

THREE MORNING SCENES IN A BUSY BOY'S LIFE.



POSED FOR THE BEE BY BOSTWICK.

Wave of Adulation for America Has Engulfed England

LONDON, June 19.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—With the Fourth of July so near one can think of no subject more fascinating than the changed sentiments toward America and her people of those from whom, at the sword's point, the colonies won their independence. And this is fortunate, because just at the time this letter is written there has been such a succession of remarkable occurrences, beginning with the investment by Andrew Carnegie of \$10,000,000 of American money in Scottish education and ending in the double triumph of our countrymen at Epsom Downs, with the receptions given to representatives of the New York Chamber of Commerce coming in between, that it would be difficult for an American visitor to London to ignore this subject. Really there has been in these weeks a new apotheosis in England, and the gods before whom the English people are bowing down, who are they, do you think but our own modest selves? If hereafter American visitors do the least thing to merit the thread-worn English fling at Yankee loudness and boastfulness, who will be to blame? To stand so much adulation one must be more than human. My own humility never had such a shock. To crown their other tributes and favors the people of this realm ought now, in final proof of their regard, to put a new petition in their prayer book, asking that we who are here, and are compelled to see ourselves from the English viewpoint, may not be unduly puffed up.

Old Phrase, New Meaning.

"The American Danger," a phrase with which the papers over here have made us very familiar, has now an altered significance for some of us. Originally it meant the peril to which English trade is exposed by American competition, and this "American Peril," we have been repeatedly assured, is more to be dreaded than "the Yellow Danger from the East." Does this mean, I wonder, that we are worse than the plague, or does it merely mean that we are harder to control than the plague? Not that it matters in the least, for to Americans who are in England just now to see for themselves what is going on, "The American Danger" means nothing more nor less than the danger to which Americans are exposed, owing to the recent "flop" in their favor of England and all things English, of thinking altogether too much of themselves. Even the weather seems to have come our way. It is typically American, and even more so, as one might expect, for whatever is an imitation is sure to be somewhat exaggerated. And, would you believe it, there have been nothing but bright skies and genial warmth in London since that gift by which three weeks ago Andrew Carnegie so completely "Americanized" the Scotch universities.

Englishmen and Habits.

Thus at last is there a chance for the average Englishman to emancipate himself from one of the things which must surely have been a serious handicap in the race for the world's markets. I refer primarily to his umbrella, but incidentally, also, to that alternative fad of his, the walking stick. The proverbial English dictum on this subject, based on the emotional tendencies of the English barometer, has always been, "Be sure to take an umbrella

when it doesn't rain—please yourself when it does." Hence the Englishman and his umbrella, or the alternative to it, have become inseparable companions, with the result, of course, that he has been to that extent weighted in his struggle for commercial supremacy. In other words habit has forced him—a very trival habit I grant—to think so much of himself and his belongings that he has not been able to think so much as his rivals have of what he must do next, in a business way, if he would keep up with the procession. A trivial matter to mention—that I've admitted—yet even so light a thing as a feather may show which way the wind is blowing, and no less does this one little tendency let us into the secret of England's relative backwardness at this time in realms of enterprise which formerly were all her own. It is all the result of habit. She is too set in her ways, too much attached to old customs, too considerate of forms, too careful of her dignity, too afraid of getting a little wet, too determined to carry on business in just the way in which she has always done it—in other words, too much attached to her umbrella and walking stick.

Sweet Songs of Praise.

To this charge the English people themselves are pleading guilty, and no American pen could ever set forth more strongly than they the inferiority of their own methods to ours or the urgent need there is for the old mother to wake up and at the opening of the new century take a leaf out of the wonderful book opened in the last century by her enterprising daughter. It used to be that if the American people wanted anything very good said of them over here, they had to say it themselves, and everybody knows that to the emergency thus created by an unappreciative British public, American visitors, as a rule, were more than equal. But what a change! Now all one has to do is to just sit still, keep one's mouth shut and listen to nothing but the big brass band of British adulation from rosy morn till dewy eve. From the president of the Board of Trade speaking before Parliament and justifying the government in buying American locomotives on the ground that they are better and cheaper than those made in England, all the way down to those newspaper writers who, apropos of America's double triumph at Epsom, are asking "Is England going to the dogs?" there is only one tune kept up. There are, however, two strains in this tune, and I am wicked enough to confess that my chief amusement for some time has been an effort to determine which strain is produced with the greater frequency, that in which the people simply bemoan their own former stupidity, or that which so heartily insists that hereafter nothing must suffice but the adoption as quickly as possible of those trade ideals which have so long dominated in the United States.

Why They Submit.

The mere circumstance that recently the Massachusetts Institute of Technology held in London an entrance examination would of itself be scarcely worth noting. What gave significance to it was the significant comment it solicited from the London press. In all branches of technical training the English, upon their own repeated confessions, are so far behind us as to be positively ashamed of themselves. To show,

too, how deep is their present feeling of humiliation and how sincere they are in wanting to learn from us how to do things, some of the papers indulged comments like this. "Perhaps," they said, "this tempting of English pupils to American schools is a good thing for us. We must not forget that Germany got its lessons in commercial enterprise by sending young men to be trained in the business offices of London, and possibly we could not in turn more surely provide for our own commercial future than by encouraging the youth of England to go for a few years of training to the United States."

King Was Edified.

This reminds me of the reception London has just given to the representatives of the New York Chamber of Commerce. It will be a back number by the time this is read and only for my conceit—pardonable to an American sojourning just now in England—in thinking I have something new to say about it, I should not dare even an allusion to such ancient history. But you perhaps heard that while these men were here they were "patronized" in various ways by the royal family, the lord mayor and others. That, I am sure, is the expression that would be used if the news was sent in the stereotyped English form. But don't believe such nonsense—all the "patronage" was the other way about. Not the slightest disrespect is intended to the genial king or the lovely queen, for both of whom I have a regard which is up to the full limit of what any citizen of a republic ought to feel for crowned heads. All the same, though, it is my persuasion that Edward and Alexandra were just as glad to see these leaders of American finance as the men were to see and talk with them, and I cannot doubt that when the king looked at them, as samples of the kind of men that had pushed American trade so far ahead of England's, he felt as little like condemning them as Lincoln felt like condemning Grant upon the complaint that he drank a great deal of whisky, but was rather inclined, like Lincoln, to ask them what brand of brains and enterprise they employed, so that later on he might give a pointer or two on how to do things to those heads of British trade which are now so painfully realizing for the first time their ignorance and inefficiency.

Cause for Good-Natured Comment.

All this is in perfect good nature on my part, but really the change of sentiment toward America and her people has been so great in this country in recent months, and was so strikingly emphasized by the visit of those New York magnates, that one can scarcely describe it without seeming to chuckle over it. One writes, too, with the fear that because he cannot help being a little playful on such a subject, he may be suspected of exaggerating and may not be taken seriously. But it is a fact that, far from the New York visitors receiving "patronage," they threw this article about in great big, sugar-coated chunks wherever they went. And this was just the thing to do. It was what the situation called for, and the fact that these shrewd business men so quickly sighted the mark and then so efficaciously hit it, was another instance of American versatility. It showed, too, in what great kindness we can act toward people after

we've licked them. Altogether it was very amusing, and yet it had its impressive feature, and did not in the least tend, I can assure you, to lessen one's estimate of what it means in these days to have the Stars and Stripes for one's flag.

What these visiting millionaires found was that John Bull was on the stool of repentance because he has learned so poorly the latest devices in making business go. It was evident in every paper they read and in every conversation they held that this hitherto self-satisfied and rather conceited old gentleman was quite out of the notion of himself and was having a fit of the blues. He was taking on quite seriously because he didn't know any more and hadn't done any better, and was wondering, as many a man does when pride or self-will gets a sudden shock, what would become of him in the future. In saying that this was what these men found when they reached England, one does not exaggerate in the least, and in proof of this one might put in the witness stand, not only these men themselves, but every single London editor and almost every man who about that time was discussing current business conditions from English platforms. Naturally, therefore, the one call upon these influential New Yorkers was for words of friendly reassurance, and with the true American genius for doing the right thing in the right way, these were the sort of words they began at once to utter:

England's Sun Not Setting.

"Don't be so frightened," they said, "After all this is a great country. Don't be down-hearted, old man. Don't think that the star of England is going to set. We've beaten you in some things—that's true, but that's only a reason why you should pull yourself together and go into the battle with more vim. Look at us," they said, "aren't we of the same blood with yourselves?" So did they express themselves in substance, and then their pointed query was, "If this spirit of triumphant enterprise is in the blood of the daughter, why isn't it also in the blood of the mother?" And this last remark seemed to suit the patient better than anything, if one may judge from the editorial comments upon it. "Yes, indeed," replied these good-natured knights of the English quill, "that's just the point to tie to. It is the energy and adaptability of the Anglo-Saxon that have done these great things for America; now let us be encouraged by this to make another supreme effort ourselves, for aren't we also of this great race?" And so, since then, John Bull has been feeling better. He is more hopeful, dear old man, and I'm glad of it, for I never saw him so really down in the mouth before. But one reflects again, what a change! For it isn't so very long since this "same blood and same race" argument was brought into frequent service by the leaders of public thought in England in quite a different way.

Their Fears Unrentized.

They used to wonder what would become of us. The experiment of democracy, how would it turn out? Badly, they feared, badly. Yet, we were Anglo-Saxons and we ought to know how to use freedom, whether we did or not. The civil war and its great issues—especially its issues of bitterness—how could these ever adjust

themselves to a common flag? This would surely take generations, if not ages. Yet, after all, was there not some hope, for isn't it one of the traits of the Anglo-Saxon to make the best of defeat, and isn't he also in victory a generous foe? Our working class population with the ballot in its hands in a country which was not so law-abiding as it should be, how was that ominous peril to be avoided? Probably it wouldn't be; probably there would be a revolution and all sorts of bad things. Yet we might be saved, even though it were by the skin of our teeth. And, of course, if we were the saving salt in our national makeup would be that we belonged to the same race with the law-abiding people of Great Britain and Ireland. So this "same race—same blood" argument used to serve the turn of these English editors in the years gone, and perhaps, administered and brought to bear by them as it was so unremittingly in every time of real or imaginary need—perhaps under their wise and beneficent publication it did a good turn now and then. But, O, the whirligig of time, what changes it brings, for behold now these same editors bolstering up their own hopes by the identical argument which in years gone they so magnanimously threw out for our salvation! Then, America's chance was in the fact that in descent she was English. Now England's chance is in the fact that, if she only knew it, she is in spirit and capability American! So they are talking and writing over here at the present time and everyone will admit that this altered condition of things, while it certainly ought not to awaken in Americans any feeling that is not generous, is still not a matter for any apologies on our part either on the glorious Fourth or any other day.

When John Bull Unbends.

But, as I said at the beginning, it is so delightful to be here and observe all these things for one's self. John Bull is very pleasant when he unbends a little, and that he has been doing lately more than a little. His sentiments toward America and the Americans are the quintessence of amiability. If our government wants to strike him for anything big now is the time to do it. Pass the collection box while the feeling is high. From this time on English nobles will be more than ever in love with American dollars—so look out, girls! One reason why the English like us better than they did is that they are coming into closer contact with us in international politics. Another is that we showed them a few years ago that we knew how to fight. They like fighters, although it doesn't appear just now that they are much of a success in that line themselves. But they'll round up the Boers all right, never fear, if you only give them time enough. Isn't that a safe prophecy?

This reminds me that John Bull's present amiability may be due in some measure to his humiliation at not being able to vanquish in shorter time an enemy which in numbers is so inferior to himself. Only that the Boers came so near beating him in battle who knows that this proud personage would have acknowledged so graciously that America has beaten him in the arena of commerce. But as it is, the situation is simply delightful, for these English are so very generous and noble when they once get started that way.

HENRY TUCKLEY.