

Clara Morris' biography lacks the unselfconsciousness of Mrs. Gilbert's work. Miss Morris keeps herself in mind. Her recital of the events of her life is purely subjective. She seems anxious that the public should know by what struggles, and in spite of what jealousies and hatreds, she attained a worthy rank among actors. Mrs. Gilbert's mind has retained nothing but memories of the kindnesses that were shown her. Miss Morris remembers the courtesies but cut deep and too distinct is the memory of snubs from Fanny Davenport. Mrs. Gilbert and others, administered, she says, when she was an unknown, obscure actress. Miss Morris' writing is like her acting, emotional and subjective. She is not conscious of the universality of life, literature and the drama. Her acting was marred by the personal note, by an insistent, exigent personality that localized and narrowed tragedy and made her expressions of pain and suffering seem rather impertinent to an audience. As Booth played Lear, he was not Lear hurt by his daughters, but fatherhood wronged and deserted and thus the concern of all time and place. Miss Morris' art would have localized Lear, given him a century and a place and restricted sympathy for Lear to her demands upon it. I have never seen Mrs. Gilbert at work, but I am sure she makes her characters types. In her eightieth year she demonstrates the unity and universality of life and her biography is therefore a contribution to literature and a treasure to all students of life.

The Cominer.

Undoubtedly the inventor of English writing differentiated the n and the u on purpose by making u open at the top and n at the bottom of the line. Yet so perverse are the writers who use these characters, others have invented for them, that it is only by the context of their manuscripts that readers are enabled to discriminate between these two letters. Fortunately the typewriter has finally demonstrated that it is stronger than the pen and typewriters have no human idiosyncrasies. The tendency to make n, u and double rs exactly alike has resulted in some confusion in the case of The Courier and The Commoner mail. Printed the two bear no resemblance, but written, are quite easily mistaken one for the other. Some of Mr. Bryan's subscribers call his paper the "Cominer" and when the postal clerks see the dotted i without hesitation, it is dropped into The Courier box.

Pegasus and the Plow.

The efficient working of any organization depends not only upon the selection of a fit man, but upon the assignment of fit duties. Pegasus harnessed to the plow represented to the Greek mind the incongruity of exhausting the higher talent in the lower work. St. Paul expressed the same thing without the myth: "It is not reason," he says, "that we should leave the work of God and serve tables." One of the strongest arguments for the inauguration of civil service reform was based upon the alarming extent to which the pressure for political appointments encroached upon the president's time and strength, to the detriment of important matters of state. General Otis' effectiveness in the Philippines was lessened because he wore himself out on clerical work instead of giving his strength to the larger supervision which the situation demanded. A court of appeals is not expected to waste its time on matters which prop-

erly belong to the court of original jurisdiction.

No manager expects the foreman of a gang of men to work at the bench and still exercise that intelligent supervision which turns out the best product with the least outlay. In court and shop a thorough knowledge of the lower work is required for the performance of the higher duties, but the energies are demanded by the latter. The saddest feature in connection with our denominational schools is the number of wrecked and shortened lives resulting from burdening the college professor with the training of preparatory classes. The denominational schools are not, however, the only offenders. Boards of education too often select a man capable of intelligent and wise supervision and then burden him with collateral duties, to the detriment of the very work to which they called him. Superintendents demand of their teachers night drudgery in correcting papers and making out standings which renders it impossible for them to come to the classes with that freshness and inspiration which are absolutely essential to the best teaching. Our churches call a man to the high position of spiritual overseer, and then leave him to wear himself out doing the work of the deacons. The trouble originates partly in ignorance, partly from lack of appreciation. We call a man to an important position, load him down with the work in sight and forget to leave the necessary margin for the larger duties upon which his success depends. We expect that masterly supervision which makes itself felt in better work in every grade, but we neglect to allow opportunity and strength for that individual impress and inspiration which constitute a great man's best work, his personal influence. We still repeat the folly of harnessing Pegasus to the plow, of calling an apostle to serve tables.

Woman.

There are several million more women in New England than there are men. In New England the proportion of men to women is about the same. Most of these women are poor and must earn their own living. They are handicapped in the effort by disfranchisement and by the jealousy of workmen who naturally object to competing with an element that lowers wages. Women who have been supported all their lives and are quite familiar with the scornful opinion entertained by men of female suffragists, have no conception of the injustice suffered by a woman who to earn her own living must oppose prejudice and constantly see promotions bestowed on others which she has earned but does not receive on account of her sex.

As to woman's worth M. Ferdinand Brunetiere has declared that without the contributions of French women French literature would not be what it is. In English, Jane Austen, George Eliot, Charlotte Bronte and Mrs. Browning are the only women who have contributed notably to the history of literature. To be frank, their contributions, if withdrawn, would not effect either the progress or the meaning of the whole.

Adventures of the Amateur Cracksmen.

E. W. Hornung is writing stories about two rogues and one of them is as clever as Conan Doyle's amateur detective. Rogue or detective of rogues, it does not matter, the interest centers in the intellectual keenness and quickness of the hero who in this case is a thief. A thief who is

chivalrous, who sends jubilee presents to the Queen and is the champion of persecuted, beautiful maids, a thief who knows he is followed without looking behind, a thief who reasons as lucidly as Poe's philosopher in the "Murder in the Rue Morgue." This sort of reasoning, wherein the storyteller keeps the story reader, close by his side and conducts him from point to point has the fascination of good comradeship and of a form of intellectual exercise that Poe tested and proved. The dramatic coolness of "Raffles" in moments when his liberty depends on his coolness, and his control of his temper attract sympathy to a hero who is a thief and does not deserve it. Stories of adventure now-a-days go back to the piratical times of Elizabeth or of Louis XI. These tales are modern in costume, setting and habit. There is no veiled attempt to teach history or morals or anything else, only to amuse and entertain. When the stories are published in book form they deserve as large a popularity as Conan Doyle's detective yarns and will probably attain it. The style is simple and colorless. The stories have been printed in Scribner's Magazine.

Evolution.

Mr. Fiske in the essays "Through Nature to God" says that it must have occurred to everyone to wonder why God did not make man better while He was about it, or words to that effect. To create something is the most inspiring motive of God and man. Children who are presented with elaborately perfect mechanical toys, smash them in desperation, because they are too perfect. They leave nothing to the imagination and the defrauded child is angry without knowing why. The working of the imagination is creation and the little girl whose imagination has made a French doll out of a cob and a few old rags has the same translated look on her face as the poet, or the architect or the painter who has just created something beautiful. Therefore, Mr. Fiske says, was the world left wicked which is only a kind of imperfection, that we, not by our imagination but by making ugly things beautiful may make the world better.

The kindergarten system is based on the universal desire to create. The effect of the manual training is so beneficial because the creative impulse is recognized, utilized and gratified. Wickedness is destructive and unnatural. Only the insane and the degenerate really enjoy killing or robbing or burning. If everyone had work to do and every worker could see how useful the work of his hands is, the peculiar rewards of creation would keep him from all forms of destruction and that excludes all wickedness. The joy of creating is so pervading and satisfying, no human being should be without it. By leaving a world unfinished or imperfect it is evident that we were intended to help in the greatest work ever undertaken.

The Weather Service.

Professor Willis L. Moore, chief of the United States Weather Bureau, assembled all the experts in his department the night before the inauguration. They tried all the ancient and all the new instruments for foretelling the weather and all the signs, symbols, machines and oracles reported that the sun was going to shine on America's coronation day. Everybody now knows that it rained and that President McKinley spoke to the storm and what looked like fields of dark toadstools, but which were, in reality, umbrellas with a man or a woman under each one. Excepting

when it makes a very great deal of difference the prophecies of the meteorological bureau may be relied upon. But the science is not an exact one and the areas of low and high barometer shift eccentrically and on inauguration day, when it is of supreme importance that he should guess accurately Mr. Moore's predictions fail.

Thermopylae.

Messrs. A. R. Oleson, Dan Swanson, J. J. McCarthy, Frank Jouvenat, H. Rohwer, C. F. Steele, J. E. Evans, J. A. Whitmore and M. Broderick, who have stood firmly by their principles since the legislature convened, who have not been influenced by representations of expediency and of personal benefits are men and color-bearers of republicanism who deserve the distinction and credit accorded to those who kept the pass at Thermopylae. Their singular devotion to the ideals and principles of the party has rescued it from sordid men indifferent to the wishes of their constituents. In refusing to vote for Mr. Thompson they have declared their loyalty to a party and their indifference to the temporary convenience of having a senator or two at Washington.

The deadlock in the Nebraska legislature is also another reason why the senator should be elected directly by the people. It is another warning to men like Mr. Thompson not to spend time and money to overcome a deep-seated popular prejudice against politicians of their type. It is another instance of the righteousness of minorities, the usefulness of the exceptional man, and a modern instance of the uses of bravery in politics. The long continued struggle has been a trial of sentiment and has demonstrated that at least nine out of sixty men care more for the approval of their own consciences than for the urgings of expediency. After they have returned to their homes there will be those who will remonstrate with them for not sending someone, to the senate. But by far the greater portion of men and women who have seen and appreciated the nobility of these men are proud to be their fellow citizens.

Elizabeth.

"Elizabeth" was not lazy. No lazy person writes books. No lazy person thinks consecutively and logically. Elizabeth's dreamery works out into peans of living, worth while pondering. She has written two books and written down the music of the songs her children sing. She has maids who sew, bake and clean for her and her family. She might have put in her time accomplishing those mighty annual bakings or fruit-preservings, or linen chest filling that periodically fills the time of German house-wives. Instead she chooses, like the psalmist to invite her soul, she gives herself time to enjoy the innocence and beauty of her children, the beauty of growing things and the peculiarities of her friends. Most of us are so occupied with trivial things that we live and die strangers to the lessons of the spirit. Elizabeth might be Eve, conventional procedure and habit have so little effect upon her. She is Mary and all other women are Marthas. She has made a choice of nature and books and young life and of such is the kingdom of heaven. Jellies, linens, gowns, cooking and society which absorb the time of the German housekeepers have little attraction for Elizabeth. Her infinite variety and enjoyment of her own society piques her husband and keeps him devoted to her more effectually than jellies and fussy housekeeping.