

of old, even though there be a sprinkling of the better classes in attendance. Whatever removal of sheer brutality has been effected from the old conditions of the prize ring has resulted from legal compulsion, responding to an indignant public spirit in the community. As for this pugilist's eccentric notions of "any company," which must include the best company, opinion, of course, is a question of point of view. But it is very questionable whether Mr. Corbett would be able to entertain "the flattering unction" long were he able to put it to the test. That the modern bruiser is sometimes treated with a kind even of adulation by his superiors is true. But it is in the same kind of spirit with which the ancient Roman dandy patted the brawn of the gladiator on whom he expected to bet his sesterces the next day in the amphitheater and on whom he turned down his thumb with scornful indifference if the poor wretch was vanquished.

An interesting Indian race is described in The National Geographical Magazine for August. The radical differences in the aboriginal stocks found on the North American continent are well illustrated in the habits of this tribe of 4,000 people found in Arizona and lower Mexico. Having adjusted their lives to the desert as completely as the Belouins, they yet show an exceptional stability of character unaffected by contact with alien races. The Papagos are evidently descended, like the Maquis, from a people of superior aboriginal culture. They yet retain much of the manual skill and artistic taste of their ancestors whose relics found in the mounds and the ruins of whose constructive knowledge shown in aqueducts and irrigation works indicate a remarkable gens, perhaps allied to the ancient Toltec race. The early Spanish records note their dignified hospitality and reserve, and they are the same now. Yet that they are degenerates is without doubt. One of the most interesting facts in North American ethnology is the existence of so many modern tribes who are decadents from a notable degree of culture in the arts of life.

No Room Here For Anarchists.

No anarchist crime has ever thrilled Europe and the world with such a sentiment of horror as that which was aroused by the murder of the empress of Austria. For other outrages of this description some clearly discerned political motive could be discovered. The taking off, for example, of the Czar Alexander, the liberator of the serfs, was explicable. He had just refused the demand for a free constitution for Russia and otherwise offended the nihilists. Carnot's murder was associated with certain repressive and punitive measures which had recently been adopted by the French chambers in regard to anarchist activities. In this last exhibi-

tion of anarchy it is impossible to trace any adequate motive. The Empress Elizabeth was not only a woman, but of all the crowned women of Europe that one most indifferent to politics and the management of public affairs. Indeed she had carried this abstinence so far as to absent herself habitually from even those court functions as much as possible which are most admirably graced by the sovereign's wife. Her dislike of pomp and ceremonial and of all the outward show of her rank was such as to excite the protests of the Viennese. Her eccentric seclusion of herself from public sight, though redeemed by great benevolence of disposition, had not made her a popular personage, though always regarded with deepest respect. Empress Elizabeth cared chiefly to live her own individual life without fretting under the chains of rank. That such a woman as this, entirely dissociated from political movements, who spent a considerable portion of her time in travel, as if to escape her own restless thoughts, should have been selected by the assassin's dagger is a mystery.

Her sex gave her no immunity. That she had been in an exceptional degree the target for the worst bolts of fate and was known to be one of the unhappiest of women was no armor against the half-crazed perversity of an anarchist assassin. The tragic death of Rudolph, the crown prince, a few years ago, under circumstances which startled the world with a genuine sensation; the death by the flames of the Duchesse d'Alencon, her sister, at the Paris bazaar fire—these and other family misfortunes had left Empress Elizabeth one of the most melancholy of women. Perhaps she would have welcomed death, though not perhaps at the ignoble hand of the assassin, could she have known it was so near. But all those things which had made Empress Elizabeth peculiarly the object of general sympathy made no difference to his impartial stab. And so was quenched the life of one of the most brilliant and picturesque of modern crowned heads, yet whose career had been singularly innocent of private or public cause of blame. The assassin's stiletto seems to have been guided by accident or caprice, and any other personage of exalted place would possibly have satisfied his lust for blood.

It has been proposed that as a consequence of this last imperial assassination the governments of continental Europe should unite in such uniform repressive measures as would free that section of the world from their presence and mischief working hate. Just how this can be done is difficult to perceive, for an overt act in most countries is necessary. It has just been proved how easily the crazed brooding of a fanatic leaps from a dream into action.

When the teachings of such men as Bakunin, Prince Krapotkin and Elisee

Reclus, the logic of whose instruction is even assassination or any other violence which will shake society, lead to such deeds, it seems clear that the intellectual chiefs of anarchy are as guilty as their fatuous tools. It is almost unfortunate that the freest countries, such as Switzerland, Great Britain and the United States, are compelled to harbor these people by the very spirit and form of their laws. When rats leave one house, they swarm to another. It is greatly to be hoped that if the anarchists are driven from continental Europe they will not come to enlarge the swarm already in this country.

Chinese Scholarship.

All of us have heard much about the lofty esteem bestowed on scholarship in China and that it is the passport to the highest honors of the empire. It is worth while to examine into just what the Celestials mean by scholarship. In one sense no home staying Chinaman is ever educated. The most erudite man is absolutely ignorant of the current problems of the world, both in practice and theory, unless knowledge is knocked into his skull by contact with foreigners. Yet the race is unique on one side in its scholarly spirit—that is, in its reverence for Chinese classical literature; in its devotion to a style steeped in classical allusion, and in the ardor with which candidates attempt the examination, year after year, even to old age, in the hope of acquiring an honorary degree. It was the passionate revulsion of feeling which accompanied repeated failure and finally curdled into hate of the whole system which inspired Hung Tsu Suen, the Hakka schoolmaster, to teach the new religious and political cult on which the terrible Taiping rebellion was founded.

The Chinese system of teaching is based entirely on memory and the abnormal reverence for the dead sages. All that needs to be said has been said, according to this theory of education. The boy learns by rote and does not understand what he recites in a mechanical singsong. As he grows older and comes before the examination boards for promotion memory of the sayings of the great dead authors and periphrastic restatement of them in a great variety of forms, from which original comment is excluded by the lack of real intellectual knowledge and acumen, still furnish the test of his ability, which opens the door to political promotion.

It can be readily seen then that what is called knowledge is a mountain mass of rubbish in resonant phrases. This furnishes the political equipment of the mandarin official. The scientific spirit, the wish to investigate, the sense of the unknown, which have been at the bottom of all western progress, are absolutely unknown to Chinese education. This petrification of intellect is the root of Chinese life, society, knowledge and politics. With a dead root a dead people