

the end he may have enough credits to let him through, but his preparation for life is not to be compared with that of the youngster whose parents could not afford to send him to college and who has worked with might and main at some business, trade or profession.

In business life there is no one to urge a young man forward. There are many competitors and the boy knows his place is sought by others. If he does not compass a certain standard of usefulness to his employer, the latter summarily dismisses him. There are no tears, no adjurations to do better, nothing that the boy is accustomed to at home and at school, and the atmosphere and discipline makes fibre.

Notwithstanding all this, the future man of large affairs is likely to be an educated man, and unless the freshman has definitely demonstrated his inability to resist the manifold temptations to immorality so freely extended to him by this city, it is much better that he go to work, and most parents recognize this fact.

#### With the Aid of the Mules

Boer statesmen and letter writers to the newspapers have been complaining because this country furnished England with mules for the African campaign. But the disaster which has overtaken General Methuen was precipitated by the mules and his own failure to learn how to fight boer guerillas. The men were marching in a long loose line and at the first sound of the firing the mules stampeded for the rear and the soldiers after them. If it had not been for the assistance of the mules the British defeat would not have been so overwhelming. In consequence the Dutch forces are elated and the British army correspondingly depressed. The buoyant feeling which had begun to prevail in England is clouded. It is intimated that more troops must be forwarded to South Africa and this does not mean that peace and surrender are in sight of either army. The war is now entering upon the last half of the third year. Its cost up to the present time nearly equals the amount paid on the British public debt during the long reign of Queen Victoria, and every week it adds millions more.

#### The Man Who Would Be King

There is no road to royalty that the man who is not a prince can take. Napoleon, Aaron Burr and Cecil Rhodes had dreams of empire. Napoleon was not even a citizen of the country of which he crowned himself king. He was not an usurper in the accepted sense. He came to the throne not with soldiers of another country to enforce his claims, but as the head of the French army. He made himself emperor, taking the crown from the hands of the pope and placing it on his own head. He reigned for a few years with oriental absoluteness. He placed his brothers on the thrones of Italy, the Netherlands and Spain. General Bernadotte was made king of Sweden. The tradition of the divine right of kings and of being born to the purple was threatened with an everlasting denial. All the monarchs who were still on their thrones made an alliance and the trust conquered Napoleon at Waterloo. If Napoleon, with his magnificent ability to inspire the faith and affection of thousands of soldiers, finally failed to conquer a kingdom, it is not likely that any man of less supreme military intelligence and inspiration will ever succeed in founding a dynasty. However enfeebled by generations of inter-marriage the sons of the monarchs of Europe become, there is no son of a peasant can take a prince's place. The old Greeks believed their rulers were descended from the gods. There are only a few families; the Bourbons, the Hohenzollerns, the Hanovers, and a few others from whom rulers are recruited. If the scion of an unknown and unanointed family undertakes to crown himself, his tradition-bound subjects will dethrone his son, no matter how wise his rule.

Cecil Rhodes dreamed of empire in South Africa. He incited the Jameson raid. He said that his dream meant greater empire for England and glory for himself as the founder of it. Cecil Rhodes is dead, and we are not likely to know whether he loved himself or England supremely. The day of establishing a new dynasty is passed. When the kings' sons and all the kings' nephews and nieces, when their brothers, uncles and remote cognates are dead and the last representative of the fading, ailing dynasties now ruling the old world are gone, a mightier than Napoleon or Charlemagne must arise to lay the claimant democracy. We are not anarchists to overturn an old order by which our fathers have lived and prospered, but the English language is growing and the ideas it names are being ineradicably learned by the peoples of the earth. There are trees more than a thousand years old, but time will conquer them and the moment will come when a breeze will crack the bole of the oldest and strongest redwood yet living. It is still the age of the king, but his extinction is historically foreshadowed. The mad kings of Bavaria, the puny king of Spain, the dying energy of the scrofulous Hohenzollerns magnificently revived in the Emperor William, the English Hanoverians who already have no vital connection with the government, the Sultan of Turkey, even the discredited empress of China, are current indications of the eventual extinction of the monarch from executive power in the affairs of men of all nations.

Cecil Rhodes was born in times marked modern. In the days of Charlemagne or as late as Charles the Bold, when kings were still making, his dream might have come true. But 1902 is long past the time.

#### House-Cleaning

The carpet bombardment has begun, and its dust conceals the  $\frac{1}{2}$  behind the three feet of rubber hose. Early in the morning the dreamers, half-way between slumber and full consciousness, hear the dull booming that stimulates the dormant memory of Independence days or the first guns of battles. The sound puts persistent sluggards sounder to sleep. Their subconsciousness realizes that unless the explosions are ignored duty will force them out of bed at an unusually early hour.

The mind of man is incapable of comprehending the pleasure and satisfaction a woman experiences in knowing that her home and everything in it is clean; that there is not a corner, or a moulding, or a trunk, or a chest that has not been inspected, overhauled and cleaned. The satisfaction of knowing that the whole house is clean is not balanced by any other pleasures of the year. At other periods of the year the several rooms of the houses that good house-keepers preside over are cleaned and put in order, but only twice a year are their dwellings clean all over simultaneously. After the last bureau drawer has been rearranged for the summer, the last book shaken, dusted and returned to its place on the shelves and the last picture hung again on the shining, clean wall, there is ineffable and perfect satisfaction for woman. If men get reasonably palatable food three times a day or twice, and if the house appears to be clean they are satisfied. On the days when the women reckon with the accumulations of six months, there is a distinct lowering of the social temperature. Never mind; the fragrance of cleanliness will penetrate the less sublimated masculine intelligence finally. Order is Heaven's first law, and when human beings have established it there is a momentary feeling of satisfaction that dissipates the memory of meals eaten in corners for a fortnight.

The man of the house holds that three meals a day eaten with the proper ceremonies and observances should not be disturbed because the housekeeper is endeavoring to bring her house into relation with the time of the year. The spring impulse expresses itself in the young man by

turning his thoughts towards a home of his own; in the married man by the purchase of a spring suit. The normal woman must see to it that her house is cleaned, painted, papered, resurfaced from decay. Herein is the difference.

#### General Miles

If General Miles had been in the Philippines, if he had done a soldier's and a general's work, the people of the United States would sympathize with him in his troubles. But since his elevation to the rank of lieutenant general of the army he has spent most of the time in Washington criticising the president and the secretary of war, his two superior officers. He objects to taking orders or even appearing to receive advice from anyone. The personality of the secretary of war and of the president has nothing to do with his troubles. Secretary Alger was as obnoxious to him as Secretary Root, and President McKinley and he were not in harmony. Lieutenant General Miles says he should be the final authority in the war department. He resents the fact that the office he holds is subordinate to two others.

The general's record is distinguished. He has been a brave and effective Indian fighter and his services in the civil war were of great value to the country.

In his old age he is irascible and he intimates that his services are not sufficiently appreciated by the government at Washington. He fancies the people of this country know all about it and would vote for him if he allowed the democratic party to nominate him for president. But a greater soldier than he, a naval commander of the first rank among the few great admirals of the world, soon discovered that the people demand something more from a president than fighting qualities. Since General Miles has been at the military head of the army he has repeatedly shown a lack of the discretion which is an essential possession for the civil head of this nation. His relations with the war office, which have constantly grown more strained, is an illustration of the difficulties into which he would plunge the people who elected him as president of this country. On dress occasions where gold lace, decorations, a stiff, straight back and a proudly borne head are the only essentials, General Miles does the country proud; but in affairs of moment he is not heroic, poor man. He is given to striking attitudes and the pose of a martyr suits him better than any other. That pose does very well on the stage but it is not becoming to the head of the army. It is effeminate and weak. Whining, complaining and tale-bearing are the devices of weakness. To become president of the United States is a worthy ambition; but for the head of one of the departments of the government to be plotting to succeed his superior officer is, to speak in the mildest terms, very bad form. Having once shown that he is using his position to make grand stand plays for votes, it is not likely that either the press or the public will be seriously impressed by anything he may say or do. So long as this is the case his political intrigues and maneuvering can not injure the president or the army, both of which he appears willing to condemn without qualification.

#### Secretary Shaw and Women

In the first place a woman addressed a letter to Secretary Shaw complaining of the way in which the custom-house officials treated American women returning from Europe. The secretary is a new man and he has not yet learned that a cabinet officer should be impervious to all entreaties from American citizens who do not control a few thousand votes. He therefore replied to the woman's letter and asked her to specify the particular and worst features of the treatment accorded American women by the insolent New York custom-house officials. Soon afterward he himself, in disguise and after the fashion of Haroun al Raschid, visited the New York custom house and was present unrecognized at a number of the har-

rowing scenes which follow the arrival of every trans-Atlantic steamer. It is said that the secretary's own blood boiled. He is an inland man. He is not accustomed to the ways of ports or to seeing American citizens hustled and insulted and treated like smugglers. There is nothing like the New York custom-house anywhere else on the face of the earth. The citizens of any other country would long ago have suppressed it together with the officials who live on bullying and bribes.

But we are quieted by the name of freedom. We think we can assert ourselves in an extremity. Meanwhile this abuse of travelers continues.

The Boston women who protested asked Dean Irwin of Radcliffe college to draft a reply for them. The letter which she framed complains of the small value of the clothing admitted duty-free, of the provisions of the law which require full duty to be paid on clothing which has been altered or repaired abroad in order to make it wear longer, and of the common practice of customs officials to require payment of duty on the original cost of clothes which have lost much of their value by being worn. It requests a repeal of the present law and a return to the rule laid down in the McKinley tariff. If that cannot be done, it holds that the evils inseparable from the present law may still be mitigated and suggests that customs officers be allowed discretion to accept the oath which is exacted from every passenger and dispense with the examination except where smuggling is suspected; that since fine clothing is now often damaged by the examinations which are now conducted, officials should be constrained to handling trunks carefully, and skilled packers should be employed to repack them; that the customs officers should be constrained to civil behavior, and that an officer appointed for that duty should be on the dock to look after them and receive the remonstrances of passengers who think themselves misused. These are sensible and very moderate suggestions; and now that the women have taken it up it is likely that a change can be effected through the instrumentality of a chivalrous, thoroughly American secretary, accustomed to justice as it is administered in the courts of Iowa.

The attempt is worthy a resolution of encouragement and approval by the general federation of Women's clubs which meets in Los Angeles on the first, second and third of May.

#### Classic Myths

Jupiter, Diana, Jack and Jill, the Man in the Moon, Orion, the Great Bear, all the personages of the skies elected by the gods to shine forever have their biographies told in this little book called Classic Myths issued by Rand, McNally & Co. The stories are told as a witness relates facts, colorlessly, and in reply to council's questions. A witness is forever trying to escape from the unbiased, the impersonal, the colorless relation of facts. He is bound to suppress opinion which dyes them for the jury. From the tangle of overlapping traditions about the gods and the constellations, Miss Mary Catherine Judd has selected the most coherent and collated them in this book for children, illustrated by drawings from the frieze of the Parthenon, from tombs and from vases. At the back of the book is an excellent bibliography, not long enough to discourage a child, and a pronouncing index, which greatly simplifies the difficulties of the classic names. Miss Judd presents a comprehensive and varied collection of the classic myths which age has woven into the literature of the world. It includes stories from Greek, Norse, Roman, German, Russian and Finnish sources. The illustrations, drawn by Angus MacDonall, are line drawings of statues and of the imaginative pictures made by the Greeks of their gods. The book should be in every well-selected child's library. It should be there while yet the child believes in fairies. If it is, in the inevitable and breathless hunt every imaginative child conducts into the world unseen by grown-up people, he will read these stories undeterred by the suspicion that his parents or teachers are trying to teach him something about what the ancient peoples believed about the spirit of the winds, of fire, of lightning, of water, et cetera. Childhood makes everything its own. We lose the power of preemption later on. With the classic myths proved up, the child has made an adequate preparation for the study and appreciation of literature. Miss Judd is principal of the Lincoln school, Minneapolis.