

Columbia. Nowhere else in this country, nowhere else in the world is the Cable creole to be found. Cable has painted the fragrance, the expression, the soul of the creole. I think his fame is established and his permanent literary distinction is secured by the creole portraits which he has contributed to American literature. What he has done for the American creole Daudet has done in his portraits of the dwellers by the mouth of the Rhone, and on the French side of the Pyrenees. More French than Spanish, Tartarin and his friends exert the undefinable charm of the half-breed. The features are drawn with a brush of mystery. In spite of the light heart of the zone they were born in, the melancholy of the union of two sometime alien races is clearly indicated in their countenances, lovmaking and manners.

Perfection is not within human reach. Like the moon our infant hands stretched out to grasp, it dwells in the region of the unattainable. No invention, no farthest reach of genius will ever attain it. There are some things that the babe might as well first as last be taught that he can not have. The race may not yet be more than a baby, but it has learned that perfection in all its shining, alluring fascination may not be attained. Yet every now and then something is created that convicts of final human achievement. The Parthenon remains the final expression of beauty in architecture. Further, by the very laws and limitations of line it is not possible to go. St. Peter's at Rome, the Venus of Milo, Dante's Inferno, the plays of Shakspeare are final. Further that way we shall not go. There is a future to telegraphy, transportation, etc., but the time will come when man will turn his attention to something else, having attained the utmost human possibility in communication and portage.

In every century there are evanescent, characteristic types. The creoles of Louisiana will in another decade, retain only a striking likeness to the types preserved by Mr. Cable. Thus there are two reasons why his work can not be done again and done better.

Mark Twain's Mississippi steamboat types, Mr. Joel Chandler Harris' old time darkey studies and Mr. Cable's creoles should occupy the same shelf in the library. Perhaps to these should be added some of Miss Wilkin's New-Englanders. The shelf need not be a long one. It is only occupied according to the owner's catalog by types American, unique, real.

The Cavalier is Mr. Cable's latest book, and the short interview reported at the beginning of this review indicates that the author retains his mastery over a department of American literature which he himself has founded, endowed and occupied. The speakers in the dialogue are a lovely creole girl and a young confederate soldier who has captured a federal captain. The Cavalier is a love story of the war. There is only enough war to make love more interesting. As for me I prefer Mr. Cable in peace, free to work at his inimitable portraiture without the property necessity for skirmishes and gore. But there are those who like battle pictures and for those who do the battles that the "Cavalier," Ned Ferry, fights are splintered enough.

The dramatic climax of the story is called the Dance at Gilmer's when Ned Ferry comes to rescue his sweetheart, Charlotte Oliver, who is detained by the Union officers while her record as a rebel spy and correspondent is being investigated. The officers give a dance to which the beautiful rebellious prisoner is of course invited. One of the old southern fiddlers who used to sit up on a dry-goods box and call off the figures of the dance in rhymes of his own is presiding over this one. He has asked the names of the dancers and the reel is in progress. Charlotte is coming down the lane with her Union partner. Suddenly his place is taken by Ned Ferry who has given his name to the fiddler. As he takes hold of Charlotte's hand and steps in time to the music, the old fiddler shouts:

"Come a-left, come a-right,
Come yo' lily-white hand,
Fo to quille dat golden cha-ain.
O ladies caper light—
Sweetest ladies in de land—
Ned Ferry's a-comin' down de la-ane."

Every federal is covered by two men and the party breaks up when the belle and almost all of the beaux are captured by the mud-spattered boys in grey. If it were only for this one scene the book would dramatize well, but there are several others almost as great in dramatic unexpectedness and tension.

The Villain's Discomfiture

Very few are satisfied with the verdict of the Navy Enquiry board that considered the charges made against Admiral Schley. But with the dis-

were mediocre men upon whom had been placed greater responsibilities than they were capable of supporting with greatness. As we read the testimony and realize that several times Schley was far enough away from the goal for Cervera to escape if he had taken the chance, we are more than ever grateful to Providence for being on our side. It was certainly neither the prevision of Sampson or Schley that the Spanish ships, on some dark night, had not sailed away to Spain, while Sampson and Schley were making little excursions.

There are only a few great men. Most are spelled down on the first or second round. Occasionally it chances that a mediocre speller is given the words he knows how to spell and accumulates more reputation than he de-

prosecution of the Spanish-American war there was one brilliant engagement. There were two decisive naval battles. It is natural for a landsman to compare the conduct of the commanders who won the two battles. It is the only way in which an inland, non-military citizen can form any but an impertinent opinion of the comparative bravery and ability of the two admirals.

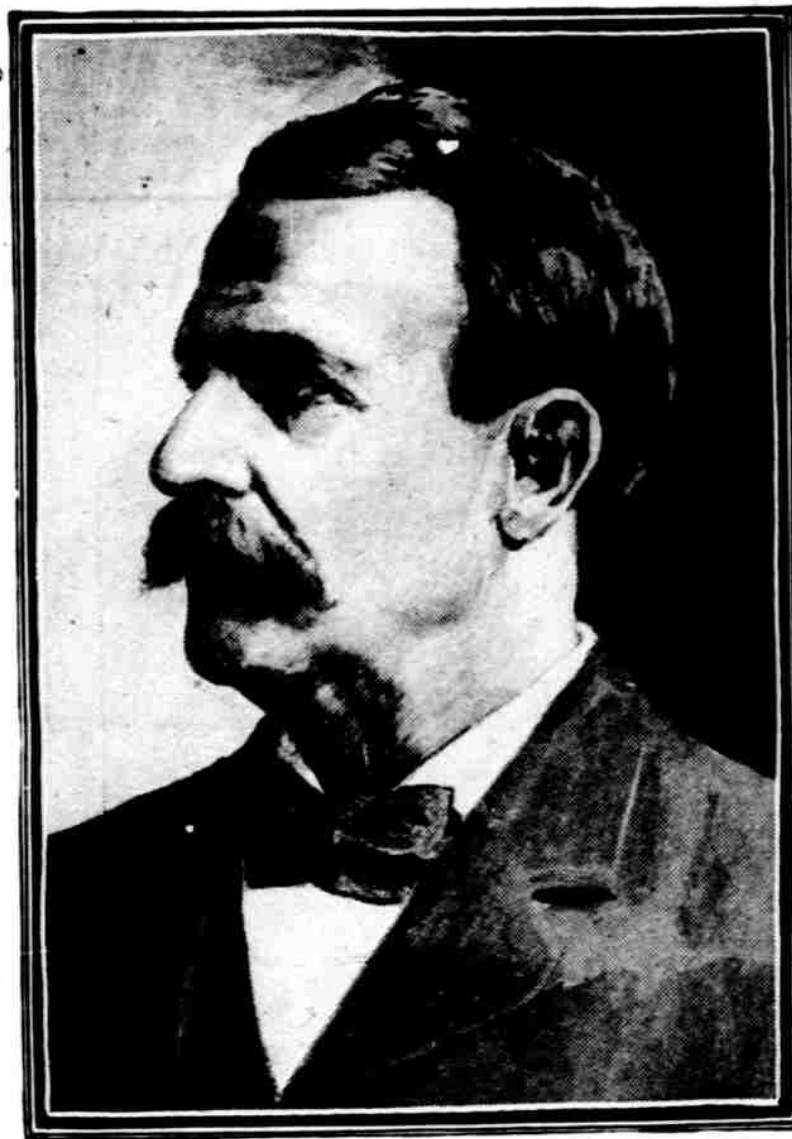
Admiral Dewey was in the Pacific, about a month's journey from America, with a limited supply of coal. He was connected with America by a cable which is laid to England and messages must be read in England by an English operator and transmitted from thence to Washington. There was more than one reason why Dewey cut the cable. England was our loyal friend, but what was to be done must be done quickly and explained afterward. What if either Schley or Sampson had been sent on the Pacific mission? Sampson was just as afraid as Schley of the torpedoes in the bay that hid Cervera's fleet. Sampson might have sailed into the bay as Dewey did. Both of these Atlantic squadron men were reflecting, cautious sailors, lacking in initiative. Competent routine commanders and good sailors they were without inspiration in the supreme moment. There was no precedent for the cutting of that cable, but it was exactly the right thing to do. If Dewey knew his regulations by heart they would not have helped him at that moment. The difference between great men and mediocre men is not illustrated by their conduct on routine occasions. An emergency unerringly indicates the great man. A prolonged emergency like the civil war sifts the few great men into view. In the routine work of West Point Grant was below the middle of his class, but the great fail of the civil war separated him more and more from his fellows, until the other great man at Washington saw the difference in his stature and weight and placed him in control of the emergency.

Without hesitation, torpedoes or no torpedoes, Dewey sailed into Manila Bay and gave immediate battle to the enemy—the same enemy Sampson and Schley, with lowering coal bunkers, were watching in the Atlantic ocean. Sampson and Schley did the best they knew and they deserve the gratitude of the country for not allowing the enemy to escape. No human being can tell beforehand what a man will do in a great emergency, not even the man himself. No competitive examination can select the man who should be at the head of the army or the navy when this country is at war. Only the progress of the war will designate the few men of sound inspiration and great military judgment who are capable of great successes and few mistakes.

The Price of Distinction

A century ago men and women whose conduct was conspicuously silly excited the disdainful comment of a circum-

NEW MEMBER OF ROOSEVELT'S CABINET



HENRY C. PAYNE.

The latest photograph of the new cabinet member, Henry C. Payne, who will enter the office of postmaster general in place of Charles Emory Smith on or after January 10th, 1902. Mr. Payne is said to be a strong advocate of government ownership of railroads.

missal of the busy-body Maclay from the navy department at Washington everybody, except it be Maclay himself, is perfectly satisfied. Even those who believe that Admiral Sampson should be ranked with great naval commanders like Jean Paul Jones and Admiral Nelson, disapprove of Maclay, and believe that if he had kept still, the trouble by this time would have simmered down into a discussion more or less acrimoniously intermittent. He called Admiral Schley fish-wife names and the Admiral would have been more than human if he had endured the attack in a school history proof-read by Admiral Sampson, who was away drinking tea when the battle off Santiago was fought and won by Schley.

After the rebuke administered to Commander-in-Chief Miles for criticizing a coordinate branch of the government of which he is a part, a criticism which he must have known was contrary to the military regulations, it was inevitable that the small clerk Maclay should be more severely disciplined for a malicious error of much graver import.

After reading the testimony adduced before the board, disinterested observation concludes that neither of the two admirals are great men. They

serves. Such a man is promoted, and all at once he is given the duties and responsibilities of a better man. He fails to respond and then the millions of little men who could not have done so well in his place, hiss. During the



A Corner in the Dining Room of the Dr. Bailey Sanatorium

Thoroughly equipped and beautifully furnished—every electric current useful in treatment of sick—ideal Turkish, Russian, and Medicated Baths—only non-contagious chronic diseases received. This institution is not a hotel, not a hospital, but a home.