

the American public. "The amount required to effect Miss Stone's safety is but a mere bagatelle compared to the millions which have been spent to maintain the officers of the Board in their easy, extravagantly paid posts." I know of no board in this country which has boasted so much of its accomplishments; but if Miss Stone is murdered some other medium will certainly distribute the money for foreign missions gathered here. And it is very likely that appeals for foreign heathen from any board will fall upon deaf ears if Miss Stone be harmed. The conduct of the Board is un-American, unchivalrous, cold-blooded, unbusiness-like. The displeasure of the American people is already made manifest by the reproaches aimed at the Board by the secular press. To America this woman's life and security is worth more than the 130,000 heathen, men, women and children, that in the ninety years of its existence the board boasts of having saved by the expenditure of tens of millions of dollars. And if Miss Stone is not included among the number saved the Board will never have another million dollars to spend.

#### The Naval Trouble.

Any opinion that we may have held concerning the elevation of character of admirals, commodores, captains and lieutenant commanders, has been dissipated by the naval inquiry. We are an inland people. North America is so large that the coast dwellers are an inconsiderable part of the population. Sailors, either common seamen or officers, are an uncommon sight. We think of them or we did think of them before this investigation had progressed so far, as bluff, hearty, generous, truthful men. Decatur, Paul Jones, Nelson have made the definition for all of us of sailors. The investigation at Washington makes it necessary to revise our definition. After this for a few years, until the impression wears off, an admiral must be a man who is jealous of all the officers under him, who in case of war will send misleading dispatches home, claiming victories he did not win, or one who in pursuit of a fleet is the last man to see the masts of the enemy in a protecting harbor and makes all sorts of excuses to get away from the neighborhood, only being kept there by repeated commands from the head of the department. According to the new definitions with which the investigations have supplied us, there is a low standard of truth among the higher officers of the navy, and an officer once out of favor with the department at Washington incurs the ill-will of all the officers on all the ships of the American navy. The dissipation of an old ideal is unpleasant, but if it is so that the isolation of the seafaring man makes him jealous and more than ordinarily selfish, landlubbers ought to know it so as to quit expecting high-mindedness from those who go down to the sea in ships.

#### The "Cup."

Sir Thomas Lipton is a true sportsman. Just before the yacht races were run, at the close of a dinner served on board The Shamrock, he said in reply to a toast: "Let the best boat win." After he had lost he was satisfied that the races were fairly conducted and that the best boat did win. As there were only two boats, the sentiment was not grammatical but the spirit of the wish was eminently commendable, and the spirit is more than grammar. Not many people know the name of the owner of the boat which actually did

win. The glory is absorbed, with the owner's full consent, by the New York Yacht Club whose officers and members have been the patrons of yachting, and have by undiscouraged patronage of the sport kept interest in it alive.

Per contra everybody knows the name of Thomas Lawton, the man from Boston who said he was going to chop up his boat because it was not fast enough to get into the race at all. Kindergarten experiments have discovered that children are disciplined into the knowledge and practice of good citizenship by the games they play together and the conventions they agree to abide by during the progress of the games. A kindergarten visitor is usually impressed only by the gayety of the little children in their play. The teamwork which means concerted and harmonious action is apt to be overlooked.

Yachting is a grown-up game and is a means of discipline to the players. Mr. Thomas Lawton, who is a self-made man, and with all the faults of a self-made man, wanted to play the game because of the compliment and conspicuousness likely to be bestowed upon the winner. His motive for building a yacht could, of course have had no influence upon that yacht's lines and speed, but when she was distanced the country was satisfied. The impression obtained before the preliminary trial races came off that the management of the N. Y. Y. C. objected to the admission of the Lawson boat because of its superior lines, chances of beating the Columbia, and the relief when Lawson's boat hardly showed at the horizon of the race course was perceptible.

Mr. E. D. Morgan, the responsible manager of the Columbia, made himself very inconspicuous. He is a yachtsman of long experience. At one time he owned seven boats. His grandfather was the war governor of New York.

#### The Booker Washington Incident.

There are very few southerners who are not troubled and in a way indignant because President Roosevelt asked Mr. Washington to dinner and actually dined with him. They do not deny the fact that Mr. Washington is a southerner and a credit to the south. All men admit that he is one of the most distinguished men in this country and that his birth place and dwelling place are the more distinguished for his presence. A northerner cannot understand now, any more clearly than in war times, just the feeling that southerners have for the darkies. Now as in the pre-rebellion period black women nurse white children. They hold them on their laps, fondle them and kiss them. They are excellent nurses for the sick and the super-sensitive nerves of aristocratic patients are not disturbed by the necessarily intimate association with a black nurse. But if one of these patients, recovered from a sickness, were to be obliged to ride on a railroad car with a negro, trouble would ensue.

The south is proud of Booker Washington. Southerners recognize his good sense and have constant recourse to it. Somewhere, I think, Mr. Washington himself has said that he preferred southern intolerance tempered by intimate understanding of his race to northern patronage and imperfectly concealed race-repulsion. Topsy expressed the same thing to Miss Ophelia. Miss Ophelia had the conventional New England disapproval of slavery and sorrow for the slaves, but she could not bear to have Topsy's hand touch hers. On the

other hand, the angel child Eva was content to sit upon the floor near Topsy and read the same book with her.

However much we northern people may desire to ameliorate the condition of the southern negro, we can do so only by gifts of money to educational institutions, such as Tuskegee. The black race is not the problem of the people north of Mason and Dixon's line which, in spite of oratory, still exists. The black southerners must work out their own salvation with the white southerners. We can give individuals of neither race absent treatment for either ignorance or prejudice. The blacks are in the south. They are climatically fitted to live there and there they are going to stay. Industrial education, as Mr. Washington says, will accomplish their second and more significant emancipation. From this distance we can only hasten that self-manumission by gifts of money to manual training institutions. If President Roosevelt's invitation to dinner has in the slightest degree lessened southern prejudice against the race or heightened the high respect of the south for Mr. Washington, the whole country is grateful to the President. If it has increased southern distrust of northern intention and increased the bitterness, in spite of which the social condition of the negroes must gradually improve, the invitation, though given with the most generous of motives from one great man to another was premature.

#### Football.

The fascination which football has for rich and poor, lettered and unlettered, athlete and pale clerk has not been satisfactorily defined and accounted for. It is perhaps one of those expressions of human feeling too deep for words, but which when the occasion arises is overwhelmingly demonstrated in action. Baseball is more intelligible to a crowd. The players are distributed over the diamond as chess-men over a board, and the plays are not often bunched, so that the audience can keep track of the ball and identify the players by position and characteristic action. But in football there is only a heap of dusty boys and it is occasionally difficult to be sure that the heap is human. It looks more like an octopus, a creature of one body and many arms and legs.

Nevertheless in this mournful town where everybody is still more or less broke and where daily on every street corner monuments of former opulence meet and remind one of their departed influence, somehow the inhabitants raised between twenty-five and thirty thousand dollars to go to Minneapolis and see the game of football between the Minnesota university team and the Nebraska university team. The game lasted only two hours or so and Nebraska was crushingly defeated, but nobody seemed to be sorry he went and the excursionists said as old Caspar said of Blenheim that it was a "glorious victory." A committee is trying to raise in Lincoln a few thousand dollars for a peal of chimes to be placed near the centre of the town and serve as a monument to the memory of President McKinley instead of the triumphal arch that was first proposed. The project has not yet been received with sufficient response to insure its success. Considering the strength of the spell we are under if we could get the football team to give the chimes' fund a benefit we could buy chimes worth listening to; but there seems no easy way of effecting the conjunction between football and chimes. More particularly because college men, whether from reckless spending,

which is rarely the case, or from insufficient remittances from home, are always hard up and need all the money they can earn by admissions to the arena.

#### "A Triumph's Evidence."

All of Mr. William Allen White's stories have strong local color. His heroes have a photographic resemblance to life. They are like a plaster cast of a living hand whose owner consented for a moment to allow it to be covered with plaster. When the mold is filled up with the composition, and finally chipped off, all the fine marks that pertain to the human hand and that never were and never should be copied in marble, are there. Although the lines and crosses, the intricate and innumerable dots and dashes, which distinguish a real hand from a marble or painted one, are never duplicated, although every one of the several billion hands in the world is unique; whenever we see a copy of a hand containing these lines and crosses that we never saw before we say "How life-like!" Whereas when we see a plaster copy of a perfect hand taken from a statue sculptured by an artist who knows how an ideal hand should be made, it scarcely attracts our attention. It is characterless and recalls no one hand in particular in which we have ever had any interest. The artist's ideal has all the qualities of a hand without possessing a resemblance to any one hand.

There are characters in stories that we agree are human enough, only we never saw anybody like them. I used to ascribe my inability to identify such characters to insularity and non-cosmopolitanism, but latterly I have come to believe that it is the author's fault when his men and women are strange, unfamiliar, stogy. In constructing them he has used too many notes. His hero is a composite and has the unfamiliarity of many men with the aspect of one, like those strange composite pictures of a graduating class.

Mr. White's boys recall this boy and that one I have known. Therefore I know he has reproduced some one boy of his own experience—himself probably—for his boys are drawn from the inside.

In the October Scribner's, Mr. White has a story called "A Triumph's Evidence." The scene might have been laid in Lincoln, Nebraska, at one of the two hotels or at the state capital, and the time might have been last winter, and the most prominent senatorial candidate in Nebraska might have sat for the portrait of Mr. King. For instance: "The senatorial deadlock occurred this way: Anything to beat King, the state chairman, was the desire of forty-four legislators. Fifty-one were willing to do anything to elect him. Six men voted patiently for state senator Metcalf, day in and day out, while three legislators insisted that there must be a clean man or there would be no nomination. It took fifty-three votes to nominate. In the last named group were state senator Moulton, and two young men—Haff and Norris—alumni of the State university. . . . The group was dubbed 'Ladies' Auxiliary.' King was supported by the party machine, and he held his men in bonds stronger than iron; the men opposed to him were the party malcontents, who had grievances against the party—personal, vicarious, or imagined. The anti-King men said that Joab F. Burton, president of the Corn Belt railroad, whose name was commonly linked with scandal in state politics, was furnishing King funds. When Myton arrived at the state capital he lounged through the upper corridors of the political hotel for an hour or so during the morning, sifting and weighing the gossip. . . . The personality of King was the strongest force in the crowd. Everyone was