A MEMORIAL TO EMERSON

Harvard's Proposed Tribute to the American Philosopher.

A Project to Erect a Building at the University—Uses to Which It Will Be Put—Prof. Hugo Muensterberg's Explanation of the Enterprise.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., June 1.—It is a curious example of the loss of meaning which terms and phrases undergo that the academic degree of Ph. D.—doctor of philosophy—is nowadays conferred on students of language or science or literature without much if any thought of its real significance. By philosophy was meant, of course, in earlier days, universal knowledge, and the universal application of knowledge. The meaning is plainer when one remembers, for example, that our modern science of physics was once the science of natural philosophy. So when a student shows high proficiency in Latin or mathematics or French literature, he is admitted—such is the theory of the degree—into one of the portals that lead to "wisdom"—that is, it is announced that he is learned in philosophy, a Ph. D.

The whole matter of this older meaning of philosophy has just been brought up at Harvard by the proposition to erect, in some conveniently central situation in the college yard, a building to accommodate the Harvard department of philosophy, in this more special sense of the word, which shall also stand, if the hopes of the department are realized, as a kind of coordinating centre, perhaps, in the apparent confusion of studies and interests making up the life of a modern university; and which, finally, shall be, in name and thought, a memorial to the most famous of American philosophers, Ralph Waldo Emerson, of the Harvard class of 1821.

The project is fully explained in a careful statement, shortly to be published by Mr. Hugo Muensterberg, professor of psychology at Harvard, and the present chairman of the philosophical department; a statement which is particularly interesting on account of its summing up of the ideals to which the Harvard department—and perhaps the newer school of American philosophy in general—holds.

"Such a home," Prof. Muensterberg explains, "would give us, firstly, of course, the room and the external opportunities for work on every plane; it would give us also the dignity and the repose, the unity and the comradeship of a philosophical academy. It would give us the inspiration resulting from the mutual assistance of the different parts of philosophy, which in spite of their apparent separation are still today parts of one philosophy only. All this would benefit the students of philosophy themselves, but not less good would come to the university as a whole.

"The specialization of our age has brought it about that in the organization of a university even philosophy, or, rather, each of the philosophical branches, has become an isolated study co-ordinated with others. The average student looks to psychology as to physics or botany; he thinks of ethics as he thinks of economics or history; he hears about logic as co-ordinated with mathematics, and so on. The university has somewhat lost sight of the unity of all philosophical subjects and has, above all, forgotten that this united philosophy is more than one science among other sciences, that it is indeed the central science which alone has the power to give inner unity to the whole university work. Every year our universities reward our most advanced young scholars of philology and history, of literature, and economics, of physics, and chemistry, of mathematics and biology with the degree of Ph. D., that is, of doctor of philosophiae, symbolically thus expressing that all the special sciences are ultimately only branches of philosophy, but the truth of this symbol has faded away from the consciousness of the academic community.

"All knowledge appears there as a disconnected mass of scattered information and the fact that they all have once been parts of philosophy, till one after the other has been dismissed from the mother arms, has been forgotten. A school of philosophy as a visible unity in the midst of the yard will renew this truth and thus give once more to the overwhelming multitude of intellectual efforts of our university a real unity and interconnection; the external connection of administration will be re-enforced by the inner unity of logical interdependence.

"The time is ripe for a school of philosophy to play this role and fulfill again its old historical mission to be the unifying principle of human knowledge and life. The second half of the nineteenth century was essentially controlled by realistic energies, by the spirit of analysis, by the triumph of natural science and technique. But a long time before the century came to an end a reaction started throughout the whole intellectual globe; the synthetic energies came again to the foreground, the idealistic interests were emphasized in the most different quarters; the historical and social sciences make today the same rapid progress which characterized fifty years ago the natural sciences, and everywhere in the midst of the empirical sciences there is awakening again the interest in philosophy.

"In the days of anti-philosophical naturalism scientists believed that philosophy had come to an end and that an unphilosophical positivism might be substituted for real philosophy; today the mathematicians and physicists, the chemists and biologists, the historians, and economists eagerly turn again and again to philosophy and on the borderland between philosophy and the empirical sciences they seek their most important problems and discussions. The world begins to feel once more that all knowledge is empty if it has no inner unity and that the inner unity can be brought about only by that science which enquires into the fundamental conceptions and methods of thought with which the special sciences work, into the presuppositions and ultimate axioms with which they begin, into the laws of mental life, which lie at the basis of every experience, into the ways to teach the truth, and above all into the value of human knowledge, its absolute meaning and its relation to all the other human values—those of morality, beauty, and religion. The most advanced thinkers of our time are working today in all fields of knowledge to restore such a unity of human life through philosophy. To foster this spirit of the twentieth century in the life of our university there is no more direct way possible than to give a dignified home to the philosophical work.

"The beautiful building which we see in our mind should not be devoted to a single system of philosophy. In its hall we hope to see as greeting for every student the busts of Plato the Idealist and Aristotle the Realist, of Descartes and Spinoza, of Bacon and Hobbes, of Locke and Hume and Berkeley, of Kant and Fichte and Hegel, of Comte and Spencer, of Helmholtz and Darwin. The School of Philosophy will be wide open to all serious thought as, indeed, the members of the department today represent the most various opinions and convictions. This ought never to be changed; it is the life-condition of true philosophy. Yet there is one keynote in all our work; a serious, critical, lofty idealism which forms the background of the whole department and colors our teaching from the elementary introductions to the researches of our candidates for the doctor's degree. All the public utterances which have come from the department in recent years are filled with this idealism, in spite of the greatest possible variety of special subjects and special modes of treatment."

After mentioning, as examples of this idealism, recent books by Prof. James, Prof. Palmer, Prof. Santayana, Prof. Royce, and other members of the philosophical faculty of Cambridge, Prof. Muensterberg takes up the matter of the naming of the new building whose purpose he has outlined.

"We have sought," he says, "whose name might give symbolic expression to this underlying sentiment of idealism and might thus properly be connected with the whole building. It cannot be a technical philosopher. Such a name would indicate a prejudice for a special system of philosophy, while we want above all freedom of thought. It ought to be an American, to remind the young generation that they do not live up to the hopes of the School of Philosophy if they simply learn thoughts imported from other parts of the world, but that they themselves as young Americans ought to help the growth of philosophical thought. It ought to be a Harvard man—a man whose memory deserves that his name be daily on the lips of our students, and whose character and whose writing will remain a fountain of inspiration. Only one man fulfills all these demands perfectly, Ralph Waldo Emerson. It is our wish and hope that the new, dignified, beautiful home of philosophy may soon rise as the moral and intellectual centre of Harvard University and that over its doors we shall see the name, Emerson Hall—School of Philosophy."

The Harvard philosophical department as it exists at present is the creation of the last twenty-five years. The growth of the department has been remarkable even within the last two or three years, and its popularity is an illustration of the new interest in philosophy among American undergraduate and graduate students. The number of teachers is twenty—six professors, two assistant professors, four instructors, two teaching fellows, and six assistants. Thirty-two courses are offered, covering history of philosophy, metaphysics, theory of knowledge, psychology, logic, ethics, aestetics, philosophy of religion, philosophy of science, sociology, and education—so various are the branches included in present day philosophy even after the restriction which modern usage has placed upon the word. The attendance in all courses last year was over 1,000 students. The introductory courses alone were attended by almost 400 students—that is, by a number corresponding to the size of the junior class. Naturally, however, since the department has for many years considered the advancement of knowledge as its highest function, it is inclined to lay special stress on the graduate work now being done under its direction. Altogether ninety-six students have taken part this last year in the so-called graduate courses, of whom seventy-one took strictly "research," as differentiated from merely lecture, courses. In this special class of courses, it appears, no other department makes a stronger showing.

These statistics are perhaps necessary in order to explain satisfactorily the character of the building which it is now proposed to erect to Emerson's memory—since its significance, if it is carried out as planned, must always largely depend on the activity of the department which it is intended to house. Curiously enough Emerson has not yet had his memorial in either Boston, Concord, or Cambridge, although it is understood that a bronze statue, by Mr. Daniel C. French, the sculptor of the "Minute Man" at Concord, may some day be placed in the interior court of the Boston Public Library. But doubtless Emerson himself would have wished no finer tribute than such a "school of philosophy" as Harvard now hopes to erect to his memory as her chief philosopher, if not altogether the greatest of her long line of famous graduates.

FLOATING ON AN ICE CAKE.

Woeful Experience of a Party in the Arctic Country.

(From the Nome Gold Digger.)

Evelyn Buss, one of the victims carried out on the ice off Bluff City on the 20th instant, has kindly consented to give her impressions of the terrible experience for the "Gold Digger." She is a frail little woman, who looks incapable of enduring such privations and hardships as she was called upon to endure, but like the rest of the party she faced the danger with the utmost coolness and courage.

"It was four nights before Christmas Eve that Audrey Bell, Charles Hagelin, Eric Johnston, and myself rounded the point at Bluff City and found open water barring the trail. Miss Bell and I were tied to the sleds, for the way was rough, and we did not pay much attention to the water, the men telling us there was often a crack at that point. Eric Johnston jumped across and ran uptown for ropes and then we realized that we were gradually drifting away from the shore. People in Nome seem to think that we were carried away on a little patch of ice, but our floating prison was many miles in extent.

"As the crack grew wider Eric Johnston and W. F. Austin, the man he had asked to assist at Bluff City, rowed out to us in a boat. They succeeded in scrambling on the ice, but Austin was drenched, for it was a wild and stormy night. We had a robe and two pieces of canvas, and we wrapped him in one of the sleds, and let the dogs lie around him to keep him from freezing. He had no hat and his garments were wet through, so I opened my trunk and got out an eiderdown matinee for his head and tore up a flannel skirt for his feet; the rest of the things in the trunk we used to keep ourselves warm.

"Every one in the party seemed anxious to pretend that there was no danger, the boys made light of everything, and Mr. Austin was full of fun. I did not realize it till the next morning that we might drift out on the ice till we were starved or frozen, and then I did not see any use making a fuss about it.

"That day we kept traveling to keep land in sight, as the position of the ice was continually shifting. All the time we were afloat we must have gone over twenty or thirty miles. I had been ill and could not walk fast enough to keep warm, so they let me lie in one of the sleds with dogs around me. Miss Bell Johnston, and Hagelin kept walking all the time to prevent them from freezing. As the days went on they sometimes fell asleep on their feet.

"All our provisions consisted of some fish for dog food, and a little cornmeal, but we had no salt. On the second day when we began to travel a strange thing happened. We found some wood that Austin had thrown from his sled a few days before. With this the boys were able to light a fire and cook, but it was not till the third day out that I could eat a little cornmeal mush, and it revived me wonderfully.

"We saw a bonfire on the coast the third night, one of those, we afterward heard, that were lighted as signals to us. The fourth night it snowed, and we were soaked through. If we had been forced to stay on the ice another night we should probably have frozen, for we were very wet and exhausted.

"But on the morning of the fourth day our ice-field drifted in shore, and we were only separated from the beach by six miles of rubber ice. This was our one chance, and we determined to risk it. The sleds were put side by side, and with a rush we started, the ice cracking and breaking all the way. The fourteen dogs dashed on, urged by the men. I did not dare to look, out covered my head, expecting every moment to go through, till some one called out, 'We are on the beach!' and then I threw off the wrap and saw one of the boys break down and sob with joy, and Mr. Chrisman, with an Indan, was standing on the shore welcoming us."

VERY CURIOUS CHURCHES.

Congregations Which Meet in Inns, Windmills, and Boats.

(From the London Mail.)

A public house is one of the last places one would expect to be used as a place of worship. The inhabitants of Twyford, a village near Winchester, would not consider this at all a novelty, because for several years past the Phoenix Inn has been used Sunday for religious purposes. The room in which the religious services are held will comfortably hold about 200 people and opens at the back on to a pretty garden. The most remarkable feature of the services is that they are often conducted while the public houses is open for business purposes, and the customers can join in the singing if they are so disposed.

There are two or three instances of public houses which have been converted into churches, and there are also two or three theatres which are now places of worship. The Fen district possesses a canal-boat church. There are a large number of people who live some distance away from any church, and the canal-boat church travels from place to place for the benefit of such folk. The boat will seat a congregation of about 100.

The old chapel of ease at Tunbridge Wells has a unique situation. It stands in two counties and three parishes. When the clergyman leaves the vestry he comes out of the parish of Frant of Sussex. If he is going to officiate at the altar, he walks into the parish of Tunbridge, in Kent. If, on the other hand, he is going to preach the sermon, he walks from the parish of Frant to the parish of Speldhurst on his way to the pulpit.

The chapel at Milton Bryant is situated in the village pond. The reason for the selection of this strange site was because no landowner would grant any other position.

The "windmill" church, near Reigate, is familiar to London cyclists. Not so familiar is the underground church at Brighton. Owing to some "Ancient Lights" difficulty, the authorities could not "build up," and as the site was a good one they decided to "build down."

RECOLLECTIONS OF BERLIN

A Washington Pianist Talks About the German Capital.

The Greatest Music Centre in the World—Institutions and Organizations Aided by the Government—Moritz Moszkowski as a Teacher.

A Washington pianist, a young woman, who is as interesting as a talker as she is entertaining as a player, gives a glowing description of Berlin, where she studied for several years, and discusses with profound pride the qualities of her teacher, Moritz Moszkowski, the eminent composer and pianist. "Berlin," she says, "besides being one of the world's first cities, is undoubtedly its greatest musical centre. Music as an art is there encouraged and patronized by the Government, as is the case in most Continental cities, and the Royal Opera, which gives daily performances during ten months of the year; the Royal Opera House Orchestra, which, besides assisting at these performances, gives a series of symphony concerts every season, and the Royal High School of Music, under the direction of Joachim, the great violinist, are subsidized by the Government, which thereby plays an important part in fostering art. Besides these, there are innumerable conservatories, societies, academies, and schools of music, and Berlin's advantages in this direction are so great that it is naturally a mecca for music students, who flock there in countless numbers from every quarter of the globe, and form a considerable and considered element in the population of that great city.

"As a natural consequence of—perhaps the reason for—its great musical activity it is the place of residence of many of the world's most eminent musicians and artists, creative and productive. Among this galaxy none was more renowned, admired, than Moritz Moszkowski. In the capacity of composer he is known all over the world. Aside from his innumerable works for orchestra, his operas, concerts, etc., what piano player is not familiar with his delightful compositions for this most popular of instruments? In this genre is Moszkowski particularly happy, for all his piano pieces are peculiarly grateful, both musically and pianistically, and his reputation would be assured in this branch of art alone. As man and friend, his popularity is disputed with no one, and he bears the reputation of being personally the best liked and most popular musician in Berlin. He lives in the West End, the new and fashionable residence quarter of the city, occupying the top floor of a handsome apartment house.

"It is a remarkable habit, this universal Continental one of living on the top floor, and it leaves foreigners at a loss to comprehend who can possibly occupy the lower floors of the huge apartment houses, which are the feature of Continental architecture. During a residence of several years in Germany I was never able to discover one single person who lived less than four or five long flights of stairs up, for the natives have an artless habit of never counting the first two stories as such, simply alluding to them as parterre and mezzanin.

"Moszkowski's beautiful home was until a few years ago, presided over by his charming wife, and it used to be the Berlin custom, when taunted with the notorious fact that none of her great musicians lived in domestic harmony, to point with pride to the Moszkowskis, who seemed completely to refute the accusation.

"Frau Moszkowski was a Parisienne, a sister of Cecile Chaminade, the celebrated composer. Moszkowski met and married her during a residence of some years at the French capital. It appeared to be a happy match, but after several years of married life they separated owing to incompatibility of temper, and Frau Moszkowski returned to Paris, leaving with their father their two lovely children—Marcel, then a boy of four, and Silvia, a girl of two.

"I enquired one day if either of the children was specially musical, and Herr Moszkowski replied: 'No; Gott sei Dank, but my son is nevertheless a wunderkind.' I asked wherein, and he made answer: 'Because he is already four years old and does not play the piano.' Moszkowski is a great wit, and his 'bon mots' are features of Berlin's Bohemian life. His brother Heinrich is the editor of a comic paper, and it is an open secret that most of its wit emanates from the clever brain of Moritz. One day after a lesson, in helping me get my jacket on, he picked it up awkwardly, slightly tearing the fur collar in the seam, remarking, apologetically: 'Oh! pardon me; I took a wrong fingering that time.'

"In spite of his motto, 'It is better to receive than give—music lessons,' which would seem to prove that it is not a favorite occupation with him, he was a most inspiring teacher. Devoting most of his time to composition and besides being almost a nervous invalid, he limits himself in the number of his pupils, never accepting more than ten or twelve. On account of his international reputation, he is the most sought after teacher in Berlin, and the difficulty of procuring lessons from him is a great one.

"To become his pupil one must have extraordinary qualifications, recommendations, or good fortune, but when one has acquired the honor, all is smooth sailing, and lessons are a delight. His manner is so friendly and genial that all the feeling of awe one expects to experience in the presence of a great man is entirely absent. He encourages and inspires a pupil to his best efforts. He is a great pianist himself, and nothing but nervousness precluded his being a great virtuoso, to which career he once aspired. In his music room two grand pianos stand side by side; at one the pupil sits, at the other Herr Moszkowski, pointing his criticism with manual illustration. In spite of the fact that he rarely practices of recent years, his repertoire and technique still cover the entire field of piano literature, and anything his pupils may be studying he is able to play from memory in the most masterly manner. He rarely loses his suavity of temper during his lessons—never unless the pupil is very talented, and he is therefore specially interested, in which case he sometimes gets into a rage, if the occasion demands it. His least talented pupils have, therefore, the highest opinion of his gentleness. Being nervous himself, he can fully appreciate the feeling in his pupils, and makes allowance for it, although he will not excuse too much on its account. I can still vividly remember how I felt at one of my lessons, when, to palliate some wretched performance, I exclaimed, 'Oh, indeed, Herr Moszkowski, I could play that quite well at home, when I was practicing it by myself.' A look of great weariness overspread his countenance as he answered, 'Yes, Fraulein, in more than twenty years' teaching no single pupil has ever spared me that statement, and I always wonder if you are studying to play for yourselves at home, so why come to me for lessons?'

"His friendliness toward pupils in whom he is interested does not confine itself to his lessons, but he continually manifests it in little favors and courtesies. He used frequently to send me tickets for concerts, and through this pleasing little habit, I once had the unique distinction of being a conspicuous figure at a philharmonic concert, under Von Buelow's direction, given in honor of Brahms, who was visiting Berlin. Herr Moszkowski was prevented from going and gave me his ticket. When I got to the concert and went to occupy my place, lo! I was on Brahms' right hand on the stage.

"While studying in Berlin, Josef Hoffman was also a pupil of Moszkowski, and the latter used frequently to expatiate on Hoffman's great talents and call him a second Mozart, on account of his remarkable talent for composition. The theme and variations played by Hoffman at his recent concert here were written during his studies at that period. I heard him play them several times.

"Moszkowski was deeply interested in young Hoffman, although it is one of his theories, which he says has always been verified in his experience, that 'wunderkinder' are the least grateful pupils in the world. And this has doubtless been another instance, for afterward Hoffman studied with Rubinstein, who, of course, gets all the credit for this brilliant pupil. It is the way of the world—the last is always best, and the teacher who gives the finishing touches usually gets all the credit for the entire structure, those who labored at the foundation being generally overlooked.

"Hardly classing myself as a 'wunderkind,' although I have since studied with Leschetizky, considered the greatest teacher in the world, I should deem myself exceedingly ungrateful should I ever forget the encouragement and inspiration Herr Moszkowski, the kindest teacher and friend a pupil ever had, gave me in my efforts to learn to play the piano."

Besides the young woman whose experiences these are, Washington boasts several other pianists who have had the honor of studying under this great teacher, and who remember and appreciate him with equal gratitude and do him credit in their profession.

HAWAII A LAND OF PROMISE.

Its Various Industries Improving Since Its Annexation.

(From the Boston Transcript.)

Honolulu, H. I.—The First Annual Report of the Territorial Commissioner of Agriculture and Forestry is just published and is a very interesting document.

Perhaps the most interesting portions are those which deal with the forest trees of the Hawaiian Islands and the agricultural possibilities of the Territory—apart from the culture of sugar and coffee—as shown in the movement already made by recent settlers. A large Government nursery is in full operation, and, during the first year of the operations of the Commissioner of Agriculture and Forestry, nearly 25,000 trees and shrubs have been distributed for planting in various parts of the islands. In addition to these, 26,000 forest trees have been propagated and planted, including fully 100 varieties.

Hawaii is famous for its flowering shrubs. The forests of Hawaii furnish a great variety of woods, many of which have a great commercial value. The silver wattle (Acacia dealbata) grows to a height of 150 feet and supplies a clear, tough timber, used by coopers and other artisans. This wood is also valuable for making splints for the manufacture of baskets. The black wattle (Acacia decurrens) supplies a hard, tough wood useful for the manufacture of ax handles. Its bark is rich in tannin and its gum is also valuable. The Australian black wood (Acacia melanoxylon) supplies a wood very valuable for cabinet work. It grows readily and is one of the best types for forest planting.

The camphor tree of Ceylon was introduced here about six years ago, about 600 trees having been imported and planted by the Department of Agriculture. They are growing well, and bid fair, with care, to furnish a valuable addition to the industries of the territory. The turpentine tree also grows well here, acquiring a growth of 200 feet in some instances, with a girth of thirty feet. The wood takes a high polish and is useful in cabinet work. The Inophyllum, an East India native, has become domiciled here and attains a hight of 80 to 100 feet, with a trunk diameter of ten or twelve feet. The seeds yield a dark green scented oil, used for medicinal purposes, and the timber makes excellent masts and spars. Besides these trees of distinctive commercial value, the Hawaiian forests yield many ornamental and shade trees of great beauty and value.

Annexation has brought to the islands many enterprising men from the United States, who are opening up many diversified industries. At Wahiawa, about twelve miles from Pearl City, an American colony of fifty-three residents has been established for the purpose of raising fruits and vegetables for the market. Several thousand orange trees have been planted as well as bananas, pineapples, fig, olive, mango, pear, and peach trees. Five thousand grape vines have already been planted and are making good growth. The colony is making market gardening a specialty, and is raising vegetables of a superior quality for the Honolulu market or the supply of the Pacific Coast. The colony is also experimenting with small fruits. Others are entering this business on a smaller scale, but there is ample opportunity for others who may come with energy and some money.

At Kaneohe, not far from Honolulu, Mr. C. Koelling has established a castor bean plantation, with a mill fitted with the best machinery for producing castor oil. Not far from this another man is successfully operating a peanut farm.

Near the famous Ewa sugar plantation, on the line of the Oahu Railway, the Hawaiian Fiber Company has upward of 400 acres planted to sisal, which promises well. Experiments in alfalfa have borne good results, and it is probable that this valuable forage plant will be largely planted. Many enquiries from the United States have been received regarding the adaptability of the soil and climate of the islands to tobacco culture. Some experiments in this crop have resulted well and considerable tobacco is raised by the natives for their own use.

Vanilla grows wild here, and although there has been as yet no systematic effort at its cultivation as a commercial crop, there is little doubt that some enterprising vanilla grower would succeed well. The question of the cultivation of rubber is under consideration by the department and some experiments have been made during several years past with varying success. The department is now experimenting with the Nicaragua rubber tree with strong hopes of valuable results. Experiments in silk raising are not reassuring. The mulberry tree grows well in the islands, but the silk raised experimentally in the islands has not been of the best quality and the returns are so comparatively small that the culture cannot be encouraged. It is shown, here and elsewhere, that the labor of two persons will produce cocoons valued at $50 in about forty days. This showing is so slender that the department recommends the culture of other and more remunerative crops, in preference to silk.

LONGEVITY OF WRITERS.

Literary Tasks Not Incompatible With Long Life.

(From the Hartford Times.)

The general idea that literary production of a high order is hostile to long life by reason of the nervous wear and tear it necessitates, would seem to be erroneous. Scott wore himself out at the age of sixty-one by excessive work, and Dickens, no doubt, lived at too high pressure—possibly the same might be said of Thackeray—but, in the great majority of cases, literary men possess that balance which avoids nervous exhaustion and the literary life is a wholesome and normal one. In our own country the average life of twenty-nine leadings writers, from Jonathan Edwards down, is sixty-six years. In nearly every case, too, their productive powers have remained unimpaired by old age. The short life of Edgar Allen Poe is, of course, not to be attributed to the fact that he was a writer, but to the nervous worry resulting from false pride and shame at being unable to resist temptation. Bayard Taylor worked too hard and Lanier was broken by exposure in the civil war.

Dr. Holmes and Whittier enjoyed the longest lives of any one of our writers, each passing his eighty-sixth birthday. Emerson, Longfellow, and Bryant lived long and tranquil lives, and very few—perhaps not one—of American literary men shortened their lives by excessive devotion to their natural pursuit. It will be noticed that the average length of the lives of great American writers is greater than that of their English counterparts by nearly four years, though two of the Englishmen, Carlyle and Newman, lived longer than any one of the Americans. This would still be true by a slightly less figure, even were the exceptional cases of Keats and Shelley excluded from the English list. The reason is probably that literary Englishmen drink much more beer and wine than Americans do. The habitual use of alcohol, even in moderation, is sure to result, in men of sedentary habits, in liver and kidney disorders about the age of fifty. At least, no other explanation of the greater longevity of American writers suggests itself.

It is but fair to add that the average age of American writers would have been reduced nearly a year had Stephen Crane and Richard Hovey been included. Both of these though young men of great promise, had accomplished, at the date of their deaths, hardly enough to warrant including them in the category of "great writers."

The living American writers who seem to have done enough to entitle them to admission to our literary Valhalla are: Henry James, Bret Harte, Howells, Donald Mitchell, Weir Mitchell, Stedman, Stoddard, Aldrich, Fiske, Cable, and Clemens. They average now sixty-five years old and we hope that they will increase the general longevity materially. There is every reason to say that they will do so. They have already proved that devotion to the literary life does not sap vitality. The wild-eyed, consumptive, hectic literary artist is a thing of the past. Did he ever exist, except in the imagination of sentimentalists?

RELATED BY A CROUPIER

Startling Incidents Occurring Around the Gambling Table.

Wonderful Profits of the Bank at Monte Carlo—The Persistence With Which Many Players Pursue Their Own Ruin—A Bank Robber's Arrest

"I have been for many years connected in one capacity or another, but principally as a croupier, with several of the gambling casinos of Europe," said a croupier who, until recently, presided at one of the roulette tables at a famous Continental public gambling establishment.

"Few people have much idea of the enormous amount of money that has been earned by the various gambling establishments. In the early days the annual profits of the gambling house at Aix-la-Chapelle were said to be £14,000. At Homburg the annual expense of the Kursaal were £10,000, and yet there remained a very handsome profit, though I forget the amount; neither can I now recall the profits of Baden-Baden, but as the company which rented the Conversationhaus (as the gambling establishment was called) paid about £11,000 a year for it and contracted to spend, besides, £25,000 in improving and maintaining the premises and grounds, equaling £36,000, and still show a big profit, you can guess the gross takings must have been pretty heavy.

"At Spa (where the gambling establishments at one time belonged to the Bishop of Liege) the profits were over £40,000 per annum. At Ostend the club in a season of three months managed, after paying a tax of £70,000 to the municipality, to make a net profit of £280,000.

"The splendid revenue earned by the Monte Carlo tables has now become a proverb. That these public gambling casinos are productive of considerable harm it would be idle to deny. As a matter of fact, many more cases of suicides, murder, and 'scandal' occur at the various gambling resorts than ever reach the public ear at all, for the 'administration' of most of the gambling tables expend a princely sum annually in subsidizing a large number of European and American newspapers; in fact, all that they can, in order to prevent such horrors from being reported.

"The papers thus subsidized are also freely used for occasional puffs and paragraphs relating to sensational and often imaginary 'breakings' of the bank. Indeed, you may be surprised to hear that quite a number of 'mushroom' journals are continually being started for the mere purpose of securing the 'retaining fee' paid by the 'administration.' I could tell you the name of one little paper the proprietor of which was paid by the 'administration' of a certain gambling 'casino' 100,000 francs (£4,000) to keep it in a friendly frame of mind at a rather critical time. Besides the command they obtain of these papers the 'administration' have other methods for making the best of tragic occurrences.

"At one of the gambling towns where I was employed there were three doctors—dissipated, ignorant rascals, with no practice, and whose names would in England have long since been struck off the 'Medical Register'—who were secretly and unofficially paid handsome salaries by the 'administration' for rendering certain professional services as occasion required. If, for instance, some ruined gamester, after losing his last louis, shot himself in a quiet corner of the grounds, two of the doctors would be sent for and would, in a number of instances, certify the death as 'apoplexy,' 'syncope,' 'heart disease,' 'aneurism,' or 'sunstroke,' and thus the inconvenience of an inquest and undesirable publicity was avoided. One of these rogues, I heard, was paid £700 a year.

"Murders, too, were, whenever circumstances made it possible, either similarly hushed up or reported as occurring somewhere else. I remember such a case some years ago. The only son of a wealthy English merchant won about £4,000 at the trente-et-quarante table. Instead of leaving it in the care of the 'administration,' which he could have done, he insisted on taking his winnings home with him to his hotel. Before he had got very far he was robbed of the whole sum and knocked on the head.

"And in what form do you suppose the news reached the public? Why, in this: 'The unfortunate young man, who had been on a mountain-climbing expedition, was found lying at the bottom of a precipice with his head broken. He had apparently missed his footing and thus met his untimely end.' That was the way it appeared in those papers that mentioned it at all. As a matter of fact, the poor fellow's body had been surreptitiously conveyed from the spot where it was first discovered to the supposed scene of the 'accident,' the better to substantiate the explanation given.

"It is astonishing how the gambling habit dominates some people. I knew one lady as an habitue of the rooms at Monte Carlo with whom gambling became such an absorbing mania that she made several applications to magistrates and also to the resident doctor of a lunatic asylum, and used considerable efforts to get herself placed under restraint as being the only means by which she could be prevented from gambling. Not being successful, she managed to get incarcerated in another way, by forging a check for £100, though she had no need of the money, and she got two years' imprisonment. Her story was fully told in court, which probably accounted for her not getting a longer sentence.

"The persistence with which a 'born gambler' will pursue his own ruin is extraordinary. Many years ago a major in the army who had just inherited £25,000 came to Hamburg. Being aware what an incorrigible gambler he was, he took the precaution of paying three months in advance for his board and lodging at the hotel; and, furthermore, handed to the landlord £5,000, which the latter was instructed to hold in trust for him and on no consideration whatever to repay to him until he had returned to England, no matter how much he might entreat him. He began at the trente-et-quarante table by winning £6,000.

"Next day he netted £5,000. Then he alternated his transactions between trente-et-quarante and the roulette tables, but the refait and zero occurred so frequently that in a few days his capital was reduced from £16,000 to 10s, and finally to nothing. Then he went to the landlord of his hotel and ordered, begged and entreated him to give him his £5,000. The landlord refusing, he went and borrowed £30 from a friend, lost it, then went and sold his watch and chain, jewelry, and all his clothes, except what he stood up in, returned to the tables with £40 and again lost every farthing.

"The hotel landlord being still [illegible] able, the gambler got up in the night, broke open the money till in the bar, helped himself to the money therein—about £15—depositing in the till his I O U, and a letter authorizing the landlord to recoup himself from the £5,000; and next day went to the tables lost the £15, and as the landlord refused to give up his £5,000 until he reached England he departed by the first train available, the landlord taking his ticket for him.

"After reaching England, no sooner did he receive his £5,000, less the £15, and traveling expenses deducted by the landlord, than he once more set out for Hamburg. This time he was armed with a 'system' which he evolved during his journey, and in which he had great faith; but in a few days he had lost every franc, and the last time I saw him, which was several years after, he was a porter and was carrying a visitor's luggage up from a carriage to the very hotel at which he had himself stayed in former years.

"There are, of course, some habitues of the rooms who play carefully and know when to leave off. At Ostend there was an old fellow who used to come to the rooms every day at the same time, just as if he were going to his business, and would sit there hour after hour marking the chances on his card, and at last, when he thought there was a certainty, would stake a small sum, and win the price of his board and lodging for the day and go home again. It was said that he always managed to win his day's keep, and never did any other kind of work.

"The methods and superstitions of habitual gamblers at the tables are often curious. They will back the red because they have met a soldier in the street, or the black because they have seen a parson. Staking one's money on the number of one's room at the hotel is an old favorite fancy. They will back the day of the month, their age, last birthday, the number of buttons on any one's dress, or the dates of saints' days in the calendar. Some of them carry little so-called 'talismans' about with them, others are believers in 'mascots' or luck-bringers.

"A nobleman who was a familiar figure at Monte Carlo some years ago happening to see a hunchback, more than usually deformed, selling matches in a London thoroughfare, took him into his service, nominally as an assistant to his valet, and took him with him to Monte Carlo for a 'mascot,' and whenever he played invariably had him with him.

"I remember another rich, but invariably unfortunate gambler, a retired admiral, who happening to become acquainted with a man, who, though he never gambled, had the reputation of being 'lucky,' actually engaged him at a good salary and hotel and traveling expenses to accompany him to the tables and conduct all gambling operations on his behalf.

"Some years ago when I was an official at Monte Carlo, a young English gentleman attracted much notice at the tables both by his wonderful success and his apparent wealth. The crowd, as usual, followed his methods, and doing exactly as he did won steadily.

"Among these were two middle-aged dark men and an old white-haired gentleman, with blue spectacles, who seemed intensely interested in the youth's operations. The papers were just then full of a sensational bank robbery, and when I saw how flush of money the youth was, and noticed how keenly the three men watched his play, I suspected they were detectives. By-and-by the young man appeared uneasy, and I saw him look hard at the blue-spectacled gentleman and color violently. He had evidently discovered that he was being watched. From that moment he began losing, and the bystanders ceased to follow his methods.

"The blue-spectacled gentleman also gave up imitating the youth's play, and began on a system of his own, winning repeatedly. The two dark men then went round to the old gentleman's side of the table and imitated his system for a while. Presently the youth went out of the rooms and the three men followed him. I went outside also, when, to my infinite surprise, the old blue-spectacled gentleman whom I had supposed to be a detective was arrested by the two dark men (who really were detectives) for the bank robbery.

"It transpired afterward that the old gentleman, who, disguised by blue spectacles and minus his beard, had been 'following' the young Englishman's play, was the managing director of a well-known bank, from which he had absconded with several thousands of pounds.

"The youth's confusion which at first had looked like conscious guilt was merely due to nervousness, consequent on suddenly recognizing his director watching him, who, however, had no idea that the young man whose play he was following was one of the clerks at his bank. The young man, it was afterward explained, had come into a small legacy unknown to the bank authorities, and having to take his holidays in the early spring as junior bank clerks often do, came to Monte Carlo with the two detectives hot on his track. The bank director, I believe, got seven years."—The London Tit-Bits.

AMERICAN BEGGARS IN LONDON

A Colony of Mendicants Said to Number Three Thousand.

(From the Chicago Record-Herald.)

London—Scotland Yard and the metropolitan police force will give unusually close attention to the American beggars in London this year. The colony of Yankee mendicants has become so numerous and pertinacious that the authorities regard repressive measures imperative. It is intimated that 3,000 persons claiming to hail from the United States reguarly and successfully ply their vocation of begging in the streets of this city.

In many cases these trans-Atlantic beggars go outside the sphere of alm-seeking and help themselves to other people's property. Hundreds of them during the last few years have been hauled up to Bow Street to answer to the charge of violating the anti-begging statutes. Some of them go to prison for short terms. Others get off unpunished, but all return to the Strand, Northumberland Avenue, and Russell Square to renew their favorite calling.

A prominent Scotland Yard man said to a correspondent: "Most of the Americans who come to London stand high above the mendicant class. They contribute enormously to the prosperity of London hotels and shops and add a pleasant feature of life in the metropolis, but these do not comprise the whole of our American population. We have as well a large and increasing number of beggars, who wear the clothes and speak the language we recognize infallibly as belonging to the other side of the sea.

"These mendicants remain with us the year round. They haunt many of the principal thoroughfares. Like our own low-class women, they particularly frequent those streets adjacent to hotels where Americans stay, lying in wait for Yankees with more money than knowledge of the ins and outs of London. They often reap so rich a harvest during the summer that they find it possible to live in comparative comfort all the winter. Their invariable plea is that they have been victimized in some way or other and have come to London desiring only one thing in the world—to get back to the United States.

"Their countrymen naturally sympathize with them and contribute liberally toward their return passage money, but the imposters never go back. They loaf through the winter and appear in their old haunts in the spring. Many of them, fattening by what they feed on, grow bolder and launch into the business of systematic baggage stealing. They meet American steamer trains, watch their opportunities and make off with bags and even trunks belonging to incoming travelers.

"We arrested one Yankee thief in a Bloomsbury boarding house. He had rented a suite of rooms to accommodate the fruits of his thievery. He had stolen almost a carload of baggage of all sizes and descriptions. These thieves have become so daring and numerous that we must undertake to suppress them."

EXPERT WEATHER PROPHETS.

Old-Time Mexico Gulf Sailors Always Well Posted.

(From the New Orleans Times-Democratic.)

"The greatest weather sharps in the world," said a citizen, who takes an interest in meteorology, especially of the goose bone brand, "were the old time sea captains in the Gulf and Coast trade. Squall smelling was a necessary part of their business, for, as you probably know, the biggest dirty weather factory in the universe is the Caribbean Sea. There are no such things as time and seasons down there, and what's coming next is a matter of pure chance. It may be a dead calm and it may be a riproaring hurricane, so the men who cruised in those waters before we had any signal service to help them out had to keep continually on the alert, and it's no wonder that some of them acquired a skill that seemed next door to supernatural.

"It became a sort of instinct, a second nature, with them, and they couldn't tell how they did it themselves. They would predict changes before they were even hinted at in the glass; they would anticipate the very caprice of the wind, and many a time they saved their ships and their skins by quick, sharp orders which for the moment appeared to be nothing short of preposterous. Of course, it was all a matter of minute observation, a good deal of which was no doubt unconscious. They had learned by long experience to read meaning in the different forms of clouds and the way the strata lay in the upper air; the water was an open book to them, and they would detect a hundred and one small atmospheric phenomena invisible to the ordinary observer.

"I was on the ship of one of these famous old weather prophets years ago on a voyage to Havana. We were just entering the harbor, when the captain, who had been moody and distraught for several hours, suddenly called the mate and ordered him to get anchored as quickly as possible and make everything fast for a hurricane. The mate made a mild protest. 'The glass is pretty steady, sir,' he said. 'Never mind,' said the captain, 'it's a-coming, all the same!'

"The crew lost no time in carrying out the order, and while they were at work making things trim the barometer began falling like a man tumbling down an elevator shaft. He had barely time to get in shape for trouble when a typical tropical storm came swooping out of the east and playing havoc with the unprepared shipping. Several good sized craft were knocked to pieces, but we escaped with no damage whatever. I tried to get the captain to tell me how he knew the gale was coming, but his answers were vague. That he 'felt it in his bones' was the nearest he came to a definite statement. This old tribe of prophets seems to have died out," added the meterological enthusiast, "and the modern sea captain doesn't make any pretensions in that line. Storm smelling has become a lost art."

VEGETABLES IN EARLY DAYS

Appear to Have Been Scarce Prior to the Thirteenth Century.

History Records Only a Few Varieties in the English Gardens and Orchards—The Orange Introduced by the Arab Conquerors of Spain.

The enthusiastic vegetarian of the present day seldom thinks how his ancestors of similar tastes to his own fared in the thirteenth century. Should curiosity on this point be aroused in anyone he can consult the list of the household expenses of Eleanor, Countess of Leicester, third daughter of King John, and wife of the celebrated Simon de Montfort. From this, the earliest known account of the expenditures of an English subject, some curious details are gathered.

Very few esculent plants are mentioned. Dried peas and beans, parsley, fennel, onions, green peas, and new beans are the only species named. Pot herbs, of which the names are not specified, cost 6 pence, but it may be mentioned that 1 shilling then would purchase as much as 15 now. If any other vegetables were in general use at the time they were, perhaps, comprised under the term potagium. There exists, however, much uncertainty upon the subject of the cultivation of vegetables, in England at least, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Cresses, endive, lettuce, beets, parsnips, carrots, cabbages, leeks, radishes, and cardoons were grown in France during the reign of Charlemagne, but it is doubtful whether many of these varieties were cultivated in England at an early period.

The most skillful horticulturists of the Middle Ages were ecclesiastics, and it is thought that in the gardens of monasteries many vegetables were raised which were not in common use among the laity. Even in the fifteenth century, the general produce of the English kitchen garden was limited, when compared with that of the Low countries, France and Italy.

An English author of the period, Gilbert Kymer, can enumerate only, besides a few wild and forgotten sorts, cabbage, lettuce, spinnach, beetroot, trefoil, briglors, borage, celery, purslaine, fennel, smallage, thyme, hysop, parsley, mint, a species of turnip, and small white onions. According to the writer, all these vegetables were boiled with meats. He observes that some were eaten raw, in spring and summer, with olive oil and spices, but questions the propriety of the custom. This, is, perhaps, the earliest notice extant of the use of salads in England.

The list of Eleanor furnishes but little information respecting fruits. The only kinds named are apples and pears. Three hundred of the latter were purchased at Canterbury, probably from the gardens of the monks. It is, however, believed that few other sorts were generally grown in England before the latter end of the fifteenth century; although Matthew Paris, describing the bad season of 1257, observes that "apples were scarce and plums scarcer, while quinces, vegetables, cherries, plums, and all shell fruits were entirely destroyed."

These shell fruits were probably the common hazel nut, walnuts, and, perhaps chestnuts.

In 1256 the sheriffs of London were ordered to buy two thousand chestnuts for the King's own use. In the Wardrobe Book of the fourteenth year of the reign of Edward I is found the bill of Nicholas, the royal fruiterer, in which the only fruits mentioned are pears, apples, quinces, medlars, and nuts. The supply of these from Whitsuntide to November cost £21 14s 1½d.

This apparent scarcity of indigenous fruits naturally leads to the enquiry what foreign kinds, besides those included in the term spicery, such as almonds, dates, figs, and raisins, were imported into England in this and the following century? In the time of John, and of Henry III, Rochelle was celebrated for its pears and conger eels. The sheriffs of London purchased a hundred of the former for Henry in 1223.

In the eighteenth year of the reign of Edward I, a large Spanish ship came to Portsmouth, out of the cargo of which the Queen bought one frail of Seville figs, one frail of raisins or grapes, one bale of dates, and two hundred and thirty pomegranates, fifteen citrons, and seven oranges. The last item is important, as Le Grand d'Aussy could not trace the orange in France to an earlier date than 1333; here it is found to have been known in England in 1290, and it may be surmised that this was not its first appearance there.

The marriage of Edward with Eleanor of Castile naturally led to a closer relationship between England and Spain, and, consequently, to the introduction of other articles of Spanish produce than the leather of Cordova, olive oil, and rice, which had previously been the principal imports from that fertile country, through the medium of the merchants of Bayonne and Bordeaux.

It is regretted by those who have studied the subject that the series of Wardrobe Books is incomplete, as much additional information on this point might have been derived from them. It appears, at all events, certain that Europe is indebted to the Arab conquerors of Spain for the introduction of the orange, and not to the Portuguese, who have been erroneously said to have brought it from China.

An English dessert in the thirteenth century must, it is clear, have been composed chiefly of dried and preserved fruits, dates, figs, apples, pears, nuts, and the still common dish of almonds and raisins.

The arrival of a ship laden with spices was an event of such importance that the King usually hastened to satisfy his wants before the cargo was landed. Thus, in the reign of Henry III, the bailiffs of Sandwich were commanded to detain, upon their coming into port, two great ships laden with spices and precious merchandise which were exported from Bayonne; and not to allow anything to be sold until the King had his choice of their contents.

To return to the Eleanor roll, cider is mentioned only once, and that in such a manner as to convey the impression that it was not in high estimation, the countess having distributed one tun among 800 paupers.

HOW HE MET MANSFIELD.

Armed and Equipped to Take the Actor's Life.

(From the Milwaukee Sentinel.)

Apropos of Mansfield's cominig visit, the charming daughter of a well-known Milwaukee railroad man is telling a good story on herself. The young woman in question is a popular society belle, and when the immortal Richard last favored Milwaukee with the light of his presence, she was one of a little party assembled in an east side mansion to do him honor.

By some misunderstanding, the young woman's mother thought that her daughter would spend the night with her hostess, so when the time for departure came no carriage appeared for her. Mr. Mansfield and his wife, Beatrice Cameron, offered the lady a seat in their carriage, and the trio rolled homeward.

Upon arriving at the house, to the girl's dismay, everything was dark, and repeated rings of the bell on the part of the distinguished Thespian failed to bring forth any response.

"Try some of the windows," called Mrs. Mansfield from the shelter of the carriage, and Richard did try religiously. He made the circuit of the house on the lower floor without success, and had just laid aside his silk hat and Inverness coat preparatory to shinning up the veranda posts, when the door opened and the railroad man appeared, clad in his nightcap and pajamas and flourishing a most wicked-looking revolver.

"Papa, papa, don't shoot!" called the agonized voice of his daughter, and then the Milwaukee man was introduced to the actor by a most flustered maiden.

"I haven't seen him since," said the young women, in telling the story, "and I don't believe I want to. I should disgrace myself by laughing in his face if I saw him again. I know I should. He was just lovely to me, though," and she sighed regretfully.