

RECALLS SINKING OF MAINE

Admiral Wainwright Also Discusses Battle in Which Cervera Lost His Entire Fleet.

By JAMES B. MORROW.

A long-faced, large-eyed boy, notable also for the length of his chin, with solid lines protruding from the pockets of his short coat—he drew the picture himself, when he had become one of the world's most famous men—and a baker's roll under each arm and another in his hand, which he was eating, after a hard and hungry journey from Boston, walked through Market street, in Philadelphia, early on a Sunday morning.

A girl, Deborah Dean by name, standing in front of her father's house, noticed the boy, and smiled. Most girls would have laughed. The boy passed on without a word. However, Benjamin Franklin had seen the maiden who was to be his wife.

It is a quaint and familiar story. In the course of years Benjamin and Deborah were married, "she helping to fold and stitch pamphlets, tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for the paper-maker," &c. &c. "My breakfast," Franklin said in his autobiography, "was for a long time bread and milk (no tea), and I ate it out of a two-penny earthen porringer, with a pewter spoon."

Left Estate to Daughter.
When Franklin died he left an estate valued at \$150,000. A large part of it was willed to Sarah Bache, his only daughter. Sallie Franklin had received \$2,000 worth of "clothes and furniture" as a wedding portion from her father—the pewter spoon and two-penny porringer had vanished, just as they do nowadays when men are thrifty, and have a talent for making money. She married Richard Bache, who, coming from England, had settled in Philadelphia, where he engaged in the business of soliciting and writing insurance for ocean ships, at which he made a fortune.

Thus introduced on one side, genealogically, I now bring Richard Wainwright, who is Sallie Bache's great-grandson, into the foreground of this combined interview and article. "What," I asked him, "do you know about your celebrated great-grandfather?"

"Nothing," he answered, "except what I have read in books. I am interested in him, of course, but I have neither had the time nor the inclination to do any investigating around the roots or under the branches of my family tree. Being a sailor has kept me busy, so far."

A terse and serious man is Wainwright, but courteous, patient and cheerful. An admiral now, and one of the new aids of the Secretary of the Navy, he is as unreserved and hearty, and just as intense and energetic as when a lieutenant or a Lieutenant commander. He was on the Maine, quietly talking in the captain's office, when it was sunk in the harbor of Havana by a Spanish mine hidden beneath the filthy waters. He sent the Pluton and Furor—"sharks of the sea," John D. Long called them—to the beach and to the bottom, within four miles of port, on that memorable Sunday morning in July, twelve years ago.

Heroic and Gallant Service.
"I have always thought it," again using the language of Long, then Secretary of the Navy, "the most heroic and gallant individual instance of fighting during the war." And Wainwright did the work with a little yacht of wood and a crew of inexperienced men!

Leanan than Franklin—why as an Indian—and taller, I dare say, lacking an inch of being a six-footer. Wainwright has the philosopher's immovable jaw, as well as his resolute and courageous character. The eyes, small and brown, are fierce or gentle, as the mood within, and the mustache is a tawny brown, matches the color tone of the skin, deeply tanned by long service in the sun and wind. Moreover, a youthful man for his sixty years, three-fourths of which he has been a sailor, circling the earth by canvas and steam, first in wood and then in steel, and ultimately commanding a battle ship of the latest model.

Although a prize essayist for the magazine printed in the interest of the naval service, Admiral Wainwright is strikingly deficient in the gift of verbal expression when he attempts to converse about himself. So the interviewer who talks with him must be something of a diplomat, and also a dentist. I sought first-hand information about the Maine and the sinking of the Spanish "demons"—once more going to Long for a descriptive name, and I approached those dramatic subjects by a timely inquiry concerning present duties.

On Staff of Aids.
The suggestion was made several years ago that the Secretary of the Navy be given the skilled counsel of a small staff of aids, or fighting men. However, the suggestion was ignored until George von Lengerke Meyer came into the department under President Taft. Practical sailors have long declared that they know more about ships than do the shore chiefs whose lives have been largely spent at office desks in Washington. Meyer, going to the sea for expert knowledge, has detailed Wainwright to control the movement of war vessels—the depart and return largely by his recommendation.

"Broadly, what is the policy of the government in that respect?" I asked.
"To keep the battle ships together," was the answer. "We now have sixteen of them in a single fleet on the Atlantic Ocean. There ought to be a fleet of equal size on the Pacific. Some day, I hope, we shall have a navy adequate to protect the country, East and West. Two fleets of sixteen ships each would require about forty-two ships altogether, because five ships in a fleet, as I figure it out, would be undergoing repairs at the navy yards all the while."

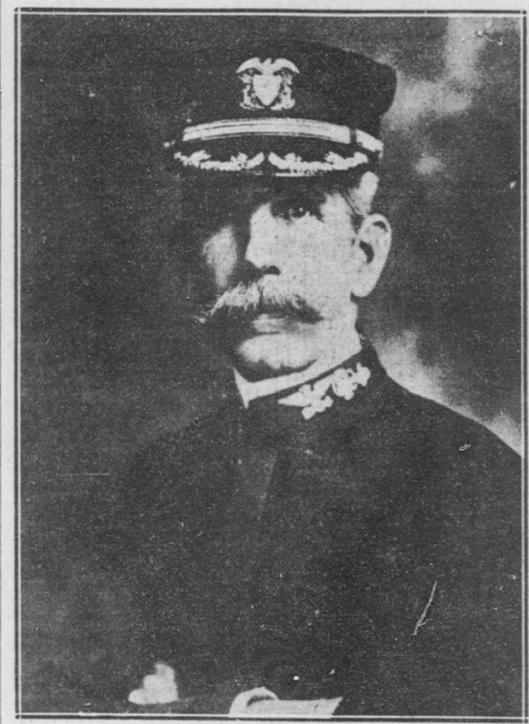
Will Grow in Size.
"Will battle ships continue to grow in size?"
"That is a mooted question. Congress at its last session authorized the building of two ships that will be as large as any in the world; each is to be armed with ten fourteen-inch guns. No one can tell when the limit of size will be reached."
"How did you get into the navy?" I inquired.
"I went to Admiral Farragut in 1864. I was then fourteen years old, and with awe and fright asked him to recommend my appointment to Annapolis. He took my case to President Lincoln and the appointment was made. My father was an old friend of Farragut and commanded the Hartford, which was Farragut's flagship, during the operations against New Orleans and the bombardment of Vicksburg. Farragut rarely commended any one by name, but he complimented my father very highly in his letters."

"Was your father killed?"
"No, he died of river fever, while still captain of the Hartford. Once, a con-

non ball went through his bunk, but he was on deck fighting, where he should have been, and escaped unhurt. His bed clothes, torn in shreds, were afterward sent to our home in Washington. I felt like being a lawyer, but on my father's death decided to follow in his footsteps, if I could. My father was born at Charlestown, Mass., while his father was in command of the marines at that point. Originally, the Wainwrights came from North Carolina."

One of the Maine Survivors.
After being graduated from Annapolis at the age of eighteen, Admiral Wainwright served in a sailing ship. "Back in those days," he said, "we kept the propeller lifted, even when we had steam, except on entering and leaving port. He passed through the various grades of the service—remaining lieutenant."

REAL HERO OF SANTIAGO.



ADMIRAL RICHARD WAINWRIGHT.

Naval commander tells of experience aboard the Maine the night of the Disaster in Havana Harbor.

tenant on small pay for twenty-one years—until 1884, when he became a lieutenant commander. The Maine sailed for Havana in 1898. Capt. Charles D. Sigbee was in command. Richard Wainwright went along as executive officer. He was known all through the navy as a very painstaking and accomplished sailor.

"What happened to you after your work at Havana was completed?"
"I came to Washington as far as I could, wanting to get into the war at the earliest possible moment, but understanding, of course, that my rank would preclude me from obtaining command of a large ship. But I was determined to have something. Mr. Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. For a month I spent most of my time in the outer room of his office. One day I heard that the government had purchased the Corsair, a yacht, belonging to J. Pierpont Morgan, and would convert it into a scout and dispatch boat. I begged so hard that Mr. Roosevelt also to get rid of me, I imagine—gave me command of the yacht, which, on being armed with three and six pounders, was renamed the Gloucester. It could sail eighteen knots an hour, and I hoped its speed would carry me into some zone of action."

Set to Carrying Dispatches.
"I sailed from New York, and, reporting to Admiral Remy at Key West, was handed a message for Garcia, who was on the north coast of Cuba. Garcia was to give me a message for Gen. Shafter, and I was to wait in the old Bahama Channel until Shafter and his troop ships and convoys came along on the way to Santiago. I showed Admiral Remy, however, that I could make better time by going straight to Santiago, seeing Shafter there instead of watching for him in the channel. Moreover, I desired to get close to Admiral Sampson and his fleet of battle ships, then on blockade duty before Santiago. Cervera was in the harbor and I felt that a fight was sure to occur, sooner or later."

Black smoke, around a bend in the harbor, on Sunday morning, July 3, 1898, warned the American fleet that Cervera was headed for open water. "Cervera was ordered out by Blanco, but he knew well enough what would happen," Admiral Wainwright said to me.
"The American ships went forward," I remarked, "and Capt. Taylor, of the Indiana, signalled you to close in."
"At all events," Admiral Wainwright replied with a smile, "I read the signal that way. Taylor afterward explained that his signal was: 'The gunboats are coming out,' meaning the Pluton and Furor. I knew they were coming toward me and closed in, thus obeying the instructions previously given me by Admiral Sampson."

Cervera Knew His Fate.
The Spanish ships steamed out of Santiago at 9:30 o'clock in the morning. "I shall never be the one to decree the horrible hecatomb," Cervera had said, "which will be the only possible result of the sortie from here by main force." And Blanco had replied by telegraph from Havana: "Main thing is that the squadron go out at once."
At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the Cristobal Colon, the last ship afloat, ran ashore seventy-five miles west of Santiago and hauled down her flag. The Infanta Maria Teresa, Oquendo, and Vizcaya were driven to the beach, burned and blown up within twenty miles of Santiago. Wainwright, in the wooden Gloucester, destroyed the Pluton and Furor within four miles of port—the Pluton and Furor, "sharks of the sea," that were to creep up under cover of the

smoke of battle and torpedo the battle ships of Sampson's fleet!"
"Was the Gloucester hit during the fight?" I asked Admiral Wainwright.
"Not once, so far as I could see, although a shot or two went through the masts. I was informed afterward. The Spaniards worked their guns very fast, but were wild, being confused, perhaps, because we got into action first, and it is the first blow that counts in any kind of a fight. They had torpedo tubes, but waited until the battle began before trying to put the torpedoes in place. We shot down two crews of men who were engaged in that duty. Still the Spaniards came on, their aim getting closer all the time. Small rapid-fire guns can be played much like a hose, and we could see the water splash nearer and nearer as the Spanish measured our distance. Before they could reach us both destroyers were on fire. One ran in a circle and sank, and the other ran to the shore and was beached."

No One to Guide the Ship.
It is said, but Admiral Wainwright avoided giving any information on the subject, that the boat which circled and sank was practically unmanned toward the last. Its guns had been silenced, their crews were either dead or wounded, and the rudder had no one to guide it.
"How near did you get to the enemy?" I asked.
"Within 600 yards, which was rather close quarters for a sea fight."
"In the meantime," I inquired, "what were you thinking about?"
"My business, of course. Incidentally, I was amazed that during all the fire—and it was heavy throughout—not a man on the Gloucester was hit."
"So dash and marksmanship won the fight?"
"Well, we got started first. But the marksmanship of the present. Before the war with Spain we did not know that a gun is an instrument of precision. Today, one of our battle ships, with such officers and men as we have, would do more damage than was done by all of Sampson's ships in front of Santiago. Furthermore, my crew was made up of new men, with an old hand here and there to give it steadiness."
"Was it a one-sided fight?"
"In a sense, yes. But many battles on water are one-sided. The ship that shoots first, effectively, has the advantage that is gained through the demoralization that follows."
"When he was brought to your ship as a prisoner, you congratulated Admiral Cervera on his gallantry. What did he say in reply?"
"He was not in the frame of mind to say anything. He had lost his squadron and was wet to the skin, having come through the surf twice. Our men were sure they had passed Cervera from his ship to the shore, standing in a line in the water. The Spaniards dispute the statement, anyway. Cervera was brought from land to the Gloucester in one of our own boats by our own sailors. He was shown to my cabin."

Sampson a Brilliant Officer.
"You were well acquainted with Admiral Sampson?"
"Oh, yes. Sampson was a brilliant officer and a wise man, but he suffered from bashfulness—sensitiveness would be a better word, perhaps—and to conceal his infirmity assumed an austerity of manner that caused his character to be misunderstood. I often saw him on business, but every time I came into his presence he met me with a reserve of speech and conduct that would continue for several minutes. My theory is that he felt the poverty of his parents and his humble birth, when he first went to the Naval Academy as a student."
"Annapolis is now a democratic institution. Before the civil war, however, it was rather exclusive, boys of family or of money being usually chosen for appointment. Sampson, entering an atmosphere that was plainly aristocratic, put on an appearance of restraint and indifference that, continued with him the rest of his life. His seeming coldness was merely a mask for a sensitiveness he felt as long as he lived."
"Have you any pleasures?"
"Yes, reading. I like fiction, but history suits me better, especially the history of India, wherein I learn how people can be governed."
"You are also a lawyer?"
"I was graduated in law at George Washington University in 1884. I had been a lieutenant for eleven years, and I thought I might become judge advocate of the navy. Therefore, I studied law, and then waited ten years for my next promotion."

Some of Our Illusions and Delusions.
Keep your illusions. Get rid of your delusions.
Illusions are our real riches. The delusioned soul is bankrupt, says Dr. Frank Crane, in the Chicago Tribune.
How can I tell one from the other? By the practical test; always the moral quality of a thing can be determined by how it works. "By their fruits ye shall know them."
An illusion is a fancy that produces hope and activity; a delusion is a fancy that produces despair and folding of the hands.
I once saw a man in an insane asylum, sitting wretched and downcast in a corner; he sat there hours every day. When I asked what was the matter with him, he kept saying: "He thinks some one is trying to murder him." That is a delusion. The madhouse is the normal end of a soul that entertains one.
When Handel was composing the "Hallelujah Chorus" he declared that he saw the heavens opened and heard the angels. That is illusion.
It is by illusions that nature gets things done. She keeps dangling impossible fantastic forms of happiness and greatness before us to make us go forward, much as you hold a peck of oats before a balky mule to make him pull.
After a while we perceive that these were but dreams; we realize the hollowness of things; life is but pushing on toward a mirage; that is what is known as growing old; then we die; nature kindly removes us, as being of no more use to her.
Faith means possessing a working illusion. It is the motive power of mankind. An ounce of faith is better than a pound of experience, when it comes to succeeding. In fact, the more wisdom and prudence and sound sense we store up by experience the more useless we become in the world's work.

When Solomon was a young man he built the temple and stirred about mightily. When he grew old and knew it all he wrote the Book of Ecclesiastes, wherein you will find a good deal of pessimism like this:
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THE CREMATION CONGRESS

America Sending Delegates to the Brussels Conference This Month—Views of Churches.

By EX-ATTACHE.

Brussels is to be the scene this month of a great international congress on cremation, at which one of the most notable delegates will be the Duke of Bedford, the vice president of the Cremation Society of England. Germany, France, the United States, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Canada, and Australia are all sending representatives, while the congress will be opened and welcomed in the name of King Albert by his premier, although Belgium is one of the countries where incineration of the human body is still forbidden by law. In fact, Belgians who wish their dead to be cremated have to dispatch the corpses either to Germany or to France for the purpose.

Belgium is by no means the only country where cremation is still prohibited. It is a peculiar fact that despite the well-known opposition of the Roman Catholic Church to this form of the disposal of human remains, it is tolerated in countries that are essentially Roman Catholic, such as, for instance, Italy and Bavaria; while it remains forbidden by Protestant governments, such as those of Sweden and Denmark.

Thus, when some years ago the Danish legislature, on sanitary grounds, passed by a overwhelming majority vote in favor of the toleration of cremation, the minister of public worship, in the name of the Crown and government, informed the House that after having consulted the principal dignitaries of the Lutheran or state church of the kingdom, he must decline to permit the bill to become law or to be put into execution, since the entire clergy, as well as the religious sentiments of the nation, were most strongly opposed thereto. In Sweden the Lutheran State Church, as well as a similar stand toward incineration; and so, too, have the Lutheran synods of Prussia and Wurtemberg.

Many thousands of cremations, however, take place each year in the dominions of King Victor Emmanuel, while Munich and Nuremberg, the two principal cities of Bavaria, a kingdom in which more than 7,000,000 of the 9,000,000 inhabitants are Catholics, have each of their recently established huge municipal crematoria, that at Munich being in conjunction with the great Eastern Cemetery. It, however, by no means follows that all the Protestant denominations entertain the same views as to the burning of the dead as those of Scandinavia, of Prussia, and of Wurtemberg. Thus, in the grand duchy of Baden the government has expressed its approval of incineration, while the Lutheran clergy there have announced that from a doctrinal point of view there is nothing whatever to prevent them from reading the service of the dead at obsequies which terminate in the annihilation of the corpse by means of fire.

In England some of the divines of the Established Church assume that cremation is permissible, since the words "ashes" and "ashes" are comprised in the most solemn portion of the liturgy for the dead, and there has been no canonical pronouncement against it. Yet the general attitude of the ecclesiastics of the Anglican rite, both in Great Britain and the United States, may be said to be one of mild disapproval; and I have never yet known of a bishop or of an archbishop of the Church of England consenting to officiate at a cremation.

Still, there are a number of the most devout Episcopalians who, dying after having received the last sacraments of the church, have been incinerated in accordance with their previously expressed wishes, and with full religious services, members of the old English aristocracy, in spite of their proverbial conservatism, leading the way in the matter and contributing much to render this form of the disposal of the dead fashionable. Some of them have even converted their ancestral mausoleums into columbaria. That of the Lords Monson was constructed about fifteen years ago, and forms an annex of the family mausoleum at Carlton. It is of carved ornamental stone, bearing the Monson heraldic device, and is something in the shape of a pigeon house, there being tiers of niches, like pigeon holes, one above another, destined to receive the silver urns or jars containing the ashes of the Mon-

sons now living, or as yet unborn. Each niche on receiving its urn of ashes is hermetically sealed with a pane of thick glass, while a brass plate immediately below bears the name, the title, and the other customary data concerning the person whose ashes occupy the receptacle.

Among those who await the Day of Judgment in urns, instead of in ordinary coffins, are the late Duke of Bedford, his mother, the Duchess of Bedford; the late Duchess of St. Albans, Lily; Duchess of Marlborough, the Marchesses of Winchester and of Queensberry, Lords Lovelace, Romilly, Suffolk, Oxenbridge, and Monson, Ladies Russell, Diana Huddleston, Knutsford, Galloway, and Dilke, while among the members of the cremation society, each of whom is practically pledged to have his remains consigned to the crematorium, instead of to the grave, are the present Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Mayo, Lord Ronald Gower, Lord Rendel, Lord Byron, Lord Ilkerton, and Lord Huberton, besides Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema, Sir Maurice Fitzgerald, and Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, who spent the greater part of last spring in this country.

As yet no royal personage has had the courage to insist on the incineration of his remains, though several of them have expressed their approval of cremation. They are subject in the matter to the unwritten laws of historic tradition and etiquette, a fact which the late King Edward took care to mention when, in discussing the disposal of the dead with the late Sir Francis Seymour Haden (who, in addition to being the most famous surgeon and president of the Sanitary Board Association), he commended the society's method of interring the dead—not in zinc-lined wooden caskets, but in light wickered coffins, of a nature to expedite instead of retard the assimilation of "dust to dust."

In England there have been thus far during the last quarter of a century about 100 cremations, almost wholly private, and the number of cremations in the United Kingdom being restricted to thirteen. In Germany there are some nineteen or twenty of these establishments in full blast, while the number of bodies thus disposed of during the last ten or fifteen years is returned as 23,000. The spread of the movement, in spite of the disapproval of the Lutheran clergy and the prohibition of cremation in Prussia and Wurtemberg, has been very extensive, and the German National Cremation Society, which has its headquarters in Berlin, has nearly 100 branches in various parts of the empire. There are five crematoria in Switzerland, which have reduced some 5,000 bodies to ashes.

In Italy the cremations are numbered at 3,000, while in France the figures are given as numbering several hundred thousand. This is due to the fact, however, that the graves were not sold outright there, but merely leased for ten years, at the end of which the remains are dug up and burned. Thus, in Paris, since the construction of the crematorium at the Pere Lachaise Cemetery in 1880, no less than 34,000 bodies have been cremated.

It is only since 1886 that cremation has been officially forbidden by the Roman Catholic Church, and among the principal reasons which prompted Leo XIII, the most broad-minded and liberal pontiff who has ever occupied the chair of St. Peter, to take this step, was, first of all, the fact that incineration had been adopted by the atheist Freemasons of Italy and France as a feature of their funeral rites, for the purpose of giving public expression to their disbelief in the doctrine of the resurrection and of the life hereafter; while in the second place he held that cremation tends to a diminution of the tokens of respect for the dead that constitute so beautiful a feature of most of the recognized religions.

Thus, at Vienna, where the crematorium is, situated at a distance of five miles from the city, the management has established a system of pneumatic tubes, through which the dead are shot, in the space of a few seconds, from the receiving house in the center of the city to the building in which the furnaces are located, just as if they were packages of

your mind. You need enchantment. Life is cold and dead without faith and hope. Little children who are familiar with such unrealities are the happiest portion of the race.
When your illusions fade get new ones. The whole secret of keeping young is involved in this. Keep the child spirit. Be ready to remake your tastes. Every visitor is disappointed by the first view of Niagara. Sensible persons remain a while and learn a new wonder that takes the place of the old. Goethe was at first disturbed and confused by Switzerland; only after repeated visits did the majesty of the mountains get into his spirit.
It pays to cultivate, to water, and dig about deliberately and make grow, lofty enthusiasms. If you have no sense of awe before great paintings of the old masters, great music, great cathedrals, the ocean, and the sky, go to work and get some. Otherwise you remain silly, proud poor trash in the realm of spirits. Northcote mentioned a conceited painter named Edwards, who went with George Romney, the famous English artist, to Rome and into the Sistine chapel; turning to Romney he exclaimed, "Egad, George, we're bit!"
The world is full of glorious illusions, fit to live and die by. Be clever, if you choose, and avoid them; cultivate the knowing, base spirit of the persons who write reviews, throttle your enthusiasms; be more afraid of being ridiculed than of being dead and dried up; walk about with a cynical smile; sneer at youth; sit around and hate yourself and everybody else; and what do you get out of it? Ashes.
Love! If you have no one to love, love love itself! Seek noble emotions! Embark on high plans! "Hitch your wagon to a star!" Reform the world. Bridge over Lake Michigan! Write an epic poem! And let them laugh, if they will; for in you is cosmic energy pulsing and thrilling, in them laughter is the rattling of the dry bones of hope, the prison wind from the desert of dead illusions.

Always.
From Birmingham Age-Herald
"Pa, what is commendable pride?"
"Our own, my son."

Not in the Papers.
Sir Ernest Shackleton at the luncheon in his honor given by the Pilgrims in New York, said of a piece of geographical ignorance:
"It was incredible. It reminded me of a little waiting maid:
"As she brought me my tea and toast and blower one morning, I said to her:
"What a rainy morning, Mary! It's almost like the Flood."
"The Flood, sir?" said the little maid.
She looked at me with a puzzled smile.
"Yes," said I. "The Flood—Noah, you know—the Ark—Mount Ararat."
"She shook her head and murmured apologetically:
"I ain't had no time to read the papers lately, sir."

New York mail matter; while at Paris, since secular management has taken the place of religious control of the great hospitals of the metropolis, all the so-called "debris anatomiques" are consigned pell mell to the flames of the crematories at the cemetery of Pere Lachaise.

The "debris anatomiques" are the bodies and fragments of bodies of paupers and unknowns dead, whose remains have been entrusted to the doctors and medical students for study and scientific investigation. After they have served this purpose they are returned to the hospitals, which thereupon ship them by the cartload to the Pere Lachaise crematorium, where they are roughly shot into the furnaces without any religious rites.
This is calculated to offend the religious sentiments not only of Catholics, but likewise of members of every other faith, no matter whether Christian, Hebrew, or Mohammedan. Leo XIII likewise took the ground that the ordinary form of interment has been, so to speak, consecrated by usage ever since the foundation of the Christian faith; that it has been accepted from time immemorial as forming part and parcel of the religious ceremonies of the latter, and that the old-fashioned form of Christian burial may be said to have become one of the most solemn features of the rite of the church, and a consolation in life to the dying and to the bereaved.

For these reasons Leo XIII disapproved of incineration, save under certain exceptional circumstances mentioned below, and in a decree dated May 19, 1886, he forbade the members of the Roman Catholic Church to give directions for the cremation of their remains after death, and ordained that those who rendered themselves guilty of disobedience in this respect should be deprived not only of the sacrament prior to their demise, but likewise of religious services at their obsequies. It is by virtue of this order that the rites of the church were withheld at the obsequies of Don Jose Fereiro, the minister plenipotentiary of the republic of Costa Rica at the Vatican, when he died last April, after leaving directions for his remains to be cremated.

The Catholic Church, however, makes exceptions, which may fairly be described as indicating a liberal spirit in the matter. Thus, in cases where, owing to infectious malady, the destruction of the body by means of fire is rendered politic, there is no objection whatsoever to priests according the last rites of the dead or celebrating public mass for the repose of the soul. The same exception is made in the case of those who have perished in any conflagration; and the Catholic Church, for instance, would never have dreamed of withholding any of its ceremonies from those whose life was sacrificed and bodies consumed at the time of the burning of the Charity Bazaar in Paris, some twelve years ago.

With regard to those whose bodies have been cremated without their ante-mortem consent, the Roman Catholic Church authorized full religious rites, with the provision, however, that whereas in the case of children the mass may be public, the celebration must be private where adults are concerned. I may add that the Catholic Church makes no objection whatsoever to its members accepting employment in connection with crematoriums as medical officers, officials, or ordinary attendants; nor has anybody ever been deprived of the sacraments on this account.

Jews and Mohammedans discountenance cremation under ordinary circumstances, and yet admit, like the Catholic Church, that there are a number of cases where it is not only permissible, but even necessary, and where it would be unjust to refuse the last rites of religion. I always retain a vivid recollection of a discussion which I once had about the matter at Cairo, at the time of the great cholera epidemic in 1883, with one of the most learned divines of the great mosque and university of El Azhar, where, over 1,000,000 have been the headquarters of Moslem orthodoxy.

Finding that he was in favor of the burning of the corpses of those who had succumbed to the pestilence, I asked him how he could possibly reconcile such views with the idea, so deep-rooted among the members of his faith, that in order to enable Allah to reconstruct the body of the True Believer for life hereafter, it is necessary that at least one small particle of bone, the lowest of the vertebra, which they describe as "luz," should be preserved from annihilation. From the "luz," which they are convinced is indestructible by the ordinary process of decomposition and of disintegration of the corpse, they believe that the Almighty can rebuild the entire body; but he must have the "luz."

Smiling, the great-turbaned old sheikh replied: "Yes, I know that, but it prevails among followers of the prophet. And yet the familiar story of Abraham and the rooster should be sufficient to show them their error. When Abraham, who was imbued with the same ideas, inquired of Allah how there could possibly be the resurrection of a body, the component parts of which were scattered or completely annihilated, he was commanded by the Almighty to take a white cock, to cut it into a number of small fragments, and dividing those into seven, to place the portions on seven different hills. This being done, Israel, the Angel of the Trumpet, was commanded by Allah to summon the bird, and a second later it reappeared, close to Abraham, complete, living, and crowing loudly."
While it cannot be denied that in this Mohammedan parable there is, in Western eyes at any rate, an element of the grotesque, it must be remembered that its object has been to demonstrate to Oriental minds that there is nothing that is beyond the power of the Almighty to accomplish.

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Not in the Papers.
From the Nashville Banner.
Sir Ernest Shackleton at the luncheon in his honor given by the Pilgrims in New York, said of a piece of geographical ignorance:
"It was incredible. It reminded me of a little waiting maid:
"As she brought me my tea and toast and blower one morning, I said to her:
"What a rainy morning, Mary! It's almost like the Flood."
"The Flood, sir?" said the little maid.
She looked at me with a puzzled smile.
"Yes," said I. "The Flood—Noah, you know—the Ark—Mount Ararat."
"She shook her head and murmured apologetically:
"I ain't had no time to read the papers lately, sir."