and not worse; the United States is vastly stronger and therefore safer from attack than ever before; the adoption of the Drago doctrine by the last Hague conference, relieving us so largely of our fancied responsibilities touching South America, and many other things have combined to lessen our dangers, and therefore we are without excuse in not leading the world in a policy of steady and rapid reduction of armaments. To talk of actually increasing the number of our battle ships is, as in the case of any nation which does it, faithlessness to the first principle of the action at The Hague, which was so big with hope for mankind. This is Dr. Hale's simple, manly, and strong philosophy, and he preaches it with all his might every day of every week.

It chances that it is in Washington, where he now is, that many of his most eloquent and impressive words in behalf of the peace cause have been spoken. I remember his presence on two successive days in January, 1904, at the convention of the friends of international arbitration, under the presidency of Hon. John W. Foster, to promote treaties with Great Britain and other nations, and the meeting to start the organization for the international peace congress which was to meet in the United States the next autumn. The convention was memorable for the resolution, reported by Judge Gray and unanimously adopted by those 200 leaders of our international thought, urging that in the proposed treaties every dispute whatever, without reservation, should be referred to arbitration. At its public mass meeting in the afternoon at the Lafayette Square Theater our "grand old man" made the most ringing speech that was made. At the meeting in the interest of the peace congress, the next day, his presence stood for what has been most prophetic in the movement, as that of Andrew Carnegie, who sat near him, stood conspicuously for the condemnation now being pronounced upon the war system by the world's great men of business and affairs.

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Dr. Hale is the Nestor of the peace cause in America, and his prominence in the work to-day prompts reflections upon his long and useful service for the cause. I think, in the first place, though it was far from the first service, of his part in the series of meetings held in Boston in the spring of 1899, devoted to the subject of "The Organization of the World." The meetings were for the express purpose of arousing American interest in the then approaching peace conference at The Hague. They were arranged by the Massachusetts Good Citizenship Society, with which Dr. Hale himself has so long been identified, which thus well declared international duty to be a prime factor in all good citizenship to-day. The various sides of the argument for "war against war" were presented on successive Monday noons by some of the leading men and women in America. At the opening meeting Dr. Hale spoke on "A Permanent International Tribunal." Most impressive was this first of the Boston meetings. A thousand men and women gathered at that noon hour. Chorley's solemn hymn, "Give to Us Peace in Our Time, O Lord," was sung, and Dr. Hale gave his stirring address. It was especially fitting and noteworthy that he should have been present at this first meeting and been its chief speaker. He had been for years the prominent prophet in America of the high cause in whose behalf The Hague conference was called, and in the critical months preceding the assembling of the conference he spoke oftener and with greater force in the interests of the cause than any other man in America—I had almost said than all other men. He made a long tour among the large towns of the Middle States, speaking every night with a vigor and devotion, at three score and fifteen, which put younger men to shame. On one Sunday he addressed in the morning a great congregation in New York, in the evening in Philadelphia. On the next Monday morning he was inspiring the Philadelphia editors to service, and one of the most eminent of their number wrote:

"Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the knight errant of all things good, and especially of promising causes in present need of a defender, stopped into our editor's room last Monday morning with a word in behalf of a project to which he is devoting several months of his valuable time. Dr. Hale is a life-long reformer and enthusiast, but he does not suggest nor press on their course things chimerical or that are without practical value. It is said of him that he has initiated or lent a hand to more good causes than any living man, and we can well credit the assertion. He is working now, in the evening of a long and fruitful life, with all the enthusiasm of youth, and with a superb negligence of himself, for a great project that is just as sure to come as the twentieth century dawns—the establishment of an international law court. Just as certain as that the reign of law has spread its blessed influence over regions of human activity once dark and bloody with un-Christian strife and discord is it that ultimately it will enter and control this last refuge of anarchy. The signs are evident that reason and justice and law will in this international realm supplant the awful arbiter that now determines too many disputes and crushes to the earth whole peoples by the weight of military preparation. But Dr. Hale wants to bring that happy day to the world sooner than it will come if he and others stay foolishly content with the present. It is a day that he may not, and probably will not, live to see. All the finer, then, is the picture of this grand old man, at a time of life when most of us lose faith in the future, or at least wish to be free from its burdens, serenely putting on his harness afresh in the service of a great cause. Where he leads surely there will be many to follow."

This was written nine years ago, and at eighty-six Dr. Hale is just as earnest and active in the cause as he was at seventy-seven.

It was in the same spring of 1899 that Dr. Hale started his little weekly paper, The Peace Crusade, which he kept going indefatigably until The Hague tribunal was an accomplished fact. The half dozen of us whom he pressed into service to help him will never forget those weekly meetings in the dingy Bedford street office, which he made so fruitful and inspiring. It was a puzzle to me how his bills were to be paid; but some angel of the treasury seemed always to turn up in the pinch, and he had a quite Galilean serenity and confidence that so long as he was "about his Father's business" the morrow somehow would take care of itself. From that time to this he has made the peace cause the most prominent one in his little Lend-a-Hand Record. Sometimes almost the entire number has been given up to it, and latterly he has taken to sending out monthly broadsides full of material concerning the cause to hundreds of the newspaper offices of the country. I sometimes wonder how many, even of his dear Boston and Washington friends, realize what an immense work he has done and is doing in this field.

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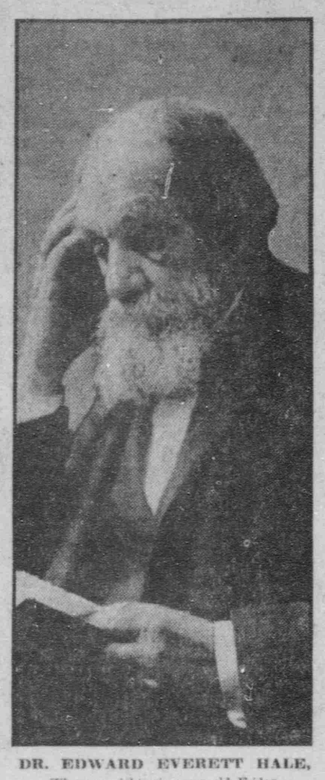
For years before 1899 Dr. Hale had been the conspicuous preacher in America of the gospel which The Hague conference met to put into practice. In the spring of 1899, just before the celebration of the centennial of the inauguration of Washington, he preached a sermon in the city of Washington on "The twentieth century," in the course of which he uttered the following significant prophecy of a permanent international tribunal:

"The twentieth century will apply the word of the Prince of Peace to international life. The wisdom of statesmen will devise the solution which soldiers and people will accept with thankfulness. The beginning will not be made at the end of a war, but in some time of peace. The suggestion will come from one of the six great powers. It will be from a nation which has no large permanent military establishment—that is to say, it will probably come from the United States. This nation, in the most friendly way, will propose to the other great powers to name each one jurist of world-wide fame, who, with the other five, shall form a permanent tribunal of the highest dignity. Everything will be done to give this tribunal the honor and respect of the world. As an international court, it will be organized without reference to any special case under discussion. Then it will exist. Its members may prepare themselves as they choose for its great duty. Timidly at first, and with a certain curiosity, two nations will refer to it some international question, not of large importance, which has perplexed their negotiations. The tribunal will hear counsel and will decide. The decision will be the first in a series which will mark the great victory of the twentieth century. Its simplicity, its dignity, and its good sense will commend it to the world. Again, it will be clear that those who look on always understand a game better than the players do. That first decision will be accepted. The next question may be of more importance, the next of even more; and thus gradually the habit will be formed of consulting this august tribunal in all questions before states. More and more will men of honor and command feel that an appointment to serve on this tribunal is the highest human dignity. Of such a tribunal the decisions, though no musket enforce them, will be one day received, of course. It will be as to-day in any States of America the great decisions are received of that great American court, indeed supreme, from whose methods the great tribunal of the new century will have to study its procedure.

"Now, does any one ask what right we children of the nineteenth century have to make such prophecies? It is not enough to answer that they do not approach in audacity the boldness of any prophet who should have spoken one hundred years ago, had he proclaimed what we all know is true to-day. The confederation of the world which I have prefigured does not approach in difficulty and improbability the union of the American States which has been welded by the heat and light of one hundred years, and by their blows as well."



DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE,
Who was eighty-six years old Friday.

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It was from Russia, and not from the United States, that the proposal which resulted in the first Hague conference actually came. On that point Dr. Hale's 1889 sermon did not prove exact prophecy. It is worth noting, however, that the first definite proposal of such a conference did come from an American democrat, and not from a Russian Czar. It came from the Massachusetts Peace Society in 1816, in the form of a memorial to the President of the United States, written by William Ellery Channing.

The words of Dr. Hale's 1889 sermon were remembered at the arbitration conference which met at Washington in the spring of 1896, and were read by Senator Edmunds, the president of the conference, as a remarkable prophecy of the things for whose promotion the conference was assembled. Dr. Hale sat on the platform as his prophetic words were read. He has lived to see his prophecy far on the road to fulfillment. The world-court is a fact. Treaties of arbitration between the United States and many other nations are certainties of the near future. It is, indeed, disappointing that we should not have the honor of being a party to the first general arbitration treaty. That honor belongs to England and France. But arbitration treaties between the various nations are now multiplying rapidly, and in this movement the United States, whose course in connection with The Hague conference and The Hague tribunal has been so noble and efficient, will not be laggard.

It was half a dozen years before the Washington conference of 1896—it was while the Pan-American Congress of 1890 was in session—that Dr. Hale published an important article, the first clearly outlining his plan of a permanent court of arbitration, with specific reference at the time to the republics of North and South America. The significant passage of the article is the following, and it is noteworthy that what he here suggests for the Western world is almost exactly what he was presently suggesting for the world as a whole and essentially what The Hague conference in 1899 adopted:

"The meeting of the American congress has no object so important as the establishment of a system of arbitration as to any question which may arise between the different states of North and South America. It is too much forgotten that an essential part of the prosperity and success of the United States as a nation is the system by which questions between the States are adjusted. Many a contest between neighboring and rival States has been adjusted by the Supreme Court, while most of the citizens of each State did not know that there was any question. Thus the Supreme Court adjusted a boundary question between Massachusetts and Rhode Island, of more importance than many boundary questions which have plunged Europe into war; and it would be fair to say that half the people of both States did not know that there had been any controversy.

"It is not enough for the Congress to vote that, in the future, questions of dispute shall be referred to courts of arbitration. When questions assume importance, after they have been neglected, and when they have had a chance to grow in consequence, it may be too late to constitute a proper court of arbitration. The demand of our time is that a permanent court of arbitration shall be appointed at once, and shall be in readiness to receive all such questions as soon as they arise. Indeed, it may be possible for such a court to give such counsel as shall solve the question at its very birth.

"Such a court should consist of statesmen and jurists of the highest rank—men who have distinguished themselves before the world by their equity and wisdom in public affairs. Its establishment should be on such a scale of dignity, and the powers conferred on it should be so high, that even a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States should feel honored by an appointment to serve on it, or such statesmen as John Quincy Adams, after he had left the Presidential chair.

"Before such a tribunal, sooner or later, two states, in contest with each other, would bring the subject of their debate. The court would hear them by counsel, and would give its decision. To enforce that decision, it is perfectly true, it would not have a musket or a ship. But the moral weight of its decision would be absolute. No State in America is so strong that it could stand against it. The legislation of every State and its conduct would, sooner or later, comply with the court's decision."

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A few weeks after the Washington conference of 1896 the second annual meeting of the Lake Mohonk conference on international arbitration was held, a meeting in many respects more impressive than even the great meeting at Washington in April. The conference, in its declaration of principles, made a great advance, directly inspired by Dr. Hale, and submitted that the matter of international arbitration should not be left to casual and temporary provision incidental to separate cases, as they might arise, but that there should be established to meet the world's new exigencies the permanent tribunal. This was what Dr. Hale proposed in 1889, and what he kept on proposing with iteration and reiteration on every occasion and by every means—speeches, sermons, magazines, newspapers—for the next ten years. He proposed it at Mohonk in 1895 in a speech which was the notable event of that first Mohonk conference, and he proposed it there again, with new emphasis, the next year, and the next. "A permanent tribunal! A permanent tribunal! A permanent tribunal!" by this word, by this conception so clearly worked out, Dr. Hale proved himself the prophetic man in the movement—a movement so much more definite and determined than America had seen before, with the possible exception of that of Elihu Burritt in the great peace congresses and of William Law, who inspired him, for the substitution of law and order for war among nations.

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I remember hearing one of our famous diplomats declare at Mohonk, after Dr. Hale's memorable speech in 1896, that it was "not probable that for many years to come the governments would accept any such ideal," and another eminent diplomat declare the next year that "it aims too high for our day." That was in 1897. In less than half a dozen years The Hague conference had been held, The Hague conventions signed, The Hague tribunal established, and the first case before it decided, a case in which the United States was a party. This history is worth remembering by the skeptics about progress. The virtue of Dr. Hale has always been his belief that some things in this world can be done as well as others; that the things which ought to be done can be done more quickly nowadays than ever before, and that our business is to set about doing these without any talk or much care as to how many years it will take.

There is no man who loves history and the past, loves celebrations of the right kind and of proper proportion, better than Dr. Hale; but there is no man so impatient of the lashing of dead corpses and wasting power in continuing fights already won. His famous motto is: "Look forward, not backward." He knows that several fights of a far-reaching character in the peace cause are now won. The fight for international arbitration has really been fought and won. A lot of work remains to be done around the edges; the scope of treaties has to be enlarged to bring them up to the demands of Judge Gray and Mr. Foster and Mr. Straus at the memorable Washington meeting of January, 1904. But Secretary Root's treaties this spring will cover all cases which are ever likely to involve possibilities of disputes between us and the nations of Europe, and all else in that field will naturally and speedily follow. The fight for an international court has been fought and won. The fight for an international parliament has been fought and won. As concerns both of these, also important work remains to be done, and our State Department must have our constant and earnest support until all details are settled, and rightly settled. But our main energies are now released for the conflicts against the enormous armaments, against war loans to belligerents by neutral peoples, and in behalf of "peace budgets." These are the three really vital questions of the hour, compared with which the rest are of slight and ever slighter importance, as all are on the way to settle themselves.

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On these really vital questions Dr. Hale, as ever, speaks the prophetic and necessary word; and he always spurs the peace people to concentrate their energies on the things which now demand practical and resolute attention and give very little of their valuable time to talk about things already achieved. At Mohonk last year he raised his energetic voice in behalf of the limitation of armaments, as when that was where his voice was really needed he raised it in behalf of a permanent international tribunal; and to-day what he is chiefly trying to check is the inordinate building of battle ships.

For peace budgets, the positive, definite action of governments themselves to promote the mutual understanding and good will of peoples whose relations might else become "strained," he was perhaps our earliest important spokesman. If you prepare for war, he says, you will get it; and if you prepare for peace, you will get that—and it is a good deal cheaper to prepare for peace than for war. It will soon be a disgrace to any civilized nation, he said years ago, to have a secretary of war and no secretary of peace. He has lived to see our own Mr. Taft declare how much he dislikes to be styled Secretary of War, and to see a movement in England to supplant the term war department by department of national defense. And he may live to see his whole prophecy fulfilled, as he has so many other prophecies. His mind teems with schemes as to what peoples might do to promote fraternity and co-operation with each other when they once make up their minds to spend their money for really defensive and constructive things instead of wasting their substance in the preparation of monstrous machines to scare and kill each other.

Numberless are the good causes and inspirations with which Dr. Hale's name is identified and for whose championship we honor him; but he has no greater honor than that of seeing so clearly and proclaiming so constantly during the last twenty years what the world's supreme need is and how it is rightly to be met. His place among the modern prophets of peace and the men who have helped to organize the world is a high one, and we rejoice that this eighty-sixth birthday finds him as vigorous and active as ever in this most commanding cause.

TRAGEDIES OF ROYAL NURSERIES—PRINCELY CRADLES NOT FREE OF DANGER

By EX-ATTACHE.

No nurseries are the object of greater solicitude than those of the reigning houses of the Old World.

For not only considerations of parental affection, but likewise of vast political importance, are involved in the welfare of their youthful inmates. Indeed, the interests of an entire nation, as well as its relations to the various foreign powers, are often centered upon the life of a tiny bairn, which, however much it may be tended by its royal mother, and by the great ladies of the aristocracy who are responsible to the crown, to the government, and to the people for its safety, is nevertheless dependent, like every other child, upon the devotion of its nurses. It is, therefore, natural that the utmost care should be observed in the selection of the nurses to whom the earliest training of the future rulers of the monarchical countries of the Eastern hemisphere is intrusted. Yet, in spite of all this, tragedies in the royal nurseries are by no means unknown.

Many Threats Received.

In fact, when one reflects upon the threats which the Czar and Czarina are constantly receiving of the murder of their children, and the attempts which have been made in the past to kidnap King Alfonso during his infancy, and also the young children of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, it is surprising that there should not be a greater number than there are of tragedies in royal nurseries.

Something of the kind has just taken place in the nursery of Prince and Princess Mirko of Montenegro. Owing to the childlessness of the marriage of the Crown Prince of the Black Mountain with Duchess Jutta of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, his younger brother, Prince Mirko, has of recent years been regarded as heir presumptive to the throne. Wonderfully gifted as a poet, a composer, and a musician, adept in all manly sports, high spirited, and at the same time sunny tempered, he has been the best-loved child of his parents, the favorite brother of his sister, the Queen of Italy, and the most popular member of his house among the people of Montenegro.

Marriage Is Approved.

He still further strengthened his hold upon their affections by his marriage to Natalie Constantinovitch, the beautiful daughter of that Col. Constantinovitch who is, through his mother, an Obrenovitch, and who, in spite of having been jilted by Queen Natalie for his cousin, King Milan, remained until the latter's death the one devoted and loyal friend of both.

Prince and Princess Mirko had two little boys, Stephen and Stanislas, aged five and three years, respectively, the elder of whom was looked upon as the future sovereign of Montenegro. A couple of months ago both little boys were stricken with acute tuberculosis of the lungs, and only then, too late, was it discovered that one of the nursery maids was afflicted with the malady, which she had communicated to the little princes, who, in spite of the efforts on the part of the greatest specialists in Europe to check the progress of the malady, have now succumbed to the fell disease, within five weeks of one another.

Little Prince Stanislas died at Cattaro, and his elder brother, Stephen, at Cannes, on the French Riviera, and as there is but little prospect of any more children being born to Prince and Princess Mirko, it is the former's youngest brother, Prince Peter, now eighteen years of age, and engaged in the study of law and political science at the University of Vienna, to whom attention will now be turned, both at home and abroad, as likely to become the eventual ruler of the Black Mountain.

Indignation Prevails.

The utmost indignation prevails against the physicians and the other dignitaries of the court of Cettinje responsible for the failure to ascertain that one of the nurses of the royal children was afflicted with what is now popularly known as the white plague; and, in view of the dynastic complications which might arise in the event of anything untoward happening to Prince Peter, and the danger of the reigning house of Petrovitch Niegoch becoming extinct in the male line, there is a talk of impeaching in the national legislature those at fault for a criminal negligence amounting to treason.

Twice in modern times has the reigning house of Hesse been overtaken by nursery tragedies of this kind. The first occasion was in 1873, when Prince Frederick, a three-year-old child, fell out of the window of the palace at Darmstadt while playing with his only brother, Ernest, aged five, the actual Grand Duke of Hesse. Of course, it was due to the negligence of his nurses that the little fellow, a favorite grandchild of the late Queen Victoria, had been able to climb up on to the window sill, and to fall out, crushing his skull on the flagstone of the courtyard two stories below; and had it not been for the fact that Grand Duke Ernest divorced his first wife, and has now a year-old son by his second marriage to inherit his throne, the latter would, owing to the loss of his younger brother, have passed to a distant branch of the family, of wholly Prussian nationality, much to the dismay of the people of Hesse.

Pretty Girl by First Wife.

The present Gand Duke of Hesse had a very pretty little girl by his first wife, Princess Victoria Melita of Great Britain and Coburg, who was likewise his first cousin, and who, since her divorce, has married Grand Duke Cyril of Prussia. This little girl's name was Elizabeth, and on account of her beauty and sprightly cleverness she was a universal favorite, and the only tie between her parents after their estrangement. While staying with her uncle and aunt, the Czar and Czarina, at their beautiful place in Poland, she succumbed, at the age of seven, to poison, which, according to some, was of a ptomaine character, and, according to others, some food or drink that had been specially devised by the nihilists for the purpose of taking the life of the Emperor.

A remarkable account of the affair is given by an Englishwoman of the name of Miss Eager, who, after spending a number of years in the service of the Czar and Czarina as the nursery governess of their children, published on her return to England, with the full authority and approval of their majesties, a volume entitled "Six Years at the Court of Russia."

Dies Before Morning.

According to her, little Princess Elizabeth, or "Ella," of Hesse, was taken ill late one afternoon or evening, and died before the following morning.

Between 9 and 10 o'clock two of the little girls of the Czarina, who were sleeping together in a room adjoining that of their seven-year-old cousin of Hesse, suddenly alarmed every one within hearing by the most frantic screams. When the Empress, Miss Eager, and the doctors rushed in, they found the two little grand duchesses standing up in their beds, shrieking and shaking with terror. It was some time before they could be soothed, and then they related that they had seen a man with flowing robes and huge wings in their room. While they were still talking, the eyes of both children suddenly dilated with terror, and, both pointing in the same direction, they cried: "Look! Look! There he is again! He has gone into Ella's room. Oh, poor Ella! Poor Ella!"

Neither Miss Eager nor the Czarina, nor yet the doctor, could see anything. But a few minutes later Princess Ella suddenly sat up in her bed and cried: "I am dying! I am dying! Send for mama!" A few hours later the child, who had almost immediately afterward fallen into a state of coma, passed away, in the absence, of course, of her mother.

Result of Apparition.

Miss Eager expresses her firm conviction that the little grand duchesses had seen a supernatural apparition, and that the apparition in question was the angel of death. That the Czar and Czarina shared her view is shown by the fact that they authorized her to publish the story in her book, as well as by the circumstance that she retains their favor and good will, and is in receipt of an annuity from them for the remainder of her days. That supernatural apparitions are sometimes visible to children, and also to horses and to dogs, many level-headed, matter-of-fact, and sensible people firmly believe. Plenty of interesting cases could be cited in support of the theory, and any one who possesses an intimate acquaintance with horses will be able to recall instances of their refusing to pass spots where crimes have been committed or where tragedies have occurred and shying at things not visible to their riders or drivers in the neighborhood of cemeteries. Dying people are also endowed with this peculiar second sight, and the manner in which Field Marshal Serrano, an hour or so before he passed away, suddenly exclaimed, "The King is dead! I must hasten to the Prado!" although at that moment no one had the slightest idea that Alfonso XII was even ailing, is a matter of duly authenticated history.

Supposed to Be Shooting.

The King was supposed to be shooting in the splendid game preserves around the Prado Palace. Yet he died very suddenly, just at the very moment when old Serrano had announced his demise, and had exclaimed that he must hasten to the Prado.

Queen Henriette believed to the end of her days that her only son, Leopold, who died so suddenly at nine years old, after only a few hours of mysterious illness, in 1869, had succumbed to poison, and was the victim of a conspiracy on the part of some unscrupulous Bonapartist agents, who imagined that by removing him from the scene they were facilitating the eventual acquisition of Belgium by the French empire. The publication a year or so later of the draft agreement between Prince Bismarck and Count Benedetti, French Ambassador at Berlin, for the partition of Belgium tended to confirm her in this conviction; and, whether there was any foundation for her view of the matter or not, the fact remains that the death of the young prince has always been shrouded with a certain amount of mystery, and that Queen Henriette, probably alone of the women of royal and imperial rank in Europe, abstained thenceforth from ever setting foot in France, or from visiting Paris, which is only a few hours distant from Brussels, and popularly regarded as the Mecca of the fair sex; at least of that portion thereof that has any pretensions to elegance.

Amelie Still Scarred.

Queen Marie Amelie of Portugal still bears scars of the burn which she received in rescuing the late crown prince from his burning cradle. The latter had in some manner caught fire, and the nurses, instead of attempting to extinguish it, or to remove the child, lost their heads and fled shrieking. The Queen, attracted by their cries, rushed to the scene and snatched the little fellow from the flames before they had had time to do him any lasting injury. The shock of the entire affair, however, resulted in Marie Amelie giving birth prematurely to a still-born daughter.

The late King Victor Emmanuel was almost burned to death in his cradle, and for many years there used to be a widespread belief to the effect that he really perished in the flames, and that the boy of his peasant wet nurse was substituted in his stead, either with or without the knowledge of his parents. The many peasant tastes and traits of the first King of United Italy used to be cited by way of confirmation of this somewhat fantastical story.

In two notable instances royal nurses lost their reason. Miss Weber, who was in charge of the nursery of the Crown Princess of Greece, threw herself from the Parthenon onto the stone pavement below, being instantly killed. She was the only German of the household of the crown princess, whom she accompanied to Athens from Berlin, and with whom, as a daughter of one of the palace officials at Potsdam, she had been more or less associated from childhood. One of the nurses of King Edward and of his elder sister likewise committed suicide, in a particularly shocking fashion, at Claremont.

Most of the royal nurseries of the Old World are in charge of Scotch or English women, that at the Quirinal having at its head a Mrs. Dickson. The future King of Spain has likewise a couple of English nurses, while Queen Wilhelmina of Holland had first an English nurse and then an English governess. As mentioned above, the Czar's children were, until a year or so ago, under the care of an English nursery governess of the name of Miss Eager, and a few years before the death of Alexander III he, with his brothers, the Grand Dukes Vladimir, Alexis, Paul, and Sergius, attended the funeral at St. Petersburg of the old Scotchwoman who had been their nurse in childhood, tramping for nearly two miles through the streets in the snow, behind her remains, and bearing with their own hands the coffin from the hearse to the grave.

Emperor William, as well as his brother and sisters, have all been tended in their early childhood by English or Scotch nurses, who are even to be found at Cairo, caring for the young children of the Khedive, in spite of the ill will toward England with which he is credited.

Regarded as Reliable.

This predilection for English, or rather Scotch, nurses on the part of foreign royalty is attributable, in the first place, to the fact that they are regarded as more reliable, more possessed of independence, common sense, and principles of infant sanitation than women of the same class of any other nationality. Then, too, Scotchwomen are famed throughout Europe for the peculiar sweetness of tone of their voices. A sweet-toned voice is one of the great charms of men, and especially of women, and the influencing of the voice in childhood through this means is held by royalty to be of considerable importance.

English and Scotch women of the class from which the nurses are recruited make a point, too, partly through national pride and partly through racial distrust of the foreigner, of holding themselves aloof from the other servants, and are, therefore, less likely to become a party to local intrigues or conspiracies than natives. In one word, they are regarded as more trustworthy, and are usually not only loyal, but even devoted to their employers.

Treated with Kindness.

It is only fair to say that they are invariably treated by the latter, especially when of royal or imperial rank, with the utmost kindness and consideration; are paid well, yet not extravagantly, while in service; are pensioned and loaded with gifts when their task is at an end, and are always retained in friendly and grateful remembrance. Queen Victoria was always pre-eminent in her consideration for the nurses of her children and grandchildren, and, writing in "Leaves from My Journal in the Highlands," or one of her other works, I forget which, she says: "How people can treat with disrespect, unkindness, and neglect those to whom they intrust the care and training of their children is a thing which I cannot understand." That the royal children retain in after life the traits instilled into them by those to whom their childhood has been confided is perhaps best shown by the remark of an eminent continental statesman, who quite seriously, in discussing England the other day, exclaimed: "Europe is still subject to the influence of English nurseries upon its reigning families."

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SWISS RED TAPE IS A LITTLE REDDER THAN OTHERS

By ETHEL THERESA HUGLI-CAMP.

Law and order are so inseparably intermingled in the life of Switzerland that every act of every citizen here is regulated and noted down by some official. A case in point which struck me as being very interesting and out-of-the-way, was that of young Zinggli, of Bern. Zinggli's father's family came from Sumiswald, a little village way up in the Emmenthal ("where the cheese comes from").

For centuries the family had been citizens, or "burger," of Sumiswald, and all the important acts of the family, such as being born, being married, and dying had been registered there. Well, Zinggli, pere, came to Bern, and bought himself into the Guild of White Tanners, thereby gaining all the rights of a Bernese citizen, while losing none of those of a citizen of Sumiswald. This latter place was more or less forgotten, at least all connection with it was broken off, and the Zinggli boys grew up to all intents and purposes as Bernese as could be.

The oldest, when he had attained the age of thirty-five, took unto himself a wife, an American girl whom he married in New York. The two traveled back to Bern and set up housekeeping there. It seemed very queer to the girl to be obliged to send home for birth certificates and information about her parents, but finally everything was arranged and safely registered in the office of the recorder, and peace reigned.

Suddenly, one day, without any warning, came a highly indignant official document from little Sumiswald, way up in the Emmenthal, to the effect that one E. Zinggli, son of G. Zinggli, had now been married several months and no official information had been received of the marriage at the office of the recorder of Sumiswald! No certificate either of birth or of baptism of the second party to the marriage had been sent to Sumiswald, and they were in serious doubts about the validity of the whole thing! One could fancy the recorder positively exploding with wrath, and one could almost hear the booming of "Potts Donnerwetter" through the red seals. In all haste the necessary documents were sent off and peace reigned again.

In a few months an event of international importance occurred in the Zinggli household, and adoration of the tiny miracle lying there in the cradle drove away every thought of the outside world for a season. As a proper Bernese father would, however, young Zinggli had the baby's birth registered in the Bernese recorder's office.

But soon, with a sizzle and a bang, another communication arrived from Sumiswald. What, in the name of law and order, was young Zinggli about, to so neglect his civic duties! The recorder, keeping his eye on the young menage in expectation of just such an event, and a lapse as crass as that in the case of the marriage certificate, had heard, unofficially, that a child had been born to this irresponsible pair. Said pair—perhaps "pere" would be more correct—would kindly and also immediately furnish all information concerning this child: if born, when born, and why.

Full of dismay, young Zinggli complied, and since then, in every important crisis, from taking a flying trip to the Riviera, to changing his cook, he hastily consults his inner consciousness as to the expediency of telegraphing the recorder of Sumiswald for permission.

Every house to house merchant has to have a peddler's license, and this led to a comical situation lately in which the thing peddled was so unusual that the ends of justice were completely defeated. One rainy afternoon I went to see my music dealer, Mr. D——, and found him in conversation with a sorry-looking trio of women. The oldest of the artistes (for I saw at once that they belonged to the "profesh"), sat in a shapeless heap on a divan and explained, in a strong Bavarian accent, which issued from a mouth most shamelessly devoid of teeth, that she was the Reichsgrafin Somaroff; (a Reichsgrafin is something infinitely higher than a simple grafin or countess!"; that she had come to Bern to give a charity concert; that she was the only surviving pupil of Liszt (O, Amy Fay, what do you say to this!), and would play the piano.

One of the young ladies, the one with the shaded green ostrich feather, would read some original poems, the principal one being "Des Menschen Los"—or "Man's Fate," in costume, with manacled hands and bare feet, hair down, and leaning against a huge black cross. The third member would sing. As it was a charity concert they would give a small percentage of the receipts to a local charity, and Mr. D—— would be kind enough to make the necessary arrangements for the hall and tickets, &c.

As Mr. D—— is a very serious business man he saw at once that such a concert would not take in Bern. He drew her attention gently to the fact that in the case of a concert billed as a charity concert, every cent of the receipts went to the charity named, and not merely a percentage of the receipts, and as he went on explaining the difficulties I quietly left, postponing my errand to another day. A few days later I was called up on the telephone by a friend who, in the midst of our conversation, said:

"Wait a minute, will you. The maid has just brought me a card with a seven-pointed crown on it and the name 'Reichsgrafin Somaroff.' I'll call you up again when she has gone."

Before I could tell her what I knew about the lady she had rung off. Half an hour later the bell rang.

"Hello," I said.

"Hello," came the answer; "I'm poorer by just six francs than when we last spoke together. The reichsgrafin sold me two tickets to her concert. Will you go with me?"

I told her what I thought the countess was, and condoled with her over the vanished six francs, but said of course I would go.

It was set for three weeks later. In the meantime several good concerts were announced and played to very slim houses. The night of the reichsgrafin's concert arrived. The hall was jammed. The concert itself was beneath criticism. "The only living pupil of Liszt" played a few chords and arpeggios, smiled toothlessly, and licked her lips; the "Fate" ranted and raved through several selections, the singer murdered some songs, and the concert was over. Many people left in the middle of it, either because they were splitting their sides or because they were too mad to stay. It was a complete swindle.

One of the audience, an exquisite pianiste whose concert had been shamefully neglected that very week, went stormily to the countess' lodgings the next day demanding that she return every cent of the money she had so dishonestly taken in, or she would be exposed to legal action for fraud.

"I think not," answered the countess, smiling that toothless smile. "I went myself," she added, "from house to house and sold the tickets—and here is my authority."

Saying which, she produced—a peddler's license, and the young pianiste retired in confusion.