

THE MAN WHO IS LEADING The Army OF CUBAN INVASION.

General William F. Shafter "rose from the ranks." He was 25 years old when the Civil War broke out. He entered the Seventh Michigan Infantry in 1861 as first lieutenant and served through the war. At its close he was breveted brigadier-general. For a long time he has been in command of the Department of California, with headquarters in San Francisco.

HE was only a farmer's boy, tough and lean as hickory, following the scythe barefooted in harvest to bundle up the wheat that was to go into the shock that was to go into the stack. It was an old army comrade who was talking, and he was talking of General William F. Shafter, the man who leads the first army of the United States to Cuba. When these two comrades stood near one another in the battle of Nashville during the civil war there were behind them, in the shape of hospital corps, men who gathered about the sick and were left on the field by the scythe of battle, and, added the old comrade, "it may be that Shafter in those days might just as well as not have thought of the time when as a bare-legged boy he was walking behind the reapers through the harvest fields of Michigan. "He came from what Lincoln called the 'plain people'; he did not go to West Point; he is a self-made soldier, if there can be such a thing. It were better to say that he was born a soldier and that even had he tried to alter his career he could not, in spirit at least, ever have been other than a soldier. "The man who was talking was Henry C. Corbin, adjutant general of the United States army—Corbin, the man who was breveted for gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Decatur, Ala.; again for gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Nashville, and who is still the gentle soldier. If General Corbin failed to state it,

it is still the fact that William R. Shafter weighs 300 pounds. That that little lad of Kalamazoo County has not developed more physically than in the knowledge and courage to give battle is a fact of which men must soon know. Corbin loves Shafter, as brave men love one another, and so when I asked the adjutant general why General Shafter was selected as the leader of the Cuban campaign I was not surprised at the answer. "On account of his rank and conceded ability," replied General Corbin, "his vigor and good judgment. He is one of the men in the army who has been able to do what he was ordered to do; not a man to find out how things can't be done." General Shafter has blue eyes under heavy, shaggy brows—the blue eye which is at once kind and shrewd, with a hard glint, too, at moments. He has the "fighting hook nose"; more than that, it is commandingly Roman. He has a Fitz Lee chin that is at once firm and jolly. A heavy mustache of gray, and white hair, parted in the middle. Plenty of room for brains between the ear line of the facial angle and the top of his head—and this head rests with comely poise on big broad shoulders. A man not quite six feet—great soldiers have rarely been so high—with comparatively short legs and great length of trunk for breathing and endurance for which most men of endurance and distinguished action have been noted. He stands heavy and swarthy, and, one would say, grim, were not there a



General William F. Shafter.

Commander of the land forces, Cuban expedition. General Shafter was long stationed in California before war was declared.

From a recent photograph.

hint of good humor playing underneath the composure of self control. Shafter was twenty-five years old when the civil war came. He entered the Seventh Michigan Infantry as first lieutenant in 1861. He served with distinction through the war, having been consecutively major of the Nineteenth Michigan Infantry, lieutenant colonel and colonel of the United States Infantry, and was in March, 1865, brevetted brigadier general.

A brevet for colonel came for gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Fair Oaks, Va. His commission as colonel of the First Infantry was vacated May 4, 1867, by his commission as brigadier general, succeeding which he was put in command of the Department of California, with headquarters at San Francisco. With the breadth of this continent for

almost thirty years between him and the East, it was small wonder that the people of the East sought to know more of this man of the hour. In these years General Shafter had not been idle. "He had," said General Corbin, "served with distinction since the war in the Indian campaigns of Texas, New Mexico and along the Rio Grande as lieutenant colonel of the Twenty-fourth Infantry."

END OF THE OUTLAWS That TERRORIZED FOUR STATES.

LAST month a story appeared in The Sunday Call narrating that the Governors of Wyoming, Utah and Colorado had combined to run down the "Butch" Cassidy gang of outlaws that had been terrorizing five States for several years. Since the publication of the story the outlaws have been run to earth, the chief members killed and the remainder put where they will do no further harm to the community. The following special to The Sunday Call, dated Salt Lake, May 13, describes the end of the outlaws: "Butch" Cassidy, leader of the "Robbers' Roost" gang, was killed this morning near Thompsons Springs, on the Rio Grande Western, 200 miles south of this city. George Walker, one of Cassidy's lieutenants, was also killed, while Lay, another leader, was taken prisoner, along with a fourth man, named Thompson. The killing was done by a posse from Price, Utah, which has been on the trail since Sunday. There were eight men in the posse. On Sunday the bandits, then five in number, held up two men in Box Canyon, near Price, and drove off a bunch of cattle. As similar performances have been frequent lately, a number of de-

termined men resolved to run down the outlaws. They came upon them at 5 o'clock this morning, four miles north of Thompsons, on the Book Cliffs. The bandits made a hard fight; Cassidy and Walker were particularly desperate in their resistance, and when both fell dead their rifles and six-shooters were empty. Lay, one of the men captured, assisted Cassidy in holding up Sales Agent Carpenter of the P. V. Coal Company at midday at Castle Gate a year and a half ago. They secured \$5000 at that occasion. Though a dozen posse were sent in pursuit of them from different points, they eluded them all, and escaped to their mountain dens in safety. The identification of Cassidy was accomplished through a picture taken in the Wyoming penitentiary, when in the Wyoming penitentiary. Although Lay has been under suspicion for a long time, his connection with the cattle thieves was the first positive proof of his criminality. He has posed as a good citizen of the P. V. whose occasional extended absences from home were never explained. In all, rewards aggregating several thousand dollars will come to the men who fought the battle this morning and the States of Utah and Wyoming and Colorado as well of two of the most desperate men roaming their borders.

HAS THE HUMAN BRAIN REACHED ITS HIGHEST DEVELOPMENT?

DISCUSSED BY: WILLIAM KEITH, DOUGLAS TILDEN, DR. JAMES H. LOW, REV. SARAH PRATT CARR, MRS. RAMON E. WILSON, PROFESSOR R. A. LUCCHESI, GERTRUDE G. GREY, THEODORE HITTELL, Artist, Sculptor, Historian.

HAS the human brain reached the highest point of development of which it is capable? There are many who, looking back down the long vista of the ages, seeing the names proudly blazoned on the banners of past centuries, and remembering what made those names world famous, and that fame world-enduring, as it is, will answer this query affirmatively. "Where," say they, "in modern times can you find painters and sculptors and musicians and poets—even artisans—such as those whose day is over? Can we rival the pictures of the old masters—the statues which are at once the inspiration and the despair of our most gifted sculptors; the music which played first on rudely fashioned and imperfect instruments, has come down to us a precious heritage, lifting our souls nearer heaven whenever we hear its wondrous strains and perfect harmonies; the poems which fire our hearts or soothe our passions now as they did those of their first hearers in years long gone by? And what of the hands that built the pyramids and carved the great Sphinx? Surely nothing better in these several lines has been since given to the world, and as surely the brain of humanity in them finds its limitations." Others there are, however, who think differently and augur from the grand accomplishments of the past even grander things for the future. They believe in progress and evolution in all things, and what has been given them infinite faith in what is to be. It is a question assuredly worth thinking of and worth discussing and it has been propounded to a number of our deep thinkers—who, being persons vitally interested in different lines of our world's work and viewing the whole field of human endeavor and accomplishment from their individual standpoints of observation, have answered it according to their honest convictions.

Compared to some of our giant predecessors—giants in intellect, in moral and physical courage, and in all that makes man the noblest work of God—we of to-day seem to be almost illiberal—and why? It seems to me that it is because we have, to a great degree, lost our moral force. A great and fundamental principle of life is that no people can hope to become powerful, prosperous and happy who are destitute of this. We must have faith, vital and practical, we must have honest convictions and carry them out honestly, or we can never hope to accomplish anything of importance either as individuals or as nations. Without sincerity and directness of purpose, we become frivolous and unworthy and incapable of attaining the greatest blessings of life, or of holding for any length of time even the semblance of the respect and esteem of our associates. As it is with us as individuals, so it is with us when segregated into the political divisions of the world; a frivolous kingdom, or empire or republic may apparently flourish for a time, but it is doomed to destruction. For example, remember Babylon, Persia, Assyria, Egypt, Carthage, Rome and Greece, and in our own times Venice and France—Venice already dead as far as influence or standing is concerned, and France ready to become the captive of the first country that will have her. Another thing to which can be traced the, in many ways, apparent degeneracy of this age, is the growth of infidelity, the modern estrangement of the human mind from its Creator. Those who shut out the great first cause from their thoughts and lives shut themselves away from the grandest and highest possibilities of existence, and condemn themselves to mediocrity of idea and execution in all their ambitions and attainments. One of the greatest sources of the troubles of the present time, and gravest menaces to the future, is the position assumed by women during the past few years. Woman is the foundation of the domestic institution; without homes we are neither a people nor a nation, and we can have no homes when women are more anxious to take the places of men in business and public life than to perform the holy duties of wives and mothers. It is a pitiable fact that maternity is no longer looked upon as a blessing—the glorious crown of womanhood, but instead is considered by the majority of the educated women of the day as a disagreeable responsibility to be avoided if possible. Women who are so "respectable" that they would shrink from even the slightest personal contact with a fellow creature who had erred in lesser ways will burden their souls with actual crime for the sake of being free from the restraint and care of a large family, in which they should find their highest pride and greatest happiness. Women can make or mar the world, and when the most highly educated, refined and intellectual of their sex bestir themselves to reform the life and work and the applause of crowds than of home life and the loving prattle of children, we cannot hope that the men of the future will equal those of the past in the noble qualities of mind and heart that have given the world in the past those masters in music, literature and art, those giants in eloquence and statesmanship, and those heroes in times of danger whose memories we still proudly reverence.

I do not believe that the brain of mankind has by any means reached its highest development. Because we have concluded to call certain arts "lost" is no reason why we should not find them again, and because certain men have so far outshone their brothers is no sign that other men will not come into the world upon whom has been bestowed genius equalling, if not excelling, that of their predecessors. The great trouble with those who look at these things in a pessimistic way is that they are too much in a hurry. They do not realize how many years intervene between the real geniuses of the past. Think how long it was between the days of Homer and Virgil and Dante and Shakespeare and Goethe. I can see no reason why we should not have, right here in America, a poet equal to Shakespeare, a musician equal to Beethoven, and so on through the list of the grandest minds of the past, but we must wait for the fullness of time. I do not concede that, because we do not know them, there are no people of wonderful genius born into the world at the present time, for I think that there may be many, only circumstances do not draw them out. When a genius is born into an environment which calls forth the best that is in him humanity will repeat, if not outdo, the triumphs of the past. The future is even more likely to produce high types of mentality than the past because modern life and modern education puts more people in the way of showing what is in them than did the conditions of former years. When I told Marlon Crawford that I was isolated in California, he replied: "You have concentration here which is not to be obtained abroad." Mr. Crawford's observation may to a certain extent answer your question. I think that arts flourish the best where isolation and concentration are the greatest. Israel produced her best and wisest men when her clannishness was preserved in its purest form, and this greatness has not been repeated ever since she became a scattered nation. Greece was greatest when she was either on defense or at the end of her career of conquest. Her arts disappeared with the rising of the Roman power. Rome was never great in arts, but we observe that she excelled in them only when she began to cease to diffuse her energies abroad. The Shakespearean age just antedated the colonization of America and elsewhere, which have ever since engrossed the attention of England and called her intellectual powers into other channels. Like the small states of Italy that gave birth to Michel Angelo and Raphael in Germany was the brightest when she was divided and isolated. Goethe, Schiller and Heine rose in those days. France nowadays leads in art, and it is well known that, of all the European nations, she sends abroad the least number of colonists. A republic in the midst of monarchies she has been for thirty years an example of isolation and perhaps also of greatest intellectual concentration. It is simply conditions that give birth to great ages. In art the world is neither progressing, retrograding nor stationary, and when the requisite conditions are repeated, we will likely have great masters again. Those conditions have nothing to do with the size of the brain. California is far from the European influence. She may be the art center of America, because, as Marlon Crawford suggested, she will be the greatest in isolation and consequently concentration.

Medici. But there must be a seedtime as well as a visible harvest. All living things are conceived in the dark, and in the silence; and those who see beneath the surface believe that this very despised nineteenth century is the birthtime of a newer and a better art; that already art begins to show higher ideals, more delicate feeling, more honest effort. "Art for art's sake" has been the cry of the past; art for good's sake will be the watchword of the future. If Michael Angelo painted as never man painted before, or since, it is because his faith and sincerity were greater than man has since felt. Autokolsky, the Russian sculptor and art critic, says: "You see in primitive art a pure faith that touches you. Enter the convent, fast before you work, toll on your knees, be affected to tears, and you will reach the beatific heights Michael Angelo reached. And if you cannot do that, if you cannot passionately love your God, then love no less the human soul, its joys and sufferings." "A man's art can never rise higher than his soul; but a man's reach should exceed his grasp." The reach of art for art's sake is not as high as heaven; but art for god's sake is a reach to the very throne of God. Tolstol has been for years the evangelist of the doctrine of art for god's sake; and a prominent French critic, Brunetiere, indorses him, and says that art is only perfect when its motive is pure, elevating, and above all things, honest. Man's ideas of right have in the past been obtained from external authority. To-day the seat of authority is being shifted to his own soul. "Conscience, educated by self-control and the Golden Rule, is the law of living; and art in any form, expressing the good man's innermost life and convictions, will be honest art. As man more and more appreciates his personal heritage of "likeness to the Father" he will surely show it in an art that will transcend all past art, even as the art of the "old masters" transcends the weak imitations of them. Nature, the source of all, makes growth of some kind imperative. From a nebulous mass the earth has become a thing of beauty. From a solitary globe, revolving in silence, a populous world teeming with life goes singing on its way. It is long since the beginning, yet learning brings to us at the dawn of the twentieth century the best of all that has been, and from analogy a promise for the future. What has been will again be. "Nothing is new under the sun." Men that have made history have died, and on new occasions the time has found the man. Imperial Caesar dead and turned to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away, Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

The brain of mankind is steadily developing, but much is lost to our observation because nature never courts straight lines, the spiral remaining always her favorite. A consequence of this is that development proceeds in a leisurely, graceful way more akin to unfolding between two forces than to that which we usually understand by the term. The blossom of time is announced by a cluster of great intellects throwing all their fragrance and beauty forth until earth seems a paradise of inspired and inspiring thought. Then follows a fruitifying or seeding period, when the forces are quite as active, but not so clearly understood. The great mass of humanity always rebels against anything that tends to drive it from the common to the excellent, from dead blossom to living plant. As a result, these seeding periods are apt to be full of unrest, dissatisfaction and pessimism. Sometimes the conclusion is reached that everything is turning backward, when lo! the mold suddenly parts, the new birth peeps forth and there is a gliding upward into purer air. Such a period was that which preceded the Christian era. No century is so perfectly adjusted that it does not produce degenerates. These are men who have excused their evil habits until the sacred fire originally given them is cold, and they are unable to add anything to life's creative impulse. We may open any page of the world's history from the time of Manetho until the present and everywhere we find their cold, ashen imprint. To them, all men of fire and spirit are monsters in need of restraint, fiends rushing mankind to the bottomless pit. Filled with the empty rattlings of hocus and grass, they deem themselves greater than the prophets. Not that any prophet was ever fully valued by his people, nor any age rightly measured by those who studied its dial. Home constantly refers to the past with its mighty heroes, and Dante calls the shade of an earlier bard to guide him on his way. The one question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" has rung its many changes through every century. The fact that to-day it meets with a reader response than ever before shows that a new chord has been touched, and reveals steady progress along the lines of humanity. Nations farthest behind at the moment are those that have paid least heed to this question and its affirmative response. Victor Hugo declared that printing would put an end to the building of cathedrals like Notre Dame, and it has. Such free communication has been established between the thinking men of nations speaking the same language that one thought is being forced home to all; God's noblest temple is an upright man, and no art has ever been so great as that which will which shall celebrate every man's right to stand erect before his Maker. If we consider the whole world, instead of some favored portion of it, we must conclude that the greatest civilizing forces are yet to be put in operation. As the walls have been removed from cities, so the walls will be removed from nations. Men will at last learn to meet as men, the children of a common father. The summation is a long way in the future; now is only the seedtime. When the harvest shall come it will be greater than any that has preceded it. Certainly not. It would be a denial of the necessary supreme evolution of the Cosmos set to motion by an everlasting supernatural impulse. From a literary, artistic and musical standpoint there is no reason to believe in the retrogression of the world nor in the deterioration of the human brain. There may be moments of stagnation, nay, there have been periods of stagnation, and history tells us that they have been also very long, but as the elevation of our spirit evidently is decreed by the goodness of God, the human mind is bound to progress and with it the whole world. Homer, Virgil, Dante, Goethe and Shakespeare mark as very luminous periods, thought to be unsurpassable by the people of each of those periods.

WILLIAM KEITH, Artist. This is an unanswerable question, at least it is one which we ourselves cannot answer. In many ways the world is certainly progressing, and yet in art there are heights to which a few have climbed in the past which have, so far, been unattainable to all others who have tried to follow in their footsteps. Take, for instance, the architecture of ancient Greece, or the sculptures of Phidias which are the work of hands that have been dust for over 2800 years—there has never been anything done to excel them—nothing even to equal them. They are models still as they have been through all these past centuries. One would think that having them constantly before us we would be able to improve upon them, at least that we could learn from them to do as well, but so far we have not. We study them, we admire them, we try to copy them, but we go no further. Perhaps, though, the human brain working in other lines does things which are just as good in their way. We are too near modern things to see them at their best or judge fairly of their artistic value—those who come after us will see from a different standpoint and more clearly. They will see what has been accomplished, not what we are trying to accomplish; the best work is the work which will live, and by that work the age will be judged. I do not say that there may not be in the future men of genius as transcendent as that which distinguished the masters of old. Real genius never was and never will be a common gift—wisdom how few there are who have stood the test of years, but things in this world work pendulum fashion, there is a swing forward and a swing backward and a swing forward again. Recurrence is the rule and we have only to wait long enough to see it carried out. I apprehend that the "brain of mankind," that is, the raw material, is much the same in all ages of the world, and that the "lost arts" are quite counterbalanced by the new discoveries of to-day. The brain power which was developed by masters of art in another age is utilized in invention making in this age, and the masters of literature in our age may be the editors of newspapers in another. If the world "do move" toward the evolution of a superior race it is along cycles of time so infinite in their duration as to be almost inconceivable.

DOUGLAS TILDEN, Sculptor. Compared to some of our giant predecessors—giants in intellect, in moral and physical courage, and in all that makes man the noblest work of God—we of to-day seem to be almost illiberal—and why? It seems to me that it is because we have, to a great degree, lost our moral force. A great and fundamental principle of life is that no people can hope to become powerful, prosperous and happy who are destitute of this. We must have faith, vital and practical, we must have honest convictions and carry them out honestly, or we can never hope to accomplish anything of importance either as individuals or as nations. Without sincerity and directness of purpose, we become frivolous and unworthy and incapable of attaining the greatest blessings of life, or of holding for any length of time even the semblance of the respect and esteem of our associates. As it is with us as individuals, so it is with us when segregated into the political divisions of the world; a frivolous kingdom, or empire or republic may apparently flourish for a time, but it is doomed to destruction. For example, remember Babylon, Persia, Assyria, Egypt, Carthage, Rome and Greece, and in our own times Venice and France—Venice already dead as far as influence or standing is concerned, and France ready to become the captive of the first country that will have her. Another thing to which can be traced the, in many ways, apparent degeneracy of this age, is the growth of infidelity, the modern estrangement of the human mind from its Creator. Those who shut out the great first cause from their thoughts and lives shut themselves away from the grandest and highest possibilities of existence, and condemn themselves to mediocrity of idea and execution in all their ambitions and attainments. One of the greatest sources of the troubles of the present time, and gravest menaces to the future, is the position assumed by women during the past few years. Woman is the foundation of the domestic institution; without homes we are neither a people nor a nation, and we can have no homes when women are more anxious to take the places of men in business and public life than to perform the holy duties of wives and mothers. It is a pitiable fact that maternity is no longer looked upon as a blessing—the glorious crown of womanhood, but instead is considered by the majority of the educated women of the day as a disagreeable responsibility to be avoided if possible. Women who are so "respectable" that they would shrink from even the slightest personal contact with a fellow creature who had erred in lesser ways will burden their souls with actual crime for the sake of being free from the restraint and care of a large family, in which they should find their highest pride and greatest happiness. Women can make or mar the world, and when the most highly educated, refined and intellectual of their sex bestir themselves to reform the life and work and the applause of crowds than of home life and the loving prattle of children, we cannot hope that the men of the future will equal those of the past in the noble qualities of mind and heart that have given the world in the past those masters in music, literature and art, those giants in eloquence and statesmanship, and those heroes in times of danger whose memories we still proudly reverence. I do not believe that the brain of mankind has by any means reached its highest development. Because we have concluded to call certain arts "lost" is no reason why we should not find them again, and because certain men have so far outshone their brothers is no sign that other men will not come into the world upon whom has been bestowed genius equalling, if not excelling, that of their predecessors. The great trouble with those who look at these things in a pessimistic way is that they are too much in a hurry. They do not realize how many years intervene between the real geniuses of the past. Think how long it was between the days of Homer and Virgil and Dante and Shakespeare and Goethe. I can see no reason why we should not have, right here in America, a poet equal to Shakespeare, a musician equal to Beethoven, and so on through the list of the grandest minds of the past, but we must wait for the fullness of time. I do not concede that, because we do not know them, there are no people of wonderful genius born into the world at the present time, for I think that there may be many, only circumstances do not draw them out. When a genius is born into an environment which calls forth the best that is in him humanity will repeat, if not outdo, the triumphs of the past. The future is even more likely to produce high types of mentality than the past because modern life and modern education puts more people in the way of showing what is in them than did the conditions of former years. When I told Marlon Crawford that I was isolated in California, he replied: "You have concentration here which is not to be obtained abroad." Mr. Crawford's observation may to a certain extent answer your question. I think that arts flourish the best where isolation and concentration are the greatest. Israel produced her best and wisest men when her clannishness was preserved in its purest form, and this greatness has not been repeated ever since she became a scattered nation. Greece was greatest when she was either on defense or at the end of her career of conquest. Her arts disappeared with the rising of the Roman power. Rome was never great in arts, but we observe that she excelled in them only when she began to cease to diffuse her energies abroad. The Shakespearean age just antedated the colonization of America and elsewhere, which have ever since engrossed the attention of England and called her intellectual powers into other channels. Like the small states of Italy that gave birth to Michel Angelo and Raphael in Germany was the brightest when she was divided and isolated. Goethe, Schiller and Heine rose in those days. France nowadays leads in art, and it is well known that, of all the European nations, she sends abroad the least number of colonists. A republic in the midst of monarchies she has been for thirty years an example of isolation and perhaps also of greatest intellectual concentration. It is simply conditions that give birth to great ages. In art the world is neither progressing, retrograding nor stationary, and when the requisite conditions are repeated, we will likely have great masters again. Those conditions have nothing to do with the size of the brain. California is far from the European influence. She may be the art center of America, because, as Marlon Crawford suggested, she will be the greatest in isolation and consequently concentration.

REV. SARAH PRATT CARR, Lemoore, Cal. Is art declining? Has humanity reached its climax? To the individual the present hour is all of life. To-morrow never comes. Nothing in nature is repeated. Two springs can never bloom alike. Man forgets that nature never ends and never waits. That in the divine, eternal symphony of his hour is but one note, struck, to be sure, in proper time and place, yet struck but once, never to be repeated. In such relation, He thinks that what has been must be again. He gives his eyes to the past and cries: "That which is best is gone never to return." This is why we quarrel about art, why we worship the old masters and see no new masters, no art of to-day. To nature, humanity is one. She takes plenty of time for its perfecting. What is undone to-day she finishes to-morrow. There are periods in human life which appear to be decadent, but which are only periods of shifting forces, of changing activities or beliefs of man himself; such as war changes, false political life, wrong ideals or declining religious standards. Any or all of these influences may operate to make a temporary decline in art. But not any or all of them are enough to stop the progress of humanity onward and upward forever. It is true that to-day we write no plays like Shakespeare's; have no players like Rachel and Booth, no singer to wear Patti's mantle, no second Mozart, no new Sistine Madonna, no modern Venus de

Gertrude G. Grey, Canon City, Colo. Nature, the source of all, makes growth of some kind imperative. From a nebulous mass the earth has become a thing of beauty. From a solitary globe, revolving in silence, a populous world teeming with life goes singing on its way. It is long since the beginning, yet learning brings to us at the dawn of the twentieth century the best of all that has been, and from analogy a promise for the future. What has been will again be. "Nothing is new under the sun." Men that have made history have died, and on new occasions the time has found the man. Imperial Caesar dead and turned to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away, Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

REGINA E. WILSON, Chairman Art, Music and Literature Dept., California Club. The brain of mankind is steadily developing, but much is lost to our observation because nature never courts straight lines, the spiral remaining always her favorite. A consequence of this is that development proceeds in a leisurely, graceful way more akin to unfolding between two forces than to that which we usually understand by the term. The blossom of time is announced by a cluster of great intellects throwing all their fragrance and beauty forth until earth seems a paradise of inspired and inspiring thought. Then follows a fruitifying or seeding period, when the forces are quite as active, but not so clearly understood. The great mass of humanity always rebels against anything that tends to drive it from the common to the excellent, from dead blossom to living plant. As a result, these seeding periods are apt to be full of unrest, dissatisfaction and pessimism. Sometimes the conclusion is reached that everything is turning backward, when lo! the mold suddenly parts, the new birth peeps forth and there is a gliding upward into purer air. Such a period was that which preceded the Christian era. No century is so perfectly adjusted that it does not produce degenerates. These are men who have excused their evil habits until the sacred fire originally given them is cold, and they are unable to add anything to life's creative impulse. We may open any page of the world's history from the time of Manetho until the present and everywhere we find their cold, ashen imprint. To them, all men of fire and spirit are monsters in need of restraint, fiends rushing mankind to the bottomless pit. Filled with the empty rattlings of hocus and grass, they deem themselves greater than the prophets. Not that any prophet was ever fully valued by his people, nor any age rightly measured by those who studied its dial. Home constantly refers to the past with its mighty heroes, and Dante calls the shade of an earlier bard to guide him on his way. The one question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" has rung its many changes through every century. The fact that to-day it meets with a reader response than ever before shows that a new chord has been touched, and reveals steady progress along the lines of humanity. Nations farthest behind at the moment are those that have paid least heed to this question and its affirmative response. Victor Hugo declared that printing would put an end to the building of cathedrals like Notre Dame, and it has. Such free communication has been established between the thinking men of nations speaking the same language that one thought is being forced home to all; God's noblest temple is an upright man, and no art has ever been so great as that which will which shall celebrate every man's right to stand erect before his Maker. If we consider the whole world, instead of some favored portion of it, we must conclude that the greatest civilizing forces are yet to be put in operation. As the walls have been removed from cities, so the walls will be removed from nations. Men will at last learn to meet as men, the children of a common father. The summation is a long way in the future; now is only the seedtime. When the harvest shall come it will be greater than any that has preceded it. Certainly not. It would be a denial of the necessary supreme evolution of the Cosmos set to motion by an everlasting supernatural impulse. From a literary, artistic and musical standpoint there is no reason to believe in the retrogression of the world nor in the deterioration of the human brain. There may be moments of stagnation, nay, there have been periods of stagnation, and history tells us that they have been also very long, but as the elevation of our spirit evidently is decreed by the goodness of God, the human mind is bound to progress and with it the whole world. Homer, Virgil, Dante, Goethe and Shakespeare mark as very luminous periods, thought to be unsurpassable by the people of each of those periods.

ARTHUR A. TAYLOR, Prop. Santa Cruz Surf. I apprehend that the "brain of mankind," that is, the raw material, is much the same in all ages of the world, and that the "lost arts" are quite counterbalanced by the new discoveries of to-day. The brain power which was developed by masters of art in another age is utilized in invention making in this age, and the masters of literature in our age may be the editors of newspapers in another. If the world "do move" toward the evolution of a superior race it is along cycles of time so infinite in their duration as to be almost inconceivable.

THEODORE HITTELL, Historian.